



# LITTLE BLACK DRESS

Written by **ALYSON WEAVER NICHOLAS**

Audrey Hepburn worked for the Dutch Resistance during World War II.

Her mother wrote articles in support of Hitler's Germany and dated a Nazi Soldier.

All of this is true.

Most of what follows, is not...

...as far as we know.

OVER BLACK:

A plunky piano playing CHOPIN'S NOCTURNES, OP.55, No.1.

**INT. VELP BALLET STUDIO - DAY**

CLOSE ON eyes bobbing up and down to the music. We know these eyes. They're alluring, innocent, wise... iconic.

PULL BACK to reveal a YOUNG AUDREY HEPBURN (14). She dances in disciplined unison with other teenage BALLERINAS while their vigilant instructor MADAME GASKELL (40s) paces between.

CHYRON: Arnhem, Netherlands - 1944

**INT. VELP BALLET STUDIO - DAY - LATER**

Post class. Madame Gaskell seeks out Audrey and places a hand on her shoulder.

MADAME GASKELL (IN DUTCH)  
*Back straight during center work, Audrey.*  
(off Audrey straightening)  
*Good girl.*

She discreetly slips a FOLDED NOTE in her leotard strap. Audrey further conceals it by pulling on a satchel -- seamless. *They've done this before.*

**EXT. ARNHEM - STREETS - DAY**

Audrey bikes past colorful close-set buildings hugging serpentine rivers of water, all carefully patrolled by hundreds of NAZI SOLDIERS. This is German-occupied Netherlands.

**EXT. "PATISSERIE" SHOP - DAY**

She parks her bike out front of a dilapidated pastry shop and pokes inside.

**INT. "PATISSERIE" SHOP - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

A few glossy tarts remain in the display, otherwise it's empty.

AUDREY (IN DUTCH)  
*Hello?*

Audrey reaches for the note in her leotard when a GRUMBLE echos from the back. She cautions towards it and spies...

**INT. "PATISSERIE" SHOP - KITCHEN - DAY**

The SHOPKEEPER, tied to a bench.

CHRISTIAN BLECHA (40) a bookish Nazi Officer wearing a crisp CRUSHER CAP questions him *in Dutch*...

His feisty CADET (17) stands back, observing.

BLECHA (IN DUTCH)  
*The damage caused by the rebel  
 laborers set our facility back  
 months. It was specific. Targeted.  
 You were pegged as their informant.  
 (leaning in)  
 How does a mere shopkeeper receive  
 such highly classified information?*

The Shopkeeper purses his mouth and spits...

The Cadet reflexively unholsters his pistol and whips him hard across the face.

BLOOD and TEETH spray the surrounding PASTRIES.

Audrey GASPS. Blecha and the Cadet notice her from across the room; she flees.

BLECHA (IN GERMAN) (CONT'D)  
*Go. She might know something useful.  
 I'll finish here.*

The Cadet nods and scrambles after her...

**EXT. "PATISSERIE SHOP" - DAY**

Audrey leaps onto her bike and races off as the Cadet emerges from the shop on foot.

**EXT. ARNHEM - STREETS - DAY**

She takes a sharp turn onto BUMPY COBBLESTONES. The bike wobbles, dragging, so...

She veers left and dives down a FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

The Cadet rounds the corner and fearlessly leaps after her, taking two stairs at a time -- *nimble, committed*.

**EXT. RHINE - DAY**

The stairs deposit Audrey onto a RIVERWALK hugging the Rhine.

She swerves, missing an ELDERLY COUPLE. On a glance back, she sees the Cadet crash into them full force.

Audrey pumps hard, picking up speed. PEDESTRIANS bar her way.

AUDREY (IN DUTCH)

*Excuse me. Pardon me.*

She darts between them, closing in fast on an area where the path has washed away.

A TILTED SIGN offers a "warning."

She pivots, launching off the sign and clunking down onto a grassy path.

**EXT. TRAM TRACKS - DAY**

The grass slows her bike, allowing the Cadet to gain.

Thinking fast, she lifts her WHEELS onto the nearby TRAM TRACK and rides it like a high-wire.

Her bike cruises on the track until...

DING DING.

A TRAM approaches.

Closer... Closer... Closer...

She loses control and swerves off the track.

The Cadet waits for the tram to pass and expose Audrey's remains, but when it clears... nothing.

He searches the area. *Where the hell did she go?*

**EXT. TRAM - DAY - MOVING**

REVEAL Audrey clinging to the side of an open window, gripping the bike WITH HER KNEES.

An OLD MAN watches from inside -- *mouth agape.*

She attempts a polite smile.

**EXT. OPENLUCHT MUSEUM - DAY**

The tram slows outside a bombed-out folk museum.

Audrey hops off and leads her bike. All is quiet. Empty.

A CRACK OF LOOSE STONES makes her heart skip. She WHIPS towards an OLD WINDMILL and sees...

A TINY MUTT struggling to free its paw from a rat trap.

Audrey SIGHS and unclasps its paw. The dog cuddles into her pitifully. She swoons.

AUDREY (IN DUTCH)  
*Come on. Let's go home.*

**EXT. VAN HEEMSTRA APARTMENT - DAY**

A basic brick building. Audrey parks her bike.

**INT. VAN HEEMSTRA APARTMENT - DAY**

She heaves through the front door, tiny mutt in hand, to find...

Blecha, the Nazi Officer from the pastry shop, waiting for her.

BLECHA (IN DUTCH)  
*I know who you are.*

Shit, she's done for.

BLECHA (IN DUTCH) (CONT'D)  
*You're Ella's daughter.*

His face breaks into a warm smile as BARONESS ELLA VAN HEEMSTRA (40s), Audrey's stately mother, clips into the room.

ELLA (IN DUTCH)  
*Audrey, I expected you home hours ago. My God, another stray. What will people think?*  
(following Audrey's stare)  
*This is my special friend, Officer Christian Blecha.*

Blecha holds out his HAND.

AUDREY (IN DUTCH)  
*I... I should wash up.*

ELLA  
*Don't be rude.*

Audrey reluctantly takes it.

BLECHA  
*It's a pleasure to finally meet  
 you, gute Audrey. I have a feeling  
 we'll get along quite well.*

He lifts her hand to his lips and meets her eyes. Audrey recoils, clutches the tiny mutt and dashes to her room.

ELLA  
*Audrey, that is not how we greet a  
 guest. Audrey?*

AD (PRELAP)  
 Audrey. Audrey?

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY - FIFTH AVENUE - DAY**

AUDREY HEPBURN (31) perches in a director's chair petting a Yorkshire Terrier named MR. FAMOUS and staring off in memory.

AD  
 Ms. Hepburn?

She snaps out of it and focuses on a grizzled New York AD hovering over her with a clipboard.

AD (CONT'D)  
 They're ready for you.

Audrey hands Mr. Famous to a PA and stands, revealing her signature Givenchy BLACK DRESS and PEARLS.

CHYRON: New York, New York - 1960

The AD escorts her half a block over to where cameras are set up outside the display windows of Tiffany & Co.

AD (CONT'D)  
 Security sure had their work cut out  
 for them, clearing all those crowds  
 that came to see ya. Shoulda been in-  
 n-outta here hours ago. Meanwhile,  
 one of the grips damn near  
 electrocuted himself to death hanging  
 a fresnel. Who knew Fifth Avenue  
 would be such a bitch to shoot?

Audrey finds her mark while HAIR and MAKEUP do last looks.

AD (CONT'D)

Mr. Edwards!

The good 'ole boy director BLAKE EDWARDS (30s) clips over from video village.

BLAKE EDWARDS

Looking swell, Audrey. Just swell.

PROPS hands Audrey a WHITE PAPER BAG. She peers in and scowls.

BLAKE EDWARDS (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

AUDREY

This is a pastry.

BLAKE EDWARDS

That's right.

AUDREY

I'm not terribly fond of pastries.

BLAKE EDWARDS

It's the breakfast.

AUDREY

Perhaps I could lick an ice cream cone instead. Would that work?

BLAKE EDWARDS

I don't think an ice cream cone would work. No.

FANS (O.S.)

Audrey! Audrey!

Blake eyes some FANS slipping through the security barricade.

BLAKE EDWARDS

God dammit. They're back. We need to move.

(re: pastry)

Is this going to be a problem?

She registers everyone eyeing her: the director, the crew, the fans. Not wanting to disappoint anyone...

AUDREY

No.

BLAKE EDWARDS

Good girl. Let's clear the set.

Blake heads back to video village as Audrey pulls on DARK GLASSES. Hair and Makeup step away.

AD  
Camera ready?

AC (O.S.)  
Camera rolling.

AD  
Mark.

A MOVIE SLATE with "Breakfast at Tiffany's" is placed in front of Audrey's face. CLAP.

**INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - DAY**

Scuffed loafers CLICK against linoleum as VALENTINA VELÁZQUEZ (30s), a goal-oriented type "A" with no patience for lipstick or lip service, clutches a FOLDER and weaves past various OFFICE JOCKEYS.

She rounds a door labeled...

MARTIN COX, DIRECTORATE OF PLANS

**INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COX'S OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY**

The mousey SECRETARY looks up from her typing.

SECRETARY  
He's on a call.

PALMER, a punctilious case officer, pipes up too.

PALMER  
And I've got an appointment.

Valentina couldn't give two fucks. She marches past both of them, into the adjacent office and up to...

**INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COX'S OFFICE - DAY**

DEPUTY DIRECTOR MARTIN COX, a 50-year-old man who has seen some shit and learned to professionally compartmentalize it.

DIRECTOR COX  
(into phone)  
Senator, I'm going to have to call  
you back.  
(hanging up)  
(MORE)

DIRECTOR COX (CONT'D)  
Velázquez, there's protocol. You  
can't just storm in here--

VALENTINA  
--A Special Op in BA sent this to  
me. Arrived this morning.

She pulls a PHOTO from her folder. Plops it in front of  
Director Cox. WE CAN'T SEE WHAT'S ON IT.

DIRECTOR COX  
A man coming out of a movie  
theatre?

VALENTINA  
A man presumed dead in 1945.

Director Cox takes a closer look. Eyes widen with recognition.

DIRECTOR COX  
He's alive.

VALENTINA  
And well by the looks of it.

DIRECTOR COX  
Does anyone else know about this?

VALENTINA  
Not yet. That's why I'm asking you  
to authorize rendition immediately.  
My team and I can handle it.

DIRECTOR COX  
Not without support.

VALENTINA  
I'm perfectly capable of executing--

DIRECTOR COX  
--I know you are, but the target  
isn't cowering in a Patagonian  
bunker. Look at him. He's wearing a  
three piece suit and a trilby hat.  
He's clearly being protected. You  
need someone with access.

VALENTINA  
What about the Special Op?

DIRECTOR COX  
If they have access, why are they  
using a long lens?

Valentina EXHALES frustration -- *he's right*. Director Cox doubles back to the photo.

DIRECTOR COX (CONT'D)  
What was the movie?

VALENTINA  
The movie?

DIRECTOR COX  
The movie he was seeing?

VALENTINA  
(annoyed)  
A double feature, I think. "Roman Holiday" and "Sabrina." Why?

OFF Director Cox, wheels turning...

# **INT. THE CARLYLE - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT**

Audrey, in a *different* black dress, applies lipstick while rocking her 6-month-old son SEAN.

Her husband MEL FERRER (40s), a rakish man with deep set eyes, makes drinks at the adjacent bar cart.

MEL  
I'm sure everyone would understand if you skipped the event. You just had a baby.

AUDREY  
WE just had a baby, darling.

MEL  
You know what I mean. I'd be happy to go alone and represent us both.

AUDREY  
That's sweet. But I'll persevere. I'd hate to disappoint anybody, least of all Truman.  
(switching to a mascara)  
He's been very vocal about his doubts regarding my casting. I need to charm him and his gaggle of gossips before their sentiments reach the press.

MEL  
Just let me know how I can help.

AUDREY  
Make me look good?

MEL  
Easiest job in the world.

OFF Mel, POPPING open a bottle of gin...

**INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT**

A tray of gin MARTINIS are bussed around the edges of a lavish black and white ball. NEW YORK SOCIETY and HOLLYWOOD ELITE mingle over scores of COCKTAILS and CANAPÉS.

Audrey and Mel hold court in the center of it all chatting with author TRUMAN CAPOTE (40s) and fashion queen BABE PALEY (40s).

BABE PALEY  
I'm itching to see you as Holly Golightly. Truman has such a fondness for the character.

AUDREY  
Understandably. She's a complete delight. A real "kook."

TRUMAN CAPOTE  
Is she? When I wrote Holly I imagined her as more of a tragic self-destructive bird, someone plagued with hidden truths. But you're the actress the studio chose, so... who cares what I think?

BABE PALEY  
Plenty of people care what you think, Truman. You're an award winning author.

Audrey squeezes Mel's arm -- *say something*. He pipes up.

MEL  
But Audrey never disappoints. She will be wonderful. Trust me.

Truman rolls his eyes and flags down a passing WAITER.

Audrey studies him, trying to crack his code. Looks around the room; notices that most of the champagne has gone untouched. Truman's real inner circle is drinking...

TRUMAN CAPOTE  
 (to Waiter)  
 Another Martini for Babe and me.

AUDREY  
 Make that three.

Truman raises his eyebrows, intrigued.

TRUMAN CAPOTE  
 I thought you drank wine.

AUDREY  
 Not always.

BABE PALEY  
 Truman thinks martini drinkers  
 harbor the best secrets.

TRUMAN CAPOTE  
 And people are only as interesting  
 as their secrets.

AUDREY  
 Then you must have QUITE the  
 collection of secrets.

Truman winks. The group LAUGHS.

BABE PALEY  
 Well guard them closely, because  
 gossip columnist Hedda Hopper is  
 making her way over.

AUDREY  
 You invited the press?

TRUMAN CAPOTE  
 If you call what Hedda does journalism.  
 Babe insisted I include her.

BABE PALEY  
 Outsiders are bitter critics,  
 Truman. Trust me on this one.

Audrey nudges Mel and they both stand up straight, as...

HEDDA HOPPER (70s) parades up to them in a hat as big as her  
 personality. She's escorted by JULIAN HUGHES (50s) a robust  
 man with a stuffy British accent and bottomless glass of gin.

BABE PALEY (CONT'D)  
 Hedda! You came.

HEDDA HOPPER  
OH! I wouldn't miss it for the  
WORLD, Babe. Not the entire WORLD.

BABE PALEY  
You know Audrey Hepburn.

AUDREY  
Good to see you again, Hedda.

HEDDA HOPPER  
Audrey! My dear SWEET Audrey. Look at  
you, flawless. And that tiny waist.  
You'd never know you just had a baby.

MEL  
Audrey is a wonder. She has always  
been able to maintain her figure.

HEDDA HOPPER  
Something I'm far less scrupulous  
about. If there's a piece of  
chocolate cake, I WILL eat it. Why  
hold back? The Soviets could blow  
us to bits at any minute.

TRUMAN CAPOTE  
Unless we blow them to bits first.

HEDDA HOPPER  
Yes. Cheers to the Americans  
winning the arms race.  
(back to Audrey)  
But enough doom. Are you enjoying  
motherhood?

AUDREY  
Of course. Children love you  
without condition. I'd be  
surrounded by children if I could.

JULIAN  
You work in Hollywood. Mission  
accomplished.

CHUCKLES all around.

As the group continues to prattle on, Audrey spots a SHADOWY  
FIGURE circling nearby. She stares. Tense.

TRUMAN CAPOTE  
Now Hedda, who is your witty  
escort? I hope he's not a writer.  
I'm incredibly competitive.

HEDDA HOPPER

This here is Julian Hughes. He's an international producer. Working on a mystery set in Argentina.

JULIAN

Unfortunately local support has been middling. They want proof that I can bring Hollywood to South America.

HEDDA HOPPER

I told him, I said that if an actress like Audrey showed interest in the film, it would firm up like [snaps]. And then here you are tonight! Like it was meant to be.

Mel notices Audrey staring off and touches her shoulder, snapping her back to the conversation.

MEL

Darling, are you alright?

AUDREY

Yes. Of course. What were you saying?

HEDDA HOPPER

You should consider helping Julian here.

JULIAN

Not to put you on the spot, Ms. Hepburn, but if you joined me in Buenos Aires to shake a few hands, it would make a world of difference.

AUDREY

I wish I could, but I'm leaving for Los Angeles next week to finish shooting "Breakfast at Tiffany's."

JULIAN

This wouldn't interfere. Just a quick trip over the holidays.

TRUMAN CAPOTE

A mid-winter excursion with an international producer... Sounds like something a martini drinker would do.

BABE PALEY

Truman makes a good point.

AUDREY  
(playing along)  
Then, perhaps I SHOULD consider it.

JULIAN  
Excellent! I'll send the details to  
your agent.

The martinis arrive and Audrey glances back at the Shadowy Figure, but it's disappeared. She takes a long pull of her glass. *Maybe she's just seeing things.*

**EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY**

A scene out of "Breakfast at Tiffany's." GEORGE PEPPARD (30s) leads Audrey across Fifth Avenue and up the library entrance. As they reach the top...

BLAKE EDWARDS  
Cut, please.

AD  
Reset.

George and Audrey stop and turn as the FILM CREW descends.

Throngs of sidelined EXTRAS and PEDESTRIANS look on, including a girl in BRACES clutching a PHOTO.

BRACES  
Audrey! Can I get your autograph?!

Audrey notices someone familiar amongst them: the Shadowy Figure. It's watching her. *Maybe she wasn't seeing things.*

She instinctively takes a step back and knocks over a C STAND. It falls towards George Peppard's foot, but is caught last minute by the AD.

AD  
Hey-hey. Gotta be careful. These things LOOK harmless. But that steel there... that steel is hard and heavy. Could stop a loose cable car going 500 miles per hour if it had to.  
(replacing it)  
Let's get last looks in here.

Hair and Makeup rush in, blocking Audrey's view.

AD (CONT'D)  
Pictures up!

They clear and... the Shadowy Figure is gone.

George notices Audrey's shift in energy.

GEORGE PEPPARD  
Are you alright?

AD  
Roll sound.

AUDREY  
Me? Yes. I'm marvelous.

SOUND (O.S.)  
Speeding.

AD  
Camera ready?

GEORGE PEPPARD  
Are you sure?

AC (O.S.)  
Camera rolling.

AUDREY  
MmmHm.

AD  
Mark.

A slate CLAPS.

BLAKE EDWARDS  
Action.

George takes Audrey's hand and leads her up the library steps again. Finally...

BLAKE EDWARDS (CONT'D)  
Cut. Great. Print that.

AD  
That's a wrap on Audrey Hepburn in  
New York City.

The set erupts in APPLAUSE, but Audrey barely registers.

AUDREY  
Will you excuse me?

She discreetly palms a KNIFE off the craft service table and darts for her trailer.

**EXT. NEW YORK - STREETS - DAY**

Audrey turns down an adjacent alley, leaving the fanfare of the set behind. Her trailer is only a few yards away but suddenly feels like it's on the opposite end of the city.

She hears the CLICK of footsteps behind her and runs.

**EXT. AUDREY'S TRAILER - DAY**

As Audrey races towards the base of her trailer, SOMEONE TOUCHES HER SHOULDER. She reflectively seizes their arm, hurls them to the floor and threatens with the knife.

AUDREY

Why are you following me?!

Her face drops as she realizes... it's just Braces from the sidelined crowd. The poor girl looks at Audrey in terror.

BRACES

(holding out a photo & pen)

I... I just wanted your autograph.

AUDREY

Oh dear! I am so sorry. Here.

She helps Braces up, then signs and returns her photo. The girl scampers off, thoroughly weirded out.

Audrey watches her go and SIGHS before stepping into her trailer to find...

**INT. AUDREY'S TRAILER - DAY**

The Shadowy Figure sitting on her couch feeding Mr. Famous PIECES OF RIBEYE.

SHADOWY FIGURE

I read in Vanity Fair that your  
pooch here has a discerning pallet.

Audrey freezes.

AUDREY

Who are you?

The Shadowy Figure tips his head up. It's Director Cox from CIA Headquarters. He flashes ID.

DIRECTOR COX

I'm Deputy Director Martin Cox. I'd like to ask for a moment of your time, Ms. Hepburn.

AUDREY

You broke into my trailer, Director Cox. It hardly seems like you're asking.

DIRECTOR COX

I couldn't approach you out in the open.

AUDREY

Because you're CIA?

DIRECTOR COX

And because I have a favor to ask.

Audrey pulls Mr. Famous away and holds him close, a safety blanket more than a guard dog, clearly.

AUDREY

What is it you want?

DIRECTOR COX

I'd like you to go to Argentina with that producer.

AUDREY

Mr. Hughes? I hardly know the man.

DIRECTOR COX

He's legitimate.

AUDREY

Legitimacy aside, I'm not particularly eager to leave my new baby and travel half way across the world to shake hands. So, I'm going to need a bit more context.

DIRECTOR COX

I have a team that's been tracking a person of interest in Buenos Aires, but lacks the access required to make contact.

AUDREY

What kind of access?

DIRECTOR COX

Hollywood access. Events, mixers that sort of thing.

AUDREY

You want me to get the CIA into parties?

Director Cox shrugs.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

And who is this inaccessible person of interest?

DIRECTOR COX

The less you know the better.

AUDREY

With that explanation, why on earth would I agree to help you?

Director Cox tosses an OLD NEWSPAPER ARTICLE onto the coffee table. Audrey sees it and goes bone white.

CLOSE ON the article. It's titled "*The Call of Fascism*" by *Ella van Heemstra* and is accompanied by a picture of her with HITLER.

DIRECTOR COX

Helluva mom you got there. She really believed in Hitler's Germany.

AUDREY

She did.  
(pointed)  
I didn't.

DIRECTOR COX

Still. People might be disappointed to discover their favorite movie star is the daughter of a Nazi sympathizer.

AUDREY

My mother wrote this article years ago. I wasn't aware any copies of it still existed.

DIRECTOR COX

We're pretty good at finding things. In fact we found a FEW of those, so you can keep that one. But, be careful. It would be a shame if it ended up in the wrong hands.

AUDREY

You're blackmailing me.

DIRECTOR COX

It's a quick trip. You'd be back by Christmas. And we'd work very hard to make sure nobody else ever finds this article again.

(standing)

Think about it. If you agree, my team will meet you en route.

Director Cox pops the last of the ribeye into his own mouth and exits out the trailer door.

The sound of BEAT-BEAT-BEATING crescendos as Audrey is pulled into a memory of...

**INT. VAN HEEMSTRA APARTMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK**

POINTE SHOES drumming against a windowsill. Audrey BEATS their stiff shank while Ella and Blecha converse by the door.

Ella clutches an ENVELOPE addressed to "Fascist Weekly."

ELLA (IN DUTCH)

*Are you sure the article will be well received? I want the party to know we are a respectable family.*

CHRISTIAN (IN DUTCH)

*Of course it will. You call the Führer a "visionary."*

Audrey's beating gets louder.

ELLA

*Audrey, please. Officer Blecha will think we have no manners.*

CHRISTIAN

*Never mind her. You get that article to the post before it closes.*

Ella NODS and hurries out the door. As soon as she's gone, Blecha confronts Audrey.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

*Why must you do that?*

AUDREY

*Pointe shoes need to be broken in before they can be worn.*

CHRISTIAN

*I mean embarrass your mother.*

He approaches her, threatening. Audrey stops beating.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

*She is trying very hard to maintain  
your family's good reputation.  
Without a good reputation, you are  
at the mercy of an individual's  
better nature.*

*(inspecting her bludgeoned  
pointe shoes)*

*And people rarely surprise you with  
their benevolence.*

CLOSE ON Audrey's eyes as this warning sinks in...

#### **INT. AUDREY'S TRAILER - DAY**

Audrey snaps back to the present. She picks up her mother's article and RIPS it to shreds -- *there is no way she's letting this get out.*

#### **EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY**

Audrey pushes a PRAM with baby Sean. Mel and Mr. Famous trot alongside. A few PHOTOGRAPHERS snap pictures in the distance.

AUDREY

I spoke to my agent about that  
"hand shaking" trip.

MEL

What "hand shaking" trip?

AUDREY

In Argentina. With the producer  
from Truman's party. He said it  
wouldn't interfere with any of my  
contracts, so... I might go.

MEL

I thought you were just putting on a  
show for Truman and Hedda's benefit.

AUDREY

Initially, yes. But, perhaps Truman  
was right and I should embrace that  
"martini drinker" spirit. Plus, the  
public loves it when I travel.

MEL

But you just had a baby.

AUDREY

WE just had a baby. And this might be a wonderful opportunity for you to spend some time with him.

MEL

You want me to care for our child alone?

AUDREY

I manage to do it. But... you could hire a nanny if you like.

Mel lingers on a passing BUSTY BLONDE.

MEL

I suppose that could work.

Audrey gently slides her hand into his.

AUDREY

Then it's settled. You and Sean will head to Los Angeles.

(off Mr. Famous barking)

And Mr. Famous will accompany me to Argentina. Just for a few days.

(facing Mel)

I'm going to be a complete mess without you.

MEL

Good. I don't want you thinking for one moment you're better off.

AUDREY

Never. Love me?

MEL

Easiest job in the world.

Audrey angles towards the photographers and pulls Mel in for a DEEP KISS. Their cameras CLICK away.

#### **INT. BOEING 747 - DAY**

BARK! Mr. Famous gazes out from the arms of Audrey as she boards a brand new commercial jetliner. A starstruck STEWARDESS leads her down the aisle.

STEWARDESS

Ms. Hepburn. It's a pleasure. Can I get you a drink? A light for your cigarette? An extra pillow?

AUDREY

That's very kind of you, but I'm just fine.

STEWARDESS

You let me know if that changes. I'm happy to get anything you or your assistants need.

AUDREY

My assistants?

STEWARDESS

Yes. They're already seated.

She indicates a row where Valentina Velázquez and a snarky techie named DENIS BENACHE (20s) are seated.

AUDREY

Hello, there. I'm--

VALENTINA

--I know who you are. I'm case officer Valentina Velazquez and this is my associate Denis Benache.

DENIS

Hello hello. Big fan of your work.

Valentina rolls her eyes at Denis.

AUDREY

Thank you.

VALENTINA

Director Cox sent us. We'll be accompanying you on this trip. For cover purposes, you can introduce me as your corresponding secretary and Denis as your interpreter.

AUDREY

My interpreter?

VALENTINA

They speak Spanish in Argentina.

AUDREY

Right.

Mr. Famous BARKS at Valentina. She recoils.

VALENTINA

What is THAT?

AUDREY

This is Mr. Famous. My partner in  
all things and dearest travel  
companion.

(flagging down the Stewardess)  
Can we get a bowl of water, please?

Valentina stage whispers to Denis *in Spanish*.

VALENTINA (IN SPANISH)

*How are we supposed to accomplish the  
mission with a clueless movie star and  
her ridiculous dog?*

DENIS (IN SPANISH)

*Agreed. And its fur only brings out  
her unfortunate highlights.*

The Stewardess drops off a bowl of water. Audrey sets it down  
for Mr. Famous with a fleeting smirk.

**EXT. MINISTRO PISTARINI AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY**

Audrey deplanes in all of her movie star glamor. PRESS  
clamors. Camera flashes POP. *They love her.*

Valentina and Denis lag behind while a LOCAL REPORTER breaks  
through the chaos with a question.

LOCAL REPORTER (IN SPANISH)

*Audrey! Welcome to Argentina.*

AUDREY (IN SPANISH)

*Thank you. I'm thrilled to be here.*

Valentina and Denis' eyes flare.

DENIS

I didn't realize she spoke Spanish.

VALENTINA

Neither did I.

DENIS

Do you think she understood us?

LOCAL REPORTER (IN SPANISH)

*Who is this little pooch you have  
with you?*

AUDREY (IN SPANISH)

*This is Mr. Famous.*  
(pointedly to Denis)  
(MORE)

AUDREY (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)  
*Some people say he brings out my  
best features.*

VALENTINA  
Yes. I think she understood us.

Valentina and Denis exchange a look -- *shit*.

To the side, a CONVOY OF BLACK CARS wait. Julian steps out of one and flags them down.

JULIAN  
Audrey. You are a vision. How was the flight?

AUDREY  
Wonderful. Delicious food and...  
illuminating conversation.  
(re: Valentina and Denis)  
Speaking of which, I want to  
introduce you to two very important  
assistants I've brought with me.  
This is Valentina, my dog wrangler.  
And Denis, my hairdresser.

JULIAN  
Pleasure to meet you both.  
(offering Audrey his hand)  
May I?

Julian helps Audrey into the car. Denis leans over to Valentina.

DENIS  
Her accent is perfect.

VALENTINA  
Just get in the car.

**EXT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - DAY**

The convoy of black cars pull up to a regal five star hotel.

Audrey emerges with Mr. Famous and pulls off her DARK GLASSES, eyes twinkling up at the grand building.

**INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE - DAY**

A glossy old world suite, dripping in DAMASK TEXTILES and GOLD ACCENTS. Audrey runs her fingers along a SILK CURTAIN.

JULIAN  
The Royal Suite. Reserved for  
Royalty, as the name suggests, and  
the hotel's most discerning guests.

AUDREY  
It's wonderful.

A BELLMAN arrives with Audrey's extensive luggage: TRUNKS,  
HAT BOXES, SUITCASES.

JULIAN  
I can arrange help to unpack your  
luggage while we have a drink in  
the lobby.

AUDREY  
That won't be necessary.  
(indicating Valentina)  
My dog wrangler would be happy to  
unpack everything.

JULIAN  
Splendid!

Valentina's eyes go wide as Audrey hands over Mr. Famous and  
flits out the door with Julian.

AUDREY  
Oh, and do remember to take Mr.  
Famous out to the courtyard so that  
he may tend to his habit.

The door shuts and Valentina glowers. Denis suppresses a LAUGH.

**INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - LOBBY BAR - DAY**

A lofted marbled space dotted with CHANDELIERS and OAK  
FURNITURE. Julian nurses a gin while Audrey enjoys a CIGARETTE.

LOCALS stare and whisper in "awe." *Is that Audrey Hepburn?*

JULIAN  
Quite a few potential investors will be  
watching the polo in Palermo tomorrow.  
I have arranged for us to attend.

AUDREY  
I do love an equine sporting event.

JULIAN

It will be a most excellent way to announce your arrival and generate interest in the film. All you have to do is say "the script is superb."

(leaning in)

A word of warning. Although outwardly friendly, this crowd will be sizing you up. They may appear charming, but make no mistake... the Argentine elite can be sharks. And you, my dear, look like tender chum.

AUDREY

Well I came all the way down here, so bring on the frenzy.

JULIAN

Hoho. That's the spirit.

OFF Audrey taking a cool drag...

**EXT. CAMPO ARGENTINIO DE POLO STADIUM - FIELD ONE - DAY**

Bulging GRANDSTANDS surround a sprawling POLO FIELD in the middle of the city. HORSES are tacked and prepped, PLAYERS warm up and thousands of SPECTATORS pack the stands.

**EXT. CAMPO ARGENTINIO DE POLO STADIUM - VIP SECTION - DAY**

Beautiful people in beautiful clothes drink champagne and mingle. Audrey is among them, wearing an ensemble to rival her "My Fair Lady" horse race frock. She looks every bit the part of a movie star.

Julian introduces her to a circle of self-important people, including JUAN EMILIO QUINTANA (50s), a dapper man with slicked black hair. He greets her with a customary cheek kiss. Lingers a little too long.

JULIAN

Audrey, this is Juan Emilio Quintana. He's in steel exports.

AUDREY

It's a pleasure to meet you, Señor Quintana.

JUAN EMILIO

Juan Emilio, please.

JULIAN

Audrey is circling my next picture.  
Set here, in Argentina.

AUDREY

The script is superb.

Behind Audrey, Valentina tries to wrangle Mr. Famous, but he seems to be pulling her towards the catering table with little regard.

VALENTINA (IN SPANISH)

*Stupid dog. Stay still.*

**EXT. CAMPO ARGENTINIO DE POLO STADIUM - FILED ONE - DAY**

The teams take to the field to warm up before play, cantering their PONIES and swinging their MALLETS. It's a healthy bunch of mostly young virile Argentine Men.

**EXT. CAMPO ARGENTINIO DE POLO STADIUM - VIP SECTION - DAY**

Audrey immediately locks in on #2, a FIT PLAYER out front. His skilled riding is only surpassed by his smoldering good looks.

AUDREY

He's quite good.

VALENTINA

#2? He's alright.

Valentina drops Mr. Famous into Audrey's arms.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

But his patron is who you should be  
focused on.

She points to a BELL 47 HELICOPTER cutting towards the Cathedral. It lands in a clearing opposite the field.

FACUNDO NERO (60s), a leathery man with silver hair, emerges from the passenger side.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Facundo Nero, powerhouse in the  
Buenos Aires social scene. Owns 90%  
of the poultry industry in Argentina.

Facundo immediately climbs onto an idling GREY MARE and takes to the field.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

He throws an exclusive asado at his estancia after matches.

AUDREY

If this asado is half as entertaining as his entrance, it must be quite the event. I take it you'd like an entrée?

VALENTINA

Correct. But Facundo is notoriously... difficult. Our best way in is through one of his rich cronies.

Valentina indicates Juan Emilio, the lingering cheek kisser from earlier. He's now getting handsy with a CIGARETTE GIRL.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Juan Emilio is very friendly.

AUDREY

I can see that.

VALENTINA

All you have to do is convince him to take you as his date. Use your "movie star charm" or whatever it is you do.

AUDREY

Ah yes. My "movie star charm." I'll certainly consider it. Thank you for the suggestion, Valentina.

Audrey hands Mr. Famous back to her and rejoins Julian.

**EXT. CAMPO ARGENTINIO DE POLO STADIUM - FIELD ONE - DAY**

SMACK. A mallet crushes a ball. HORSES roar across the field as players dangle from stirrups, angling for position.

**EXT. CAMPO ARGENTINIO DE POLO STADIUM - VIP SECTION - DAY**

Audrey watches, riveted by the fast pace play, especially the Fit Player -- *who seems to score goal after goal.*

The HORN BLOWS and the players trot off the field.

ANNOUNCER (IN SPANISH)  
*That concludes the third chukker. The crowd is now invited onto the field for a stomping of the divots.*

VALENTINA  
 Okay. Now is your chance, Audrey.  
 (looking around)  
 Audrey?

Valentina scans the VIP section but Audrey has vanished.

**EXT. CAMPO ARGENTINIO DE POLO STADIUM - END ZONE - DAY**

A field adjacent area littered with trailers and strings of horses having their legs wrapped and tails braided by GAUCHOS.

Audrey weaves through them, searching for one horse in particular... Facundo's GREY MARE. She carefully approaches and pets its nose -- *a natural connection.*

FACUNDO NERO (O.S.) (IN SPANISH)  
*She is my most beautiful mare. So it is fitting you found each other.*

Audrey turns to see Facundo himself approaching.

AUDREY (IN SPANISH)  
*She's lovely. All of your horses are world class, Mr. Nero.*  
 (holding out hand)  
 Audrey.

FACUNDO NERO  
*Nice to meet you, Audrey. But of course, I know who you are.*  
 (switching to English)  
 Your Spanish is impressive, as is your way with horses.

AUDREY  
 I simply love horses. When I was younger, I rode all the time.

FACUNDO NERO  
 Polo ponies?

AUDREY  
 Arabians, mostly.

FACUNDO NERO  
Arabians are beautiful, to be sure,  
but stubborn. Polo ponies, on the  
other hand, are incredibly responsive.

Facundo CLICKS and the Grey Mare walks over to him.

AUDREY  
I take it you like to be in  
control, Mr. Nero?

FACUNDO NERO  
What hot blooded man does not?

AUDREY  
A man who is capable of truly  
enjoying the company of a woman.

FACUNDO NERO  
Is that so?

AUDREY  
In my experience.

FACUNDO NERO  
Well then, perhaps you can elaborate  
on this theory after the match. I'm  
having an asado at my estancia. You  
are most welcome to attend.

AUDREY  
May I bring my travel companion?

FACUNDO NERO  
Of course.

AUDREY  
Then it would be my pleasure.

**EXT. CAMPO ARGENTINIO DE POLO STADIUM - VIP SECTION - DAY**

Audrey returns to the VIP section as the crowd finishes the  
divot stomp. Julian and Valentina seek her out.

JULIAN  
Audrey. Good heavens. You're here.

VALENTINA  
Where were you? Juan Emilio was  
eager to continue chatting.

AUDREY

I was meeting Señor Nero.  
Fascinating man. He invited me and  
my travel companion to his estancia  
after the match.

JULIAN

Ho! Well done, Audrey. Facundo's  
asados are extremely exclusive.

VALENTINA

How on earth did you do that?

AUDREY

A simple charm offensive.

Audrey winks at Valentina as GUITARREADA MUSIC prelaps...

**EXT. NERO ESTANCIA - NIGHT**

STABLES, ARENAS and ROLLING HILLS of grazing LIVESTOCK  
surround an expansive colonial adobe vibrating with MUSIC and  
LIGHT. Facundo's Bell 47 is parked out front, but out back...

**EXT. NERO ESTANCIA - PATIO - NIGHT**

FLAMES flare through an open GRILL PIT packed with an  
assortment of MEATS. TONGS fling some onto a TRAY that is  
carried inside.

**INT. NERO ESTANCIA - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The tray is placed on a buffet brimming with DRIED FRUIT,  
CHEESE and CRUDITÉS.

Mr. Famous ogles it all while Valentina guards him and Audrey  
reluctantly engages with Juan Emilio from the match.

JUAN EMILIO

Tell me, Ms. Hepburn. Is your  
husband traveling with you?

AUDREY

No. He's in California with our son.

JUAN EMILIO

Then you are here alone?

AUDREY

(indicating Mr. Famous)  
Hardly.

JUAN EMILIO

Perhaps you can separate from your canine for one night and attend my holiday celebration at the Tigre Club.

(getting close)

We can discuss how I may support your film.

AUDREY

That's a very generous offer.

(skirting his advances)

Too generous.

Facundo interrupts their conversation.

FACUNDO NERO

Give up the flame, my friend. A lady like Audrey would never associate with a "descardo" like you.

AUDREY

Descardo?

JUAN EMILIO

Facundo, here, disapproves of my political contributions. The price of doing business.

FACUNDO NERO

I disapprove of concentrating so much on business when we have the railroad to think about.

Valentina's ears prick up at the mention of "railroad."

JUAN EMILIO

That's enough chatter, my friend.

FACUNDO NERO

Perhaps you're right. Let's continue over a game of billiards.

(turning back to Audrey)

And you should stop torturing your little dog. Go outside. Enjoy the music on the patio. I will have someone put out a bowl for him.

Valentina watches Juan Emilio disappear into the oddly well-guarded billiards room.

VALENTINA

Audrey loves billiards. She could join you?

FACUNDO NERO

I hate to turn away such a lady as Audrey, but I like to preserve an area of my estancia for men to be men. You must understand?

Valentina is ready to push the issue, but Audrey acquiesces.

AUDREY

Of course. You wouldn't want a woman distracting you from all those balls. Come along Valentina.

She heads outside shooting Valentina a look.

**EXT. NERO ESTANCIA - PATIO - NIGHT**

Valentina racks her brain while Audrey smokes a CIGARETTE and a RED HAIRED WAITRESS lays down a bowl of GENERIC DOG FOOD. Mr. Famous sniffs it, unimpressed.

AUDREY

Don't take it personally. He's extremely particular.

The Red Haired Waitress rolls her eyes and leaves. As soon as she's gone...

VALENTINA

We need to get into that billiards room.

AUDREY

Trust me, billiards is not what you're imagining. It's like pool, but somehow even more dull.

VALENTINA

Then your presence should be a welcome distraction.

AUDREY

I take it your "person of interest" is in that room?

VALENTINA

They could be.

AUDREY

"He" could be.  
(explaining her logic)  
An area for "men to be men."

VALENTINA

Well done. You figured out it was a male. You want an award?

AUDREY

I have plenty of awards. Right now, I'd just like to enjoy this cigarette.

VALENTINA

Well, the longer you enjoy that cigarette, the smaller our window of opportunity to complete the mission becomes. So, I'm going to need you to put that thing out and get me into the room.

AUDREY

Not partial to honey talk, are we?  
(off Valentina's unamused look)  
Understood.  
(putting out her cigarette)  
Señor!

She waves down a MAN WITH A SLEEVE OF CORONA CIGARS and WHISPERS something to him. He hands her one.

VALENTINA

What are you doing?

AUDREY

Gathering supplies.

She then moves on to another man who offers his JACKET, then another who shares his FLAT CAP, and another who pulls off his TIE. She piles the mens' clothes into Valentina's arms.

VALENTINA

They just gave you these?

AUDREY

When it comes to ridding men of their clothing, I find very little persuasion is required.

Audrey napkins a few SLICES OF STEAK, folds them in her purse and heads inside.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Follow me to the washroom.

(then)

Do you have any mascara on you?

VALENTINA

Why would we possibly need--

**INT. NERO ESTANCIA - BILLIARDS ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Valentina emerges from the washroom sporting MASCARA PAINTED SIDEBURNS AND A MUSTACHE.

With the jacket, flat cap, and tie, she looks convincingly like any male at the asado.

VALENTINA

Where did you learn how to do this?

AUDREY

Spend enough hours in a makeup chair and costume trailer, you pick up a thing or two.

They approach the Billiards Room entrance. A BURLY GUARD patrols.

Audrey removes the steak slices from her purse and tosses one near Burly's feet. Mr. Famous leaps after it.

AUDREY (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)

*My dog! Heavens.*

With Burly distracted, Valentina slips past the entrance.

**INT. NERO ESTANCIA - BILLIARDS ROOM - NIGHT**

Valentina scans GAME TABLES and LEATHER COUCHES dotted with POWER TYPES chewing on CIGARS.

She pops the corona Audrey procured between her teeth, further blending in.

VALENTINA

Now, where are you?

**INT. NERO ESTANCIA - BILLIARDS ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Burly collects Mr. Famous and hands him to Audrey.

AUDREY (IN SPANISH)

*Oh, thank you. What would I have done without your help?*

BURLY (IN SPANISH)

*It is no trouble.*

AUDREY

*You're so good with him. You must have grown up around animals.*

He leans into Audrey, flattered.

BURLY  
*Actually, I did.*

**INT. NERO ESTANCIA - BILLIARDS ROOM - NIGHT**

Valentina snakes through the scene, searching.

She passes a cadre of OLDER MEN SPEAKING GERMAN. Double takes. Circles back. Trying to get a better look as...

Juan Emilio trips up to her gnawing on a STOGIE.

JUAN EMILIO (IN SPANISH)  
*My friend. Do you have a lighter? I lost mine along with my wedding ring in a straight rail. It is the couch again for me tonight.*

VALENTINA (IN SPANISH)  
*Sorry, no.*

Valentina keeps her head down and barrels past him -- cold, unfriendly. Juan Emilio watches her go, suspicious.

**INT. NERO ESTANCIA - BILLIARDS ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Audrey hyper-focuses on Burly. Encouraging him to prattle on.

AUDREY (IN SPANISH)  
*Tell me more about your goats.*

As Burly continues...

**INT. NERO ESTANCIA - BILLIARDS ROOM - NIGHT**

Valentina finally finds Facundo Nero at the back corner of the room chatting up a man in a TRILBY HAT (60s).

Narrows her eyes. Creeps closer. Grins.

VALENTINA  
*I knew it.*

She removes a WATCH from her wrist and flips off the face -- it's a camera. She leans forward and listens in.

FACUNDO NERO (IN SPANISH)  
 (almost inaudible)  
*...Then come to the Tigre Club. You  
 can meet her there...*

Valentina SNAPS a photo, doesn't see...

Juan Emilio, studying her.

**INT. NERO ESTANCIA - BILLIARDS ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Burly is still rambling on to Audrey, when Juan Emilio pokes his head out.

BURLY  
 (to Audrey)  
*Excuse me.*

He rushes over. Juan Emilio WHISPERS and they both head inside.

Audrey grabs Mr. Famous and instinctively follows.

**INT. NERO ESTANCIA - BILLIARDS ROOM - NIGHT**

Valentina is still snapping away when a hand spins her around.

BURLY (IN SPANISH)  
*You are not allowed in here.*

Busted. She thinks fast, crams her cigar in Burly's mouth and pushes him into a BILLIARDS TABLE.

BALLS scatter, players CURSE, and Trilby Hat evaporates into the crowd.

AUDREY (O.S.)  
 Valentina.

Audrey runs up.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
 Come with me.

They hasten towards the exit but Burly recovers and gains.

Audrey clocks him. She signals to Valentina "keep going" and feigns a fall.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
 Ooof! Heavens! I'm so clumsy.

EVERY MAN IN THE ROOM scrambles to help her up.

Valentina uses the cover; dashes for the exit.

When Audrey is finally saved, it is in the arms of...

FIT PLAYER  
Are you alright?

AUDREY  
(swoon)  
I am now.

OFF the Fit Player whisking her towards the exit...

**EXT. NERO ESTANCIA - PATIO - NIGHT**

The Fit Player ices Audrey's ankle.

AUDREY  
Thank you for all your help, um...?

FIT PLAYER/NICO  
Nico. It is my pleasure.

AUDREY  
Audrey.

NICO  
Mucho gusto. What were you doing in  
the billiards room, Audrey?

AUDREY  
I lost my pooch.

Audrey indicates Mr. Famous, now chowing down on the  
remaining slices of steak. Nico smiles, amused.

Valentina runs up -- *face washed, identity restored.*

VALENTINA  
I apologize, Ms Hepburn. I was in the  
bathroom. Is everything alright?

AUDREY  
Just barely, thanks to this kind  
gentleman.  
(to Nico)  
Nico, this is my dog wrangler,  
Valentina.

NICO  
Hello. You missed quite the  
commotion.

VALENTINA

Did I?

NICO

Yes. Her ankle needs to be wrapped.

(back to Audrey)

I have bandages at my casita near the stables if you would like assistance.

VALENTINA

I don't think--

AUDREY

--That would be lovely.

(to Valentina)

I'll be no more than a moment.

As Audrey leaves, Valentina peers back at the Billiards Room entrance. Burly is explaining things to an incensed Facundo.

#### **INT. NICO'S CASITA - NIGHT**

A charming one bedroom dotted with COWHIDES and colorful FILETEADOS. Audrey perches on the bed while Nico bandages her ankle with HORSE LEG WRAPS.

NICO

Tell me if they are too tight.

AUDREY

There's no need to worry about that. When I was a young ballerina I used to wrap my ankles so tight that my feet turned purple.

NICO

Ballerina? A clumsy ballerina, it would seem.

AUDREY

I suppose I am.

(changing the subject)

I love your place. It's charming.

NICO

Facundo puts me up here when I am playing polo for him.

(gathering up loose wrap)

You are much smaller than a polo pony. Hand me that knife?

He indicates a FACÓN KNIFE hanging off the night stand.

AUDREY  
That looks very dangerous.

NICO  
Not if you know how to use it.

AUDREY  
Then it's best to keep it out of my hands.

She gently lifts it off the table and hands it to him. He cuts away the extra wrap.

NICO  
I don't know about that. I have a feeling you are full of surprises.

Audrey blushes, enjoying his flirtation, when there is a KNOCK on the door.

Nico opens it to find Valentina clutching Mr. Famous.

VALENTINA  
Moment's up.

OFF Audrey's disappointed face...

**EXT. NERO ESTANCIA - STABLES - NIGHT**

Valentina urgently leads a limping Audrey and soporific Mr. Famous back to the estancia via a large dark barn.

VALENTINA  
We need to get back to the hotel and transmit information up the ladder. It's not safe here.

AUDREY  
Why isn't it safe?

VALENTINA  
You wouldn't understand.

Audrey looks over her shoulder and makes sure Nico is out of eyesight before walking straight -- *her ankle is fine.*

AUDREY  
I might understand more than you think.

VALENTINA  
Just keep moving.

In the distance, Burly directs a group of ARMED GUARDS to start breaking up the party. Audrey digs in.

AUDREY  
Why were they speaking German in  
the billiards room?

VALENTINA  
How did you know...?  
(of course)  
You speak German.

AUDREY  
Who are you after? A war criminal?

VALENTINA  
SHHHHH. Keep your voice down.

AUDREY  
Tell me who it is or I walk right  
over there and find out myself.

VALENTINA  
No you won't.

Audrey pushes past her. Waving arms.

AUDREY (IN GERMAN)  
*Hello! Gentlemen! May I have a word?--*

VALENTINA  
--Fine. Fine!

OFF Valentina, trying to contain Audrey...

**INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE - NIGHT**

Denis develops Valentina's photos in the adjacent powder room while Audrey sips tea and attempts to process what Valentina is telling her.

VALENTINA  
We came to Buenos Aires to penetrate  
an organization called ODESSA.

AUDREY  
ODESSA? I've never heard of it.

VALENTINA  
It's a codename. Organisation der  
ehemaligen SS-Angehörigen.

AUDREY  
(translating)  
Organization of former SS members.

Audrey's stomach drops as she realizes...

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
They're Nazis.

VALENTINA  
They help fascist war criminals  
escape Europe via international  
underground railroads. Many of  
which deposit right here in  
Argentina.

Denis emerges from the powder room.

DENIS  
Five more minutes.

VALENTINA  
It's near impossible to find anyone  
in ODESSA's care. And yet, we may  
have done just that.

DENIS  
Thanks to your help.  
(off Valentina's annoyed look)  
What? She did help.

The main phone RINGS. Valentina rushes over to answer.

AUDREY  
And Nero is part of this  
organization?

DENIS  
Maybe, but he's not the target. The  
target is...  
(off Valentina's head shake)  
A very bad man.

VALENTINA  
(picking up receiver)  
Hello.

VOICE (THROUGH PHONE)  
Code number?

VALENTINA  
348982BG12

VOICE  
Hold please.

The line CLICKS through to...

DIRECTOR COX  
I got your message. Do you have  
proof?

VALENTINA  
We're developing the photos now.

**INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COX'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Director Cox sits at his mahogany desk speaking into a receiver.

DIRECTOR COX  
Any intel on his location?

INTERCUT VALENTINA AND COX

VALENTINA  
Based on our last encounter, he may  
be attending a politician's party  
at the Tigre Club.

DIRECTOR COX  
Have Audrey procure an invitation and  
accompany her. If she gives you  
trouble, remind her of the article.

VALENTINA  
Sir, if she's going to be forced to  
accompany us we should tell her--

DIRECTOR COX  
(definitive)  
--No, the target's identity remains  
classified. Otherwise... she may  
not cooperate.

KNOCK KNOCK. Director Cox looks up at Palmer standing in the  
doorway with a FOLDER OF RESEARCH. He waves him in.

DIRECTOR COX (CONT'D)  
Send confirmation of the photo  
through the wire.

He hangs up and Valentina's LINE GOES DEAD. She sucks back  
her resentment, turning to Audrey.

VALENTINA

We're going to Juan Emilio's party  
at the Tigre Club.

AUDREY

Oh. No thank you. I won't be  
attending that.

VALENTINA

Yes. You will. With me.

DENIS

Ooo. Another ladies night.

Valentina gives Denis a death stare as Audrey suppresses  
nerves. *She does not like where this is going.*

AUDREY

Letting an agent tag along for a  
business trip is one thing, but Nazi  
hunting is quite another. This is not  
what I agreed to.

VALENTINA

I understand, but it's not my call.  
Director Cox is insisting. And if you  
refuse... your mother's article is  
still in play.

Audrey bristles. Its power over her still evident. She  
exhales, caught.

AUDREY

Fine. I'll attend ONE PARTY to  
assist with this dreadful ODESSA  
business and then I'm done.

(then)

Whats next?

DENIS

Next, you need formal wear.

AUDREY

Formal wear? Well, perhaps it won't  
be COMPLETELY dreadful.

OFF Audrey's resigned face...

**INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM - DAY**

A curtain of SHOWER STEAM fills the lens.

VALENTINA (V.O.)  
Juan Emilio throws a lavish holiday  
fête at his mansion on the Delta  
Tigre every year.

Audrey emerges from it in a TOWEL.

VALENTINA (V.O.)  
Our target will be in attendance.  
But don't worry. If things go as  
planned, you won't be interacting  
with him.

She pulls on a ROBE and sits at her dressing table.

VALENTINA (V.O.)  
And let's leave the dog behind this  
time.

Mr. Famous cocks his head. *Sorry darling.*

**INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE - DAY**

Valentina slides a .25 ACP into her GARTER HOLSTER.

VALENTINA (V.O.)  
Security will be tough, but we'll be  
more prepared.

Some additional "weapons" are splayed out on the couch, like  
a BROACH sheathing a DAGGER, EVENING GLOVES with ELECTRIC  
TIPS and a LIPSTICK.

VALENTINA (V.O.)  
I'll slip away while the fanfare  
surrounding your arrival plays out.

She uncaps the lipstick revealing it's a SYRINGE.

VALENTINA (V.O.)  
Once I identify the target, I'll  
lure him outside, drug him and  
rendezvous with Denis for  
extraction to a holding site.

She recaps the lipstick and tucks it into her bodice.

**INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM - DAY**

Audrey checks her now made-up face in the mirror.

VALENTINA (V.O.)  
All you have to do is keep  
everyone's attention.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

AUDREY  
Come in.

DENIS  
I have something for you.

Denis presents her with a set of PEARL DROP EARRINGS.

AUDREY  
They're beautiful.

DENIS  
They're a headset.

He points out a discreet SPEAKER embedded in the setting.

DENIS (CONT'D)  
It'll help us stay in contact  
during the party.

AUDREY  
Very clever and beautifully crafted.

Denis peacocks, proud of his work.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
I know just what to wear them with.

OFF Audrey's eyes, alight with an idea...

**EXT. DELTA TIGRE - NIGHT**

Establishing shots of the exotic Delta in its 1960s heyday:  
sprawling MANSIONS, luxury RIVERBOATS, canopies of green.

**EXT. THE TIGRE CLUB - NIGHT**

FLAT BOTTOMS cut through the water towards a towering French-  
Italian ESTATE with a dizzying GRAND TERRACE.

BOAT VALET helps GUESTS disembark and ascend it to...

**INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - SALON DE BAILE - NIGHT**

A cavernous ballroom overlooking the Delta. It VIBRATES with a DANCE FLOOR, SWINGING BAND and GLAMOROUS PEOPLE in formal wear -- including a tuxedo clad Nico.

He and everyone else stop to stare at a single person breaching the entrance: Audrey. She's donning a BLACK TANGO DRESS and CASCADING STRAND OF PEARLS.

Julian escorts her over to their beaming host Juan Emilio.

JUAN EMILIO

Señora Hepburn, you know how to get a man's attention.

AUDREY

I do hope so, Mr. Quintana. It's practically my job.

JUAN EMILIO

Come. I want to introduce you to someone.

As Audrey is whisked away...

DENIS (PRELAP)

What's the scene like?

**EXT. DELTA TIGRE DOCK - JULIAN'S BOAT - NIGHT**

Denis listens via a discreet EARPIECE.

DENIS

Decent entertainment? Food?

**INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - SALON DE BAILE - NIGHT**

Valentina stalks the edges of the room. She also wears an EARPIECE. She and Denis speak to each other through them.

VALENTINA

Above average.

The same Red Haired Waitress from Facundo's asado walks by with a PLATE OF PRAWNS. Valentina double takes them both.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

The shrimp looks good.

INTERCUT VALENTINA & DENIS

DENIS  
I never eat shrimp. Weird texture.

VALENTINA  
Then it's best you stayed in the boat.

DENIS  
And our girl?

Audrey shakes hands with a SHORT STERN MAN.

VALENTINA  
Currently meeting the President of Argentina. Turns out all you need in order to get access to elusive foreign leaders is a little black dress.

DENIS  
And to look like Audrey Hepburn.

Audrey grins, listening in through her PEARL EARRING HEADSET.

**INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - SALON DE BAILE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

The band breaks and the guests disperse.

VALENTINA  
Audrey, get the band playing again. I need these people distracted.

Audrey receives the message and darts her eyes around the room, thinking. They finally land on... Nico.

**INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT**

She beckons him to the dance floor and MURMURS to the band. They start up on a TANGO.

NICO  
Your ankle appears better.

AUDREY  
Much.

NICO  
I'm a little intimidated. You said you danced ballet.

AUDREY  
Yes, but I've never danced the Tango. You?

NICO

Un poco.

AUDREY

Then perhaps you could teach me.

NICO

Only if you think you can surrender  
to my lead.

Audrey smirks. *Touché.*

**INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - SALON DE BAILE - NIGHT**

As the music begins again, the guests redirect their  
attention toward the dance floor.

VALENTINA

Good work, Audrey.

Valentina resumes her surveillance, but is confronted by...

FACUNDO NERO

Ah. Señora Hepburn's dog wrangler,  
but without a dog.

VALENTINA

Mr. Famous decided to take the night off.

FACUNDO NERO

That's too bad. Although if he had  
come, I'm afraid he may have been  
disappointed.

(narrowing his eyes)

There are no billiards rooms to sneak  
into here.

Valentina swallows. He's onto her. Facundo signals and three  
guards join him: Burly, MUSTACHE, and SLIM.

FACUNDO NERO (CONT'D)

My guards will escort you out.

She glowers as the music SWELLS and...

**INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT**

Nico leads Audrey across the floor.

NICO

Are you sure you haven't done this  
before?

AUDREY  
You're my first.

NICO  
Fast learner?

AUDREY  
Eager student.

Nico escalates their steps, entwining legs. They vibrate with adrenaline, attraction. Meanwhile...

**EXT. THE TIGRE CLUB - TERRACE - NIGHT**

Burly frogmarches Valentina out onto the terrace. She steals a glance back inside at Audrey and Nico dancing.

Everyone is watching, enthralled, including... a man in a trilby hat. It's the TARGET.

VALENTINA  
He's here.

DENIS (THROUGH EARPIECE)  
Where? Can you get to him?

She tries to break from Burly but he holds tight.

VALENTINA  
I might need a minute. Audrey, keep dancing.

**INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT**

Audrey obliges by letting Nico lower her into a dip.

NICO  
I'm starting to wonder about you.

AUDREY  
Oh?

NICO  
I think you might be hiding something.

AUDREY  
Why would you think that?

NICO  
Because... this is definitely NOT  
your first time.

He transitions her out of the dip and into a series of advanced steps before ending their tango with a flourish.

They lock eyes and breathe heavy as the crowd APPLAUDS, meanwhile...

**EXT. THE TIGRE CLUB - TERRACE - NIGHT**

Burly drags Valentina towards the edge of the terrace. Mustache and Slim provide backup. As they bear down...

Valentina frees one of her hands and shoves a GLOVED FINGER in Burly's neck -- ZZZZZ.

He convulses. She leaps over him and removes the LIPSTICK SYRINGE from her bodice. Sprints towards the door.

**EXT. DELTA TIGRE DOCK - JULIAN'S BOAT - NIGHT**

Denis listens close as a TESTY VALET in a guest boat PUTTERS up.

TESTY VALET (IN SPANISH)  
*Excuse me. You can't park that here.*

He ignores, hoping the valet will move on.

**INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT**

Audrey parts from Nico and a WAVE OF MEN line up to be her next dance partner. One gets to her first...

VOICE (O.S.)  
Pardon me. May I have this dance?

Her face pales at the sound of a familiar GERMAN ACCENT. She turns to find the knowing stare of CHRISTIAN BLECHA (now 60s).

Audrey is frozen in place, shaken to her core. He holds out his hand.

BLECHA  
Don't be rude. Everyone is watching.

Everyone *is* watching. Audrey GULPS and takes his hand.

**EXT. THE TIGRE CLUB - TERRACE - NIGHT**

Valentina reaches for the door but is jerked back by Mustache.

The lipstick syringe PRATTLES to the ground.

VALENTINA  
 Denis, I need backup

Valentina headbutts him in the nose and wrests herself away, but Slim storms down, fisting hair.

**EXT. DELTA TIGRE DOCK - JULIAN'S BOAT - NIGHT**

Denis waves at the Testy Valet to move on.

DENIS  
 Unfortunately, I am dealing with a situation.

VALENTINA  
 Well deal faster.

But the Testy Valet is pissed. He tosses his ANCHOR overboard, blocking Denis in.

DENIS (IN SPANISH)  
*What are you doing? I can't get out!*

**INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT**

Audrey's vision blurs as Blecha presses her into a reverse walk.

BLECHA  
 You are still a captivating dancer.

AUDREY  
 And you are still... alive.

BLECHA  
 It would appear so.

AUDREY  
 How did you manage to survive?

BLECHA  
 I found a wonderful group of like-minded friends.  
 (pulling her close)  
 They're very protective.

Audrey cringes but stays steady, acutely aware of the onlooking crowd.

Nico is among them. Hawk-eyed. Studying.

BLECHA (CONT'D)  
You have done well for yourself, gute  
Audrey. The little ballerina grew up.

AUDREY  
It's a mysterious world.

BLECHA  
And here we are on the other side of  
it. Together. I wonder why?

AUDREY  
A bizarre coincidence.

Blecha squeezes Audrey into a tilt. Whispers.

BLECHA  
Come now. We both know you are  
smarter than that.

**EXT. THE TIGRE CLUB - TERRACE - NIGHT**

Valentina draws the DAGGER from her BROACH and plunges it  
into Slim's thigh. He releases her with a GROAN -- *Ahhhh*.

She scoops up the lipstick syringe and darts back inside.

**INT. THE TIGRE CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT**

The band wraps their song, so Blecha lifts Audrey's hand to  
his mouth and meets her eyes -- *a familiar gesture*.

BLECHA  
Until we meet again.

Audrey recoils and he melts into the crowd, just as...

Valentina appears, frantically searching the audience.

VALENTINA  
Audrey, stay where you are. The target  
was watching you so just, don't move.

Audrey snaps to, trying to brush off Blecha and get her  
bearings as Denis comes through on the earpiece.

DENIS  
Our guy just emerged from inside. He's  
heading toward the docks.

VALENTINA  
I'm on my way.

**EXT. THE TIGRE CLUB - SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Valentina darts out the side entrance and races down a tight EMERGENCY STAIRCASE. Audrey follows a few beats behind, relieved to be away from her ghosts on the dance floor.

VALENTINA

What are you doing? Go back inside.

AUDREY

Perhaps I can help out here.

VALENTINA

I have it under control.

DENIS (THROUGH EARPIECE)

He's at the valet station rummaging through keys.

Valentina hikes up her skirt.

VALENTINA

Screw this.

She leaps over the railing and CRASHES onto the ground below. Continues her pursuit.

Audrey scans the valet station and sees... Blecha.

He secures a set of keys, climbs into a CHROME BAY BOAT and pulls on A TRILBY HAT. Her jaw slacks as she realizes...

AUDREY

Blecha's... the target?

**EXT. DELTA TIGRE DOCK - JULIAN'S BOAT - NIGHT**

Denis tries to motor around the Testy Valet's boat, bumping and scraping into its side, but it's no use.

TESTY VALET (IN SPANISH)

*What are you, crazy? You're  
damaging the paint.*

DENIS (IN SPANISH)

*You are the crazy one. Move!*

**EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT**

Valentina catches up to Blecha as he ZOOMS off in the chrome bay boat.

VALENTINA

Denis I need you to bring that boat around. Now.

DENIS

I'm blocked in. I need a minute.

VALENTINA

We don't have a minute, Denis.  
Denis?!

AUDREY (O.S.)

I've got it.

Valentina turns to find Audrey running up behind her.

Audrey hops onto a WOOD CLAD BOWRIDER that a late arriving COUPLE is exiting -- lifts the keys from their hand.

AUDREY (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)

*We're so glad you could make it.*  
(to the Woman)  
*What a lovely gown.*

The Couple glows. *Is that Audrey Hepburn?*

Audrey tosses the keys to Valentina with a smirk. She jumps behind the wheel.

VALENTINA

I had it under control.

AUDREY

Of course you did.  
(to the Couple)  
*Enjoy the band. They're marvelous.*

Valentina mashes down the THROTTLE, zooming off. The Couple watch in stunned confusion.

A BLACK RIGID HULL INFLATABLE, concealed by some overgrowth, pulls from the weeds and follows.

#### **EXT. DELTA TIGRE - NIGHT**

Valentina and Audrey gain on Blecha in the chrome bay boat. They are almost parallel with him when...

The black inflatable knifes its way in between.

They clock the driver. It's Burly. He's back and joined by Mustache and Slim. Mustache whips out a PISTOL and aims.

Valentina quickly decelerates as he pulls the trigger.

BAM-BAM-BAM.

The bullets go wide.

She yanks the .25 ACP from her GARTER and yells to Audrey.

VALENTINA  
Can you drive a boat?

AUDREY  
(taking the wheel)  
Of course darling. I am Dutch.

Audrey spies Blecha in the distance and accelerates after him, but the black inflatable bars their way.

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM.

Mustache and Slim put some holes in the bowrider's hull. It's messy, but superficial. *Audrey and Valentina remain unscathed.*

Valentina returns fire, popping Mustache in the shoulder. He stumbles back and flips into the water.

She squeezes out a few more rounds at Slim. Misses.

VALENTINA  
Damn it.

Audrey tries to straighten as the black inflatable pulls tight, closing the space between them.

Slim jumps onto their deck, rushes Valentina and lays a knee into her chest. She CHUFFS, struggling against the weight of his body, just inches in front of Audrey.

The .25 ACP drops to the deck in the shuffle.

In an instant, Audrey lifts her PEARLS, lassoing them around Slim's neck. She jerks him back.

SLIM  
ARGGGGHHH.

He releases Valentina, who makes quick work of twisting the strand further around his neck and tying them off on a CLEAT.

As the WHITE BALLS dig into his ESOPHAGUS...

VALENTINA  
Look out!

Audrey whips starboard. A round from Burly clips the top of her french twist, blasting apart a CRYSTAL HAIR PIECE. *That was too close for comfort.*

She lowers her eyes, CUTTING in front of the black inflatable. Scoops Valentina's .25 ACP off the floor.

AUDREY

Duck, please.

Valentina hits the deck as Audrey empties the clip into the hull of the black inflatable.

The vessel BLASTS apart as she swerves, its remains rocking in their wake.

Audrey apologetically hands a stunned Valentina the .25 ACP.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Sorry about that.

VALENTINA

Don't be.

Valentina takes the wheel, redirects them toward Blecha's chrome bay boat in the distance and throttles up, pushing the bowrider to its max.

Blecha eyes them in his rearview and slows, waiting. Audrey stiffens. *What's he planning?*

AUDREY

This isn't right. You have to stop.

VALENTINA

What?

AUDREY

He's manipulating us. You have to stop.

Blecha makes a sharp turn and cuts behind an emerging PASSENGER FERRY.

With little time to slow, Valentina swerves, but at once realizes their trajectory is fatal. A FUEL BARGE lays less than 20 meters ahead.

VALENTINA

Jump!

Audrey and Valentina launch themselves into the Delta moments before the bowrider collides with the fuel barge, igniting a MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

**EXT. DELTA TIGRE - BANK - NIGHT**

Valentina emerges from the muddy Delta heaving in air. She searches the top of the water, now littered with debris.

VALENTINA

Audrey? Audrey!

Panic rises until a CHUNK OF SIDING flips over revealing... Audrey. She sucks in oxygen.

AUDREY

You owe me a new hair pin.

(looking down)

And dress.

(oh shit)

And pearls!

Valentina grins, appreciating Audrey's humor for the first time since she met her.

VALENTINA

Where did you learn to do that?

AUDREY

Movie sets, mostly.

VALENTINA

I have a new respect for the movies.

But this moment of relief is fleeting as Audrey's demeanor shifts, suddenly void of humor.

AUDREY

The target is Christian Blecha?

Valentina's face twists. She starts to explain when...

A distant boat puts towards them. It's Julian's boat. Denis drives as Julian waves from the helm.

JULIAN

My word! How did you ladies get all the way out here?

**EXT. DELTA TIGRE - JULIAN'S BOAT - NIGHT - MOVING**

Audrey and Valentina pull on WARM BLANKETS and whisper-argue while Julian glasses out some gin from his FLASK.

AUDREY

Why didn't you tell me Blecha was the target?

VALENTINA

I was ordered to withhold it.

AUDREY

Bullshit.

JULIAN

(interrupting)

It's true. Director Cox thought you might not continue to help us.

Julian turns and hands them drinks. Audrey shakes her head.

AUDREY

You're CIA too?

JULIAN

I apologize for not mentioning it earlier, but my cover has taken years to cultivate. It's very fragile.

VALENTINA

(cat's outta the bag now)

Julian works in the office of special operations. They interface with the INA to track war criminals.

AUDREY

Don't you have bigger fish to bring to justice?

JULIAN

Blecha's a prize marlin. He killed tens of thousands of laborers.

AUDREY

By association with the party, but he didn't personally kill anybody.

VALENTINA

Christian Blecha oversaw one of the biggest rocket production facilities outside Mittelwerk. More people died making his weapons than were killed by them. Whether he pulled the trigger or not... he is responsible.

Audrey lets this sink in.

JULIAN

He was presumed dead, until last week when I spotted him at a cinema showing your films.

AUDREY

Films?

VALENTINA

(hates that she knows this)  
It was a double feature. "Roman Holiday" and "Sabrina."

JULIAN

Seemed coincidental until we learned of his brief affair with a certain Dutch Baroness.

Audrey shifts, uncomfortable.

VALENTINA

We didn't want to involve you, but ODESSA has been impossible to penetrate. We needed--

AUDREY

(to Julian)  
--chum.

Julian offers Audrey more from the flask, but she rejects it.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

If it's not too much trouble, I'd like to go home now.

VALENTINA

Of course. We'll go directly back to the hotel.

AUDREY

No. Home to my family. In the states. I'm done here.

OFF Julian and Valentina exchanging a nervous look.

**INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Audrey, still wrapped in the blanket from the boat, sits on the edge of her bed smoking a CIGARETTE and cradling the HOTEL PHONE.

After a few RINGS, the line picks up.

MEL (THROUGH PHONE)  
Hello?

AUDREY (INTO PHONE)  
Hello, Mel?

MEL  
Audrey?

AUDREY  
Oh Mel, I'm so glad you picked up.

**INT. PALATIAL HOLMBY HILLS HOME - DAY**

Mel perches on the arm of a CHESTERFIELD COUCH drawing sips from a glass of scotch. *Hair mussed.*

MEL  
I wasn't expecting your call. How is Argentina?

INTERCUT AUDREY AND MEL

AUDREY  
Not entirely what I imagined.

MEL  
Is everything alright?

AUDREY  
No, I... I miss you and Sean.

MEL  
We miss you too, darling.

AUDREY  
Perhaps I should come home.

MEL  
Home? Whatever it is, you can work through it. You always do.

AUDREY  
I'm not so sure I can this time.

MEL  
Are you hurt?

AUDREY  
Not physically, no--

MEL  
--then you can work through it.  
(rephrasing)  
I'm just trying to be supportive,  
darling. You were the one who  
wanted to go down there.

A GIGGLE echos from O.S. Mel cups the receiver to muffle it.

AUDREY  
What was that?

MEL  
Hmm? That was the baby.

Audrey's stomach drops, determined not to seem upset.

AUDREY  
He's up rather late.

MEL  
Yes. He hasn't been sleeping well.  
(switching gears)  
Listen, pour yourself a nice tall drink  
and run a bath. You'll feel better in  
the morning. Then when you get back  
next week, we'll drive out to the  
desert for Christmas. Just you, me and  
Sean. One big happy family.

Audrey sucks back tears.

AUDREY  
That sounds wonderful.

MEL  
Alright then. Keep charming the  
hell out of the folks down south.

AUDREY  
Mel? You do still love me, don't you?

MEL  
Of course. Easiest job in the  
world. Now go draw that bath.

He ENDS the call and the line goes DEAD.

Audrey hangs up the receiver and snubs out what's left of her  
cigarette as the sound of DRIP-DRIP-DRIPPING pulls her into a  
dream-memory where...

**INT. VAN HEEMSTRA APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

CANDLE WAX drips onto the stem of a polished CANDELABRA. It adorns a formally set dinner table brimming with food.

Blecha presides over it between Audrey and Ella, who struggle to stay composed while shoveling forkfuls of chicken into their mouths -- literally starved.

ELLA (IN DUTCH)

*Roast chicken AND carrots. This is quite a treat.*

AUDREY (IN DUTCH)

*I thought soldiers were rationed like us?*

BLECHA (IN DUTCH)

*They are. But, I am not a soldier. I am a scientist. I don't fire the weapons, I make them.*

ELLA

*(changing the topic)*

*I haven't had carrots like these since we celebrated Easter in Belgium. Do you remember that, Audrey?*

Audrey tries to NOD along, but curiosity gets the best of her.

AUDREY

*What kind of weapons?*

ELLA

*(snapping)*

*That is none of our business. Officer Blecha will think I have raised you with no manners.*

BLECHA

*It's alright Ella. She's still a girl. She will learn.*

*(then)*

*I make long-range missiles and such. It is boring dinner conversation.*

*(to Ella)*

*Tell me about Belgium.*

Audrey demurs. Takes a bite of her chicken. Blecha watches her chew.

**INT. VAN HEEMSTRA APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Post dinner. Audrey dips the candelabra in a WARM SOAPY BATH and scrubs the softened candle wax off with a TEA TOWEL. Doesn't see...

Blecha, studying her from the doorway.

She finally notices him and JUMPS.

BLECHA (IN DUTCH)  
*Your mother went to find some port.*  
 (then)  
*May I help? I find doing dishes*  
*relaxing.*

Before Audrey can protest, he rolls up his SLEEVES and sinks his hands into the SUDS alongside her.

After a prolonged beat...

BLECHA (CONT'D)  
*You embarrassed her again.*

Blecha lifts a PLATE from the water; holds it out for her to dry.

AUDREY  
*I didn't mean to. I was simply*  
*curious.*

BLECHA  
*I see. Well, as one curious person to*  
*another, allow me to offer you a*  
*piece of advice... Learn to conceal*  
*who you really are below the surface.*

He lifts a KNIFE from the water and holds it out.

BLECHA (CONT'D)  
*Otherwise, you might start getting*  
*a bad reputation.*

Audrey doesn't take it, just stares -- chilled, as...

**INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM - DAY (DAWN)**

Audrey spooks awake in bed. Breathing hard. Confused. She orients herself and checks on Mr. Famous, sleeping soundly.

MUFFLED TALKING seeps through the bedroom door. She eases from the sheets and cracks it open. Peers out at...

**INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - DAY (DAWN)**

Valentina and Denis, sitting on the open balcony sipping COFFEE. They look like they haven't slept all night.

VALENTINA

We made the right call.

DENIS

I'm not entirely sure.

VALENTINA

Audrey's a spineless celebrity who only cares about her image. She isn't going to do the right thing unless we make her.

**INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM - DAY (DAWN)**

Audrey scowls, pulls on PANTS and grabs her SCARF from the dressing table -- *she needs to get out of here.*

**EXT. BUENOS AIRES - STREETS - DAY**

Hidden behind the SCARF, BIG GLASSES and a FRESH CIGARETTE, Audrey wanders the sidewalks of Buenos Aires, trying to forget Blecha, Mel, Valentina -- all of it, when...

The plucky tune of an UPRIGHT PLAYING CHOPIN steals her attention. She follows it to a local ballet studio.

**EXT. PALERMO BALLET STUDIO - DAY**

Inside, YOUNG GIRLS practice center work. Audrey studies them through glass, eyes twinkling. Her hands intuitively mark the steps of their combination: port a bras, relevé, jeté.

She closes her eyes and sways to the music, getting lost in it until...

WIRY MOTHER (IN SPANISH) (O.S.)

*Excuse me?*

A WIRY MOTHER pushing a bassinet JOLTS her back to the present.

WIRY MOTHER (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)

*Excuse me? Are you Audrey Hepburn?*

*(waving across the street)*

*Estefania, look. It's Audrey Hepburn.*

A group of MEN DRINKING ESPRESSO take notice and trickle over as well. A crowd starts to form. Audrey abandons the studio.

**EXT. BUENOS AIRES - STREETS - DAY**

Audrey continues down the road as the crowd calls out to others. "*¡Mira!*" "*¡Es Audrey Hepburn!*" "*¡La famosa actriz!*"

She attempts to hail a cab, but the growing current of fans swallows her. The situation is becoming dangerous. Then...

BEEP-BEEP.

A truck parts the crowd. Its driver rolls down the window.

NICO  
Need a lift?

Nico flashes a swoon-worthy smile and throws open the passenger door. Audrey SIGHS and climbs in.

They ZOOM away, leaving the crowd behind.

**INT. EMPANADA BAR - DAY**

A dive-y mom-and-pop with a SQUEAKY ceiling fan. Nico and Audrey sit beneath it at a two top. The OWNER drops a PLATE OF EMPANADAS in front of them.

NICO  
The owner is a friend. Nobody will bother you here.

She relaxes slightly and digs in.

AUDREY  
I didn't expect so many people to recognize me.

NICO  
You have some big fans in Argentina.

AUDREY  
It was a relief that you happened to be driving by. These things can get a bit out of hand.

NICO  
Out of hand?

AUDREY  
Oh yes. A fan in Paris once cut off my hair.  
(off Nico's shock)  
Just a lock. Apparently he was going to cast a love spell.

NICO  
 Can't entirely blame him.  
 (then)  
 What were you doing out alone this early?

AUDREY  
 Trouble sleeping. What were YOU doing out alone this early?

NICO  
 I had to get my truck looked at.  
 (then)  
 Do you often have trouble sleeping?

AUDREY  
 Not since I was a girl. I thought the open air would help.

NICO  
 If it's open air you're seeking, I can offer you a much better solution than the merchant streets of Buenos Aires. There is just one question.

AUDREY  
 What's that?

NICO  
 Do you ride as well as you dance?

OFF Audrey's eyes, intrigued.

#### **EXT. NERO ESTANCIA - PASTURES - DAY**

Rolling green dotted with JACARANDA TREES. Audrey and Nico canter across it riding two regal POLO PONIES.

Her hair whips in the wind as the horses CLOMP through mud. She grins, enamored with the landscape, and peers over at Nico... who is watching her more than the view.

He raises his eyebrows and she responds by squeezing her heels into the pony's ribs -- *surging into a gallop.*

Nico bites his lip and opens forward, pushing to a run in pursuit, relishing the chase.

#### **INT. NERO ESTANCIA - STABLES - DAY**

Audrey and Nico dismount the ponies. An ELDERLY GAUCHO grabs the reigns.

NICO  
I cannot believe it. You may ride  
even better than you dance.

AUDREY  
I forgot how free it feels to just  
open up and run.

The Elderly Gaucho begins to hose down the ponies.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
Actually, may I?

He hands over the hose and leaves her to douse the mare. It  
leans into the cool water.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
That feels nice, doesn't it girl?

NICO  
You continue to surprise me.

AUDREY  
How so?

NICO  
The riding, the dancing, the street  
walking...

AUDREY  
Street walking?

NICO  
Okay. Street "wandering."

AUDREY  
That's better.

NICO  
This is not the Audrey Hepburn I  
expected. You're much more...  
independent. Fuerte.

Audrey smiles, complimented.

AUDREY  
You know you're not what I expected  
either.

NICO  
No?

AUDREY

Most Polo players are consumed with machismo.

(off Nico's insulted face)

It's a good thing. Men like that are too busy trying to control me to get to know me.

NICO

Just invite them to tango. That will put them in their place.

They share a CHUCKLE.

NICO (CONT'D)

May I ask you a question?

AUDREY

Hmm?

NICO

Why are you in Argentina?

AUDREY

Oh. I am helping a producer raise money for this film.

NICO

What's it about?

AUDREY

It's umm. Well. The script is superb...

NICO

You don't know, do you?

AUDREY

Not really. It was sort of a favor. Don't tell anybody.

Audrey mimes locking her mouth.

NICO

Your secret is safe with me.

Nico mimes locking his mouth back.

NICO (CONT'D)

Whatever the reason, I am very glad our paths have crossed.

AUDREY

Me too.

Audrey stops spraying and gazes at Nico. The mare becomes impatient and bumps her arm, causing Audrey to drop the hose.

It writhes on the ground, spewing water everywhere.

Nico rushes to turn it off, but it's too late. They're deeply soaked and hysterically LAUGHING.

NICO

You couldn't just let the gaucho handle this part?

AUDREY

How foolish of me. I'm sopping.

As laughter subsides, their eyes fix on each other -- *daring*.

Audrey bites her bottom lip and Nico leans in. He pauses, waiting for her to close the gap. But... she pulls away.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

I should get going. My travel companions will be wondering where I popped off to.

NICO

Right. Of course. I'll fetch some dry clothes and drop you back at your hotel.

Nico scuffs off to his casita. Audrey lingers on him and rubs her shoulders, suddenly chilly.

**INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE - DAY**

Audrey enters wearing one of NICO'S POLO SHIRTS and a dreamy smile. She plops a TOTE BAG OF WET CLOTHES on the side board and pulls off DARK GLASSES to find...

Valentina, Denis, Julian and Director Cox -- *waiting*.  
Director Cox runs an eye over Nico's shirt.

DIRECTOR COX

Did you have a nice time with the polo player?

AUDREY

Director Cox. Last minute trip to see the sights?

DIRECTOR COX

Valentina here suggested you might  
be having second thoughts about  
helping us with Christian Blecha.

Audrey flits her eyes to a sheepish Valentina. *Narc.*

AUDREY

I am not interested in revisiting  
my past.

DIRECTOR COX

Your past with Blecha or your past  
working for the Dutch Resistance?

Valentina whips her head towards Audrey. *This is news to her.*

Audrey tries to downplay it.

AUDREY

I... I merely carried a few letters.

Director Cox drops Palmer's FOLDER OF RESEARCH onto the  
coffee table in front of her. It's labeled "Audrey Hepburn."

DIRECTOR COX

For the founders of the KCT. They ran  
a recruitment facility out of your  
ballet studio in Velp, is that right?

AUDREY

(equivocating)

We were at war. I wanted to help.  
Especially in light of my  
mother's... affiliations.

DIRECTOR COX

And did you help?

AUDREY

Like I said. I am not interested in  
revisiting my past.

DIRECTOR COX

Well, you've been very helpful to  
us so far. Perhaps you'd like to  
keep doing that and stop Christian  
Blecha once and for all.

AUDREY

And if I don't?

DIRECTOR COX  
Unfortunately, you might HAVE to  
revisit your past. You might have  
to revisit your past very publicly.

AUDREY  
You mean my mother's article?

DIRECTOR COX  
To start.

Audrey indicates the folder of research.

AUDREY  
What else is in there?

DIRECTOR COX  
A side of Audrey Hepburn that the  
world has yet to see.

She swallows, wanting so much to tell him to fuck off, but  
instead she says...

AUDREY  
Fine.

DIRECTOR COX  
Good girl.  
(gathering himself to leave)  
Case Officer Palmer is arriving to  
provide backup as we speak.

VALENTINA  
Palmer?

DIRECTOR COX  
He did discovery on Audrey and is  
an expert marksman. I've already  
read him in.

VALENTINA  
Sir, I wish you'd consulted me. I  
don't need backup.

DIRECTOR COX  
(shutting it down)  
If you didn't need backup, Blecha  
would already be in custody.  
(back to Audrey)  
Denis here will brief you on next  
steps. I've got to make a call.

He heads out the door as Denis launches into his spiel.

DENIS

Right. Recent intel puts Blecha living in the barrio of La Boca. It's a dense area and we are going to use that to our advantage by positioning you as a distraction.

As soon as the door CLICKS behind Director Cox...

AUDREY

Excuse me. I need a moment to change.

Audrey scurries off to her room.

Valentina eyes her with mounting rage.

DENIS

Valentina, don't.

She ignores Denis and follows after Audrey. Denis and Julian exchange a look -- *this should be interesting.*

**INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM - DAY**

Audrey is in the middle of peeling off Nico's shirt when Valentina barges in. She covers herself with a down pillow.

AUDREY

I beg your pardon.

VALENTINA

You're a spy?

AUDREY

WAS. Years ago.

(off Valentina's disbelief)  
It's not like I didn't drop some fairly obvious hints. I mean I choked a man out with a string of pearls right in front of you.

VALENTINA

You said you learned that on a movie set.

AUDREY

And you believed me?

VALENTINA

I DON'T KNOW HOW MOVIES WORK. Damn it, Audrey. If you had just been honest with me, I wouldn't have called Cox.

AUDREY

Well, someone had to make this  
"spineless celebrity who only cares  
about her image" do the right thing.

Valentina pales.

VALENTINA

I didn't mean--

AUDREY

--Yes you did.

VALENTINA

Alright. Maybe, I did. Was I wrong?  
Ultimately, that is why you are  
doing this... Your "image?"

AUDREY

You don't understand.

VALENTINA

Sure I do. I've had to deal with  
women like you my entire career.

AUDREY

(re: her toplessness)  
Women in their underwear?

VALENTINA

Good girls. People pleasers.  
Perfect little ladies who are smart  
and strong and powerful watering  
themselves down because they're  
afraid of ruffling a few feathers.

AUDREY

As opposed to acting superior to  
everyone else?

VALENTINA

I have to act the way I do in my  
line of work. It's the only way to  
get respect.

AUDREY

Respect? Is that why Director Cox brought  
in backup without consulting you?

Valentina's stomach drops.

VALENTINA

Why did you keep your background a  
secret?

AUDREY

You mock me, but image matters.  
Reputation matters. Without it, you  
are at the mercy of an individual's  
better nature.

VALENTINA

Then I guess I know what you think of  
my better nature.

Valentina EXHALES and starts for the door. Then pauses. Pulls  
the .25 ACP from her garter holster and tosses it on the bed.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

In case you decide you do want to  
ruffle a few feathers.

She leaves Audrey, still clutching the down pillow to her chest.

Audrey stares at the pistol as the sound of CLICK-CLICK-  
CLICKING pulls her into...

**INT. VELD BALLET STUDIO - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Madame Gaskell CLICKS bullets into a MAG. They're alone in the  
studio, blinds closed.

MADAME GASKELL (IN DUTCH)

*You remember your training?  
(off Audrey's nod)  
Good. It is essential that this  
does not get into the wrong hands.*

She jams the full MAG into a PISTOL, presents it to Audrey  
along with ANOTHER FOLDED NOTE.

Audrey slips the note in her leotard strap, then confidently  
tucks the pistol into her tights.

**EXT. VELD BALLET STUDIO - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Audrey exits the studio and climbs onto her bike, doesn't  
see... A MAN creep from the shadows and follow.

**EXT. ARNHEM - STREETS - DAY - FLASHBACK**

She bikes on high alert. Passes a cluster of NAZI SOLDIERS.  
Tenses. They don't give her a second look. She continues on.

**EXT. PRINTING SHOP - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Audrey dismounts her bike and melts around the corner to a back entrance.

**INT. PRINTING SHOP - DAY - FLASHBACK**

She dips inside. Removes the note from her leotard.

AUDREY (IN DUTCH)

*Hello?*

BLECHA (O.S.)(IN DUTCH)

*I suspected it was you, but had to be sure.*

Audrey whips around to find... Blecha, towering.

BLECHA (CONT'D)

*The resistance is clever, training young dancers to carry notes right under our noses.*

AUDREY

*That's not all they trained us to do.*

She pulls the pistol from her tights. Aims true.

BLECHA

*Do you even know what these notes you carry say?*

AUDREY

*They stop your weapons. They stop you from killing people.*

BLECHA

*I'm a scientist, not a soldier. Remember?*

He slinks forward, seeding doubt in her brain. She holds tight on the gun.

BLECHA (CONT'D)

*If you shoot me, you will become an enemy of The Reich. Which means, despite all your mother's efforts, your family's good reputation will be ruined.*

Audrey winces. This last part striking deep.

FOOTSTEPS prattle outside the shop as someone approaches. She must make a decision. Fast.

BLECHA (CONT'D)

*Or...*

*(holding out his hand)*

*I can help conceal who you are.*

Audrey considers her options, torn, but eventually...

She places the note in Blecha's palm. His mouth curls into a smile.

BLECHA (CONT'D)

*Gute Audrey.*

# **INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM - DAY**

Audrey snaps back to the present, breathing hard.

She collects Valentina's .25 ACP; shoves it and the haunting memory deep in her DRESSING TABLE DRAWER.

# **EXT. LA BOCA - DAY**

A bustling neighborhood painted in vibrant colors.

Restaurants line the cobblestone streets where BUSKERS play guitar, VENDORS haggle and STREET ARTISTS offer portraits.

Audrey strolls past them clutching the arm of Julian. They're followed by a cadre of PRESS and LOCALS.

Among them is Denis posing as a street sweeper, Valentina at a café table and Palmer (the case officer from Director Cox's office) playing cards under an umbrella.

They all wear discreet EARPIECES and speak to each other through them.

DENIS

Blecha should be in the yellow duplex  
half a block down.

VALENTINA

We need to draw a crowd directly in front.

Audrey smiles and nods while signing an autograph. She's also wearing an earpiece, and she got the message.

**EXT. LA BOCA - SIDEWALK - DAY**

Audrey stops to check out a JEWELRY KIOSK directly in front of the duplex. The crowd gathers, craning to get a look, jamming the whole area.

VALENTINA

Good work, Audrey. Time to move.

Valentina and Palmer stand and weave through the dense crowd, quickly closing in on the front door of the duplex.

**INT. YELLOW DUPLEX - DAY**

They bust through the front door and march up a narrow staircase, guns drawn as they enter...

**INT. YELLOW DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

A tidy but sparse space dotted with NAZI MEMORABILIA. *This is the right place.*

**EXT. LA BOCA - SIDEWALK - DAY**

Audrey continues to play the crowd while listening in.

**INT. YELLOW DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Valentina and Palmer clear the front room -- *nobody*. They make their way to the bedroom, where...

**INT. YELLOW DUPLEX - BEDROOM - DAY**

Ribbons of SMOKE from a newly snuffed out cigarette curl above an ASH TRAY.

Palmer indicates the closed bathroom door. Valentina keeps her gun prone and tip toes towards it, when...

BOOM! An ear-splitting blast reverberates from the street below.

**EXT. LA BOCA - SIDEWALK - DAY**

Audrey and Julian are thrown off their feet as a TRASHCAN near the duplex EXPLODES.

**EXT. LA BOCA - STREETS - DAY**

Denis falls back into a street lamp.

**INT. YELLOW DUPLEX - BEDROOM - DAY**

Valentina stumbles to get her footing, then rushes the bathroom door and kicks it open -- *empty*.

VALENTINA  
He's not here.

A half-cracked WINDOW beckons. She pokes her head out and pours over the pedestrians below. Blecha hops down into them from a LOW-HANGING BALCONY.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)  
He's getting away.

**EXT. LA BOCA - STREETS - DAY**

Denis rights himself and surveys the scene in confusion.

DENIS  
Looks like someone threw a frag in the bin.

INTERCUT DENIS AND VALENTINA

VALENTINA  
ODESSA.

DENIS  
They're probably still hanging around,  
so keep your eyes peeled.

JULIAN  
Everyone, we have another problem.

**EXT. LA BOCA - SIDEWALK - DAY**

Julian desperately searches the frenzied crowd.

JULIAN  
I can't find Audrey.

**INT. YELLOW DUPLEX - DAY**

Valentina hurries back down the stairs. Palmer close behind.

VALENTINA  
 Audrey? Answer me.  
 (no response)  
 Shit.

As she charges back onto the street...

**EXT. LA BOCA - SIDEWALK - DAY**

Audrey lays on the sidewalk, knocked over in the commotion.  
 She feels for her earpiece -- *it's missing*.

Panicked, she sweeps the floor and finds it next to the BOOT  
 of... Christian Blecha.

BLECHA  
 Hello again, gute Audrey.

Her stomach drops. She pockets the earpiece and stands to  
 flee, but Blecha pulls a REVOLVER.

BLECHA (CONT'D)  
 Not so fast.

VALENTINA (O.S.)  
 Audrey!

Valentina is scanning a throng of pedestrians just ahead.  
 Audrey tries to signal her, but...

BLECHA  
 Ah-ah-ah. Come with me.

Blecha leads her over to a STREET ARTIST and sits down.

BLECHA (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)  
*We'd like a portrait, please.*

STREET ARTIST (IN SPANISH)  
*Yes, of course. Such a lovely couple.*

BLECHA  
 Smile.

She refuses, so he nudges her with the TIP OF HIS REVOLVER.  
 Audrey forces a smile.

STREET ARTIST (IN SPANISH)  
*Go ahead and give him a kiss.*

Audrey sucks back disgust and plants a PECK on Blecha's head.  
 Valentina sees the kissing couple and moves on. *No Audrey here.*

As soon as she's clear...

BLECHA

Now, it's time to hail a taxi.

Blecha throws a BILL at the Street Artist and instructs Audrey to hold out her hand. A TAXICAB immediately pulls over.

BLECHA (CONT'D)

Get in.

OFF Audrey -- *Shit.*

**EXT. LA BOCA - SIDEWALK - DAY**

Valentina continues to search as Denis comes through on the earpiece.

DENIS

Found her. She's getting into a taxi by the gas station. And she's with Blecha.

Valentina whips towards the gas station in time to spy the taxi take off. She races to catch it on foot.

VALENTINA

Palmer, get the jeep. Denis, you and Julian guard Blecha's duplex in case he comes back.

DENIS

Copy that.

**INT. TAXI - DAY - MOVING**

Blecha and Audrey scooch along in traffic while their oblivious DRIVER hums to the radio.

BLECHA

I thought your days of espionage were behind you.

AUDREY

And I thought you were dead.

BLECHA

You came to Argentina to find a dead man?

AUDREY

The Americans tricked me into coming here to flush you out. They claim you are responsible for the deaths of thousands of factory workers.

Blecha raises his eyebrows -- *not denying it*. He avoids Audrey's judgement and peers out the back window to find...

**EXT. LA BOCA - STREETS - DAY**

Valentina pumping her arms, running as fast as she can, doesn't notice...

A sketchy MOTORCYCLIST pull up behind her.

**INT. TAXI - DAY - MOVING**

Cars bottleneck as Audrey and Blecha approach a SOCCER STADIUM.

AUDREY

You told me you were a scientist, not a soldier.

BLECHA

Sometimes science requires... sacrifice.

AUDREY

I don't think anything could justify that kind of sacrifice.

BLECHA

The honeybee would disagree. Its workers build, defend, forage, even starve to ensure the strength of the colony.

AUDREY

But we are not worker bees.

BLECHA

True.  
(staring, sinister)  
Some of us are queens.

Audrey's stomach knots.

The Driver slows as SOCCER FANS march towards the venue. Blecha cranes back to check if Valentina is gaining.

Audrey senses an opportunity and lurches for the wheel.

DRIVER

Hey!

The taxicab careens into a CROWD of fans.

Bodies scramble out of the way, the driver yanks back at the wheel, overcorrecting, and sending the taxicab...

Straight into a MERCHANDISE TENT.

**EXT. LA BOMBANERA STADIUM - DAY**

BAM! RIVER PLATE and BOCA JERSEYS pummel the hood as the taxicab takes out wardrobe displays, jolting to a stop.

**EXT. LA BOCA - STREETS - DAY**

Valentina crosses to the wreck, gun drawn.

**EXT. LA BOMBANERA STADIUM - DAY**

Blecha crawls out the DENTED PASSENGER DOOR of the taxi and joins the HORDE OF SOCCER FANS funneling into the stadium.

Valentina notices him. Has to make a decision -- *catch Blecha or help Audrey?*

VALENTINA

Dammit.

She kneels to Audrey's aid.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Audrey! Are you alright?

AUDREY

My arm is pinned under the seat.

Valentina lifts the back of the seat up.

Audrey wriggles free and climbs out of the taxi, replaces the EARPICE in her ear.

VALENTINA

Wait here for back up.

She turns to pursue Blecha, when SILENCED GUNSHOTS raze the taxi. Valentina and Audrey hit the deck.

The sketchy motorcyclist spins by, deftly handling a PB PISTOL from the back of a MOTO GUZZI 175.

PFFFT-PFFFT-PFFFT. Valentina dives.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)  
Dammit. ODESSA'S here.

The motorcyclist ZOOMS towards them. Valentina takes aim...

POW! A bullet rips through the Moto Guzzi's front tire, STEEL RIM sparking through SHREDDED RUBBER on the concrete.

The bike lays down, skidding into rubble.

Valentina stands, SMOKING GUN in hand.

The motorcyclist maneuvers out from under the wasted remains and pulls off their helmet revealing...

Red -- the waitress from Facundo's asado and the Tigre Club.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)  
I know you.

She locks eyes with Valentina before launching off down the street. Valentina gives chase while calling out to Audrey...

VALENTINA (CONT'D)  
Blecha went towards the stadium.  
Find him and radio the others.

Audrey scans her surroundings, pausing in uncertainty before clocking an idling VESPA.

AUDREY  
When in Rome.

She hops on the running scooter and throttles up.

PUTPUTPUTPUT ZOOOOOOOOOOOOM.

Its OWNER calls after her a la Gregory Peck in "Roman Holiday."

VESPA OWNER  
Hey!

But, unlike the movie, Audrey doesn't falter. She confidently ZOOMS onward, using the scooter to carve a path into the stadium.

#### **EXT. SAN TELMO MARKET - DAY**

Valentina stays on the heels of Red as she weaves in and out of COLORFUL STALLS and ECCENTRIC ENTERTAINERS.

In the adjacent stadium...

**INT. LA BOMBANERA STADIUM - DAY**

Thickets of "Boca Junior" fans pack the place, CHANTING and jumping in unison. *It's a throbbing SEA OF BLUE AND YELLOW.*

Audrey pokes her scooter through a section of it at the top of the grandstand, finds the one figure moving against the current.

AUDREY

Got him.

She REVS the engine, says a silent prayer and dives down the steep stadium steps (matching our opening sequence).

**EXT. SAN TELMO MARKET - DAY**

Valentina keeps pace with Red as she blasts through a MATE TEA DISPLAY.

GOURDS and SIPPING STRAWS fly.

She vaults over debris and turns a blind corner to find... an open air MARIONETTE SHOP. No Red in sight.

VALENTINA

ODESSA'S gone.

Valentina heads back the way she came, doesn't see... Red hidden within the marionettes.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Palmer, meet me out front of San  
Telmo Mark--

OOOF! Red swipes Valentina's legs, SLAMMING her to the ground.

**EXT. LA BOMBANERA STADIUM - DAY**

Blecha hurries down the stairs as SCREAMS dopple closer and fans lurch out of the way.

He pauses in confusion and turns to observe...

Audrey, on the scooter, barreling straight towards him.

He GASPS, pulls the revolver from his holster and fires, hitting a BANNER CARRYING FAN in the arm.

The banner falls into Audrey's path, tangling up on the Vespa's back wheel.

Blecha holsters the revolver and hurls himself past the front row -- *onto the pitch.*

Audrey sits up just in time to watch him disappear over the edge.

AUDREY

Dammit.

She scrambles to her feet.

**EXT. SAN TELMO MARKET - DAY**

Valentina and Red struggle. Valentina strains for her knife, almost has a hold of it, when Red wrenches back her finger -- CRUNCH.

VALENTINA

AHHHHH.

Using her other hand, Valentina swipes a GLASS BOTTLE off the abutting table, SMASHES it and digs shards into Red's calf.

She GROANS in pain, recoils and hobbles off into the market.

**EXT. LA BOMBANERA STADIUM - DAY**

Audrey clocks Blecha bolting across the pitch.

She rips the banner from her scooter, climbs on and pulls back the throttle.

It flies down the remaining stairs, busting through a FLIMSY GATE, and launching onto the pitch.

The scooter frame CRUNCHES under impact as Audrey lands. A dazed REFEREE stares at her.

REFEREE (IN SPANISH)

*What the hell are you doing?!*

She ignores him, zooming past.

Blecha cuts in front of an OPPOSING TEAM PLAYER on a breakaway. La Boca fans CHEER, whistles BLOW.

Blecha ignores them, eye on the tunnel ahead.

AUDREY

I don't think so.

Vespa wheels fling MUD into the air and Audrey surges forward.

As they approach the mouth of the tunnel, Audrey closes in on Blecha. She's almost to him when...

Blecha grips the hands of some LOW REACHING FANS and hoists himself back into the stands.

He climbs up through the aisle towards an EXIT.

Audrey watches, stunned...

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Good Lord.

...but not deterred. She continues on, gunning it out the tunnel.

#### **EXT. SAN TELMO MARKET - DAY**

Valentina finds her gun and searches the immediate area. A few TRICKLES OF BLOOD lead down a side alley where...

Red is climbing into a FIAT.

Valentina fires a Hail Mary round as it peels out.

VALENTINA

Shit.

(into earpiece)

Audrey, do you have eyes on Blecha?

#### **EXT. LA BOMBANERA STADIUM - DAY**

Audrey bursts out the back of the tunnel and onto the street; sees Blecha clipping towards a DEPARTING TRAM -- *DING DING*.

AUDREY

He's getting on a tram outside the stadium.

INTERCUT AUDREY AND VALENTINA

VALENTINA

Going where?

AUDREY

Toward the water I think.

Valentina shakes out smashed fingers.

VALENTINA

Can you get on that tram?

The tram pulls away, putting along ADJACENT TRACKS.

It's too late. *Or is it?*

Her gaze narrows as she considers...

AUDREY

Maybe.

She lifts the vespa WHEELS onto the TRACK, riding it like a high wire (a la the opening).

DING DING.

The TRAM approaches.

Closer... Closer... Closer...

She swerves.

The tram clears, exposing the vespa in a heap to the side.

**EXT. TRAM - DAY - MOVING**

REVEAL Audrey clinging to the side of an OPEN WINDOW, dress billowing in the wind. She struggles this time, not quite possessing the same strength of her youth.

**EXT. SAN TELMO MARKET - DAY**

Valentina waits impatiently out front. Palmer finally pulls up in the green jeep.

VALENTINA

Took you long enough. You come to see the sights or catch a Nazi?

Valentina climbs in and they peel out.

**EXT. RIVER TRAM STATION - DAY**

The tram slows as it reaches its next stop near a LIFTABLE ROAD BRIDGE. Blecha exits, feeling safer now.

Audrey drops off the side of the car and covertly follows him down the PEDESTRIAN WALK.

AUDREY

He's at the river station. Crossing the bridge.

**INT/EXT. GREEN JEEP - DAY - MOVING**

Valentina indicates a turn up ahead for Palmer.

VALENTINA

We're en route.

**EXT. AVELLANEDA BRIDGE - DAY**

Blecha clips along, keeping a low profile. Audrey is 30 paces behind, watching, following, until...

Red's Fiat pulls onto the far end of the bridge. She emerges.

AUDREY

That ODESSA woman is here.

VALENTINA

Don't let her see you.

Too late. Red makes Audrey, pulls out an AUTOMATIC RIFLE and OPENS FIRE -- *clearing a path for Blecha.*

Yet... Blecha doesn't take it. Instead, he backs away.

AUDREY

He's backing away from her. Why is--

Audrey is cut off as a TRUCK skids into Blecha. He flies over the hood and crashes to the ground.

She looks up and GASPS. She knows that truck.

NICO IS AT THE WHEEL!

But before Audrey can process the improbability, the green jeep comes darting up the bridge, returning fire at Red.

Nico flips a U-ey and joins the flow of traffic, disappearing as Valentina dashes over to take Blecha's pulse.

VALENTINA

He's still alive.

CLANG-CLANG-CLANG-CLANG-CLANG-CLANG

CROSSING GATES lower. The bridge is about to rise.

Red ducks back into the Fiat and reverses out.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Let's get him out of here.

As they load Blecha into the green jeep...

DIRECTOR COX (PRELAP)  
Thanks to your solid work, Blecha  
is being held at a US Safe House  
outside the city.

**INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - DAY**

Valentina, Denis, Julian and Palmer recover throughout the room, while Director Cox lectures.

DIRECTOR COX  
Rendition to Fort Leavenworth is set  
for 0800 tomorrow via a private  
airfield outside Bariloche.  
Valentina, Denis and Palmer will  
escort. You run into any trouble, you  
set off a beacon.

Denis tosses a small RED RADIO BEACON to Valentina and Palmer. They inspect it.

DIRECTOR COX (CONT'D)  
The local government hasn't been  
consulted so this will need to be  
stealth. No fireworks. Get in. Get out.  
(then)  
Julian will accompany Audrey to  
Ministro Pistarini once the package  
is secure. Everyone clear?

Valentina pipes up.

VALENTINA  
What about Red?

PALMER  
ODESSA will have a more difficult  
time now that Blecha is in our care.

VALENTINA  
I'm not convinced she was ODESSA. Her  
hand-to-hand was advanced. Definitely  
military trained.

AUDREY  
I agree. Blecha was acting strange  
around her. Something was off.

But before Valentina can process the shock of Audrey's support...

DENIS  
She could be KGB.

The room whips to Denis. *What did he just say?*

DENIS (CONT'D)  
While guarding the duplex, I analyzed  
the explosive scraps.  
(with weight)  
They're Soviet.

VALENTINA  
Shit.

PALMER  
All the more reason to get Blecha  
the hell out of here.

AUDREY  
Why would the KGB--

DIRECTOR COX  
(shutting it down)  
--Palmer's right. We need to get  
Blecha out of Argentina as soon as  
possible. Let's stick with the plan.

VALENTINA  
Sir, if the KGB is here, we should  
reevaluate our next steps.

DIRECTOR COX  
We stick with the plan as is.  
That's an order.

Valentina shoots Audrey a pleading look -- *back me up?*  
Audrey opens her mouth to protest but instead says...

AUDREY  
In that case, I better go pack.

She avoids eye-contact with Valentina and slinks off to her room.

**INT. ALVEAR PALACE HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE - NIGHT**

Mr. Famous watches Audrey vigorously pack her suitcase.

AUDREY  
This is not our problem anymore,  
Mr. Famous. We've done our part and  
now it's time to go home. Return to  
our lives.

Mr. Famous SIGHS.

He cuddles into a POLO SHIRT on the edge of the bed -- *Nico's polo shirt*. Audrey gives it a long stare, then...

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Damn it.

She hurries to her DRESSING TABLE DRAWER and heaves it open.

**INT. NICO'S CASITA - NIGHT**

Nico prepares a meal, chopping peppers with a CHEF'S KNIFE while onions SIZZLE on the stove. He POPS the cork on a bottle of Malbec and pours a glass of wine when...

The BARREL OF A GUN enters frame.

NICO

I thought you might stop by.

REVEAL Audrey holding Valentina's .25 ACP to the back of Nico's head.

AUDREY

Are you KGB?

NICO

Have some wine.

He pours ANOTHER GLASS, but Audrey doesn't move.

AUDREY

ODESSA?

(off his silence)

Answer me.

Nico gently sets the Malbec aside before striking lightning quick, knocking the pistol from her hand.

Audrey thinks fast and swipes the chef's knife, threatening.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

You've been following me.

NICO

A little.

He makes a play for his FACÓN on the nightstand, but Audrey throws the chef's knife into the wall next to his head. He freezes.

AUDREY  
I would never help a Nazi.

NICO  
Neither would I.

She uses the toe of her shoe to POP the pistol into her hand and re-aims. Nico raises an eyebrow.

AUDREY  
So you are KGB.

NICO  
No.  
(beat)  
I'm Mossad.

Audrey flinches, allowing Nico an opening to grab her wrists and pin her arms over her head.

She drops the gun, her body betraying her by responding to his breath on her neck.

NICO (CONT'D)  
You and I want the same thing.

AUDREY  
And what's that?

NICO  
The truth.

She hooks her legs through his and pulls them both to the ground with a THUD.

Kicking him aside, she reaches for the facón on the night stand, but Nico grabs ankle, yanking her back.

NICO (CONT'D)  
Listen to me.

AUDREY  
Get off.

Audrey removes a HAIR PIN and stabs it into his shoulder.

NICO  
Ahhh.

He releases his hold and she swipes the facón, then whips back to find... Nico gripping the chef's knife.

*It's a stand off.*

AUDREY  
How do you know I want the truth?

NICO  
Because... You wouldn't have come  
looking for me if you didn't.

A tense beat. They breathe heavy, daring, and then...

Both knives drop.

Audrey and Nico lunge for each other and kiss.

They collapse into bed, the intensity of their fight  
channeled into the aching pull of their bodies.

CLOTHES fall to the floor and LIMBS sink below SHEETS.

**INT. NICO'S CASITA - DAY (DAWN)**

Morning light spills across an EMPTY BOTTLE of Malbec,  
stained WINE GLASSES and crumpled BEDDING. Nico sits crossed  
legged pouring hot water into a YERBA-MATÉ GOURD.

NICO  
Where did you learn to fight like that?

Draped in a quilt at the nearby table, Audrey flips through  
stacks of Nico's SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS.

AUDREY  
Movie sets, mostly.

NICO  
(doubting)  
Just movie sets?

AUDREY  
I was also a spy for the Dutch  
Resistance during the war.

Nico raises his eyebrows, impressed.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
(re: photos)  
How long have you been tracking  
Blecha?

NICO  
Months with little luck... until you  
came along.

Audrey holds up a PICTURE OF HER UNDESSING. Nico smirks.

NICO (CONT'D)

You could have been hiding intel.

He offers her some tea and she takes a playful sip before returning to the pictures, stopping on one of Red.

AUDREY

This one here. Who is she?

NICO

KGB. Arrived in Argentina shortly after you did.

Audrey shakes her head. *Denis was right.* Continues on to the other pictures.

AUDREY

I thought the CIA and Mossad worked together on things like this.

NICO

Different goals this time. We want Blecha to go to trial, see justice.

AUDREY

So does the CIA.

NICO

No. The CIA wants him for the bomb.

AUDREY

Bomb? That doesn't make any sense.

NICO

What about it doesn't make sense? Blecha was a rocket scientist. He engineered weapons for the Germans.

AUDREY

Long-range missiles and such, not some bomb.

NICO

I'm not talking about some bomb, Audrey. I'm talking about THE bomb. "Hitler's Bomb"?

AUDREY

Hitler's Bomb wasn't real. It was a rumor. Like the anti-gravity device or giant space laser.

NICO

(dead serious)

The Allies said it was a rumor to mitigate panic in the aftermath of the war, but the Germans were working on it in their Dutch weapons production facilities... And they were close.

AUDREY

You think Blecha had something to do with it?

NICO

He was the lead scientist on the project.

Audrey's throat goes dry.

AUDREY

That's why the Soviets are after him. A weapon like that could tip the scales of the Cold War.

NICO

In exchange for his compliance, Blecha will be given asylum and never brought to justice for what he did.

A little dazed, Audrey absentmindedly flips to the next photo. It's of Red talking to someone... someone familiar.

AUDREY

I know him.

CLOSE ON the "someone familiar." It's Palmer.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

When was this taken?

NICO

Two nights ago.

Audrey's eyes go wide.

AUDREY

We have to get to Valentina.

**EXT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY**

Valentina loads a bound and gagged Blecha into the green jeep. Palmer is at the wheel -- alone.

PALMER

The path is clear. We shouldn't run into trouble.

VALENTINA

Good work.

(noticing)

Where's Denis?

PALMER

Food poisoning. Poor guy was puking his guts out. Said he'd rendezvous at the air strip.

VALENTINA

Food poisoning? Damn it, Denis.

She climbs in the back with Blecha and SLAMS the door shut.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Alright, then. Let's roll.

Palmer shifts the green jeep into drive and pulls out.

#### **INT/EXT. NICO'S TRUCK - DAY - MOVING**

Audrey and Nico kick up DUST as they tear away from the casita.

AUDREY

He's being transported from a safe house north of Buenos Aires to an airfield near Bariloche.

NICO

The fastest way to Bariloche is via highway.

AUDREY

What about the most discreet?

Nico considers, nods.

#### **INT/EXT. GREEN JEEP - DAY - MOVING**

The green jeep clips along a rustic path out of town. White tipped Patagonia Mountains line the distance.

They pass a SIGN indicating "Bariloche 30k."

VALENTINA

What did he eat?

PALMER  
What did who eat?

VALENTINA  
Denis. So I know what local  
delicacies to avoid next time I'm  
assigned to BA.

PALMER  
Oh, um. Shrimp, I think.

VALENTINA  
Shrimp?

She contemplates this. Looks back at Palmer.

**INT/EXT. NICO'S TRUCK - DAY - MOVING**

Nico speeds through the crowded streets of Buenos Aires with dangerous precision. Audrey winces at a few near misses.

NICO  
The KGB will probably wait until  
they're out of town to blow cover.

AUDREY  
Darling, is this the absolute  
fastest you can go?

Nico presses down further on the GAS. They fly through a STOPLIGHT. CARS swerve to avoid.

NICO  
Better?

OFF Audrey scrambling to hold on.

**INT/EXT. GREEN JEEP - DAY - MOVING**

Valentina studies Palmer through the REARVIEW.

CLOSE ON a tiny splatter of FRESH BLOOD dotting his collar.

She surreptitiously unholsters her sidearm.

**INT/EXT. NICO'S TRUCK - DAY**

Audrey holds tight as Nico rips past the SIGN indicating "Bariloche 30k" -- just minutes behind the green jeep.

**INT/EXT. GREEN JEEP - DAY - MOVING**

Valentina discreetly trains her 9mm on Palmer.

VALENTINA

Could you stop the vehicle? I need  
to check my pack for something.

PALMER

We really don't have time.

Valentina raises the gun to the back of his head, charade over.

VALENTINA

Stop the vehicle. Now.

Palmer grimaces. *Yup. Charade fucking over.*

He throws the wheel.

SCREEEEEEETCH -- *The jeep jerks.*

Valentina catches herself, the 9mm RATTLING to the floorboard.

As Palmer bends over to retrieve it, Valentina UN-CLICKS his seatbelt and yanks the PARKING BREAK.

Wheels lock, but momentum continues and the entire vehicle flips end-over-end. Anything loose goes flying as the cabin rotates.

**EXT. SHALLOW DITCH - DAY**

The jeep finally comes to a stop upright (miraculously). Palmer is motionless, having been thrown 30 feet clear.

Valentina waves away DUST and inspects the dazed but conscious Blecha.

VALENTINA

Hey dirtbag, you okay?

Still gagged, he dabs at a laceration on his head.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Good enough. Wait here.

She leaves him buckled in the back seat, hoisting herself out the side door. She limps around the vehicle. No sign of Palmer where he had just lain.

She climbs into the front seat and reaches for the jeep's CB RADIO, but before she can call for help it's BLASTED apart. She freezes with dread.

PALMER (O.S.)  
Careful.

Palmer materializes clutching a busted knee, pointing her own 9mm at her.

PALMER (CONT'D)  
Or you'll get your head blown off.

Valentina stares him down, fuming. Then... LURCHES for the gun.

**INT/EXT. NICO'S TRUCK - DAY - MOVING**

Audrey and Nico barrel down the road. They approach the green jeep, a scuffle playing out near the driver's side.

AUDREY  
That's them.

BAM! The door opens and Valentina TUMBLES to the ground. The green jeep SCREECHES back on to the road.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
Pull over.

**EXT. SHALLOW DITCH - DAY**

Nico slows and Audrey leaps out.

She bends over a motionless Valentina, blood oozing from a GUNSHOT WOUND on her chest.

AUDREY  
Valentina?

She listens for breath, checks pupils, starts compressions. 1-2-3. After a few pumps...

Valentina takes a SHARP INHALE.

VALENTINA  
Son of a bitch shot me with my own gun.

She GROANS, clutching her chest. Nico rips off scraps of his shirt to dress the wound.

NICO  
It just missed her heart.

VALENTINA  
How did you know to find me?  
(re: Nico)  
And what's he doing here?

AUDREY  
I had a feeling. And he... happened  
to be available.

VALENTINA (IN SPANISH)  
(under breath)  
*Happened to be available or  
happened to be in your bed?*

Nico SMIRKS and presses against the wound.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)  
Ahhhhh.

NICO  
The bullet is still inside.

AUDREY  
We need to get you to a hospital.

VALENTINA  
No, we NEED to stop Blecha. Palmer  
has him and I think he might be  
working with the Soviets.

AUDREY  
I know.

VALENTINA  
You know?

AUDREY  
I used to be a spy, remember?

Valentina tries to pull herself up, but the wound hemorrhages.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
Nico and I will go after them. You  
stay here.

Nico jets off to get the truck while Audrey props Valentina  
up against a tree.

VALENTINA  
Careful. The polo player could be  
working with the Soviets too.

AUDREY  
He's not. Trust me.

VALENTINA  
Then take this.

She slides the RED RADIO BEACON into Audrey's pocket.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)  
Orders are for Blecha to come back  
alive. And Audrey...

Valentina grips Audrey's hand and meets her eyes.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry I called you spineless.

AUDREY  
And I'm sorry I waited so long to  
ruffle a few feathers.

They exchange a look of mutual respect, then Audrey gives her  
hand one last squeeze, jumps back in the truck and peels out.

**INT/EXT. NICO'S TRUCK - DAY**

Nico speeds down the road, following a faint DUST TRAIL.

AUDREY  
Do you have another gun?

NICO  
Check the glove compartment.

Audrey opens the glove compartment to find a PISTOL and  
bottle of WHISKEY. She offers Nico a judgy look.

NICO (CONT'D)  
Keeps me warm during stake outs.

Audrey rolls her eyes.

They come upon a MOUNTAIN TOWN. Locals mill about.

Nico is forced to swerve around a group of DRUNK MUSICIANS.  
He HONKS, seeking attention.

NICO (SPANISH) (CONT'D)  
*Did you see a jeep come through  
here?*

No response.

NICO (CONT'D)  
They're ignoring us.

AUDREY  
 Yes. Thank you for that  
 comprehensive insight.

She POPS open the glove box and removes Nico's whiskey. Waves it in front of a BELLIGERENT MAN. His eyes sparkle.

AUDREY (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)  
*Hello, would you like a drink?*

BELLIGERENT MAN (IN SPANISH)  
*What a beautiful lady.*

Audrey holds back.

AUDREY  
*A green jeep came through here just  
 moments before us. Do you know  
 which way it went?*

BELLIGERENT MAN  
*Of course. It cut across the field  
 to get to the runway.*

AUDREY  
*Runway?*

Audrey and Nico GULP as the Belligerent Man points to a GRAZING FIELD flanking a barely visible GRASS RUNWAY. *Shit.*

#### **EXT. LARGE WHITE BARN - DAY**

The green jeep is parked outside of an old barn turned airplane hanger that abuts a nearby chicken farm -- grass runway to the side.

#### **INT. LARGE WHITE BARN - DAY**

Palmer ties Blecha into the front seat of a BIPLANE DUSTER. They're joined by Red, who finishes a rushed pre-flight check. All three pause at the sound of TIRES ON GRAVEL.

#### **EXT. LARGE WHITE BARN - DAY**

Nico and Audrey slide out of the truck, guns drawn. Nico advances, noting the nose of the biplane.

AUDREY  
 Over here.

But before she can take another step...

PFFT-PFFT-PFFT.

Bullets thump into a BAG OF FEED near her torso.

NICO

Get back.

Audrey dives behind a pile of old TWO-BY-FOURS and STEEL PIPING. Peers between the slats.

**INT. LARGE WHITE BARN - DAY**

Palmer lies prone on a pile of hay with an AKS RIFLE. Red attempts to get the engine started.

**EXT. LARGE WHITE BARN - DAY**

Nico slides in to join Audrey, avoiding rifle rounds PELTING the gravel. She covers him with a few shots from the pistol.

AUDREY

Blecha's inside, but they can't get to Russia in that thing.

NICO

They can puddle jump to Cuba.

AUDREY

Well, that is certainly not ideal.

Their attention is suddenly pulled by the sound of the biplane's engine TURNING OVER. It begins rolling out of the barn.

NICO

We have to keep it on the ground.  
I'll blow the tank. Cover me.

AUDREY

Wait. Can't we just... jam the propeller or something? We need him alive.

NICO

Those propellers move over 500 miles per hour. You can't just jam it with anything.

Audrey zeros in on the steel piping. It looks like the C-stand that almost fell on her while shooting "Breakfast at Tiffany's."

AUDREY  
Leave it to me.  
(handing him her pistol)  
You do the covering.

Before Nico can protest, Audrey picks up one of the steel pipes and bounds towards the biplane.

Nico gives cover fire as Palmer's bullets SPARK wide.

ARGH! Palmer is clipped in the shoulder. He pauses to address his wound as...

**INT. BIPLANE - DAY**

Red navigates the biplane out of the barn. Sees Audrey step directly into her path.

She sneers and throttles up -- *gaining speed, playing chicken.*

But Audrey plants her feet, daring.

**EXT. GRASS RUNWAY - DAY**

The biplane surges forward, but Audrey stands firm.

AUDREY  
Come on. That's it.

And just before collision...

She hurls the steel pipe into the biplane's propeller.

CRUNCH. Shrapnel shatters into a WEB OF PROJECTILES.

Audrey dives out of the way.

**INT. BIPLANE - DAY**

Blecha catches a piece of wood in the chest while another shard sinks deep into Red's spine -- *ZUNK.*

**EXT. GRASS RUNWAY - DAY**

Audrey presses her head against the ground as the biplane veers off the grass runway, finally coming to a stop in the ditch. The gutted engine WHINES, helpless.

Nico rushes toward Audrey as she wills herself to her knees.

NICO

Audrey!

He's just about to reach her when... POW!

A large caliber bullet hits him squarely in the chest. He falls.

AUDREY

No. Nico!

Audrey stands, returning fire with murderous intent. She catches Palmer off guard, hitting him thrice on advance. He sinks into the hay -- *bullet-riddled, wasted*.

She taps him with her ballet flat to confirm he's dead, then wipes a tear for Nico and continues forward.

**EXT/INT. BIPLANE - DAY**

Tripping up to the cockpit, Audrey nudges Red with the tip of her gun. She falls back -- *lifeless*.

Audrey eyeballs the passenger seat and swallows. *It's empty*.

A TRAIL OF FRESH BLOOD leads to a CHICKEN PROCESSING FACILITY just down the hill. A sign next to it reads "Avícola de Nero" (Nero Poultry).

AUDREY

Of course it's bloody Facundo  
Nero's Poultry Farm.

She fortifies herself and follows...

**INT. "AVÍCOLA DE NERO" PROCESSING FACILITY - DAY**

Audrey tip-toes into a dark cavernous warehouse lined with EMPTY CRATES and dotted with the occasional WHITE FEATHER.

A conveyor belt of MEAT HOOKS idle overhead. She eyes them with a shudder. Moves tactically, following the trail of fresh blood past EVISCERATION TANKS.

The blood dead ends into a rickety walled off subsection labeled "Eutanásia" (Euthanasia Room).

Audrey aims the gun, approaching.

**INT. EUTHANASIA ROOM - DAY**

She slowly opens the door to reveal A FLOOR BLANKETED IN WHITE FEATHERS.

Blecha lies amongst them in a CRIMSON POOL OF BLOOD.

BLECHA

Gute Audrey, I was hoping to see  
you again.

She stares at him -- *wounded, weak, on the verge of death.*

BLECHA (CONT'D)

You have come to help me.

AUDREY

You think I came to help you?

BLECHA

I helped you once. Do you not remember?

AUDREY

I remember...

The distant sound of BANG-BANG-BANGING pulls her into a repressed memory...

**EXT. VELD BALLET STUDIO - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Audrey watches from across the street in horror as NAZI SOLDIERS raid the studio.

Madame Gaskell and a dozen DANCERS are marched onto the street, forced onto their knees and methodically, rhythmically... shot.

**INT. CHICKEN PROCESSING FACILITY - EUTHANASIA ROOM - DAY**

Audrey snaps back to the present. Catches her breath. Mind clear as she finally allows herself to connect all the dots.

AUDREY

I remember... that you said you  
would help me. And then you killed  
my friends. Like so many others.  
You may not have pulled a trigger,  
but you killed them all.

BLECHA

Worker bees, Audrey.

She lowers her gun. Lifts the RED RADIO BEACON from her pocket.

AUDREY

If I push this, the CIA will come.

BLECHA

(strained)

Fine. Push it. I suppose it's time to give up the ruse. Besides, working alongside a few kikes doesn't sound as bad when you're facing death.

Audrey sours at Blecha's antisemitic remark. Watches the POOL OF BLOOD around him widen.

AUDREY

Or... I could just let you die.

BLECHA

The Americans will be very disappointed.

NICO (O.S.)

May I suggest another option.

Audrey whips to where Nico is standing in the doorway clutching his side. Wounded, but alive.

AUDREY

Nico.

She crosses to him, relieved.

NICO

We could extract him today. Put him on trial. There would be no deal. People would finally know the truth about Blecha.

AUDREY

And the truth about my past...

NICO

Would that be so bad?

BLECHA

It would if you care about your reputation.

NICO

Don't listen to him.

BLECHA  
This would ruin everything you've built.

NICO  
They'd know who you really are.

Audrey is torn. Her eyes DART between Blecha and Nico.

BLECHA  
Just push the button, Audrey.

NICO  
Audrey, please.

BLECHA  
Audrey?

NICO  
Audrey.

VARIOUS VOICES (PRELAP)  
Audrey! Audrey!

**EXT. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL - NIGHT**

A CROWD OF FANS chanting Audrey's name and pressing against SECURITY guarding a red carpet for "Breakfast at Tiffany's."

CHYRON: New York, New York - 1961

Audrey, in a diaphanous WHITE GOWN, floats towards an eager journalist with a CROWD PARTING HAT... it's HEDDA HOPPER.

HEDDA HOPPER  
Audrey, you look radiant tonight.  
Such a stunning dress.

AUDREY  
Mr. Givenchy kindly made it for me.  
Isn't it refreshing?

HEDDA HOPPER  
Diaphanous.  
(moving on)  
Now. I need you to address a little rumor.

AUDREY  
(indicating her hat)  
Nothing is ever little with you, Hedda.

HEDDA HOPPER

True! I've heard you're going to be taking a few months off from making pictures. Anything in which my readers should be aware?

AUDREY

I'm actually going to be traveling the world with the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund.

HEDDA HOPPER

UNICEF. Of course. A wonderful organization. But why drop everything and leave at the height of your career? I hope there's no trouble at home.

Audrey smiles, answers around Hedda's question.

AUDREY

I was a child in Holland during the German occupation and was one of many who received food and medical relief from UNICEF after World War II. It feels like time to give back.

HEDDA HOPPER

(thrown)

Oh. I didn't know this about you. Most people don't know this about you.

AUDREY

Well, perhaps it's time they do.

(then)

If you'll excuse me.

Audrey gracefully steps away and glides towards the theatre.

#### **INT. RAINBOW ROOM - NIGHT**

A post-screening ball. Glamorous HOLLYWOOD TYPES in black tie frocks sit around "Tiffany Blue" tables while a JAZZ ORCHESTRA plays to the side.

Audrey (in her white gown) and Mel hold court in the center of it all chatting with Truman Capote and Babe Paley.

TRUMAN CAPOTE

Of course you were fabulous in the role, what with your past to pull from.

(MORE)

TRUMAN CAPOTE (CONT'D)

I was so sorry to hear about all your struggles during the war. Not having adequate food and just being stuck in Holland with those... people.

BABE PALEY

The Nazis. Absolute worst.

TRUMAN CAPOTE

No wonder you're so terribly thin, darling you were probably malnourished.

AUDREY

It was a long time ago. I'm quite well-fed now.

MEL

And quite well-liked. Everyone adores the movie, my dear.

BABE PALEY

It's a hit. Truly.

TRUMAN CAPOTE

I'll concede it was better than I expected, thanks to you.

Truman flags down a passing WAITRESS.

TRUMAN CAPOTE (CONT'D)

Excuse me? Can we get another round of martinis? And one more for the star, here.

AUDREY

Oh. No, thank you.

BABE PALEY

No?

AUDREY

No, I've never really enjoyed martinis. I just pretended that I did so you and Truman would like me.

A long beat, then... everyone LAUGHS.

TRUMAN CAPOTE

You're a riot, Audrey.

The Waitress walks away and Mel reflexively checks her out. It's quite obvious. Truman attempts to deflect.

TRUMAN CAPOTE (CONT'D)

You know, I thought a lot about what you said and Holly really is a sort of "kook." Wields "wackiness" like a weapon to defend her pain. Quite an insightful observation actually.

MEL

Audrey is a phenomenal actress like that, isn't she? Can look past the surface of a character and get straight to who they are.

AUDREY

Yes, well I've had to look past so much in my personal life, it's only fitting that it would make its way into my professional life as well.

The group is less quick to laugh at Audrey's candor this time.

MEL

Are you alright dear?

AUDREY

Fine.

A SHADOWY FIGURE crosses in front of the orchestra. Audrey notes it and steps away from the group.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

She swipes TWO CHAMPAGNES off a passing tray and approaches.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

How kind of you to attend my premiere party.

The Shadowy Figure turns to face her, revealing... Valentina. Audrey hands her a champagne.

VALENTINA

Quite the reception.

AUDREY

Isn't it?

VALENTINA

Everyone seems to love the picture.

AUDREY

That's always a relief.

(then)

How are you?

VALENTINA

Still recovering. Thankfully my new job doesn't require much action.

AUDREY

New job stalking movie premieres?

VALENTINA

As acting DDP. Cox was put on permanent leave after the Palmer oversight, so I'm taking his place until further notice.

AUDREY

(smug)

You're a company man, now.

VALENTINA

Please. Company woman.

AUDREY

Any word on Denis?

VALENTINA

Took a nasty blow to the head, but he's fine. Told me to tell you he likes your new highlights.

AUDREY

They should check for residual damage.

VALENTINA

I'll let the doctors know.

AUDREY

I was sorry to hear about Blecha.

VALENTINA

Yes. It's a shame Mossad got to him first.

AUDREY

Though, they are bringing him to "justice."

Valentina offers a tight smile, betraying nothing.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

And, at least it wasn't the Soviets.

VALENTINA

Well, unfortunately our trouble with the Soviets is ongoing.

Valentina puts aside her untouched champagne.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

It appears Palmer was just the tip of the iceberg. That's why we need an outsider to accompany our team on an upcoming mission. Help sniff out any bad actors. Are you interested?

AUDREY

I'm not up for any more "hand shaking" trips if that's what you mean.

VALENTINA

That wouldn't be necessary. Your UNICEF travels already provide sufficient cover.

Audrey tilts her head back -- *unbelievable*.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Admit it. You enjoyed the danger, the mystery. And this time you'd be read in from the top.

AUDREY

It *WOULD* be nice to put all those skills I acquired at the ballet studio in Velp to good use.

Valentina grins. Hands her a CARD.

VALENTINA

That's my direct line. I look forward to hearing from you.

She saunters off, smug. Audrey considers the card for a prolonged moment, then... drops it into her champagne.

A passing CATER WAITER busses it and Audrey re-joins the madding crowd. The whine of GOSSIP and GLASSES gently morphs into...

The PRELAP of a grand piano playing CHOPIN'S ETUDE Op.10, No.3.

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREETS - DAY**

A bustling vibrant city pulsing with freedom and possibility.

Audrey rides her bike through it all, snaking past PEDESTRIANS and VENDORS. She covertly pulls up to a NONDESCRIPT BUILDING and disappears inside.

As Chopin CRESCENDOS, we CUT TO...

**INT. NONDESCRIPT BUILDING - BALLET STUDIO - DAY**

Audrey in a BLACK LEOTARD and DANCE SKIRT, taking ballet class. She grips a POPLAR BARRE and performs a warm up routine with other ADULT DANCERS.

There's a sense of contentment with each rise and fall as she moves in rhythm to the music.

The song plays out and the routine continues. As it does, we PUSH IN on Audrey's eyes...

Still utterly and immortally *iconic*.

BLACKOUT