

NO WAY OUT

(DECEIT)

by

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REVISED 3RD DRAFT, FINAL
MARCH 15, 1986

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

EXT. THE PENTAGON - AERIAL SHOT - DAWN

1

The helicopter moves from above the Pentagon along the Potomac and we see what there is to be seen of monumental Washington. We move on into the verdant suburbs, hover high above the roof of a suburban house shrouded in foliage.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - DAWN

2

An isolated house located in a Washington suburb. Parked at the head of the driveway is a black Chevrolet. It bears U.S. Government plates.

3 INT. SAFE HOUSE - ON A DESK TOP - DAY

3

A couple of full ashtrays, an open file envelope, etc.

MOVE IN:

CLOSE - MAN'S HAND

He is making a chain of paper clips on the desk top; the work of a bored but patient man.

CLOSE - A DIFFERENT MAN'S HAND

It's clenching a coffee mug. This man is neither bored nor patient. He squeezes the cup. It cracks, coffee spatters on the desk top.

FARRELL (O.S.)

Is that supposed to scare me?

ANGLE - FARRELL

He is a Navy Lt. Commander in his 30's. His eyes are bloodshot; he hasn't shaved. He shows unmistakable signs of exhaustion.

ANGLE - CUP BREAKER

Brush cut, unmemorable suit, narrow tie.

ANGLE - FIRST MAN - "PAPER CLIP"

He looks like Cup Breaker's older brother except he is relaxed, or so he wants us to think.

PAPER CLIP

Easy... Commander Farrell is trying to lay it out for us,

CONTINUED:

FULL SHOT - ROOM

It's small -- stripped of everything but the essentials. Incongruously, however, one full wall is a glass mirror. Its presence is so inappropriate that we wonder about its function.

ANGLE - FARRELL

He is watching the interplay between the others.

FARRELL

Why don't you guys knock it off?

ANGLE - DESK DRAWER

A tape recorder is rolling

ANGLE - MIRROR

What's it doing in this room?

BACK TO MASTER

The interrogators look at each other and there is a change: Paper Clip gets colder.

PAPER CLIP

How did you actually meet The Secretary of Defense?

Farrell gets up from his chair.

FARRELL

I was introduced by Pritchard... I've known him since college.

CUP BREAKER

Pritchard?

FARRELL

(annoyed)

Scott Pritchard, General Counsel for the Secretary... look, you know all this.

He turns, crosses to the mirror, stares at it.

FARRELL

(continuing)

When is he going to come out from behind there?

He squints, trying to see through the one-way glass.

DISSOLVE TO:

CONTINUED:

A REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR - THE FOLLOWING FLASHBACK

4 EXT. HOTEL - WASHINGTON - NIGHT 4

The facade is draped with bunting, huge flags whip in the January breeze. A banner announces this is the site of an inaugural ball. SHOT FAVORS Farrell, immaculate in a Navy Commander's dress uniform, joining the crowd entering the hotel.

5 INT. HOTEL - COAT CHECK AREA - FARRELL - DAY 5

Farrell hands over his coat, glances at the far end of the counter; sees SUSAN ATWELL receiving her check, queuing up to get into the ballroom. She's beautiful and beautifully dressed in a skin-tight beaded gown. He grabs his check off the counter, tries to get around the others to get close to her. He winds up a couple places in line behind her.

HEY THERE'S A TRAFFIC JAM - A SECURITY GUARD

with a hand held metal detector. He runs it up and down each person in turn. She looks at the Guard sardonically -- mock offended.

SUSAN

Lucky it's not a bullshit detector.
Then none of us could get in.

She takes off in the crowded ballroom; Farrell watches her disappear

6 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - FOLLOWING FARRELL 6

Who sees an acre of dance floor ringed with tables. A furlong of buffet, a podium, and behind it a stage whereon Lester Lanin, unit #1, is sawing away.

Farrell's wandering around smiling amiably, looking for a familiar face. He spots SCOTT PRITCHARD, goes to him.

FARRELL

Scott... Thanks for the invitation.
I'm not used to hanging out at places
like this.

PRITCHARD

(wintry smile)
But I sure bet you'd like to.
I take it you'd like to join our
staff. That was the purpose
of the note wasn't it?

Farrell takes Pritchard by the arm: He's known him a long time.

CONTINUED:

FARRELL

Scott, it wasn't a "note", it was a Christmas card, and as I recall, the message was Merry Christmas. Of course I would like to be on the staff. What officer wouldn't... but that doesn't make any difference. I have another year of sea duty... So man, why don't we just relax and enjoy ourselves -- Wanna dance?

PRITCHARD

(relenting, smiling)

There's Secretary Brice now. Come. I'll introduce you.

7 ANGLE DAVID BRICE - ENTERING BALLROOM

7

He's surrounded by people of obvious importance, at least to themselves, all in animated conversation. Brice glances over, watches Pritchard approach with Farrell in tow.

PRITCHARD

Mr. Brice, this is Commander Farrell, the officer I mentioned...you recall he's had experience on the Joint Chief's staff and at O.N.I.

BRICE

(flatly)

Oh, yes.

PRITCHARD

Tom... David Brice.

FARRELL

Pleased to meet you sir... Everyone I know is looking forward to serving under you for another term.

BRICE

Then you have a narrow acquaintanceship.

PRITCHARD

(quickly)

Tom and I were at college together.

BRICE

Really...

(he sees someone of
more interest)

Nice to have met you Commander.

He moves away quickly.

CONTINUED:

FARRELL

He has great warmth.

PRITCHARD

He's a genius. The normal rules don't apply.

FARRELL

Oh?...

(then seriously)

Some people think you're really the brains.

PRITCHARD

Is that supposed to flatter me? He's the most extraordinary person I've ever met. If it came to it, I'd lay down my life for him.

FARRELL

Is that a job requirement?

We hear trumpets blasting "Ruffles and Flourishes". Brice, heading to take his place in the reception line, gestures to Pritchard who rushes to join him as the band begins "Hail to the Chief" and the entire crowd, like a cloud of fish, schools toward the entrance to catch a glimpse of the President.

8 HIGH ANGLE - THE BALLROOM, LATER

8

They're dancing -- hundreds of them. They glitter.

ON FARRELL

He prowls the edge of the crowd -- taking it in. He sees someone; he brightens.

WHAT HE'S SEEING

A man seated at one of the tables has turned to offer a light to Susan who is passing behind him. She bends for the light; can't reach it.

SUSAN

I'm not bending any lower.

She turns around and is face to face with Farrell.

FARRELL

That was my pal and you've humiliated him.

Farrell lights a cigarette.

CONTINUED:

SUSAN

I'm sorry, it's just because
I meant to.

(wearily)

I mean, really,... peeking at
tits... You do that sort of thing?

FARRELL

(mock sheepish)

I have.

He looks her straight in the eye.

FARRELL

Wanna dance?

SUSAN

The twist?... Hell no.

FARRELL

We don't have to twist.

SUSAN

No, meant no.

FARRELL

You're pretty impressed with me
aren't you?

SUSAN

No.

FARRELL

(grinning)

Yes you are.

Farrell walks away to get in line for a drink. Susan comes up
to him.

SUSAN

So I was impressed.

Farrell takes her glass.

FARRELL

What exactly are you so angry
about?

SUSAN

It's an attitude I'm trying to
cultivate.

(beat)

I don't know, maybe it's this bunch
of hypocrites, all fat and shiny,
gearing up for four more years of

CONTINUED:

SUSAN (cont)
ramming it to us -- you one of
them?

FARRELL
Pretty cynical, hey, kid?

SUSAN
Adequate to the occasion.

FARRELL
Boy, you're tough.

On stage, an entertainer, distressingly similar to Anthony Newley,
commences to warble.

SUSAN
We have a potential nausea situation
building here.

Farrell laughs.

FARRELL
Let's get out of here, okay?

Farrell grabs her hand and begins to lead her out of of the main *
ballroom.

SUSAN
Well, my date's not going to like
this... but what the hell! His
wife'll probably be delighted.

FARRELL
Is this something we should discuss?

SUSAN
Nops.

9 OMITTED

9

10 EXT. HOTEL - SUSAN AND FARRELL, COMING OUT - NIGHT

10

She has a black mink over her shoulders. She marches quickly along
the line of waiting limousines; Farrell, a step behind her. Sh-
finds the one she wants, opens the door; waves him in.

11 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

11

She leans toward the open partition, speaks to the DRIVER.

CONTINUED:

SUSAN

Take us... somewhere.

DRIVER

Yes, miss.

Farrell regards her quizzically; indicates the mink, the limousine.

SUSAN

It's rented.

FARRELL

Fair enough. What exactly is it
you do?

SUSAN

Listen, my angel, don't spoil it.

CONTINUED:

The car moves into traffic. Susan settles herself in the corner, * crosses her long legs -- shining in silk.

FARRELL
Where's "somewhere"?

She regards Farrell -- calmly, seriously. She shrugs; leans back.

ON FARRELL

He hesitates for a moment, then slides toward her; touches her leg, and traces his fingers up under the hem of the gown; folds it back. Very carefully, precisely, he undoes her garter snap, starts to peel down her stockings. She closes her eyes, extends her leg, lets her shoe fall to the floor.

FARRELL
(indicating Driver)
...close the slide?

SUSAN
(deep breath)
... up to you.

He closes the partition.

12 EXT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

12

Inching down Pennsylvania Avenue, past the White House in the cold, crowded, festival night.

13 INT. LIMOUSINE - SUSAN

13

She languorously shifts her shoulder. Her gown drifts like mist to her waist. In the moonlight he sees a camisole of satin that was meant to be seen by moonlight. They're silent for a long moment, then she reaches behind her back.

SUSAN
...hooks.

He gently moves her arms away and reaches behind her, starts to unfasten the hooks.

SUSAN
(breathing)
...interesting, most people start
from the top.

FARRELL
Eush.

He kisses her, urgently. And during a long, passionate kiss, undoes

CONTINUED;

the last hook... the camisole falls away.

14 EXT. LIMO - NIGHT

14

It glides through tourist Washington; the Capitol, the Washington Monument. We hear the low purr of its engine, the rustle of their clothes, the soft sound of their embrace.

15 INT. LIMO

15

His hand on her breast. Her nails rake his back. The graceful tangle of her hair.

SUSAN
Go ahead, you can bite.
(pause)

*

16 EXT. LIMO - NIGHT

16

Gliding more quickly through quiet, residential streets. We can hear them.

SUSAN (V.O.)
(gasping)
...easy.

*

FARRELL (V.O.)
...your idea.

SUSAN (V.O.)
(sighing)
...and a good one.

*

DISSOLVE TO:

17 INT. APARTMENT HOUSE HALLWAY - FARRELL, SUSAN - NIGHT

17

She has her mink on and her handbag open. She hunts in it with one hand, and with the other, insistently buzzes the bell of one of the apartments.

FARRELL
Your apartment?

SUSAN
I have a key to my apartment.

*

The door's opened by Nina, an attractive, brown-skinned woman about Susan's age. She has a light accent. She's pulled a bathrobe over her nightgown. She's obviously been asleep.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

10

SUSAN

(in a rush)

Nina, Tom. Tom, Nina. We need your bed. There's a limousine downstairs. He'll take you to my place. There's booze in the pantry -- the refrigerator is full. Now go get some rest. My god, you look like you can use it.

NINA

(shocked, amused)

Susan ?! Why don't you go to your place.

SUSAN

For Chrissake, be a friend...If anybody calls, and it's odds on he won't, say I'm asleep or dead or -- you'll think of it. Here's my key.

Nina feigns resignation. Actually, she's delighted with the adventure.

NINA

(sarcastically)

Would it be alright if I put on some clothes?

SUSAN

Honey, everything you want is in the back seat of the car.

She wriggles out of the fur coat, leaving her nude in the hallway. She tosses the mink to Nina, who dissolves in laughter.

SUSAN

Now beat it, before I get arrested.

Nina starts down the hall, still laughing; stops --

NINA

Pleased to meet you, Tom.

FARRELL

Pleased to meet you, Nina.

He follows Susan into the apartment.

18 OMITTED

18

18A EXT. AIRPORT LOADING ZONE - CAB - DAY

18A

The motor's running, Farrell and Susan in the back seat, their

CONTINUED:

arms around each other kissing.

ON AIRPORT COP

Slaps the hood of the cab with his palm - indicates the driver get moving.

19 INT. CAB - DRIVER LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER *

19

Exasperated with their farewell.

DRIVER

The white zone is for loading and unloading passengers only. No parking.

Farrell pulls free.

SUSAN

(brightly)

Hell, it's been a terrific weekend and six months'll pass in, hey, six months, right?

FARRELL

Anyway, I wish I didn't have to go.

SUSAN

Orders are orders. A man has to do what a man has to do, boring, boring.

He reaches for a duffle bag, opens the cab door.

FARRELL

Well I guess...

(shrugs)

Thanks for the lift.

SUSAN

You gave me one too.

(she touches his cheek)

Just when I needed it...

(then up)

Now you take care of yourself and send post cards from exotic ports of call. That's what you call them, don't you, exotic ports of call?

FARRELL

A port's a port. You're exotic.

CONTINUED:

SUSAN

(tears in her eyes)

Get out of the cab.

He's half out, looks back at her; concerned. . . *

FARRELL *

You okay?

SUSAN *

(brave smile)

Not to worry. As far as I'm
concerned, it's been very very
lovely.

19A - 19I OMITTED

19I - 19J

20 EXT. HAY ADAMS HOTEL - DAY

20

Establishing shot. The hotel is across the street from the White House. The people are coatless, the trees are green. It's spring.

21 INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - BRICE - DAY

21

The "Power Breakfast" spot -- influential types throughout the room at tables far enough apart for privacy. Brice is alone at a table set for two. On the chair next to him, there's a pile of discarded newspapers. He scans, at incredible speed, through another one, tosses it onto the pile. Pritchard hurries up, takes his seat.

PRITCHARD

You've seen the "Post" -- the leak on the budget cuts?

BRICE

I've read all the papers. You're late.

PRITCHARD

(opening attache case)
I was caught in traffic.
(getting out folder)

BRICE

(reaching for folder)
You should allow for that. I do.

PRITCHARD

(handing it over)
I've red-lined the relevant sections
and my synopsis is at the end.

Brice speed reads the typescript -- It's eerie, slightly comic.

BRICE

(mumbling while reading)
Order breakfast, the most important

CONTINUED:

BRICE (cont)
meal of the day...Take better care
of yourself.

Pritchard looks around for a waiter. Before he can even find one,
Brice is finished reading.

BRICE
Five years, two billion dollars
and Gulf Maritime can't even get
the prototype to float. The Phantom
Sub's a sinkhole. I won't throw
another dime into it.

PRITCHARD
You're right, of course, but what about
the Armed Services Committee, Duvall?

BRICE
The key thing you said is that I'm
right. What I look forward to most,
the next four years, is putting that
fraud, Duvall, in his place.

PRITCHARD
He's across the room.

BRICE
I noticed.

A Waiter arrives, hands Pritchard a menu.

BRICE
Let's go.

He gets to his feet, Pritchard jumps up. We follow them toward the
entrance until they're interrupted by a call from one of the tables.

SENATOR DUVALL
Mr. Secretary Brice, good morning,
sir.

Brice sighs, goes to Duvall's table, nods curtly to those present:
two lobbyists, Senator Duvall and MARSHALL.

BRICE
Good morning Gentlemen, Mr. Marshall,
Senator.

The others ad lib greetings. Brice shakes hands with Duvall and
we get a good look at him: a 30-year veteran of the Senate, the
picture of affability with a patently false southern charm masking
the nature of a pit bull.

CONTINUED:

SENATOR DUVALL

Did you read, Sir, that piece
on the budget in the "Post"?

BRICE

I haven't read the papers. Scott
was just now mentioning it.

SENATOR DUVALL

(least possible greeting)

Mr. Pritchard... Where in heaven's
name do they get their information?
That idea, cutting back on the Phantom
Sub. Well, I'm just assuming there's
not a word of truth in it.

BRICE

It's essentially groundless. As a
matter of fact, I'm just beginning
to study the options.

SENATOR DUVALL

I don't have no option. Gulf Maritime's
got ten thousand people laid off. Now
those folks need to have work and you
notice I'm not even bringing the Russians
into this... although Mr. Marshall here
tells me those Soviets are doing things with
submarines that'd turn your hair white.

BRICE

Senator, you can rest assured I have
no intention of reaching a decision
without consulting you.

22 EXT. HOTEL - BRICE, PRITCHARD - DAY

22

They walk to Brice's limousine.

PRITCHARD

That wink at Marshall... He was
telling us if we fight him, he'll
have the CIA on his side.

BRICE

No. He was telling me. Of course
the CIA's in his pocket. He pushed
Marshall for the directorship - they're
thick as thieves.

BRICE

(reflectively)

Scott, I realize I'm sometimes
short with you. I apologize.

CONTINUED:

PRITCHARD
That's not necessary.

BRICE
Your friend, the officer you
introduced me to a few months ago.

PRITCHARD
Commander Farrell?

BRICE
I believe you said he has an
intelligence background.

The Chauffeur gets out, opens the door for them.

PRITCHARD
Two tours at the Office of
Naval Intelligence.

BRICE
Get him here please.

PRITCHARD
His ship's on maneuvers.

BRICE
Do it!

22A OMITTED

22A

23 EXT. HARBOR - MANILA - DAY

23

A number of American warships are anchored out. Whale boats ferry
crews into port for liberty.

24 EXT. WATERFRONT STREET - MANILA - FARRELL - DAY

24

He and another OFFICER are sauntering down the street amid a crowd
of off duty seamen, local people, paddlers etc. It's hot. Farrell,
in a pair of shorts too big for him, wears an outrageous Hawaiian
shirt, carries a small overnight bag.

ANGLE - AN URCHIN

He approaches Farrell, the Officer; claws at Farrell's overnight
bag

URCHIN
I carry, I carry for you!

OFFICER
Beat it, go away. We don't need.

CONTINUED:

FARRELL
(handing over bag)
Here crumcrusher.
(then to officer)
Kid's got a living to make.

They continue down the street to a corner at which point the urchin takes off at a dead run with the overnight bag.

Farrell, the Officer, call after; start to pursue him but soon see it's pointless.

FARRELL
Forget it...So he's ahead
a toothbrush, a pair of scivvies.

Farrell notes the building they're in front of.

FARRELL
Well, there's your massage parlor.

OFFICER
What about you?

FARRELL
No, I thought I'd take in the
museums, watch some folk dancing,
buy a few ashtrays...

25 INT. BAR - FARRELL - NIGHT

25

If the shirt was outrageous before, now it's disgraceful. So is the bar. It's been a long day for both of them. Farrell's at a wall phone trying to keep his temper, speaking with exaggerated precision to the telephone operator. He's a little drunk.

FARRELL
No. Person to person. When you
only pay if you talk to the person.
(he listens)
No, I will pay. But first I have
to hear that the person is there.
(beat)
If I'm going to count out --
what'd you say -- a million pesos?
I want to know first that she's
there.
(beat)
I'm not joking, I'm an American.
I have the pesos all ready.

PAN OVER, shows 200 large peso coins arranged on the bar.

CONTINUED:

25A INT. BAR - ON PARRELL - LATER

*

25A

He's seated at the bar near his pizos watching the phone impatiently and listening with one ear, bored, distracted, as the other officer (the one he was with on the street) mumbles on drunkenly.

OFFICER

(slurring)

So it's not one of 'em. Ya probably think I'm gonna say it was two. No. Three... and fine looking chicks. Well, I'll tell ya

(thumping his chest)

I showed 'em how a Merican plants the flag in a foreign fuckin' land.

PARRELL

(distracted)

Man, you're beautiful.

The wall phone rings. He runs to it.

26 OMITTED

26

27 OMITTED 27

28 INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 28

She is stretched languorously on the bed in a falling off negligee, her hair is dishevelled on the pillow. On the bedside table beside her the phone is ringing, she reaches over and disconnects it.

NEW ANGLE

As Brice enters, looks her up and down.

BRICE
You're beautiful.

DISSOLVE TO:

29 OMITTED 29

30 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - WASHINGTON - DAY 30

A cab stops in front. Farrell, toting his gear, gets out. We follow him into the building.

31 INT. APARTMENT HOUSE LOBBY - DAY 31

Farrell crosses the lobby to a door with a brass plate reading, "Manager." He knocks. A man opens the door a few inches. He's an untidy fellow in late middle age, and has just a trace of an accent, probably Eastern European.

SCHILLER
Hello.
(smiles warmly, pulls
open the door)
Come in!

32 INT. SCHILLER'S APARTMENT - DAY 32

Farrell steps into the tiny living room. It is stuffed, pack-rat style, with worn furniture. The walls are covered with disastrously bad oil paintings. There is an easel with a half finished painting just as bad as the others.

SCHILLER
(pointing to easel)
A new one...Christmas in New
England.

CONTINUED:

FARRELL

It's beautiful.

SCHILLER

So, you're back!

(shaking his head)

The Philippines a romantic place,
eh?

(he opens a desk drawer)

I have here for you some mail.
You really like the painting?

FARRELL

Well, it's unfinished.

SCHILLER

Of course, of course -- you'll be
with us a while?

FARRELL

I'll be working in the Pentagon,
again.

SCHILLER

Good, wonderful. It's always a
pleasure to have you back.

33 INT. BRICE'S OFFICE - BRICE

33

He closes the file he's been reading and reaches for one of the
phones on his desk. It has a dial-lock. He opens it and makes
his call.

BRICE

Hello... who is this?

(pause)

Oh... I didn't recognize your
voice...(he listens for a moment,
then responds with
annoyance)

Have you been drinking?

34 INT. SUSAN'S TOWNHOUSE

*

34

ON SUSAN

*

SUSAN

(to phone)

I certainly have not... I mean
been drinking.(continues in a stoned,
high-spirited rush)

*

CONTINUED:

SUSAN (cont)

I haven't been doing anything amusing. I'm not sure I'm cut out for the glamorous life.. it's so unglamorous.

(she listens-answers with playful archness)

Don't get on your high horse with me. I already know how morally superior you are and I'm properly ashamed of myself and the doorbell's ringing.

(she presses the phone tight)

Ah, the silent treatment.

(she softens)

Listen, I really do have to answer the door. Call me back later, will you...please?

She waits for a response; when there isn't one she hangs up, takes a deep breath and hurries to the door. She opens it and Farrell steps inside.

SUSAN

Oh my God!

FARRELL

Hello.

SUSAN

The "Ancient Mariner" not so ancient. I'm wasted.

FARRELL

(disapprovingly)

So I see.

SUSAN

Not you too.

FARRELL

You've had other complaints?

SUSAN

They're coming in from all over. Damn it, I'm happy to see you, when did you get back, why didn't you call? I wrote you, but Jesus I'm only semi-literate so wastebasket time and did I say I missed you?

FARRELL

I missed you, too.

CONTINUED:

SUSAN

Well, then, etcetera, etcetera.

FARRELL

Etcetera.

Susan throws her arms around him, presses against him. They kiss. The phone begins to ring. She goes to it, unplugs it, returns to him. We can HEAR the phone continuing to ring from upstairs.

SUSAN

I'm wearing too many clothes.

FARRELL

It doesn't feel like you're wearing anything.

SUSAN

Talk about feeling like it's not wearing anything!

Farrell smiles -- just a little uncomfortably. The upstairs extension stops ringing.

SUSAN

(continuing)

You're going to blush!

(she looks around the room hurriedly)

Hold it just a minute... I mean the blush.

Susan runs to a cabinet, grabs out a Polaroid camera -- points it, vaguely, in his direction.

SUSAN

(continuing)

I'm going to get a shot of this...
"Naval Hero Blushes."

As she presses the shutter, Farrell is already moving toward her; putting his arms around her, tickling her.

SUSAN

I jiggled the damn camera.

She's struggling with him playfully and tearing off the negative. She looks at the emerging print, laughs.

SUSAN

It looks like a baboon in a closet at midnight.

FARRELL

I have a lot of things to tell you.

CONTINUED:

SUSAN

(tossing picture away)

I bet they'll keep.

She kisses him, slips out of her bathrobe.

35 OMITTED

35

36 EXT. PENTAGON - FARRELL, PRITCHARD - DAY

36

They approach the building, pause for a moment at the Mall Entrance. It's late morning and the spring sunshine glistens on 1,000 empty-eyed windows. A couple of people leave, a couple enter. It's quiet. Pritchard opens a door.

37 INT. PENTAGON - MALL ENTRANCE - FARRELL, PRITCHARD

37

They come into the smaller than expected lobby. The only people present are a tired clerk at the reception desk, a sleepy eyed guard at the metal detector. They pass through and turn down a corridor discovering the place is teeming with people. It looks and sounds as if an army were marching in the corridors which stretch away into infinity.

38 INT. PENTAGON - MAIN LEVEL CORRIDORS - DAY

38

VARIOUS ANGLES - FARRELL, PRITCHARD

They go down more corridors, through check-points, finally arriving at an escalator, they ascend to the third floor.

39 INT. PENTAGON - THIRD FLOOR

39

They stop in front of room E380. There's a check-point here, too. And over the door in simple lettering, SECRETARY OF DEFENSE.

PRITCHARD

(to M.P.)

This is Commander Farrell.
You'll find him on your list.

The guard checks a clipboard.

M.P.

Go right in, Mr. Pritchard,
Commander.

40 INT. BRICE'S OFFICE - BRICE, FARRELL, PRITCHARD

40

A vast, many windowed room, deep carpeting, somber leather furniture arranged to provide several conversational areas, a huge mahogany desk. The office is part of a suite. On one side, a door leads to a dressing room, bath and a bedroom. On the other is Pritchard's office. Brice has come to the middle of the room to meet Farrell.

BRICE

I'm glad you're joining us --
Scott has a high opinion of you.
Have you familiarized yourself
with your new duties?

FARRELL

I only arrived in Washington
yesterday, sir.

Brice looks acidly at Pritchard.

BRICE

Then, this meeting is premature.

Pritchard's face is blank. He refuses to register the insult.
Brice sighs, indicates Farrell take a chair.

BRICE

Since you're here...As my special
assistant you'll function, under
Scott's supervision as liaison
between this office and the
intelligence community, -- calling
that collection of piranhas "a
community" is one of life's ironies.
You will meet regularly with a
representative from each of the
intelligence agencies. Although for
the present it is with the CIA
that I am especially concerned.

FARRELL

Sir?

BRICE

I take it you've heard of the Phantom
Submarine.

FARRELL

Yes Sir.

BRICE

The Phantom Sub is supposed to be
invisible to sonar. Naturally,
the builder's first instinct --

CONTINUED:

BRICE (cont)

actually, I should say their second instinct, their first being to get their snout as deep as possible into the public trough -- was to make it roughly the size of an aircraft carrier. The Russians won't need sonar to find it. They'll just have to look for a bulge in the ocean.

Farrell laughs. Brice smiles back mechanically, continues.

BRICE

It's my intention to terminate the program. There's going to be substantial congressional resistance, principally from Senator Duvall. Scott?

FRITCHARD

What's worrying is his connection to the CIA. We can expect them to feed him with inflated estimates of Soviet research in the field. In order to counter him we'll have to have access to the same information.

BRICE

I don't mean some self-serving gloss...but the raw data on which they base their conclusions. It will be your job to get it.

FARRELL

Yes, sir -- but raw data from the CIA?

BRICE

They will either give it to us, or they will not. If they do, it will prove I am correct. If they do not, I will use that fact against them with the President...you realize I'm speaking in complete candor.

FARRELL

Yes sir.

BRICE

Duvall is motivated by an absurd lust for power -- it would be comic if it weren't dangerous, and Marshall, at the CIA, is his creature.
(then, cynically)
... of course, you, as a career officer

CONTINUED:

BRICE (cont)
are above this political unpleasantness.
That's why I chose you.

FARRELL
Yes sir.

BRICE
Scott will take you to his office
and acquaint you with the background
material.

FARRELL
(jumping up)
Yes, sir.

Farrell has said "yes sir" once too often.

BRICE
No need, Commander -- in the
absence of a demur, I'll assume
all your responses are in the
affirmative.

41 INT. LOWER LEVEL CORRIDOR - DAY

41

VARIOUS ANGLES - FOLLOWING FARRELL, ENSIGN FOX

Fox is very young and 15 minutes out of the Naval Academy. They are
just leaving Farrell's office.

FOX
If there are any extra supplies
you need for your office, please
let me know.

FARRELL
Thank You Ensign. Let's continue.

FOX
That's the Situation Room...
(they continue)
And this is the Computer Center.

42 OMITTED

42

43 OMITTED

43

44 INT. COMPUTER CENTER - DAY

44

It's bristling with activity. There are technicians at work at
many computer terminals, some with video screens, computer printers

CONTINUED:

spitting out reams of print-out, a very large wall mounted video display screen, and executive offices in small, glass-fronted cubicles.

ENSIGN FOX

That's a DEC-10 and these terminals are for it. It's interfaced with the IBM 370s at N.S.A. Headquarters in Fort Meade. It principally works programs for COM-SEC, SIGINT, the Bureaus of Personnel, and...

FARRELL

I get your gist, Ensign.

They cross toward a group of technicians watching the video display screen. SHOT FAVORS:

SAM HESSELMAN

He's a balding, vigorous-looking man in his early 50s. He looks like an academic in his slightly rumpled tweeds. His upper body is powerfully developed. And then we note his lifeless legs -- He's seated in a motorized wheelchair.

ENSIGN FOX

That's Dr. Hesselman, the systems analyst.

FARRELL

Sam! How's the decathlon champ?

SAM

(To Fox)

Senofabitch doesn't know how to talk to a war hero...

(to Farrell)

It's good to see you, Tom. You look great. The kids loved the ashtray. They didn't know a donkey could do that. Are you back here, I mean for good?

FARRELL

Fox, take a break.

ENSIGN FOX

Yes sir.

He leaves smartly.

FARRELL

I'm stationed here again. How the hell are you Sam?

CONTINUED:

SAM

Can't complain. Helen and the kids ask about you. They miss you, especially Helen. I worry about that.

FARRELL

And well you should. You going to invite me over?

SAM

Any time you're lonely.

45 OMITTED

45

46 OMITTED

46

47 OMITTED

47

48 INT. PRITCHARD'S OFFICE - FARRELL ENTERING

48

PRITCHARD

Tom, I want you to meet Kevin O'Brien of CIA. I've explained that you're taking over liaison. Kevin will be your contact.

O'BRIEN is a veteran. He seems amiable enough despite a suggestion of iron under there somewhere.

O'BRIEN

I'm glad to meet you, Farrell... If there's anything I can do to help you settle in, I'll be glad to --

FARRELL

Well, right now I'm just getting my feet wet, trying to catch up.

O'BRIEN

Oh...

(looks at Pritchard)

I assume since you didn't wait for

O'BRIEN (cont)
the regular meeting.

PRITCHARD
(staring at Farrell)
I'm certain there are some questions
Commander Farrell must have.

FARRELL
No. Right now I don't think I'm
sufficiently prepared to ask the
right... I wouldn't want to waste
your time.

O'BRIEN
Well, then if you gentlemen will
excuse me.

He starts out. As Pritchard watches in dismay, Farrell lets him
get almost to the door. Then:

FARRELL
Maybe there is one thing... The
Secretary has asked me to help
him prepare for the NATO meeting.
I'd like to familiarize myself with
the Russian intelligence estimates.

O'BRIEN
We'll be submitting a report first
of the month.

FARRELL
It'd be a big help to me if you'd
send what you have as of now.

O'BRIEN
(thinks it over for
a moment)
I'll have them put something
together for you.

FARRELL
Thanks, I really appreciate it.

Farrell sees O'Brien out, then faces Pritchard. Pritchard visibly
relaxes.

PRITCHARD
All right. That was deftly handled.
For a moment there, I thought...

FARRELL
Just trying to be subtle. That's
my job isn't it?

49 INT. BEDROOM - FARRELL, SUSAN - NIGHT

*

49

She's sitting cross-legged on a king size bed watching Farrell stretched out across from her.

SUSAN
Aspirin didn't help?

He shakes his head "no".

FARRELL
I hope twenty isn't an overdose.

SUSAN
You didn't!

FARRELL
I didn't.

SUSAN
Slide over here.

FARRELL
Give me a break.

SUSAN
If the mountain won't come to Mohamed...

She crawls over and straddles his chest.

SUSAN
I used to do this.

FARRELL
You were a wrestler.

SUSAN
Ha. Ha. Close your eyes.

She starts massaging his face; pressing pressure points.

SUSAN
It's in the mask.

FARRELL
I'm not wearing one.

SUSAN
Shut up. I can feel the tension
in your mask.

FARRELL
Ouch!

CONTINUED:

SUSAN

If it's going to do any good,
it's going to hurt.

FARRELL

That's comforting.
(then pointedly)
Things that hurt are good for you.

SUSAN

Honey, you don't have all the
answers -- Maybe I like what I do.
Maybe I don't want to change anything
or maybe I do -- but I can't. What
would you know about that? Turn
your head.

She works on the muscles of his neck.

FARRELL

There are things I do that I hate
and can't stop.

SUSAN

I don't see it...

FARRELL

You're not supposed to.

SUSAN

...Except maybe, in these back
muscles.

He laughs. Sits up.

FARRELL

You know, you cured my damn
headache.

50 INT. BRICE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

50

Brice and Pritchard are in tuxedos. The door to Brice's dressing
room is open. As Pritchard helps him with a stubborn cufflink,
Brice is looking over his shoulder at a full length mirror,
preening.

BRICE

Did you take care of everything?

PRITCHARD

I'm supposed to pick Miss Atwell
up at nine...if she remembers.

CONTINUED:

BRICE

You don't much approve of Susan,
do you?

PRITCHARD

Sir?

BRICE

(smiling)

She's a very exciting woman. Can't
you understand that?

PRITCHARD

Not exactly, I guess.

BRICE

All right, I'm a pain in the ass.
But I swear, this one can do things
for me like no other woman I've ever
known.

He looks around the room at the accoutrements of power.

BRICE

...It's the only other thing worth
living for.

Pritchard finishes with the cufflinks, steps back.

51 INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

*

51

She is dressed to go out, sitting at the dressing table. With one
hand she works on her eye make up, with the other she fumbles in the
box for earrings. Farrell comes up and stands behind her, looks at
the jewel box.

FARRELL

(ironically)

A present...?

SUSAN

(sighing)

Yeah, he gave it to me.

FARRELL

He has expensive taste.

Susan laughs caustically.

SUSAN

It didn't cost anything. Some
foreign minister gave it to him.

CONTINUED:

FARRELL

In other words, we're dealing here with a guy foreign ministers give presents to.

SUSAN

Don't start that stuff.

FARRELL

I didn't say a thing.

SUSAN

You don't have to say anything.

He watches her silently.

SUSAN

(snapping)

You never say a damn thing.

FARRELL

I thought I wasn't supposed to.

SUSAN

You know what I mean... You give me that wounded, disapproving look.

FARRELL

Ask me a question and I'll answer it.

SUSAN

It's David Brice, The Secretary of Defense. Satisfied?

He's quiet a moment, then:

FARRELL

You know I work for Brice.

SUSAN

Then that makes both of us.

They are both startled by the sound of a doorbell downstairs. Susan jumps up.

SUSAN

It's that weasel, Pritchard...
He'd love to be able to tell
Brice somebody was here.

She starts for the bedroom door. Farrell moves as if to stop her.

SUSAN

(urgently)

Please be quiet...try and understand.

CONTINUED:

She leaves the bedroom and goes down the stairs.

52 EXT. SUSAN'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT 52

Pritchard is ringing the doorbell. Susan opens the door and steps out.

SUSAN
Hello, Scott...

PRITCHARD
Miss Atwell...

53 INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 53

Farrell goes to the window and watches Susan and Pritchard get into a limousine and drive off.

53A INT. FARRELL'S APARTMENT - FARRELL - EVENING *

53A

He's alone, slumped in a chair, his feet propped on the sill of an open window. On the bed behind him, his dress uniform is laid out. The warm breeze fills the room with billowing gauze curtains. It's Edward Hopper lonely. He reflects for a while, gets up and begins to change his clothes.

54 INT. COMMONWEALTH COUNTRY EMBASSY - NIGHT 54

There's a receiving line in the reception area where THE AMBASSADOR and HIS LADY greet their guests.

Brice arrives accompanied by an elegantly dressed WOMAN in her 40s -- somebody's heiress and his wife.

AMBASSADOR
Mr. Secretary. So very good of you to come.

BRICE
It's always a pleasure. Your Excellency, I'd like to introduce my wife, Margaret.

55 INT. MAIN SALON - SUSAN, PRITCHARD - NIGHT 55

They're at a buffet table, not interested in each other, they scan the room; watch couples dancing to a small combo.

PRITCHARD
They've drawn a good crowd.

SUSAN

(holding canape)

It's not the food, I can tell you.

She sees in the BG Brice dancing with his wife; smiles to herself.

56 EXT. EMBASSY - FARRELL - NIGHT 56
He arrives, goes in...

57 INT. EMBASSY 57
...and goes to the end of the receiving line.

58 INT. MAIN SALON - SUSAN, PRITCHARD * 58
Where we left them. Senator Duvall coozes up to them. He has his eye on Susan but he speaks to Pritchard. *

DUVALL
Mr. Pritchard, I declare you've really got yourself a catch here. Don't let her go, boy...
(now facing Susan)
except for this next dance, if that meets with your approval, Miss? *

SUSAN *
I'd be delighted, suh.

ON FARRELL
In the entrance to the room, half invisible in the crowd. He watches Susan dancing with Duvall. *

ON SUSAN, DUVALL - DANCING *

DUVALL
You are the darlinest thing.

SUSAN *
I aren't, but I am cute and parky. That should count for something...

She looks past him and catches sight of Farrell. She's surprised, misses a step and they bump into Brice and his wife.

DUVALL
Why, excuse me, Mr. Secretary. I surely don't want to get in your way.

BRICE
Oh, I don't think we have to worry about that. Besides, I'm sure it's my fault.
(to Susan)
Excuse me, Miss. *

CONTINUED:

He dances away.

ON FARRELL - WATCHING

ON SUSAN - WATCHING HIM

59 ON THE AMBASSADOR

59

He claps his hands for attention. The music stops. He addresses the crowd.

AMBASSADOR

(colonial accent)

Ladies and Gentlemen, it's very good of you to come and help us celebrate our National Day...

(shrugging)

After all, a small country so far away.

We hear "no, no" from the crowd.

AMBASSADOR

We have a small entertainment for you this evening which I hope you will enjoy. We commence with a performance by Sir Luke Mondoola...

He starts the applause as Sir Luke enters carrying a pair of flaming torches.

ON SUSAN, FRITCHARD - SEATED

In the BG Sir Luke performs.

SUSAN

That character who's ready to kiss Duvall on the ear... Don't I recognize him?

FRITCHARD

I would hope so...that's Marshall, director of the CIA.

ON DUVALL, MARSHALL

They're across the room and conspiratorily close to each other.

DUVALL

If I'm going to stop him, I'll need everything you have.

MARSHALL

Then you'll get it.

CONTINUED:

ON SUSAN, PRITCHARD

She looks around the room, can't see Farrell. It makes her nervous.

SUSAN
I'll be right back.

She gets up and we follow her as she makes her way around the edge of the crowd into an adjoining room.

60 INT. EMBASSY - ADJOINING ROOM - NIGHT

60

As she does this we hear the applause for Sir Luke and the thump of a troupe of barefoot dancers taking the stage.

DOORWAY TO POWDER ROOM

She's about to go in when she's surprised by Farrell.

FARRELL
Can we talk for a minute?

SUSAN
Not here Tom, please. I'll call you later.

She goes into the powder room. He follows her.

61 INT. EMBASSY - POWDER ROOM - WOMAN ATTENDANT *

61

She watches wide eyed as Susan and Farrell come in.

SUSAN
(laughing)
Hey, get lost, will ya?

She smiles at him over her shoulder, pushes into the inner room where the toilets are located. He's right behind her.

61A INT. TOILET ROOM - SUSAN, FARRELL ENTERING *

61A

FARRELL
There's one thing I'd like to attend to...

He presses her against the wall near the door. She can't stop giggling. He lifts the skirt of her dress.

SUSAN
You better make this quick, not like...

CONTINUED:

PARRELL

Hey, lady, if it's one thing I can
do, it's take an order.

He presses against her. The door opens and a woman starts to come
in: Margaret Brice. She stops in mid-stride -- shocked.

PARRELL

Good evening, Mam...

She backs out, lets the door close.

PARRELL

(to door)

Lay off the liquids.

62 INT. THE EMBASSY MAIN SALON - DUVAL, MARSHALL *

62

They are whispering away as, in the BG, Maoris continue their
rhythmic war dance. Brice, trying to be unobtrusive, passes near
them -- Duvall grabs him by the arm; stops him.

DUVALL

Mr. Brice, my friend here and I
were just now having a little
debate on government service.
Now, it's my position that an
individual whose primary interest
is serving his country can hunt up
appointive office, with its rewards
and demands... Or he can go
directly to the people and seek
elective office, with its rewards
and demands. The fellow with the
appointed job - well he comes and
goes at the pleasure of the administration,
so I guess it's only natural for him
to look out for number one. But, you
take the fellow that's elected by the
people...why as long as he serves them
honorably, he can go on forever. You
see, to my way of thinking, that fellow
can have the broader outlook. Now
what do you think, Mr. Secretary?

BRICE

That it's late.

He walks away.

ANGLE - THE MAORI DANCERS

They conclude their dance... poking their heads forward, sticking
out their tongues mockingly.

CONTINUED:

63 EXT. EMBASSY - LATER

63

People are bunched up at the entrance waiting as the limousines roll by. Pritchard and Susan get in theirs. It departs. Duvall has been watching.

DUVALL

That's a fine piece of woman with
Brice's lick-spittle.

MARSHALL

Wasted on him.

They shift their attention down the line of cars.

WHAT THEY SEE:

Brice holds the door of his limo for his wife. He kisses her on the cheek.

BRICE

Don't wait up. I'll probably
be very late.

64 INT. FARRELL'S APARTMENT HOUSE LOBBY - DAY

64

We can see Susan's car at the curb outside as Farrell, carrying an overnight bag, comes through the lobby. Schiller must have heard him. He comes out of his apartment.

SCHILLER

(noting bag)
You're going away?

FARRELL

Just for the weekend.

SCHILLER

(fondly)
Ah... perhaps a romantic interlude,
yes?

CONTINUED:

FARRELL

Perhaps.

SCHILLER

(offended)

If I intrude on your privacy, for
this I'm sorry.

65 OMITTED

65

65A EXT. THE CALVERT INN - ANNAPOLIS - POV FROM MOVING CAR *
Susan is driving, Farrell beside her.

65A

SUSAN

I'm glad.

FARRELL

(staring out window)

What?

SUSAN

I'm glad you're not mad at me,
anymore.

FARRELL

(smiling)

I say I wasn't?

SUSAN

Thank you anyway.

66 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

66

CLOSE ON BELLBOY

BELLBOY

You're welcome.

Takes the tip from Farrell. Lets himself out.

PAN AROUND the room. Warm, early-American furniture. A four-
poster bed. THE PAN stops, framing Susan in the bathroom doorway.

SUSAN

You're beautiful...

(she shakes her
head, laughs)

...Mr. and Mrs. Smith!

FARRELL

A romantic gesture.

67 EXT. DOCK - MARINA - DAY

67

CLOSE ON MATE

MATE

No chance!

A PULLBACK shows he is a scruffy character in work clothes. He is talking to Farrell and Susan on a dock in a marina. There are a few 14-foot fiberglass daysailors at the dock under a sign: "Boat Rentals".

FARRELL

We don't want a plastic toy...
C'mon.

He indicates what he does want: Moored out from the dock is a beautiful 30-foot sloop. She's an elegant, perfectly-maintained racing machine. Even at anchor, it looks like it's sailing.

MATE

That's the boss's boat. No
way.

FARRELL

Don't worry about it. I'm a
good sailor.

Farrell fishes in his pocket, comes out with a twenty dollar bill.

MATE

It's gusting like a sonuvabitch.
Can you really handle it?

68 EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

68

It's sunny, windy. There are large swells. Farrell is at the helm, Susan is braced on the windward side. The lee rail is buried in water.

SUSAN

(shouting over the
wind)

Go faster!

Farrell steers straight ahead, watching the rigging, the approaching swells. He looks relaxed, untroubled, free.

FARRELL

It doesn't go any faster.

SUSAN

Then keep going!...just this fast.

68A ANGLE - MAST, SAIL

68A

The mainsail is full to exploding. There is a loud snap. He throws the tiller over, brings the boat up into the wind.

SUSAN
What happened?

FARRELL
A shroud parted.

SUSAN
So what?

FARRELL
If I keep driving her, we could
blow out the sail.

SUSAN
(laughing)
C'mon chicken, let her rip.

He smiles, pulls the tiller towards him. The boat leaps forward and heels over until the rail is awash again. She leans over and kisses him.

68B NEW ANGLE - SAILBOAT BROAD REACH

68B

SHOT FAVORS the mainsail: The luff pulls out of the track -- it blows out, the sail whips in the wind.

69 EXT. BAY - SAILBOAT - SUNSET

69

The water's calm. The boat inches past the Thomas Point lighthouse. The mainsail is gone. They're returning, slowly, with just a small storm jib rigged.

70 EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

70

Sloop arriving. The mate is at the pierhead, irate.

MATE
(yelling at them)
You said you'd be back at four!

He sees the torn sail bunched on the cabin top; in the cockpit.

MATE
Oh shit. What happened to the sail?

SUSAN
The cat chewed the warp or the woof

CONTINUED:

SUSAN (cont)
or whatever you call it.

Farrell jumps onto the dock.

FARRELL
Sew on a new luff.
(he hands over some
bills)
Nobody'll ever know you rented it.

MATE
(taking money)
Ain't this something. I'll be working
all damn night.

71 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

71

Farrell and Susan come in laughing -- still excited.

SUSAN
Now I'll be working all goddamn
night.

Farrell comes over, reaches inside her sweater, puts his arms around her.

DISSOLVE TO:

72 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

72

The room is littered with the remains of the Sunday paper, discarded clothes, etc. Farrell and Susan are in bed -- they've hardly left it since the night before... The television set is on, tuned to the network news.

A CORRESPONDENT is outside of the Camp David compound. Behind him, a helicopter is ready, waiting for passengers.

CORRESPONDENT *
...the purpose of this weekend at
Camp David was for the President,
Cabinet, and the Congressional
leadership to hammer out budget
proposals for the coming fiscal year.
As to what was accomplished, the
coming weeks will...

Several people pass him on their way to the helicopter. Among *
them are Brice and Duvall.

CORRESPONDENT
Mr. Secretary...Mr. Brice, would

CONTINUED:

CORRESPONDENT (cont)
you tell us something of your meeting
this weekend?

BRICE
No.

CORRESPONDENT
What can you tell us?

BRICE
We engaged in the free exchange of ideas
and the amicable give and take that has
been the hallmark of this administration...
I'm sorry the helicopter is waiting.

He hurries towards it. The Correspondent thrusts the microphone
at Duvall.

CORRESPONDENT
Senator? What about the Phantom Submarine?

DUVALL
You heard the fella. We got a
whirley bird to catch.

BACK TO SCENE:

SUSAN
I guess we'd better get back to Washington.

FARRELL
Her master's voice.

73 INT. SUSAN'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

73

It's dark, empty, the phone is ringing. From outside, we can
hear Susan trying to get the door open in time to answer. She
comes in, hurries over and picks up the phone.

SUSAN
(to phone, tensely)
Hello...
(she relaxes)
Oh, Nina. Listen, honey,
Tom and I just this minute got back...

Farrell enters carrying their overnight cases. He puts them down,
closes the door, turns on the overhead light.

SUSAN
...Can I call you back in a
little while?...Thanks.

She hangs up.

CONTINUED:

FARRELL

Well, it didn't take him long --
did it?

SUSAN

That was Nina...so calm down.

*

74 EXT. SUSAN'S TOWNHOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

74

The only light is from the few lonely street lamps and the dim glow from Susan's apartment.

ANGLE - CAR

A nondescript compact. It cruises slowly down the street past Susan's condominium.

75 EXT. STREET - DRIVER'S POV

75

The car gets to the end of the block, makes a U-turn and starts back towards Susan's building.

76 INT. CAR - MOVING

76

Now we see the driver. It's Brice.

77 INT. SUSAN'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

77

Susan hears the car stopping outside. She crosses and peers out through the drapes.

SUSAN

Oh, no...

(she looks back
at Farrell)

...I'm sorry you have to go.

ANGLE FARRELL

He stares at her levelly.

SUSAN

I'm begging you, just go now...
out the back door.

FARRELL

When I go it'll be through the
front door.

CONTINUED:

SUSAN

(anxiously)

As a favor to me, just this last time. Please, please go. I promise you, I'll work everything out, all right?

ANGLE FARRELL *

He doesn't say anything. He doesn't trust himself to speak.

SUSAN *

(smiling)

You want me to say it?

FARRELL *

Yup.

SUSAN *

I love you.

FARRELL *

(smiling)

... More like it.

He picks up his overnight bag, goes to the side door, lets himself out.

78

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

78

ANGLE CAR

Brice has been sitting, watching the townhouse for a moment. Now he stirs himself, gets out of the car.

STREET - BRICE'S POV

He sees a figure come down the driveway between the units of the condominium. The man stops for a moment and stands there, probably looking at Brice. The shadows are too deep for Brice to know who it is.

ANGLE - FARRELL

He stands stock still. He makes no move to reveal himself, but he won't slink away, either.

ANGLE BRICE

He crosses the street. His bearing is purposeful and arrogant. He knows he's being observed, but is determined to ignore the observer. He rings the doorbell. The door opens and he steps inside.

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - FARRELL

He walks slowly into the thickening darkness.

79 INT. SUSAN'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

79

She's tense, apprehensive, as she helps Brice out of his topcoat. She needs time to compose herself. She crosses and hangs the coat in the closet. He talks to her back.

BRICE
(eyeing suitcase)
You've been out of town?

She doesn't answer.

BRICE
You have a pleasant flush.

SUSAN
(at closet)
I got some sun.

BRICE
Oh yes. How nice.
(coming up behind her)
And with whom did you get this sun?

He takes her by the shoulder and turns her around to face him.

SUSAN
What?

BRICE
I asked you who you were with this weekend?

She slips out of his grasp, starts across the room.

SUSAN
Nobody.

He watches her closely as she takes this moment to empty the ashtrays.

BRICE
That seems rather unlike you, to go away completely alone.

SUSAN
I didn't say I was completely alone.

BRICE
I believe you said you weren't with anybody.

SUSAN
I meant nobody you know... David, I'm tired, let's not argue.

She starts toward the kitchen.

BRICE
Where are you going?

SUSAN
To make a drink. Do you want one?

BRICE
(following her)
I know a great many people. How can you be certain it was someone I don't know.

CONTINUED:

Again, she doesn't answer. She pours a few fingers of vodka, shakily, into a glass.

SUSAN
What will you...

BRICE
Who were you with?

SUSAN
A man I know. It's of no importance.

He knocks the glass out of her hand. It shatters to the floor.

BRICE
I'm sure it's of no importance to you whom you sleep with, but it's of some importance to me.

SUSAN
(flaring)
Why worry? There's plenty left!

He slaps her across the face. She's shocked.

SUSAN
Don't you dare!

BRICE
I'll do as I please.

She dodges around him, dashes across the living room and up the stairs.

SUSAN
Get out of here, you bastard!

He crosses the room and starts up the stairs after her.

80 INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM

*

80

She's huddled on the bed, shaken, teary. Brice comes in.

BRICE
You're going to tell me.

SUSAN
(pounding her fists on
the bed)
Get out! Get out! Get out!

He approaches the bed. She squirms away, races for the door.

CONTINUED:

SUSAN
I'm calling the police!

81 INT. SUSAN'S TOWNHOUSE - SECOND LEVEL LANDING

81

She makes it to the landing, but he's right after her. He grabs her by the hair, slaps her full across the face. She starts to weep.

BRICE
Tell me!

SUSAN
(crying)
...He's not a pig like you.

She wrenches free; hits him in the face with her fist. He can't believe it, steps back.

SUSAN
You're disgusting.

She flails at him with her fists. He grabs her arms.

BRICE
You'll answer me, goddamn you!

He starts shaking her back and forth.

BRICE
Answer me! Answer me!!

Her back is to the railing.

BRICE
(explosively)
You do what I say!!

He pushes her over the railing. He looks down at her, motionless, sprawled on the floor below. He's panting; trying to catch his breath.

BRICE
...Susan?

81A OMITTED

81A

82 INT. PRITCHARD'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

82

He's been awakened by the doorbell. He turns on a lamp in the

CONTINUED:

living room.

82A EXT. PRITCHARD'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

82A

Brice stands on the door steps. The door is opened by Pritchard.

BRICE

Can I come in?

They go in and close the door.

82B INT. PRITCHARD'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

82B

BRICE

I think I killed Susan.

PRITCHARD

You "think"?

BRICE

I killed her...I just want to talk to someone before I go to the police.

He loses control. His voice shakes; he begins to sob.

BRICE

It was an accident. I didn't mean...

Brice looks up numbly and lets it spill out.

BRICE

She was with a man. I must have been crazy.

PRITCHARD

The man was there?... He saw you?

CONTINUED:

BRICE

He saw me go in.

PRITCHARD

Who is he?

BRICE

It was too dark.

PRITCHARD

Then maybe he didn't see you.

BRICE

I was in the light. I crossed the street, I stood at the door. If he was looking, he saw me.... Scott, it's finished, I'm finished.

He reaches toward the phone.

PRITCHARD

Will that bring the woman back to life? I hardly think so.

- 83 INT. SUSAN'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT * 83
Pritchard kneels over Susan's body. He confirms that she is dead, stands, pulls on gloves.
- 83A INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - PRITCHARD * 83A
Going through Susan's effects, sorting them; dumping some items in a pillowcase.
- 83B INT. GROUND FLOOR - SUSAN'S TOWNHOUSE - PRITCHARD * 83B
Still wearing gloves -- using paper toweling to remove finger prints.
- 83C INT. LIVING ROOM - SUSAN'S TOWNHOUSE - PRITCHARD * 83C
He's about to leave, has one more idea -- turns over the cushions on the chair and couch. He kneels, looks under the couch; finds a 4 x 5 negative. He drops it in the pillowcase.
- 84 INT. PRITCHARD'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT 84
Brice has pulled himself together a little. He has had a couple of drinks.

CONTINUED:

Pritchard sifts through the pillow case; takes out the negative. *

PRITCHARD

Did she ever photograph you?

BRICE

No, of course not.

PRITCHARD

This is the negative side of a Polaroid...

He holds it up to the light, tries to make out the image.

PRITCHARD

Are you absolutely certain?

BRICE

I'm not that big a fool. I'm certain.

PRITCHARD

Tell me everything you did tonight.

BRICE

The driver took me straight home from the airport. I had dinner with Margaret. She had a meeting. I went to Susan's apartment.

PRITCHARD

Your driver?

BRICE

I'd dismissed him. I took my daughter's car.

PRITCHARD

And you went to Susan's directly, no one saw you?

BRICE

I doubt it, only that man. We argued... her bags were still packed. I knew she'd been away with him. After I... afterwards, I came straight here.

PRITCHARD

Then we must find and neutralize the man who saw you.

BRICE

And how do you propose finding him without involving the police?

CONTINUED:

PRITCHARD

What if the search for this man was of vital national security, a secret operation that we could control.

BRICE

(shaking his head)

It wouldn't hold up to scrutiny.

PRITCHARD

We'll invent an excuse for the search that can be justified... the important thing is to abort an investigation of Susan's death before it ever gets to you.

He goes to the telephone.

A84A OMITTED

A84A

84A OMITTED

84A

85 INT. BRICE'S OFFICE - BRICE, PRITCHARD

85

PRITCHARD

...but it's a workable solution.

BRICE

...House of cards. There is no Yuri.

PRITCHARD

That doesn't matter! All the intelligence agencies believe there's a mole in DOD. You know the theory -- that he was sent here by the KGB while he was still in his teens. For all intents and purposes, he can pass as an American.

BRICE

Scott, we've been hearing that nonsense for four years. It's the spooks' wet dream. There's never been a shred of evidence.

PRITCHARD

(decisively)

But now there is. He was the man who spent the weekend with Susan -- the man who killed her. With all the resources at our disposal, it will be easy to identify him...

CONTINUED:

BRICE
(dubiously)
Yes?

PRITCHARD
(softly)
David, I don't want to cause you pain, but Susan was not the most discreet woman... Perhaps it's fairer to say she was impulsive, not very thoughtful. If she was interested in another man, others will know it. And we will find out.
(pressing button on intercom)
Lorraine, ask CID to get all the material on Yuri and bring it to the Secretary as soon as possible.

BRICE
(crestfallen)
I don't think we can bring this off.

PRITCHARD
You can!

85A EXT. PENTAGON - MALL ENTRANCE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAWN * 85A

The sunrise is beginning to light the building. A formidable man in civilian clothes, (MAJOR DONOVAN) with a briefcase chained to his wrist, enters the building.

86 OMITTED 86

87 INT. BRICE'S OUTER OFFICE - LORRAINE 87

SHOT features her. In the BG we can see an emergency staff has been put together. People are at work phoning, typing etc. Major Donovan walks in and hands her a file folder from his briefcase. She gets up and taps softly on the door of Brice's office.

88 INT. BRICE'S OFFICE - FOLLOWING LORAINÉ

88

Brice and Pritchard are at the far end of the room talking to someone in a deep chair whom we don't see. They fall silent as she enters. She goes to Brice, hands him the folder, crosses the room and presses the button which opens the long wall of drapes. The light of the sun, low in the sky, filters into the room. She exits.

CLOSE - BRICE, PRITCHARD

They're close together on the couch facing the person we don't see.

BRICE

If military intelligence can catch "Yuri" without outside help it will immeasurably strengthen us against the CIA.

PRITCHARD

You understand this has to move like lightning. We have to finish before anyone gets on to what we're doing...

BRICE

You're to assume control of the investigation... the responsibility is consonant with your office, and I have implicit trust in you to keep this under wraps.

Pritchard gets up, takes the file to the man they've been talking to It's Farrell.

PRITCHARD

You're to report to me or to Secretary Brice only. I plan to remain here around the clock.

CONTINUED:

FARRELL
(taking file)
What is the new information?

ANGLE - BRICE

His eyes dart over to Pritchard.

PRITCHARD
We believe Yuri has committed a
murder... a woman.

ANGLE - BRICE

He's looking out the window.

ANGLE - FARRELL

FARRELL
When did it happen?

PRITCHARD
Last night... She must have
discovered his true identity.

FARRELL
What do the Washington police know?

PRITCHARD
They haven't been informed. CID
has taken the body to Fort Meade.

The irregularity of this is disturbing -- nervous making.

FARRELL
If we look for a Russian spy without
the FBI or CIA in on it, it's going
to raise hell...

BRICE
That's my problem.

FARRELL
Can I ask you what the source of
your information is?

PRITCHARD
Our informant has given us
everything he knows. Any attempt
to question him further would be
dangerous for him and counter-
productive for us.

CONTINUED:

FARRELL

(accepting it)

What do you have on the dead woman?

Pritchard fishes out a sheet of paper.

PRITCHARD

It's through Yuri's association with
this woman that we'll find him.
Here's everything we know about her...
for the moment.

He hands the paper to Farrell.

CLOSE ON FARRELL

He starts to read. He comes to Susan's name. He freezes. Only
from this close can we see a reaction -- he blinks, opens his eyes
but without focus. He can't see a thing on the page in front of
him.

BACK TO PRITCHARD

unaware of Farrell's reaction.

PRITCHARD

It looks like he spent the weekend
with her somewhere. Then brought
her home and killed her sometime
around midnight. I'm counting on
it not being too hard to find out
where they'd been... Tom?

Now he notices Farrell's preoccupation.

FARRELL

(slowly)

Yes... I see.

PRITCHARD

I'm sure the investigation will
develop more material quickly...

FARRELL

(interrupting)

Excuse me.

He gets up, we follow him across the office.

BRICE (O.S.)

Is this boring you, Farrell?

90 OMITTED

90

91 INT. BRICE'S DRESSING ROOM - FARRELL ENTERING

91

He comes in dashes cold water on his face, tries to control himself. Takes a couple of deep breaths, but it doesn't work. He's swept by anger. he throws a drinking glass, shattering it against the wall. Brice calls from the office.

BRICE (O.S.)
Commander... if you please.

92 INT. BRICE'S OFFICE

92

Brice and Pritchard have been joined by Major Donovan. He wears a sidearm.

BRICE
(peremptorily)
This is Major Donovan of the
Criminal Investigation Division.
His men will conduct the investigation
subject to your orders.

DONOVAN
(to Farrell)
We're set up down in the situation
room.

Farrell looks from Brice to Donovan -- his weapon -- back to Brice. Donovan turns to leave, Farrell hesitates a second then leaves with him. Brice watches him go, looks sceptically to Pritchard.

PRITCHARD
We have to have a front man.

93 INT. SITUATION ROOM - FARRELL, DONOVAN, CID MEN - DAY

93

Activity is in full swing. Donovan hangs up the phone.

DONOVAN
They're autopsying the body now.

FARRELL
I want to see her apartment first
hand.

Pritchard enters behind him.

PRITCHARD
The CID men will do a better job.

CONTINUED;

PRITCHARD (cont)

It's more important you remain here.

DONOVAN

I have half a dozen men looking for physical evidence now. The print people are just back.

FARRELL

What did they find?

DONOVAN

All fragments, or smudged... the place was cleaned.

94 INT. COMPUTER CENTER - DAY

94

Things are in high gear here, too. Donovan brings in Pritchard and Farrell. They're met by Sam -- not quite awake, more tousled than usual.

SAM

If you don't mind my asking, what's going on?

PRITCHARD

A matter of utmost importance.

Farrell glances at Sam, indicating he will explain in private.

PRITCHARD

What's this?

He means the video display screen on which numbers are flashing by with incredible rapidity.

DONOVAN

We're checking phone calls made over the last weekend to see if the Atwell woman's number comes up.

FARRELL

There must be millions.

SAM

More.

DONOVAN

We're interfaced with the phone company's computers. We're monitoring every call made in a fifty mile radius.

CONTINUED:

FARRELL

(to Sam)

What else are you doing?

SAM

Checking gas station, restaurants,
and hotel credit card receipts. Who
is this bimbo, anyway?

FARRELL

(flatly)

She's dead.

FRITCHARD

Everyone dies...I'll be in the
Situation Room.

He turns abruptly, hurries out.

DONOVAN

You know, you never can tell...
Here we are, breathing down Yuri's
neck and all these years, to tell
you the truth, I was never sure he
even existed.

FARRELL

(interested)

Yes?

DONOVAN

Well, you know... the illusive
master spy -- a Russian that can
pass for an American -- in on
everything, but when push comes to
shove, never a real trace of him.

FARRELL

Maybe this is just a wild goose
chase, too.

DONOVAN

No, don't ask me why, but this time
I smell blood.

95 OMITTED

95

96 INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

96

New CID men have arrived with carts of Susan's effects --
everything but the furniture. They are laying it out, cataloging
it.

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - PRITCHARD

For a moment he's screened from the others. He takes the Polaroid negative from his pocket and slips it into the pile on the evidence table.

ANGLE - CID MEN

They are working on an assembly line, accounting for each thing on the table, sealing the smaller items in plastic bags and passing them on down the line, as Donovan and Farrell join Pritchard.

DONOVAN

We should have reports from the house-to-house pretty soon.

Pritchard drifts over to the evidence table, picks up the glassine bag containing the negative.

PRITCHARD

(holds it up to the light)
I can't make anything out.

Donovan takes it from him.

DONOVAN

If there's any silver left on the emulsion, we may be able to bring out the picture.
(handing it to an enlisted man)
Get this right over to the photo lab.

CLOSE ON FARRELL

He has a frightening idea what might be on the negative. Ensign Fox comes up to him.

ENSIGN FOX

Sir, Mr. O'Brien is waiting for you in your office.

FARRELL

(to Pritchard)
That's right, we made an appointment to go over the CIA report.

Farrell indicates the intense activity in the Situation Room.

Pritchard grabs the phone, punches up a number.

PRITCHARD
(to phone)
I'll be in Commander Farrell's office.
Call me in five minutes.

97 INT. FARRELL'S OFFICE - FARRELL, PRITCHARD, O'BRIEN 97

Farrell, distracted, just going through the motions, shifts through the file. Pritchard takes the file out of his hand.

PRITCHARD
(annoyed)
This is the official estimate.

O'BRIEN
It's an advance copy. I thought
that's what you...

He is interrupted by the phone ringing. Pritchard grabs it.

PRITCHARD
(to phone)
Yes... of course.
(to O'Brien)
I'm wanted in the Secretary's
office. I suggest we reschedule
this meeting.

O'BRIEN
Perhaps I can continue with Commander
Farrell?

FARRELL
That would be satisfactory.

Pritchard looks hard at Farrell.

PRITCHARD
Commander Farrell is requested at
Secretary Brice's meeting too...
I'm afraid we really must stop.

O'Brien gets up, starts out.

FARRELL

Mr. O'Brien, I was wondering if you might help me... in the counter espionage area...

PRITCHARD

Tom!... we'd better get to that meeting.

Farrell looks directly at O'Brien; then shrugs.

ANGLE O'BRIEN

He sense Farrell wants to get something across to him.

O'BRIEN

When you have more time give me a call. I can be reached twenty-four hours.

He leaves.

PRITCHARD

What was that supposed to be?

FARRELL

I thought I might get something out of him about Yuri.

PRITCHARD

What we have will be quite sufficient!...

(he looks at Farrell
for a moment)

I want to arrange that all outgoing calls are monitored.

FARRELL

All calls?

PRITCHARD

Don't worry. Brice's lines are safe.

FARRELL

I'll see to it.

Pritchard picks up the phone, hands it to him.

PRITCHARD

Now.

98 INT. PENTAGON - MALL ENTRANCE LOBBY - DAY

98

Two men in civilian suits move briskly into the building. They are

CONTINUED:

both powerfully built, blank-faced and empty-eyed. But this is not to suggest that they are unintelligent; rather, from long years of habit they project nothing, keep everything to themselves. Except for the color of their hair, an inch in height and a few pounds, they are practically the same. Since they will never give their names, we'll call them -- for reasons that will become clear -- THE CONTRAS.

99 OMITTED

99

99A INT. COMPUTER CENTER - CHECK POINT

99A

They pass the check-points -- their identification must be adequate -- and go quickly to:

100 INT. SITUATION ROOM

100

Where they take seats by the door and wait calmly. They're used to waiting.

100A INT. DONOVAN'S OFFICE/SITUATION ROOM

*

100A

Donovan is with Pritchard and Farrell.

DONOVAN

(to Farrell)

This investigation would move faster if we could get cooperation from FBI and CIA.

An enlisted man hands Donovan a folder.

FARRELL

Our orders are to go ahead alone. If it takes longer...

Pritchard catches sight of the Contras; nods curtly to them.

PRITCHARD

Excuse me.

He leaves the room to go and talk to the Contras.

FARRELL

(he watches Donovan scan the folder)

What's that?

DONOVAN

Autopsy results. She died of a broken neck -- and we have a list

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN (cont)
of her stomach contents.

This is painful for Farrell. He shows it.

FARRELL
What the hell for?!

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN

There are different chemical pollutants in food. There's a chance we can pin down where she ate her last day.

(he checks the sheet)

And here's something more....

Farrell doesn't want to hear any more.

FARRELL

(leaving)

Just get on with it.

Donovan looks after Farrell; thinking this is an awfully sensitive character.

ANGLE - PRITCHARD, THE CONTRAS

PRITCHARD

I want you to stay close to the center of things. But, you're to do nothing until you're instructed by me.

Farrell comes up behind him. Stares at the three of them for a moment, does not understand or like what he sees.

FARRELL

Who are those goons?

PRITCHARD

They're associated with the Special Forces.

FARRELL

I don't know what "associated" means.

PRITCHARD

Exactly what I said. They were formerly in Special Forces, now they're associated.

FARRELL

Where?... El Salvador, Honduras.

PRITCHARD

Somewhere down there.

FARRELL

With the death squads?

PRITCHARD

It's possible.

CONTINUED:

FARRELL

In other words, they're assassins.

FRITCHARD

You needn't concern yourself. They work for me, now.

Farrell grabs him by the arm, pulls him into:

101 INT. OFFICE - (OFF SITUATION ROOM)

101

As Farrell and Fritchard come in, there's a soldier standing at his desk.

FARRELL

Leave us please!

The soldier hurries out, Farrell turns to Fritchard.

FARRELL

You haven't told me everything.

Fritchard assesses the situation, decides to forestall a revolt.

FRITCHARD

The Atwell woman knew Brice.

FARRELL

Yes?

FRITCHARD

She was his mistress.

FARRELL

And?

FRITCHARD

You see the position we're in. Naturally Brice had no idea of her connection with a Soviet agent. We only found out last night after the murder.

FARRELL

How did you find out?

FRITCHARD

As I told you, through an informant... his identity must always remain secret.

FARRELL

Brice is in an impossible situation. We should call in the FBI.

CONTINUED:

PRITCHARD

Don't be an idiot. Do you realize the magnitude of the scandal... The Secretary of Defense and a Soviet agent sharing the favors of a murdered whore? David might even be a suspect in the killing.

FARRELL

Isn't that something to consider?

PRITCHARD

It is not. He's totally incapable of any such crime.

FARRELL

I'm not sure I believe that.

PRITCHARD

It isn't speculation, Tom. Brice was with me in my apartment at the time of the murder. He couldn't possibly have done it. You have my word on that.

FARRELL

We should call in the FBI. Brice will have to take his chances.

PRITCHARD

That decision is not yours to make. What we will do is catch this Yuri ourselves before anyone knows what's happened. After we've got him, we'll handle the rest of it.

FARRELL

You mean the gentlemen in the next room?

PRITCHARD

The man we're after is a spy and a murderer, would anyone deny that justice had been done?

FARRELL

I would.

PRITCHARD

We shall have that discussion at the appropriate time. But for now I expect you to follow direct orders, and I expect you to demonstrate the personal loyalty to which both the Secretary and I have every right.

CONTINUED:

FARRELL
You expect a lot.

FRITCHARD
I depend on you. We're friends.

FARRELL
My God.

FRITCHARD
And if your intention were to do anything to bring down David Brice then I'd have no choice but to make sure that you didn't get away with it.

FARRELL
Thank you for the warning.

FRITCHARD
I'm quite certain it's unnecessary. When you calm down, you'll see that we're following the only possible course.

He leaves. Farrell ponders what he's said.

102 EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - DAY

102

103 INT. CIA - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - MARSHALL, O'BRIEN

103

O'BRIEN
...I showed them the estimate, they couldn't have cared less.

MARSHALL
(pressing the intercom)
Get me Senator Duvall, please.
(to O'Brien)
Now, what's this top secret business at the Pentagon that I've been hearing about all day.

O'BRIEN
I don't know much. For once they're being pretty tight-lipped.

MARSHALL
Come now.

O'BRIEN
Relatively speaking... Here's what we have. CID is running a phone

CONTINUED:

O'BRIEN (cont)
check. Looking for calls made to
a woman named Susan Atwell.

MARSHALL
Who is she?

O'BRIEN
She's in the morgue at Fort Meade.
She was murdered last night.

MARSHALL
Do we know anything about that?

O'BRIEN
You'd better get ready for this --
We think she was either David
Brice's or Scott Pritchard's
mistress...

Marshall smiles cynically.

O'BRIEN
(defensively)
They've both been seen with her.
It didn't seem like a high priority
matter. We've been a little lax
on following up.

MARSHALL
Spilt milk... You can rule out
Pritchard. He's homosexual.

O'BRIEN
I didn't know that.

MARSHALL
You had no need to.

O'BRIEN
I'll be damned.

MARSHALL
So will he... if you believe the
Old Testament. Who killed her?

O'Brien shrugs.

MARSHALL
You think they want to tie it up
before she can be linked to Brice?

O'BRIEN
That's my guess. They've got CID
believing they're searching for

CONTINUED:

O'BRIEN (cont)

Yuri.

MARSHALL

Don't tell me anybody swallowed
that....

(smiling broadly)

That poor son of a bitch Brice!
I almost feel sorry for him...
Who's running this thing at the
Pentagon?

O'BRIEN

The new boy, Farrell.

MARSHALL

So he can take the fall if something
goes wrong.

O'BRIEN

This morning he looked like a guy
who would like to have a heart to
heart.

MARSHALL

No, keep out of it. Let them stew
in their own juice. Mark my words,
this'll blow sky high.

The intercom buzzes. He takes the call.

MARSHALL

(to phone)

Senator Duvall... Billy, I've heard
some very disturbing news about the
Phantom Sub.

He winks at O'Brien.

104 INT. BRICE'S OFFICE - BRICE, FARRELL, PRITCHARD - DAY

104

Brice, agitated, is alone with Pritchard and Farrell.

BRICE

I tried to talk to the President
about NATO, but all he wanted to
know w-- what was going on with
the Phantom Sub.

(he turns to Pritchard)

Why the crunch on that would have to
come now of all times...

(he trails off)

CONTINUED:

PRITCHARD

We'll just have to handle it.

BRICE

(flaring)

You've got me handling a hell of
a lot, don't you!

The phone buzzes. He picks it up hurriedly, hands it to Farrell.

FARRELL

(to phone)

I'll be right down... they want
me in the computer center.

PRITCHARD

I'll go with you.

BRICE

Yes, by all means go with him.

105 INT. COMPUTER CENTER - SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

105

Sam holds the evidence bag with the Polaroid negative, talks with
Farrell and Pritchard.

SAM

The photo lab said there's no more
image they can get out of it.

FARRELL

It was too much to hope for. We'll
have to forget it.

SAM

Maybe not. There's something I want
to show you.

105A INT. COMPUTER CENTER - SAM AT DISPLAY SCREEN

105A

The screen is filled with a blurry, indistinguishable image of
something.

SAM (V.O.)

This is a training film.
Now watch...

ANGLE - DISPLAY SCREEN - THE IMAGE CHANGING

SAM (V.O.)

All the detail you're seeing is in the
original. It's just being brought out
by a change in perspective.

CONTINUED:

PRITCHARD

But it's not a photographic process?

SAM (V.O.)

Mathematical... it's really something, isn't it? The original picture is broken down into "pixels". That's the smallest element on the emulsion. Sort of an atom of the picture. Then -- and this is the good part -- the computer just asks itself what would be next to what if we rotated the picture. Of course, it has to ask this about a billion times.

ANGLE - DISPLAY SCREEN

The blur has taken shape -- changing from a sneaky, vaguely humanoid shape to a vividly clear, color portrait of a red-nosed proboscis monkey.

PRITCHARD

Get started on it.

SAM

The computers are at the Space Center and they'll have to have the original negative.

PRITCHARD

Put it on an Air Force jet.

SAM

Like I told you, it takes billions of calculations... maybe twelve hours, maybe a week.

PRITCHARD

... too long.

SAM

Perhaps you can get what you need from the work in progress. We'll be watching it right on this screen.

106 INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

106

Donovan sees Farrell and Pritchard enter. He gets up from his desk and hurries over to them.

DONOVAN

We've got a phone number. It's listed to a Nina Beka.

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN (cont)

She called at midnight last night.
That must have been just before
the murder.

FARRELL

(reaches for the slip
of paper)
I'd better see her.

DONOVAN

I was just about to send my men.

FARRELL

I think it would be better if I
went myself.

He looks meaningfully at Pritchard.

PRITCHARD

(thinks it over
for a moment)
You're right.

DONOVAN

I don't want to step out of line,
but my men will do a more thorough
job. It's their business.

PRITCHARD

Commander Farrell is in charge of
the investigation. We'll follow
his suggestions.

DONOVAN

(not liking it a bit)
Yes sir.

FARRELL

I'll get a car from the motor pool.

Pritchard crosses the room to the Contras.

PRITCHARD

I'll be right with you.

Farrell stops in the doorway; sees Pritchard with the Contras. He
goes back to them.

FARRELL

I won't have it.

PRITCHARD

They might be useful.

CONTINUED:

FARRELL

No.

PRITCHARD

(relenting)

As you wish.

107 EXT. NINA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

107

Farrell parks the car. He and Pritchard get out and enter the building.

108 NINA'S APARTMENT - NINA

108

She answers the knock on the door. She is about to greet Farrell when something in his face makes her stop.

FARRELL

May we come in, Miss Beka?

She stands back and admits them.

PRITCHARD

I'm afraid we have some bad news for you...

FARRELL

(interrupting)

I'm Commander Farrell, Miss Beka. This is Mr. Scott Pritchard, Counsel to the Secretary of Defense.

She looks from one to the other, knows something is very wrong.

PRITCHARD

A woman named Susan Atwell is dead...

ANGLE - NINA

No reaction, she's waiting.

PRITCHARD

She was a friend of yours?

NINA

I work at Shalini's Boutique in the Pavillion. She comes in there sometimes.
(shakey)
...Used to.

It's beginning to hit her. She turns her back on them, looks out the window.

CONTINUED:

PRITCHARD
(irritated)
We'd like you to tell us as much
about her as possible.

She's shocked, worried. She doesn't know what the hell this is all about. She looks to Farrell for help.

FARRELL
(softly)
We think she was killed by a man
she's been seeing.

NINA
Why...

PRITCHARD
(impatiently)
You don't have to concern yourself
with why. We need to know the names
of the men she consorted with.

On the word "consorted" Nina's face tightens. Pritchard has made an enemy. She ignores him and speaks to Farrell.

NINA
I don't know anything about
Susan's personal life.

PRITCHARD
I'll ask you again. Who were the
men she saw?

NINA
You can ask me a thousand times, and
the answer will still be the same.
I don't know.

PRITCHARD
(furious)
Where are you from?

NINA
South Africa.

PRITCHARD
... you know who I am? I can pick up
that phone and have you on the next
plane to Johannesburg. I'm guessing
you have a reason for not being there.

ANGLE - FARRELL

He doesn't know how this is going to turn out. He shifts his eyes from Nina to Pritchard.

CONTINUED:

BACK TO NINA

Nina, threatened, is tougher than she looks.

NINA

I know who you are and I know
who Brice is -- is that the name
you wanted?

PRITCHARD

We have no interest in him. It's
another man we want.

NINA

Why don't we make a deal?

PRITCHARD

We'll talk about it... who was the
other man?

ANGLE - NINA

She tries to decide what to do.

ANGLE - FARRELL

He reaches out and rests his hand on the base of the heavy lamp,
measuring the distance between himself and Pritchard.

PRITCHARD

Who was the other man?

NINA

Someone at the Pentagon.

Farrell's hand tightens on the lamp.

PRITCHARD

Does he have a name?

NINA

I don't know it. He's somebody

CONTINUED:

NINA (cont)

Susan used to see and now he's
reappeared.

Farrell relaxes his grip on the lamp.

FRITCHARD

How recently?

(Nina shrugs)

... Three months? Two months?...
one month?

NINA

Maybe a month, six weeks. I can't
be sure. I told you, Susan hardly
ever mentioned him.

FRITCHARD

All right. That'll do for now.
we're going to close the part of
the investigation that concerns
you. Will that be satisfactory?
(starting for the door)
Tom...

ANGLE - FARRELL

FARRELL

Thank you, Miss Seka. You've
been very helpful.

ANGLE - NINA

She look's directly at Farrell; she nods.

109 OMITTED

109

110 INT. PENTAGON - BRICE'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

110

In the midst of the general furor, there is a small tempest centered
around Senator Duvall, pacing back and forth, orating to a
Secretary.

DUVALL

That's right. I don't have an
appointment. But, madame, what I do
have is a mandate from the Congress of
the United States to exercise legislative
oversight of the Department of Defense. And
now, goddamn it, I'm here to see the
Secretary of Defense, appointment or not.
(he looks at her
meltingly)

CONTINUED:

DUVALL (cont)

Now surely, darlin', you can understand that.

SECRETARY

It's just that the Secretary's in a meeting and can't be disturbed. I'm sure he'll be anxious to see you. Can I get you another cup of coffee?

DUVALL

What you can get me is the Secretary of Defense. Pretty damn quick!

111 INT. COMPUTER CENTER - DAY

111

Farrell and Pritchard hurry in.

PRITCHARD

I want the names of all civilian and military personnel who've been assigned to the Pentagon during the past two months. Can you do it?

SAM

(indicating the huge
DEC-10 computer)

It's all in there. I'll just have to set up a program to find it.

Across the room a TECHNICIAN picks up a phone; calls out.

TECHNICIAN

Mr. Pritchard.

Pritchard goes to take his call.

SAM

(to Farrell)

I have a suggestion. We're doing this credit card search but it's extremely unlikely anything charged over the weekend would be turned in so soon... we're wasting computer time that we could use better.

FARRELL

I want you to keep on with it.

SAM

(confused)

What's this all about, Tom?

Farrell sees that Pritchard has finished his call and is coming

CONTINUED:

back.

PARRELL

(to Sam)

We'll discuss that later... what
are you working on here?

ANGLE DISPLAY SCREEN

A complex multi-colored graph is on the screen. Various overlaid
matrixes flash by.

SAM

They isolated three pollutants in
the dead girl's stomach contents.
They're the red, green and blue
lines on the graph. If we can get
the overlays to match, we might pin
down where she was.

FRITCHARD

(returning)

I have to see Secretary Brice.
Get started on that list of new
employees.

He leaves. There is a shout from the technicians -- Sam and Farrell
turn to look at the Display Screen. An overlay matches the
original.

CID MAN

We've got a fit.

As the Technician flips through a loose-leaf notebook, the CID Man
reaches for a phone. The Technician has found what he's looking
for.

TECHNICIAN

Upper Chesapeake Bay. It's nitrates
from the steel mills.

DONOVAN

I'll send my men up there.

The CID Man relays the information by phone. As he does Farrell
walks away. Sam watches him leave; wonders.

112 OMITTED

112

113 INT. PARRELL'S OFFICE - PARRELL

113

He looks up as a CID Man enters carrying a small evidence bag.

CONTINUED:

CID MAN

Excuse me, sir. Have you seen
Major Donovan?

FARRELL

What do you have there?

He hands Farrell the transparent bag containing the gold box which
Susan told Farrell was a gift from Brice. *

CID MAN

We missed it the first time around,
it must have fallen behind the seat
of her car.

FARRELL

I'll take care of it.

The CID man leaves. Farrell puts the box down on his desk and sits
quietly studying it trying to decide what to do.

114 INT. BRICE'S OFFICE - DAY

114

Duvall confronts Brice. Pritchard, as is fitting, sits off to the
side.

DUVALL

You can forget the double talk.
Everybody in town knows something
is going on here.

BRICE

(ironically)
Surely not everybody.

DUVALL

That's correct, I heard it from
the CIA.

Brice shoots an angry glance at Pritchard.

PRITCHARD

We're engaged in a top secret matter
of limited duration.

BRICE

As soon as it's completed, naturally
you'll be fully informed.

DUVALL

Do you two always finish each
other's sentences.

CONTINUED:

BRICE

There's no need to be abusive.
When the operation is completed,
I'll be glad to inform you of the
outcome.

DUVALL

... Which you have already decided...
Cancel the Phantom Sub Program.

BRICE

The on-going investigation has
nothing to do with your submarine.

DUVALL

That ain't the way I heard it!

115 INT. FARRELL'S OFFICE

115

He's sitting behind his desk holding the gold box. He reaches for his phone, begins to dial. He remembers that calls are being monitored, replaces the receiver and puts the box in his pocket. He leaves the office.

116 INT. SITUATION ROOM

116

He goes through the Situation Room...

117 INT. CORRIDOR

117

...down a corridor to...

118 INT. STAIRWAY

118

...and makes his way up to...

119 INT. CONCOURSE LEVEL

119

There are dozens of shops on the mall and it's crowded with homeward bound employees. He finds a pay phone, dials, and is connected with his party.

INTERCUT:

120 INT. O'BRIEN'S OFFICE - DAY

120

O'BRIEN

Yes, Commander... What can I do
for you?

CONTINUED:

FARRELL

I have a small antique gold... I guess maybe you'd call it a jewel box. It may have a bearing on an investigation we're doing.
(he listens a moment)
Yes, it's pretty important.

O'Brien smiles like a Cheshire Cat.

O'BRIEN

I see.

FARRELL

It has an inscription which looks like it might be in Arabic. I thought your people might be able to give me some help on its origin... we're trying to trace the owner.

O'BRIEN

Why don't you just messenger it over to me and I'll have our fellows get right on it. Is there anything else?

FARRELL

(he thinks it over
for a moment)

Well... this investigation, it's got some angles...

O'BRIEN

(cutting him off)

Tell you what, this is kind of a busy day for me, so if you just send over your little gold box, I'll have somebody get back to you... Talk to you soon.

He hangs up, leans back and smiles.

121 INT. BRICE'S OFFICE

121

Duvall has been putting an increasingly harassed Brice through the mill.

DUVALL

I pride myself on being a man of forbearance and conciliation... But if you fuck me on this, I'll crucify you.

CONTINUED:

BRICE

(turning red)

Wait a minute! I'm not your rubber stamp. For twenty years you've run roughshod over this office but now you can forget it.

DUVALL

You may disparage your predecessors, but I don't recall in the past any secret "investigation" that required the entire Department of Defense and...

(lowering his voice

for emphasis)

circumvented CIA and the FBI and the Washington Police.

PRITCHARD

Senator, we're not locked into any position on the Phantom Sub.

BRICE

(spins around, faces

Pritchard)

What are you saying?!

ANGLE - DUVALL WATCHING THE TWO OF THEM

PRITCHARD

I'm just trying to allay Senator Duvall's fears that we might act paramptorily.

BRICE

We'll act as I decide we should.

Duvall shifts his attention to Pritchard. He has discovered with some little surprise that Pritchard may be the man to talk to.

DUVALL

Mr. Pritchard, I'm encouraged by your attitude. I don't think there's any reason for us to squabble like children. I'm sure that your investigation, whatever it is, is perfectly proper. Please forgive my unseemly outburst. It's just that I've been deeply troubled.

PRITCHARD

That's perfectly understandable, Senator... I'm certain that we can reach an accomodation.

CONTINUED:

DUVALL
(getting up)
Gentlemen, I'm deeply gratified,
deeply gratified. I hope you'll
forgive my imposition on such a
busy day.

He shambles out. As he does, Brice watches Pritchard with mounting
anger.

BRICE
How dare you?

PRITCHARD
He's got us. We have to give in.

CLOSE ON BRICE - LOOKING DEFEATED

BRICE
The whole thing is insane. It's
out of control. Our cover story
is never going to hold.

PRITCHARD
Yes, it will. But you have to have
more moral courage.

Brice slumps in his chair.

PRITCHARD
Have you ever heard of Nina
Beka?

BRICE
(softly)
No.

PRITCHARD
Well, she's heard of you.

122 INT. FARRELL'S OFFICE

122

Ensign Fox has the jewel box.

FARRELL
Instruct the CIA to get in touch
with you at your home. I want you
to remain there and wait for the
information. You're not to call me,
I'll check in with you periodically.

ENSIGN FOX
Yes sir.

CONTINUED:

Farrell walks him out of the office into:

123 INT. CORRIDOR - FOLLOWING FARRELL, FOX 123

Just as he enters the corridor, Farrell sees the Contras leaving in the other direction. He rushes into:

124 OMITTED 124

125 INT. SITUATION ROOM 125

Pritchard and Donovan are at the map of the Chesapeake Bay area.

PRITCHARD

I don't see why it should take so long.

FARRELL

(hurries up to him)

Where are Laurel and Hardy going?

PRITCHARD

Who's that, Tom?

Pritchard turns back to the map.

FARRELL

You know who I mean! Where are they going?

PRITCHARD

I sent them to tie up some loose ends.

Farrell turns around and walks quickly toward the door.

PRITCHARD

...Tom?

But Farrell doesn't seem to have heard. He leaves.

126 INT. MOTORPOOL GARAGE 126

Farrell rushes in, confronts the ENLISTED MAN in charge.

FARRELL

I need a car. It's an emergency

ENLISTED MAN

Sorry, Commander, CID has everything.

Farrell runs up to a car that's on the hydraulic lift.

CONTINUED:

ENLISTED MAN

I haven't finished greasing that one.

FARRELL

Bring it down!

The car begins to come down, gets a couple of feet from ground level, and the lifter stops.

ENLISTED MAN

The mother's stuck.

He begins to fool with the control of the lift.

FARRELL

Forget it.

He climbs into the car and drives it off the lift with a crunching jolt. The car keeps moving but without its muffler and tail pipe. He speeds out of the garage.

127 EXT. MEMORIAL PARKWAY - FARRELL DRIVING

127

It's the highway along the Potomac from the Pentagon to the D.C. bridges. There's heavy traffic. Farrell looks ahead trying to see the Contras -- doesn't.

128 NEW ANGLE - BRIDGE APPROACH - FARRELL DRIVING

128

There's a stream of traffic crossing the bridge into the District. He sees the Contras' car far ahead. Too many cars separate them. He swings out into the wrong lane, dodges opposing traffic, races almost to the end of the bridge and pulls back into lane. Now he's driving in the lane next to the Contras. They look over, see him, nod. They have no reason to question his presence.

129 NEW ANGLE - FARRELL

129

He wrenches the steering wheel, slams into the Contras' car, pushing it across the walkway and against the bridge railing. Both cars are, needless to say, out of commission.

130 FULL SHOT - THE BRIDGE, SMASHED CARS

130

and the ensuing traffic jam and confusion. Farrell jumps out of his car and the Contras climb out of theirs in time to see Farrell running ahead of them. They take off after him through the gathering crowd.

131 VARIOUS ANGLES - A CHASE - FARRELL, CONTRAS 131

It begins on the bridge, continues through the streets, perhaps through the untended lot, down the stone steps to the waterfront, past the disused boathouse and under the aqueduct, to a subway entrance.

131A INT. SUBWAY - CHASE CONTINUES 131A

at director's discretion.

131B EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - FARRELL RUNNING OUT 131B

and across the street to the entrance of the Old Post Office building.

132 INT. OLD POST OFFICE - GROUND LEVEL 132

Farrell rushes past the storefronts, finds the one he's looking for: a clothes boutique.

133 INT. BOUTIQUE - NINA, A WOMAN 133

She's assisting the woman in a fitting cubicle. Farrell rips open the curtain, grabs Nina by the arm, pulls her toward the back room of the boutique.

134 INT. BOUTIQUE - BACK ROOM 134

 NINA
Tom, what's going on? What happened to Suz -- Jesus, I feel so awful.

 FARRELL
 (pulling her)
...can't talk! You're in danger. You have to get lost -- really lost.

He has her to the door. They hear commotion back in the boutique.

 FARRELL
Hurry! Now!

 NINA
I'll be at...

 FARRELL
Don't tell me. I don't know

CONTINUED:

FARRELL (cont)
if I can stand up like you.

NINA
But what -- ?

He pushes her out the door.

FARRELL
Thank you...for before.

135 INT. BOUTIQUE - THE CONTRAS, CONFUSED CLERKS

135

The Contras are pushing dress racks out of the way, looking into the changing rooms. Farrell returns. They see where he's coming from and instantly realize what he must have done. They rush toward the back. He blocks their way.

VARIOUS ANGLES

They struggle but it's two against one and they succeed in pinning Farrell down. One holds him on the floor, jerks his head indicating the other Contra should continue after Nina.

CLOSER - FARRELL, CONTRA

He has his arms around Farrell. It's almost an embrace. Only from very close can we see that he has a small handgun pressed to Farrell's head. He whispers in Farrell's ear without a trace of anger or malice.

1ST CONTRA
I think we should go back to the
Pentagon, Sir.

136 OMITTED

136

137 INT. OLD POST OFFICE - 2ND CONTRA - DAY

137

He is on a high floor making his way down the arcaded hallway that opens onto the atrium. He pulls open an office door: There's a typist at work. She's the only person in the room. He continues down the hall; opens the next door: It's a furniture storeroom, nobody in it.

He goes further down the hall: another door. He opens it -- there's Nina. She gasps, backs away.

138 INT. ROOM - DAY

138

He goes to her, grabs her by the wrist. She struggles, he drags her

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

88

to a desk, pins her arm down on the desk.

He takes out a straight razor, puts it to her wrist.

138A INT. PENTAGON - MALL ENTRANCE - FARRELL, 1ST CONTRA

138A

They come in very close together. The Contra is right behind him. If you didn't know what happened, you wouldn't realize Farrell is, in effect, a prisoner.

139 INT. COMPUTER CENTER - SAM, FRITCHARD

139

They're looking at the display screen: The Polaroid negative now fills the screen. It is blurred, distorted, the colors don't make any sense. In the upper right hand corner, reference numbers are reeling off.

SAM

It just came on line... not
much to look at, is it?

Behind them, through the glass, we can see in the corridor that Farrell has returned with the Contra who beckons to Pritchard. Farrell continues on to his office.

140 INT. FARRELL'S OFFICE - FARRELL

140

He's finished changing his clothes (the old torn in the fight.) Pritchard rushes in.

PRITCHARD

That was a stupid, stupid thing
you did.

FARRELL

I think you must be crazy.

PRITCHARD

I'm going to save Brice no matter
what it takes. I thought I'd
already told you that.

FARRELL

I don't believe there is a "Yuri"

PRITCHARD

Oh, he's real enough, all right.

CONTINUED:

FARRELL

But he doesn't have anything to do with the murder of that girl, does he?

PRITCHARD

We'll find that out when we catch him.

FARRELL

Not if those two get to him first.

PRITCHARD

Damn it! I'm tired of weakness. I'm faced with a grave problem. I intend to resolve it quickly and cleanly.

FARRELL

You really are crazy.

PRITCHARD

I won't be insulted by you... and you're not to attempt to interfere with the investigation again.

FARRELL

I quit.

PRITCHARD

Your resignation is not accepted... You be reasonable. I'm deliberately shielding you from full knowledge. Just follow your orders and everything will be all right.

Farrell slams out of the room. Pritchard's right behind him.

141 INT. LOWER LEVEL CORRIDOR - PRITCHARD

141

He nods to the Contra, who is near the door. He casually blocks Farrell's path. Farrell turns and looks back at Pritchard. They hold each other's stares for a long moment. Then, Farrell turns away.

142 INT. COMPUTER CENTER

142

Farrell rushing in. He ignores everything and everybody; he rushes into one of the office cubicles, goes directly to the phone. He looks at a PROGRAMMER who is working at his desk.

CONTINUED:

FARRELL
(holding the phone)
Will you excuse me?

The Programmer gets up.

PROGRAMMER
I hope you're not calling your girl
friend... remember "big brother" is
listening.

He leaves.

FARRELL
I don't give a shit.
(to phone)
Fox?

He listens, looks around impatiently as we HEAR Fox.

FOX'S VOICE
(filtered)
The writing on the box is Arabic
but it's in the Mohgrabi dialect --
what they speak in Morocco. What
it says is kind of flowery but it
boils down to, "a gift to a true
friend."

FARRELL
(to phone)
Very well. You can come back
here now.

143 OMITTED

143

144 INT. COMPUTER CENTER - ON SAM - FARRELL COMES UP TO HIM

144

They're in front of the video display -- the reference numbers
continue to spin by, the picture to alter.

FARRELL
Don't gifts from foreign governments
have to be registered with the Office
of Protocol?

SAM
That's what they tell us.

FARRELL
Are their files computerized?

CONTINUED:

SAM

Yes. Of course, that'd be in
State's computer bank.

(checks his watch)

You'd probably have to get in
touch with them tomorrow.

FARRELL

I can't get in touch with them.

Sam seems to understand. What Farrell has said confirms a suspicion
that's been weighing on him. He thinks it over for a beat, then:

SAM

We can interface. There'll be
hell to pay. Tom... does it matter
to you that much?

Farrell nods.

SAM

Okay.

145 INT. PRITCHARD'S OFFICE - FARRELL ENTERING

145

PRITCHARD

What is it now?

FARRELL

I've been thinking it over. Maybe
you're right.

PRITCHARD

(tentatively)

Yes?

FARRELL

Let's get this whole business over
with... I'm sorry I blew up at you.

PRITCHARD

It's all right. We're all very
tired.

(comes around his desk)

Tom, when this is out of the way we
can do great things here.

FARRELL

First things first.

He starts out. As he leaves Pritchard watches -- reserving
judgement on Farrell's change of heart.

146 INT. COMPUTER CENTER - FARRELL COMES IN

146

SAM

I'm into the State Department computer.

(he laughs)

It was easy... Oh, and you were right about the credit card receipts, we found one. From a gas station in Annapolis.

FARRELL

Great.

He glances over and sees a new piece of equipment: a microfilm reader. Personnel files are flipping by, one every couple of seconds.

FARRELL

Those the new people?

SAM

(points to the ream of print-outs on the floor)

Forty-seven hundred of them so far. But we've had a break. They found your man's blood type. That's why we're looking through the personnel files.

Farrell turns to a CID Man.

FARRELL

How did you get that?

CID MAN

From an autopsy specimen.

Farrell looks confused.

CID MAN

From a residue of semen in the woman's body.

SAM

(matter of factly)

The blood type is A positive -- pretty common, but it'll narrow the list.

147 EXT. PENTAGON - NIGHT

147

The facade is dark except for the long row of lighted windows behind which the investigation continues.

146 INT. BRICE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

148

Brice is sunk in a deep leather arm chair. His jacket is off, his shirt open. He's playing with a glass of whiskey. Pritchard watches him from across the room.

PRITCHARD

You should get some sleep. You must be exhausted.

BRICE

I know whether I'm exhausted or not!

PRITCHARD

As you say.

BRICE

You look like you just stepped out of a band box... You're actually enjoying this, aren't you?

PRITCHARD

I'm just trying to do my job. It would be a lot easier if you'd stop attacking me.

Brice takes a sip of his drink and runs his hand through his hair.

BRICE

I'm sorry... I am tired.

He pulls himself out of the chair, starts toward his bedroom. Pritchard watches him worriedly as he walks away.

149 INT. SITUATION ROOM - INVESTIGATION CONTINUES

149

And both Contras sit there looking bored but very much awake. Farrell passes through the room, they watch him.

150 INT. COMPUTER CENTER - VIDEO DISPLAY SCREEN

150

The Polaroid negative is coming together on the screen.

PULL BACK TO:

SAM, FARRELL - WATCHING IT

SAM

If it doesn't keep moving toward a coherent image, we just adjust the program.

CONTINUED:

PARRELL

You mean you could stop it and go in another direction?

SAM

We've been doing that all along. But it looks like it's doing fine now.

PARRELL

I'm not so sure.

SAM

Isn't it time we had a talk?

ANGLE - SCREEN

The reference numbers continue to fly by -- the picture to alter subtly.

151 INT. SAM'S OFFICE - SAM, PARRELL ENTER

151

PARRELL

I'm the one in the picture.

Sam just stares at him.

PARRELL

Susan Atwell was the woman I've been seeing.

SAM

Oh.

PARRELL

I had nothing to do with her death. I was in love with her.

SAM

Jesus...you must feel terrible.

PARRELL

You're the only one I can tell... this spy hunt is a phony.

SAM

"Yuri" doesn't have anything to do with the murder?

PARRELL

Nothing. It's a cover up. I can't tell you any more.

CONTINUED:

SAM
(sceptically)
I see.

FARRELL
(hurriedly)
It's for your own protection.
They've already tried to kill one
person who knew.

SAM
(gravely)
What is it you want, Tom?

FARRELL
Will you slow up the resolution on
that picture?... I need some more
time to get this straightened out...

152 INT. COMPUTER CENTER - CLOSE ON SAM

152

SAM
I'm not satisfied with the way this
is coming up. The Eigen value is
off...

PULL BACK TO:

He's in front of the video display screen talking with a TECHNICIAN.

TECHNICIAN
It looks alright to me.

SAM
It's pulling away from our reference
information. Advise them to program
a Fourier Transform.

TECHNICIAN
I don't know, it seems like a waste
of time.

SAM
(snapping)
Do it, please!

TECHNICIAN
Take it easy. We've all been up the
same amount of time.

Sam looks at Farrell, who nods a silent thank you.

FARRELL
What about the list from the Office

CONTINUED:

FARRELL (cont)
of Protocol?

Sam leads him to a computer printer. Farrell picks up a couple of feet of print-outs; scans it quickly.

FARRELL
What I'm after isn't on here yet.

SAM
(edgy)
Well, you just let me know when it is, okay?

Farrell realizes the extent of the strain he's put Sam under, reaches out, pats him on the shoulder. Sam shrugs, weary.

153 EXT. PENTAGON - DAY

153

It's morning now. Streams of people are pouring into the building.

154 INT. COMPUTER CENTER - DAY

154

The room is littered with coffee cups and junk food wrappers. The exhausted staff is still at work. The Polaroid negative is only slightly changed from before. Farrell is going over the print-out which is now yards and yards long. One of the Contras ambles over to him.

CONTRA
(indicating the
print-out)
What's that?

Farrell ignores him and continues to look through it to the end. He checks the lines being typed by the printer, drops the whole thing on the floor walks out of the room.

155 INT. LOWER LEVEL CORRIDOR

155

Farrell's between the Computer Center and Situation Room. He makes up his mind what to do, moves purposefully down the hall. He passes the Second Contra.

2ND CONTRA
Where are you going?

Farrell looks at him contemptuously, nods towards the men's room door; continues on his way.

He goes into the men's room...

156 INT. MEN'S ROOM 156
...waits a moment...

157 INT. CORRIDOR 157
...comes out, sees the coast is clear...

158 INT. STAIRWELL 158
...and again finds his way up to...

159 INT. CONCOURSE LEVEL 159
...which is now filled with a bustling crowd. He goes to the phone booth used earlier.

FARRELL
(to phone)
Hello, do you know who this is?
(he listens)
I have to talk to you, but I can't leave here now.
(he listens again)
(responds angrily)
I'm on a damn pay phone now.
It's probably not even safe.
(he listens again)
Alright. I'll come there as soon as I can get away.

He hangs up the phone.

160 INT. PENTAGON MALL ENTRANCE - DAY * 160
In the midst of the throng of arriving workers, two CID Men are hustling a man into the building. It's the Mate who rented Susan and Farrell the sail boat.

161 INT. CORRIDOR 161
Farrell is moving against the crowd trying to make his way to the staircase.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The CID Men and the Mate are in the corridor.

MATE
I'll be damned!

CONTINUED:

CID MAN

What?

MATE

It's him! The sonuvabitch who rented the boat.

CID MAN

(jumping out of his skin)

Where?

MATE

(pointing)

Over there.

ANGLE - CROWD

No Farrell.

162 INT. STAIRWELL

162

Farrell slams the door behind him, leans against it, takes a deep breath. he's seen the Mate. He hesitates only a second, tears down the stairs.

163 OMITTED

163

164 OMITTED

164

164A INT. BRICE'S OUTER OFFICE - DONOVAN, OTHERS *

164A

Farrell comes in quickly. Donovan grabs him.

DONOVAN

I've been looking for you.
Yuri is in the building... They
were bringing in a witness and
he spotted him.

FARRELL

I know.

DONOVAN

What are my orders?

FARRELL

Hold your witness while we
decide what to do.

He knocks on the door to Brice's inner office. Farrell's
acknowledged from inside, enters.

165 INT. BRICE'S OFFICE - FARRELL ENTERING

165

BRICE
We've heard.

PRITCHARD
This is splendid work, Tom. Close all exits but the Mall. With the witness at the only door open, Yuri will never get out without being spotted.

BRICE
We should empty the building. Have everyone file out past this man.

FARRELL
And in five minutes the place will be swarming with television cameramen.

Farrell walks across the room, looks out the window, turns back.

FARRELL
We'll have to take the witness through the building room by room.

BRICE
This is the largest building in the world.

PRITCHARD
(in command)
Tom is right. It's the only way we'll get any... privacy.

FARRELL
(leaving)
I'll see to it.

He opens the door to the outer office. Donovan is still there. Pritchard hurries after Farrell.

PRITCHARD
I think it wise all officers carry sidearms.

Donovan looks at him questioningly.

PRITCHARD
(explaining)
The man we're after has killed at least one person already.
(to Farrell)
Don't worry, Tom. I don't expect you to carry one.

166 OMITTED 166
 166A OMITTED 166.
 167 INT. COMPUTER CENTER - FARRELL ENTERING 167

He hurries past the video screen where the reference numbers are flying by. The negative is warping into shape. He seems to pay no attention. He moves directly to the computer printer, quickly checks the list, doesn't find what he's after, and hurries out.

INT. CORRIDOR

ANGLE - FARRELL

Farrell arrives as M.P.s are opening a door with a combination lock to reveal a walk in safe lined with racks of weapons. The officers queue up for weapons.

FARRELL
 Where are your "friends"?

PRITCHARD
 With the searchers.

Farrell reaches over, brushes Pritchard's jacket to reveal a .38 caliber hand gun.

FARRELL
 You too?

Pritchard leaves. Farrell goes to the M.P. who is about to close the locker.

FARRELL
 I'll take a forty-five.

M.P.
 I'm sorry, Commander. Your name's not on the list. I'll check with Mr. Pritchard.

FARRELL
 Don't bother.

168 OMITTED

168

169 INT. CORRIDOR CHECKPOINT

169

There are a knot of CID men around the Mate as Donovan questions him.

MATE

He looked like all you sons-a-bitches.

DONOVAN

(patiently)

Tall or short, thin or fat, light or dark?

MATE

Yeah, that's it.

DONOVAN

You think this is some kind of joke?

MATE

What I'm telling you is the sonovabitch is average.

170 INT. BRICE'S OFFICE

170

Brice is at low ebb. Pritchard's icy calm -- his usurpation of Brice's power is almost as frightening to Brice as the prospect of being unmasked.

PRITCHARD

The CID has brought in another witness.

BRICE

Do you realize the only person who can connect me to the... to Susan, is right here in the

CONTINUED:

BRICE (cont)
building with us?

FRITCHARD
That's not a situation we created.
It's one we've discovered... and
that's a step in the right direction.

BRICE
Dear God, I hope you're right.

ANGLE - FRITCHARD

He knows he's always right. Farrell enters.

FRITCHARD
They've brought in a bellboy from
a hotel in Annapolis. Now you can
have two search parties.

FARRELL
I'll see to it.

FRITCHARD
(to Brice)
You see, David? It's all coming
together.

171 OMITTED 171

172 OMITTED 172

173 INT. PENTAGON - VARIOUS ANGLES 173

It is much later in the day and, as we watch what are now two
search parties pressing exhaustedly on, we get a sense of what
an enormous logistical problem this hunt really is.

174 INT. PENTAGON - CORRIDOR - SEARCH PARTY WITH BELLBOY 174

The officer in charge opens one of the innumerable doors in one
corridors.

174A INT. FILE ROOM - SEARCH PARTY WITH MATE PASSING THROUGH * 174A

Endless rows of files, hundreds of clerks, but no work is going on.
They're clustered in groups, gossiping, looking out windows, and
yelling jokes at each other across the room. Dozens are talking
on the phones.

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - CLERK ON THE PHONE

CLERK

(heatedly to phone)

You'll just have to hold dinner.
I don't know when the hell we'll
get out of here. They're searching
for some damn spy.

The Mate is dragging and madder than ever. Donovan touches him
to speed him up.

MATE

Don't push me, sonuvabitch. I
ain't no goddamn soldier.
(mumbling to himself)
...rented the sonuvabitch a sailboat.

175	OMITTED	175
176	INT. COMPUTER CENTER - PAN	176
	Staring at the video display screen, where the negative is relentlessly resolving, the SHOT continues till it comes to a STOP at Farrell, who is concentrating on the printout of the Protocol Office gift list. No luck. He walks dispiritedly out of the room, passing Sam's office. He watches anxiously.	
177	OMITTED	177
178	OMITTED	178

179 INT. BRICE'S OFFICE

179

Brice is on the edge of barely-contained hysteria. He is staring venomously at Pritchard, who, for the first time, as he talks to Farrell, is beginning to show signs of strain.

FARRELL

It's impossible to monitor the telephone lines. We'd need a hundred more men.

BRICE

We have a shift that finishes at five and another at six. What the hell do you suggest we do with them?

FARRELL

(almost smiling)

Let them out through the mall entrance. We'll have both witnesses there.

PRITCHARD

(resigned)

....television.

179 INT. MAIN MALL ENTRANCE - BELLBOY AND MATE

179

People lined up waiting to exit building. The Bellboy and Mate stand watching for Yuri as the people file past them.

180 EXT. PENTAGON - EVENING

180

It's almost dark and Pritchard's worst fears have been realized. As the employees come out they are met by a battery of reporters and photographers. Remote trucks are parked on the grass, television cameramen wander around with mini-cams and portable lights.

181 INT. MARSHALL'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

181

Marshall and O'Brien are watching television -- a shot of the Pentagon exterior, the crowd emerging and a reporter in the foreground.

TV REPORTER

... in progress for some time now. We haven't been allowed inside, Stephanie, but we're told there's a bottleneck of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people, waiting to go home.

O'BRIEN

You were right. It looks like Brice really stepped in it.

MARSHALL

(smiling)

You would think they were

CONTINUED:

TV REPORTER (cont)

Those who have been allowed to leave say they were first cleared by members of the CID, that's the Criminal Investigation Division of Army Intelligence. Apparently, there's a search on for a person who may be a spy trapped, right now, inside the Pentagon itself... We're going to stay here and follow events as they develop and we'll be back to you with updates as the story continues... Mark Savreda, WCDM, at the Pentagon.

MARSHALL (cont)

searching for Rasputin, the Mad Monk.

(he gets up from his chair, continues seriously)

We may have let things go too far. I don't want the Company to end up with egg on its face... let's get to the bottom of this...

(AT A POINT, DEPENDENT ON STAGING, MARSHALL TURNS OFF THE TV)

182-184 OMITTED

182-184

185 INT. COMPUTER CENTER

185

Here, people are still at work. The noise of the printers seems twice as loud now that the adjoining rooms are silent.

ANGLE - DISPLAY SCREEN

There is a clear image of the man in the photograph, but the features in the face are still a blur. The reference numbers, now in the millions, won't stop.

ANGLE - FARRELL

He is waiting expectantly as the Protocol Office list continues. He gives up, tears the paper out of the printer and dumps the whole stack of printout on the floor.

A CID MAN approaches him; hands over a folder.

CID MAN

You're to initial this, sir.

FARRELL

(scanning, initialing)

What is it?

CID MAN

Authorization to release the Atwell woman's body for burial.

Farrell looks at it again, tosses it back to the CID man.

ANGLE - SAM AND TECHNICIAN

TECHNICIAN

I'm about down to fifty people with A Positive blood.

CONTINUED:

Sam is thinking about what to do; speaks just to answer.

SAM

How many of them are men?

TECHNICIAN

(blowing up)

Nobody told me to sort them out
by sex!

He jumps up, knocking over the stool he's been sitting on.

Farrell walks over to Sam.

FARRELL

Sam, I need to talk to you.

186 INT. FARRELL'S OFFICE - SAM FOLLOWS HIM IN

186

Farrell is running on pure nerve. If he stopped for a moment, he would feel his complete exhaustion, but his determination to take some action makes it impossible for him to stop.

FARRELL

I have to have your help... They'll
be able to recognize that picture soon.

SAM

I slowed it up as much as I could.

FARRELL

They mean to kill me.

ANGLE - SAM

This is new information. He doesn't know what to make of it.

SAM

Tom, you haven't slept in two days.

FARRELL

I'm telling you the truth!... I
don't stand a chance in hell.

SAM

(distracted)

My God, there must be some way...
I mean, if you didn't have anything
to do with the girl's murder...

FARRELL

Brice killed her... she was his mistress.

SAM

But I thought she was your...

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - SAM

He's deeply concerned for Farrell, but is growing sceptical about his story.

SAM

Go on.

Farrell searches through his pockets nervously -- too fast. He finally finds a slip of paper, he hands it over.

SAM

(reading)

"Antique gold box, three and a half by three and a half, Moroccan manufacture"... What is it?

FARRELL

It was a present to Brice from the Moroccan government. He gave it to Susan. It's the only way I can prove he knew her... He'll call off the search. I know he will.

SAM

I see.

FARRELL

Do you believe me?

Sam nods "yes" quickly, tentatively.

FARRELL

You can insert the box in the State Department list... can't you?

SAM

I could do that.

FARRELL

Will you?

Sam looks at him sadly for a moment. Shakes his head, yes.

SAM

I'll do what I have to do to help you.

188 INT. SAM'S OFFICE

188

CUT TO a computer screen. Sam sits at the computer terminal keyboard. Farrell stands behind him.

ANGLE - SAM

He unfolds the description of the jewel box, begins to type. He looks worried and uncertain about what he's doing.

189 INT. BRICE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

189

The drapes have been drawn against the threatening night. The only illumination is a single pool of light cast by a lamp on the desk. Brice is on the phone. His haggard looks, his disarrayed clothes are in sharp contrast to his direct firm voice. The person on the other end would never suspect his condition.

BRICE

(to phone)

Mr. President, I ask your indulgence one more hour. Within that time, Sir, I promise you a successful conclusion... something we can all be proud of.

(he listens)

Yes, sir, I will.

He hangs up. He slumps into his chair. His bravado completely gone, he stares into the darkness.

BRICE

You did this! You've destroyed me!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Far across the room in a deep chair almost obscured in the shadows, Pritchard stares at his mentor. He gets up, approaches the desk.

PRITCHARD

It's almost over.

ANGLE - BRICE

He isn't listening.

ANGLE - PRITCHARD

He's afraid things are out of control but he won't admit it. But for the first time in his life he feels the need to explain himself. He is facing the only person in the world to whom he would condescend to do so.

CONTINUED:

PRITCHARD

There's a man I know.

Brice looks up. Pritchard, in all these years, has never said the

CONTINUED:

word "man" with quite this inflection. Between them, Brice's sexuality has been a factor to cope with -- never Pritchard's.

PRITCHARD

Yes, a man... Anyway, this man, I forget in what connection, said to me, "You're like a razor!" And I put it out of my mind, he wasn't a very interesting or intelligent man, but then I thought -- "I am like a razor!... strong, flexible and sharp... sharp enough to cut to the bone and quickly, almost painlessly.

(he raises his voice --

he's deep in his
half-hallucinated
metaphor)

David! -- you're the stone that honed the razor. I'm your razor!... use me.

ANGLE - BRICE

He looks at Pritchard with repugnance. He doesn't want an idolater: He wants a hatchet man who knows his place.

ANGLE - PRITCHARD

He looks searchingly at Brice, longing for an answer. When there is none, he's sure Brice has given up.

PRITCHARD

(gently)

You're tired now and you're weak...
but I won't tire and I won't weaken.

He turns and starts for his office.

ANGLE - BRICE

Pritchard couldn't be more wrong. Brice watches Pritchard leave and has the first encouraging thought of his day -- Pritchard's vulnerability might be exploitable.

190 INT. COMPUTER CENTER - ON FARRELL

190

His hands are on the Computer printer as if he could shake what he wants out of it. A bell rings and the printing begins. He watches it eagerly.

ON DONOVAN - ENTERING COMPUTER CENTER

He's with the Advance Guard of the search party.

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN

Get everybody out of here and
assembled in the duplicating room.

ANGLE - FARRELL

He tears off the last section of printout, and leaves through the door unobserved by the search party.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the CID Men move the Technicians along, we watch Sam behind the glass wall of his office. He picks up the phone.

MOVE IN TO:

191 INT. SAM'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON SAM

191

SAM

I'm sorry to bother you, but this
is over my head. It's about Commander
Parrell. I'm not sure...

(he hesitates, then

blurts it out)

I'm not sure he knows what he's doing.

(listens)

No, don't come here, they're moving
us out... Alright, I'll meet you,
and please don't mention this to
anybody else; I mean, I called you
because I know you're his friend.

192 INT. PRITCHARD'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON PRITCHARD

192

PRITCHARD

(to phone)

You did the right thing. I'll be
there as soon as I can.

193 INT. SITUATION ROOM - ANGLE - FARRELL

193

He crosses the empty Situation Room, passes quickly into a couple of other empty offices and is about to step into the main corridor when he hears the sound of people approaching. He steps back into the shadows; watches through the doorway.

194 INT. LOWER LEVEL CORRIDOR - WHAT HE SEES:

194

The heart of the search party -- with the Mate. They pass a couple of feet in front of him.

195 INT. SITUATION ROOM - FARRELL 195

He braces against the wall, remains motionless.

196 INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - PRITCHARD * 196

He comes out of Brice's office, and joins with the trailing end of the bellboy search party. The 2nd Contra is with them. Pritchard beckons him aside.

PRITCHARD

You're not to let Commander Farrell in. Do you understand?

2nd Contra nods, walks back up the corridor and stations himself in front of the door to Brice's outer office.

FOLLOWING PRITCHARD

He continues down the hall in the crowd of CID Men, M.P.s, etc. until he reaches an intersection and then he goes his own way, disappearing down a corridor.

197 INT. GYM - SAM 197

He's in his wheelchair in the middle of the cavernous, brilliantly lit gym. There's a basketball court, adjoining locker rooms etc. But for Sam, the place is deserted, silent, until we hear the sound of an elevator. The elevator doors open directly into the gym and Pritchard enters. He walks to Sam -- smiles reassuringly.

PRITCHARD

What's this about, Dr. Hasselman?

SAM

You have to promise me that what I tell you won't go any further... I feel disloyal enough as it is.

PRITCHARD

Of course.

SAM

You understand that Tom's under great strain.

Pritchard nods -- he's patience itself.

SAM

He knew the girl who was murdered... they were very close and he thinks Secretary Brice killed her. Look... I know him; he's much more high-

CONTINUED:

SAM (cont)
strung than he appears; and this girl, I guess he was in love with her and she's dead and he hasn't had any sleep for days. Anyway, now he thinks that somebody wants to kill him, and he asked me to re-program the computers and I did it... but now I just don't know.

PRITCHARD
Thank you.

CLOSE ON SAM

His eyes widen in fear and, too late, realization.

WHAT HE SEES: PRITCHARD

is pointing his pistol directly at him. He fires.

198 INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - ENTRANCE - BRICE'S OFFICE

198

The 2nd Contra blocks Farrell's way.

SECOND CONTRA
You can't go in there.

Farrell strikes out at him, but the man has learned from his earlier experience with Farrell. He jumps back -- reaches in his pocket, pulls out a folded straight razor. With a flick of his wrist he locks it down.

NEW ANGLE

The doors to the office are pulled open by two M.P.s.

WHAT THEY SEE:

The 2nd Contra immediately disengages. He palms the razor.

2ND CONTRA
This officer is not to enter.

FARRELL
Sergeant, arrest this man.

2ND CONTRA
I have orders from Mr. Pritchard.

ON THE M.P.S

They have their weapons ready. They just don't know at whom to

CONTINUED:

point them.

FARRELL

(bellowing)

I am your superior officer! I'm giving you a direct order to arrest this man! If he resists, shoot him!

They hesitate for a second, then realize that, of course, they have no choice at all -- soldiers follow orders.

They train their weapons on the 2nd Contra. He is perfectly calm: He's a professional whose assignment is finished.

ANGLE - FARRELL

He sweeps through the outer office as the secretaries watch, aghast. He pushes his way into Brice's suite.

199 INT. BRICE'S OFFICE - BRICE

199

He is startled by the crash of the door as Farrell slams in.

BRICE

Commander! By what right...

FARRELL

Call off the search... now!

DOORWAY - BRICE'S POV

M.P.s, the secretaries, look in, worriedly.

ANGLE - BRICE

He has a decision to make. If he chooses, he can have Farrell taken away. He looks from Farrell to the M.P.s. He waves them away.

Brice needs time to prepare himself. He walks behind his desk, sits. Farrell knows that for the moment at least he has the advantage.

FARRELL

You're not looking for a Russian spy, you're looking for somebody who knows Susan Atwell was your mistress.

CLOSE ON - BRICE

Well, this is it... if only Pritchard were here. The intercom on his desk starts buzzing.

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - FARRELL

He takes the sheet of printout from his pocket.

FARRELL

You gave her a gold box that the Moroccan foreign minister gave you.

BRICE

I don't know what you're talking about. There's no such...

FARRELL

You declared the gift to the Office of Protocol!

ANGLE - BRICE

The intercom continues to buzz.

BRICE

(remembering)
I didn't declare...

FARRELL

(holding printout)
Tell that to the computer at the State Department... Aren't you going to answer your goddamn phone?!

Brice ignores the intercom. Now there is a sharp knocking on the door. Farrell looks at the door, then back at Brice.

FARRELL

Pick up that phone and call off the investigation -- or I'll nail you to the wall!!

Brice is so stunned, by the vehemence of Farrell's assault -- by his apparent confidence, that he can't collect his thoughts.

BRICE

If you'll calm down a minute... I'll call in Scott.

The importunate knocking is unbearably loud.

BRICE

(breaking)
For God's sake, come in!

ANGLE - MAJOR DONOVAN - ENTERING

DONOVAN

I'm sorry, Mr. Secretary. I had to

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN (cont)
make sure you were safe. Yuri must
be close. There's been a murder.
(to Farrell)
He shot Dr. Besselman,
(to Brice)
the Director of the Computer Center.

ANGLE - FARRELL

If he's going to be shocked, it's going to come later. For now,
he is dead calm.

FULL SHOT - EVERYONE

Through the open doors, we can see the outer office is full of
people. They make way for Pritchard.

PRITCHARD
What's happened, Major?

DONOVAN
We have "Yuri" cornered... between
here, Communications, and the Officer's
gymnasium.

PRITCHARD
Very good, Major. Continue the
search.

He practically pushes him out the door, closes it.

FARRELL
(to Pritchard)
You had that ape kill him.

PRITCHARD
(softly)
No.

Farrell looks him up and down. What he sees is a Pritchard
exultant -- thrilled by action. *

FARRELL
You son of a bitch! *

He bumps at Pritchard, strikes him hard in the face. Knocks him
down. *

BRICE
(yelling)
Stop, you damn fools! *

Farrell ignores him, starts pulling Pritchard up. *

CONTINUED:

Pritchard grabs his revolver, presses it to Farrell's chest. *
Farrell steps back. Pritchard gets to his feet. He keeps the gun
trained on Farrell, speaks to Brice.

PRITCHARD

Tom is the man who saw you at
Susan's. He's known about you
all along... Isn't that right?

Farrell doesn't answer. He just watches the other two.

PRITCHARD

(continuing)

You know what that means, David?

(he goes on with
exaggerated irony)

If Commander Farrell is the man
who was with Miss Atwell, then
Commander Farrell is the man who
killed Miss Atwell. And we know
the man who killed Miss Atwell
is "Yuri", therefore Commander
Farrell is Yuri -- quod erat demonstrandum.

FARRELL

And how will you explain I was in
here, behind a room full of M.P.s,
when you murdered Sam.

PRITCHARD

You think that can't be handled?
How could I have ever offered you
my friendship? You're so hopelessly
naive!

(spits it out)

... You have no idea what men of
power can do.

He smiles complicitously at Brice.

ANGLE - BRICE

Pritchard's speech has had the exact opposite effect on Brice. It
makes him realize the limits of power. He turns to Farrell.

BRICE

Scott has been a loyal, invaluable
friend. I let that friendship cloud
my judgement. My actions have been
inexcusable.

(he walks over, puts his
arm around Pritchard)

Scott, this is the most painful
thing I've ever done in my life,
but I swear to you I'll do everything

CONTINUED:

BRICE (cont)

I can to help. We'll find the best lawyer.

ANGLE - PRITCHARD

He can't believe what's happening.

FRITCHARD

David! He doesn't have a shred of proof!

ANGLE - BRICE

He begins calculatedly to speak as if Pritchard were no longer in the room. He looks directly at Farrell. He makes no effort to pretend that what he is saying is the truth.

BRICE

He was fiercely jealous of Susan -- a man of his type, you understand. Suppose we had planned to work late Sunday night? When I didn't arrive, he assumed I was at Susan's. He went to look for me; they argued... You can imagine the rest.

ANGLE - FARRELL

He tears his eyes away from Brice, shoots a glance at Pritchard. *

ANGLE - FRITCHARD

From outside he hears the SOUNDS of the search party. His whole life is down the drain. *

ANGLE - FARRELL - WATCHING PRITCHARD

but speaking to Brice.

FARRELL

Stop wasting your breath.

ANGLE PRITCHARD - HOLDING THE GUN

For a second he's torn -- doesn't know what to do.

ANGLE - BRICE - IGNORING PRITCHARD

He answers Farrell in complete candor.

BRICE

Help me get out of this. If you do, you can have anything

CONTINUED:

BRICE (cont)
you want. Go against me, and
it'll be your word against mine.
And I'll win.

FULL SHOT - EVERYBODY

As Pritchard raises the gun to his head; he fires.

Before his body hits the ground, there's a splintering crash as the door bursts open and Donovan, the others rush in.

DONOVAN
I heard a --

He sees Pritchard's body.

BRICE
(ignoring the others)
Commander, do I have your answer?

Farrell give no response, simply turns and walks through the CID men and out of the office.

CLOSE ON BRICE

He relaxes; assumes Farrell has accepted his offer.

199A INT. CORRIDOR - FOLLOWING FARRELL

199A

He makes his way through a gathering crowd of the curious; spots Ensign Fox, beckons him.

He takes the folded computer printout from his pocket. Using the wall for backing, he scribbles a few words on it. He hands it to Fox.

FARRELL
Deliver this -- Wake him if
you have to.

FOX
Aye, aye, sir.

Farrell moves on.

200 INT. MOTOR POOL CAR - FARRELL DRIVING - PRE DAWN

200

Farrell drives like an automaton. He looks like he's been through hell.

INT. COMPUTER CENTER - PRE DAWN

201

The room is empty, then a door opens and the programmers and technicians begin to return to their desks.

CLOSE - VIDEO DISPLAY SCREEN

In the upper right corner where the reference numbers were, a flashing green light now reads "end-run".

The image on the screen is a perfectly clear shot of Farrell.

VOICE (O.S.)

Sweet Jesus!... Get Donovan down here.

202 OMITTED

202

203 INT. BRICE'S OFFICE - BRICE - DAWN

203

He's at his desk, weary. The last of the interlopers leaves: two ambulance attendants wheeling out Pritchard's sheet-covered body. The phones blink.

BRICE

(to phone)

I'll take it... Yes, Senator, what is it?

INTERCUT:

203A INT. DUVALL'S HOUSE - DUVALL, MARSHALL - DAWN

203A

DUVALL

Pardon the unseemly hour but I just couldn't wait another minute to hear if you reached a final decision on the Phantom Sub.

BRICE

(bucking up)

As a matter of fact I have. I'm cancelling it. -- It was a tough call Billy, but I'm afraid any other course would be irresponsible.

DUVALL

(philosophically)

Well, Mr. Secretary -- I'm sitting here right now with a fella says just the opposite... You'll do what I say you

CONTINUED:

DUVALL (cont)
treacherous son of a bitch!

The SHOT WIDENS to reveal Duvall in bathrobe at a breakfast table, and next to him, Marshall. On the table in front of them is the gold jewel box and the sheet of computer printout.

203B EXT. CEMETERY - FARRELL - DAY

203B

It's a featureless, municipal cemetery, the kind where graves are filled by backhoe. One is at work now and Farrell watches. He's so lost in his thought, he hasn't noticed the two men who've come up behind him: Cup Breaker and Paper Clip.

CUP BREAKER
A lot of people are looking for you.

FARRELL
Then aren't you the clever ones.

CUP BREAKER
Let's go.

204. INT. SAFE HOUSE - THE PRESENT

204

Farrell is where we first met him, facing the two interrogators.

FARRELL
...You would have known before.
I told you when I called that I
couldn't get out of the pentagon!

CUP BREAKER
(the tough one)
All right... but, at least you'll
admit your relationship with the
woman was poorly handled.

FARRELL
(tired, defensive,
indifferent)
I did what I was told. You wanted
me to be her lover, I was her lover.
My emotions are none of your business.

CUP BREAKER
I don't see any point in going
on with this.

FARRELL
Neither do I....

He peers into the one-way mirror, he steps back as the apparently

CONTINUED:

seamless glass slides open and a man enters the room.

He is "Schiller", the manager of Farrell's apartment house. But now he moves briskly, authoritatively. The interrogators jump to their feet respectfully.

SCHILLER

Myi dumali tchto myi tabya
nikogda bolshe ne uvidim.

SUBTITLES

We thought we'd never see
you again.

FARRELL

Ya to zhe tak dumal.

So did I.

SCHILLER

Tyi byi ne smog etogo
lutshe sdyelat.

Couldn't you have managed
this better?

FARRELL

Nya tak byistro...

Not so fast...

FARRELL

Trudno dlya menya-po Russki.

It's difficult for me to
follow in Russian.

FARRELL

It's been so long.

SCHILLER

Kak tyi dolzhen byit golodnyim
na zvook nashego yazyka.

How thirsty you must be for
the sound of our language.

SCHILLER

Evgeni Alekseevich, wouldn't you
love to hear Russian again?...

FARRELL

You intend to send me back?

SCHILLER

Imagine! Pushkin, Lermontov,
Tolstoy!

FARRELL

Solzhenitsyn? Aksenov?

SCHILLER

(laughing)

Even then...

(he shakes his head)

Always the sense of humor. In
the Philippines, when you passed
the bag of underwear, Moscow was
not amused. I should have acted
then.

CONTINUED:

SCHILLER
(philosophically)
If only you could better control
your emotions.

FARRELL
I'm tired of controlling my emotions.

The two interrogators move toward Farrell.

SCHILLER
It's not possible for you to remain
in the United States... This bizarre
incident has given them their Yuri...
such an unimaginative name for so
remarkable a man.

Farrell starts to back away.

SCHILLER
Evgeni, think, think! You're
a hero of the Soviet Union.

FARRELL
(softly)
No I'm not...

SCHILLER
(icy)
Be that as it may, you must return.

Farrell is still backing out of the room, glances at Cup Breaker
and Paper Clip.

FARRELL
I let them bring me here, I thought
I owed you that. But you can't make
me go back.

204A INT. SAFE HOUSE - CENTER HALL - FARRELL

204A

Farrell's heading for the door of the house followed by a
disbelieving Cup Breaker, Paper Clip and Schiller.

He gets to the door, throws it open.

FARRELL
Goodbye Nicoli. Good luck.

He starts out. Cup Breaker takes out a gun; sights on Farrell's
back. Schiller grabs his hand.

SCHILLER
No.

CONTINUED:

Cup Breaker looks at him dubiously.

SCHILLER

He will return. Where else does
he have to go?

205 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - FARRELL - DAWN * 205

He walks down the driveway past the motor pool car, and as he
does:

206 OMITTED 206

207 OMITTED 207

208 OMITTED 208

209 OMITTED 209

209A HELICOPTER SHOT - FROM THE SAFE HOUSE - DAY 209A

Starting on Farrell PULLING BACK and sweeping toward Washington.

THE END

CONTINUED: