

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Three, Episode #2: "Heads Of State"

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Cool Gray Dawn  
"Heads Of State"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. EAST BERLIN - NIGHT

INSERT: "East Berlin"

Rain drizzles on Charlottenstrasse (Charlotten Street) and its Brutalist apartment buildings, warehouse, and the occasional streetlamp and parked car. The street ends abruptly at Friedrichstrasse where an elevated railway station - Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse - and Checkpoint Charlie, are two major border crossings along The Berlin Wall.

CHECKPOINT CHARLIE - EAST BERLIN SIDE

A large Guard House sits in the middle of the road, flanked by crossing gates on either side - one exiting East Berlin, the other entering.

I/E. TRABANT TWO-DOOR COUPÉ

Driven by ERIC SCHUMANN, 40, it approaches the crossing gate leaving East Berlin. It passes a sign in the median strip:

**Lasst uns gemeinsam für Frieden  
und Verständigung wirken!  
Der deutsches Friedensvertrag bündigt  
den westdeutschen Militarismus!**

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Let's work together for peace and understanding! The German peace treaty tames West German militarism!"

AT THE CROSSING GATE

Is another sign: "Alle Fahrzeuge müssen am Tor anhalten."

INSERT TRANSLATION: "All vehicles must stop at the gate."

Standing beside it is East Berlin BORDER GUARD #1, rifle slung over his shoulder. The car rolls to a stop. Schumann shuts off the engine. Border Guard #1 approaches the driver-side door. BORDER GUARDS #2 and #3 approach the rear of the car.

BORDER GUARD #1  
Ihre papiere, bitte.

Schumann hands his ID papers to Border Guard #1 who takes it into the Guard House.

Meanwhile, Schumann casually looks at the Guard House where a posted sign reads:

**SPERRGEBIET  
Unbefugte dürfen nicht eintreten.  
Zuwiderhandlungen werden bestraft.**

INSERT TRANSLATION: "RESTRICTED AREA. Unauthorized persons are not permitted to enter. Violators will be punished."

Border Guards #2 and #3 search the car, starting with the trunk - a tedious process.

EXT. CHARLOTTENSTRASSE - WAREHOUSE

JEFF WINGATE, 35, wearing a peacoat, dark trousers and with a blanket tucked underneath his right arm, furtively emerges from a side loading dock. He hurries along the empty street.

THE BERLIN WALL

A slow-moving SEARCHLIGHT BEAM sweeps across a thirty-meter, brick-and-mortar section of The Wall topped with stanchions every five meters connecting strands of barbed wire.

As the beam moves further along, Wingate drapes the blanket over his right shoulder and uses the natural foot- and hand-holds in the mortar to start climbing The Wall.

The beam is already tracking back to Wingate as he braces himself with his left arm on top of the brick. With his right arm Wingate takes the blanket off his shoulder. The beam slides onto Wingate - he freezes. The beam continues its slow sweep off him then stops - and backtracks to Wingate.

WATCHTOWER BORDER GUARD  
(through a loudspeaker)  
Halt! Dreh dich um und geh zurück!

Wingate ignores the warning and flings the heavy woolen blanket over the barbed wire. A SHOT RINGS out.

WINGATE

SCREAMS and grimaces. He struggles to hold onto the blanket.

CHECKPOINT CHARLIE - EAST BERLIN SIDE

Everyone stops and stares in the direction of the SHOT.

AT THE BERLIN WALL

Wingate's feet slip off the brick and dangle. Two more SHOTS RING out. Wingate falls to the ground and lies motionless.

EAST BERLIN CROSSING GATE

The Border Guards have their rifles at a ready position. Distantly, a telephone RINGS.

BORDER GUARD #2  
(warning Schumann)  
Beweg dich nicht!

GUARD HOUSE

Through the window WE SEE BORDER GUARD #4 answer the phone. His voice is muted as he responds. He quickly hangs up. A second later the Guard House door BURSTS open. Border Guard #1 hurries out.

BORDER GUARD #1  
Lass ihn nicht durch!

AT THE CAR

Border Guard #1 runs up and points his rifle at Schumann.

BORDER GUARD #1  
Verschränkte die Hände hinter  
deinem Nacken!

Schumann bites his lip as he clasps his hands at the back of his neck. Border Guard #1 opens the driver-side door.

BORDER GUARD #1 (CONT'D)  
Steig aus dem Auto aus!

Schumann awkwardly slides out of the car. Border Guards #2 and #3 join Border Guard #1, who handcuffs Schumann. Border Guard #3 gets into the car, backs it up and drives behind the Guard House where Border Guards #1 and #2 escort Schumann.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

The early morning sun on the Washington Monument casts a shimmering yellow image of it in the Reflecting Pool.

3100 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, NW - BRITISH EMBASSY

The Union Jack flies over the roof of the main building in the gated compound.

INT. MI6 OFFICE

LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) is on the phone. FIONA JEFFRIES enters carrying three folders.

JONES  
Right, I've got it.

He hangs up.

JONES (CONT'D)  
Those are ready?

Fiona nods perfunctorily and lays the folders on his desk.  
There is a simmering unease between them. She starts to leave.

JONES (CONT'D)  
No, no, sit down.

Fiona takes a seat.

JONES (CONT'D)  
I heard the CIA lost another agent  
in East Berlin.

FIONA  
Jeff Wingate. The border guards shot  
him trying to climb The Wall.

JONES  
Those bastards...

FIONA  
They have no choice now - not with  
Schliessbefehl.

JONES  
What?

FIONA  
Schliessbefehl. It means 'firing  
order' - a standing order to shoot  
first, no questions asked.

JONES  
Oh. You ever meet Wingate when you  
were stationed there?

FIONA  
Couple of times. They also arrested  
his contact, Schumann, at Checkpoint  
Charlie. Apparently, he was trying  
to clear the way for Wingate.

JONES  
Hmm, I pity him.

FIONA  
(sardonically)  
Do you, now.

JONES  
(affronted)  
And what's that supposed to mean?

FIONA

Would you be saying that about me  
if I hadn't returned from Grenada?

JONES

You had proper backup from the CIA.

FIONA

And neither one of us knew our  
blind date was to divert attention  
from that damn Cuban defector!

JONES

That was part of the protocol!

FIONA

Still, you could have briefed me.

JONES

And have you tell Latham over  
pillow talk?

Fiona glares at him; Jones has touched a nerve.

FIONA

If you don't trust me enough to put  
the firm's interest ahead of my own-

JONES

I said it was part of the protocol!

Fiona looks away, barely able to contain her anger.

JONES (CONT'D)

The point was not to brief anyone.  
If the DGI had set a trap and you  
two were caught...

FIONA

We would have held out long enough  
for you to get Hebrón out of there.

JONES

Stop playing the virgin. You know  
goddamn well how these Ops work.  
Part of it was dependent on how  
well you do your job.

FIONA

Is speaking to me like I was some  
child part of the protocol... Sir?

JONES

(sighs apologetically)  
No... London didn't count on Warren  
figuring out what was going on.

FIONA

Hm, all this double-dealing... And we didn't even end up with Hebrón; the Yanks have him. I hope it was worth the damage to the Special Relationship - and to Warren.

Fiona gets up and leaves as Jones forlornly looks away.

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

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. LATHAM'S OFFICE

WARREN LATHAM is at his desk reading a report. There is a KNOCK on the door. COLLETTE DOWD enters, holding her notepad.

LATHAM

One of these days you're gonna catch me asleep or something.

COLLETTE

I live in hope for the latter.

Latham arches an eyebrow.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Claude Moreau called. He's here, visiting with CI.

LATHAM

I thought they were running him out of the Paris station.

COLLETTE

They are. He's here on assignment for Le Monde. But I heard he's looking to get an increase in his Agency allowance.

LATHAM

Son of a bitch. He's lucky Bazzo didn't kill him two years ago.

COLLETTE

Well, now he wants to take you to lunch at Un Plaisir Francais.

LATHAM

Why, so he can poison my wine?

COLLETTE

Maybe. He asked if noon was okay.

Latham looks apprehensive.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
I can have Security do a cavity  
search for known poisons.

LATHAM  
(grins sardonically)  
Tell him twelve o'clock's fine.

Collette is about to leave when the Red phone RINGS. Collette reaches over Latham's desk and snatches the Red phone's receiver before Latham can pick it up.

COLLETTE  
2-3-6-2... I'll tell him, Jared.  
(hangs up)  
You're wanted in the Ops Room.

Latham gets up.

LATHAM  
I hope Moreau's as fast as you when  
it comes to reaching for the check.

Collette grins and leaves, followed by Latham.

#### OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of ringing phones, teletype machines and chatter. DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS. Latham enters.

LATHAM  
What have you got, Jared?

STOKES  
One of our contract agents, code-named 'Dom', is trapped inside East Berlin.

LATHAM  
What was he doing there?

STOKES  
Photographing manufacturing plants  
for the Berlin station.

LATHAM  
That's their problem. Why were you notified?

STOKES  
We were copied on the signal out of Warrenton.

LATHAM

Who was the original recipient?

STOKES

Mr. Kensington.

LATHAM

Uh huh. He must have called Warrenton and had them 'cc' you.

STOKES

I see. So we'd get the details in anticipation of approval.

PERCY

The Berlin Number One - he was your predecessor, wasn't he, Mr. Latham?

LATHAM

Yes, promoted for successfully watering Mr. Kensington's plants.

Stokes and Percy are amused.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Okay, let's hear the rest.

STOKES

Dom was at an IKA plant when the police stopped him. A rep from Siemens was there to buy cable. He told the station his group was held inside an office while the police questioned a man outside. The rep snuck a peek out a window and saw the man taken into custody.

LATHAM

This was Dom, our contract agent.

STOKES

Yes, sir. He was released the next day. He sent a burst message saying his cover was blown and asked to be lifted. The station's requested a mandarin do the job.

PERCY

It's D-Int's book message, telling how CIA personnel at the embassy may have already been identified.

STOKES

Which is why Wingate tried to climb The Wall. The border guards had his working name and photo.

LATHAM

What about the burst message? What comms did Dom use?

STOKES

Buster. At least it's encrypted.

LATHAM

(sighs grimly)

I don't like it. If the Stasi know the location of the base station, they'll know Dom needs to be within a thousand feet of it to transmit.

STOKES

(worriedly)

Christ, if he transmitted from his bolthole...

PERCY

It's still possible the police haven't found it yet.

STOKES

Or they have and are just waiting to see who shows up.

This worries everyone. Latham turns to Nichols.

LATHAM

Let's hope he's moving around. Do you have his crypto?

STOKES

Yes, sir.

LATHAM

Reid, call Records and get his file. They'll complain, so have them call Kensington. I want his name on paper in case this blows up in our faces.

NICHOLS

Worried about a leak, sir?

LATHAM

Always.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Latham briefs WILSON BERARD and STEWART KENSINGTON.

LATHAM

Since when do we give contract agents behind The Curtain a guarantee of rescue?

KENSINGTON

The Berlin Number One says morale there is pretty low. It was the only way to get Dom to take the job.

BERARD

This 'Dom,' what's his real name?

KENSINGTON

Klaus Koch.

LATHAM

We have about thirty agents in East Berlin. Any one of them could've done a photo recon job. And I doubt any of them has an escape clause.

KENSINGTON

You know there've been questions on whether the Stasi are intercepting our comms to them. Dom's been able to cross the border frequently and give his reports in West Berlin. It made sense to give him a guarantee.

BERARD

You don't like the idea, Warren.

LATHAM

No, sir. Contract agents are basically mercenaries. They'll sell their services to whoever pays.

BERARD

True, but since The Wall went up, East Germans can't cross into West Berlin. There's been no one new for the West to recruit.

LATHAM

The BND still plumb West Germans for their relatives in the East.

KENSINGTON

For their own interests.

LATHAM

West Germany's not about to risk its NATO protection over the antics of a contract agent, especially one who's probably reporting to the Stasi.

KENSINGTON

You don't know that, Warren!

LATHAM

D-Int estimates a quarter of the population report to the Stasi. You've got people watching family members, coworkers - some of whom are our agents! Everyone's so damn paranoid they end up reporting people simply because they don't like them!

BERARD

Alright. If I were to approve this, I assume you'd send Paul Barry?

LATHAM

No, Carla DiLauria.

KENSINGTON

Why mandarin Two?

LATHAM

Because mandarin One was there two years ago; the unwashed might still remember him. Besides, mandarin Two stands a better chance; she's Berlin-oriented, plus the Stasi won't immediately suspect a woman.

KENSINGTON

But it's likely to be a bust-out!

LATHAM

Not necessarily!

BERARD

But you're still against it.

LATHAM

Because the chances for success are so slim. Anything can go wrong. And my officer'll end up in some pitched battle in the middle of East Berlin.

KENSINGTON

Hardly much choice, is there? With Wingate shot at The Wall and Schumann arrested, Dom will need help to get across the border.

BERARD

And that is one of the reasons you have a Special Section, Warren. The fact is this agent was given a guarantee of rescue. The only option left is to try and get him out - even if it means a bust-out.

LATHAM

Yes, sir. I'll have Mission  
Planning action this right away.

He leaves.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is at her desk, typing. CLAUDE MOREAU sits across from her. Latham enters. Collette's eyes slide to Moreau, who stands. It's less a prelude to a greeting than a standoff.

LATHAM

Claude...

MOREAU

Warren... Are we still on for lunch?

LATHAM

Um, yeah... Absolutely.

(to Collette)

Call the Ops Room; both mandarins  
are there. Let them know where  
we're going.

She picks up the Red phone and dials. Latham turns to Moreau.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Okay, let's go.

He and Moreau leave.

EXT. PARIS - DAY (DUSK) - PAST

A convoy of three black Citroëns - a lead car, President Charles De Gaulle's DS, and a follow-up car - speed along the road by the Seine toward Paris.

MOREAU (V.O.)

The OAS first tried to assassinate  
President de Gaulle last September,  
on the road between his country  
home in Colombey-les-Deux-Églises  
and Paris.

ON THE COLOMBEY-LES-DEUX-ÉGLISES SIDE OF THE SEVRES BRIDGE

THE SIGNAL MAN holds a newspaper that conceals a walkie-talkie. He paces, wiping sweat from his face.

ON THE PARIS SIDE OF THE SÈVRES BRIDGE

Lies a huge pile of sand where the base of the bridge meets the road. The BOMB OPERATOR waits on the opposite side of the road in the brush. He also holds a walkie-talkie.

MOREAU (V.O.)

A can filled with twenty liters of gasoline, oil and soap flakes, and 40 kilos of plastique was buried in a sand pile near the Pont-sur-Seine.

A Renault Dauphine and a Citroen sit off the road, several yards apart. Inside each car are two men with machine guns.

THE SIGNAL MAN

Sees the convoy approaching. He brings the newspaper to his face and heads into the brush. The convoy speeds past him.

ACROSS SEVRES BRIDGE

The Bomb Operator crouches in the weeds, walkie-talkie to his ear. The lead Citroën crosses the bridge.

MOREAU (V.O.)

When the lead car got off the bridge, the bomb was ignited.

The power of the blast DEPORTS de Gaulle's Citroen DS across the road. The butane igniter spreads along the pavement, flaring up into a wall of flames.

MOREAU (V.O.)

The gasoline igniter exploded but the plastique failed to detonate. The driver righted the car and the convoy escaped unharmed.

De Gaulle's driver regains control and drives away, followed by the third car.

INT. "UN PLAISIR FRANCAIS" RESTAURANT - DAY - PRESENT

Noisy and crowded. On the wall is a mural, "La rive gauche," with the Eiffel Tower. Latham and Moreau sit at a table in the corner, eating lunch.

MOREAU

A few kilometers down the road, de Gaulle and his wife changed cars and continued onto the Elysée Palace.

LATHAM

They were lucky.

MOREAU

Yes. The plastique was leftover from World War Two. The combination of age, heat and humidity rendered it useless. Since then there have been 17 failed attempts.

LATHAM

(chuckles sardonically)

I thought the OAS were supposed to be this bunch of commandos. They sound more like the Keystone Kops.

MOREAU

Yes, they do have their share of trouble. Once, a rival OAS faction stole their weapons. Another time, money from the OAS treasury that was supposed to arrive from Spain never made it. And last year, in May and June, there were twelve attempts to assassinate De Gaulle.

Latham shakes his head, finding it incredulous.

MOREAU (CONT'D)

Half the time they either arrived too late or took the wrong route.

LATHAM

With those idiots, de Gaulle doesn't have too much to worry about.

MOREAU

Remember Basem Nazar? You met him in Noisy-le-Sec two years ago.

EXT. PARIS SUBURB - NOISY-LE-SEC - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A store, "NAZAR MARKET/PRODUITS ALGÉRIEN - ORIENTAUX & BOUCHERIE," with fresh fruits and vegetables outside. A little Algerian boy, SAMI, stands in the doorway. He looks worriedly at the Step Van parked in front and runs inside. His father, BASEM NAZAR, appears in the doorway. He warily eyes Latham who winces as he stumbles out the Van, massaging his thighs.

INT. NAZAR MARKET - BACK ROOM

Dimly lit and divided by curtains. Everyone wears slippers. Sami plays with wooden replicas of construction equipment - a dump truck, backhoe and a crane - while HAMIDA, Basem's wife, soaks two towels in a pot of warm Castor oil.

BEHIND THE CURTAINS

Latham, in a bathrobe, applies the towels to his thighs while Basem, Hamida and Sami kneel on prayer rugs and pray.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. "UN PLAISIR FRANCAIS" RESTAURANT - DAY

After musing wistfully, Latham resumes eating.

LATHAM

How do you know him?

MOREAU

Through my contacts in the Algerian National Liberation Front. Basem told me the OAS are planning another attempt on De Gaulle's life. This time better coordinated and well-financed.

LATHAM

He told you this but not the police.

MOREAU

The Sûreté treat the Algerians like dirt, you know that.

LATHAM

So, did you tell them?

MOREAU

No.

LATHAM

Why not?

MOREAU

Because it would prompt an investigation. They might learn I work for the CIA, and that would anger my French communist contacts.

LATHAM

Why are you telling me all this?

MOREAU

Because Basem asked me to speak to you.

LATHAM

Why would he think you knew me?

MOREAU

You'd have to ask him. I was just as surprised when he asked me.

LATHAM

Did you say you'd talk to me?

MOREAU

No, I said I didn't know you.

LATHAM

And what did he say?

MOREAU

'Quel dommage.' He felt you could do something about it.

LATHAM

Why would he think that?

MOREAU

(shrugs)

He trusts you, though I can't imagine why. He hopes you'll come to Paris; that's when he'll give you all the details.

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

CIA personnel stroll across the compound.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

Latham paces while Berard sips tea.

BERARD

When did you last see Nazar?

LATHAM

Two years ago, in Paris.

BERARD

As I remember, you told me his wife treated your leg injuries.

LATHAM

(remembers fondly)

Yes, she did.

BERARD

And he suspected you were CIA.

LATHAM

I overheard him talking to someone. He didn't know I understand some Arabic. He knew I wasn't with the station but he thought HQ may have sent me.

BERARD

And that's when he saved your life?

LATHAM

Yes. The FLN wanted to interrogate me, but he told them to leave me be.

BERARD

So it's likely there's some truth in what Claude Moreau said.

LATHAM

Some. Basem was very circumspect. He wouldn't ask Moreau to pass along a message unless he was sure Moreau knew I was CIA, or knew I had contacts in the Agency.

BERARD

That brings into question Moreau's relationship with Nazar.

Latham mulls it over as he paces.

LATHAM

Moreau said he didn't go to the police because he was worried about being exposed as a CIA asset to his communist buddies.

BERARD

Would that include Nazar?

LATHAM

No.

(suddenly realizes)

But what if Moreau had already been pegged as one of our assets? Paul said that at the Madrid station, even the locals knew who was CIA. If Moreau's Paris controller has been identified as such, it would explain why Basem asked him to pass along the message to me.

Berard leans back in his chair.

BERARD

You know, if President Kennedy learned we knew of a plot to assassinate de Gaulle and did nothing to stop it, he'd crucify us.

Latham nods, getting the drift.

LATHAM

Mr. Kensington will be back from lunch soon. Would you mind telling him for me, sir?

BERARD

I think I'll wait until after your plane leaves Washington National.

Latham grins and leaves.

ACT TWO

EXT. SAMUEL GOMPERS MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

Latham and Fiona hold hands as they stroll by Gompers' statue.

FIONA

The FLN isn't exactly on friendly terms with your firm.

LATHAM

You think I'm being set up.

FIONA

I've had some recent experience in that regard.

LATHAM

(nods apologetically)

Okay, maybe they think they could learn about Ops the Paris station knows nothing about.

FIONA

(dryly)

And after they realize what little you do know?

LATHAM

You suggesting I only get a one-way ticket?

FIONA

I'm suggesting you go there tomorrow with some backup.

They stop. Latham looks at her somberly.

LATHAM

No, no.

FIONA

Warren-

LATHAM

No! Larry can put you in harm's way because that's his job. Fine, I have to live with that. But I'll be damned if I'm gonna do it! Thank you, but no.

The two silently continue their stroll.

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

A view of the compound through the chain links of Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham hurriedly takes his passport from the middle desk drawer and pockets it. From a side drawer he takes out the petty cash box, opens it and removes a handful of \$20 bills. He writes a note, places it inside the petty cash box, closes it and puts it back in the desk drawer. The door opens; Collette enters, notepad in hand.

COLLETTE

You're on Pan Am flight 330 to Paris, departing Washington National at 14:45.

LATHAM

First class?

COLLETTE

Tourist.

LATHAM

You can forget about getting a postcard.

Collette grins.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Did you tell Mr. Berard?

COLLETTE

Yes, and I told Paul. I reserved a room for you at the Hotel Saint Georges Lafayette for two nights.

She tears the sheet off her notepad and hands it to Latham.

LATHAM

Where's Kensington?

COLLETTE

In his office. Oh, SMOTH called. He wants to come see you at 14:30.

LATHAM

Last thing I need are MI6 problems. Let him talk to Bazzo.

Collette nods. Latham grabs his coat. As he leaves...

COLLETTE

Be careful.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The curtains drawn, lights are off. PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY, CARLA DILAURIA, Stokes and Nichols sit at a conference table.

On its far end sits an 8mm movie projector aimed at a roll-down screen on the opposite wall. Bazzo starts the projector.

BAZZO

Pathé News. Give you an idea what's up since you were last there.

ON THE PROJECTOR SCREEN

A silent, black-and-white film rolls. A large crowd gathers at West Berlin's Friedrichstrasse Elevated Rail Station.

BAZZO (O.S.)

That's the Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse checkpoint. The border guards keep the East Berliners further back now.

DILAURIA (O.S.)

Hmm, you can hardly see them.

East Berlin border guards throw tear gas canisters over The Wall. West Berliners pick them up and hurl them right back.

BAZZO (O.S.)

The Grenzer try to disperse the crowds by throwing tear gas at them. West Berliners just pick 'em up and hurl 'em right back. Berlin badminton.

In an obviously choreographed move, East German children suddenly run to the Berlin Wall and kick around a soccer ball.

BAZZO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

That's the East German authorities trying to give the impression of normalcy. They send kids to The Wall to act like they're playing.

On the East Berlin side of The Wall, homes are bulldozed. A second, Inner Wall is under construction.

BAZZO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

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

A demolition crew rips wires from utility poles at The Wall.

DILAURIA (O.S.)

I'm surprised they weren't electrocuted.

STOKES (O.S.)

That's a couple miles north of Brandenburg Gate.

(MORE)

STOKES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

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.

Civilians and West Berlin police gather at an unguarded stretch of The Wall that is only one row of barbed wire.

BAZZO (O.S.)

No border guards there, right? East Berlin doesn't have the manpower to cover all 87 miles of The Wall.

Two West Berlin men cut away some of the barbed wire.

BAZZO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There's some sort of disturbance off-camera diverting the border guards' attention. That's how they can cut a hole in the barbed wire.

A man and a woman run from the East Berlin side to The Wall, where they're pulled through the hole in the barbed wire by West Berlin policemen.

BAZZO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

They managed to get across before the border guards could get there.

Another East Berliner runs to the hole. Two West Berliners try to pull him through. A border guard arrives and grabs onto the man. Another border guard runs up; he struggles to get hold of the man. Oddly, both border guards are reluctant to shoot him.

DILAURIA (O.S.)

I wonder why they didn't just shoot him like they did Wingate.

BAZZO (O.S.)

They knew the cameras were on them.

As a third border guard runs up, the civilians manage to pull the man through to the West Berlin side. The East Berlin border guards look around helplessly.

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo stops the projector. Stokes opens the curtains then sits back down. Maps of Berlin and Hamburg, train timetables and notes are spread out on the table.

DILAURIA

You couldn't get Dom out that way?

NICHOLS

No, there's not enough time.

STOKES

Even if we could, there's still the possibility there might be a leak.

BAZZO

Alright, she's got a plane to catch. So let's finish up. Reid...

Nichols hands DiLauria an envelope.

NICHOLS

Lufthansa flight 107 to Hamburg with a stop in London. You'll change into clothes provided by TSD, including the floral headband hairpiece, then take the train to Berlin. Same route to get back.

BAZZO

No rental car?

STOKES

No. It's just one more reason for the border guards to probe her legend and deny entry.

NICHOLS

The border's closed to West Berliners but not to West Germans. We issued you one of their ID cards.

DILAURIA

Der Bundesrepublik Deutschland  
Personalausweis.

Nichols shrugs and looks around; he's at sea.

BAZZO

A Federal Republic of Germany  
Identity Card.

NICHOLS

You'll cross the border at the  
Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse checkpoint.

He points to it on one of the maps.

DILAURIA

I've been there before. You can see the Berliner Ensemble from the Tränenpalast.

(quickly translates)

Palace of Tears. Friedrichstrasse's nickname because of all the tearful goodbyes there.

BAZZO

Remember, the Grenzer can deny you entry for any reason. So look pleasant but don't smile or stare.

NICHOLS

At the checkpoint you'll get a Day Pass and exchange 25 Deutsche Marks into Ost-Marks. You'll have more sewn into your clothes in case of emergency. Remember to save your receipts. You have to account at the border for the Ost-Marks you spend. They'll confiscate whatever's left when you return.

BAZZO

You have the Beretta M1935?

DiLauria nods.

NICHOLS

There's more ammo concealed in your clothes. The documentation for Dom and his East German transit visa are in your headband hairpiece. He'll need it for the train to Prague.

STOKES

Your ticket's at the Will Call window. They're performing Bertolt Brecht's 'The Threepenny Opera.'

BAZZO

Hm, I'm glad it's you who's going.

Stokes, Nichols and DiLauria grin.

STOKES

The show starts at 19:30, but people gather in the theater café beforehand for drinks. Dom will meet you there at 19:20.

BAZZO

Your recognition signal?

DILAURIA

He asks if I've heard anyone else sing 'The Ballad of Mack the Knife.' I say, 'I heard Louis Armstrong do a version of it.'

NICHOLS

You'll leave at intermission, around 21:00. His train leaves at 21:40.

BAZZO

If you suspect anything, don't offer a counterresponse; abort the operation.

STOKES

If the Ops been compromised, don't head southeast along the Spree to escape. The Wall's been widened and mined that way. Go northwest where they're still fortifying The Wall.

BAZZO

Remember, your Day Pass expires at midnight, Cinderella. Any questions?  
(no response)  
Alright, then - let's get going.

Everyone gets up and leaves the room.

THE HOLE

Bazzo is there alone. The Red phone RINGS; he answers it.

BAZZO

1-1-3-7...

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Lawrence Jones is here.

BAZZO

Right. Have him wait in your office. I'll be right up.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette hangs up. She looks up at Jones and his uniformed U.S. Marine Corps escort, SERGEANT ANSON.

COLLETTE

Paul will be right up.

Jones anxiously looks at Sergeant Anson then at Collette.

JONES

(sotto voce)  
Could we talk, privately?

COLLETTE

Anything you have to say to me, you can say in front of the Sergeant.

JONES

Just for a minute.

COLLETTE

(to Anson)

Sergeant, you don't mind staying  
until Mr. Barry gets here, do you?

ANSON

No, ma'am.

Hurt and frustrated, Jones backs off. The door opens; Bazzo enters.

ANSON (CONT'D)

I'll be outside.

He leaves. Bazzo walks up to Jones.

JONES

We're not going in the office?

BAZZO

No, we'll talk right here.

Collette picks up her notepad.

JONES

Look, I'm sorry for misleading you,  
but I was under orders. I think if  
Warren were here, he'd understand.

BAZZO

I doubt it.

JONES

Well, I think he would.

BAZZO

If Fiona had come back with so much  
as a scratch, he'd have killed you.

JONES

No. Warren understands how the game  
is played. Yes, he'd be upset, but  
he wouldn't resort to violence.

BAZZO

Maybe you're right; Mr. Latham  
wouldn't - but I would.

Jones smirks, annoying Bazzo.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I'd have dumped your body in the  
canal, had a beer and moved on. Now,  
why do you want to see Mr. Latham?

It takes a moment for Jones to recover from his shock.

JONES

GCHQ intercepted commo in Marseilles from Santos Trafficante to Corsican mobster Antoine Guerini. Later, one of Guerini's henchmen, Jean Soutre, joined the call. They discussed an assassination plot targeting 'le légume le plus élevé' - the highest vegetable. GCHQ thinks it's French President Charles de Gaulle.

BAZZO

Why de Gaulle?

JONES

Because Soutre's also with the OAS.

BAZZO

Why are you bringing this to us?

JONES

Warren's friends with Kennedy. He may think de Gaulle's shortsighted, but it's the Old Boy Network; he'd still warn Big Charles.

(heads for the door)

My masters don't know I'm here... I really am sorry about Grenada.

He opens the door and steps out.

ANSON (O.S.)

Leaving, sir?

JONES (O.S.)

Yes.

He shuts the door.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. PARIS, FRANCE - DAY (DUSK)

Along the Seine, people sit in beach chairs, stroll, and play on the grass. The Eiffel Tower looms in the background.

11 RUE VICTOR MASSÉ - HÔTEL SAINT GEORGES LAFAYETTE

Latham leaves the hotel. The VALET opens the door of a double-parked Renault Dauphine. Latham tips him, gets in and drives away.

NOISY-LE-SEC - RUE DE L'AVENIR

An ALGERIAN COMMUNITY. Men stroll or gather to chat. Some wear European garb; others, traditional gandoura or linen burnous.

Some wear a fez. Similarly, women dress in contemporary wear or, for young women, the karakou. Older women wear a haik over loose pants gathered at the ankle.

I/E. RENAULT DAUPHINE

Latham drives slowly along the street and parks. He gets out and walks up to "NAZAR MARKET/PRODUITS ALGÉRIEN - ORIENTAUX & BOUCHERIE." Fruits and vegetables are stacked outside; above them are photos of various meats. Latham enters the market.

INT. NAZAR MARKET

Most of the customers speak Arabic, some speak French. HAMIDA, Basem's wife, is behind the counter ringing up the purchases. She sees Latham enter; they exchange smiles.

FROM THE BACK ROOM

SAMI emerges. Now ten years old, he carries a small box of grocery stock to replenish the shelves. He is followed by BASEM, who sees Latham and smiles. Latham walks up to him. They hug each other like long-lost friends. They speak French.

BASEM

John Newland, ça va?

LATHAM

Très bien, Basem. Et vous?

BASEM

Nous allons bien. Vous avez vu Hamida?

LATHAM

Oui, j'ai dit bonjour.

BASEM

Sami... Sami.

Sami stops restocking the shelves and joins his father.

BASEM (CONT'D)

Souviens-tu de monsieur Newland?

SAMI

Oui. Bonjour, monsieur Newland.

They shake hands then Sami hurries back to work. Latham subtly points toward the back room.

LATHAM

(sotto voce)

Pouvons-nous parler là-dedans?

Basem nods then hooks Latham's arm and leads him into the...

BACK ROOM

Basem and Latham take off their shoes and put on slippers.  
Basem sits in a chair, Latham on the sofa. They speak English.

BASEM

I think it's better for you if we  
speak English, Warren Latham.

LATHAM

Do they know?

BASEM

Yes, but you will always be John  
Newland here.

(reaches for a teapot)

Some tea?

Latham nods. Basem takes the teapot off the hotplate, pours  
two cups and hands one to Latham.

LATHAM

I met with Claude Moreau. He said  
you know about an upcoming attempt  
to assassinate President de Gaulle.

BASEM

That is only half the story.

Latham leans back and sips his tea, ready to listen.

BASEM (CONT'D)

There is this bastard, Jean Soutre,  
whom you would say is working both  
sides of the street.

LATHAM

Go on.

BASEM

On the one hand he rousts us in the  
name of de Gaulle's Action Service,  
while on the other hand he conspires  
with the OAS to kill de Gaulle. He  
also traffics in heroin for Antoine  
Guerini, who is the head of the  
Corsican mafia in Marseille.

LATHAM

How do you know this?

BASEM

Algeria is one of several countries  
where the Corsicans recruit gangs  
to move heroin.

(MORE)

BASEM (CONT'D)

Turkey, Lebanon, Armenia - they are all veins taking heroin to the heart in Marseilles. My cousin was recruited in Algiers.

LATHAM

Because of its large seaport?

BASEM

Yes, which reminds me - your people had a hand in this.

LATHAM

What are you talking about?

BASEM

After the War, the CIA helped the Corsican Mafia restart their business. In exchange, the Mafia broke up strikes organized by the communists.

LATHAM

Where'd you hear this?

BASEM

The Sûreté arrested some OAS members after their last attempt on de Gaulle. A lawyer for one of them bragged to the newspapers that his client had worked on behalf of the CIA in Paris and Marseilles. He got immunity in return for telling all.

Latham shrugs, conceding the truth.

LATHAM

You said your cousin was recruited.

BASEM

Yes. He's dead. He was shot because the shipment he was ferrying came up short... Now, this next attempt on de Gaulle is being financed and planned by Alain Bougrenet de la Tocnaye and Lt. Col. Jean-Marie Bastien-Thiry. They're both wealthy and committed to killing de Gaulle.

LATHAM

When and where?

BASEM

August 22nd in Petit Clamart, just outside Paris.

(MORE)

BASEM (CONT'D)

Like the previous attempts, it will be in the form of an ambush. But this time there will be at least eight men armed with automatic weapons. I'll write down the details for you.

Basem grabs a pencil and writing paper from a small bookcase.

LATHAM

And the other half of the story?

As Basem writes...

BASEM

Before my cousin died, he told me he overheard Soutre and Guerini. They were drinking heavily. Guerini talked about some contract he was offered. He said it was to kill 'le légume le plus élevé.'

LATHAM

'The highest vegetable,' meaning de Gaulle.

BASEM

No. The offer came from America.

Latham is shocked.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

At his desk, Berard is equally shocked at what Bazzo has told him, but Kensington looks skeptical.

BERARD

Kill President Kennedy?

BAZZO

Yes. Mr. Latham was speaking over an open line, but apparently Basem, his contact, learned of a contract to 'kill the highest vegetable' - that's a quote, by the way.

KENSINGTON

Sounds like jabberwocky.

BERARD

And when is this supposed to take place?

BAZZO

He wouldn't say on an open line.

KENSINGTON

Because there's nothing to say.  
This Algerian knows Latham is CIA,  
probably from Moreau. He's just  
trying to curry favor with us to  
get Action Service off their back.

BERARD

A little extreme, wouldn't you say?

BAZZO

Apparently, Basem had a relative in  
the mob who was killed. He was the  
source of the information.

KENSINGTON

That's it, then. This Basem's out  
for revenge and he's using Latham.  
You have no other corroboration, do  
you?

BAZZO

Um, it seems we do, sir.

BERARD

From whom, Paul?

BAZZO

SMOTH. GCHQ intercepted a call from  
Santos Trafficante to Corsican mob  
boss Antoine Guerini. At some point  
Guerini's associate, Jean Soutre,  
joined in. Trafficante asked if  
they'd take a contract to kill the  
highest vegetable.

KENSINGTON

That would mean de Gaulle!

BAZZO

That would only make sense if  
Guerini had called Trafficante.

KENSINGTON

Why?

BERARD

Because, having failed so often to  
kill de Gaulle, the OAS would have  
decided to use an outsider.

Kensington is nonplussed.

BERARD (CONT'D)

When is Mr. Latham due back?

BAZZO

Late tomorrow.

BERARD

I'd like a report on this with  
copies on Stewart's desk P.D.Q.

BAZZO

Yes, sir.

BERARD

Now, what's the status of the  
Berlin operation?

Bazzo checks his watch.

BAZZO

Carla should be at Café Warschau.

EXT. EAST BERLIN - KARL-MARX-ALLEE - DAY

This could be New York City's lower east side, the Bowery,  
circa 1960 - underlit with nearby buildings bricked over and  
neglected.

A panoramic sweep of a brick-and-mortar section of the Berlin  
Wall shows a 'U' sign on the West Berlin side, peeking just  
above the barbed wire. It is a ghost subway station, its  
entrance closed and boarded up on the East Berlin side. The  
lone sign of life, other than a border guard and a VoPo -  
policeman - is the jewel, the Café Warschau.

BAZZO (V.O.)

People like to stop there for  
dinner on their way to the theater.

INT. CAFÉ WARSCHAU

A relic from the 1920s, with chandeliers, linen tablecloths,  
fabric chairs and a Wait Staff with tired uniforms. DiLauria  
sits at a table in a corner. She wears a cardigan over a  
blouse, and has a floral headband hairpiece - a wig with dark  
hair pulled back from her face. She checks her watch, 6:05.

BERARD (V.O.)

A lot of artists and writers used  
to gather at that café.

BAZZO (V.O.)

Still do. But with the VoPo keeping  
tabs on who comes and goes, it  
kinda puts a damper on their inner  
rebel... What it does is give Carla  
a chance to see if the same faces  
keep showing up. If so, she'll know  
she's being followed.

As DiLauria eats her meal and sips her wine, she casually but keenly eyes everyone in the café - men who eat alone, couples engaged in polite conversation, singles at the bar who glance at her and others.

EXT. ALBRECHTSTRASSE - DAY (DUSK)

A one-way street of small apartment buildings with shops on the ground floor. The few locals seemingly laze about. A MAN, 40, wearing an unzipped spring jacket over a shirt with dark trousers, smokes a cigarette as he walks down the street.

He pauses outside a large picture window of the Hotel Albrechtshof. Here he can see his reflection - and those of the people behind him. A TALL MAN exits the hotel. He walks past the Man in the spring jacket to an intersection with a traffic light. He waits at the corner.

The Man in the spring jacket walks to the intersection. He stops at the corner but stays behind the Tall Man. Just across the intersection is a store with newspapers for sale stacked outside.

On the opposite side of Albrechtstrasse, at the corner is a POLICEMAN. Across the intersection from him on the same side of the street, TWO MEN wait at the corner, heading toward the Policeman.

The Tall Man steps off the curb. The Policeman quickly BLOWS his whistle. He points his index finger at the Tall Man who PANICS - he looks around in disbelief, takes another quick step forward then stops, throwing his arms up.

TALL MAN  
(in English)  
What?! What I do?!

The Policeman motions with his hand for the Tall Man to go back onto the curb. The Tall Man quickly complies. The Policeman points to the traffic light, which is against pedestrian crossing, then waggles his finger at the Tall Man, who shrugs sheepishly.

The traffic light changes. The Tall Man crosses the intersection. The Man in the spring jacket waits a beat then follows suit. The Two Men, however, do not cross. Instead, they watch the Tall Man. Then one of the Two Men turns around and follows the Tall Man, staying across the street, a few steps behind. His companion waits at the corner.

The Man in the spring jacket stops at the corner store, picks up a newspaper, Neues Deutschland, and watches the Tall Man being followed. The PROPRIETOR steps out of the store. As the Man in the spring jacket reaches into his pants pocket for change, his jacket parts enough to show a pencil with a pointed eraser in his shirt pocket - DOM.

BAZZO (V.O.)

Dom's initial recognition signal for Carla is a pencil with the eraser cut to a point. It'll be in his shirt pocket with the eraser end up.

Dom pays the proprietor and continues along the street.

ACT THREE

EXT. EAST BERLIN - NIGHT (EVENING)

Stock footage depicting Cold War Berlin, and a poignant reminder of its past:

- The Spree River, showing The Wall dividing Berlin.
- The corner of Friedrichstrasse and Leipzigerstrasse, where a five-story building's upper two floors are in ruins;
- The streets are less crowded than West Berlin's; people's clothing is less colorful; the atmosphere more ominous;
- And the shell of a great synagogue with a sign that reads, "VERGISS DAS NIEMALS" (NEVER FORGET THIS).

CHECKPOINT CHARLIE - EAST BERLIN SIDE

Border Guard #5 paces from the Guard Shack to a four-foot high, brick-and-mortar section of the Berlin Wall by the crossing gate exit to the American Sector.

Partially obscured by the Guard House is a kiosk and two signs on the West Berlin side - the street sign "Friedrichstrasse" and a huge sign in English, Russian, French and German from top to bottom. Only the English portion is fully visible:

**YOU ARE ENTERING THE AMERICAN SECTOR  
CARRYING WEAPONS OFF DUTY FORBIDDEN  
OBEY TRAFFIC RULES**

Symbols of West Berlin's progress are just across the border: department stores, eateries, and a looser atmosphere where people talk, laugh, walk freely and gather. In the distance in the American Sector, a van with loudspeakers mounted on its roof rolls along Friedrichstrasse toward the border crossing.

The East Berlin border guard pauses to listen to the loudspeakers BLARE their announcement.

MAN IN VAN

Sie, die Grenzschutzbeamten und  
Polizisten auf der Ostseite der  
Mauer, werden für Ihre Handlungen  
zur Rechenschaft gezogen.

(MORE)

MAN IN VAN (CONT'D)

Sie können nicht behaupten, dass  
Sie nicht verantwortlich waren. Sie  
werden vor Gericht gestellt!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You, the border guards and police officers on the East Side of The Wall, you will be held accountable for your actions. You cannot claim you weren't responsible. You will be brought to justice!"

EXT. BERLINER ENSEMBLE - NIGHT (EVENING)

The theater sits up from the banks of the Spree River. The lights from Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse loom on the other side of the Spree. An illuminated signet, "Berliner Ensemble," sits atop the roof of the theater.

INT. BERLINER ENSEMBLE - CAFÉ

The tables have mismatched chairs; red cloth bench seats line the walls. The theatergoers, from well-dressed to casual, pack the room. DiLauria sits on the bench seat, reading a playbill. Dom ambles over, eyeing her headband. They speak German.

DOM

Darf ich hier sitzen?

DiLauria sees the pencil and nods. She moves to make room.

DOM (CONT'D)

Haben Sie noch jemanden 'Die Ballade  
von Mack the Knife' singen hören?

DILAURIA

Ich hörte Louis Armstrong eine  
Version davon machen.

The room lights start BLINKING; the crowd begins to leave. Dom leans over to DiLauria. They speak sotto voce in English.

DOM

Now?

DILAURIA

No. Be here at intermission.

DOM

But no one's looking; it's perfect.

DILAURIA

No one leaves at the beginning. And  
it's still light outside.

DOM

(anxiously)

I think they know I'm here. I say  
we go now.

DILAURIA  
Intermission.

DiLauria gets up and leaves. Dom is seething. He gets up and follows the crowd.

EXT. PARIS - HÔTEL SAINT GEORGES LAFAYETTE - NIGHT

Stock footage of the hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

A typical two-star room. Latham, wearing a shirt, slacks and shoes sits at a small desk, his suitcoat draped over the back of the chair. He reads Basem's notes while making notes of his own on hotel stationery. There is a KNOCK on the door.

LATHAM  
Yes?

ALGERIAN MAN #1 (O.S.)  
Monsieur Latham, may I speak to you?

The voice has a Middle-East accent.

LATHAM  
Who is it?

ALGERIAN MAN #1 (O.S.)  
A friend of Basem.

LATHAM  
Just a minute.

Latham places all the notes in his satchel, locks it, then opens the door. TWO ALGERIAN MEN in sweaters that bulge at the waist come in. They look grim.

ALGERIAN MAN #1  
Would you come with us, please.

LATHAM  
Who are you?

ALGERIAN MAN #1  
I told you, friends of Basem.

ALGERIAN MAN #2  
Please, we can't stay here for long.

LATHAM  
You tell me what's going on first.

ALGERIAN MAN #2 lifts his sweater - a Colt M1911 pistol is tucked in his waistband. Algerian Man #1 motions for his companion to pull down his sweater, which he does.

ALGERIAN MAN #1  
Shall we go?

Latham puts on his suitcoat and leaves with them.

EXT. HÔTEL SAINT GEORGES LAFAYETTE - NIGHT

A Citroën is double-parked there with a THIRD ALGERIAN MAN behind the wheel. Algerian Man #1 and Latham get in the back; Algerian Man #2 gets in the front. The Citroën pulls away.

I/E. THE CITROËN

Heads down narrow Rue Victor Massé, then turns onto Boulevard de Clichy to the N3 highway. Latham looks around - things look familiar.

LATHAM  
We're going to Barbès?

ALGERIAN MAN #1  
Yes.

They continue onto the D40 and exit at the sign for Noisy-le Sec - Centre/Romainville /Les Lilas/Hôpital Intercommunal de Montreuil. They exit off the rotary onto...

RUE DE L'AVENIR

Where they are greeted by WHIRLING RED AND BLUE LIGHTS from police, fire and emergency vehicles. The street is blocked off to traffic. The Algerian Men and Latham get out of the car and walk as close as they are allowed. Firefighters hose down the charred remains of NAZAR MARKET and adjacent buildings. Latham is aghast; he turns to Algerian Man #1.

LATHAM  
Basem?

ALGERIAN MAN #1  
They took him, Hamida and Sami to hospital, but they were dead before they left here.

Latham tries to contain his grief.

ALGERIAN MAN #1 (CONT'D)  
Neighbors say they heard an explosion, then there is a fire on the first floor. It moved very fast. No one could get out... Maybe it was the hotplate Basem used.

ALGERIAN MAN #2  
No! Ou peut-être que c'était Service d'action!

Algerian Man #2 is livid and beside himself with grief. He turns away and is consoled by the Driver. Algerian Man #1 pulls Latham aside. They speak sotto voce.

LATHAM

Do you know for certain it was  
Action Service?

ALGERIAN MAN #1

No, but many of us believe it was.  
Basem trusted you, so I am asking  
you this: If it is Action Service,  
do not interfere.

LATHAM

What do you mean?

ALGERIAN MAN #1

Do not stop the attempt to kill de  
Gaulle.

LATHAM

But you just said you aren't sure  
it is his people.

ALGERIAN MAN #1

We will find out. And if those  
bastards are responsible, they will  
pay. And the OAS will make de  
Gaulle pay for Action Service.

LATHAM

This isn't de Gaulle. The OAS  
wanted to keep Algeria a colony!  
Their former members are with  
Action Service. Expose them for the  
hoodlums they are; that's how  
you'll make de Gaulle pay.

ALGERIAN MAN #1

We understand the politics, Mr.  
Latham.

LATHAM

I apologize. I didn't mean to insult  
you. Look, let me help you bring  
your plight to the world stage.

ALGERIAN MAN #1

The world has no interest in us.

LATHAM

You said Basem trusted me. Now I'm  
asking you to trust me.

The two look at each other, unsure of the next move.

ALGERIAN MAN #1  
I'll take you back to your hotel.

He walks back to the car with Latham.

EXT. BERLINER ENSEMBLE - NIGHT

Stock footage of the theater.

INT. THEATER

A Neo-Baroque confection of opulence dating back to 1892: columns, arches, statuary - with red plush seats, drapes and curtains. The elegant decorations serve as resonators, giving excellent acoustics to The Threepenny Opera. It is very warm; several people fan themselves.

ON STAGE

It is Act Two; Polly sings "Polly's Song." At the back of the theater, DiLauria gets up holding her handbag and leaves.

LOBBY

DiLauria passes two USHERS opening the front and side doors of the building to a welcome breeze. DiLauria heads into the...

LADIES ROOM

She gets into a stall and closes the door.

IN THE STALL

DiLauria removes her headband hairpiece. Underneath it she peels off a plastic sleeve with Dom's ID cards and travel visa, then puts the headband hairpiece back on. She lifts her skirt, revealing a thigh holster with a Beretta. On the underside of her skirt is a thin glassine packet with Ost-Marks. She peels it off and puts it inside the plastic sleeve, then puts the sleeve in her handbag. There is faint APPLAUSE.

LOBBY

The APPLAUSE is louder; it is Intermission. The Ushers open the theater doors. Theatergoers head for the restrooms and the café. Some go outside the front and side doors for some air. DiLauria leaves the Ladies Room and heads into the...

CAFÉ

She orders a coffee then sits on the bench seat. The café quickly fills with people ordering all manner of drinks. Dom sits next to her; he's anxious. Again, they speak sotto voce.

DOM  
Okay, let's go.

DILAURIA

Calm down.

DOM

You incompetent little bitch, they are looking for me! Why couldn't they send someone who knew his job.

Though clearly peeved, DiLauria reins in her anger and forces a smile.

DILAURIA

You keep drawing attention and someone's going to report us. Now, we're going to get up, walk casually into the lobby, turn left and leave out the side entrance.

DOM

The VoPo will see the door open. They'll know something is going on!

DiLauria takes hold of his hand. It appears a loving gesture, until she squeezes his fingers. Pain replaces Dom's anxiety.

DILAURIA

It's hot in here; the ushers already opened the doors. People have gone outside for air. Just do as I tell you and we'll be out of here. Now let's go.

She leads Dom out the café.

LOBBY

The crowd mills about. A BUZZ starts to build. Dom nervously hooks DiLauria's arm and pulls her away from the crowd.

DOM

Listen. I know a soft spot on The Wall near here. The bottom strand of barbed wire was cut at one end. You just have to climb The Wall, push it aside and you're over.

DILAURIA

The Grenzer double the patrol when there's a show. They have dogs. Even if we get over The Wall, then what? How do we cross the river?

DOM

We hold onto driftwood and let it take us downstream to the Oberbaum Bridge. We cross underneath it.

DILAURIA

The current's too strong. We'll  
drown. No, we'll do it my way.

There is a commotion at the far end of the lobby - loud  
MURMURING. Dom rages out of control.

DOM

It's the VoPo!

He BOLTS for the side door. Dilauria is careful not to turn  
this into a tragedy. There are girlish SCREECHES. DiLauria  
calmly turns to go after Dom when a WOMAN'S excited VOICE  
rises above the din.

WOMAN

Das ist Sophia Loren!

DiLauria stops as she hears USHER #1 and a THEATERGOER...

THEATERGOER

Was ist los?

USHER #1

Sophia Loren und Vittorio De Sica  
drehen hier "The Condemned of  
Altona."

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Sophia Loren and Vittorio De Sica are  
here filming 'The Condemned of Altona.'

These two join everyone else vying to get a glimpse of the  
film star and her director.

DILAURIA

(mutters angrily)  
Goddamn you, Dom.

EXT. BERLINER ENSEMBLE - NIGHT

The grounds are not well-lit, and there is no moon. DiLauria  
exits the side door. The VoPo have deserted their posts and  
entered the front doors, angling to get a look at Ms. Loren.

BERTOLT-BRECHT-PLATZ

DiLauria looks about then runs south on a lane between the  
theater and a line of parked cars until she reaches...

SCHIFFBAUERDAMM

A main road running along the banks of the Spree River - and  
The Wall. DiLauria sees the figure of a man running on the  
road by the Inner Wall of barbed wire. She furtively walks on  
the dirt alongside the pavement, opposite The Wall. It is  
dark. She can hear Dom's faint, scuffling footsteps.

Up ahead, the figure of someone walking approaches the only streetlamp for a hundred yards. When the figure passes into its light, it becomes clear it is a BORDER GUARD, #6.

DiLauria stops. She reaches beneath her skirt and pulls out her Beretta, then continues walking, looking for Dom. Suddenly, Border Guard #6 stops and aims his rifle.

BORDER GUARD #6  
(faintly)  
Halt!

He FIRES. There is a faint SCREAM. Border Guard #6 runs to The Wall. DiLauria hurries along the road, her shoes SCRATCHING against the dirt path. Faint MOANS become louder - Dom is still alive. Then there is the shrill SCREECH of a police whistle.

Footsteps CLOP on the pavement. DiLauria crouches. BORDER GUARD #7 runs past her to The Wall. She stands, the Beretta at her side. She is about to run when she hears "Halt." She turns around - yet another BORDER GUARD, #8, approaches her. With his rifle slung over his shoulder, he shines a flashlight in DiLauria's face.

BORDER GUARD #8  
Was machen Sie hier, Ma'am?

DILAURIA  
Nur gehen.

BORDER GUARD #8  
Was ist das in deiner hand?

He lowers the flashlight until the beam shines on DiLauria's hand - and the Beretta. DiLauria quickly raises the Beretta and FIRES, hitting Border Guard #8 in the chest.

He drops to the ground; the flashlight's beam shines on his face. DiLauria SHOOTS him in the head. She grabs the flashlight, turns it off, and tosses it aside. She holsters the Beretta then runs to...

BERTOLT-BRECHT-PLATZ

DiLauria strolls by the theater. Two VoPo race by her toward The Wall. She can hear the official SING-SONG SIREN grow louder as a van with "Grenztruppen" signage (Border Guards) speeds toward Schiffbauerdamm.

DILAURIA

Walks to Friedrichstrasse. As she heads toward the Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse checkpoint, a warning siren BLARES. She sees Grenztruppen vans pull up.

The border guards and VoPo amass outside the station. In the distance, dogs BARK. She turns around and heads back toward...

BERTOLT-BRECHT-PLATZ

The VoPo have surrounded the theater, refusing to let anyone leave. Theatergoers who were already outside have been rounded up and are being questioned.

DILAURIA

Hurries past the Bertolt Brecht Statue to Am Zirkus. On this street DiLauria sees a taxi coming toward her. She hails it. The taxi pulls over.

I/E. TAXI

DiLauria gets in the back.

DILAURIA  
Liesenstrasse und Chausseestrasse,  
bitte.

The taxi drives away, turning left.

ON AM ZIRKUS

A moment later, a Grenztruppen van arrives with its SING-SONG SIREN, traveling in the opposite direction.

EXT. EAST BERLIN - CHAUSSEESTRASSE - NIGHT

The taxi cruises past stores, apartment buildings, and VoPo standing on the corners - but almost no people. It passes a subway station whose entrance has been blocked.

I/E. TAXI

The Hack wears a leather tam. He looks in the rearview mirror at DiLauria and smirks. He turns onto Schwartzkopfstrasse, a street lined on both sides by huge apartment buildings.

DILAURIA  
Wo gehst du hin? Warum bist du  
nicht in der Chausseestrasse  
geblieben?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Where are you going? Why didn't you stay on Chausseestrasse?"

DiLauria is nervous. The HACK continues to smirk. He turns into a dark alley behind an apartment building and stops. He gets out of the taxi, goes to the driver-side back door and opens it.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
Hey, was machst du?

He brandishes a switchblade knife.

HACK  
Mach kein Geräusch oder ich  
schneide dein hübsches Gesicht auf.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Don't make a sound or I'll cut up that pretty face."

The Hack climbs in the back. He grabs her skirt and forces it up her hips - that is when he sees the thigh holster. DiLauria quickly grabs her Beretta and aims it at the Hack's face.

DILAURIA  
Lass das Messer fallen, arschloch.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Drop the knife, asshole."

The Hack drops the switchblade onto the floor of the taxi.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
Jetzt tust du, was ich sage, oder  
ich bring dich um. Zurück aus dem  
Taxi. Langsam.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Now, you do what I say or I'll kill you. Back out of the taxi. Slowly."

The Hack climbs out the taxi; DiLauria follows suit.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
Steh an diese Wand.

The Hack stands with his back to the wall.

HACK  
Schau, ich hatte nur Spass.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Look, I was just having fun."

DILAURIA  
Noch ein Wort von dir und ich mache  
dich zur Sopranistin.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "One more word from you and I'll make you a soprano."

She points the gun at the Hack's penis.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
Du wolltest Spass haben? Dann lass  
uns welche haben. Zieh deine Sachen  
aus.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You wanted to have fun? Then let's have some. Take off your things."

The Hack hesitates; he can't believe it. DiLauria COCKS the Beretta.

HACK

Okay, okay.

He strips down to his skivvies.

DILAURIA

Und die unterwäsche.

The Hack takes off his underwear. DiLauria opens the taxi's trunk. Inside is a pair of handcuffs. She picks them up - just as the Hack RUSHES her. He goes for the Beretta; DiLauria kicks him in the groin. The Hack crumples to the ground on his side, writhing in pain. DiLauria presses her foot on his neck.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Du Hurensohn!

The Hack raises his hands, trying to protect his face.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Aufstehen!

She takes her foot off the Hack's neck. He stands, still in pain.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Stell deine Sachen da rein. Jetzt!

The Hack picks up his clothes and puts them in the trunk.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Lehnen Sie sich an die Seite des Autos.

He leans against the side of the taxi, his hands on the roof.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Hände hinter dem Rücken.

The Hack puts his hands behind his back; DiLauria handcuffs him.

HACK

Meine Brieftasche, mein Geld...

INSERT TRANSLATION: "My wallet, my money..."

DILAURIA

Sei dankbar, dass du noch lebst.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Be thankful you're still alive."

She pushes the Hack against the building. She shuts the trunk, gets in the taxi and drives off.

The Hack looks around nervously. He starts to head for the street, sees a woman walking, then retreats into the alley.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Tourists roam around the Lincoln Memorial Reflecting Pool.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A view of Building C, south facade portico.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 16:45. The usual PURL of ambient noise is LOUDER as Duty Officers Stokes and Percy, along with Mission Planning's Nichols, are joined by NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY at the Duty Desk for turnover. Other personnel give turnover to their shift replacements. Stokes is on the phone. Bazzo races in.

BAZZO  
(urgently)  
What's going on?

Stokes holds up his hand, signalling for Bazzo to wait a moment.

STOKES  
(into phone)  
Alright, call me with any updates  
as soon as you get them.  
(hangs up)  
A man's been shot trying to climb  
The Wall near Berliner Ensemble.  
Reports are he was captured alive.

BAZZO  
Any name?

STOKES  
Not so far.

BAZZO  
Any mention of a woman?

STOKES  
No, but a border guard was found  
dead on Schiffbauerdamm.

NICHOLS

That's a road running alongside the Spree River, between Berliner Ensemble and The Wall.

STOKES

He was shot twice - in the chest and in the head.

PERCY

That sounds like mandarin Two.

BAZZO

Could be. Where's the information coming from?

STOKES

The BND have tapped the decimeter link the VoPo use between Columbus House and Funkstelle Neuen in East Berlin; that's where the Stasi propaganda broadcast is prepared. The Grenztruppen are relaying everything to them.

BAZZO

And we're getting it from who?

STOKES

The station.

BAZZO

What? They know about the operation?

PERCY

According to the station's commo officer, Mr. Kensington told their Number One he wanted to be apprised of any events relating to The Wall.

BAZZO

Geezus! If there is a leak there, half the city must know by now.

PERCY

If only it were just the western half.

Bazzo checks the wall clocks overlaying time zones on a world map, TAPPING his fingers nervously on the Duty Desk.

BAZZO

It's 22:50 in Berlin. She has a little more than an hour left to cross back into West Berlin.

PERCY  
She'll never make it.

BAZZO  
(upset)  
What are you - the voice of doom?

Percy is chagrined. Stokes speaks to the truth.

STOKES  
Paul, the first thing the Grenzer will do is shut down all border crossings. Even if she makes it to Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse, they'll interrogate everyone who's there. That'll go on for days; no one'll get across. Mandarin Two's legend can stand up to an ordinary grilling, but when there's an escape attempt, the Grenzer dig much deeper. Knowing her, she'll follow protocol and go to ground.

Bazzo sighs despairingly and nods.

BAZZO  
Yeah... You'd better let Berard and Kensington know.

STOKES  
Right.

Bazzo sits across from Stokes, frustrated and helpless.

EXT. EAST BERLIN - CHAUSSEESTRASSE - NIGHT

The taxi cruises, sharing the road with a streetcar and the occasional car or two.

INT. TAXI

DiLauria wears the Hack's leather tam. She is apprehensive, glancing at the VoPo.

EXT. CHAUSSEESTRASSE

The VoPo on the corner watch as the taxi continues, its taillights becoming two tiny, fading red points of light.

END