

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Three, Episode #3: "From Berlin to Paris"

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"From Berlin to Paris"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the Capitol building and Washington Monument.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

Day shift CIA personnel leave the compound through Gate #1.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD, STEWART KENSINGTON and PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY are in a grim discussion, with Bazzo trying to remain even-keeled.

BERARD

So, Dom's been shot but he's alive  
and in custody. And DiLauria?

BAZZO

In the wind.

KENSINGTON

She has to cross back by midnight,  
like Cinderella.

BAZZO

But Carla won't make it back.

KENSINGTON

Why not? It's only 5:00.

BAZZO

It's eleven PM in Berlin.

KENSINGTON

I'm aware of that. DiLauria could  
be waiting to be interviewed for  
all you know.

BAZZO

Everyone at Checkpoint Charlie and  
Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse would've  
heard that rifle shot.

BERARD

Yes, the Grenzer would have closed  
the border right away.

BAZZO

And Dom's no hero. He'd have told them he met Carla at the theater. They'd know she crossed at one of those two checkpoints, and that's where they'd look for her.

BERARD

Why would Dom climb a section of The Wall so close to the theater?

BAZZO

I don't know. Maybe he knew or he guessed there was a soft spot there.

KENSINGTON

He preferred that to you putting him further behind the Curtain.

BAZZO

Dom wouldn't have even known about the train to Prague.

BERARD

Why not?

BAZZO

Carla would only tell him each step of the lift as it came up, forcing him to rely on her. Dom being shot there tells me she hadn't gotten to that point yet.

KENSINGTON

The station's right there - Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse! Of course he knew!

BAZZO

He wouldn't be leaving from there.

KENSINGTON

What are you talking about?

EXT. EAST BERLIN - BAHNHOF FRIEDRICHSTRASSE - NIGHT - PAST

At the Friedrichstrasse Checkpoint, crowds of people hug and kiss their loved ones just before entering the train station.

BAZZO (V.O.)

Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse is called the Palace of Tears because of all the sad goodbyes to those going back to West Berlin. Carla and Dom would go there...

In the crowd, CARLA DILAURIA and DOM hug their long goodbye.

Meanwhile, she surreptitiously slips the plastic sleeve containing Dom's documents into his jacket pocket.

BAZZO (V.O.)

She'd tell him about Prague and slip him his documentation just before crossing back. He'd give a tearful goodbye then head to Berlin Ostbahnhof for the train to Prague. When he was shot, the report we got was the Grenzer found no ID on him.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - PRESENT

KENSINGTON

He could've thrown everything away.

BAZZO

With the Stasi, VoPo, the Grenzer and their snitches hanging around?

BERARD

What was the plan, Paul?

BAZZO

Lay low in a bolthole in Prague for 24 hours, then reemerge as a French rep for Renault and fly to Paris.

BERARD

Hmm, relying on the sympathy the Czechs have for French communists. How did we learn Dom was shot?

BAZZO

From the Berlin station.

BERARD

I thought you kept them out of the loop because you suspected a leak.

KENSINGTON

With Warren away, I asked the Chief of Station to keep me apprised.

BAZZO

And he'd tell his communications officer what to look for, who'd tell his staff, who'd tell the BND.

Kensington is red-faced.

EXT. EAST BERLIN - CHAUSSEESTRASSE - NIGHT

A taxi pulls to the curb two blocks before the Brandenburg Checkpoint.

CARLA DILAURIA

Is behind the wheel, wearing the Hack's tam. She eyes the...

BRANDENBURG CHECKPOINT

On the right side of the street, a few meters before the crossing gate, is a street sign:

**Ende  
des  
französischen Sektors**

(Translation: End of the French sector.)

Two Border Guards (The Grenzer) stand there; two more are on the other side of the street. One lane leads to a crossing gate. There is no traffic. Just behind the Inner Wall is a Guard Tower, about 30 feet high. Floodlamps in the zone between the walls light construction workers fortifying the original wall, and a crane dangling a concrete slab. Its diesel engine WHINES as it rotates toward the original Wall.

On the West Berlin side, the French border crossing consists of a small shack. Chausseestrasse, well-lit from streetlamps, features apartment buildings and trees lining either side.

DILAURIA

HUFFS. She puts the taxi in gear, pulls out and turns right onto Schulzestrasse, a main thoroughfare.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Berard and Kensington sip tea. Bazzo is anxious as they continue their discussion.

BERARD  
Will DiLauria go to ground?

BAZZO  
First, she'll look for soft spots in  
The Wall north of Brandenburg Gate.  
If she doesn't find one she'll go to  
ground for 24 hours and try again.

The Red phone RINGS; Berard answers it.

BERARD  
3-5-0-1... Yes, he's right here.  
(hands Bazzo the phone)  
It's the Ops Room.

BAZZO  
Paul Barry... Yeah... Okay, thanks.  
(pleased, he hangs up)  
(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

The BND heard chatter about a hack  
robbed of his clothes and his cab.  
His fare was going to Liesenstrasse  
and Chausseestrasse

BERARD

Brandenburg Checkpoint... DiLauria?

BAZZO

I think so. Sir, the 39th Special  
Forces Unit is there. They could  
get the BND to probe The Wall.

KENSINGTON

Only if it meant getting one of  
their East German agents across.

BAZZO

We're all NATO; they're not gonna  
refuse a request from us.

KENSINGTON

If the West Germans are caught  
breaching The Wall, the Soviets  
will consider it an act of war!

BERARD

Alright. The 39th isn't under our  
command. We'd need approval from  
the president to mobilize them.

BAZZO

But we could task their Commander  
in anticipation of approval.

KENSINGTON

That's something Latham would do.

BAZZO

Isn't that how I was tasked to lift  
Dom... Sir?

Berard glances at Kensington. Bazzo is angry and frustrated.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

If the Stasi arrest Carla, she'll  
be tortured, followed by a show  
trial and then shot.

BERARD

That's a risk all mandarins assume.

BAZZO

I know if I were trapped behind the  
Curtain, Mr. Latham would move  
heaven and Earth to get me out.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Carla should expect the same thing  
from me.

Berard mulls this over.

BERARD

Any way to communicate with her?

BAZZO

No, sir.

BERARD

How long will she have to probe The  
Wall?

BAZZO

Until four AM their time.

KENSINGTON

But she'd try again tomorrow.

BAZZO

If she hasn't been arrested.

BERARD

And Mr. Latham isn't due back until  
day after tomorrow... Stewart,  
contact the 39th's C.O. Ask him to  
send surrogates right away to probe  
The Wall north of Brandenburg Gate,  
pending final approval.

KENSINGTON

(grudgingly)

Yes, sir. God help us if this thing  
blows up in our faces.

He and Bazzo get up and leave. Berard picks up the Gray phone.

EXT. EAST BERLIN - SCHULZESTRASSE - NIGHT

The street runs parallel to The Wall, which is recessed  
several meters back. Abandoned buildings line the other side  
of the street. Trucks and vans rumble along.

I/E. THE TAXI

As DiLauria drives, on her left the Inner Wall disappears,  
leaving just the original Wall in sight. A weak searchlight  
glides along it, showing the shadowy figures of the Grenzer  
and a couple of vans with "Grenztruppen" signage (Border  
Guards). A hundred meters past them is a Guard Tower.

CHAUSSEESTRASSE

Practically no one is out, save for the odd staggering drunk.

One tries to hail her but she passes by him. A moment later, a car parked at the corner near the Drunk turns on its lights. DiLauria checks her rearview mirror - the car is behind her. As it passes beneath a streetlamp, the two-tone paint and reflection off the bubble-gum lights on its roof clearly indicate a police car.

DILAURIA

Again checks her rearview mirror - the police car is still there. She opens her handbag, pulls out the Beretta and lays it next to her on the seat. Up ahead the flora thickens; trees form a canopy over the street. A road intersects on the right.

DIRT ROAD

The taxi turns onto the road and pulls into heavy brush. The lights and engine shut off.

DILAURIA

Grabs the Beretta and slides out the passenger-side door. She crouches behind the fender and waits. The police car's clunky engine grows LOUDER. Its tires CRUNCH the dirt. She peeks over the fender. The car with "POLIZEI" barely visible on its doors crawls along. A lone officer inside the car, VOPO #1, shines his flashlight from one side of the road to the other.

DiLauria ducks. She hears RUSTLING in the brush, then a SNORT. Suddenly, a WILD BOAR rushes past her, onto the...

DIRT ROAD

And - BANG! - headlong into "POLIZEI" on the front door.

VOPO #1  
Scheisse!

The wild boar SNORTS and GRUNTS and again HEADBUTTS the door.

VOPO #1 (CONT'D)  
Was zum Teufel?!

The tires on the police car kick up dust as it pulls away with the wild boar in pursuit.

DILAURIA

Quickly climbs back into the taxi.

DILAURIA  
Goddamn wildlife.

She starts the engine, turns on the lights, makes a U-turn and turns right onto Schulzestrasse.



EXT. PARIS, FRANCE - NIGHT

Stock footage of the City of Lights, from "la Rive Gauche" of the Seine to the Eiffel Tower at the Champs de Mars to...

MONTMARTRE

A village with stunning Basilica and bistros, an artists' enclave with late-night cafés.

RUE CUSTINE AND RUE BECQUEREL

People stroll. Hearty souls climb the 222 steps through the Louise Michel Public Garden, past elegant apartment houses, and up to Rue Lamarck. At number 25 Rue Lamarck is...

LES AMBASSADES CAFE - TERRACE

The view of Paris from this height is simply breathtaking. WARREN LATHAM sits at a table, sipping coffee. He is soon joined by a Frenchman, HENRI, late-40s. They shake hands.

LATHAM

Good to see you again, Henri.

HENRI

You too, Warren.

The WAITER approaches them.

HENRI (CONT'D)

Café, minimum sucré, s'il vous plaît.

The Waiter nods and leaves. Henri looks around, drinking it all in.

HENRI (CONT'D)

So beautiful... Tell me, are you on a Busman's holiday?

LATHAM

Aren't they all?

The Waiter returns, sets down Henri's coffee and leaves.

HENRI

So, why the interest in Jean Souetre and our criminal underworld?

LATHAM

He may be responsible for the death of a friend of mine and his family.

HENRI

That's why we have police, Warren.

LATHAM

They're Algerian. The police could care less.

HENRI

Well, this is, um, compliqué.

LATHAM

Hey, I have all night.

HENRI

That's because you're not married.

INSERT THE FOLLOWING BLACK AND WHITE SCENES:

- French soldiers in Morocco fire at civilians.
- The bomb-damaged offices of the newspaper Temoignage Chretien in Paris.
- L'Humanite newspaper headline: "ASSASSINS! 10 attentats O.A.S. hier a Paris: Plusiers blesses parmi lesquel la femme de notre Raymond Guyot, Vladimir Pozner, une fillette de quatre ans."
- A map with dotted lines from Medellin, Columbia to Marseilles, France to North America - Montreal, Quebec and New York City.
- A New York City Policeman at the NYPD Property Clerk's Office with a civilian worker, captioned: "Hundreds of pounds of drugs stolen and replaced with flour and cornstarch."
- Dead mobsters on big-city streets.
- Brigade 2506 troops in fatigues carrying a "Cuba Libre" flag at a tropical training camp are addressed by U.S. trainers.
- The gated compound of the United States Embassy in Madrid.
- Two men in suits confer in an office at the U.S. Embassy in Madrid.

SUIT WORDS TO SCENES

HENRI (CONT'D)

Jean Souetre was in the French military, stationed in Morocco where his skills as a sniper came into good use. In late 1960, he deserted and joined the OAS. He was caught but escaped. We understand he now travels to Latin America, smuggling narcotics for the Corsicans in Marseilles, who partner with mobsters in the U.S. and Canada.

(MORE)

HENRI (CONT'D)

We've also learned they make good use of his marksmanship.

LATHAM

That much I know.

HENRI

Did you know he contacted your Madrid station?

LATHAM

No.

HENRI

He told them that after de Gaulle is removed, there'd be only two choices in France: communism or the OAS.

LATHAM

Confirms his intent to kill de Gaulle.

HENRI

Yes. We've also learned he was in Nicaragua training members of Brigade 2506 for the Bay of Pigs invasion. We've heard that affords him some nominal protection by CIA against future crimes.

LATHAM

Really. Did he use his real name?

HENRI

He may have, though he probably used the alias Eugene Constant, one of several he uses. I'll get to that. After the Bay of Pigs last year, Souetre went to live in Madrid. There, our sources say he met with a man named Howard Hunt.

BACK TO SCENE

LATHAM

You know what that was about?

HENRI

No, but we know Hunt is CIA.

He eyes Latham who shrugs, betraying nothing.

HENRI (CONT'D)

Now, getting to Souetre's other aliases... Have you heard the name Michel Victor Mertz before?

Latham shakes his head no.

HENRI (CONT'D)

Mertz enlisted in the German army in '41. Two years later he deserted and joined the French Resistance. After the War he joined the French military where he met Souetre in Algeria. Mertz then joined SDECE.

LATHAM

Your people allowed him in, with his background in the German army.

HENRI

Our Personnel Department is very broad-minded. The OAS is at war with us. Mertz was assigned to penetrate and destroy them. He's also married to the daughter of a mobster who has narcotics connections in the U.S. and Canada. Mertz works for him too.

LATHAM

So, Mertz is with SDECE and the OAS, and he's a drug trafficker. Great.

HENRI

One of his contacts in the States is mob boss Santos Trafficante, whom Souetre also knows. And we've learned that Soutre and Mertz use each other's names as aliases.

LATHAM

Geezus...

HENRI

Oh, one more. Souetre sometimes uses the alias Michel Roux. Now, there is a real Michel Roux, a French army deserter who served in Algeria.

LATHAM

Your military's got a real problem.

HENRI

Seems like it. But other than that, Roux has no connection to Souetre. So, what will you do next?

Latham sips his coffee, clearly focused on something.

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

A gray Plymouth sedan waits outside Gate #2.

Its civilian DRIVER opens the passenger rear door for Berard, who exits through the gate and gets in the car. The Driver then hurries behind the wheel and the pool car leaves.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD pulls a form from her typewriter. She puts it in a folder then puts a cover over the typewriter. Bazzo enters.

BAZZO  
Finish correcting my mistakes?

COLLETTE  
Not yet, but I do agree with what you've written. D-Int's people got it wrong on J. Edgar Hoover.

BAZZO  
Thanks. So, you're leaving now?

COLLETTE  
When Warren says that, it means stay another hour or two.

BAZZO  
(grins guiltily)  
Can you see if D-Int's still here?

COLLETTE  
He should be; it's only six.

As she reaches for the Red phone, Kensington brusquely enters.

KENSINGTON  
There you are.

BAZZO  
Were you looking for me, sir?

KENSINGTON  
Yes. Let's go in Latham's office.

Puzzled, Bazzo goes inside, followed by Kensington who shuts the door. Collette dials the Red phone.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Bazzo stands there, apprehensive. Kensington faces him and folds his arms across his chest like a headmaster.

KENSINGTON  
That impudent display you put on in front of Berard was uncalled for!

BAZZO  
I'm not sure what you mean.

KENSINGTON

Contradicting me, criticizing my decisions. I don't put up with that from Latham and I certainly won't stand for it from you!

BAZZO

You mean having the Berlin Number One keep you up to date?

KENSINGTON

Among other things, yes.

BAZZO

It would've helped if we'd known that, but you chose to exclude me.

KENSINGTON

My point exactly. I don't have to clear a damn thing with you!

BAZZO

Sir, Mission Planning needs to be aware of all operational contingencies.

KENSINGTON

I don't need you to tell me that!

BAZZO

All I'm saying is, if there's no coordination, the operation fails. We can't overlook the possibility of a leak.

KENSINGTON

And that gives you the right to impugn the integrity of a station chief.

BAZZO

I didn't! Sir, if there is a leak, how can we rule out anyone if everyone knows what we're doing?

KENSINGTON

I understand that! Don't talk to me like I'm some newbie around here.

BAZZO

I apologize. We're just trying to understand how the Grenzer were onto Dom so quickly. That's all.

Kensington's anger ebbs. He moves behind Latham's desk and sits in Latham's chair, as though he were in his own office.

KENSINGTON

Fine. Just make sure I'm kept up to date on Operation, uh...

BAZZO

NIGHTSPOT.

KENSINGTON

NIGHTSPOT, right.

Bazzo stands there, unsure what to do. Kensington eyes him.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

Is there anything else, Paul?

BAZZO

Sir, you came down to see me.

Kensington briefly appears confused. He looks around, suddenly aware of where he is. Embarrassed, he quickly stands.

KENSINGTON

Yes, um, I'm leaving now. Call me at home if you need me.

Kensington opens the door. BILL NEALY (D-INT) is there with Collette. As Kensington leaves he nods at Nealy who enters.

BAZZO

Hey, Bill.

Nealy nods. He and Bazzo each take a seat.

NEALY

What the hell was that all about?

BAZZO

Senility. Look, I know you can't get into specifics, but can you tell me if there are any Ops underway along the Berlin Wall - especially north of Brandenburg.

NEALY

Is this related to NIGHTSPOT?

BAZZO

Yeah... I know Bradley had to get input from your people, but I didn't think it needed to reach your desk.

NEALY

I was at the Berlin Desk when he requested a brief. Are you planning to exfiltrate DiLauria?

BAZZO

I want to get the 39th Special Forces Unit to tap their BND pals to probe The Wall on the West Berlin side.

NEALY

Hoping they'll spot DiLauria doing the same thing on the other side.

BAZZO

Uh huh.

NEALY

You need approval from the president for that.

BAZZO

Berard's gone to the White House to try and get it. But I'm also worried there might be a leak, either in the station or the BND.

NEALY

That's a matter for CI.

BAZZO

Hm, I go to MOTHER and he'll end up siccing his dogs on Domestic Ops.

NEALY

That's true. Well, the BND regularly look for soft spots to get their East German agents across.

BAZZO

How do they keep the Russians from claiming it's an act of war?

NEALY

The Stasi send their agents through the checkpoints into West Berlin disguised as relatives of West Germans. It's a nice trade-off.

BAZZO

I know they used to send Romeo agents into West Berlin. All those widows after the War, and not enough men to go around.

NEALY

The Berlin Wall put an end to that. Look, it's possible any East Berliner the BND recruits could be doubling.

(MORE)



NEALY (CONT'D)

That means any of the 39th's pals could really be helping the Stasi find DiLauria.

Bazzo gets up and despondently meanders about the room.

BAZZO

What other choice do I have?

NEALY

You've had mandarins trapped behind the Curtain. How many did you get out?

BAZZO

About half.

NEALY

How many have you had trapped behind the Berlin Wall?

BAZZO

Three, counting Dilauria. Her best chance of crossing is before it's dawn over there.

NEALY

And if she has to go to ground and try again?

Bazzo shrugs. Nealy isn't happy with that.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Well, how many have crossed back?

BAZZO

If she makes it she'll be the first.

NEALY

Christ. Let me see what's going on there. I'll get back to you.

He gets up and leaves.

EXT. EAST BERLIN - SCHULZESTRASSE - NIGHT

A full moon. Brush and trees line one side of the street. On the other side, a weak searchlight scans a small section of The Wall. Light traffic - mostly trucks - rumbles by.

I/E. TAXI

DiLauria eyes The Wall as she drives. In some places the Inner Wall is complete; in others, it is under construction. A searchlight highlights the Grenzer on patrol, and gives away the location of Grenztruppen vans.

The Guard Towers, which had been relatively closely spaced near the Berliner Ensemble are now farther apart. DiLauria pounds the dashboard in frustration as she searches in vain. Up ahead, the flora clears.

#### INTERSECTION OF SCHULZESTRASSE AND WOLLANKSTRASSE

Wollankstrasse is divided between East and West by barbed wire only - the original Wall. Two Grenzer stand there. The taxi moves deliberately as it crosses Wollankstrasse.

#### AT THE WOLLANKSTRASSE BARRICADE

One of the Grenzer pulls out his flashlight and flicks it on/off in the direction of a Grenztruppen van.

#### SCHULZESTRASSE

In the moonlight and the occasional streetlamp, utility poles are visible on the street. The taxi pulls to the curb and stops by a bricked-up warehouse.

#### DILAURIA

Alights and eyes a cable overhead. It starts somewhere in West Berlin, crosses over the original Wall, the Death Strip, and the Inner Wall and connects to a utility pole standing several meters before an idle bulldozer. Another cable runs from that utility pole, across Schulzestrasse to another higher utility pole near DiLauria. A single cable links this utility pole to others down the street. She looks back at...

#### THE BULLDOZER

Behind it is a dark path of rubble. A utility pole has been partially knocked to the ground, its cable still connected, keeping the pole from falling completely over.

#### FURTHER DOWN THE WALL

DiLauria sees a Guard Tower with its dim, slow-moving searchlight. The Grenzer can be seen standing idly, smoking cigarettes; a Grenztruppen van is parked near them. One of the Grenzer gets in the van and turns on the headlights.

#### DILAURIA

Checks her watch. She gets back in the taxi and drives along Schulzestrasse.

#### I/E. TAXI

DiLauria passes the Guard Tower - a single cable runs from it, across the street to a 60-foot utility pole. Another cable runs from this utility pole up to a 75-foot utility pole, which has cables that span away from The Wall.

Two blocks ahead DiLauria sees a huge, Brutalist apartment building. Something catches her eye. In her outside mirror DiLauria sees a pair of headlights move past the Guard Tower.

DiLauria speeds up. The headlights grow larger - a Grenztruppen van RUMBLES across the dirt toward the street.

SCHULZESTRASSE

The bricked-up, Brutalist apartment building fills an entire block. DiLauria turns right onto the street at the near end of the apartment building. Behind it is an...

ALLEY

The taxi swerves in from the side street. A large trash dumpster is surrounded by mounds of garbage and what's left of a burned-up sedan. The taxi pulls behind them; its lights and engine shut off.

DILAURIA

Gets out, Beretta in one hand, handbag in the other. She eases the door shut, opens the rear passenger door and ducks behind it. The Grenztruppen van speeds past the alley.

She scrunches up her nose at the smell. She takes the glassine sleeve, her ID and Day Pass from her handbag and throws them in the dumpster, then she climbs inside the taxi and pulls the door shut. She reaches inside the skirt's waistband, removes the extra bullets and puts them in her handbag. She locks the doors and sits with her feet up on the seat, cradling her handbag and the Beretta. As she kneads her forehead...

DILAURIA

Now what...

## ACT TWO

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

In the twilight a small sign on the chain-link fence displays a bald eagle and beneath it the words "CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, 2430 E ST., N.W."

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of ringing phones, teletype machines and chatter. The 24-hour wall clock reads 19:45. Staff include NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY.

Bazzo sits across from Bradley, who has on his desk several photos of the Berlin Wall and a map of Berlin, with the border of West Berlin highlighted in red.

Parallel to the red line is a blue line - solid in some parts, dotted in others or non-existent.

A female CIA OFFICER goes to the wall maps sporting dozens of Green and White STICKPINS, a few Yellow and an occasional Red one. She replaces a GREEN STICKPIN in East Berlin with a YELLOW one. Bazzo is upset by this.

BAZZO

You're a little early with that.

OWENS

No, mandarin Two would've reported in by 19:00 if she'd made it across. This is the end of her 45-minute grace. If we don't hear from her by 22:00, it goes red.

Bazzo sighs dejectedly. Bradley points to his map.

BRADLEY

The red line's the original Wall.  
The blue one's the Inner Wall.

BAZZO

And these are the gaps where it hasn't been built.

He points to West Berlin's border with East Germany.

OWENS

No, no. No way. She'd have to go through East Germany to get there. The VoPo are looking for that taxi.

FARRELL

And forget about hailing one to get there. The Hack would just as soon drive her to Lichtenberg.

BAZZO

Stasi headquarters...

BRADLEY

Most of the work on the Inner Wall is between East- and West Berlin. There is a gap here in Heiligensee, about a mile west of the Stolpe border crossing. They're building a checkpoint for inland navigation control on the Oder-Havel Canal.

(measures the distance  
with a ruler)

It's 19 miles from the theater, far enough away so the Grenzer might not expect her to cross there.

(MORE)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

With time being a factor, she could take the B2 autobahn to the B5.

BAZZO

Not with the VoPo looking for that taxi.

Bradley broods.

FARRELL

What about Peckwischgraben? They built The Wall alongside a ditch.

BRADLEY

Yeah, they're still clearing stuff to make room for the Death Strip!  
(measures the distance)  
It's about seven miles north of Brandenburg Checkpoint.

Bazzo points to the photos.

BAZZO

Any of these Peckwischgraben?

BRADLEY

Yes, this one.

He hands Bazzo a photo showing construction equipment. Bazzo points to the date and time at the bottom.

BAZZO

It's a month old. They could be finished by now.

Owens' Red Phone RINGS; he answers it.

OWENS

0-4-3-3... Yes, he is... Alright.  
(hangs up)  
That was Collette. Mr. Berard's back in his office and would like to see you.

Bazzo gets up and leaves.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard sits behind his desk; Bazzo sits across from him.

BERARD

The president will not authorize covert action in Berlin. He repeated what he said last year when the Wall went up - he will not get into a war over Berlin.

(MORE)

BERARD (CONT'D)

If Khrushchev's backed into a corner, his response will be nuclear war.

BAZZO

But the BND and the Stasi have a truce of sorts. They tolerate each other's antics at The Wall.

BERARD

Act your age. What they do is under the covers; it has no effect on official policy. The Grenzer have orders to shoot anyone trying to breach The Wall. If they fire into the West, then the West shoots back. But no Western force is allowed to initiate fire into the East. If that happens, it's World War Three. I'm sorry, but you'll just have to wait this one out.

Bazzo lowers his head, dejected.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette sits at her desk, talking to LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH). Bazzo enters; he's surprised to see Jones.

BAZZO

If you've come here looking for help, Larry-

JONES

No, no. I'd asked Collette to dinner earlier. She said she was tied up. So I, um, thought I could persuade her to still join me.

BAZZO

You might as well go, Collette.

COLLETTE

He said no?

BAZZO

(to Jones)

Carla's trapped in East Berlin. The president won't allow us to use the 39th Special Forces unit to help get her out.

JONES

I'm sorry... I could ask our Berlin station to help out.

BAZZO

No. They'd contact our station.

JONES

Yes, out of courtesy. They'd want to be sure they're not stepping on anyone's operation. You worried about a leak in our Berlin station?

BAZZO

No, ours.

JONES

Oh, man. Is Carla going to ground?

BAZZO

She'll have to if she doesn't make it by 22:00. Then it's a crapshoot.

JONES

Look, you still have time. Come and join us for dinner.

BAZZO

No, thank you. I'll see you in the morning, Collette.

COLLETTE

Paul...

BAZZO

No, go on.

Collette gets up, goes to Bazzo and gently squeezes his hand.

COLLETTE

Call me if you need me.

Bazzo nods. Jones pats him on the back then he and Collette leave. Bazzo sighs and sits, looking defeated.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Narrow. A row of buildings on either side have their backs facing each other. A few second- and third-floor apartments have their lights on.

TWO GLOVED HANDS

Pick the lock on a back door of one building. They quietly edge the door open. Whatever this is, no lights are on.

INT. BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR

Ambient light from the alley silhouettes a MAN in the doorway. He carries a large can in his left hand.

He closes the door, leaving it slightly ajar. He pulls a penlight from his pocket and shines it low. Two doors, one in front of him and one to his right - he opens the door on his right. A staircase leads down to the...

BASEMENT

The steps CREAK under the Man's feet. He leaves the staircase and crosses to a fuel oil tank. He sets down the can and unscrews its cap. He then pours fluid around the tank leaving a trail to the corner opposite the staircase. He empties the can there, forming a puddle. He screws on the cap then takes a small package inside a paper bag from his jacket pocket.

The Man removes a small device from the paper bag - a timer duct-taped to plastique. He presses the button to start the timer and sets it in the puddle. He picks up the can and heads up the stairs.

GROUND FLOOR

The Man opens the door, exits, and shuts it. The doorlock CLICKS.

BASEM NAZAR

Is in bed. His eyes open and he turns to his wife, HAMIDA, lying beside him. Their son, SAMI, enters the room. There is an EXPLOSION, then FLAMES. The flesh on the faces of Basem, Hamida and Sami begins to melt. There is a SCREAM, then...

LATHAM

BOLTS upright in his bed, awakened from his dream. He is sweating and breathing heavily. He throws off the top sheet and slides his legs over the side of the bed. He looks around - he is in his hotel room. Outside the window are the city lights. He drops his head into his hands and starts to SOB.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

FIONA JEFFRIES is curled up on the sofa watching "The Untouchables" on TV. The phone RINGS but the red light does not blink. Fiona answers it.

FIONA  
Hello?

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH FIONA

LATHAM  
(voice cracking)  
Fiona, it's me, Warren.

FIONA  
Honey, what's wrong?



Latham SOBS into the phone.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
Warren, what's happened?

LATHAM  
Basem, his wife and son... They're  
dead.

FIONA  
Oh, my God...

LATHAM  
There was a fire...

FIONA  
No...

LATHAM  
They saved my life. They were so  
sweet.

FIONA  
I know. I'm so sorry.

LATHAM  
They say it was an accident - a  
faulty hotplate. But I know it was  
that bastard.

FIONA  
Who?

LATHAM  
It has to be him.

FIONA  
Who, Warren?

Latham doesn't respond; but the anger is there in his sobs  
and breathing.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
Warren, listen to me. Go higher up  
and report it if you have to. Tell  
SDECE. But don't do anything.

Still no response.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
Warren, are you listening? Talk to  
me. Please.

LATHAM  
Sorry for bothering you with this.

FIONA

No, don't say that. I love you.  
Hon, you've done all you can there.  
Come home.

LATHAM

I will.

FIONA

When, in the morning?

LATHAM

I don't know. Maybe tomorrow.

FIONA

Warren...

LATHAM

I need to clean things up here.

FIONA

Let the French handle it, please.

LATHAM

I won't do anything.

FIONA

Promise me.

LATHAM

I promise. I'll call you later.

FIONA

Alright. Just come home. I love you.

LATHAM

I love you, too. Good night.

FIONA

Good night.

She hangs up and leans back. Her eyes start to tear.

MID-SHOW BREAK

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 21:59. The usual PURL seems muted. The night staff at the Duty Desk - Owens, Farrell and Bradley - sit, anxiously smoking cigarettes. Bazzo sits with them, wringing his hands. All eyes are fixed on the clock.

The second hand sweeps past "50"; each second counting down. Finally, it reaches zero, passing the minute hand already straight up between the two and four of "24"; the hour hand points to "22."

A CIA Officer gets up and goes to the wall map featuring Germany. She replaces the Yellow Stickpin in East Berlin with a Red One. Farrell lowers his head, as though he has witnessed Last Rites. Owens sighs and looks at Bazzo, who looks away.

EXT. PARIS - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the city, including the Arc de Triomphe.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

A typical two-star room. Latham sits at the desk. On house stationery he writes:

**Moreau from Basem - Plot to kill de Gaulle  
Why did Moreau meet Basem?  
How did Basem know about Souetre - Moreau?  
Basem et al. killed. Because of plot? If not...**

The phone RINGS; he answers it.

LATHAM

Hello...

HOTEL OPERATOR

(French accent)

This is your 6:00 wake-up call,  
Monsieur Newland.

LATHAM

Thank you. Oh, Operator, can you  
get me Chénier 2-5-7-8, please.

HOTEL OPERATOR

Chénier 2-5-7-8?

LATHAM

Um, on second thought, no. Never  
mind. Thanks.

He hangs up.

11 RUE VICTOR MASSÉ - HÔTEL SAINT GEORGES LAFAYETTE

Latham leaves the hotel and heads west. Public Works workers in green overalls sweep this narrow one-way street.

At the intersection several motor scooters are parked on the sidewalk, Latham turns south onto RUE HENRY MONNIER, left onto RUE NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE then heads into the Metro station.

INT. SAINT GEORGES SUBWAY STATION - PLATFORM

A curved wall of white tile arches to overhead lighting. The subway train pulls in; it's about half full. Latham gets on.

EXT. ELEVATED SUBWAY LINE - PASSY STATION PLATFORM - DAY

The Eiffel Tower looms behind elegant apartment buildings abutting the station. A subway train pulls in. A few passengers alight, including...

LATHAM

Who exits the Passy Metro station onto pedestrian-only RUE DE L'ALBONI. On RUE RAYNOUARD, he strolls beneath flowered balconies until he reaches the corner of...

RUE CHERNOVIZ

From across the street, Latham gazes at the fifth floor of APARTMENT BUILDING #1. After a moment, a EURASIAN BOY, 10, leaves the building. Latham looks at a photo he has in his hand of a Eurasian boy, MINH, age four. The ten-year-old Boy heads toward Ecole de Garçons (an elementary school for boys); Latham follows him on the other side of the street.

As the Boy and Latham walk toward the school, Latham again looks at the photo.

INT. HOTEL HARRINGTON - "OYSTER BAR" RESTAURANT - DAY - PAST

ANNE DE, a lovely, mid-20s Vietnamese woman, and Latham share a table. She has an aperitif; he drinks Diet-Rite Cola. She takes a snapshot from her purse, one of herself and her four-year-old Eurasian son, who closely resembles Latham. She hands it to him. Latham is taken aback.

ANNE

I have a little boy; his name is Minh. He's in Paris right now.

LATHAM

Oh, my God... Anne, I didn't know. Why didn't you tell me?

ANNE

How? You had gone already.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters in a jaunty mood. Collette is in tears.

COLLETTE

Anne De is dead.

Latham is shocked.

HOTEL SUITE - LIVINGROOM

Anne De lies dead on the floor, shot twice through the head.

EXT. RUE CHERNOVIZ - DAY (MORNING) - PRESENT

At age 10, MINH DE looks more like Latham now than he did in the photo. He crosses to Latham's side of the street where several boys wait to enter the school. Some of them are with their parents; others chat with friends. Teachers greet them at the school entrance. Minh approaches the school where a TEACHER pats him on the shoulder.

LATHAM (O.S.)

Minh.

Minh looks around. Latham walks up to him.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Minh, je connais votre grand-père,  
Kao-Ly.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Minh, I know your grandfather, Kao-Ly."

TEACHER

Minh, connais-tu cet homme?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Minh, do you know this man?"

MINH

No.

LATHAM

Je m'appelle Warren Latham. Je  
connaissais aussi ta mère, Anne.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "My name's Warren Latham. I also knew your mother, Anne."

The teacher looks at Latham, then at Minh, then Latham again. Her expression reveals she can see the resemblance.

TEACHER

Vous êtes américain?

LATHAM

Oui.

TEACHER

Êtes-vous sûr de ne pas le  
connaître, Minh?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Are you sure you don't know him, Minh?"

Minh doesn't answer; he just stares curiously at Latham.

LATHAM

Il ne m'a jamais rencontré.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "He's never met me."

TEACHER

Ensuite, je suis désolé, mais il doit aller à l'intérieur.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Then I'm sorry, but he has to go inside."

LATHAM

Attendez une seconde, s'il vous plaît.

He pulls out a silver card case, takes out two business cards and hands them to the Teacher.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

S'il a besoin de quelque chose - n'importe quoi - vous m'appellez, de jour comme de nuit. Vous pouvez donner à Minh l'une des cartes quand vous le jugez approprié.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "If he needs anything - anything at all - you call me, day or night. You can give Minh one of the cards when you think it's appropriate."

The teacher looks at the cards then at Latham.

TEACHER

Où est cet endroit?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Where is this?"

LATHAM

Washington, D.C.

He turns to leave.

MINH

Monsieur!

Latham turns around. Minh walks up to him and extends his hand. Latham smiles and shakes Minh's hand.

MINH (CONT'D)

Merci, Monsieur.

LATHAM

Tu êtes les bienvenus, fils.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You're welcome, son."

Minh smiles curiously. Latham's eyes start to tear. He turns and walks away while Minh enters the school.

EXT. CALL SHOP - DAY (MORNING)

An elegant building near the Gare du Nord railway station.

INT. CALL SHOP - LOBBY

Resembles a bank lobby with clerks at the windows. On one wall is a shelf with holders for cards. Latham fills in a phone number on the card then crosses to a window where he hands the card to a CLERK.

CLERK

Kiosque numéro quatre.

Latham walks to a line of phone booths. He enters "No. 4" and shuts the glass door. The phone RINGS; he answers it.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 03:15. The bleary eyes and drawn faces show the toll the night has taken. Owens' Gray phone RINGS; he answers it.

OWENS

Yes...

OPERATOR (O.S.)

I have a call originating from a call shop in Paris. The caller's name is John Newland. We show that as a working name for Warren Latham, Director of Domestic Operations. Do you accept the call?

OWENS

Yes, put him through, please.

PHONE BOOTH

LATHAM

This is John Newland.

CROSSCUT OWENS WITH LATHAM

OWENS

Owens here.

LATHAM

I spoke to the local storyteller. Unfortunately, he's had to cancel any future engagements. His two associates have also had to cancel.

OWENS

I'm sorry to hear that, sir.

LATHAM

I plan on returning tomorrow, but first I want to know if his cousin's still there.

OWENS

I'll look into it.

LATHAM

If he is, ask him to hang around.  
I'll check back in a half hour.

OWENS

Will do, sir.

LATHAM

Thanks, 'bye.

CLICK. Owens hangs up and turns to Farrell.

OWENS

That was Latham. That guy he went  
to meet in Paris...

FARRELL

Basem Nazar?

OWENS

Yeah. He and his family are dead.

FARRELL

Oh, man...

OWENS

He wants us to see if Claude Moreau  
is still around.

FARRELL

That reporter for Le Monde, the one  
CI's running?

OWENS

Uh huh. If he is, we need to have  
Security detain him.

FARRELL

I'll call CI.

OWENS

Why wake him up? Their NDO doesn't  
know his ass from a hole in the  
wall. Call Moreau's controller in  
Paris. He'll know.

FARRELL

Right.

OWENS

I'd better let Paul know. Is he  
still in The Hole?



FARRELL

I saw him outside when I went on my  
break.

EXT. BUILDING C - SOUTH PORTICO - NIGHT

Bazzo sits on the front steps; he is disconsolate, staring  
into the night. Behind him the door opens; Owens comes  
outside. He approaches Bazzo hesitantly.

OWENS

Paul... Paul, Mr. Latham called in.  
His friend and his family are dead.

Bazzo sighs and shakes his head.

OWENS (CONT'D)

He wants us to find Claude Moreau  
and hold him, if he's still here.

Bazzo nods.

BAZZO

It shouldn't end like this for  
Carla.

OWENS

Maybe she'll make it when she  
resurfaces. The Stasi don't know  
where to look for her.

Bazzo perks up; he realizes something.

BAZZO

And neither do we. Come on.

He grabs Owens' arm.

OWENS

What?

BAZZO

I want you to send a FLASH  
precedence telex to Berlin.

OWENS

Saying what?

BAZZO

I'll tell you on the way to the  
Comm Room.

Bazzo opens the door, pushes Owens inside and quickly follows  
after him.

EXT. EAST BERLIN - "BABYLON" MOVIE THEATER - DAY

The main facade sits on the ground floor of a burnt-orange colored, five-story apartment building with corner balconied apartments at 30 Rosa-Luxemburg-Strasse. The building straddles a street corner, looking like a pancaked version of New York City's Flatiron Building. The auditorium is behind the apartment building.

Posters for a double feature - "Der Schweigende Stern" (The Silent Star) and "Und deine Liebe auch" (And Your Love Too) - sit in their own glass displays on one side of the facade.

INT. THEATER

The orchestra and balcony sections accommodate 1,239 people. But only thirty or so are scattered about, many of them couples more involved with each other than the film. The few folks actually watching the screen see a 1960 science fiction film, "Der Schweigende Stern," with a multi-racial cast.

One moviegoer huddles in an orchestra seat surrounded by three hundred or so empty seats - DiLauria. Exhausted, she dozes off during the scene where the crew blasts off for Venus.

ACT THREE

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY (MORNING)

CIA personnel enter through Gate #1.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard, Kensington and Bazzo are there. Berard and Kensington sip tea.

BERARD

You sent the Berlin Chief of Station a telex?

BAZZO

Yes, this morning at 04:30. FLASH precedence, EYES ONLY, NOFORN.

KENSINGTON

Why? What was so important?

BAZZO

I asked him to confirm the eleven AM train from East Berlin will arrive in Frankfurt-an-Oder on time.

KENSINGTON

Frankfurt-an-Oder... On the Polish border. Why would you ask him that?

BAZZO

I hoped the station chief would link it with Operation NIGHTSPOT.

KENSINGTON

Are you crazy? You're telling him and God knows who else DiLauria's headed for Poland!

BAZZO

Good. That's what I hoped you'd say.

KENSINGTON

What?!

He spits tea back into his cup.

BERARD

Hold on. Paul, explain why you did this - and go slowly for my benefit.

BAZZO

The station has no idea where Carla is or where she's headed - nor do we. But the station doesn't know we don't know. The telex tells the station Number One that we do know.

BERARD

Which isn't true.

BAZZO

No, sir. Now, the station Number One could choose not to reply to us, or he may ask us what the hell's going on. The key is what happens next.

KENSINGTON

He puts you on report, that's what.

BAZZO

He got the telex at 10:37 AM their time. It's a little over an hour by train from East Berlin to Frankfurt-an-Oder. If our man were the leak, there'd be no time to send the Stasi an encrypted message. For them to meet the train at the border by noon, he'd have to call them. That would mean a spike in traffic on the trunk line close to 4:40 AM, which the Puzzle Palace would pick up. It wouldn't show what they said, of course, but it would show that someone at the Berlin station made a call right after receiving my telex.

BERARD

And if there were no spike?

BAZZO

Earlier I said I wanted to rule out people as the source of the leak. If there's no spike, we can at least rule out the station Number One. But if there is a spike, Mr. Kensington can present this to the I.G.

Kensington is taken aback. Berard sees what Bazzo is doing.

BERARD

That would be quite a coup for your Division, Stewart - if it breaks that way.

BAZZO

Especially with Mr. Latham away.

Kensington is so puffed up with pride, all he can do is grin.

BERARD

When will we get word from the NSA?

BAZZO

I told them we needed the analysis ASAP. So no later than close of play tomorrow. I'm half-hoping the station Number One is the leak.

BERARD

Because it'll help DiLauria.

KENSINGTON

How?

BAZZO

The VoPo will think she left Berlin, and the Stasi's attention will be on the Polish border.

KENSINGTON

Oh, right. Of course.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Nealy enters. Collette edits a paper.

NEALY

That one of Paul's reports?

COLLETTE

Yes, I've been trying to edit the damn thing for two days now.

NEALY

Can I ask which one it is?

COLLETTE

His analysis of one of your reports on the KGB's smear campaign against J. Edgar Hoover.

NEALY

There's an Intel report on that?

Collette looks at him curiously.

COLLETTE

Yes. It warns that two of Martin Luther King's closest advisors are members of the Communist Party.

NEALY

Levison and O'Dell, we know that.

COLLETTE

Paul says the president shouldn't worry about them. There's no chance of an espionage leak because King doesn't have access to classified information. And none of his speeches have any Soviet propaganda. In fact, King criticized them in his last speech, saying communism is 'an alien philosophy contrary to us.'

NEALY

I agree. Who wrote that assessment?

Collette is about to flip the pages when Bazzo enters.

BAZZO

Hey, Bill. What's up?

NEALY

First, nothing's going on at the Berlin Wall north of Brandenburg Gate. I saw Claude Moreau being escorted into Building D. I was going to ask if you knew about it when I got into a discussion with Collette about your report.

COLLETTE

Their assessment of the KGB's smear campaign against Hoover.

BAZZO

Yeah, the one that mentions King. What about it?

NEALY

For one thing, whoever wrote it overemphasizes the Soviets' disinformation campaign.

Collette flips back to the first page.

COLLETTE

David Brooks wrote it.

NEALY

When?

COLLETTE

Six months ago.

BAZZO

But we only got it last week.

NEALY

That's when Brooks quit the Agency.

BAZZO

So, why was he sitting on this?

Nealy shrugs; he's at sea for the moment.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Where did he work?

NEALY

Eastern European Division, then the Berlin Desk before his last post on the Soviet Desk.

BAZZO

Everything I've read has the KGB piggy-backing on reports of Hoover's sexual predilections. But Brooks has the cross-dressing and queer behavior being initiated by the KGB.

NEALY

I agree with you; I think Brooks is wrong. But then again, that's his opinion based on his source material. He probably sat on it because no one corroborated it.

BAZZO

Would he have seen any of the commo from the Berlin station?

NEALY

If it was of an Intel nature.

BAZZO

We're looking at the Berlin Number One as a possible leak. Now I'm wondering if we should be looking at a ring.

NEALY

Wait a second. Based on what?

BAZZO

A ploy of mine. We're having the NSA look for a spike in traffic on the trunk lines right after he received a telex we sent him.

NEALY

Okay, but just because an analyst has a different opinion doesn't make him a mole. The whole point is to interpret the raw material and present a finished product. We don't cater to any one point of view. Hopefully, all analyses are given equal weight, but it's the policymakers who decide what to believe. So don't jump the gun here.

BAZZO

Yeah, you're right.

NEALY

What makes more sense to me is Brooks sharing his views with a sympathetic ear, like maybe the Berlin station chief. Besides, he's better positioned to pass them onto the unwashed. Then they'd tailor their disinformation campaign accordingly.

BAZZO

You see? That's why you get the big bucks.

NEALY

Uh huh. So why's Moreau here?

BAZZO

Latham wants to talk to him.

NEALY

Really. I hope the man's brought a change of clothes.

Nealy leaves.

EXT. PARIS - ORLY AIRPORT - DAY

Stock footage showing Air France Boeing 707s on the tarmac; an Air France jet takes off.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN

Latham sits in Business Class, his seatback tray lowered. He uses it to write notes on a pocket notepad.

**Souetre-->Moreau-->Basem  
Henri-->Souetre  
Moreau**

Latham leans back and muses. The STEWARDESS comes by.

STEWARDESS  
Something to drink, sir?

LATHAM  
Huh? Oh, do you have Diet Rite Cola?

STEWARDESS  
Diet Rite Cola? No.

LATHAM  
Okay, then just bring me a club  
soda.

STEWARDESS  
Yes, sir.

She scrunches her face as she leaves.

EXT. EAST BERLIN - MUSEUM FÜR NATURKUNDE - DAY

A natural history museum with various but limited displays.

EAST WING

The glass roof allows for considerable ambient light. DiLauria carries her sweater and handbag as she roams through its great hall featuring dinosaur skeletons.

DILAURIA

Leaves and walks to the West Wing. It has been roped off to prevent the public from entering. A World War Two bomb all but leveled this wing. DiLauria looks around; she's alone. A museum employee makes an announcement through a loudspeaker.

MUSEUM EMPLOYEE (O.S.)  
Das Museum schliesst in zehn  
Minuten. Das Museum wird in zehn  
Minuten wieder geschlossen.



INSERT TRANSLATION: "The museum closes in ten minutes. Once again, the museum will be closing in ten minutes."

She checks her watch, 6:20. She sees an exit sign, Ausgang, and leaves that way.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the Lincoln Memorial Reflecting Pool.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

Several CIA Officers sit outside eating lunch.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 12:30. DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS. They eat lunch at their desks. Bazzo enters and sits.

STOKES

You go to lunch yet, Paul?

BAZZO

No, I'm not hungry.

NICHOLS

I'm curious - exactly what do you guys do when you go to ground?

BAZZO

Move around. Change your appearance and your clothes as best you can. You might be in a crowd, hiding in plain sight, or some place where there's few people. It's Eastern Europe, so you don't look anyone in the eye or smile. Just act like you're going about your business. Carla's Berlin oriented, so she knows a few places to go.

NICHOLS

When will she try to cross back?

BAZZO

After dark.

STOKES

The sun sets there in two hours.

PERCY

I hope she's ditched that taxi.

He throws his garbage in the waste basket.

BAZZO

I'm sure she has. But that means she's on foot, trying to avoid the VoPo and the Stasi snitches.

EXT. EAST BERLIN - FRIEDRICHSHAIN - DAY (DUSK)

The city itself looks gray, the preferred color of the proletariat. Everyone moves slowly, emotionless. Even at this hour, people are still returning home from work.

KARL-MARX-ALLEE - FRUCHSTRASSE TROLLEYBUS STOP

DiLauria boards a dirty, orange trackless trolley bus. She hands the CONDUCTOR a ten pfennig coin. Some elderly people simply don't pay, pushing by her to grab a seat. DiLauria's doughty-looking clothes fit in with the locals. It is eerily quiet, virtually no conversation among the passengers.

SCHILLINGSTRASSE

The Trolley bus stops. DiLauria alights with most of the passengers. They enter Cafe Moskau, the first socialist residential complex in East Berlin. The housing tower is complete, but some shops are still under construction. A recreation of the Sputnik satellite sits atop the facade of the one shop that is open, the eponymous...

CAFE MOSKAU

DiLauria enters and sits at a small table by the window. The CAFE WAITER approaches her.

CAFE WAITER

Was wirst du haben?

DILAURIA

Mokka, bitte.

CAFE WAITER

(eyes her curiously)

Mokka... Ich wusste nicht, dass heute Zahltag war.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I didn't know today was payday."

DILAURIA

Es ist mein Geburtstag. Ich behandle mich.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "It's my birthday. I'm treating myself."

CAFE WAITER

Alles Gute zum Geburtstag. Ich erinnere mich nicht, dich vorher gesehen zu haben.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Happy birthday. I don't remember seeing you before."

DILAURIA

Das liegt daran, dass ich jemanden besuche.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "That's because I'm visiting someone."

CAFE WAITER

Aha.

DILAURIA

Meine kaffee, bitte?

The Cafe Waiter nods and goes behind the counter. DiLauria looks out the window. The residence tower casts a shadow on the window that makes it act like a mirror, reflecting the counter. DiLauria sees the Cafe Waiter pick up a telephone handset. She grabs her handbag and gets up. The Cafe Waiter quickly hangs up.

CAFE WAITER

Hey, willst du nicht deinen Kaffee?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Hey, don't you want your coffee?"

DiLauria doesn't answer, she just leaves. The Cafe Waiter urgently dials the phone.

EXT. KARL-MARX-ALLEE

A trolley bus pulls up. DiLauria runs for it, barely making it onboard.

WILHEM-KUHR-STRASSE - NIGHT

The trolley bus pulls to a stop at Am Bürgerpark. DiLauria alights and crosses the street. Here, amidst the weeds, thick brush and trees are several homes, all boarded-up. DiLauria wades through brush, swatting away insects. Finally, she sees a road...

SCHULZESTRASSE

Ahead is a 75-foot utility pole. The ROAR of diesel engines prevails as trucks pass. DiLauria cautiously walks near the pole. Far across the street is a Guard Tower, its searchlight scans across a partially built Inner Wall to a bulldozer.

It is all familiar but something has changed. The utility pole that was several meters ahead of the bulldozer now lies directly before it. The utility pole on a slant is now a hundred meters behind the bulldozer. At the wall, TWO GRENZER stand together and smoke, about ten meters from the bulldozer.

DILAURIA

Follows the cable from the 75-foot utility pole, along the street to a 60-foot utility pole. There, one cable runs across the street to the Guard Tower, another to the utility pole in front of the bulldozer.

She eyes a cable running from the pole before the bulldozer, across the partially built Inner Wall, the Death Strip and the original Wall, then disappears into West Berlin.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - CONFERENCE ROOM - PAST

Bazzo, Stokes, Nichols and DiLauria sit at a conference table. On the projection screen a demolition crew rips wires from utility poles at the Berlin Wall.

BAZZO

The East has also started building a second wall. Between the two they're laying land mines.

DILAURIA

I'm surprised they weren't electrocuted.

STOKES

That's a couple miles north of Brandenburg Gate. There's no power running through those wires. West Berlin's been cut off from the East Berlin and East German power networks since 1951.

EXT. SCHULZESTRASSE - NIGHT - PRESENT

DiLauria eyes the 75-foot utility pole. It has spike pegs for hand- and footholds every three feet. She takes off her ankle holster, opens her handbag and takes out the Beretta and bullets and tosses them away. She takes lip balm from her handbag and wipes it on the strap then tosses the lip balm aside. She lengthens the strap on her handbag, puts her head through the loop and lets the handbag dangle against her back.

She starts to climb the 75-foot utility pole; the ground and light traffic inch away from her.

DiLauria can see the swath of unprepared Death Strip now, but no brick-and-mortar beyond it, just a glimpse of barbed wire - the original wall.

75-FOOT UTILITY POLE - DILAURIA

Places her right foot on a peg, it comes partially loose. Her foot slides off; her right hand comes off its peg. DiLauria's weight tugs at her left hand. The peg cuts into her palm.

DILAURIA

Boosts herself up with her left leg and with her right hand she grabs hold of the peg. She holds still; the pain etched deeply into her face. Slowly, she pulls her left hand off the peg, revealing the piercing wound.

She bearhugs the pole, inching herself up as her right foot fumbles to find a peg. Finally, it lands on one, and she resumes her climb.

AT THE TOP OF THE UTILITY POLE

DiLauria catches her breath. She looks at the cable running down to the 60-foot pole; it is sheathed in plastic. With her left hand, DiLauria grabs her handbag strap and pulls the handbag under her left arm, squeezing it tight against her body. She leans forward on the pole. She braces herself by putting her head against the pole then leans her body back a couple of inches. With her left arm she pushes the handbag next to the pole. She slides her right arm between her body and the pole and grabs her handbag.

DILAURIA

Unhooks one end of the handbag's strap. She flips it over the sheathed cable and reattaches it to her handbag. She then grabs each end of the strap above the handbag hooks, WINCING when she closes her left hand on the strap. She kicks her body away from the utility pole and ZIP-LINES down the cable, toward the 60-foot pole. The SQUEAL from the strap sliding on plastic is muted by the traffic. She lifts her knees to her chest to brace for impact.

60-FOOT UTILITY POLE

DiLauria's feet hit the pole. She straddles it with her legs and waits. She repeats the same routine, hooking the handbag strap over the sheathed cable, pausing to flex her left hand, then ZIP-LINING down the cable with the traffic to the...

30-FOOT UTILITY POLE

Her feet hit the pole. She looks down. The searchlight is still crawling across the terrain; neither Grenzer has moved.

Supporting herself with her legs, DiLauria unhooks one end of the strap from the handbag, being careful not to touch any metal on the pole with her hand or any part of the handbag.

DILAURIA

Hooks the strap onto her handbag and puts her head through the loop, letting the strap rest on her shoulder. Ahead of her is the long cable to the West Berlin side, thirty feet above the ground.

She grabs hold of the cable with both hands and swings her legs up, wrapping them around the cable. She then pulls herself forward, one hand ahead of the other.

She stops to shake the pain from her left hand. For the moment, there is no traffic. DiLauria grabs hold of the cable and resumes sliding forward.

ON THE GROUND

The TWO GRENZER CHUCKLE as they smoke.

GRENZER #1

Dieser dumme Clown. Greta bittet  
ihn um einen Schlummertrunk und er  
sagt, er trägt keinen.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "That stupid clown. Greta asks him up for a nightcap and he says he doesn't wear one."

GRENZER #2

Komm schon, du bist voller Scheisse.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Come on, you're full of shit."

Above their heads, DiLauria quietly inches along the cable.

GRENZER #1

Ich meine es ernst. Sie wissen,  
Hans ist ein Idiot.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I'm serious. You know Hans is an idiot."

GRENZER #2

Was für ein verdammter Scheisskerl.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "What a goddamn shithead."

DILAURIA

Sees the Death Strip below. She stops to catch her breath and lets go of the cable with her left hand. She is in agony. She flexes her hand, grabs hold of the cable and inches forward.

AT THE WALL

Clouds slip before the moon, dimming the ambient light. The searchlight slowly slides from the bricks and mortar piled behind the Grenzer to the utility pole before the bulldozer.

DILAURIA

Stops again. She is exhausted, her left arm dangling. She tries to flex her hand but WINCES - the pain is too great. She struggles to keep her grip on the cable with her right hand. Her legs fall off the cable.

She tries to hold on but her hand slips off the cable. She falls to the ground, landing with a THUD.

ON THE GROUND

The Grenzer look around. One shines his flashlight toward the street; the other into the Death Strip.

GRENZER #1  
Was war das?

GRENZER #2  
(shrugs)  
Ich weiss es nicht.

DILAURIA

Lies motionless on the grass and dirt, her eyes shut.

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up to the Guard Shack. Latham alights. He gets his overnight bag from the trunk, shows his ID to the GUARD, then enters the compound through Gate #1.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The night crew is back on duty, including Owens, Farrell and Bradley. Bazzo sits across from the Duty Desk, his eyes on the 24-hour wall clock, 21:35. Latham enters, surprising Bazzo.

BAZZO  
You're back early.

LATHAM  
I took an early flight and came straight here. Where's Claude Moreau?

OWENS  
Security's holding him.

LATHAM  
Good. What about Carla?

BAZZO  
It was a mess. Dom was shot and taken by the Grenzer. Carla had to go to ground. I'm hoping she makes it back tonight.

LATHAM  
Alright. I'm going to go talk with Moreau. Let me know what happens.

Bazzo nods. Latham pats him on the shoulder and leaves.

BASEMENT

Dank, with two chairs - Moreau sits in one, guarded by TWO SECURITY MEN in civilian clothes. Latham enters.

LATHAM

You can leave him to me.

The Security Men nod and leave. Latham pulls up a chair in front of Moreau and sits.

MOREAU

What the hell is this about?

LATHAM

How did you meet Basem Nazar?

MOREAU

I told you! I'm not going through that shit again with you.

LATHAM

(angrily)

How did you meet Basem Nazar?

MOREAU

Through my contacts in the Algerian National Liberation Front.

LATHAM

You said that. Now I want the truth.

MOREAU

Go play games with someone else.

LATHAM

(chuckles sardonically)

I'm going to spare you a beating and tell you what I think. You were introduced to Basem, but not by the FLN. Jean Souetre pointed him out to you and told you to get next to him. He wanted to know just what the leaders in the Algerian community knew about him.

MOREAU

Why would they know anything about him?

Latham shakes his head. He glares at Moreau.

LATHAM

Your memory's failing, Claude. You told me they did when we were at lunch.



Moreau is shocked as he suddenly remembers.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Hard to keep track of all the lies, huh? What you didn't tell me is that the information came from a plant SDECE had in the OAS, Michel Mertz. He'd stopped an earlier plot against de Gaulle, which you knew about. So you came up with this bright idea of passing yourself off as sympathetic to the Algerians. You told Basem about Souetre's plan to kill de Gaulle, which Mertz had learned about from Souetre.

MOREAU

Like hell I did.

LATHAM

Shut up! Then you came to me with the story. But you told Souetre that someone knew about his plan, and that I was a friend of this person. If he followed me, I'd lead him to the Algerian. The rest was a double victory for you. You gained Souetre's confidence without betraying Mertz, and you got your revenge on me from two years ago.

MOREAU

You're crazy!

LATHAM

Crazy to believe you. Two years ago, you were a murderous little traitor who should have been executed or sent to prison. But I saved your ass. And for what? This?

Moreau is nervous; he fidgets.

MOREAU

So, are you going to kill me now?

LATHAM

Me? No. You'd like to think we're alike but we're not. I'm sending you back to France.

Moreau looks relieved.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

But not to your beloved Paris.

MOREAU

Where?

LATHAM

Marseilles. I hear Souetre's there. You see, I also have friends in high places. I had one of them tell Souetre all about you - everything about you. Now, you can try and hop a flight to Paris rather than leave the airport in Marseilles. But I hear the police there are looking for you as an accessory in the arson death of Basem and his family.

MOREAU

I had nothing to do with it.

LATHAM

You can try to convince them, but things happen to people like you in custody, especially when they might give up the names of people who'd prefer to stay out of the news.

MOREAU

(frightened)

Warren...

LATHAM

Don't say another word - not one fucking word. I'm giving you a chance, slim as it is, which is more than you gave my friend and his family.

MOREAU

Do you know what they'll do to me?

LATHAM

I don't really care what Souetre, SDECE or the Algerians do to you. But you're gonna have plenty of time to think about it.

Latham gets up and opens the door.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Get him on that plane to Marseilles. Make sure he can't attract any attention at the airport.

SECURITY MAN #1

We have that taken care of, sir.

Latham leaves.

DILAURIA - DAY (MORNING)

Lies on the gras and dirt, her legs akimbo. She opens her eyes and sees an OLD MAN with a dog looking down at her. She squints, trying to focus, then tries to sit up but SCREAMS, grabbing at her right leg.

OLD MAN

Du solltest dich nicht bewegen.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You shouldn't move."

His dog WHIMPERS.

DILAURIA

Ich kann meine beine nicht bewegen.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I can't move my leg."

OLD MAN

Vielleicht ist es kaputt. Wie bist du hier her gekommen?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Maybe it's broken. How did you get here?"

DILAURIA

Ich bin gefallen...  
(points up)  
Von dort. Wo bin ich?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I fell... From there. Where am I?"

The Old Man points. DiLauria strains to turn her head in that direction. There, a couple of feet away, is the barbed wire fence; on the other side of it, the Death Strip. Far in the distance is the bulldozer. DiLauria exhales a smile of relief.

OLD MAN

Du bist in Westberlin. Ich werde nach einem Krankenwagen rufen. Ich bin gleich wieder da.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You're in West Berlin. I'll call for an ambulance. Be right back."

The Old Man With The Dog leaves. As he does, DiLauria begins to weep.

END