

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

A twitchy little gray-faced man, VICTOR, perches on a secluded bench, sweating profusely and tapping his PHONE.

The bushes RUSTLE.

He bolts upright, ready to run, but-

A young woman steps out: NEVE. Like a ballet dancer going incognito, she stands poised in her ball cap and sunglasses.

Victor, still looking flighty, challenges her-

VICTOR

The ravens are talkative today.

NEVE

Smart men listen to their warnings.

He relaxes and slumps back down on the bench.

VICTOR

Hell of a lot of turnover in this organization, don't you think?

He rubs his face, eyes closed.

With a flick of her wrist, Neve palms a KNIFE.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

(Oblivious)

Every new kid wants another damn face-to-face. I am a busy man!

She steps, one two, right up next to him.

Victor scowls up at her but then she-

SLASHES HIS THROAT

-And his expression curdles. She catches his body and arranges it just so, then takes his unlocked phone.

ON THE SCREEN

She swipes and opens Watchr, which shows a gallery of BIRDS.

Under "Pacific Golden-Plover", the following note: "Last seen Riverside. Willing to make a deal. Wants protection."

NEVE

You're gonna need that protection real soon, motherfucker.