

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Two, Episode #10: "Reasoned Action"

WGA Registered. This teleplay may not be used or reproduced  
without the expressed, written permission of the author.

tony garcia  
1629 South Mole Street  
Philadelphia, PA 19145  
215-908-9152  
tonyg030652@gmail.com

Cool Gray Dawn  
"Reasoned Action"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INSERT ON BLACK SCREEN: "'Two things are infinite: the universe and human stupidity; but I'm still not completely sure about the universe.' - Albert Einstein"

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

A late October panorama from the Lincoln Memorial to the White House to 2641 Tunlaw Road, NW...

SOVIET EMBASSY

The red "Hammer and Sickle" State Flag of the Soviet Union flies atop the embassy. The sign on the gate reads "Embassy of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

INT. ANTEROOM

A SECRETARY types at her desk. DINA, the KGB station #2, enters holding a file and pauses at the desk. (She speaks Russian.)

DINA  
On zanyat?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Is he busy?"

The Secretary shrugs. Dina sneers at her and knocks on the door of the...

SECURITY OFFICE

Over a shortwave radio comes a news report by CBS REPORTER DANIEL SCHORR on the crisis at Checkpoint Charlie. YURI GVOZDEV is at his desk worriedly listening to the broadcast.

SCHORR (O.S.)  
The Cold War took on a new dimension tonight when American and Russian fighting men stood arrayed against each other for the first time in history...

The door opens and Dina enters.

DINA  
Shef, u menya yest' otchet.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Chief, I have the report."

Gvozdev SHUSHES her and points to a chair. Dina sits; the file is on her lap.

SCHORR (O.S.)

Until now, the East-West conflict had been waged through proxies - German and other. But tonight, the superpowers confronted each other in the form of ten, low-slung Russian tanks facing ten American Patton tanks less than a hundred yards apart...

Gvozdev lowers the volume on the radio.

GVOZDEV

(overlapping)

Sredi tolpy khodyat slukhi, chto vojna nachnetsya v Berline v tri chasa nochi.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "There are rumors among the crowd there that war will begin in Berlin at three in the morning."

Dina is worried. She reaches into her skirt pocket and takes out a pack of Laika (Russian) cigarettes. She fumbles one from the pack and lights it.

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)

Ne prinimayte eto blizko k serdtsu. Eto prosto dikiye istorii ot ozabochennykh, chrezmerno tvorcheskikh lyudey.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Take it easy. They're just wild stories from anxious, overimaginative people."

DINA

Vy sochetayete eto s tem, chto u nas yest', i ya imeyu pravo boyat'sya.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You combine that with what we have here, and I have a right to be scared."

GVOZDEV

Kstati govorya, eto otchet o sostoyanii?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "By the way, is that the status report?"

DINA

Da. Eto blizko k tomu, chtoby byt' gotovym.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Yes. It's close to being ready."

Her hand shakes as she hands Gvozdev the file. He lays it on his desk and taps a finger on the file's cover.

GVOZDEV

Budem nadeyat'sya, chto eto bylo  
napisano na protochnoy vode s  
vilami.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Let's hope this was written on running water with a pitchfork."

He turns up the volume on the shortwave radio.

SCHORR

The scene is weird, almost  
incredible. The American GIs stand  
by their tanks, eating from mess  
kits, while West Berliners gape  
from behind a rope barrier and buy  
pretzels. They are lit by  
floodlights from the East Berlin  
side, where the Soviet tanks are  
almost invisible in the darkness.

EXT. EAST BERLIN - NIGHT (EVENING)

INSERT: "East Berlin"

The gray, Brutalist architecture matches the East Berliners' dour expressions.

HOHENSCHÖNHAUSEN (STASI PRISON)

INSERT: "State Security Service (Stasi) Prison"

Stock footage of the prison's high, concrete walls topped with barbed wire and guard towers where the walls adjoin.

INT. OFFICE

Sparse but functional. At a desk sits SCHMIDT, a pudgy man in an ill-fitting gray suit. He addresses TWO PRISON GUARDS.

SCHMIDT

Bringt ihr in den Verhörraum Eins.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Bring her to Interrogation Room One."

HALLWAY

The Two Prison Guards pass several windowless cell doors, finally stopping at one. PRISON GUARD #1 unlocks the door and opens it. Inside the cell an overhead light bulb is on.

Curled up on the coil springs of a bunk (no mattress) is HELGA MUELLER. She wears a gray smock; her feet are bare.

PRISON GUARD #1  
Aufstehen und komm mit uns.

Helga gets up and leaves her cell. The Two Prison Guards hook her arms and escort her down the hallway. Suddenly, the hallway PULSATES RED as red lights go on overhead. Two other PRISON GUARDS approach, dragging their PRISONER. Helga's Two Prison Guards stop. Prison Guard #1 turns to Helga.

PRISON GUARD #1 (CONT'D)  
Stehen bleiben, blick nach unten.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Stand still, look down."

Helga lowers her head. The oncoming Guards pass by with their bedraggled Prisoner struggling to walk, like a toddler trying to keep pace with impatient parents. Helga's Two Prison Guards YANK on her arms and The Three continue to a far door. PRISON GUARD #2 opens it. The Three enter...

INTERROGATION ROOM ONE

There is a window but the glass is opaque. A table sits in the center of the room. On one side of it are two folding chairs; on the other, a high-back wooden chair with restraining straps for the head, torso and limbs, and two alligator clips at the end of electric wiring. Beside the chair is a spotlight. A cord with a thumbwheel switch runs from the spotlight onto the table, and lies next to a buzzer and a voltage regulator.

Prison Guard #1 pushes Helga onto the wooden chair. Both Prison Guards strap her in. Prison Guard #1 blindfolds her. A moment later the door opens - Schmidt enters. He sits in a folding chair and rolls the thumbwheel switch.

The spotlight SHINES harshly on Helga's face. Prison Guard #1 removes her blindfold. Helga SQUINTS; Schmidt's face is a blur to her. Schmidt waves the Two Prison Guards out of the room. They CLANG the door shut behind them.

SCHMIDT  
Fräulein Müller, für wen haben Sie  
im Rathaus gearbeitet?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Miss Mueller, whom did you work for at the town hall?"

HELGA  
Herr Becker.

SCHMIDT  
Ist das Wilhelm oder Dieter Becker?

HELGA

Dieter.

SCHMIDT

Der Bursche im Stadtrat?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "The one on the city council?"

HELGA

Ja, das habe ich schon dem anderen  
Mann gesagt!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Yes, I already told the other man that!"

SCHMIDT

Hat er Ihnen jemals dokumenten zum  
fotografieren gegeben?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Did he ever give you documents to  
photograph?"

HELGA

Nein.

SCHMIDT

Nein? War er nicht dein Controller?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No? Wasn't he your controller?"

HELGA

Nein! Er war mein Chef, das ist  
alles.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No! He was my boss, that's all."

SCHMIDT

War dein Liebhaber dein Controller?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Was your lover your controller?"

HELGA

Nein.

SCHMIDT

Hat Herr Becker jemals ihren  
Liebhaber getroffen?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Did Becker ever meet your lover?"

HELGA

Nein.

SCHMIDT

Und Sie behaupten, Herr Becker  
hatte keine Ahnung, was Sie taten?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "And you maintain that Becker had no idea what you were doing?"

HELGA

Nein, weil ich nichts getan habe!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No, because I didn't do anything!"

Schmidt sits back in his chair and SCOFFS. He pulls a folded sheet of paper from inside his suitcoat and lays it open on the table. It reads "Protokoll der Sitzung des Stadtrates."

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Minutes of the City Council Meeting."

SCHMIDT

Dieses Deckblatt fehlt im  
Dokumentenordner. Es wurde auf dem  
Boden gefunden.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "This cover sheet was missing from the document folder. It was found on the floor."

HELGA

Du lügst.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You're lying."

SCHMIDT

Nein, Kind. Entweder haben Sie das  
Deckblatt auf den Boden fallen  
lassen oder jemand hat Sie betrogen  
und das Deckblatt dort hingelegt.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No, child. You either dropped the cover sheet on the floor, or someone betrayed you and put it there."

Helga defiantly shakes her head no, but says nothing.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Jemand ist es egal was mit dir  
passiert. Nun, wer glaubst du, ist  
das? Dein Liebhaber? Ihr chef?  
Jemand anderes, vielleicht?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Someone doesn't care what happens to you. Now, who do you think that is? Your lover? Your boss? Someone else, maybe?"

HELGA

Niemand weil du lügst!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No one because you're lying!"

SCHMIDT

Aha...  
(presses the buzzer)

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)  
Vielleicht sprechen Sie lieber mit  
einer Frau.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Perhaps you prefer talking to a woman."

A moment later the door opens. A stocky PRISON MATRON enters pushing a cart containing two car batteries. She connects the alligator clips on the wooden chair to the batteries then sits next to Schmidt. She reaches for the voltage regulator and steadily raises the level, remaining stoic as Helga SCREAMS.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the Capitol Building.

3100 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, NW - BRITISH EMBASSY

Stock footage of the Union Jack flying atop the consulate.

INT. CORRIDOR

A door marked "Lavatory" with an arrow pointing to "Gents" opens. ALAN NEWTON exits. As he walks to an office door, a YOUNG WOMAN holding a cablegram approaches him.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Cable from London.

She hands him the cablegram.

NEWTON  
Thank you.

She leaves. Newton pauses outside the door to read the cablegram - a look of deep concern on his face.

MI6 STATION OFFICERS' OFFICE

Large, with five desks - three are in use but their occupants are away. The other two belong to Newton and SHEA MALLORY, 40, the station #3 who is on the phone. Newton enters. He puts the cablegram in a tray atop a file cabinet then sits at his desk. He checks his watch.

NEWTON  
Think I'll go to lunch soon.

Mallory holds up his hand, signalling for Newton to wait until he's off the phone.

MALLORY  
Yes, sir, I'm on my way.

He hangs up and gathers some papers from his desk. As he puts them in a satchel...



MALLORY (CONT'D)

I have to run to a meeting now.

(points to several files  
in an In-tray)

Go through those for me. Anything IMMEDIATE goes in the tray with the cables for Fiona. Oh, call her before you go to lunch so she'll know no one's down here. She just got her own office but you'll probably find her in Jones's.

NEWTON

Right.

Mallory hurries out. Newton opens a file and starts reading.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - DAY

Stock footage of this familiar landmark.

INT. THE ROOSEVELT ROOM

A windowless meeting room with a long conference table and leather chairs, portraits of Theodore and Franklin Roosevelt et alii, a grandfather clock, etc. WARREN LATHAM and FRANÇOIS BISSET sit at a corner of the table; before them, a sumptuous lunch. As they eat...

BISSET

The president appreciated your arguments against implementing SIOP.

LATHAM

Does that mean he won't commit to a first strike?

BISSET

I can't say that, but I can tell you he was on the phone with Khrushchev not long after he read your brief.

LATHAM

I guess that's something. My worry is how long this stand-off can go on before brinkmanship devolves into shots fired.

BISSET

From what I heard, Khrushchev had quite a bit to say on that. Seems he's particularly angry over West Berlin.

LATHAM

What about?

BISSET

That there's this little island  
belonging to the West, snubbing its  
nose at communist East Germany.

LATHAM

He should come to Washington. We  
have a bustling communist enclave  
just four blocks from here.

BISSET

You mean the Soviet Embassy?

Latham nods.

BISSET (CONT'D)

(matter-of-factly)

Did you know they have an atom bomb  
there on the third floor?

LATHAM

(scoffs)

I'd heard Kennedy loves spy stories.  
I didn't know he'd got you hooked on  
them, too.

BISSET

It's his understanding that Soviet  
couriers brought components of an  
atomic device into their embassy in  
diplomatic pouches, then assembled  
them in the attic.

LATHAM

Who told him this?

BISSET

Someone at the Defense Intelligence  
Agency. He said if things got to the  
point where war was inevitable, the  
Soviets would detonate the bomb.

Latham is stunned.

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

A view of the Guard Shack, Gates #1 and #2, and the compound.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD munches on tea and toast. He is incredulous as  
he listens to Latham.

BERARD

An atom bomb?

LATHAM

On the third floor of the Soviet Embassy.

BERARD

Could this be the D.I.A. trying to manipulate the president into a first strike?

LATHAM

That's a pretty ham-fisted way of doing it.

BERARD

It's the Pentagon, Warren.

LATHAM

Right. But Kennedy doesn't strike me as someone who's easily cowed.

BERARD

You'd be surprised how quickly a person can betray his character when he believes the world is in its death throes.

Latham shrugs, conceding the point.

LATHAM

Even so, I still think he'll exhaust all means of negotiation first.

BERARD

Warren, this isn't Bilateral Relations 101 at Harvard. HERO said Khrushchev's gambit in Berlin was an appeasement to the Politburo. But an atom bomb in the middle of Washington is not a response to a public polemic; it's an act of war.

LATHAM

Assuming it's true.

BERARD

Then you need to find out whether or not it is.

LATHAM

Yes, sir.

(stands and pauses)

We know Kennedy and Khrushchev have an informal arrangement where they communicate directly by writing to each other.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You think Khrushchev could have hinted at this in one of his letters?

BERARD

If you were Kennedy's Moscow pen pal, would you casually admit to something as heinous as placing an atom bomb in your host's city?

Chagrined, Latham shakes his head no and leaves.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD pulls a file from a combination-lock file cabinet and lays it on her desk. Latham enters.

LATHAM

Call D-Int. See if he can come by right now. Tell him it's urgent.

COLLETTE

Right.

LATHAM

Where are the mandarins?

COLLETTE

In The Hole.

LATHAM

Tell them to wait there for me. Then call John Musgrave over at TSD and ask him to meet me here. He's expecting my call.

Collette picks up the Red phone while Latham enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham sits at his desk. He pulls out a legal pad from a desk drawer and starts to make notes. The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

D-Int's on his way. And John Musgrave said he'll be here shortly.

LATHAM

Thanks.

He hangs up then resumes making notes. The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Bill Nealy's here.

Latham hangs up. The door opens; BILL NEALY enters and sits.

NEALY

As usual, your timing's impeccable.  
I was just about to go to lunch.

LATHAM

I'll get you a hamburger from Joe  
and Nemo's.

NEALY

I thought we were friends?

Latham shoots Nealy a sidelong glance.

NEALY (CONT'D)

What's so urgent, Warren?

LATHAM

Do the Soviets have an A-bomb on the  
third floor of their embassy here?

NEALY

(distressed)

Christ... Where'd you hear this?

LATHAM

From the White House press  
secretary.

Nealy HUFFS in frustration.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What?

NEALY

These goddamn rumors, that's what.  
The more they're repeated, the more  
traction they gain. First the White  
House, and now you.

LATHAM

Berard thinks it's a ploy by the  
D.I.A. to get Kennedy to implement  
the first-strike plan.

NEALY

I think he's right.

LATHAM

That doesn't mean the Soviets don't  
have an A-bomb in their embassy.

NEALY

And what if they do? Egging Kennedy  
on to a first strike would mean the  
Soviets detonate the damn thing!

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

That one bomb alone will kill thousands of people here - and that includes those idiots at the Pentagon and on Capitol Hill.

LATHAM

But would proving it exists make a difference in negotiations over the stand-off at Checkpoint Charlie?

NEALY

(mulls it over)

It might... It could sharpen the rhetoric used against Khrushchev.

LATHAM

Good.

NEALY

Hold on. If you think your pal Yuri Gvozdev's gonna admit he's got an A-bomb in the next room, forget it.

LATHAM

I was thinking more of proof by rule of inference.

NEALY

Then you'd better get a move on. The commander in charge of our Berlin tank crews has mounted bulldozer shovels on a couple of his tanks. He plans to peacefully drive through Checkpoint Charlie into East Berlin.

LATHAM

With bulldozer shovels on the tanks... He'll never get through the checkpoint.

NEALY

He's allowed to under the Four-Powers Act dividing the city. But then he plans to have them crash through the Wall on their way back.

LATHAM

Geezus... He should have had his people cut through the barbed wire when it first went up.

NEALY

If he had, they would have been shot.

Latham is taken aback; he was not expecting this reply.

EXT. BERLIN - CHECKPOINT CHARLIE - NIGHT (EVENING)

Floodlamps on the East Berlin side light the standoff between American and Soviet tanks. West Berliners gape at the scene from side streets and from behind a rope barrier. Pretzel vendors wander among them. A fretful, elderly WEST BERLIN MAN turns to HIS WIFE.

WEST BERLIN MAN

Mir wird gesagt, dass der Krieg um  
drei Uhr beginnen wird.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I'm told war will start at 3:00."

Several anxious West Berliners huddle around a MAN HOLDING A PORTABLE RADIO, from which comes a local broadcast...

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Der pensionierte amerikanische  
General Lucius Clay, Sondergesandter  
von Präsident Kennedy in Berlin, ist  
auf dem Weg zum Checkpoint Charlie,  
um die ersten Schüsse persönlich  
gegen die ostdeutschen Streitkräfte  
zu richten.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Retired American General Lucius Clay, President Kennedy's special envoy to Berlin, is on his way to Checkpoint Charlie to personally direct the first shots against East German military forces."

East Berliners gathered behind police sawhorses are barely visible in the twilight.

The crowd stirs as the WHIR of helicopter rotor blades grows louder. At the gate, an EAST GERMAN POLICEMAN anxiously searching the skies suddenly stares in horror. A U.S. Army, Bell HU-1 "Huey" helicopter approaches from the west. As the Huey flies low and slow, the East German Policeman PANICS.

EAST GERMAN POLICEMAN

Sich ducken!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Get down!"

Screaming civilians on both sides of the gate dive facedown on the ground, including some EAST GERMAN POLICEMEN. American troops, however, recognize the Huey and look around, bemused.

The helicopter hovers overhead. After a few anxious moments, the Huey heads back toward West Berlin. The crowds slowly stand amid a relieved PURL of unintelligible murmuring.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the Lincoln Memorial.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

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

INT. THE HOLE

PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY and CARLA DILAURIA eat lunch. Latham enters along with JOHN MUSGRAVE who carries a satchel.

LATHAM

You know John Musgrave from TSD.

MUSGRAVE

Hi.

Bazzo and DiLauria nod to him as he and Latham sit.

LATHAM

I asked John to come here because of his knowledge of atomic devices, and the possibility the Soviets may have one in their embassy here. John...

Bazzo and DiLauria are shocked.

MUSGRAVE

A small Soviet atomic bomb, such as an RA-115s - or a suitcase A-bomb - when assembled fits in a 16 by 24-inch cylinder. If its heaviest components were shipped together, they'd weigh 75 to 100 pounds.

BAZZO

Fairly heavy for the average Joe.

DILAURIA

That pretty much describes all Soviet diplomatic couriers.

LATHAM

That's why you'll be checking photos of incoming Soviet couriers against our list. You'll be looking for ones who resemble weight lifters.

BAZZO

Figuring the Soviets would use them rather than the airport's forklift, so as not to draw any attention.

LATHAM

Uh huh. And don't limit your search to just looking for men. Some of those East German women are bigger than our own Olympic team.



DILAURIA

How powerful is a small A-bomb?

MUSGRAVE

About one kiloton of TNT.

DILAURIA

And we're talking how much damage?

Musgrave opens his satchel. He pulls out a legal pad and a map of greater Washington, D.C. He spreads the map on the table.

INSERT: On the map, a RED ARROW points to the Soviet Embassy. Around it are six concentric circles in shades of scarlet, red, amber, chartreuse, abalone, and gray. An atom bomb detonates, showing a mushroom cloud and shock wave; buildings explode; windows shatter; victims suffer third-degree burns; clouds form and drop radioactive rain; people suffer from radiation sickness.

SUIT POINTS ON THE MAP AND IMAGES TO WORDS

MUSGRAVE

(refers to the legal pad)

At ground level, you'd get a fireball radius of 260 feet with significantly increased fallout. An Air Blast Radius at 20 P.S.I. overpressure of 710 feet would demolish any concrete structure; fatalities in this range would be 100%. At 5 P.S.I., the Air Blast Radius would extend to 1500 feet. Most residential buildings would collapse; fatalities would be widespread. The Thermal Radiation Radius extends to 1650 square feet. Here, third-degree burns extend throughout all layers of the skin and are painless because they destroy the nerves. Victims will suffer disablement and amputation of their limbs. There is a 100% probability for these injuries. The Radiation Radius here reaches a little more than half a mile - and this does not take into account prevailing winds. A 500 REM dose, without medical treatment, can expect 50 to 90% mortality from acute effects alone. Death occurs anywhere from several hours to several weeks. At an Air Blast of one P.S.I. overpressure, glass windows will break.

(MORE)

MUSGRAVE (CONT'D)

This can cause injuries to a surrounding population who come to a window after seeing the flash of a nuclear explosion which travels faster than the actual pressure wave. You have to consider that in any 24-hour period, there are approximately 100,000 people within the one P.S.I. range of the blast. With an A-bomb detonated at the Soviet Embassy, the immediate number of fatalities would approach 15,000, and the number of injuries around 29,000. As for fallout, if we presume a 15-knot wind, a rate of 1,000 rads per hour would affect everyone within 595,000 square feet. For 100 rads, it's over eight square miles. At ten rads per hour, the distance increases to 46 square miles. At one rad per hour its 102 square miles. Now, radiation at 1,000 rads per hour won't result in the formation of radioactive clouds. But at rates from one to 100 rads per hour, radioactive clouds will form, raining fallout on everyone and everything. With over three million people in the metropolitan area, the number of deaths and injuries in the coming months could top one million.

Bazzo and DiLauria are numb.

ACT TWO

INSERT ON BLACK SCREEN: "'Who possesses Berlin possesses Germany, and whoever controls Germany controls Europe.' - Karl Marx"

EXT. EAST BERLIN - NIGHT

At the corner of Pottsdamer Platz and Pottsdamer Strasse, the Berlin Wall has been fortified with concrete, eliminating access via the streets and sealing off a subway entrance.

HOHENSCHÖNHAUSEN

More stock footage of the State Security Service prison.

INT. SENIOR STASI OFFICE

Posh. Schmidt stands before GERHARDT, a senior Stasi Officer who reads a transcript of Helga's interrogation.

GERHARDT

Das ist es?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "That's it?"

SCHMIDT

Sie weiss es nicht mehr. Helga  
Müller hat aus Liebe zu diesem  
Mann, Newton, den Westen  
ausspioniert.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "She doesn't know any more. Helga Mueller  
spied for the West out of love for this man, Newton."

Unconvinced, Gerhardt tosses the transcript on his desk.

GERHARDT

Das glaube ich nicht. Ich denke  
immer noch, dass Fraulein Müller  
für einen Doppelagenten in unseren  
Reihen arbeitet.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I don't think so. I still think Miss  
Mueller is working on behalf of a double agent in our ranks."

SCHMIDT

Sie sehen Doppelagenten in deinem  
Schlaf.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You see double agents in your sleep."

GERHARDT

Und vielleicht gibt es einen Grund,  
warum Sie keine Doppelagenten sehen.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "And maybe there's a reason why you don't  
see any."

SCHMIDT

Das liegt daran, dass ich nichts zu  
verbergen habe. Ihr UNCLE in Moskau  
weiss das.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "That's because I have nothing to hide.  
Your UNCLE in Moscow knows that."

GERHARDT

Raus hier.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Get out."

Schmidt smiles evilly and leaves.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the National Mall and Reflecting Pool.

3100 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, NW - BRITISH EMBASSY

More stock footage of the consulate.

INT. MI6 OFFICE

LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) is at his desk, He has a small band-aid on the end of his right forefinger. FIONA JEFFRIES enters holding a cablegram.

JONES  
Feeling lonely in your new office?

FIONA  
Yes, but that's not why I'm here.  
Look at this.

She hands Jones the cablegram then sits.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
It's from Manton, the Berlin  
station #1 - Alan's old boss.

Jones is dismayed at what he reads.

JONES  
The Stasi arrested Helga Mueller.

FIONA  
Alan didn't bother to mention it  
when he called to say he was going  
to lunch. That was an hour after  
the cable had arrived.

Jones absently rubs his bandaged forefinger with his thumb.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
What happened to your finger?

JONES  
Huh? Oh, the medical officer stuck  
it to check my blood sugar level.  
Maybe Mallory had it on his desk  
and Newton didn't see it.

FIONA  
He would have given it to Alan  
before he left for the meeting -  
the one you were supposed to go to.

JONES  
(cringes)  
'Embassy Etiquette' by our banal  
Deputy Head of Mission.

FIONA

If you were Alan, wouldn't you have said something about the Stasi arresting Helga? She had his kid, for God sakes!

JONES

Hey, this isn't just an operational matter; it's personal for Newton. Maybe he just doesn't want to talk about it right now.

FIONA

Or Warren's right and he's doubling!

She gets up in a huff and pours herself some tea.

JONES

The CIA's found no proof of that so far.

FIONA

And they wouldn't if Alan's transfer here was the signal to arrest her.

This gives Jones pause.

FIONA (CONT'D)

(angrily)

And London's response to the poor woman was to abandon her.

JONES

If you're looking to pick a fight with our masters over ethics, forget it. You're in the wrong business.

FIONA

They could have done something.

JONES

If they'd done anything, it would have compromised the plumbing we set up there - and you know that.

Fiona looks askance and returns to her seat. Jones is irked.

JONES (CONT'D)

Look, one person's been arrested. One. How many more of our assets behind The Curtain have to be blown before you're satisfied London did the only thing it could do?

Fiona broods.

JONES (CONT'D)

If Warren is right, then Newton's the bastard here. He'd have betrayed his country and Helga. But for now, all we can do is wait on the CIA.

Jones rubs his finger again then blows on it. Fiona eyes him.

FIONA

(sotto voce)

Little prick...

JONES

Huh?

FIONA

Your finger - it's just a little prick. Leave it alone.

She sips her tea. Jones nods and files the cablegram.

EXT. 12TH STREET YMCA - DAY (DUSK)

Stock footage of people entering and leaving the building.

INT. BASKETBALL COURT

Newton and GARVIN, Newton's contact, play in a pick-up game.

LOCKER ROOM

Some men are in the shower; others get dressed. Garvin has finished dressing. He picks up his gym bag and pulls its long shoulder strap over his shoulder as Newton enters from the shower.

GARVIN

Good game, man.

NEWTON

Thanks. How's it going?

GARVIN

You tell me.

NEWTON

When I have something, I will.

Garvin pops a cigarette in his mouth, then pulls out a sterling silver Bryant and May Match Book Holder. He takes out a match and lights his cigarette. Newton is incredulous.

NEWTON (CONT'D)

A silver matchbook cover?

GARVIN  
(corrects him)  
Sterling silver.

NEWTON  
Of course. Had to cost a fortune.

GARVIN  
(shrugs)  
I guess. See you around.

He leaves.

EXT. 12TH STREET YMCA - NIGHT

Newton exits the building toting his gym bag. A crowd has gathered at 12th and W Streets. Newton walks over. There's MURMURING from the crowd: "Asshole ran the light," "He just took off" and "Dragged him by his neck." Newton's mouth is agape. Garvin lies in the street, the strap on his gym bag pulled tight against his windpipe.

NEWTON  
Garvin...

An ONLOOKER eyes Newton curiously. A siren BLARES. Newton sees a police car approaching and leaves PDQ.

W STREET

The police car stops near the crowd. OFFICER JENKS alights. He wades through the people to Garvin's body.

JENKS  
Anyone know who he is?

ONLOOKER  
Some guy here called him Garvin.

JENKS  
Okay, everybody on the sidewalk.

The crowd backs away. Jenks kneels beside the body and removes the strap around Garvin's throat. He feels Garvin's carotid artery. Resignedly, he searches Garvin's pockets and finds a wallet and the sterling silver Bryant & May Match Book Holder. He pulls out a District of Columbia Driver's License.

AT THE CURB

A man, call him PEARSON, snakes through the crowd to a few feet behind Jenks. He sees the matchbook holder and the Driver's License. Jenks senses something and looks back.

JENKS  
You know him?

PEARSON

No.

JENKS

Then get back over on the sidewalk!

Pearson retreats as an ambulance arrives, siren BLARING.

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

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

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Pearson is with Latham.

LATHAM

A Bryant and May Match Book Holder?

PEARSON

A sterling silver one. My dad had one. He got it in London when he was stationed there after the war. He bought it 'cause he'd heard the Duke of Windsor had one.

LATHAM

Is your father related to him?

PEARSON

No, he thinks he looks like him.

LATHAM

But it was Newton who called him Garvin? You're sure about that?

PEARSON

Yes, sir.

Footsteps CLOMP into the Outer Office. Collette peeks in.

COLLETTE

D-Int is here.

She leaves. Latham motions for Pearson to go. Nealy enters. Pearson nods at him on his way out. Nealy shuts the door.

NEALY

Updating you on Alan Newton?

LATHAM

Yes. Here's something for you: A Black man named Garvin, whom Newton may have met at the 'Y', was killed outside there tonight in a hit-and-run accident.

(MORE)



LATHAM (CONT'D)

Newton came out, saw Garvin lying in the street, and took off just as the police arrived.

NEALY

Like he didn't want to be connected with Garvin.

LATHAM

Could be. Also, Garvin had a silver Bryant and May Match Book Holder on him.

NEALY

Really. I thought only the British aristocracy carried around those trinkets.

LATHAM

Hmm...

He presses the intercom.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Yes?

LATHAM

Get SMOTH on the line for me.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Right.

Latham hangs up. Nealy nods toward the Outer Office.

NEALY

You're keeping her here late.

LATHAM

She volunteered.

NEALY

I guess no one wants to be alone tonight. How are you doing with the Russian's A-bomb?

LATHAM

Still working on it.

The intercom BUZZES, interrupting Nealy.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

SMOTH is on Gray.

Latham picks up the Gray phone.

LATHAM

Larry, we've turned up something on your boy Alan Newton.

INT. MI6 OFFICE

Fiona reads The Times of London. Jones puts the phone on speaker. He gathers a legal notepad and a pencil.

JONES

Let's hear it.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH JONES

LATHAM

He had a friend here, a Black man named Garvin.

JONES (O.S.)

Had?

LATHAM

Garvin's dead - killed by a hit-and-run driver. Listen, Garvin was about five-six to five-eight, medium build, and he carried a sterling silver, Bryant and May Match Book Holder.

JONES

Really... The aristocracy must be getting broad-minded.

LATHAM

Can you cable London and see if they've heard of him?

JONES

Will do. You want to talk to Fiona?

LATHAM

She's there?

FIONA

I'm here.

LATHAM

I thought you got your own office?

FIONA

I came by to keep Larry company.

JONES

Should I leave the room?

LATHAM

No, she can call me when you're on one of your long bathroom breaks.

JONES

Alright, that's it. I'll call you when I hear back from London.

CLICK - Jones has hung up. Latham does the same.

NEALY

I did some digging on your Mr. Newton.

LATHAM

And...

NEALY

Nothing on him per se, but I did connect a dot on his girlfriend, Helga Mueller. Her boss is Dieter Becker; he's on the East Berlin town council.

EXT. LONDON - TRAFALGAR SQUARE - DAY - PAST

Stock footage of the office buildings and fountain.

NEALY (V.O.)

But two years ago he was in London as part of the East European Steel Mission.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY

On the wall is a directory. One of the tenants is the "East European Steel Mission."

EXT. SALISBURY, ENGLAND - NIGHT (EVENING)

A quaint village of small shops and way too many pubs.

NEALY (V.O.)

One Friday night he went on a jag in Salisbury and got arrested.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON (A PUB)

Becker staggers out the oldest pub in the village.

RIVER WALK

Becker ambles over to the railing and looks down at the River Avon. He drops his pants to his knees, exposing his wrinkled buttocks, and urinates into the river.

Meanwhile, SALISBURY CITY POLICEMAN #1 saunters up behind Becker.

INT. POLICE STATION - CHARGE ROOM

Sparse - a desk with a black manual typewriter and a large table. Behind the table, his arms folded, stands SALISBURY CITY POLICEMAN #2. Wobbling on the opposite side is Becker, trying his best to empty his pockets on the table.

NEALY (V.O.)

Now, the security services know the Steel Mission's a haven for spies.

COUNTY COURTROOM

Stock footage. The MAGISTRATE presiding over the case does not wear a curly white wig. Instead, he's in plain business dress, as is everyone else. Becker still wears the same clothes.

NEALY (V.O.)

But they were unable to convince the magistrate in the case to hold Becker. Turns out some locals are employed at the Steel Mission as secretaries. So Becker was simply fined and allowed to walk.

EXT. SALISBURY - STREET - DAY

Becker waits at a bus stop. A Jaguar saloon (four-door sedan) pulls up. Two well-muscled men get out and quickly strong-arm Becker into the backseat with them. The car then speeds away.

NEALY (V.O.)

But then he disappeared over the weekend, courtesy of MI6. They asked our London station chief to help publicize certain aspects of Becker's arrest, and add that he stayed at a BnB over the weekend to dry out.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT - PRESENT

Latham is amused by Nealy's tale.

NEALY

In his report to Mother K, the station #1 noted that MI6 had managed to turn Becker, and that they'd share his Intel with us.

Latham gets up and meanders about; something is on his mind.

LATHAM

Did Newton know Becker had been turned?

NEALY

No, MI6 would have siloed that information. That way they could use Becker to independently verify the Intel Helga passed on to Newton.

LATHAM

Assuming Newton wasn't doubling.

NEALY

Or Becker or Helga, for that matter.

Latham is taken aback and stops. He hadn't considered this.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Think of the conundrum MI6 would be facing. They'd be getting material that could have been cooked by the KGB or the Stasi on either Newton's behalf, or Helga's, or Becker's. But no matter whom it comes from, the secondary source validating or contradicting the information is now suspect. They'd worry Becker could have been redoubled or he might even be tripling? Helga could be doubling. And what about Newton?

LATHAM

Just the sort of chaos the unwashed live for.

NEALY

That goes for any intelligence service. We'd all love to see our enemies chasing their tails.

INT. THE HOLE

Bazzo and DiLauria are poring over photos of deplaning Aeroflot passengers. Bazzo stops at one and shows it to DiLauria.

BAZZO

What do you think?

DILAURIA

Big boy... He is a boy, right?

Bazzo shrugs. DiLauria scrabbles through a pile of photos she set aside and pulls one out. She hands both photos to Bazzo.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
Same person?

BAZZO  
I think so.

DILAURIA  
What are the dates on the photos?

Bazzo checks the back of each one.

BAZZO  
August 20th at 05:30, and a week  
later on the 27th, same time.  
(checks a calendar)  
Sunday... Embassy's closed; no  
one's working.

DILAURIA  
They flew the components in on the  
red-eye over two Sundays so no one  
would know, yet word still got out.

BAZZO  
Maybe someone wanted to level the  
playing field.

DILAURIA  
Then you'd have to say they failed.

BAZZO  
Why?

DILAURIA  
There's no mediation going on, Paul.  
Instead, you've got the Pentagon  
pushing Kennedy to strike first.

BAZZO  
Yes, but now the president's aware  
it's not a consequence-free act.

DILAURIA  
You think that's enough to get both  
sides to back off in Berlin?

BAZZO  
I don't know. Come on, let's tell  
the boss.

The Two get up and leave.

EXT. CHECKPOINT CHARLIE - NIGHT

It's dank. Drizzle falls on the floodlit stand-off of tanks  
and troops.

A sign there - in English, Russian, French and German - reads "YOU ARE NOW LEAVING THE AMERICAN SECTOR."

AMERICAN SECTOR

REPORTERS attempt to interview U.S. soldiers or gather about Cafe Adler and mingle with senior military officials and men in overcoats - in other words, spies.

CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)

I'm in Friedrichstrasse, a major cultural and shopping district in West Berlin. It's also home to Checkpoint Charlie, the main crossing point for diplomats, journalists and non-German visitors who are allowed to enter East Berlin on a day pass. I'm standing outside Café Adler, a hotspot for journalists and visitors in the American sector, and just yards from the gate. For Westerners, Checkpoint Charlie is perhaps the best known crossing point through the Berlin Wall, along with Glienicke Bridge. It's here that American and Soviet forces are locked in a stand-off, just a stone's throw from each other. It's just after one A.M. Saturday, yet there are hundreds of West Berliners behind a rope barrier here, and many more on small streets leading up to the checkpoint. I can glimpse an equal number of civilians behind barricades on the East Berlin side.

TWO MIDDLE-AGED REPORTERS stand a few feet from a U.S. tank. They eye a young, BLACK SOLDIER perched in the cupola of the tank and manning a machine gun. The Soldier is frightened and nervous; the condensation of his breath looks like heavy fog. His hands SHAKE visibly. REPORTER #1 turns to his colleague and points toward the young Soldier.

REPORTER #1

If that kid's hands shake any harder, his damn gun'll go off and it'll be World War III.

Armed with nightsticks and rifles, East German State Security (SSD) patrol their side of the gate. REPORTER #2 eyes them.

REPORTER #2

I hear the SSD are some tough bastards.

REPORTER #1

Who?

REPORTER #2

East German State Security - they're  
on the East Berlin side of the gate.

Reporter #1 looks at the SSD.

REPORTER #1

(sarcastically)

Oh, them. Yeah, real tough.

REPORTER #2

What?

REPORTER #1

You know how they got their  
reputation? From beating unarmed  
border-crossers over the head with  
their billy clubs - most of them  
women.

EXT. EAST BERLIN - BRITZER ZWEIG CANAL - NIGHT

The banks on either side of this section of the canal are an  
unkempt slope of wild grass and brier.

CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)

There seem to be as many East  
German police on their side of the  
gate as there are civilians. One  
wonders how thin their ranks must  
be elsewhere along The Wall.

TWO YOUNG MEN carrying blankets run through small gardens and  
hide in a tool shed. Young Man #1 peeks out the door. He  
looks back at his friend.

YOUNG MAN #1

Sie sind zu beschäftigt in der  
Friedrichstrasse, um uns  
nachzufolgen.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "They're too busy in Friedrichstrasse to  
come after us."

The Two run from the shed to a barbed-wire fence. At a support  
post they toss their blankets over the barbed wire and use the  
post to help scale the fence. They run through the mud to one  
last fence of mortar and brick. They start to climb. From the  
roof of the Charité Hospital a spotlight SHINES on them.

Two RIFLE SHOTS PING off the fence. The Two hastily continue  
to climb. Two more SHOTS are fired;



both hit Young Man #2 in the back, killing him. Young Man #1 drops to the ground near his friend. He raises his hands in surrender - and weeps.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Stock footage of National Mall Park and the Capitol Building.

EXT. 2641 TUNLAW ROAD, NW - SOVIET EMBASSY

The sign on the gate, illuminated by a streetlamp, reads "Embassy of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

INT. SECURITY OFFICE

A banker's lamp on the desk provides light. Gvozdev listens to an English-language broadcast from Berlin over a shortwave radio - a continuation of the Correspondent's commentary.

CORRESPONDENT (O.S.)

A confrontation that began as a low-level border contest has now escalated into a war of nerves between American and Soviet commanders.

(over a roar of diesel engines)

That roar you hear is from the American tank drivers revving their engines. This isn't just an attempt to intimidate their communist counterparts. It's cold and rainy here - and the heat from those motors helps keep the tank crews warm. Also, the Allied contingent here of 12,000 troops - 6500 of them American - would be no match against the 350,000 Soviet soldiers within striking distance of Berlin. Of course, the reason for all this is the Berlin Wall, the most remarkable and the most presumptuous urban redevelopment scheme of all time. It snakes through the city of Berlin like the backdrop of a nightmare, fortified with brick, concrete, mortar, tank traps, mine fields, guard towers and attack dogs. It divides not only the city of Berlin, but families and loved ones as well.

This final point strikes a chord with Gvozdev. He grabs a pocket notepad and pencil off his desk, gets up, shuts off the radio and leaves.

CORRIDOR

Gvozdev walks to an end door with an access-control lock. He enters a four-digit PIN by pressing the lock's rocker-switches. There is a CLICK. Gvozdev opens the door and enters a...

SECURE ROOM

He flips on the light. The room has the sparse, sterile appearance of an interrogation cell. On a large table sits a lone suitcase with a combination numbers lock.

Gvozdev writes the existing number combination on his notepad and pockets it, pulling out a slip of paper from the same pocket. He unfolds the paper, then enters a three-digit code on the combination lock. He then opens the suitcase.

INSIDE THE SUITCASE

A long, metal cylinder lies caddy-cornered as it is too long to fit length-wise. The cylinder has two surrounding rows of slots, a quarter-inch by two inches, one row near each end. Both ends of the cylinder are capped. At the female end of each cap is a narrow metal sleeve that wraps around the cylinder.

Thick wires run from the caps to a metal casing in the upper-right corner of the suitcase. Atop the casing is a toggle switch; beside it, a 12-volt, dry-cell battery. In the lower-left corner a timer lies inside another metal casing. Thick wiring litters the bottom of the suitcase.

GVOZDEV

Refers to the unfolded slip of paper again. It contains instructions typed in Cyrillic script.

GVOZDEV (V.O.)

Chtoby vzorvat' bombu, ustanovite  
taymer i perevedite tumbler v  
polozheniye 'Vkl.' Vzryvchatyye  
zaryady v kryshkakh vytalkivayut  
radioaktivnyye materialy iz rukavov  
v tsentr tsilindra, gde oni budut  
stalkivat'sya, obrazuya  
kriticheskuyu massu - i yadernyy  
vzryv.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "To detonate the bomb, set the timer and flip the toggle switch to "On." Explosive charges in the caps will push the sleeves radioactive material to the center of the cylinder where they will collide to form a critical mass - and a nuclear explosion."

Gvozdev FLINCHES. He gingerly closes the suitcase and spins the lock numbers to match those on his notepad. He puts one hand on the doorknob and flips off the lights with the other. He opens the door and leaves.

ACT THREE

INSERT ON BLACK SCREEN: "'We all live under the same sky, but we don't all have the same horizon.' - Konrad Adenauer"

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Latham has a file and a legal pad before him. Nealy enters.

NEALY

I saw the mandarins on my way back from the lav. Paul says they've made the Soviet national who brought the A-bomb into the country.

LATHAM

They came up with the inferential proof I need.

NEALY

You know how you're going to present it to Kennedy?

LATHAM

That's what I'm working on here.

NEALY

You don't have much time, Warren.

LATHAM

(annoyed)  
Bill-

NEALY

I just came by hoping I could help.

Latham sighs then points to a chair. Nealy sits.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Couple of points right off the bat. First, you can't let the Director know about this.

LATHAM

I wasn't going to. Kennedy thinks he's a patronizing ass. You know he plans to replace him next month.

NEALY

(taken aback)

No, I didn't know... Anyway, you'll want to do this privately, without any of Kennedy's staffers around. You don't want any leaks. You want him to use the information to negotiate from a position of strength but not be didactic. Khrushchev's temperament may be the opposite of Kennedy's - the loud proletariat to Kennedy's tempered bourgeoisie - but don't assume he's ignorant. He wants to advance Soviet interests, and he sees better relations with the West as a means to that end.

LATHAM

So, Kennedy should appeal to Khrushchev's ego then, admiring him for rising despite the odds.

NEALY

Yes, but let's not forget why The Wall was built in the first place.

Nealy demonstrates by holding up his hands, palms facing each other, and extending his fingers until they almost touch. He twists one hand clockwise, the other hand counter-clockwise, reversing the action frequently.

NEALY (CONT'D)

You have this asymmetrical conflict between East and West Germany. On one side you have the failure of communism; on the other side, a prosperous democracy. The Kremlin's worst nightmare is that a failed East Germany will ripple across the Soviet empire.

His left hand covers his right hand. Latham nods as he takes this into account.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Khrushchev has to believe that he can trust Kennedy. If he compromises here, it means Kennedy can't just cherry-pick his next site for a proxy war.

LATHAM

Understood.

NEALY

Oh, don't let the JCS get wind of this. You don't need them putting any more pressure on Kennedy to implement the SIOP than they already have.

Latham nods as he takes notes.

NEALY (CONT'D)

And one more thing... I think whoever leaked to the D.I.A. that there's an A-bomb in the Soviet Embassy was also aware of the Pentagon's SIOP.

LATHAM

A Soviet mole at the Pentagon?

NEALY

Maybe not that high up.

LATHAM

Hmm... But why even leak the existence of the Soviets' A-bomb?

NEALY

I'd like to think this person hoped that knowledge of an A-bomb here in Washington would mitigate against any urgency for a U.S. first strike.

LATHAM

Or maybe someone who felt that way ordered the leak.

NEALY

Could be. Certainly not Khrushchev.

The Red phone RINGS; Latham answers it.

LATHAM

2-3-6-2... I'll be right down.

(hangs up)

The Ops Room just got a FLASH cable from Berlin. You wanna join me?

NEALY

Absolutely.

They get up and leave.

OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of ringing phones, teletype machines and chatter.

NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL man the Duty Desk. Behind them, MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY is on a Red phone. Latham and Nealy enter.

LATHAM

What have you got, Owens?

Owens hands Latham a copy of the cablegram. Nealy looks over Latham's shoulder.

OWENS

You were copied on it because it concerns the White House. Berlin station got a call from the station #1 at The Hague. He'd received a cable from Dutch Intelligence. Their SIGINT station in Eemnes picked up a communique from East Berlin to Dzerzhinsky Square. According to the Dutch decrypt, the message reads, 'On 25 October, U.S. General Clay ordered tanks fitted with bulldozer attachments into forest outside Berlin to practice knocking down mock sections of The Wall. Photographs sent under separate cover.'

LATHAM

We know about the exercise. Clay was reprimanded for it.

OWENS

Yes, but Moscow doesn't know he was reprimanded. They only know what the East Germans saw and photographed, and that's General Clay's men practicing to knock down The Wall.

NEALY

(alarmed)

If the Soviets think we're prepared to go to war over the stand-off in Berlin, they might resort to a first strike themselves.

LATHAM

Farrell, get François Bisset on the phone. Try the West Wing first.

Farrell pulls a black binder from a bookshelf and thumbs through it. Meanwhile, Bradley hangs up his Red phone.

OWENS

Sir, you see where the Berlin station #1 made sure to add that it was the Dutch who decrypted the signal, and not his people?

NEALY

Yes. Why?

OWENS

In case the Dutch got it wrong. Their KW-26 is constantly dropping synchronization.

Farrell dials his Gray phone.

BRADLEY

If all hell does break loose, he wants to be sure he doesn't get the blame.

FARRELL

(into phone)

This is Pete Farrell at the KUBARK Operations Desk. May I speak to François Bisset, please?... Mr. Bisset, please hold the line for Warren Latham.

He hands the phone to Latham.

LATHAM

François, it's Warren. I need to speak with you right away. Where's the president?

BISSET (O.S.)

In a meeting in the Oval Office.

LATHAM

Listen - I have Intel on the stand-off in Berlin that indicates an immediate escalation of the crisis into full-scale war!

BISSET (O.S.)

Oh, Christ... Can you give me any details?

LATHAM

In person. Look, we don't have time to waste here! Where can we meet?

BISSET (O.S.)

In my office.

LATHAM  
I'm leaving now.

He hangs up.

FARRELL  
I'll get you a pool car, sir.

Farrell again dials his Gray phone. Latham turns to Owens.

LATHAM  
See if SMOTH's around. If he is,  
ask him to meet me here in two  
hours. If I'm not back by then,  
just have him wait for me.

OWENS  
Right.

He dials his Gray phone. Latham crosses to a JUNIOR OFFICER  
and gives her the cablegram.

LATHAM  
Make a copy of that for me, please.

She takes the cable to a copier across the room.

OWENS  
(into phone)  
This is James Owens at the KUBARK  
Operations Desk. Lawrence Jones,  
please... Yes, I'll hold.

LATHAM  
(to Nealy, overlapping)  
Will you be around later? I'd like  
you to sit in with SMOTH and me.

NEALY  
Sure. You want me to update Berard?

LATHAM  
I'd appreciate it.

The Junior Officer returns and hands Latham the cable and a  
copy. Latham hands Owens the original then leaves.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - NIGHT

A MARINE SENTRY opens the door for Latham.

INT. BISSET'S OFFICE

Sumptuous, befitting someone born into money. Latham enters  
and is greeted by Bisset.



BISSET  
Something to drink?

LATHAM  
No, thanks. Where's the president?

BISSET  
Still in the meeting. He wants me  
to call him as soon as I get a  
summary from you.

The Two sit.

LATHAM  
Dutch Intelligence intercepted a  
signal from East Berlin to Moscow.  
The East Germans were reporting on  
General Clay's tank corps practicing  
knocking down the Berlin Wall.

He pulls out the copy of the Berlin cablegram and hands it to  
Bisset, who's incredulous.

BISSET  
We ordered that stopped a few days  
ago! And we had General Bruce Clark  
reprimand Clay.

LATHAM  
But the Soviets don't know that.  
And Clay still has a couple of his  
tanks outfitted with those damn  
bulldozer shovels.

BISSET  
Oh, Christ...

LATHAM  
Moscow only knows what the East  
Germans told them - and they have  
pictures of the maneuvers as well.

BISSET  
I can't even imagine what's going  
on at the Kremlin.

LATHAM  
I'll tell you what's going on there.  
If the Politburo believes we plan to  
knock down The Wall, they'll assume  
Clay's belligerence reflects  
Kennedy's own attitude toward them.  
Any conciliatory tone Kennedy had  
struck with Khrushchev would now be  
seen as bullshit, a prelude to war.

Bisset FLINCHES. Latham leans forward.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
And if Khrushchev feels war is  
imminent, he'll respond with his  
own first strike.

BISSET  
All because of some cowboy...

LATHAM  
Don't put all this on General Clay.  
Your boss sent him there because of  
his reputation.

BISSET  
But all that posturing of his  
doesn't mean the American  
government is preparing for war.

LATHAM  
As far as the East Germans are  
concerned, an American General on  
German soil is the government.

Bisset's hands start to shake.

BISSET  
This morning I sent my family to  
stay with friends in San Francisco.  
I didn't want them around here in  
case things got worse.

LATHAM  
François, Kennedy needs to reassure  
Khrushchev that we have no intention  
of knocking down that Wall.

Bisset appears paralyzed by anxiety.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
And he needs to do it now!

This gets Bisset's attention. He picks up the phone.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, NW - NIGHT

The street is virtually empty, save for a gray sedan with  
Latham at the wheel. The White House is in the background.

I/E. E STREET EXPRESSWAY - UNDERPASS

Latham is traveling west. He checks his rearview mirror. Only  
one other car is on the road traveling west, a Mercedes-Benz -  
and it is behind him.

I/E. E STREET, NW

The Mercedes-Benz flashes its headlights then overtakes Latham. The Mercedes turns its lights off then on, twice, and slows, gradually pulling to a stop at the side of the street. Latham pulls up behind the car.

AT THE CURB

A MAN steps out of the Mercedes-Benz and approaches Latham's pool car. He leans over the driver's-side door.

INT. POOL CAR

Latham rolls down the window to speak to Yuri Gvozdev.

LATHAM

Get in.

Gvozdev goes to the passenger door, opens it and gets in.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You've been watching me since I left Cockroach Alley.

GVOZDEV

The Mercedes, right?

LATHAM

Even in Washington, a Mercedes-Benz 220 is a rare sight.

GVOZDEV

Do you know the name Georgi Bolshakov?

LATHAM

No.

GVOZDEV

He's one of our journalists here.

LATHAM

Like all your other GRU officers.

GVOZDEV

President Kennedy and his brother meet with him to gain insight into Soviet intentions - and to convey messages.

LATHAM

Considering Moscow controls what this Bolshakov can discuss, what sort of back-channel nonsense has he been giving the Kennedys lately?

GVOZDEV  
Not the Kennedy's - me.

Latham is curious now.

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)  
There isn't much time, Warren. If  
you and Fiona leave now, you can be  
miles away by morning.

Latham looks at Gvozdev in horror.

LATHAM  
Aren't Khrushchev and Kennedy  
talking?

GVOZDEV  
I understand they are. But I was  
told to prepare for the worst.

LATHAM  
We're always told that, Yuri.

GVOZDEV  
But this time my instructions were  
very specific.

LATHAM  
Geezus...

GVOZDEV  
You saved my life before, Warren.  
Now I'm trying to save yours.

LATHAM  
I can't leave here. I can't.  
Kennedy and Khrushchev... They're  
reasonable men. I have to believe  
that they value human life as much  
as we do.

Gvozdev nods resignedly.

GVOZDEV  
I hope by morning you're right.

The Two Men look into each other's eyes, sharing their  
anxiety.

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)  
Take care, my friend.

He holds out his hand - Latham shakes it like two old  
friends. Gvozdev gets out of the car and goes back to the  
Mercedes-Benz. Latham watches him drive away, still shaken by  
the conversation.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT

Most of the compound's offices still have their lights on.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette reads the Washington Post. Latham enters, yawning.

COLLETTE

D-Int's here... You look all in.

LATHAM

(ignores the remark)  
What about SMOTH?

COLLETTE

(yawns)  
He's on his way.

LATHAM

Okay. Go on home and get some sleep.

COLLETTE

I will when you do.

LATHAM

Go home, Collette. There's nothing more for you to do here.

COLLETTE

After SMOTH gets here, I'll go to the Infirmary and take a nap. Okay?

Latham nods his approval and heads into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Nealy reads the Evening Star. As Latham doffs his coat and sits, Nealy sets down the paper and anxiously looks at Latham.

NEALY

Well?

LATHAM

I told Kennedy about the commo the Dutch intercepted from East Berlin to Moscow, and what that means. I also told him General Clay still had some tanks outfitted with those bulldozer shovels. He got on the phone with Clay and told him Berlin's not that vital; it wasn't worth going to war over. Kennedy told him to stay put and not provoke the East Germans in any way.

NEALY

What did the general have to say?

LATHAM

Kennedy wasn't on speaker. But judging from his reaction, I don't think Clay took it too well.

NEALY

But he'll do as the president says.

Latham shrugs helplessly, throwing up his hands.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Goddamn generals! They think they should be running the country because a president's only around for a few years and they're lifers.

LATHAM

Like a military junta.

NEALY

Did he call Khrushchev?

LATHAM

I don't know. After I confirmed the existence of the A-bomb in the Russian Embassy and the consequences that presents, he ushered me out. I think I reenforced my argument against the SIOP - but who knows...

He leans his head back; he's exhausted. Nealy sighs, clearly worried.

NEALY

I should be home with my wife.

The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Lawrence Jones is here.

Latham regains his composure. The door opens. Jones enters carrying a paper bag and sits.

LATHAM

Thanks for coming, Larry.

JONES

(desultorily)  
Yeah...

LATHAM

What? What is it?

JONES

The Stasi arrested Dieter Becker,  
Helga Mueller's boss.

NEALY

How much does he know about your  
network there?

JONES

Just his own dead-letter drops, I  
should think.

He pulls two bottles of Diet Rite Cola from the paper bag.

JONES (CONT'D)

I didn't know you'd be here, Bill.

NEALY

It's alright.

Latham takes a bottle opener from his desk drawer. As he  
opens the soda bottles...

LATHAM

How'd the Stasi get on to him?

Latham hands a bottle to Jones. He pours some soda from the  
other bottle into a cup and hands the cup to Nealy.

JONES

I don't know. Maybe they decrypted  
our commo somewhere along the line.

NEALY

Or maybe you've got another Burgess  
or Maclean on your hands.

JONES

I hope not! Those two started a  
moral panic in Britain. The press  
claimed the Service is rife with a  
sexually corrupt upper class, just  
waiting for communist exploitation.  
(offers a sober toast)  
Anyway, here's to waking up in our  
beds tomorrow.

The Three sip their sodas.

LATHAM

What have you heard from London on  
Garvin?

JONES

(scoffs)  
They had nothing on him.

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

They feel with Becker in custody,  
their Rathaus operation is dead.  
They're more concerned now about  
protecting our other assets there.

NEALY

And rightly so.

LATHAM

Hmm...

JONES

What does that mean?

LATHAM

Just wondering what Newton was  
afraid of when he saw the cops.

NEALY

You think Garvin's KGB-recruited?

LATHAM

Yeah.

JONES

Why, because you think Newton is?

LATHAM

It would explain his behavior.

JONES

Yeah, well, I'm leaving that for CI  
or a witch doctor to figure out.

LATHAM

You still want me to pick up  
surveillance on him tomorrow?

JONES

Why bother? London's washed its  
hands of the whole mess. Hell,  
there may not even be a tomorrow.

(looking defeated, he  
stands)

I'm sorry chaps but I'm calling it  
a night. Hopefully, I'll see you  
for lunch on Monday, Warren.

LATHAM

I'm counting on it.

Jones leaves, taking his soda with him. Nealy gets up.



NEALY

I think I'll head on home myself.  
You did everything you could  
tonight.

LATHAM

Yeah... You know, I still think  
Newton's dirty.

NEALY

Right now, I don't care. If we're  
still around on Monday you can give  
it to the FBI; that's really where  
it belongs now. Take care.

He leaves. Latham sighs. He takes a moment to collect himself,  
summon a brave face, then he picks up the Gray phone.

INT. FIONA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Resembles Jones's office. The phone RINGS; Fiona answers it.

FIONA

Security, Miss Jeffries.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH FIONA

LATHAM

Hi, it's Warren.

FIONA

It's good to hear your voice.

LATHAM

How about we meet for breakfast  
later?

FIONA

(enthused)

You sound pretty optimistic. Things  
must have gone well.

LATHAM

I've got my fingers crossed.

FIONA

What time?

LATHAM

I'll call you before I leave here  
and meet you there at the embassy.

FIONA

How about we go to the Old Ebbitt  
Grill?

(MORE)

FIONA (CONT'D)

A lot of embassy staff go there for breakfast. And they're open on weekends.

LATHAM

Sounds good, hon.

FIONA

I love you, Warren.

LATHAM

I love you, too.

He hangs up and drops his head into his hands, overcome by anguish.

ACT FOUR

INSERT ON BLACK SCREEN: "'All men are prepared to accomplish the incredible if their ideals are threatened.' - Herman Hesse"

EXT. FRIEDRICHSTRASSE - CHECKPOINT CHARLIE - DAY (MORNING)

A PURL of diesel U.S. tank engines is now the soundtrack to the stand-off. Anxious faces on both sides stare and wait.

EAST BERLIN - HOHENSCHÖNHAUSEN

More stock footage of the State Security Service prison.

INT. SENIOR STASI OFFICE

Gerhardt sits at his desk. Before him is an open file with a photographic contact sheet. Using a magnifying glass, he examines each black-and-white print.

INSERT ENLARGED PRINTS:

- East German guards laying down a roll of barbed wire;
- A guard leaning against a lamppost festooned with barbed wire;
- Another guard (Conrad Schumann, 19) breaking ranks;
- The same guard jumping over the roll of barbed wire; and
- Running to freedom in West Berlin.

GERHARDT

Closes the file and puts it in a file cabinet. He takes out another file labeled "Helga Müller" and lays it on his desk, then dials the phone.

GERHARDT

Bringst die Gefangene Helga Müller  
in mein Büro. Sie soll heute in das  
Gefängnis Bautzen II gebracht  
werden.

INSERT TRANSLATION "Bring the prisoner Helga Mueller to my  
office. She is to be transferred to Bautzen II prison today."

He hangs up.

PRISON CELL

Helga has changed into an ill-fitting jumpsuit. She wears  
black military boots. A woolen overcoat lies on the coil  
springs next to her. Locks CLICK. The cell door opens. The  
Two Prison Guards come in. Prison Guard #1 grabs her coat,  
then They escort her from the cell.

SENIOR STASI OFFICE

Gerhardt is seated at his desk. There is a KNOCK on the door.

GERHARDT

Eingeben!

The door opens. The Two Prison Guards bring Helga inside.  
Prison Guard #1 lays Helga's coat on the back of a chair.  
Helga stands before Gerhardt, who waves the Prison Guards out  
of the office. Once alone, Gerhardt motions for Helga to sit  
in the chair.

GERHARDT (CONT'D)

Sie werden in das Gefängnis Bautzen  
II verlegt, ein dauerhafter  
Wohnsitz. Ein Gefängniswagen wird  
innerhalb einer Stunde hier  
eintreffen und Sie dorthin bringen.  
Ich hoffe, dass Sie während Ihrer  
Reise die Zeit nutzen, um über Ihre  
Sünden gegen den Staat nachzudenken.  
Auf Wiedersehen, Fräulein Müller.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You are being transferred to Bautzen II  
prison, a more permanent residence. A prison van will arrive  
here within the hour to take you there. I hope that during  
your journey, you will take advantage of the time to reflect  
on your sins against the state. Goodbye, Miss Mueller."

Helga looks at Gerhardt curiously. He presses a buzzer on his  
desk. The Two Prison Guards reenter. Helga grabs her coat and  
the Two Prison Guards escort her from the office.

EXT. HOHENSCHÖNHAUSEN - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY (MORNING)

A prison van pulls up. The steel gate rises to allow the prison van inside.

COURTYARD - ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING

The prison van pulls up to the end of the building. TWO TRANSFER GUARDS exit the van, exchange unintelligible chatter with a PRISON GUARD, then go inside.

INT. HOLDING CELL

Less macabre than the usual prison cells; that is, without the torture appliances. Helga is seated; she wears her overcoat and is handcuffed, watched by her ever-present Two Prison Guards and an ADMINISTRATIVE GUARD who holds her transfer docket.

The Two Transfer Guards enter. The Administrative Guard hands TRANSFER GUARD #1 the docket, a satchel and a pen. Transfer Guard #1 signs the docket while TRANSFER GUARD #2 exchanges Helga's handcuffs for a pair of his own.

EXT. COURTYARD

The Two Transfer Guards lead Helga into the back of the prison van, shut the door and lock it. They get into the front of the prison van and drive off.

HOHENSCHÖNHAUSEN - MAIN ENTRANCE

The steel gate rises. The prison van leaves the Stasi prison.

I/E. PRISON VAN

Pulls off the main road onto a secondary road that leads into a rural area. Near a thick nest of trees is a dilapidated BARN. Not far from it is the shell of a house long since hollowed by fire.

BARN

The prison van stops by its large doors. Transfer Guard #1 hops out and opens them. Transfer Guard #2 drives the prison van inside, after which Transfer Guard #1 closes the doors.

INT. BARN

A dark Trabant sedan is there. Standing beside it are TWO MEN, BND OFFICERS, casually dressed. Transfer Guard #2 hops out the prison van and joins Transfer Guard #1 at its rear doors. They open them and help a surprised and disoriented Helga out of the van.

The BND Officers open the trunk of the Trabant and lift out the body of an unconscious, handcuffed woman dressed in the same jumpsuit, boots and overcoat as Helga. The woman bears a passing resemblance to Helga. They carry her to the back of the prison van and lay her on its floor. They shut the van's doors and lock them.

Transfer Guard #1 removes Helga's handcuffs. BND OFFICER #1 hands Helga some casual clothes.

BND OFFICER #1  
Beeil dich und zieh die Kleider an.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Hurry up and put them on."

As Helga changes...

HELGA  
Was ist los?

No one answers her. BND OFFICER #2 takes an envelope from his pocket and hands it to Transfer Guard #2 who opens it. He partway pulls out several large-denomination Deutsche Marks. He nods at BND Officer #2, puts the money back in the envelope and pockets it.

TRANSFER GUARD #1  
Beeile dich!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Hurry up!"

The Two Transfer Guards climb back into the prison van. BND OFFICER #2 starts the engine of the Trabant while BND Officer #1 opens the barn doors. The prison van backs out and quickly drives away. BND Officer #2 leans out the driver's-side window.

BND OFFICER #2  
(to Helga)  
Steigen Sie in den Rücksitz des  
Autos!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Get in the back seat of the car!"

Helga jumps inside the Trabant and lies on the floor.

BND OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)  
Nein, nein, setz dich auf!

Helga sits up on the back seat. The Trabant pulls out of the barn.

EXT. BARN

BND Officer #1 closes the barn doors and gets into the front of the Trabant, which quickly pulls away.

I/E. TRABANT

Travels along the secondary road.

HELGA

Kann mir bitte jemand sagen, was  
los ist?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Will someone please tell me what's going on?"

BND Officer #1 takes an envelope from the glove box and hands it to Helga.

BND OFFICER #1

Öffne es.

Helga opens the envelope and pulls out a West German passport. She opens it and sees the name "Ingrid Gehlen" and a photo of herself. She also takes out 200 Deutsche Marks.

BND OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

Sie sind meine Frau; er ist mein  
Bruder. Wir sind westdeutsche  
Bürger, die mit einer Tageskarte  
Verwandte in Ost-Berlin besuchen.  
Mein Name ist Peter; das ist Henry.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You are my wife; he is my brother. We are West German citizens visiting relatives in East Berlin on a day pass. My name's Peter; that's Henry."

BND Officer #1 hands her a woman's handbag. Inside is pocket litter typically found in one. Helga puts the passport and money inside the handbag.

BND OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

Einfach entspannen und die Fahrt  
geniessen. Wir werden in Westberlin  
sein, bevor Sie es wissen.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Just relax and enjoy the ride. We'll be in West Berlin before you know it."

HELGA

Wer war die andere Frau?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Who was the other woman?"

Neither BND Officer answers her. Resignedly, Helga leans back in her seat and gazes out the window.

EXT. WEST BERLIN - DAY

Stock footage of the revolving Mercedes-Benz emblem atop the Daimler Building.

INT. BRITISH EMBASSY - SECURITY OFFICE

Several MI6 OFFICERS are busily typing on forms or are on the phone. MANTON, the station #1, is also on the phone. There is a faint look of relief on his face.

CALLER (O.S.)  
Das Paket ist unterwegs.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "The package is on its way."

MANTON  
Danke schoen.

He hangs up and turns to an MI6 OFFICER seated nearby.

MANTON (CONT'D)  
Helga Mueller's on her way home.

The MI6 Officer nods and smiles. Satisfied, Manton sips from his cup of tea.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY (MORNING)

Another crisp Autumn morning. Stock footage of the Washington Monument and the Capitol Building.

3100 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, NW - BRITISH EMBASSY

Latham and Fiona leave the embassy, arms around each other.

INT. OLD EBBITT TAVERN

A rich, Victorian feel, with a long, polished wood bar with a dozen stools, several tables and booths. Some have tufted cloth seats while others are covered in simulated leather. White table cloths and red napkins complete the air of elegance.

Fiona and Latham sit in a booth; both eat eggs Benedict.

LATHAM  
What time did Larry go home?

FIONA  
He didn't; he curled up on the sofa in his office. Besides, he has no one to go home to.

Latham caresses her hand. She smiles at him.

LATHAM  
Maybe that's why he was in such a piss-poor mood when he came by.

FIONA

Blame that on London.

LATHAM

Why, because Becker was arrested?

FIONA

No, because of Garvin. London cabled an answer to Larry's request on him that really rankled him; it was so perfunctory. So he called them.

LATHAM

What did they say?

FIONA

I came in on the tail end of it. Larry said the gist of it was that their Op was dead. Their only concern now was protecting assets still alive. They'd never heard of Garvin and they weren't going to waste time doing any digging.

LATHAM

Hmm... He told me he thought the Stasi might have intercepted commo sent to Becker.

FIONA

Behind the Curtain? That's risky. I've never heard of one asset there who'd agree to have a transceiver. If they were caught with one that would mean a firing squad, no question. Becker would get his instructions from a numbers station, probably the Lincolnshire Poacher.

INSERT: Stock footage of a transmission tower atop a hill in an isolated area.

LATHAM (V.O.)

The one broadcasting from Cyprus.

FIONA (V.O.)

Yes.

INT. BECKER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - PAST

Becker sits at his desk, before a shortwave radio. He checks his watch. He pulls a notepad and pencil from his pocket and lays them on the desk, puts on headphones and turns on the set, tuning it to 15682 kHz.



FIONA (V.O.)  
You know the drill. He'd tune in  
once a month and decrypt the  
message with a one-time pad.

After a moment WE HEAR what Becker hears: a calliope play the opening bars to the British folk song "The Lincolnshire Poacher," same as what one would hear at a 1960's county fair. This repeats a few times, then silence, followed by...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
39715, 39715, 39715, 39715...

There is increasing background static as the numbers repeat.

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE BECKER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A decrepit DELIVERY VAN is parked across the street.

FIONA (V.O.)  
We know the East Germans try to jam  
the transmissions, so the frequency  
is changed daily. Occasionally they  
manage to hit the right one.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Over the shortwave radio comes a high-tone BEEP, followed by a lower-tone BEEP. This is repeated three times.

FIONA (V.O.)  
But at 10,000 MHz, the signal's  
strong enough to get through.

Becker picks up the pencil. Then...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
76219, 61101, 40167, 13767, 16817,  
32917, 02538, 78384, 94382, 60287,  
43518, 49628, 28475, 62449, 25959,  
57932, 56863, 75310, 71052, 50893...

He copies the numbers onto his notepad as they are broadcast.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
62917, 00316, 39948, 26676, 21691,  
000, 000.

Becker lays down his pencil and removes the headphones. He turns off the radio. Suddenly, PLAINCLOTHES STASI OFFICERS BURST IN. They put Becker in a chokehold, pin his arms behind his back, and search him. Another Stasi Officer crosses to the shortwave radio. He picks up the notepad with its five-digit number sets and sneers at Becker.

INT. OLD EBBITT TAVERN - DAY - PRESENT

FIONA

Shortwave radios are pretty common  
in East Berlin. So Becker had to  
have been burned.

Across the room a couple - a MAN and a WOMAN - are seated by  
a WAITER. The Man looks over at Fiona and Latham. He smiles  
gently and nods. Fiona smiles and nods back.

LATHAM

I've seen him before. Your number  
two man at the embassy, right?

FIONA

Sir William Percival, Deputy Head  
of Mission - our banal Deputy Head  
of Mission, if you ask Larry.

LATHAM

I don't know - he seems nice enough.

FIONA

He is. I worked for him in Kingston,  
Jamaica, my first posting. It was  
his last before he left to join the  
Foreign Office. He recommended me  
for my first promotion.

SIR WILLIAM PERCIVAL pulls a silver cigarette case from his  
sport coat pocket and takes out a cigarette.

LATHAM

A bit of an aristocrat, what with  
the silver cigarette case.

FIONA

Oh, he's definitely Old World.

Percival puts away the cigarette case and takes from his  
pocket a sterling silver Bryant and May Match Book Holder,  
removes a match and lights his cigarette. Fiona is amused.

FIONA (CONT'D)

A sterling silver match book cover -  
and a Bryant and May one at that.  
Now, who carries one of those  
around these days?

Latham does his best to hide his shock.

LATHAM

Garvin.

FIONA

What?

LATHAM

He had one just like it when he was hit by that car.

FIONA

They cost a small fortune. Sir William bought his at Fortnum and Mason's in Piccadilly. I can't even afford to look in their window.

They continue to eat and offer up manufactured smiles.

LATHAM

Maybe Garvin got one as a gift.

FIONA

What, for services rendered?

Latham nods.

FIONA (CONT'D)

You think Garvin was MI6?

LATHAM

I'll go you one better. I think Sir William still is - and Garvin was his joe.

FIONA

And Larry doesn't know this.

LATHAM

Like you said, London gave him the run-around, telling him the Berlin Op was dead. But I think London was running a concurrent Op here, one they kept from Larry. I think it's purpose was to debrief Newton and determine if their key asset in Berlin was in jeopardy.

FIONA

You mean Dieter Becker?

LATHAM

No, I don't think so... Has to be someone higher up. In order to save this person, they needed discards, enough to convince the Stasi they had the small spy ring in custody. So, your people burned Helga and Becker.

FIONA

Christ... So why not acknowledge that Garvin was one of ours - at least to Larry, if no one else?

LATHAM

Need to know - and Larry doesn't need to know.

FIONA

Hmm... I wonder whom London is protecting.

LATHAM

I don't know. But what puzzles me now is why a seasoned intelligence officer like your old boss over there would give his working-class joe such an ostentatious gift. It's as though he were overpaying Garvin for some reason.

FIONA

To ensure his loyalty perhaps?

LATHAM

If he were that untrustworthy you'd have cut ties with him. No, I agree it's ensurement, but for something else - maybe his silence.

FIONA

You mean, about Sir William?

Latham nods. He leans forward and caresses Fiona's hand.

LATHAM

When Larry told us about Becker's arrest, D-Int wondered if you had another Burgess or Maclean in the service. What if he was on to something? What if Garvin knew something damaging about Sir William and tried to leverage what he knew?

FIONA

By telling Newton.

LATHAM

I think that's why Newton kept his distance when Garvin was run down, maybe even deliberately. Because Percival is so aristocratic, Garvin might have felt he was patronizing him. That could have pissed him off.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

So he told Newton hoping he would tell London. Uncovering a Soviet mole would put Garvin in great stead with your masters in London.

FIONA

My God... But this is still just speculation. You have no proof.

LATHAM

No, but the way London stonewalled Larry makes me wonder if they weren't already suspicious of Percival.

FIONA

What do you want to do?

LATHAM

For now, nothing. I've got more important things on my mind.

Fiona smiles empathetically. Percival gets up and crosses to Fiona and Latham's table. Latham stands.

PERCIVAL

I believe we've met before, Mr. Latham. I'm William Percival, Deputy Head of Mission at the British Consulate.

LATHAM

I remember. We met awhile back. Good to see you again, sir.

PERCIVAL

I've had the pleasure of knowing Fiona for years now.

LATHAM

She's been telling me how much she enjoyed working for you.

Percival is pleased with the compliment and turns to Fiona.

PERCIVAL

Believe me, it was a pleasure for me to work with such a bright, amiable person.

FIONA

Thank you, Sir William.

PERCIVAL

My wife and I regularly come here for breakfast on Saturday.

(MORE)

PERCIVAL (CONT'D)

I don't recall seeing you here  
before. I wondered if you two might  
be celebrating?

Fiona is taken by surprise; Latham as well.

LATHAM

Sorry?

PERCIVAL

Berlin.

Latham and Fiona look at each other; both are at sea.

PERCIVAL (CONT'D)

You haven't heard?

LATHAM

Heard what?

PERCIVAL

Oh, my... The Russians pulled one  
of their tanks back, then your  
people did the same. I understand  
this one-for-one withdrawal will  
continue until all the tanks have  
left Checkpoint Charlie.

Fiona sighs, relieved. Latham is equally pleased.

FIONA

That's wonderful news, Sir William.

LATHAM

It is.

PERCIVAL

Well, I'm glad I was the one to  
break it then. Enjoy your meal.

He walks back to his table. Latham sits; he looks spent and  
sighs deeply.

LATHAM

You know, that's the first time  
I've been able to breathe in two  
days.

FIONA

Me, too.

LATHAM

Come on... Let's finish up and go  
home. I don't want to think about  
anything else right now.

Fiona nods. The Two continue eating.

END