

MISSING

Episode 101 - "Pilot"

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Network Draft

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"I'm not CIA, I'm a mother looking for her son."

MISSING

"Pilot"

TEASER

EXT. PARK - DAY

RUNNING SHOES beat a steady rhythm on a dirt path. The terrain may change but the pace never varies. INTERCUT:

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - DAY

MALE HANDS - GLOVED - set TWO BRICKS OF C-4 EXPLOSIVE on a tile bathroom counter.

THE RUNNER, a woman, FROM BEHIND. Strong and graceful, she breezes past other runners on the path.

THE GLOVED HANDS press wires into the C-4 - with an ease and style that is almost artistic.

The Runner from DIRECTLY ABOVE - her relentless pace takes her through the trees, vibrant with the changing colors of fall. We see her - we don't. We do again.

The Hands run wires to a DETONATOR, expertly attaching them to the brick of explosives. Fingers touch the smooth plastique... nearly a caress...

The Runner's face - determined - breath escaping in misty bursts. She is BECCA WINSTONE: smart, beautiful, and a devoted mother whose SUV is most often found outside the gym, the Whole Foods or the school. But something sets her apart from other women like her... an undefinable awareness.

UNDER A CAR - The Gloved Hands attach the completed bomb to the WHEEL WELL, running wires through the undercarriage.

Like a heartbeat, barely noticeable, the MUSIC ticks a steady rhythm in the background that Becca's running feet no longer matches as she slows at the trail head. She begins her cool down as two SUBURBAN WOMEN warm up.

WOMAN

You got an early start, Becca.

BECCA

No husband, no kid, until tomorrow anyway. Next stop, bubble bath.

The Women laugh and run off down the path. Becca approaches HER SUV. She takes out the key fob -

CLOSE ON THE FOB as she PRESSES the button...

CLOSE: The door locks POP UP.

INT. VIENNA HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Across the sea, Becca's husband PAUL and her 8-year-old son MICHAEL pack in a luxurious hotel. Paul - buff, polished, but with a dangerous sense of humor; the man all the ladies try to catch under the mistletoe at the office Christmas party.

Michael, more thoughtful than a boy his age should be, is trying to fit a soccer ball into his luggage next to a TEAPOT already wedged inside. Packing his own bag, Paul watches, amused, as Michael tries every variation he can think of.

PAUL
Basic geometry, champ. It may not
be possible.

MICHAEL
It has to be.

PAUL
What's our rule?

MICHAEL
(Rote)
"Carry-on only, no checked luggage.
Anything important enough to keep
is important enough to carry with
you."
(facing his father)
Dad, I don't want to leave the
ball. It's signed, by Zidane.

PAUL
Then leave the teapot.

MICHAEL
The teapot's for Mom.

Michael looks over the situation. Tries one more configuration then stops, wrestles with himself. He sets the ball aside and packs the teapot. Paul looks at his son, touched, proud.

PAUL
Tell you what... you pack the
teapot, I'll carry your ball.

Michael hugs his father, thankful. These are the moments for which fathers live. And off Paul savoring it, holding his son tightly --

EXT. PARK - DAY

The rhythm of the music - still not fully apparent to our conscious mind, but building in pace - is relentless.

Becca is at the back of the car, putting away her sweat soaked towel and water bottle. She grabs the hatch -

SLAMS IT. No explosion. She walks around to the front, gets into the driver's seat - SLAMS the door. Again, nothing. CLOSE on her hand as she finds her keys... she slips the key into the ignition... about to turn it, the rhythm building -

HER CELL PHONE RINGS. She leaves the key in the ignition without turning it and rifles through her purse to find her phone. She checks the caller I.D. and answers with a grin.

BECCA

Hey, you.

INT. LOBBY OF VIENNA HOTEL - NIGHT

God, this hotel - glass - steel - A FIRE projected on the faux fireplace. Too hip for guys like me, honestly. It's late, and the lobby feels like the inside of an echo.

Paul and Michael walk to the front desk as he talks on his cell. Each pull a carry-on, while the soccer ball is seen wedged under Paul's arm. The CONVERSATION is INTERCUT.

PAUL

Let me guess... just finishing your run.

BECCA

You know I like my routine and... running gives me time to think.

PAUL

About what? How much you miss us?

BECCA

There's that, but also, about maybe adding one more... to "us."

Caught off guard, Paul takes a moment to respond.

PAUL

Are you saying this just for me?

BECCA

No. I'm ready. I want to start trying.

(beat)

So hurry home. We have work to do.

PAUL

(A beat)

I'll be there as soon as I can.

MICHAEL

(Grabbing at the phone)

Dad, my turn.

PAUL

I'm sensing that your son wants to talk to you, although he's being awfully subtle about it.

MICHAEL

Just get to the mushy part already.

PAUL

"Mushy" is the new word for all things emotional...

(beat)

I love you, Becca.

BECCA

I love you too. Safe flight.

As the two of them walk toward the front of the hotel where their RENTAL CAR awaits, Paul hands Michael the phone.

MICHAEL

Hi, Mom!

BECCA

Hi, baby.

MICHAEL

I got you something, but I'm not gonna tell you what.

PANNING ALONG the rental car...past the WHEEL WELL... and up to Paul as he slips the key into the boot. He turns it and... the boot pops open uneventfully.

BECCA

Well, I can't wait. Do you like Vienna?

MICHAEL

It's okay. Dad dragged me to see some stupid bridge and got all weird about it.

Becca blushes, touched.

BECCA

Mushy, huh?

MICHAEL

Totally.

BECCA

That's where your dad and I met.

Paul loads in the bags as Michael climbs into the back seat. Almost simultaneous - jarring us:

SLAM! Michael's door -

SLAM! The boot -

As Paul gets in the car, he realizes -

PAUL

Mikey, I left your ball. Will you run inside?

Seeing his ball on the counter by the front desk, Michael heads back into the hotel.

MICHAEL

So, Mom, check it out. We were at the Milano game, and guess who was sitting two rows back.

BECCA

I have no idea.

CLOSE on the STEERING COLUMN as Becca turns the key in her ignition -

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION ROCKS THE SCREEN -

Michael, his back to the front of the hotel, is knocked off his feet. Turning back, he sees -- THE RENTAL CAR ENGULFED IN FLAMES!

Chaos as panicked, screaming guests start to recover from the shock. Clutching the phone, Michael runs toward the burning car.

On the other end of the phone, Becca hears nothing but shouting and screams. Panic rises --

BECCA (CONT'D)

Michael! Michael! What happened?

A HOTEL CLERK stops Michael, scooping him up in his arms. Michael kicks and screams, desperate to get to his father. But all he can do is watch the twisted pile of metal burn.

MICHAEL

Daddy! Daddy!

Becca screams helplessly into the phone:

 BECCA
Michael! What's happening, baby?
MICHAEL!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK: "TEN YEARS LATER"

EXT. MARYLAND SUBURBS - DAY

CAMERA PANS DOWN through bare and jagged branches, the trees girding themselves for the onset of winter. A well-worn STATION WAGON drives the quiet road.

Becca at the wheel, gloved hands at ten and two. Ten years have also changed her, like the colorful trees of Fall gone cold and bare. She's still beautiful, but something was taken from her that day in the park that never came back.

EXT. BECCA'S HOUSE - DAY

Becca parks at a nice, nondescript suburban home. She gets out, walks to the back of the car, waving to her neighbor.

BECCA

Hi, Colleen. Roses look good.
(calls to the house)
Michael! Come carry!

Michael, now 18 and handsome, comes bounding down the steps in a MILAN SOCCER JERSEY. The kid who hated geometry has grown into a young scholar with a passion for learning, a thirst for knowledge, and the self-reliance that comes from being the only child of a single mother.

He comes around as she pops open the back. He kisses her hello and then looks in the car.

MICHAEL

That's a lot of groceries.

BECCA

There was a lot on sale.

Becca grabs a load, heads for the house. Michael follows.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Helping unpack groceries, Michael finds a box of Frosty O's.

MICHAEL

So you'll be eating Frosty-Os?

BECCA

Oh, that's just... habit.

Michel studies his mother, then realizes --

MICHAEL

Or, you're not gonna let me go.

BECCA

We're still discussing it.

MICHAEL

No, discussing it would mean actually hearing my side. I was the only freshman accepted into a graduate level architecture program. The only one. Mom... this is my chance to see these buildings where they live, where they breathe.

BECCA

Rome is just so far away.

After holding her gaze a moment, Michael turns, walks away.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - DAY

No rock stars or Bikini Babes here. Between the HAND-CRAFTED MODELS and POSTERS of iconic buildings, this place is a shrine to architecture.

Michael is on his bed, staring at the ceiling as Becca enters.

BECCA

You have to hear my side too...

MICHAEL

(sincerely)

I know your side. We've discussed it a thousand times. Terrorism is a fact of life. But the odds of something like that happening to me, after dad -

BECCA

There are other dangers in the world besides that, you know. You're so young.

MICHAEL

You should have more faith in yourself, mom.

BECCA

Myself?

MICHAEL

I wouldn't even be thinking of doing this if it weren't for you.

This surprises Becca.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I had nightmares for three years after dad died and every night, you came into my room and stayed with me until I fell back asleep. You made me feel safe again when I never thought I would.

(A beat)

I'll be okay.

Becca nods, and after a moment --

BECCA

Your father would've seen this coming. On the day you were born, he picked you up, walked you over to the window so you could see outside, and said "Michael Winstone... meet the world. World... meet Michael Winstone."

(beat)

If only he'd said something like, "Meet Maryland..." I'd let you go anywhere in Maryland.

MICHAEL

That's not really true.

In a much needed moment of levity, they both laugh.

BECCA

So...we'll need to put you on a new cell phone plan because I'm expecting lots of texts, and lots of calls.

Michael leaps from the bed, and hugs his mother tight. After they part, Becca pulls a SUITCASE from the closet.

MICHAEL

I don't need a suitcase that big. Anything important enough to keep -

She holds up a hand, stops him.

BECCA

My son is not going to Rome for four months with a carry-on.

He laughs. And as they start to gather things to pack, Becca grabs A FRAMED PHOTO of the THREE of them together - herself, Paul and Michael - and slips it into his suitcase.

EXT. THURGOOD MARSHALL AIRPORT - DAY

A jumbo jet lands atop a rain-slicked runway. PULLING BACK, it is revealed that we are --

INT. THURGOOD MARSHALL AIRPORT

Amidst a sea of travelers, CAMERA finds Becca. Blood shot eyes betray her lack of sleep. REVERSE TO the gate door opening to reveal EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Michael, escorted from the plane by MARTIN REDFORD, older, handsome, a seasoned edge.

Michael spots his mother and starts running. Becca takes her son in her arms, tears streaming down her face. She holds him as though she'll never let go.

Martin hangs back, knowing it's best to let them have this moment alone. Becca looks up at him, eyes wet.

BECCA

Thank you, Martin.

He nods, pained.

BECCA (CONT'D)

I want to come back with you. I want to help -

MARTIN

There's nothing you can do. Stay here... be a mom.

As Becca nods and hangs on to Michael, we HEAR --

MICHAEL

Mom. *Mom.*

They pull apart to reveal eighteen-year-old Michael standing before her. And we are now --

INT. THURGOOD MARSHALL AIRPORT - PRESENT DAY

-- with contemporary Becca and Michael saying good-bye. She shakes the memory off.

BECCA

Hey, I'm letting you go to Rome. I can get a little mushy if I want. Look, I made this for you.

She unfolds a MAP OF ROME.

BECCA (CONT'D)

This is the university here, and your dorm's here. I marked the
(MORE)

BECCA (CONT'D)

most direct route from each of them
to the American embassy.

MICHAEL

Thanks. Mary gave me a pamphlet
about STDs.

BECCA

Let's live forever as if you didn't
just tell me that.

MICHAEL

Okay, so... I made something for
you too. For us, I mean.

He shows her a TEXT WORD on his phone, made from a short
string of NUMBERS, LETTERS AND SYMBOLS: **235@W**"

BECCA

Is this a curse word?

MICHAEL

It's code. Twenty-three is my
jersey number, then five because
the heart is the fifth largest
organ in the body, "at" W followed
by the symbol for prime. You're
the head of the family, you're
Winstone Prime. So, all together
it means "I love you".

BECCA

Couldn't you just text "I love you?"

MICHAEL

Not in front of my friends.

BECCA

(touched)

Okay. Winstone Prime, I like that.

Becca smiles, kisses him on the cheek. She steps back but
this time it's Michael who pulls her into a tight embrace.

INT. BECCA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Returning from the airport, Becca steps inside, hangs her
keys on the hook...and then she stops, looks around. The
silence hits her like a chill. It's that moment all mothers
dread... the day their children grow up. But before it can
get too bad, her cell phone CHIMES. She picks it up, opens
the phone to reveal a text from Michael: **235@W**" Just six
little symbols, but in this moment, it's everything Becca
needs. And off her smile --

INT. BECCA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Becca wakes up in the morning. She checks her phone first thing and she finds TWO TEXTS from Michael:

"Just landed a-ok ciao"

"Architecture studio here is epic!!"

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

We SEE A PHOTO OF MICHAEL IN FRONT OF THE VATICAN, with the caption "C I m even going 2 church".

PULL BACK from Becca's PHONE to find her looking at it in the produce section. She proudly shows it to the 20-YEAR-OLD CLERK stocking melons and questioning his life choices.

BECCA
My son is in Rome.

CLERK
Hooray for him.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Becca works on a bouquet and listens to MARY, her best friend and co-owner in the shop. Always perfectly put together, she could easily be mistaken for a local news anchor.

MARY
Do I look like a chair to you?

BECCA
Depends. Chippendale or folding?

MARY
Apparently Phil thinks I'm part of the furniture. One of those pieces in the corner that you forget is there until you need somewhere to set your hot dog.

BECCA
Phil sets hot dogs on you?

MARY
Not in weeks, honey. Not in weeks.

Becca's CELL PHONE RINGS. Mary gets to it first.

MARY (CONT'D)
Hello, lover boy... Yes, your mother's right here but she doesn't want to talk to you.

Becca tries to get the phone. Mary twists away.

MARY (CONT'D)

You'll just have to settle for me.
Your mom says you call entirely too
much, she's sick of the sound of -

Becca finally wrests the phone away.

BECCA

Hi, baby. Hang on, I'm going to
put you on face time.

She sets it so they can SEE HIM.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Where are you?

MICHAEL

At a friend's apartment. Look what
you can see...

He holds the phone up and she sees the TREVI FOUNTAIN down
the street, tiny on the phone compared to the patterned metal
grating on the window itself.

BECCA

The Trevi Fountain, right?

MICHAEL

Yeah, but the real story's in the
building behind it. There was a
prince that lived there who jumped
and killed himself because of a
broken heart. His father had the
original architect come back and
seal off the room he jumped from.
No one has been in there in, like,
six hundred years. Man, what I'd
give to get in there...

BECCA

If anyone can, you will.

MICHAEL

Studio molto duro, mamma.

BECCA

Impressive. What's it mean?

MICHAEL

I'm studying very hard. Gotta run.
Call you tomorrow?

BECCA

Tomorrow it is. I love you.

MICHAEL

I love you, too.

He hangs up. Becca turns to Mary..

BECCA

Did you really give my son a pamphlet on STDs?

MARY

Honey, he is in *Europe*.

INT. BECCA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Becca wakes up, rolls over, checks her phone. No texts.

INT. BECCA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Becca gets into bed at the end of the day, checking her phone one last time. Still no texts.

EXT. BECCA'S HOUSE - DAY

Becca unloads a much smaller amount of groceries from the car. As she carries a bag in, she calls Michael. She tries to hide any worry in her voice.

BECCA

Hi, it's mom. I haven't heard from you in a couple of days, so just checking in. Love you.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - NEXT DAY

Becca and Mary help a delivery man load the van.

MARY

It wasn't like he made a big deal out of it. I reached for his hand, and he just moved it. Slid it away on the table, you know?

Becca checks her phone for the umpteenth time.

MARY (CONT'D)

Becca! Are you even listening?

BECCA

I haven't heard from him in four days. We haven't gone four days without contact since he born.

MARY

Honey, he's eighteen-years-old, on his own for the first time in *Rome*. He's probably up to his neck in Italian p...

(catching herself)

- izza.

BECCA

You're right. Totally right.

(deep breath)

Okay. Better. Thanks.

MARY

Thank God. I was afraid I was gonna have to share my Xanax.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Becca pours a cup of tea from the teapot Michael brought her from Vienna ten years ago. As she sips, the phone rings. She jumps to it, sees the 011 INTERNATIONAL CODE.

BECCA

Michael...

Silence, and then the worst words a parent can ever hear:

VOICE (FUTZED)

Is this Mrs. Winstone?

And off Becca, blood draining from her face --

INT. BECCA'S CAR - NIGHT

Becca pulls up in front of Mary's apartment and Mary gets in. Becca pulls away immediately.

MARY

Take it easy. I'm sure there's a simple explanation, he's fine -

BECCA

They said he moved out of the dorm two weeks ago. He missed three lectures. He's out of the program, Mary.

MARY

That doesn't sound like Michael.

Becca shakes her head.

BECCA

No... something's happened to my son.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Becca and Mary sit across from FRANK STORCH, a middle-aged detective with a paunch and an ingrown toenail that's killing him. Becca is focused, but under that, frightened.

BECCA

I've already alerted the American Embassy. I need you to file an official report with both the Italian Police and Interpol.

DETECTIVE STORCH

And say what exactly? You got a kid on his own in the most romantic city on earth, and he hasn't called his mommy?

MARY

Get out your handcuffs, 'cause I'm about to assault an officer.

Becca scans his desk. Takes A PHOTO OF HIS FAMILY and points to his LITTLE GIRL.

BECCA

What's her name?

DETECTIVE STORCH

Katie. Why?

BECCA

Katie hasn't called you in five days. She promised she would, and for a while she did. And then she just stopped. She doesn't answer her phone, or return your calls.

Storch looks at the photo, Katie's happy face. Softens.

DETECTIVE STORCH

I'll file the reports.

BECCA

How long will that take?

DETECTIVE STORCH

On my end, right away. On theirs, who knows. It's Italy.

ON BECCA AND MARY as they share a look. Becca doesn't like that answer. A NEW VOICE ASKS HER:

CUSTOMS AGENT (PRE-LAP)
What is your purpose in Italy?

INT. LEONARDO DA VINCI AIRPORT ROME - DAY

BACKGROUND MATCH and we see that Becca is at customs in Rome. A living airport - teeming with people, most of them as frustrated with the wait as the BABY CRYING behind Becca.

BECCA
I'm here to visit my son.

He SWIPES her passport, stamps it, and she's on her way.

EXT. ROME / INT. TAXI - DAY

Becca rides through the tight, crowded streets of Rome. With her window down she is almost a part of the conversations, lover's spats and hawking vendors, all punctuated by the impatient HORN of her driver and the buzz of Vespas passing. The streets swirl with life - you can almost smell the fresh bread, coffee and cigarettes that infuse the air.

Becca - her mind only on Michael - notices none of it.

INT. UNIVERSITY CORRIDOR - DAY

A BELL - a class ends. KIDS spill out and Becca (her one piece of luggage - a shoulder bag - in tow) approaches TONY, a boy she recognizes from one of Michael's videos, walking with ANOTHER BOY.

BECCA
Tony? It's Tony, right?

TONY
Do I know you?

BECCA
I got your name from the office.
I'm Michael Winstone's mother.

TONY
Okay, that's not weird at all. I
gotta go to class.

The three of them walk, pushing through the crowded halls.

BECCA
He moved off campus. You have any
idea where?

TONY

He got an apartment. Some dude had a place to sublet, it was too good a deal to pass up.

BECCA

You know the address?

(Off of his look)

He's not in trouble or anything, I just came a long way to see him.

TONY

I only went there once. It was somewhere on Via Della Panetteria, but that's all I remember.

BECCA

Thank you.

TONY

You see him, tell him he still owes me for the soccer ticket.

EXT. VIA DELLA PANETTERIA - DAY

Becca looks down the street, daunted by its length. It is lined on both sides by an endless row of apartment buildings.

EXT. PIAZZA - DAY

Becca sits on a bench, searching through Michael's photos and videos on her iPad. She stops at a VIDEO of him and his friends goofing around by the Trevi Fountain. As she watches, CAMERA PUSHES IN ON THE IPAD, until the image of Michael and his friends fills the screen and suddenly -

EXT. TREVI FOUNTAIN - FLASHBACK

WE ARE THERE, IN THE SCENE, IN FULL 3D. Michael and his school friends push each other and mug for the camera.

A FRIEND (O.S.)

C'mon, dude, the game's starting!

MICHAEL

Chill, I'm coming.

The guys start off down the street. Tony has been filming and hands Michael his phone back. Tony goes after the others. Michael looks directly into the phone, exuberant.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

AC Milan v. Roma... live! I can't believe I'm here.

He looks around to make sure his friends are out of earshot.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I miss you, mom.

FREEZE ON HIS FACE. REVERSE the process; PULL BACKING from his face to show the image on the iPad again.

EXT. PIAZZA - PRESENT DAY

Becca looks at Michael's face, missing him, anguished. Then - she sees the FOUNTAIN in the b.g. - a vague thought - no! An idea! She hurries across the square.

EXT. TREVI FOUNTAIN - DAY

We look at the famous fountain until we realize we are seeing it on THE FACE OF BECCA'S IPAD in one of the PHOTOS he sent. She lowers the iPad and we are looking at the real fountain.

Becca - with renewed energy - pacing - checking the photo against the fountain - trying positions - finding the angle. Downsizing the picture, revealing the edges - the fountain is in the distant background; *the picture was taken from inside of the apartment, a couple of blocks away.*

EXT. STREET - DAY

Becca - her excitement building - moves quickly - flipping through the pictures that were taken inside the apartment. She sees a JEWELRY STORE - checks it against a photo. Turns -

And there it is - the BUILDING. Becca scans the windows - finds the one with the decorative wrought iron.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Becca bounds up the stairs to the apartment. KNOCKS. No answer. Tries the handle and is surprised - it's unlocked.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Becca - ENTERS - eyes sweeping the room - alert. Stately - high ceilings - four hundred years of Italian romance in its walls - definitely not furnished by an American teenage boy.

BECCA

Michael?

The apartment is still except for a LONE FLY buzzing.

Becca finds A HALF-EATEN BREAKFAST, rotted and crawling with ants, as if it was simply abandoned mid meal. She picks up a cereal box - Frosty-O's. A chill runs down her spine as she

realizes she is in the right place. She looks at the half-eaten meal, its terrible meaning hitting her.

She finds HIS PHONE, still on the charger. Becca scrolls through RECENT CALLS as she moves through the apartment, which is filled with Michael's stuff: clothes in messy piles; school books still laying open on the desk. In RECENT CALLS she sees "Mom", and several to "Francesca." Francesca has a cell and a work number.

Becca auto-dials the cell. VOICE MAIL answers, a generic Italian mechanized voice.

She dials the work number. In <Italian>:

VOICE (FUTZED)
<You have reached Il Rapace. We are
open every night from seven p.m.-->

Becca hangs up and pockets the phone as she goes into --

THE BEDROOM. The bed is ruffled and unmade, obviously having had two people in it. Michael's clothes hang in the closet.

Becca takes out MICHAEL'S MILANO JERSEY. She lifts it and inhales his smell.

BECCA
Where are you, baby?

SHE HEARS THE FRONT DOOR - hurries toward it - A MAN closes the door, unaware of her. Then she sees -

THE GUN in his hand! She backs away - The floor CREAKS. He whips his head around - screws a silencer on to his pistol.

Becca frantically searches for another way out of the apartment, but they are on a high floor. She's trapped! She grabs the only thing she can - A WOODEN HANGER - from the closet - and hides in the shadows.

The Man approaches, entering the room gun first...

Suddenly, BECCA IS ON HIM! The wooden hanger around his forearm, bending it back - his wrist almost snaps and he drops the gun - she kicks the gun under the bed -

The Man elbows her in the chest, knocking the wind out of her. He picks her up and tosses her across the dresser, she falls hard on the other side -

Becca's eyes - surprise, fear - and then focus.

He grabs her by the foot to pull her out of the corner, and she twists and kicks him across the face with her other foot. He lets go, she rolls to her feet -

He comes at her again, but she's ready - she meets him blow for blow - playing defense - deflecting his rapid volley of punches.

Wait a minute -- this is Becca! Housewife... mother... WTF?

At the front door - A NEIGHBOR PASSING - sees them fighting and hurries away -

Becca - rusty - tiring - he grabs her - throws her so hard against the wall that the plaster actually CRACKS.

He comes at her - it takes all her will power to roll across the bed - she reaches for the gun - but he shoves the bed, driving her back against the wall - she jumps vertically, landing on the bed on her feet as it hits the wall -

She jumps to the floor - decides then and there - *no more playing defense*. She grabs a GLASS PERFUME BOTTLE WITH A POINTED GLASS TOP from the dresser and uses it like a knife, driving him back with thrusts and slices.

She picks up the WOODEN HANGER again and uses the hook end to yank him. He lurches forward with the momentum -

She rolls behind him - kicks his knees out from under him - he drops to his knees - she grabs the lamp cord and wraps it around his neck. In FLAWLESS ITALIAN:

BECCA (CONT'D)
<Where is my son??>

MAN
<Who the hell are you?>

She tightens the cord.

BECCA
<Tell me what happened to my son!>

TIGHT AS: The Man pulls a hidden knife from his boot and thrusts it back at her!

Acting on pure instinct, Becca SNAPS HIS NECK! She stands over the dead body - breath heaving - face in shock - looking down in horror at the dead man at her feet.

That's right... Becca Winstone is more than a soccer mom.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Becca as we left her, standing over the body. Dazed -

But only for a moment. Senses sharpen. From outside - A POLICE SIREN - wah-WAH - coming closer. She goes into action.

The dead man's gun - RRRACK! SNAP! Check the clip! - wiping prints off the closet door handle - off the cereal box - examining the crack where the thug smashed her into the wall - extracting one of her own hairs from the crack - no traces.

BRAKES SQUEAL. SIREN STOPS. Becca hears it but she won't be hurried. She's on her own clock now, ice in her veins. She pulls out Michael's phone and SNAPS A PHOTO of the dead man. The next instant she's at the window...

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

A pair of ROMAN MUNICIPALE COPS. They vault from the curb to the door. THE NEIGHBOR who saw Becca fighting holds it open. The cops race up the stairs.

In a CAR a few yards down the curb, A MIDDLE-AGED GUY (AMERICAN) holds a half-unwrapped PANINI. He looks up at -

BECCA. PIVOTING out from the window frame, GRABBING a drain pipe, hand-over-hand GOING UP AND OVER the roof.

The guy drops his panini, sits up. Pushes a key on his phone.

GUY

Hi, yeah, Roma-Sector-One, I need
an all-blocks direct connect.
Grosvenor Square -

He watches Becca escape along the rooftop -

EXT. CROWDED STREET - NEXT STREET OVER - DAY

Another COP CAR - wah-WAH-wah-WAH - blocked by traffic.

A tee-shirted ITALIAN-STALLION takes his cell phone away from his ear - *can't hear!* - and gestures at the cops, *fuckers*.

He takes a second to shoot a smile AT BECCA - walking quickly by - *ciao bella!* - then gets back on the phone. Except his phone IS GONE.

WITH BECCA. Holding the guy's phone - using a Kleenex - rapidly dialing a number.

INT. A FEMININE BEDROOM - DAY

A suave man around Becca's age is asleep beside A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

His cell phone RINGS and he gropes for the alarm clock and looks at it, surprised at how late it is. He answers.

GIANCARLO

Ciao?

This is GIANCARLO; twenty years with Interpol. Always wears the same suit but it's still somehow always in style. Becca's age but a Bad Boy. You try hard not to fall in love with him, then wind up doing it anyway. It practically ruins your life...but you'd do it again.

THE CONVERSATION IS INTERCUT.

Becca speaks in flawless <ITALIAN>:

BECCA

<Will you meet me?>

A long silence. No answer.

BECCA (CONT'D)

<Hello?>

Giancarlo sits up on the edge of the bed, nude but for the strategic sheet. He seems stunned. After a bit:

BECCA (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

<I need to see you. You know where.>

(A beat. In English)

Please.

She hangs up. Giancarlo sits there for a long moment in stunned silence, mind whirling. He finds his clothes, pulls his pants on. He leans over the sleeping woman, kisses her cheek.

GIANCARLO

I'm sorry, I have to go.

With a drowsy, knowing smile:

YOUNG WOMAN

Certo lei fa.

"Of course you do." Giancarlo gets dressed fast, well practiced at leaving women's apartments in a hurry.

EXT. SPANISH STEPS - EVENING

Wide on a sunset, kissing couples, picture-snapping tourists. A romantic place to feel one with the city or lose yourself in the crowd.

Our focus falls on Becca as she makes her way down the sweeping steps. Giancarlo falls into step beside her.

GIANCARLO

You promised you'd never call me again.

BECCA

I know.

GIANCARLO

And yet, here you are.

BECCA

I had no choice, Giancarlo. My son is missing.

This news stops him. He softens.

GIANCARLO

Becca... How can I help?

TIME CUT -- They walk side by side as Giancarlo looks at the PHOTO of the Dead Man on the phone.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

I know this man. He was a former SISDE agent.

BECCA

Italian Intelligence?

GIANCARLO

He left four years ago under *questionable* circumstances. No one knows who he's been working for since.

BECCA

Can you find out?

GIANCARLO

We've been trying. The guy's a ghost.

Becca realizes the gravity of what she's done; takes a beat to breathe.

BECCA

I can't believe I killed the only
lead to my son.

GIANCARLO

You did what you had to do.

(Beat)

I can't imagine what you're
feeling.

BECCA

Do you have kids?

GIANCARLO

You know me. Some people collect
stamps -

BECCA

And you collect hearts.

Awkward beat. He refers to the photo again.

GIANCARLO

In two hours every intelligence
service in Europe will be looking
for you.

BECCA

Including Interpol?

GIANCARLO

(Beat)

Why look? I've already found you.

BECCA

Thank you, Giancarlo.

GIANCARLO

Do you have his picture? Michael?

She is touched that he remembers her son's name. She takes
out a PHOTO. Giancarlo studies it. A click in his jaw.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

He has Paul's eyes.

A slow double kiss of her cheeks and he's gone...

INT. CIA WAR ROOM - DAY

Becca's face - 10 years younger - stares at us from a monitor.
In a sophisticated, surveillance room rife with screens and
equipment, A TECHNICIAN in front of the screen holds a phone.

DAX (O.S.)
Is she one of ours or not?

EXT. LONDON - GROSVENOR SQUARE - DAY

With DAX MILLER - MOVING.

DAX
 (into his phone)
 When's HQ expected to get back with
 an answer...? Good, then read it
 to me, this line's secure...

Late-30's but still fresh-faced. His handsomeness spoiled a little by the underlying strain of being stalled in the middle en route to the top. He strides quickly by the STATUE OF EISENHOWER outside the US Embassy.

DAX (CONT'D)
 (listening, then:)
 Retired? Retired...?

He walks past the glass embassy doors - PUBLIC moving in and out. His heels CLATTER on cement. He's moving up and down stairs, through a warren of cement passageways between Embassy out-buildings and the parking garage.

DAX (CONT'D)
 ...Then what's an ex operative
 doing killing a... Hold on...

He BANGS THROUGH a non-descript metal door, slides his cell phone into a cubicle and stands with his IRIS up to a scanner. He ENTERS --

INT. HALLWAY/ANTE-ROOM/CIA WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Male and female STAFFERS tap keyboards, stare at screens. Dax comes to a stop behind the chair of the very Technician he was talking to, an Asian-American with the unlikely last name of FITZPATRICK.

DAX
 (without skipping a beat)
 Fitzpatrick, what are our
 inferences? Go.

FITZPATRICK
 Rebecca Winstone, active nineteen-
 ninety to two-thousand.

A PHOTO OF MARTIN REDFORD comes up on SCREEN.

FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)

She was trained my Martin Redford,
one of his last. Apparently they
were close back then -

DAX

Lovers?

FITZPATRICK

No. All indications are he was a
father figure to her. But they
haven't spoken in almost ten years.

DAX

What about real family?

Martin's PHOTO goes down and PAUL AND MICHAEL come up.

FITZPATRICK

Child, Michael. Husband, Paul
Winstone --
(turning around)
Husband was also Agency. Senior to
her by five years.

DAX

And where's he?

FITZPATRICK

KIA, October two-thousand.

The Field Coordinator is a laser focused Pakistani career
woman named RABIA. Raised in St. Louis, she has no accent.

RABIA

Killed by Russian Intel in a car
bombing. Legend given out was that
it was terrorists, neo-Fascists,
and he was a random civilian.

DAX

And then she quits. Convenient.

RABIA

She accepted a full benefits
package upon retirement.

Dax frowns and scans the data on the screen in front of him,
alongside Becca's picture.

DAX

What's this "PFA"? Is that some
foreign political group?

FITZPATRICK

Uh, sir... that's the Parent
Faculty Association.

RABIA

She's basically spent the past ten
years on the PTA and as a scout
leader.

DAX

I was a boy scout. Den mothers
don't kill ex-SISDE assassins.

He continues staring at Becca's photo. Another STAFFER looks
over from a phone.

STAFFER

Sir, we're about to get a visit. A
SISDE colonel. Wants to talk.

DAX

Of course he does.
(To the room)
I want Becca Winstone in my
interrogation room before this
coffee gets cold.

EXT. IL RAPACE - NIGHT

Becca walks up to a BAR, which is pumping EURO-POP and
overflowing with sexy, trendy youth. It could be Hollywood
or Chelsea, except with louder colors and skinnier clothes.

INT. IL RAPACE - NIGHT

Heavy drapes, intense spots of halogen light. Strips of glow-
in-the-dark safety tape adorn the dancers' shirts and pants.

Becca walks in and scans the crowd. She takes out Michael's
cell phone and pushes a key on its auto-dial. Watches.

A COCKTAIL WAITRESS responds to a ring, takes her cell out of
her hip pocket and looks at the read-out. This is FRANCESCA -
olive skin, flowing hair, enormous wet eyes. Stunning. She
looks shocked by the number that comes up. She looks around
with a furtive glance and answers nervously.

FRANCESCA

Mikey? Is that you?

She looks over her shoulder and is surprised again. Standing
right behind her is:

BECCA

No. It's his mother.

Francesca recovers. She clicks off the phone, then turns away from Becca to deliver beers and Camparis to a table.

FRANCESCA

I think you dialed the wrong number.

BECCA

Really. You're going with that.

Francesca looks around, nervous.

FRANCESCA

I can't talk now, too busy. Meet me on my break, twenty minutes. You know the Arch of Constantine?

INT. US EMBASSY ROOM - GROSVENOR SQUARE - NIGHT

Secure. Floor to ceiling opaque glass. Dax sits across from a civilian-suited SISDE COLONEL. AIDES from both sides MURMUR urgently on phones, TAP NOTES on lap tops.

DAX

We acknowledge that at one time she was stationed in your country -

COLONEL

You know she has a son in Rome? We just learned this. She's asking about him at his school, says he's gone missing.

DAX

We're aware, and we're on it. Now let's talk about your man. His apartment was ten thousand Euros a month. Either he was working for someone, or you fellows have a hell of a retirement package.

COLONEL

We are going to bring her in.

DAX

You don't want to do that. She's a U.S. national, we'll deal with her.

COLONEL

How about this then, Deputy Director Miller. We will see who finds her first.

The Aides fall silent. The two men glare.

EXT. CONSTANTINE'S ARCH - NIGHT

Becca waits, twirling her wedding ring on her finger, as Francesca walks up, silhouetted by the lit-up COLOSSEUM. Becca doesn't waste time.

BECCA

If you know where he is, tell me.

FRANCESCA

How would I know?

BECCA

Please. You spent the last night with him before he disappeared. There were two people in his bed and I'm guessing one of them was you. That makes you the last to see him.

Francesca looks away...but she knows Becca has her.

FRANCESCA

So...?

BECCA

So did he seem nervous, did he talk about anything that was worrying him?

(Abrupt)

You have a husband somewhere?

FRANCESCA

No - !!

BECCA

An angry boyfriend?

FRANCESCA

There was only Michael!

She wells up and Becca can see her love for Michael.

BECCA

(softening)

All right. Tell me what happened. Last Thursday, wasn't it? The last time you saw him?

Francesca lights a cigarette, but Becca snatches it from her mouth and flicks it into the street.

BECCA (CONT'D)

You're a beautiful girl with a great life, don't throw it away.

She holds out her hand until Francesca gives her the pack, a little bewildered by this unsolicited parenting.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Thursday morning.

FRANCESCA

In the middle of breakfast he told me he was out of milk and he ran to the corner store. When he hadn't come back two hours later, I think... I don't know what to think. But what can I do...?

(then, defiantly)

He turned out to be just like all the other American boys. They get you in bed and go and find another Italian girl to play with.

BECCA

He would never do that. Not Michael.

(looking her in the eye)

You know he wouldn't.

FRANCESCA

No. Not Michael.

Francesca nods her head now, broken-hearted. Girlfriend and mother share a bond.

BECCA

Can you tell me anything else? Any places he hung out? Anyone who might have seen him?

Francesca hesitates, then offers what she can.

FRANCESCA

He used to hang out at a soccer bar, for Club Milano. He made friends there, lots of friends, learn new curse words.

BECCA

He's crazy for that team. Do you know where it is?

FRANCESCA

Via Deportata.

BECCA

Grazie.

EXT. DARK SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Becca walks down a half-lit, cobblestone street. She passes a store with a glass window full of VESPAS.

She gets about halfway down the block. A dead end. A NEON STAR AND SOCCER BALL SIGN glows over a locked and shuttered door. Becca looks up. She seemingly doesn't see -

THREE MEN. Slowly approaching her from behind.

She hears them, stops - we see it in her face - *I walked right into this.* She turns.

BECCA

Let me guess - Roma fans.

The men swing up their AUTOMATIC WEAPONS - just as Becca whips around with the gun she took from the dead guy - FIRES - dives and rolls sideways and KEEPS FIRING - the men scatter - one nips at her heels with SHOT BURSTS from his AUTOMATIC.

Cars SCREAM into the alley. Block it. Becca peeks under the car to see more MEN getting out. Trapped.

She looks up and sees the window full of Vespas before her. She FIRES into the plate glass. It CRASHES... DISSOLVES... Becca runs in. Staying low. SHOTS SPRAY.

The Men (EIGHT of them) close in. Peering ahead. SUDDENLY -

WAAAANHHHH - A VESPA COMES ALIVE - TEARING OUT - a RIDER aboard - they OPEN FIRE - SHE FALLS OFF... They see -

It's a MANNEQUIN. The LEADER screams *<cease firing>*, just as -

BECCA tears out on ANOTHER VESPA, going the opposite way - out of the alley - around the corner. The MEN SCRAMBLE...

EXT. STREETS OF ROME - NIGHT

Becca weaves through the tight streets of Rome on the Vespa, her pursuers on far faster motorcycles and in cars. Becca avoids them by darting between cars, making hairpin turns.

ON BECCA. Frustrated - the Vespa's too slow. She sees ahead -

A DELIVERY TRUCK, driving STRAIGHT TOWARDS HER - just as a MOTORCYCLE PULLS UP NEXT TO HER... THE RIDER raises his weapon - she BANKS - ZOOMS OFF AND AWAY from him - down a street to her right--

She FLIES - motorcycle FOLLOWS - his FRONT TIRE bumping HER REAR TIRE - Becca wobbles; doesn't fall... She SPINS around,

the bike ON HER TAIL... She ZOOMS back down another block... toward that first street, bursting out onto it --

JUST AS THE DELIVERY TRUCK CROSSES HER PATH AGAIN... At the last instant, she LURCHES SIDEWAYS, lays the Vespa ON ITS SIDE... SLIDES UNDER THE TRUCK....

The Biker appears - SEES THE TRUCK - *too late!* Tries to DO THE SAME MOVE and LAY HIS BIKE DOWN -

BAM! - HE SLAMS into the side of the truck.

His bike slides under the chassis and out the other side. Becca leaps from her own bike as it slides away - and GRABS THE MOTORCYCLE as it stops sliding, rights it, hops on... and ROARS OFF into the night. SHOUTS and MORE GUNSHOTS as she leaves her pursuers behind...

INT. IL RAPACE - NIGHT

Becca - mad as a cobra, pushes her way to the BARTENDER.

BECCA

Francesca - I need to talk to her.

BARTENDER

She quit.

BECCA

What?

BARTENDER

After her break. She picked up her tips, said that's it, you won't see me no more. Bye-bye baby, bye-bye.

She slips a twenty Euro bill across the bar.

BECCA

I need her address.

INT. FRANCESCA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Becca comes up the stairs. Sees the door ajar. Goes still.

INT. FRANCESCA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Becca - at the door - cautiously enters...

BECCA

Francesca?

She steps around a corner. Pauses. Her lips breathe a soft -

BECCA (CONT'D)

Oh no.

She enters the BEDROOM. Steps over a HALF-PACKED SUITCASE.
Stops at the bed. Looks down.

Francesca, sprawled across her bed in her underwear... DEAD.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. STREET - ROME - NIGHT**

Narrow. Cobblestone. Windows flanked by colorful shutters. An idyllic Roman setting but for the blinking POLICE STROBES. With a haunting lack of emotion, CORONERS wheel a STRETCHER out from a narrow doorway, a BODY BAG strapped on top.

FROM A DISTANCE, we see the body parked as the AMBULANCE DOORS are opened.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME

Becca watches the scene below, not as an agent, but as a mother, raw, angry. Giancarlo stands beside her.

GIANCARLO

Don't feel bad. She sent you to that alley and told someone you were coming. She set you up.

BECCA

She was a pawn, not a player. I was so focused on finding Michael, I didn't see how scared she was.

GIANCARLO

You shouldn't have called this in. They'll have your voice recorded.

BECCA

I had to.

They watch as Francesca's body is placed in the ambulance. A TAXI pulls up and A WOMAN gets out, runs to the body, wailing and thrashing over it the way only Italian mother's mourn.

BECCA (CONT'D)

She was killed for talking to me.

Giancarlo gently takes Becca by the shoulders, turns her away.

BECCA (CONT'D)

He's alive.

She looks at him, as if defying him to say otherwise -- to confirm her worst fears.

BECCA (CONT'D)

If they'll go this far to stop me, Michael's alive.

Giancarlo nods. Becca pulls away from him with new strength, but a sharp pain shoots through her ribs. She has to fall back into his arms for support.

GIANCARLO

We need to take care of you.

INT. GIANCARLO'S APARTMENT (BATHROOM) - NIGHT

Steaming HOT WATER pours into a stand alone TUB.

Becca steps out of her pants. Reaching to lift her shirt, however, she winces in pain. Looking in the mirror, she sees her ribs, badly bruised.

INT. GIANCARLO'S APARTMENT (HALLWAY) - SAME

Giancarlo sits against the wall, a glass of SCOTCH in hand.

BECCA (O.S.)

Giancarlo...

He stands attentively, and with him we enter -

INT. GIANCARLO'S APARTMENT (BATHROOM) - CONTINUOUS

- to find Becca standing, shirt still on, her helplessness betrayed by a look. Giancarlo approaches -

GIANCARLO

Turn around. This may hurt a bit.

He gently raises her arm, and lifts her shirt off. Dropping it to the floor, he takes a moment to look over her body, battered but still beautiful. He unsnaps her bra. Then, always the gentleman, he turns, faces away.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

I think you can handle the rest.

Becca turns her head to look at him. Both faces reveal they're reminded of their history. Both know it's not the time to bring it up.

Turning back, Becca disrobes, steps into the bath.

BECCA

What's going to happen when they find out you have a fugitive in your bathtub?

GIANCARLO

I'll plead extenuating circumstances.

He hears her settle in. Giancarlo takes a WASHCLOTH, moves to the side of the tub and takes a seat. Reaching for her arm, he begins the process of cleaning her wounds. It's gentle, caring.

BECCA

Did you ever get married?

GIANCARLO

Twice. The second one damn near took, but she wised up.

She laughs softly.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

(smiling)

My pain amuses you?

Becca shakes her head...then looks up.

BECCA

You understand I had to decide... back then.

GIANCARLO

For both of us?

BECCA

For my husband and my son.

GIANCARLO

You decided for yourself.

Becca is stung.

BECCA

Maybe a little. You'll never change. If I had left them, you would have gotten bored and moved on in a month.

GIANCARLO

Tell yourself that, if it helps.

They sit in silence for a moment.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

It's a long time gone.

(a beat)

We'll find your boy.

INT. GIANCARLO'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - LATER

Becca alone on Giancarlo's bed, scanning photos and videos Michael sent to her on her iPad. Having hit a dead end, she

is searching for clues, anything that might lead her to the next step in finding Michael.

She notices an older file, clicks on it, and brings up an OLD HOME MOVIE. We HEAR Michael's voice as a child - "*Ready or not, here I come.*"

IN THE VIDEO: Someone is following Michael with a handheld video recorder. There are a BUNCH OF KIDS and their parents celebrating Michael's birthday in the b.g. Michael goes through the back yard of their house, searching. The CAMERA briefly swings down to show the HIGH HEEL SHOES of the videographer.

MARY (O.S.)

Slow down, I'm in heels...

WE PUSH IN ON THE VIDEO and jump the frame...

EXT. BECCA'S BACK YARD - DAY

WE ARE NOW IN THE VIDEO IN FULL 3-D. 10-year-old Michael goes through the backyard, tracking. Mary follows him, picking her way through the mud. He goes straight to a DOGHOUSE and finds Becca hiding beside it.

MICHAEL

Got you!

BECCA

This is a good hiding place! How did you find me so fast?

MICHAEL

It was easy, you left a trail. You wear Nikes, so I separated your tread from the other footprints. Then instead of crossing the grass like everybody else, you walked right through the mud -

MARY

The same mud that ruined my Manolos, incidentally.

MICHAEL

- and moved the doghouse to squeeze behind it. You're not hard to find. Dad was much better at hiding.

A beat; they both feel the weight of what he just blurted.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

No, he wasn't - I just meant -

He seems about to cry, so she pulls him close and hugs him as tight as she can. She looks at Mary over his shoulder. Becca is on the verge of tears, for her loss and her son's.

Mary lowers the video camera to give them privacy. We tilt down and see the BLINKING RED LIGHT of the camera REFLECTING in a puddle --

INT. GIANCARLO'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

-- PULL BACK from the iPad, and into the present world where Becca sits on Giancarlo's bed, missing Michael, utterly lost. She looks at the BLINKING RED LIGHT, then - an idea! -

She goes through the photos on the iPad until she arrives at a SHOT of Michael by his window. And there, in front of the jewelry store across the street, she sees it...a RED LIGHT.

ZOOMING IN, we see that it belongs to a SECURITY CAMERA.

INT. GIANCARLO'S APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

TIGHT SHOTS of Becca quietly loading a number of items into a DUFFLE -- FLOUR, an EXTENSION CORD, A PAIR OF TONGS.

EXT. MICHAEL'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Becca stands in the shadows, scanning the street. She spots - TWO MEN in a car, almost a block away. Then - A MAN AND WOMAN in a dimly lit window down the block in the other direction. The Building is being watched. By everybody.

EXT. EMPTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Becca breaks the tongs in half and uses one tong like a slim jim to work a window lock. Window opens. Becca is in.

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Empty but for a few boxes in the corner. Eyeing the distance to the front wall, Becca picks a spot on the floor, starts prying up floorboards.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

Quiet. Dark. Until a CEILING PANEL shifts, allowing a shaft of light to break through. Further still and we reveal Becca, reaching down and tossing a handful of FLOUR across the room.

Drifting to the floor, the flour ILLUMINATES LASER BEAMS crisscrossing the room. Becca eyes her spot.

Moments later, she drops through the ceiling, both feet wedged in a loop of EXTENSION CORD. Her hands feed cord up, controlling her descent.

Landing, she tosses more FLOUR, then carefully carves a path through the laser beams to the back of the store.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Becca takes a seat at the desk, wakes the computer, and within moments is staring at SURVEILLANCE CAMERA POV out the front of the store, Michael's building visible in the b.g.

Scrolling through the log, she arrives at a date: OCTOBER 3rd. The display window goes black. Becca leans closer. CAMERA pushes in over her until our entire FRAME is BLACK--

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - ROME - DAY

-- GLOSSY BLACK PAINT. CAMERA pulls back to reveal we are looking at a BLACK CARGO VAN.

Down the street, we find Michael amid VARIOUS PEDESTRIANS. A YOUNG MAN climbs off a Vespa, approaches Michael -

YOUNG MAN
Si scusa, lei ha il tempo?

MICHAEL
(checking his watch)
Sì, undici trenta.

YOUNG MAN
Grazie.

Michael moves on, the YOUNG MAN following a few steps back. A BIGGER MAN exits a bakery, falls into stride beside Michael. Painfully unaware of what is unfolding around him, Michael continues up the street, fast approaching the BLACK VAN.

Young Man picks up the pace, moving in closer behind Michael. He nods to a face in the side mirror, and suddenly the back doors burst open -- two more MEN move quickly toward Michael. Instinctively, he slows. The two behind grab Michael, covering his mouth. Frantic now, he struggles, but against the momentum of four, it's futile.

Though clearly terrified, Michael glances down as they push him toward the van -- MOTION SLOWS as we see his POV of the LICENSE PLATE -- then accelerating to NORMAL SPEED as Michael is shoved into the van. Just before the doors close, Michael wrenches his head around, stares straight across the street at the jewelry store, catching the GLEAM of a camera lens... His breath coming IN PANTING BURSTS. FREEZE FRAME--

INT. JEWELRY STORE - OFFICE - NIGHT

-- PULL BACK OUT so we are now looking at 2D SECURITY FOOTAGE OF MICHAEL. That same moment he's being shoved in the van. He's looking at the security camera lens.

Becca has FROZEN THE IMAGE. CLICK-CLICK-CLICK. She ZOOMS in on Michael's face. On his panicked eyes -

The short panicked BREATHS CONTINUE... But now we realize they're BECCA'S -- experiencing every mother's worst nightmare. Helpless.

Her wide, staring eyes looking straight into her son's. Her eyes brighten, grow wet. For the first time, her tears flow freely.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. GIANCARLO'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT**

Giancarlo is asleep on the couch when Becca enters, frantic.

BECCA

I saw him! I saw Michael.

GIANCARLO

(Jolted awake)

Gesu Cristo!

BECCA

He was taken.

INT. GIANCARLO'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Becca on a mission. I-Pad out. Fingers moving. Looking for one video of the utmost importance. She finds it, and Giancarlo is over her shoulder watching as Michael is grabbed and thrown in the van.

GIANCARLO

Partial plate. It's French.

He heads toward his office...

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

Let's see if we can -

DAX (PRE-LAP)

- find her. This is ridiculous.
Somebody tell me something.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION (LONDON) - CONTINUOUS

The screens explode with scattered images. CCTV. Satellite. Security cameras trained everywhere.

FITZPATRICK

Nothing. No sight. No sound.

DAX

She can't just disappear. Who's got ears on the locals?

PETERSON

Report of a break-in.

DAX

Where?

As Peterson turns to answer Dax, we INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GIANCARLO'S APARTMENT (OFFICE) - CONTINUOUS

Giancarlo taps away at the keyboard on his computer as Becca, twisting her wedding band, is now the one looking over *his* shoulder. The computer compares various number and letter combinations of the last bit of the license plate.

BECCA

You can run the border crossings...

GIANCARLO

Some things never change.

BECCA

What do you mean?

GIANCARLO

You. Telling perfectly capable people how to do their jobs.

BECCA

I never did that. There, those two! Those two plates. Run those.

GIANCARLO

So glad you never did that.

As Giancarlo works, she paces.

BECCA

Why haven't they made any demands?
Or contacted me? Or anyone! What
the hell do they want with him?

INT. CIA SUBSTATION (LONDON) - CONTINUOUS

Lots of motion. Video. Every agent on a phone or headset.

DAX

Let's go, people. Work. Faster.

FITZPATRICK

Think I got her!

Dax rushes to the monitor to find a figure ducking into an alley next to the jewelry store.

DAX

Closer.

Fitzpatrick taps a button and the video shutters closer. It freezes a moment as the focus is adjusted -- and there she is. Becca. A pretty decent profile shot.

DAX (CONT'D)
What were you after?

RABIA
Italian police are reporting
nothing stolen from the store.

Dax stares at the image of Becca. Thinks. A furtive smile.

DAX
Tell them to pull the store's
security footage.

INT. GIANCARLO'S APARTMENT (OFFICE) - CONTINUOUS

The report from Interpol comes back. Giancarlo and Becca scan the document listing every vehicle with the last three digits from the security camera.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION (LONDON) - CONTINUOUS

The entire room looks at A FREEZE FRAME of Michael being loaded into the van.

DAX
Someone better be running those
plates! We find that van, we find
Winstone.

INT. GIANCARLO'S APARTMENT (OFFICE) - CONTINUOUS

Giancarlo focuses on one of the entries on the Interpol report: a black Van.

GIANCARLO
It's registered to a French import-
export company dealing in artifacts
from Burma, Laos, couple of others.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION (LONDON) - CONTINUOUS

All men on deck. The camera feeds show cars crossing borders, customs checks, airport lines, train tracks.

FITZPATRICK
Beast!

DAX
Translation please.

Fitzpatrick spins in his chair to face Dax.

FITZPATRICK
The van crossed into France six
hours after the abduction.

DAX

Alright. Ladies and Gentlemen. Mrs. Winstone cannot cross the border into France. Let's go get her.

The order has been given and, although it doesn't seem possible to ramp up the electricity in the room - they do.

INT. GIANCARLO'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

On Giancarlo, as Becca packs what little she has. She's just focused.

GIANCARLO

You can't go.
(No response)
Becca.

Nothing. Giancarlo watches for beat before he goes to a closet, opens a safe and pulls out a "fly away bag": money, gun, first aid kit. He turns. Becca is standing behind him.

BECCA

You're not coming.

GIANCARLO

The hell I'm not.

BECCA

You've risked enough. By the time you get dressed, I'll be gone.

Giancarlo sits with this. He knows her. She's right. He tosses her the "fly away bag".

GIANCARLO

God help whoever has him.

INT. LEONARDO DA VINCI-FIUMICINO AIRPORT - NIGHT

Shoulders bumped. Bags wheeled. Italian clarion calls for someone to find their gate.

A massive sea of a tour group, all wearing the same red, white and green Italian pee caps, pour over their duty free bags. Becca stands in the midst of them. Her eyes scan the Air France departure sign: PARIS - 11:35 p.m. Current time: 9:45 p.m.

Becca - walking. She passes through a clearly American family struggling to keep bags and children and passports together. She brushes past the AMERICAN MOTHER, who gives her an overwhelmed look of helplessness.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION (LONDON) - LATER

Peterson's eyes go wide and he spins in his chair.

PETERSON

Holy crap...*sir*. I got her!

Dax rushes over as Peterson plays VIDEO of Becca at the airport.

DAX

How long ago was that?

PETERSON

Twenty-five minutes.

DAX

Fitzpatrick?

FITZPATRICK

Yeah, it's her. Madeline Addleton just passed through customs at Da Vinci Airport. That's a dead cover assigned to Becca Winstone in 2000.

Dax gives Peterson his "pat on the back from Uncle Sam".

DAX

How many agents do we have at the airport?

RABIA

Four.

DAX

Get them on her.

INT. ITALIAN INTELLIGENCE OFFICE (ROME) - DAY

The Italian Intelligence Colonel we met earlier is reading a file when a staffer comes in. In ITALIAN:

STAFFER

<Sir. We found her. She's at Da Vinci.>

He is up and out of his chair like a shot.

INT. TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Close on Becca's face as she walks through the terminal. Travelers jockey for position all around her. Two Italian police saunter towards her as a SUITED MAN stops to talk to them. She ducks into a shop to buy a candy bar.

INT. PASSPORT CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

START ON the security CAMERA that takes a photo of every person who passes through when they swipe their passports.

PAN DOWN - FOUR CIA AGENTS hurry up to passport control and are handed PHOTOGRAPHS, still wet from the printer, by the Agent at the counter. We DO NOT see the photos.

A moment after they run off - the Colonel and TWO OF HIS MEN show up. The Colonel barks at the agent in Italian.

INT. SECURITY LINE - CONTINUOUS

The CIA AGENTS, push through the line, guns drawn, glancing from the photos in their hands to the faces around them.

INT. TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Becca stalks along - eyes pinned to every security camera.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION (LONDON) - CONTINUOUS

The beehive is buzzing, every eye in the room on the screens.

DAX

I can't get a visual. Anybody see her?

CIA AGENT 1

Yes, sir. But we aren't alone.

INT. INTERNATIONAL CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS

The Colonel and his SISDE AGENTS wave off Italian police as they close in. The CIA Agents pick up their pace.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION (LONDON) - CONTINUOUS

Dax leans into the radio.

DAX

Take her.

INT. INTERNATIONAL CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS

The agents grab her. Hands twist arms. Cries of pain. Chaos.

HUSBAND (O.S.)

What do you think you're doing?

The CIA agents cuff her and throw her on her back only to realize that it is THE TERRIFIED AMERICAN MOTHER.

CIA AGENT 1
Passport! NOW!!!

HUSBAND
(handing them all over)
Here! They're all here!

The CIA Agent flips through, finds one with Becca's photo.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION (LONDON) - CONTINUOUS

Dax scans the scene.

DAX
Well? You got her?

CIA AGENT 1 (O.S.)
Negative. She swapped passports.

Dax shakes his head, disappointed but impressed.

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

We see Becca board...a TRAIN! Only now do we realize she was in a *different terminal* all along.

INT. TRAIN (PASSENGER CAR) - LATER

Becca sits in a seat as the train rockets through the night. Her eyes play over her fellow passengers. The Suited Man from earlier is there. A couple with a child. A hemped out hippie. A Goth Girl. A businessman plays solitaire.

Becca removes a new phone from its casing, draws something up on her I-Pad. It's the number for the warehouse associated with the black van. She dials. They converse in FRENCH:

OPERATOR (O.S.)
<Good evening.>

BECCA
<Yes. Good evening. I'm calling from La Rouche and Company. I have a driver aimlessly wandering the streets of Gentilly looking for your warehouse.>

OPERATOR (O.S.)
<There is your problem. Our warehouse is in Aubervilliers.>

Becca writes down the address, gets up and EXITS. A few moments later the Suited Man also EXITS.

INT. TRAIN (LUNCH CAR) - CONTINUOUS

The lunch car. Snacks. Gin. Cake. Becca senses someone follow her from the passenger car, keeps moving. Pops her head into a sleeper car - taken. The next - empty. She enters...

INT. TRAIN (SLEEPER) - CONTINUOUS

Becca waits. She hears FOOTSTEPS in the corridor... waits... then reaches out and grabs her tail and pulls her into the room - GOTH GIRL - IT'S ON!!!

Hair pulling - flesh in nails - bruising shots to the ribs - no-holds barred - Becca has her arm - twisted back - Goth Girl (whose real name is **VIOLET**) jams a heel into Becca's toe - Becca goes down - Goth Girl's elbow to Becca's back - Becca rolling over, knee to Goth Girl's groin, painful with or without balls.

BECCA

(French)

<Why are you following me??>

Nothing - a briefcase swung, Becca ducks, briefcase snaps open, papers everywhere - Becca runs - shoulder drives Goth Girl against the window -

CRASH!!! Wind whips in - papers tornado - fists and knees and feet - Becca kicks Goth Girl's knee - we hear a crack - and a cry of pain - Goth Girl responds - fist to the gut - Becca out of breath, struggling to get to the door - no such luck - Goth Girl grabs her ankle - trips her -

Becca grabs A LETTER OPENER from the briefcase - knife fight - swings and misses - swings and connects - cry! Goth Girl **KNOCKS** the letter opener from Becca's hand - Becca grabs her neck - spins - drives her out the broken window -

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Becca has Goth Girl's head pinned outside - Branches whizz past - tunnel looming - 500 yards - her head won't make it -

INT. TRAIN (SLEEPER) - CONTINUOUS

Becca struggles - veins popping - sweat stinging her eyes -

BECCA

(Italian)

<Who sent you!?!>

(German)

<Where's my son!?!>

(Russian)

<WHERE IS MY SON!?!>

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Tunnel - 200 yards - 100 yards - bye, bye Goth Girl...

GOTH GIRL
MACBETH!!!

INT. TRAIN (SLEEPER) - CONTINUOUS

The word rocks Becca -- quick tug -- Goth Girl in at the last possible moment -- the tunnel engulfs the train.

BECCA
You're CIA?

GOTH GIRL
Someone wants to meet you.

BECCA
I'm not going in.

Suddenly, Becca is TASED from behind! She goes rigid and collapses, REVEALING a TRAIN CONDUCTOR standing behind her. He nods to Goth Girl.

We are left with that and the rocking of the train...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Becca paces, fuming. She's wasting time here. Finally Dax comes in and she's on him at once.

BECCA

You have no right to hold me -- no jurisdiction.

DAX

When has that ever stopped us before?

(Then)

Dax Miller. Deputy Chief of the European station.

BECCA

I don't care.

DAX

Agent Winstone...

BECCA

Mrs.

DAX

What?

BECCA

Not agent. Mrs. Now you listen to me. My son has been kidnapped...

DAX

We're aware.

BECCA

Then you are also aware that the longer I stand here, the less likely it is that I get him back.

DAX

We can help you retrieve him, but it has to be on our terms.

BECCA

Your terms?

(a flare of anger)

I don't want the CIA involved with my family... ever... again.

DAX

Why are you persona non grata in France?

BECCA

You don't have access to my file?
(a shot across the bow)
Great. Middle management.

DAX

My orders are to put you on a
plane.

BECCA

I'll get on the next plane back.

DAX

We'll cancel your passport.

BECCA

I have passports hidden all over
the world.

DAX

We'll watch the airports.

BECCA

I'll swim back.

DAX

(Exasperated)

You have to go home. We can't have
CIA personnel running their own
agenda.

BECCA

I'm not CIA.

(Leaning in)

I am a mother looking for her son.

Beat.

DAX

Nevertheless...

BECCA

We both know what happens if you
find my son before I do. You have
your own priorities that have
nothing to do with him. He means
nothing to you. He'll become a
bargaining chip...

DAX

(interrupting)

Does Michael know you were an
agent?

She stops at the door, and doesn't have to answer him.

DAX (CONT'D)

No, of course he doesn't. We have to protect them, don't we?

BECCA

But I didn't.

It's clear; she blames herself. Dax looks around the room, at the video cameras, the microphones.

DAX

Can I buy you a cup of coffee?

EXT. PERE LACHAISE - DAY

Shady trees - ancient, worn headstones - memorial statues and picnicking families - Becca and Dax sip coffee and walk through the biggest park - and cemetery - in Paris.

BECCA

Did you read any of my file?

DAX

All two paragraphs. Enough to tell me that you were good at your job.

Nothing to lose, Becca tries the bare truth.

BECCA

Here's what's not in there. I grew up with no parents, entirely in foster homes. My childhood was made up of nothing but fear, always in a new place, always with strangers. You know what kept me going? I'd fantasize that I had a real mother who would come and rescue me from the hell I was in. But I didn't. The difference is, Michael does. He has me. And he knows I will never give up. He knows with absolute *certainty* that his mother will come after him.

DAX

Well played. Gain your adversary's trust through sympathy.

BECCA

I don't have time to play games, Agent Miller. All you know about me is two paragraphs in a red file. But you just told me everything I need to know about you.

Off of his look:

BECCA (CONT'D)
You don't have children.

He meets her eyes for a few moments and sees the pain there.

DAX
But I have a mother.
(Sighs)
You have three hours.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Becca walks up, across the street and towards the crumbling facade of a warehouse enclosed by a brick wall.

She scales it and runs along its ridge. Below she sees A ROW OF BLACK VANS -- the same as the one that took her son; she double-checks the plates and sees the one she is looking for.

She jumps down off of the wall and slips over to the van. She looks inside. It is empty - they all are - but she notes that they have ELECTRONIC GPS SCREENS installed.

Heart racing, she scales a pile of discarded crates, climbing to a windowsill. She works the window open and goes inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Dark; strange shadows cast by BUDDHAS and other religious statues from the east. Some of them seem to be watching her. Becca has entered on A CATWALK above the statues. She scans the room, sees a HEAVY METAL LOCKED DOOR at the bottom of some steps down by the offices. She starts along the catwalk.

A LONE GUARD - coming up the catwalk, armed with a submachine gun. Before he sees her, Becca leaps over the side of the catwalk and swings underneath it. He walks along as she swings the opposite way, monkey-bar style. When he is right above her, Becca drops to the floor, landing behind a statue.

Becca crouches, works her way around, through the statues, until she reaches the heavy metal door at the bottom of the stairs. It's unlocked. She goes through.

INT. BASEMENT OF WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Becca finds a dimly lit CELL with a wooden door. She hurries to it and calls through the small barred window urgently:

BECCA
Michael! Michael, are you there?

Getting no response, she picks the lock and goes inside.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Becca looks around the cell - but it is empty... Michael is not here. She stands still for a moment, emotion and exhaustion washing over her. Then she starts to head out, until SHE SEES SOMETHING THAT STOPS HER IN HER TRACKS -

BECCA - in disbelief - slowly comes forward, sinks to her knees - reaches out to run her fingers over:

THEIR SECRET "I LOVE YOU" TEXT SYMBOL - **235@W**" - carved into the wall next to the door! Michael was here! Becca half laughs, half cries, overwhelmed. She is so focused on the symbol she does not see A SHADOW moving on the wall...

THE GUARD sees her, whipping his gun around as she rolls to her feet, coming up under his gun - a BURST OF GUNFIRE strafes the ceiling. Becca disarms him - gets him around the throat from behind - squeezes until he stops struggling, then lays him down gently on his back. She takes his machine gun.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Becca comes back up the steps, gun first, making sure there are no more guards. There aren't. She goes into:

THE OFFICE. She rifles through the desks - bookshelves - looking for anything. Rips through a FILE CABINET - nothing. She goes to the computer.

Becca searches the desktop computer, until she finds the office software for the GPS UNITS IN THE VANS. She tracks them, looking for the most recent one to leave the lot. She WRITES DOWN the address of its CURRENT LOCATION.

Next, she goes through their financial records, rapidly. We can't make heads or tails of the numbers flying by, but we're not Becca. She looks out at the Buddhas, thinks. Gets up.

BACK IN THE WAREHOUSE she starts SHOOTING BUDDHAS with the submachine gun. The first two merely shatter, but - THE THIRD BUDDHA BURSTS OPEN, spilling thousands of condoms full of OPIUM onto the ground.

Back to the desk. She dials. Waits.

BECCA

Get me Deputy Chief Dax Miller.

(beat)

Becca Winstone.

She sets the receiver on the desk, off the hook, as she EXITS.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

FRENCH POLICE - swarming over the warehouse - breaking statues - finding drugs. The Guard Becca put to sleep sits handcuffed by the office.

Dax - walking through the mess, talking on his phone,

DAX

Sir. Sir, if I may -

INT. LANGLEY OFFICE - DAY

CIA HQ - Dax's boss, JACK ORTEGA, is on the other end - tearing him a new one. INTERCUT:

ORTEGA

You may not. You had her in custody and now you don't. Issue an agency wide alert for her...

DAX

The woman's looking for her son. Give me a few hours before we set the whole world down on her...

EXT. SEINE - FANCY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The building is one of the very few that sit right on the bank of the Seine, the domain of the very rich. We HEAR the previous conversation continue OVER:

ORTEGA (V.O.)

She had her chance to work with us.

DAX (V.O.)

Two hours... one.

ORTEGA (V.O.)

Issue. The. Alert.

Becca passes one of the black vans, parked on the street. Looks in; it's empty. She checks the address she wrote down at the warehouse and goes to the building. She looks over the names on the buzzer - notices there is one that is blank, no name - that's the one. She runs her fingers down the board buzzing every apartment. Someone BUZZES her in.

INT. LANGLEY OFFICE - DAY

ORTEGA

And if you want to salvage your career, I suggest you bring her in yourself.

Ortega hangs up.

INT. WAREHOUSE (OFFICE) - NIGHT

Dax hangs up, then returns the land line Becca left off the hook to its cradle. He glances at the computer. Surprised - he reaches out and takes a POST IT NOTE off of the screen. CU ON THE NOTE: All it says is - "HE WAS HERE."

Rabia ENTERS.

RABIA
Sir? The alert?

Torn. A beat. Dax finally nods.

DAX
Issue it.

Rabia EXITS. Dax tucks the note into his jacket pocket.

INT. NO NAME APARTMENT - NIGHT

Becca opens the front door, having picked the lock, and steps into the realm of the super rich -- priceless antiques and an amazing view of the EIFEL TOWER across the Seine.

But there is something odd about the apartment too; there are ninety million dollar paintings on the wall, but no personal photos. It is clean, meticulous, but has no personal touches.

Becca moves slowly down the hall, goes into the -

INT. NO NAME APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - CONTINUOUS

In THE CLOSET - Suits arranged dark to light.

In THE DRAWER - Shirts and socks neatly folded and stacked. She checks under the clothes but finds nothing.

On THE NIGHT STAND - A book, some reading glasses, a water glass. She moves the book slightly, REVEALING a dust void.

INT. NO NAME APARTMENT (STUDY) - CONTINUOUS

Becca ENTERS and looks over the things on the desk, rifles through the drawers. One of the drawers on the desk has no handle, and when she tries to open it, seems to be locked. But there is no keyhole, no visible way to unlock it. She looks under the desk, feels around. Nothing.

One of the other drawers strikes her as odd too. She pulls it all the way out, empties it. She raps on the bottom with her knuckles, then discovers the FALSE BOTTOM. She takes the

false bottom out, feels around the edges. One spot seems to give... she presses it and...

THE FIRST LOCKED DRAWER POPS OPEN. It lets out a HISS, as if it was hermetically sealed. She slides it out.

Becca goes through the files in the drawer. One catches her attention. She takes it out, opens it... *and freezes as ice water runs up her spine.*

THE FOLDER contains SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS OF MICHAEL, taken at his school in Rome, around his Italian apartment building, on dates with Francesca, at the AC Milan soccer game.

Becca is absorbed in the photos, when she HEARS THE FRONT DOOR OPEN. She turns, surprised, and MORE PHOTOS fall out of the folder. She looks down...

BECCA

What the hell..?

She kneels - picks up the photos in disbelief - they are SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of Michael and *her* back in the States, before any of this started: Becca picking Michael up at school when he was 10 - Becca coaching and Michael playing soccer - Becca at his high school graduation - Michael helping her carry groceries the day before he left.

Becca is rocked; someone has been watching her son since before he ever arrived in Italy! She is stunned - confused -

Becca grabs the photos and goes to the window - forces it open - starts climbing out - HEARS A NOISE - looks back and sees something that terrifies her - so much so that she -

LEAPS FROM THE LEDGE as A SHOT RINGS OUT! THE BULLET HITS HER! She spins in the air -

EXT. SEINE - NIGHT

- AND HITS WATER OF THE SEINE HARD, PHOTOS SCATTERING!

Our last image of Becca: floating on her back in the reflection of the Eifel Tower, eyes shut, the photos of her son splayed around Becca as a BLOOD CLOUD blooms in the water, the actual tower piercing the sky above her...

END OF EPISODE