

VILLAINS' REUNION PILOT

Written by

Gary Smiley

Based on the novel

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FADE IN:

EXT. ESTRADA SÃO ROQUE, LAGOS - DAY

SUPER: "Algarve, Portugal."

17:00. High season. MATILDE URBANO, dreamy, uncertain, and 21, frantically runs with a backpack. But TOURISTS block her path. RUI URBANO, her brother, 23, sometimes "big and scary," and wears Italian shirt, has little trouble advancing.

Matilde watches him in awe but because of that, she doesn't notice a backpack with something hard inside, swing and hit her on the head.

MATILDE

Ow!

RUI

(Move it!)

E pá, anda lá!

TOURIST

(Sorry.)

Desculpe.

Matilde sees a way through the drunk Scandinavian WOMEN. Success. Yet a strap on her backpack snags on a wrist, and that hand carries an oversized caipirinha.

That drink flies in the air, and the sticky mess ends up on the women. In the aftermath, a fight.

Matilde escapes the blame and skedaddles to the...

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

She enters with a sigh. Sees Rui leaning against the wall, ever cool.

RUI

Not safe yet, sis.

He grabs her shoulder.

RUI (CONT'D)

Come on.

She glances at the timetable. The Alfa Pendular (AP) train going to Lisbon Oriente is slated to leave at 17:20.

MATILDE
Fifteen minutes!

Meaning, time for assassins to finish them off. Like that
GUARD. Very suspicious.

Take him out. Rui pats his pocket. Ready is the M99 --
Etorphine.

Rui heads towards the target, now, syringe exposed.

Closer, he's just about to... But... A little GIRL darts
ahead of a WOMAN. Turns out, the Guard is just "daddy."

Rui pockets the syringe and makes his way back to Matilde,
all the while whistling.

Matilde looks beside herself. They go to the line. Good news.
Just an ELDERLY COUPLE in front. They shuffle.

RUI
(In Portuguese)
Come on!

ELDERLY WOMAN
(Just rude)
Mal educado.

RUI
(Yeah, right)
Pois.

(gesturing like he's
pushing them)
Could they walk any slower?

10 min. Now, the couple looks for a wallet.

MATILDE
Rui, maybe it's over.

BEGIN DAYDREAM

Assassins enter, spot them, and are quicker on the draw.

BAM BAM BAM BAM!

They get mowed down, and people hover over them.

End of story.

BACK TO SCENE

He elbows her in the ribs.

RUI
Ha!

MATILDE
Ouch! What's that about?

RUI
We're not quitting, sis.

MATILDE
I wasn't thinking that.

RUI
Yeah, right.

8 min. A scruffy new ticket AGENT with sleepy eyes takes a seat, gestures them over.

They leap ahead.

MATILDE & RUI
(In Portuguese)
To tickets, second class, to Aveiro!

AGENT
(Yawning)
We have one with a stop at Oriente Station in Lisbon. Arrival at twenty-one forty-seven hours.

RUI
We'll take it.

Agent circles details as he hands the tickets over.

AGENT
Platform one. Several changes, here and here, okay? Morning train leaves Oriente Station at six thirty-nine, arriving in Aviero at two minutes after nine.

They race towards the platform, with Rui tugging at his Italian-made shirt.

RUI
Second class? Not my style.

MATILDE

It's fine.

4 min. Now, top of platform. Matilde scans the tourists, lovebirds, and some guy -- WESLEY "WES" TURNER, 25, American - with a phrasebook and backpack.

Now, just 2 minutes left.

MATILDE (CONT'D)

We might have done it.

RUI

Huh, maybe so.

They do. The AP train arrives and the fresh wind zaps some of the perspiration on her forehead. Rui tugs at her arm.

RUI (CONT'D)

Let's go!

MATILDE

Whew!

They enter the...

INT. AP TRAIN - DAY

They move through the carriages as the train moves.

They find their seats and collapse.

She sees Wes try to pass people in the aisle, all the time friendly banter.

MATILDE

Check out this guy.

RUI

American tourist, through and through.

Wes nears. Exactly what they don't want. A chatty guy.

RUI (CONT'D)

No...

MATILDE

What are you going to do?

RUI

Watch me.

Wes points at the two seats opposite theirs.

WES
Hi. I think that's my --

RUI
No. You're wrong.

WES
Uh, what?

Rui waves his hand like a Jedi Knight.

RUI
This isn't your seat.

WES
Is too. That's my seat.

RUI
Well, good for you. If you think so
--

WES
Good for you, too.

MATILDE
You don't want to sit here,
because... We're icky.

WES
Medical condition?

MATILDE
Exactly. We have rashes in
embarrassing places.

WES
Right. So, let me get this
straight. You claim to be sick, yet
you're traveling in public?
Jeopardizing everyone?

RUI
Great summary.

WES
Uh huh. Well, no argument here.

Wes moves on.

RUI

I just want five minutes of peace.
Instead, I have to talk to that
guy. What a dweeb.

Rui closes his eyes.

Put earbuds in.

MATILDE

Hey, Rui, do you think?

But he's asleep.

INT. INTERPOL GUN RANGE - NIGHT

20:00. Lisbon. Division 1989 -- *DIV89* -- Agent BEATRIZ MITCHELL, 24, Brazilian, worried, sizes up the target. In an adjacent booth, Agent HÉLDER OLIVEIRA, 26, cocky, reloads, and watches her.

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM!!!

Misses badly and glares at the target.

HÉLDER

Ahh haa haa haa!

BEATRIZ

Knock it off.

He just sees her lips move. Doesn't takes his earmuffs off.

HÉLDER

What?

She turns to face him head-on.

BEATRIZ

I said, Knock it off.

HÉLDER

Oh... That's mean. I guess my
laughing could be interpreted, or
misinterpreted, that way.

BEATRIZ

You bet it was.

She packs up her gear.

HÉLDER

Hey, Beatriz, check this!

Hélder turns his pistol to the side and fires off a perfect grouping --

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM!!

HÉLDER (CONT'D)
Woo hoo hoo! Oh yeah!

But she's out the door.

Now, he removes his earmuffs.

HÉLDER (CONT'D)
What just happened?

Checks his watch.

HÉLDER (CONT'D)
Oh, no!

INT. INTERPOL MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

20:15. She's tired, that DIV89 Section Director ALVA O'ROURKE, 61, in front of AGENTS. Her glasses slip down to the end of her nose.

ALVA
And so we believe that The 30 is an actual organization --

She pushes her glasses back, but the confidence is gone. Throws her hands up. The Agents just gaze.

ALVA (CONT'D)
We believe -- or I believe. I think it's just me...

Beatriz, frazzled, opens the door and enters.

BEATRIZ
Sorry.

ALVA
Oh? Go ahead. Um... I am between thoughts.

BEATRIZ
Well, boss, my excuse is that I was target shooting. And, I got lost in the count --

Hélder's right behind her.

HÉLDER

Of bad shots! Whoa? Did he just say that?

BEATRIZ

So stupid. I was talking.

ALVA

Agents!

(Pondering)

Where was I? Anybody? Ah... The 30 aka *Illi Triginta* in Proto-Italo-Venetian-Vulgar Latin as spoken in 697 AD. Well, this secret organization may truly exist. And they may have something big in the works --

A guffaw interrupts.

HÉLDER

Uh, what? The 30? Is the new twenty?

He pauses for laughter.

HÉLDER (CONT'D)

Section Director, did I hear that correctly? Twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty, The 30, with a capital *T*?

ALVA

Yes, you did, Agent Oliveira. Try to be punctual next time.

HÉLDER

I'm sorry about that. Truly am -- In a nutshell, what is The 30?

ALVA

We have already gone over that.

HÉLDER

In a nutshell, respectfully.

ALVA

Fine. Well, we have a vast network on both sides of the Atlantic, ties throughout Asia, Australia, boots on the ground, so to speak, not to mention my years in Russia --

HÉLDER

And? Years in Russia. Does it exist?

ALVA

Can you prove it doesn't exist?

HÉLDER

Hey, teacher, is this philosophy class? Or religion? Did I ask a question, or did I not?

He plays metal on his air guitar.

ALVA

Funny guy, this Agent. A comedian. So, do I exist?

HÉLDER

In Portugal, we have a saying. We have many sayings, actually, but this is appropriate for DIV89, with all due respect --

ALVA

Go ahead. Say what you want to say.

JERÓNIMO BORGES, 60s -- the Pallbearer -- Director of Interpol Lisbon, from the Azores, slinks in from the side door and lurks.

HÉLDER

People in this room will understand it. And the proverb is, *Casa onde não há pão, todos ralham e ninguém tem razão.*

ALVA

And I understand it, too. In a house without bread, everyone argues and nobody's right. What is your point?

HÉLDER

It's that we don't waste our resources chasing something that doesn't exist. DIV89 is already on shaking ground. Chasing phantoms is not good policy. That is my professional assessment, Section Director O'Rourke.

ALVA

Okay, here it is -- we at DIV89,
and Interpol for that matter,
regarding The 30... We've got
squat.

JERÓNIMO

Pronto, já está. Well done,
O'Rourke. Finally being candid. You
admit defeat.

He golf claps and emerges from the shadows. Alva sees him for
the first time.

ALVA

I never did. It's not like that.

JERÓNIMO

How's that?

ALVA

You missed the beginning of my
presentation.

JERÓNIMO

Must have been a barn-burner. But I
heard the concerns of your agent,
breaking out Portuguese expressions
about houses and bread, thinking
that DIV89 might fall apart chasing
phantoms. That was an astute
observation.

HÉLDER

I am Agent Hélder Oliveira.

JERÓNIMO

Right.

ALVA

People, you can go.

They do "academic knocking" on their desks, rise and start to
leave.

As the applause dies out and the room clears, Borges nears
her.

ALVA (CONT'D)

Director Borges, what brings you to
the briefing?

JERÓNIMO

I just wanted to see what you do.

INT. CELLAR OF ALENTEJO VINEYARD - NIGHT

NUNO LEÃO, 68, world-weary, sighs. In front, paper, and ten bottles of wine, and reading glasses. There's a window and he can see part of the cellar.

NUNO
Decision time...

GONÇALO BALANÇA, 20s, nerdy, an orphan, his winemaker, he's everything, tidies up.

GONÇALO
I'll give you some peace, boss.

Nuno pours the first glass. About to take that whiff and sip when... The time is not right. Something's off. He starts the process again, even more preoccupied.

That wine gives off something magical. He's inspired. Moves it to his nose, ah, to his lips, when --

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK!

The moment's gone.

There are strange people on the other side of the glass. NALA OMONDI, LORENZO RICCI, APINYA WICHIAN, LILIANA AGUIRRE, GERARD OLIPHANT, ANYA CONCILSON -- all from The 30.

GONÇALO (CONT'D)
Sir! They just barged in here!

NUNO
Thank you, Gonçalo, but I'll take it from here.

GONÇALO
Should I call the police?

NUNO
Maybe. No. That is all.

Gonçalo bows at the waist. The People enter.

NUNO (CONT'D)
Five minutes. Maybe less. No, definitely less. I have important decisions to make. Decisions about wine.

THE PEOPLE
Thank you.

NUNO

I'd offer you wine, but I don't want you here. Instead, water's free. If you want wine, sign up for a tour.

His attention is back on the first bottle. Pours another glass.

NUNO (CONT'D)

I was interrupted. Wine is way more important than anything you say.

Nuno just gulps it.

NUNO (CONT'D)

Five minutes, starting --

MS. OMONDI

Mr. Leão, we are very gracious that you, as speaker, have agreed to hear our grievances and keep these private. I speak for the group, we are unified in this. You see, Mr. Leão, in recent times, we have been forced to change our ways, ways of The 30 that we have followed for a very long time, and these changes are exposing us.

He just shrugs.

NUNO

Such as? No, please. Stop it here --

MS. OMONDI

Human trafficking. Prostitution. Narcotics!

NUNO

So naive --

MS. OMONDI

Waste of time! I knew it!

MS. AGUIRRE

Mr. Leão, we are being exposed to sunlight. An operation, a network like ours -- and I do see that you, as a country gentleman --

NUNO

Ha!

That's the wine speaking.

MS. AGUIRRE

A gentleman who knows what we talk about when we say we want our activities to remain in the shadows. For that is the way it has always been done.

NUNO

And you, Lilibiana Aguirre, you represent all of your family from Madrid?

MS. AGUIRRE

Truth? No. But I --

He kicks back in his seat.

NUNO

Ah ha! Caught you, Lilibiana. Nobody knows you are here. And this is the problem. We have people showing up here who don't have the right to speak. You never cleared this with others in Madrid!

MS. AGUIRRE

Mr. Leão, I am here on principle!

NUNO

Of course... Principles...

MS. OMONDI

Sir, have we made a mistake coming here?

MS. CONCILSON

It would seem that way. And we've endangered ourselves enough by coming here.

She pushes her chair back, rising in the process.

MS. CONCILSON (CONT'D)

Thank you for your time, Mr. Leão. Whatever that means.

NUNO

Ha.

MS. OMONDI

Was it, Mr. Leão? Was it a waste of time?

NUNO-

Yes, you have wasted your time.
Look at that. Time's up.

MS. OMONDI

Go back to drinking your precious
wines. You won't have these, or
anything, soon. You know that.

NUNO

That is true.

MS. OMONDI

Then help us!

NUNO

I can't.

MS. OMONDI

You can. You have lots of power --

NUNO

Had. That was then --

MS. OMONDI

Mr. Leão, please!

NUNO

No! You ask me for something I
cannot give.

MS. OMONDI

I am not giving up on you, Mr.
Leão!

NUNO

You've overstayed your welcome.
Thus, you have to leave, now.

They rise.

MS. OMONDI

It will fall and it will be your
fault.

And leave.

NUNO

Gonçalo, do me a favor, won't you?
Against my best judgement... Ask
the guests to return to my office.

Gonçalo leaves. Then, they return.

NUNO (CONT'D)

Continue.

MS. OMONDI

We believe that Mr. Tiago Alexandre is the reason for our grievances. Too many new faces with new trafficking, narcotics, means more people potentially know about us. We cannot vet each and everyone.

NUNO

Right. So?

MS. OMONDI

So, this new leader is our biggest threat, Mr. Leão. You have to see that.

NUNO

Mm-hmm...

MS. OMONDI

Tiago's rash actions will expose us to the police. To Interpol. These new endeavors, human trafficking, fall under their jurisdiction.

NUNO

True. That I do agree with. Tiago has been rash. He may cause the kingdom to fall.

MS. OMONDI

Not *may*. It's *when*. And so you agree with our grievances?

NUNO

In principle, yes. I do not condone these new business ventures --

MS. WICHIAN

Human trafficking is wrong! Obviously! Yes!

NUNO

Yes. But --

MR. OLIPHANT

Then do something, Nuno! My friend, you know it's already falling. The 30 is dying.

MR. RICCI

Tiago must be stopped, now! Please -
- Otherwise, we are all dead. This
brand of business will be our
undoing. Every one of us becomes
exposed the further we stray from
our core business. The Urbano
family understood that!

NUNO

Did you speak to Venice?

MR. RICCI

No. We come to you first.

NUNO

I see. But we are lacking the
numbers. The five of you, plus me
makes six, and won't be enough to
persuade a committee.

MR. RICCI

What if we continue to build our
opposition?

NUNO

Do it at your own risk.

MS. AGUIRRE

Then you will call for a reunion?

NUNO

It will be a monumental task.

MS. AGUIRRE

Please.

NUNO

Very well, we shall be hanged
together should this fail. But if
you get me the numbers, I will call
for a reunion. You have my word.

Nuno stands.

NUNO (CONT'D)

If you can get the numbers, I will
try to arrange the meeting in
Portugal, at Casino Estoril. If
that doesn't work, however, then we
never met.

They nod and leave.

Nuno gets busy with drinking.

INT. AP TRAIN - NIGHT

Matilde, seated next to Rui, endures the trip. Wes is in the same spot, chatting with about five WOMEN.

Rui's eyes flutter; then removes his ear buds.

RUI
Where are we?

MATILDE
Not quite to Lisbon. Another hour
or so.

RUI
Oh. This is awful. That guy's still
talking.

MATILDE
His name is Wes.

RUI
I don't care.

MATILDE
Wesley Turner from Denver,
Colorado. Has a cat named MS.
MARPLES. Works for a company called
Cubicle Tigers. A low-level
employee, he --

RUI
Has a big mouth. I don't care and
you shouldn't, either.

Rui puts the earbuds back in, closes his eyes.

MATILDE
I guess you're right. I should have
slept. He almost got married to
Susan. Susan what's-her-name --

RUI
Seriously? You two are best
friends?

Rui turns the music level up.

MATILDE
Uh, no...

WES

Yeah, so bring on the heartbreak...
It was the day of my wedding, just
two weeks ago.

WOMEN 1

Susan.

WES

Right. Again, where was I?

WOMAN 2

The music starts to play.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

It's a wedding. Wes, DIEGO and STEVIE, with PRIEST, waiting.

WES

And that was it. Me, standing in
front of the congregation. The
family's there. Stevie and Diego
too. Everyone's excited...

WOMEN

Okay.

WES

That day in Denver, I stood,
patiently, wearing a double-
breasted tuxedo, all black, with my
two best men. Stevie was in a baby
blue tuxedo with a ruffled lace
cravat, you know, like from the
sixties. Diego chose a merlot-red
velvet tuxedo, something fit for a
cool vampire.

WOMEN

Mmm...

WES

News spread from the back to the
front, and eventually I got a
letter. So, it's me reading it with
my two best men looking over my
shoulder. She had a change of
heart. Could have told me that
sooner, obviously.

WOMEN

Yes.

WES

And my friend, Stevie, says...

(In Stevie's voice)

You got to make changes sometimes.
As in, seize the day. Switch things
up.

(In Diego's voice)

Diego said, So, I say, do this: Go
to a town called Aveiro.

(Back to regular voice)

I said, 'what'?

(In Diego's voice)

And he says again, 'Aveiro. It's a
town in Portugal, and it has
canals. People say it's like
Venice, or the Venice of Portugal,
and some take offense with that,
sure, but, hey, I recommend you go
there'.

(Back to regular voice)

And I said, 'why'?

(In Diego's voice)

And Diego said, 'Because it will be
a new start. A break from the same
thing here.'

(Back to regular voice)

And I said, 'I can't. I have a cat,
Ms. Marples needs me.'

(In Diego's voice)

And Diego said, 'I will watch your
cat. You're going to Aveiro. Stevie
and I and some other guys pitched
in and bought this ticket for you.'

LATER THAT EVENING

Matilde turns her attention from Wes and touches Rui on the
shoulder.

MATILDE

Hey, Oriente.

RUI

Fine.

Rui opens his eyes and removes his earbuds. Both get ready to
disembark, as do OTHERS, including Wes.

EXT. ORIENTE TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

They exit with PASSENGERS, take the stairs down, and find a
bench.

MATILDE
That's it? Just sleep?

RUI
Yep.

She sighs and goes to another bench.

THE NEXT MORNING

At 6 am, Matilde and Rui stand ready for the next train.

Wes comes running up and barely enters the train before the doors close.

INT. AP TRAIN - DAY

Matilde sleeps more on this leg, Rui too. Wes is nowhere to be seen.

At 9:02 am, they arrive in Aveiro, and exit.

EXT. AVEIRO TRAIN STATION - DAY

Among OTHERS on the platform, Matilde and Rui walk.

MATILDE
We stick to the plan?

RUI
Yes.

Rui spots Wes, who just steps off the train. Map and phone out, Wes is stationary. Rui heads towards him, and finally Matilde sees this. She quickly makes her way to Wes, cutting in between Rui and Wes. Rui stews, and veers away.

MATILDE
Funny story.

Wes looks up.

WES
Uh, what?
(Recognizing her)
Oh, the train. You were on it from Lagos, right.

MATILDE
Then we had the change at Oriente Station.

WES
 Exactly. I saw you. But, yeah, I
 think I blab too --

After doubling back, Rui hits him on the shoulder --

BAM!

RUI
 Sorry! I didn't see you!

WES
 No problem.

But, in that moment of contact, Rui takes his wallet. Matilde saw it, but bites her tongue.

RUI
 (Pointing)
 Canals are that way. Take Avenida
 Doutor Lourenço Peixinho. Stay on
 it and you'll see the canals.

WES
 Thanks.

RUI
 Hey, sorry about the seat, the
 misunderstanding in the train. It
 was a bit rude.

WES
 No worries.

RUI
 Have a nice trip.

Wes shoulders his backpack and goes. Matilde pouts.

RUI (CONT'D)
 What?

MATILDE
 Did you have to do that?

RUI
 What?

MATILDE
 You are impossible. Let's just go.

They exit the station.

EXT. AVEIRO TRAIN STATION - DAY

Outside, they pause at the old train station -- Rua Doutor João Mouro and Avenida Doutor Lourenço Peixinho.

MATILDE

See you later.

RUI

Later.

She takes Peixinho; he takes João Mouro.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

But, that pick-pocketing of Wes is being reviewed by a SPECIALIST and a SUPERIOR at Aveiro station. Over and over. Zooming in on faces. The Superior picks up a phone.

SUPERIOR

Lisbon, please.

INT. DIV89 ROOM - DAY

Beatriz can barely stay awake, hovering over documents written in Proto-Italo-Venetian-Vulgar Latin from the *Repùbrega Vèneta*. It mentions *Illi Triginta* -- aka *Those 30* or *The 30*. Hélder, is at his desk, earbuds on, jamming.

BEATRIZ

Whoa, this is dry. Hélder, I feel like an archaeologist. Help me out. What am I reading here?

With no response, she whacks him upside the head.

HÉLDER

Ow! What?

BEATRIZ

You're supposed to be working!

HÉLDER

I am!

BEATRIZ

Ha!

HÉLDER

Channeling my thoughts.

Then Beatriz sees it. All that Hélder's world boils down to -- pictures of women, coconuts, and alcohol.

HÉLDER (CONT'D)

Oh that...

BEATRIZ

Come on, let's at least look like we're working.

HÉLDER

Fine.

BEATRIZ

Help me with this. It's in Venetian -- I guess.

HÉLDER

So?

BEATRIZ

Hélder! I don't understand what I am looking at! I have read, distill it, and write a report, and fast!

HÉLDER

Well, I don't speak Venetian either or whatever that is. But it's simple.

BEATRIZ

Do tell.

HÉLDER

Venice was bringing order out of chaos.

BEATRIZ

What?

HÉLDER

Order out of chaos. Up until the early eight century, the area was overrun by dueling powers, the rise and fall of empires. Some with noble intentions, as in they actually constructed things, others just coming and taking those fruits of others' labor.

BEATRIZ

You sound smart. What does this history have to do with us, right now?

HÉLDER

Partner, it's not difficult to understand.

BEATRIZ

Oh?

HÉLDER

Think about it. The history affects us too. So, we have our bad guys, and back then they had theirs -- the Quadi, the Marcomanni --

BEATRIZ

The who?

HÉLDER

How about the Visigoths?

BEATRIZ

Oh? Yeah...

HÉLDER

Or some guy named Attila.

BEATRIZ

Yeah, that one! Okay, fine. A very famous -- and very bad -- guy.

They high-five.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

Wait, what does that have to do with --

Alva thrusts the door and has a breathless delivery.

ALVA

Picture this... Years ago, a son and daughter vanished without a trace, only to resurface on the surveillance footage at the train station in Aveiro.

HÉLDER

So?

ALVA

So? These are THE FREAKING SON AND DAUGHTER OF AMÉRICO AND INÊS URBANO!!!

HÉLDER

I don't get it.

ALVA
Don't get what?

HÉLDER
The drama, boss. As in, the names.
Who are they?

ALVA
They were former heads of The 30
based in Portugal. Now, The 30 --

HÉLDER
In all due respect --

ALVA
Have something to say, Agent
Oliveira? Okay, have at it, sport.

Hélder picks up a piece of paper. Waves it.

HÉLDER
Ahem, The 30 doesn't exist. Neither
in Venice, nor in Portugal. Albeit,
there was a time, it did, as Illi
Triginta. But that's history. Now,
it's a phantom of your mind, like a
worm that whispers in your ear. I
say this respectfully. My summary:
It's an incredibly misplaced use of
time and --

ALVA
You've been heard.

HÉLDER
Ma'am -- boss -- I don't think so.
I don't think you are listening.
Nothing in this boring dossier
makes me think otherwise.

ALVA
Agent --

HÉLDER
Section Director, I am afraid that
if we continue down this rabbit
hole of nothingness... It won't end
well.

ALVA
Your candor is very welcome, Agent.

HÉLDER

I say this because I care about
DIV89.

BEATRIZ

Good one.

HÉLDER

One more thing: It's time wasted
when we should be going after the
big guns -- money laundering, art
theft, falsification, weapons, and
all the financial chicanery. It's
our wheelhouse. This 30 stuff, it's
history. It's over and done with,
okay? Just saying.

BEATRIZ

He's right.

ALVA

I'll have you know something, you
punks, you...

BEGIN IMAGES FLASHING IN BEATRIZ'S MIND

Royals and knights in Venetian court.

Marauders assembling on the plains.

Pillaging.

At a table, the royals decide...

Knights nod.

Handshakes all around.

The formation of Illi Triginta.

They gather troops.

And fight the invaders.

Venice prospers.

Illi Triginta is hired by other powers.

Royal nod. They win. Society wins.

Money flows.

Casanova family makes vaults to house the new treasure.

END OF IMAGES FLASHING IN BEATRIZ'S MIND

Beatriz watches Alva's lips move but blanks out the volume.

ALVA

DIV89 does not make excuses! DIV89
never accepts defeat!

Beatriz zones out again and in her mind, more things flash:
the name Casanova, which she saw in the stack of papers.

BEATRIZ

(Mumbling)

With great power comes great
responsibility... I think... I
think I get it, yes... Spider-Man!

Alva shakes her head, so disappointed.

ALVA

Do some friggin' detective work!

Before Beatriz can formulate a response, Alva is out the
door.

Hélder stifles a giggle. Then he can't hold it back anymore.

INT. OUTSIDE OF CELLAR OF VINEYARD - DAY

Alentejo. Nuno is grumpy. Gonçalo turns the corner, bumping
into him. Behind Gonçalo, is a gaggle of TOURISTS, including
CHINESE.

GONÇALO

Oh, boss! We have guests!

NUNO

I see that.

Gonçalo turns and spreads his arms.

GONÇALO

(In Portuguese)

Everyone, this is Mr. Nuno Leão.

NUNO

Yeah, that's me.

Nuno starts to walk.

GONÇALO

(now, In Mandarin)

Everyone, this is Mr. Nuno Leão.

CHINESE TOURISTS

Hello.

Nuno stops in his tracks.

NUNO

Um... Hello, everyone, welcome. I was lost in my thoughts.

(Turning to Gonçalo)

You speak Chinese?

GONÇALO

Mandarin, boss. Just the basic stuff. Learned it for the job.

NUNO

Just the basic stuff...

His phone buzzes.

NUNO (CONT'D)

Everyone, enjoy your tour, and I'll see you around.

Gonçalo translates this.

TOURISTS

Goodbye.

He rounds the corner, leaving Gonçalo and tourists.

NUNO

That was not basic, Gonçalo.

Back against wall, he pulls out his phone, and reads something sent by Liliana Aguirre:

Rui and Matilde Urbano have been sighted in Aveiro.

His knees buckle. Back to the wall.

NUNO (CONT'D)

Oh, no...

EXT. MOTORCYCLE REPAIR SHOP - DAY

Aveiro. Matilde enters and sees a woman with hair tied into a bun behind the counter. She recognizes Matilde.

Leaves and soon thereafter, RODRIGO, 70s, appears.

RODRIGO
Ah.. *Tudo bem?*

MATILDE
Sim.

RODRIGO
Okay, follow me.

Which she does, and he pushes through a door, opening it for her. Down a narrow corridor and another door, to a workshop where motorcycles sit up on lifts in various stages of repair. None of the mechanics pay her attention. Rodrigo pulls out a key and unlocks a door.

He flicks on the light, and there in the back is a silhouette of a motorcycle under a cover. Matilde helps him pull it back. It's hers, an adventure motorcycle -- a newer model olive-green Kawasaki KLR 650 with Reckless luggage system. Connected to a battery tender, it waits, ready.

RODRIGO
Good to go.

She spots two helmets and her riding jacket, gloves. Tethers the second helmet to the luggage system.

MATILDE
Muito obrigada, Rodrigo.

Gets on, fires it up, and heads out.

EXT. STREETS OF AVEIRO - DAY

Matilde goes through the gears, takes it on the sidewalks, brakes hard, is practicing, and is an expert rider.

Parks it forward facing but not near anything touristy. Locks the helmets atop the motorcycle.

She walks.

EXT. A1 HIGHWAY NEAR POMBAL - DAY

DIV89 Agents Beatriz and Hélder are in a car. Hélder allows his sunglasses to fall to the edge of his nose, and crosses his eyes. She giggles.

BEATRIZ
That! Spot on, partner.

HÉLDER

Thank you.

She takes an exit to a...

EXT. ROADSIDE CAFE - DAY

Park the car, and exit.

They quickly get their coffee and *pastéis de nata* and sit outside.

HÉLDER

I see The 30 everywhere, yes, I do!
In fact, even under my bed!

BEATRIZ

Extreme, isn't she?

HÉLDER

Hard-core.

BEATRIZ

But, I love my job. Crazy, huh.

HÉLDER

No, it's not. It took me a while,
but I got used to it. We're the
misfits, the ones down by the
bathroom --

BEATRIZ

Oh, don't remind me --

HÉLDER

And that's why this... That's why
this fresh air tastes so great.

BEATRIZ

Highway air isn't that great.

HÉLDER

Correct. But, imagine this. A life
free of the cramped office. A life -

-

He pushes a dish away.

HÉLDER (CONT'D)

May I be frank?

BEATRIZ

What? What is it you want to say?

HÉLDER
Be careful following Alva --

BEATRIZ
She's our boss. I'll do what she
says. What's that supposed to mean?

He leans closer.

HÉLDER
It means...

And he kisses her.

BEATRIZ
Whoa!

She shoves him back.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)
No way!

HÉLDER
What?

He whimpers yet has a mischievous smile.

HÉLDER (CONT'D)
I don't know what came over me!

BEATRIZ
You crossed the line! Tell me
that's the first and last time.

HÉLDER
Okay.

BEATRIZ
Okay what?

HÉLDER
First and last time.

BEATRIZ
Apology accepted. Let's go.

HÉLDER
Why the rush?

BEATRIZ
We have to go, Hélder.

HÉLDER
Fine.

With that, they hurry to the car. She takes the wheel, and they floor it to Aveiro.

EXT. CAFE IN AVEIRO - DAY

Off Rua Marques Gomes, Matilde sees a help wanted sign. Enters...

INT. CAFE IN AVEIRO - DAY

And sees a woman named LEONOR, 60s, behind the counter.

MATILDE
(Using pseudonym)
My name is *Ariana Chaves* and I am
here about the job.

EXT. CANALS OF AVEIRO - DAY

Wes is on a *moliceiro* -- a boat typical of Aveiro -- shoulder to shoulder with the other tourists. It glides to a stop near the Rotunda das Pontes, the main roundabout near Jardim do Rossio, where Canal Central and Canal do Cojo meet.

Wes hops off the boat, exchanging high fives with tour guides. Everyone scatters. Wes stands alone. After a moment, he finds his new calling -- the *calçada portuguesa*.

He crosses Avenida Doutor Lourenço Peixinho in the direction of Rua Marques Gomes.

INT. CAFE IN AVEIRO - DAY

Leonor tosses her apron away as Matilde fastens hers. She leaves. Alone, Matilde sighs.

Sees Wes out on the street. Now, she's panicked. Who is this guy? An assassin?

She starts towards the Open/Closed sign. Flip it. No, too late. Is he coming in? Wait, yes, he is.

EXT. CAFE IN AVEIRO - DAY

Wes is about to open the door, when, a hunky GUY (TRISTAN GOMES) around twenty-four and in a polo shirt, khaki shorts, and a Yankees hat bumps into him.

WES
Hey! I was --

TRISTAN
I am in a hurry.

Tristan pushes past him into the café.

Wes follows.

WES
Whatever.

Wes pulls out his phone and dials...

BEGIN PHONE CONVERSATION

WES
Diego, yo!

Diego's in bed.

DIEGO
Oh, Wes. Do you know what time it
is?

Wes winces.

WES
Sorry. Wow. While you're up, how's
Ms. Marples?

DIEGO
We're fine. Your cat's fine.

The cat steps on his head.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
Enjoy your vacation. Later.

WES
Later.

END OF PHONE CONVERSATION

BACK TO SCENE

Wes continues on his phone, distracted by the rabbit hole of frivolous stories. He doesn't notice Matilde behind the counter at all.

Tristan taps his ear piece -- his comms.

BEGIN OF COMMS CONVERSATION

Alva's at Interpol Control, Lisbon.

ALVA
Manny? Over.

TRISTAN
Agent Tristan Gomes here.

Tristan covers his mouth.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
Over.

ALVA
Gomes? Who? Over.

TRISTAN
Tristan Gomes. Agent Pereira's in
Madeira--the island. Over.

ALVA
Nobody told me!

INT. INTERPOL CONTROL - DAY

Lisbon. Some rank and file Interpol did it again. They --
agents -- snicker and scuttle away like cockroaches.

But YOHANN LOURO, rolls his chair back from his monitor, and
munches on a muffin.

YOHANN
I didn't know, boss. Jerks!

ALVA
New guy, you need to know what
you're up against.

TRISTAN
And who are you?

ALVA
Alva O'Rourke of DIV89.

TRISTAN
I got nothing.

ALVA

Moving on, Manny was -- *is* -- a chameleon. Depending on the mission, Manny could be a sixteen year old girl or a homeless Gandalf the Gray.

Tristan eyes Matilde.

TRISTAN

All I see is a young woman.

ALVA

Who may be a highly trained operative. Over.

TRISTAN

Her?

Tristan turns away from the counter, pretending to blow his nose.

ALVA

That's scenario one. Over.

TRISTAN

Meaning?

ALVA

She can cut your throat fifty different ways. Over.

TRISTAN

Aah... What's scenario two? Over.

ALVA

Or... she's just a regular girl trying to make ends meet.

TRISTAN

Times are tough. Low wages, high rent. Over.

ALVA

Right. But to be absolutely sure, we need close-ups of her face from every angle. Over.

TRISTAN

Attainable.

Tristan steps carefully toward the pastry display case, his camera feed lingering over the oat muffins as he admires their crusty golden tops.

Yohann drools at his monitor.

YOHANN

Those muffins look amazing. Beneath
that crust, so soft and
scrumptious...

Tristan's camera shakes slightly as he shifts focus toward the counter, trying to catch a good view of Matilde while also noticing the spread of newspapers -- *Correio da Manhã*, *Diário de Aveiro*, and *Jornal de Notícias*. He swivels a bit, throwing a glance at Wes, and so Wes is also briefly in the picture.

TRISTAN

I'm about to order.

WES

Swell.

ALVA

Wait! That's the guy from the train
station!

It's new and unsettling information. Yohann zooms in, pulling up Wes's profile.

TRISTAN

(To Matilde in Portuguese)

Um... I'd like a coffee and an oat
muffin.

Yohann and the techies begin capturing close-up shots of Matilde, analyzing and cross-referencing them with countless database records. Still, no confirmation.

YOHANN

I think the guy is just a tourist.
Nothing more.

ALVA

Hmm... Or is he?

EXT. PLAZA NEAR CAFE IN AVEIRO - DAY

At a distance to the café, the GNR -- or Guarda Nacional Republicana, Portugal's gendarmerie -- take positions. Snipers train their rifles on the café. The PSP -- or Polícia de Segurança Pública -- cordon people away.

DIV89 arrives late. Beatriz suddenly looks overwhelmed as she steps out of her cruiser. This is a serious operation.

BEATRIZ
Agent Beatriz Mitchell, Lisbon. I'm
assuming control.

Beatriz says, but her voice shows doubt. She flashes her badge quickly at a wary GNR sergeant.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)
Fill me in.

Hélder steps out of the car.

HÉLDER
I'll take the roof.

Beatriz, absorbed in the briefing and the chaos of officers preparing gear, just nods.

BEATRIZ
Okay.

Showtime. Hélder grins as he opens the trunk, pulls out the muscle, an FN Ballista in .308 Winchester, and heads inside the nearest building, bounding up the stairs two at a time.

EXT. A ROOFTOP OPPOSITE CAFE - DAY

On the rooftop, he trots -- no, he even skips, he's so happy--over to the snipers, finding three of them positioned in various spots.

HÉLDER
Hey, guys.

They acknowledge him with curt nods.

Hélder whistles a tune as he assembles his rifle, peers through the scope, and locks on to Matilde. His finger hovers over the trigger.

HÉLDER (CONT'D)
(Whispering)
Yeah, yeah, yeah! Boom!

EXT. PLAZA NEAR CAFE IN AVEIRO - DAY

Beatriz inserts her earpiece just as Alva's voice comes though.

ALVA
Beatriz, you there?

BEATRIZ
I'm here, boss.

ALVA
Looks like a Mr. Wesley Turner from
Denver is in there with our agent.

BEATRIZ
Manny Pereira?

ALVA
I wish. Just a rookie named Tristan
Gomes. Local kid. And according to
the café's owner, our suspect uses
an alias -- the name Ariana Chaves.

BEATRIZ
Who is?

ALVA
Not is, was. If Ariana were alive,
she'd be one hundred and twenty-
four years old.

BEATRIZ
(Gasping)
She's a vampire?

INT. CAFE IN AVEIRO - DAY

Matilde hands Tristan his coffee and an oat muffin.

TRISTAN
Obrigado.

MATILDE
Obrigada.

She sees the comms in his ear and moves back behind the
counter. *Is he an assassin?*

INT. INTERPOL CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Lisbon. The software begins processing data, sending DIV89
probabilities on the real identity of Matilde Urbano, aka
Ariana Chaves.

BING, BING, BING!

An eighty-three percent match flashes on the screen—based on grainy, poorly angled photos from when Matilde was around ten. The conclusion: She is Matilde Urbano.

Alva lets out a maniacal laugh.

ALVA

Ha! We know who you really are!

She grabs her comms.

ALVA (CONT'D)

Beatriz? Over.

BEATRIZ

I'm here, over.

ALVA

We got her, we got her, we got her!
It's Matilde Urbano. Daughter of
The 30. Over.

Beatriz has a sad look. Maybe she's disappointed they aren't dealing with a vampire.

BEATRIZ

I'll get Agent Gomes out of there.
Over.

She switches to Tristan's channel.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

Extract yourself. Over.

INT. CAFE IN AVEIRO - DAY

Tristan has finished his coffee but is still working on the muffin.

TRISTAN

Whatever. Over.

Then, with a shrug, he heads for the door, muffin in hand.

EXT. PLAZA NEAR CAFE IN AVEIRO - DAY

SWAT and other teams stand ready. Beatriz exchanges nods with her team and associates. She gives the command, and the first Kevlar-clad commandos start converging around the café. As Tristan steps out, the teams move into position and tighten their formation around the entrance. It's going down.

INT. CAFE IN AVEIRO - DAY

Wes looks up from his phone. He takes a few steps toward the counter, glancing over the offerings as he approaches. Her face is partially hidden by an advertisement.

MATILDE

Guy from the train, right?

WES

What?

He moves to see her face.

WES (CONT'D)

That's right. How could I forget?
The girl with a rash? The one with
that guy with a rash?

MATILDE

Says the guy with a cat.

EXT. ROOFTOP OPPOSITE CAFE - DAY

Hélder, just a silhouette on an opposite building, casually chambers a .308 round. He centers the scope's reticle dead on Matilde's center mass. She's chatting with Wes, completely oblivious. Other than an occasional gesture, she's not moving much. Hélder snickers at his luck.

He sees the GNR and other teams moving in. Taking a long exhale, he taps his finger ever so gently on the trigger, pulling it lightly.

BOOM!

In that fraction of a second before the shot, Matilde catches a glint -- a reflection from Hélder's scope. It's just enough to make her flinch, shifting slightly to the side. The bullet smashes through the window, its trajectory barely altered, then hits the rear wall, shattering the mirror where Matilde's head was only a heartbeat before.

EXT. PLAZA NEAR CAFE IN AVEIRO - DAY

After the crash, there's silence. Beatriz freezes.

BEATRIZ

(Muttering)

Oh, God!

ALVA
Who. Did. What? Status!

Beatriz spins around to look at the rooftop.

BEATRIZ
I don't know! Over.

From above, Hélder offers a meek wave, and taps his comms.

HÉLDER
Oops. My bad. Over.

BEATRIZ
(Roaring)
What happened!?

HÉLDER
Trigger slipped. It was oiled the
other day and --

BEATRIZ
You idiot!

INT. CAFE IN AVEIRO - DAY

Matilde and Wes are on the floor, covered with shards of
glass.

WES
What the heck?

While he's overcome with emotion, she's quiet.

MATILDE
You okay?

WES
Yes, considering. And you?

MATILDE
Fine.

Matilde sighs as she crawls toward him.

MATILDE (CONT'D)
My brother spoke to you outside the
train. That's when he pickpocketed
you.

Wes gasps, swiping at the air, which sends glass flying.

WES

I knew it!

MATILDE

And of all the coffee shops in Aveiro, you just have to pick this one --

WES

So it's my fault. Wait! What did you and your brother do?

MATILDE

Nothing.

WES

Come on. What are we talking about?

MATILDE

Really, we did nothing.

Matilde rises to her knees, peering outside and quickly ducking back down.

MATILDE (CONT'D)

I just want to warn you, I don't know who's out there.

WES

As in, I might get shot?

MATILDE

You're a quick learner.

Staying low, Matilde crawls toward the back door, pausing only to reach up and grab her backpack.

WES

It has to be the police.

He's still on the floor. When he notices she's out of sight, the café gets eerily quiet, and doubt crosses his face.

WES (CONT'D)

Or?

With that, he grabs his backpack off the seat and follows her tracks, crawling out on all fours too.

By the time Wes reaches the back door, it's wide open, for just a moment ago Matilde fled into the...

EXT. ALLEY IN AVEIRO - DAY

He catches a glimpse of her.

WES

Hey!

She stops.

MATILDE

What?

WES

I wanna come with you.

MATILDE

No.

WES

They're going to shoot me!

MATILDE

You're a tourist.

WES

B-but. That's a chance I don't want
to take.

Matilde considers this.

MATILDE

If you follow me, do what I say.

WES

I will.

MATILDE

Run!

She takes off.

WES

Now?

MATILDE

Yeah, idiot.

He hustles after her.

MATILDE (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

The Portuguese comes out.

MATILDE (CONT'D)
Desenrasca-te!

WES
 What?

MATILDE
 Do what you need to do!

WES
 But I don't know what to do! I am
 new here. So, what are you doing?

MATILDE
 Fine. First, I escape. Second, I
 find my brother.

It's like a light goes off in his head.

WES
 Aha! I have another wallet.

MATILDE
 What?

WES
 Yeah, the train station. I'm wise
 too. Wise to the world.

MATILDE
 Okay, whatever.

WES
 The other one had nothing—it was a
 burner. Pretty smart, huh? I read
 about that to throw off European
 thieves. Say, there's a lot of
 pickpockets these days, right?

MATILDE
 I don't know, Wes. You tell me.

WES
 Well, it's what I read.

MATILDE
 Now, you are starting to annoy.

They round a corner, squeezing into a narrower alley.
 Suddenly, a GNR officer appears, just as surprised as they
 are. But here's where she's different. She's fast, trained,
 and in just one swift move of jujitsu, he's disarmed. Then,
 in another, the officer's on the ground. And Wes? He lands on
 his butt.

WES

Amazing!

She offers him a hand up. In that vulnerable moment, it's Wes who's helpful.

WES (CONT'D)

Incoming!

Matilde has barely enough time to push the officer's gun to one side, and it fires at nothing. Then with another conk to the skull, this guy falls too. Wes just shakes his head.

WES (CONT'D)

What? Incredible!

Matilde ignores his admiration.

MATILDE

I have to get to my motorcycle!

WES

You mean we?

MATILDE

No, you are not coming.

WES

Oh, but I am.

MATILDE

I will drop you off.

WES

No.

MATILDE

You don't have to do this.

WES

I want to.

MATILDE

Fine. But if anything happens, it's on you.

With that, Matilde takes off running, and Wes right after her.

EXT. PLAZA NEAR CAFE IN AVEIRO - DAY

Beatriz jumps into a police cruiser and pounds the steering wheel.

BEATRIZ

Raagh!

She slams it into gear and leaving rubber on the road.

She grabs the radio -- her walkie-talkie.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

Status! Over!

POLICE OFFICER

(In Portuguese)

Two suspects last seen heading
northwest on Rua Doutor António
Christo. Over.

She replaces the walkie-talkie -- Conversation over.

BEATRIZ

Absolutely messed up. My first lead
assignment and -- ! Argh!

She speeds down a narrow cobblestone street, loses her
bearings, and checks the cruiser's GPS.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

Where am I?

Just then, two GNR cruisers fly past.

Beatriz follows.

EXT. ANOTHER ROOFTOP NEAR CAFE - DAY

Hélder, with his sniper rifle strapped across his back,
bounds from rooftop to rooftop. He's just a fraction away
from slipping each time, but he has the determination to keep
going.

He really wants this kill. He catches sight of the police
cruisers below, sirens blaring, and speeding toward the
suspects. Turning the other way, he uses his rifle's scope to
locate Matilde and Wes as they slip out of an alley and on to
a busy street, blending in with the tourists.

Hélder grins and pulls the trigger.

ZZZPPP!!!

Missed! The bullet buries itself in a concrete wall. Matilde
and Wes spin around, looking toward Hélder, who's just a
vague figure on a distant rooftop.

He quickly repositions and fires again.

ZZZPPP!!!

Another miss! This one hits a parked car. Once more --

ZZZPPP!!!

The bullet shatters a nearby ceramic flowerpot. Hélder curses under his breath as Matilde and Wes duck out of sight, slipping just out of his line of vision.

EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY IN AVEIRO - DAY

Matilde and Wes reach her motorcycle -- the Kawasaki she parked earlier, equipped with two helmets.

MATILDE

It's parked so far for days like these.

WES

That explains nothing.

MATILDE

I don't have to explain anything, got it?

She jabs a finger at him.

MATILDE (CONT'D)

You asked to come along on this.

WES

I did.

MATILDE

Then I'll explain nothing to you.

WES

Got it. Just an everyday thing for me, dodging sniper fire. No explanation needed.

MATILDE

Finally. Think you can ride?

WES

On the back? Yeah.

MATILDE

Then shut up.

He puts on the helmet, and as soon as she mounts the motorcycle and fires it up, he hops onto the back.

WES

Is this a normal day for you?

MATILDE

Shut up.

Matilde slams her visor down and guns the engine. The Kawasaki tears out, cutting off traffic and drawing honks in the process.

EXT. ANOTHER ROOFTOP IN AVEIRO - DAY

Hélder spots them again and takes aim.

ZZZPPP!!! ZZZPFFF!!!

EXT. STREET IN AVEIRO - DAY

But Hélder's bullets take out chunks of cement because Matilde weaves the KLR650 left and right.

Up ahead, tourists. Matilde honks, and luckily the tourists turn and jump out of the way. But, per usual, somebody didn't get the message: a woman pushing a stroller. Matilde brakes hard. The rear of the KLR fishtails. Wes grips her tighter, but she releases the brake and realigns the motorcycle.

EXT. ROOFTOP IN AVEIRO - DAY

Hélder eyes the gap between rooftops, counts to three, and makes a running leap. He dashes to the opposite ledge and gets the rifle ready again, but Matilde and Wes disappear behind the cover of a building. Hélder pulls out his phone and dials... Tiago Nacio Alexandre.

INT. OFFICE IN MANSION - DAY

Albufeira. TIAGO, 36, is bored. He lounges in a sleek, modern chair and tosses a yo-yo, letting it drop until it nearly knocks against the polished black granite floor before winding it back up and doing it again.

Behind him, from a floor-to-ceiling window, is a view of the ocean and patches of grass leading all the way down to the beach. He sits at an all-white desk that contrasts with the floor.

VICTORIA LANDPROV, 30, Russian, is seated at the far end of the room, hogging the couch and looking very indifferent. He's a maniac, and she doesn't care, for she's worse. It's hard to describe her any other way than that something is very wrong with her. She gives him a cold stare.

VICTORIA
You look like baby.

TIAGO
Shut up.

VICTORIA
Baby with a yo-yo.

Tiago clenches his teeth and readies himself to say something.

Several awkward moments pass until Helder's breathless voice shouts over the line on the intercom atop Tiago's desk.

HÉLDER
They're on a motorcycle!

TIAGO
Heading where?

HÉLDER
I don't know!

TIAGO
Wait -- they?

HÉLDER
She's mixed up with some guy. A
tourist.

Victoria tosses her head back without worry.

VICTORIA
I know where they're going.

TIAGO
Take them both out!

HÉLDER
But he's a tourist!

Tiago taps his fist on the table.

TIAGO
I said take them both out!

HÉLDER

Fine.

Hélder signs off.

Tiago and Victoria share the silence. She breaks into a grin, one that seems like a challenge to him.

VICTORIA

Improve your game. Baby learn to walk.

TIAGO

Shut up!

But he seems to regret these words. He starts to rearrange things on the desk as she rises.

VICTORIA

Oh, me, I shut up?

He laughs.

TIAGO

Did I say that? No...

VICTORIA

You shut up.

TIAGO

Okay.

EXT. ROOFTOP IN AVEIRO - DAY

It's chaos as Hélder shoves his phone back into his pocket.

HÉLDER

Yeah, I'll do it.

He glances at Rua Marques Gomes and seeing all sorts of law enforcement vehicles racing up and down the streets.

Just his luck, Matilde and Wes, blocked by a vehicle, double back.

HÉLDER (CONT'D)

Got 'em!

Just as he raises his FN Ballista rifle, luck is not on his side after all, and a cruiser blocks his line of sight.

HÉLDER (CONT'D)

Ah!

He rebounds with a new plan. Through the scope, he sees Beatriz hugging the wheel of her cruiser with a mean and worried look. This is his chance.

So Hélder swings over the building's side and yanks down the emergency ladder. His luck returning, what would have been a near free fall to death turns into a controlled descent. He lands just in front of the car, and Beatriz almost runs him over.

Her face is nearly against the steering wheel as her cruiser sways from front to back, adjusting to the hard brake. Hélder doesn't hesitate to hop in the passenger's side, and he flashes a grin.

HÉLDER (CONT'D)

Thanks, partner.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

She floors it, and of course, the wheels have to spin before meeting pavement.

BEATRIZ

Buckle up!

She orders with a side-glance as Hélder's head hits the headrest.

HÉLDER

Right.

But not fast enough. He gets pushed against the door before snapping his seat belt in, and the cruiser trades paint with a building.

Beatriz downshifts as she starts back up, then hits high speeds quickly.

HÉLDER (CONT'D)

Impressive.

BEATRIZ

Shut up.

HÉLDER

Look...

He begins as the g-force pins him to the door.

HÉLDER (CONT'D)

I messed up on the rooftop.

BEATRIZ

Ya think?

HÉLDER

But equipment fails! That's what happened, my damn rifle... It's too oily, too slippery --

Beatriz looks too long at him, which results in the cruiser careening over a curb and becoming airborne before landing with a spray of sparks. There's damage to the chassis, but the tires hold.

BEATRIZ

A hotshot like you doesn't know his weapon?

HÉLDER

This looks bad, huh?

BEATRIZ

You're supposed to be a professional!

HÉLDER

I am!

BEATRIZ

Then explain, in simple terms, what those other shots were about.

He pauses like he's thinking.

HÉLDER

Other shots?

BEATRIZ

It sounded like a war zone.

HÉLDER

Then... there must be multiple shooters!

(A beat later)

I was trying to find you.

EXT. STREET IN AVEIRO - DAY

On her motorcycle, Matilde sees cruisers have already set up cordons, so she brakes hard, and Wes's weight shifts her up against the gas tank. When they come to a stop, he moves back. She's thinking.

WES

What are you doing?

MATILDE

Getting us out of here!

She revs the engine, applying the brake at the same time, and turns the KLR650 in a tight circle. Finally, she releases the clutch, and they lurch off into an...

EXT. ALLEY IN AVEIRO - DAY

The cruisers, some of them at least, choose to follow, entering the alley single file, not knowing that it gets even narrower up ahead and there is no other exit. By the time they figure that out, it costs them time. They reverse and try to rejoin the hunt.

By now, Matilde and Wes are well into a neighborhood called Beira Mar -- meaning "seaside" in English -- which is near the Vera Cruz neighborhood and has more winding alleys and uneven cobblestone streets. It's perfect for ditching pursuers. The farther they go, the narrower the alleys become, forcing the police to slow down.

The problem is the police have a plan, and that's to maintain the cordon. One thing they don't have is an adventure motorcycle. Matilde spots the only way forward: a steep flight of stairs. She has to be careful descending, for the edges of the steps are slippery, and having Wes on the back adds weight. The motorcycle skids with each pull of the brake.

At the bottom, Matilde fully slams the brakes. On level ground again, she can barely react before a high-flying cruiser almost takes the front tire out. It also skids to a halt, and she sees the reverse lights engage. She chooses another side street, then veers right and takes a left. For a moment, it looks promising. They may have found a way through the cordon. She hits fourth gear, looking to go to fifth.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET IN AVEIRO - DAY

Meanwhile, Beatriz yanks the wheel hard and brakes simultaneously. It looks cool, this drift, but it's not. She was avoiding running over a cat. The cat is safe and moves on to something very important, and all she does is stew. Hélder decides to pick up the walkie-talkie.

HÉLDER

Do not let them leave the city!

She's about to burst into tears and give up when he nudges her arm.

HÉLDER (CONT'D)

Let's do this?

One look at him, and she's back.

BEATRIZ

Let's do this.

Clutch in, she finds that first gear. She gives it gas again, clutch out, and wheels are burning. It's not her first time doing this, completing a full circle and causing a big bellowing mass of smoke to spread.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to do that.

HÉLDER

Alright.

BEATRIZ

It's better if you don't talk.

Beatriz straightens the wheels out and rejoins the chase.

POLICE OFFICER

Setting up a blockade.

ANOTHER POLICE OFFICER

Roger that.

EXT. CAIS DE SÃO ROQUE - DAY

As the police close in up and down the canal, blocking off every possible escape route, it is time for Matilde to panic.

But, there are no police on the other side of the São Roque Canal. The idea that formulates is to jump the canal.

WES
Don't do it!

MATILDE
You said you'd do what I say.
Remember back there in the alley?

WES
Oh, please!

But before he can argue more, she releases the clutch -- just as he taps her shoulder urgently, prompting her to stop.

MATILDE
What? Chicken?

As a moliceiro boat passes and tourists point and take pictures, Wes looks down the canal at the Ponte dos Carcavelos -- a white bridge that crosses the canal.

MATILDE (CONT'D)
Yeah, or we can just do that.

WES
That's not funny!

MATILDE
Lighten up.

Matilde maneuvers the motorcycle up the curb and along the cobblestones toward the Ponte dos Carcavelos bridge. Jumping the curb and using clutch control, she makes it up the first group of steps. Wes clings to her back just as a moliceiro passes below them.

MATILDE (CONT'D)
Wave back.

WES
No. I will not.

She gives more gas, and it looks like maybe they might make it to the top without stalling or falling over.

MATILDE
Okay, that's better. But brace yourself --

Her focus returns to piloting the Kawasaki up the first set of stairs, revving, correcting, and feeling that back tire slip. Full concentration, and go.

Amazingly, Wes manages to not fall off. They reach the center of the bridge, and everything's okay -- no damage to the motorcycle. Below, in the moliceiro that passed them, people turn around and watch as they glide away.

Wes taps her shoulder as three police cruisers screech to a halt on the Beira Mar side of the bridge. Exiting the cars, OFFICERS pull guns and yell things in Portuguese, to the equivalent of,

OFFICERS
Hands up! Give up!

MATILDE
Are you kidding?

WES
We should give up.

MATILDE
Or you could just get off. You go to the police.

WES
A..And you? Aren't we a team?

MATILDE
We are not a team, and I cannot babysit you.

WES
Uh...

MATILDE
Decide!

Matilde now spots the police on the A25.

WES
Okay...

MATILDE
Okay, what?

WES
It's on me if anything happens. I am going with you.

MATILDE
Then... we ride!

With that, she guns the motorcycle and once again comes dangerously close to hitting pedestrians on the trail next to the canal. They ride to the Ponte do Laço bridge. They ride until they land on the Cais dos Mercantéis.

And the bold maneuvers work. She can't help but glance back.

MATILDE (CONT'D)

Ha! Idiots!

Now they are on the Canal dos Botirões and once again, she slows down to weave pass pedestrians around the old fish market at the end of the canal. And from there, there are a myriad of options to confuse law enforcement and break the cordon.

EXT. TÚNEL DE ESGUEIRA - DAY

Matilde and Wes ride hard, with nobody following them.

EXT. STREET IN ESGUEIRA - DAY

There's a large roundabout right off the Rua de Viseu. She goes left then veers right. Near a street called Rua Pedro Vaz de Eça, in the Carramona neighborhood, she jumps the curb and finds a place in the shade and out of sight to park the motorcycle.

Turning the engine off, they wait for a moment with their helmets on. There are no sirens, no cruisers blasting down the street. She waves her hand, and that's a signal for Wes to dismount. Taking his helmet off, he laughs.

WES

Wow. That was amazing. What do I say?

He steps back, clapping his hands in a mock golf clap.

WES (CONT'D)

I know -- massive riding skills.
And the way you went up that bridge
and --

She stands for a second and tries not to roll her eyes.

MATILDE

You done praising me?

WES

Yeah. And the karate kick on, what,
two officers?

MATILDE

I don't know if they were really officers.

WES

Of course, of course.

He extends his hand.

WES (CONT'D)

Wesley Turner. Friends call me Wes. American tourist.

Matilde hesitates before taking his hand but has her alias down pat.

MATILDE

Ariana Chaves.

They shake hands.

**END OF FIRST
EPISODE.**