

BLUE MOON. GOLDEN SUN.

by

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FADE IN:

**EXT. TRAIN STATION, ZURICH - EVENING**

Busy evening traffic fills the streets in front of the train station. Taxis and cars pull over or park to drop off and pick up passengers.

A family with two children unloads luggage from their car's trunk.

The little girl tugs at her mother's dress.

GIRL

Mommy ...

MOTHER

(interrupting while  
continuing to unload)

NOT NOW. We're in a hurry.

Businessmen and businesswomen cross the square—some talking on their phones, others absorbed in their newspapers.

A nearby café, as usual, bustles with guests.  
Pigeons and doves peck at crumbs on the ground.

A French couple shares a kiss as a group of white pigeons takes flight into the sky. The woman heads toward the trains while her boyfriend watches her disappear into the crowd.

A taxi manoeuvres out of traffic and parks in front of the station. The man inside pays the driver and steps out. He carries a leather briefcase and wears a long coat with a matching hat. In apparent haste, he closes the door and walks across the large square to the train station.

**EXT. BEACH, NICE - DAY**

BLACK.

Parts of a body gradually appear—knees, legs. The IMAGE remains blurred as the upper chest and breasts come into view.

The IMAGE clears.

Beyond the knees and angled legs, a bright blue sky emerges. To the left, small palm trees sway gently in the breeze, their leaves moving softly. White clouds scatter sparsely across the ocean-blue sky. Stray strands of hair flutter across the screen, momentarily obscuring the view.

BLACK.

CLOSE-UP: White shoes and grey trousers. A man walks along the beach. Amid a crowd of pedestrians, we distinctly hear the rhythm of his footsteps.

BLACK.

CUT TO:

**INT. TRAIN STATION, ZURICH - EVENING**

BLACK (CONT'D).

The sound of countless footsteps echoes across the train station floor.

Shoes and legs from various passengers cross the screen as we move through the station. Some are in a hurry, while others remain still.

A pair of legs enters the screen—it belongs to the man who had just left the taxi, easily recognized by the briefcase swinging at his side.

We follow him through the station.

He glances at his wristwatch. Behind him, large timetables display the train schedules. The man continues toward the platforms.

At platform three, he passes through a small green gate that separates the platform from the rest of the station. Along the platform, he walks past the luxurious passenger train cars on his left hand and a kiosk which sits neatly to his right in the centre of the platform. He retrieves a ticket from his pocket, which is promptly checked by a car attendant.

ATTENDANT  
Enjoy your trip, sir.

The man accepts his ticket with a smile and boards the train. Relieved, he strolls past the windows.

Once the car attendant is aboard, he leans out the open carriage door, quickly scanning both the front and the rear of the train. Then he blows his whistle.

An enormous white cloud billows from the steam locomotive's chimney as its wheels begin to spin.

**EXT. ZURICH - NIGHT**

The train slowly departs the station, gliding through the radiant city streets.

Its wheels begin to spin faster and faster as it conquers more and more of the tracks ahead.

It pushes through a sea of glittering lights beneath a dark sky, conquering the night as it races across the landscape.

CUT TO:

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE, SWITZERLAND - DAY**

A long, thin, brown line appears amid a lush green landscape.

In the sunlight, we follow the path as it winds from vibrant green fields through rocky, grey terrain and across rain-soaked, muddy lands—then through wild, stormy expanses until we finally traverse snow-covered fields amid heavy snowfall.

We slowly pan upward.

REVEAL: A Railway cutting through snow-covered fields.

At high speed, the wheels of a locomotive spin along the tracks.

From a BIRD'S-EYE perspective, the locomotive enters the FRAME.

Swiftly, the CAMERA glides in FRONT of it along the tracks.

Gradually, more of the train fills the screen.

REVEAL: Coal carriages.

Engulfed in an enormous cloud of grey-black smoke, the train barrels through the snow-covered landscape.

FADE TO:

**EXT. ALPS SNOWFALL - DAYLIGHT**

A seemingly endless line of coal wagons ascends the mountain, hauled by two diesel locomotives.

After a long stretch through snow and ice, green fields emerge at the foot of the grey, rocky mountain—a distinct line separating the snow-clad upper regions from the fertile land below.

FLYOVER: VALLEY.

On the mountain, railway tracks run along both sides of the valley.

**INT. PASSENGER TRAIN**

Inside a luxurious car adorned with red walls and bathed in candlelight, expensive leather seats and antique furnishings set an elegant tone. Passengers leisurely smoke cigars and cigarettes.

The man from the previous scene sits by a window overlooking the valley. Across the car, near another set of windows, two professors are deep in conversation.

PROF. 1 (50s, grey-haired, wearing an expensive suit, smoking a cigar)

PROF. 2 (40s, Chinese, wearing a vest, smoking a pipe)

They face each other.

PROF. 2  
... We took care of the issue at  
hand.

PROF. 1  
It seems to me there still is a  
problem.

PROF. 2  
We haven't caught her yet. But  
sooner or later, everybody shows  
up.

PROF. 1  
True. They all do.

Both exhale deeply in unison, releasing clouds of smoke that fill the room.

CAMERA slowly moves out.

The camera slowly pulls back. Through the windows on the opposite side of the valley, we glimpse a coal train steadily creeping up the mountain as the passenger train draws nearer.

FADE TO:

**EXT. ALPS SNOWFALL - DAYLIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The passenger train slowly catches up with the coal train.

LEGEND: « SWISS-ITALIAN ALPS »

Both trains creep up the mountain.

**EXT. SOMEWHERE ON THE COAL TRAIN - MOVING - SNOWFALL**

The countryside blurs past along the locomotive's edge and alongside the coal carriages.

On one of the coal wagons, the top shudders. At first, we assume it's simply the motion of the train—but then we realize something else is at work: a camouflage is being peeled away.

REVEAL: Hidden beneath a black blanket is JANE AURORA, CODENAME PHX-313. In her 30s, Eastern European, with naturally shoulder-length blonde hair, an athletic build, and a serious, emotionally detached demeanour.

Next to her, a suitcase holds an M2010 sniper rifle. She retrieves an elastic hair band and neatly gathers her hair. Then she removes the weapon, laying it along her body—from between her legs, stretching upward past her neck. She unfolds its bipod and sets it aside.

She rolls onto her stomach, retrieves a silencer from her pocket and attaches it to the rifle. She crawls over the coals toward the middle of the carriage, she positions herself, stabilizes the M2010, and inserts a magazine.

On the far side of the mountain, the luxury passenger train enters the SCREEN—clearly moving faster than the coal train. We see one train on each side of the FRAME.

Aurora loads the rifle and waits for the trains to be head on head.

She makes out her target and fixes her gaze on it.

The whistle of the passenger train SOUNDS.

IRIS OUT:

**INT. PASSENGER TRAIN**

PROF. 1 exhales a cloud of smoke, seemingly calm and relaxed.

PROF. 1  
How is our little side project  
coming?

PROF. 2  
Back on track—just a few minor  
setbacks that have been resolved.

(PROF. 1 nods. PROF. 2 glances out the window and notices the coal train on the opposite mountain, then turns to PROF. 1.)

PROF. 2 (Cont'd)  
(with a light note of  
concern)  
Is project « Golden Sun » safe?

PROF. 1  
For now. But they will know at some  
point. Sooner or later everything  
sees the light of day.

PROF. 2's cell phone rings with an "UNKNOWN NUMBER." He  
answers.

PROF. 2  
Hello?

AURORA (V.O.)  
Now we do.

An expression of fear and surprise washes over PROF. 2's face—  
it pales white. He looks out the window at the coal train.  
PROF. 1, removing his cigar, quickly asks:

PROF. 1  
What is it?

**EXT. SOMEWHERE ON THE COAL TRAIN - MOVING - SNOWFALL -  
CONTINUOUS**

Aurora lies on a black blanket amid the coals. The M2010 is  
partially visible at the edge of the coal carriage. A wireless  
earpiece rests in her ear. She takes several deep breaths and  
briefly touches her earpiece.

AURORA  
(whispering)  
Goodnight, ....

CUT TO:

**INT. PASSENGER TRAIN - CONTINUOUS**

PROF. 1 now holds the phone.

In the distance, glass shatters twice. Two sharp shocks ripple  
through his body—his white shirt and tie, visible beneath his  
suit, turning red.

**INT. PASSENGER TRAIN - SLOW MOTION**

A window shatters. The head of the first professor slowly turns  
toward the screen.

REVEAL: A gunshot wound mars his head.

His head sinks onto the table while shards of glass cascade out the window in the background and hit the ground.

**INT. PASSENGER TRAIN - CONTINUOUS**

AURORA (Cont'd)  
(over the phone)  
...Darling.

The phone slips from his hand, crashing to the floor as shards of glass scatter.

The passengers jump from their seats in terror and fear.

CHAOS.

**EXT. SOMEWHERE ON THE COAL TRAIN - MOVING - SNOWFALL - CONTINUOUS**

Aurora removes her wireless earpiece; rises and knees on the coals. Methodically, she begins to dismantle her M2010 rifle: she extracts the magazine, tucks a spent bullet casing into her pocket, detaches the silencer, and folds in the bipod.

She then wraps all the disassembled parts in her black blanket. One by one, she removes her outer layers—first, her coat, jacket, and shirt, followed by her boots and trousers.

REVEAL: Underneath, she is wearing a sleek neoprene suit.

Carefully, Aurora folds her discarded clothes and boots into the blanket and stows everything inside the rifle case. With precision, she tosses the case aside of the wagon, crosses her arms over her chest, and pauses.

Finally, she springs into action, jumps off the train, leaping into the unknown.

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. ALPS SNOWFALL - DAYLIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

She falls seemingly endless into the deep. SCREEN follows.

Simultaneously on SCREEN, the top shows the departing train while a river enters the bottom.

Aurora plunges into the water, and the camera follows her descent.



She dives several meters below the surface. Then, her head breaks through—she shakes it, slowly opens her eyes, and brushes back her hair, noticing that her hairband fell off in the process. She pulls back her hair. Quickly, she retrieves the rifle case, slings it over her shoulder, and secures it on her back.

She begins swimming downriver.

A small boat enters the FRAME. It approaches, slowing as it nears Agent 313. Aurora grabs a rope and climbs aboard.

The boat continues its journey downriver.

WIPE TO:

**EXT. ITALY - MILAN OUTSKIRTS - SUMMER**

Next to a river, a bustling street lined with an array of shops and bars swarms with heavy traffic and tourists.

LEGEND: « MILAN, ITALY »

An old-fashioned house with magnificent white walls adorned with flowers comes into view. A red hat emerges as the door shuts behind it. The hat drifts down the street.

The tip of a payphone cabin appears on SCREEN.

REVEAL: In a white leather coat, high heels, round black modern sunglasses, and black leather gloves — AURORA.

With swift, seemingly effortless grace, she weaves through the crowd and enters the phone cabin. Removing her glasses, she rests them on the payphone and dials.

A mechanical yet distinctly human voice answers.

OPERATOR  
Designation.

AURORA  
PHX-313. Aurora, Jane.

OPERATOR  
Mission status.

AURORA  
Success.

OPERATOR  
Your location.

AURORA  
Italy.

OPERATOR  
You will receive your orders from  
our man in France—designation:  
Honey. The Branch has been  
compromised. Honey will retire  
after the meeting.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)  
Operational status. Go? No go?

AURORA  
Go. Same procedure as usual?

OPERATOR  
Same procedure as always.

A crackle fills the line. Aurora hangs up, then retrieves her  
glasses.

AURORA  
(softly)  
Honey ...

Half out of the cabin, she rests her hand on the door handle.

AURORA (CONT'D)  
... won't be coming home tonight.

The SCREEN tilts upward to reveal a blue sky. Aurora slips her  
glasses back on, glances toward the sky, then to her right, and  
departs to the left.

FADE TO:

**EXT. CLOSEUP SEA/MARINA (TITLE SEQUENCE) - DAY**

[Music]

The camera races near the surface of the blue, light-green sea  
along the Côte d'Azur.

This uninterrupted journey over the water is intercut with  
vibrant images of activities, scenic landscapes, and lively  
people—creating an atmosphere that is positive, energetic, and  
full of life.

It culminates with a wave crashing against rocks, sending  
splashes of water into the air.

FREEZE FRAME:

**EXT. JET - FLYING - SUNSHINE**

Clouds drift across the blue sky as a jet flies through them into the FRAME.

**INT. JET - INSIDE - VINTAGE**

A flight attendant serves a glass with three ice cubes and a blood-red cherry to "313." The glass is half-filled with Russian vodka. Jane—codename 313—gazes out the window as the plane breaks through the clouds, revealing the blue Mediterranean Sea and a sprawling city skyline.

LEGEND: « NICE, FRANCE - MEDITERRANEAN »

The aircraft begins its descent. The SCREEN shifts to show the jet from below and captures part of a large sign reading "NICE,". The aircraft is landing while the tires scream against the hot runway.

**EXT. AIRPORT FRANCE**

The jet taxis into the private aircraft area. The doors slide open and the stairs slowly extend.

**INT. JET - STANDING - SUNSHINE**

313 stands at the door—her white coat draped over her right arm and a glass in her left hand. Half outside, she drains the drink and steps down the stairs, handing the empty glass to the flight attendant.

AURORA  
Thank you. Love.

She seductively peels the cherry from the glass with her lips before disappearing from view.

CLOSE-UP: The sun glistens in the sky.

FADE TO:

**EXT. AIRPORT - CARGO CLAIM**

Large containers and luggage fill an aircraft hangar. 313 speaks with an airport officer—a man in his late 70s/early 80s, dressed in uniform with glasses.

OFFICER  
Your documents... (in fluent French:  
"Votre papier ... ")

313 retrieves a neatly folded piece of paper from her blazer and hands it to him.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
... and passport, please. (in fluent  
French: "... et votre passport.")

313 produces her passport. It is blue and features a golden eagle beneath an inscription reading: "UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

The officer notices the snow-white ring on her ring finger as she holds the passport. Nodding, he returns the documents with not the slightest hint of accent.

OFFICER  
Papers are in order. « Bienvenue en  
France », Agent Phoenix.

The officer gestures toward a wooden container. Overhead, the top box is being lifted by a crane.

REVEAL — An elegant, aerodynamic Aston Martin.

OFFICER  
3-1-3. Your standard service  
vehicle.

The officer walks to the rear of the Aston Martin and points at its taillights.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
It has an improved range for its  
air defence missiles and access to  
a new worldwide network of ground  
defence systems. The light ...

Officer points toward a diode next to the radio.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
... will flash green when an  
installation comes within range.  
Once you pass it, the light stops  
blinking. Then...

He points at the radio's volume button.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
... push the volume button for two  
seconds, and the defence measure  
will automatically engage any  
pursuer.

AURORA

The former navigation system was quite practical--and extremely easy to handle.

OFFICER

It's still installed, though.  
Directly beneath the fuel gauge.

The officer hands 313 a set of papers clipped to a board.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Please sign this. Do you need insurance?" (He smiles, then pauses, his tone growing serious.) Please return the vehicle as issued this time.

AURORA

(with a light smile)  
Always.

The officer turns away.

OFFICER

(muttering as he heads into the room)  
Seemingly simple. But in your case... sheer impossibility.

He turns back and hands over the keys. 313 unlocks the car and opens the door. Pausing at the open window, she glances at the radio.

AURORA

(curiously asking)  
What do I have to expect?

In a cryptic tone, the officer replies:

OFFICER

To expect the unexpected is always good advice to people in our profession.

313 closes the door. The engine roars as the car speeds out of the hangar and drives on.

The car is gone. The camera slowly pulls upward toward the sky as the officer continues on his way, eventually exiting the FRAME.

WHITE.

**EXT. PUBLIC SQUARE, NICE - SUNNY**

WHITE. (CONT'D)

At first, the brilliant white suggests falling snow—but as the camera pulls back, we discover it's the intense midday sun high above.

TURNING DOWN:

Buildings begin to fill the FRAME—a charming village of whitewashed houses, a few stories tall with old TV antennas on their roofs, standing distinct against the dazzling sunlight.

From a BIRD'S-EYE view, we see a bustling public square with multiple streets radiating outward.

The camera zooms in on a central fountain surrounded by cafes. People are scattered about: couples, individuals, and families. Some read newspapers or books, while others sip coffee, tea, or orange juice. A few nibble on croissants and French pastries. They are sitting on metal chairs around round marble tables with exquisite metal legs.

Children playing soccer dart in and out of the FRAME. It's an idyllic, peaceful day.

A MAN—wearing the same suit and shoes as the unidentified man from the beach—sits slightly apart, enjoying an unobstructed view of the square while sipping a hot cup of coffee.

313 enters the scene. She strides toward the fountain and takes a seat on its edge.

She retrieves a small Dior hand mirror from her clutch and begins to apply makeup. As she gazes into the mirror, its surface becomes translucent—a digital scan of the surrounding area appears behind her eyes on it. Unnoticed, she surveys the public square. When a man in a grey suit comes into view, a white frame briefly outlines his head on the mirror's display. Satisfied, she tucks the mirror back into her vest pocket and makes her way toward him.

**EXT./INT. CAFE - OLD CLASSIC**

Outside a quaint, old-fashioned cafe, the MAN pulls a cigarette from his pocket.

AURORA  
How is the breakfast here?

MAN  
Do you have fire?

AURORA  
No, I don't smoke.

MAN  
How is the breakfast here?

AURORA  
Golden, and as sweet as honey.

She seats herself. The MAN carefully returns his cigarette to a custom cigarette box, drapes his jacket over his chair, and produces a file labeled « BLUE MOON ».

MAN  
You might recall this person.

He flips to a photograph of the man on the train she assassinated a few days earlier.

MAN (CONT'D)  
CHARLES VAN GREIFENBACH. Until recently, he was a member of the Austrian royal family and the world's leading expert in particle and nuclear acceleration...

He turns the page to reveal another photo.

MAN (CONT'D)  
This man—we've only identified him as PROF. DR. Robert Eclachère, (CAMERA shows photo) a Chinese-French specialist in optics and lenses. He frequents the club "Les Chevaux Blancs" in Paris once a week, which is all we know about him.

He closes the file.

MAN  
We're very concerned. Credible information indicates they were attempting to build a new high-energy weapon. The assets we deployed for this case... (dramatic pause) never returned.

He sips his coffee.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Does your organisation accept?

A muffled gunshot sounds.

AURORA

We do.

She tucks the hair on her left side behind the ear.

REVEAL: An earpiece. Aurora hovers her hand over it.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Mission is a go.

She discreetly slips a silver gun into her coat. After a brief search, she produces a red, blinking listening-and-tracking device. Deliberately, she drops it into the vase of flowers on the table, then rises.

She softly closes the MAN's eyes with her fingertips, tucks him back into his suit, and leaves a few euros on the table as payment—leaving him appearing to be merely asleep, yet unmistakably lifeless.

She removes the earpiece and discards it into a nearby trash bin, from which a wisp of smoke escapes.

The CAMERA then pans over a marble table plate, capturing a vase of flowers and a white coffee cup beside the inert figure of the MAN. As Aurora exits, the shot drifts past the brilliant sun and a burning trash bin in the background. Hot air shimmers above the coffee cup.

In the distance, police sirens begin to howl.

Slowly, steam envelops the screen—until it turns WHITE.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREETS - RUNNING - MIDDAY**

WHITE (CONT'D)

Sirens echo. We see the legs of a woman running. She glances back.

REVEAL: A police officer on a motorcycle is in pursuit.

She continues running. Off her shoulder, a SECOND police officer on another motorcycle appears. She glances back. Without slowing, she darts OFF-SCREEN, rounds the next corner, and leaps into the Aston Martin parked in the driveway between houses. She turns the key and speeds away.

FADE TO:



**EXT. BEACH, NICE - SUN**

The screen opens on a brilliant blue sky dotted with wispy white clouds. The frame tilts 45 degrees to the right as the edge of a book gently covers part of the landscape—revealing only hints of sea and sand.

Slowly, the book slides out of view to unveil the Aston Martin racing along a coastal road.

MOVE OUT: A woman lies on a sun lounger at the beach. Her knees point to the right while her head faces left, her body seemingly twisted 180 degrees on the lounge. A large straw hat with a red belt frames her face as she reads a novel—holding the book in one hand while holding up the brim of her hat with the other.

In the distance, multiple police vehicles are in hot pursuit of the Aston Martin.

**EXT. COASTAL ROAD, NICE - MIDDAY**

The Aston Martin weaves along the coastal road, pursued by flashing police cars. Sirens wail as vehicles join the chase. The Aston Martin accelerates while changing lanes and even drives against oncoming traffic. Cars ahead swerve suddenly, resulting in minor collisions as they try to avoid the speeding vehicle.

With seemingly effortless manoeuvres, the Aston Martin dodges obstacles while police cars flank it from every direction.

**INT. ASTON MARTIN - INSIDE**

Inside the car, a small diode blinks GREEN. Its blinking accelerates rapidly—an urgent signal. 313 is still hard-chased.

The diode indicates that a defensive measure is within reach. She presses a button. MUSIC starts to play as the volume GRADUALLY INCREASES.

**EXT. COASTAL ROAD, NICE - MIDDAY - CONTINUOUS**

The white lane markings on the road lift from the asphalt, each line rotating 45 degrees before settling back down. The broken centre line follows suit—each white segment lifts, splits, rotates, and lands in a new configuration.

The Aston Martin (AM) glides over these shifting markings with ease. Suddenly, spikes erupt from them. The tires of the police cars—in both directions—burst, and the vehicles screech to a sudden halt.

Officers pour from their cars.

POLICE OFFICER 1  
God damned! (in fluent French:  
"Shit! Merde.") (He hurls his hat  
onto the pavement.)

A second officer inspects the ruined tires.

POLICE OFFICER 2  
(gasping, stuttering)  
That's impossible. (in fluent  
French: "C'est impossible.")

Chaos erupts as police cars collide with the stranded vehicles.

With the police left in disarray, the Aston Martin speeds ahead along the coastal road and enters the city, still flanked by the flashing blue-red lights and the wailing of sirens.

A helicopter then appears overhead, circling above the AM. On the Aston Martin's windshield, white crosshairs tag the helicopter.

313 pushes a button on the steering wheel and one of the rear lights ejects a missile.

The helicopter banks abruptly as its pilots catch sight of the incoming missile; the missile strikes, and the helicopter falls to pieces in a fiery explosion. Burning fragments rain from the sky as the Aston Martin continues its escape. Fragments fall on the road next to the "AM" as it passes.

313 steals a quick glance through the rear window.

REVEAL: More police vehicles emerge from city streets—a fleet of high-speed, specially tuned Mercedeses join the pursuit.

313's exhilaration is palpable. The engine roars as the AM barrels forward. Above the road, low-growing grasses, flowers, and palms—beginning about 50 cm above ground—separate the opposing lanes. These natural dividers are periodically interrupted by crosswalks, which on the other hand are reinforced and blocked by anti-car barriers.

The chase continues as an analog signage beneath the fuel gauge comes to life:

Signage: « 300m »

The signage counts down as the pursuit continues—Signage:  
« 200m »

At one of the intersections for the crosswalks, a set of roadside poles rotates and sinks into the ground.

Signage: « 100m »

313 is nearly there. Signage: "RIGHT"

313 makes a hard right turn and AM slips through onto the opposing lane. At the nearby cafe, patrons are startled—chairs scrape, tables topple, and people leap up in alarm.

Chairs and tables fall.

The roadside poles reset into their original positions as the pursued police vehicles, unaware of the reconfigured obstacles, execute a hard right turn and crash.

#### **INT. CAFE - BLURRED STREET VIEW**

The CAMERA focuses from inside the cafe on a wooden table in front of the cafe. The table with a glass of red wine is set against a blurred backdrop of the street. Outside, a police car collides with the reoriented poles and crashes dramatically. The impact sends the glass tumbling onto the table; it rolls to the edge, and red wine spills onto the floor through the straps of the table and over its edge, pooling around scattered debris.

More police vehicles crash. A furious police officer is seen kicking debris off the street as backup continues to falter.

Back on the road, the engine of the Aston Martin roars as it accelerates. The chaos intensifies—police cars continue to crash, and officers along with pedestrians dive for cover. In one final, breathtaking moment, police cars and motorcycles are seen careening off the wrecked vehicles, colliding on top of one another in a stunning display of mayhem.

#### **EXT. COASTAL ROAD, NICE - MIDDAY - CONTINUOUS**

From a high aerial view, the CAMERA tilts downward. The Aston Martin speeds off into an endless horizon.

#### **EXT. PARIS - HÔTEL CONCORDE - NIGHTFALL**

The Aston Martin appears on SCREEN as it pulls up to the grand entrance of Hôtel Concorde—the most elegant hotel in Paris and impressive landmark on the Parisian plaza.

LEGEND: « « HÔTEL CONCORDE » - PARIS »

Aurora exits the car and ascends the gleaming marble stairs. She strides through the opulent hall toward the reception desk.

RECEPTIONIST  
(cheerfully, with a mild  
French accent)  
Good evening and welcome to the  
hotel Concorde. How may I be of  
service, madame? (in fluent French:  
"Bienvenue à l'hôtel Concorde.  
Bonne soirée, madame. Qu'est-ce que  
je peux faire pour vous ce soir?")

Aurora raises her left hand—adorned with the distinctive white ring—and places it on the marble counter. The receptionist retrieves a key from the large wooden board of boxes and hooks. He takes off a key from one of the hooks and sets it before her.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
Enjoy your stay at the Concorde,  
Miss Aurora.

Taking the key, Aurora heads directly for the elevators. She rides upward until reaching the top floor, then walks down a long corridor. At the end, she inserts the key into a door lock and enters the "Suite Présidentielle." The door closes behind her.

SILENCE.

MATCH CUT:

**EXT. HÔTEL CONCORDE - NIGHT**

Outside, the night is silent. The surrounding streets lie nearly empty, their only signs of life coming from the hotel's warm glow and the sparse passersby.

**INT. HÔTEL CONCORDE - TOP FLOOR NIGHT**

Soft lamp light bathes the corridor and floor with a mystical, romantic ambiance that nods to an ancient elegance.

Aurora emerges from her suite wearing an extravagant yet understated evening dress. Gracefully, she takes the elevator down toward her next destination: the exclusive club "Les Chevaux Blancs."

**INT. LES CHEVAUX BLANCS - TWILIGHT**

The venue is an enormous ballroom with deep and prestigious blue walls, a raised stage, an expansive gallery, and a prestigious chandelier overhead. Artists perform on stage for an elite audience—bankers, renowned politicians, and high society figures mingle in the exalted space. On the walls a

light touch of gold adds to the mystique and exclusivity.

As Aurora steps out onto the gallery level, a waiter approaches.

AURORA  
Vodka. Russian. On the rocks. With  
a blood red cherry on top.

WAITER  
But of course, madame. (in fluent  
French: "Bien sûr, madame.")

Aurora glides along the gallery, the CAMERA revealing the vast ballroom beyond a glass wall adjacent to the elevator. She stops at the gallery's edge and leans forward, her gaze drifting over the people gathered below.

The waiter returns carrying her chilled drink. Delicately, she accepts the glass, its cold condensation accentuating her slender, poised fingers. Then, with purpose, she descends the elegant staircase into the main hall.

#### **INT. LES CHEVAUX BLANCS - MAIN HALL & BAR - CONTINUOUS**

The camera reveals a stylish bar area beneath the gallery and the sweeping expanse of the grand ballroom beyond. Aurora selects an empty table with an excellent view of the stage and settles in to watch the show unfold.

#### **INT. STAGE - PERFORMANCE**

A hypnotic performance by "Crazy Horse Club Paris" unfolds on stage, captivating the audience with bold visuals and rhythmic motion of artistic and tasteful adult entertainment.

#### **INT. LES CHEVAUX BLANCS - TWILIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

3-1-3 sits on a round, noble leather bench at a circular table. A well-dressed British gentleman in his 40s—John—approaches, cigarette in hand.

JOHN  
This is an unusual place to be. In  
particular for a woman like you, is  
it not?

He exhales a cloud of smoke.

REVEAL: At a nearby table, PROFESSOR ECLACHÈRE—dressed in an elegant evening suit and flanked by a discreet security detail—receives a visit. A stylish woman in her 30s, with sleek black hair, a tailored black suit, and a thin black tie, approaches

him. She hands him an envelope; the professor stands and departs without a word.

3-1-3 observed it unfold discretely, unnoticeable and silently behind John.

AURORA  
(calm, measured)  
This is an unusual place for anyone  
to be.

John offers a courteous nod.

JOHN  
John.

3-1-3 sets down her glass.

AURORA  
Aurora... Jane Aurora.

She elegantly empties her glass.

AURORA  
If you will excuse me.

Then she rises and trails the professor at a discreet distance.

JOHN  
But of course.

#### **INT. NOBLE ELEVATOR**

Catching up with the professor, Aurora enters a luxurious elevator. The attendant presses the button for Reception and the car ascends. In a swift, practiced motion, she retrieves a small, round, paper-thin tracking beacon—no larger than a fingernail—from beneath her minimalist grey wristwatch and slips it into the professor's pocket.

The professor exits the elevator, strides through the grand reception hall, leaves the hotel and enters a sleek black limousine at the end of the stairs.

#### **EXT. PARIS - NIGHT**

The limousine glides through the city. Less than 700 meters from the hotel, it arrives at a secluded park where the professor boards a helicopter waiting on the lawn. The helicopter's rotors begin to churn and it takes off as the screen follows its departure.

MATCH CUT:

**EXT. ROOFTOP HÔTEL CONCORDE - NIGHT**

The screen shifts to the exterior of Hôtel Concorde at night—a paragon of elegance on the Parisian plaza. The Aston Martin drives along the circular driveway, seamlessly leaving the grand establishment behind.

**EXT. PARIS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

A CLOSE-UP reveals the Seine glimmering, its waters reflecting the vibrant city lights. Gradually, the shot widens to reveal the Aston Martin disappearing into the bustling nighttime panorama of Paris.

FADE TO:

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

PHX-313 appears behind the wheel of the Aston Martin. The AM pursues a distant, blinking positioning light—the remnant glow of the now-vanished helicopter—in the dark sky, the gap between them steadily widening.

**INT. ASTON MARTIN - INSIDE**

The helicopter is now out of sight. With one hand firmly on the steering wheel and the other on the gearstick, 3-1-3 glances at her wristwatch. A red, blinking dot indicates the tracking beacon's direction.

On the Signage beneath the fuel gauge, the number counts down:

Signage: « 12 km »

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The Aston Martin roars along a cliffside road. Its shining headlights pierce the darkness until, slowly, they vanish into the distance.

FADE TO:

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - BEHIND FENCE - NIGHT**

The silhouette of the Aston Martin rounds a corner.

REVEAL: A bustling private airport.

A helicopter descends onto a helipad. The PROFESSOR exits the chopper, buttoning his jacket as he walks purposefully toward a waiting jet.

**EXT. HILL - NIGHT**

From atop a modest hill overlooking the airport, a lone figure is visible.

REVEAL: Aurora.

She raises a pair of binoculars to her eyes and scans the scene below.

**INT. BINOCULARS - ZOOMING IN**

Through the binoculars' view, we follow the professor as he ascends a staircase to the jet. The CAMERA pans alongside the aircraft until its registration number appears on a panel at the rear. Automatically, the binoculars extract and overlay the registration number onto the SCREEN.

Aurora removes the binoculars and lowers them, her observation complete.

EXIT SCENE.

**EXT. HILL - DOWNWARDS - NIGHT**

From her vantage point, Aurora watches as the aircraft's door shuts and it taxis toward the runway.

At the same moment, she opens the door of the Aston Martin parked nearby, enters, and closes it.

**INT. ASTON MARTIN - INSIDE - CONTINUOUS**

Inside the Aston Martin, the jet is still taxiing as a CD player quietly prints out a digital report on the dashboard:

REPORT: "AIRCRAFT INFORMATION AND TRAVEL REQUEST FOR:  
NAS-97438"

Through the windshield, the jet ascends into the night sky. The report continues:

REPORT (CONT'D): "... DESTINATION: UNKNOWN"

**EXT. HILL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Aurora starts the Aston Martin. The car pivots on the spot and speeds away. As it disappears, the camera pans upward to reveal a canopy of stars glittering overhead.



**INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DARK**

Dim light spills upward from hidden floor fixtures. Long, thin LED stripes roll vertically along the floor, bathing the room in a warm, candlelit glow. They now slowly ascend out the floor and reach after a minute until the ceiling in their helix like twisted form and fill out the room in a romantic fixture. Aurora closes the suite door behind her, then sets her coat on the stand and places her signature red hat atop it.

She strides into the expansive living room, framed by panoramic windows. A soft, distinct CRACK echoes from the bedroom. Reaching into her jacket, she retrieves a small grey gun and heads toward the open double wing-doors of the adjoining room.

Inside, she flips on the lights.

REVEAL: John sits on the bed amid an intimate setting: a table beside him holds a selection of chilled champagne, caviar with biscuits/blinis, and a small bowl of fresh strawberries.

Aurora lowers her gun and places it on a nearby shelf.

JOHN  
(softly)  
You never returned.

John rises and moves toward her. As he nears, he murmurs:

JOHN (CONT'D)  
... So I thought—

He leans in, kissing her neck.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
-- I might just come up instead.

His hand tenderly traces the line of her long neck and rests softly on her shoulder. Aurora tilts her head to the side as John caresses her, running his fingers through her blonde hair, gradually revealing the delicate straps of her dress.

In a slow, deliberate motion, he unfastens the first strap—and then the second. The dress slips off and falls to the floor.

They move together toward the bed. In a graceful progression, they lie down, and the screen fades as they merge into the darkness.

FADE TO:

**INT. BLACK - LITTLE LIGHT - PARTICLES IN THE AIR**

A dark SCREEN punctuated only by a downward cascade of light from above. Tiny particles drift in the beam.

Her tanned, brown skin glistens with droplets of water like pearls. Every muscle and nuance of her body is defined as his two hands trace the contours of her body in unison slowly and erotically on her skin. Their touch maps the curves and contours in synchronized exploration-sliding between her legs, over her upper thighs and teasingly advancing toward her head.

As his hands pass her stomach, her muscles contract and relax with each caress. They continue their deliberate journey gliding past the sides of her breasts up the nape before, finally exiting the SCREEN.

Cut to a CLOSE-UP: only her nose, lips and the upper section of her throat over the menton of her chin to the lower edges of her upper lip fill the FRAME. An ice cube softly touches her tender lips. At that gentle contact they part revealing perfect white teeth. The ice cube wanders slowly downward parting her lower lip. In a languid moment, she tilts her head allowing the ice to gracefully roll along her throat. Her chest rises, accentuating the elegant curve of her back, as the cube meanders guided by his soft touch and gentle hand between her breasts continuing its descent past her stomach and OFF-SCREEN.

Moments later the ice reappears briefly over her body before exiting along the top of the FRAME-shedding a single drop that lands in the middle of her stomach.

His ambiguous shadowed face emerges from the darkness at the top of the SCREEN. Its lips part and in an intense, intimate gesture the face presses a kiss to her lips.

BLACK.

FADE TO:

**INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE BEDROOM - SLEEPING - DAWN**

Aurora awakens. She sits up on the edge of the bed, wearing a long, blue, transparent blouse.

She rises and checks the watch on her nightstand. Across the bed, she glances at the sleeping John. Aurora then picks up a delicate hand mirror from the nightstand and studies her reflection. Text appears on the mirror:

"NAS-97438 LANDED. C."

She moves to the window, leaning against the wall as she gazes out over an endless sea of rooftops. The romantic city slowly awakens beneath a soft, pre-dawn light.

WIPE TO:

**EXT. SKY - THUNDERSTORM**

An AN-225 looms ominously within a swirling thunderstorm. Lightning streaks across the sky.

**INT. CARGO HOLD - SHAKING**

Inside a vigorously shaking cargo hold, 3-1-3 sits secured in a green bodysuit. A helmet crowns her head, with an oxygen tank and parachute strapped to her back. Her seatbelt is fastened tight.

Over the loudspeakers, an electric crackle punctuates the air.

PILOT (V.O.)  
We are in jump zone. Prepare for  
exit.

A red light begins to flash. The cargo door slides open, revealing a line of Leopard tanks and Tiger helicopters emerging from the unknown darkness. 3-1-3 strides purposefully past them, checking the straps on her parachute. She grips the handle on the open door.

She leans forward—lightning flashes below her—then leans back.

A high-pitched tone sounds. The red light turns green. With determination, she jumps.

**EXT. SKY - THUNDERSTORM - FALLING - CONTINUOUS**

Aurora presses her arms tightly against her body, legs drawn together, as she plunges through dark, tumultuous clouds and flashes of lightning. Focused and emotionless, she falls through the chaos.

Emerging from the storm, she now races toward a vast field of mirrors stretching over acres.

Drawing nearer, she sees a massive tower at the centre of the field, with the mirrors converging on it.

She pulls the parachute handle—but it hesitates. Again, she tugs, once more, and again; her altitude drops dangerously as she nears the tower. Calmly, with unwavering determination, she gives one final pull. The parachute deploys fully. Elegantly, she lands on the tower's roof and swiftly unbuckles her chute as it billows away in the wind.

3-1-3 retrieves her equipment and hides it.

The elevator arrives. She readies her gun. The elevator doors open—and the space is empty. She steps inside; the doors close behind her.

**INT. ELEVATOR - METALL/CUPPER**

The elevator, finished in sleek metal and copper accents, descends. Aurora glances into the mirror. As the elevator stops, the mirror splits down the middle.

REVEAL: It transforms into a door.

**INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE**

Aurora enters a luxurious penthouse. A graceful bridge leads from the elevator over a room below, descending a few steps, onto a gallery. Immediately, an enormous panoramic window reveals a dramatic view of a stormy Sahara desert, flanked by carefully tended plants and exquisite paintings on the walls.

She pauses on the gallery and turns to look down a staircase leading to the room below—a space furnished comfortably with a fireplace and a two-wing aquarium door. The room is devoid of occupants. Aurora slips her gun back into its shoulder holster and gazes out the panoramic windows over the desert.

Thunder roars; lightning strikes the tower and illuminates the array of mirrors.

The sound of rain tapping against the skylight fills the space.

Suddenly, a voice echoes.

PROFESSOR ECHLACHÉRE (V.O.)  
Hello 3-1-3.

Aurora spins around. Gun drawn, she faces the professor.

PROFESSOR ECHLACHÉRE (Cont'd)  
Always meeting like this... at the  
end of a gun.

AURORA  
Just the way I like it. You on the  
end of a barrel—Never change a  
healthy habit.

PROFESSOR ECHLACHÉRE  
Well, this time faith is on my  
side—again.  
Couldn't kill me on the train.

Without warning, guards emerge from the shadows, disarming her and restraining her arms.

PROFESSOR ECHLACHÉRE (CONT'D)  
Can't kill me now.

The professor escorts Aurora to the other side of the gallery. With a dismissive wave, the guards release her. The professor peers down into the adjoining room.

He withdraws a remote control from his pocket and presses a button.

PROFESSOR ECHLACHÉRE  
I believe it is time...

In an instant, the fireplace and paintings vanish into the walls. The windows in the room below seal shut, and the furniture sinks into the floor.

PROFESSOR ECHLACHÉRE (CONT'D)  
...to reveal to the world...

Like a lens coming into focus, the floor in the room below lifts to reveal a hidden crystal chamber—a room adorned with diamonds and mirrored surfaces on every wall and floor, transforming the cylindrical space into an enormous reflective vault.

The ceiling, a two-way mirror, invites our gaze. At its center hangs a radiant green smaragd.

PROFESSOR ECHLACHÉRE (Cont'd)  
...what we have achieved. [Pause]  
When I push this button...

He gestures toward a large button on the remote.

PROFESSOR ECHLACHÉRE (Cont'd)  
...then light will cascade through  
these walls—a laser, hotter than  
the sun, created and fired at a  
target of my choosing... anywhere on  
Earth and beyond.

He turns intently toward Aurora.

PROFESSOR ECHLACHÉRE (Cont'd)  
We—the Organization for Mutual  
Ensured Destruction and  
Assassination (M.E.D.A.)—will  
annihilate all those we deem  
unworthy. [Pause] Starting with  
Western democracies. (He glances  
toward the reveal in the room  
below.)  
Show, not tell.

With dramatic finality, he presses the button. The room below begins to spin faster and faster. Lights flash wildly, and the green smaragd glows ever brighter.

PROFESSOR ECHLACHÉRE (CONT'D)  
Even the moon's reflected light on  
a blue night is enough to reach  
every corner of the world.

A burst of golden light erupts from the room.

PROFESSOR ECHLACHÉRE (CONT'D)  
There she rises...The « Golden Sun».

#### **EXT. SKY - BLACK**

A brilliant golden beam bursts skyward from the tower, reminiscent of a miniature sun. It sweeps over the heavens and crashes into the desert below, where it ignites a mushroom-shaped fireball that climbs into the clouds. Gradually, the chaotic sky clears to reveal a tranquil blue moon and scattered stars.

#### **INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The professor withdraws the tracking beacon from his pocket and holds it up for Aurora to see.

PROFESSOR ECHLACHÉRE  
(smiling joyfully)  
Very primitive. Didn't take me long  
to find.

In one swift motion, 3-1-3 kicks the remote control from his hand and, with a precise strike, yanks a nearby guard from the machine gun hanging around his neck. She drives her knee into him, sending him toppling down the stairs. As additional guards rush in, she expertly defends herself—dispatching each attacker while gunshots echo through the penthouse.

#### **INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - SLOW MOTION**

In slow motion, Aurora sprints along the expansive panoramic window. Her boot collides with a guard's face in a harsh, calculated kick. She then propels the professor over the gallery; he tumbles onto the shiny two-way mirror floor. With a graceful backflip, she disarms two more guards. In a flurry of motion, she kicks two discarded guns into the air, spins mid-air to snatch them, and swiftly fires—leaving the remaining guards scattered. Empty magazines clatter to the floor as she strikes a defiant, energetic pose.

#### **INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Aurora sets the guns down and strides to the edge of the gallery. She glances down at the professor now sprawled on the

mirror floor.

AURORA  
(with wry amusement)  
It's not only a tracking beacon...  
[Pause] But it makes a nice  
firework at New Year's too.

She presses the button on her wristwatch.

AURORA (CONT'D)  
(ironically)  
Show. Not tell.

A look of shock and fear flashes on the professor's face just as an explosion rips open the floor beneath him. The mirror shatters, and he plunges—screaming—into a blinding, searing laser until he disappears.

AURORA (CONT'D)  
(coolly, almost mockingly)  
Don't you know? Never play in the  
sun, without proper protection.  
(She turns away; bends and collects  
her gun, mumbling) If you cannot  
take the heat don't look for it.

#### **EXT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The room is soon consumed by flames. Without hesitation, 3-1-3 darts over a cement bridge, weaving through the intense heat along its edges, and bolts into the elevator. She slams the "Express" button; the elevator careens toward the ground in seconds.

#### **INT. TOWER - HALLWAY**

The elevator doors open into a dim, echoing hallway. For a moment, there is eerie silence. Then, a wall explodes violently beside her. The ceiling begins to collapse, and debris rain down. Aurora sprints down the hallway as sections of ceiling and walls disintegrate around her. Finally, a distant set of doors swings open—her escape route.

#### **EXT. TOWER - DAY**

Bursting through automatic doors, Aurora steps into the relentless light of the desert. As she walks away from the tower, the structure's top erupts in a conflagration—flames consuming it spectacularly against the stark, open landscape.

IRIS IN:

**EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY - SUN**

The relentless sun burns overhead on a barren desert road.  
ONSCREEN: 3-1-3 walks alone along the empty road. In the distance, a few camels traverse the dunes.

Without warning, a convoy of black SUVs roars by. They skid to a halt and, one by one, vehicles reverse to encircle her. Suited agents spill from the cars, guns drawn.

AGENT 1 (O.S.)  
Down! On the ground!

A helicopter circles ominously above. 3-1-3 drops to her knees as another agent barks:

AGENT 2  
Hands where I can see them!

Compliantly, she places her hands on her back. Soon, the agents secure her with handcuffs and force her into one of the SUVs.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY - SUN - CONTINUOUS**

On the roadside, JOHN-the Man Aurora had left without goodbye in Paris-stands calmly. He holsters his gun while speaking with VALERY-a mid-30s, red-haired CIA operative in a suit with a bulletproof vest and a ponytail.

VALERY  
...She's clearly a professional. One of the best I've ever seen. I wonder who she works for.

JOHN  
We'll find out soon enough.

John glances toward the SUV carrying 3-1-3 as he steps into another vehicle. The convoy speeds off, disappearing into the distance.

**INT. CONCORDE - MOVING**

Inside a high-security air transport, 3-1-3 sits in a seat, handcuffed. Directly across from her is JOHN. In one fluid motion, she slips the cuffs off her wrists and lets them clatter to the floor.

JOHN  
(smiling)  
May I properly introduce myself?  
(MORE)



JOHN (CONT'D)  
(puts his hand in the centre of his chest) I'm Agent John Sterling from MI6. This is my partner...

He gestures toward a poised woman sitting across the cabin.

VALERY  
(cutting in)  
We haven't had the pleasure. I'm Valery Summers, CIA.

JOHN  
You'll be extradited to U.S. law enforcement.

VALERY  
We will put you on trial for the crimes you have committed on US and foreign soil over the last years.

John looks at 3-1-3 as she turns her head slowly, gazing out the window into the vast sky.

WIPE TO:

**EXT. AIRPORT NEW YORK - NIGHT**

A convoy of black SUVs and NYPD patrol cars rush to the airport. The convoy of SUV's storms through the airport gates. Flashing lights mark the police escort remaining at the entry.

The SUVs converge on an open aircraft. FBI agents and U.S. Marshals swiftly exit their vehicles, boarding the plane to take custody of Aurora as she is led down the stairs.

Soon, all are loaded into the SUVs. The convoy exits the airfield, where it is joined by NYPD vehicles again, and disappears into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

A silent procession of black SUVs weaves through the city. They defy red traffic lights on restricted streets as the red-blue flashes of NYPD patrol cars punctuate the darkness. The convoy glides through New York City as if in a trance.

FADE TO:

**INT. COURTROOM - EARLY MORNING**

Sunlight pours through a vast, multifaceted glass dome atop a court constructed like a small hill. From the dome outwards falls the glass roof in ripples to the walls. The interplay of light and shadow creates a dynamic "wave" across the walls and floor.

ONSCREEN: Judges, seated on a dark oak "altar," linger in shadows, while the defendant and prosecutor sit bathed in brilliant white daylight. The room's isosceles trapezoidal layout is accentuated by three imposing two-wing doors at its base. Opposite the entrance, a set of seven Greek columns flanks the visitor's gallery, their spacing forming a secondary, smaller trapezoid filled with attentive observers. A thick red rope on golden poles cordons off the centre aisle between the bench and entrance.

A solemn murmur rises as the presiding judge enters through a small side door behind the altar. He ascends well-worn wooden stairs—a daily ritual spanning five decades for him now—and takes his seat. Placing his papers beside the lamp in front of him, he clears his throat; in a resonant voice that fills the room he begins:

JUDGE

The Court is now in session.

He slams his gavel.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Please read the charges.

A suited man at the podium unfurls a lengthy paper list that cascades onto the floor. With a gradually declining volume of his voice he opens:

MAN

The people against Jane Aurora. The defendant is being charged with...

Though his words are inaudible beneath a swelling musical score, montages of the trial process flash across the screen.

CUT TO:

**INT. COURTROOM - LATER**

The music dims. A final charge is now addressed.

JUDGE

Final charge: Murder in 14 cases.  
How does the jury plead?

LEAD JUROR

Guilty.

The judge nods gravely and slams his gavel again.

JUDGE

The people have spoken. Miss  
Aurora, you have been found guilty  
on all charges.

On the defendant's table, 3-1-3 sits composed. Clad in a sleek black dress and white high heels, her blonde hair is swept back neatly; her legs are crossed, and her hands rest calmly, folded on her lap, and her arms lay gently on the sidearms of the wooden chair.

Behind the prosecution, JOHN and VALERY are seated side by side on a bench.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Does the defendant wish to speak?

A digital clock on the defendant's desk reads "16:59:40." Suddenly, the opening strains of "Edge of Seventeen" by Stevie Nicks hum in the background. Aurora, her left hand adorned by a white ring, slips on black sunglasses. In a cool, almost defiant tone, she states simply:

AURORA

Duck.

As the clock hits 1700 hours the song's iconic lyrics begin—"On the edge of seventeen..."—the glass of the dome shatters. Shards explode into the courtroom.

#### **INT. COURTROOM - CEILING FROM BELOW - SLOW-MOTION**

The CAMERA shifts to a view of the roof from below. A helicopter hovers over the glass dome. A soldier descends via black rope into the chaos, while two other helicopters streak past overhead.

In a cacophony of destruction, the entire ceiling violently explodes. Shards of glass rain down into a frantic melee below.

#### **INT. COURTROOM - LATER - CONTINUOUS**

More soldiers abseil into the room, landing amid benches, the central aisle, and right next to the jury. Amid the pandemonium—glass still cascading—these soldiers rapidly secure the space, neutralizing any resisting officers and agents.

Throughout the chaos, 3-1-3 remains a picture of cold determination. Without a hint of panic, she rises from her

chair and moves purposefully as the room descends further into pandemonium.

**INT. COURTROOM - SLOW MOTION**

Aurora stands confidently and emotionally untouched. With deliberate grace, she slips on her long leather coat over her shoulders. She opens the gate at the end of the centre aisle and begins striding down it.

REVEAL: Police officers are frantically trying to force their way into the room—only to be ruthlessly met by soldiers. Shots ring out as the soldiers methodically dispatch FBI agents and U.S. Marshals. Some officers lie prone on the floor while others attempt to enter, only to be neutralized by troops securing both sides of the aisle.

She passes the soldiers securing the aisle on each side. She shoots some FBI agents and US Marshalls entering. Some soldiers secure the room while kneeling, with one foot forward and the other knee on the ground.

**INT. COURTROOM - LATER - CONTINUOUS**

Aurora approaches John and Valery. Bending down slightly, she speaks with a cool, measured tone.

AURORA  
I've had the pleasure before.

She removes her glasses for a brief moment before replacing them with deliberate care.

AURORA (Cont'd)  
This great nation is who I work  
for. ...and many others. (beat) It  
doesn't matter how it looks if  
certain rules apply. What matters  
is when they don't.

[Music]

A swelling musical cue underscores her words as she resumes her steady pace down the aisle. Moments later, she exits through heavy double doors onto the street.

**EXT. COURTHOUSE - STREET - DESCENDING SUN**

The late afternoon light casts a blue glow on the courthouse façade. In the distance, a helicopter has landed on a grassy area across the street—the rotor blades still churning.

LEGEND: « SUPREME COURT - NEW YORK »

Aurora descends a grand flight of pristine white stairs. Soldiers line the block; police cars and SWAT units have surrounded the area. A mix of uniformed guards—whose genders are not immediately clear—stream out of vehicles and join the ranks. One by one, they converge toward the waiting helicopter.

From a BIRD'S-EYE view, a circular formation of black-clad soldiers envelops the courtyard, with Aurora, unmistakable thanks to her striking white hair, standing at the centre, and are escorting her.

Having reached a helicopter she seamlessly jumps aboard and it slowly takes off—three more following.

REVEAL: on the ground they had landed in the formation of a rhombus.

Rising over the trees and buildings the helicopters set off into the descending sun.

#### **EXT. COURTHOUSE - STREETS - FROM AIR**

Viewing from above, soldiers now clear the street. SWAT vehicles and police are seen being neutralized as RPGs cause nearby cars and trucks to explode. three helicopters land briefly, gathering remaining forces before soaring back into the air. Explosions punctuate the tumult on the streets below.

#### **EXT. SKY - SUNSET**

The scene shifts: four helicopters fly in formation against the setting sun—a burning orb of fire dominates the background. Shortly, three more helicopters join the formation from below, merging into a dynamic aerial display as they head toward the horizon.

#### **INT. CLIFF HOUSE - PANORAMA WINDOW - SUNSET**

A lone house clings to the edge of a cliff with a curved panoramic window. Atop the house, the veranda roof fades into the sky. One by one, seven helicopters appear above the house and take flight over the sea.

#### **EXT. SKY - SUNSET - CONTINUOUS**

Inside one helicopter, Aurora gazes out through open doors. The wind whips through her hair as she closes her eyes momentarily. Slowly, she opens them to reveal a subtle, satisfied smile. The helicopters glide in formation toward the sun, then veer over rocky shores and onto the endless sea.

The song continues with the refrain, "The sea does not change ..."

LEGEND: THE END

As the helicopters drift over the coastline, the screen fades to black.

Shortly after, text appears:

LEGEND: "...but AURORA will return."

BLACK.

CUT TO:

**INT. SAGRADA FAMÍLIA, BARCELONA - DAY**

The breathtaking architecture of the basilica unfolds ONSCREEN—its soaring columns and intricate, colourful play of light across the floors and walls reveal the marvel of Gaudí's design. Amid this grandeur, a woman appears, gracefully walking along the nave.

REVEAL: Valery. She moves confidently through the cathedral, absorbing its splendour, then exits into the bustling heart of Barcelona.

**EXT. SAGRADA FAMÍLIA, BARCELONA - DAY**

Valery strides purposefully toward a sleek limousine parked in front of the basilica.

**INT. LIMOUSINE - BLACKED-OUT WINDOWS**

She steps into the vehicle. Moments later, a phone rings.

CHAUFFEUR (O.S.)  
Yes?... Alright.

The chauffeur hands the phone to Valery through an open window separating the passenger and driver compartments.

CHAUFFEUR (CONT'D)  
For you, Madame.

Valery closes the door and reaches for the phone.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LISBON APARTMENT - DARK - DAY**

In a modest Lisbon apartment, a mosquito net dances gently in the breeze from an open window. On the bed lies the dark silhouette of a woman, illuminated by a slender stripe of morning sun. Nearby, on a desk, white paper, a couple of fountain pens, and a small notebook bearing a Russian state symbol are arranged with quiet precision. The woman holds a phone to her ear.

Slowly, the CAMERA moves toward the open window as a hushed voice is heard:

AURORA (O.S.)  
You are clear for target.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIMOUSINE - PASSENGER CABIN - BLACKED-OUT WINDOWS**

Valery ends the call and closes the phone with measured determination.

VALERY  
(to driver)  
Michael, mission is a go.

As the small window between the passenger and driver compartments shuts completely, Valery removes her coat and drapes it over the seat next to her. With a subtle motion, she loosens her ponytail, revealing her determined eyes.

**INT. LIMOUSINE - DRIVER CABIN - BLACKED-OUT WINDOWS**

The chauffeur's head remains partially hidden under his cap.

CHAUFFEUR  
Let's go then.

He tilts his head upward—revealing, in a brief flash, that he is the same man from the café whom Aurora shot earlier—then turns the key and starts the engine.

**INT. LIMOUSINE - PASSENGER CABIN - BLACKED-OUT WINDOWS**

Valery retrieves a glass of ice-cooled whiskey from the small bar built into the cabin. She leans back, idly swirling the ice in the glass as she watches the darkening cityscape pass by.

**EXT. SAGRADA FAMÍLIA, BARCELONA - DAY**

Over his left shoulder, the chauffeur glances out the window as the limousine pulls away, the majestic basilica receding behind them.

**EXT. LISBON APARTMENT - DARK - DAY**

Back in Lisbon, we hear the distinct sound of a phone being hung up. The CAMERA slowly continues its move toward the open window. Outside, parts of the iconic monument at Praça do Comércio break free from the white sunshine—the breathtaking public square revealed in all its splendour. The CAMERA then soars over the square, ascending as it moves over Lisbon toward the distant sea.

Cut to AERIAL VIEWS as the lens follows a ship leaving the port. The CAMERA glides past the towering statue of Jesus Christ and over the vibrant red bridge, as if entering heaven.

Finally, the CAMERA pulls back from its high-altitude perspective over the red bridge and the Jesus statue, offering a sweeping panorama of Lisbon as the CREDITS begin to roll.

THE END