

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

EXT. SØNDERMARKEN, FREDERIKSBERG. DENMARK - DAY

DIANA BURNWOOD sits on a bench near the park fountain, eating a lunch made by one of the local restaurants. She scans the pedestrians roaming around the area as she eats.

A man sits down on the opposite side of the bench. He wears a grounds crew uniform and is carrying a small envelope. Neither one looks at the other.

HANDLER MARKUS

Diana.

DIANA

Markus.

He joins her in scanning the pedestrians around them. Failing to find anyone suspicious, he slides the envelope across the bench. It slides into Diana's waiting hand and she quickly stashes it in her coat.

HANDLER MARKUS

Heard through the grapevine that this is a fun one. Apparently some big shot sports head.

DIANA

Interesting.

A beat. Diana finally turns her head to face Markus.

DIANA (CONT'D)

...was there something else, Markus?

HANDLER MARKUS

Okay, I know it's sort of against protocol, but I'm reeaally curious about this one.

Diana doesn't respond, nor does she make any motion to retrieve the envelope.

HANDLER MARKUS (CONT'D)

What if it's the NFL commissioner? Or LeBron James? Oh, maybe it's one of those Saudi FIFA partners!

Diana just looks at him.

HANDLER MARKUS (CONT'D)
 Okay, look,... I have a lot of
 money riding on some fantasy
 leagues, so if this could impact my
 odds... I wanna get the inside
 scoop, you know?

Markus gives his best pouty look at Diana. She smirks,
 finally pulling the envelope back out.

DIANA
 Fine Markus. You charmed me.

She opens it and removes a small stack of documents. On the
 top, a page with a headshot, and some basic information about
 the contract target.

DIANA (CONT'D)
 Robert Murkovich.

Markus shrugs.

HANDLER MARKUS
 Not a name I'm familiar with. What
 else?

She peruses the top page for any other pertinent information.

DIANA
 Ah, here we go. Owner of the AFA,
 the... American Football
 Association.

HANDLER MARKUS
 Hmmm.... Oh yeah! That does ring a
 bell. I don't follow the AFA super
 close, but I have a buddy who does.
 I'll hit him up, see if there's
 anything useful I can pass along.

DIANA
 I'm not sure if your buddy has
 anything more useful than these
 documents, but thanks anyway.

Diana folds the papers back up and stashes them again.

HANDLER MARKUS
 Well, you never know. Those'll have
 the facts, but you know our job is
 more than facts. Fresh gossip is
 just as useful.

With that, Markus stands up and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL AIRPORT IN/NEAR SAN DIEGO - MORNING

Diana exits the airplane tunnel dressed in sunglasses and a long black trench coat. She navigates through the airport naturally, but...

CUT TO:

SECURITY CAMERA #1 FOOTAGE

The camera shows Diana's terminal, passengers deboarding the plane, including the man that was behind Diana, but no sign of her.

BACK TO:

FOLLOWING DIANA

Diana speeds up slightly, revealing herself from behind the small crowd of other deboarders. Walking down the terminal halls, she pauses at a magazine standing. Reaching down, she swipes an umbrella from a bucket by the store's entrance, feigning interest in the topmost issue as...

CUT TO:

SECURITY CAMERA #2 FOOTAGE

The camera pans slowly to the right, observing everything in the hallway. The magazine stand comes into view for a brief moment before panning to the left again.

BACK TO:

FOLLOWING DIANA

Diana cuts her path toward the opposite wall, following it directly beneath the security camera. She swiftly dodges a few more cameras on the way, finally making it to...

CUT TO:

SECURITY CAMERA #3 FOOTAGE

The camera in the vestibule captures the entirety of the small space. A light drizzle patters against the outer doors. A woman opens an umbrella as she exits the inner doors, perfectly shielding her face from the camera.

BACK TO:

EXT. SMALL AIRPORT IN/NEAR SAN DIEGO

A black stretch SUV pulls up and parks in front of the airport's entrance. A man opens the rear passenger door from the inside. Diana steps in and shuts the door behind her.

INT. STRETCH SUV

Diana sits across from a well-dressed man in his mid-to-late 40's.

JOEL SMITH

Miss Evermore, it's nice to finally meet you! I'm Joel.

They shake hands.

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA)

Joel, it's great to finally put a face to those emails.

JOEL SMITH

Do you need to stop at your hotel at all or are we set to go straight to the stadium?

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA)

Actually, that would be wonderful. The company is great about handling travel, but they insist on sending our stuff straight to the hotels. Grand Hyatt, please.

JOEL SMITH

Ooh la la! You work for a generous company. I'm always stuck at some hotel with 'Express' in the name. Driver! Grand Hyatt, please.

DRIVER

You got it!

The SUV starts moving.

JOEL SMITH

So, we've got a pretty full schedule today. From what you said, your boss sounds pretty thorough so we've got a full tour lined up: luxury suites, VIP areas, club level, press box, locker rooms, food stands, we can take you onto the field...

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA)

Mr. Rieper had a particular interest in the owner's suite. As I understand, Robert Murkovich paid for a private suite at each AFA stadium?

JOEL SMITH

Oh. Well, yes... but a lot of the amenities in the owner's lounge were paid for by Rob himself. If Mr. Rieper wants any of those for his own private suite, I'm not sure how much of those we could accommodate.

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA)

Oh, Mr. Rieper is more than willing to put his own money into some of those if they're interesting enough.

Joel chuckles.

JOEL SMITH

Well alright then! Consider the owner's suite a part of the tour.

Eventually...

DRIVER

Grand Hyatt!

The SUV parks in front of a nice hotel. Joel opens the door again for Diana, who exits with a thanks.

INT. GRAND HYATT

Diana collects her room key and makes way down one of the first floor halls to her room. With a swipe of her card, she opens the door and finds her luggage placed neatly beside the coat rack near the door.

The lights flick on to reveal a large, well-kept room with a single bed and all the classic four-star amenities. Diana grabs the smallest bag, a black purse-like travel bag, and throws it on the bed.

Rifling through, she finds the gear to plant inside the stadium to help 47: a plain white dress shirt and jeans, a high-vis vest, a pen with yellow ink (paralytic) and one with green ink (emetic), and a set of lockpicks.

She closes the bag and makes her way out of the room.

EXT. SAN DIEGO DOGS STADIUM - LATE MORNING

The black SUV parks in a private lot behind the stadium. Diana and Joel emerge. Joel leads them to one of the stadium's private entrances.

As they make their way through security, Joel begins the tour:

JOEL SMITH

Well, welcome to the home of the San Diego Dogs! This is one of three private entrances, each complete with advanced security screening, a private elevator, and a VIP reception desk.

Joel taps a card on the screen next to the metal detectors. A steady flashing light starts beeping and Joel steps through it.

JOEL SMITH (CONT'D)

The screening process can be a little lengthy and we've got a schedule, so we'll skip that for now. Come right through.

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA)

Wonderful, thank you.

Diana curses herself internally. Had she known, she wouldn't have taken the special bag that's scanner-proof but weighs more.

They make their way through a set of doors and into a lobby decked out in team colors and memorabilia.

JOEL SMITH

This here is the executive lounge. VIPs are welcome to relax in here and enjoy the open bar, read some of the plaques about team and player history, or just chat up some of the others here. Bathrooms are always maintained hourly, and-

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA)

Sorry, you said bathrooms. I desperately need one before we continue much further, could you...?

JOEL SMITH

Oh, yeah no problem! Right over there, down that little hallway.

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA)

Thank you.

Diana walks as quick as her heels allow across the lounge and into the hallway. She turns left, into the men's room.

She scouts the bathroom for anywhere that could work as a good hiding place. Feeling around, she eventually finds a paper towel dispenser with a loose latch. The inner lip of the dispenser door is the perfect size for the pens, which she jams into the lip before closing it back up.

When she leaves the bathroom, she sees Joel talking to another stadium employee. He gives her a weird look, then smiles.

JOEL SMITH

Must've been a real emergency if you forgot to look at the signs.

Diana glances back at the bathroom signs and puts on her best fake-embarrassed face, even growing a little red in the cheeks.

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA)

Oh my goodness, I didn't even notice! How embarrassing...

JOEL SMITH

Ahh, no big deal. Ready for the rest of the tour?

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Joel shows Diana around the stadium, showing off the Team History/Hall of Fame Gallery, a few of the smaller premium clubs, two luxury suites, and a private restaurant for executive suite members.

At the restaurant, Diana makes eye contact with one of the cooks: a secret ICA member in disguise. They nod at each other.

JOEL SMITH (CONT'D)
...the menu changes weekly and the ingredients are always sourced loca-

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA)
Eric? Eric Hoss?

She cuts off Joel and walks over to the cook. They embrace for a friendly hug.

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA) (CONT'D)
(whispered)
Contract date set for Friday.

ERIC (AGENT POTROYA)
(whispered)
Understood.

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA)
I haven't seen you since university! Joel, did you know Eric here makes the world's *best* beef stew?

JOEL SMITH
I can't say I did! Eric, is that true?

Eric blushes and kicks his feet.

ERIC (AGENT POTROYA)
(to Diana)
Oh, stop it you.
(to Joel)
I don't like to brag, but yeah, it's uh, it's pretty good.

Diana leans on the counter near the kitchen. She slips the lockpicks out from her sleeve and subtly places them under a napkin. Eric notices out of the corner of his eye.

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA)
Eric and I were friends during my one year at the CIA.

JOEL SMITH

The...

ERIC (AGENT POTROYA)

Culinary Institute of America.

JOEL SMITH

Ohh, right. Right.

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA)

Well, Mr. Rieper will certainly love that I can personally recommend the food here. It was lovely seeing you Eric!

Eric nods at the two of them, swiping the lockpicks and napkin as he turns back into the kitchen.

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA) (CONT'D)

Well that was a lovely surprise.
Shall we continue?

CONTINUE MONTAGE:

After the restaurant, Diana and Joel tour the press boxes and broadcast booths, the replay room, the security and CCTV (Diana makes a special note of these rooms), and some of the emergency tunnels.

While in the tunnels, Joel is distracted by a couple maintenance workers messing with the lawn crew's equipment. While he chews them out, Diana finds a bin and stashes the spare outfit within it. By the time Joel returns, she's replaced the lid and follows him again.

The rest of the tour takes them through the home team locker rooms, film room, and indoor gym. Through a private elevator in the coaching office hallway, Joel and Diana finish the tour in the owner's suite.

JOEL SMITH

Final stop, this here is the owner's suite.

(MORE)

JOEL SMITH (CONT'D)
 Private bar, fully staffed during games and events, one of the best views of the field in the whole stadium, comfortably seats about a dozen on the private balcony just out that door, retractable windows and shades, private kitchen (fully-stocked), there's a living room, an entertainment theater, two private bathrooms, Rob's got a private office up here, uhh, am I missing anything... Nope, I think that's everything.

Diana half-listens while she looks around. The windows overlooking the field are poorly angled for an accidental fall. The balcony railing rests at just above waist level (possible option). The kitchen seems to be in a separate area, possibly behind one of the private doors around the dining area. The open concept lets her view the entire suite (except the office) without moving too far from Joel.

JOEL SMITH (CONT'D)
 Oh! Two large sun roofs, so we get amazing natural light in here.

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA)
 Interesting.

She looks up, analyzing the sun roof windows for any possible access point (possible option).

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA) (CONT'D)
 Is this the highest part of the stadium possible?

JOEL SMITH
 Yep! This suite lies in the tallest portion of the stadium, and above us is the roof.

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA)
 Is the roof walkable?

Joel seems surprised.

JOEL SMITH
 Technically, yes, but uh, that's only really for maintenance or construction people.

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA)
 Shame. The view must be lovely from up there.

Diana finishes looking around the suite and returns to Joel.

JOEL SMITH

Well? Thoughts? Anything you think Mr. Rieper would want himself?

ANGELA EVERMORE (DIANA)

Oh, I'm sure he'd love to hear about the entertainment theater. Might go for the private kitchen, too. I've been to a few of his football parties, and food is always plentiful.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND HYATT HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Diana sits at the hotel room desk. The contract documents and some of her own handwritten notes lie spread out across the desk.

She pulls a scanner out of her computer bag and connects it to the laptop on her bed. One by one, she scans each paper and uploads it to the ICA handler system.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM OUTSIDE AMSTERDAM - EARLY MORNING

Agent 47's phone buzzes on the dining table. 47 stops scrambling his eggs and looks at the notifications; a series of images uploaded directly to his ICA agent system account.

47 quickly finishes preparing his breakfast (bowl of plain oatmeal, a scrambled egg, a banana, and black coffee) and sits down at the dining table, laptop now open.

The first document, a flight ticket to San Diego the same night.

The second document, an alias.

The next few documents, information on the target: Robert Murkovich.

The final documents, Diana's handwritten information on the stadium, where she dropped off the equipment, her contact Agent Potroya, and options for accident kills.

47 spends breakfast studying.