

Cool Gray Dawn

Season One, Episode #14: "The Last Refuge"

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Cool Gray Dawn
"The Last Refuge"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. ZHUKOVSKY, RUSSIA - AIRFIELD - DAY

INSERT: "Gromov Flight Research Institute, Zhukovsky, Russia"

Stock footage of a Soviet MiG-19 parked on the tarmac and of the main building of the Flight Research Institute.

INT. FLIGHT RESEARCH INSTITUTE - DAY

Stock footage of GROUND TECHNICIANS monitoring their test equipment and radar screens.

EXT. FAR END OF THE AIRSTRIP - TAXIWAY

Another MiG-19 faces the tree line. The PILOT, a Russian woman, dons her helmet and climbs into the cockpit.

INT. MIG-19 - COCKPIT

A dark, round radar screen is surrounded by avionics. The Pilot powers up the flight instruments.

TWO MILES ABOVE THE AIRFIELD

A Soviet Antonov An-12 cargo plane flies toward the tree line.

INT. ANTONOV AN-12 - COCKPIT

The plane's turboprop engines provide a steady ROAR. Sitting behind the PILOT and COPILOT is a FLIGHT OFFICER monitoring his radar screen. From his headset (in Russian)...

GROUND TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
Desyat' sekund.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Ten seconds."

EXT. BEYOND THE TREE LINE - OPEN GLADE

TWO ARMED RUSSIAN SOLDIERS listlessly patrol the area. It's quiet - the only sounds are the SWISH of their boots through the grass and the distant CHIRP of birds.

INT. MIG-19 - COCKPIT

The Pilot FLIPS a switch on her radar. The screen PULSES to life with a bright green display.

OPEN GLADE

At that moment the Soldiers SQUINCH from a sudden headache.

ANTONOV AN-12 - COCKPIT

The Radar Warning Receiver FLASHES and BEEPS. The Flight Officer checks his radar screen but there are no blips.

FLIGHT OFFICER
(into his headset)
Nash radarnyy pritsel nichego ne
pokazyvayet, no my podtverzhdayem,
chto vy risuyete nas.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Our scope shows nothing but we confirm you're painting us."

GROUND TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
Ladno, nam pridetsya porabotat' nad
etim.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Okay, we'll have to work on that."

OPEN GLADE

The Two Soldiers trudge along. There's a RUSTLE in the brier. A rabbit falls on it side, blood hemorrhaging from its ears.

MIG-19 - COCKPIT

The Pilot monitors a BLIP - a number "12" with a circumflex "hat" - crawling from one o'clock to two on her radar screen.

PILOT
Mozhet li An-Dvenadtsat uvidet'
menya?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Can the An-12 see me?"

GROUND TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
Nyet. Test zavershen.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No. The test is concluded."

The Pilot shuts down the radar. The screen goes dark.

THE TWO RUSSIAN SOLDIERS

Stop squinching. SOLDIER #1 looks down and gets the attention of SOLDIER #2. They see the dead rabbit. They walk on and come across more dead rabbits with blood pooled about their ears.

EXT. MOSCOW - "THE OLD TOWER RESTAURANT" - NIGHT (EVENING)

INSERT: "MOSCOW, RUSSIA"

An old fortification tower at the foot of the Kremlin.

INT. "THE OLD TOWER RESTAURANT"

Replete with vaulted ceilings, whitewashed walls, murals of Russian history and wooden booths with ornamental upholstery.

At a long table having a noisy dinner are American and Soviet agronomists. The Americans throw out terms like "hydroponics" and "crop rotation." Two stolid KGB AGENTS keep eyes on them.

RONALD BLYKHER

Is a mid-40's U.S. agronomist who leaves the restroom. He passes by a booth in a far corner where the MiG-19 Pilot and An-12 Flight Officer eat dinner and drink heavily.

PILOT

Cherez neskol'ko sekund posle togo,
kak ya vklyuchil svoy radar, vse
kroliki byli mertvy. Oni prosto
zadokhnulis' i umerli ot krovi,
ubegayushchey iz ikh ushey.

Though she speaks in Russian, Blykher is taken aback by what he overhears. He quickly resumes his nonchalance when he sees KGB Agent #1 glance his way. He joins his fellow agronomists.

U.S. AGRONOMIST #1

There you are, Blykher. I thought
you fell in.

EXT. MOSCOW - NIGHT

Stock footage of Red Square and the magnificent Hotel Ukraine.

INT. HOTEL UKRAINE - BAR AND LOUNGE - NIGHT

At a table the Agronomists, minus Blykher, loudly enjoy their drinks in slurred and fractured English. By a window overlooking the city, Blykher shares a table with KELLY ANDERSON, U.S. Embassy Staffer and CIA Officer.

ANDERSON

How's your drink?

BLYKHER

A little strong for me.

The REVELRY at the Agronomists' table underscores his point. Anderson leans close to Blykher and coos quietly in his ear.

ANDERSON

Drink up. You're supposed to be on
the make.

Blykher sips his drink and nibbles her ear. At another table the Two KGB Agents gulp vodka and watch everyone.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
You sure this can't wait?

BLYKHER
We leave for Paris in the morning.

They continue with their "petting" and speak sotto voce.

BLYKHER (CONT'D)
After we met up with the Soviet delegation, we went to the Old Tower restaurant for dinner.

ANDERSON
That's where you called the embassy?

BLYKHER
Yeah. I was coming back from the lav when I overheard a woman tell this guy that a few seconds after she'd turned on her radar, all the rabbits were dead. They'd just keeled over and died with blood running from their ears.

ANDERSON
Hmm... Let's go to your room.

She grabs her coat and they leave, trailed by KGB AGENT #1.

HOTEL CORRIDOR

Blykher and Anderson leave the elevator and enter...

ROOM #322

Blykher is nervous. Anderson hands him her coat, then grabs a drinking glass from the table. She puts the rim against the door and her ear to the bottom of the glass.

ANDERSON

Hears MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS, then the adjacent room's doorlock CLICK shut.

She sets down the glass and puts her finger to her lips to keep Blykher mum. She points to the adjoining room, winks at Blykher and slips off her shoes.

ADJACENT ROOM #324

On a table a tape recorder runs. Surfeited KGB AGENT #3 sits there, headphones on and reading a book.

He looks at KGB Agent #1 and pumps his arm to indicate the Couple are having sex. KGB Agent #1 shrugs and leaves while KGB Agent #3 logs the activity, then resumes his reading.

HOTEL CORRIDOR - ROOM #322 - LATER

Wearing her coat, Anderson quietly leaves the room.

EXT. HOTEL UKRAINE - NIGHT

The HOTEL UKRAINE DOORMAN hails a taxi for Anderson. He watches closely as she gets in and the taxi pulls away.

THE TAXI

Travels onto Novinskiy Boulevard, and stops at the U.S. Embassy (next to the Fyodor Chalyapin house).

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - CORRIDOR

Anderson approaches a large wooden door with oversized metal hasps and a key lock with two buttons - one black, one red. She puts in her key, turns it, and presses the black button. There's a CLICK. She pulls open the door and enters the...

COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 01:25. A huge paper shredder sits alongside a KW-26 encryption machine. Anderson glares at a handwritten sign taped over its keyboard: "OUT OF ORDER."

OFFICE

BILLUPS, THE NIGHT DUTY OFFICER, is asleep, SNORING with his feet up on the desk. Anderson charges in. She KICKS his chair, startling him. He checks his watch.

ANDERSON

Wake up, Billups!

BILLUPS

What the hell you doing here?

ANDERSON

Never mind that! Wasn't our commo supposed to be repaired yesterday?!

BILLUPS

Hey, don't yell at me. Far as I know, we're still waiting for parts. Use the embassy's machine.

ANDERSON

Yeah, right. They'll be reading my cable in Dzerzhinsky Square a minute after it's sent.

She storms out.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT (EVENING)

Stock footage of the Washington Monument and Capitol Dome.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

CIA PERSONNEL exit through the gate, past the guard shack.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT (EVENING)

An agonized WARREN LATHAM is on the Gray phone taking notes.

LATHAM

Where'd they move to?... One Rue
Chernoviz, 16th district. Thanks.

He hangs up and presses a button on the intercom.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Yes?

LATHAM

See if Berard's still around. If he
is, tell him I'm on my way up.

BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD reads a CIA cable; his open satchel is on his
desk. Latham KNOCKS and enters.

BERARD

I was just about to call you.

LATHAM

Sir, before you start, I'd like to
request a few days off.

BERARD

Now that's a first.

LATHAM

Yes, well, Mandarin One can handle
things while I'm out.

BERARD

I'm sure he can. Have you spoken to
Stewart?

LATHAM

I wanted to clear it with you first.

BERARD

Hm, I won't even ask what's up with
you two. Where are you going?

LATHAM

Paris.

Berard does not react to this. Latham is antsy.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

If it's alright, I'd like to start
my leave tomorrow.

BERARD

Sit down, Warren.

Somewhat reluctantly, Latham takes a seat.

BERARD (CONT'D)

May I ask you a personal question?

Latham sighs. Clearly, he'd prefer that Berard not ask.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Does this have anything to do with
the child you had with Anne De?

LATHAM

Is that the latest gossip going
'round the water cooler?

BERARD

I have a reason for asking. Here.
(hands him the cable)
It's from the Paris station. Ronald
Blykher... Ring a bell?

LATHAM

The agronomist. Domestic Contact
Service referred him to us because
he's fluent in French and Russian.

BERARD

He's also a member of the Society of
Agronomy. They sent a delegation to
Moscow where they met up with their
Soviet counterparts. Both groups
will be leaving tomorrow for the
European Agricultural Symposium.

LATHAM

What does this have to do with me?

BERARD

While in Moscow Blykher met up with
Kelly Anderson, the Station #3, and
told her something he'd overheard.
With their commo still out, she
deemed it too sensitive to risk
sending it on an embassy cable.

(MORE)

BERARD (CONT'D)

So she placed an encoded call to the Paris station, asking them to request someone here who knows Blykher to meet with him at the symposium.

LATHAM

Which is in Paris, I take it.

BERARD

Yes. I was on the phone with Fields, the station #1. I mentioned you as a contact and he said you'd already been in touch with the station, asking them to put eyes on Anne De's father, Kao-Ly.

LATHAM

He won't even let me speak to Minh. I figured if I showed up there...

BERARD

And if Kao-Ly refused to see you?

LATHAM

I have a right to see my son.

BERARD

Warren, this isn't a battle you're likely to win. If you choose to fight it, you'll be exposed in open court as a CIA officer. Is that how you want to end your career? Or was an illegal operation to kidnap the boy going to be your legacy?

This strikes a nerve. Latham broods.

BERARD (CONT'D)

You can take your vacation. And while you're there, you can liaise with the station #2, Evelyn Murphy, and hear what Blykher has to say.

EXT. MOSCOW - "THE GREAT MOSKVORETSKY BRIDGE" - DAY (MORNING)

A BUS heading toward Red Square crosses the Moskva River. At the bridge's end a black Trabant sedan and an orange-and-blue GAZ-21 police car with its BLUE LIGHT WHIRLING block the roadway. Two dark-suited KGB AGENTS, #4 and #5, lean against the Trabant, while TWO POLICEMEN flag down the Bus.

INT. BUS

The Two KGB Agents step aboard. They walk past nervous passengers and confront a wary Anderson.

EXT. ROADWAY

The KGB Agents escort Anderson off the Bus. Agent #4 puts her in the back of the Trabant and sits beside her while Agent #5 gets behind the wheel. The Trabant and police car drive away.

EXT. PARIS, FRANCE - ORLY AIRPORT - DAY

Stock footage of a Pan Am DC-7 landing.

I/E. TAXI

Latham rides through the Trocadero district, just across the Seine River from the Eiffel Tower.

While on RUE DE PASSY, he sees gendarmes search the trunk of a car. Further along, at the corner of RUE CHERNOVIZ, they pass APARTMENT BUILDING #13 with shops on the ground floor and graffiti on its facade: "VIVE ARGOUD - OAS."

Finally, the taxi pulls up to "le Hôtel France Albion."

INT. LATHAM'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

An average two-star room. Latham finishes unpacking then picks up the phone. (The conversation begins in French.)

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Oui, puis-je vous aider?

LATHAM
Oui. Parlez vous anglais?

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Yes, sir. How may I help you?

LATHAM
Get me Chénier 2-5-7-8, please.

OPERATOR
One moment, sir.

The phone RINGS - and keeps ringing. Latham hangs up. There are three KNOCKS on the door. He looks through the peephole and opens the door. There stands attractive EVELYN MURPHY, 35.

MURPHY
Warren Latham?

He nods.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Evelyn Murphy.

LATHAM
I knew it couldn't be opportunity.

MURPHY

Because it only knocks once?

They smile knowingly. Latham is enrapt and gazes at her.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

(admonishing him)

The neighbors are gonna talk.

Abashed, Latham moves aside. She enters and he shuts the door.

LATHAM

How'd you recognize me?

MURPHY

Emerald City wired us your file photo.

LATHAM

Hm, that thing was taken ages ago.

MURPHY

(wryly)

I wondered why it was sepia tone.

LATHAM

(taken aback)

You the station comedienne?

MURPHY

No, its security officer.

She hands Latham her credentials: a U.S. Department of State, Office of Security Service photo ID.

LATHAM

How come you're using State's Office of Security bona fides?

MURPHY

The unwashed keep close tabs on diplomatic staff; they're all CIA to them. But Security - we're just dumb cops. So I get free rein here.

Latham is impressed and hands the ID back to her. She sits.

LATHAM

Something to drink?

(snaps his fingers)

Sorry, all I've got here is water.

MURPHY

Never touch the stuff.

Latham grins and pours himself a glass.

LATHAM

On my way in I saw the police searching a car. I also saw some graffiti: 'Vive Argoud - OAS.'

MURPHY

Antoine Argoud - he's a colonel in the OAS; he was arrested last week. Yesterday they blew up an Algerian cafe - retaliation for the Algerian National Liberation Front killing two gendarmes.

LATHAM

Why'd the FLN attack the police?

MURPHY

Most of the gendarmes served in Algeria where they attended the D.O.P. torture school.

LATHAM

D.O.P.?

MURPHY

'Les dispositifs opérationnels de protection': operational protection devices - intelligence by torture.

LATHAM

And they're using those techniques here in Paris?

Murphy nods. Latham sighs in disgust.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

With all the Algerians here, these streets are gonna get very bloody.

MURPHY

But that's not why you're here.

LATHAM

No. What's the latest on Blykher?

MURPHY

He's with the American delegation at the symposium. Before that they had breakfast at their hotel, the Saint Georges. Ever been there?

Latham shakes his head no. Murphy looks around derisively.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Too bad.

LATHAM

Why? What's wrong with this?

MURPHY

Nothing. I guess their parents give them a bigger allowance.

Latham is amused and sets down his glass. Murphy pulls an envelope from her handbag and hands it to him.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

You'd asked for eyes on Kao-Ly De.

Latham opens the envelope and reads the SITREP.

LATHAM

Hm, the Chinese have eyes on him.

MURPHY

And the Sûreté have eyes on them. So, besides your agricultural interests, why are you here?

LATHAM

I already told Fields.

MURPHY

And he told me. Look, I'm not trying to stir things up, but we have several Ops going on here. And he doesn't want them compromised because you're running around loose on some vague notion that a former Vietnamese emperor you turned might be on Red China's hit list.

The flirtation is over. Latham hides the SITREP in his suitcase.

LATHAM

You can tell Fields to relax. I'll be out of here in a couple of days.

He grabs his coat. Murphy also rises; she tries a softer tack.

MURPHY

Can I give you a lift?

LATHAM

Sure you wanna be seen with me?

MURPHY

Depends on where you're going.

LATHAM

The symposium.

MURPHY

Good - no one knows me there.

I/E. CITROEN 2CV AUTOMOBILE - DAY

Murphy drives Latham along RUE ANDRE ANTOINE. Traffic slows to a stop before the SAINT GEORGES HOTEL. Latham eyes it.

MURPHY

I can wait if you wanna run inside
and see what you're missing.

Latham throws her a sidelong glance. The traffic flows again.

EXT. ESPACE CHAMPERRET (CONVENTION CENTER) - DAY

The Citroen pulls into the parking lot. Overhead are "Welcome" signs in several languages. At the entrance crowds pass a sign that reads "Le 3e Symposium international sur l'agriculture."

INT. CONVENTION HALL

Dozens of booths display paraphernalia on plant breeding, rice farming, hydroponics, and agricultural insurance. Latham and Murphy enter and meander about, eyeing the crowd:

- A Caucasian man reading a brochure is bumped by a stunning Caucasian woman. She apologizes and a friendly conversation ensues.

- A Caucasian woman approaches a Black Man and shows him her program. He points to a far exit and they leave together.

LATHAM AND MURPHY

Come to the end of the room and stop by a display of three life-size plastic cows and a sign that reads "Milk Is Power."

MURPHY

Did you see Blykher?

LATHAM

No. You notice anything different
about this convention?

MURPHY

You mean other than these cows here?

LATHAM

It's a targeting operation. You see
those KGB swallows at work?

MURPHY

You know, it could be they're just
enjoying each other's company.

Latham is discomfited; he hadn't considered it. Murphy looks around and sees a sign. She brings it to Latham's attention.

LATHAM AND MURPHY'S P.O.V. - SIGN

"Séminaire sur la sécheresse météorologique, hydrologique et socio-économique. Conférencier: Maxine Querelle. Salle de réunion-A / Seminar on Meteorological, Hydrological and Socio-economic Drought. Speaker: Maxine Querelle. Meeting Room-A"

BACK TO SCENE

LATHAM

'Socioeconomic' drought?

MURPHY

Hey, Querelle's a communist.

They head toward...

MEETING ROOM-A

The audience is primarily African, Middle Eastern and Asian. The few Whites there stand out, sitting together at the back.

AT THE LECTERN

Stands brash, stentorian MAXINE QUERELLE. On a large screen beside her appear images matching her commentary: drought and haggard farmers, fertile fields and resplendent marketplaces. Querelle's strident lecture serves as BACKDROP to the action.

QUERELLE

L'objectif explicite du parti communiste français est de répondre aux sécheresses en améliorant la surveillance, la prévision, l'évaluation des risques et la communication. Nous cherchons également à supprimer l'influence des forces impérialistes qui limitent la mise en œuvre de routines agricoles progressives...

THE BACK OF MEETING ROOM-A

Is in shadow; a black curtain runs along the wall. A MAN runs a slide projector. Latham and Murphy peek through a break in the curtain.

QUERELLE (O.S.)

Maintenant, la sécheresse affecte plus de personnes que tout autre danger naturel, et pourtant elle est la plus complexe et la moins comprise.

(MORE)

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

Alors que les effets de la sécheresse les plus fréquemment rapportés sont liés à la diminution de la production agricole et de l'approvisionnement en eau, d'autres secteurs, comme le tourisme et la navigation fluviale, subissent également des effets négatifs. L'agriculture est l'un des secteurs les plus sensibles à la sécheresse.

(Translation: "The explicit goal of the French Communist Party is to respond to droughts by improving surveillance, forecasting, risk assessment and communication. We also seek to suppress the influence of imperialist forces that restrict the implementation of progressive agricultural routines. Now, drought affects more people than any other natural hazard, yet it is the most complex and least understood. While the most commonly reported drought impacts are related to diminished agricultural production and water supply, other sectors, such as tourism and river navigation, also experience negative impact. Agriculture is one of the most sensitive sectors that are prone to drought.")

LATHAM AND MURPHY

Speak sotto voce, overlapping Querelle's lecture.

LATHAM

Reminds me of my third-grade teacher.

MURPHY

Your teacher was a communist?

LATHAM

No, loud.

He spots Blykher.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Second row from the rear, aisle seat.

LATHAM AND MURPHY'S P.O.V. - BLYKHER

Sits with the American and Soviet delegations. Behind them are the two stolid KGB Agents who look around the room.

BACK TO SCENE

MURPHY

The U.S. delegation is sitting with the Soviets'.

LATHAM

Those two in the back row...

MURPHY

The DST says their entry visas identify them as translators.

LATHAM

Except they're not translating.

Latham backs away. Murphy follows him into the...

CORRIDOR

LATHAM

If I approach Blykher here, the KGB might move to snatch him.

MURPHY

Then I'd better get some help.

LATHAM

Alright, but just keep eyes on him. Last thing we want here's a damn shoot-out. I'll call in to the station later.

He turns to leave.

MURPHY

Where're you going?

LATHAM

To check on my 'vague notion.'

He leaves. Murphy scurries to a payphone.

ACT TWO

EXT. MOSCOW - DZERZHINSKY SQUARE - DAY

Stock footage of the notorious Lubyanka Prison Building.

INT. INTERROGATION CELL

Spare and windowless - with subway tile walls, a steel door and a single overhead light.

A tape recorder sits on a table. Beside it are the contents of Anderson's handbag: cosmetics, a few rubles and kopeks, her passport and a U.S. Department of State, Embassy Staff ID.

Anderson sits on one side of the table, KGB Agents #4 and #5 on the other. KGB Agent #4 stares down Anderson's scowl. KGB Agent #5 holds onto a manila envelope.

ANDERSON

I told you - I work at the American Embassy in the Consular Section.

KGB AGENT #4

But you are not a consular official, Miss Anderson. You are low-level administrative staff - a peon.

ANDERSON

Aren't we all.

KGB AGENT #4

Perhaps, but for you it means your consular immunity to violations of the Russian Penal Code is now at our discretion.

ANDERSON

What violations? I wanna know what I'm being charged with here.

KGB Agent #5 starts the tape recorder. Soon, the SOUNDS of a man and woman engaged in a tryst fill the cell.

KGB AGENT #5

Hotel Ukraine, room 322.

Anderson shrugs. KGB Agent #5 opens the manila envelope. He pulls out a grainy photo and lays it before Anderson - it's her and Blykher entering his hotel room.

KGB AGENT #5 (CONT'D)

You are being charged with violating Article 241 of the Russian criminal code: prostitution.

ANDERSON

That's bullshit.

KGB AGENT #4

And you are up to your neck in it.

EXT. ELEVATED SUBWAY LINE - PASSY STATION PLATFORM - DAY

With the Eiffel Tower in view, elegant apartment buildings abut the station. A train pulls in. Passengers alight, including...

LATHAM

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

RUE CHERNOVIZ

Latham gazes at the fifth floor of APARTMENT BUILDING #1 then looks down the street: it's a one-way with traffic facing him. He turns back and circles around this block-long street.

AT THE CORNER OF RUE DE PASSY AND RUE CHERNOVIZ

Is Apartment Building #13, on which "VIVE ARGOUD - OAS" has been graffitied.

LATHAM

Walks down rue Chernoviz. He passes Ecole de Garçons, a boys school across the street where a couple, GUY and ELISE, wait - ostensibly for their child. But no other parents are there.

Further ahead he passes an ASIAN MAN in a car, apparently reading a newspaper.

Nearing Apartment Building #1, Latham hears RAPID FOOTSTEPS. He stops and looks back. Across the street, Guy and Elise run past him onto rue Raynouard. Latham looks back up the street.

LATHAM'S P.O.V. - CORNER OF RUE CHERNOVIZ AND RUE DE PASSY

An AZURE BLUE STEP VAN is double-parked outside Apartment Building #13. The driver, PASCAL, carries a small PACKAGE to a shop, leaves it in the doorway and drives off on rue de Passy.

The SHOP OWNER - a portly, olive-skinned man - waddles out and picks up the package. He angrily waves a fist and YELLS INDISTINCTLY after the Step Van, then walks back inside.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham senses something is wrong and runs into the vestibule of Apartment Building #1 - just as the Package EXPLODES.

A moment of SHATTERING GLASS and CLANKING METAL gives way to a faint PURL of screams and hollow moans.

Latham steps out. Black smoke billows at the far end of the street, littered with debris and detritus, some of it human.

GUY (O.S.)
Ne bougez pas!

Latham turns around. He sees Elise and Guy with his gun drawn.

LATHAM
Hey, take it easy.

GUY
(switches to English)
I said, Don't move!

Elise handcuffs Latham.

LATHAM

What are you doing?

GUY

Shut up!

Guy pushes him onto...

RUE RAYNOUARD

Where the Step Van pulls up.

LATHAM

What the hell's going on?

Guy PUNCHES Latham in the kidneys, shoves him into the back of the Step Van and hops in after him. Elise gets in the passenger side and the Step Van pulls away.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY (MORNING)

The area is quiet, almost serene.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of teletype machines, ringing phones and indistinct chatter. DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk.

BILL NEALY passes by Stokes who is on his Red phone. Stokes looks up.

STOKES

Mr. Nealy!

Nealy approaches Stokes.

STOKES (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Right.

(hangs up; to Nealy)

Paris station reports Mr. Latham may have been taken into custody, possibly by the DST or the Sûreté.

NEALY

Either of them contact the station?

STOKES

No, which means either Mr. Latham hasn't asked them to-

PERCY

Or it's a forced disappearance.

NEALY

Let's hope not.

STOKES

Our eyes on the ground even think
it might be the OAS.

NEALY

Since when do they go around
kidnapping Westerners off the
street?

STOKES

I agree, but the uncertainty has
people grasping at straws.

NEALY

You tell Mandarin One yet?

STOKES

I'm about to do that right now.

NEALY

Okay, after you alert him tell the
third floor. Kensington's out but
ask Berard and mandarin One if they
can come to my office.

BILL NEALY'S OFFICE

Similar to Latham's Office. Nealy rewinds a tape recorder that
sits on his desk. Mandarin One, PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY, is already
there. Berard enters.

BERARD

You have something for me, Bill?

NEALY

This might be related to Warren's
disappearance. It's a call to one
of our proprietaries, a Dr. Herzog.
Our people use them to send FLASH
messages in open code when the
station commo's out or an embassy
cable would be inappropriate.

BAZZO

As in Moscow.

NEALY

Yes. In this case, the unwashed
hear it and think the embassy staff
are fed up with the poor quality of
the local health care.

He switches on the tape recorder. Berard sits; Bazzo stands.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Dr. Herzog's office.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hi, this is Martin Crenshaw.

NEALY
(quickly adds)
The Moscow station chief.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Sorry, I can hardly hear you.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
That's 'cause I'm calling from
Moscow!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Moscow? Oh, my goodness...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Yeah, sorry about the connection;
it's pretty late here. My name's
Martin Crenshaw; I live at 3330
River Drive in Chevy Chase. I'm a
patient of Dr. Herzog's but I'm
overseas now at the U.S. Embassy
here in Moscow. I lost a contact
lens and I was wondering if I could
get a replacement set sent to me.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
I'm sorry to here that. Do you have
your eyeglasses with you?

CRENSHAW/MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Yes.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
We could have the doctor send you a
prescription for some new contacts.

CRENSHAW (O.S.)
No, no. I can't even find a decent
pair of penny loafers here; I'm
certainly not going to trust them
to make me a new pair of contacts.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Yes, sir. I have your address and
I'll look up your prescription. All
we'll need is a method of payment.

CRENSHAW (O.S.)
Figures.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Sorry, I didn't get that.

CRENSHAW (O.S.)
Nothing. Look, send a telegram for
the amount to Moscow. They'll
deliver it to the embassy. I'll
wire you the funds.

Nealy stops the tape recorder and grabs his notes.

NEALY
'Penny Loafer' is the code name for
the Moscow station's #3, Kelly
Anderson. The reference to a lost
contact lens-

BERARD
Means the station's lost contact
with her - I got it. When did they
last hear from her?

NEALY
Last night - the reference, 'it's
pretty late here.' The question
about his eyeglasses meant was he
being monitored by the KGB.

BAZZO
And he answered yes.

NEALY
The KGB monitor the station from
the Fyodor Chalyapin house, which
is right next door. Not finding a
decent pair of penny loafers meant
the station checked the hospitals
and her apartment, but no luck.
Crenshaw also asked that HQ not
send anyone there.

He sits at his desk, his hands resting on a copy of *Izvestia*.

BAZZO
His refusal to have the prescription
wired to him?

NEALY
Yes. No sense provoking them.

BAZZO
Could she have been snatched by a
third party?

NEALY

I doubt it; there's been no ransom demand - Crenshaw's 'figures' comment followed by his 'nothing.'

BERARD

Anderson had the Paris station send us a cable on Ronald Blykher.

NEALY

Yes, I've read my copy.

BERARD

What's the connection with Warren?

NEALY

Today's Izvestia ran a page-one story on Moscow's recent crackdown on prostitution.

BAZZO

Hm, since when is that front-page news?

NEALY

When it's meant as a warning. The KGB will use this 'crackdown' as a pretext to arrest members of foreign Intel services - a warning to curb their actions.

BERARD

And Warren's role in this?

NEALY

If his was a forced disappearance, it may be because Anderson talked.

BERARD

(sighs heavily)

You think they'll ask for a swap?

NEALY

If he were in Moscow, yes. But Warren was on neutral ground. The KGB may want to send a message, in which case they'll kill him.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. SEVRAN, FRANCE - PUBLIC HOUSING PROJECT - DAY

A ghetto of vacant, trash-strewn lots surround apartment tower blocks. No one is outside. A QUONSET HUT sits at the edge of a lot beyond the farthest tower. The Step Van heads toward it.

INT. QUONSET HUT - DAY

Used to store maintenance equipment and bric-a-brac for the housing project. A Black, TEENAGE COUPLE are on a mattress making out. The Step Van pulls up O.S. They freeze.

The doorknob turns. (The conversation is in French.)

PASCAL (O.S.)
Attendez! C'est débloqué.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Wait! It's unlocked."

As the Teenagers scramble to cover up, the door opens. The GIRL SCREAMS; Pascal has a gun. He scoffs.

PASCAL (CONT'D)
Peux tu croire ce merde?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Can you believe this shit?"

GUY (O.S.)
Quelle?

PASCAL
Deux négros en ici caresser.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Two niggas in here making out."

TEENAGE BOY
Fous le camp d'ici!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Get the hell outta here!"

PASCAL
Non, vous sortez fous le camp d'ici.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No, you get the hell outta here."

Pascal aims his gun at the Teenage Boy. The Couple get up. Pascal steps in front of the pretty Teenage Girl.

PASCAL (CONT'D)
Vous voulez essayer de la viande
blanche?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You wanna try some white meat?"

She runs out. Incensed, the Teenage Boy glares at Pascal.

PASCAL (CONT'D)
Se perdre, nègro.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Get lost, nigga."

Pascal pushes the Youth out the Quonset Hut and laughs.

Guy pushes a hooded Latham inside. Elise follows, shutting the door.

ELISE
Nous allons devoir trouver un autre
endroit.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "We're gonna have to find another place."

Guy removes Latham's hood. Latham gasps for air. Elise sits and lays down her handbag. Guy hands her Latham's wallet and passport, then he and Pascal confront Latham. (They speak French-accented English.)

GUY
Stinks in here.
(sniffs Latham)
Hm, must be you.

He smirks. Elise reads aloud from Latham's credentials.

ELISE
John Newland, New York City...

LATHAM/NEWLAND
At least one of you can read.

Guy sharply backhands Latham across the face.

GUY
Watch your mouth, asshole!

LATHAM/NEWLAND
The last refuge of the incompetent.

Guy is at sea - but Elise looks at Latham curiously.

ELISE
Isaac Asimov on violence, right?

Latham nods and wipes a spot of blood off his lips.

GUY
Hm, the guy quotes a commie poet.

ELISE
Asimov's a writer and a scientist.

GUY
So what...

ELISE
He was born in Russia but he's an
American.

Guy scoffs and turns away. Elise holds up Latham's passport.

ELISE (CONT'D)

So, how many more of these do you have?

LATHAM/NEWLAND

I get by with just the one.

ELISE

Uh huh. So who sent you, Monsieur Newland from New York?

LATHAM/NEWLAND

No one sent me.

PASCAL

Then why were you hanging around rue Chernoviz?

LATHAM/NEWLAND

I sure as hell wasn't waiting to be kidnapped by a bunch of cheap thugs.

Latham's Abductors look at each other and smirk.

PASCAL

Cheap? By your standards maybe.

Guy grabs a discarded wooden table leg. He TAPS it in his palm as he circles Latham.

GUY

So, what were you doing there, huh? Checking up on us?

PASCAL

Must think money means he owns us.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

What the hell are you talking about?

GUY

Why were you on rue Chernoviz?!

LATHAM/NEWLAND

That's my business.

Guy SLAMS the table leg across Latham's thighs. Latham YELPS and crumples to the floor. Guy bends over him.

GUY

(smiles sickly)

You know, most people we bring here never walk out.

Guy SLAMS the table leg across Latham's back. Latham GRUNTS and writhes. Guy walks up to Elise; they share a smile.

ELISE

I used to ask him if he felt any remorse, Monsieur Newland. But I don't anymore.

PASCAL

And there's more to come.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

(struggling)

Sartre was wrong about you.

GUY

Now what's he on about?

ELISE

Jean-Paul Sartre, the writer.

GUY

God Almighty, another one?!

He raises the table leg. Latham curls up and covers his face.

ELISE

No, wait!

Guy holds off and stares incredulously at Elise.

GUY

For what?!

ELISE

I want to hear him.

GUY

Hear what - more of this bullshit?!

PASCAL

Let him talk, man! That's the point of all this, isn't it?

Guy THROWS the table leg to the floor. The man-child huffs and roves about the Quonset Hut, pouting. Elise leans forward.

ELISE

Go on, Monsieur Newland. What about Sartre?

LATHAM/NEWLAND

He said, 'Torture is neither civilian nor military, nor is it specifically French: it's a plague infecting our whole era.'

ELISE

And where was he wrong?

LATHAM/NEWLAND

When he said it wasn't French.

GUY

Aw, the hell with this!

He reaches for the table leg. The door KICKS OPEN. It's the...

TEENAGE BOY

This time with a revolver. He shoots Guy twice in the chest.

ON THE FLOOR

Latham watches as the Teenage Boy twice shoots Pascal who was reaching for his own pistol. Elise starts to run. He shoots her in the head and chest before she can reach the door.

The Teenage Boy turns to Latham and pulls the trigger. CLICK - no more bullets. He smirks and runs out the Hut.

LATHAM

Crawls toward Elise's handbag. He opens it and dumps its contents: coins, a compact, a house key and a handcuffs key. He picks up the handcuffs key and unlocks his cuffs.

He gathers his wallet and passport and crawls to Pascal. He rifles through the man's pockets and finds the keys to the Step Van. He stumbles to his feet and limps outside.

EXT. QUONSET HUT

As Latham exits he sees a small young BLACK CHILD a few yards away in the lot, playing with a toy truck. The Child looks up and smiles at him. Latham is numb - he doesn't know how to respond. He gets into the Step Van and drives away.

EXT. BONDY, FRANCE - THE A3 MOTORWAY - DAY

The Step Van flows with the heavy traffic.

I/E. STEP VAN

Latham drives. A POLICE CAR approaches on the opposite lanes. As it passes, its BLUE LIGHT comes on and its siren BLARES.

THE A3 MOTORWAY - OPPOSITE LANES

The Police Car immediately veers toward an exit ramp.

I/E. STEP VAN

Latham pulls into the right lane. He hears a FAINT POLICE SIREN. He checks his rearview- and outside mirrors.

Several cars back, a police car weaves its way through the maze of vehicles, it's BLUE LIGHT FLASHING.

LATHAM

Grows wary - an exit ramp is within sight. He veers onto the shoulder, passing graffitied side rails and noise bafflers. Annoyed motorists gesture inappropriately. Latham takes the exit ramp for...

NOISY-LE-SEC - RUE DE L'AVENIR

Latham drives into an ALGERIAN COMMUNITY. Men stroll or gather to chat. Some wear European garb; others, the 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. THE STEP VAN

Rolls past a shop, "MUSTAFA BRIAND / Lunettes de vue - Hommes - Femmes - Enfants" with a silhouetted male sporting sunglasses.

Next, it passes "NAZAR MARKET / PRODUITS ALGÉRIEN - ORIENTAUX & BOUCHERIE," where fruits and vegetables are stacked outside. Above them are photos of various meats. A little Algerian boy, SAMI, stands in the doorway.

Latham parks in front of...

NAZAR MARKET

Sami looks worriedly at the Step Van and runs inside. His father, BASEM NAZAR, returns and warily eyes the Step Van.

LATHAM

Winces as he steps out the Van. He arches his back, leans over to massage his thighs, then hobbles up to Basem. (They speak French.)

BASEM

Puis-je vous aider?

LATHAM

Existe-t-il un téléphone public à proximité?

BASEM

(switches to English)

Not close enough for you to get to.
You're welcome to use my telephone.
Come on inside.

Latham is curious. He follows Basem inside the Market.

INT. NAZAR MARKET - DAY

Traditional food products dominate the shelves. Sami peeks from behind the counter.

BASEM
(in French)
Sami, viens ici.

Sami edges his way to Basem's side and hugs his father's leg. Basem tousles the boy's hair.

LATHAM
Sorry if I frightened him.

BASEM
It's alright. He didn't know you were an American.

LATHAM
How did you know?

BASEM
Your attempt at a French accent.

Latham grins sheepishly. Sami giggles.

BASEM (CONT'D)
My name is Basem - Basem Nazar.
This is my son, Sami.

LATHAM
John Newland.

Basem looks at Latham curiously as they shake hands.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Your English is excellent, Basem.

BASEM
Everyone learns it in school; the same place you learned French. But that's not why Sami was afraid.
(to Sami)
Go in the back and play, Sami.

Sami runs into the BACK ROOM.

BASEM (CONT'D)
If you don't mind me asking, what's wrong with your legs?

LATHAM/NEWLAND
Someone hit me with a table leg.

BASEM

That's some company you keep. How bad is it?

LATHAM/NEWLAND

Just bruised... I think.

BASEM

Hmm, I have something for that.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

That's okay; it's not necessary.

BASEM

I know it isn't. Hamida!

HAMIDA, a lovely young woman wearing a karakou, comes out the Back Room and crosses to the counter.

BASEM (CONT'D)

My wife, Mr. Newland.

(to Hamida)

This is John Newland. He's been in an accident; his legs are bruised. Could you warm up some Castor oil and a hot towel, please?

HAMIDA

Surely. It won't take more than a few minutes, Mr. Newland.

BASEM

Let's go in the back and sit down.

Basem and Latham follow Hamida into the...

BACK ROOM

They leave their shoes at the door and put on slippers.

A hot plate, cupboard, loveseat, lamp, telephone and chair rim bare floor and prayer rugs. Curtains hide a changing area.

Hamida pours Castor oil into a pot and sets it on the hot plate, while Sami plays with small wooden replicas of construction equipment - a dump truck, backhoe and a crane.

BASEM

Have a seat, Mr. Newland.

He and Latham both sit.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

Please, call me, John.

BASEM

John...

LATHAM/NEWLAND

Do you live back here?

BASEM

No, in the apartment over the store. Two years ago I was visiting my uncle in New York. I was watching television one evening and saw this program entitled 'One Step Beyond.' Ever heard of it?

LATHAM/NEWLAND

Sorry, I don't watch much TV.

BASEM

Too bad. The host of the program was named John Newland.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

Hm, there's a coincidence.

BASEM

Yes, much like the show itself. Every episode I saw had some odd occurrence or strange coincidence, supposedly all true.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

(changes the subject)

You were saying something about Sami being frightened...

BASEM

He thought you were 'Service d'Action Civique' - Action Service.

This terrifies Hamida as she soaks two towels into the warm Castor oil.

BASEM (CONT'D)

They come here and beat people, torture them... Saying they're looking for members of the FLN.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

The FLN?

BASEM

Algerian National Liberation Front.

Latham shrugs, feigning ignorance.

BASEM (CONT'D)

A constitutionally-elected party
leading the fight for Algeria's
independence from French rule.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

Oh...

BASEM

Some of the men Action Service took
away were later found murdered and
mutilated.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

Why don't the police intervene?

BASEM

Some of them are the police; the
rest are thugs. Do you know in
Algeria Muslims make up 90% of the
population and pay 70% of it's
taxes? In France we are teachers,
doctors, lawyers, business owners.
Yet we are treated like second-
class citizens, much the same way I
saw Black people treated when I was
in America.

Hamida finishes wringing out the towels and nods to Basem.

BASEM (CONT'D)

Your treatment is ready, John.

He goes behind the curtains and returns with a bath robe.

BASEM (CONT'D)

You can change behind the curtains.
There's a divan back there. Wrap
the towels around your legs and lie
down. In a short while you should
feel much better. Afterwards, you
can make your call.

He hands Latham the robe; Hamida hands Latham the towels.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

This is very nice of you. Thank you.

BASEM

May I have the key to your truck.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

My key?

BASEM

When Action Service comes around,
they drive the same type of van you
drive - even the same color. I'm
going to move it where it won't
upset anyone.

Latham hands him the key. Basem checks his watch.

BASEM (CONT'D)

My family will be engaged in prayer
now. I'll join them when I return.
I apologize if we disturb you.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

Please, I'm the one who should
apologize for disturbing you.

Basem smiles and leaves. As Latham goes behind the curtains,
Hamida and Sami kneel on the prayer rugs and start to pray.

ACT THREE

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

CIA personnel trickle through Gate #1 into the compound.

INT. NEALY'S OFFICE - DAY

The 24-hour wall clock reads 12:55. Nealy watches his
portable TV set as a daily news program starts. (In 1960, the
newscast "NBC News Update" ran at 12:55 every weekday.)

INSERT ON TELEVISION SET: A black and white news broadcast,
featuring a lone ANCHORMAN.

The broadcast serves as background PURL to the action.

TV ANCHORMAN

Good afternoon. The Soviet Union
announced that it has successfully
tested an intercontinental
ballistic missile capable of
reaching any part of the world...

There is a KNOCK on the door.

NEALY

Come in.

NEALY'S AIDE-DE-CAMP enters holding a cable.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Yes?

NEALY'S AIDE-DE-CAMP
From State's Office of Security.

He hands Nealy the cable. Nealy nods toward the TV set.

NEALY
Lower that, please.

His Aide-de-camp lowers the volume. Nealy reads the cable.

TV ANCHORMAN
This prompted a strong rebuke from
Massachusetts Senator John F.
Kennedy, the Democratic challenger
for the presidency, who charged
that the outgoing Eisenhower
administration has allowed a
dangerous 'missile gap' to develop
between the United States and the
Soviet Union.

NEALY
'...Will expel Consular Deputy
Cornell Waring and Consular Staff
Kelly Anderson for conduct
detrimental to the welfare of the
USSR.'

NEALY'S AIDE-DE-CAMP
I understand kicking Anderson out -
but why Waring? He's not a spook.

NEALY
It seems they can't figure out
who's a spook and who isn't.

NEALY'S AIDE-DE-CAMP
Proves Anderson didn't talk.

Nealy lowers the cable and looks at his Aide-de-camp.

NEALY
Or she didn't say what they wanted
to hear. Either way, it leaves us
in a quandary.

NEALY'S AIDE-DE-CAMP
How so?

NEALY
If it wasn't the KGB who snatched
Latham, then who did?

EXT. RUE DE L'AVENIR - NAZAR MARKET - DAY

People pick through the fresh produce and bring it inside.

INT. NAZAR MARKET

Hamida chats with customers in Arabic. Sami reads behind the counter. An older woman fusses over him, tousling his hair.

BACK ROOM - BEHIND THE CURTAINS

Latham slowly awakens. He HEARS two voices, Basem and another man, FARID, speaking Arabic. The voices grow louder. Latham closes his eyes and feigns sleep.

BASEM (O.S.)
'Iidha astayqaza, sa'aqul lah
'annak tabibun.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "If he wakes up, I'll tell him you're a doctor."

BACK ROOM

Basem slightly parts the curtains: Latham lies "asleep" on the divan. Farid looks at Latham. They step back to the door, leaving the curtains askew. Latham peeks at them through the curtains. (They speak softly in Arabic.)

FARID
La, lm 'ar hdha alrrajul min qabl.
Wahu lays mae maktab wikalat
almukhabarat almarkaziat fi baris.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No, I've never seen him before. He's not with the CIA office in Paris."

BASEM
Yasmi nafsih John Newland.
Yatahaddath alfaransiat mae lahjat
'amrikiatin.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "He calls himself John Newland. He speaks French with an American accent."

FARID
Maqarr wikalat almukhabarat
almarkaziat fi Washintn?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "CIA headquarters in Washington?"

BASEM
Yumkun... Limadha "alkhidmat
almadania" nurid 'an yadurr hdha
alrjl?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Maybe... Why would "Service d'Action Civique" want to hurt him?"

Farid shrugs. Latham MOANS softly O.S.

BASEM (CONT'D)
Adhhab qabl 'an yarak. Tukhbir
alrrijal alakharin bimughadarat
hdha alrrajul wahduh.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Go before he sees you. Tell the others
to leave him be."

Farid nods and leaves. Basem opens the curtains. He gently
grasps Latham's shoulder.

BASEM (CONT'D)
Did you have a good nap, John?

Latham looks at Basem curiously.

LATHAM/NEWLAND
How long was I asleep?

BASEM
A couple of hours maybe. I think
you needed the rest.

Latham sits up.

BASEM (CONT'D)
How do your legs feel?

LATHAM/NEWLAND
(surprised)
Fine, actually.

BASEM
Good. I'll give you some privacy so
you can make your telephone call.

He leaves. Latham gets up and crosses to the telephone.

IN THE STORE

Basem and Hamida tend to the customers. Latham exits the Back
Room. Basem excuses himself and crosses to Latham.

BASEM
Is everything okay?

LATHAM/NEWLAND
Yes. Where did you park the van?

BASEM
John, I suggest you leave it here
and take the bus into Paris. It
stops at the corner, to your right
as you leave the store.

Latham looks at him curiously. Basem is now grimly serious.

BASEM (CONT'D)
Believe me, it will be safer for
you in the long run.

Latham grows wary.

BASEM (CONT'D)
Do you need money for the fare?

LATHAM/NEWLAND
(feels for his wallet)
No, I'm good. Thank you.

BASEM
Then good luck to you.
(in Arabic)
Adhhab fi salam ya sadiqi.

Latham is at sea; he doesn't understand Arabic. Basem smiles.

BASEM (CONT'D)
Go in peace, my friend.

They shake hands. As Latham leaves, Hamida and Sami smile and wave goodbye.

I/E. BUS - NIGHT (EVENING)

The Bus travels along the A3 Motorway. Latham sits by a window. He looks at his watch, 7:30, then looks out the window, abstracted.

INT. LATHAM'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room light is on. Latham now wears dark suit pants and a white shirt; his suit jacket lies across the bed.

There's a KNOCK on the door. He opens it - Murphy is there. She enters, wearing a dark business suit with white shirt. She carries a bottle of wine in a paper bag. Latham closes the door. They gaze at each other for a moment and smile.

MURPHY
It's good to see you.

LATHAM
You, too.

Murphy eyes Latham's clothes.

MURPHY
Were you going out?

LATHAM
No, my other clothes are being
cleaned.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)
(eyes her)
You just come from the station?

MURPHY
Uh huh.
(takes a bottle of
champagne from the bag)
I thought we might celebrate.

LATHAM
I don't usually drink.

MURPHY
But you'll make an exception this
one time? A small one?

Latham smiles and takes the bottle from her. He sets it on the table, near the end by the wall - away from the window. Murphy moves in on Latham and gives him a warm kiss.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
I have to make a pit stop.

She reaches into her purse and pulls out a Swiss Army Knife. Murphy lays the knife on the table at the opposite end from the bottle - right in front of the window.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Open it and pour us a glass.

She smiles and goes into the bathroom.

LATHAM

Goes to the end of the table where the champagne bottle sits. His eyes scan from the bottle to the Swiss Army Knife, then to the window and back. From his vantage point Latham has a partial view of the low roofs across the street.

Now suspicious, he backs away and goes beside his bed where there's a light switch on the wall. He flips the switch - off go the room lights.

LATHAM'S HOTEL ROOM

Ambient light shines through the window. After a moment the toilet FLUSHES O.S. Murphy leaves the bathroom and stops.

MURPHY
You turned off the lights.

LATHAM
You don't mind, do you?

MURPHY
No, not at all. You open the wine?

LATHAM

No, I sprained my wrist grabbing an elevator door earlier. You mind doing the honors?

No response. Murphy doesn't move.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I can still hold a glass.

Murphy suddenly RUNS for the door. Latham grabs her.

MURPHY

Let go of me!

Latham throws her onto the bed. Murphy struggles fiercely.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Get off! Get off me, dammit!

LATHAM

Shut up!

Latham puts a knee on Murphy's back; her face is half-buried in a pillow. He grabs her purse and takes out a 9mm Beretta. He shoves the gun against her temple.

MURPHY

(scoffs)

You're not gonna use it.

Enraged, Latham forces her head into the pillow. He grabs another one and presses it down over her head.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

No! Oh God-

Her SCREAMS are muffled. Latham suddenly realizes what he's doing and pulls off the pillow. Murphy COUGHS and GASPS for breath as she rolls onto her back.

LATHAM

(breathing heavily)

I wondered how your thugs knew I was with the Agency. But then I remembered that call you made at the convention.

Murphy still gasps for breath.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

So why are you involved in this little war against the Algerians?

MURPHY

You don't know what's going on here.

LATHAM

No, I don't. Like you said, you're running several Ops here. And one of them was a hit on me.

MURPHY

If that was true, I should've asked for my money back.

LATHAM

Too late for that - they're dead.

Murphy is shocked. Latham removes the magazine from the Beretta and pockets it. He then sits on the edge of the bed. Murphy sits up.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You were so worried I'd learn de Gaulle wasn't Action Service's only paymaster. You're funding them too.

MURPHY

They're the only ones here fighting the Communists.

LATHAM

How - by torturing and killing Algerian immigrants?

MURPHY

Oh, come off it! Who do you think supports the FLN, huh? The Kremlin.

LATHAM

You know, I've met some of the people Action Service has been targeting. They're as middle-class as you are - with better morals.

MURPHY

Spare me your sanctimonious bullshit.

LATHAM

You don't get it, do you? It's colonialism that's driving the Algerians into the Soviet camp.

MURPHY

Look, I'm not interested in your fuzzy-headed liberalism either. What Action Service has done is draw a line in the sand.

LATHAM

Uh huh. On which side of that line were you standing when you decided to have me killed?

MURPHY

I couldn't risk you blowing the Op!

LATHAM

So you try it again?!

MURPHY

That was Action Service! They said you're collaborating with the FLN.

LATHAM

Hm, talk about bullshit...

MURPHY

Yeah, well I don't wanna hear any more of yours.

Now defiant, she stands up and straightens her clothes.

LATHAM

You're insane. Don't you see that all you've done here is redefine who the enemy is?

MURPHY

I'll tell you what I see... I see someone who's head is way too far up his ass. You came here to settle some score or other having to do with your kid. So get on with it and go home! I have work to do.

She snatches her gun from Latham, puts it in her purse, and leaves in a huff.

EXT. LE HOTEL FRANCE ALBION - NIGHT

The street is very brightly lit. The HOTEL FRANCE ALBION DOORMAN hails a taxi. As Murphy waits by the curb, Latham runs from the Hotel up to her.

LATHAM

You forgot something.

RUE NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE - YARDS FROM THE HOTEL

Farid and a COHORT, the driver, wait in a Simca automobile.

INT. SIMCA

They watch Murphy grab her Swiss Army Knife from Latham.

EXT. LE HOTEL FRANCE ALBION

A taxi pulls up; Murphy gets inside.

RUE NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE

The taxi gradually pulls into heavy traffic. The Simca slowly follows, passing the hotel where, at the front door, stands...

LATHAM

He sees Farid sitting in the passenger seat.

EXT. SAINT GEORGES HOTEL - NIGHT

Stock footage of this magnificent hotel.

INT. SAINT GEORGES HOTEL - LOBBY

Opulent, befitting a five-star hotel. Latham walks to a bank of house telephones and picks up the handset on one.

LOBBY - ELEVATOR BANK - LATER

The doors to elevator #1 open; Blykher exits.

BLYKHER

Walks to the newsstand and buys a copy of the *International Herald-Tribune*. He heads back to the elevators where Latham now waits. They do not acknowledge each other.

The doors to elevator #2 open. Blykher and Latham step inside the empty car. The doors close.

EXT. SAINT GEORGES HOTEL - DAY (MORNING)

Blykher and his two fellow American agronomists leave the hotel, baggage in tow.

U.S. AGRONOMIST #1
What time's our flight?

BLYKHER
In three hours. Relax.

A TAXI waits. As they pile their luggage into the trunk, they hear a faint SING-SONG SIREN gradually grow louder. The agronomists pile into the taxi; Blykher gets in on the driver's side. There's a SCREECH of tires O.S.

RUE ANDRE ANTOINE

A police car - BLUE LIGHT FLASHING, SIREN BLARING - chases a Sedan.

SAINT GEORGES HOTEL

As the Taxi pulls away from the hotel, the Sedan CRASHES into the driver's side at full speed. The police car SKIDS, CRASHING into a parked car.

A crowd gathers as other SIRENS grow louder O.S.

EXT. RUE DE L'AVENIR - NAZAR MARKET - DAY (MORNING)

A taxi pulls up. Latham alights and enters the store.

INT. NAZAR MARKET - DAY

Hamida sees Latham. She smiles. Basem tends to a customer and waves at Latham.

HAMIDA

Nice to see you, Mr. Newland.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

It's good to see you too, Hamida.

Excusing himself, Basem leaves his customer and walks up to Latham. They shake hands warmly.

BASEM

You look well, John.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

Thanks to you two. Can we talk for a moment?

BASEM

Sure, come on in back.

While Hamida tends to the customer, the two men go into the...

BACK ROOM

Basem and Latham sit.

BASEM

How can I help you?

LATHAM/NEWLAND

Last night a friend of mine visited me at my hotel. I called her this morning and I was told she didn't show up for work.

BASEM

I'm sorry, but I don't understand why you have come to me with this.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

The doorman thought he saw some men follow her, possibly Algerian. Given the conflict between your community and the police, I wanted to avoid inciting them - I mean, this may turn out to be only a rumor. So I was hoping you'd ask around and see if anyone's heard anything.

BASEM

Would you like some halal wine?

LATHAM/NEWLAND

No, thanks.

Basem pours himself a glass and sips it.

BASEM

I won't say that there are no criminals in our community, John. But I doubt even they would resort to kidnapping an American. I'm assuming that she's American.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

She is.

BASEM

On the other hand, if she were involved with groups that unfairly target the Algerian community...

LATHAM/NEWLAND

Like Action Service?

BASEM

Like Action Service... Then I can imagine that some members of our community might very much want to speak with her - especially someone who has lost a son...

(pointedly)

Or a brother.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

An eye for an eye, Basem?

BASEM

Haven't you read the Bible? 'If there is harm, then you shall pay life for life, eye for eye, burn for burn, wound for wound.' Exodus 21, verses 23 through 25.

LATHAM/NEWLAND

The Bible also says, 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.' Matthew five, verses 38 through 42.

(sighs and stands)

Sartre was right.

BASEM

Sartre? What do you mean?

LATHAM/NEWLAND

Nothing. Take care, Basem.

BASEM

You too... John.

Latham leaves.

EXT. VNUKOVO AIRPORT - DAY

Two RUSSIAN MILITARY OFFICERS and two haggard U.S. State Dept. SECURITY MEN, escort a fatigued Anderson and RUSSELL WARING, 55, aboard a waiting Aeroflot Tupolev Tu-114 turboprop plane.

VNUKOVO AIRPORT - RUNWAY

Stock footage of an Aeroflot Tu-114 taking off.

INT. AEROFLOT TUPOLEV TU-114 - CABIN - DAY

Anderson and Waring fly first class. Behind them sit the two State Dept. Security Officers. While Waring stews, Anderson looks out the window. She sees an expanse of forest.

A stewardess stops by, order pad in hand.

STEWARDESS

Something to drink?

WARING

Scotch and soda.

STEWARDESS

Miss?

ANDERSON

A martini, please. Um, could you tell me - are we flying east?

STEWARDESS

Yes.

ANDERSON

But New York's west, going over the Atlantic.

STEWARDESS

New York is our final destination. But this is a Far East flight, with stopovers in Omsk, Singapore, Tokyo and Seoul.

ANDERSON

Sorry, I must've missed your departure announcement.

STEWARDESS

That's okay. Excuse me.
(to the Security Officers)
Gentlemen, what will you have?

WARING

(overlapping to Anderson)
What do you care which way we go?
Long as we get out of this goddamn country.

EXT. ZHUKOVSKY, RUSSIA - MISSILE LAUNCH SITE - DAY

INSERT: "Zhukovsky, Russia - 571st Missile Regiment"

Stock footage of a silo, opening to reveal a Soviet SS-12 training missile.

INT. MISSILE CONTROL CENTER

INSERT: "Training Missile Test"

Stock footage of pensive TECHNICIANS monitoring their equipment.

LAUNCH COMMAND DESK

A small monitor is dwarfed by drab yellow instrument boards sporting dozens of lights, push buttons and a launch key.

The LAUNCH OFFICER wears a headset; he has his hands on the launch key (speaks Russian).

LAUNCH OFFICER

Gotov k zapusku uchebnykh raket v
pyat', chetyre, tri, dva, odin -
ogon'.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Ready for launch of training missile in five, four, three, two, one - fire."

The Launch Officer turns the launch key.

EXT. MISSILE SILO

Stock footage of an SS-12 missile slowly rising. It pauses - its engines fire, rapidly thrusting it skyward.

MISSILE CONTROL CENTER - LAUNCH COMMAND DESK

The Launch Officer monitors his equipment; he's pleased.

LAUNCH OFFICER
Nasha obucheniye ptitsa nakhoditsya
v vozdukhe.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Our training bird is in the air."

FOUR MILES OVER ZHUKOVSKY

The Aeroflot Tupolev Tu-114 soars.

INT. AEROFLOT TUPOLEV TU-114 - CABIN

Anderson looks out her window. Something catches her eye - the fast-approaching SS-12 training missile.

ANDERSON
What the hell is that?

EXT. AEROFLOT TUPOLEV TU-114

The missile STRIKES the plane, shearing off a wing. The plane hurtles nose-down to the ground, EXPLODING upon impact.

LAUNCH COMMAND DESK

The Launch Officer is in shock and disbelief.

LAUNCH OFFICER
Ya poteryal kontrol' nad uchebnoy
raketoy. Povtoreniye, ya poteryal
kontrol' nad uchebnoy raketoy.
Pokhozhe, on vzorvalsya ili
vrezalsya v samolet.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I've lost track of the training missile. Repeat, I've lost track of the training missile. It appears to have exploded or crashed into an aircraft."

The Launch Officer drops his head into his hands.

EXT. CORNER OF RUE CHERNOVIZ AND RUE RAYNOUARD - DAY

Metal barricades block the entrance to rue Chernoviz. GENDARMES stand at either end of them, checking the identity cards of anyone attempting to enter the street or the corner apartment buildings.

Latham approaches GENDARME #1, standing near the entrance to Apartment Building #1.

GENDARME #1
(in French)
Votre carte d'identité, s'il vous
plaît.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Your identity card, please."

LATHAM
No, I don't live here. I'm from the
United States. I'm visiting my son.
He lives here.

He points to Apartment Building #1.

GENDARME #1
(switches to English)
I'm sorry, residents only.

LATHAM
Please, I've come a long way just
to see him.

GENDARME #1
Monsieur, c'est une scène de crime -
um, this is a crime scene. You are
not allowed in here. I'm sorry.

LATHAM

Walks back up rue Raynouard. He turns around and gazes at the fifth floor of Apartment Building #1. He looks defeated.

Continuing along rue Raynouard, Latham retraces his steps back to the Metro station.

END