

A man stands at his stove **THE HITMAN** (39), calmly preparing dinner with quiet, practiced precision. The kitchen is immaculate. Every knife is perfectly aligned. Every spice sits exactly where it belongs. He seasons the food by instinct, never measuring, never hesitating. Nothing about his movements is wasted. Mounted above the mantel are framed photographs from another life, Combat photos. Helicopters. A younger version of the Hitman in military fatigues, standing shoulder to shoulder with his unit. His phone begins to ring. Without breaking rhythm, he wipes his hands on a towel, taps the speaker button, and sets the phone on the counter. He continues slicing vegetables.

HITMAN

437 Yeah.

437

MORELLI (V.O.)

438 We found him.

438

The knife stops in midair. A beat. Then... It resumes slicing.

HITMAN

439 Where?

439

MORELLI (V.O.)

440 Eastern Shore. Maryland.

440

The Hitman calmly slides the vegetables into the pan.

HITMAN

441 I'll leave first thing in the morning.

441

MORELLI (V.O.)

442 You'll leave tonight. I can't afford
for this to go sideways. Do we
understand each other?

442

The Hitman lowers the flame beneath the pan. Places a lid on it. A beat.

HITMAN

443 It won't.

443

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CONTINUED:

MORELLI (V.0.)

444 Just so you know, there's someone else
hunting him.

444

The Hitman pauses for a beat then continues.

MORELLI (V.O.)

445 He's been asked to deal with the
situation. Extremely violent, but
smart. Definitely not a team player.
Is that going to be a problem?

445

The Hitman ends the call without answering the question. He washes his hands. Dries them carefully. He walks down the hallway to a plain closet.

Inside—

Everything is perfectly organized. Military duffel bags. Rifle cases. Suppressors. Handguns. Passports. Stacks of cash. He reaches for a worn black duffel bag.

Back in the kitchen... The meal continues cooking. The Hitman turns off the burner. Then calmly walks out the front door. As if he were heading to the office.

CUT TO: