

THICKER THAN WATER

Pilot Episode: Dinner with the Enemy

Written by

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Thicker than Water Spec.

1hour TV Drama

Log-line:

Two CIA Agents juggle the responsibilities of their career, raising two children, and fending off toxic extended family.

Genre: Suspense, Espionage, Family Drama

Comps: Madam Secretary, The Americans

Theme: "The blood of the battlefield is thicker than the water of the womb."

Premise:

This 1-hour drama centers on Fiona and Daniel, married CIA agents who are raising children. Nobody in their family knows they are agents, and as they balance work life with home life, they find that often their worst enemies and hardest battles are with their blood relatives. Fiona's sisters are jealous of her success both in finances and family, and work to punish her for it. Fiona's widowed father is oblivious to what's happening with his daughters, and makes the situation worse by bringing a date to Thanksgiving dinner. Unfortunately, his date is also the head of a Russian spy ring who sells orphans into sex trafficking.

As the season goes on, Fiona and Daniel find their loyalties to their extended family tested when the demands of work increase. They must choose between devoting time and energy to maintaining toxic relationships or going all in for their CIA jobs.

This TV show explores dysfunctional family systems, which are often scarier than spying on enemy soil. Fiona and Daniel will need all their CIA training to bob and weave the emotional bombs their families lob. Episode by episode they discover a truth counter to American values: family of origin and blood isn't everything. True family are the relationships you forge in the midst of the battlefield.

TEASER

INT. GROCERY STORE, DC - DAY

It's Thanksgiving: people scurrying with turkeys, bottles of wine, and breadcrumbs. Overstuffed carts clog the aisles.

FIONA WILLIAMS (39) calmly hunts for that one missing ingredient. She hasn't bothered with a cart. She looks like any other working mom, except for the way she moves. She's a wolf among sheep, and good at hiding it.

EXT. STREET, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Tall buildings rise on either side studded by tall windows. DANIEL WILLIAMS (38) walks down the center, hood up. He's thickly built, walks with a slouch, gravity low.

There are several small tattoos on his face: a dragon perching on the edge of his eyebrow, a lion up one cheek. A heart at the corner of one eye, next to a unicorn.

Nightlife clutters the street. Pedestrians stay out of his way; the Euro-street boy you don't mess with.

INTERCUT FIONA & DANIEL

INT. GROCERY STORE, DC - DAY

Fiona skirts past a traffic jam of carts piled with food. She snags a jar of sauerkraut in one move and carries on.

EXT. STREET, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Daniel maneuvers past a large group of people talking and smoking on the sidewalk. One of them holds out a key card behind his back. Daniel snags it without breaking pace.

INT. GROCERY STORE, DC - DAY

Fiona gets to the registers: it's fully backed up. She weaves through the crowd to the self check-out. She slips to the front when no one is looking and swipes the barcode.

INT. NIGHT CLUB, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

It's dark and packed wall to wall with dancers dressed in black and glow-rings. Daniel slithers through the crowd to a back doorway. Locked. Slides card through the reader. Open.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE, DC - DAY

Fiona carries grocery bags into her spacious kitchen. Ingredients and pots are everywhere, cluttering the granite top island and surrounding counters.

She sets the sauerkraut on counter. Rolls up her sleeves.

INT. BACK ROOM, NIGHT CLUB, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Daniel strides into a back room of men playing cards in smokey low light. He flicks the key-card onto the table.

From his coat, he too sets down a small jar of sauerkraut.

DANIEL

Johannes sends his regards.

The men slowly look from the jar of sauerkraut, to him. Shit's about to go down.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE, DC - DAY

Fiona puts a large pot in the sink, turns on the WATER.

INT. BACK ROOM, NIGHT CLUB, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

One of the seated men lunges at Daniel. Daniel decks him, SCATTERING the gambling chips across the table.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE, DC - DAY

Fiona peels potatoes in swift, precise movements.

INT. BACK ROOM, NIGHT CLUB, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Daniel jabs a throat, the thug falls back into his chair. Daniel pins him down, punching his head like a speed bag.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE, DC - DAY

Fiona cranks an opener on a can of cranberry sauce. She pulls the metal lid back, *SHLOPS* the sauce into a bowl.

INT. BACK ROOM, NIGHT CLUB, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

A thug grabs Daniel from behind. Daniel twists around and is now behind him, arm held in a vice. He slams the man's face down into the table, snags a cigar trimmer, and trims the thumb. The man SCREAMS. Daniel flicks the errant thumb away.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE, DC - DAY

Fiona holds a package of Brussels sprouts. Texts Daniel,

CHRYON: "How do you do the sprouts?"

She spins a knife, more comfortable with a blade than your average housewife. Those carrots don't stand a chance.

INT. BACK ROOM, NIGHT CLUB, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Two men face off with Daniel, holding knives. He pulls out two knives sheathed at his back, and goes to work. They are a whirlwind of black and silver glints. Daniel chops them up.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE, DC - DAY

Fiona scoops the food scraps off the counter.

INT. BACK ROOM, NIGHT CLUB, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Daniel kicks an automatic rifle from a thug's hands. He punches him in the chest, knocking him down.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE, DC - DAY

Fiona dumps food scraps into the garbage disposal. GEARS GRIND.

INT. BACK ROOM, NIGHT CLUB, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Daniel unloads the AUTMOATIC RIFFLE into the pile of men.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE, DC - DAY

Fiona pats down a raw turkey with a paper towel.

INT. BACK ROOM, NIGHT CLUB, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

A BEEFY GIANT comes face-to-face with Daniel. He grabs Daniel's gun, snaps it in half. The giant kicks him. Daniel goes flying off screen.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE, DC - DAY

Fiona flips the turkey over, and carefully cuts out the backbone.

INT. BACK ROOM, NIGHT CLUB, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Daniel takes a running jump, uses his momentum and body weight to fling himself over, yanking on the man's neck, and flip him over.

SNAP. Daniel breaks his neck.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE, DC - DAY

Fiona BREAKS the turkey breast. Spatchcocked.

INT. BACK ROOM, NIGHT CLUB, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Daniel pulls the cellphone from the big man, tucks it away.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE, DC - DAY

She consults the cookbook. She thoroughly salts the turkey and covers it with green herbs.

INT. BACK ROOM, NIGHT CLUB, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

He then SLOSHES gasoline over the whole back room of incapacitated thugs.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE, DC - DAY

Fiona puts the turkey in the oven. It's set to 350. She shuts the door.

INT. BACK ROOM, NIGHT CLUB, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Daniel stands at the back entrance. He takes out a box of matches.

DANIEL

Gentlemen, it's been a pleasure.

He strikes a match, lets it fall.

The door shuts behind him on a blaze. Off Daniel walking off into the night.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE, DC - DAY

Over the stove, Fiona stirs a pan of simmering Thanksgiving Sauerkraut, a perfect caramelized golden color.

INT. BACK ROOM, NIGHT CLUB, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

The plastic jar of sauerkraut melts in the blaze.

TITLE CARD

ACT 1**EXT. STREET IN AMSTERDAM - NIGHT**

Walking along a canal Daniel goes through the phone he lifted; contacts, texts, etc. Finds what he needs, tosses it into the canal.

Behind him, the blaze claims the building. FIRE TRUCKS sound in the distance. He finds the text from Fiona. Calls her.

DANIEL

Mi Amour.

FIONA

Did your meeting go alright?

DANIEL

Without a hitch.

FIONA

Your Brussels sprouts- I have the balsamic, the garlic cloves, the salt and pepper-

DANIEL

Honey.

FIONA

Honey...

Daniel turns down an alley, constantly moving.

DANIEL

And don't forget, you need to grate the cloves finely, not mince. The pepper needs to be fresh cracked, none of the pre-ground store crap. It matters. And please tell me you're not using provolone on the au gratin potatoes.

Fiona glances at the stove, the boiling pot of water for MASHED potatoes. *Whoops.*

FIONA

I wouldn't dare... I wish you were here.

DANIEL

Tell them I said hi.

Fiona makes a face, dreading the arrival of her family.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Need backup?

FIONA
Your brothers are coming.

DANIEL
Save me-

FIONA
Some of Mike's bread, yes, I know.
You'll be home soon then?

DANIEL
Getting close, had a break through.

FIONA
How many were there?

DANIEL
Seven, but one guy looked like he
ate men for breakfast, so I'm going
to say a round ten.

FIONA
Poor bastards. Remember to clean
your knives. The last batch were
disgusting.

Daniel feels for the sheath at his back. Empty.

FLASH BACK: knives sticking out of abdomens and skulls as the
room goes up in flame.

DANIEL
(makes a face)
Okay, baby. Ciao.

Daniel hurries on, turning down an alley away from the canal
just as a barge travels down the waterway.

The windows on the barge are boarded up. The vessel is worn
down, used for transporting cargo. It trails the barest
ripples. We see this barge, and its cargo, later on.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE, DC - DAY

Fiona chops up her Brussels sprouts, shakes up a bottle of
vinaigrette. Her phone BUZZES on the counter.

Caller ID: DO NOT ANSWER. With a picture of a doggy poop-bag. Her expression sours, but she picks up.

VINCE
Happy Thanksgiving!

FIONA
Is it?

INTERCUT FIONA & VINCE, INT. KITCHEN/HOME OFFICE - DAY

VINCE (37) is scruffy, unwashed hair, a man who knows he's good looking and can get away with not showering. He's at a neat desk with a bag of Cheeto's.

VINCE
(chuckling)
I thought you liked your job.

FIONA
(quietly)
Daniel's in Amsterdam. You know the agreement: one parent inside the country at all times. Besides, it's a holiday, and I'm hosting.

VINCE
It's recon only. Close by. It's so simple I knew you'd break my arm if I didn't suggest you.

Fiona is torn between irritation and interest.

VINCE (CONT'D)
You can do it while the kids are in school.

Fiona checks the hallway for said children.

FIONA
(lowered voice)
Okay, who is it?

She opens her laptop and government secured email. As he speaks she goes through the documents and pictures he sent. ANITA MORDVINOVA (46) has shoulder-length blond hair, warm skin, beautiful eyes, all smiles. Pictures at gov. functions.

VINCE
Anita Mordvinova, Russian diplomat. Been living here for the last year and working at the embassy. We want you to keep an eye on her.

FIONA
Background?

Pictures of Anita working with international orphanages. A faded picture of Anita's first post in the government.

VINCE
She grew up an orphan, so it's spotty, she emerged in the Russian government in her early thirties. Married once, spouse deceased, moved to diplomatic work ten years in. She's been state-side before, well-praised by coworkers.

FIONA
Whats the catch?

Anita visiting US Orphanages. A smiling picture with girls.

VINCE
She's been visiting US orphanages. Apparently her reforms in child adoption, particularly for older children, is legendary in other countries. When she became a diplomat, she brought her reforms with her.

FIONA
You don't buy it?

VINCE
No, Langley isn't buying it.

FIONA
Reason?

Official documents showing statistics of adoption requests.

VINCE
We looked into her agencies, and there are disproportionate requested adoptions from agencies in Moscow, Beijing, and Amsterdam. Places Mordvinova also happens to have set up her networks.

FIONA
(sickened)
Girls?

VINCE
Mostly, though plenty of boys too.

Fiona makes a face: this is tied to Daniel's case.

VINCE (CONT'D)

This also has personal relevance-

REBECCA (6) long brown hair, all sweetness and unicorns, enters the kitchen.

REBECCA

Mommy?

FIONA

Thank you for calling.

(hangs up)

Hello my dear, come here my little turkey. I'm going to gobble you up. Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!

She sweeps her daughter up and plants enormous, messy kisses, swings her around.

REBECCA

(delighted)

No! Yucky. Put me down!

BERNICE (70s) a nanny with long silver hair and quiet intelligence, enters behind her.

BERNICE

Apologies, she got away from me.

FIONA

Here, I'll trade you.

Fiona sets her daughter on a stool and plucks the brush and bow from Bernice's hands. Bernice turns to the messy kitchen, a gleam in her eye, and takes over.

Fiona plaits Rebecca's hair. Her phone buzzes. She messes it all up again (leaving Rebecca giggling) and grabs her phone.

INTERCUT FIONA/CHARLES, INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHARLES (61) dapper, clueless, more concerned with history than today. His hair is salt and pepper, his demeanor crossed between war vet and professor.

Thick history books (American revolution, American Civil war, biographies on presidents) line the bookshelves behind him. A 19th century map of America is framed on the wall.

FIONA

Hey Dad!

CHARLES

Hey hon, we're going to be a little late today.

FIONA

No trouble. Wait... we?

CHARLES

I meant to call, it just happened so fast. You don't mind do you? I think you'll love her.

FIONA

She's very welcome.

Fiona hangs up, pours herself a glass of wine, and starts drinking.

Charles turns to the woman he's with -- the one he just invited to spend Thanksgiving with his daughter's family...

CHARLES

See, I told you you'd be welcome.

... and it's Anita Mordvinova, the child trafficking Russian Fiona was just assigned to look out for.

That's who's coming for dinner.

EXT. CANAL, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

The old barge floats quietly down the dark canal into an area with huge warehouses, leaving only ripples.

INT. BARGE ON AMSTERDAM CANAL - NIGHT

A few boys and mostly girls (6-16) fill the space. There is only flickering lanterns for light, matching their waning energy levels. They are worn and unusually quiet.

DHRITI (15) an Indian girl with a smudged face stares off. None of them have showered in days. Her hair is in a ratty ponytail: weathered endurance.

Another Indian girl, CHANDANI, (10) cries next to her. Dhriti doesn't move. A FLUSH and a wooden door bangs open, startling her out of her reverie. A little boy, DON (6) exits the boat toilet.

Dhriti notices Chandani crying next to her. She pulls her up and hugs her close. Both girls speak Hindi.

CHANDANI

I want my mama.

DHRITI

Me too, Chandani. That's where we're going now: a new mama and papa.

CHANDANI

I don't want a papa.

DHRITI

They're not all bad. Some papas can be really good. They protect you, feed you, read to you.

Chandani presses her face against Dhriti's disgusting shirt.

CHANDANI

No papa!

DHRITI

Shhshhshh, alright Chandani, no papa. Shhh.

The boat comes to a halt. Men shout orders to each other outside. A door opens and the children blink up at the brightness, blinded.

Dhriti gets up, climbs over the mass of children.

INT. SHIPPING WAREHOUSE, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

The warehouse is mostly empty and dark, except for large men carrying riffles. A cook stands at a table with a large pot of soup.

ARMAN (52) is thick, bristle beard, a round face with a mouth as quick to smile as curse. He smiles at Dhriti and speaks english with a Russian accent.

ARMAN

Welcome! Come, eat. You've had a long journey.

Tentatively, Dhriti climbs to the edge of the boat. He offers his hand and helps her step off.

The children follow, crawling out of the hole like cautious baby rabbits. They are a mix of ethnicities.

Dhriti receives a bowl with warm soup, and a roll of bread. The children get their food. Chandani comes over.

DHRITI

See?

But she keeps a weary eye on the men with guns. Arman passes food to the children with a broad, bristled smile.

INT. STAKEOUT APARTMENT, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Daniel watches a building across the street, takes a photo. There are several guns on the table next to him. He chews gum. He pulls up a picture of his family on his phone.

A call comes in. Caller ID: OFFICE. With a picture of a pooper-scooper. He pops a bubble. Picks up.

CHRIS

Well, you certainly made a statement.

Daniel returns to cleaning his guns. Though the conversation, we see just how capable Daniel is with guns.

DANIEL

They won't know it was us.

CHRIS

You can't know that.

DANIEL

The penose would like us to think they're organized, but they're just like every other capitalist venture: built on competition.

CHRIS

You think they'll blame one of the other crime heads. There's no evidence-

DANIEL

Everyone has their little ticks, unique features. Microscopic ridges that, taken together, are their fingerprints on life. Take, for example, Johannes Ivanov. Anyone who has spent any time in Johannes' operation knows the man is angling for more territory. They also know Johannes has a love for sauerkraut that borders on idolatrous.

CHRIS

That's why you wanted-

DANIEL

Yes, now I'm going to get back to my job and trust you to do yours.

Daniel hangs up. Looks out the window at the warehouse, a faint hint of concern on his face.

INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

The house is filled with relatives. Fiona wears jeans, a nice blouse, heels. She sips wine with MAEVE (30) who sports a sequin shirt. Onto her second glass of red vino, Maeve radiates GOOD VIBES. She's an entertainer at heart.

LINNET (29) a statuesque woman, youngest of the four sisters, the child who never grew up. Her life is everyone else's fault. She darts between rooms without acknowledging them.

FIONA

(exasperated)

Hi Linnet.

LINNET (O.S.)

Fiona, Maeve.

Fiona sighs and takes a big gulp of wine.

MAEVE

Oooooo, what did you do now?

FIONA

Who even knows.

MAEVE

Must've done something.

FIONA

Last time we talked we were good. Remember? Heart-warming hug, she apologized and everything. Decided to grow up, turn over a new leaf. Etc. etc.

She takes another drink.

MAEVE

Wow, really? And you believed her?

FIONA

Not really, but hope springs eternal.

MAEVE

That's adorable. She'll never forgive you.

FIONA

What did I ever do to her?

Cut to JON (40s), good humored business professional with a love for sports. So boisterous he misses nuance and sails right through tension. This is Daniel's older brother.

Jon shows Rebecca a magic trick with a coin. It's hard to tell who gets more delight out of the trick.

MAEVE

It's not just you tonight. Dad's date. In Linnet's eyes: INTERLOPER.

Bernice comes in and puts a plate of appetizers on the coffee table. Jon is immediately distracted.

Rebecca moves on to fawning over her aunt SIENNA (34) a ginger goddess attempting aloofness in the corner. She pulls the emotional gravity of the room like a black hole, a trait useful in her boardroom negotiations.

Her longtime boyfriend stands dutifully by her: SAM (40) would lose a personality competition against a beetle.

FIONA

Wouldn't she want to rally the troops then?

MAEVE

She's like a starving cornered dog: *only one will survive*. Oh look! There's Rebecca! With her second favorite aunt.

Sienna is disdainful of Rebecca as she shows her aunt her favorite barbie. Sienna glances at Fiona, and immediately looks away.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Burrrrrr, I'm gonna need a coat.

FIONA

Which one of us was that for?

MAEVE

Both, probably.

FIONA
 Alright, Miss Truth Speaker,
 diagnose that one for me.

MAEVE
 All you have to do is look around.

Maeve swings her glass around at the enormous, beautiful house, and finishes by downing it.

FIONA
 Huh?

MAEVE
 You're successful.

FIONA
 So? So is she.

MAEVE
 Exactly.

Maeve boops her nose, proud of her pupil. Fiona stares.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
 It's *her* thing. The mountain top she stands on. There's not enough room up there for two of you.

FIONA
 Fine, what about you then?

MAEVE
 Well, obviously I'm fabulous: the life of the party. Who wouldn't be jealous of me? Speaking of adorable munchkins, were's Miles?

Fiona looks around, concern growing. Uncle MIKE (36), Daniel's other brother, is as genial and portly as a living snowman. He comes up, still in his coat and holding a bag.

MIKE
 Fiona, I have the bread. Where would you -

Fiona gives him a hug.

FIONA
 (to Maeve)
 Would you?

MAEVE
 I was heading that way anyway.

Maeve guides Mike to the kitchen.

INT. MILES' ROOM, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

This room is boy haven. Posters of Artemis Fowl, Alex Rider, and James Bond on the walls. Binoculars on the desk, a compass, a globe, a bookcase full of books: spy-obsessed.

MILES (10), skinny, glasses, heavily freckled face, lays on his belly reading a book. His mouth hangs open, eyes glued to the page.

The door opens silently behind him, sounds of the party distant.

Fiona ATTACKS. Tickle torture.

Miles SCREEEEEEAAAAAMMMSSSSS. Very high pitched.

MILES

Mom, NO!

Fiona laughs her face off, collapses onto the floor next to him. He throws his arm over his eyes, the vein in his throat racing to calm his little heart.

FIONA

Good book? I wonder,
(picking up the book)
Do you think Alex Rider would have heard his mother sneaking up on him? Or calling him for dinner?

She pats his leg and stands.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Come on, visit with your aunts and uncles. They want to see you.

Fiona walks out, leaving the door open as Miles smushes his face into a pillow.

INT. HALLWAY, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Fiona pushes her sleeves up, still smiling. The doorbell rings. She picks up her glass where she left it in the hallway and takes a big gulp.

INT. MAIN ENTRYWAY, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Fiona opens the door with a big smile, revealing Charles...

FIONA

Dad! Hi-

...and Anita.

Fiona freezes, smile fixed on her face, muscles taught. Charles gives her a hug.

CHARLES

Hi honey! This is Anita. Anita, this is my daughter, Fiona.

FIONA'S POV, SLOW MOTION: She watches the hand coming towards her like a missile. Anita's mouth is moving, but Fiona hears no sound.

ANITA

A pleasure to meet you, Fiona. I've heard such good things.

FIONA'S IMAGINATION, FAST MOTION: She takes the hand, twisting it around Anita's back, dislocating her shoulder with a jerk, and then breaking her neck...

RETURN TO NORMAL SPEED: an awkward moment as Anita's hand hangs in mid air. Smile still frozen on Fiona's face. She takes the hand.

ANITA (CONT'D)

My! That's quite the grip you have there.

CHARLES

She gets that from me. Can we come in, honey?

FIONA

Of course. So good to have you. Let me take your coats.

Fiona puts down her glass on a side table. The two pass off their coats to her. Anita wears a pristine white dress, very expensive, and heels.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Help yourselves to drinks in the kitchen.

Anita and Charles leave as Fiona backs away.

INT. PRIMARY BEDROOM, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Fiona dumps the coats on the bed and ransacks Anita's pockets. She finds nothing, and then feels along the lining.

She finds a trick pocket, pulls out a green Russian diplomatic passport. She flips through. Everything is in order. Stamps from expected countries.

Fiona dials "DO NOT ANSWER."

INTERCUT FIONA/VINCE, INT. BEDROOM/ HOME OFFICE - DAY

FIONA
(whisper shouting)
My home? Really? My father? Screw
you.

Vince jerks at the venom in her tone, spilling Nacho cheese all down his front. He tries to clean it up.

VINCE
Mordvinova has come to dinner, I
take it.

FIONA
Next time I see you, I'm going to
actually break your arm. You have
an obligation to warn me if my
farther is dating a target.

VINCE
I tried to tell you. You hung up.

FIONA
You should have called back.

VINCE
I texted.

Fiona checks her phone. Finds one text: "Call me."

FIONA
If she targeted my father, she
knows about Daniel and I.

VINCE
As far as we can tell, that's not
true. It's a genuine coincidence,
and that means her guard will be
down. Piece of pie.

Vince eyeballs a piece of pumpkin pie on his desk.

FIONA

Vince! I've been drinking to get through this evening! Not only am I hosting thanksgiving for my enormous, dysfunctional family, I'm now running an op. My kids live here! Do you really think your agent is thinking clearly right now?

VINCE

Fine.

The line goes dead. Fiona silently shouts at the phone screen, then pulls herself together.

INT. PRIMARY BEDROOM CLOSET, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

The walk-in closet is spacious, wall-to-wall shelving. Coats, dresses, and shirts hang here, rows of drawers.

Fiona presses a fingerprint scanner. The drawers unfold, revealing a choice selection of guns.

Fiona picks the smallest one. Assures it's in working order, loads it.

INT. HALLWAY, WILLIAMS HOUSE- DAY

Miles walks towards the party, past his parents room. He stops, backs up, opens the door. There is a flicker in the shadows from the closet.

He smiles deviously, rubbing his hands like a villain, and tip toes in. Tickle torture *revenge time*.

In the light cast from the closet, he sees a silhouette of what appears to be his mom loading a gun.

His eyes go wide, mouth drops open. He backs up, runs away.

INT. PRIMARY BEDROOM CLOSET, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Fiona finished loading the gun and tucks it into the waistband at her back.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2**INT. BACK OF A TRUCK, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT**

The children huddle in the back of truck, unhappy, afraid. It bumps along. Made of sterner stuff, Dhriti comforts Chandani.

INT. STAKEOUT APARTMENT, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

A truck pull up in front of the building Daniel's watching. A man opens the back. All of the children get out.

He snaps photo after photo, but the children are quickly ushered inside the warehouse. The truck rolls along, leaving an empty street, and a closed door. Daniel snaps his bubble gum, jaw grinding in thought.

INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Fiona walks through the house. Everything is blurry, slow motion, sound muffled. Her eyes dart, jittery. Agent instincts colliding with the domestic environment.

Jon laughs too loudly. Fiona sails past Linnet without acknowledging her. Linnet is immediately insulted: World War 3 declared.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE- DAY

Sound, speed, and sight all catch up as Fiona enters. Laughter. Charles is very funny. Maeve is having a great time. Rebecca adors her glamorous aunt Maeve.

Bernice pulls the turkey out of the oven, at ease. Seeing Fiona, she freezes. Fiona goes to the sink, pours herself a glass of water, and starts chugging it.

Fiona joins Bernice. The two turn their backs to the crowd, busying their hands with food tasks.

BERNICE

What?

Fiona shakes her head, too shaken to speak.

Miles watches his mother's back, looking for the bulge of the gun. Close on her back. Her billowy shirt disguises it.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
Daniel?

FIONA
NO.

BERNICE
Here?

FIONA
Yes.

BERNICE
What do you need?

FIONA
Just... keep eyes on the kids,
okay? How close are we to dinner?

BERNICE
Just slicing the turkey and
bringing the dishes out. Do you
want to -

Bernice offers the electric turkey slicer.

FIONA
No, no, I need my hands clean.
(turning)
Dad! Do you want to do the honors?

Charles comes over. Fiona looks around the room at all the
knives on full display in the kitchen.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Anita! Can I get you a glass of
wine?

ANITA
Please. Red. You have such a
beautiful home, Fiona.

Linnet (skulking in the background) rolls her eyes.

FIONA
Thank you, Anita. Linnet, can I
refresh your glass?

Linnet gives her the stink eye.

FIONA (CONT'D)
No? Okay.

The electric turkey cutter WHIRS. Miles watches his grandfather slice meat. Uncle Mike arranges bread carefully in baskets. Fiona swings by and offers wine.

She returns to the center island with a fresh bottle and glasses. Efficiently she strips the seal, twists the screw, and cranks the cork like she wishes it was a person.

CHARLES

Where's Daniel?

POP! The cork comes out.

FIONA

Hmm?

CHARLES

Surely the company could have spared him. It's a holiday.

FIONA

He's overseas Dad, foreign markets don't recognize Thanksgiving.

She pours healthy servings.

ANITA

What does your husband do?

FIONA

Insurance, for airlines.

Fiona and Anita meet gazes. Fiona is nonchalant as she reads to find a deeper meaning in Anita's question. She can't tell.

ANITA

That's interesting.

MAEVE

Hardly. It's very gloomy. We don't let them talk to us about it.

ANITA

You are in insurance as well?

FIONA

Yes. Like Maeve said, it's dull.

ANITA

We must always be grateful for work that allows us to raise our families.

She smiles honey sweet down at Rebecca, who's loving the party energy.

FIONA'S POV, SLOW MOTION: Anita's hand reaches out, strokes Rebecca's glossy brown hair.

ANITA (CONT'D)
So beautiful.

FIONA
(loudly)
Time for dinner!

Everyone startles and stares at her outburst.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Okay kids, set the table. Hop too.
Everyone grab a dish.

Fiona grabs the rolls and gives them to Rebecca, ushering her out of the kitchen.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Go tell everyone it's time for
dinner.

She returns to get the dishes. The kitchen is happy chaos.

The doorbell rings. Fiona freezes, butcher knife clutched in her hand in her attempt to hide the knives.

MAEVE
I got it!

FIONA
Wait -

Maeve exits in the chaos of bodies.

INT. MAIN ENTRY, WILLIAMS HOUSE- DAY

Maeve opens the door. Vince stands on the threshold with a bottle of wine. Maeve takes in this tall drink of scruffy dark and handsome. It's her lucky day.

MAEVE
Well, hello.

VINCE
Hey, sorry I'm late. Name's Vince,
I'm a friend of Fiona's. From work.

Maeve shakes his hand too long.

MAEVE
No you're not.

VINCE
I'm not?

MAEVE
No. If you worked with my sister,
I'd have to kill her for not
telling me about her sexy, single
coworker.

Vince laughs, despite himself.

VINCE
Who said I'm single?

MAEVE
No ring.

VINCE
You should be a detective.

MAEVE
Who says I'm not?

Her game is FIRE.

Fiona comes around the corner, panicked. She immediately
comes down when she sees Vince. Then, irritated.

FIONA
Hey, what are you doing here buddy?

VINCE
I know I said no, but I changed my
mind. Here, I brought wine.

FIONA
Ah - Maeve, mind getting Vince a
glass, and setting a place for him?

MAEVE
There's room next to me.

Maeve leaves, hips swaying.

VINCE
She's lovely.

Fiona gives him a big smile and hug. Through her teeth:

FIONA
Touch her, and I'll remove it -

VINCE

I thought you could use backup -

FIONA

- Whatever 'it' may be.

VINCE

- And I could use a free meal.

She stares him down. He won't stop smiling. She turns on her heels. He follows.

INT. DINING ROOM, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Everyone sits around the over-stuffed dining table. It's tongue-in-cheek Martha Stuart: classy but not over the top.

Bernice keeps the kids close to her. Charles is at one end of the table, Anita next to him.

Fiona's enters with the last dish. She puts it down, hands trembling. She smooths her palms on her jeans and forces holiday cheer into her voice.

FIONA

You all make such a good picture!
Let me document this moment.

Everyone leans in as she frames them on her phone screen.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Say 'turkey'!

EVERYONE

Turkey!

Fiona takes the family pic. She immediately texts it to Daniel. She tucks it into her back pocket, next to the gun, and takes the open seat at the end of the table.

INT. WAREHOUSE, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Though the outside looks run down, the inside is clean with top of the line equipment. They have resources.

The children file in and are directed to sit on the ground in the center of the space. Around them stand armed guards. Overkill for children. Dhriti keeps Chandani close.

There is a giant clear water tank. Above it hangs chains on a pulley. Arman strides in front of them with the bravado.

ARMAN

Well children, you have come far, but the most important moment is ahead of you. When you look back, you will know this is the moment when your life could have gone extremely different. In most operations, you would have no choice, but in this one, we allow you to prove yourself.

A trembling little hand goes up. Arman stares at it, surprised. He smiles, uneven teeth like a crocodile.

ARMAN (CONT'D)

Yes?

DON

Are you taking us to our new mommies and daddies now?

ARMAN

Yes, and no. Some of you lucky little children will get to go home to a family at the end of this. The rest of you will not.

Dead silence. Then some start crying. Most are in shock.

DHRITI

How do we get families?

Arman draws closer, leaning his hands on his knees.

ARMAN

You must prove you are worthy of their time and attention.

He grabs Chandani's wrist, drags her up. She screams. Dhriti lunges for her. She's pushed back by one of the guards.

Chandani writhes with all her might, but Arman merely carries her under one arm. He climbs the steps up to the tank of water. He binds her hands into the chains.

All the children are screaming now. Dhriti is still trying to get past, but the bulky guards with guns have closed in.

Chandani's face is covered in snot and tears, her skin flushed red and bruised. Arman grabs her by the rib cage and forces her to look at him.

ARMAN (CONT'D)

Deep breath. Swim.

He tosses her in. The chain rattles as it free-falls into the tank after Chandani. Dhriti screams.

The room falls silent as all watch. She sinks, struggles. She stops, holding her breath, staring out in panic.

ARMAN (CONT'D)

This is to test your ability to handle stress, to see if you can swim, and because you all need a bath.

DHRITI

She's suffocating! You're drowning her!

Arman watches as Chandani struggles. Bubbles float to the top. She can't swim. He cranks up the chain till she is hanging above the tub, pushes her out, and lowers her to the ground.

The guard lets Dhriti run to her. Chandani collapses to her knees, coughing, sputtering, shaking. She gulps down air.

ARMAN

Excellent! Who's ready for their bath?

All of the children shrink back. Dhriti, hugging Chandani, glares with hatred.

INT. STAKEOUT APARTMENT, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Daniel angrily watches the entrance guards. Losing his patience, he gets up, arms himself, and leaves.

INT. STAIRWELL, APARTMENT, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Daniel scales the disgusting metal stairs two at a time.

EXT. ROOFTOPS, APARTMENT, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Daniel looks along the sides. He takes a running jump and crosses. He does this twice more (the guards below don't see him) and lands on the roof of the building with the children.

Using a knife to get the door open. He takes out his gun and descends into darkness.

INT. WAREHOUSE, UPPER ROOMS, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Daniel sneaks along, a patrolling guard passes by, and he just barely gets himself behind a corner.

Once the guard has passed, he sneaks down the hallway, makes his way down to lower levels.

INT. DINING ROOM, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Miles is on high alert, twitchy, watching his mom. MILES POV: the happy dinner is a cacophony of knives and screeching forks on china.

Fiona's eyes flick to Anita, back to her wine, back to Anita. Mile's catches this, like a spectator at a tennis match.

REBECCA

What's wrong with you?

MILES

(jump)

What?

REBECCA

You aren't eating anything.

His plate is completely full.

Miles leans in to impart serious news. Rebecca (despite herself) is intrigued.

MILES

(whisper)

Mom's got a gun.

REBECCA

(shout)

WHAT?!

Her shriek draws attention across the board.

BERNICE

Rebecca, no yelling indoors.

REBECCA

But!

Miles shakes his head, wide-eyed.

BERNICE

Yes?

REBECCA

Nothing.

The siblings bend their heads to conspiratorial conversation.

MILES

I saw her.

REBECCA

No you didn't. You only thought you saw something.

(off his silence)

Dude, you're paranoid. Too many spy novels. Time to enter the real world.

She waves her mashed potatoes around, emphasizing the real world. She flicks it onto his nose.

BERNICE

Rebecca, don't play with your food.

Anita watches all this with delight.

FIONA

Apologies Anita, my children aren't usually so badly behaved.

ANITA

No, no. It's a lovely thing when children can play with their food.

Charles squeezes her hand.

CHARLES

Anita was an orphan.

The table falls silent. Awkward.

MAEVE

Where did you grow up?

More awkward, but everyone wants to know.

ANITA

Norilsk, Russia. In fact, I have not had this dish outside my country. I'm surprised to find it here, a little piece of home.

Anita gestures to the Thanksgiving Sauerkraut. She takes a bite with evident enjoyment. She meets Fiona's eyes.

FIONA

It's a tradition in our family. Our mom used to make it.

Anita's expression almost falters. She looks away, swallows.

LINNET

(aggressive)

How did you meet our father?

CHARLES

Linnet!

Anita is cool as a cucumber. Fiona drinks more water.

ANITA

Of course they're curious. They love their father.

CHARLES

Anita visited the museum.

JON

Which museum?

ALL THE DAUGHTERS

The Smithsonian.

JON

Woah. That was some freaky mind-meld shit, like a hive collective or something.

None of the sisters look at each other. Baggage...

REBECCA

Wait, if you're from Russia, why did you want to visit Grandpa's museum? It's all about America.

ANITA

That is precisely why I wanted to visit. America fascinates me. For example, an entire holiday devoted to food and giving thanks for your blessings? Only in a land where there is so much opportunity, and so much to give thanks for.

JON

Well, damn.

VINCE

So, my family used to do this really corny thing. We each say what we're grateful for.

Linnet and Sienna are not impressed. Maeve is eager to agree with anything Vince suggests.

MAEVE

I love that idea! I'll go first. I'm grateful for an excellent quarter. I just got a promotion.

Maeve flashes Vince a demure look. Linnet grips her knife, buttering her role so hard it's pulverizing the bread.

ANITA

What do you do?

MAEVE

Luxury rentals.

Maeve reaches for the salt the same time Vince does. She makes an apologetic face. He gestures for her to take it.

INTERCUT DINING ROOM/WAREHOUSE, AMSTERDAM - DAY/NIGHT

Daniel walks through disgusting rooms; windows broken or boarded up, graffiti. He holds the gun low, moves fast.

INT. WAREHOUSE, SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

The children stand in new clothes, basic, cheap, no shoes.

MAEVE (V.O.)

I'm in the acquisitions department.

The floor is padded, thick ropes hang from the ceiling.

INT. DINING ROOM, WILLIAMS HOUSE- DAY

Off Sienna's eye roll.

VINCE

I'm thankful for excellent co-workers that make my job so easy.

Vince raises a glass to toast Fiona. She dips her head to receive the compliment. He gives her a wink.

INT. WAREHOUSE, SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

Men guard the doors. Some push the children to the ropes. Arman starts a timer. The children furiously climb, racing.

JON (V.O.)
I'm grateful the Commanders are
going to beat the Cowboys.

LINNET (V.O.)
That's not how this works.

Across 5 ropes the children climb. Dhriti makes the top.

REBECCA (V.O.)
I'm grateful it's almost Christmas!

BERNICE (V.O.)
What about you, Miles?

MILES (V.O.)
I'm grateful for school break.

Chandani falls from halfway up. She lands on her shoulder.

FIONA (V.O.)
What about you, Linnet?

Daniel hears the children's cries and sneaks closer.

LINNET
Pass.

INT. WAREHOUSE, SECOND ROOM - NIGHT

The guards shatter glass on the ground, crushing it with their thick military boots.

SIENNA (V.O.)
I'm grateful for Sam.

SAM (V.O.)
I'm grateful for Sienna.

MIKE (V.O.)
I'm grateful for good food.

The children stand at one end of the room, trembling. Across the room, on a pedestal, Arman puts a bag of McDonald's food.

ARMAN
Whoever gets here first, may eat
the delicious American Big Whopper.

The floor glitters, a sea of broken glass. The children crunch their bare toes, dismayed. A few go for it. They whimper, blood smearing across the floor. They don't get far.

Dhriti grabs two thick shards of glass. She gives one to Chandani, sits down, and cuts her pants at the knee.

BERNICE (V.O.)

I'm grateful for family we make.

Dhriti wraps her feet in the fabric. She rises and **CAREFULLY** crosses the shattered glass. Chandani watches her, defeated. Dhriti gets to the other side, only minor scratches. She grabs the bag of McDonald's.

CHARLES (V.O.)

What about you Fiona?

A flicker in the passage catches Dhriti's attention. No guards close by. She locks eyes with Daniel. He freezes.

FIONA

I'm grateful that family is close.
That no matter what, we will always
be there for each other.

Linnet's knuckles are white around knife and fork. Trembling.

Daniel lifts a finger to his lips at Dhriti: *Quiet*.

A guard approaches, carrying a gun. Dhriti turns and bangs into him, distracting him from looking down the hallway. He shoves her down, into the glass. He yells at her in Russian. Dhriti is all cut up. When she looks up, Daniel is gone.

EXT. STREET, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Daniel watches a large truck load up the children and take them away. He grabs a bike and follows them.

INT. DINING ROOM, WILLIAMS HOUSE- DAY

Anita meets Fiona's gaze. She smiles and raises her glass.

ANITA

(Russian, no dub)
Vashe zdorov'ye.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3**EXT. STREETS, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT**

Daniel follows the truck on his bike, dodging traffic. He stays far enough back that he's not visible in the side mirrors.

The chase leads inevitably into the Redlight district.

EXT. REDLIGHT DISTRICT, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Daniel watches them unload the children into the back of a club. The children are shaken, afraid, limping.

He's furious. Opens his phone and speed dials.

DANIEL
Mission update.

CHRIS
Go.

DANIEL
I found the safe house. We were correct about the cargo.

CHRIS
Pictures?

DANIEL
Got them. They put the kids through weird tests and shipped them to the Redlight district. I've got eyes on them now.

The children disappear into the club. The truck drives away.

CHRIS
Good work, stand down.

DANIEL
Excuse me?

CHRIS
Stand down. Go home. We'll send orders once mission center has processed the information you send.

DANIEL

They're right inside. I can still get them out. Just set up an evac-

CHRIS

Negative. Stand down. You'll blow your cover and the op's longevity.

Daniel gawps.

DANIEL

Listen up Chris, here's the deal: I'm a father. I'm sure you've read that in my file, I'm sure it's on your desk right now. So you know I'm telling you the truth when I say I AM NOT leaving those children to be trafficked. Now, you can either set up an evac., or you can lose an agent. Make it look like the penose, I don't really care, but I am going in.

Long silence.

CHRIS

Details will be forwarded shortly.

DANIEL

Thank you, Chris.

He hangs up.

INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Everyone (but Fiona and Bernice) is gathered in the living room, playing a board game. Having a good time.

Vince gets a call, steps out of the room. Maeve watches him.

REBECCA

Aunty C-C, look!

Rebecca twirls, her dress flutters. Sienna ignore her niece, keeping her eyes on the board.

Miles notices. Doesn't understand.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE - NIGHT

Bernice and Fiona prepares dessert. Coffee and tea brew. They get the desert plates and pies.

Fiona is flustered. She starts cutting the pecan pie, butchering it. Bernice takes the knife.

BERNICE

Why don't you get the ice cream dear.

FIONA

Did this ever happen to you?

BERNICE

Entertaining a competitor to The Company? No, but not being... a part of the same business, when my husband was, had it's own challenges.

Fiona nods, cutting the much more manageable pumpkin pie. Bernice takes her hand. Fiona looks up.

BERNICE (CONT'D)

But you are in the company. And you didn't get there by letting people scare you. Whatever is going on, you can handle it. You're strong enough.

FIONA

Thanks. You are a Godsend Bernice. Daniel and I really- We couldn't-

BERNICE

I know dear.

Linnet enters. She casts Bernice a look. Jealousy? Spite? Whatever it is, Bernice takes the hint.

BERNICE (CONT'D)

I'll clear the table.

Linnet comes next to Fiona and puts together the tea services. The atmosphere is cautious.

LINNET

So... Dad brought a date.

FIONA

Yep. Quite the surprise.

LINNET

Don't tell me you like her.

FIONA

When did I say that?

LINNET
You're being all hostess and charm.

FIONA
Because I'm hosting. That doesn't mean I like her.

Linnet softens: they have a common enemy.

FIONA (CONT'D)
So, what's going on with you? How's school?

LINNET
They've almost matched me with a thesis director.

FIONA
That's great, and then you'll be head in the books for a few months.

LINNET
More than that. It won't be cheap.

FIONA
Don't they give thesis students a stipend? Plus, you teach.

LINNET
Yes, but it's not enough to live on, not to mention the time constraints between writing the thesis and teaching, and just, I don't know, living. And then my loans from undergrad and grad will come due as soon as I'm done.

FIONA
I thought they give you nine months after you graduate until they come due.

Linnet loses her patience and slaps the counter. A child's temper tantrum: never stopped being the baby of the family.

LINNET
Fiona, how the hell am I supposed to pay that?

Fiona doesn't let her expression move, a trained mom.

FIONA
You're very smart Linnet, I think you'll figure it out.

LINNET

Oh just stop with the smug bull-
shit.

FIONA

I'm not being smug. I think you
will.

LINNET

Why can't you just help me. I'm
your sister.

FIONA

(even tone)

You want to take another loan from
Daniel and I?

LINNET

Are you kidding me? You don't need
the money.

FIONA

You want Daniel and I to give you
money.

LINNET

With your fancy kitchen, your two
jobs that pay extremely well, you
don't need it. You have a maid!

FIONA

Bernice is our nanny. Not maid. If
she chooses to help in other ways,
then we are very thankful.

LINNET

You're avoiding the point.

FIONA

No, I'm clarifying.

LINNET

You owe me.

Fiona pauses, holding the knife. A moment where we're not
sure what she's going to do with it.

FIONA

How so?

LINNET

You left us.

FIONA
I'm right here.

LINNET
No, you left. You insisted on being our mother, and fixing it so that Dad didn't have to take care of us, and then you just moved on with your life.

Long beat.

FIONA
You and I remember our childhood very differently. I'm ten years older than you, Linnet, when Mom died, and Dad was a wreck, of course I stepped in.

LINNET
And then you abandoned us.

FIONA
I went to college. And by the way, it was my turn to have something for myself. You think it was easy? Being 14 and all of a sudden Mom to three people?

LINNET
We didn't ask for that. Dad didn't ask for that.

FIONA
Yes you did! Merely by existing, you all did!

LINNET
You didn't have to name your daughter after her.

Fiona's knuckles turn white around the knife handle. Linnet remains vindictive, utter belief in her own righteousness.

FIONA
You may leave.

Linnet leaves in a huff.

INT. REDLIGHT DISTRICT SHOP, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Two men occupy the bar area. The PROPRIETOR, short, stocky, bald, board. His MUSCLE is tall, tight t-shirt shows off thick arms.

A dark customer enters an empty bar. Long trench coat, a hat, rings on fingers, chewing a toothpick. Mafia money vibes, menacing. Shifty mannerisms.

It takes us a second to recognize Daniel. The whole conversation is in fluent Dutch.

PROPIETOR

We're closed.

DANIEL

(swagger)

No your not. I'm a collector of the rare and the delicate.

PROPIETOR

You're in the wrong part of the city.

DANIEL

I don't think so. See, when you're as dedicated to your collections as I am, eventually word gets back to you, on where to acquire the best... stock.

PROPIETOR

We're not selling.

Daniel takes out a suitcase, puts it on the bar top, and opens the latches revealing stacks of euros.

PROPIETOR (CONT'D)

Look, you seem like a decent business man. But it's not my stock to sell. I'm the middle man, see, accountable to higher-ups. People you do not want to fuck with.

DANIEL

And they will not know if I sample their wares. Somebody should. And why shouldn't you make a little capital, on the side.

The proprietor looks at the money. Closes the case. Tucks it behind the counter.

PROPIETOR

This way.

Daniel follows him into the shadowy back rooms. The proprietor opens one.

INT. BEDROOM, REDLIGHT DISTRICT, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

The room is decorated with reds, low lights, a bed. There is a bottle of vodka and two glasses on a side table. Daniel grabs the man's arm before he leaves.

DANIEL

I paid for young, unspoiled.

PROPIETOR

We just got a fresh batch.

Daniel forces himself to let go of the man, who closes the door behind him. Daniel snaps the toothpick in his teeth.

The door opens again. The proprietor pulls Chandani forward. She's still in the cheap clothes, tripping over her own feet, exhausted, trembling.

DANIEL

(displeased)

What is this?

PROPIETOR

Just in. It doesn't get fresher.

Daniel pretends to deliberate.

DANIEL

Fine, fuck off.

The proprietor pushes Chandani into the room, hands him a key and leaves. Daniel locks the door.

Daniel takes a deep breath, turns, SLOWLY approaches her. Chandani backs away.

CHANDANI

(whimpering, Hindi)

No. No. Please no. Help. Help.

DANIEL

English?

Chandani doesn't respond. Daniel comes closer. She's cornered, beginning to freak out.

Daniel gets on his knees, eye level with her, on hand up. He places the other on his chest and speaks in slow english.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
 Good. I'm good. I won't hurt you.
 I'm here to help you.

CHANDANI
 Bad man! No!

Daniel catches sight of himself in a mirror on the wall. He's pretty terrifying with the face tattoos.

He points to the unicorn on his face.

DANIEL
 Unicorn. See? Horse.

Her lip trembles.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
 Lion. Roar.

He's extremely gentle, almost cartoonish. Pointing to the little heart next to his eye:

DANIEL (CONT'D)
 Heart.

CHANDANI
 (quietly)
 Heart.

He takes the bottle of vodka, pours some onto a cloth. Right in front of Chandani, he rubs it on the dragon tattoo, which comes off.

DANIEL
 See? I'm the good guy.

He rubs some more. Chandani reaches out, touches his face where the dragon tattoo was. She takes the cloth and rubs off some more.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
 Good guy.

CHANDANI
 Good... papa. Good papa?

Daniel swallows down tears.

DANIEL
 Yes. Good papa. And you?

CHANDANI

Chandani.

Very slowly he puts his hands on her shoulders.

DANIEL

Good, Chandani. Good. I'm going to get you out, but I need you to show me where the others are. Okay?

She stares at him with big brown eyes. It's not certain if she understands or not, until she nods.

INT. HALLWAY, REDLIGHT DISTRICT SHOP, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Daniel eases into the hallway. Chandani comes out and quietly retraces her steps deeper into the club.

At the end of the hall, Chandani looks between the two doors. She points.

DANIEL

They're in here?

She nods. He gets on his knees before the door, pulls out two thin lock-picks.

FLUSH.

They freeze. The proprietor comes out of the bathroom. He doesn't look up, still buckling his pants.

A mouse runs past him, towards Daniel. He grunts and immediately kicks it. Nailed. He stomps on it, muttering.

He Looks up. Sees Daniel at a disadvantage on his knees. The Proprietor shoves him over, grabs Chandani, and runs.

She SCREAMS.

Daniel rolls up, gun out, pointed on the man's bulk, but can't be sure he won't hit Chandani. He doesn't shoot, and the man disappears around the corner.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Shit!

He takes off after them. Just before the main room he stops, waits, and lunges out.

INT. REDLIGHT DISTRICT SHOP, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

The Muscle attacks him, knocking the gun out of his hand. They tussle. Daniel finally lands a knee to the face, knocking the man unconscious.

The proprietor holds a gun to Chandani's head. She weeps loudly.

PROPIETOR

Knew that cash was too good to be true. Pay for a single fuck while you make off with my entire stash?

DANIEL

Exactly.

PROPIETOR

Well I've called the buyer. He'll be here shortly, you sorry fuck.
(to Chandani)
Shut up!

He smacks her with the gun. Daniel lunges at him, smashes his face in. He stumbles back, Daniel pries his fingers back. Chandani runs, hides beneath a table.

Daniel twists the gun in the proprietor's hand until it's pointed up his own jaw.

DANIEL

I just want you to know, I really wish I could make this last.

He pulls the trigger. The back of his brain blows out, smattering Daniel with gore.

He snags the keys from the belt, grabs Chandani, and heads back down the hallway.

INT. CHILDREN'S PRISON ROOM, REDLIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT

The room is full of orphans wearing the same clothes, bedraggled, many cut, some weeping.

The door opens, revealing Chandani and a blood spattered Daniel. Chandani steps forward and points to Daniel.

CHANDANI

Good papa.

The children stare, still in shock.

INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Most people are still in the living room, having a great time playing games. In the next room, between the kitchen and living room, the uncles watch a VERY LOUD football game.

Anita gets a phone call.

ANITA

'Scuse me, diplomatic business.

She steps out the back door onto the patio.

Charles goes into the kitchen for another drink. Maeve has mysteriously disappeared.

Linnet joins Sienna where she has isolated herself in the back corner of the room

LINNET

Can you believe this shit?

SIENNA

Oh, you're talking to me?

LINNET

What are you talking about? It's you that stopped talking to me.

SIENNA

No I didn't.

LINNET

Fiona just told me to fuck off.

Sienna doesn't dignify this with a response.

LINNET (CONT'D)

See? You stopped talking to me.

SIENNA

What did you say to piss her off?

LINNET

Nothing. I just told her I was struggling with student loans. It didn't bother her at all.

Sienna watches Miles and Rebecca playing. She's unreadable.

SIENNA

You need help? I'll help you.

She rises and puts on the coat that Sam brings her.

LINNET

Thank you. Wait, you're leaving?

SIENNA

Yes. Family obligation fulfilled. Nothing has changed. Text me how much you need.

LINNET

Do you want me to tell them you said goodbye?

Sienna gives her a placid look, and leaves with Sam.

REBECCA

Wait! Aunty C-C, are you leaving?!

Sienna pretends she doesn't hear her, and exits. Sam gives a polite wave.

SAM

Goodnight all.

Miles watches all of this with a frown.

REBECCA

Wait!

She lunges up and runs for the door.

LINNET

Rebecca! Sit down!

When Rebecca ignores her aunt, Linnet chases her to the door. Rebecca tries to open it. Linnet shoves it closed.

LINNET (CONT'D)

When I speak, you listen!

Rebecca turns around, caught between the door and her screaming, red-faced aunt, stunned.

LINNET (CONT'D)

(venomous hiss)

Leave her alone. You obviously didn't get the message, so let me spell it out for you: she wants nothing to do with you. Why? Because you're a spoiled little brat who doesn't know when to shut her face.

Miles gets between Rebecca and his aunt Linnet and shoves her away.

MILES
Get away from my sister!

Linnet is momentarily startled, then slaps him. Rebecca, crying, pulls open the door, and runs away.

MILES (CONT'D)
You should seriously consider therapy.

He runs after his sister.

The ugly snarl doesn't leave Linnet's face. Then she notices Bernice stands at the dining room entrance with a dish.

LINNET
What are you looking at?

BERNICE
A child.

Linnet looks ready to foment. Bernice raises a brow.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

In a temper, Linnet storms off and gets into her rundown sedan. The muffler needs replacing. The car needs replacing. She leaves.

INT. GUEST ROOM, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Vince is just finishing up his phone call with the CIA.

VINCE
Okay. No, all's even here.

Maeve sneaks in. He hears her. Doesn't acknowledge.

VINCE (CONT'D)
I'll be sure to check on the situation on Monday.

Hangs up. Turns around. Maeve immediately kisses him. He steps back.

VINCE (CONT'D)
I'm flattered, but no thank you. Fiona might actually murder me.

MAEVE
She doesn't have to know.

Vince edges around her, to the door.

VINCE
Have you met your sister?

MAEVE
Fair point. But she's not my
keeper.

VINCE
Sorry.

Vince opens the door and follows her out.

INT. HALLWAY, WILLIAMS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Walking through the hallway.

MAEVE
Wait... Are you and Fiona...?

VINCE
Have you met her husband? That guy
would string me up by my thumbs.

MAEVE
(laughing)
You just turned white.

VINCE
Because I have healthy survival
instincts.

MAEVE
Where is everyone?

They stand at the open, empty living room.

EXT. BACK YARD, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Anita paces slowly.

ANITA
(Russian, no dub)
Damn it, well, get ground control
on it. Contain the situation.

She sees Rebecca run to treehouse, Miles chasing after.
Anita's eyes narrow.

EXT. TREEHOUSE, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Rebecca is crying. Miles climbs up.

REBECCA

Go away!

MILES

No.

He scoots in next to her and puts an arm around her.

REBECCA

Why was she so meeeaaaannn?

MILES

I think she's a little off.

REBECCA

Is w-what she said true???? Does
aunty C-C not like me?

MILES

I think it might be, but I think
thats a her problem too.

Anita surprises them.

ANITA

Hello children. What is the matter?
Well, if you cannot tell me, can
you let me make it better? I have
some chocolate, very expensive,
from Russia. It's in your
grandfather's car. I meant to bring
it in earlier.

Miles and Rebecca look at each other. Anita goes. Rebecca
climbs down without a second thought.

MILES

What are you doing?!

REBECCA

What does it look like? Getting
chocolate.

Miles watches his sister go.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Miles and Rebecca follow Anita to the black SUV. Anita opens
the trunk, leans in, one hand on Rebecca's shoulder.

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4**INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY**

Fiona comes out of the kitchen, Charles following behind her.

FIONA
Alright everybody, dessert is
ready.

Mike and Jon come out of the den, leaving the game playing.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Wait, where is everyone?

BERNICE
Sienna and the barnacle left, as
did Linnet.

FIONA
Where are the kids?

BERNICE
Outside.

CHARLES
Where is Anita?

Bernice and Fiona lock eyes, panic stricken. Fiona runs out the front door.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Rebecca and Mile chew their chocolate happily. Vince walks up with Maeve, from behind the house, startling Anita.

VINCE
Ooo, chocolate. Any good?

The kids nod.

ANITA
(to Vince)
Would you like one?

Vince pats his stomach.

VINCE
Thanks. I'm saving my waistline for
pie.

Maeve lowers her hand, rethinking.

Fiona, Charles, and Bernice come out. Fiona can barely contain herself. She puts an arm around her kids.

CHARLES

I didn't realize you brought chocolate.

ANITA

A little surprise.

Impossible to tell if she's faking. Vince kicks the tire.

VINCE

Looks like you got a flat tire there, Charles.

CHARLES

Shoot. Must be the cold. It always wrecks the air pressure.

Anita glances at Vince. Turns her smile on the children.

FIONA

Alright, well, back inside everybody. Don't ruin your appetites, we've got dessert.

Fiona ushers her kids back inside. Fiona puts the tin of Russian chocolates back in the car. She closes the trunk.

EXT. STREET, AMSTERDAM - DAWN

The back of a beat-up blue van. CIA guard opens the doors. Daniel hops down and starts helping children out, searching faces. They're all numb... but he doesn't find what he's looking for.

DANIEL

Wait, there was another girl. Hair in a ponytail. There was one more.

CIA people wrap the children in blankets. Usher them inside the safe house.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Chandani, one more girl, where is she?

CHANDANI

Dhriti. They took her.

DANIEL
What do you mean?!

One of the older kids, CECILIA (12), dirty blond hair, speaks up with a heavy French accent.

CECILIA
They took her, and two others.

DANIEL
Where?

CECILIA
I don't know. They said they earned their families.

Tears spill over her eyes, running tracks down her dirty face. She's ushered away with the other children.

Daniel turns and slams the blue van.

DANIEL
Shit!

CHRIS (28) blond, trim, good looking in a button up way, approaches.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
They might still be at the warehouse, send a unit.

CHRIS
We can't do that, we'll completely blow this op. I've already pulled too many strings. We'll be lucky if they believe it was the penose.

Daniel stocks towards him but Chris hold his hands up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'll send an asset by. See if they're still there. If so, we'll track them.

DANIEL
I'll go.

CHRIS
No, I'm benching you, and not because you're out of ammo, or because I'm on some sort of power trip, but because by now people will know what you look like.

He leaves. Daniel kicks the tire, furious.

INT. SECRET HOUSE, AMSTERDAM - DAWN

Dhriti stands next to two others. They're given materials to bath themselves, and left alone.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE - NIGHT

The kitchen is scattered with dirty dishes, empty dessert bowls, platters of food half eaten, and destroyed pies.

An exhausted Fiona is at the center, packing it all up.

Charles and Anita come to the kitchen.

CHARLES

Where did everyone go?

FIONA

Oh, the kids wanted to show Maeve and Vince the telescope Daniel set up on the back hill. It's a bit of a hike. Mike and Jon helped him set it up, so they're with them, and Bernice.

CHARLES

And Sienna and Linnet?

Fiona doesn't respond.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

(to Anita)

Okay, well, do you want to see some stars?

ANITA

You go, I'm in heels. I will help Fiona with the dishes.

She gives Charles a kiss on the cheek. Fiona clenches her jaw and thwacks the potatoes more viciously into the glass pyrex container. Charles leaves.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Put me to work. I want to help.

FIONA

Can you de-bone the turkey?

She sets the turkey carcass at one end of the island with a glass Tupperware. She gives Anita an apron to protect the white dress.

ANITA

You have a lovely family.

Anita goes to one of the side drawers and retrieves a paring knife Fiona hid earlier.

FIONA

Thank you.

Silence stretches as Fiona loads the dish washer and Anita pulls meat from the bone.

ANITA

It must be hard to have a new person in the mix.

FIONA

Not at all. We're always this difficult with each other. But I love them, regardless.

Fiona joins her at the island, packing Brussels sprouts into a container.

ANITA

I understand loyalty to your family.

FIONA

Forgive me, but I thought you didn't have a family, that you grew up an orphan.

ANITA

I consider my country to be my family.

Anita smiles neatly as she scrapes meat from the bone with her paring knife.

INTERCUT WAREHOUSE, AMSTERDAM/WILLIAMS KITCHEN - DAY/NIGHT

The room is empty, abandoned. Chris walks through the detritus with several guards, investigating.

FIONA (V.O)

Well, that is a lot of people to invite over for dinner.

ANITA (V.O.)
You have no idea.

They find the abandoned bath bars and three piles of clothes scraps.

INT. BEDROOM, CIA SAFEHOUSE, AMSTERDAM - DAY

Daniel steps out of the shower, wraps a towel around his waist. The facial tattoos and grime are gone.

He turns on his personal phone. A text comes in from Fiona. The picture of the thanksgiving meal with Anita. PANICK.

FIONA (V.O.)
So...what made you want to become a diplomat?

ANITA (V.O.)
In the orphanage, it was very important to obey. But it was more important to speak to power. The other girls learned they could follow me, and get what they needed.

Daniel dials. Waits.

INT. KITCHEN, WILLIAMS HOUSE - NIGHT

Fiona packs more food into an already jammed-full fridge.

FIONA
That must have been hard, not having anyone fight for you. Having to fight for yourself.

ANITA
Some of us are born to be fighters.

Fiona smiles. This woman is becoming her Frenemy.

Fiona's phone buzzes. A picture of a lion with the letter D.

FIONA
Do you mind if I -? It's PTA stuff.
(picks up)
Hey.

DANIEL
Are you with her now?

FIONA
Yep! We're all having a great time.

DANIEL
That is Anita Mordvinova. We're investigating her.

Fiona turns her back to Anita, clearing the counter. She hunts in a knife drawer.

FIONA
I heard. It was a bit of a surprise. Any news on how he's doing?

DANIEL
It's worse than we thought. The orphans are sent for testing. Those that make the cut are sent to happy families spy training camp.

FIONA
And the rest?

DANIEL
Redlight district. Fund raising.

FIONA
I'm sorry to hear that. Give him our love.

Her fingers close around a blade.

DANIEL
Langley knows. They're coming.

FIONA
Goodnight.

Fiona turns around. Lock eyes. Anita knows that she knows.

ACTION SEQUENCE:

The two trained fighters use everything at their disposal in the Thanksgiving mess to kill each other, destroying the kitchen. We see Fiona's MAD CIA FIGHTING SKILLS.

- Anita hurls the paring knife straight on at Fiona's head. Fiona bats it away (quick reflexes) with her knife.

- Fiona hurls her own knife, but Anita hits the decks.

- Anita, up in the next instant, grabs a cast iron skillet. Fiona pulls the gun from her waistband.

- Anita moves with surprising agility and strength, using the skillet as a racket to bat away the gun, smashing Fiona's hand. The gun spins away without going off.

- Anita is hard after her. Fiona grabs whatever she can from the island as she retreats: a Pyrex bowl filled with salad. It bounces off Anita's skillet, hits the marble counter, shatters on the floor. Leaves and glass go everywhere. Anita curses and has to catch herself (both women are in heels).

- Fiona grabs white mugs from the coffee station. She hesitates, then lobes them like grenades. She punctuates each word with a mug.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I. Liked. These. They. Were. On.
Sale!

- Fiona uses the skillet as a shield.

ANITA

You Americans and your mugs!!!

- Fiona is out of options, all the silverware is in the sink, gun on the ground out of sight near the pantry. They stare at each other. Both are a mess, spattered in Thanksgiving leftovers, hair destroyed.

- Anita drops the skillet and spins for her purse on the coffee station behind her.

- Fiona grabs the enormous ceramic serving dish with the half-boned turkey and throws it.

- SLOW MOTION: The carcass lifts, giblets and bits taking the air. Grease trails after like streamers. Anita pulls the gun on Fiona. Dead turkey slams into her. Grease drenches her face and hair, brown bits smatter her white dress. Arms go wide.

- Fiona tackles. They land in a slimy pool of fat. Anita flails, Fiona's gets a good grip on her wrist. She wrenches up, kneels on her back.

- Fiona grabs the hand with the slippery gun, bangs it until it drops. She clamps both hands behind Anita's back and ties them tight with the apron strings.

The front door bursts open. A pack of BLACK OPS MILITARY DOGS stampede in. Their scopes search the room, and they surround them.

BLACK OPS DOGS

On the ground! On the ground! Hands
behind your head!

Fiona sits back against the cabinets, panting.

They identify her, grab the guns, drag Anita off.

Fiona gets up. A man in a SUIT enters.

FIONA

This better all be taken care of
before my family comes back.

SUIT

That's not really the CIA's-

She stares him down. He lifts a walkie:

SUIT (CONT'D)

Get me the cleanup crew.

Fiona leaves.

INT. MASTER BATH, WILLIAMS HOUSE - NIGHT

The shower runs, the room fills with steam. Fiona texts 'D.'

CHRYON: "All good. A in hand."

EXT. WILLIAMS BACK YARD, HILL, TELESCOPE - NIGHT

Fiona scales the hill in the back yard. Wet hair, warm
clothes. She carries a box of hot chocolate, a stack of paper
cups, and a teapot.

Everyone is gathered around a telescope or sitting in the
Adirondack chairs.

FIONA

Hey guys!

MILES/REBECCA

Mom!

Her kids run up to hug her. She hugs them fiercely.

REBECCA

You're squishing us!

Bernice takes the supplies from her hands.

CHARLES
Where's Anita?

FIONA
She had to go. Something to do with
the embassy. She said "sorry to
leave, and thank you for the great
time."

Vince takes his phone, walks past her. Fiona grabs his arm.

FIONA (CONT'D)
(quiet aside)
Look, I've given my life to the
service. But you cannot have my
family. Understand?

He nods. Leaves. Fiona joins her family at the telescope,
next to Miles. He sees a scratch on her face, eyes go wide.

INTERCUT INT. LIVING ROOM/SAFE HOUSE, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT/DAY

The house is empty except for Fiona, curled up in a blanket
on the couch, phone pressed to her ear.

FIONA
If Vince hadn't been here, I think
she might have taken off with the
kids. Why though? It's too much of
a coincidence.

DANIEL
Leverage? Maybe they know who I am.

FIONA
Maybe. So are you coming home then?
Mission complete?

DANIEL
No, not yet.

He's looking through a pile of photographs that he took
earlier when the children first entered the warehouse.
Dhriti's face is visible, looking around.

EXT. STREET, AMSTERDAM - DAY

In the back of an old car, Dhriti sits with two other
children in clean clothes. She watches out the back window
for a rescue she sees isn't coming.

THE END