

FADE UP FROM BLACKNESS:

CAPTION: NOVEMBER 9, 1989

EXT. WEST BERLIN TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Two MEN stand in the tenebrous light of a train platform. One man always remains in the shadows. The other is DAVID PERCEVAL; remember his name.

PERCEVAL

Well, old boy. That's it for us.
We're obsolete. But I'm glad to
see you here...

In the distance.

WE SEE: in the distance, the cobblestone streets are with a group of WEST GERMANS carrying sledgehammers and pickaxes.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

...tonight of all nights, when the
ramparts of tyranny fall to the
history books. Look at them all.
We'll watch as they taste freedom.

Perceval looks towards the crowds in the distance, his voice quiet and thoughtful.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

And what do we have to show for
it? A few bloody noses and
scrapped knees.

The other man remains silent and in the half-light of the platform.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

Some say there will be no more
secrets from now on. But you and I
both know that's not true... The
world is run on secrets.

Perceval starts to turn towards the silent man.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

Don't worry... I won't tell if you
won't.

Perceval turns slowly and is engulfed in a bright halo from a muzzle FLASH!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WE HEAR: A gunshot ECHO out against the brick walls of the train station.

Silence. On this cold November night and after four decades of fear, the Berlin wall is crumbling down.

TITLES: THE COLDEST CITY

EXT. FARNBOROUGH AIRPORT-ENGLAND

CAPTION: NOVEMBER 11, 1989

It's raining in England. It's always raining. LORRAINE BROUGHTON steps off a private plane.

Two MEN with military haircuts and Bond Street suits wait at the bottom of the plane's steps. One holds a black umbrella which Broughton ducks under. They walk in silence across the hardstand toward an idling government town car.

INT. TOWN CAR

In the backseat, Broughton sits between the clean-cut men. Not a word is spoken. They drive through the morning traffic towards the centre of London.

EXT. CENTURY HOUSE

Just across the Westminster Bridge sits a limestone and glass post-modern fortress. This is the British Headquarters of MI6.

INT. CENTURY HOUSE

The "BIN" is a sterile ISOFAC (Isolation Facility) for the debriefing of operatives returning to England. Broughton, sitting at the table, opens a pack of Woodbine cigarettes.

Entering the room is Mr. GRAY, mid-sixties, and capable as men half his age.

GRAY

Good morning.

BROUGHTON

Is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAY

Sorry to bring you in on Saturday.
How was your flight?

BROUGHTON

Uncomfortable.

Gray moves across the room as Broughton lights an
unfiltered Woodbine.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

Is something wrong, Sir?

GRAY

You tell me.

BROUGHTON

Why am I in the bin? I was going
to type up my report on Monday.

Gray pulls a chair out, but remains standing.

GRAY

Given the scale of recent world
events, I need to hear it directly
from you without delay.

BROUGHTON

I understand.

Gray sits directly across from her and squares his
shoulders to the table.

GRAY

Perceval's funeral is next Friday.

BROUGHTON

Family?

GRAY

A wife of over thirty years and
two grown children.

BROUGHTON

He didn't seem like the type.

GRAY

What type is that?

BROUGHTON

Content.

GRAY

Were you present when Perceval was
killed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Broughton takes a deep drag off her cigarette and exhales. The smoke hangs for a moment between them and then Broughton looks straight into Gray's eyes.

BROUGHTON

No.

Gray reaches forward to a NAGRA III reel-to-reel recording unit that rests on the desk. He CLICKS the recording dial, then looks at his wristwatch.

GRAY

Under formal direction of the Joint Intelligence Committee, the following will serve as a operational archive for Her Majesty's Military Intelligence Section 6. Recorded on the 11th of November 1989. The voices of record are one Senior Directorate Officer Eric Gray and Operational Officer Lorraine Broughton.

Gray leans forward and begins the interview.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Fourteen days ago.

BROUGHTON

Fifteen to be exact.

Gray nods.

GRAY

I stand corrected, fifteen days... and shall we start from the beginning.

INT. CENTURY HOUSE-GRAY'S OFFICE

CAPTION: OCTOBER 28, 1989

The office is a pale government green. Gray and a MAN known only as "C" sits with his hands folded on his lap. No one stands as Broughton enters the office.

GRAY

Ah, Lorraine. Sorry to pull you in on short notice.

BROUGHTON

It's fine, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAY

You know C, of course.

Broughton looks to the emotionless man who remains seated in a straight back chair.

BROUGHTON

Yes, of course.

C

Sit down, Broughton.

Broughton sits.

GRAY

I'll get straight to the point.
How well do you know BER-2, James
Gascoine?

BROUGHTON

Enough to say hello, but we don't
move in the same circles.

GRAY

At the moment... The only thing
Gascoine is circling is a drain.

BROUGHTON

When?

GRAY

Wednesday, BER-1 messaged that
Gascione was incommunicado. Last
night the Jerries fished his body
out of the Spree River.

BROUGHTON

Could it have been an accident?

C

There are NO accidents in our line
of work, Ms. Broughton.

GRAY

West German corner found a 9x18mm
PM at the base of his skull.

BROUGHTON

That's a Soviet round.

Gray sets down a black-and-white photo.

WE SEE: an average looking MAN in a Soviet Military
Uniform.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRAY

BER-1's sources point to Yuri Bakhtin, a known KGB officer who was in Berlin, but left the day after Gascione's death, to return to Moscow.

BROUGHTON

Am I to chase Bakhtin down in Moscow?

C

No point, Bakhtin never arrived.

Gray picks up the photo and scans the documents within a TS (Top Secret) folder stamped "UK eyes only."

GRAY

So either BER-1 is mistaken, or Bakhtin pulled a switch and is now lost to us.

BROUGHTON

Is Bakhtin our primary consideration?

Broughton pulls out her pack of Woodbine cigarettes.

GRAY

No... Gascione was running an agent codenamed SPYGLASS, a Stasi officer. Spyglass had just given him a real shepherd's pie.

BROUGHTON

As in?

Broughton lights her cigarette.

GRAY

A list. Gascione was delivering it to us when he was assassinated. No documents other than his passport were found on his body.

BROUGHTON

I can assume the list was sensitive?

C

One could say that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRAY

Spyglass claimed it was an inventory of the names and grid-cords of every clandestine officer.

Broughton lowers her cigarette as a thin ribbon of smoke curls up towards the low ceiling.

BROUGHTON

Pardon me.

GRAY

Retired and active.

Broughton looks at both men.

BROUGHTON

Is that even possible?

C

The real question must be, is it wise to hope it's not possible instead of proving it is or isn't?

There is a moment of silence in the room. A challenge has just been laid down.

GRAY

We're told it was a complete. Everyone. Yanks, Frogs, us, the Soviets, even some Finns and Italians.

C

The list is the whole goddamned chess board.

BROUGHTON

Whoever controls that list controls the Cold War.

C

And every war after for sometime.

Broughton exhales smoke from her lungs and hardens to the truth of this knowledge.

GRAY

Berlin's sitting on a short fuse.

BROUGHTON

I've never even been to Berlin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

C

We know.

GRAY

Bloody Gorbachev and his glasnost nonsense have people afraid of their own shadows. The wall won't last much longer. David thinks it might even fall before Christmas.

BROUGHTON

David, Sir?

GRAY

David Perceval, our BER-1. He is one of a half-dozen confirmed Allied officers still in the city. We assume there are at least triple that number of KGB.

BROUGHTON

If Bakhtin does have the list, he's running by now.

Gray sits behind his desk.

GRAY

We don't think he does. There's no question he would have taken it straight to Moscow.

C

We think the list is still in Berlin.

GRAY

Perceval is looking for it, but we want another pair of hands at the tiller as it were.

C leans ever so slightly forward in his chair to commit importance to his words.

C

Eric won't say it, so allow me. We don't particularly trust BER-1.

BROUGHTON

Perceval?

C stands and slowly walks towards the office door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

C

That's right. Most of the allied officers have been in Berlin for years with no embassy to watch over them. They're all feral and have gone native. You've no family, no colleagues, no friends there. No history to confuse your loyalties. You don't even know Perceval. It's bloody perfect.

At the threshold of the office door, C pauses with his back to the room.

C (CONT'D)

I want that list. If you can't lift it, at least find out who did so we can discredit them and thereby its authenticity.

C never looks back at Broughton and Gray.

C (CONT'D)

Broughton, I don't care how you get it, who you upset, or where it takes you. Bring the list home and you'll find yourself at Buckingham for tea.

C walks away and Broughton looks across the desk at Gray.

BROUGHTON

I barely speak German.

GRAY

You speak four other languages and your Russian is excellent. The desks at Prague, Warsaw and Helsinki tell me you still have the touch.

Broughton says nothing.

GRAY (CONT'D)

I recommended you for this. So, do try and look grateful. Now, there is no time to build a new cover. H/WAR suggested you use Gladys Lloyd as she was never blown.

BROUGHTON

The lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

GRAY

Affirmative... Gascoine's family can't afford his body's return. As he was a British subject, you're being sent to collect him and his effects.

BROUGHTON

It won't take long to pick up a body, Sir.

GRAY

You'll have the weekend, if you need longer get creative. Nobody besides myself, C and Perceval have the inside on this. Not Bonn, Not the FCO, not even the PM. You're out in the cold until you come back.

BROUGHTON

I understand.

GRAY

I'm sure I don't need to impress the urgency upon you. C doesn't come down to this floor for the good of his health.

BROUGHTON

Yes Sir.

Gray hands Broughton the TS folder.

GRAY

Your operations brief. Read and leave it in this room. A car will take you home to pack and then straight to the Heathrow.

Gray walks toward the office door.

BROUGHTON

What's he like, Sir?

GRAY

Who?

BROUGHTON

David Perceval?

Gray stops and turns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

GRAY

David Perceval is a pain in the
ass and arguably one of the best
damn spies to ever serve the
crown.

INT. TEMPELHOF AIRPORT-WEST BERLIN

CAPTION: OCTOBER 28, 1989

Broughton walks off the Pan Am Boeing 707 and into the
uncluttered airport terminal.

A loose crowd waits for the arriving international
travelers. From this crowd, a middle-aged GENTLEMAN steps
forward, all business, and extends his hand.

GENTLEMAN

Miss Lloyd?

Broughton slows to a stop.

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

Mr. Perceval was running late, he
sent me to pick you up?

Broughton looks around the terminal then back to the
gentleman.

BROUGHTON

That is very nice of him.

The gentleman smiles.

GENTLEMAN

Do you have any checked bags?

BROUGHTON

No.

The gentleman gestures to a bank of elevators on the
south wall.

GENTLEMAN

Please, follow me. I am parked
right outside.

The gentleman and Broughton walk past a generic beer
stand towards a bank of elevators. The elevator doors
open and they step in.

WE SEE: a MAN built like an aging World War I
Dreadnought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This is DAVID PERCEVAL.

Perceval moves past the beer stand and grabs a stein of beer from a PATRON without so much as spilling a drop.

Perceval WHIPS around the corner towards the bank of elevators.

INT. ELEVATOR

As the gentleman watches the elevator doors close:

WE SEE: In Broughton's far hand, a ballpoint pen grasped tightly ready to strike.

Then... Perceval stumbles like a fool into the elevator, beer spilling from the stein.

GENTLEMAN

I am sorry, this...

The gentleman has no time to react. Perceval throws the beer into his face just as the doors close behind him.

A quick stomp to the gentleman's knee. SNAP!

Perceval PLOWS the beer stein into the gentleman's head and drops him like a bag of river rocks.

Broughton is pressed up against the stainless steel elevator wall watching the show of violence.

WE SEE: her grip on the ball point pen relax ever so slightly.

Perceval searches the gentleman's pockets, then looks up from his unconscious victim to Broughton.

PERCEVAL

Welcome to Berlin.

WE HEAR: the elevator door CHIME to open.

BROUGHTON

I could have handled him.

Perceval nods toward the pen in her hand.

PERCEVAL

No doubt, darling. No doubt.

The elevator doors open and a group of TRAVELERS stare down at the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Without a word, Broughton steps out first, then Perceval steps over the gentleman's body with simulated disgust.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

German beer.

They move past the travelers out the open terminal doors, walking with purpose to their steps.

BROUGHTON

Who did he work for?

PERCEVAL

Unknown, but I sure in hell didn't send him here for you.

BROUGHTON

He knew my name.

PERCEVAL

Troubling.

BROUGHTON

Yours as well.

PERCEVAL

Not surprised.

BROUGHTON

We should...

PERCEVAL

...keep moving.

Broughton's eyes are scanning the surroundings as are Perceval's.

Perceval and Lorraine cross the street.

WE SEE: An attractive WOMAN turn from a phone booth, watching them, then methodically dials a number on the pay phone.

EXT. TEMPELHOF AIRPORT

A beat-to-hell VW Super Beetle is isolated at the end of the parking lot.

BROUGHTON

You're kidding.

Perceval doesn't open the car door for Broughton.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERCEVAL

The Germans don't like being reminded of Hitler.

LORRAINE

That's why you drive it.

Perceval pats the round roof of the battered VW.

PERCEVAL

Your goddamn right.

INT. VW SUPER BEETLE

They quickly climb in. Perceval cranks the 1600 cc engine over and it fires to life.

BROUGHTON

You believe in luck?

WE SEE: a cheap rabbit's foot key chain hanging down from the ignition.

PERCEVAL

I believe in everything.

In a heartbeat, Perceval pulls out of the airport parking lot and onto the main route.

BROUGHTON

That doesn't comfort me. I'm here five minutes and get blown.

PERCEVAL

You're not blown.

BROUGHTON

What the hell do you call what happened back there?

PERCEVAL

The job... Now go ahead... Speak without constraint. My office is wired like Albert Hall, but mum's the word in here. I swept the car myself this morning.

BROUGHTON

How would anyone know I was on that flight?

Perceval turns with a peripheral smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERCEVAL

Darling... Those are the kinds of questions that keep us up late at night.

BROUGHTON

You're failing at being helpful.

PERCEVAL

I'm being straight with you. There are a dozen answers to your question and if you took the time to play them all out... maybe one would lead you to the right answer... or it might not.

Perceval exhales and shakes his head slowly.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

Mother Mary... I was hoping they'd send me a new BER-2 and not a pretty schoolgirl.

BROUGHTON

I don't know anything about BER-2's replacement. I just go where I am told.

PERCEVAL

Story of our lives, old girl.

Perceval points out the windshield.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

Checkpoint Charlie, by the way. Thought you might want to see the sights.

BROUGHTON

I'm not here to collect postcards.

PERCEVAL

Ahhh... You're all business under that lipstick.

Broughton ignores the condescending remark.

BROUGHTON

I was told you'd been briefed.

PERCEVAL

That's affirmative, sweetheart. You're cover is civil service?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

Just how in the hell do the suits think that's going to help find this damn list?

BROUGHTON

It was the easiest way to get me over here.

PERCEVAL

Picking up Gascoine's body won't take much time.

BROUGHTON

I'll just have to be creative.

Perceval points again outside the car.

PERCEVAL

Brandenburg gate. My office is just along here... I suppose HQ thinks there's no point in replacing BER-2 with the wall coming down soon.

BROUGHTON

Do you believe that? I mean it just seems unlikely... after all this time.

PERCEVAL

That's because you don't know first damn thing about this city, so don't try and pretend you do.

The tension builds within the tiny car.

WE SEE: Outside, a massive ribbon of concrete wall that divides East and West.

BROUGHTON

I didn't travel as a QM, so I need you to supply me with a firearm.

PERCEVAL

Certainly not.

BROUGHTON

A Browning HI-Power will do.

PERCEVAL

This is Berlin, not Tombstone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BROUGHTON

Your number two was assassinated
and I was about to be set up in an
airport elevator.

PERCEVAL

If the KGB wants you dead, a
Browning won't do much, darling.

BROUGHTON

Clearly you don't want me here,
Mr. Perceval. But... C himself
gave me this job.

Perceval says nothing.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

Turn left here and take me to my
hotel.

PERCEVAL

They said you'd never been here.
How in the hell do you know where
the hotel is?

BROUGHTON

I can read a map, you chauvinistic
sonofabitch.

PERCEVAL

That's enough.

Perceval SLAMS on the brakes and pulls the car to a stop.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

You may not be declared here by
her Majesty. But I am still the
head of this station, and I will
not be lectured by a bloody woman!

BROUGHTON

Your file said you haven't
returned to England once in ten
years. That's why, isn't it?

PERCEVAL

What?

Broughton narrows her eyes with certitude.

BROUGHTON

A bloody woman...

PERCEVAL

Get out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Broughton opens the door, steps from the car, looks back at Perceval.

BROUGHTON

Who should I speak to at the
police about Gascione's body?

PERCEVAL

Get out! Out!

Broughton crosses the hardscrabble street and walks towards her small hotel, never looking back.

INT. WEST BERLIN HOTEL ROOM

It's an unvarnished room with a twin bed, a small Zenith, and a cast-iron steam radiator.

WE HEAR the running water from the bathroom.

Broughton sits on the edge of her bed and speaks into the rotary telephone.

BROUGHTON

Guten Abend. Ich bin Fraulen
Lloyd, auf der Britische Botschaft
Khan, Uh..Kann ich mit der Coroner
Sprechen?

WE NEVER SEE: Only hear the voice on other end of the conversation.

MORGUE EMPLOYEE (V.O.)

You are English?

BROUGHTON

Yes.

MORGUE EMPLOYEE (V.O.)

Why do you require the coroner?

BROUGHTON

I've been sent to arrange the
return of a British subject,
recently dead... I'm told you have
the body.

MORGUE EMPLOYEE (V.O.)

You must ask the Chief of Police.
Call again on Monday in the
morning.

BROUGHTON

Monday? But why not tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGUE EMPLOYEE (V.O.)
Nobody is working tomorrow. It is
Sunday.

BROUGHTON
But I...

MORGUE EMPLOYEE (V.O.)
Monday, in the morning. Auf
Wiedersehen.

Broughton hears a CLICK and sets the phone in its cradle.

Broughton walks into the bathroom, turns off the cold
water filling the chipped porcelain tub. She turns to a
half-dozen little ice buckets filled to the top, then
dumps them into the bathtub.

This is her daily ritual. An ice cold bath.

Broughton switches OFF the bathroom light, the Zenith
still playing in the other room. Broughton undresses in
the faint light and steps into the freezing water without
pause.

Broughton sinks up to her nose with only her pale green
eyes on the icy surface... then disappears below.

EXT. WEST BERLIN-NEXT MORNING

Broughton stands on the steps of a colorless apartment
building and rings a call box buzzer.

BROUGHTON
Mr. Perceval? It's Miss Lloyd. You
left a message at my hotel.

WE SEE: The same WOMAN from the airport watching from a
parked beige 300D Mercedes.

PERCEVAL
I'll be right down.

After a few moments, Perceval exits his building.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)
Let's take a walk.

They start down the street, side by side.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)
About yesterday...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROUGHTON

The elevator?

PERCEVAL

After that... I...should...well
you should know... I've been under
pressure...and...I...

Broughton, without slowing her stride, interrupts.

BROUGHTON

Apology accepted.

Perceval looks at Broughton, then clears the air between them with a simple nod.

PERCEVAL

It's as cold as a witch's tit on
the dark side of the moon today.

BROUGHTON

I like the cold.

PERCEVAL

No wonder they kept sending you to
Helsinki.

Broughton looks at Perceval.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

Don't act surprised. You're not
the only one who reads personal
files.

They walk through a broad stone archway.

WE SEE: A sign that reads "TIERGARTEN PARK."

They continue on the crushed gravel path until stopping next to a frozen duck pond. Perceval pulls out a paper bag of stale pumpernickel bread and throws small pieces out onto the ice.

BROUGHTON

You shouldn't feed them bread.

PERCEVAL

They're bloody ducks.

BROUGHTON

It's bad for their digestion.

A THIN MAN wearing horn-rimmed glasses and a heavy winter top coat approaches. This is EMMETT KURZFELD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KURZFELD

She is right.

PERCEVAL

You damned Americans will back up
anything in a skirt.

KURZFELD

You must be Gladys.

Broughton sizes up the thin man in a top coat.

BROUGHTON

I am.

KURZFELD

I'm Kurzfeld from Christians In
America.

Broughton extends her hand.

BROUGHTON

Pleased to meet you.

Kurzfeld's hand stays in the warmth of his pocket.

PERCEVAL

Kurzfeld here went to Princeton.

Broughton slowly retracts her hand.

BROUGHTON

Good school.

PERCEVAL

Kurzfeld thinks he knows
everything... So you two should
get along just fine.

KURZFELD

I've been in Berlin almost as long
as David... Nobody wants the list
to fall into Soviet hands.

Broughton looks to Perceval.

BROUGHTON

What else have you shared with
him?

PERCEVAL

Including women and scotch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KURZFELD

Let's just say... we keep our eyes
and ears open for one another.

Broughton takes a breath and looks back to Emmett.

BROUGHTON

I think the list is going to turn
up on the black market.

KURZFELD

What makes you so sure?

BROUGHTON

If one of the Allies has it, we'd
already know. If the Soviets have
it, there's nothing we can do. So
either it'll go up for sale or
we'll never see it again.

KURZFELD

She's smart.

PERCEVAL

You only say that because you had
that same idea.

Kurzfeld turns to Perceval.

KURZFELD

I should be going? What's the plan
with spyglass?

PERCEVAL

I haven't decided yet.

KURZFELD

Let me know if my company can
pitch in.

Kurzfeld nods towards Broughton.

KURZFELD (CONT'D)

Good day, ma'am.

Kurzfeld walks on alone through the park covered in rags
of snow and frozen grass.

BROUGHTON

Is there even a plan?

PERCEVAL

Not yet, and if there was...

Perceval smiles slightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

...I'd be damned if I would share
it with him.

INT. ATTACHE'S OFFICE

It is a spartan affair. Simple desk and two worn club
chairs, with a bookshelf running the length of the room.

BROUGHTON

This is all they give you?

PERCEVAL

This is all I want.

Broughton scans the shelves filled with leather volumes
in six foreign languages, save for the "Great Books" that
are all in English.

BROUGHTON

I take it you enjoy reading.

PERCEVAL

Depends on the book.

BROUGHTON

You must have a favorite?

PERCEVAL

If I said Epictetus, I would be
lying... Volume 23...Chapter 15...
"He who neglects what is done for
what ought to be done, sooner
effects his ruin than his
preservation."

Broughton's eyes settle onto Volume 23.

BROUGHTON

Machiavelli.

PERCEVAL

The prince of princes.

Broughton turns back to Perceval.

BROUGHTON

I've never quite seen an attaché
office like this.

PERCEVAL

I like it cozy. Now if you wanted
an embassy, you should have gone
to the GDR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Perceval is at his desk and reaches for an eighteen year old bottle of single malt from the Isle of Syke.

BROUGHTON

I'll need Gascoine's address here
in West Berlin.

PERCEVAL

To do what?

BROUGHTON

My job.

PERCEVAL

I've been there, the Germans have
been there, god only knows who
else has been there.

BROUGHTON

I haven't been there.

PERCEVAL

You always get your way?

The slightest smile appears at the corner of Broughton's mouth, then disappears.

BROUGHTON

We'll let that question keep you
up tonight.

Perceval nods and lifts his glass of scotch.

PERCEVAL

Touche' It's down the street from
Fehrberliner platz.
Brandenburgisher Strasse 10. It's
a walk-up. Fifth floor.

BROUGHTON

Gascoine's passport.

PERCEVAL

The police have his passport. He
was carrying it.

BROUGHTON

Don't you have a copy?

PERCEVAL

No... but don't worry your pretty
little head. The home office
called me yesterday with the
number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROUGHTON

Can you write it out for me?

Perceval scribbles down the number, hands it to her.

PERCEVAL

There you go, everything you need,
anything else?

BROUGHTON

No.

PERCEVAL

Well you should take in the
sights. West Berlin has a lot to
see. "Life is a cabaret and all
that."

BROUGHTON

Where would you recommend for
dinner and a drink?

PERCEVAL

Is that an invitation?

Broughton gives him a silent look and that's all Perceval
needs to have his question answered.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

Well then, you can't go wrong with
the Ritz, off Potsdamer. The
venison is marvelous.

Broughton turns for the attaché office door.

BROUGHTON

Thank you, Mr. Perceval.

PERCEVAL

You're welcome, Ms. Lloyd. Do let
me know how you get on with the
police?

EXT. TEMPELHOF AIRPORT

Curbside at the doors of AEROFLOT check-in.

WE SEE: A titan of a man, ALEKSANDER BREMOVYCH.

He wears a gray Soviet translation of a Brooks Brothers
suit. Bremovych is met by his DRIVER, the same gentleman
that Perceval knocked senseless in the airport elevator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BREMOVYCH
Chertov, Berlin.

INT. WEST BERLIN HOTEL ROOM

Broughton checks herself in the mirror. Perfect. Behind her the bathtub of ice cubes drains. Broughton steps into the room and glances at the Zenith.

WE SEE: News of the German protests growing in size around the wall.

Broughton grabs her coat and is out the door.

EXT. BRANDENBURGER STRASSE 10

A working-class neighborhood. Broughton approaches the apartment building and deftly breaches her way inside.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL

Broughton climbs up a dimly light stairwell to the fifth floor landing. She quickly shims the lock and steps into apartment 5A without a sound.

INT. APARTMENT 5A

Broughton moves through Gascione's apartment and studies the details of a dead man.

WE FOLLOW: her as she moves to the bedroom, examining.

A closet of perfectly folded clothes and shoes in neat rows. The bed made with military corners. A porthole into Gascione's precise and orderly life.

Broughton steps into the living room. She walks towards a Biedermeier Secretaire desk and picks up a framed photo.

WE SEE: A younger Gascione and Perceval in the English countryside. Holland and Holland shotguns cradled over their shoulders and freshly killed rabbits in both of their strong hands.

Broughton sets the photo down and takes in the room.

Outside the window; Broughton notices the building across the street bathed in blue FLASHING lights. She leans towards the window for a better view.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WE SEE: German POLIZEI cars ROLL to a stop. A dozen OFFICERS advance towards the apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT 5A

Broughton moves through the hallway as she hears the Polizei five floors below. She grabs a men's jacket and wool cap by the front door and puts them on.

Broughton pushes a sofa out of the living room and down the short hallway. She wedges the sofa half in the apartment doorway and half out into the stairwell landing.

WE HEAR: Polizei boots from three floors below.

Broughton grabs a bottle of Laphroaig from the kitchen. She soaks the sofa in single malt and stands back.

Broughton slows her breathing and waits in the darkness of the apartment.

WE HEAR: Polizei boots two floors below.

Just get a little bit closer...patience...closer.

Broughton lights a match against the wall and tosses it onto the sofa.

WHOOOOM!

WE SEE: From outside the apartment building, what looks like a giant flashbulb igniting.

The sofa is engulfed with flames as the Polizei arrive at the landing.

One OFFICER jumps through fire-laced doorway. Broughton runs down the hallway into the kitchen. The officer chases her around the corner to where she is waiting.

WE NEVER SEE: What Broughton does to him.

WE HEAR: A few GRUNTS, then the sound of the officer's green uniformed body SLAMMING against the kitchen tiles.

Broughton steps over the moaning officer as the other Polizei pull the burning obstacle clear.

Broughton is in the living room and out the french doors onto the balcony.

EXT. APARTMENT 5A

Broughton climbs out onto the thin features of the building. It's not gymnastic pretty, but sixty feet off the street. Broughton is strong and without fear.

Broughton, is now is on the rooftop, quickly scans the buildings around her as she sprints across the flat roof.

Three Polizei officers pull themselves onto the rooftop and the chase is on.

Broughton LEAPS across an open gap between two apartment buildings, lands on a ledge, then JUMPS into the void below.

The three Polizei run to the edge of the rooftop...

...only to see the human shape wearing a wool watch cap and dark winter jacket land on the thick nylon roof of a farmer's market tent.

Broughton slides down the outdoor tent, lands on her feet, and never looks back.

The three Polizei can do nothing but watch as the figure disappears into the evening crowds.

EXT. BERLIN STREET

Broughton steps from a taxi.

WE SEE: On the taxi floor, the dark winter jacket and wool watch cap.

The taxi speeds away as Broughton walks towards the doors of the Palm Restaurant.

INT. PALM RESTAURANT

Broughton walks up to an empty space at the Art Deco bar.

BROUGHTON

Gin and tonic.

The BARTENDER nods. Broughton puts a cigarette to her lips and turns slowly to the room.

A PATRON holds out a Riga metal lighter with its flame burning. Without a word, Broughton leans into the fire, lights her smoke, and only when she pulls away do...

WE SEE: The Soviet Agent, Bremovych.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BREMOVYCH
Haben sie, Fraulien?

BROUGHTON
I don't speak much German.

BREMOVYCH
You are English?

Broughton nods her head slowly through the smoke,
studying his voice.

BROUGHTON
You sound Polish, with a slight
affect of Slovak. Are you from the
Carpathian mountains?

Bremovych nods.

BREMOVYCH
That is impressive, Miss?

BROUGHTON
Lloyd.

BREMOVYCH
I imagine this is not your only
talent.

BROUGHTON
Talents can be overrated, but
dedication... that is rare, Mr...?

Bremovych with a smile.

BREMOVYCH
Bremovych.

Broughton nods and goes back to her gin and tonic.

BREMOVYCH (CONT'D)
How do you like Berlin?

BROUGHTON
It has been exciting, so far.

BREMOVYCH
Are you on holiday?

BROUGHTON
No... I've business to take care
of before I can return home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BREMOVYCH

Don't we all.

A stunning woman steps to the bar behind Broughton. This is DELPHINE LASALLE, the same woman from the airport and street that has been watching Broughton.

LASALLE

I leave you alone for only a moment and already you are attracting admirers.

BROUGHTON

I'm sorry, but I...

LASALLE

So you should be.

Lasalle turns to Bremovych.

LASALLE (CONT'D)

Monsieur, I thank you for leaving us now.

Bremovych looks at Broughton.

BREMOVYCH

Another time, then.

BROUGHTON

Yes... Another time.

Bremovych nods and exits past the restaurant tables towards the coat check.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

Whomever you are, you've got audacity.

LASALLE

No more than that red card communist pig.

Lasalle watches Bremovych leave, then turns back to Broughton with a smile that could end the Cold War.

LASALLE (CONT'D)

I am Delphine Lasalle. At your service.

BROUGHTON

What makes you think I need your service, Mademoiselle Lasalle?

Lasalle gestures to the bartender for a drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LASALLE

A woman drinking alone is always
in need of something.

BROUGHTON

I hold my solitude in high regard.

LASALLE

Allow me to guess. Traveling on
business?

BROUGHTON

Yes... I am a lawyer for the
British government. And you?

LASALLE

My family has owned a jazz club on
Llsenstreassee for forty years.

BROUGHTON

Jazz?

LASALLE

Coltrane, Mingus, Rollins... only
the best.

The bartender sets down a tumbler in front of Lasalle.

LASALLE (CONT'D)

You must join me for a drink?

BROUGHTON

What are we doing now?

LASALLE

I will show you Berlin.

BROUGHTON

You're tenacious.

LASALLE

I know the city well. You'd be
surprised what secrets a club
owner overhears late at night.

BROUGHTON

Secrets?

LASALLE

What every woman loves.

Broughton nods with a smile.

BROUGHTON

The French will never change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LASALLE

It's our charm. Dine with me
tomorrow night at my club. Where
are you staying?

BROUGHTON

Give me the address. If I don't
have anything better to do.

LASALLE

The first set is at ten.

Lasalle writes out the address on a cocktail napkin and
slides it in front of Broughton.

LASALLE (CONT'D)

Until then.

Lasalle walks out through the crowd.

WE SEE: Perceval watching from a corner table, a safe
distance from being noticed by Broughton.

EXT. WEST BERLIN

CAPTION: OCTOBER 30, 1989

Broughton walks up the wide bricklayer steps of a
government building.

WE SEE: Lasalle across the street watching Broughton
enter the West Berlin City Morgue.

INT. WEST BERLIN CITY MORGUE

The CORONER walks Broughton through the etiolated
spotless corridors.

CORONER

The body was identified by your
attaché.

BROUGHTON

I believe so.

CORONER

This was not a question... It was
a statement.

BROUGHTON

I am sorry. This is the first time
I've been sent to do this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORONER

We transferred his personal items
to the attaché office.

BROUGHTON

I was told you'd have his
passport.

CORONER

It will be released with the body.
We transferred his wallet and set
of keys to Mr. Perceval already.

The Coroner holds the door open for Broughton.

CORONER (CONT'D)

After you, Miss Lloyd.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM

A bright sterile world. Stainless steel racks of cold
storage hold dead bodies along the entire wall.

CORONER

Mr. Gascione was your colleague?

BROUGHTON

A different department.

CORONER

Which department?

Broughton looks at the coroner, nice try.

BROUGHTON

A different one.

CORONER

You've the papers?

BROUGHTON

I filled them out while I was
waiting downstairs.

The coroner studies the paperwork carefully.

CORONER

Ya.. good... Wait.

BROUGHTON

What is the matter?

CORONER

The passport number is incorrect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROUGHTON

There must be some mistake. The FCO gave me the number themselves.

CORONER

Then it's the mistake of your colleagues. It's your responsibility to give me the correct papers.

BROUGHTON

It's obviously the right man, anyone can see that.

CORONER

No...I can't release this body.

BROUGHTON

It's a simple clerical error.

CORONER

Miss Lloyd, in Germany we don't make clerical errors.

BROUGHTON

Please... there will be hell to pay if I go back without a body.

CORONER

Understand me. NO is a complete sentence. I would advise you to talk to your Embassy in Bonn. I must inform my superiors.

The coroner holds opens the door for Broughton without another word.

INT. ATTACHE OFFICE

Perceval sits behind his bare desk with his dark eyes locked onto Broughton.

PERCEVAL

What?!

BROUGHTON

I'm sorry, Sir. You must have given me the wrong number.

PERCEVAL

I did no such thing.

Perceval grabs the paper from Broughton's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)
You wrote "16" where it should
have been "76."

Perceval SLAMS the paper down onto his desk.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)
You realize the coroner will now
inform the Chief of Police of West
Berlin. They'll probably refuse to
release the body for another week
while they investigate. Not to
mention they'll now suspect
Gascione was an officer.

Perceval pushes back away from his desk and looks dead
center into Broughton's eyes.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)
Let's take a walk.

EXT. WEST BERLIN

Perceval and Broughton tread through the crisp afternoon
air along the graffiti-covered concrete wall.

PERCEVAL
You did it deliberately, didn't
you?

BROUGHTON
Did what?

PERCEVAL
The passport number...You're
playing for time.

Broughton's face shows nothing.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)
You were "creative."

BROUGHTON
You said yourself, one weekend
isn't long enough.

PERCEVAL
I should send you right back to
England. This is my city and my
goddamn station.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROUGHTON

The way I understand things, C
would love to drag you back across
the channel and mothball you
behind a desk somewhere.

Perceval turns to Broughton, exhales deeply and watches
his breath leave a vaporous trail in the cold air.

PERCEVAL

Look... if you're going to be here
for awhile, we had better play
nice with one another.

Perceval gestures towards the Brandenburg Gate.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

How would you fancy a trip to the
East tonight? I have to go check
for word from Spyglass.

BROUGHTON

Are you meeting him?

PERCEVAL

No... There's a letter box in the
East around the back of
Gantzstrasse. If Spyglass knows
anything, he leaves word at that
dead drop.

BROUGHTON

You think he'll have information
on Gascione's death?

PERCEVAL

Perhaps, more importantly he could
have information about our list.

BROUGHTON

What if Spyglass is compromised?

PERCEVAL

I doubt it.

BROUGHTON

There have been triple agents
before.

PERCEVAL

The intelligence Spyglass has
given us, the KGB wouldn't turn
him back as a triple. Kremlin
wouldn't pay for his train trip to
Siberia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROUGHTON

What would they pay for?

Perceval narrows his eyes with years of confidence behind them and very calmly replies:

PERCEVAL

A bullet.

The two stand in silence and look out over the wall to the colorless East beyond. The stakes are clear to both of them. Life or death.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

So tonight it is?

BROUGHTON

I can't cross tonight.

PERCEVAL

Why the hell not?

BROUGHTON

I'm meeting someone and it might look suspicious if I backed out.

PERCEVAL

The little mademoiselle from the bar?

Broughton glances at Perceval.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

Don't act surprised. I tell you to go to the Ritz and you go to the Palm.

Perceval studies Broughton for a second.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

You think you're the only one doing their job.

BROUGHTON

I didn't say anything.

PERCEVAL

Just be careful, you can't trust Frenchies.

BROUGHTON

Why Mister Perceval, I almost believe you care.

Broughton walks away and leaves Perceval standing alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PERCEVAL

Don't push it, Miss Lloyd.

EXT. WEST BERLIN

Broughton walks along the rain-soaked Kurfürstendam. West Germans mill about the shopping district. The sky is without warmth.

INT. CLUB MOULIN

The jazz club is packed and all eyes are on a low thrust stage with a three-piece cover band.

WE HEAR: Chet Baker's "Autumn Leaves".

Lasalle turns as Broughton enters.

LASALLE

I wasn't certain you would show.

BROUGHTON

How could I resist.

LASALLE

Let's sit at my best table.

Lasalle gestures towards a table near the stage.

BROUGHTON

I'd rather be by the window.

LASALLE

You like a view.

BROUGHTON

That depends solely on what I'm looking at.

Broughton's eyes never leave Lasalle. The two women sit at a window table.

LASALLE

You know Chet Baker?

BROUGHTON

Of course.

LASALLE

My uncle ran this club after the war.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LASALLE (CONT'D)

Chet played here for the first time when he served in the American Army. One night... Chet was at that table.

Lasalle points to a small table near the stage.

LASALLE (CONT'D)

He was stoned and listening in the audience, when he jumped up on stage and punched the trumpeter in the face, breaking his nose.

BROUGHTON

What happened?

LASALLE

Chet picked up the trumpet without wiping the blood from his fist. He turned to the club and blew that horn like the Angel Gabriel.

Broughton lights a cigarette.

BROUGHTON

It's a good story if it is true.

LASALLE

My uncle taught me not to let the truth get in the way of a good story. Now... are you done with business?

BROUGHTON

It's complicated. I may be here for a while.

LASALLE

Then we have to enjoy ourselves.

A GYPSY peddler steps up to the table and starts to hawk his merchandise.

GYPSY

I have cheap items, perfumes, if you want, Chanel or...

The gypsy opens a worn leather case at the table.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

... a Rolex or perhaps a genuine Poljot. I have family in the East. I can supply... Very good quality.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LASALLE

We are not interested.

The gypsy gathers his wares and moves for the front door.

LASALLE (CONT'D)

My apologies. These gypsy peddlers
are everywhere these days.

BROUGHTON

Excuse me for a moment.

Broughton stands and walks after the gypsy.

EXT. CLUB MOULIN

Broughton steps out of the jazz club and looks down the
street.

BROUGHTON

Just wait there, hold on.

The peddler turns to Broughton's voice.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

You've family in the East.

GYPSY

Yes.

BROUGHTON

Can you get across the wall
easily?

GYPSY

It's no problem. You need
something special?

BROUGHTON

You could say that.

INT. CLUB MOULIN

A WAITRESS brings two drinks to the window table. Lasalle
watches Broughton speak to the gypsy, until finally
Broughton returns inside the club.

LASALLE

You shouldn't waste your time with
such men. They are as fake as what
they sell.

Broughton sits back down at the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROUGHTON

That may be so... But my father is
a collector of German war
memorabilia.

LASALLE

Your father fought?

BROUGHTON

Dragoon Guard...Cavalry.

LASALLE

Le Chevalier. The bravest of men.

BROUGHTON

Every little girl would like to
believe that.

Lasalle lifts her drink in salute.

LASALLE

What is it you'd like from me?

In one movement, Broughton lifts and empties her glass.

BROUGHTON

Another drink to start.

INT. LASSALE'S APARTMENT

Broughton pushes Lasalle against the hallway wall kissing
her softly, then harder and with more passion.

WE SEE: Their winter coats fall to the floor.

LASALLE

Ma Cherie.

They move into the apartment and onto the bed made with
handmade Egyptian linen from a little stall in Cario's
Khan El-Khalili.

LASALLE (CONT'D)

My arms are trapped.

BROUGHTON

I know.

LASALLE

This is how you like it?

BROUGHTON

Oh yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LASALLE

You like to play rough?

BROUGHTON

Sometimes.

Broughton's hand wraps around the small of Lasalle's back and pulls a concealed handgun from Lasalle's lean waist.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

When I'm the one holding the gun.

LASALLE

What are you?

BROUGHTON

Shut up... Now explain why you've been following me since I arrived at the airport.

LASALLE

You are mistaken. I am a club owner. The gun is for protection.

BROUGHTON

Bullshit.

Broughton backhands Lasalle across the face sending her off the bed to the floor. Lasalle looks up with a thin stream of blood at the corner of her perfect mouth.

LASALLE

Berlin is a dangerous city.

BROUGHTON

Especially if you keep lying.

Lasalle stares up the barrel of her own gun.

LASALLE

I know who you are, Miss Broughton.

BROUGHTON

My name is...

LASALLE

You are not so well disguised as MI6 may think. You're here, of course, because of the death of your colleague.

Broughton holds the weapon steady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROUGHTON

What do you know about his death?

LASALLE

Only that I am interested... If someone is killing Allied officers, shouldn't we all care?

BROUGHTON

DSGE?

LASALLE

Yes... Now... Why do you think your colleague was sanctioned?

BROUGHTON

He was killed because of something he was carrying.

LASALLE

No... It was something he knew.

BROUGHTON

Keep talking.

LASALLE

Gascione was part of the Ice Men. Assassins. Spies for hire. They are well known on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

BROUGHTON

I don't believe you.

LASALLE

That is your choice. Your man was one of them and he wanted out. Gascione was killed to stop him from talking.

The two women stare at one another for a silent moment.

BROUGHTON

The item he was carrying was a document.

LASALLE

The list was sensitive.

Broughton cocks the hammer back in the pistol and drops the safety off.

BROUGHTON

I never said list. I said document.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LASALLE

I should be more careful with you.
My colleagues in Paris were right.
They informed me the "document" is
very valuable. This is why you
were talking to the gypsy?

BROUGHTON

There is a good chance it will
float onto the black market.

Lasalle leans over and picks up Broughton's winter coat.

LASALLE

If it's still in Berlin it will
surface. But you should be
careful... You are vulnerable.

Lasalle hands Broughton her coat as they stand at her
apartment door.

BROUGHTON

You are much a better liar than my
station chief.

LASALLE

The game of spies takes a steady
hand. It is a job of great skill.

BROUGHTON

No, Mademoiselle.

Broughton takes her coat, then drops it back to the
floor.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

Let me show you what takes a
steady hand and great skill.

Broughton pulls Lasalle closer. Lasalle's hand pushes
back along the wall...her fingers climbing against its
rough surface finding the light switch.

Broughton looks straight into Lasalle's eyes which read
equal parts temptation and fear. Broughton leans in,
kisses her and gently bites her lower lip.

Lasalle's hand flexes against the light switch and the
room goes dark...

EXT. LASALLE'S APARTMENT

Outside Lasalle's now dark apartment, a VW Super Beetle
stands out among the street of parked cars. Within...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WE SEE: Perceval lowering a high-powered Nikon F3 and telephoto lens.

The headlights of the VW illuminate and Perceval pulls out into the night.

EXT. CHECK POINT CHARLIE

CAPTION: OCTOBER 31, 1989

Broughton waits to cross into East Berlin. A formidable looking EAST GERMAN GUARD stares down at Broughton's passport, then back into her face.

EAST GERMAN GUARD
Where are you from?

BROUGHTON
England, but my parents were born in Leningrad.

EAST GERMAN GUARD
What is your business in the East Berlin?

BROUGHTON
I'm visiting my grandparents.

EAST GERMAN GUARD
You should have applied for a visitor's permit.

BROUGHTON
I didn't know I'd be here until two days ago.

EAST GERMAN GUARD
Why is that?

BROUGHTON
My company sent me on business.

EAST GERMAN GUARD
What kind of work do you do?

BROUGHTON
Legal affairs.

The East German Guard looks down again at her passport.

EAST GERMAN GUARD
Wait here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The East German Guard takes her papers, speaks with his SUPERIOR as Broughton waits. The East German Guard makes a phone call, then returns with Broughton's passport and hands it back to her.

EAST GERMAN GUARD (CONT'D)

Write down your grandparents
address. If you do not return here
before six o'clock, you will be
arrested. Do you understand?

Broughton nods.

BROUGHTON

Yes. Of course.

EXT. EAST BERLIN

Broughton moves past an assembly of protesting EAST GERMAN YOUTH near the blank concrete wall.

Broughton walks the local streets. As she moves, she glances at the reflection of a store window.

WE SEE: Two STASI OFFICERS shadowing her.

Broughton steps up her pace and the two Stasi officers continue to follow her

Broughton moves through a crowded S-bahn station and out the other side. The Stasi still follow... farther back now.

Broughton moves towards a large set of shops at the base of the East Berlin TV tower.

WE SEE: A government sedan pull to the curb.

The Stassi Officers stop to speak with two ROUGH MEN in the government car.

The rough men step from the car. Now Broughton has double the trouble moving towards her.

Broughton walks towards a local cinema. An OLD WOMAN protests as a ticketless Broughton pushes past her. Broughton quickly moves towards the dark and packed theater. The Stasi and rough men chase after her.

WE SEE: THE SEARCHERS on the movie screen.

JOHN WAYNE and WARD BOND lead their horses through a dry arroyo, the INDIAN WARRIORS circling in from both sides.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN WAYNE

Looks like you got yourself
surrounded.

BROUGHTON: Looks up at the screen and quickly crosses the
long rows of the seated audience.

WARD BOND

And I figure on getting myself
unsurrounded.

ON THE SCREEN: The good guys spurs their horses and the
Indians charge down to attack.

Broughton egresses through the row of people, running
down the aisle, then behind the aged silk movie screen.

WE HEAR: Cowboys and Indians HOOTING and HOLLERING on the
SOUNDTRACK.

Broughton reaches up onto the movie theater wall and
pulls down hard on the FIRE ALARM!

The entire audience goes wide-eyed, as the Stasi and
rough men pursue Broughton. The audience jumps from their
seats and FLOOD the exits.

Broughton melts into the crowd, and disappears out the
back doors in the mass exodus of patrons.

WE SEE: The Stasi and rough men searching the crowd for
Broughton...

EXT. EAST BERLIN

Broughton walks through the bombed-out neighborhood left
over from the Second World War and enters an abandoned
building.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING

Broughton travels the dark hallway then down a set of
crumbling stairs towards the basement.

GYPSY

You are late.

BROUGHTON

I know.

GYPSY

You were followed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROUGHTON

I lost them fifteen minutes ago
near the Palast der Republik.

GYPSY

I know.

BROUGHTON

Why did you ask me to come here?

GYPSY

To test your sincerity and your
skills. You are not the first
British officer to ask my help.

BROUGHTON

Someone else has asked you about
the list?

GYPSY

You misunderstand. Gascione asked
me for help.

BROUGHTON

You must have a gift for
identifying foreign officers.

GYPSY

I pay attention to details.

BROUGHTON

What did he want you to do?

GYPSY

Help defectors.

BROUGHTON

Did you?

GYPSY

No... it's too dangerous and none
of my business.

The Gypsy steps from the broken light.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

You only asked me to find
something...

BROUGHTON

...that could be dangerous.

GYPSY

But that is my business. I am a
trader not a smuggler.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROUGHTON

Do you know who has it?

GYPSY

No, not yet.

BROUGHTON

When it surfaces, you must buy it
and bring it to the club where you
saw me last night.

GYPSY

It will be very expensive.

Broughton hands the Gypsy a fistfull of Deutschmarks.

BROUGHTON

One thousand marks to get you
started. Sorry, no rubles.

GYPSY

Money like this knows few borders.

Broughton begins to walk away, stops and turns.

BROUGHTON

What do you know about Ice Men?

GYPSY

Rumors mostly.

BROUGHTON

Do they operate in Berlin?

GYPSY

In this city, there is always
someone with a price on his head.
Some even say the ringleader lives
here.

LORRAINE

East or West?

The gypsy shrugs his shoulders.

GYPSY

I prefer to do my work, return
home and listen to American
baseball on a shortwave radio.

Broughton nods and moves up the dilapidated staircase.

EXT. WEST BERLIN-NIGHT

The neon signs are bright. The KaDaWe department store is open late and all is bustling along the Kurfürstendam.

INT. WEST BERLIN-WORKING CLASS BAR

Smoke filled and nearly empty, save for Perceval and Broughton who are sitting at a red vinyl booth against a distant wall.

PERCEVAL

Our friend in the East left me a message.

BROUGHTON

Spyglass?

Perceval nods.

PERCEVAL

He wants out. We guarantee safe passage and Spyglass will cross over and stay with us.

BROUGHTON

That's our area.

PERCEVAL

Actually, it was Gascione's expertise.

BROUGHTON

Spyglass hasn't been compromised?

PERCEVAL

No, but he's terrified he is going to be. The wall won't last much longer. Haven't you seen the protests on the news?

Perceval raises his beer, about to drink.

BROUGHTON

I saw one this morning on the Eastern side of Charlie.

Perceval stares at her, his beer still as stone in front of him. He slowly lowers the glass.

PERCEVAL

You went over the wall?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROUGHTON

That's right.

PERCEVAL

What were you thinking?

BROUGHTON

That it was best you didn't know.

PERCEVAL

Why the hell not?

BROUGHTON

Deniability.

PERCEVAL

Can you comprehend the blowback if something happened to you?

BROUGHTON

Nothing happened.

PERCEVAL

You could have been shot.

BROUGHTON

We all can be shot, Sir. Besides, I needed to secure the trust of my contact.

Perceval leans back in his chair.

PERCEVAL

And you can trust him?

BROUGHTON

As much as you can trust anyone... Look, we will never find that list if we don't have ground truth... I won't need to go over again.

PERCEVAL

On the contrary. The reason Spyglass wants out so urgently is that news of Gascione's death has been racing through the corridors of power in the East.

BROUGHTON

Have you forgotten this is my first time in Berlin?

PERCEVAL

I am not sure if I really believe you...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

But Spyglass is an asset that we
can't lose. Right now he's scared,
and scared people make mistakes.
We need him out.

BROUGHTON

I don't know anything about
getting someone over the wall.

Perceval quickly scans around their table and firmly
grabs Broughton's arm to get her attention.

PERCEVAL

Keep your voice down... In case
the chain of command still isn't
clear to you, you work for me. I
am the number one. While you are
in my city, you will do as I say,
is that clear?

Broughton says nothing, only looks at Perceval's hand on
her bicep. Perceval gets the point and releases his grip.

BROUGHTON

Don't ever do that again. I am
here on C's direct orders. My work
does not concern you and it is not
under your purview.

Broughton stands and shoulders her winter coat.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

I don't have to and certainly
don't want to take orders from a
dinosaur like you. So with all due
respect. You can go fuck yourself.

Broughton walks out the door without another word.

EXT. WEST BERLIN-NIGHT

Cold rain. Perceval steps outside as Broughton walks down
the sidewalk.

WE SEE: Broughton's face.

BROUGHTON

Come on old boy...3...2...1...

Perceval jogs down the wet sidewalk after her.

PERCEVAL

Wait...wait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Perceval catches up to Broughton at a taxi stand.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry. I simply can't
operate alone on this one.

BROUGHTON

So get the American. Kurzfeld
seems happy to share your bed.

PERCEVAL

Out of the question. The Americans
would have Spyglass on a C-141
back to Langley without his feet
ever touching the ground. I need
your help...

Perceval extends his hand.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

Truce?

Broughton takes a moment, and then her hand meets his.

BROUGHTON

Don't make me regret it.

Broughton releases his hand, opens the taxi door and
gestures for Perceval to join her.

INT. TAXI

Broughton looks to the German TAXI DRIVER and then to
Perceval.

BROUGHTON

Kasier Whelm.

Perceval turns to Broughton.

PERCEVAL

What is on your mind?

BROUGHTON

Inviolability.

Broughton nods towards the taxi driver and Perceval
agrees. (For operational security use a geminate-
conversation). Broughton speaks Arabic. Perceval replies
in Bahasa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

(In Arabic)

When did Spyglass photograph the list?

PERCEVAL

(In Bahasa)

He didn't have a camera and had access to the names for a short time.

BROUGHTON

(In Arabic)

Spyglass wrote down every officer?

PERCEVAL

(In Bahasa)

Eventually. First he committed the entire list to memory. Gascione crossed-checked names from our side.

BROUGHTON

(In Arabic)

And?

PERCEVAL

(In Bahasa)

Every single officer was a authenticated.

BROUGHTON

(In Arabic)

If we have spyglass we won't need the list.

PERCEVAL

(In Bahasa)

That's what I was thinking. Ivan won't be expecting a break out. Not now, with holes in Hungary and Czechoslovakia.

BROUGHTON

(In Arabic)

Break out?

PERCEVAL

(In Bahasa)

I can make allowances for you being unseasoned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROUGHTON

(In Arabic)

I've jumped the curtain more times
than you have wished Maggie
Thatcher dead.

PERCEVAL

(In Bahasa)

Not here...not in Berlin.

BROUGHTON

(In Arabic)

What about the underground routes.
When was the last time they were
used?

PERCEVAL

(In Bahasa)

Several years. I'd like to
formulate something new.

BROUGHTON

(In Arabic)

All right.

PERCEVAL

(In Bahasa)

I was thinking a hearse. Swap a
real coffin for a fake, with
Spyglass inside.

BROUGHTON

(In Arabic)

You can't be serious?

PERCEVAL

(In Bahasa)

You've a better idea?

Broughton take a moment and then replies with confidence.

BROUGHTON

(In Arabic)

The East Germans are planning a
large demonstration on the 4th at
Alexanderplatz. East German
security will be spread thin.

The taxi slows to a stop.

WE SEE: Outside the bombarded ruins of the Kaiser Wilhelm
Memorial Church.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Perceval hands the driver several D-marks and exits.
Broughton follows him onto the sidewalk. They now return
to English.

PERCEVAL
Bring him out in daylight?

BROUGHTON
That's right. We will use the East
German protest as cover.

PERCEVAL
That's suicide.

BROUGHTON
It's a calculated risk.

Broughton's determination is clear to Perceval.

PERCEVAL
A gutsy plan... I like it.

BROUGHTON
I'll make the arrangements.

Perceval nods.

PERCEVAL
One more thing.

BROUGHTON
Yes, Sir.

PERCEVAL
Your Arabic is piss poor.

Broughton turns and without missing a beat calls out over
her shoulder.

BROUGHTON
And your Bahasa is shit.

Perceval watches her go, softly grunts to himself, then
lifts his coat collar to the cold and moves out alone
into the night.

EXT. EAST BERLIN

CAPTION: NOVEMBER 4, 1989

Broughton has dyed her hair jet black and wears a simple
brown overcoat. She moves through a barren neighborhood
and leans an umbrella outside the door of the abandoned
building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WE SEE: From across the street. SPYGLASS watches her movements with care, then following her into the building.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING

Spyglass descends the stairs to the basement and, as he turns the corner, Broughton and the Gypsy are waiting.

BROUGHTON

Close the door.

Broughton motions to the Gypsy.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

My associate.

SPYGLASS

Your name?

BROUGHTON

Unimportant.

Spyglass is nervous as he slowly walks towards them.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

I am not here to be your friend. I am here to get you to the West and we haven't much time.

Spyglass listens without words.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

You must listen to absolutely everything I say and do it without question.

Spyglass nods. Broughton approaches him holding out a small package.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

You smell like a Stasi officer.

Broughton gestures to a small adjoining room.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

There is a bucket of water. Shave off your moustache. Use this soap and cologne, it is from the West.

Spyglass takes the package and does as he is told. Broughton turns to the gypsy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

Is everything else ready?

GYPSY

Yes, we have all the details you asked for. My cousin will lead you around the corner towards Alexanderplatz.

BROUGHTON

The Stasi will be busy today.

GYPSY

Yes...people estimate the protesters will be over five hundred thousand.

The Gypsy offers Broughton a pistol.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

I am a trader, not a magician.

Without looking at the pistol, Broughton chamber-checks the weapon and indexes the trigger perfectly to her hand.

BROUGHTON

Couldn't you get anything better?

GYPSY

Stasi guns are easiest to obtain in a short time.

Broughton closes her eyes, feels the pistol's weight, then finally looks down at the crisp profile of the front sight. Only the trained eye would know it. We have just witnessed flawless muscle memory and Broughton's mastery of a weapon.

BROUGHTON

It will do.

Broughton turns back to Spyglass who has shaved off his thick mustache.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

What did you tell your commanding officer?

SPYGLASS

That I'm sick in bed.

BROUGHTON

Do you know anyone at Oberbaumbrücke?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPYGLASS

No.

BROUGHTON

Any colleagues?

SPYGLASS

Not today.

BROUGHTON

What is it? NO or NOT today.

SPYGLASS

It is no. They are all at the demonstration. I double checked the work rotations.

BROUGHTON

Good... You are Johann Schmidt, resident of West Berlin. I am your English wife, Mary.

Broughton looks to the Gypsy.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

We have been visiting your brother Hans on this street. Memorize all this, because you will be doing the talking.

SPYGLASS

Me? I am...

BROUGHTON

...nervous? But unfortunately my German is terrible.

SPYGLASS

Who sends a woman who speaks no German?

BROUGHTON

The very people who are going to give you your freedom and a country cottage.

SPYGLASS

Are you deliberately trying to get me killed?

BROUGHTON

The border guards have other things to worry about.

Spyglass looks at the gypsy who says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

Now... Take off all your clothes.

Spyglass turns around visibly unsettled by her request.

SPYGLASS

I will not be treated like an animal.

Broughton glances at the gypsy and then back to Spyglass.

BROUGHTON

Shut up... This is not a conversation. You do what I say when I say it. You've two minutes to strip naked. EVERYTHING. You will take nothing from the East to the West. NOTHING, do you understand?

Spyglass stares at her silently.

SPYGLASS

Yes.

Broughton points at another package wrapped in brown paper sitting on the table.

BROUGHTON

That is your underwear, socks, clothes, shoes, belt, and coat.

Spyglass just stands there.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

Herr Schimtt. You have ninety seconds.

EXT. EAST BERLIN

Broughton stands with her umbrella at the doorway of the abandoned building with Spyglass and the Gypsy.

WE HEAR: The distant CROWDS from Alexanderplatz.

GYPSY

Right on time.

WE SEE: The PROTESTERS slowly surge around the corner and begin to march past them.

BROUGHTON

Fall in next to me. They will get us to the checkpoint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WE HEAR: The SHOUTS of protest from the crowd.

Broughton lifts her umbrella and looks at the gypsy who nods with approval. Broughton and Spyglass step into the groundswell of the protest.

SPYGLASS

How can you so confident.

BROUGHTON

I allow for no other choice.

They quickly blend into the marching crowd.

INT. BUILDING

Two men dressed in matching track suits occupy the gutted room. One is a SNIPER and the other his SPOTTER. They're set back from the window behind a Dragunov rifle and high-power optics.

WE SEE: Them scan the crowd below with precision searching for their target.

EXT. EAST BERLIN

Broughton looks to a STOUT MAN in the crowd, then lifts her black umbrella. The stout man nods and throughout the crowd dozens of black umbrellas begin to open.

INT. BUILDING

The sniper watches through his Dragunov scope as umbrellas begin to POP up and conceal the protesters. The Sniper glances at his spotter who is unsure of what to do.

WE SEE: now a sea of a hundred umbrellas on the streets below.

EXT. EAST BERLIN

On the street, the crowd swells in size and closes the distance to the border laced thick with concertina wire.

BROUGHTON

Just stay calm and keep walking.

The EAST GERMAN GUARDS watch the protesters as they advance towards the checkpoint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

Just a hundred meters more.

Then it happens:

A PROTESTER stumbles and drops his umbrella a dozen yards in front of Broughton and Spyglass. Then another falls to the street.

Broughton turns to grab Spyglass as he falls into her.

SPYGLASS

Miss...

Spyglass' face reveals distress as he takes a few weak steps and staggers to his knees.

WE SEE: dark blood soaking down Spyglass' back.

As the crowd of protesters comes apart, fear settles onto spyglass' face.

WE HEAR: A shot ECHO off the tall buildings.

The stout man rushes towards Broughton to offer help, then twists through a red mist of his own blood. The stout man is dead before he touches the street.

CHAOS!

Umbrellas are dropping to the ground.

Broughton's eyes scan through the terrified protesters as East German Guards begin running in all directions.

WE HEAR: Another rifle shot...CRACK!

WE SEE: A female PROTESTER SLAM against a car door window. The bullet PUNCHES clean through her unadorned clothing and she sinks to the road.

INT. BUILDING

The spotter calls distance, bullet drop, and wind. The sniper's trigger is a smooth cadence. They search the street below for targets. The sniper is shooting fish in a barrel.

EXT. EAST BERLIN

Broughton pulls Spyglass behind a parked car to safety.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPYGLASS
I've been shot.

BROUGHTON
I know.

Broughton quickly finds his wound, then scans the buildings and rooftops.

WE SEE: The sight GLINT of a rifle's optics.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)
Got 'em.

WE HEAR: Screams as another protester is cut down inches away from Broughton and Spyglass.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)
Listen to me.

Broughton pulls Spyglass' scarf from around his neck and hands it to him.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)
Direct pressure.

SPYGLASS
I can't die in a gutter.

BROUGHTON
Listen!

Broughton SLAPS Spyglass' face as hard as she can to get his complete attention.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)
I promise you! Direct pressure.
You will NOT die!

Spyglass puts the scarf against his seeping wound with new resolve.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)
You will run when I say run!

SPYGLASS
Yes, Fraulein.

Broughton looks towards the building and then.

BROUGHTON
RUN!

Broughton doesn't wait for an answer and they sprint across the street towards the sniper's building.

INT. BUILDING- 7TH FLOOR

The spotter provides security in the doorway as the sniper breaks down and bags his rifle. The sniper team moves out into the hallway and SLIDES the bagged weapon down a coal shoot.

INT. BUILDING-GROUND FLOOR

Spyglass sinks to the bottom step of a long open staircase. Broughton takes off her coat and reverses it, quickly changing the color from brown to green.

BROUGHTON

Remain here.

Broughton exhales through her nose, slows her heart rate, and heads up the stairs.

First floor...Second...Third...and, as she is turning the corner to the fourth floor landing, the sniper team appears coming down two steps at a time.

SNIPER

Entschuldigung, Fraulein.

Broughton smiles and passes them on the stairs. They continue on.

WE SEE: Broughton's Markov pistol press against the back of the sniper's head.

BROUGHTON

(Russian)

That accent sounds distinctly
Muscovite to me.

Without hesitation the young Sniper SPINS and disarms Broughton. Her pistol skitters across the tile floor.

FIGHT TIME!

Two highly trained men against one badass woman.

It is close. Brutal. And extremely violent.

WE SEE: Punches, knees and elbows thrown from both sides.

Broughton smashes her head into spotter and drives her thumb into the sniper's eye. Broughton's body SLAMS against the wall sending plaster dust into the air.

We watch as three savages beat the living hell out of each other in a dingy staircase in East Berlin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The spotter LEAPS for the disarmed pistol but Broughton is there to stop him. They struggle for the weapon and ROLL across the landing. The spotter POUNDS his fists into Broughton's body. Broughton escapes the barrage onto her back just as the spotter raises the Markov pistol to her head.

Broughton uncoils her body, thrusts her legs into his chest and launches the spotter backwards into the dazed sniper. They both disappear over the stair railing without so much as a whimper.

Four floors of FREE FALL, then they SLAM onto the lobby floor next to the wounded Spyglass.

Broughton walks down the stairs and picks up her Markov pistol from the floor just before the pool of the sniper's blood reaches it.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Spyglass nods weakly as he looks at the two corpses and Broughton lifts him to his feet.

EXT. EAST BERLIN

Broughton and Spyglass are on the street littered with death and umbrellas. East German Security is everywhere.

SPYGLASS

I can't...

TWO EAST GERMAN GUARDS see Broughton support Spyglass as they walk.

EAST GERMAN GUARD

Halt!

Broughton speeds up her stride, holding Spyglass up on his feet.

EAST GERMAN GUARD (CONT'D)

Halt!

The East German guards jog towards Broughton, when she turns and points her pistol directly at them.

They back away hands in the air.

Broughton knows what she wants. A parked Trabant sedan. Broughton swings the door open, pushes Spyglass inside, then grabs a handful of wires beneath the dash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A few seconds is all Broughton needs to get the engine turned over. By the time she looks out the windshield:

WE SEE: A dozen East German guards running toward them with their weapons drawn.

BROUGHTON

Hold on.

Bullets start to fly.

Broughton JAMS the sedan in drive, CUTS the wheel hard and SPINS out across the cobblestone streets.

The East German guards jump in their military cars and give chase.

This is FRENCH CONNECTION meets BULLITT, but through the streets of East Berlin 1989!

Broughton races the stolen sedan through featureless neighborhoods. A half-dozen East German military cars hunt her at breakneck speed.

Broughton rallies down a narrow alleyway, out onto a wide street and through a gauntlet of near misses. Two East German military cars try to block her route. Broughton SMASHES through a crude roadblock and SPINS the military cars like tops.

Several more East Germans cars join in the hot pursuit.

Broughton's side window EXPLODES and sends glass through the sedan. Broughton has had enough.

Broughton SLIDES to a stop, JAMS her sedan into reverse, then draws and empties her Markov pistol out the windowless hole to her side.

Bullets STRIKE into the pack of pursuing military cars.

Broughton WHIPS the sedan back around as three more East German cars pile up in a smoking heap.

SPYGLAS

We'll never... make it.

BROUGHTON

We'll make it.

Broughton's sedan is up on the sidewalk, over and through most every obstacle as the East German noose tightens around her.

WE SEE: The frozen Spree River next to the speeding cars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

Hold on!

Broughton JUMPS the curb and HURLS the tiny sedan out onto the frozen river.

They speed across a wide expanse of ice and packed snow. The East Germans slow, unwilling to follow her out onto the ice.

Broughton's sedan races towards West Berlin across that narrow band of frozen river ice.

WE SEE: Downriver the ice opens up and disappears into the black and swift river.

Broughton looks at the color of Spyglass' pale face.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

Stay with me.

WE HEAR: Low end rumble outside.

It could be the ice giving way, but it's not. Broughton knows better and looks outside. Just behind them, arcing against the washed-out sky is a Soviet MI-25 gunship.

WE SEE: Red FLASHES wink out.

30mm gun barrels burn bright orange then rounds from the nose-mounted gun POUND through the little sedan.

The sedan is immediately out of control.

Spyglass looks at Broughton.

SPYGLASS

It's okay...it is not a gutter.

The MI-25 unleashes another BLAST from the nose cannon. One of the rounds cuts through Spyglass, then ice BUCKLES and HEAVES the car upwards. It disappears into the cold murky water of Spree River.

Spyglass is DEAD and Broughton watches her world go DARK.

The sedan PITCHES in the water, freezing water pours in through the bullet holes and blasted out side window.

Broughton remains calm as the cold water RUSHES in rising fast around her feet, waist, chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The tiny sedan TWISTS in the river's current. Broughton takes a deep breath from the last pocket of air and pushes the car door open. She glances back at Spyglass' lifeless body, then never looks back...

Broughton swims underwater through the wintry river current. She doesn't have much time.

EXT. SPREE RIVER

It's not far to the shore. Broughton crawls out of the icy water and staggers up the muddy banks. The MI-25 is circling several hundred yards farther up river.

Broughton claws up the steep bank. She is wet, cold, and her body is quickly going hypothermic.

A car SKIDS to a stop in front of her.

WE HEAR: The door open and footsteps approach her.

Broughton is desperate, fighting to warm her body, as her cold fingers fumble with her empty pistol.

WE SEE: Boots run up then stop next to an exhausted Broughton.

GYPSY

I am here.

The Gypsy grabs Broughton's hyperborean body and quickly tosses her into the warm car. The gypsy speeds away as the MI-25 gunship continues circling and searching above the cold dark river.

INT. EAST BERLIN - SAFE HOUSE

Broughton huddles wrapped in wool blankets around a coal fire contained in a metal bucket. The Gypsy sits in the flickering light.

GYPSY

What happened?

BROUGHTON

A Soviet sniper team.

GYPSY

Spyglass?

BROUGHTON

Dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GYPSY

The East Germans are monitoring every inch of the border. You have stirred the hornet's nest.

BROUGHTON

There is no way I can cross now.

GYPSY

Come.

Broughton stands, blanket wrapped around her shoulders, and follows the Gypsy down a faintly lit hallway.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

You must use the old tunnels.

BROUGHTON

What about you?

The Gypsy kneels and lifts a false section in the floor revealing an opening within the tiles.

GYPSY

Do not worry about me. We will see each other again... I am certain of this.

The gypsy hands Broughton a metal flashlight.

BROUGHTON

I owe you.

GYPSY

You owe me nothing. Go on now.

Broughton lowers herself down into the dark hole and turns on the flashlight.

INT. EAST BERLIN SEWERS

The flashlight's yellow beam illuminates the damp tunnel. Broughton walks in silence several hundred yards until...

WE SEE: the beam cut across a dead man's body.

Broughton kneels down for a closer look and identifies the face warped by death.

BROUGHTON

Batkin.

Broughton stands and moves on past the Soviet agent's corpse towards West Berlin.

INT. WEST BERLIN HOTEL

Broughton, wrapped in a towel, washes the last of the black dye from her hair. She looks up to the mirror and exhales to gather whatever strength she has left.

WE HEAR: A pounding on her hotel door.

POLIZEI
Offen sie die tur! Polizei!

Broughton wraps her wet hair in a second towel and steps from the bathroom.

WE SEE: The hotel door BURST open.

The POLIZEI enter with complete intimidation followed by an older and very severe-looking CHIEF INSPECTOR.

BROUGHTON
What in the hell are you?!

CHIEF INSPECTOR
SIT DOWN!

Broughton sits on the edge of the bed.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
Miss Lloyd. If this is even your
real name?

BROUGHTON
Of course it is. What gives you
the right to break into my hotel
room?

The Chief Inspector points at the four silver stars on his meticulous uniform.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
I'm First Chief Inspector of this
district and you're rights are not
the same as if you were in
Knightsbridge.

BROUGHTON
I would like to call my attaché in
the British sector and see if he
agrees with you.

The Chief Inspector narrows his eyes at the remark.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
A Stasi officer was killed
yesterday in East Berlin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Chief Inspector looks at a reaction but gets none from Broughton.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

They say he was trying to defect.
Six others were also killed, not
including the two men who fired a
high-powered weapon into a crowd
of protesters.

BROUGHTON

East Berlin can be quite unsafe.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Witnesses say that one person
escaped.

The Chief Inspector stares down at Broughton.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

A woman.

The Chief Inspector takes a step closer.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

The Britisher who was shot last
week was a spy, wasn't he?

BROUGHTON

How would I know?

CHIEF INSPECTOR

And now your government sends you
to replace him and stage a Stasi
officer's defection.

BROUGHTON

I have no idea what you are
talking about.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

I believe you do.

BROUGHTON

I am a British civil servant, a
lawyer.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

England may not care about the
mess you make here.

The Chief Inspector takes another step, closing the
distance to Broughton's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
But this is still our country. My
country. Do you understand?

Broughton remains stoic under the tension in the room.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
Where you yesterday?

BROUGHTON
What time?

CHIEF INSPECTOR
The entire day, and I must warn
you not to strain my patience
further.

BROUGHTON
I...

LASALLE
...was with me.

The Chief Inspector turns to Lasalle standing in the
hotel room doorway.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
And where were you both?

LASALLE
The Club Moulin on Lisenstrasse.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
A jazz club in the afternoon?

LASALLE
I've plenty of staff who will
confirm this.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
No doubt... and I will question
each and every one of them...
thoroughly.

The Polizei brush past Lasalle. The Chief Inspector
strides towards the door, then turns back to Broughton.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
If you've not left Berlin by the
end of the week, Miss Lloyd, we
shall have you extradited. Auf
Wiedersehen.

The Polizei are gone. Lasalle looks at Broughton.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BROUGHTON

You didn't have to do that.

LASALLE

They are no different than the Stasi.

Broughton stands and moves towards her clothes that hang in the closet as she lowers her towel, Lasalle looks across at her naked frame.

WE SEE: Deep bruises covering Broughton's body from the punishing staircase fight and car crash.

LASALLE (CONT'D)

I warned you this is a dangerous game.

Broughton pulls on some clothes and turns with an answer.

BROUGHTON

So you did.

LASALLE

There aren't many people like us, you know.

BROUGHTON

Like what?

LASALLE

Most people enjoy comfort and safety. Not us. We run into burning buildings and towards gunfire. We're hard wired differently. Perhaps something is wrong with us.

BROUGHTON

Not us. Something is wrong with everyone else.

Lasalle nods and hands Broughton several black-and-white photos.

LASALLE

These were taken last week outside an GDR official estate in Hellersdorf.

BROUGHTON

This must be a mistake.

WE SEE: in the photos, Perceval and the sniper from East Berlin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LASALLE

You recognize the man Perceval is talking to, of course.

Broughton nods slowly to herself.

LASALLE (CONT'D)

You are lucky to be alive. He is a confirmed Ice Man. Ivan Yerchenko, a notorious assassin.

Broughton studies the details of the photos, then hands them back to Lasalle.

BROUGHTON

This... doesn't prove anything. Perceval's been here for years, he knows everybody... Besides, why use an assassin? The KGB could have arrested Spyglass anytime they wanted.

Lasalle returns the photos to her coat pocket and turns to leave with the confidence of a cat that has cornered a mouse.

LASALLE

Ms. Broughton. It's not KGB in the pictures. I fear you are in danger.

EXT. TIERGARDEN PARK

Perceval, Kurzfeld and Broughton stand near the frozen duck pond in the harsh light of the afternoon.

KURZFELD

Jesus H. Christ, just send me back to Langley and somebody else pick up these pieces.

PERCEVAL

Maybe you should've backed us up!

KURZFELD

I expected more out of you Brits than a royal goat fuck.

BROUGHTON

You don't have our own Stasi agent... do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KURZFELD

Not one with a photographic memory that wanted to defect, goddamn it... So who was blown?... Someone had to roll over.

PERCEVAL

Not us... The sniper knew the EXFIL route and the best hide position for effective fire.

Broughton glances at Perceval, but doesn't betray the knowledge of Lasalle's photos.

BROUGHTON

That doesn't guarantee who hired him.

PERCEVAL

Well, who in the hell else is there but the damn Reds!

KURZFELD

Was the dead drop compromised?

PERCEVAL

No... only myself and Gascione ever knew its location.

Perceval turns towards Broughton.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

What about that gypsy?

BROUGHTON

If I weren't for him, I'd have never made it back.

PERCEVAL

Those bloody Spivs would sell their own grandmother for a handful of quick marks.

KURZFELD

Is it possible you were the real target? Spyglass was just collateral?

BROUGHTON

If the sniper wanted to shoot me first he could have.

KURZFELD

Mighty convenient that they didn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Broughton take a step towards the remark.

BROUGHTON
What are you inferring?

Perceval steps between them.

PERCEVAL
Be serious... This was obviously
about silencing Spyglass before we
got to him. He must have been
blown.

KURZFELD
Well, whoever the target was,
Moscow has sent us a message.

PERCEVAL
Assuming it was Moscow that
ordered the hit.

Kurzfeld leans towards Broughton and points his finger.

KURZFELD
Langley would love to hang my ass
in the wind for this. Don't think
I won't give all of you up if I
have to.

PERCEVAL
I'm sure they're waiting for you
to file your report. I know
London's waiting on me. Let's all
just concentrate on keeping our
heads below the parapet.

Kurzfeld walks away in disgust and doesn't look back.

KURZFELD
I'll let you know how this mess
plays out.

INT. WEST BERLIN HOTEL ROOM

CAPTION: NOVEMBER 6 1989

Broughton stares at the unopened bottles of gin and tonic
waiting for her.

WE HEAR: The phone ring and Broughton picks it up.

BROUGHTON
Lloyd speaking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LASALLE (V.O.)
Dine with me this evening?

BROUGHTON
I don't think it's the best idea.

LASALLE (V.O.)
Tonight, I've a secret recipe of
great interest to you. It's as
sweet as sugar. Come by the
apartment as soon as you can.

Broughton sets the phone down, looks out the window, then
dials another number immediately.

BROUGHTON
Sir, it's Gladys. Are you busy?
There are some legal issues with
the transportation I'd like to ask
you about.

Broughton nods.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)
I'll get a cab and be right over.

Broughton hangs up the phone.

EXT. WEST BERLIN

Broughton steps from a cab and walks up to Perceval's
building.

INT. PERCEVAL'S OFFICE

Broughton walks through the attaché office door.

PERCEVAL
You look polished.

BROUGHTON
I'm meeting Lasalle.

PERCEVAL
Lucky lady... Now as far I know,
there shouldn't be any
transportation issues.

BROUGHTON
That's not why I'm here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERCEVAL

I had a feeling. What is it you really want to talk about?

BROUGHTON

What do you think. I failed to deliver.

PERCEVAL

Are you worried about how this looks in your file? How you'll advance up the ladder?

BROUGHTON

I really hadn't thought that far.

Perceval pours two fingers of a single malt and hands it across to Broughton.

PERCEVAL

Don't dwell on it.

BROUGHTON

Is that your official recommendation?

PERCEVAL

You must have lost packages before.

Broughton shakes her head without a word.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

Well it doesn't matter in the end.

Perceval offers Broughton a seat in one of two worn leather club chairs.

BROUGHTON

Is that advice supposed to be a sort of consolation prize?

PERCEVAL

No prize, darling, and I didn't know you gave a damn about my advice.

Broughton lifts her highball towards Perceval.

BROUGHTON

I don't... but humor me.

They both take a silent smooth drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PERCEVAL

You can't unfuck what has been fucked. So...at the end of a very long career of chasing shadows, the only prize you take home is to grow old. If you're lucky you tell some good lies to boys down at the pub and all the ghosts that want to listen.

BROUGHTON

That's it... let it go?

PERCEVAL

Unless you want it to eat a hole through your guts. It is simple. Somewhere, somebody got the upper hand. Maybe you were too conspicuous when you went over to see the gypsy.

BROUGHTON

Wait a goddamn minute.

PERCEVAL

Or maybe I was indiscreet when I picked up Spyglass' message. As I already said, most likely Spyglass himself was the loudmouth. The truth is we will never know.

BROUGHTON

And the body I found in the tunnel?

PERCEVAL

How the hell should I know? I told you those tunnels are history.

BROUGHTON

The body was fresh. Whoever killed him must have known about the tunnel.

PERCEVAL

Which is precisely why I didn't want you stumbling around down there.

Perceval takes a deep breath then a deep drink.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

Look, it's done and dusted. Forget about it. You won. You made it back to fight another day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BROUGHTON

I suppose you're right.

Perceval sets his empty glass down onto the side table.

PERCEVAL

I am right and you're damn
fortunate... Now come, I'll give
you a lift across town to
Lasalle's place.

INT. PERCEVAL'S CAR

Perceval and Broughton drive through the quiet
neighborhood.

PERCEVAL

I'll drop you off here... I don't
want to be seen near Lasalle's
apartment. The Frenchies are
probably watching it.

The car slows to a stop and Broughton steps out into the
bitter night.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

Can you find your way?

BROUGHTON

I'll manage. Thanks for the lift.

Broughton starts to turn.

PERCEVAL

Hey...

Broughton turns back to Perceval sitting in the battered
VW bug.

PERCEVAL ((CONT'D)

You're a hell of a good officer.
Now...forget I ever said that.

A small smile settles on Broughton's mouth for a fraction
of a second. She nods and continues on.

EXT. LASALLE'S APARTMENT

Broughton enters the building and walks down the well-lit
hallway to find Lasalle's apartment door ajar.

BROUGHTON

Hello.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WE HEAR: Diana Washington's "What a Difference a Day Makes." playing on a turntable.

Lorraine enters.

WE SEE: Lasalle's body twisted in death on the carpet.

Broughton moves to Lasalle, her body still warm but without pulse. Broughton starts to systematically go through the apartment and search. She stops in the kitchen.

WE SEE: Large glass containers, FLOUR, SALT... but the SUGAR container is facing away.

Broughton turns over the container dumping the sugar onto the counter along with a package. Broughton opens the package to reveal: a stack of photos.

WE SEE: Perceval with the KGB Agent Bakhtin.

INT. CENTURY HOUSE

CAPTION: NOVEMBER 11, 1989

Gray angles forward into the ISOFACT desk.

GRAY

You are sure it was Bakhtin?

BROUGHTON

Absolutely, he was wearing the same navy overcoat from the East German sewers. In the photo Perceval was giving him a package. Lasalle had been keeping tabs on him for some time.

GRAY

And where are the photos now?

BROUGHTON

I burned them.

GRAY

You did what!?

BROUGHTON

Not straight away. But when Perceval was killed, I couldn't risk the police finding them. Embarrassing for all of us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAY

Broughton, you damn bloody fool.

BROUGHTON

Sir, I don't understand.
Perceval's dead. What does it
matter?

GRAY

Perceval's legacy for one... Oh go
on and finish. Then I'll explain.

BROUGHTON

There isn't much more to tell.
This was all on the 6th. I laid
low for the next two days, trying
to shake out contacts, but I had
no luck... The gypsy had vanished.
Lasalle was dead. Kurzfeld thought
I was incompetent... I was low on
friends.

Gray sits across from her and takes a deep breath.

BROUGHTON (CONT'D)

And then came the 9th. You know
what happened after that.

GRAY

On the contrary, the wall drowned
out everything else that night.
Until you messaged, we didn't even
know Perceval was dead... So what
happened?

BROUGHTON

I don't know, sir. I told you. I
wasn't present at the scene.

Kurzfeld storms into the room, furious.

KURZFELD

This is bullshit!

Broughton turns in her chair.

BROUGHTON

What the hell is he doing here?!

KURZFELD

Your superior officer was killed,
and you didn't do a damn thing.

Broughton stands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROUGHTON

I wasn't his secretary you stupid Yank... If you were such good friends, why weren't you there with him.

KURZFELD

Because David called me that evening and told me he was meeting you!

The two men watch Broughton for a response, but she gives them nothing.

GRAY

The truth weighs less than a lie...Please, Broughton.

Broughton's stoic veneer starts to dissolve.

BROUGHTON

I am sorry, Sir. I'm so sorry... I just froze, there was nothing I could do...

Gray picks up his pen and begins to write.

GRAY

Now we are getting somewhere... Just calm down and tell us everything.

BROUGHTON

It was the night the wall came down. I was in my room at the hotel.

INT. WEST BERLIN HOTEL ROOM

CAPTION: NOVEMBER 9, 1989

Lorraine picks up the phone.

PERCEVAL

Have you seen the news? Brokaw is reporting on CNN. It's bloody chaos over there.

BROUGHTON

You said yourself it wouldn't last much longer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERCEVAL

I wasn't expecting it to fall this soon.

BROUGHTON

What needs to be done, Sir?

PERCEVAL

We require a new game plan. Meet me at the train station on Putlitzbrucke, track 14 one hour.

BROUGHTON

Yes, Sir.

Broughton hangs up, gets dressed and walks out the door.

EXT. WEST BERLIN

Broughton enters the train station, through the gates and through a door marked "Track 14."

The platform is empty, save for the far end, two human forms are seen silhouetted against the unembellished sodium vapor lights.

Broughton moves closer undetected until she can start to make out the conversation. Broughton can now make out Perceval, the other man remains concealed.

PERCEVAL

Well, old boy. That's it for us. We're obsolete. But I'm glad to see you here.

WE NEVER SEE: the man Perceval speaks with. He always remains in shadow.

WE SEE: In the distance, the cobblestone streets filled with a group of WEST GERMANS carrying sledgehammers and pickaxes.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

Tonight of all nights, when the ramparts of tyranny fall to the history books and we watch as they taste freedom.

Perceval looks towards the crowds in the distance, his voice quiet and thoughtful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)
And what do we have to show for
it? A few bloody noses and
scrapped knees.

The shadowy man remains silent and in the darkness of the platform.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)
Some say there will be no more
secrets from now on. But you and I
both know that's not true... The
world is run on secrets.

Perceval starts to turn towards the silent man.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)
Don't worry, old boy. I won't tell
if you won't.

Perceval's eyes strain, adjusting to the dark shape in the man's hand, and then:

WE HEAR: BAAAM BAAAM BAAAM!

Broughton steps out at the crumpled sound of Perceval's body twisting down to the platform.

The gunman slowly walks away and disappears into the night. Broughton runs to Perceval and kneels at his side.

BROUGHTON
Sir... You didn't deserve this.

Perceval eyes struggle to focus on Broughton's face and then, when they do, he softly grunts:

PERCEVAL
Yes... I did.

Perceval body relaxes and is no more.

INT. CENTURY HOUSE

CAPTION: NOVEMBER 11, 1989

Back to Kurzfeld and Gray sitting emotionless across from Broughton as the magnetic tape deck spins around and around.

GRAY
What's that suppose to mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROUGHTON

I don't know. I messaged you immediately and then called the police.

GRAY

And you never found the list?

BROUGHTON

I am sorry. No, Sir... But like Perceval said, does it matter now? The Cold War is over.

GRAY

Is that what you think?

BROUGHTON

It's what people are saying.

GRAY

You should know better, Broughton. Berlin is reunited. Germany may follow, and maybe the entire Iron Curtain will fall. But Russia will always be Russia.

BROUGHTON

I suppose. But I think it was the wall coming down that got Perceval killed.

GRAY

Why is that?

BROUGHTON

Because I believe he was responsible for Gascione's death.

Kurzfeld stands.

KURZFELD

This is ridiculous.

GRAY

Emmett, please sit down. Go on Broughton.

BROUGHTON

Perceval was the ring leader of the Ice Men. Gascione somehow found out about it and Spyglass' list was the proof he needed. Perceval had him killed to prevent the list from reaching you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRAY

Then why would Gascione tell him about the list in the first place? Perceval knew what he was carrying, remember?

BROUGHTON

I don't know, Sir. Perceval never wanted me in Berlin. He didn't seem to be bothered about the list and I don't even think he wanted it found. Perceval knew the exfil route. So he told Yerchenko to kill Spyglass before he could talk... And Bakhtin killed Gascione on Perceval's orders. Then Perceval silenced him, dumped him in the sewers and fed us the line about a train to Moscow.

KURZFELD

And David's killer?

BROUGHTON

Another Ice Man. Perhaps with the wall coming down, he silenced Perceval to save his own skin.

GRAY

Interesting theory.

BROUGHTON

It's what I believe, Sir. Everything fits.

GRAY

Tell me why do you think you never found the list.

BROUGHTON

Something that sensitive, assuming it wasn't already in Moscow, isn't the sort of thing you expose like clockwork... Maybe if I'd had more time.

GRAY

Shall I tell you what I think?

BROUGHTON

Please, Sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRAY

There is no list. There never was.
Perceval pulled a fast one on all
of us... Who knew about the list?

BROUGHTON

A handful of people

GRAY

But all any of us have is
Perceval's word for it. Gascione
didn't log anything directly.

KURZFELD

What about Spyglass?

GRAY

Did he ever say anything to you
about a list?

BROUGHTON

No, there wasn't time before he
was killed.

KURZFELD

Perceval didn't tell me until
after Gascoine was found in the
Spree. So the only two men who
could confirm the list's existence
were both dead.

BROUGHTON

It doesn't make sense.

GRAY

It makes perfect sense... Perceval
killed Gascione and used Bakhtin
as a scapegoat. On that much I
agree with you. But he needed a
cover story. So Perceval
fabricated the list to distract us
and it worked. It was quite
brilliant, really, worthy of an
officer of his caliber.

BROUGHTON

Where's the motive? Perceval
wouldn't kill a fellow officer
because they didn't get along.

GRAY

Perceval killed Gascione and fed
us a line. We sent you in and he
told you the same story. It was a
wild goose chase.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GRAY (CONT'D)

When Spyglass wanted out, Perceval messaged that to us, of course. But he had to silence Spyglass before we could question him about the list.

KURZFELD

Remember I asked afterwards if you were the real target?

BROUGHTON

Yes, but I still believe it was Spyglass.

GRAY

You're both right. There were two targets. Perceval failed to eliminate you. But after that, I think he believed he was safe... until Lasalle told you she had information for you... Then you told Perceval.

BROUGHTON

I was with Perceval when Lasalle was killed.

GRAY

Were you? You said he dropped you off before the French sector. That it took fifteen minutes to walk to Lasalle's apartment... Plenty of time for Perceval to drive there ahead of you.

BROUGHTON

Lasalle was garroted, a classic KGB execution, and Gascione was shot with a Makrov.

GRAY

So was Perceval according to the police.

KURZFELD

You carried a Makarov that night. The gun the Gypsy supplied you with.

BROUGHTON

You can't think I killed Perceval.

KURZFELD

Did you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BROUGHTON

For God's sake, Perceval was a misogynistic prick, but I didn't want to kill him.

GRAY

Somebody did.

KURZFELD

Did you get a look at his killer?

BROUGHTON

No... Maybe if I review some old intelligence files.

Gray sets down a file.

GRAY

Take a look at this.

Broughton looks through a stack of photos.

BROUGHTON

Wait a second, yes... the Pole in the bar at the Palm. That's him.

Gray lifts the photo.

GRAY

Aleksander Bremovych. Born 1952, Krakow to Russian immigrant parents. Recruited 1969, quickly became one of the KGB's top runners.

KURZFELD

Bremovych was involved with that mess in Czechoslovakia in '75, not to mention a few French doubles over the years.

GRAY

Bremovych flew into Berlin on the 29th.

BROUGHTON

So he was KGB. That doesn't mean he wasn't an Ice Man.

GRAY

Doesn't this lineup strike you as odd? Bremovych, Yerchenko, Bakhtin?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BROUGHTON

I don't follow.

GRAY

You're fabled Ice Men are supposedly an international outfit. But all three of these men are KGB. A remarkable coincidence, wouldn't you say?

BROUGHTON

Berlin is crawling with KGB.

GRAY

And Yanks, Frogs, Eyeties, even us... You really think Russians are the only people willing to kill for money?

BROUGHTON

There is no proof and no motive. Perceval killed Gascione, then Spyglass, and Lasalle, and then the KGB killed him? It doesn't make sense...Why?

KURZFELD

Langley intercepted this on the 5th. The day after Spyglass was killed. It's from Lasalle to Paris. She states her belief that there is a double agent working in Berlin.

GRAY

It's been known for some time that Bremovych was running a British double, code name STACHEL. We just didn't know who it was.

Broughton takes a deep breath, putting the pieces together in her head.

GRAY (CONT'D)

The photo Lasalle showed you wasn't evidence of Perceval's involvement with assassins.

Gray looks at Kurzfeld, then at Broughton.

GRAY (CONT'D)

The photos were proof Perceval was STACHEL. Three days after Gascione was killed, Bremovych arrives in Berlin. Perceval wanted to defect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

BROUGHTON

Why?

KURZFELD

Moscow knows the wall is coming down is just the start. From here on it's going to snowball like crazy.

GRAY

Defection's always been a good life. Apartment in Moscow, enough cash to retire, KGB security.

BROUGHTON

But if the Kremlin collapses, what then? All those state guaranteed roubles are gone.

GRAY

Defection is no longer appealing.

BROUGHTON

But if Perceval came back and flipped for you instead...

GRAY

Gascione was onto Perceval all right. He'd blown him as a double. If Spyglass talked, we'd find out the list didn't exist. Lasalle would confirm our suspicions.

BROUGHTON

Perceval was cleaning up after himself.

KURZFELD

So was Bremovych. It was just a question of which man finished the job first.

BROUGHTON

Are you telling me there was no point to any of this?

GRAY

On the contrary, your presence forced Perceval's hand.

Gray leans over, CLICKS the NAGRA reel-to-reel. The tape stops for the first time in hours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

GRAY (CONT'D)

We are burying this one,
Broughton. Your mission never took
place. This conversation, and the
one Emmett and I are about to have
with C, never happened.

Broughton sits in silence staring at an full ashtray.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Take some leave. Come back bright
and fresh in the New Year. We'll
start the next decade well rested.

EXT. BRISTOL LULSGATE AIRPORT

CAPTION: DECEMBER 1, 1989

A gorgeous blonde steps from the Bristol taxicab and into
the airport. It's Lorraine Broughton. She carries no
bags, walks through security, boards an international
flight.

EXT. LONODN

C and Gray stroll along the Thames River under a late
afternoon sky.

C

Are you sure that is everything?

GRAY

It is everything we have, Sir. Not
a lot I am afraid.

C

The PM is going have a difficult
time with this. No documents. No
proof.

GRAY

Well there is nothing for the
Guardian to print.

C nods and squints towards the Palace of Westminster.

INT. PAN AM FLIGHT

Broughton looks out the window on the descent into the
bleak European sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

C (V.O.)
Did we ever find that gypsy?

EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT

Broughton steps to an awaiting taxi and climbs in the backseat without hesitation.

GRAY (V.O.)
No. He may simply have gone underground.

The taxi pulls out and drives towards the city of Paris.

GRAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Five thousand GDR residents have already disappeared since the wall came down.

EXT. LONDON

C and Gray continue their walk along the Thames.

C
The future belongs to a different generation.

GRAY
I fear you may be right, Sir. One that may not understand sacrifice for country the way the old guard does.

INT. FRENCH TAXI

Broughton is being driven through the city of lights. The blonde wig is gone and she has a new set of clothes. She looks through a small Hermes Kelly bag.

C (V.O.)
You'll have to promote Broughton just to keep her quiet.

GRAY (V.O.)
Yes Sir.

Broughton lifts several documents into her hand and examines them. She returns them to her handbag as the taxi stops. Broughton exits the taxi and turns into the early evening.

EXT. LONDON

The sun is nearly gone. Gray and Mr. C move their walk off the banks of the Thames and up the Victoria Embarkment.

C

Where is Broughton now?

GRAY

Still on leave, Sir. I believe she's is staying with family at their country house in Sommerset.

EXT. PARIS-NIGHT

Close to the Rue St. Honoré and near the Seine itself, Broughton takes a seat along a quiet sidewalk cafe.

GRAY (V.O.)

Well, Broughton did sign off on the dossier, eventually. She clung to her absurd theory for a while, but in fact, most of her report confirms our suspicions about Perceval.

A young Parisian WAITER approaches and Broughton orders two drinks.

GRAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Yerchenko, Bakhtin, Bremovych... They couldn't have acted without someone on the inside.

FLASHBACK:

INT. LASALLE'S APARTMENT

Lasalle's face is constricting with fear. Behind her:

WE SEE: Bremovych pull tight the garrote made of thin piano wire.

Lasalle thrashes, then her body goes limp, falling to the hardwood floor.

EXT. WEST BERLIN

Bremovych steps from the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WE HEAR: Shots RING out and Perceval's body twists away towards the cold train platform.

Bremovych stands with the smoke twisting from the barrel.

Perceval lies in a pool of blood slowly growing around his frame.

Bremovych is made of stone. He leans down and pulls a rabbit's foot key chain from Perceval's pocket.

BREMOVYCH

Don't worry, old boy. I won't tell
if you won't.

Bremovych turns and is gone.

EXT. LONDON-NIGHT

Gray and C stand outside the front door of Number 10 Downing street.

GRAY

Perceval never did have a good
alibi for the night BER-2 was
shot. Perceval was our double.

C

I never could have imagined. David
Perceval and Stachel the same
person?

EXT. PARIS CAFE-NIGHT

Broughton sits with the titan of a man, his back to the Parisian street.

WE SEE: several photos from Lasalle's apartment in Broughton's hand.

1-PERCEVAL AND YERCHENKO

2-BAKHTIN AND PERCEVAL

3-PERCEVAL AND BREMOVYCH.

The last photograph is the most telling of them all.

4-BREMOVYCH AND BROUGHTON!

Broughton lowers the photos to reveal Bremovych across from her at the Parisian Bistro.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BREMOVYCH
(In Russian)
Commrade, Satchel.

Broughton hands him the photos.

BROUGHTON
(In Russian)
It was a very difficult mission.

BREMOVYCH
(In Russian)
The most difficult things in life
have the greatest value.

BROUGHTON
(In Russian)
My hope is Moscow and the party
will be pleased.

Bremovych holds Perceval's lucky rabbit's foot up.

BREMOVYCH
(In Russian)
The British and Americans are
foolish and shortsighted.

Bremovych breaks open the rabbit foot, and within its
secret chamber:

WE SEE: The encrypted list with every name of every cold
war intelligence officer.

BREMOVYCH (CONT'D)
(In Russian)
They may have won the battle for
Berlin. But this... will let us
win the cold war.

The young waiter sets two low glasses filled with ice
cold vodka onto the small bistro table.

BREMOVYCH (CONT'D)
(In Russian)
To success, Commrade Satchel.

They lift the glasses and both empty them in a single
motion. A shared moment of accomplishment between two
warriors in the Parisian night. Broughton steadies her
eyes on Bremovych, then finally responds.

BROUGHTON
(In Russian)
Success.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Without warning, Bremovych's body pitches forward. The poisoned vodka takes hold and the bloody foam pours from his mouth. Broughton is on her feet with the rabbit's foot and encrypted list in her hand. Broughton walks with confidence towards the Seine.

WE SEE: the two waiters step from the cafe and lift Bremovych's body into a small bread truck pulling up.

The cafe is swept clean and sterilized of everything.

Broughton never looks back, walks down the stone stairway to the edge of the Seine and boards a small motor boat that waits for her.

EXT. MOTOR BOAT

A DECKHAND unties the boat and throws the line ashore.

WE HEAR: The boat engine cry out in the cold air.

Broughton walks past the closed cockpit and, at the controls of the small motor boat:

WE SEE: The Gypsy from East Berlin.

The Gypsy touches the brim of his faded Yankee's baseball cap as he recognizes Broughton. Not a word is spoken between them.

Broughton moves towards the bow of the boat.

WE HEAR: A familiar voice call out.

Emmett Kurzfeld steps forward and leans against the wooden gunwale.

KURZFELD

How many years have you given for
this night?

BROUGHTON

More than I would have liked, Sir.

KURZFELD

It's time you come home, Karen.

Broughton smiles at the sound of her true given name.

BROUGHTON

I'm ready, Sir. I have had enough
of the cold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Broughton hands Kurzfeld the rabbit foot with the encrypted list.

WE SEE: On the boat's prow, a defiant American flag SNAP in the wind.

Broughton and her American counter-intelligence team speed past the Tour de Eiffel under a starless night.

SLAM to BLACK

THE COLDEST CITY

THE END