

KILLING EVE

"FOUR LITTLE SWANS"

Written by

Maura Munaf

Address

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. LARGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (MANHATTAN)

The auditorium is a full house, packed with an audience whose eyes are glued to the speaker on the stage.

They lean forward on their seats.

The speaker is a man in his mid-30s, wearing a sleek suit. He is MIKE WALLIS, COO of Via, a Wearable Tech company.

He scans his audience and presses his clicker.

MIKE

This is Niki. Stage II brain cancer survivor.

Images of NIKI RUSS, a woman in her 40s with a shaved head, flash on the panoramic screen behind Mike.

She looks pale and feeble.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Bouncing back after half a decade of chemo takes *years*. So we gave her the Via Band a month ago. To speed up that recovery.

Mike presses the clicker and now sits on the edge of the stage.

Images of a TERRY GOLDS, an obese man in his late 20s appear on the screen.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Now we have Terry. Weighed over 400 pounds. Didn't have a choice but to sit in business when flying.

The audience bursts in laughter.

MIKE (CONT'D)

That's where all his money went, when he could have spent it on a gym membership.

(beat)

So we gave him the Via Band a month ago as well. To help this fella's situation.

Mike stands up, and presses the clicker again.

Now an image of Niki and Terry appear side-by-side on the screen.

MIKE (CONT'D)

This was them, exactly a month ago.

(beat)

Niki, Terry. Stand up from your seats and come up on stage!

Both Niki and Terry emerge from the sea of audience, each wearing a grayish-blue Via Band. Both look *nothing* like their images.

Niki is fresh and fit. Terry is buff and handsome.

The audience gasps in awe, and they began to clap. A spotlight and camera follow them as they come up to the stage.

The screen on stage projects a before and after comparison of their appearances.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And there you have it folks. The future of wearable tech.

(beat)

Game-changing. Life-changing.
The Via Band.

Mike stands between Niki and Terry, holds their hands where they wear the Via Band, and raises them up.

The audience's applause grows louder and more ecstatic.

INT. BACKSTAGE MONITOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The applause turns into a muffle as it bleeds into a dimly-lit room, where a woman in her mid-40s is surrounded by three younger people. Everyone is in a lab coat.

Wearing thinly-rimmed glasses, she carries herself with austerity and grace. Her hair is greying.

CLAIRE HEST, CEO of Via, sits in front of a large screen that displays a real-time view of Mike's presentation.

One of her assistants, RUBY HOOVES (23), brings a portable screen to Claire.

The screen monitors Niki and Terry's health levels, recorded through the Via Band.

RUBY
Patient 342, Niki, is confirmed for
a liver failure.

CLAIRE
Symptoms projected to appear, when?

RUBY
In a month. Nausea first. And then
loss of appetite, a couple of weeks
after.

CLAIRE
Inflammation and bleeding?

RUBY
Three months after. We'll prescribe
her with more ACETAMINOPHENS,
masked as a higher dose of
ACETYLCYSTEINES.

CLAIRE
Like letting a lung cancer patient,
who was addicted to nicotine, smoke
cigarettes...but disguised as
medication.

RUBY
Yes. And it'll all seem like it's
her previous doctor's fault.
Failure on his part to detect the
spread of cancer to her liver.

CLAIRE
So she dies.

RUBY
Her family sues her old doctor.

CLAIRE
And that's nothing on us. Just a
lifetime's worth of her Via
insurance money.
(beat)
Good work, Ruby.

Claire purses her lips and looks closer into the screen,
particularly at Niki.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. EVE'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - DAY (CONNECTICUT)

Remnants of a 90's grunge teenager and traces of an adult struggling to get her life together meet each other in this bedroom.

It is an unruly mess that knows no age.

The television is still on.

Bottles of wine and a half-empty glass on the bedside.

Clothes scattered on the floor.

Sunlight peeks through the window curtains, slanting a wedge on the eye of EVE POLASTRI (38), who is still sound asleep.

The sun shines brighter, annoying Eve like a scratch on her nose.

She yawns and groans. Her long curly hair is now cut short, shoulder length.

EVE

Ah, damn it-
(touches her right
shoulder)

Eve pulls down her bed covers, revealing a bullet scar on her right shoulder. While pressing on the scar, she breathes deeply.

She finds her phone beneath a pillow, and looks at it.

EVE (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

She throws her phone back to bed and heads to the bathroom.

On her phone screen, a reminder appears: KAYLA'S WEDDING RECEPTION - 11:00 AM.

The time on her phone is 11:20 AM.

INT. FAMILY LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wearing a flowy blue dress, Eve runs down the stairs to the living room.

She checks herself in the mirror.

Beneath it is a table filled with framed pictures of Eve and her family. Just Eve, her mother, and father.

Staring at herself in the mirror, Eve touches the bandage that covers her bullet scar.

A woman in her late-60s is carefully painting ceramic plates. She is Eve's mother, CAROL JUNG.

CAROL

Hwa-young, come over here.

EVE

(adjusting the straps of
her dress)

I don't have time, *eomeoni*. I'm crazy late. Like past the awkward wedding speeches-late.

CAROL

Real quick. I need your opinion.

Eve runs to her mother, still trying to fix her dress.

EVE

What?

Carol shows Eve three shades of yellow paint. All bear no significant differences.

CAROL

Which yellow?

EVE

Jesus, mom.

(beat)

The middle one. Okay, I seriously need to leave.

CAROL

Where are you going again?

EVE

Kayla's wedding. Kayla Gregson.
Senior capstone teammate.

Eve's father, PAUL JUNG (late 60s), enters the living room with a plate of kimchi pancakes. He wears an apron.

PAUL

She's *just* getting married? At her age?

EVE
 Hey, your daughter's *just* getting divorced. At this age.

CAROL
 Speaking of, your divorce papers just came in the mail Eve. Right by the door.

EVE
 I'll deal with that later. I'm late already.

PAUL
 At least have something to eat, before you leave. You need sustenance.
 (points at Eve's bandage)
 That ski injury is not going to heal on its own.

EVE
 Physio's helping. I can roll my shoulder now. A little bit.

Eve rolls her shoulders slowly, still struggling.

EVE (CONT'D)
 See.
 (beat)
 Also, it's a wedding, dad. The Gregsons. Food *is* their form of money laundering.

PAUL
 Just don't leave with an empty stomach. Open up.

Eve rolls her eyes and opens her mouth.

Paul picks up a piece of the pancake chopsticks, and feeds Eve.

EVE
 (her mouth stuffed)
 You know the deal we made when I decided to come home?

CAROL
 That you'll help around in the ceramic studio?

EVE
 No. The other one.

PAUL

Ah. To not treat you like a teenager.

EVE

Yes. Except I should have said toddler.

(chews)

This is...unacceptable. But delicious. But unacceptable.

PAUL

Aren't you supposed to be leaving now?

EVE

(heads to the door)

Oh, you're so annoying.

On a shelf by the door, Eve picks up her divorce papers package and flips through other mail.

She singles out a peculiar postcard from Positano, Italy without a sender's name.

It says: "There is eleven left."

Eve looks puzzled, but intrigued.

Attached to the postcard is a ticket to a Swan Lake Ballet show on Friday evening, at the David H. Koch Theatre in New York.

PAUL (O.C.)

Not leaving yet?

She quickly stuffs the postcard and ticket inside her purse.

EVE

Yeah, heading out now. *Annyeong!*

PAUL AND CAROL

Annyeong!

CAROL

Paul, honey, come here.

(motions to Paul)

Which yellow?

Paul stares at the colors in confusion.

EXT. GARDEN OUTDOOR PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Champagne glasses clink.

Guests chatter in the round tables.

Camera flashes here and there.

Everything is grand and classy - white roses overtake the party, chandeliers suspend from the trees, a jazz band animates the crowd.

EXT. ROUND TABLE 15 - CONTINUOUS

Seated in table number 15 is a group of friends.

A handsome couple in their late 30s, ARLO and SHAY take selfies.

A woman, SID (42), pours herself champagne profusely.

Another woman, AVA (38), scans her surroundings for someone.

The usher brings Eve to the table. Ava's search stops, and she grins widely.

Everyone stops what they're doing. Eve takes two steps back.

EVE

Hold on. Ava... Arlo... Sid...

(beat)

True Crime Tuesdays?

Ava jolts up and hugs Eve tightly.

AVA

Can't believe you showed up.

EVE

Is Kayla just doing Yale a favor by holding a college reunion instead of a wedding?

AVA

Oh god, you haven't changed. But your hair's now short. You look so...

Ava glances at Eve's bandaged shoulder.

AVA (CONT'D)

..tough. Untamed. Free!

ARLO

Evy! What? This is not real.

Arlo stands up, hugs Eve, and shakes her in excitement. Eve appears slightly overwhelmed by this unexpected reunion.

ARLO (CONT'D)

Haven't seen you since... the trials of O.J. Simpson!

EVE

Probably even before that.

Shay stands behind the two. She waves at Eve.

ARLO

Ah you must've not met Shay yet!

(motions Shay to come)

Eve, this is my wife, Shay.

(beat)

Shay, this is Eve, Founder of our True Crime club at Yale.

SHAY

So nice to finally meet you. Arlo's said lovely things about you.

EVE

(jokingly)

Oh, that's expected.

SHAY

No seriously! Your thesis on Female Serial Killers.

(beat)

He's referenced it a lot in his research.

EVE

No way.

ARLO

More than I should.

EVE

Back then you'd tell me how I should've written a paper on female victims instead.

ARLO

I was being sexist. Women are underrepresented. Even as murderers.

EVE
They kill, for sure.

Sid, who has been watching this reunion from her seat, chugs her glass of champagne.

She approaches Eve, lazily.

SID
Eve, what a surprise.
(hugs Eve awkwardly)
Haven't seen you since...your
wedding, I suppose?

EVE
I don't know, Sid. You tell me.

SID
Wow, you have not changed.

EVE
Neither have you.

SID
What's his name...Niko. That school
teacher, right?
(beat)
Is he going to arrive even later,
beat you by an hour?

EVE
(takes a seat)
Niko's not coming. He's not here
with me.

Everyone returns to their seats.

The first wedding speech from one of the bridesmaids is starting.No one in the table is listening.

AVA
Wait, did something happen to Niko?

EVE
No, he's fine. We're just not...
together.
(beat)
We've sort of separated.

ARLO
Eve, I'm so sorry.

EVE
No, that's fine.

AVA

(shakes her head at Sid)
And you have a place to stay here
now, Eve?

EVE

With my parents.
(beat)
Didn't really want to deal with
lawyers. Or divorce papers yet.
(beat)
So I'm home for now. Four months
and counting.

ARLO

Four months?! And you didn't bother
to call or text any of us?

Eve pours herself a glass of champagne, and drinks it.

EVE

I'm sure you all were pretty busy.

ARLO

But never too busy for an escape
room. Or a Black Dahlia forensic
theory battle.

EVE

Yeah, I just didn't think of it.

An awkward silence grows between the five of them.

Eve's low-energy and detachment does not sit well with
everyone else's enthusiasm.

Arlo and Shay take more selfies. Ava greets the people around
her.

Meanwhile, Sid gives Eve a curious look.

SID

So, Eve. How's MI5 been treating
you?

Everyone looks up at Eve. The buzz and excitement in the
table is resurfacing, but Eve does not want to be dragged
into it.

EVE

Um, it's been-

SID
 Hard to believe that their giving
 you four months off. To deal with a
 divorce.

EVE
 I'm taking a pause.

SID
 Ah, a pause.

The silence returns. Everyone is individually preoccupied.

The MC of the wedding, a polished looking man in his early 30s, stands on the edge of the main family table. He waits, impatiently, as the bride's uncle struggles to finish his speech.

MC
 And, that is rounding up to our
 eighth speech from the family of
 our beautiful bride, Kayla.

EVE
 (under her breath)
 Shit, haven't said hi to her.

MC
 Now, let's hear our next speech
 from Kayla's...
 (reads his cards)
 Great Aunt, Dina.
 (beat)
 Aunt Dina has specially requested
 that this dish be served to
 everyone during her speech. She
 used to prepare it for Kayla
 whenever she felt ill.

The servers arrive at Eve's table, and place all the covered dishes in front of everyone. A server opens the cover of Eve's plate. Her eyes widen.

MC (CONT'D)
 Shepard's Pie, everybody.
 (beat)
 Aunt Dina, the stage is all yours.

Aahs and oohs surround the party as everyone is excited to dig in.

But Eve's face turns pale.

AVA
What's wrong, Eve? You alright?

Eve stares at the pie.

ARLO
Evy? You ok?

SHAY
Is she ok, Arlo?

EVE
(covers her mouth)
I uh, I'm fine.

SID
Interesting choice, Shepard's Pie.
Isn't that so, English, Eve?

Eve's breathing gets heavier and heavier.

Her eyes are still locked on the Shepard's Pie. Everyone is concerned, except for Sid.

SID (CONT'D)
What, is there something wrong with
it? Doesn't look like the way the
Brits make it huh, Eve?

AVA
Sid, stop.

SID
No seriously, I want to know how
inaccurate this Shepard's Pie looks
to Eve.
(laughing)
I mean *look* at how bothered she is,
I don't understand, it's only
Shepard's Pi-

Eve clenches her jaw. She takes her glass of champagne and SPLASHES it at Sid.

Everyone gasps. Sid is completely wet.

Arlo giggles a little, Ava covers her mouth.

SID (CONT'D)
The *hell*?

Shocked, Eve is speechless herself. She reaches for her purse.

EVE
I...I have napkins.

Panicking, she rummages through the contents of her purse. Arlo is still laughing.

AVA
(reaches for a napkin)
Shut up, Arlo. Eve, it's fine.
There's a lot of napkins on the table.

EVE
No, no, no. But I have napkins. I brought some.

Eve knocks her purse over the table. The postcard from Positano falls out.

At the sight of it, Eve immediately covers her mouth and throws up.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT./EXT CLIFFSIDE RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON (POSITANO, ITALY)

White and wooden interiors, the ocean breeze blowing in, and a glass-enclosed fire place.

A quiet, affluent crowd fills up the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT CORNER TABLE - CONTINUOUS

A waitress in her early 30s, tall with icy blonde hair, carries a tray of fresh seafood to a table in a hidden corner of the restaurant.

Seated there is a gorgeous, pretentious-looking woman in her 20s. JEN WATERS is wearing shades, a velvet tank top, and hair slicked back into a high pony tail.

She is in a heated argument with someone on her phone.

Alarmed by Jen's furiousness, the waitress places the plates slowly on the table.

She is VILLANELLE in disguise, and she smiles at Jen.

JEN

(on the phone)

Absolutely no one said I couldn't
post a bikini picture with the
starving kids.

(beat)

Well Unicef doesn't know batshit
about making money.

Jen hangs up the phone call, and exhales loudly. She takes off her shades.

JEN (CONT'D)

My publicist. Being dumb as usual.

(beat)

Thank you.

VILLANELLE

Thank you. Enjoy your meal.

Jen puts her shades back on and starts nibbling on her seafood.

INT/EXT. RESTAURANT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Villanelle puts on a sunhat and shades as she walks down the street.

She takes out something from her back pocket: an invite to an art exhibition.

Suddenly, she hears the sound of someone vomiting to her right.

She turns to the restaurant's window, where she sees Jen covering her mouth after a messy puke.

The restaurant manager, an Italian man in his 40s, approaches the table in panic.

He takes a quick glance at Jen's meal and notices greenish-brown dots on the scallops.

Jen throws up again, now more violently.

Heads turn.

Villanelle rolls her eyes and continues to walk towards a bus stop.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - DUSK

A medium-sized crowd gathers in front of a cloaked painting. An old woman (in her 50s) is standing next to it.

She is holding a glass of champagne, ready to address the crowd.

OLD WOMAN

First of all, I'd like to thank everyone for coming.

(beat)

My husband- late husband, would've been delighted to see such a turnout for his work.

Villanelle walks into the gallery.

She takes her shades off and grabs a glass of champagne from a server.

She scans her surroundings, smiling at other attendees.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

This painting right here is one of Stefano's prized possessions. Everything up here is for sale, except this one.

(beat)

Took him three years to finish.

(starts to sob)

The crowd looks sorry for her. Some even shed a tear.

Villanelle joins the crowd, and she looks above the painting: several hanging lights, suspended from a long cord attached to the ceiling.

The chord extends and leads to a half-open door. She heads to that direction.

Meanwhile, the old woman wipes her tears away.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
Without further ado, I present to
you, Stefano's last painting.

A man lifts the cloak, and the painting reveals a small, cliff-side house.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
The home he was born in. The home
that he grew up in. Lived in. And
the home that he...died in, because
of a fire.
(beat)
This is... *Hang On, There.*

People clap their hands.

On the ceiling, tiny electrical sparks flash along the cord. No one notices.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
Thank you. Enjoy your night
everyone, but please maintain a
respectful distance from this one
right here, at least six-

The hanging lights above the painting spark noticeably.

It CRACKLES.

One of the light bulbs fall and crack open on the corner of a painting. A small fire lights up.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
..no, no, no, no! My
Stefano!

The painting of the house is now on fire. Everyone panics, and runs outside.

Villanelle blends with the crowd and exits. She is still unamused.

CUT TO:

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY (CONNECTICUT)

Holding a notepad and a pen, a mid-age woman (50) sits across Eve. The woman is Eve's therapist, DR. SUSAN SANDERS, and she wears a Via Band on her wrist. It keeps on blinking.

Eve lays down on the couch.

DR. SANDERS

Was that your first time getting a gag reflex from...pie?

EVE

Shepard's Pie. And yes.

DR. SANDERS

And what were you thinking, right before you splashed the champagne?

EVE

I-I don't know, Susan. I wasn't thinking.

(beat)

I just had pent up feelings for Sid, okay. We were competing for the position at M15 that I ended up getting.

(beat)

She's always hated me.

DR. SANDERS

I see.

Dr. Sanders takes notes, trying to keep up with this information spill.

She looks up.

DR. SANDERS (CONT'D)

What do you think *that* had to do with your reaction...to the pie?

A beat.

EVE

Nothing. The pie- Shepard's pie, it's something else.

DR. SANDERS

Does it have anything to do with your husband?

EVE

Ex, husband.
 (beat)
 How did you-

DR. SANDERS

Well your husband is in the UK, I presume. And my only memory of Shepard's Pie is from *Downton Abbey*.

(beat)

Also, it's my job, Eve.

Eve sits up. She notices Dr. Sanders' blinking Via band.

EVE

Your thing. Keeps on flashing.
 Haven't reached 10k steps?

DR. SANDERS

22k steps, to be exact. Depends on what the Via Band thinks I need for the day.

(beat)

You should get one. It'll probably help with your shoulder injury.

Dr. Sanders touches the screen to her Via Band. She admires it for a moment.

DR. SANDERS (CONT'D)

Eve. Is there something that you felt like you haven't resolved in London?

EVE

No. I don't know.

Eve tucks her messy hair behind her ears.

EVE (CONT'D)

He used to make Shepard's Pie for me to bring to work. And then he cheated on me.

DR. SANDERS

Hm.

(beat)

But if I can recall from our previous session, you said you've ...moved on?

EVE

It's not that simple. Yes I had a thing with someone else soon after.
 (shakes her head)
 But she was manipulative. And violent. I couldn't stand it.

Dr. Sanders puts her notes down, and leans forward.

DR. SANDERS

Quite frankly, it's getting hard for me to believe that you slammed *that* shoulder to a tree in the slopes of New Hampshire.

EVE

Susan, I showed you the pictures.

Dr. Sanders leans back and gives Eve a skeptical look.

DR. SANDERS

Fine.
 (beat)
 But this...woman you were with. Why do you think she was manipulative?

EVE

She's..
 (smiles)
 Funny. But unpredictable. Intelligent, you know almost a genius.
 (beat)
 Dresses up a lot. Like she's always about to be photographed. So a little bit snobby.

Eve starts to frown.

EVE (CONT'D)

And she always gets what she wants.
 (beat)
 So when I broke up with her...she flipped out.

DR. SANDERS

Did she hurt you?

EVE

No, god no.
 (beat)
 I just wish her the best now.
 (beat)

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)

Wherever she is, I'm pretty sure she's doing fine. Drowning herself in all her designer shoes and clothes in a mansion...somewhere.

INT. SMALL STUDIO APARTMENT (POSITANO) - NIGHT

Villanelle comes home to a cramped and dull apartment.

The space has no character, and it clearly needs maintenance: a water leak in the ceiling and a tiny crack in her window.

She takes off her icy blonde wig, groans, revealing wavy brunette hair.

She crashes onto her bed. It squeaks.

She pulls out her flip phone and dials a number. After a few rings, an Italian-speaking woman answers.

WOMAN

Hi, this is Lorenzo's. How can I help you?

VILLANELLE

(in an American accent)
I'd like to order some take out please. Two pepperoni pizzas.

WOMAN

(in English)
Very funny, mam. Please don't call us again. Dumb Americans.

VILLANELLE

Just the *crust*.

WOMAN

Please hold.

Still on her phone, Villanelle opens her fridge, only to find a slice of half-eaten cake. She grabs it and closes the fridge.

But the door to the fridge does not slam shut.

She closes the door again, but it CREAKS open. She gets annoyed, and slams it even harder. It opens, again.

A man's voice on the phone is heard, but Villanelle fails to notice. He speaks in Italian as well.

MAN

Hello? Is anyone there?

Still preoccupied by the fridge, Villanelle becomes irritated.

She KICKS the door. It finally closes.

MAN (CONT'D)

Uh, hello?

VILLANELLE

(furious)

What?

MAN

You said you wanted the crust.

VILLANELLE

(eats her cake)

Influencer girl, done. Ugly painting, done.

MAN

Is that all for today?

VILLANELLE

If I get less than \$1000 today, I will stick a Ciabatta up your olive mafia ass until you bleed and cry.

(beat)

Also, all the things I'm doing for you is boring. Stupid cry-baby things.

(beat)

A little girl can do it.

MAN

We will text your receipt.

VILLANELLE

I want more money. And I don't want child's play.

MANAGER

Thank you for ordering at Lorenzo's. *Ciao!*

The man hangs up the phone. She receives a text: the money she made from her services, yet is a pizza receipt in disguise.

The amount sums up to \$500.

VILLANELLE
Fucking hell!

She flings her phone, knocking her fridge. The door creaks opens again. Villanelle fidgets and shrieks.

INTERCUT - EXT. PAYPHONE (POSITANO)/ INT. HOME KITCHEN
 (FRANCE) - NIGHT

Cornered in a sidewalk, Villanelle anxiously waits for someone to pick up the call. KONSTANTIN VASILIEV answers it.

KONSTANTIN
 Hello.

VILLANELLE
 I don't like this. I'm so bored. I can kill myself.

KONSTANTIN
 Wow. Not even a *hello* back or a *how are you*.

VILLANELLE
 You're just growing old, and you're going to die soon. What is there to ask.

(beat)
 How long will I have to keep on doing this?

KONSTANTIN
 Until you can be trusted again. Nobody is passing anything down to me since your mess up in Rome.

VILLANELLE
 What? I didn't do anything wrong.

KONSTANTIN
 Do I have to remind you? You killed Aaron Peele, a valuable asset for our deal with M16. And you killed an M16 agent. Eve.

(beat)
 Remember her?

Villanelle pauses for a second. She pulls the phone away.

VILLANELLE
 Well you don't have to be so harsh.

KONSTANTIN

You know, you're already very lucky that the mafia here needs an extra set of hands.

VILLANELLE

Cosa Nostra wannabes. They're a bunch of babies, not the mafia.

KONSTANTIN

You're the baby. Can't be told what to do. You have to learn.

VILLANELLE

I like to improvise, okay?

KONSTANTIN

No more improvisations.

(beat)

We need to clean ourselves up. My reputation is botched, because of you.

VILLANELLE

(shouts)

But I hate this!

People passing by notice Villanelle's sudden outburst.

KONSTANTIN

Be. Patient. This is called starting fresh.

Konstantin hangs up the phone.

INT. EVE'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - DAY (CONNECTICUT)

Seated in the corner of her bed, Eve stares straight at her wardrobe. She jolts up, opens her wardrobe, and throws out all of her clothes.

The wardrobe is now empty enough for her to see its interiors.

She removes a slab of wood, revealing a hidden cork board attached to the wall.

It is a profound and intricate investigation of The Twelve.

Photographs, notes, maps, all pinned to the board connected with strings and arrows.

Her post-it notes sprawl across the board:

12 People

12 Locations

Villanelle

The Ghost

Weaponized Technology

Eve picks up the postcard from Positano written with the note "There is eleven left."

She sets her gaze on a photo of Aaron Peele.

Written above Peele's image is "Mass Invasion of Privacy."

Using a marker, she draws an X mark on Peele's face.

PAUL (O.S.)
(from downstairs)
Eve, breakfast!

EVE
Yeah, be right there.

Eve rubs her chin.

EVE (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Peele's invasion of privacy *is* a
form of weaponized technology.

She moves her "Weaponized Technology" post-it next to Peele's image.

EVE (CONT'D)
And since he's gone-

She pins the postcard from Positano below Peele's image.

EVE (CONT'D)
-there's eleven left. Eleven
remaining forms of what...
weaponized tech?

Eve looks at her mini speculation on the board. She takes a few steps back and sits on her bed.

EVE (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

INT/EXT. NAIL SPA - DAY (POSITANO)

A woman inside screams at the sight of her hands. They are red, inflamed, and itchy.

Wearing a nail technician uniform, Villanelle exits the spa looking annoyed. She rubs her fingers, irritated.

She is suddenly stopped by a young male tourist.

TOURIST

Hi, do you mind taking a picture of me and my girlfriend?

VILLANELLE

(rolls her eyes)

Okay. Fast.

They pose awkwardly, and she takes their pictures. Villanelle looks disgusted.

TOURIST

Why, is there something wrong?

VILLANELLE

You guys are such a hideous-looking couple. It's just so hard for me.

She tosses his camera to a nearby fountain.

GIRLFRIEND

Excuse me? You need pay for that!

VILLANELLE

(walks away)

Look better first.

The couple look at each other with insecurity. The girlfriend fixes her hair.

I/E. STUDIO APARTMENT BATHROOM/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

In the shower, Villanelle notices that some of her fingers have turned red and itchy, like the woman's in the nail spa. She grunts.

Suddenly, she hears a knock on the door. Villanelle turns the shower off.

She switches into stealth mode.

Still in her towel, she GRABS a knife from her pantry.

She slowly opens her door.

The hallway is empty, pitch black.

An enclosed letter lies on the floor.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Villanelle opens the letter with her knife. The sender is unknown.

Inside is an itinerary for a luxurious weekend getaway to Manhattan.

Attached is a ticket to a Swan Lake Ballet show on Friday evening, at the David H. Koch Theatre in New York.

Villanelle looks pleased.

Clipped on are instructions to turn the TV to BBC at 1:30 pm. The time is 1:25 pm.

She loses interest.

She tosses the letter to the floor, and lies on bed.

A small photograph flies separately from the rest of the papers. She sits back up.

The photograph, worn-out and wrinkled, is an image of a girl who looks strikingly similar to Villanelle, yet younger.

She looks closer. Written behind the photograph is *RETRIEVE, NO BLOOD, FOR MORE.*

Frantically, Villanelle turns on the TV to BBC. She takes a deep breath.

Looking posh and elegant, Claire Hest is being interviewed by a news anchor, Andy, who wears a ViaBand.

ANDY

Sold out, within two weeks of the launch. I mean, this is quite revolutionary.

(beat)

It tracks everything. Cardiovascular, blood levels...

CLAIRE

Calorie intake, and output, all in realtime.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It'll tell you instantly how a double-patty burger will impact your cholesterol levels. As you are eating it.

ANDY

I see. But I've heard numerous complaints that the Via Band only shows data that fluctuates.

(beat)

Never anything definitive for a person to take action about their health.

CLAIRE

Yes, Andy. But that's exactly how the human body works. Fluctuation is natural.

(beat)

You go on to work out three days in a row, but finish off the week with three glasses of wine on a Friday night. Not to mention your family's history of high-blood pressure. And your occasional insomnia.

(beat)

Of course your levels will fluctuate, if your behavior does.

Andy sits back. He ruminates.

ANDY

Everything you said there... is strangely accurate. That was *my* last week. Incredible.

INT. FAMILY LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT (CONNECTICUT)

The television at Eve's home is also tuning into the same interview.

It plays in the background as Paul prepares for dinner in the kitchen, and Carol paints her ceramics in the living room.

CLAIRE

Exactly. And because this is your what... second, third week wearing it? It'll be a couple of months for the ViaBand to gather enough data to know if something odd is going on. Anomalies.

ANDY

And how will I know about these anomalies?

CLAIRE

Alerts. And you won't have to lift a finger. It detects symptoms, turns them into a diagnosis, and tells us what to prescribe you. All delivered to your doorstep.

ANDY

Your own doctor, wrapped around your wrist. Incredible.

A beat.

Andy adores his Via Band.

ANDY (CONT'D)

But you're disrupting this patient-to-doctor relationship. As a tech start-up, how are you dealing with the lash back from both state and private hospitals?

CLAIRE

Well, to begin with, we have a stellar legal team, Andy. All Harvard-graduates...

The television interview turns into a muffle as Eve arrives home, still wearing her apron from the pottery store.

She looks tense.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (CONNECTICUT)

Eve stares at the calendar attached to her fridge, narrowing down to Friday, which is tomorrow.

Written on the agenda is *POTTERY WORKSHOP, 3 PM.*

Paul places the food on the table, while Carol chooses which set of ceramic plates for dinner tonight.

Eve walks up to them.

EVE

Eommawa, appa.

PAUL

What's going on Eve? Getting
divorced, the second time?

EVE

I'm moving to New York.

ACT THREE

INT. FAMILY DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (CONNECTICUT)

Eve is now sitting down, holding a glass of wine. Paul paces around the room. Carol walks into the room with another bottle of wine and her own glass.

EVE

New York, a fresh start. I had a conversation with my therapist about-

PAUL

You're letting your therapist dictate your life, now?

CAROL

Paul...

EVE

No, it's not just that. After seeing my old friends you know, and that incident at the wedding-

PAUL

Oh, so you're too embarrassed that you have to move to another city? You're better than this.

EVE

Let me finish?

(stands up)

I just feel stagnant here. Not moving. Not changing. And I'm almost forty.

(beat)

I'll start applying to jobs there too. Maybe the UN?

Paul stops sorting out the food. He looks down.

PAUL

And when are you leaving.

EVE

Tomorrow.

CAROL

So you're not helping me with the workshop tomorrow?

Eve purses her lips and shakes her head. A moment of silence.

PAUL
Are you coming back?

EVE
Dad, I'm moving, so-

PAUL
Are you coming back?

EVE
I don't know. Maybe. I didn't buy a return ticket.

PAUL
Ever since you moved to London, we've only seen you twice. In the past 13 years.

(beat)
Next thing you know, I'm gonna get a phone call from you saying, *Hey dad, I'm moving to Germany because I met some guy and I can really see myself living there. So see you never!*

Carol takes a seat. Paul paces around. Eve rubs her temples.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Can't you see this, Carol? Our daughter here has a formula. A different city, equals a different life, equals happiness.

He paces around faster.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You have to learn to *adapt*, Eve. You don't go around just looking for happiness. That's not sustainable.

EVE
(raises her voice)
Jesus christ Dad, it's only New York!

PAUL
Sure, and then you're going to be working for the UN. God knows where you'll end up. Uganda? Bulgaria?

EVE
I haven't even applied-

PAUL
You're probably going to get it!

CAROL
Alright everyone. Please. Can we
take this all down to a notch.

Paul sits down, arms crossed.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Paul. It's two hours away. Closer
than London. *Far* closer.
(beat)
Eve. This is a surprise. To all of
us. It's hard for us to see you
leave so suddenly.

EVE
I'm sorry I didn't bring it up
earlier.

Carol strokes Eve's hands. She smiles.

CAROL
It's fine.

Paul takes a deep breath.

PAUL
Alright.
(beat)
No questions asked. Thanksgiving.
Christmas. Our birthdays. Your
cousin's birthdays. Your cousin's
cousin's birthdays. You are to be
here. And that's an order.

EVE
Fine.

PAUL
Someone gives birth, you're here.
Someone dies, you're here too.

Eve reaches over her dad and hugs him dad tightly. Carol's
eyes turn glassy.

EVE
No one's dying. Okay?

Eve pulls herself away. Everything simmers down.

EVE (CONT'D)
Can we eat already now?

CAROL

Eve, one more thing.

(beat)

What do you want us to do with your cork board? The one with so much writing, images, strings.

Eve freezes for a moment. She shrugs.

EVE

Cork board? I don't know what you're talking about.

CAROL

The messy one. Looks so unorganized. Inside your wardrobe.

EVE

Oh. You can just...throw it away.

CAROL

Really? I thought it was a really eccentric piece of art. Didn't know you had it in you.

(beat)

I thought of exhibiting it at my studio. Give it some edge.

EVE

Absolutely not mom.

CAROL

No?

EVE

Nope. Throw it. Burn it. Anything that keeps it away from the public eye, thank you.

CAROL

Not even a photograph?

EVE

No, mom. I'll die, literally die if you do that.

CAROL

Ah, look at that artist inside you. You're such a... *Rothko*.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - DAY (NEW YORK)

Centered on a huge empty wall is Mark Rothko's painting, *No. 5/No. 22*.

A color block between red, orange, and yellow tints.

Villanelle stands in front of it, trying to figure out his work impatiently. She wears a bright dress, similar in color to the painting.

A little girl (6) admires Villanelle.

GIRL

I like your dress. It's pretty.

Villanelle kneels down to level with the girl.

VILLANELLE

If you work hard, follow your dreams and...

She NUDGES the girl's back with too much force than needed.

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)

...stab the *right* people behind their back. There's a chance that you might own dozens of dresses like this.

(beat)

Just make sure you'll fit them. Okay?

Villanelle smiles. The young girl is afraid, on the verge of crying. She runs away.

GIRL

Mom!

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Villanelle eats two slices of pizza at once as she saunters around the city. The square is busy and packed with tourists. A huge man bumps into her.

HUGE MAN

Hey, excuse me!

VILLANELLE

(screams)

Rude!

People stop and stare, but they quickly return to their usual businesses. Villanelle is unaccustomed to the city's plain rudeness.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Villanelle flings the door to her grandiose penthouse open. The view is the Central Park from the Upper East side.

Carrying three shopping bags in each hand, she dances around the space.

Pleased with this luxury, Villanelle is at home.

INT. HOME KITCHEN (FRANCE) - NIGHT

Children play in the background. The phone rings and Konstantin picks it up.

KONSTANTIN

Hello.

(beat)

What? Did you go to her place in Positano?

(beat)

Empty? Have you tried the beach? Or the graveyard?

(beat)

No? Okay. I'll send someone.

Konstantin slams the phone back to the receiver. He leans forward and BANGS the wall in front of him.

His daughter, IRINA (16), sees her dad in distress.

IRINA

Is everything all right, papa?

KONSTANTIN

Yeah, it's fine. I might be gone for a while.

IRINA

Not for long?

KONSTANTIN

Not for long.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - AFTERNOON (NEW YORK)

Rooms service and Villanelle's brand new clothes are sprawled across the apartment.

The small wrinkled photograph of the girl who looks like Villanelle lies on a dresser.

Facing a body mirror, Villanelle wears a chic fitness outfit. She ties her hair up.

VILLANELLE
(in an Valley accent)
Do you guys serve celery juice
here?

Villanelle smirks. She puts on lip gloss to complete her look.

INT. SOHO COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Seated by the window, Eve sips her coffee with her laptop open. Next to her is her duffel bag and a small carry-on.

She surfs through job postings on the UN website, but nothing strikes her. All humdrum desk jobs.

Eve opens another tab and types in *Weaponized Technology* to search.

She scrolls down and stops at an article: *When Healthy can Mean Deadly*.

EXT. SOHO COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Villanelle prances around with upbeat music on her earphones.

She flips up her phone to open her fake profile on a social media app: *Sarah Johnson, Fitness Influencer, Holistic Wellness*.

A verified account with a large following.

She stops right in front of the same coffee shop that Eve is in to take selfies.

SERVER (O.S.)
Eve! One Croissant!

Eve freezes. Her eyes widen.

She turns around, only to find an empty seat with unattended laptop and a cup of coffee by the window.

INT. SOHO COFFE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Eve returns to her seat with her croissant.

She sees a familiar figure outside.

Tall, blonde hair, in a pony tail. It is Villanelle from behind.

She disappears into the crowd. Eve shrugs, and continues to read the article.

INT. VIA HEADQUARTERS, FLOOR 31 - AFTERNOON (MANHATTAN)

Sleek and minimalistic, the Via office is busy yet quiet. Some are monitoring a product demo, others are drawing designs, many are in phone calls.

Everyone is either wearing a lab coat or a white outfit. They speak in soft murmurs and whispers.

INT. VIA HEADQUARTERS, MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Playing as pretentious Sarah Johnson, Villanelle walks into a huge, glass-enclosed meeting room. She is holding an iced coffee.

Ruby ushers her inside with a clip board and a new Via Band.

RUBY

Ms. Johnson, we're very pleased to have you here.

VILLANELLE

Oh please, you can just call me Sarah. Or even SJ. That's how my followers call me.

RUBY

SJ. Alright.

(beat)

As you might know, the Via Bands are in high demand. We've been sold out for the past couple of weeks.

(beat)

We're manufacturing more, but we're looking for a fresh face to uplift this second release.

VILLANELLE
(sips her coffee)
Mhm.

From the side of her eye, Villanelle notices an employee outside accessing a lab room with card.

She notices the same access card worn around Ruby's neck.

RUBY
We'd thought that you'd be a
perfect fit to represent Via Bands.

VILLANELLE
Cool.
(beat)
All these girls always ask me how I
have abs, glowing skin, and thick
hair anyway. The Via Band covers
all of that, right?

RUBY
Absolutely, SJ. And we have one for
you here, customized to your
requested color palette.

Ruby hands Villanelle her own Via Band.

Instead of the generic grayish-blue color, her Via Band is a glossy light pink. She touches every inch of it.

VILLANELLE
Can I keep this?

RUBY
It's yours. Forever. As a matter of
fact, put it on now. We're going
for a run.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

The park is getting darker and emptier.

Only few bikes pass by and a couple of runners at a distance.

Wearing her Via Band, Villanelle jogs alongside Ruby, who tries to keep up.

She holds a small tablet that displays Villanelle's real-time performance data.

RUBY

(catches her breath)

So SJ, just wanted to confirm with you. Based on the documents that were given to us, you do have a history of chronic heart disease? From your family?

Villanelle flinches at the sound of *family*.

VILLANELLE

Yes.

RUBY

Good.

VILLANELLE

So what?

RUBY

The Via Band targets common diseases affected by family history.

(beat)

We don't want our ambassadors to lie about their results. So that's why we're searching for representatives, like you, who actually have those health complications.

VILLANELLE

So this thing isn't bullshit?

RUBY

Nope. Helps eliminate any lurking traces of family-inherited diseases.

(beat)

It'll make every treatment you've ever gotten, *bullshit*.

Impressed in a stand-offish way, Villanelle nods and starts running faster.

The data on Ruby's tablet starts blinking, erratically.

It displays a inconsistency between Villanelle's current performance and her past average cardiovascular levels.

Ruby notices this, and looks at Villanelle dubiously.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Hey, slow down! VILLANELLE

RUBY (CONT'D)
(stops)
What's wrong?

RUBY (CONT'D)
Try sprinting again? And then stop
when you reach that tree.

Villanelle bursts into a sprint, triggering Ruby's tablet to blink erratically again.

RUBY (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Something's not right.

Ruby walks up to Villanelle, who is barely sweating and already taking selfies.

RUBY (CONT'D)
You don't have chronic heart
disease.

VILLANELLE
What? Are you questioning my
childhood, spent in the hospital
every weekend?

RUBY
Strange. Every time we run these
tests on our subjects- sorry,
users, they would have consistent
performance-to-data results.
(beat)
Except you.

VILLANELLE
I can call my doctor, right now, if
that's what you need.
(frustrated)
I regularly exercise, okay? I have
amazing endurance. And stamina.

Their conversation tenses up.

Villanelle is still in character, but her short-temper bleeds through.

She scans her surroundings.

Not a person in sight, and everything is dimly lit.

It is unusually quiet as well.

RUBY

That's impossible. This doesn't even happen to gold-medal athletes who have the smallest traces of cancer or diabetes.

(beat)

Still shows in their real-time performance data.

VILLANELLE

There must be something wrong with your tablet. Whatever, I have a yoga class to catch.

Ruby takes a few steps back.

RUBY

SJ. Did you forge your medical papers?

VILLANELLE

Don't you even dare accuse me like that. I can sue you.

Villanelle starts walking out of the park, her fists clenched. She is out of words to defend herself.

Ruby stands still behind her.

RUBY

You're not Sarah Johnson, aren't you.

Villanelle stops, her nose flaring. She is irritated.

She turns sharply.

VILLANELLE

(in her Russian accent)

Shut up!

Ruby walks backwards, trying to avoid Villanelle.

RUBY

What do you think you're going to do?

Villanelle PULLS Ruby by her hair.

She drags her into the shadows under a nearby bridge.

RUBY (CONT'D)

(shrieks)

Stop, what are you doing!

VILLANELLE

Doing something that'll get rid of
you faster than a chronic disease
will.

RUBY

(out of breath)
Who are you?

Villanelle takes Ruby's access card that dangles around her neck, and puts it in her pocket.

Without any remorse, Villanelle swiftly loops the remaining strap several times around Ruby's neck, until it is wrapped, skin-tight and red.

Ruby cries and screams helplessly.

Villanelle PUSHES Ruby to the wall, ready to choke her. She presses Ruby down, resisting Ruby's urge to run.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Stop, stop! Oh, god please!

Something in Villanelle's face lights up. She grins.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Wait, stop! What do you want?
Please, I'll give you anything!
I'll tell you anything!

VILLANELLE

(shouts)
Why did you call me a subject
before? What type of tests are you
running?

RUBY

(crying)
It's normal protocol to call people
like you subjects! Everyone using
it is a subject!

VILLANELLE

Don't give me a bullshit answer.
What does it actually *do*? The Via
Band?

Ruby fidgets. Villanelle SLAMS her face first to the ground, and starts to pull the strap to choke her.

She is using too much force than she needs.

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)

Answer me!

RUBY

It's a device...to...detect and
worsen...your-

Her face turns pale, and she no longer resists. Villanelle
flips Ruby face up. She searches for her pulse. Nothing.

VILLANELLE

Shit.

ACT FOUR

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Facing a mirror, Eve puts on a silky red dress. She turns around to zip it up, and cannot help but notice her bandaged shoulder.

Slowly, she peels the bandage revealing a recovering bullet scar.

The Swan Lake ticket peeks out of her purse. She takes a red lipstick out of her purse and wears it on her lips, tenderly.

She stares at herself in the mirror.

EVE

The hell am I doing.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Facing a lofty mirror, Villanelle is putting on a rose-colored lipstick. Her Via Band and Ruby's access card lie on her dresser, both covered in dirt.

In a velvet blue pant suit, Villanelle quickly checks herself out in the mirror and heads to the elevator.

INT. DAVID H. KOCH THEATER - NIGHT

People find their seats, the orchestra tests their instruments, conversations turn into soft murmurs.

Almost all the floor seats are occupied, except for three middle ones, closer to the back.

The lights dim down.

A male figure in a suit enters the theater. He takes the middle seat out of the three.

Strings play, followed by the trombone. The curtains on stage lift slowly.

Ballet dancers in royal, medieval-styled tutus gracefully jump and glide across the stage.

As soon as the first dance ends, people clap their hands.

Two doors from opposite ends of the theater FLING open.

Villanelle enters from the left side, Eve from the right.
They are far apart.

Ushers guides each of them, shining a flashlight to the
floor.

They reach the opposite edges of the row. The ushers leave
each of them.

The orchestra music crescendos. The ballet dancers in white
are doing pirouettes, endlessly spinning.

Eve and Villanelle are getting closer.

The trombone belts louder.

The strings quicken.

They get closer.

And closer.

Closer.

They start to register each of their faces.

But it's too dark to tell.

The light on stage gleams to the audience, and slowly to
their faces.

Eve sees Villanelle.

Villanelle sees Eve.

They lock eyes.

EVE

Oh my god.

VILLANELLE

Impossible.

A standstill. They stare at each other in disbelief.
Villanelle smiles.

EVE

No, no, no, no...

MAN (O.S.)

(to Eve)

Excuse me, mam. Didn't pay for
this. C'mon, get moving.

A man seated behind gestures Eve to move, as she is blocking his view.

Eve takes a deep breath. She marches forward between the seats, awkwardly.

They reach their seats, but they are even more shocked to see the person sitting between them: KENNY MARTENS.

The three of them are tense. Kenny is nervous. Eve is enraged. Villanelle is calm and collected.

They all whisper loudly.

EVE
(to Kenny)
You? It was you?

VILLANELLE
Eve. You're alive. And you cut your hair.

EVE
(to Villanelle)
Shut up. I'll deal with you later.

VILLANELLE
For someone who came back from the dead, I'd expect you to be a little bit nicer.

Eve is about to lose it. Kenny puts his index finger between his lips, signaling a *shhh*.

EVE
You think you're so smart, Kenny?
(beat)
Just so we wouldn't kill each other before the show, you set the time to 8:30 pm instead of 8 on my ticket.

VILLANELLE
How's the wound, Eve?

EVE
Why it's doing fantastic. Thanks to you, I might lose total nerve control of my right arm in 5 years.

VILLANELLE
Maybe you'll gain extra strength on your left one.

Eve *SHOVES* herself into Villanelle, about to throw punches. The people next to them start to notice.

Kenny quickly separates the two.

KENNY
 Stop, you two!
 (beat)
 I didn't invite you two here for a
 homicidal reunion.

On stage, the *Four Little Swans* repertoire begins.

Four ballerinas grip their hands tightly in a row, crossing over the other. Without letting go, they dance in unison. Graceful, but intense.

KENNY (CONT'D)
 My favorite. The *Four Little Swans*.

EVE
 I'm sorry, are we here as your
 dates to the Swan Lake?

KENNY
 No. Just nostalgia. Trained to be
 ballet dancer for 8 years.

EVE
 Frankly, I'm not surprised.
 (beat)
 Kenny. Why am I here. And why is
 she.

KENNY
 The Twelve. We have a lead.
 (beat)
 Villanelle, I expect intel from
 your excursion to Via.

VILLANELLE
 About that-

EVE
 Via? As in the wearable tech start-
 up Via?
 (beat)
 Kenny, is Via...the Eleventh?

Kenny nods. He tilts his head up, directed to the balcony seats on the right. Seated on the edge is Claire, looking ostentatious and austere as usual.

KENNY

Claire Hest. The CEO of Via, lady
in yellow.

VILLANELLE

Kenny, there's something I have to-

EVE

Is mum around?

Kenny rolls his eyes. He tilts his head to up to the balcony
seats to the left.

Seated in the middle is CAROLYN MARTENS, watching the show.

EVE (CONT'D)

Ah, of course. Glad you two made
up.

(beat)

Now I'm going to ask you again.
What the hell am I doing here. And
why is the person that tried to
kill me not in jail right now.

KENNY

I'll explain later. We don't have a
lot of time.

(beat)

Villanelle, I need you to be SJ.
Entertain Claire during the
intermission, and slip in this
tracking microchip into her phone.

He hands Villanelle a tiny microchip.

From behind, two suspicious looking men, spy on the three.

VILLANELLE

I killed Claire's assistant. Ruby.

KENNY

What the hell? Do you not
understand *retrieve, no blood*?

VILLANELLE

She saw through it all, okay?

EVE

Someone's a little rusty.

VILLANELLE

Hey!

Their conversation starts to bother the people around.

MAN (O.S.)

Shhhh!

KENNY

We don't have much time. They might be on to you already, Villanelle.

(beat)

We have to leave as soon as the intermission starts. Spread apart and meet me in the back entrance.

The orchestra music comes to an end, and the curtains lower.

KENNY (CONT'D)

On the count of three. 1, 2, 3, go!

The three separate, blending into the crowd.

The two suspicious looking men try to run after them, but none of them are in sight.

INT. CAROLYN'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is pure opulence, in the classiest way possible.

High ceilings and avant-garde chandeliers.

The Manhattan skyline, the Empire state building, and the Hudson River, all from the living room.

Eve paces around the space, anxious.

She spots a letter opener lying between some letters, and discreetly slips it into her her purse.

Kenny and Villanelle sit down.

Villanelle stares at Eve in admiration.

VILLANELLE

I like it better short like this.
Your hair.

Eve ignores Villanelle.

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)

Can we talk?

EVE

No.

VILLANELLE
Let's get dinner.

EVE
No.

VILLANELLE
Please Eve. You need to see where
I'm staying, it's beautiful.
(seductively)
We can talk there.

Eve CHARGES into Villanelle. She knocks Villanelle down on the floor, clutching the letter opener by her neck.

Kenny stands up.

KENNY
Eve, stop.

EVE
Don't even try me any more. I will
sink this, deep into your throat.
I'm not gonna hold back.

VILLANELLE
(whispers)
Sure, Eve. Do it.

Eve cannot resist but stare into Villanelle's eyes.

Twinkling green. Daring, but deceiving.

KENNY
Stop. Eve. It's not worth it.

EVE
She tried to kill me, Kenny. Why
are you bringing her here.

Carolyn enters the living room with a tray filled with glasses of wine.

CAROLYN
Tiring night. Care to have some
red?

INT. CAROLYN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is sitting in the living room, tensely holding a glass of wine.

CAROLYN

Sad that the show was cut short for us. Wanted to reach to the part of the *Dying Swan*.

(sips wine)

Beauty on the verge of injury.

She strokes Kenny's back.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Oh Kenny. Imagine if you just didn't quit.

KENNY

Mum.

EVE

Can someone please tell me what is going on here?

CAROLYN

Have a drink first Eve.

EVE

No. I am done with this. I am done being a puppet for M16. Or for whatever your agenda is.

CAROLYN

I don't work for M16 anymore Eve. And neither does Kenny.

EVE

What?

CAROLYN

Yes. We're...independent I should say.

(beat)

Working at M16, everything is bound to fail. Every time we move forward, it's three steps backwards.

Eve takes a seat, and starts to listen.

EVE

So we go underground. Easier unnoticed.

CAROLYN

Yes. And you are right on Eve. Its weaponized technology that we're looking for. Not 12 people.

EVE

But how do you know that I-

CAROLYN

I keep in touch with my sources.
This one being a little lady, with
a similar name to mine.

EVE

No way. Family is off-limits.

CAROLYN.

Your mother is very proud of you
Eve. Honest opinion, I think she's
a better cook than your father is.

EVE

You've been to my home? In
Connecticut?

Kenny steps in, realizing the tension growing in Eve.

KENNY

Eve. Villanelle. Here's our
proposal.

(beat)

You two make a power team. Rome was
messy, but without you both, we
wouldn't have gotten rid of Aaron
Peele.

(beat)

The consequences from the mass
invasion of privacy could've been
catastrophic.

CAROLYN

Exactly. And thanks to Villanelle-

Carolyn holds the pink Via Band that was given to Villanelle.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

-we can now hack, infiltrate, and
impair the whole system of Via.

Suddenly, Villanelle stands up to Carolyn.

VILLANELLE

I don't care what I have to do.
Where is she.

EVE

Who?

VILLANELLE

(to Kenny)

Where is Ekaterina? You promised.

KENNY

We don't know if you can be trusted yet.

(beat)

We have blood on our hands now with Ruby dead. You need to control yourself first Villanelle.

VILANELLE

I dropped Konstantin for this. And the mafia in Positano.

KENNY

With every task you complete, we'll tell you more about her. But we'll see. Depends.

Villanelle crosses her arms.

EVE

Ekaterina?

KENNY

Baby sister.

EVE

Ah.

(beat)

What's in it for me? Health insurance? Retirement money?

CAROLYN

Better. We dealt with your divorce papers, everything. You won't have to go to court. Or see Niko, ever again.

(beat)

And you'll get to take down the Eleven. Single-handedly.

(beat)

Is there anything else better than you want to do Eve? Besides this?

EVE

Fine. But I need to set some ground rules first.

She plays around with the letter opener, waving it around as she speaks.

EVE (CONT'D)

At any occasion, I will never,
never, be in a room with just her.

Eve points the letter opener to Villanelle.

Villanelle pouts her lips.

CAROLYN

Agreed. We'll make sure that will
never happen.

EVE

I also need to know who else is
part of this. No one's hiding
anything or anyone from me.

KENNY

Just the four of us Eve. Only four.

Eve stands up, and she GRABS the Via Band from the table.

EVE

Alright, this thing here. What's
wrong with it?

CAROLYN

Everything Eve. Everything.

CUT TO:

INT. TREADMILL CLASS - DAY

Niki is running on a treadmill in a *Barry's Bootcamp*-like
workout class.

She sweats excessively and breathes heavily.

Her Via Band bounces off an alarming redness from the whole
red-lit room.

The instructor, a buff man, runs around the room, screaming
at his students.

INSTRUCTOR

Thirty seconds, everyone! Push it
to a speed of 9, minimum!

Niki adds her speed to Eleven. She runs incredibly fast.

Her legs turn to a blur.

Suddenly, Niki feels a sharp jolt in her right stomach. She turns pale, but still runs.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Push through, push! I know you can do it. You're here for a *reason*.

(beat)

Add your speed! More!

Another jolt punches her from the inside.

Her legs weaken. She misses a step, and falls off her treadmill. She SLAMS her into the mirror behind.

Everyone gasps. The instructor runs to Niki.

Blood everywhere.

Mirror shrapnels scatter.

Everyone stops moving, and the instructor runs to Niki.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Someone call 911. Now!

The screen of her Via Band is cracked. It blinks erratically. A message remains on the screen: CONGRATS, 342!

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR