

Diplomacy

written by

Brandon Delgado

2400 Balcones Drive, Suite 100, Austin, TX
214-949-8268
Support@btixist.com

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A LUXURY CAR drives up to an isolated, international-modern, contemporary house surrounded by pine trees with the Swiss Alps off in the distance, as illuminated by the moonlight.

A magnificent palace.

The headlights of the car switch off. The engine dies down.

A well-dressed man exits. This is THE DIPLOMAT, 30s, business suit, luxury brand GLASSES, a full beard and well-maintained hair.

He walks up to the house.

At the front door, he hovers his phone over the lock.

CLICK!

CLOSE UP on the doorknob. The door unlocks. The Diplomat enters the house. The door closes shuts.

Beat.

Long beat.

The SOUND of FOOTSTEPS on grass is heard. A HAND, wearing black GLOVES and a black long-sleeve shirt appears and PICKS OFF a, duplicate, plastic casing of the DOOR KEYPAD.

REVEALED, is the actual door lock underneath.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As if stepping through a portal, the Diplomat's house possesses a strong, Americana, interior design.

The Diplomat walks past the living room and into the OPEN KITCHEN, separated only by a kitchen island.

He opens a cabinet door and pulls out a WHISKEY BOTTLE and a GLASS CUP. He sets the cup down on the kitchen counter. He POPS open the whiskey.

He hesitates pouring himself a cup of whiskey.

He sets the cup down.

The Diplomat sighs.

He turns around and groggily begins to walk towards the staircase next to the living room. He disappears up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Diplomat's upstairs hallway is minimally decorated with American Western decorations ranging from WALNUT BANISTERS to a COWBOY HAT hanging from the wall.

He enters the first door to his right.

INT. HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Diplomat's home office is surrounded by bookcases and file cabinets. At the center, is a WOODEN DESK.

The Diplomat walks around the desk to open a drawer. He pulls out a roll of DUCT TAPE and a SWISS ARMY KNIFE. He CUTS off two strips of duct tape using the knife. He walks out the office holding both strips and the knife.

The Diplomat continues down the hallway. He walks past a door wide open, revealing a pristine, large bathroom. He peeks inside it, only momentarily.

He continues walking.

The Diplomat reaches another door to his right. He opens it and enters.

WE SEE only the door slightly ajar as the SOUND of wood SCRAPING against drywall is heard. Suddenly, a muffled CLICK is heard from inside the room.

Beat.

More wood against drywall is heard.

Beat.

The Diplomat emerges out of the room now holding a PISTOL along with the strips of duct tape and Swiss army knife.

The Diplomat walks back down the hallway, towards the staircase.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Diplomat walks through the living room, towards a hallway.

He walks up to a doorway in the hallway. The door to the room is slightly ajar. He opens the door.

The door SQUEAKS as it is opened. Revealed, is a small guest bathroom.

He enters the bathroom and closes the door ajar.

From OUTSIDE the bathroom, WE SEE the door ajar as the SOUND of CLINKS and metal against ceramic is heard.

PAN LEFT to reveal FOUR MEN, in all black attire, wearing a ski mask, right around the corner of the hallway. Two of them hold thin, white BLANKETS. Another holds a ROPE. Another holds an AK47 RIFLE.

They're pressed up against the wall, hiding, waiting.

Suddenly, the SOUND of urinating into a toilet is heard.

The toilet is heard flushing. The sink is heard running.

A CREAK is heard from a cabinet swinging open. The CRINKLE of aluminum and plastic is heard. The creak of the cabinet is heard as it's closed.

PAN RIGHT as the bathroom door SQUEAKS once again to reveal the Diplomat exiting the bathroom. He now holds two PILL CAPSULES in one hand.

He walks towards the kitchen, past the living room.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Diplomat grabs his cup on the counter and fills it with water from the sink. He pops one pill into his mouth. He CHUGS some water. He pops the other pill into his mouth. He CHUGS the remainder of the water.

He quickly rinses the cup in the sink and returns it back into the cabinet, along with the whiskey bottle.

He turns around and begins walking back up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Diplomat emerges at the top of the stairs. He begins walking down the hallway.

As he passes the home office, he shuts the door close.

As he passes the bathroom, he shuts the door close.

He enters his bedroom and shuts the door close behind him.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Diplomat enters his bedroom. A king-sized bed welcomes him at the other end.

A magnificent PAINTING hangs above the bed on the wall.

He walks up to the bed and lays down in it, letting out a sigh of exhaustion.

He stares up at the ceiling. His eyes drift off, every blink holds out longer.

He closes his eyes.

Beat.

Long beat.

SUDDENLY, the four men RUSH into the room.

In a coordinated, swift effort, they toss both blankets across the bed, across the Diplomat's body. They PULL DOWN HARD on the ends of the blankets, STRAPPING the Diplomat down to his bed.

Beat.

The Diplomat remains still, unfazed, unconscious from the sudden attack.

The four men look at each other, confused.

They SLOWLY begin to relax their grip on the blankets.

They stand up, continuing to look at each other.

One shrugs.

One scratches his head.

One of the men, to the bedside of the Diplomat, leans in and lightly SLAPS the Diplomat on the cheek.

No reaction from the Diplomat.

He checks the Diplomat's pulse. He gives a thumbs up to the others.

SNAP. SNAP.

One of the men snaps his fingers at the other. He gestures for them to lift the Diplomat off the bed.

The four men begin to lift the Diplomat off the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The unconscious body of the Diplomat is carried to the bottom of the stairs by the four men.

One of the men let's go and hurries to grab a WOODEN CHAIR from the dining table. He places it in the living room, in front of the COFFEE TABLE, which now separates the COUCH from the chair.

They prop the Diplomat's body up on a WOODEN CHAIR.

ALL take off their ski-masks, revealing their faces.

THE FRENCHMAN, late 40s, overweight with a thick, peppered stubble, holds the Diplomat in place against the chair.

THE SPANIARD, 30s, a redhead with medium length, slicked back hair and a patchy beard, begins to tie the Diplomat to the chair with the rope. He wears a black BACKPACK.

THE GERMAN, 20s, blonde hair parted down the middle, and a clean shaven babyface, binds the Diplomat's wrists with the remaining rope.

THE NORWEGIAN, tall and strong with long, blonde hair and beard, stands authoritatively before the others. He wears a black BACKPACK that he sets down. His rifle slinged on his shoulder. He unzips the backpack, and pulls out a DOCUMENT FOLDER.

The rest gather behind him once the Diplomat is secured to the chair.

The Norwegian browses through the tabs.

CLOSE UP on the tabs as he arrives to the one labeled "Norske".

SUBTITLE: (Norwegian)

The Norwegian pulls out a PHOTOGRAPH of the Diplomat. It shows the Diplomat in a suit, in proper studio lighting, posing for an official portrait.

He grabs the Diplomat's head and raises it to compare it to the photograph as he holds it next to the Diplomat face.

The Norwegian drops the Diplomat's head and places the photograph back. He sets the document folder down on the coffee table next to the Diplomat.

He turns around and faces his crew. He nods at them.

The group nods obediently and disperses throughout the Diplomat's home.

SERIES OF SHOTS - SEARCHING

-- The GERMAN, stands idly, unsure of what to do as the others disperse immediately. He decides to search the living room, through cabinets and coffee tables. As he observes the interior design of the living room, he becomes visibly confused by it.

-- The FRENCHMAN explores the GOURMET KITCHEN next to the living room. He glances at the German, who continues searching, and rolls his eyes. As he observes the interior design of the kitchen, he becomes visibly confused by it.

-- The SPANIARD thoroughly searches the HOME OFFICE. He riffles through PAPERS on the antique desk and peers behind rows of BOOKS on the shelves. As he observes the interior design of the office, he becomes visibly confused by it.

-- The NORWEGIAN steps into the luxurious MASTER BEDROOM. He studies the Americana bedroom and becomes visibly confused by it. He sifts through the ornate DRESSER DRAWERS, examining a cluster of AMERICAN TRINKETS. Glancing over the shelves, he notes several foreign LANGUAGE BOOKS. His search also comes up empty.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The criminals reconvene in the dimly lit living room, the only light source a single table LAMP. Their unsuccessful searches have left them on edge.

The Norwegian mumbles to himself as he paces back and forth.

THE NORWEGIAN
(whispers, to himself)
The intel should have been correct.
How could this be?

He stops and holds up a hand gesture as if to say "wait here." The others watch as he points firmly at the still unconscious Diplomat, then taps his wrist like a watch before using two fingers to motion "eyes watching."

The Norwegian turns to the Frenchman and points at him, then at the Diplomat, mimicking keeping watch.

The Frenchman's eyes go wide with disbelief, but a stern look from the Norwegian makes it clear this is not up for debate.

The Norwegian heads for the stairs, gesturing for the others to follow him. As they up the stairs, the Norwegian's mumbled voice can be heard as he speaks to the two.

Beat.

Once alone, the Frenchman lets out an exasperated huff. He shuffles slowly to the open kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Frenchman surveys the kitchen.

He begins to search through cabinets. He finds a bottle of WHISKEY and grabs it, observing it. He turns to the unconscious Diplomat.

THE FRENCHMAN
(to the Diplomat)
Whiskey?

He chuckles. He places the whiskey back into the cabinet.

Opening a cabinet reveals a sleek, stainless steel FRENCH PRESS COFFEEMAKER. He grabs it and sets it on the counter. Rummaging through a drawer produces a canister of FRENCH ROAST COFFEE and a KETTLE.

He fills the kettle with water from the sink. He sets it on the stove top and begins to boil the water.

As the water heats, the Frenchman inhales deeply from the canister, savoring the rich aroma. He measures out enough ground coffee for a strong brew.

The kettle whistles, signaling the water has boiled. He slowly pours it over the coarse grounds in the French press. As the coffee steeps, he retrieves a MUG from another cabinet.

Plunging the French press, he pours himself a full mug of the aromatic brew.

A BLACK CUP OF COFFEE for the Frenchman.

He takes a SIP from the cup. He sets the cup down on the counter.

He reaches into one of many pockets from his shirt and pulls out a PACK OF CIGARETTES and a LIGHTER. From the pack, he pulls out a CIGARETTE.

He begins to light the cigarette.

The Frenchman leans back on the kitchen counter. From the open kitchen, as he takes another sip from the cup, cigarette in mouth.

ZOOM IN on the Frenchman as he eyes towards the Diplomat.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

LOW ANGLE SHOT of the Diplomat's face as he is slumped forwards on the chair. REVEALED, are his eyes slowly begin to open. They flutter.

The Diplomat moans.

Weak and drowsy, he looks up. His eyes adjust and focus.

In front of him, there's an empty CUP of coffee with a burnt, used CIGARETTE on the coffee table.

The Diplomat continues to look upwards.

Sitting on the couch, is the German.

The German nervously taps his foot on the wooden floor as he reads from the document folder.

The Diplomat looks to notice that he reads a file from the tab labeled, "Deutsch".

SUBTITLE: (German)

The Diplomat remains quiet as he observes this. The German looks up to notice the Diplomat now awake.

THE GERMAN

Oh, shit!

The German places the folder on the table and lifts himself off the couch.

THE DIPLOMAT
My apologies, how long did I nap
for?

THE GERMAN
You speak German?!

THE DIPLOMAT
Of course I do! I'm Swiss!

THE GERMAN
Are you sure?

THE DIPLOMAT
What's that supposed to mean?

The German gestures around at the Diplomat's furniture and
decor.

THE GERMAN
For a house in the Swiss Alps, this
is very... strange.

The Diplomat appears insulted.

THE DIPLOMAT
Oh, well, pardon my taste in decor.
(sighs)
I'll have you know I also speak
four other languages.

THE GERMAN
Oh, never mind, you're definitely
Swiss.

Beat.

THE DIPLOMAT
So, how long did I nap for?

THE GERMAN
I don't know. The Frenchman said
you wanted to try and nap again
before his shift ended. So, an
hour?

THE DIPLOMAT
So that's two hours of sleep so far
into the night. That's a new
record! Sorry, I have trouble
sleeping EVEN with medication.

The German chuckles. He catches himself from warming up to the Diplomat. He begins to pace around, glancing down the hallway.

The German grabs the folder from the coffee table. He browses from the "Deutsch" tab before pulling out a NEWSPAPER CLIPPING from a German newspaper, "Die Bundes-Post".

He shows the newspaper to the Diplomat. The headline reads, "US-AMRIKANISCHER SPION IN DER SSCHWEIZ VERHAFTER"

SUBTITLE: (American Spy Arrested in Switzerland)

The German jabs his finger at key phrases.

CLOSE UP on "Auslieferungsverhandlungen".

SUBTITLE: (Extradition negotiations)

CLOSE UP on "Schweitzer Diplomat wehrt sich gegen Hochverratsvorwürfe. Verhandlungen kommen zum Stillstand."

SUBTITLE: (Swiss Diplomat argues against treason charges. Negotiations stall.)

CLOSE UP on "Noch keine Auslieferung."

SUBTITLE: (No extradition yet.)

CLOSE UP on "USA drängt auf Rückkehr ihres Spions."

SUBTITLE: (USA pushes for return of their spy.)

The Diplomat remains stone-faced.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

Why do you care?

THE GERMAN

Um... I was paid to care.

THE DIPLOMAT

Heh, you look like you should be paid to flip burgers.

THE GERMAN

What?

THE DIPLOMAT

I'm not changing my stance.

THE GERMAN

Ugh, why not?

THE DIPLOMAT

Because I was not convinced by the evidence.

Frustrated, the German tosses the documents folder back onto the coffee table, SCATTERING some of the FILES out onto the coffee table. He sits down on the couch.

The Diplomat notices one of the documents slipped off the "Español" tab has a MAP of the house with sketches indicating movement, and a MANUAL for a house security system, "Unbewegliche Stahl' Haussicherheit".

SUBTITLE: ("Immovable Steel" Home Security).

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

So, you are all really doing this, huh? Taking turns watching over me all night? Kid, what are you doing?

THE GERMAN

Shut up.

THE DIPLOMAT

You're new to this aren't you? I can see it. Do you know how hard they will throw the book at you for holding a diplomat hostage?

The German gulps nervously. He turns his back to the Diplomat. The Diplomat smirks, sympathetically.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

Where are you from?

THE GERMAN

I'm not telling you.

THE DIPLOMAT

Ah, c'mon. I bet I can guess where you're from.

The Diplomat squints his eyes at the German.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

You watch football? Of course you do, you're German. Tell me, why is Bayern turning German football into a monopoly for themselves? Do you know how many talents they have taken these past few years from my beloved Dortmund?

THE GERMAN

Five.

THE DIPLOMAT

Five! What a travesty!

The two share a chuckle.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

So, you're from Dortmund, huh?

THE GERMAN

I never said that.

THE DIPLOMAT

Only a Dortmund fan would know exactly how many players Bayern has taken from us.

THE GERMAN

That's because everyone hates Bayern. They should be relegated for stealing from the league!

THE DIPLOMAT

Knowing us, we'd still lose the league on the last match day.

THE GERMAN

(playful)

Don't remind me!

The two share a chuckle.

Beat.

The Diplomat stares at the cup of coffee and cigarette.

THE DIPLOMAT

The Frenchman tells me you were the only one not given a gun. Guess they don't believe in decentralizing power, huh? Just like Bayern.

The Diplomat leans in.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

Well, in case of emergencies, I always keep one in the safe above my bed. It's actually pretty nifty, my house security system is a "three-strikes" system.

(MORE)

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

Only three attempts to log in to the master laptop or else the entire house goes on lockdown and the authorities are called. But none of that matters since one of you must've hacked it, so congrats, I guess.

THE GERMAN

Sorry?

THE DIPLOMAT

Ah, it's whatever. Just go grab the gun for yourself. Tonight smells like a "winner-takes-all".

The German raises an eyebrow at the Diplomat.

THE GERMAN

I can't betray them, they'd kill me!

THE DIPLOMAT

True. Especially after what the Frenchman told me.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

The Frenchman sits on the couch across from the Diplomat. He holds his CUP OF COFFEE in one hand and a CIGARETTE in the other. He speaks in mid-conversation.

THE FRENCHMAN

Classless Nazis! He and every other German!

Beat.

THE FRENCHMAN (CONT'D)

I've always hated them. Growing up in Paris, they would parade around our city flaunting their vulgar culture and bland food. What is it with your cuisine?

THE DIPLOMAT

Well, I'm Swiss.

THE FRENCHMAN

When it comes to cuisine, there's no difference.

THE DIPLOMAT
I, uh... hmm. Can't argue there.

THE FRENCHMAN
Ugh, they're almost as detestable
as those crass Marseillais monkeys
down south.

THE DIPLOMAT
Is he boring, too, with that German
humor?

The Frenchman nods.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
Then toss him to the Gypsies!

THE FRENCHMAN
Those degenerates would devour him!

They share a laugh.

THE FRENCHMAN (CONT'D)
Or they'd gag at the taste of
depressed, orphan meat.

THE DIPLOMAT
The German is an orphan?

The Frenchman nods.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
Wow, how'd he end up in a crime
syndicate?

THE FRENCHMAN
He was part of the gang that bribed
you in Dortmund. The fuck is a
Swiss diplomat taking bribes from a
Dortmund gang for, anyways?

THE DIPLOMAT
I needed them to keep quiet about a
certain, uh, "affair" I had with,
uh, an "accomplice".

The Frenchman chuckles.

THE FRENCHMAN
Guess they didn't keep quiet since
she divorced you anyways, huh?

THE DIPLOMAT
(annoyed)
Guess not.

THE FRENCHMAN
Well, if it's any consolation, last
I heard that ENTIRE gang was
dissolved after a drug bust.

THE DIPLOMAT
(cocky)
That poor German, sounds like he
can't catch a break, huh? No
family, living in the streets, the
odd job here and there. Probably
begged for food?

THE FRENCHMAN
What is this? A Charles Dicken's
novel? No, it's just gang
connections with him, probably from
giving favors in the alley, if you
know what I'm saying.

The Frenchman chuckles. The Diplomat forces a chuckle.

THE FRENCHMAN (CONT'D)
... That's it. That's his story.
It's why he didn't get a gun for
this job! Everything he touches
turns to shit. I bet he's never
even held a real weapon.

THE DIPLOMAT
Well, you know what they say, "I'd
rather duel a marksman than the
untrained scout. Because..."

THE FRENCHMAN
"... The marksman would never stray
to strike a man's delicate
targets."

The two chuckle.

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The German sits motionless, looking pale and dismayed after
overhearing the conversation.

The Diplomat studies him for a moment before speaking gently.

THE DIPLOMAT
Yeahhh. Kid, don't let their words
trouble you. Men often speak
crudely when they think no one is
listening.

The German keeps his eyes down.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
But it seems we find ourselves in a
rare position to turn the tables.

The German meets his gaze. The Diplomat leans in, as if about
to whisper.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
Remember that safe I told you
about? Well, let me give you some
advice, in a room full of paranoia
and no trust, he without defense
falls first.

The German contemplates.

Just then, his PHONE ALARM sounds. His shift has ended.

He pulls out his PHONE and silences the alarm. He puts away
his phone.

The German stands up from the couch. He glances at the
Diplomat, a slightly nervous, unsure expression on his face.

Still pondering the Diplomat's words, he begins to head
upstairs.

The Diplomat watches on until the German disappears up the
stairs. The Diplomat turns to look at the empty cup of
coffee.

ZOOM IN on the cup of coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

The Frenchman sips coffee with one hand, he takes a drag from
the cigarette from the other.

The Diplomat looks on.

The Frenchman observes the house.

THE FRENCHMAN

By the way, what's with the house?

THE DIPLOMAT

What do you mean?

THE FRENCHMAN

It's not Swiss. It's not even European. It's... hmm...

The Frenchman puts a finger to his lip as he contemplates.

THE FRENCHMAN (CONT'D)

... I don't know. I can't even put my finger on it.

THE DIPLOMAT

Well, throughout my entire international, diplomatic career, I've been inspired by the many households I've visited. I suppose my own home is just a mash-up of all that.

Beat.

The Frenchman continues to contemplate.

THE FRENCHMAN

... Nope, that's not it.

THE DIPLOMAT

Well, "I disagree with what you say, but I'll defend to the death your right to say it!"

The two chuckle.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

So, what's the plan here? Are you all waiting on something?

THE FRENCHMAN

Can't say.

THE DIPLOMAT

Ah, c'mon, friend. It's about the American spy, isn't it?

The Frenchman ignores the Diplomat.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

I'm just doing what I think is right.

(MORE)

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

If the courts believe justice is locking someone up for life in a prison, it should only be based of undeniable proof. Such judgement should be without a shadow of a doubt... and I have doubts.

THE FRENCHMAN

(sarcastic)

Oh, really?

THE DIPLOMAT

You don't believe in justice?

THE FRENCHMAN

"Justice" got me 3 years in prison for defending myself, and 2 years for shutting up a rude bar patron, AGAIN! "Justice" balkanized a small Parisian community because us "rowdy" teenagers couldn't conform to the old ways.

THE DIPLOMAT

Hm. That's more akin to an abortion of justice, my friend.

THE FRENCHMAN

What do you know? You're corrupt.

THE DIPLOMAT

"Know thy enemy". And what better way than to "be thy enemy"?

THE FRENCHMAN

Hah, sure.

THE DIPLOMAT

Well, I'm sure that snippet into my psyche was enough to tell you just how difficult it will be to change my mind.

THE FRENCHMAN

We won't have to.

THE DIPLOMAT

What do you mean?

The Frenchman smirks at the Diplomat. He CHUGS the cup of coffee and takes one last, long drag from the cigarette.

He sets the cup down on the coffee table and presses the bud-end of his cigarette into the cup, extinguishing it.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
A seasoned veteran. You're very composed.

The Frenchman shrugs.

THE FRENCHMAN
I've done a few gigs here and there.

THE DIPLOMAT
Oh, interesting... have you ever committed insurance fraud?

The Frenchman raises an eyebrow.

THE FRENCHMAN
That's an odd one. Heh, can't say I have. I'm more blue-collar.

THE DIPLOMAT
Well, I ask because, in a way, I'm about to.

THE FRENCHMAN
Is that so?

THE DIPLOMAT
Oh, yes! And let me tell you, the insurance payout in this line of work... Ou la la!

The Frenchman leans in and grabs the document folder. He browses to the tab labeled, "Français". He pulls out a single file halfway and reads it.

SUBTITLE: (French)

THE FRENCHMAN
The duality of man. You go on an entire tirade on "justice", then start coercing me into one of your heists! This intel must be off.

THE DIPLOMAT
Ahh, just taking advantage of opportunities!

The Frenchman chuckles. He continues reading.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

Listen, there's a safe disguised as a painting above my bed in my bedroom that contains a substantial amount of... untraceable cash. At midnight, a one-time access code is sent to my phone. If someone were to acquire my phone before then, the money would be theirs for the taking. And since you've all have done a decent job at burglarizing my place, I have a pretty solid alibi to cash out on a premium insurance payout. Far more than what I have stored in that safe.

THE FRENCHMAN

So I get "sloppy seconds"?

THE DIPLOMAT

That's more than what they're paying you for this.

THE FRENCHMAN

(suspicious)

And how much are they paying me for this?

THE DIPLOMAT

Not as much as adding on 50,000 Euros to the grand total.

The Frenchman smiles deviously, catching on to the implication.

The Diplomat gestures for his right pants pocket.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

C'mon, take my phone, and just wait for the code.

The Frenchman leans in, attentive, intrigued.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

When you open that safe at midnight, take everything for yourself! Leave nothing to those swines! Even in crime, we French compliment one another!

The two share a laugh.

The Frenchman stands and walks over to the Diplomat. He pulls out the Diplomat's phone from his pocket. He places it in his own pocket.

The Frenchman's own PHONE begins to BEEP.

THE FRENCHMAN
Ah, perfect timing.

THE DIPLOMAT
Well, I enjoyed our chat, Habibi.

THE FRENCHMAN
Heh, take it easy, I wouldn't call you that just yet.

THE DIPLOMAT
Just messing with you. Where do they have you sleeping?

THE FRENCHMAN
Your guest bedroom.

THE DIPLOMAT
I don't think I've ever even seen the inside of that room. Don't get many guests here.

THE FRENCHMAN
Ah shit, I better not have to dust off any sheets. I have allergies, you know!

THE DIPLOMAT
I doubt it. Who's next on watch?

THE FRENCHMAN
Who do you think?

THE DIPLOMAT
Aw... fuck.

The Frenchman chuckles. He begins walking towards the stairs.

THE FRENCHMAN
Yep.

The Frenchman chuckles. He heads up the stairs. The Diplomat watches until the Frenchman disappears up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The GERMAN reaches the top of the stairs and enters the hallway. He walks down the hallway until he stops at the doorway of a home office.

Inside the small but tidy office space, the SPANIARD sits on a leathery OFFICE CHAIR, his feet kicked up on the desk, ext to a closed LAPTOP. He naps gently.

The German KNOCKS on the door frame. The Spaniard slowly opens his eyes, like a lion.

The German gestures over his shoulder, towards the stairs.

The Spaniard nods.

The German turns and continues down the hallway. The floorboards SQUEAK under his weight.

Behind him, the CRINKLE of the chair echoes from the office as the Spaniard gets up.

Further down, the German slows his pace outside the bathroom. He peeks inside at the unsatisfactory sleeping conditions.

A lone PILLOW lays haphazardly atop a crumpled BLANKET spread across the cold tile floor.

The German enters the bathroom. He pauses inside, leaving the door ajar, listening intently.

After a brief pause, the Spaniard's soft FOOTSTEPS follow out into the hall. They continue descending the creaking staircase. Once the sound fades, the German quietly exits the bathroom.

With light steps, he proceeds cautiously down the hallway, wincing as the floorboards occasionally CREAK under his weight.

He pauses outside the master bedroom, pressing his ear against the door. The faint sounds of SNORING can be heard from within.

The German eases the door open inch by inch, peering inside once there's space. Moonlight from the windows reveals the Norwegian sleeping across the KING-SIZED BED.

The German begins to tiptoe into the room, his footsteps silently padding on the plush carpet. Reaching the ornate wooden bed frame, he pauses by the headboard. The PAINTING hangs over the headboard, impossible for the German to reach without disturbing the sleeping giant.

The German's eyes go wide with a mix of curiosity and concern. He attempts to examine the painting for several long seconds, his eyes shifting between it and the snoozing Norwegian.

The German's brow furrows, a worried expression on his face.

The German finally forces himself to turn and quietly tip-toe back from the bed. With one last worried glance at the Norwegian, he slips out into the hallway and makes his way to the bathroom, gently closing the door behind him upon entering it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Diplomat waits patiently.

The Spaniard arrives to the bottom of the stairs. He carries his laptop with him.

He ignores the Diplomat, as he arrives and places the laptop down on the coffee table, next to the document folder, and walks down the hallway. A door is heard opening and closing.

A toilet is heard FLUSHING. A door is heard OPENING. The Spaniard appears from the hallway.

He sits on the couch and kicks his feet up on the coffee table. He places his laptop on his lap, opens it, and begins typing and browsing. He does not acknowledge the Diplomat.

The Diplomat stares at him, amused, a polite smile on his face. He observes the Spaniard.

The Diplomat patiently waits for a few more moments, gazing around at the environment.

Finally, he clears his throat.

THE DIPLOMAT

So, you're the hacker of this group? Can I let you in on a secret? The objective... it's not physical... it's digital.

The Spaniard keeps his focus on the computer. He only responds in a monotone, robotic tone.

THE SPANIARD

I know.

THE DIPLOMAT

Well then, you know that meant that if someone had given YOU the intel, you could've intercepted it on your own, in your own house, from your own bed...

The Spaniard remains quiet.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

But no, instead you had to get it done from inside a cramped car full of foreigners until all that was left was waiting for the final piece... my phone.

THE SPANIARD

Mhm.

THE DIPLOMAT

And I can only imagine how long you had to wait. Hours?

The Spaniard remains quiet.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

Still, that couldn't have been no easy feat, so credit to you, you pulled your weight.

THE SPANIARD

(sarcastic)

Yeah, thanks.

THE DIPLOMAT

No, I'm serious! My home security system is custom built, making it entirely unique! For someone to be able to hack it in one night is frightening, but also genuinely impressive. I see a bright future ahead of you... trust me.

The Spaniard glances at the Diplomat, eyebrow raised.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

Although, next up, you'll have to hack my work laptop. Then, my login to the Swiss government email network to impersonate me. That's two different passwords, and I'll give you a hint, they're both 14 characters long. Boy, that's going to take forever to hack.

The Diplomat sighs.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
(to himself)
But maybe... just maybe... a crisis
is what they needed.

The Spaniard darts his eyes at the Diplomat, briefly.

PAN IN on The Diplomat. He stares down at the ground. He furrows his eyebrows.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
Geopolitics. That is the reality
that governs us all. And it's my
expertise. In this line of work,
you need to be a realist capable of
seeing the forest, not just the
tree. Every decision made at this
scale is going to topple dominos in
EVERY direction, not just one. So
no, the RIGHT choice isn't so
obvious. PEACE isn't so obvious.
You give flowers to one country,
another one finds it offensive, and
now you have to pay more to import
oil, and YOU get blamed for
increased gas prices allowing your
competition to take office because
they promise to undo your mistake.

The Spaniard slows his typing. He begins to listen in closely.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
Even my own constituents don't
understand this. That, or they've
entangled themselves in so many
handshakes that they're OBLIGED to
play the fool! Imprisoning that
American spy forever will sour
relations with the US which we
CANNOT have.

The Diplomat leans back and crosses a leg.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
Listen to this, I just got done
auditing our "National Redoubt",
the Swiss plan to fortify this
country from invaders? Turns out
our mountain defenses and all the
equipment is outdated and obsolete
for modern warfare.

The Diplomat sighs.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

You see what I'm trying to do? I'm trying to shut my nation's mouth from biting the hand that will ARM us! People will say it's the RIGHT choice to serve justice to a criminal, but that's only because they STOP THINKING when they reach a checkpoint that aligns with their views. Then they give up. They don't KEEP thinking. I'm trying to negotiate an arms deal with the only country in the world capable of selling us Patriot missiles, Iron Domes, and Avenger defense systems!

The Spaniard stops typing. He looks up at the Diplomat.

THE SPANIARD

You sound paranoid.

THE DIPLOMAT

Are you not?

THE SPANIARD

You're surrounded by allies.

THE DIPLOMAT

Allies who are beginning to lean a little too far to the right.

The Spaniard raises an eyebrow. The Diplomat leans in. He gestures with his head to the upstairs floor.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

The others, they're from other nations, right? How much do you trust them to protect you? How much do you trust their nation's interests to align with yours?

The Diplomat leans back.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

I see a free-for-all in the future. Things are heating up, literally. And we, as a nation, can't put all our cards on mountainous terrain and alliances.

(MORE)

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
It may be difficult to traverse our
roads and get IN to this country,
but it's surely a whole lot easier
to just block our roads and cut us
OFF from the global supply chain.

The Spaniard shakes his head.

THE SPANIARD
You're nothing like the intel said
you were.

THE DIPLOMAT
Really? How so?

THE SPANIARD
Far too patriotic. Not corrupt
enough...

The Spaniard looks around at his surroundings.

THE SPANIARD (CONT'D)
... and non-European based off your
personal preferences.

THE DIPLOMAT
Why does everyone keep saying that?
Is it wrong to hire an American
interior designer?

The Spaniard raises an eyebrow. He shrugs.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
(sighs)
The duality of a man, I suppose.

THE SPANIARD
Well, apologies for getting in the
way of your grand vision.

The Diplomat breaks eye contact with the Spaniard.

THE DIPLOMAT
Yeah, well, at least I can say I
tried...

Beat.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
So... what else did that intel say
about me?

The Spaniard opens up the document folder. He browses through
the tabs until he finds the one labeled, "Español".

SUBTITLE: (Spanish)

He pulls out a file with information and a headshot of the Diplomat.

THE SPANIARD

"Five languages, including Mandarin. Mid 30s. Alcoholic. Workaholic. Offshore account worth millions. Was the ONLY one to argue 'technically not treason' in extradition case of that American spy. Swiss native with a strange obsession with America... Interesting."

THE DIPLOMAT

Strange how?

THE SPANIARD

"Former ambassador to America. Instrumental in US-Swiss tax information exchange deal. Favorite food is hot dogs. Fan of the New York Knicks." Doesn't get more American than that. You got some under the table deal with the Yankees or something?

The Spaniard raises an eyebrow at the Diplomat.

THE DIPLOMAT

They do pay handsomely.

The Spaniard grunts.

THE SPANIARD

I got into the wrong line of work... tell me though...

The Spaniard puts back the file. He pulls out three PHOTOGRAPHS and lays them on the coffee table for him to observe.

The Diplomat leans in and observes them, too.

One photograph is of himself, walking alongside a government building, holding a briefcase.

Another PHOTOGRAPH of himself sitting at a cafe outside, his briefcase next to him.

Another PHOTOGRAPH shows a clear CLOSE UP of the briefcase while the Diplomat speaks with another man.

The Spaniard points to the briefcase in one of the pictures.

THE SPANIARD (CONT'D)
Where may I find it?

THE DIPLOMAT
I don't have it.

THE SPANIARD
The one thing you ALWAYS have with
you, and NOW you DON'T have it?

The Spaniard observes the stoic Diplomat.

THE SPANIARD (CONT'D)
I don't believe you.

THE DIPLOMAT
I forgot it.

THE SPANIARD
Where?

THE DIPLOMAT
In Poland. At the Ministry of
Foreign Affairs' annual gala
dinner. I'm afraid I had a bit too
many bison grass vodka that night.
Must've left it somewhere.

THE SPANIARD
You were pictured entering your
hotel with it.

THE DIPLOMAT
Really? I honestly don't remember.
I know I didn't spend the night in
my room, though.

THE SPANIARD
What? Then where?!

THE DIPLOMAT
The Ministry of Health and I had a
lot to... "discuss" in her room.

The Spaniard rolls his eyes.

THE SPANIARD
You idiot. You'll be fired for
that.

THE DIPLOMAT
(quick-wit)
Ah! So you've clearly never worked
in politics.

The Spaniard pinches the bridge of his nose. The Diplomat notices.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
Calm down, if your intel is any
good, then you already know it's on
its way here.

THE SPANIARD
We know it's on its way here, we
just don't know when EXACTLY.

THE DIPLOMAT
Yikes. Whoever is in charge of the
intel sure dropped the ball, then.

The Spaniard sighs.

THE SPANIARD
You know I'm going to have to tell
the pale one about all this, right?

THE DIPLOMAT
"The pale one"?

THE SPANIARD
The Norwegian.

THE DIPLOMAT
Ah, so he must be the leader of the
group.

THE SPANIARD
He's the one that pays.

THE DIPLOMAT
Fair enough. You do what you have
to. And while you're up there, how
about you do me a favor?

THE SPANIARD
(annoyed)
Are you serious?

THE DIPLOMAT
What? I'm just throwing this out
there. Listen, I know the whole
hacking process is going to involve
a lot of waiting around.

(MORE)

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

So, while you wait, why don't you save me some time and factory reset my security system? You know how it works, right? I mean, I saw the manual in that little folder. So you know it shuts off completely during a reset.

THE SPANIARD

Yeah, and?

THE DIPLOMAT

Since I'm definitely moving houses after tonight, granted that I walk out of this alive, I'll need to reset the system for the next homeowner. Would you mind resetting it for me now? I'll even give you the password, so you don't have to hack it again and wait around even longer.

The Spaniard ignores him as he resumes his focus back on the laptop and begins typing.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

Are you listening? The password is, one word, "the epic boss 12".

The Spaniard catches himself from laughing. He forces a stoic expression.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

No. 22? No, 32. Ah, whatever, try all three. You won't strike out.

The Spaniard ignores the Diplomat.

Beat.

The Diplomat leans in.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

Psst, I don't mean to keep bothering you, but can you do me a QUICK favor?

THE SPANIARD

Dude...

THE DIPLOMAT

This one benefits you, I swear! I mean, I'm a very talkative person regardless of who I'm with, it's just who I am. And unless you want to spend the next three hours hearing me talk about Swiss-inspired paella, I think you should really help me out with this favor.

The Spaniard SHUDDERS in disgust. He begrudgingly looks back up at the Diplomat.

THE SPANIARD

What do you want?

THE DIPLOMAT

Go grab my sleep meds. They're in the bathroom you were just in, behind the mirror. They're the blue tablets. Grab four.

THE SPANIARD

Four?

THE DIPLOMAT

I usually take two, but that barely got me an hour of sleep tonight, so four should knock me out until morning. I promise I don't snore, either.

The Spaniard contemplates. He raises an eyebrow at the Diplomat.

The Spaniard closes his laptop. He walks to the kitchen and grabs a CUP. He pours water into it.

He returns and places it on the coffee table.

He walks to the bathroom.

The Spaniard reemerges with FOUR TABLETS in his hand.

He stands next to the Diplomat. His hands tied, the Diplomat opts to simply tilt his head back and open his mouth.

The Spaniard raises an eyebrow. He drops a tablet into the Diplomat's mouth, grabs the cup of water and brings it up to the Diplomat's mouth. The Diplomat swallows a tablet.

They repeat this three more times.

The Diplomat swallows the last pill.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
Gracias, amigo.

The Spaniard sets the cup back down.

The Spaniard sits back down on the couch. He resumes typing on his laptop. He glances at the Diplomat.

The Diplomat is dozing off. He jerks his head as it repeatedly drops forward.

Finally, his eyes close. His head drops.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

POV DIPLOMAT. Sunlight streams in through the windows, bathing the spacious living room in a warm glow. The decor and furnishings look vibrant in the morning light.

The Diplomat's vision blurs in and out.

The Norwegian walks into view. He leans down, getting on the Diplomat's eye level. He lightly SLAPS the Diplomat's cheeks in an attempt to wake him up.

The Spaniard, the Frenchman, and the German gather behind the Norwegian, spectating.

The Norwegian stands back up. He turns to the Spaniard.

THE NORWEGIAN
(scolding)
This is unacceptable! He's been unconscious for 12 HOURS! How could you let this happen?!

The Spaniard shrugs casually.

THE SPANIARD
He threatened that he would talk all night! Said I could give him sleeping pills to get some peace and quiet. Turns out he snores LOUDLY, the liar.

The Norwegian fumes at this casual dismissal.

THE NORWEGIAN
"Threatened that he would talk all night"?!
(MORE)

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
Is that supposed to be deadly to
you or something?! You allergic to
small talk?!

The Spaniard rolls his eyes.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
And what if that briefcase is
nearly on its way here?! How are we
going to get him to answer the
door?! Hmm?!

THE FRENCHMAN
Relax, you can just pull off the
greatest ventriloquist act of all
time. Just make sure to lube your
arm up first.

The Frenchman laughs.

The Norwegian walks up to him. He towers over him.

THE NORWEGIAN
If we miss our chance at that
briefcase, not only will none of
you get paid, I'll make sure you
sorry flesh bags get to keep that
spy's jail cell warm when he GETS
TO FUCK OFF BACK TO AMERICA BECAUSE
OF YOU SHIT HEADS!

THE FRENCHMAN
You fucking rat! You wouldn't!

THE NORWEGIAN
Try me!

The Frenchman points at the German.

THE FRENCHMAN
Well, blame this little shit for
his bad intel!

THE GERMAN
(to the Norwegian)
Is he talking about my intel? I
told you I never worked with that
new gang leader before! I didn't
even know they switched leaders!

The Norwegian rubs his temples in exasperation as the chaotic
bickering escalates throughout the room.

The Diplomat's eyes begin to close. His vision blurs once more. The Norwegian and the others continue arguing.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The Diplomat's eyes flutter open. He wakes slowly, groggy and weak. Saliva drips down his chin.

POV DIPLOMAT.

His vision blurs as he scans the living room. Through the glass doors he spots the Frenchman on the back patio, taking a long drag from a cigarette.

On the leather couch, the Norwegian lazily watches TV while snacking on SWISS CHIPS. The GERMAN sits rigidly beside him, eyes fixed on the screen, like a mannequin.

In the open kitchen, the SPANIARD is perched on a barstool, focused on his laptop atop the granite counter.

Golden hour light spills into the room. All piece of furniture have a gold tint appearance to them from the evening sun.

The Diplomat smacks his lips as he straightens his back and adjusts his eyes.

Still tied to the chair, he stretches as best as he can.

The Diplomat's stomach growls.

He turns to look at the Norwegian.

THE DIPLOMAT
(slurred)
What's for dinner?

The Norwegian and German turn to see him awake.

THE NORWEGIAN
(sarcastic)
Filet mignon with foie gras, of course. Only the finest dining for esteemed guests such as yourself.

The Spaniard chuckles from the kitchen. The German leans into view from the couch.

THE GERMAN

Did you say filet? I'm vegetarian,
so I can't eat meat.

THE NORWEGIAN

Why am I not surprised?
(to the Spaniard)
Hey, what do you want for dinner?

The Spaniard doesn't budge.

THE SPANIARD

I don't care.

THE NORWEGIAN

So, nothing. Got it.

THE SPANIARD

That's not what I meant.

THE NORWEGIAN

Then make a fucking choice.

The Spaniard gestures at the German.

THE SPANIARD

Let him pick.

THE NORWEGIAN

Knowing this fuckup, I'd say
Mexican and we'd end up with
Chinese.

THE GERMAN

(shouts)

I know you're making fun of me! I
can tell!

THE NORWEGIAN

(to the Spaniard)

Are you going to make a fucking
choice or not?! Or better yet, why
don't you cook for us?!

The Frenchman enters from the backyard.

THE FRENCHMAN

(annoyed)

What's with all the yelling?!

The Frenchman walks past the Spaniard.

THE SPANIARD

Heh, the French really are leeches
for drama.

The Frenchman stops and STOMPS towards the Spaniard.

THE FRENCHMAN

Hey asshole, our languages are
similar enough for me to know when
I'm begin insulted!

THE SPANIARD

I'm genuinely impressed the dim
little light in your head picked
that up.

The Frenchman leans right into the Spaniard's face.

THE FRENCHMAN

Your country is so broke, you
couldn't afford to live rent free
in my mind.

The Norwegian gets off the couch and walks towards the two.

THE NORWEGIAN

Hey!
(in French)
Calm down!
(in Spanish)
Calm down!

The Spaniard closes his laptop. He begins to get up and walk
away.

THE SPANIARD

Heh, the Parisian breath is as
disgusting as it's streets.

The Norwegian spots the Frenchman winding up a punch. He
REACHES OUT and stops the Frenchman.

THE NORWEGIAN

HEY HEY HEY! CALM DOWN! For fucks
sakes! Keep it together! We still
have a mission to do.

THE GERMAN

"Mission"? That briefcase may very
well never get hear.

THE NORWEGIAN

It will get here!

THE SPANIARD

Hey, is that briefcase every going to get here?!

THE NORWEGIAN

I JUST SAID IT WILL!

THE SPANIARD

Well, fucking sorry I don't speak German! Why couldn't you hire two other Spanish speakers instead of these muppets?!

THE NORWEGIAN

Don't fucking worry about it!

THE FRENCHMAN

He clearly didn't want us communicating much. Keep us all in our own little dark corners, huh?

THE NORWEGIAN

Nobody said that!

THE FRENCHMAN

Nobody had to.

The Norwegian throws his hands up in frustration. They come down and dangle. He shakes his head.

A silence falls in the room.

The Diplomat, having listened and observed, stares around, awkwardly. He glances at each of the criminals.

The Diplomat clears his throat.

THE DIPLOMAT

... How about pizza?

ALL turn to look at him.

ALL raise an eyebrow at him.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The Diplomat, still tied to the chair, leans forward as the Frenchman holds the Diplomat's phone up to his ear.

The call rings through to a pizza place:

THE DIPLOMAT
(into phone)
Hello? Yes, I'd like to place a
delivery order for three--

THE NORWEGIAN
-- Four.

THE DIPLOMAT
Four large pizzas, please.

The Norwegian, the Spaniard, the German all lurk nearby,
listening closely.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
Oh, are you still running your
cheese sticks special? Yes? Yes, I
would like to order some.

The Diplomat leans away from the phone. He whispers.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
(to the Norwegian)
What beverages do you all want?

THE NORWEGIAN
Just soda.

THE SPANIARD
Can we do orange soda?

THE NORWEGIAN
(whispers)
Now you wanna fucking pick?! No!
Get the fuck out of here.

The Spaniard shakes his head.

The Diplomat leans back in to the phone.

THE DIPLOMAT
Uhh, just your regular soda. 20
ounce.

THE GERMAN
(to the Norwegian)
Can we order a vegetarian pizza,
too?

THE NORWEGIAN
What's on it?

THE GERMAN
Onion, bell peppers, spinach, I
also like adding some jalapeños.

The Spaniard raises an eyebrow at the German.

THE SPANIARD
Hm, not bad.

The German smirks at the Spaniard.

THE NORWEGIAN
(to the Diplomat)
Did you get that?

The Diplomat nods.

THE DIPLOMAT
(into the phone)
Uh, yes, can I make one of the
pizzas vegetarian? Bell peppers,
onion, spinach, and EXTRA
jalapeños.

The German smiles at the Diplomat. He gives a thumbs up.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
Yes, and the others just standard
pepperoni.

THE NORWEGIAN
(whispers, to the
Diplomat)
And remember to make it a "NO
CONTACT delivery".

The Diplomat leans away from the phone.

THE DIPLOMAT
(whispers)
I don't think they do that.

THE NORWEGIAN
(whispers, threatening)
Make it a special request.

The Diplomat leans back in to the phone.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yes, that'll be all, but I have a
special request. Could you have
your driver do a, uh, "no-contact
delivery"?

(MORE)

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Uhh, it's an American, post-pandemic thing. Yes, you just have the delivery driver place the order on the footsteps of the front door. No need to knock or anything. What? No, it's not suspicious.

ALL raise an eyebrow at the Diplomat.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
Sir-- sir, I understand, but sir...
No, I DO trust your drivers!

THE NORWEGIAN
(whispers)
What's going on?!

The Diplomat ignores the Norwegian.

THE DIPLOMAT
Sir, the reason I make this special request is because I am sick!

The Diplomat sniffles and forces out coughs.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
I apologize for not wanting to get your driver sick!

Beat.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
Yes, really... Thank you. Goodbye.

The Diplomat leans away from the phone. The Frenchman hangs up and places the phone in his pocket.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
(to the Norwegian)
He really didn't like that special request. Had to lie there a little.

The Frenchman sighs.

THE FRENCHMAN
Five different nationalities in one room and we went with the one that's not even present. "Mamma mia!"

THE DIPLOMAT

Any chance I could use the bathroom
and wash up a bit before dinner
arrives? I need to wash the dry
saliva off my sweater.

The Norwegian considers this request cautiously. He points at
the German.

THE NORWEGIAN

Untie him.

The German unties the Diplomat from the chair. The Diplomat
gets up and stretches.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)

(to Frenchman)

You, escort him. And keep the door
open.

THE FRENCHMAN

I did not sign up to watch another
man take a shit.

THE DIPLOMAT

Relax, I only have to piss.

The Frenchman grunts.

The two head down the hall together. Entering the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Diplomat unzips his pants and begins to urinate. The
Frenchman avoids looking at the Diplomat.

The two whisper to each other.

THE DIPLOMAT

Psst, Habibi. What's going on?
Where's that rebellious spirit you
French have ingrained in you?

THE FRENCHMAN

What are you talking about?

THE DIPLOMAT

You're letting that wanna-be viking
push you all around! I mean, look
at him, he looks like he raided and
pillaged the local IKEA before this
job.

The Frenchman chuckles. He shakes his head.

THE FRENCHMAN
I'm just here to get paid.

The Diplomat zips his pants up and flushes the toilet. He begins to wash his hands.

THE DIPLOMAT
I hear Norway is the Chlamydia capital of the world. Explains why the pale one is so angry all the time. He would've popped a vein having to see me take a piss so nonchalantly!

The Frenchman bursts out laughing.

THE FRENCHMAN
No wonder he had me escort you!

THE DIPLOMAT
Exactly!

The Diplomat and the Frenchman have a LOUD, hearty laugh.

The Norwegian hears their laughter. He stops pacing and looks towards them.

THE NORWEGIAN
Hey! Hurry it up!

The Frenchman turns around, his back towards the Diplomat. His large body frame blocks the Diplomat from the Norwegian's view.

THE FRENCHMAN
Calm down! What's he going to do?
Piss his way out of here?

The Diplomat sneaks his hand underneath the sink.

THE NORWEGIAN (O.S.)
Quit being buddy-buddy with the hostage! You're getting reverse Stockholm syndrome.

LOW ANGLE SHOT of the Diplomat reaching under the sink. WE see the Swiss army knife and pistol duct taped to the underside of the sink.

THE FRENCHMAN
As opposed to what, "Oslo syndrome"?
(MORE)

THE FRENCHMAN (CONT'D)
Where the dear leader makes his own
recruits want to bash his fucking
head in?!

The Diplomat reaches for the Swiss army knife. He carefully
takes it and puts it into his pocket.

THE NORWEGIAN
Keep it up. See what happens.

THE FRENCHMAN
Whatever. All bark and no bite.

The Frenchman turns around to find the Diplomat splashing
water on his face.

THE FRENCHMAN (CONT'D)
C'mon, hurry the fuck up.

THE DIPLOMAT
Right.

The Diplomat dries his face. The two exit the bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Diplomat and the Frenchman enter the living room. The
Diplomat sits on his chair.

The Norwegian points at the German and the Spaniard.

THE NORWEGIAN
Tie him up.

The German and the Spaniard reluctantly obey. The Norwegian
walks up to the window next to the front door. He peaks out
of it.

The Spaniard and the German tie the Diplomat up to the chair.
They find themselves leaned in close enough for him to
whisper to them.

THE DIPLOMAT
(whisper)
Don't let him get under your skin.

THE SPANIARD
He's not.

THE DIPLOMAT
Right, because he probably thinks
Don Quixote was a real hero and not
a satire.

The Spaniard let's out a chuckle.

The Norwegian hears it. He turns to look.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
(to the German)
And you, my German friend, how are
you holding up?

THE GERMAN
Fine.

THE DIPLOMAT
Don't worry, when this is all over,
you'll get to enjoy some
schadenfreude when the pale one
realizes his plans have failed
miserably, like a sad Helge
Schneider film.

THE GERMAN
Oh! You watch Schneider's films,
too?!

THE DIPLOMAT
Are you kidding me? When the pale
one walked in I had to do a double
take to make sure Texas Doc Snyder
didn't just make his grand
appearance in my house!

The German chuckles.

The Norwegian furrows his eyebrows as he watches the Diplomat
make his recruits smile and chuckle.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
(to the German)
I mean, c'mon, tell me you can't
easily picture him getting his gun
stuck in his holster mid-yell.

The German BURSTS OUT laughing. He looks up to find the
Norwegian STOMPING towards them.

The German immediately goes quiet.

The Norwegian PUSHES aside both the German and the Spaniard.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
Uhh... medic!

The Norwegian PUNCHES the Diplomat in the NOSE.

The Diplomat's head JERKS back in a fury.

BLOOD splatters on the floor.

The Frenchman spots this and rushes over.

The Norwegian lands two more PUNCHES into the Diplomat's GUT before being pushed away by the Frenchman.

THE FRENCHMAN

HEY! HEY! Are you FUCKING crazy?!
Whoever drops off his briefcase is
going to be really fucking
suspicious when they see his broken
nose now!

The Diplomat drops his head forward. He's dazed. The Norwegian squats down to look up at the Diplomat.

THE NORWEGIAN

(to the Frenchman)
Oh, don't worry. He'll just make up
a convincing cover story about it.
(to the Diplomat)
Won't you?

The Diplomat nods. Blood DRIPS out of his nose.

The Norwegian walks away. He shakes his fist to relieve pain.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)

And since he's such a good LIAR,
when we're done here, I'm breaking
his FUCKING LEGS! Because I just
KNOW he'll find a GREAT way to
explain it to his constituents!

The Norwegian looks around to find his recruits staring at him, unsure, disgusted, disappointed.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)

Every single one of you fell right
into his fucking trap! Don't you
see he's been manipulating you
all?! He's putting on masks to get
you all to compromise against ME!
(to the German, in German)
He's the father you've never had!
(to the Frenchman, in
French)
The best friend you have a smoke
with!
(to the Spaniard, in
Spanish)
(MORE)

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
The gothic pessimist you've been
looking for in the mirror!

Beat.

The Norwegian is met with silence from his recruits.

The Spaniard takes one step forward.

THE SPANIARD
Or, he's just a fucking diplomat we
got dirt on!

The German takes one step forward.

THE GERMAN
He's like half my father's age,
dickhead! Nothing like him at all.

The Frenchman takes one step forward.

THE FRENCHMAN
Hey, asshole, you're not the only
one who can see through facades!
Only reason I let him humor me is
because I knew he couldn't say shit
about what's happening here without
us leaking dirt that destroys his
career!

THE NORWEGIAN
(sarcastic, to the
Frenchman)
Well, my apologies! I guess there
really is more to the French spirit
than just raising the white flag!

THE FRENCHMAN
They should've waited a few more
years to outlaw eugenics in your
country so they've could've
sterilized your sorry family tree!

THE NORWEGIAN
That was the Swedes, you idiot!

THE FRENCHMAN
What's the fucking difference?!

DING. DONG.

ALL go quiet.

ALL look towards the front door. The curtains next to the front door glow from the headlights of a vehicle outside.

ALL listen carefully at the sound of a delivery bag UNSTRAPPING. The PIZZA BOXES are heard as they're placed on the floor.

FOOTSTEPS are heard walking away.

A car door is heard SLAMMING shut. The glow of the curtains fade as the vehicle drives away.

Long beat.

The Diplomat remains with his head dropped forward.

THE DIPLOMAT
(mumbles)
Pizza's here.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The Norwegian, Frenchman, Spaniard and German sit around the living room eating pizza straight from the boxes.

The Diplomat, slightly dazed, nostrils plugged with a bloodied towel, remains tied to his chair, which has now been turned to face the TV.

ALL watch TV.

Only the sounds of chewing, gulping, and foreign television are heard.

Stacks of pizza boxes litter the coffee table.

The Diplomat looks over at the coffee table.

THE DIPLOMAT
So... when do I get to eat?

The Norwegian glances over, strings of cheese dangling from his mouth. He holds up a finger signaling the Diplomat to wait.

THE NORWEGIAN
(mouth full)
When we're done.

The Diplomat frowns and sighs, his stomach audibly GRUMBLING. He resumes watching television.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

CLOSE UP on the German grabbing a slice of pizza. Only two slices remain.

WIDE SHOT reveals he is the final one of the criminals to finish devouring his meal. The table is littered with discarded pizza boxes, an empty 20oz bottle, and cups.

The Diplomat remains tightly bound to his chair, stomach GRUMBLING audibly.

The Norwegian lounges back lazily on the couch and points commandingly at the German across from him.

THE NORWEGIAN

You. Feed him the leftovers.

The German's eyes go wide with disgust. He looks to the others for support but they avoid his gaze.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)

Now!

Begrudgingly, the German stands up and drags his feet over to the last remaining pizza box. He grimaces as he grabs a cold slice of pepperoni pizza.

The Frenchman and Spaniard chuckle quietly at his misfortune. The German shoots them an angry scowl.

Slowly, the German shuffles over to the Diplomat, holding a near empty pizza box.

He stands next to the Diplomat and opens the box to reveal only three pizza slices left. He pinches one slice by the crust and splits it from the rest.

THE DIPLOMAT

Don't worry, kid, I don't eat the crust.

The German hovers the sagging pizza slice over the Diplomat's mouth. The Diplomat opens wide, leans in, and takes a BITE out off the pizza.

The Diplomat moans loudly.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
Oh yeah, that's as good as I
remember it!

ALL raise an eyebrow at him.

The Diplomat takes another bite.

He moans loudly again.

The Norwegian turns up the volume on the TV.

The Diplomat takes another bite.

He moans loudly again.

The Norwegian whips his head and burns a gaze at the
Diplomat.

THE NORWEGIAN
Hey!

The Diplomat pauses his chewing. He looks at the Norwegian.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
Shut the fuck up!

The Diplomat resumes his chewing, slower this time.

The Norwegian turns his attention back to the TV. He raises
the volume a little more.

The German leans in to feed The Diplomat another slice.

The Diplomat takes this opportunity to whisper to the German,
the TV too loud for their conversation to be audible to the
Norwegian.

THE DIPLOMAT
Psst, kid, have you had a chance to
go and check out my safe?

The German shakes his head.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
Now would be a very good time. Just
excuse yourself to the restroom.

THE GERMAN
I don't think I need to anymore.

THE DIPLOMAT

Kid, right now things seem calm.
The others are distracted, their
guards are down. But it's the calm
before the storm. I'm telling you,
nothing good is going to come from
that briefcase arriving. And you
want to know why?

THE GERMAN

Why?

THE DIPLOMAT

Because there's nothing on that
laptop.

The German's eyes widen.

THE GERMAN

What?!

THE DIPLOMAT

Quick, feed me another piece.

The German is confused. The Diplomat gestures at the pizza
slice he holds.

THE GERMAN

Oh!

The Norwegian glances over at the German and the Diplomat.

The German feeds the Diplomat another piece.

The Norwegian turns his attention back at the TV.

THE DIPLOMAT

All of you already know why you're
waiting this long for that
briefcase, right?

THE GERMAN

Yes, you forgot it in Poland.

THE DIPLOMAT

Exactly! And Swiss protocol is to
report any lost government devices
so they can be wiped clean
remotely... and I've already
reported it missing.

THE GERMAN

What?! Why?! Why are they even
returning it to you then?!

THE DIPLOMAT

Well, because it's still MINE.
Problem is, I can't just log back
in and restore everything. I have
to take that laptop into the bureau
and have specialists restore
everything on it from a cloud
backup. "For safety reasons", they
say.

The German is stunned, mouth agape.

Nonetheless, he continues to feed the Diplomat.

THE GERMAN

So... so...

THE DIPLOMAT

So, when the briefcase is
delivered, I'm going to be planning
my escape before all hell breaks
loose. Look.

The Diplomat gestures for the German to look at his hands
behind the chair.

The Diplomat reveals his hidden Swiss army knife.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

While the Norwegian or the Spaniard
or whoever heads into my office and
tries using that laptop, I'm
freeing myself from this damn chair
and escaping. I don't want to be
here when three armed men find out
they just wasted god knows how much
time planning all this.

The German darts his eyes all over as he contemplates.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

I'm telling you, TAKE the gun and
escape.

THE GERMAN

How?! You haven't even told me the
code for it!

The German feeds the Diplomat. The Diplomat contemplates as
he chews.

He swallows.

THE DIPLOMAT

Good point.

Beat.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

Hmm, the safe generates a new code every night. That code is sent as a notification to my phone. Problem is, the Frenchman currently has my phone... Do you believe in the impossible?

THE GERMAN

Huh?

THE DIPLOMAT

Do you believe in the impossible?

THE GERMAN

I don't know.

THE DIPLOMAT

I do. I believe I can get the Frenchman to unlock the safe remotely without him even knowing! It's twenty minutes until midnight last time I checked the clock. That's plenty of time for you to head upstairs, head into my bedroom, lock yourself in, and wait. Wait until you hear the safe "click", because, that will be the sound of me having convinced the Frenchman to unlock the safe.

The German contemplates. As he does, the Diplomat takes a final bite off the pizza slice, leaving behind just the crust.

The German looks at the Diplomat. He nods.

The German tosses the crust into the pizza box.

The Diplomat watches as the German heads to the coffee table and sets the pizza box down.

THE GERMAN

(to the Norwegian)

I have to head to the restroom. My stomach is acting up. I think they added too many jalapeños to my pizza.

THE SPANIARD
Heh, amateur.

THE NORWEGIAN
Go.

The German begins to head towards the stairs.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
And stay in there! You're done for
the night!

As he passes the Diplomat, he glances nervously at him. The Diplomat nods.

The German heads upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Upon reaching the top of the stairs, the German rushes to the Diplomat's bedroom.

He closes the door behind him and locks it.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The German heads to the king-sized bed and takes a look at the art piece above it.

The German attempts to move the bed. The heavy, wooden legs of the bed scrape LOUDLY against the floor.

The German freezes up.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The Diplomat hears the SCRAPPING of the bed from above.

He sneakily looks up at the ceiling.

He turns to notice none of the others heard the noise.

BACK TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A wide-eyed German slowly steps away from the bed.

He observes it, hands on hip.

He heads to the foot-end of the bed.

He bends his knees and grabs the base of the bed.

He LIFTS the foot-end of the bed and SLOWLY begins to drag it away from the wall.

The two wooden legs on the headboard-end emit only a hushed scraping sound, barely audible.

The German sets the king sized bed down after only dragging it a few inches. He pauses to catch his breath.

Beat.

He resumes.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The Diplomat is left to contemplate as he waits.

The Norwegian, the Spaniard, and the Frenchman remain sitting on the couch, watching TV.

Beat.

Just then, a sharp KNOCK at the front door startles the criminals. The Norwegian bolts up, instantly on high alert. He points a stern finger at the Spaniard.

THE NORWEGIAN

(hushed)

Untie him!

The Spaniard hastily unties the ropes binding the Diplomat, who rubs his sore wrists and stretches his stiff limbs.

The Norwegian draws his rifle. He rushes to the Diplomat's backside and PRESSES the rifle's barrel up against the Diplomat's back, holding him hostage.

He points at both the Spaniard and the Frenchman.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)

(hushed)

Go hide in the kitchen!

The Spaniard and the Frenchman rush over to the kitchen, out of sight from the front door.

The Norwegian shoves the Diplomat towards the front door.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
(hushed)
C'mon! Let's go!

The Diplomat begins walking towards the front door.

He reaches the front door.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Open it, SLOWLY.

The Diplomat takes a moment to tidy his disheveled clothes and hair. He removes the bloodied towel from his nostrils.

He opens the door SLOWLY. As the door opens, the Norwegian slides to the Diplomat's side, hiding behind the front door, keeping his rifle pressed to the Diplomat's back.

Revealed on the other side of the door, is a GOVERNMENT WORKER, late 20s, clad in a well-tailored suit with a SWISS PIN above the chest pocket, and sporting a coiffed haircut and stern demeanor. Tucked neatly under his arm is a fine leather-brown BRIEFCASE.

The government worker's eyes narrow as he looks the Diplomat up and down. The Diplomat flashes a polite smile. The Diplomat looks down at the briefcase.

THE DIPLOMAT
Ah! You must be the intern sent to deliver my case.

The government worker speaks in broken German.

GOVERNMENT WORKER
Uh, yes sir. Uh, apologies to have to bother you in the middle of, uh, the moon's time.

Behind the door, the Norwegian raises an eyebrow, confused. The Diplomat raises an eyebrow at the government worker.

THE DIPLOMAT
Uhh. Oh no, you're fine. I couldn't sleep so I was just watching some late-night TV.

The government worker spots the many cups and pizza boxes on the coffee table through the gaps of the front door.

GOVERNMENT WORKER
Right. Yes, here is your, uh,
storage for jobs.

The Norwegian tilts his head in confusion.

THE DIPLOMAT
Aha, I think you meant "briefcase",
yes?

GOVERNMENT WORKER
Oh! Yes, "briefcase".

The Diplomat chuckles.

THE DIPLOMAT
Is my laptop in here?

GOVERNMENT WORKER
Yes.

THE DIPLOMAT
You didn't wipe my hard drive
clean, did you?

GOVERNMENT WORKER
No, sir. Err, why would we?

The Diplomat chuckles.

THE DIPLOMAT
Just messing with you. Hey, remind
me again why you moved here from...
where was it you said you were
from?

The government worker shakes his head, suddenly he becomes
more serious. He gestures to the Diplomat as if to say, "what
are you doing?".

GOVERNMENT WORKER
... Italy, sir. I moved here to
take care of my parents.

THE DIPLOMAT
Right, Italy! Ah, and for you to
gain Swiss citizenship so quickly
is amazing! Not only that, to also
get a job handling government-
encrypted devices, too?! Wow! How
did you do it?

The government worker tenses up, not amused.

GOVERNMENT WORKER
(monotone, annoyed)
I don't know, sir... I guess I'm
just very, uh, supreme.

THE DIPLOMAT
"Talented".

GOVERNMENT WORKER
(annoyed)
Yes, "talented".

THE DIPLOMAT
Well, anyways, I'll let you be for
the night. Guess I was just looking
for a quick chat. It gets a little
lonely living up here in the
mountains.

The government worker hands the briefcase over to the
Diplomat.

GOVERNMENT WORKER
Yes, I guess it does.

The government worker awkwardly begins to walk away.

THE DIPLOMAT
Oh wait!

The government worker pauses and turns around. The Diplomat
has a smile on his face.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
I've actually been practicing a bit
of my Italian, lately!

Behind the door, the Norwegian rolls his eyes. He POKES the
Diplomat with the barrel of the rifle. The Diplomat ignores
it.

The government worker mouths "what the fuck?" to the
Diplomat.

GOVERNMENT WORKER
Is that so, sir?

THE DIPLOMAT
Yes! Tell me how this sounds:
"Switzerland is a hidden gem for
Italian cuisine! The pizza here
taste like royalty!"

The government worker is unamused.

GOVERNMENT WORKER
Sounds good, sir.

THE DIPLOMAT
Oh, c'mon, you got to respond in
Italian!

GOVERNMENT WORKER
(sighs)
"Arrivederci".

The Diplomat laughs.

THE DIPLOMAT
Arrivederci, friend! See you
tomorrow!

The government worker walks away, holding up a middle finger
for the Diplomat to see.

The Diplomat closes the door. He steps back into the house.

The Norwegian watches as the government worker's car drives
away. He locks the door.

He immediately SNAGS the Diplomat's briefcase, keeping his
rifle pointed at the Diplomat.

THE NORWEGIAN
What the fuck was all that about?
You stalling for time?

The Norwegian shoves the Diplomat towards the chair with his
rifle. They begin walking to the chair.

The Spaniard and the Frenchman step back into the living
room. The Diplomat sits on the chair.

The Spaniard and the Frenchman begin tying up the Diplomat.

THE DIPLOMAT
What? No, he's just the new kid at
the office. Just poking fun at his
broken German. It's his third
language. From one polyglot to
another, you'd know that after the
fourth language, it becomes a
struggle. The trick is to speak
with CONFIDENCE. It fools the non-
native speakers into thinking
you're fluent and the natives into
thinking you speak a different
dialect. Wouldn't you agree?

The Norwegian grunts.

The Norwegian pops open the briefcase. He reaches inside and pulls out a thin, silver LAPTOP.

He runs his fingers along the smooth metal edges.

THE NORWEGIAN
(to himself)
He won't get away with it.

The Diplomat watches with a stoic expression as he is tied back up.

The Spaniard and the Frenchman finish tying up the Diplomat.

The Norwegian hands the laptop over to the Spaniard.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
Get to work. Don't send anything
until I say so.

The Spaniard grabs his laptop from the kitchen counter. He puts it into his backpack.

Putting on the backpack, the Spaniard takes one last look at the Diplomat. The Diplomat returns a look of disappointment. The Spaniard breaks eye contact, unsure how to feel.

The Spaniard heads upstairs.

The Diplomat drops his head. The Frenchman notices. He, too, has an unsure, almost sympathetic look to him.

The Norwegian snaps his fingers at the Frenchman.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
Hey, driver, go start the car and
be ready for our escape. Keep it
running.

The Frenchman hesitates, eyeing the Diplomat.

THE FRENCHMAN
Why don't you head upstairs. I'll
keep a watch on him--

THE NORWEGIAN
(impatient)
-- No, you go outside, start the
car, and wait there.

THE FRENCHMAN

Then who's going to keep an eye on him? What if he escapes?

The Norwegian GRABS the Diplomat's CHAIR and DRAGS it, with the Diplomat, towards the window next to the front door.

The Norwegian spreads apart the window curtains.

The Diplomat is now in full view from the OUTSIDE of the house.

THE NORWEGIAN

There, now you can ALSO keep an eye on him from the car. Now, GO!

The Diplomat shifts around in the chair, uncomfortable.

The Frenchman scowls. He heads outside.

INT. HOME OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The Spaniard enters the home office.

He places his backpack on the antique wooden desk. He unzips it and takes out both laptops, cords, and the fake, plastic keypad casing of the front door keypad.

He places both laptops on the desk and opens them. Their screens light up the Spaniard's face.

He takes the cord and uses it to connect one laptop to the fake keypad, and the other laptop, from the other side of the keypad.

The Spaniard begins to type aggressively, darting his eyes from one laptop to the other.

INT. BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The German sits on the king sized bed, now dragged across to the other side of the room.

He taps his foot lightly on the wooden floor.

His eyebrows furrow as he stares at the painting, the safe, as it now sits on the bed next to him.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The Frenchman exits the house.

He walks to the escape vehicle, an all-black CAR.

He enters it and starts the engine. The headlights turn on.

The Frenchman contemplates.

He pulls out the Diplomat's phone. He checks the lock-screen to find no notification.

He notices the time.

"11:46PM."

The Frenchman puts away the phone in his pocket.

He grabs the steering wheel.

He begins to impatiently tap on it with the tips of his fingers.

He looks over to the Diplomat's house. He spots the Diplomat tied to the chair, a tired expression on his face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Now alone with the Diplomat, the Norwegian grabs a DINING CHAIR and DRAGS it over until he's sitting directly facing the Diplomat. He leans in close.

THE NORWEGIAN

Well, Mister Diplomat, I appreciate you hosting me and my crew here in your weird fucking house for these last two nights.

The Diplomat returns a stoic, Kubrick stare at the Norwegian. He doesn't response.

The Norwegian smirks.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)

And I am glad you have allowed us to convince you to have a change of heart.

The Diplomat continues to stare down the Norwegian.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)

But credit where credit is due, because the way you argued on a single technicality to halt an entire extradition negotiation was just damn impressive.

The Norwegian rubs his stubble.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
At first, I asked myself, "why"?
Why be so virtuous when you already
have a history of corruption and
bribery? Why be so adamant about
defending an American spy who got
caught red-handed?

The Norwegian stands and grabs the document folder from the
coffee table. He browses through the tabs.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
So, I followed the money. And
that's when I noticed a pattern...

The Norwegian pulls out a SHEET OF PAPER. He holds it in
front of the Diplomat for him to read.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
... You REALLY love Americans.
About 70% of all bribes you
accepted were for American military
contractors, American government
agencies, and even some Senators.
You gave them all access to
sensitive Swiss information.

The Norwegian points and glides his FINGER down every line on
the paper.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
Fortunately, for you, that's not
treason, but every LINE on this
single sheet of paper would be a
corruption charge.

The Norwegian takes out another SHET OF PAPER with a similar
print as the other.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
And boy...

The Norwegian takes out another SHET OF PAPER with a similar
print as the other.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
... Would that be...

The Norwegian takes out another SHET OF PAPER with a similar
print as the other.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
... A LOT...

The Norwegian takes out another SHEET OF PAPER with a similar print as the other.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
... Of charges.

The Diplomat inhales deeply. He maintains eye contact with the Norwegian.

The Norwegian smirks.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)
No love for the motherland, huh?

INT. HOME OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

CLOSE UP on a laptop SCREEN.

A login page shows an empty password field.

PAN LEFT to another laptop SCREEN.

A hacking program shows a big red "START" button with a mouse cursor hovering above it.

PAN DOWN to reveal the Spaniard's finger hovering over the left trackpad button.

CLOSE UP of the Spaniard. He contemplates. His eyes squint ever more so by the moment.

THE SPANIARD
(whispers)
"The epic boss 12".

The Spaniard moves his finger over to the laptop on the RIGHT. He moves the cursor to the password field. He inputs "theepicboss12" into the password field and hits enter.

The login is successful.

A welcome page loads before the desktop.

The Spaniard throws his hands back, flabbergasted. He shakes his head.

INT. CAR - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The Frenchman sits in the driver seat, bored. French music plays from the RADIO in low volume.

He reaches into his shirt and pulls out his pack of cigarette and lighter.

He pulls out a CIGARETTE, and attempts to light it.

The lighter fails.

He tries again.

The lighter fails.

He tries again.

The lighter fails.

The Frenchman THROWS the lighters in FRUSTRATION. He breathes HEAVILY, eyebrows furrowed.

He CRUSHES the cigarette with his hand.

He turns to look at the Diplomat's house. The Diplomat remains seated.

In one sweeping motion, the Frenchman turns off the ignition, takes the KEYS, and steps out of the car.

HOLD ON the empty driver seat, facing down the road. SHIFT FOCUS to the background. A mysterious, BLACK CAR is revealed hidden besides the road.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Frenchman crouches and heads towards the front door.

He arrives to it and begins to crouch against the wall, towards the window.

At the window, he SLOWLY PEEKS into the living room.

POV THE FRENCHMAN. He notices the Norwegian and the Diplomat arguing. Their argument muffled by the thick walls of the house.

The Frenchman lowers his head out of sight from the window and continues ahead, around the corner of the house.

INTERCUT - THE FRENCHMAN & THE DIPLOMAT

-- The Frenchman arrives to the backyard of the house.

-- He approaches the glass doors of the house. He peeks around the corner and spots the Norwegian speaking to the Diplomat. The Norwegian has his back to the Frenchman.

-- The Frenchman steps in front of the backyard door and begins to SLOWLY open it. He is now in full-sight of the Diplomat.

THE NORWEGIAN

Now, don't tell me you are a sore loser.

-- The Diplomat notices the Frenchman opening the door and entering. The Norwegian remains with his back towards the Frenchman.

-- The Frenchman steps inside and begins to SLOWLY close the door. He turns around to notice the Diplomat staring at him. He gestures for the Diplomat to stay quiet.

-- The Diplomat returns his focus at the Norwegian.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)

Oh c'mon! The silent treatment? Really?! After all that YAPPING to MY MEN, trying to get them to betray ME, and now you can't even speak to me man-to-man? Hah!

-- The Frenchman crouches and hides behind the kitchen island EXACTLY as the Norwegian turns around and begins to walk towards the kitchen.

THE NORWEGIAN (CONT'D)

Well, if you don't wish to talk, then I guess I'll take a celebratory drink. I'm thinking whiskey.

-- The Frenchman remains hidden. He DRAWS his pistol, anticipating confrontation with the Norwegian.

-- The Diplomat begins to speak in Norwegian.

THE DIPLOMAT

(stern)
... Coward.

-- The Norwegian stops. He smirks as he turns back around and walks towards the Diplomat.

THE NORWEGIAN

What?

-- The Frenchman peeks around to notice the Norwegian with his back to him.

THE DIPLOMAT

First, you threaten to rat on YOUR OWN MEN. Then, you placed YOUR bad intel on the new guy? And now you're threatening to blackmail ME?! What is wrong with you? You're a RAT and a COWARD.

THE NORWEGIAN

What do you mean MY intel? And since when can you speak Norwegian?

-- The Diplomat narrows his eyes.

THE DIPLOMAT

What, YOUR intel didn't tell you that?

-- POV THE DIPLOMAT. While facing the Norwegian, the Diplomat notices the Frenchman sneaking by.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

You want to talk one-on-one? Fine. Take a seat. Let's talk.

-- The Norwegian sits down in front of the Diplomat, his back towards the Frenchman in the kitchen.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

... Working in this field makes you realize how much words are just that... words.

-- The Frenchman peaks around the corner to notice the Norwegian with his back towards him. He begins to tip-toe his way to the staircase.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

As a baby-faced, clean-shaven, young man, it was soul crushing having Council Members, Lords, Lawmakers, Presidents, all tell you that they promise to do so-and-so. And you waited and waited. And it never came.

(MORE)

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

And you see some of them again and ask, "Hey, what happened?" And you'll be lucky if they even remember what you're talking about.

-- The Frenchman reaches the staircase. He glances at the Diplomat, before continuing up the stairs.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

But in time, you find yourself doing the same... Because just like those people, words have lost all meaning. Promises become lies. Hell, I don't remember half the promises I make... and I think I might've made a few tonight.

-- The Diplomat smirks.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The Frenchman arrives to the top of the stairs. He begins to tip-toe towards the bedroom. He stops before walking past the home office. He notices the door is wide open.

The Frenchman contemplates.

INT. HOME OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

CLOSE UP on the Diplomat's laptop screen. It shows the login page of a Swiss government website.

The Spaniard switches his attention back to his laptop, to the hacking program. He hovers the cursor over the big red "START" button once more.

He stops.

He brings his hand back to his chin.

He contemplates.

THE SPANIARD

(whisper)

You're not THAT dumb, right?

The Spaniard turns to the Diplomat's laptop.

He inputs "elpinchejefe12" into the password field.

SUBTITLE: (theepicboss12).

He clicks "ANMELDEN".

SUBTITLE: (LOG IN).

The password is shown to be INCORRECT.

THE SPANIARD (CONT'D)

Hm.

The Spaniard contemplates.

THE SPANIARD (CONT'D)

(whispers)

But maybe you're JUST dumb.

He inputs "elpinchejefe22" into the password field.

SUBTITLE: (theepicboss22).

He clicks "ANMELDEN".

SUBTITLE: (LOG IN).

The password is shown to be CORRECT.

He is now logged into the Diplomat's government account.

The Spaniard covers his face from second-hand embarrassment.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

The Spaniard looks up at the doorway to find the Frenchman.
He furrows his eyebrows, confused.

The Frenchman's demeanor is casual. He attempts to speak in Spanish.

THE FRENCHMAN

Eh... how's it going?

THE SPANIARD

Okay. Where's the pale one?

THE FRENCHMAN

"The pale one"? Eh... yelling. Mad.
Eh... he'll be up here soon.

THE SPANIARD

Okay... what are you doing?
Shouldn't you be waiting outside?

THE FRENCHMAN

Eh... I had to, eh... Shit. You know? Shit.

The Spaniard raises an eyebrow.

THE SPANIARD

Uh, okay. Bathroom is on the left. Knock first, though. The German is probably sleeping. Poor bastard, you're going to be kicking him out to shit on his bed.

The Spaniard chuckles. The Frenchman forces a laugh.

THE FRENCHMAN

Eh... right. Yeah. Let me close the door for you, I take loud shits.

THE SPANIARD

Alright.

The Frenchman closes the door of the home office.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Frenchman continues to tip-toe down the hall. He reaches the bathroom and notices the door is closed. He knocks on it.

THE FRENCHMAN

German?

No response.

He knocks again.

THE FRENCHMAN (CONT'D)

German? You there?

INT. BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The German, sitting on the edge of the bed, hears the muffled knocks.

Wide-eyed, he SLOWLY gets out of the bed and begins to tip-toe towards the closed bedroom door.

Upon reaching it, he places his EAR on the door.

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The Diplomat and the Norwegian sit, facing each other.

THE DIPLOMAT

You don't realize how this is just like another day at work for me. Speaking multiple languages to negotiate and build trust. Except, instead of world leaders, it's desperate bums. And instead of comprising... I win.

THE NORWEGIAN

(sarcastic)

Sure.

THE DIPLOMAT

Tonight, I communicated more with your group than you probably ever did. And they trusted me, because they never trusted typical Norwegian communication. In the coming minutes, the first domino will fall...

CUT TO:

INT. HOME OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

CLOSE UP on the Diplomat's laptop. It shows an e-mail composed and ready to be sent from the Diplomat's government account. It is a lengthy, long-worded email.

CLOSE UP on the words, "Ich habe meine Meinung geändert".
SUBTITLE: (I changed my mind).

CLOSE UP on the words, "Das Auslieferungsgesuch ablehnen".

SUBTITLE: (Deny extradition request).

CLOSE UP on the words, "Anklage wegen Hochverrats erheben".

SUBTITLE: (Charge him with treason).

The Spaniard is kicked back on the chair. He holds his PHONE in landscape orientation. The screen illuminates his face. He is focused on a MOBILE GAME as he swivels and tilts his phone clockwise and anti-clockwise.

The Spaniard turns his attention to the Diplomat's laptop.

The Spaniard sets his phone down. He sighs.

THE SPANIARD
(to himself)
What's the hold up, pale one?

The Spaniard observes the room and notices the SMART LOCK on the closed door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Frenchman SLOWLY opens the bathroom door. He peers inside to notice an empty bed. The sight puts the Frenchman on high-alert as his eyes widen and eyebrows furrow.

He draws his pistol tucked into his waist.

He turns to find the bedroom door closed.

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The Norwegian has his rifle aimed at the Diplomat. The Diplomat is unfazed.

THE NORWEGIAN
That's great and all, but what's
stopping me from just killing you,
right now? Everyone will think it
was just your corrupted history
finally catching up to.

THE DIPLOMAT
Your mission commander didn't
authorize you the use of deadly
force, "Viking Wind".

The Norwegian's eyes WIDEN. He stands up from the chair and aims the rifle at the Diplomat.

THE NORWEGIAN
(shocked)
Who the fuck told you that name?!

THE DIPLOMAT
(angry)
Sit the fuck down, I was wasn't
done monologuing!

The Norwegian slowly obeys.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
Let me tell you a story...

CUT TO:

INT. HOME OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

A bored Spaniard sits forward into the chair and begins to browse through the Diplomat's laptop.

CLOSE UP on the laptop screen. He finds a home security program, "'Unbewegliche Stahl' Haussicherheit".

SUBTITLE: ("Immovable Steel" Home Security).

He opens it and is greeted with a login page.

The Spaniard contemplates.

THE SPANIARD
A favor, huh? Sure.

He inputs "elpinchejefe12" into the password field.

SUBTITLE: (theepicboss12).

He clicks "ANMELDEN".

SUBTITLE: (LOG IN).

The password is shown to be INCORRECT.

The Spaniard sits back and rubs his chin, contemplating.

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

THE DIPLOMAT
There once was an American spy who managed to infiltrate and become the leader of a gang in Dortmund...

The Norwegian tenses up. He clutches his rifle, still aimed at the Diplomat.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
That's right. Now, this was no ordinary street gang causing trouble. Oh no, this became a deliberate organization serving the agency.

(MORE)

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
They would "mobilize and deploy"
for 'Controlled Chaos Operations',
as we like to call them in the
agency. They would enter any
country in Europe and create just
the right type of chaos to help
further our agenda, through
politicians like me. That American
spy and his gang were VERY useful.

The Norwegian is fascinated. He slowly begins to drop his aim
at the Diplomat.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

CLOSE UP on the laptop screen as the Spaniard inputs
"elpinchejefe22" into the password field.

SUBTITLE: (theepicboss22).

He clicks "ANMELDEN".

SUBTITLE: (LOG IN).

The password is shown to be INCORRECT.

THE SPANIARD

Huh?

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

THE DIPLOMAT

So, imagine my amusement when I
learned that a young, orphaned
German had approached the gang
attempting to buy information about
me. The American played along. But
in truth, he placed a tail on the
kid which led him back to a group
of low-life criminals staking my
place here, in Switzerland, led by
an old, washed-out Norwegian spy
the American had encountered not
too long ago on a Greek harbor.

The Norwegian tenses up once again.

THE NORWEGIAN
That was him?!

The Diplomat smirks.

CUT TO:

INTERCUT - DOMINOS - SIMULTANEOUSLY

-- In the bedroom, the German hears the Frenchman's FOOTSTEPS approaching.

-- In the hallway, the Frenchman approaches the bedroom door.

-- The German rushes to grab the painting off the bed and hide behind the headboard of the door. He clutches the painting.

BACK TO:

THE DIPLOMAT
A harbor at midnight. Containers stacked like a concrete maze on that ship. And there you both were, prowling for the same score. What happened when your paths crossed?

THE NORWEGIAN
We spotted each other. Two alley cats caught in a stare down, sizing each other up. Couldn't risk a scene with the goons on patrol. So, with no other choice, we continued in our separate ways, knowing we were now racing against each other...

THE DIPLOMAT
But he was just a bit faster, wasn't he?

The Norwegian furrows his eyebrows at the Diplomat.

THE NORWEGIAN
That was MY mission to complete! He took MY glory!

THE DIPLOMAT
So, you RAT him out?! The fuck is wrong with you?!
(MORE)

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

You broke a cardinal rule in the world of spies, you do NOT SNITCH, regardless of nationality or rivalry! Keep your ego in check, man, you nearly exposed the whole fucking operation ALL of us have going on! Even that German chancellor didn't expose us all when she found out her personal phone had been bugged!

The Norwegian breaks eye contact.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

And then you come after ME who's trying to fix this MASSIVE leak you started?! You're so goddamn lucky conspiracy theories hold no merit these days.

The Norwegian looks down, ashamed. He contemplates.

Beat.

THE NORWEGIAN

... So, why did the Norwegian Intelligence Agency set all this up? Why not just discipline me back home like any other spy who fails their mission?

The Diplomat tilts his head, confused.

THE DIPLOMAT

Wh- what?

(surprised)

Oh, shit! Right, heh, I forgot I was even speaking Norwegian! No, I wasn't talking about your agency. The only thing your agency did was rat you out to us when they found out what you did.

THE NORWEGIAN

What?!

THE DIPLOMAT

Yeah, they gave us your entire classified biography, and fed you wrong info, per our request. Sorry, I'm not Norwegian...

(MORE)

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)
(laughs)
I'm not even Swiss!

CUT TO:

INTERCUT - DOMINOS - SIMULTANEOUSLY

-- The Frenchman arrives at the bedroom door. He opens it and enters. He closes the door behind him. He squints his eyes, suspicious, as he observes the bedroom.

-- The German, hidden, continues to clutch the painting. There's an agonizing expression on him.

-- In the home office, the Spaniard inputs "elpinchejefe32" into the password field.

SUBTITLE: (theepicboss32).

-- The Spaniard hovers the cursor over "ANMELDEN".

SUBTITLE: (LOG IN).

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

THE DIPLOMAT
And now here we all are. The grand
plan about to be executed.

The Norwegian stands up and aims his rifle at the Diplomat.

THE NORWEGIAN
What did you do?!

THE DIPLOMAT
(chuckles)
Not so much what I did. More so,
the "promises" I made.

CUT TO:

INTERCUT - THE PLAN - CONTINUED

-- Home office. The Spaniard taps his chin with his index finger, thinking.

-- After a few moments, he shrugs and moves his index finger back to the laptop's left touchpad button.

-- The Spaniard CLICKS on the left touchpad button.

-- CLOSE UP on the Diplomat's laptop screen. The password is shown to be INCORRECT.

-- IMMEDIATELY, the laptop SHUTS OFF and the smart lock ACTIVATES and locks the home office door.

-- The Spaniard is STARTLED.

-- Bedroom. IMMEDIATELY, the smart lock ACTIVATES and locks the bedroom door.

-- The Frenchman is STARTLED.

-- Hidden behind the headboard, The German is STARTLED.

-- Living room. IMMEDIATELY, the smart lock ACTIVATES and locks the front door AND the backyard door downstairs.

-- The Norwegian is STARTLED.

-- The Diplomat smirks.

-- Bedroom. SUDDENLY, the Diplomat's phone DINGS in the Frenchman's pocket. as a notification is received.

-- The German's eyes widen as he hears the notification.

-- SUDDENLY, he hears a soft CLICK from the painting. He turns to look at it. His chance.

-- The Frenchman hears the click from the safe. He stares, wide eyed, at the headboard of the bed.

-- Home office. The Spaniard rushes to the door and attempts to open it, to no avail. He notices blue & red SIREN LIGHTS illuminating the room from outside the window.

-- Bedroom. The Frenchman begins to walk towards the headboard of the bed.

-- The German hears the Frenchman approaching. He darts his eyes ALL over the place as the panic ensues. He begins attempting to open the painting, unsure how. He fidgets and struggles.

-- The German OPENS the safe. All the contents of the safe SPILL out onto the floor. FAKE PASSPORTS, CASH, INTEL OF THE CRIMINALS, and a BADGE belonging to the Diplomat, but no gun. The German is stunned.

-- He turns, defeated, to find the Frenchman standing over him, eyebrows furrowed.

-- The Frenchman aims his pistol at the German.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

-- Living room. MUFFLED GUNSHOTS are heard from above. The Norwegian looks up.

THE NORWEGIAN
What the fuck?!

-- He RUSHES upstairs.

-- The Diplomat pulls out his HIDDEN Swiss army knife and begins to CUT the rope.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Norwegian reaches the top of the stairs. He hears BANGING against the home office door.

He rushes towards it and attempts to open it. He KNOCKS FURIOUSLY at it.

THE NORWEGIAN
Spaniard?! What's going on?! Let me in!

THE SPANIARD
I can't! The door is locked! The police are on their way! What the fuck was all that noise?!

THE NORWEGIAN
WHAT?!

THE SPANIARD
Let me out, man! We have to GO!

The Norwegian hears JIGGLING from the bedroom doorknob.

THE NORWEGIAN
SHIT!

THE SPANIARD
Wait! Don't leave!

The Norwegian rushes to the bedroom door.

He stops by and notices the bathroom door wide open. The German nowhere in sight.

He continues to the bedroom door.

He reaches it and attempts to open it.

He FURIOUSLY knocks on it.

THE NORWEGIAN
German?! You in there?! Let me in!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The Frenchman looks at the door where he hears the Norwegian KNOCKING and SHOUTING.

Police siren lights illuminate the room. The Frenchman turns to look out the window. His face tenses up with anger.

He sits against the wall and SLIDES down to sit on the floor. He shuts his eyes.

THE FRENCHMAN
(shouts)
You FUCKING RATS! You betrayed me!
ALL of you betrayed me!

BACK TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Norwegian steps away from the bedroom door. He aims his rifle at it.

THE NORWEGIAN
Frenchman?! What are you doing in
there?! Where's the German?!

The Norwegian is met with silence.

Quickly, the Norwegian aims his rifle at the doorknob.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Norwegian KICKS open the door and enters.

He finds the Frenchman sitting on the ground. He looks over to the safe. The German's lifeless corpse lays next to it. A FEW stacks of CASH are scattered on the floor from the safe.

The Frenchman opens his eyes with a fury. He clutches a stack of cash in one hand, pistol in the other.

THE FRENCHMAN
YOU FUCKING RAT! You SNITCHED on us
to HIM, didn't you?!

THE NORWEGIAN
What?! What the fuck happened
here?!

THE FRENCHMAN
YOU BETRAYED US!!

SIMULTANEOUSLY, the Frenchman and the Norwegian aim and shoot at one another.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

INTERCUT - SILENCE

-- Living room. The Diplomat stops cutting his rope momentarily upon hearing the gunshots.

-- He freezes.

-- Home office. The Spaniard freezes. His ear against the door. His eyes widen in stunned silence.

-- Living room. The Diplomat resumes cutting the rope.

-- Bedroom. WE reveal the Norwegian still standing. The Frenchman's body slides further down the wall as a pool of blood begins to form.

-- Living room. The Diplomat cuts the rope entirely. He drops the Swiss army knife, causing a loud THUD. He SPRINTS off to the bathroom.

-- Bedroom. The Norwegian hears the thud and sprints out the bedroom.

-- Guest bathroom. The Diplomat enters the bathroom and reaches for the pistol UNDERNEATH the sink.

-- Living room. The Norwegian reaches the living room. He notices the empty chair and cut rope.

-- The Diplomat checks the magazine and chamber of the pistol.

-- The Norwegian hears the RACKING OF THE SLIDE from the pistol. He turns to look.

-- The Diplomat aims his pistol at the Norwegian.

-- The Norwegian spots the Diplomat aiming his gun at him.

BAM! BAM!

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Norwegian falls to his knees.

Blood SIPS out of his mouth.

He collapses onto the floor.

Long beat.

The Diplomat notices police lights outside the front door. He hears a car door slam shut outside. He walks to the front door and opens it.

He finds the government worker approaching. This time, the Swiss pin is replaced with an American flag pin.

The Diplomat smirks. He gestures, playfully, for the government worker to enter.

The government worker is unamused. He enters as he reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out SURGICAL GLOVES. Once inside, he observes the scene, noting every detail with squinted eyes.

He approaches the Norwegian's corpse. The Diplomat follows behind in a casual demeanor.

The government worker squats down to inspect the Norwegian's corpse. He FEELS around the coat until he feels a SOLID, RECTANGULAR OBJECT SEWN into the coat, on the right shoulder.

The government worker looks around and notices the Diplomat's Swiss army knife on the floor. He gestures to the Diplomat, as if asking permission to use it. The Diplomat nods.

The government worker grabs and uses the Swiss army knife to CUT into the right shoulder. The government worker PULLS out a BADGE encased in a PLASTIC HOLDER. The badge has a photo of the Norwegian as identification. The badge title reads:

"NORSK ETTERRETNINGSETAT".

SUBTITLE: (NORWEGIAN INTELLIGENCE AGENCY).

The government worker shows it to the Diplomat. The Diplomat nods in agreement.

The government worker raises an eyebrow at the Diplomat as he puts the badge into his coat pocket.

The government worker pulls out a small NOTEPAD and PEN. He opens it up and DRAWS a line across a name. He puts away the notepad and pen.

The Diplomat begins to head upstairs, the government worker follows closely behind. He begins to draw his hidden PISTOL from the hidden holster. The Diplomat stops him. He smirks and shakes his head.

The two disappear up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Diplomat walks up to the home office door.

The Diplomat smirks at the government worker. He leans in to the door.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

THE SPANIARD (O.S.)

(muffled)

Who's there?! Who are you?! C'mon,
I didn't do ANYTHING! I was being
held hostage! I never even got
paid! Hello? Hello?!

On the other side of the door, the Spaniard's muffled voice is heard as he continues pleading. The Diplomat looks back at the government worker. The government worker takes out his notepad and pen and crosses out another name.

The two resume walking down the hallway.

They reach the bathroom. The Diplomat peeks in. A disappointed expression appears on his face. He continues to stare at the crude, makeshift bed on the floor. The government worker notices. He taps him on the shoulder. The Diplomat snaps back to reality. They resume walking.

The Diplomat and government worker reach the bullet-ridden bedroom door. It is swung wide open. The government worker is wide-eyed, alert. The Diplomat steps into the bedroom. The government worker hesitates, then enters.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Diplomat steps aside as the government worker approaches the corpse of the Frenchman. He kneels down, careful not to step on the pool of blood. He inspects the Frenchman's face. He takes out his notepad and pen and crosses out another name.

The government worker walks over to the corpse of the German, also careful not to step in the pool of blood. The government worker struggles to get a view of the German's face, as the corpse lays on its stomach. He begins to roll over the German's corpse.

The Diplomat has a slight look of disgust on his face.

The government worker inspects the German's face. He takes out his notepad and pen and crosses out the last name on the list.

The government worker stands up and takes off the surgical gloves as he looks at the Diplomat, both stoic.

The government worker looks down to notice the Diplomat's "Department of Espionage & Surveillance" badge on the floor. He picks it up and hands it to the Diplomat. The Diplomat nods.

The two walk out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Diplomat and the government worker walk down the stairs into the living room.

They head to the open kitchen.

The Diplomat opens a cabinet door and takes out whiskey and two cups. He pours whiskey into both cups. He offers one to the government worker, who simply stares back at the Diplomat, one eyebrow raised. The Diplomat gestures to say he insists. The government worker takes a cup.

CLINK!

The two toast and drink their whiskey.

THE DIPLOMAT

Ahhhh! So, agent, what does the department think?

AGENT

The Department of Espionage and Surveillance thinks you did well. We will relay the news to the Norwegian agency, and I'll call a clean-up crew here soon.

The agent pulls out a BURNER PHONE.

THE DIPLOMAT

And an interior designer, too?

The agent raises an eyebrow at the Diplomat as he places the phone up to his hear.

AGENT

We'll see if it's in the budget...
(into the phone)
Hello? Yes sir, job's finished, send in the clean-up crew.

THE DIPLOMAT

(shouts, into phone)
And what's my budget, now?

AGENT

Yes, I'll brief him... Yes, sir.

The agent hangs up and puts away the phone.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Your "constituents" folded. Our spy will be extradited to the United States in the coming days. Well done.

THE DIPLOMAT

(boastful)
Oh, well, you know, you don't win the Arizona high school debate club award for nothing--

AGENT

-- Hey, Mister "Swiss Diplomat", that's redacted, remember?

THE DIPLOMAT

Ahh, like you'll tell anyone.

Beat.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

Still, a shame he'll be leaving. We made a good team.

AGENT

You did.

THE DIPLOMAT

Parliament would bring a new issue to vote on, I'd feed him intel, he would create convenient chaos to help me push American interest on the issue. An intriguing set of "affairs" with my "accomplice", if you ask me.

AGENT

Yep.

The agent turns to look at him.

AGENT (CONT'D)

His replacement will be arriving soon. He's been undercover in the Sicilian mafia for years. He's got good connections. This is an upgrade.

THE DIPLOMAT

I'm guessing you trained him?

AGENT

Yes. He'll already be familiar with the scope of our operations. All you'll have to do is catch him up to speed.

THE DIPLOMAT

Oh good, I'll get to practice my Italian with him.

The two hear SHUFFLING upstairs. Both look up at the ceiling.

AGENT

What are we going to do with him?

THE DIPLOMAT

I figured the agency might be in need of a white hat hacker. Give 'em a chance.

The agent raises an eyebrow at the Diplomat once again.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

C'mon, he SINGLEHANDEDLY hacked the security system. That's impressive no matter how you spin it.

AGENT

Hm.

The Diplomat pours whiskey for himself.

THE DIPLOMAT

Do you realize that I managed to convince a group of intruders to betray one another with my hands literally tied behind my back? You need to tell my compatriots at the agency that after tonight...

He sips from the cup.

THE DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

I'm fucking priceless!

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.