

KILLING EVE

SPEC S3 EP2

"Show Me Your Hands"

Written by
Fernando Silvestrin

WRITER'S DRAFT
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TEASER

INT. UC HOSPITAL LONDON - ELEVATOR - DAY

CAROLYN stares at the closed door. No expression on her face. Next to her, JULIA, an old friend and medical examiner. Julia carries a worried gaze and a folder.

They ride down slowly -- into the invisible air of grief.

INT. UC HOSPITAL LONDON - ELEVATOR - LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

The ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN. Carolyn and Julia come out into the empty hallway and walk towards the...

INT. UC HOSPITAL LONDON - MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

ROBERT, 40s, security guard. He opens the door for them.

CAROLYN

Thank you, Robert.

She goes inside and looks down at a DEAD BODY. It lays heavy on the flat table.

Carolyn is frozen. A long... my son is dead SILENCE.

Julia stands back and reads from the report. We hear NOTHING as her lips move. Only the...

MUFFLED SOUND of words that ECHO in Carolyn's ears.

Carolyn slowly moves closer to Kenny's body. She holds his hand -- dead and cold. She squeezes it harder as if to feel the warmth it once had.

It's the most vulnerable we've seen her.

JULIA

Carolyn? Are you okay? Carolyn--

Suddenly, Carolyn snaps out of it.

The SOUND in the room is back to normal. She lets go of Kenny's hand. Blood pumping through her fingers because of her tight grip.

She looks up from the body.

CAROLYN

Yes. I'm sorry. Would you mind reading it again?

Julia comes closer and rereads the coroner's report.

JULIA

No sign of a struggle at the scene. No evidence of haemorrhage shock, blood aspiration, air embolism, or needle marks. The toxicology report found nothing.

CAROLYN

I see.

JULIA

No scars, evidence of asphyxiation, or internal injury. No signs of bodily harm other than the ones caused by the--

CAROLYN

--Impact.

Julia can feel her friend's pain. She comforts Carolyn with a gentle touch on her shoulder and delivers the final blow.

JULIA

Final report confirmed suicide. I'm sorry.

(a beat)

Would you like us to continue with the post-mortem investigation?

Carolyn scans the room.

CAROLYN

Do you still have that mini-bar of yours around?

JULIA

Always.

Julia smiles at the thought.

INT. UC HOSPITAL LONDON - ELEVATOR - LATER

Carolyn and Julia ride up in silence. Carolyn holds a whisky glass. She takes a hit.

CAROLYN

I need you to keep looking. I may be away for some time, but you know where to find me.

JULIA

Anything you need.

Carolyn glances at her friend, and their eyes agree.

TITLE: KILLING EVE

PART ONE

INT. PSYCHIATRIC CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY

In jeans and casual t-shirt, a scruffy NIKO carries a weekender. He checks out at the front desk and signs a few papers.

NIKO
Thank you.

He hands over the documents to the NURSE behind the counter, then turns around and sees her: EVE.

Niko walks towards her, and it's an awkward moment. Should he say something?

Eve smiles at him and makes the first move.

EVE
Hi... you look good. Let me get that for you--

Eve reaches for Niko's bag, but he leans backwards.

NIKO
What do you want me to sign this time, Eve?

EVE
No... nothing. I'm just trying to be helpful.

NIKO
Thank you, but I don't need your help.

Eve is surprised. Niko walks through the exit door. She follows behind.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

The streets are busy. Niko hails a cab. Eve spots this and moves quickly.

EVE
Wait. Where are you going?

He ignores her and continues to walk. She tails.

EVE (CONT'D)
Hey! Niko, wait! Let's just talk. I understand you're still mad--

Eve reaches out and gives Niko a pat on the shoulder.

Niko pulls back.

NIKO

Now you want to talk? Don't you think it's a bit late for that?

(a beat)

You can't pretend nothing happened.

EVE

Well, I'm sorry, but I'm not pretending. We're in this together, remember?

NIKO

You're not pretending. You're projecting. You don't listen. You are just being you...selfish.

(a guilty beat)

I'm sorry. I appreciate you worried about me and coming here to visit. But this won't change things.

EVE

I cannot let you go like this... angry with me.

NIKO

I'm not angry. I'm just tired.

EVE

I'm tired too.

NIKO

What do you want from me? From us? People are dying. For fuck's sake, Eve. I thought I was going to die.

EVE

I'm sorry.

Niko strides off. He motions for another taxi, but the driver ignores him.

EVE (CONT'D)

(yells)

I'm not working for them anymore--

NIKO

It's only a matter of time.

Eve hesitates for a beat. But in a moment of desperation... she steps into the streets -- almost gets hit by a car --

ANGRY HORNS make her jump.

She signals for a taxi and WHISTLES with her fingers -- a LOUD BLOW. A cab driver finally pulls over.

Niko's attention shifts back to her. He finds Eve staring at him. The taxi door opened.

He walks back towards her and both stand by the curbside.

EVE

Let me take you out. I'll buy you dinner.

NIKO

Should I be worried about my safety?

Eve can't help but smile. She knows he means "yes". Niko jumps in the cab and Eve closes the door.

Eve feels at ease for the first time as the car disappears in the distance.

INT. SHAMROCK PUB - DAY

A trashy pub. Football deco all around. Barely anyone at this time of day.

Carolyn squints at the dish in front of her: Kenny's favourite fish & chips.

She picks at her food, slightly disgusted when a clumsy MO walks through the front door. He juggles a few folders and a small cardboard box under his arms.

MO

Sorry I'm late.

CAROLYN

How on earth could my son eat this?

MO

Apparently, they have great football here.

She puts down the cutlery and looks up from her plate.

CAROLYN

So, did you manage?

MO

(confident)

Everything you asked for.

Mo opens the cardboard box and takes a few documents out.

Carolyn picks one sheet of paper from the huge stack laid out in front of her. Big CLASSIFIED STAMP on it. She reads it thoroughly.

MO (CONT'D)

Are you not going to eat your food?

Carolyn ignores. A WAITRESS comes to their table.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything?

MO

I'm fine, thank you.

The Waitress looks at Carolyn -- her mind buried in classified documents. Mo notices the situation and gives a pained little smile to the waitress.

MO (CONT'D)

She is good. Thanks.

The Waitress walks off. Mo glances at Carolyn's food.

MO (CONT'D)

I have a suspicion that what I just did was highly illegal--

CAROLYN

Congratulation!

MO

Paul and Diane are in my arse right now. They are worried about you... I'm concerned about you.

Carolyn looks inside the box. She misses something...

CAROLYN

Where is it?

MO

Are you even listening to me? Why don't you go home, spend time with your daughter. Get some rest--

CAROLYN

If you want to be my therapist, you should try less Freud and more Lacan. I don't have to remind you that I was the one who gave you a chance at being a real agent. I can also tell them to take you back since you're of no use to me. Now, again: Where is it?

Mo stares at her for a beat. He drums his fingers. He knows she is right.

He takes a THUMB DRIVE out of his pocket and places it on the table. Carolyn challenges him with her eyes.

MO

Okay. But for the record, tampering with evidence doesn't sound good on my resume.

He nods and grabs a CELLPHONE from his jacket. He puts it next to the thumb drive, and slides both items across the table. He scans the pub -- no one's looking.

Carolyn immediately grabs the two items.

CAROLYN

Thank you. I knew you'd succeed.

She presses the button on the cellphone, and a picture of KENNY appears on the display. It's his cellphone.

MO

You know how hard it was to get this things? The police had it.

CAROLYN

I know.

MO

And you better move fast. The guy who cracked the code from the thumb drive said it resets every twenty-four hours. "An encrypted piece of cunt" were his words. The police were never able to figure it out.

CAROLYN

Kenny knew what he was doing. He didn't work for me because he was my son.

MO

When should I pick up the files? We don't want MI6 to flag classified documents that went missing.

CAROLYN

What's the rush all about? I thought they closed down the investigations months ago. That's what they told me when Paul came in swinging his furry tail and pissing all over my office.

MO

I'm sure it's temporary. They will take you back. You just need some time after what you've been through.

CAROLYN

You sound like one of them already.

Carolyn stands up.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Lunch is on me. Help yourself.

She gathers the documents and throws everything inside the small box. She pockets Kenny's cellphone and the thumb drive.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Oh. And you should try Freud with Paul. I think his sexual insecurities and attraction to older women could explain why he's so scared of Diane.

Mo lets that sink in for a sec. He stares at Carolyn's fish and chips in front of him. Untouched and cold.

INT. KOREAN RESTAURANT - NEW MALDEN - NIGHT

Eve and Niko on a friend date. A wine bottle and two full glasses on the table. They just finished their food.

Niko takes an occasional swig from his drink and sketches a shy smile. This honest moment seems rare. Something they haven't experienced together for a long time.

EVE

I told you, this place is good.

NIKO

I still can't believe you work here.

EVE

I actually enjoy it. Something therapeutic about folding Mandu.

They exchange smiles -- more than friendly at this point.

NIKO

You know... We would've been a great couple, Eve.

EVE

Yes... Yes!

NIKO

We're not the only ones, though.

Niko points to the small KARAOKE STAGE at the other side of the room. A desperate MAN tries to stop his WIFE from grabbing the mic.

Seeing the couple immediately sends a signal to Eve. She downs her wine and stands up confidently. It's showtime.

NIKO (CONT'D)
No. No. Forget it--

EVE
Shut up.

She extends her hand to Niko.

NIKO
No, Eve. I'm not that drunk--

EXT. EVE'S NEIGHBOURHOOD - NEW MALDEN - LATER

Eve and Niko walk the streets together. A beautiful night. They're laughing and can barely hold their excitement. Is this the wine? Or do they still have that chemistry?

EVE
Oh God! I didn't know you could sing so well!

NIKO
I have many unnoticed talents. Bill would've been proud of us--

She nods. Bill's name takes Eve to dark places.

NIKO (CONT'D)
Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to--

EVE
It's okay. I miss this... I miss us.

She catches him gazing at her with a tenderness that pierces her to the heart.

Niko grabs Eve's hands and wraps his arms around her. They walk in silence, glancing subtly up at each other from time to time.

A certain awkwardness about the uncertainty of their relationship at this point.

EVE (CONT'D)
Okay. This is me.

NIKO
(sarcastic)
Uau! That is an upgrade! You really did quit MI6.

EVE
I know. It's only temporary.
(confused)
I mean, the flat is temporary, not MI6 -- I did quit MI6.

NIKO
Right... I guess this is goodnight
then.

Niko leans forward for a friendly hug, but Eve's reaction is a bit off.

EVE
Oh. Oops. Sorry.

NIKO
Here we go.

They finally embrace. Eve rests her head on Niko's shoulder and closes her eyes.

We usually see a romantic kiss in these scenes, but it could also be those moments where couples break up and become friends. This is one of those moments.

EVE
(murmuring)
I'm sorry.

NIKO
Goodnight, Eve.

Niko kisses her head and gently steps back. He turns around and walks away.

Off Eve, worriedly watching him go, and hoping to fix what can't be fixed.

INT. EVE'S HOUSE - NEW MALDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Eve enters her apartment. She throws her keys on the table and struggles to undress -- blame it on the evening's wine.

As she takes her top off, the DOORBELL RINGS -- is it Niko? Blouse in hand, wearing a bra, Eve hesitates... and with a cheeky grin, she goes for the door.

Eve answers the door and finds a young woman. Bummer!

The woman is AUDREY, late 20's, has a cute, innocent face, and holds a RUBIK'S CUBE. But Eve is too naked to pay attention to any of that.

EVE
(surprised)
Oh, sorry--

Eve quickly covers her breasts with her hands and hides behind the door -- she tries to close it, but Audrey uses her arm to block it.

AUDREY

Hey! Wait--

Eve forces the door harder -- still trying to be civil. Audrey is not backing up. Half of her arm holding the Rubik's cube is inside Eve's apartment.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

This is for you! It's from Kenny!

Eve spots the cube and lets go of the door.

EVE

Do I know you?

AUDREY

I'm Audrey. Kenny's ex-girlfriend.

EVE

Oh. Sorry about the naked thing --
I was expecting someone else.

Eve relaxes, improvises a smile -- skilfully misdirecting our attention from how embarrassed she truly feels.

INT. EVE'S HOUSE - NEW MALDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Eve, now wearing clothes, studies Kenny's Rubik's cube. We glimpse at A FEW HANDWRITTEN LETTERS on some of its sides: "A", "D", "N". She rotates the cube, tries a few combinations but can't work it out.

EVE

(thinking aloud)

So this is clearly not about the
colours...

Across the messy room, Audrey sits on Eve's bed. Eve stops messing with the cube.

EVE (CONT'D)

What did you say you did for work?

AUDREY

I'm Jamie's personal assistant.

EVE

Who's Jamie?

AUDREY

The boss at Bitter Pill.

EVE

Oh, yes. I think I remember him
from Kenny's memorial.

(points to the cube)

Does he know about this?

AUDREY

I don't know. A few weeks before
Kenny died, he told me you're the
only person he could trust.

Eve puts on her MI6 hat and fires away.

EVE

Was Kenny being threatened?

Silence.

EVE (CONT'D)

Was he acting weird?

A beat.

EVE (CONT'D)

Have you seen anything strange in
the last few days? Were you being
followed--

AUDREY

What? No. I don't know... Oh, God!

Audrey breaks down, almost in tears. She stands up.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

I think I should go.

EVE

I'm sorry. Please, sit. I didn't
mean to--

Eve recognises she pushed too hard. She places the Rubik's
cube on the table and takes two glasses from a cupboard.

She grabs one of her many open bottles of wine, which are
strategically dispersed across the room. Eve takes the one
just behind the TV set. She pours the Pinot Noir.

EVE (CONT'D)

Here.

Audrey takes the glass but doesn't drink from it. Eve squats
and looks directly into Audrey's eyes.

EVE (CONT'D)

It's alright. I miss him too. You
can talk to me.

AUDREY

He said if something ever happened
to him, I should bring you the
cube. I thought it was a joke or
some sort of game you guys played
at work.

EVE
Game?

AUDREY
I don't know. He always said how
clever you were, and that he needed
your help to finish his piece.

EVE
(proud)
Did he really say clever?

Eve strides around the room. Wait a sec... she turns around.

EVE (CONT'D)
(realises)
"... finish his piece"?

AUDREY
Yes. He was writing a piece for
Bitter Pill.

EVE
Why would he need my help for that?
I'm not a journalist.

AUDREY
I don't know. Kenny didn't talk
much about his work.

EVE
He did the right thing.
(a beat)
Not talking.

That didn't make much sense to Audrey. She glances at Eve.

AUDREY
My boyfriend is dead. How is that
the right thing?

Eve sips her wine -- embarrassed. She sits next to Audrey on
the bed. Too much alcohol and new information in one night.

We follow the piercing gaze of an ex-MI6 agent across the
room until we find Kenny's Rubik's cube -- resting on top of
the table.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO**EXT. COPACABANA PALACE HOTEL - DAY**

An art deco palatial masterpiece. A crown jewel on the world's most iconic beach.

Caption: COPACABANA, RIO DE JANEIRO.

For over 100 years, this hotel has entertained the rich and the famous -- from politicians to Hollywood stars. And for the following days, it's the home of two of the world's most deadly assassins.

EXT. COPACABANA PALACE - PENTHOUSE SUITE - TERRACE - DAY

A long thread of saliva drips from someone's mouth.

It's VILLANELLE'S MOUTH playing a little game. She sucks the saliva back in and swallows it without letting one drop fall from the sixth floor of her private suite.

Villanelle leans against the balcony and looks down at passersby on the streets. A childish smile across her face.

Six stories below, people race to work, fighting for taxis, and jamming themselves into crowded buses. Suddenly, a LOUD SHOUT catches Villanelle's attention.

Villanelle rolls her eyes and walks inside to meet...

INT. COPACABANA PALACE - PENTHOUSE SUITE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

DASHA, holding a TV remote controller, fiddling with technology beyond her time. In front of her, a 62-inch Widescreen plasma TV. A BLUE screen glows.

DASHA
 (yelling)
 Villanelle!
 (to herself in Russian)
 Fuck. Shit. Fucking piece of crap.
 (shouting)
 Oksana!

Villanelle runs and jumps onto the sumptuous green velvet sofa in front of the TV.

VILLANELLE
 Are you deaf? How many times do I
 have to tell you? My name here is
 Vivi. Repeat after me: Vivi. VIVI!

Dasha still fights with the controller.

DASHA
 Yes. Finally. Got it. Okay, Vivi.
 Are you ready?

Dasha presses the play button. A video pops up on the plasma screen. It's a corporate management training video. The title reads: THE KEEPER'S GOLDEN RULES OF SUCCESS, followed by:

RULE N.1: MANAGEMENT FOR LEADERS.

VILLANELLE
 HA! Is this a joke?

DASHA
 You said you wanted to be a Keeper.
 Keeper needs training. Corporate
 training. Bureaucratic training.
 Timesheet training. It's how it
 works.

VILLANELLE
 Not how I work.

DASHA
 What? You think they send us here
 for holidays? The hotel, the room--
 look around... can you afford this?
 Do you want this life? Penthouse
 suite, expensive hotel. Think,
 Oksana! If they send you here, it's
 because they want you to succeed.

VILLANELLE
 It's Vivi!

Villanelle starts to become annoyed.

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)
 And I already succeeded in Girona.

DASHA
 Yes, you did. Congratulations. The
 paprika was a nice touch, by the
 way.

VILLANELLE
 You liked the paprika? I knew it.

DASHA
 Listen to me Oksana -- Vivi.

Villanelle rolls her eyes.

DASHA (CONT'D)
 Listen to me. A Keeper is high-
 level. A big thing. Exec-sky-is-the-
 limit-shit. But you must prepare
 for it.

VILLANELLE

By watching stock footage of happy
people wearing suits?

Villanelle points to the screen: Stock footage of happy
people wearing suits. They walk around the office,
interacting with each other -- very corny.

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)

We should have fun! Forget about
this corporate nonsense. I know you
don't like this job anyway. What's
the problem? Are you feeling a
little rusty?

DASHA

I just want to go back home.

VILLANELLE

(mocking)

Who wants to go to Russia?

Villanelle reaches for the TV remote, but Dasha is faster and
snatches it from the table. They exchange a look, and
Villanelle jumps on her.

The duo fight for the controller, like two teenagers.

As they come face-to-face, still holding onto the remote,
Villanelle breaks free.

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay. Fine. I have an idea.
I'll do the corporate training...
only if we play a game first.

INT. COPACABANA PALACE - CIPRIANI RISTORANTE - DAY

The plush, red-carpeted dining room with high ceilings and
chandeliers looks out onto the hotel's stunning swimming
pool. The intimate and refined atmosphere is ideal for a
business meeting.

Villanelle and Dasha indulge at one of Rio's best-loved
Michelin-starred restaurants. Villanelle sips from her Pinot
Bianco.

DASHA

Do you have any idea how
complicated this is?

VILLANELLE

I can do it.

DASHA

(whispers)

A hotel assassination?

VILLANELLE
Are you scared, grandma?

DASHA
It's a complex science.

VILLANELLE
(mocking)
It's a complex science.

DASHA
Taking down targets is easy. But
without collateral damage,
gunshots, screams, alarms, or
bullets smacking through guests...
that's difficult.

VILLANELLE
Boring!

DASHA
If we're going to do it, I have to
ask them first. No sloppy work.

VILLANELLE
(sarcastic)
Thank you for the vote of
confidence.

Dasha downs a shot of Stolichnaya and raises her fist on the table -- challenging Villanelle to arm wrestling.

DASHA
Or you can try to beat me...

Villanelle takes the bait. She tries to push it hard, but Dasha holds her arm still. It's a standoff.

They break into hysterical laughter, calling unnecessary attention to themselves.

DASHA (CONT'D)
We don't have a target.

VILLANELLE
I'm working on it.

Villanelle scans the room, and we meet a few potential targets...

Her POV: an attractive COUGAR sitting alone. No. Too easy. A romantic COUPLE on their honeymoon -- the guy sharing his strawberries with his wife. Ugh! Villanelle is disgusted by it.

Then she sees a table with FOUR WHITE MEN. All overweight, middle-aged, politicians. Except for one tall, expressionless PERSONAL GUARD.

The OLDER MAN from the white pack is clearly the boss. Early 60s, retired military; brash, cocky grin. The loudest parrot at the table. Perfect.

His name is JAIR.

Villanelle smiles at him. Nice to meet you, Jair.

INT. KONSTANTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Konstantin paces. He closes the curtains, blocking the sunlight from outside. He peeks through the windows.

The apartment is messy. Travel suitcases and clothes are strewn around the floor. Either way, it doesn't look good for him. In fact, he doesn't look very well. Has he even taken a shower lately?

He sits on the couch. A beat.

An empty vodka glass and THREE CELLPHONES on the table in front of him. He stares at the cells for a moment.

His eyes grow worried by the minute. He picks one phone up and dials an extended number. He pauses and tries to remember all digits.

KONSTANTIN (OVER PHONE)

Hello? Irina? Hey sweetie.

IRINA (V.O.)

Hello. Dad? Hey... Is this you?

KONSTANTIN (OVER PHONE)

Hi. It's me. Dad. Yes, your father... look... I need to stay in London for a few more days, okay?

IRINA (V.O.)

What do you mean? What? For how long? Why? -- I knew it. I knew you were gonna disappear again. Like you always do.

KONSTANTIN (OVER PHONE)

No -- hey, listen. I'm sorry. I want to see you --

IRINA (V.O.)

Why do I believe in your lies? I hate you!

KONSTANTIN (OVER PHONE)

-- No, no -- Hello? Irina?

Irina hangs up. Konstantin puts the phone down and looks at the vodka glass. He gets up and walks into the...

INT. KONSTANTIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

... kitchen. Filthy. Konstantin opens the fridge and picks up a bottle of vodka: EMPTY.

He closes the fridge and spots the LONDON BUS MAGNET stuck to its door. He studies the 1.99-pound souvenir for a beat and pockets it.

EXT. LONDON POST OFFICE - STREETS - DAY

Konstantin walks out of the post office. He lights a cigarette and strolls down the street.

He scans the environment, as if he knows he's being followed.

Across the street, a SILHOUETTE of a MAN stands. He watches Konstantin.

Konstantin increases his gait -- paranoia rising. The man follows him.

Konstantin makes a right turn and hails for a cab. He quickly jumps inside and vanishes.

The unknown man steps into the frame. Strong build. His back to us and smoke blowing upwards. He watches the road as Konstantin's taxi drives away.

INT. EVE'S HOUSE - NEW MALDEN - NIGHT

Eve squints in confusion. Her laptop screen blazing with a youtube tutorial on how to solve a Rubik's cube.

She holds the cube in her hand and tries a few unsuccessful moves. The BUZZER RINGS. Eve quickly closes her laptop and goes for the door.

Niko stands outside with a bottle of wine.

NIKO
Brought your favourite.

EVE
Hi! Thank you.

She smiles and grabs the bottle. Niko sees the Rubik's cube in Eve's hands.

NIKO
Since when have you started solving puzzles?

EVE
(nervous)
Oh. This? -- This... is nothing.
Just passing time. You know.

She puts the cube down on the table. A stab of guilt. Niko can tell that Eve's jittery.

EVE (CONT'D)
Hey. Come in.

Niko walks inside. He scans the place -- chaos.

NIKO
I see you're keeping things
organized.

EVE
It's not always like this.

NIKO
(sarcastic)
Sure.

EVE
Sorry, I don't have a couch. The TV
is over there. We just need to find
the remote...

Eve looks around. She has no idea where the TV remote is. Niko glances at the TV -- a small outdated set.

NIKO
(more sarcasm)
I'm looking forward to our
cinematic experience.

EVE
Shut up! And help me find the
remote...

Eve walks to the kitchen. Niko stands alone in the tiny room. He looks around and moves slowly. Curious.

He picks up the Rubik's cube off the table. Studies it.

NIKO
You know. I once had a student
solve this in less than three
minutes.

Eve comes back and walks straight to him. She gets very close to Niko... and for a moment, we think she may kiss him.

EVE
I'm sure that's because of his big
brain math teacher.

She puts the TV remote in between their faces.

EVE (CONT'D)

Found it.

Niko feels the sexual tension between them, but his logical brain is churning. He knows Eve's hiding something.

INT. CAROLYN'S CAR - NIGHT

Carolyn parks the car OUTSIDE HER HOME. She doesn't get out and sits by herself -- takes a few deep breaths.

She presses a button on her PHONE. A VOICE MESSAGE from Kenny plays through the CAR SPEAKERS.

KENNY (V.O.)

Hi, mom. I won't be home for fish and chips tonight. Gotta finish my piece--

(a beat)

Have to go. Bye.

The voice message plays on REPEAT. She listens to it several times, holding back her tears.

Carolyn's attention drifts to Kenny's bicycle by the garage. She stares at it... then the LIGHT upstairs SWITCHES ON.

She glances at the bright room and finds her DAUGHTER inside, walking by the open window. Her daughter can't see her. It's too dark outside.

Carolyn remains inside the car. Not ready to face her own family. The dread of moving on with life creeps in.

She turns Kenny's voice message off and drives away.

INT. KONSTANTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Konstantin steps inside his apartment and notices the flat has been cleaned. Organized.

The clothes are gone. Instead, two suitcases are packed and now ready to go. He moves carefully.

KONSTANTIN

(worried)

Hello?

He pulls out a pocket knife. Holds it against his thigh.

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)

Hello?

He hears a NOISE coming from the kitchen. He follows...

INT. KONSTANTIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He enters the kitchen and finds a MAN raiding his fridge. We recognize the man's back -- he blows smoke upwards. It's the same stranger that followed Konstantin earlier.

We don't know this guy or his agenda. But he's the RUSSIAN.

KONSTANTIN
What the fuck?

The Russian turns around, a cigarette between his thick lips. He sees Konstantin holding the pocket knife and smiles.

RUSSIAN MAN
(always in Russian)
What a filthy place, Konstantin.

KONSTANTIN
(always in English)
What are you doing here?

RUSSIAN MAN
Replacing vodka.

He holds up a new bottle of vodka and places it on the table in front of Konstantin. The Russian man pours THREE SHOTS.

Konstantin observes.

KONSTANTIN
Are we expecting guests?

The Russian man points his finger at Konstantin.

Konstantin slowly turns around and sees ANOTHER MAN behind him, leaning against the wall.

That's it. He must cooperate now.

The Russian man grabs the three shots of vodka and walks around the table. He gives the first glass to Konstantin, then moves back to join his thug friend.

The two Russians smile at him.

RUSSIAN MAN
Cheers!

Off Konstantin, staring... then drinking.

INT. EVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We listen to LATE TV NEWS as we find Eve asleep. Two glasses of wine and an empty popcorn bucket next to her.

She rests her head on a pillow on the floor. A blanket covers her body. Eve gently moves her leg and accidentally knocks the wine glasses.

She flips around and stretches her arms -- half asleep, she opens her eyes and... where is Niko?

EVE

Niko?

She stands up and walks towards the kitchen. Kenny's Rubik's cube on the kitchen counter catches her eyes.

Eve studies the cube for a sec. She pauses and yawns.

The letters written on its sides are in the CORRECT POSITION. She reads "PANDA". Her eyes tense.

A beat.

She notices a handwritten note on the table. It's from Niko: "GOODBYE, EVE. FOREVER."

Off Eve, holding Niko's note in one hand, and the Rubik's cube in another. She closes her eyes. Inhale. Exhale...

EVE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Fuck.

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

INT. BOUTIQUE HOTEL - LONDON - NIGHT

It's late. The digital clock on the nightstand reads 2:00AM.

The silver-thread headboard and cushions loom over the untouched bed. A stack of papers and open cardboard box -- everything lays out on top of the clean white bedsheets.

Across the room, we find a desk with folders and more papers. A laptop with Kenny's THUMB DRIVE connected to its USB port.

The screen is glowing with a pop-up window that reads "PASSWORD:" The cursor blinking. Ready to be typed. Without Kenny's thumb drive password, Carolyn reached a dead end.

As we slowly move away from the desk, we find Carolyn drinking a warm cup of tea. She stands next to a large glass window, looking outside. Thinking.

She turns and sits back on her desk. She has work to do. Carolyn closes the PASSWORD POP-UP window and opens the TEXT EDITOR software. We get a glimpse at the title: "THE TWELVE REPORT". She quickly scrolls through the document, and we find dozens of pages filled with text, graphs, and numbers.

A MONTAGE of shots: from late night to sunrise -- we stay with Carolyn and watch as:

-- Carolyn's fingers type at lightning speed. Pecking out the story.

-- INSERTS of bold text and fragments of sentences: "FINANCIAL; CRIMINAL ORGANISATION; ASSASSINS; CORRUPTION".

-- Folders being opened; papers being shuffled. Carolyn jots notes down on a pad. She rifles through the documents.

-- She reads files on Villanelle's assassinations. She opens spreadsheets with bank statements and account infos.

-- Carolyn's eyes fix on the blue screen. She stands up and brews a new cup of tea.

-- CLOSE UPS of classified files from MI6. Pictures from past victims; FRANK HALETON, FAT PANDA, AARON PEEL, BILL PARGRAVE, as well as VILLANELLE'S MUGSHOTS and her files.

END OF MONTAGE as the laser focus concentration is interrupted by flipping through Kenny's photos on his cellphone.

Carolyn glances at one photo in particular -- Kenny is smiling and striking a selfie pose.

Next to him, a beautiful young woman with dreadlocks. We've met her before. It's AUDREY.

Carolyn realises her son was happy. A brief moment of comfort.

INT. COPACABANA PALACE - ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

Villanelle moves swiftly through one of the many aisles of the hotel.

She notices the positioning of the CCTV CAMERAS and wears a small in-ear headphone.

DASHA (V.O.)
Just don't call attention to
yourself, okay?

VILLANELLE (INTO EAR-PIECE)
That's impossible.

A hotel guest, 40-ish, attractive BUSINESS TYPE, walks past Villanelle. He grins at her impeccable beauty.

VILLANELLE (INTO EAR-PIECE) (CONT'D)
Left or right?

DASHA (V.O.)
Right. Take the elevator. Room 171.

INT. COPACABANA PALACE - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Villanelle rides the empty elevator in silence. She catches herself in the mirror.

She discreetly takes out a micro transmitter the size of a fingernail from her pocket. She holds it between her leather gloved fingers.

She leans her face closer to the mirror. Finds a small pimple on her soft cheek skin. Ugh! She reacts. Touches her skin.

A BEEPING SOUND and the elevator door opens.

Villanelle strides out.

INT. COPACABANA PALACE - HALLWAY ROOM 171 - CONTINUOUS

Villanelle stands outside ROOM 171.

Next to the closed door -- a large oil painting hangs on the wall. It's "ONE OF THE FAMILY" by Frederick George Cotman.

We analyze the painting with Villanelle: The scene of a family eating at the table and a white horse that stretches its head through the open door, waiting to be fed.

She is hypnotised for a beat -- sucked into the painting's world as if she is part of their family.

DASHA (V.O.)
Are you ready?

INT. COPACABANA PALACE - PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Dasha SWITCHES ON an iPod-sized UHF RECEIVER and inserts another in-ear headphone.

DASHA (INTO EAR-PIECE)
Are you still there?
(murmurs to herself)
Wonder why they make this thing so complicated...
(tries again)
Vivi? Hello?

Silence.

Dasha is having a hard time figuring out the technology. She presses the wrong buttons and we INTERCUT between the penthouse and the hallway.

INT. COPACABANA PALACE - HALLWAY ROOM 171 - CONTINUOUS

VILLANELLE (INTO EAR-PIECE)
Hey! Wrong button!

The device VIBRATES on Villanelle's ears.

Villanelle seems to straighten the painting on the wall. She inserts the micro transmitter behind the frame.

The painting almost drops on the floor. Villanelle holds it.

VILLANELLE (INTO EAR-PIECE) (CONT'D)
Shit -- I'm ready.

DASHA (INTO EAR-PIECE)
What happened? Okay. Copy that.

DASHA (INTO EAR-PIECE) (CONT'D)
Wait. I can't find the--

VILLANELLE (INTO EAR-PIECE)
God. You really are a grandma.

DASHA (INTO EAR-PIECE)
This is a new device. In my time,
we had special technicians for this
kind of operation.

A HOTEL HOUSEKEEPER walks past Villanelle. She pushes a room service trolley. Villanelle quickly turns around and murmurs at the painting -- avoiding eye contact.

VILLANELLE (INTO EAR-PIECE)
(whispering)
That's it. I'm buying you an IT
course.

A FAINT, AMBIENT HISS. Dasha hears murmurs of a Brazilian accent from inside ROOM 171.

DASHA (O.C.)
It's on. I can hear them.

VILLANELLE (O.C.)
(sarcastic)
Wow... record time.

INT. COPACABANA PALACE - PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

Dasha opens a carry-on on top of the couch like if it's a surprise. Villanelle looks at it. Inside the bag, each component lies in its bed of customised foam: a polymer-bodied CZ75 9mm HANDGUN and an Isis-2 SUPPRESSOR.

VILLANELLE
What's this?

DASHA
Lightweight action for Vivi.

VILLANELLE
They really want us to make this
right, don't they?

DASHA
Come on, feel it.

Villanelle rolls her eyes. Suspicious.

VILLANELLE
You know I don't use these things.
They are too boring!

Villanelle grabs the handgun. She studies for a beat. Then quickly takes it apart, reassembles its pieces and attaches the suppressor -- all within seconds. She knows her shit.

She aims at Dasha, standing in front of her. Pulls the trigger. CLICK. No bullets in the chamber. But Villanelle already knew that.

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)
One kilo too heavy.

DASHA
Okay. Enough of playing.

Dasha snatches the gun from Villanelle's hand and watches her immediately sprawl across the bed.

VILLANELLE
Why can't I do it my way?

DASHA
We've gone over this.

VILLANELLE
But I'm the one doing all the work anyway. It's not fair.

DASHA
Life is not fair. I'm here to look after you. They believe in you. So no sloppy work, okay?

VILLANELLE
I'm never sloppy.

Off Villanelle, putting a pillow over her head. Argh!

EXT. BITTER PILL OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Carolyn looks upwards at the ROOFTOP. She feels the cold London draught against her face.

She measures the distance between the top floor and the ground with her eyes in an attempt to understand what it's like to fall from the sixth floor.

ACROSS THE STREET --

A surprised Eve spots Carolyn from a distance. What is she doing here?

INT. BITTER PILL - JAMIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Carolyn sits on the couch. Patiently waiting, when Audrey comes inside. She gives Carolyn a cup of hot tea.

AUDREY
Jamie should be here soon.

CAROLYN
We didn't have much of a chance to talk during the memorial...
(MORE)

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

well, since I'm looking into things now, I've seen pictures of you and Kenny together.

AUDREY

We were getting to know each other more in--

CAROLYN

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to--

AUDREY

He was a sweet boy.

Carolyn tries again.

CAROLYN

I just didn't know Kenny had a girlfriend. He seemed...happy.

Carolyn gives her a shy smile.

AUDREY

Everyone in the office liked being around him. He loved his work.

(a beat)

He respected you.

CAROLYN

I know. I guess that was part of the problem.

Audrey sits next to her. Touches Carolyn's shoulder.

AUDREY

He missed you too.

CAROLYN

You made a lovely couple together.

Audrey stands up and walks away, when she stumbles on Eve outside the office's door. Eve holds Kenny's Rubik's cube and doesn't notice Carolyn's presence.

EVE

Hey!

AUDREY

Oh...hi.

Eve hugs Audrey and finds Carolyn sitting behind. Her former boss looks up.

CAROLYN

Hello, Eve.

INT. BITTER PILL - JAMIE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Eve stands in front of Carolyn. Still holding the cube. Carolyn remains on the couch, calm. She drinks from her tea.

EVE

What are you doing here?

CAROLYN

(spots the Rubik's cube)

Same as you, I suppose.

Audrey senses the tension between the two.

AUDREY

If you need anything, just let me know.

She walks away to her desk. They ignore her.

EVE

(confused)

What?

CAROLYN

It took two minutes and twenty seconds for Kenny to solve it. Quite an impressive achievement for a six-year-old child. His father in comparison, couldn't tie--

EVE

Kenny didn't take his own life.

CAROLYN

We both know that.

(a beat)

He liked you, Eve. He trusted you.

Eve feels the pain coming out of a mother who lost her son.

EVE

Carolyn... Kenny was one of the best agents I've worked with. He was smart, funny, but he was also loyal to his team.

CAROLYN

If you are talking about Rome, Eve, my hands were tight. They still are. MI6 shut everything down months ago. But I've been digging--

EVE

I don't work for you anymore. It almost got me killed.

CAROLYN

You may want to look at this.

Carolyn throws a PHOTO on the table. It's a picture of Villanelle's LAST VICTIM.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

A political agitator in Catalonia, killed in a very Villanesk way. After Rome, she went silent. MI6 thought she was dead. I never believed it. She's back, Eve.

A flame of terrifying memories flair inside Eve.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Her next target could--

EVE

I don't care.

CAROLYN

So why are you here?

EVE

Look... Carolyn. I wish Kenny was alive. I really do. And I'm sorry you're going through this. But like your son, I also don't trust you. I'm not helping you again.

Eve turns around and walks away.

KENNY (V.O)

Hi, mom. I won't be home for fish and chips tonight. Gotta finish my piece.

(a beat)

Have to go. Bye.

Eve stops in her tracks. Turns back. Carolyn holds her cell.

CAROLYN

That was Kenny's last message to me.

Carolyn plays Kenny's message again. Before Kenny stops the recording, we notice a strange NOISE coming from the background, as if someone was in the same room with him. Kenny heard the sound, that's why he paused for a brief moment. He then says, "HAVE TO GO. BYE".

It's subtle but unmistakable. Moments before his "suicide", Kenny was not alone. Eve looks up at Carolyn. Perplexed gaze.

EVE

Someone was in the room with him--

CAROLYN

You see, we're here for the same reason. We're trying to solve a puzzle. But I understand something you don't. We can't do this alone.

EVE

What are you talking about?

CAROLYN

I've been looking into things--

EVE

You said MI6 shut down the investigations.

CAROLYN

They did. I'm looking into things... rather... independently.

Carolyn drops KENNY'S CELLPHONE and THUMB DRIVE on the table in front of her.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

My son was murdered after tracking financial data and several bank accounts from different locations. One, in particular, grabbed his attention. It was a dormant account, no name attached to it--

EVE

(thinking)

Wait. Wait. Bank accounts?

Eve holds up the Rubik's cube. It's the Eve we know -- quick, witty, connecting the dots.

EVE (CONT'D)

Kenny left this with me. Niko saw it, then asked questions... anyways, He solved it.

CAROLYN

Niko?

EVE

Yes. Different story... whatever-- You see. The cube has PANDA written on it.

Eve shows her the name written on the cube.

CAROLYN

So Kenny found the account active again and named it Panda?

EVE

Yes!

CAROLYN

Well done. It became active again in the last two months. Six million euros were transferred to a new account in Geneva.

EVE

Who owns the Geneva account?

CAROLYN

I couldn't find that on Kenny's thumb drive. Encryption resets every twenty-four hours. I ran out of time.

EVE

We gotta run this past MI6. They surely have classified information--

CAROLYN

We know MI6 previously had double agents working for the Twelve. And Kenny knew that digging into bank accounts was risky business. That's why he started working here. A leak in the press can piss people off and pressure the higher-ups to open the investigations on the Twelve again.

(a beat)

I lived with secrets my entire life. It impacted the life of everyone around me. They took my son, Eve. I'm blowing the whistle.

EVE

Are you what?

CAROLYN

Kenny was going to do it.

Carolyn places a stack of files on the table. Eve picks one up and reads the title: THE TWELVE REPORT.

EVE

(realising)

So... you are here to finish Kenny's... piece.

Eve sits back, reeling. Feeling everything at once. Off Eve, staring at the report. Carolyn sips from her tea on the sofa next to her.

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

INT. COPACABANA PALACE - PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Dasha performs a split on the table between two countertops. She wears ancient gym clothes and stretches out a bit.

We notice she uses an in-ear device.

She looks down at an iPad monitor. She watches Villanelle move through the hotel hallway.

DASHA (INTO EAR-PIECE)
What's the status?

INT. COPACABANA PALACE HOTEL - ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Villanelle slowly pushes a service trolley. She looks sexy as ever dressed as a housekeeper.

She has an in-ear plug and listens to hotel guests bid each other goodnight. Snatches of laughter. She hears the sound of the door closing.

From the end of the corridor, she discretely gazes at THREE MEN leaving ROOM 171.

They walk away. One of them is Jair's personal security.

VILLANELLE (INTO EAR-PIECE)
I'm going in.

Villanelle moves fast as she pushes the trolley and keeps her head down -- mindful of the CCTV cameras.

DASHA (O.C.)
Clear. Have fun, Vivi.

INT. COPACABANA PALACE - ROOM 171 - CONTINUOUS

OUTSIDE ROOM 171, Villanelle taps lightly on the door.

There's a beat, and the door opens a few inches.

Jair is flushed. Hair awry, his shirt open halfway to the waist. His eyes narrow as he examines her. Is he on coke?

VILLANELLE
(Russian Accent)
May I come in, Sir?

She tilts her head and looks up at him. He bows semi-ironically. Ushers her in with a vague, sweeping gesture.

The room is similar to Villanelle's own but much smaller. An ugly gilt chandelier hangs from the ceiling.

JAIR

Loved the accent. Shame we won't
hear much of it. Take off your
uniform.

He sits heavily on the bed.

JAIR (CONT'D)

And get us a drink. Let me guess...
Vodka?

Villanelle smiles.

She crouches and picks up a plastic half-bottle of duty-free Stolichnaya from the lower shelf of her serving cart.

She uncaps the bottle, pours a liberal amount into two glasses, and, meeting his gaze, hands him one.

JAIR (CONT'D)

A toast!

He says blearily, his eyes dropping to her breasts.

JAIR (CONT'D)

We must have a toast. To God! To
family! To beauty!

Villanelle gives him a charming nod. She puts her fingers to his lips: shhh.

Jair gets more excited. He thinks it's all a playful game.

She elegantly opens a silver platter from her trolley and reveals... NOTHING. It's empty.

Jair, confused, looks down at the empty platter then looks up at Villanelle --

She has the CZ 75 HANDGUN with its SILENCER attached pointing directly at his face.

VILLANELLE

(in Russian)

To the revolution!

He throws back the vodka.

There's a SOUND like a snapping stick. He's DEAD.

Blood jets briefly from the entry wound beside his left nostril.

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 Booooooring.

She pulls the bedclothes over him and hides the pistol under the silvery bow on the trolley.

Villanelle makes for the door.

INT. COPACABANA PALACE - PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Dasha's legs are clutched to the door frame. She hangs upside down. Another one of her stretching exercises. She detects movement in the frame from her iPad monitor.

She flips her body back and can see the picture in its normal orientation.

Jair's PERSONAL SECURITY is walking back to the room.

INT. COPACABANA PALACE - ROOM 171 - CONTINUOUS

Villanelle quietly shuts the door. She spots the oil painting in the hall. She's struck by it, AGAIN.

VILLANELLE
 (nods)
 Hmm.

She turns around and finds herself face to face with one of Jair's pet THUGS: his personal security. He's broad-shouldered, scowling, and smells of cheap cologne.

Villanelle is surprised by the sudden encounter and freezes. The man covers her mouth with his hand when...

From the far end of the corridor -- Dasha runs and flies into the air -- throwing a backflip followed by a double front flip. It's so fast only the aftermath is truly visible.

The artistry and the seamless well-executed moves land Dasha in close range to the guard. Precisely where she needs to be.

Behind his back. The man is stunned, no time to think or react. Dasha plunges a needle into his neck.

His knees go. He falls in front of Villanelle, hitting the patterned hotel carpet like a ton of rotten meat.

Villanelle is in awe. She stares at Dasha in disbelief.

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)
 WOW!

INT. BITTER PILL - JAMIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

JAMIE'S behind his desk. The face of a man with big problems. He stands up and walks around the silent room. He is holding Carolyn's report on the Twelve.

We reveal Eve and Carolyn, sitting next to each other on the sofa. BEAR leans against the glass door.

They wait for tension to dissipate or silence to be broken.

JAMIE

Look...

(to Carolyn)

I'm sorry about your son.

(glances at Eve)

And I'm sorry about your friend.

Kenny was a whiz kid with incredible talents. But let me see if I got this right. You are asking us to release a series of articles based on classified documents from MI6 -- that you snatched -- along with Kenny's phone and his encrypted thumb drive -- police evidence. And all we know about this criminal organization is their name?

No one dares to answer.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Responsible for international crimes, illegal financial activities, stealing data and potentially harming democracy... they infiltrated governments and corporations all over the world. How do I know they are not sitting with us right now?

Silence. They stare at each other.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And the only lead we got is Kenny's latest investigation on suspicious financial activities in Geneva, a double intelligence Russian officer, who we cannot locate, and a female assassin, who's working again?

EVE

That sounds about right.

Eve nods and looks at the room, waiting for support. Nope.

JAMIE

That's a treacherous puzzle. We have to accept that we could lose everything if we blow the whistle on this. Money, freedom, family. And potentially, our lives.

BEAR

Let's not do this.

CAROLYN

(ironic)

Great idea. You can carry on with publishing Pulitzer prize-winning articles. How's it -- Ah -- the piece on evasive octopus migration. Very, very interesting.

BEAR

(proud)

Thank you. It was actually jellyfish--

Jamie glances at him: Not now, Bear.

EVE

We all have feelings about this, okay? But if we don't pressure them now, we'll never find out what really happened to Kenny and why.

CAROLYN

MI6 is not interested in reopening the case.

JAMIE

(to Carolyn)

We'll need access to more classified files and internal data. Do you think you could get that?

CAROLYN

(confident)

I do.

INT. BITTER PILL - WAR ROOM - NIGHT

A stack of papers is being taken out from a cardboard box. A pair of hands firmly hold it. We read CLASSIFIED FILES.

The files are dropped on a table. The hands are from MI6 agent Mo. And we're inside a small, startup WAR ROOM.

MO

That's it. All I could get. Again, this is not looking good for my resume.

Everyone ignores.

Eve, Carolyn, and Bear sit around the table. Bear has his laptop open in front of him, and Jamie stands in front of a wall full of pictures, post-its and notes. A large title pinned at its center reads: "THE TWELVE REPORT."

BEAR

I cracked the thumb drive encryption, but the amount of data in here... this will take a while--

EVE

How long?

Eve paces around the room, silently reading the "Twelve Report."

BEAR

Don't know. Couple hours?

JAMIE

I've spoken with a few friends. The Guardian, BBC, The Times and The Daily Telegraph agreed. As long as we all publish the material together--

CAROLYN

I was not aware you had real journalist friends.

JAMIE

No fingerprints will be on it if it backfires.

EVE

Great! Ah -- What if we change paragraph thirteen to something...let's say...more cryptic--

CAROLYN

(to Jamie)

What if I want my fingerprints on it?

EVE

(worried)

What? What are you talking about?

Everyone stops what they are doing. Anxiety rising.

CAROLYN

I think it would make things more credible if my face is on it. Former head of MI6 Whistleblower--

EVE
Absolutely not--

CAROLYN
I certainly wouldn't hold a press conference or any of that. I can give an interview to one of your.. press friends. Undisclosed location, no cellphones allowed. Small crew.

EVE
Are you serious?

CAROLYN
I'm damn serious, Eve. We shouldn't be here sitting on our arses -- nitpicking the appropriate evidence or rewriting a sentence for bulletproof legal protection. We know the system is rigged. No one will hold our hands and tell us everything will be okay. Not the governments, not the newspapers, not National security -- we let the CIA, Foreign Intelligence Service, MI6, Mossad or the KGB as if I'd care. But I'm doing this, and I'm doing it now. Any questions?

The room has never been so silent.

END OF PART FOUR

PART FIVE

INT. COPACABANA PALACE - PENTHOUSE - SPA ROOM - DAY

Villanelle with a GREEN FACE and two slices of cucumber on her eyes. Her face is covered with an organic blend of Brazilian active plant extracts and essential oils.

DASHA (O.S.)

Do you really think this works?

VILLANELLE

You can't go wrong with Brazilian natural resources.

Dasha has the same miracle green paste on her face.

They relax in a large JACUZZI TUB. Their heads leaning back.

A PLASMA TV on the wall displays MUTED FOOTAGE of beautiful LANDSCAPES and natural SCENERIES. An open bottle of Champagne and two glasses at close range.

DASHA

Oh, this feels good for my muscles.

Bubbles rising to the surface. The hot water and massaging tub jets are ready for action.

VILLANELLE

Why do politicians weigh so much?
It always kills my back.

DASHA

I wonder if they woke up already--

They break into a laugh.

DASHA (CONT'D)

But hey... We shouldn't celebrate too early...

VILLANELLE

Nah. We did good.

DASHA

I told you they don't like sloppy work.

VILLANELLE

Come on! We had to improvise!

DASHA

We're not in the stand-up business.

VILLANELLE
 No worries, they will send you back
 to Russia. And Vivi soon will be a
 Keeper.

Villanelle grabs the Champagne glass and raises it for toast.

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)
 (in Portuguese)
 Saúde!

DASHA
 (in Russian)
 Cheers!

They savour the bubbly drink when the BUZZER RINGS --
 A moment of hesitation. They look at each other...

VILLANELLE
 Stay. I'll go.

Villanelle sets her champagne glass aside and rises.

INT. COPACABANA PALACE - PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Villanelle is now wrapped in a towel, her face Hulk GREEN.
 Arms behind her back -- hiding the pistol from view.

She puts on a fake smile and opens the door. Finds NO ONE.

She's about to go back, but she glimpses a SMALL GIFT BOX in
 front of the door. Someone obviously left the box on the
 floor, rang the doorbell, and ran off.

Villanelle picks the package up and studies it for a beat.

INT. COPACABANA PALACE - PENTHOUSE - SPA ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Villanelle and her green happy face enter the spa. She is
 holding the small gift box. This is exciting. What is it?

Dasha nods off inside the jacuzzi. We can hear her snorting,
 and so does Villanelle -- bulging her eyes as she gets
 closer.

Villanelle lets the towel hit the floor and steps inside the
 fervent water.

VILLANELLE
 Look. They are sending us presents
 already.

Dasha opens her eyes. Villanelle unwraps the package and is
 disappointed by what she finds inside: A LONDON BUS MAGNET.

That's the same magnet we've seen with Konstantin earlier.

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)
Cheap bastards!

She hurls the MAGNET across the room.

DASHA
Hey! I wanted to see it!

VILLANELLE
I thought only Stalin magnets were
allowed on your fridge.

Off Dasha, trying hard to smile at a bad joke: ha ha ha.

INT. SHAMROCK PUB - DAY

The pub has opened its doors. The place is empty, apart from a table at the far back.

The televisions sets, used primarily for the Premier League, show FOOTAGE of a REPORTER outside MI6 HQ. Other camera crews and journalists are also on the premises filming.

BBC NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)
Head of the Russian Desk at MI6,
Paul Bradwell, refuses to comment
on the recent report published by
many media outlets. The report had
classified information and exposed
a series of corruption schemes
linked to--

As we move past the lonely BARTENDER, wiping the bar counter and watching the TV -- we find Carolyn and Eve at the last table. They sit across from each other.

EVE
Have you seen it? Media is picking
up on the story. That was quick.

CAROLYN
That's their job, isn't it?

Eve nods.

EVE
A bit early for fish and chips,
don't you think?

CAROLYN
I'm starving. Haven't eaten
properly in days. Want a bite?

EVE
(disgusted)
No, thank you.

Eve looks at Carolyn for a few seconds. She admires the courage of her former MI6 boss.

EVE (CONT'D)
Okay. Maybe one.

She steals oily deep-fried chips.

CAROLYN
You know... you didn't have to do this. Your arse is on the line now. You shouldn't be out stealing fish and chips at pubs.

Eve smiles.

We hear an interview with Eve and Carolyn play in the b.g.

EVE (ON TV)
All we did was uncover evidence that already existed, but no one seemed interested in digging deeper into the investigations--

Carolyn and Eve shift their attention to the TV. They watch in silence. Their behaviour and demeanour bizarrely calm.

CAROLYN (ON TV)
And now appears that this organization continues to--

BBC NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)
For those who are tuning in now, What's the name of this organization, again?

CAROLYN (ON TV)
They're called The Twelve.

We slowly push back and...

INT. COPACABANA PALACE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - SPA ROOM - LATER

Mist and fog fills the frame -- an almost impenetrable curtain that suddenly parts, slowly fading to reveal...

A reporter talking to us. The same reporter from the previous scene. Only this time, there is NO SOUND.

We hear the faint BREATHING of Dasha's smoker's lung and a BUZZY NOISE from her snorting as we TILT DOWN to the hot jacuzzi tub.

She's sleeping with Villanelle. For how long? We don't know. But their faces have lost the Hulk green colour and gave way to a blotchy red.

Their champagne bottle and glasses are empty.

On the muted TV, the reporter interviews Eve and Carolyn.

The VOLUME BAR suddenly appears over the footage, and as the volume slowly increases, we start to HEAR the reporter's VOICE.

BBC NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)
People would like to understand who you are and why you decided to become a whistleblower--

The volume bar fades out.

BBC NEWS REPORTERS (ON TV)
Could you walk people through that decision making process?

CAROLYN (ON TV)
Well... I like what I do. Not what I am--

EVE (ON TV)
Listen. Certain things you don't get to choose. It isn't like having a family or moving to a different country, buying a house or getting a dog--

Villanelle has the remote controller. She stands inside the jacuzzi and stares at the TV.

Her eyes stay on the screen. Water drips from her wet body.

EVE (ON TV) (CONT'D)
I think it really changes your priorities--

Villanelle is enchanted: Carolyn, Eve, and a reporter. In the same room. Talking about the Twelve. Talking about her.

BBC NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)
Do you mean that the evidence became too large and too apparent to ignore?

EVE (ON TV)
Everything that I had defined myself by before, I basically lost.
(a beat)
Sometimes... you need to be close to death to understand who you really are...

DASHA (O.S.)
 You told me your curly haired crush
 had been taken care of.

Dasha now stands next to Villanelle. We glance at her old school Communist swimsuit -- if there is such a thing.

We slowly CREEP IN on Villanelle's eyes. They're glowing.

Glued to the TV. She can almost smell Eve's dark hair or touch her lips, tinted with a muted colour lipstick.

Eve's sober gaze and signature dowdy look makes Villanelle's heart beat faster.

VILLANELLE
 I did. I shot her.

She slowly turns to Dasha. Villanelle's eyes are wide open.

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)
 Show me your hands.

Dasha extends her hands. Palms facing upwards.

The duo has been in the water for too long, and their bodies are dehydrated. Villanelle spots Dasha's WRINKLY FINGERS. Yep. More wrinkles than usual.

Villanelle looks down at her own hands. She turns her wrists a few times. Her skin is also wrinkled. She gently nods.

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)
 Okay. Time to get out.

INT. COPACABANA PALACE - PENTHOUSE SUITE - LATER

Villanelle sits at the suite bar. Her LAPTOP open on the counter. Dasha looms over her.

VILLANELLE
 Where is it? It must be--

She holds the LONDON BUS MAGNET. Studies every inch of it.

DASHA
 This doesn't make sense. I would've known if they sent you--

VILLANELLE
 Here. Got it.

Villanelle finds a NUMBER printed on the magnet's backside.

She types the number into a caption on her computer.

She gets in. A new window pops up with CAROLYN'S PICTURE.

Villanelle raises her eyebrows at the new target. She closes her eyes. Opens them again.

Carolyn Martens's detailed profile fills the frame.

Villanelle turns to Dasha.

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)
Well... I don't know about you. But
I'm climbing the corporate ladder.

Off Villanelle, grinning like a psychopath.

EXT. PALAZZO FALCONIERI - DAY

The palace stands on a promontory facing the River Tiber. A faint breeze touches the pines that cluster like sentinels around the rocky headland.

Caption: ROME.

The deep shadows lend the building a foreboding air -- echoed by tall fronted windows through which silk curtains hide dark secrets.

INT. PALAZZO FALCONIERI - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A conference room surrounded by lengthy silk drapes. At its centre, beneath a heavy art deco chandelier, a long table bearing a Bugatti bronze of a panther.

ELEVEN MEN -- most in their late fifties or early sixties -- Successful, judging from their Italian suits. Among them, ONE EMPTY CHAIR in the dim conference room.

They sit around the table looking ordinary enough. In front of these men, a large screen with today's agenda: "THE TWELVE REPORT."

There is an unblinking watchfulness about them. We hear a few quiet voices -- RUSSIAN and ENGLISH being spoken.

One man sits at the front of the table. He is the SPEAKER.

The room gets darker. The Speaker clicks a small remote control on his hand, and a face appears on the screen: It's the confident gaze of CAROLYN MARTENS.

SPEAKER
Carolyn Martens, former head of the
Russian Desk at MI6--

A stocky COMRADE to the Speaker's left interrupts.

COMRADE

You gotta be joking. Wasn't she forced out? I was under the impression we've taken care of this issue.

SPEAKER

That used to be the case. She was removed from her high-ranking position, but as you all know, her grieving exercise backfired. She's been secretly looking into our activities with the help of former MI6 agent Eve Polastry, who is not dead, as some of you presumed. They teamed up with journalists and, most likely, Carolyn is writing the reports and gaining access to classified documents. We're running out of time. And patience. Soon, the noise caused by the press will blow up. One of our contacts already confirmed that MI6 is planning to re-open the investigation and assign a new special unit to come after us.

A faint ripple of discomfort runs around the room.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, I think we need to make an executive decision concerning Carolyn Martens. I propose that we remove her from the game permanently.

The Speaker rises from his chair. He makes his way to a side-table and returns with an antique lacquered box.

He takes out a black velvet drawstring bag, pours its content on the table in front of him: TWENTY-FOUR SMALL IVORY FISH, twelve of them aged to a smooth YELLOW, twelve of them stained a dark BLOOD-RED.

Each man receives a contrasting pair of fish. The velvet bag makes its way around the table until it's passed back to the speaker who proposed the vote.

A MAN comes into the room -- we haven't seen him before. He gets closer to the Speaker and faintly talks with him. We don't hear a word.

The Man turns to the door and waves. A TALL FIGURE slowly comes inside.

It's Konstantin.

The Speaker gestures at KONSTANTIN'S CHAIR. The only EMPTY SEAT available.

A yellow and red fish left on the table. Only one will be thrown into the velvet bag. It's Konstantin's choice.

Konstantin scans the room. The Speaker gives him the bag.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

(in Russian)

Time to go fishing, Konstantin.

On Konstantin: trembling hands and terrified eyes.

CLOSING CREDITS. END OF EPISODE.