

TAMAR KATZMAN (S.C.)

INT. MOSSAD SAFE HOUSE

STRAPS ARE CINCHED, securing WRISTS, ANKLES, SHOULDERS. Red is seated in a RESTRAINT CHAIR. Standing before a worktable, Tamar types in a few commands on a tactical laptop.

RED

Whatever he's paying you, I'll triple it.

Business apparently concluded, she closes the laptop; approaches him.

TAMAR

And just who is it you think I work for, General?

A flicker of puzzlement, then realization. He shakes his head at the floor in amused disbelief.

RED

Unbelievable...
(looks at her)
You're a cop.

She gives him a half shrug. Close enough. Not for Red. He clarifies:

RED (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Mossad.

TAMAR

Tamar Katzman. Forgive me for not shaking your hand.

RED

Please don't tell me this is about that little dust-up in Tel Aviv.

TAMAR

That "dust-up" claimed the lives of two agents and a Turkish diplomat.

RED

I had nothing to do with it.

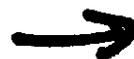
TAMAR

Then you have nothing to worry about.

RED

Oh my dear, you have no idea how I wish that was true.

(MORE)



TAMAR, SC. 1 cont. / sc. 2^{2.}

sc. 1 →

RED (CONT'D)

I have a million things to worry about these days. Save one.

Tamar pulls up a folding chair, turns it around and straddles it. She folds her arms over the back, rests her chin on them and regards him with a level if playful gaze.

TAMAR

Really. And what would that be?

RED

Standing trial in Israel for a crime I didn't commit. Is that a swallow?

— JENO

Tamar follows his gaze to a TATTOO OF A SWALLOW on the back of her forearm.

sc. 2 →

INT. MOSSAD SAFE HOUSE

Back on Red and Tamar.

RED

Your younger brother Dror was killed in the March 17th, 2002 suicide bombing of Egged Bus 22. In Yiddish, Dror means--

TAMAR

--swallow. How did you know?

RED

I know everything about the people who are tasked with capturing me. Your turn. How did you do it?

TAMAR

You possess an affinity for Zegna ties.

RED

So do millions of other men.

TAMAR

Thousands, actually. At least in the Northeast corridor. Nonetheless, this sample was far too broad to be of any practical use. However, we couldn't help but notice you lean toward a darker earth-tone palette. Geometric patterns; never stripes.

→

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TAMAR, sc. 2 cont. / sc. 3

3.

sc. 2 cont. →

RED

Go on.

TAMAR

We introduced a dilock copolymer nanoparticle marker into the brown dye at their factory in Novara--

RED

--effectively turning every earth-toned Zegna tie into an RFID. Brilliant. You deployed mobile scanning--

TAMAR

--long lenses, high def cameras and facial recognition software. It was only a matter of time.

RED

How much? Time, I mean.

TAMAR

Seventy-four days.
(shrugs)
We got lucky.

RED

Was all this skulduggery by any chance your idea?

TAMAR

I had some help.

RED

Ingenious. Such a shame.

→ END

Tamar raises her eyebrows, inquiring. Her CELL PURRS. She frowns at the caller I.D. Red smiles brightly.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - ENTRY

sc. 3 →

The door is opened, revealing AGENT MARTIN, who hands a folded document to Tamar.

MARTIN

Writ of Habeas Corpus. I think you'll find everything in order.

TAMAR

(scans it)
This has been heavily redacted.

→

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