

RED SPARROW

INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT - BRUSSELS - MORNING

A songbird chirps outside.

Gazing out windows at a magnificent rooftop view of Brussels in the hush before daybreak. To the right of the windows, a vanity with a large mirror and a sleeping cat on its tabletop.

The naked, tangled bodies of a YOUNG WOMAN and an OLDER MAN asleep on a bed can be seen in the mirror. A serene stillness as the sun breaks and floods the bedroom with warm light.

SUPER: "Brussels, Belgium. March, 1976"

IN THE MIRROR we see the woman roused by the sun. A beat. She beckons for his... Massages it to attention. Sliding up his chest, she straddles him. Husky gasps as she gracefully grinds down. The half-asleep man comes alive with her pleasure -- meets her movement, intensity building, their shuddered breaths become one --- until he cums and they collapse together...

ANGLE ON BED: sun-stroked lovers in a hazy embrace --- stoned with satisfaction, comfort --- good morning.

DOMINIKA EGOROV: mid twenties, natural, effortless beauty --- deep allure --- bohemian laissez-faire style and grace --- Jane Birkin but with haunted eyes.

Next to her, **COLONEL FRANCOIS GUILLOT**, a Belgian man, 50s.

Kissing Guillot, Dom gets out of bed, grabs the portable cassette player off the vanity --- a glance back at him as she disappears into the bathroom.

Guillot leans to a chair, a NATO uniform hanging off it. He pulls out a cigarette, lights up, takes a drag, smiles to himself as we HEAR water running into a tub in the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - BEAT LATER

Dom in front of a mirror, not so much looking at herself as she is *for* herself. An undercurrent of tension in her eyes. Moving to the clawfoot tub next to a big window, Dom cuts the water, hits play on her tape-deck: The Velvet Underground's "Sunday Morning" --- slips into the bath.

The tension in her eyes disappears when Guillot enters. He gets in the tub, sits across from her. They trade smiles.

GUILLOT (IN FRENCH)

When we're old and gray -- promise
me that we will still have mornings
like this. Always this --- forever.

DOM (IN FRENCH)
A proposal?

GUILLOT (IN FRENCH)
Absolutely.

DOM (IN FRENCH)
We only met 6 weeks ago.

GUILLOT (IN FRENCH)
But I've known you for a thousand
years ---

Dom rolls her eyes, a "so cheesy" look at Guillot. Putting her feet on his chest, he soaps and lathers her legs up...

DOM (IN FRENCH)
The NATO Colonel and the anti-war
activist --- an odd couple.

GUILLOT (IN FRENCH)
You're the ying, I'm the yang.

Dom grabs a safety razor, slowly begins to shave her legs.

DOM (IN FRENCH)
And what will your colleagues say?

GUILLOT (IN FRENCH)
What will yours?
(lock eyes with Dom)
I don't care. I want us to work.

DOM (IN FRENCH)
How am I to live happily ever after
with a career soldier?

GUILLOT (IN FRENCH)
I am a soldier for peace.

DOM (IN FRENCH)
Yes, whose job it is to promote the
proliferation of nuclear weapons ---

GUILLOT (IN FRENCH)
As deterrents!

DOM (IN FRENCH)
Do you want our children to grow up
under the specter of annihilation?

GUILLOT (IN FRENCH)
Of course not ---

DOM (IN FRENCH)
Then help me change things. You're a
soldier for peace? Prove it.

GUILLOT (IN FRENCH)
This is ridiculous. Prove it how?

Dom stops shaving, hard look at Guillot.

DOM (IN FRENCH)
Is the Defense Planning Committee
going to advocate the deployment of
Pershing II GLCM's along the curtain
line to counter Soviet SS-20's?

Guillot sits back and stares at her, stunned and confused.

GUILLOT (IN FRENCH)
I.. I'm sorry -- I can't answer that.

DOM (IN FRENCH)
You mean you won't...

GUILLOT (IN FRENCH)
What?

DOM (IN FRENCH)
You're deputy chief of NATO's Division
of Defense Planning and Policy. If
anyone knows, it's you.

GUILLOT (IN FRENCH)
How could -- I never told you I was
with the DDPP. We never discussed --

Dom's gaze unwavering as the realization hits Guillot like a
bat to the head.

GUILLOT (IN FRENCH) (CONT'D)
You're from the Center, aren't you?
You're from Moscow.

DOM (IN FRENCH)
If I were, would it make a difference?

He shuts his eyes, annihilated.

DOM (IN FRENCH) (CONT'D)
Francois ---

Guillot starts to cross his arms --- Dom leans in to touch
him, prevent him from closing up --- and he SLAPS her hard,
drawing blood. He recoils, horrified at himself, at her. Dom
remains calm, maintains eye contact.

DOM (CONT'D)

There are snapshots of us, documents that I photographed. (beat) If you don't work for them, they have more than enough to convince your colleagues that you do ---

Guillot breaks down with a shattered, gallows chuckle.

GUILLOT (IN FRENCH)

A honeytrap. Pathetic. Can't trust anyone anymore. Not even myself.

DOM (IN FRENCH)

I do care about you, Francois --- let me help you through this.

GUILLOT (IN FRENCH)

What you do for a living -- it's the worst fucking business in the world.

Dom nods. After a beat ---

DOM (IN FRENCH)

But there's no other way out ---

Guillot suddenly snatches the safety razor...

GUILLOT (IN FRENCH)

There's always a way out.

Dom lunges for the razor, but Guillot JAMS his legs hard against her chest and PINS her back. He pops out the blade, looks her dead in the eye and brutally slits open his wrists.

Guillot roughly holds a struggling Dom still as a cloud of blood gushes from his veins and into the water towards her --- and after a minute or so, he finally releases her. Dom jumps out of the bath, body stained with blood.

DOM (IN FRENCH)

You don't have to do this.

Guillot reclines to bleed out in comfort. Finally Dom turns, wets a towel in the sink, quickly cleaning herself.

GUILLOT (IN FRENCH)

You can wipe the blood off, but you and I will always be unfinished business.

They share a last look. He turns to gaze out the window.

DOM (IN FRENCH)

I'll let the cat out when I leave.

Dom leaves the bathroom. After a few beats, her footsteps rushing out of the apartment -- she shuts the door. And then all we can hear is a song bird CHIRPING outside.

SUPER TITLE CREDIT: "**Red Sparrow**"

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Drab, cramped living room sullied with the rubble of an all-night party. A pile of THREE NAKED BODIES passed out on the floor. Woman's SNORES over a radiator's wheeze.

SUPER: "Two Months Later. Moscow, Soviet Union"

Sandwiched between two plump BRITISH CHICKS is **NATE NASH**, a 30-something American with the wolfish, hardboiled good looks of a prizefighter. Unkempt, counter-culture vibe.

Waking up, Nate squints at his watch: 8:47am -- shit. He wiggles free and gathers his clothes.

INT. BATHROOM - APARTMENT - BEAT LATER

In a brown corduroy suit, blue Lacoste shirt and military boots, Nate turns the sink on, vigorously splashes his face.

On the counter: a new bar of soap and bottle Chanel perfume. He sticks both in his jacket. The plump chick's panties and bra hang over the tub. Nate pockets those too.

INT. KITCHEN - APARTMENT - MINUTE LATER

Nate pops a couple of Dexedrine with some water --- then grabs a half-eaten steak, four eggs, apples from the fridge ---

EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY COMPOUND - MOSCOW, USSR - MINUTES LATER

We suddenly hear the Rolling Stones' "Jiving Sister Fanny" kick in --- as Nate exits the building next to the British Embassy wearing a bucket hat and mirrored aviators.

Storm clouds rolling in, he flips his collar up, heads for the gate. The EMBASSY SOLDIERS glare -- which Nate returns with a snarky grin.

EXT. STREET - JUST OUTSIDE BRITISH EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC CONTINUING --- Outside the gate is a checkpoint guarded by FOUR SOVIET MILITIAMEN. As Nate passes through, he smoothly shifts into a hungover stagger.

Nate snap scans the street, casually clocks a VOLGA idling down the block, two guys in the front seat.

Lumbering down the sidewalk, Nate suddenly keels over against the wall and covertly sticks his finger down his throat.

INT. KGB VOLGA - STREET - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC CONTINUING --- KGB#1 and KGB#2 chuckle as they watch Nate puke then head to his car, a beat-up, tangerine Zhiguli.

EXT./INT. NATE'S ZHIGULI - MOSCOW STREETS - MINUTES LATER

Nate listens to the Stones off a jerry-rigged 8-track tape player as he drives the drab and dreary streets. He cracks the eggs over his mouth, swallows them whole -- powering up.

Sunday morning traffic, easy for Nate to clock his KGB coverage: a rotation of 24 VEHICLES floating around him. Nate memorizes characteristics of each car: dinged bumper on the Volga, mismatched tire on the Lada van, etc...

NATE
(mumbling to himself)
Fred and Barney in the dinged rear
bumper. Tom and Jerry, oddball tire --

Stopping at a red light, Nate's about to take a bite of steak when the Volga behind him lurches forward and rear ends him --- hurling Nate into the steering wheel...

Fucking pissed, Nate whips back to look at the smiling KGB#3 and KGB#4. Has to restrain himself from stomping ass.

NATE (CONT'D)
Fucking cocksuckers in the Volga...

EXT. STREET - KITAY GOROD - MOSCOW - LITTLE LATER

The music ends as Nate parks his car, gets out and enters the Sandunovsky Banya.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SANDUNOVSKY BANYA - LITTLE LATER

KGB#5 and #6, already in towels, sit on the bench behind Nate as he disrobes, puts his gear into his locker. Wearing his bucket hat and towel, Nate leaves, KGB agents trailing.

A beat later, more KGB AGENTS rush to Nate's locker. KGB#7 has a key, opens it and they rifle through his things. KGB#8 pulls the perfume, sprays it, smells -- pockets it.

KGB#7 pulls the bra and panties out, holds them up. The crew gazes at them like they're looking into the face of god. KGB#9 swipes the panties from KGB#7. A tussle busts out ---

MAN'S VOICE (IN RUSSIAN, O.S.)
ENOUGH!

An annoyed KGB SKIPPER holds his hand out and they give him the panties and bra.

KGB SKIPPER (IN RUSSIAN)
Dust him and be done with it.

KGB#7 spritzes invisible NPPD dust on Nate's shoes, clothing.

INT. BANYA-STEAM ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

A large Banya steamroom packed to the hilt with Muscovites sweating it out, shooting the shit. Nate sits on the 2nd tier bench, boiling down good, KGB on either side of him.

NATE
(turns to KGB on right)
So the KGB, the GRU and the CIA all think they're the world's best rabbit catchers. To settle the matter, they have a contest --- see how long it takes each team to catch the rabbit. The CIA is up first. They charge into their forest and pay off all the animals, place informants throughout, vector every inch with satellites -- and after 3 months of working it, the CIA concludes that the rabbit doesn't exist. Next, the GRU team goes into their forest and after a week with no leads they get fed up and just drop a nuke on the whole place, fucking vaporize everything, including the rabbit. No apologies. Fuck the rabbit, he had it coming. Then, finally the KGB's team goes into their forest --- and they come out 10 minutes later with this big old bear who's clearly had the living shit kicked out him --- missing his teeth, an eye, bleeding out of his ass --- and the bear's screaming: "Okay! Okay! I'm the fucking rabbit! I'm the rabbit!"

Nate explodes with crazy laughter and to his delighted surprise everyone in the steam joins him... Everyone but the KGBs --- who struggle not to laugh. Nate tosses KGB#5 his bar of soap --- marches out of the steam.

EXT. STREET - ARBATSKAYA - MOSCOW - LATER - AFTERNOON

Dark clouds loom. Nate ambles down the sidewalk toting an umbrella, hyper-aware but feigning indifference. A BIG-NOSED MAN averts his eyes as Nate walks past. Boom, motherfucker just got made.

Nate approaches a CINEMA with "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest" on the marquee.

INT. CINEMA - MOSCOW - LATER

An over-packed old theater --- VIEWERS sit in the aisles, stand against the walls. KGB#7&8 sit a few rows behind Nate.

All eyes on the last scene when the Chief kills McMurphy. Credits roll, APPLAUSE. Everyone shuffles to the exit simultaneously, creating a dense mob of bodies.

KGB#7 and #8 lose Nate, panic, shove through the crowd.

EXT. STREET - MOVIE THEATER - MOSCOW - DUSK

Light rain. KGB#9 & #10 in their car across from the theater watching the crowd exit. KGB#9 lifts a UV scope to his eye.

POV SCOPE: checking people's feet --- among the bustle, a pair of shoes glows. PAN UP to see the back of Nate in the rush as he opens his umbrella.

In a panic KGB#7 & #8 emerge from theater, hurry to the Volga.

KGB#9 (IN RUSSIAN)
(nods to Nate)
He's going to his car.

Relieved, they all hustle after him...

ANOTHER ANGLE: Amidst the hurrying throngs trying to get out of the rain, we catch the back of a MAN strolling down the block, trench coat collar popped, newsboy cap on. A gloved hand holds an open umbrella.

As he distances himself, we now see this is Nate, no sunglasses, different shoes -- he turns onto another street..

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - ARBATSKAYA - MOSCOW - CONTINUOUS

SERIES OF QUICK CUTS: Nate moving down rainy avenues, back streets, etc. Making sure he's clean of surveillance. He turns down an alley, disappears behind a tall wood fence ---

A LOADING DOCK FOR A BUTCHER. Nate pulls two garbage bags from a trash can. He opens one: a scrub brush and soap bottle. Looping a hose off the awning, Nate showers, naked and shivering -- furiously scrubbing his skin, nails, scalp...

Nate then opens the second bag, pulls out a towel, a new set of clothes and shoes --- and a set of car keys.

INT./EXT. LADA - VARIOUS - MOSCOW - OVER NEXT FOUR HOURS

Nate in another car, a Lada. Pops a couple more Dexedrine.

QUICK SERIES OF CUTS: Nate driving through choke points, across bridges, switch-backing -- every detection move in the book... Nothing suspicious. He sold it, they bought it -- he's black.

EXT. STREET - KRAMOVNIKI - MOSCOW - LATER THAT NIGHT

Nate cautiously approaches a desolate apartment block with a messenger bag slung from his shoulder ---

Situational awareness peaking, pulse racing, Nate snap-scans the street for anything suspect --- doesn't see anything. He enters the building.

INT. BOILER ROOM - APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENT LATER

Nate enters the dimly-lit room, descends the steps, approaches another door. KNOCKS softly. And from behind Nate a VOICE --

MAN'S VOICE (IN RUSSIAN)

Hands up --- above your head.

(Nate complies)

Now turn around please.

Nate slowly turns to find **GRU MAJOR GENERAL VLADIMIR KORCHNOI**, a rugged, majestically-handsome man in his late-50s. Korch gives him a hard once-over and takes out the same UV scope the KGB used and carefully scans Nate for luminescence.

KORCHNOI

(robust, elegant accent)

So how long was your run?

Nate holds out his hands to be scanned.

NATE

15 hours. Been black for the last 5.

Satisfied, Korch cracks a warm smile and pulls Nate into a big, soul-brother bear hug and plants a big kiss on his cheek.

KORCHNOI

I'm so happy to see you, my friend ---

NATE

Me too, chico ---

INT. BOILER ROOM APARTMENT - APARTMENT BUILDING - BEAT LATER

Korch ushers Nate into a modest janitor apartment, removes Nate's jacket, hangs it over a radiator and then SETS A COOKING TIMER FOR TWO HOURS.

Nate opens his bag, pulls out a shrink-wrapped Russian transistor radio, hands it to Korch.

NATE
 Inside you'll find batteries for the
 BUSTER, one time pads, new comm
 protocols ---

KORCHNOI
 Yes, yes. Where is the good shit?

He gives Korch shrink wrapped bottle of Russian vinegar.

NATE
 Old Rip Van Winkle. Finest Kentucky
 bourbon available to mankind ---

KORCHNOI
 Magnificent!

Nate pulls out four shrink wrapped records that have been
 mocked up to look like they're Russian.

NATE
 Cash, Elvis and my own contribution,
 Lee Hazlewood and Nancy Sinatra.
 You're gonna love it, trust me.

KORCHNOI
 I do. You and only you.

We HEAR Elvis Presley's "Gentle On My Mind", carrying us to ---

LATER: Nate and Korch at a table. Nate eats stew. Korch grooves
 deep to the Elvis as he smokes.

KORCHNOI (CONT'D)
 My wife, Anya, she hated Elvis ---

NATE
 Yeah? Why?

KORCHNOI
 For the very reason I love him ---
 because he lives and sings straight
 from his balls ---
 (sad smile)
 Thought he was vulgar.

Through the smile, Nate sees the pain in Korch's eyes.

NATE
 He's got a show up at the Hilton in
 Las Vegas. You and I could be there
 by August. Just say the word.

KORCHNOI

Someday perhaps, but for now, we still have work to do. Which reminds me, I must ask you something.

NATE

No way. We save business for last. That's the rule.

KORCHNOI

This is extremely important, Nathan. The subject of intense concern within the Kremlin. It has to do with Kissinger. Some distressing intel --- even Breshnev is upset.

NATE

Upset about what?

KORCHNOI

(a dramatic beat)

Is Kissinger fucking Raquel Welch?

Nate flashes a screw-headed grin, but Korch is stonefaced.

KORCHNOI (CONT'D)

Is it true? Is he defiling her?

Nate's grin turns into giggles --- but Korch is insistent.

KORCHNOI (CONT'D)

Our sources say that Kissinger has a lopsided cock which becomes quite engorged when erect, is this how he attracts them or just propaganda?

Nate's giggles roil into hysterical laughter...

KORCHNOI (CONT'D)

How does this grotesque, little ghoul of a man bed so many beautiful women? I mean it, Nathan, if I could solve this one mystery, Brezhnev would make me Chief of the GRU...

Nate crying, grabs Korch's arm and starts affectionately pounding on it. Korch can't help but start laughing too.

LITTLE LATER: Nate and Korch drinking tea. Korch smiles somberly along to Johnny Cash's "A Boy Named Sue."

KORCHNOI (CONT'D)

I recently read a psychological analysis on all those who spied for or defected to the West ---

(MORE)

KORCHNOI (CONT'D)

(lights cigarette)

It isolated a common dominator in all these men.

NATE

They all wanted a better life?

KORCHNOI

Every one of them had a negative relationship with his father, which is strange, because I had a wonderful bond with my father ---

NATE

You think he'd see you as a traitor?

KORCHNOI

He loved this country, a true patriot.

NATE

So are you. You're betraying your government in order to save your people ---

Korch finds strength in the conviction in Nate's eyes.

KORCHNOI

And you? You never speak of your father ---

NATE

Not much to say. I was a mistake to the man. A bad beat. Only met once.

KORCHNOI

He still alive?

(off Nate's nod)

Tragedy --- he'll never know what a magnificent son he has.

(deep sigh)

You're the only person in the world I can talk to without having to think about what I'm going to say before I say it.

The DING ON THE COOKING TIMER goes off. Both men are heartbroken that their night is coming to an end.

Korch pulls on gloves, takes off his boot and unfastens a secret pocket. Nate pulls out a Ziploc bag, holds it open. Korch dumps 42 rolls of microfilm into the bag. Nate's stunned by the volume.

KORCHNOI (CONT'D)
 Specs on the RT-21 I.C.B.M's. New
 command and control system protocols
 for the VOSTOK. Schematics of Molniya-
 4, our new elliptical orbital.

Nate gives Korch a look of deep concern.

NATE
 This is too much. You shouldn't be
 drawing so much exposure ---

KORCHNOI
 I have it all well in hand...

NATE
 But for how much longer? You've had
 a spectacular, improbable run. Your
 contribution is impossible to measure.
 (beat) You've given us enough.

KORCHNOI
 If your commanders knew you were
 saying this to me ---

NATE
 Yeah, I'd be shit-canned for sure.
 But I don't want you to end up being
 burned alive like Penkovsky.

KORCHNOI
 I won't ---

NATE
 Then let me get you out, we'll set
 you up with a beautiful new life.
 You should enjoy the time you have
 left.

KORCHNOI
 Funny. I was planning on giving you
 some very similar guidance ---

NATE
 Me?

KORCHNOI
 You don't think I know you're playing
 the game for the game's own sake?
 You're a gifted operator, yes ---
 but with one fatal flaw ---

Korch slaps his hand over Nate's heart...

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
 You've got too much left tit.

NATE

Listen, Vlad ---

KORCHNOI

(forceful)

No. You, listen. What do you truly want out of life? Who do you want to be? Where do you want to end up when you are my age?

NATE

I don't know --- who the fuck has time to think about that shit?

KORCHNOI

You must make the time, Nathan --- because it all goes by in the blink of an eye.

Nate nods solemnly. Korchnoi reaches into his jacket, pulls out a leather-bound book and offers it to Nate.

KORCHNOI (CONT'D)

Pavel Markova, a mystic poet, my favorite. Read his epic "The Wolf Hunt." Perhaps it'll help you understand what I'm talking about.

NATE

You know I can't take that.

KORCHNOI

It's okay. It's been wiped clean.

Nate takes the book, puts it and the bag of film into a secret pocket in his jacket. They embrace in a soulful hug.

EXT. STREET - KRAMOVNIKI - MOSCOW - MINUTE LATER

Nate exits the building into the misty night. 3:30AM, city asleep -- he crosses the street and heads down the block...

HEADLIGHTS turn onto the street, cruising towards him -- a PATROL CAR with TWO MILITIAMEN. Nate shifts to a drunk shuffle. The Militiamen pull up, eyeing him suspiciously, lower the window -- Militia #1 shines a flashlight on Nate.

MILITIA #1 (IN RUSSIAN)

What are you doing?

Nate pretends to be too fucked up to answer --- as he catches the outline of Korch leaving the alley behind the apartment and crossing through the adjacent field.

Militia#1 notices Nate's attention flicker and looks that way, sees Korch's shadow, realizes something's up --- when Nate savagely COLDCOCKS him twice ---

Nate BOLTS to a corner apartment block. Militia#2 explodes from the car in hot pursuit, screaming into his walkie talkie.

INT. VARIOUS - APARTMENT BUILDING - MOSCOW - CONTINUOUS

Nate bursts into the building, frantically looking around where to go --- scrambles up a stairwell --- a beat later, Militia#2 busts in, hears Nate's footsteps, follows ---

SECOND FLOOR HALL Nate's at the end of the hall, trying to open a big window, but can't. He picks up a trash can and HAMMERS it against the glass --- spiderwebbing it. Just as he's about to swing again ---

MILITIA #2 (IN RUSSIAN)

On your knees, hands behind your head!

Militia#2 is aiming his gun at Nate from the stairwell. Nate just smashes the window --- the guy fires a warning shot -- shattering the window.

Realizing what Nate's about to do, Militia#2 charges towards him just as --

EXT. ALLEY - APARTMENT BUILDING - MOSCOW - CONTINUOUS

Nate leaps out of the window and lands hard on his side -- SCREAMS in agony.

NATE

MOTHERFUCKER!

MILITIA #2 (IN RUSSIAN)

He's American! He's American!

Nate looks up, sees Militia #2 in the window yelling into his radio. He scrambles to his feet and hobbles away ---

EXT. BACK ALLEYWAY - MOSCOW - LITTLE LATER

Nate rushes into an alleyway, but it's a dead end. ANOTHER PATROL CAR passes --- screeches to a stop, reverses, and turns into the alley.

Headlights sweep over Nate as the Patrol Car accelerates towards him -- Nate going all out -- the car rapidly closing the gap -- MILITIA#3 and #4 open their doors, leaving Nate no room --- going for a wall smear ---

Nate veers towards a drain pipe just as Militia#3 guns it towards him.

Nate leaps, grabs the pipe and swings up just as the car SMASHES into the wall, sideswipes the drainpipe and grinds to a halt, pinning the passenger door closed.

The pipe gives way -- Nate drops onto the car's roof, rolls onto the pavement.

Militia#3 opens the driver door, but Nate body checks it shut on the guy's head --- once -- twice -- three times.

EXT. VARIOUS - STREETS - MOSCOW - MINUTES LATER

The rains return. TIRE SQUEALS and ENGINE ROARS rise over the water slapping asphalt, seemingly from all directions.

Wincing in pain, Nate moves in the shadows. The rain falls harder, drowning out other noise. Patrols could be anywhere.

About to sprint to another alley, Nate suddenly freezes and instinctively pulls back into the dark just as a KGB LADA cruises by. He inches out, looks down the block ---

KGB, MORE MILITIA with flashlights and leashed DOGS. The search for Nate intensifying exponentially...

Frantically scanning for his next move, Nate spots a storm drain across the street -- a deluge flowing into it. He hustles over, drops to his stomach and tries to squeeze through the opening -- but he doesn't quite fit. He wedges himself in, getting stuck -- THE TORRENT OF RUNOFF WATER STARTING TO DROWN HIM --

With his last bit of strength, Nate pulls himself through just as the KGBs patrol past the alley, sweeping their lights.

INT. SEWER - MOSCOW - CONTINUOUS

Nate TUMBLES 7 feet into the sewer --- old rusty rebar slicing into his side before he splashes hard into a torrent of sewer water. He immediately vomits from the overwhelming stench.

Pulls out a flashlight. The pipe running in either direction is only three feet in diameter, half full with water/sewage.

With no choice, Nate bites on the flashlight, starts crawling through the pipe, shivering, struggling to keep his head above the rising river of shit. He crawls away from us, flashlight growing dimmer until we can no longer see it...

EXT. STREET - MOSCOW - CONTINUOUS

The KGB scours the area while questioning the Militiamen.

INT. SEWER - MOSCOW - LITTLE LATER

The pipe's filling up --- Nate can't keep his head above water and move at the same time.

He stops, bracing himself, peers back and ahead. Flips on his back -- a deep breath -- and lets go -- the torrent carrying him away -- roughly spitting him into a CROSS-CHAMBER --

Coming up with a GASP, Nate tries to orient himself before the raging current pushes him into another pipe --

He scrambles to grab onto a brick wall and SCRATCHES his way to an iron ladder --- he latches onto it and pulls himself up. Nate holds himself, trying to catch his breath.

EXT. STREET - MOSCOW - MINUTES LATER

Nate emerges from a sewer onto a wide commercial street. Rain has abated. Drained, freezing, he strains to pull the cover back over the manhole. He cuts over to a side street.

EXT. SIDE STREET - MOSCOW - MOMENT LATER

Nate holds his jacket up to the passenger window of a van and PUNCHES it in. He opens the door, gets in.

INT. VAN - SIDE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Nate zips up a dirty jump suit, his wet clothes in a pile.

He rips out wires under the steering wheel, hotwires the van, cranks the heat full blast, and starts driving.

INT./EXT. VAN - TCHAIKOVSKY STREET - MOSCOW - EARLY MORNING

Early morning. Nate turns onto Tchaikovsky St. and runs right into a gnarly traffic jam. He peers into the distance at the line of cars waiting to get into the US EMBASSY. Shit.

EXT. US EMBASSY - MOSCOW - CONTINUOUS

The large compound is surrounded by a tall brick wall topped with razor wire. The entrance gate features two checkpoints, the outer one manned by Soviet MILITIAMEN, the inner by US MARINES. A line of cars slowly being waved through.

The Militiamen examine each car and trunk, checking all occupants against a copy of Nate's diplomatic photo.

KGB AGENTS patrol along the lines of backed up cars, looking in windows, their GERMAN SHEPHERDS sniffing around.

INT./EXT. VAN - TCHAIKOVSKY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Nate's trying to figure out what to do. He looks over to the embassy walls and is suddenly hit with a fucked idea ---

He rips the wheel around, peels over the sidewalk and parks flush alongside the embassy wall ---

He grabs his jacket --- and a canvas tarp --- from the back ---

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - MOSCOW - CONTINUOUS

Nate scrambles to the roof of the van --- sees a wave of Militiamen and KGB agents screaming towards him on the street ---

He tosses his balled-up jacket up over the wall, then throws the canvas tarp over the razor wire --- jumps up, grabs the top of the wall and uses all his strength to pull himself up and over the wall ---

EXT. INSIDE WALLS - US EMBASSY - MOSCOW - CONTINUOUS

Nate drops down, lands face first in a bush. A whole troop of US MARINES bum rushes towards Nate, M16s drawn ---

MARINES (IN RUSSIAN)
DON'T MOVE! DON'T MOVE!

Nate throws his hands up. Recognizing Nate, MARINE#1 waves the rest to stand down.

MARINE#1
It's Nash, it's Nash.

They all walk over to help him up, but simultaneously stop and recoil from his stench.

MARINE#1 (CONT'D)
Goddamn, Nash, you smell like the
inside of a dead man's ass.

Nate's too blown out to do anything but smile and nod.

Lawrence Welk ELEVATOR MUZAK carries us into ---

INT. CIA STATION - U.S. EMBASSY - MOSCOW - LATER

A few CASE OFFICERS sit at desks along the walls. No windows, just two cipher doors at both ends of a cramped shoe box room. The muzak on a stereo drowns out the tele-types.

Battered but clean, Nate sits at his desk staring at "The Bubble": a hermetically sealed office floating on an air-cushioned platform. Above its door is an illuminated red light bulb and an idle green bulb.

The DEPUTY CHIEF OF STATION is eyefucking Nate from the next chair.

DEPUTY CHIEF OF STATION
 You think you're so fucking special,
 with your goof attitude, goof clothes ---
 neverending diplomatic pussy hunts.
 But I always knew something like
 this was gonna happen.

The light turns red to green. As Nate gets up, The Deputy Chief cuts him a hateful smile.

NATE
 Yeah, well, Harry, no matter what
 happens in life, there's always some
 asswipe who knew it would.

A few Case Officers chuckle. Nate code opens the Bubble door ---

INT. COS OFFICE/"THE BUBBLE" - CIA STATION - MINUTES LATER

Staring across his desk at Nate is GORDON GONDORFF, CHIEF OF MOSCOW STATION, mid-forties, beleaguered.

GONDORFF
 The D.O. has been screaming over the
 wire, Benford is apoplectic.
 Ambassador's getting reamed with
 calls from the Kremlin --- they want
 to declare you persona-non-grata.

NATE
 They can't PNG me. It's against the
 rules. Unless they can prove that I
 was out of pocket, they've got shit.

GONDORFF
 The Militia whose jaw you broke ID'd
 you from the Dip list ---

NATE
 It's his word against mine ---

GONDORFF
 Even if I could stop them from booting
 you, how can I put you back on the
 street? You'll have half the goons
 from the 2nd and 7th Directorates up
 your ass. Too hot to operate,
 worthless.

NATE
 Great! The more resources they put
 on me, the more we can drain them.

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

I'll spend the next 6 months driving around Moscow circle-jerking them off.

GONDORFF

Look, Nash --- you don't need to worry. Your hall file isn't going to take a hit for this ---

NATE

(explodes with rage)

My hall file!? You think I give a shit about that? I have only one concern here. You understand? One.

Gondorff's nose starts trickling blood. Nate gestures --

NATE (CONT'D)

You got a nose bleed again.

GONDORFF

Fucking hermetically-sealed air.

Gondorff pulls a few tissues, stuffs them in his nostril. He futzes with his nose throughout the rest of the scene.

GONDORFF (CONT'D)

I appreciate that you care about Marble, but Benford doesn't. He's uneasy with the emotional bond.

NATE

The emotional bond is why I swam through a river of shit -- risked my life to get back here with the take. It's why Marble's production has tripled since I've had him in the harness. I'm doing good work here, Gordon.

GONDORFF

Look, this incident aside, all of our activity with Marble was going to have to be put on ice for the next 6 months to a year anyway ---

NATE

What do you mean?
(off Gondorff's resistance)
C'mon, Gordon, what's going on?

GONDORFF

The DCI's called a fucked play.

(MORE)

GONDORFF (CONT'D)

He's putting a KEYHOLE satellite over Vorkuta. Should be on station in 4 to 5 days and once it's there, Marble's people are gonna know they have a problem.

This sends Nate spinning.

NATE

But they already know what's at Vorkuta. Marble told them!

GONDORFF

Company's in the shitter right now. Congress has our balls in a vice, the White House has a knife to our throat --- and Bush is a cunt. Wants to put some easy points on the board by giving the president an ace in the hole for the SALT talks ---

NATE

Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you let me warn him?

GONDORFF

I was given direct orders by Benford. He didn't want to risk Marble holding back on this latest take.

Overwhelmed with rage and disgust, Nate pops out of his chair.

NATE

He's gonna think I knew. He's gonna think I fucked him.

GONDORFF

That's just it, Nate, this isn't about you. The sooner you come to terms with that, the less painful this job's going to be.

NATE

The average survival rate for our agents here in Moscow is 11 months. Marble's been out in the wilderness giving us everything for 16 years. And you guys treat him like a fucking dixie cup!?

GONDORFF

I reached out to Marty Gable, I know he's your rabbi. If you want to be posted to Athens, he'd love to have you.

(MORE)

GONDORFF (CONT'D)
 (gets up, offers hand)
 Thanks for all your work ---

Nate doesn't shake...

EXT. LAKE - DACHA - COUNTRYSIDE OUTSIDE OF MOSCOW - DAY

A large Dacha (country house) overlooks a rollicking retirement party for a GRU General. Music, kids playing, the top echelon of the Soviet complex getting shitfaced...

Amid the older heavies is the new wave: **KGB LIEUTENANT COLONEL IVANOVICH EGOROV**, 36, unconventionally attractive, modish groove, cool confidence. He plays GO and observes the action while holding court at a table of young KGB and GRU sharks.

A military vehicle pulls up to the party. Egorov observes TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS get out and hurry to the most powerful person at the party, **DEFENSE MINISTER SERGI GRECHENKO**. Taking Grenchenko aside, the Officers give him displeasing news.

ANGLE ON KORCH: seated on the grass, eyes shut, basking in the sun. VERA, early-50s, radiantly cute, sits next to him. Korch looks over and sees her smiling at him and smiles back, delighted to see her. He tenderly kisses her hands.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
 Vera --- it's so good to see you.
 How are you? The children?

VERA (IN RUSSIAN)
 I'm much better -- Larisa is still teaching in St. Petersburg and Svetlana's six months pregnant ---

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
 Wonderful!

VERA (IN RUSSIAN)
 I just wanted to thank you. The letters you sent after Pavel died meant so much. Knowing you'd come through the loss of Anya. (Beat) You helped me get through the worst of it.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
 I'm glad.

Charmingly awkward tension, like teenagers. Interrupted by A ROAR OF JABBERING, they turn toward a DEBAUCHED RETIRING GENERAL dancing and crying with a comrade. Vera chuckles...

KORCHNOI (CONT'D)

Don't laugh. A few more years and I suspect that will be me ---

VERA (IN RUSSIAN)

And then what?

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)

I don't know. It's hard to imagine life outside the Aquarium.

VERA (IN RUSSIAN)

(sweet smile)

Well perhaps I can help you ---

Seeing that Korch is clueless, Vera takes a brave breath, puts her hand on his and locks eyes with him.

VERA (CONT'D)

Come over for dinner...

His surprise flits to delight -- which melts away when he's struck with the impossibility of it all. Reading his resignation as rejection, Vera fights back her vulnerability. Korch is about to apologize when a uniformed Soldier appears.

Gazing across the party at Egorov as he watches Korch and other powerful men heading inside, sensing something's up. His suspicion is confirmed when a soldier approaches him.

INT. DEN - DACHA - BEAT LATER

Egorov steps into a cozy den and finds Korch; **GENERAL ANDRE SOKOLOV, FIRST DEPUTY CHIEF OF THE GRU**; two senior-level KGB DEPUTIES for counterintelligence and operations, and A DEPUTY FOREIGN MINISTER.

Egorov's KGB seniors are irritated by his presence. Unruffled by their vicious glares, he nods at them respectfully.

Grenchenko, The Defense Minister, rumbles in, sits at a table with six chairs --- everyone but Egorov joins him. In the center of the table, a basket of freshly-picked mushrooms.

GRENCHENKO (IN RUSSIAN)

I've just received word that the Americans have positioned a KEYHOLE over the Vorkuta research complex ---

Easy to see that all but the Dep. Foreign Minister understands the ominous gravity of this revelation.

DEPUTY FOREIGN MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)

If I may ask, what kind of research?

GRENCHENKO (IN RUSSIAN)
Multiple independently targetable
reentry vehicles for heavy missiles.

DEPUTY FOREIGN MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)
MIRVs are a direct violation of the
SALT treaty. If the Americans use
this, it will undermine our position
for the SALT II talks -- embarrass
Chairman Brezhnev --

GRENCHENKO (IN RUSSIAN)
(cuts him off)
Yes yes, I'm not interested in
discussing the consequences right
now, only the cause --- of which
there can only be one.

Picking a mushroom from the basket, Grenchenko pulls out a
pocket knife and slices it into pieces.

GRENCHENKO (IN RUSSIAN)
We've been compromised. And
determinations must be made before I
can brief the committee ---
(eats piece of mushroom)
Is this a technical breach? Have our
communications been penetrated? Or ---
do we have a mole?

The table contemplates. No one wants speak first. Korch,
especially uptight, throws an acid glare at the KGB guys.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
How many years have I been warning
you about this? How many reports
have I submitted about just such a
breach?

KGB DEPUTY COUNTERINTEL (IN RUSSIAN)
Yes, Vladimir Korchnoi, but we found
no conclusive evidence to support
your concerns.

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
And now, comrade, is an American
satellite conclusive enough for you?

KGB DEPUTY OPERATIONS (IN RUSSIAN)
Vorkuta is a *military* program, over
which you asserted complete primacy.

GRENCHENKO (IN RUSSIAN)
Enough. If anyone else points a
finger, I'll cut if off. I want a
determination.

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)

(after a beat)

Vorkuta is one of our most secure programs. Everyone there is quarantined. Only a handful of the senior levels are even aware of its existence. (Beat) The probability is much higher for a technical penetration ---

Grenchenko looks at the KGB Deputy Counterintel.

KGB DEPUTY COUNTERINTEL (IN RUSSIAN)

We are inclined to agree with this initial assessment ---

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

What about this affair last week with the American ops officer, Nash?

Everyone turns to Egorov. KGB guys furious that he spoke.

GRENCHENKO (IN RUSSIAN)

Is there a connection?

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

Aside from the proximity of these events --- Nash went to extraordinary lengths to return to station --- risking his life on several occasions.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)

So what of it?

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

I don't believe he would've gone to such extremes to protect a mere line tap. Only a vital asset.

KGB DEPUTY COUNTERINTEL (IN RUSSIAN)

Have you read our assessment of Nash? The man is a sex fiend, a marginal operator ---

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

A marginal operator who managed to outwit a 65-man detail, evade a full-scale roundup and was out of pocket for more than 12 hours.

The KGB men look like they want to eat Egorov alive.

KGB DEPUTY COUNTERINTEL (IN RUSSIAN)

Yes, I read the report, and while noteworthy, I don't agree there's a connection.

(MORE)

KGB DEPUTY COUNTERINTEL (IN RUSSIAN)
 (looks at Grenchenko)
 Our resources would be better served
 focusing on a technical breach.

GRENCHENKO (IN RUSSIAN)
 I want new security protocols
 implemented for every organ of the
 apparatus --- and your action regimes
 on my desk by tomorrow afternoon.
 (dismissing everyone)
 That's it.

Everyone gets up and heads towards the door...

DEFENSE MINISTER
 Ivanovich Egorov. I'd like a word.

Korch eyes Egorov intently as he exits room with the rest.

EXT. DACHA - BEAT LATER

As the men from the meeting leave, Korch pulls Sokolov aside.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
 This upstart, Egorov, who is he?

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
 The dark prince? Vanya Egorov's son ---

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
 Kruschev's hatchet man at the Center?

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
 (nods)
 Vanya kept a ledger of everyone's
 dirty secrets. And when he retired,
 he gave it to his son --- who has
 used it most effectively.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
 I'd like to see everything we have
 on him.

INT. DEN - DACHA - CONTINUOUS

Egorov stands casually at attention in front of Grenchenko.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
 A technical breach leaves them all
 blameless --- the easy way out.

GRENCHENKO (IN RUSSIAN)
 No one wants to contemplate a
 penetration of the top echelon ---
 (MORE)

GRENCHENKO (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)
to hunt for such a traitor, is to
hunt ourselves, which could cause
much more damage than the mole ---

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
Are you saying we cannot pursue this?

GRENCHENKO (IN RUSSIAN)
I am saying that most are content to
take the good lie over the bad truth.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
Not me.

Grenchenko eyes Egorov coldly, realizing what he's saying.

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)
If you do this and fail, nothing can
protect you ---

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
And when I succeed?

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)
What do you want?

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
A seat at the table.

INT. MAKESHIFT DARKROOM - DAY

David Bowie's "Quicksand" on a stereo in the next room.

CLOSE ON A HUGE PIECE OF BLANK PHOTO PAPER in a tub of
developer, under the hue of a red safety light. A black and
white image materializing... We only catch a glimpse...

PULL BACK TO a small home photo lab. **TATIANA EGOROV**, early
20s, pixie hair, artist vibe, in jeans and t-shirt, looks
on. A timer RINGS. She transfers the photo to a stop bath.
Appraising her work, she smiles excitedly.

INT. BATHROOM - DOM'S APARTMENT - MOSCOW - CONTINUOUS

Dom, wearing only panties, stands at the sink, washcloth and
soap in hand. The water is running. She stares at the bathtub --
lost in the trauma-trance of a bad memory.

TATI (O.S., IN RUSSIAN)
Domi --- Come here! ... Domi ---

Dom doesn't notice Tati come in and give her a worried look.
Tati gives her big sister a deep hug from behind.

TATI (CONT'D)

I want to show you something ---

INT. LIVING ROOM - DOM'S APARTMENT - MOSCOW - MOMENT LATER

As Tati leads Dom into a spacious, Bohemian room, we see the walls are covered with Tati's photos: of their family, their lives, and many of a younger Dom as a ballet dancer.

Tati directs Dom to the photo drying on a line: a Diane Arbus-like portrait of a big old, rough-and-tumble Russian woman with no legs in a wheelchair, laughing so hard she's crying.

Anxious about Dom's opinion, Tati lights a cigarette. Absolutely enthralled by the photo, Dom snaps out of her spell and we see her smile for the first time.

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)

It's wonderful ---

TATI (IN RUSSIAN)

Really?

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)

The depth and detail of the moment ---
the joy triumphing over the tragedy --

TATI (IN RUSSIAN)

You're moved by anything broken or
crippled ---

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)

It's how we all truly are, isn't it?
(teary look at Tati)
I love it. One of your best.

The sisters share a smile of gratitude and love for each other. Dom puts her arm around Tati, kisses her on the head.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. Tati flits over and looks through the peep hole, goes rigid. Turns to Dom.

TATI (IN RUSSIAN)

It's Ivan.

Dom frosts over. She turns the music off.

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)

Say your hello and then leave.

She disappears into the other room as Tati opens the door, allowing a casually dressed Egorov inside, a leather folio under his arm. He gives her a hug and kiss.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

Tati, how are you? You look well.

TATI (IN RUSSIAN)
As do you, Cousin.

Egorov spots the hanging photo, smiles.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
This is for your next showing?

TATI (IN RUSSIAN)
Yes.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
You are so gifted.

Egorov notices Dom return, now in clothes. He smiles warmly at Tati and plucks the cigarette from her hand.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)
I just wish you would quit smoking.
Your sister works too hard to ensure
that you get the best care for a
medical condition that is only
exacerbated by cigarettes.

TATI (IN RUSSIAN)
I'll try.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
Good.

Tati throws Dom a worried glance and splits.

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)
What brings you here on a Sunday?

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
A cup of tea would be nice.

LATER: Dom is sitting at the table, poring over files from the folio, while Egorov meanders around the apartment, perusing the pictures of Dom on the wall. He stops at a family photo, when Dom and Egorov are in their teens ---

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)
I miss the family summers at the
lake in Kirzac.

He turns to Dom with a subtle, carnal look.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)
Fond memories ---

Dom knows that he's eyeing her, but she doesn't look up.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
Based on what you see, how would you appraise this man Nash?

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)
He's a competent operator whose talent lies in making us believe he is incompetent.

Egorov nods in agreement and takes a seat next to Dom.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
We have a penetration of the top-echelon, a mega-mole. And I suspect that Nash is the handler.

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)
You're not Counter Intelligence.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
This would be a special project, outside of their purview.

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)
So they aren't pursuing him?

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
They are focusing their attention on a technical breach. (Beat) Rumor has it Nash has been posted to Athens --- I'd like you to go there and make an appraisal. Patterns, pathology, vulnerabilities, leverage. Can he be approached? Manipulated? Is he still operational with his Moscow asset?
(hard look)
Get under his skin.

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)
I'm an operations officer ---

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
That was also trained as a Sparrow ---

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)
(nods, hateful contempt)
Of course ---

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
The world makes whores of us all...
(off her look)
I'm only interested in the expedient result. How you choose to get it is entirely your discretion.

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)
 You still have confidence in me after
 Brussels?

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
 Absolutely. While you weren't
 successful in converting the target
 into an asset, the outcome was still
 extremely beneficial to us.

Egorov packs up the files back into his folio.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)
 You'll be naked. No diplomatic status,
 working without the knowledge of the
 Athens Rezident ---

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)
 I don't know the city, the language.
 I can't operate without any support ---

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
 I've arranged resources and support
 through an illegal aparat. They are
 already looking for him.

Egorov stands to leave.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)
 Do this and you have my word --- the
 Center will never put you on your
 back again.

Crossing to the door, Egorov opens it, turns to Dom.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)
 I can expect you at Yasenevo tonight?

Dom nods.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SRETENSKY BLVD - BEAT LATER

Tati's hanging on the front steps of a building with a GROUP
 OF FRIENDS. She's smoking, uptight, looking down the block ---

She watches as Egorov exits her apartment building, gets on
 his motorcycle and peels away. She starts to head back home.

INT. DOM'S BEDROOM - APARTMENT - MINUTE LATER

Tati comes in, sees Dom packing clothes into a suitcase---

TATI (IN RUSSIAN)
 But you only just got back...
 (off Dom's silence)
 For how long this time?

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)
I don't know.

TATI (IN RUSSIAN)
Please, Domi, don't go ---

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)
I have to.

TATI (IN RUSSIAN)
Why?

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)
You know I can't discuss it ---

TATI (IN RUSSIAN)
Every time you go away, you come
back with less of yourself ---
(tears in her eyes)
I'm always terrified --- that one
day you'll come back and there'll be
nothing left of you ---

Pulling Tati into hug, Dom tries to restrain her own emotion.

TATI (IN RUSSIAN)(CONT'D)
I'd rather be sick and struggling
than to live with this. Whatever it
is you do, I don't want you doing it
for me ---

Dom abruptly breaks the embrace, forces Tati to look at her.

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)
I'm not.

EXT. MAIN DECK - FERRY - IONIAN SEA - CONTINUOUS

The deck of a car ferry from Italy. Nate's kicking it on the hood of his beat-up Lancia Fulvia S3, gazing out at the majestic Greek coast. A stunning day, everything wide open.

EXT. PORT OF PATRAS - IMMIGRATION - GREECE - LITTLE LATER

Nate pulls his Lancia into the immigration station, on which hangs a "Welcome to Greece!" sign in various languages. He parks, gets out and approaches the IMMIGRATION OFFICER inside.

EXT. ROAD - PELOPONNESE - GREECE - LATE AFTERNOON

The Lancia cruising a picturesque country road. Cresting a hill, Nate pulls over, gets out and admires the view.

A half mile ahead, the ancient ruins of CORINTH ignited by the setting sun and the sparkling Gulf of Corinth.

EXT. KORINTHIOS HARBOR - PELOPONNESE - NIGHT

A sleepy fishing harbor. Nate ambles up to a quaint waterfront cafe, scans the candlelit patio --- and then a loud WHISTLE.

Nate locks onto a stocky man getting up from his table where another man is seated. Clearly drunk, the stocky guy lumbers towards him, suddenly trips on a crack and falls into an empty table -- the man and table crashing to the ground.

Nate comes over, grins down at **MARTY GABLE**, the CIA's Deputy Chief of Station for Athens. In his late 40's, Gable's a grizzled chain-smoking, hard-drinking pit bull from the Bronx.

NATE

Jesus, Gable. Thought you would've for sure taken a tit job on the 7th floor by now ---

GABLE

And become a fucking cake eater?
Never.

Nate helps him up and they bear hug it out. Gable leads Nate back to where **JAMES FORSYTH**, the CIA's Chief of Station for Athens, is seated. Forsyth, 50s, is lace curtain Irish: suit and tie, practical, intelligent. The men are done with dinner.

GABLE (CONT'D)

This is the Chief, Jim Forsyth

FORSYTH

(shakes with Nate)
Welcome to Greece.

As they sit, Gable sees Forsyth appraising Nate.

FORSYTH (CONT'D)

I liked what I read in your hall-file. And Marty's obviously told me a lot about you. (Beat) Heard you had a rough ride out of Moscow.

NATE

Oh yeah?

FORSYTH

Benford called --- warned me against bringing you on.

GABLE

Forget Benford. Guy's got no balls.

NATE

Tell me about it ---

GABLE

No, *literally*, he has no balls ---
got 'em blown off in Korea. Never
trust a cock who can't cum.

Nate just shakes his head at Gable. Looks to Forsyth ---

NATE

I appreciate the opportunity.

FORSYTH

You heard what happened to us here
in Athens back in December?

NATE

The Welch hit?

GABLE

Guy comes home from a movie with his
wife -- the GODFATHER of all things --
and gets gunned down on his doorstep.
A fucking Chief of Station!

FORSYTH

First time in the history of the
Company.

GABLE

(sneezes)

No love lost --- I hated Welch's
guts. Best thing you can say about
the prick was that he was cheap ---
but that's besides the point.

FORSYTH

This is a street thing. Nobody greases
one of *our* people, let alone a chief,
and gets away with it ---

NATE

I heard it was carried out by a
radical lefty terrorist group ---

GABLE

Call themselves November 17th ---
after the bloody uprising at
Polytechnic University in '73 ---
was sorta like this country's Kent
State ---

NATE

Students did the hit? Kids?

FORSYTH

Yeah, students backed and trained by the Sovs --- they're using these kids as provocateurs.

GABLE

They're punks, but smart punks. Fuckers rob banks and move heroin to finance their operations ---

NATE

So why haven't you rolled them up?

FORSYTH

We've tried, but Moscow's got deep hooks into Greek intelligence. And it's been impossible to develop our own assets on the street.

GABLE

Every one of our guys who's tried to work this scene has gotten made the second he walks in the door -- they're all too fucking square -- and these kids can smell that shit a mile away --
(grins at Nate)

But you, you don't look or stink like a spook. Maybe they don't see you coming.

FORSYTH

We want you to stay away from the station, the embassy, DIP circuit --- Anyplace that any of us hang out at is out of bounds for you.

GABLE

All we want you to do is work these kids, develop us some assets.

NATE

I'm not a NOC.

GABLE

We're not asking you to be. You won't be on the DIP list, but we fixed it so you have immunity.

FORSYTH

Marty'll brief you on the rest of the details. Good luck.

Forsyth gets up, shakes with Nate and walks out. Once he's gone. Gable wobbles to his feet, drops the bill on Nate.

GABLE

Pay the fucking bill and let's go ---

EXT. STREET - KORINTHIOS HARBOR - MINUTES LATER

Gable throws a sympathetic arm around Nate as they stroll down a quiet street.

GABLE

So I guess Moscow really fucked you up in the head, huh?

NATE

It would anyone.

GABLE

Feeling a little down and out?

(off Nate's nod, thunders)

Well if you're looking for sympathy, the only place you'll find it is in the dictionary, somewhere between shit and syphilis! Anyone who's worth anything has flamed out of station at one time or another. It's how you come back that makes you --- so get your head outta your ass and back into the game and ring the fucking gong on this thing.

NATE

Wow, that was some pep talk...

Reaching his car, Gable takes out his keys, unlocks trunk.

GABLE

Hey, all the reasons they hated you in Moscow is why we love you here. Make the most of it.

Gable opens the trunk and Nate's stunned by what's inside.

NATE

The fuck is this!?

CAMERA WHIP PANS WITH GABLE TO THE TRUNK revealing a SHORT FAT MAN whose arms, legs and mouth have all been duct-taped.

GABLE

Holy shit! Mooky! Forgot all about you.

The Man thrashes about, trying to yell through the tape --- Gable punches him in the face.

GABLE (CONT'D)

Shut your dick-trap and relax. You'll get a chance to open it soon enough.

Nate shaking his head at Gable in disbelief.

NATE

Fucking Gable --- some people live and learn --- you just live.

Gable grabs a gym bag out of the trunk, slams it shut and flashes Nate a sheepish grin and shrug.

GABLE

What else am I gonna do on a Saturday night?

(hands Nate the bag)

Everything you need to get started.

Getting in behind the wheel, Gable starts the car and rolls down his window.

GABLE (CONT'D)

You're gonna love it here in Athens --- great food, a lotta action and dirt-cheap whores ---

(cautionary fingerwag)

Just don't ever go down on any of 'em -- be like sucking cock by proxy.

With that Gable tears out into the street, leaving Nate standing there with the bag.

EXT. TARMAC - ELLINIKON INT'L AIRPORT - ATHENS, GREECE - DAY

Dom steps off a plane, looking Bohemian chic...

INT. ELLINIKON INT'L AIRPORT - ATHENS, GREECE - MINUTES LATER

Dom hands a SWISS PASSPORT to an IMMIGRATION OFFICER -- name on it is DOMINIQUE JUNET. He thumbs through it. Stamps it.

INT. APARTMENT - MONASTIRAKI - ATHENS - LATER

Dom drags her bags into a small but pretty apartment. She takes the place in and is pleased.

She opens the doors to a small balcony, her eyes electric as she takes in the spectacular view --- the hard white light, the stark contrast of ruins amid the bustling metropolis, Lykavittos Hill and the Acropolis looming in the distance.

EXT. OMONIA SQUARE - ATHENS - DUSK

Dom stands at a news kiosk across from the square, perusing the periodicals while keeping an eye on the swirl of traffic.

Glancing at the clock, 7:01 --- Dom heads to the curb and waves an approaching TAXI, it pulls over --- she gets in.

INT. TAXI - ATHENS - CONTINUOUS

Dom finds ELENA NIKOS sitting in the back. Elena, mid-30s, is earthy, soulful-looking and 5 months pregnant. PAULOS, 20s, with a beard and long hair, is driving.

Next to Paulos is GEORGE NIKOS, 50s, Elena's swarthy pig of a husband. He eyes Dom with a mix of desire and disdain --- wanting to fuck her but not take orders from her.

DOM
(French accent)
Dominique.

ELENA
Elena Nikos ---
(indicating)
My husband, George. Paulos ---

Paulos pulls into traffic --- Dom vibing a whole lot of tension and suspicion in the car ---

DOM
Your last communique indicated he arrived by ferry through Patras on the 12th ---

GEORGE
Yes, but we only found him three days ago.

DOM
He's been here for almost 2 weeks --- what took you so long?

GEORGE
(angrily snapping)
We covered the hotels, The American Club, safe-houses -- he hasn't been to the embassy -- has yet to be filed on the diplomatic list ---

ELENA
But immigration registered his car, which we finally located in the Exarcheia district, where he's taken a room --- among the "ists".

DOM
"Ists"?

GEORGE
 Anarchists, student activists,
 revolutionists, communists, terrorists ---
 they all call the Exarcheia home.

DOM
 Show me.

EXT./INT. TAXI - EXARCHEIA - ATHENS - A LITTLE LATER

The taxi navigates the rough and tumble streets of Exarcheia, the heart of the city's counter-culture scene. Anti-imperialist/anti-American graffiti and posters everywhere...

PAULOS
 He knows the language, is familiar with the city. He's posing as one of them, an "ist" --- spending his days at record and book shops, university campuses --- his nights at the clubs, galleries and cafes ---

GEORGE
 There's only one reason why a CIA would settle here. He's talent spotting. Hunting for an access agent.
 (scoffs)
 A fool's errand. The people here distrust Americans almost as much as they despise fascists. No one will go anywhere near him...

The taxi slows as they approach a tree-lined street of dilapidated apartment buildings.

PAULOS
 He's in the pink building.

Dom looks out at a three-story pink Neo-Classical building as they pass by Nate's street.

GEORGE
 So what is this to be, a honeytrap?

Dom shoots him a severe look.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 Well this is what you are, yes?

ELENA
 George --- stop it.

George throws a menacing look at Elena to keep her mouth shut, then turns back to Dom.

GEORGE

The Center activated us outside the normal channel, ordered us to operate without the knowledge of either our Line N control or the Rezydent. Why?

DOM

It's not for you to question these directives, only to follow them.

GEORGE

Do you really think I've survived this long by blindly following any order given to me?

DOM

No. You've survived this long because we've allowed you to. Remember that.

(turns to Elena)

We'll start with patterns, proclivities, movement analysis. And we'll need a location to work from.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON OPENED DOSSIER OF LT. COLONEL IVANOVICH EGOROV:

The turning pages of a dossier chronicling Egorov's family --- career ascent in the KGB -- assassinations, torture, sabotage, etc. News clippings and photos painting a disturbing portrait ---

INT. KORCHNOI'S OFFICE - AQUARIUM/GRU HQ - MOSCOW - CONTINUOUS

Korch sits at his desk, smoking, flipping through this thick file, uptight. He rests his cigarette in an ashtray.

He shuts the file, lights another cig, but realizes he still has a lit one in the tray. He stomps one out. Korch paces anxiously. Finally he grabs one of the 8 phones on his desk ---

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)

I'd like him in my office, now. Yes.
Where is he? No --- I'll go myself.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - THE AQUARIUM - MINUTES LATER

A small auditorium with windows overlooking Khondia airfield. An imposing COLONEL stands in front of a film screen addressing THIRTY EIGHT young, freshly-minted GRU OFFICERS.

COLONEL (IN RUSSIAN)

Look out the window. The smokestack, you all know what it means.

The young officers look to the lone building with a large brick smokestack on top, the tinge of fear in their eyes.

COLONEL (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)
 It's a ruble to get into the GRU ---
 it is two to get out. This is
 something you must never forget.

The Colonel pushes a button on a console, black out curtains cover the windows, the room goes dark -- a scratched, black&white film plays with no sound: *a MIDDLE-AGED MAN, terrified, secured to a stretcher --- this man is COLONEL OLEG PENKOVSKY.*

COLONEL (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)
 Penkovsky forgot. Penkovsky thought
 he was smarter than us. But we caught
 him just as we do all traitors. And
 if you betray us, you will end as he
 does --- on the conveyer belt.

Penkovsky is positioned feet first on a conveyer belt that feeds into a roaring furnace. The belt is switched on and he starts inching towards his fate -- silently SHRIEKING, brutally SLAMMING HIS HEAD BACK -- straining with every muscle to escape, TEARING HIS OWN TENDONS, BURSTING BLOOD VESSELS, nose bleeds -- Penkovsky's feet slide into the flames.

As the officers in the room watch in horror, Korch watches with a fatalistic resignation. The Colonel strides around the room to Korch, salutes and then cuts a smile.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
 You still love scaring the shit out
 them, don't you?

COLONEL (IN RUSSIAN)
 They'll remember this more than the
 words. (Beat) What brings you down
 here?

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
 I need a recommendation --- for a
 discreet trace and surveil ---

COLONEL (IN RUSSIAN)
 Where?

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
 Athens.

EXT. STREETS - EXARCHEIA, ATHENS - DAY

Nate sweating his balls off in brutal heat as he makes his way through the down and dirty streets of the Exarcheia --- a watermelon in one arm and a grocery bag in the other.

EXT. NATE'S STREET - EXARCHEIA, ATHENS - MINUTE LATER

Nate turns onto his block. People are hanging out on their stoops in the tree-shade, trying to beat the heat.

He crosses to the steps of his building. The old SUPER and his BUDDY sit under a tree by the stoop playing backgammon. Kicking it on the steps is **LUKA KOSTAS** --- early-20s, groovy student/artist vibe. He's sketching something on a pad.

Hiking up the stoop Nate collapses onto the step above Luka, who hardly acknowledges him, and catches his breath...

NATE

Jesus. City's like a oven. Had no
idea Athens got so fuckin' hot ---

Nate peeks over Luka's shoulder, sees he's sketching the face of a stunning brunette. Luka ignores him. Looking across the street, Nate sees the brunette, **ALEXA**, on her building's steps gossiping with her college friends **ZOE** and **THYIA**, all free love flower girls.

NATE (CONT'D)

At it again, huh? One of these days
you should really just talk to her ---

Annoyed, Luka glances back at Nate and closes his book.

NATE (CONT'D)

Hey, if it scares you, it might be a
good thing to try.

Luka takes out a joint, sparks up. The Super yells at him in Greek to stop -- Luka just takes another hit. He can see Nate eyeing the joint longingly with a grin but ignores him.

NATE (CONT'D)

Fine. Then you don't get any of my
watermelon.

Nate cuts a piece of watermelon. Slurps as he eats it -- trying to annoy Luka --- and it's working.

NATE (CONT'D)

So what're you up to tonight?

(off Luka's silence)

That's cool. Me? I'm gonna go to the
movies by myself, have dinner with
nobody, maybe get a drink alone.

Then come home and beat off --- only
question is ---

(eyes wandering)

Who am I'm gonna beat it out to?

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)
 (locks onto Alexa, grins)
 Hey, you don't mind if I borrow one
 of those drawings of yours, do you?

Luka knows Nate's trying to tune him up, won't take the bait.

NATE (CONT'D)
 This fucking heat is unbearable.

LUKA
 Maybe you should go back to America ---

NATE
 (hard look Luka)
 I would if I could ---

Nate see this piques Luka's interest. But Nate's attention is drawn across the street. A light bulb goes off. He heads to his car, pops the trunk, rifles around, pulls out a wrench.

Nate struts past the curious girls, stops at a fire hydrant and tightens the wrench around its bolt.

SUPER (IN GREEK)
 What are you doing? You can't do
 that.

Heaving on the wrench with all his strength, he emits wild, primal GRUNTS. Everyone eyes him like he's crazy. The bolt gives. A geyser ROCKETS UP. Nate basks under the downpour.

The KIDS are the first to join him, then the girls and finally people from all over the block.

Nate returns to the stoop, soaked, a shit-eating grin, sits next to Luka, who's not giving Nate anything.

NATE
 You know something, chico, you'd
 probably like me if you had the balls.

A soaking wet Alexa and the voluptuous Thyia skip over and greet Nate and Luka with smiles.

ALEXA
 Hey...

NATE
 Hey yourself.

ALEXA
 Thanks for doing this. It's wonderful.

NATE
 Don't thank me ---
 (MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)
 (gestures to Luka)
 It was Luka's idea.

ALEXA
 So why are you still sitting here?
 C'mon.

Alexa and Thyia return to the water --- beckoning Luka and Nate to come. Luka gives Nate a grin, hands him the joint and joins them.

Nate smiles as Luka gambols with the girls under the water.

CUT TO:

POV CAMERA: Snapping shots of Nate...

INT. OBSERVATION POST - APARTMENT - EXARCHEIA - CONTINUOUS

A rundown, 5th floor apartment diagonal to Nate's building.

In T-shirt and shorts, a sweaty Dom stands behind a tripod-mounted, long-lens camera aimed through a ragged hole in the curtains, which are half-drawn in front of open balcony doors.

Dom wears headphones connected to a sophisticated, tripod mounted shotgun/laser microphone aimed at Nate through another curtain hole. The Mic is also wired to a tape recorder.

George watches Nate through binoculars, shirt open. Dom gives him a look that says "Guess you were wrong."

GEORGE
 So he's more original than most.
 We'll see how far he gets.

On the wall behind Dom is a map of Athens with pins indicating locations Nate has been --- and various surveillance photos.

Snapping a few shots, she steps away from the camera, makes notes on a pad of paper. George eyes her lecherously.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 I can see why they sent you.

He steps towards her, swipes a finger down her arm to wipe off some sweat. Dom just continues to jot notes.

DOM
 What about your wife? Your unborn child?

George steps even closer.

GEORGE

The Center arranged our marriage.
The baby isn't mine.

He slides his hand over Dom's crotch. She looks at him, coolly, completely disconnected. He pathetically tries to arouse her, but it's not doing anything.

DOM

Are you done?

Humiliated, George pulls away.

GEORGE

Bitch.

Dom just returns her attention to Nate.

DOM

The garbage in the kitchen's beginning to smell. Take it out.

George grudgingly follows her order.

EXT. NATE'S STREET - EXARCHEIA - NIGHT

Luka, Alexa and four of her girlfriends from the stoop are waiting outside. Luka yells up to a second floor apartment.

LUKA

Nate, come on.

NATE

(pops head out window)
Yeah --- on my way.

INT. NATE'S APARTMENT - EXARCHEIA - CONTINUOUS

A spartan studio flat with a kitchenette and bathroom. Nate moves to the entry alcove. Places a small ball bearing along a groove in the floor, about 15 inches in front of the door.

Nate slips out the door without disturbing the ball bearing.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - EXARCHEIA - MOMENTS LATER

George is on a rooftop on the corner of Nate's block. Using binoculars, he watches Nate, Luka and the girls turn onto a bigger street, joining a flow of KIDS moving in the same direction. George calls into his walkie talkie.

EXT. POLYTECHNIC UNIVERSITY - LATER

Nate, Luka and the girls are among the streams of people entering the campus of Athens Polytechnic University. Nate notices a lot of people carrying anti-American posters...

NATE

Thought we were going to a concert.

LUKA

Yes. The concert's after the rally.

(off Nate's look)

Don't worry, it's cool --- but if anyone asks, you're Canadian.

CAMERA PANS to Paulos embedded in the throngs, watching Nate and the others enter the campus.

INT. OBSERVATION POST - APARTMENT - EXARCHEIA - LITTLE LATER

Elena puts down her radio, turns to Dom.

ELENA

They're at the Polytechnic rally,
but Paulos has lost sight of them ---

Dom grabs her purse and leaves.

EXT. NATE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EXARCHEIA - MOMENTS LATER

Dom crosses the street and enters Nate's apartment building...

INT. ENTRY - NATE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Dom hears the TV in the Super's apartment. Removing her sandals, she creeps up the creaky steps to the 2nd floor.

INT. HALLWAY - NATE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Moving to Nate's door Dom pulls a small flashlight and magnifying glass from her purse, scans around the doorframe -- stops when she finds Nate's trip: a strand of hair stuck across the gap between the door and the frame.

Dom pulls tape from her purse, tears a tiny strip, and places it over the hair. She then retrieves lock picking tools, quickly picks the lock, nudges the door open and slips inside.

INT. NATE'S APARTMENT - EXARCHEIA - CONTINUOUS

Dom steps into the middle of the flat, takes everything in. Pulling out a Polaroid, Dom rotates as she photographs every inch of the place.

EXT. MAIN QUAD - POLYTECHNIC UNIVERSITY - LATER

Nate, Luka and the girls are among thousands of young people crammed into the quad facing a stage with banners touting the rally sponsor: the Communist Youth of Greece or KNE.

The young, passionate KNE LEADER on stage gives a fiery speech -- riling the crowd up. A dormant ROCK BAND waits behind him.

NATE

What's he going off about?

LUKA

There is a big march on the American Embassy in a few weeks --- We want the U.S. military bases out of Greece ---

A pack of 6 ANARCHIST THUGS, more hardcore than everyone else, aggressively pushes through the crowd. As they pass, Luka recognizes the pack leader, **CHRISTOS** --- Nate clearly recognizes him too.

LUKA (CONT'D)

Christos!

Luka reaches out to grab Christos in a friendly way, but gets shoved back so hard by one of the Thugs that he falls on his ass. Nate jumps in and DECKS the guy ---

Four of the other Thugs move on Nate and a brawl erupts. Nate, screwheaded gleam in his eyes, enjoys scrapping it up. Luka and Christos break it up. Luka pulls Nate away, Christos pulls his guys back while Nate and the Thug he suckerpunched shout at each other ---

LUKA (CONT'D)

It's okay, it's okay, he's with my cousin. He just doesn't know me.

NATE

Your cousin?

LUKA

Just wait here. Don't do anything.

Nate watches Luka cross over to Christos and they hug it out. Alexa and the girls approach Nate, concerned.

ALEXA

Are you okay?

NATE

I'm fine, I'm fine.

Christos eyes Nate while having a heated discussion with Luka about him. His Thugs throwing dangerous glares.

Christos and Luka share a soul brother handshake and Christos and his crew disappear into the crowd. Luka returns to Nate, fear in his eyes, shaking his head.

NATE (CONT'D)

What? The guy tossed you on your ass, I was just trying to help.

LUKA

I appreciate that, but you have no idea who you just messed with ---

NATE

Yeah? So then tell me --- what's their deal?

LUKA

Let's just forget about it, okay? It's over.

INT. NATE'S APARTMENT - LATER

KITCHEN: icebox, shelves, drawers, etc. Under the sink Dom finds serious water damage from leaky old pipes.

CLOSET: Dom spritzes NPPD spydust on Nate's clothing and shoes.

BATHROOM: Dom checks toilet, sink. For loose tiles. In Nate's Dopp kit: condoms, bottles of Dexedrine, Valium.

EXT. MAIN QUAD - POLYTECHNIC UNIVERSITY - LATER

On stage, The KNE LEADER wraps up his speech, militantly waving his fist and chanting in Greek "OUT WITH THE USA!!!" The crowd joins in, fists in the air.

A MILITANT unfurls an AMERICAN FLAG on stage. The KNE Leader sets it ablaze -- the crowd ROARS in approval just as the band erupts into a Greek cover of Zeppelin's "Dancing Days." The frenzied place goes insane, dancing, jumping, screaming...

Nate takes in the scene: dazed, confused and disturbed.

INT. NATE'S APARTMENT - LATER

BEDROOM: Dom looks through Nate's backpack. Nothing worthwhile. About to return it, she feels the thickness of the shoulder straps, inspects them. Finds a hidden seam, carefully opens it and stashed in the padding is a wad of cash and Nate's diplomatic passport. In the other strap, another wad of cash and a mugshot, of Luka's cousin, CHRISTOS.

BEDSTAND AREA: A European *Playboy* on top of a stack of books. She photographs each before flipping through them, increasingly surprised. She photographs the last book, Pavel Markova's poems, in Russian. She looks at it curiously, but doesn't recognize it.

Dom reaches into her purse for her radio. Calls in.

DOM (INTO RADIO)

Status?

ELENA (OVER RADIO)
It's over, but Paulos still doesn't
have him but ---

DOM (INTO RADIO)
Understood...

EXT. STREET - EXARCHEIA - CONTINUOUS

Luka, Alexa and the girls all chat as they meander through
the neighborhood. Thyia notices Nate off to the side, quiet.

THYIA
We don't hate America, just your
government ---

LUKA
And who can blame us? Greece is the
birthplace of democracy --- and what
does your government do? They
undermined Papandreou and supported
the junta -- fucking fascists! Do
you have any idea how many people
were killed and tortured under the
reign of the Colonels?

THYIA
And still your government continues:
in Chile, Iran, Vietnam, Cambodia ---

ALEXA
Please, enough of the politics! Can
we all just go and do something fun?

ZOE
Let's go watch the sunrise at
Anavissos.

NATE
We can take my car. Just need to
stop and grab my keys.

Excited, the girls hurry ahead chatting. Luka hangs back,
putting an apologetic hand on Nate's shoulder.

LUKA
Sorry, man --- I just ---

NATE
It's cool, I get it. Why do you think
I left?

INT. NATE'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Dom checks the flat against her Polaroids. Satisfied, she
puts them in her purse and moves to the entry alcove.

She swings open the door -- and knocks the ball bearing into motion. Dom hears it ROLLING. Seeing the tiny ball, she seizes with the dreaded realization that she just hit a second trip.

Closing the door, she picks up the ball, tries to figure out where it was placed, but there's no way to know. She's fucked.

Suddenly struck by an idea -- Dom moves to the kitchen area and kneels under the sink...

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - EXARCHEIA - MOMENTS LATER

Looking far down the cross street, George spots Nate and the group approaching, calls into his radio.

INT. NATE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

As Dom hurries down the stairs, she can hear the Super inside his apartment excitedly stomping about CURSING to himself.

P.O.V. SURVEILLANCE CAMERA - CONTINUOUS

Watching Dom leave Nate's, cross the street and disappear down the block.

CAMERA POV PANS down block, locks onto the shapes of Nate and gang as they turn onto street and head towards us.

INT. OBSERVATION POST - APARTMENT - EXARCHEIA - MOMENTS LATER

Elena peering into camera. Dom rushes in, Elena looks up ---

ELENA

What took you --- !?

DOM

There was a ball bearing ---

Elena doesn't understand. Dom dashes over to the shotgun mic --- in her rush to grab the headphones, she accidentally knocks over the mic tripod. As she scrambles to pick it up ---

DOM (CONT'D)

He set a second trip on the inside of the door -- I didn't see it ---

INT. NATE'S BUILDING/APARTMENT - MINUTE LATER

Nate and Luka walk to his flat. Noticing the hair is gone, Nate subtly tenses up. He puts his key into the lock, realizes the door's already open... The men share a look as they enter.

In the alcove they see water on the floor -- hear GRUNTS and tools scraping. Stepping into the flat they find more water and the Super under the sink trying to clamp a leaking pipe.

NATE

What the hell is this? What happened?

INT. OBSERVATION POST - APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dom holds the mic like a gun, aiming the scope through the curtain hole on Nate's apartment window. Elena's right next to her with the headphones so they can both listen...

SUPER (OVER HEADPHONES)

Pipes leak again! Water comes through my ceiling --- now please, help --- hold this tight so I can stop ---

Elena takes a breath of relief. Dom lowers the mic, sets the tripod back on its legs. Although a crisis was averted --- Dom's still coiled with acute tension, furious with herself...

ELENA

Quick thinking ---

DOM

I was lucky ---

ELENA

Luck is the residue of skill, experience. I never would have thought of this ruse ---

DOM

I never should have missed it ---

ELENA

You are being too hard on yourself ---

DOM

If I'm not, *they* will be.

Elena is struck by the intensity of Dom's self-rage and fear. Dom quickly collects herself, grabs her purse, takes out the stack of Polaroids --- lays out a photo of Christos's mugshot.

DOM (CONT'D)

Does he look familiar?

ELENA

His name is Christos Kostas. He has been involved in several para-militant groups in Athens. Last I heard, he was aligned with November 17th ---

EXT./INT. CAFETERIA - GRU HQ/AQUARIUM - MOSCOW - NIGHT

A weary Korch sits alone finishing dinner. He sees Sokolov, the First Deputy Chief of the GRU from the earlier meeting, carrying a tray, looking like a condemned man.

Gesturing Sokolov to sit, Korch eyes him with concern.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
How goes the hunt?

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
I'm a blind man in a dark room looking
for a black hat that isn't there.
(off Korch's look)
We're going through everything,
sweeping every trunk line, flushing
the system with snares -- and nothing.
(leans in, grave)
I'm beginning to fear we might have
to confront the reality of a mole.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
Any way I can help?

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
Not with this, but there is something ---
you've heard of the walk-in in
Istanbul?

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
The German engineer. I hear the taste
of intel he gave us is impressive.

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
Beyond impressive. Unprecedented.
But his list of demands before he
discloses anything else is
preposterous. They get greedier and
greedier every time.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
Better than a shit-eater volunteering
to help us for free, no?

Sokolov manages a derisive smile.

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
Kaminsky was supposed to fly there
and vet him, but his ulcer is bleeding
again. Could you do it?

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
I don't know. I'm overwhelmed right
now too. When?

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
It was supposed to be in 10 days,
but we can try to work it around
your schedule.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)

Let me see.

EXT. LUBYANKA SQUARE - MOSCOW - EARLY MORNING

Morning traffic swirls in front of the KGB's neo-baroque headquarters. EGOROV on his motorcycle zips past the line of Lada limos entering the secure parking --- and heads down the street to a nondescript KGB administrative building.

INT. CORRIDOR - KGB ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

Carrying a large pastry box in hand, Egorov heads down a basement hall to a secure door. He types in a code to the keypad lock --- the door buzzes open and he enters...

INT. EGOROV'S COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The mole hunt command center is a large, open room cluttered with desks, file cabinets, and cots. The walls are covered with various investigative matrixes, link diagrams, etc. One wall is dedicated to the eight remaining suspects with their photo at the top of a long column of key biographical data.

Egorov's 2nd in command, **LIEUTENANT BORIS KOSOLOV** directs a team of **FIVE WEARY YOUNG ANALYSTS** evaluating reams of data.

Giving the pastries to his team, Egorov looks to Kosolov.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

So --- Nicoleyevsky?

KOSOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)

No.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

But he held so much promise. Motive, access, the hubris.

KOSOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)

But not the opportunity. We finished reconciling his movements with the timeline --- too many discrepancies. It's not him. I'm sorry.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

Don't be. Elimination is still progress. Take him off the board.

Kosolov nods to one of the Analysts nearby.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)

Anything come in on the wire?

KOSOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)

Early this morning...

Egorov unlocks the door and enters his office ---

The Analysts take Nicoleyevsky's photo and info off the board. Two columns over is KORCHNOI's photo and profile.

INT. EGOROV'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A small, spartan space. Egorov moves to a hulking computer/telex terminal with a flashing indicator. He takes a key from around his neck, inserts it and turns. Types in a command. The printer starts chugging out a message.

Ripping it off the printer Egorov sits at his immaculate desk and after reading it carefully, makes some notes. He waves the waiting Kosolov into his office.

KOSOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
Word from Athens?

Egorov slides him the Telex printout. Kosolov reads it.

KOSOLOV (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)
The collected poems of Pavel Markova.
And in Russian no less. Interesting.
(off Egorov's look)
His volumes are impossible to find
in Moscow. Most were purged.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
That's hardly the meat of it ---
(snatches telex back)
But the fact that Nash is focusing
on these useful idiots, November 17,
could be advantageous.

KOSOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
How so?

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
If she is unable to get what we need
her way, this gives us the cover for
another option.

Surprised, Kosolov throws him a grave look, are you serious?

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)
A deadly disease sometimes requires
a dangerous remedy. (Beat) But it'll
never come to that.

KOSOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
You're putting a lot of faith in
her. Why?

Egorov stares into the burning light bulb on his lamp. After a long, unwholesome beat --

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

Because I truly understand what she's capable of.

EXT. STREET - PLAKA DISTRICT - ATHENS - NIGHT

Under the imposing shadow of the Acropolis, The Plaka is a maze of cobblestone streets lined with patinated neo-classical buildings, a quaint, stunning Bohemian wonderland.

Casually elegant in a simple, sexy white kaftan, African beads and sandals, Dom strides towards the gates of a crumbling, walled-in mansion under renovation. A sign outside reads: TAKIS GALLERY - KASTIMBALIS - FIXED METAMORPHICS.

Some PEOPLE are hanging outside while others flow in and out of the front gates. A friendly, laid-back vibe. The exotic, jazzy Ethiopian grooves of Mulatu Astake emanating from the courtyard inside. Dom steps through the gates.

EXT. COURTYARD - TAKIS GALLERY - ATHENS - CONTINUOUS

A ruinous courtyard packed with the Athens's Bohemian jet set, everyone circulating amongst the hulking, dramatically-lit sculptures, primitive moderns hewn out of basalt.

Dom takes in the scene then slowly moves clockwise around the courtyard's edges -- casually scouting for Nate. She spots him hanging with Luka, Alexa, Zoe and Thyia.

Moving closer, Dom peruses the sculptures while stealing glances at Nate, observing him having a great time. Easy to see his group's blithe and vibrant camaraderie.

INT. CORRIDOR - TAKIS GALLERY/OLD MANSION - MINUTE LATER

A dim, dead-end corridor, Nate rolls up behind a flirting COUPLE waiting by a closed door. Finally a man comes out and the couple goes in. Nate's annoyed, really needs to piss.

Dom suddenly appears, getting in line behind Nate. Although he tries to play it cool, he's clearly struck by her beauty and vibe. He gives her an easy "what's up" nod. She nods back.

After a beat, something catches Nate's eye -- a small, barely noticeable sentence, hand-scrawled in Greek along the wall in front of them. Nate breaks out in a luminous smile --

NATE

That's fucking inspired ---
(gestures to graffiti)
You see this?

DOM (FRENCH ACCENT)

What does it say?

NATE

"You may paint over me, but I will still be here."

And suddenly we HEAR the carnal giggles, moans and grunts of the couple going at it in the bathroom.

NATE (CONT'D)

Christ, you gotta be kidding me...

Annoyed and desperate, Nate raps on the door. The couple inside yells a "FUCK OFF" in Greek, resumes their stride.

NATE (CONT'D)

They gotta have another restroom upstairs -- right?

UPSTAIRS - MINUTE LATER: Dom and Nate search the darkness of the mansion's 2nd floor which is gutted and in shambles. Dom stumbles over some debris and Nate smoothly steadies her.

NATE (CONT'D)

I'm Nate --

DOM

Dominique --

They finally locate a pitch-dark bathroom with a door that won't stay open. Feeling just inside, Nate finds and flicks on a light switch, illuminating a single bulb -- but the switch is broken and won't stay on unless held.

NATE

I'll hold it for you, you for me. K?

Dom heads in while Nate holds the light on. He whistles to give her some cover as she tinkles ---

DOM AND NATE COMING DOWN STAIRS - MINUTES LATER: Nate squares off and locks eyes with Dom when they reach the bottom --- she catches the subtle smirk beneath Nate's lips.

DOM (FRENCH ACCENT)

Amused?

NATE

And you're not?

Nate's smirk opens up into a charmingly goofy but direct smile --- she holds his gaze without returning the smile.

NATE (CONT'D)

Be patient -- eventually I'll do or say something interesting ---

DOM
 (after a beat of waiting)
 Thanks for the help.

NATE
 Sure thing.

As Dom moves back into the packed courtyard, Nate tilts his head to admire the swing of her ass ---

EXT. MANSION/TAKIS GALLERY - LITTLE LATER THAT NIGHT

Emerging from the gates, Dom cuts through the throng of people hanging in front of the gallery, heads down the street alone ---

NATE (O.S.)
 Dominique --- hey...

Dom turns, sees Nate, Luka and the girls among the crowd ---
 Nate comes over.

NATE (CONT'D)
 We're all going to this place right near here -- best barbounia you've ever had -- you should come with us.

DOM
 Thank you, but ---

NATE
 Come on, it'll be fun -- trust me --

DOM
 I don't even know you ---

NATE
 What are you talking about? We just listened to each other pee, we're practically married.

MUSIC and LAUGHTER carry us into ---

EXT. TAVERNA - PLAKA - LATER

A taverna in the Plaka's old quarter. Dom, Nate, Luka and girls sit at an outside table --- eating, drinking, laughing -- getting hammered on Ouzo as they play 2 truths and a lie.

Across the street, an OLDER WOMAN in a wheelchair playing accordion and a TEENAGE BOY on violin provide the soundtrack.

ALEXA
 I always flirt with Priests. I was a very fat child.
 (MORE)

ALEXA (CONT'D)

When performing fellatio on a man, I sometimes think what it would be like to bite off his penis.

Nate and Luka exchange a look. Giggling, everyone debates which statement was the lie --- and then come to a consensus ---

ZOE

There is no way that you were fat ---

ALEXA

No --- it's the truth ---

NATE

Watch out, brother ---

Everyone but Alexa takes a shot.

ALEXA

Dominique --- your turn...

DOM

Let me think for a moment.. (beat) I am not wearing any panties. I once killed someone with my bare hands.

(subtle smirk at Nate)

And I enjoy urinating in front of strange men.

NATE

I knew it.

The table giggles...

LUKA

Kill a person! Ha! Too easy. Drink.

Dom does her shot... And the whole table looks to Nate.

NATE

Okay -- okay.

(gathering his thoughts)

All right, I masturbate at least twice a day. I enjoy watching strange women pee. I worship Satan.

The table cracks up and confers, struggling for consensus...

ZOE

You don't masturbate twice a day ---

NATE

Are you for real? You guys really think I'm a Satan worshiper?

THYIA

How are we to know different, mystery
man? You tell us nothing of yourself ---

NATE

You guys are assholes --- now drink ---

Everyone laughs and drinks ---

LATER: the buzzed group leaving the taverna in high-spirits...

DOM

Where are we going?

ALEXA

A party at the Atticus ---
(takes Dom's left arm)
And you are coming with us...

Nate stops to toss the musicians money -- and suddenly from the tree above, A BIRD TAKES A HUGE SHIT ALL OVER HIM. The wheelchair woman EXPLODES with wild raucous laughter and Luka and the girls quickly join in --- then Nate...

Pierced by the image of the wheelchair woman in hysterics, Dom looks at everyone else laughing --- and then something happens --- she just lets herself go, and laughs.

EXT. ODEON ATTICUS THEATER - ATHENS - LITTLE LATER

The ruins of an ancient amphitheater at the base of the Acropolis have been converted into a 1970s rave -- HUNDREDS OF BAREFOOTED YOUNG PEOPLE dancing wildly on stage or along the tiered benches to Roxy Music's "Both Ends Burning".

Amid the pulsing, sweaty crowd, Nate, Luka and the girls let loose -- as Dom moves with them, something powerful is being unleashed inside her -- a joyous, vital force -- that is taking her out of her mind and into her body. And the deeper she goes, the more amazing her dancing becomes...

LITTLE LATER: Everyone funkng out to Sly and the Family Stone's "Loose Booty" --- but Dom's on another level -- flowing with a hypnotic, unbridled expressiveness and power that electrifies everyone around her, especially Nate.

LITTLE LATER: Blown out, Nate and Luka emerge from the dancing mass, climb high up on the tiered benches and look down at the girls grooving to T-REX's "20th Century Boy".

LUKA

(gesturing to Dom)
She's cool...

(MORE)

LUKA (CONT'D)

(off Nate's nod)

She told Zoe she lives in Geneva ---
just here for the summer, borrowing
a friend's flat ---

NATE

Yeah, I caught that...

LUKA

So?

NATE

We'll see.

Luka sparks a joint, tokes, and passes to Nate, who takes a hit and looks around, taking everything in --- and catches something in the crowd.

NATE (CONT'D)

Hey, isn't that one of the fucksticks
I scrapped it up with at the rally,
that was rolling with your cousin?

LUKA

Where?

NATE

(gestures)

Right there. You see him? With the
white shirt.

LUKA

No, you need to get your eyes checked.

NATE

You sure?

LUKA

Those guys would never come to a
party like this.

NATE

You ever gonna tell me what the deal
with them is? Is this guy Christos a
distant cousin?

LUKA

No, he's my dad's brother's son. We
were raised together after The
Colonels killed my uncle in prison.

NATE

So he's more like a brother?

LUKA

He used to be. He's just really angry now. Even though I understand why, I don't like being around it.

Nate passes the joint back to Luka.

EXT. STREET - HEADING TOWARD PLAKA - LATER

Exhausted but happy, the group shambles down a larger road towards the Plaka.

LUKA

You know what we should all do next weekend? Go to Tryphosa.

ALEXA

(excitedly hugs Luka)
Yes! Yes! We must!

NATE

What's Tryphosa?

LUKA

A paradise for artists, dreamers --- trust me, you will love it...

NATE

I'm sold.

Nate tries to wave down an approaching taxi but to no avail.

The group walks ahead, giving Nate and Dom space. They lag behind, quiet, side by side --- a palpable, unusual attraction between them. After a long beat ---

NATE (CONT'D)

Watching you let loose was really something else --- like you were in an ecstatic trance -- I saw flashes of Duncan -- Mary Wigman -- Graham...

Dom glares at Nate, trying to restrain her astonishment...

DOM

So you follow dance?

NATE

I follow the dancers.

They exchange a smile as another taxi appears --- Nate waves and it stops.

The girls smother Dom with hugs and kisses, saying how much fun they had, they need to hang out. Nate sees them exchange phone numbers. Then the group gives Dom and Nate some space.

A crazy tension --- Dom off-balance, genuinely vulnerable -- Nate's easy -- he opens the Taxi door for her.

DOM

This was fun ---

NATE

See what happens when you trust the timing of your life?

(potent stare)

You're pretty fucking great --- keep that shit up.

Nate breaks the tension by gently easing Dom into the taxi and closing the door ---

Watching the taxi head down the street and disappear around a corner, Nate smiles inwardly as he heads back to the others.

INT. TAXI - STREETS OF ATHENS - BEAT LATER

Dom's rattled with conflicting emotion, struggling to get control of herself. She looks at her trembling hands, unnerved by her reaction, thinking, "what's wrong with me?"

GABLE (V.O.)

What the fuck is wrong with you?

EXT./INT. GABLE'S CAR - OUTSKIRTS OF ATHENS - DAY

Gable's car parked on a nondescript street. Nate sits next to Gable, who's chain-smoking.

NATE

Nothing. I'm just saying --- Luka is a good kid, Marty. Clean. No involvement with his cousin or N17 whatsoever.

GABLE

I want Christos --- everything else is pickles and tits. So get with the program, unless you wanna be sent back to shitsville U.S.A., a fucking floorwalker.

NATE

If you just give me some more time, I'll figure out another way to get to him.

GABLE

No, I'm not gonna risking it -- you have the perfect setup. You go away to this hippie island.

(MORE)

GABLE (CONT'D)

Have a great time. Fuck, suck, play.
Prime him. When you get back, you
put him in the harness and we start
to drill down on his cunt cousin.

Gable reaches into a secret compartment under his seat and
pulls out a small, cellophane-wrapped brick of heroin.

NATE

The fuck is that?

GABLE

The fuck do you think? Blue Orchid,
same kind of junk N17 is moving.
Before you leave for your trip, you
stash this in the kid's apartment.

Nate takes the drugs. Gable writes a number on a piece of
paper, hands it to Nate.

GABLE (CONT'D)

This is the number for Captain Harry
Haridopolos, our guy in the Athens
PD. Call him, tell him you're a friend
of Mister Fenwick. He'll understand.
Set up the bust for when you get
back.

Nate shakes his head over how fucked up it is.

NATE

It's not right putting him into play --
it's gonna ruin his life.

GABLE

Kid's going in the system, Nate. You
either run him, or someone else will.

NATE

(mordant)
My rabbi.

INT. OBSERVATION POST - APARTMENT - EXARCHEIA - NIGHT

The half-light of dusk. Miles Davis' "Sketches of Spain"
churning quietly on the tape deck. Elena's sitting at the
table knitting a baby blanket. She watches Dom move through
a series of ballet stretches.

Exhausted, Dom gets up, checks camera, then her watch. Sitting
at the table, she drinks some water.

ELENA

I envy your flexibility. How long
did you train as a dancer?

DOM
Ever since I can remember.

ELENA
What happened?

DOM
Life.

Elena stops knitting, keels forward a bit.

DOM (CONT'D)
Are you allright?

Elena takes Dom's hand and puts it on her stomach to feel the baby kicking. A deep moment. Dom's face softens.

ELENA
We are the only ones who can truly feel the future, because we give birth to it, yes?

DOM
Where's the father?

ELENA
Beirut, last I heard.
(wistful smile)
Hard to resist a bad boy that's a good man. (Beat) I assumed that were a sparrow --- but you're an operations officer, aren't you?

Dom removes her hand from Elena's tummy and after a hesitant beat, nods. Elena smiles, stunned and impressed.

ELENA (CONT'D)
You know, I wasn't pressed into service. I do it because I have faith in the Marxist ideal. I've always believed in the cause despite feeling that the cause never *truly* believed in me ---
(proud look at Dom)
Until this moment, I never thought *they* would see us as something more than just a wife, secretary or whore ---

DOM
They don't, not really ---

ELENA
What does the Center want from Nash?
What is your objective?

DOM
 (after tense beat)
 They want me to seduce him --- extract
 information ---
 (looks away, ashamed)
 They don't think I am capable of
 doing this any other way.

Elena gently forces Dom to look at her.

ELENA
 Then you must prove them wrong.

EXT. CAFE - MONASTIRAKI - DAY

Nate moves through the Monastiraki flea market, crosses a street and enters a cafe.

INT. CAFE - MONASTIRAKI - MOMENT LATER

Nate's at a pay phone next to the bathroom. He dials the number off of the piece of paper Gable gave him.

NATE (INTO PHONE)
 Harry Haridopolos. I'm a friend of
 Mister Fenwick.

EXT. NATE'S STREET - EXARCHEIA - LATE AFTERNOON

Nate and Luka wait in Nate's car. Luka checks his watch, leans across Nate and HONKS the horn. Alexa runs out from her apartment and gets in the car with her bags.

LUKA
 Where are Zoe and Thyia?

ALEXA
 They are not coming. Zoe's got a
 allergy rash. Thyia met a boy ---

LUKA
 And they're just telling us now!?

NATE
 Hey, it's cool, you guys should just
 go, you can take my car to the port ---

ALEXA
 No no no, you must come ---

Luka cuts Alexa off with a glare.

LUKA
 He's coming --- let's go.

Nate starts driving.

EXT./INT. FERRY - FOREDECK PASSENGER LOUNGE - LATER

A ferry heading out of port. The trio cuts through the packed lounge, scanning for seats. Finding a spot on the floor, they start making camp.

Alexa suddenly spots something, smiles and starts waving, trying to get someone's attention. Nate turns around and sees Dom in the crowd. He's stunned, caught totally off guard.

NATE

Holy shit...

Alexa flashes Nate a little "surprise!" Look --- and then she and Luka greet Dom with an excited kiss and hug.

LUKA

I'm so happy Alexa convinced you to join our pilgrimage!

DOM

Thank you for the invite...
(soft smile at Nate)
Hey.

NATE

Hey.

An awkward beat of tension between Nate and Dom.

NATE (CONT'D)

They didn't tell me you were coming ---

DOM

Oh. Well I hope it's okay --

NATE

Yeah, sure, no, it's good you're getting lost with us ---

DOM

Where are Zoe and Thyia?

ALEXA

They canceled at the last minute.

Another uncomfortable beat of inaction. Sensing the uneasiness, Luka pulls everyone into a group hug.

LUKA

Come on guys! This is going to be our great adventure!

EXT. GRU HQ - MOSCOW - DAY

A sweltering, overcast day...

INT. KORCH'S OUTER OFFICE - GRU HQ - CONTINUOUS

KORCH'S ASSISTANT types at his desk. Across from him is a DIPLOMATIC COURIER, an armored briefcase handcuffed to his wrist. An ARMED ESCORT waits next to the Courier.

Korch rumbles in and everyone stands at attention, salutes.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)

What's this?

DIPLOMATIC COURIER (IN RUSSIAN)

From the Athens diplomatic pouch,
sir.

INT. KORCH'S OFFICE - GRU HQ - MOMENTS LATER

Seated at his desk, Korch dials the combos to the case's two locks, opens it. Inside is a security envelope with wax seals. He opens it, pulls out a typed report and photos -- all of which are stamped on the back with a unique code.

Korch reads the report, then peruses the pictures -- he stops on one photo, grabs a magnifying glass, and inspects the image -- his interest suddenly shifts to concern.

Korch quickly moves to his safe -- unlocks it, grabs Egorov's dossier -- slaps on his desk, rifles through it until he finds what he's looking for.

Korch sits back disturbed, unsure what to do.

EXT. COASTLINE - SEA OF CRETE - DAY

HIGH ANGLE OVER a small, colorful fishing boat chugging across the brilliant Sea of Crete, parallel to a remote island, an epic coastline of volcanic rock. Perfect day.

EXT. FISHING BOAT - SEA OF CRETE - CONTINUOUS

The boat's deck is jammed with supplies. Luka and Alexa are half-asleep. Dom sits nearby, looking over at ---

Nate kicking it with STAVROS, 60s, a village fisherman-turned-hippie, whistling as he steers. Nate joins the whistling.

They round a bend. A mile ahead, a COLOSSAL WHITE PUMICE ROCK FORMATION juts out of the coast, the size of a six story building, blocking the land behind it. Stavros nods to it.

STAVROS

Tryphosa.

Luka and Alexa wake. They all move to the bow, gaze at the rock. Dom squints, shading her eyes from the sun, so Nate puts his bucket hat on her. She thanks him with a look.

They spot the silhouettes of PEOPLE on top of the rock standing up, waving at them.

As they finally come around the rock, Tryphosa is revealed: A natural, horseshoe-shaped harbor framing a perfect beach.

Abutting one end of the beach, the massive rock face is honeycombed by a matrix caves converted into hippie dwellings, squatters emerging from them like a motel.

Behind the beach is a tiny village of flagstone streets and white-washed, minimal houses nestled along the slopes.

Bordering the other side of the beach is another, taller white rock formation. On top of it are TEMPLE RUINS. At the base of this formation is a natural quay and a plane of smooth rock jutting into the water, with SUNBATHERS laying on it.

MAMA'S TAVERNA edges the beach. Painted across the taverna's wall in massive, hippie flower children font is the phrase: "*TODAY IS LIFE, TOMORROW NEVER COMES.*"

The group is awestruck. Luka grabs the girls' hands on either side of him and Alexa grabs Nate's.

EXT. TRYPHOSA VILLAGE - ISLAND - LATER

Hauling their gear, the group follows MAMA, 50s, the big Greek matriarch of Tryphosa, up a flagstone street through this hippie commune paradise.

MAMA (IN GREEK)

There are 2 wash-houses, one by the beach, one right there in the village ---

They pass a small market with curtains of tomatoes, squid drying on clothes lines, etc...

MAMA (CONT'D)

Oh, and there is only 1 telephone in the Taverna in case of emergency...

They approach the teal blue door of one of the white PRIMITIVE VILLAS cut into the rock overlooking the beach and water.

INT. PRIMITIVE VILLA - TRYPHOSA - ISLAND - BEAT LATER

Mama leads them into the primitive villa's main room: A table, four chairs, cushions on the floor. A kitchen area with a water basin, a wood-burning stove. There are 2 bedrooms -- and a veranda with a hammock strung up -- a stunning view.

MAMA (IN GREEK)

The communal dinners are down on the beach at 9 --- all that we ask is that you bring an offering.

And with that Mama leaves. The group walks out onto the veranda and takes in the view. Dom gazes at the caves, struck by the magic of this place.

LUKA

The Romans used those caves as
catacombs ---

Nate gestures to the ruins atop the other rock formation.

NATE

And those ruins?

LUKA

I don't know ---

They all exchange a smile.

EXT. SUNBATHER ROCKS - TRYPHOSA - LATER

Throngs of Hippies hanging out on the otherworldly rocks tabled high over the water. Dom and Alexa lay topless on towels, eyes closed. Alice Coltrane's "Blue Nile" wafting from Dom's tape deck.

Nate and Luka are playing backgammon next to them. Nate is having trouble focusing on the game -- struggling to not check Dom out. Nate can see Luka is very amused by all this.

LUKA

If it scares you, it might be a good
thing to try.

NATE

Asshole...

LUKA

Come on. Let's cool off.

Luka and Nate jump off the 20 foot cliff into the water. Treading water, the two take in the surrounding beauty.

EXT. STREET - CENTRAL MOSCOW - DAY

A quiet residential street of apartment buildings.

INT. KORCHNOI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Korch's modest one-bedroom apartment. A shelf with a record player and stacks of records. A console table lined with PHOTOS OF KORCH -- his childhood; one with his father; most with his gorgeous wife, a shrine to their love.

Korch is sitting at his kitchen table with a transistor radio that's been cracked open revealing an empty hiding spot.

He's hunched over the "BUSTER" covcomm device Nate gave him earlier -- fingers typing a message on the minuscule keyboard.

EXT. STREET - CENTRAL MOSCOW - LATER

Dressed for an afternoon in the park, Korch gets on a bus with a small chess set in hand, a bag of fruit and the transistor radio. Though he has sunglasses on, he's clearly in hyper-aware SDR mode, clocking everything around him.

EXT. PARK - MOSCOW - LATER

Korch sits down at a table in an area where chess matches are being played. He sets up his pieces, puts his radio next to the board and extends the antenna ---

He presses down hard on the ON switch, sending the burst transmission, then switches the radio on --- he futzes with it while looking at a green indicator --- after a few seconds the light goes on. Korch relaxes a little bit as a MAN approaches to challenge him to a game.

THE CAMERA RISES ABOVE THE CANOPY OF THE PARK revealing the American Embassy is a few blocks away.

EXT. BEACH - TRYPHOSA - NIGHT

The communal dinner. 35 people sitting around a table of offerings and jugs of wine, talking, laughing, eating.

While chatting with a CHUBBY GUY, Nate catches Dom stealing a glance at him amidst her own conversation. They lock eyes, Nate flashes a little grin, she smiles back.

An amused Luka nudges Nate to turn around -- they watch two YOUNG HIPPIES performing a ritual while lighting the bonfire.

NATE

Oh shit. I just thought of something.
I think I forgot to turn the hot
plate off in my place. Antony, the
super, do you know his number?

LUKA

No.

NATE

Could you call Thyia or Zoe and see
if one of them could go over and
turn it off? I don't want to burn
the building down.

LUKA

Yeah, okay, I'll call tonight.

EXT. BEACH - TRYPHOSA - LATER

Bonfire's crackling. A couple of GUITARISTS strumming along. Jugs of wine and joints making the rounds.

Dom's talking with an OLD HIPPIE as he gestures to the ruins atop the colossal rock. Finally his GIRL pulls him away.

Dom looks around -- no sign of Luka or Alexa. She turns, sees Nate walking down the beach along the waterline. Catching up to him, they move together, not saying anything. Finally, Dom gestures to the ruins.

DOM

I found out what the ruins are ---

NATE

Oh yeah?

DOM

It's a dream temple, a sanctuary for those seeking healing, a relief from a pain of the soul. The ancient Greeks called it an Asclepieion.

Nate stops and looks at her.

NATE

Come on, for real --- ?

DOM

Yes. The temple's priests would heal people using a dream therapy.

Dom heads up into the village. Nate following.

EXT. STREET - VILLAGE OF TRYPHOSA - MINUTE LATER

Nate and Dom wind up towards their villa. Behind them are the moonlit ruins atop the rock...

DOM

The ritual began with 2 days of purifying sweat chambers and baths --- after which the priests would massage sacred oils into your body -- preparing you for your entry into the dream incubation chamber ---

NATE

(repeats it dreamily)
Dream incubation chamber... Far out.

DOM

Once in the chamber, you would be lulled into a deep sleep by soft chanting -- and it is in your dreams that your soul would be cured of its woes. The priests would interpret your dream and extract its divine prescription for how to live your life -- and if you followed it, you would be made whole again.

Dom and Nate reach their villa. Nate looks back at the ruins.

NATE

We should climb up there, check it out ---

DOM

I'd like that.

Dom and Nate share a look.

INT. PRIMITIVE VILLA - TRYPHOSA - CONTINUOUS

Nate and Dom enter the dark, empty villa. Nate lights a candle. They stare at each other in the glow. Tension so primal, so achingly intense, too strong to resist... Until...

DOM

Good night, Nate.

NATE

Yeah, okay...

Dom shuts herself in her room. Nate exhales like, "Fuuuck."

EXT. VERANDA - PRIMITIVE VILLA - TRYPHOSA - LATE NIGHT

Nate swinging in the hammock, mind racing, gazing into the night. The bonfire's dying, the beach party winding down.

Luka and Alexa come onto the veranda, both profoundly worried.

NATE

What's up, guys?

(off their silence)

My hot plate, did you reach Zoe or Thyia?

Nate sees they're freaked out.

NATE (CONT'D)

What? The place burn down?

LUKA

I'm in big trouble, Nate ---

ALEXA

We spoke to Zoe. The Police were in his flat, they're looking for him.

INT. MAIN ROOM - PRIMITIVE VILLA - TRYPHOSA - SAME TIME

Dom steps out of her room with a cup of water. She stops when she hears Nate, Luka and Alexa talking outside --

NATE (O.S.)

Funny.

ALEXA (O.S.)

We're not joking. Zoe says they found heroin.

NATE (O.S.)

Heroin?! Fucking heroin?

Dom steps closer to eavesdrop.

EXT. VERANDA - PRIMITIVE VILLA - TRYPHOSA - SAME TIME

Nate's out of the hammock now.

LUKA

I swear to you I have no idea what's going on right now. I've never gone near the drug.

NATE

So, what? You're saying the police planted it in your apartment?

LUKA

No, Antony was with them the whole time.

NATE

Jesus Christ, how the fuck did it get there, Luka? Magic?

LUKA

(frantic)

I don't know, I don't know. It's not mine.

NATE

It's okay, I believe you. We just gotta think this through.

Nate starts pacing around.

NATE (CONT'D)

Do you know anyone that you've been with over the past few months that is into this kind of shit, who could've stashed it in your apartment without you being aware? A friend? Neighbor? Anyone?

LUKA

(stiffens up, nods)

But I can't believe he would ever do this to me ---

ALEXA

Who?

LUKA

My cousin --- Christos.

NATE

He's a fucking pusher?

LUKA

He's into a lot of things that I don't want to know anything about.

NATE

When was the last time he was in your place?

LUKA

Three, four months ago.

NATE

Only way the police would be there is if he ratted you out to them.

Luka starts breaking down.

LUKA

He'd never do that, he'd never do that.

NATE

Luka, what other explanation is there?

LUKA

What am I going to do?

NATE

Look brother, a situation like this, you don't have many options. But I think I can help.

Nate kneels to his pack, undoes the secret flap in the strap and pulls out a wad of cash and offers it to Luka ---

NATE (CONT'D)

That's 5 grand. Pack your stuff,
wake up Stavros on his boat and get
out of here, now ---

(puts cash in Luka's hand)

You gotta disappear for the next 6
months. Just get lost, lay low. Don't
go anywhere near Athens.

LUKA

That's insane. If Christos did this
to me, I'm going to confront him.

NATE

You can't go anywhere near your cousin
ever again. Not even a fucking phone
call. He'll bury you.

LUKA

Athens is my home, I've done nothing
wrong.

NATE

The fuck does that have to do with
anything?

(off Luka's silence)

Luka, please, I'm trying to save
your life. You gotta trust me. Travel
around, experience some shit. By
winter this will all have blown over.

ALEXA

He's right. And I'm coming with you.

LUKA

I don't want you to do that.

ALEXA

I don't care.

(takes Luka's hand)

We'll make an adventure out of it.

LUKA

What about Dom?

NATE

She'll be fine. I'll figure it out.

LUKA

How can I repay you?

NATE

Keep safe. Be happy. And stay away
from your cousin.

Luka and Alexa give Nate a hug.

ALEXA

Will you be there when we get back?

NATE

I don't know. But if I'm not, I'll make sure you know how to find me.

As Luka and Alexa disappear inside, we can see Dom is no longer there.

EXT. BEACH - TRYPHOSA - MORNING

Nate sits on the sand staring at the water --- he looks fucked up and far from home. Dom approaches, sits next to him.

DOM

Where is everyone?

NATE

Gone. There was a phone call late last night, Luka had a family emergency. He and Alexa left.

DOM

Oh my God, that's terrible. Is everything okay?

NATE

I don't know. I hope so.

(beat)

I get how awkward this must be for you. There's a boat leaving at noon, you can take it.

DOM

So what are you doing?

NATE

It all depends.

DOM

(after a beat)

Alexa and the girls think you are a fugitive, that this is why you don't talk about yourself or your past ---

NATE

Well neither do you. What does that make you? What are you hiding?

DOM

Touche. But how am I supposed to be comfortable around a man I know nothing about?

NATE

Forget about what you know. How do you feel around me? Do you feel safe? Do you feel good?

DOM

Yes.

NATE

Isn't that enough? Do we really need to know each other to enjoy this place together?

DOM

How is that supposed to work? We don't talk?

NATE

No, we just don't ask questions about each other's lives.

(off her hesitancy)

C'mon, lay your armor down, just for the weekend. You can put it back on when we get back to Athens.

Dom considering. She looks past, sees the graffiti on Mama's ---

DOM

Today is life, tomorrow never comes.

Nate glances back at it, turns to Dom, smiles.

NATE

Why not?

She meets his smile. It's a deal.

EXT. WATER - JUST OFF THE COAST OF TRYPHOSA - LATER

Just off the coast, incredible white rock formations jut out of the water. Nate and Dom tool around on a boat with an outboard motor... Arcing around a stone pillar, they pass underneath a series of massive natural archways ---

Nate steers through a tiny opening between 2 formations into ----

EXT. NATURAL SWIMMING POOL / BEACH - CONTINUOUS

A huge natural swimming pool hidden by rock walls, a tiny strip of beach at the end. Nate and Dom gaze around in wonder.

LATER: Nate and Dom laying back on a white blanket under a rigged canopy, remnants of a picnic, water lapping the sand a few feet away. Dom's wearing his hat, staring at him.

NATE

You ever gonna give me my hat back?

DOM

I like your hat.

NATE

I like my hat on you.

He opens his eyes and meets her stare.

EXT. FARMERS MARKET - TRYPHOSA - LATER

Nate and Dom peruse the farmers market, tasting produce.

EXT. VERANDA - PRIMITIVE VILLA - TRYPHOSA - DUSK

Dom watches from the veranda as Nate expertly chops tomatoes and cooks squid over a propane flame inside. MUSIC and VOICES from the beach emanate in the background.

Nate finishes assembling the plates. He walks them out to the veranda and places them on the candle-lit table.

DOM

This is beautiful, thank you.

Nate sees she's surprised and impressed by the dishes.

NATE

My grandparents.

(off her look)

That's who taught me about food, how to cook. I was raised by them. My grandfather was a produce wholesaler, my grandmother was always in the kitchen. It was through cooking that she expressed her love ---

(cuts a little grin)

I was a fat fuckin' kid.

She giggles, uncharacteristically easy.

DOM

It must have been wonderful to be loved like that.

NATE

Yeah, sure. They did their best to compensate for the fact that my mom... And my father, well...

DOM

My father died when I was very young.

(MORE)

DOM (CONT'D)

I only have the vaguest memory of him. I lost my mother at 17, which is when I had to stop dancing ---
 (stops herself)
 You know what, let's not do this. Share our sad stories ---

Nate nods in agreement --- waits for her to take a bite, and enjoys watching her savor the food.

LATER: Dom finishes clearing the last plate. Tension smoldering inside her. She turns around, Nate is in the doorway, staring at her. Both feeling something visceral, both nervous about it. To cut the tension, Nate smirks ---

NATE

Fuck me if I'm wrong, but dinosaurs still exist, right?

She takes a step towards him, vulnerable --- whispers ---

DOM

Stop it.

He steps close enough to kiss her -- hovering -- until neither can take it -- they kiss. Quickly turning hungry, consuming. Dom comes alive in ways we only saw when she was dancing.

He lifts her, her legs straddling around him. She yanks his shirt off as he carries her into the BEDROOM, lays her on the bed. Dropping his pants, he TEARS her dress off.

As he feasts on Dom --- her lips, her neck, her breasts --- his hand slides between her legs and begins to get her off.

Her body contorts as the ecstatic pressure builds, until she's gasping, quaking, losing her mind in a cataclysmic orgasm -- *perhaps her first ever with another man.*

Fueled by her pleasure, he positions himself between her legs, but looking down at her he stops --

Her gasps have given way to restrained, barely-audible sobs, tears streaking a face so fragile it may shatter. He looks at her like a wounded little girl and she closes up, trembling ---

She weeps uncontrollably as she starts pulling away, but Nate won't let her. Intuitively understanding, he cradles her, whispering into her ear, though we can't hear his words.

We HEAR Music, Eric Satie's "Gnossienne's No. 1" --- and strange sounds: electronic hiss, audio distortion --- heavy breathing, grunts --- carrying us into...

INT. EGOROV'S APARTMENT - MOSCOW - NIGHT

Bathed in the flickering light of a TV, Egorov sits on his couch, staring with disturbing intensity directly at us. Sipping vodka. Satie record playing on console behind him.

Distorted voices emanate from the TV, a BRITISH MAN and a WOMAN speaking French-accented English --

WOMAN (O.S., VIDEO)
You're nothing --- say it.

ARCING AROUND THE EDGE OF THE ROOM --- slowly revealing the TV SCREEN, hooked up to a primitive VCR ---

After a few pained, ecstatic GRUNTS, the man replies ---

BRITISH MAN (O.S., VIDEO)
I'm nothing.

We can finally make out the video -- dark, grainy surveillance footage -- a bedroom -- the man on all fours while the woman kneels behind him, pegging him in the ass with a strap-on --

WOMAN (VIDEO)
And what am I?

After a few rugged thrusts, we catch a quick glimpse of the woman as she glances towards the camera -- it's Dom --

BRITISH MAN (VIDEO)
Everything.

A sudden KNOCK on Egorov's door. Surprised, he gets up, shuts off the tv and music. He opens his front door, revealing his right-hand man Kosolov --- Egorov lets him in.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
What is it?

KOSOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
We found something --- something compelling ---

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
Who?

KOSOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
Korchnoi.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - TRYPHOSA - MORNING

Nate and Dom trek up a dirt road through strange volcanic landscape. Dom's wearing his hat. Nate's got a day pack on.

DOM

I don't know what happened to me
last night ---

NATE

You don't need to explain.

DOM

I can't imagine what you must think.

Nate stops, turns to her.

NATE

I feel sorry for people who never go
crazy -- Screws fall out all the
time. We're all fucked up inside ---
that's what makes us us.

Dom looks at Nate with soul-stirred awe.

DOM

You still must be disappointed ---

NATE

Whaddya talkin' about? It was the
best sex I never had.

Dom throws her arms around him and kisses him passionately.

EXT. VOLCANIC HOT SPRINGS - TRYPHOSA - LITTLE LATER

Nate and Dom come down a rocky path to an ancient, domed
white-washed building with a blue door. To the left of the
building is a huge pond of bubbling volcanic mud and water.

Stripping to their bathing suits, she takes his hand as they
step into the mud. Squishing down, Dom smiles, tripped out.

Nate CHUCKS a chunk of mud at her. She screams, picks up a
handful and pegs him back. They exchange mud throws, screaming
and laughing, until they wrestle and collapse together.

They make out and spread mud over each other. Sensual.
Covering their entire bodies.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER: Nate and Dom lay out, mud caked onto them. He stands,
grabs a loofa from his bag, leads her into the domed building---

INT. ANCIENT BATH HOUSE - TRYPHOSA - CONTINUOUS

Shafts of steamy light cut through holes in the domed ceiling.
Thermal water flows from pipes into two rock bathtubs.

Nate climbs into the tub and offers his hand. She stares at the tub, anxiety welling in her eyes... until she looks at Nate, lets go of all of it, takes his hand and gets in... and it's okay, she's okay.

Dom leans back into Nate as he gently scrubs the dried mud off her. They switch, Dom starts scrubbing him ---

DOM
It's our last night.

Nate nods, clearly upset by that.

NATE
What do you want to do?

EXT. ASCLEPIEION - DREAM TEMPLE RUINS - TRYPHOSA - SUNSET

Nate and Dom are sitting inside the ruins of the DREAM TEMPLE, blankets and pillows laid out, wine and food. They're looking out as the sun disappears over the sea, an epic vista in a mystical place, but the mood has turned somber ---

NATE
Let's stay longer. Just a few more days ---

DOM
I need to go back.
(off his look)
I don't have the freedom you do.

NATE
What, are you married? Is that it?

DOM
We had an agreement. No questions.

NATE
So we just bury all of this, how we're feeling right now ---

DOM
I don't know. It's complicated ---

NATE
Shit!

Tense, Nate gets up, walks to the edge of the temple.

NATE (CONT'D)
You know -- a few months ago a friend asked me what I truly want outta life, who do I wanna be. (Beat) I couldn't give any fuckin' answers, not one.

DOM
Which makes you no different than
most of us...

NATE
But that's the thing. I always wanted
to be different --- I've just been
so caught up in the bullshit of being
me, I somehow lost who I am ---
(turns to Dom)
I know you know exactly what I'm
talking about ---

DOM
It doesn't matter ---

NATE
Maybe it's all that matters.
(off her silence)
You're not sayin' anything, but you're
screamin' inside, and I can hear it.

DOM
Why are you making things more
difficult?

Nate sits down next to her, frustrated.

NATE
You're my favorite new feeling. I
just don't wanna lose it.

Dom spoons Nate, wraps her arms around him and whispers ---

DOM
Let's sleep --- and perhaps in our
dreams our souls will be cured ---
we'll wake up whole again, with the
answer of how to live our lives.

CAMERA PANS UP TO THE STARS...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PORT OF PIREAUS - OUTSIDE ATHENS - NOON

HIGH ANGLE OVER THE QUAYS: A cloudy day. Arrivals, departures.
Nate and Dom disembark their ferry and head to the street.

ANGLE CLOSE ON NATE AND DOM -- the energy between them is
sputtered, confused, tense... Neither knows how to part ways.

NATE
This is fucking stupid. I don't even
know where you're staying, how to
find you --- your number ---
(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)
 (off her silence)
 Lemme give you a lift home.

DOM
 Better if I take a taxi.

NATE
 Look --- meet me tomorrow night at
 the Paris Cinema in the Plaka ---
 they're playing the new Kubrick film.

After a hesitant beat, Dom writes her number on her ferry stub and hands it to Nate.

DOM
 Phone me if something comes up.

NATE
 (kisses her and smiles)
 See you tomorrow night..

Dom watches a happy Nate head off towards the parking lots...

EXT./INT. NATE'S LANCIA - EXARCHEIA, ATHENS - LATER

Drizzling. Nate drives through Exarcheia, blocks from home.

Nate notices fresh graffiti on a derelict building: a red "A" within a circle. A signal. He shifts to hyper-alert SDR MODE. Checking mirrors, surroundings. Passing his street...

EXT. STREET - FINANCIAL DISTRICT - ATHENS - NIGHT

Pouring rain. Nate slips into a run-down office building.

INT. HALLWAY - OFFICE BUILDING - MINUTE LATER

Soaked, Nate heads down a hall to the door of an accounting firm, knocks. A beat, door opens, Gable ushers him into...

INT. FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Forsyth is inside, waiting. Gable shuts and locks door, throws Nate an intense look.

FORSYTH
 You sure you're black?

NATE
 Yeah. Been running non-stop for 8
 hours --

GABLE
 You wanna explain what the hell
 happened with Luka?

NATE

You tell me. I woke up Sunday, Luka and his girl had split for points unknown, and then I found out your guy on Athens PD jumped the gun, tossed his place the night we left.

GABLE

Haridopolos said he was just followin' the instructions you gave him.

NATE

C'mon, and you believe that shit? After all the work I put in, why would I blow the bust like this?

GABLE

'Cause your heart wasn't in it. You didn't want to put the kid in the harness --

NATE

If I was gonna cut him loose, I would've come up with something a little smarter, Marty. My fingerprints wouldn't be on it.

FORSYTH

We don't have time to deal with it right now, but we are gonna deal with it, and I'm gonna put you on the box.

NATE

Good, fine, that's your prerogative, Chief.

Forsyth eyes Nate, trying to read him for deception. After a beat, he gestures Nate to follow him.

Nate follows Gable and Forsyth into a BACK OFFICE BULLPEN.

NATE (CONT'D)

Would someone tell me what's going on?

And as if to answer, we hear a BELCH from in the bathroom -- a FLUSH -- someone quickly washing hands and then the door opens -- in steps **SY BENFORD**, head of the CIA's SOVIET/EAST DIVISION. In his 50s, imposing, serious, tough.

Seeing Benford, Nate's face contorts with the dread of what he thinks this means...

NATE (CONT'D)

Is he dead --- ?

BENFORD

No.

NATE

Then what --- they rolled him up?

Benford takes out a folded piece of paper, hands it to Nate.

BENFORD

Moscow received this unscheduled
burst from Marble four days ago.

Nate reads the text carefully, looks up excited.

NATE

So Istanbul --- tomorrow night?

BENFORD

I don't know --- I don't like it.

NATE

There are no duress indicators in
the syntax, verbiage or punctuation...

BENFORD

In all the years we've had Marble,
he's never done anything like this --
a last minute emergency face to face?
It's totally out of character.
Something's wrong.

NATE

Clearly something's wrong --- but
that doesn't mean the ask isn't legit.

BENFORD

He's setting the time, the location,
everything ---

NATE

Of course he is. You assholes fucked
him over. Why should he trust you?

BENFORD

How do you know he didn't send this
with a Line KR gun to his head?

NATE

Because what I know is something a
craven motherfucker like you will
never understand ---

(gets into Benford's face)

If they had a gun to his head, he
woul'da made them pull the trigger
before setting me up.

BENFORD
(after a beat)
All right, we'll spend the night at
Hellenikon Air Base.

INT. OBSERVATION POST - APARTMENT - EXARCHEIA - NIGHT

The pouring rain and occasional thunder continues. Elena is resting on an old couch, Dom is staring out the window at Nate's darkened apartment.

ELENA
I can't remember the last time there
was a summer storm like this in Athens ---

DOM
I find it comforting --- as though
there are moments when even mother
nature can't handle the pressure --

Elena looks at Dom, can see there is a lot on her mind.

ELENA
It's been 11 hours since you got
back -- where is he? What is he doing?

DOM
He's probably still debriefing his
superiors -- dealing with the
consequences of letting Luka go --

ELENA
Hard not to admire what he did ---
(after a long beat)
Does it make it harder for you,
knowing that he's a decent man?

DOM
Just like our eyes, our hearts have
a way of adjusting to the darkness.

ELENA
I hope for your sake that his act of
conscience doesn't cause his superiors
to send him back to America ---

Dom nods --- but we can see in her eyes that perhaps she hopes that they do.

DOM
I'll know when I see him tomorrow
night.

EXT. STREET - CENTRAL MOSCOW - LATE NIGHT

Korchnoi's street. Late. Quiet. A VOLGA WITH FOUR MEN pulls over and parks.

Kosolov, Egorov and TWO TEAM MEMBERS carrying large briefcases get out and enter an apartment building.

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - MOSCOW - MINUTES LATER

Wearing gloves, one of Egorov's guys speed-picks the door to an apartment --- opening it, they all step inside.

INT. KORCHNOI'S APARTMENT - BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

Kosolov and Team#1 photograph every inch of Korch's apartment.

Egorov examining the photos on the console table: He lingers briefly on a shot of a younger Korch on a hunting trip with three men, including the Defense Minister.

Team#2 looks through a side table with a few books, an ash tray and the TRANSISTOR RADIO. He flips through the books looking for anything, puts them back. He picks up the radio...

Egorov looks at Korch's record player when suddenly a burst of SQUELCH and MUSIC -- Egorov turns to Team#2 holding the radio, shooting him a look like, "Stop fucking around." Team#2 turns the radio off, puts it down.

Kosolov's crouched in a coat closet, over an open box. Egorov peers over his shoulder to see career memorabilia carelessly thrown into it: photos with Brezhnev, certificates, etc... Kosolov opens a small case, shows Egorov a tarnished MEDAL ---

KOSOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)

The Order of Suvorov. Never thought I'd see one of these in person.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

How proud he is of it.

Egorov continues perusing. Casually scans a bookshelf. Until he locks in on a particular book. He pulls it out. His eyes electric with excitement, Egorov holds up the book to Kosolov.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)

The collected poems of Pavel Markova ---
(wags book, subtle grin)
Eventually everything connects.

EXT. ATATÜRK AIRPORT - ISTANBUL, TURKEY - MORNING

Incognito in a drab suit, hat and thick glasses, Korch emerges from the airport with a small bag, flags a taxi.

EXT. SARIYER - OUTSKIRTS OF ISTANBUL - LATER

An old, forested residential neighborhood on the outskirts of Istanbul that sits on a hill overlooking the Bosphorus.

CLOSE ON THE SARIYER HOTEL, a fading beauty.

INT. SUITE - SARIYER HOTEL - ISTANBUL - A LITTLE LATER

Spacious living room with a grand view of the Bosphorus. The door opens and Korch totes his bag inside to find MAXIM VOLONTOV, the GRU Rezident (Chief) of the GRU, 50s, rising from an arm chair with a grin, the men embrace.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
(looks around the room)
This hotel never changes, does it?

VOLONTOV (IN RUSSIAN)
Many excellent memories, yes?

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
If things go well today with the German, you and I will make more memories tonight ---

VOLONTOV
(smiles)
I'm only too happy to accommodate you, General.

INT. HALLWAY / CONFERENCE ROOM - HELLENIKON AIR BASE - DAY

Through a window, we see Nate, Benford, Gable and two PILOTS eating around various maps, deep in conversation. Nate excuses himself, saunters out.

Nate strolls down the hall, slips into another office. He pulls out Dom's number and dials the phone. The line RINGS ---

NATE
C'mon, c'mon, pick up.

Phone RINGS, but nobody's home. Frustrated, Nate hangs up.

INT. OFFICE - SOVIET MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - KREMLIN - DAY

The opulent office of a Kremlin powerbroker. Egorov's sitting coolly in front of the desk as the Defense Minister paces back and forth like an angry bull.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
What did you think was going to happen when we started this?

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)
You started this ---

EGOROV
And you empowered me ---

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)
I never authorized you to conduct a search of General Vladimir Korchnoi's home!

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
It's him. I'm certain of it.

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)
And you're basing this on what, a book of poetry?! Korchnoi has dedicated his life to the service of this country. One of our great heroes -- and the *staunchest* of hardliners.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
Yes. And what better cover could a traitor have?

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)
I've known this man for over 40 years ---

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
Then you're aware of the tragedy that befell his wife?

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)
Of course.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
Let me ask you --- if your wife was deathly ill during your posting in London, and all you had to do was walk her down the street to a hospital to receive life-saving treatment ---

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)
I know what happened ---

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
He had to watch her die because Kruschev felt it would be too embarrassing if her life were saved by a treatment developed in the west.

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)
We've all had to make terrible sacrifices for this country. Except perhaps you.

(MORE)

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)
 (hard look)
 You will not turn this man's
 heartbreak into your smoking gun.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
 Did you see the daily brief out of
 Greece this morning? Benford is in
 Athens. As is Nash.

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)
 So what?

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
 Korchnoi is traveling right now. I'd
 like to know where and why.

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)
 We're done with this conversation.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
 With all due respect, I believe your
 friendship with him is clouding your
 judgment.

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)
 And I believe your lust for power is
 clouding yours. This is Vladimir
 Korchnoi you insolent little prick ---
 and you bring me this circumstantial
 shit!? Unless you have overwhelming,
 incontrovertible proof, I don't want
 to ever hear you utter his name again.

The Defense Minister storms out, leaving the unflappable
 Egorov rattled for the first time.

EXT. CINE PARIS - PLAKA - ATHENS - NIGHT

Dom in front of the Cine Paris outdoor movie theater, scanning
 for Nate as a few LATECOMERS rush in for the 7pm *BARRY LYNDON*.

We hear TRAILERS playing on the rooftop screen. Glancing at
 her watch: 7:20. Disappointed and concerned, Dom heads in.

EXT./ INT. GRUMMAN HU-16 ALBATROSS SEAPLANE - NIGHT

A bright, full moon. A Grumman HU-16 Albatross Seaplane flying
 above the Aegean, its ID numbers covered up.

Two pilots up front --- Nate and Benford seated alone in the
 back. Benford gazes out the window at the moon.

BENFORD
 Goddamn full moon. Couldn't of picked
 a worse night for this shmoovert op ---

Benford reaches into a bag, pulls out a tiny, covert microphone/wire device --- holds it out to Nate.

BENFORD (CONT'D)

I'd like you to wear this ---

NATE

Yeah? Well, I'd like to titty bang Raquel Welch while eating a porter-house steak. Doesn't mean it's ever gonna happen.

Over the ENGINE HUM, MUSIC and LAUGHTER carries us into...

INT. SUITE - SARIYER HOTEL - ISTANBUL - NIGHT

Korch and Volontov enjoy a decadent room service dinner with two voluptuous TURKISH HOOKERS, laughing, getting wasted ---

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)

Another drink ---

VOLONTOV (IN RUSSIAN)

Yes!

Pretending to be drunk, Korch lumbers to a credenza, opens another bottle of vodka. He surreptitiously takes out a tiny vial of clear liquid -- as he pours four shots, he stealthily mixes in doses from the vial into three of the glasses.

Korch pockets the vial just as Volontov staggers over, leans in and gestures to the Hookers.

VOLONTOV (IN RUSSIAN)

Does the General have a preference for the evening?

Korch hands Volontov one of the spiked glasses and takes the clean one for himself --- and raises it for a toast.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)

Maxim, you old wolfhound, I applaud you on a beautiful operation!

(smiles)

The preference is entirely yours.

Beaming, Volontov clinks his glass and they gulp their shots.

EXT. STALINKI APARTMENTS - MOSCOW - NIGHT

Egorov pulls up on his motorcycle in front the massive neo-classical Stalinki apartment block for Moscow's elite.

INT. RUBANOV APARTMENT - STALINKI - MOSCOW - MINUTE LATER

A SWEET GRANDMOTHER in her 70's opens the door to find Egorov.

INT. STUDY - RUBANOV APARTMENT - STALINKI - BEAT LATER

The Grandmother ushers Egorov into the study and leaves. ALEXEI RUBANOV, late 70s, a sweet, rumpled Kremlin powerbroker, sits in an armchair as his TODDLER GRANDSON play at his feet. Rubanov motions Egorov to sit.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
Alexei -- thank you for seeing me on short notice.

RUBANOV (IN RUSSIAN)
It is quite alright, Ivan ---

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
(gestures to toddler)
And who is this little one?

RUBANOV (IN RUSSIAN)
My grandson, Viktor ---

Egorov smiles at the little boy... A beat...

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
I hope you've been in good health and spirits.

RUBANOV (IN RUSSIAN)
Good enough. And you, your trajectory at the Center continues it's rise? Special projects for the Collegium ---
(off Egorov's nod)
You've positioned yourself well.

Rubanov rolls a toy to his Grandson. Smiles at him adoringly.

RUBANOV (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)
So what brings you here?

EGOROV
General Vladimir Korchnoi is traveling at the moment. I wish to know his exact whereabouts and the nature of his activity.

RUBANOV (IN RUSSIAN)
This information is classified beyond your realm.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
Yes, but not yours. I'd like you to find out for me --- right now.

Rubanov gawks at Egorov like he's nuts.

RUBANOV (IN RUSSIAN)
Your perverse attempt at a joke?

Egorov answers with his eyes. Rubanov's baffled and incensed.

The toddler giggles and babbles as he plays with his toy. Smiling, Egorov picks the boy up, begins to bounce him on his knee -- speaking to him in a overly sweet tone.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
Viktor, such a beautiful boy -- your grandfather loves you dearly -- yes -- as he does all beautiful boys -- boys not much older than yourself. When you become a man, what will you think when you see the photos of your grandfather viciously sodomizing these children -- robbing them of their youth, their dignity, their lives? Will you still love him?

Rubanov's horrified as Egorov hands the boy over to him.

RUBANOV (IN RUSSIAN)
I settled this account with your father another lifetime ago. Those photos, the negatives, he assured me they were destroyed.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
He lied.

INT. SUITE - SARIYER HOTEL - ISTANBUL - NIGHT

Volontov and the two Hookers are unconscious on the couch. Korch slaps each in the face to make sure they're out.

Korch then opens the window, outside of which is a fire-escape. He climbs out, closes window, heads up to roof.

INT. ROOF - SARIYER HOTEL - ISTANBUL - BEAT LATER

Korch stalks across the roof to the edge, jumps across the gap to the next building and disappears down its fire escape.

EXT. VARIOUS - BOSPHORUS STRAIT - ISTANBUL - NIGHT

The Seaplane lands on the calm Bosphorus along an uninhabited stretch of wooded shoreline. Moving into a shielded inlet, the plane cuts its engines and anchors.

EXT. SHORE - BOSPHORUS STRAIT - LITTLE LATER

Nate in a commando dinghy, engine muffled by a blanket --- zooms up onto a rocky beach, jumps out, pulls the boat into the cover of trees. Grabbing his gear, he rolls out on foot.

Nate stalks to the top of a steep hill, beyond which is a small bay -- built along its banks is the rotting majesty of an abandoned 19th-century Turkish waterfront mansion or YALI.

Nate pulls his binoculars, scans the area and continues on.

EXT. YALI - MINUTES LATER

Nate skirts around the yali to find a huge window missing its glass. He turns on a red-filtered flashlight, climbs in.

INT. BALLROOM - YALI - CONTINUOUS

Nate prowls through the decrepit ballroom with a magnificent river view. Footsteps CREAKING. RATS SCURRYING. Tension.

He glimpses a reflection in a cracked mirror and flinches -- he sees himself -- and behind him, Korch. Nate spins around. Glad to see each other, they smile.

Nate steps in for a hug, but Korch holds him off.

NATE

I didn't know they were putting a Keyhole above Vorkuta. The fuckers kept it from me 'cause they knew I'd tip you.

KORCHNOI

I know.

NATE

How bad was the blowback?

KORCHNOI

Most are convinced it was a technical breach. But there is at least one element in the Center pursuing the possibility of a mole ---

NATE

Are you in trouble?

KORCHNOI

You tell me.

Korch pulls out a photo -- the code on the back indicating it's the one from Athens that freaked him out. He hands it to Nate, who angles his flashlight on a distant surveillance photo of himself, Luka, the girls and Dom, right after the bird shit on him, everyone laughing.

Stunned, Nate looks up at Korch.

KORCHNOI (CONT'D)

Her name is Dominika Egorov -- An operations officer that was also trained as a sparrow ---

NATE

Fuck me ---

Korch pulls out a UV scope --- scans Nate head to toe. Korch then snaps off the UV scopes lens exposing the light and holds it up to Nate --- shirt and shoes glow with flecks of spy dust, confirming the worst.

NATE (CONT'D)

If you knew she was on me, why did you risk this meet? Why didn't you just send a burst saying I'd been compromised?

KORCHNOI

I don't trust the people you work for. I didn't know how they might use it ---

Nate spinning out under the weight of what it all means ---

KORCHNOI (CONT'D)

I need you to walk me through everything, from the beginning.

LATER: Korch and Nate sit on the windowsill, gazing out at the water. Nate wracked with guilt, devastation and shame.

KORCHNOI (CONT'D)

We all crave intimacy -- we are all vulnerable to our desires ---

NATE

This wasn't like that -- I mean shit, we never even had sex -- which is maybe why I didn't see it coming --
(looks at Korch)
It felt like something else -- something intense and mutual --

KORCHNOI

Love?

NATE

All I know is it felt true.

KORCHNOI

Which is precisely what sparrows are trained to do. Create the illusion that it's real.

NATE

This was different.

KORCHNOI

You know what goes on in these schools?

NATE

Yeah, I've heard all the crazy stories about the sex ---

KORCHNOI

It's much more than sex. The training these women receive systematically makes them incapable of experiencing any true emotion, except perhaps fear.

NATE

The emotions I saw in this girl were too complex to manufacture --- nobody's that good of an actress.

KORCHNOI

Do you recall the suicide of Francoise Guillot back in March?

NATE

The NATO guy, slit his wrists in the tub --- ?

KORCHNOI

I'm sure he thought it was real as well. As did all of her targets. She's quite talented, this one.

Nate looks over at Korch and gets up ---

NATE

Well then that's it --- you're comin' with me. We'll exfil you right now.

KORCHNOI

Out of the question.

(off Nate's look)

Defecting would take the power out of everything I've done. If and when they come, I want to look them in the eyes. I want the satisfaction of knowing they know.

NATE

The fuck is that satisfaction worth?

Korch doesn't respond. Nate's so frustrated he looks like he wants to smash something. He takes a breath.

NATE (CONT'D)

We have a tap on a trunk line linking the Ministry of Defense with some of your key research facilities, including Vorkuta. If they want a technical breach, I can give this to you wrapped in a bow. Use it to cover your ass.

KORCHNOI

It can't come from me. There'll be too many questions.

NATE

Then I'll get it done from our side.

KORCHNOI

Knowing the value of that tap, I highly doubt you'll be successful, but if you were, it might help.

Korch checks his watch, gets up.

KORCHNOI (CONT'D)

How much are you going to tell Benford?

NATE

Everything.

KORCHNOI

But the consequences ---

NATE

Doesn't matter anymore. I'm done with all this shit. I want out of everything -- for good.

KORCHNOI

(proud smile)

I'm so glad to hear this --- nothing could make me happier.

Nate looks down, struggling not to lose his shit.

KORCHNOI (CONT'D)

Nathan --- look at me ---

(Nate looks at him)

No matter what happens, in the book of my life, you will always be my second favorite chapter.

They share a tearful moment.

EXT./INT. GRUMMAN HU-16 ALBATROSS SEAPLANE - NIGHT

Plane's in the air. Benford's sitting in a doomstruck meditation, face like a clenched fist. Nate's next to him, hunched forward --- boiling down.

BENFORD

Why didn't you tell us about this girl?

NATE

I'm supposed to tell you guys about every piece of ass I chase? It didn't feel like she was working me. I fucked up ---

BENFORD

YOU THINK!?

NATE

You're the one who started this whole thing, by allowing DCI Bush to put a keyhole over Vorkuta, just so he could look good for the president --- might as well have held up a big fucking neon sign to the Sovs, "you have a breach!"

BENFORD

I did everything I could short of resigning to stop them ---

NATE

That what you tell yourself so you can sleep at night?

BENFORD

(explodes)

Hey, I fucking bleed inside for every agent we lose!

NATE

Then help me figure this out.

Benford gets up and paces around.

BENFORD

They've probably had a team ghosting you since you first arrived in Greece --- You missed your date, she knows you haven't been home yet. (Beat) As soon as her cousin Egorov knows that Marble traveled and where, our boy is cooked.

NATE

Egorov's still a few steps behind us. We have time to make a move ---

BENFORD

What move?

NATE

Counterintelligence is focused on a technical breach. If we can give them our line tap, it'll explain everything and neutralize Egorov.

BENFORD

You're talking about blowing the one of the most important SIGINT streams we've got on the Soviets. Do you have any idea of what it took to put that tap into place? And there's no guarantee if we do blow it that it will save him.

NATE

He's risked and delivered more than anyone we've ever run behind the curtain. Almost two decades ---
(locks eyes with Benford)
We gotta try, Sy. We owe him that.

BENFORD

(after a beat)
I'll do everything I can to convince the 7th floor barons ---

NATE

Fuck everything you can, that was yesterday. Today, it's gotta be whatever it takes.

BENFORD

I need time to put all of this into play. You need to see her again ---

NATE

Not a good idea.

BENFORD

If you don't sell her on some plausible explanation for where you've been, none of this will work ---

INT. SUITE - SARIYER HOTEL - ISTANBUL - LATER

Korch climbs down the fire-escape, opens the window and slips inside. Moving quickly to the unconscious Volontov and hookers, Korch strips their clothing and scatters it around.

Laying a naked Hooker on the bed, Korch arranges the sheets and pillows to make the bed looked soiled, sexed in.

Korch lays Volontov on the couch. An inspired thought --- he drapes the hooker on top of him, 69-style so his old friend will wake to a vagina in his face. After admiring his handy-work, Korch grabs a vodka bottle and returns to the bed.

Stripping himself, Korch pours booze on his face and chest and gets into bed. After a deep breath, closes his eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - DOM'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Dom awake in bed, eyes closed. Phone RINGS, she picks it up.

DOM (INTO PHONE)
Yes? Yes, I was out -- no -- I just
was worried that -- It's okay. Yes.
So tomorrow night then.

Dom hangs up. Totally wired now, can't sleep.

We move with her to the kitchenette, gets some water. As she comes back Dom notices a small paper that's been slipped beneath her door. She picks it up, reads it and tenses.

INT. LOBBY - OFFICE BUILDING - ATHENS - MORNING

Dom enters and makes her way through the large, bustling lobby of a modern office building. Cuts to the stairs.

INT. BASEMENT - OFFICE BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

Making sure she is clear, Dom uses her tools to deftly pick a locked door, opens it and enters...

INT. PHONE ROOM - OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Dom stands before an open phone box, a massive grid of phone circuits interconnected with colored wires. Pulling a lineman's handset/voice scrambler from her purse, she finds a circuit to wire into and then connects the clips to it.

INT. EGOROV'S OFFICE - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Egorov sits impatiently at his desk, staring at the green phone. Through the window, we see his busy team. All the intel on the boards is now devoted exclusively to Korch.

A red-bulb on the phone suddenly lights up. Egorov answers.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DOM AND EGOROV ON THE PHONE:

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
How are things proceeding with our
friend?

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)

Very well.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

Did you go away with him, as indicated in your last message?

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)

Yes. The trip was extremely effective. I was able to accelerate the pace and establish an emotional dependence.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

When did you return?

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)

Monday morning.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

Can you account for his whereabouts since then?

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)

Why? Is there something I should be aware of?

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

(after hesitating)

I've identified the most likely candidate, and he's been in Turkey for the last 48 hours.

Dom registers where Egorov is heading...

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)

When were you last with our friend?

Dom sits with it for a moment. After a beat of struggling with herself ---

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)

We went to the cinema and then dinner last night. I was with him until this morning.

Egorov has an intent look on his face, thinking.

DOM (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)

Hello? Still there?

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

Yes.

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)

I'm supposed to see him tonight.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
Keep me apprised.

Egorov hangs up, wheels turning.

Dom hangs up, can't believe what she just did.

EXT. STREET - MOSCOW - MORNING

Gazing across Korch's street, we see a Chaika limo pull up in front of a apartment building. Korch gets out and enters.

INT. HALLWAY - JUST OUTSIDE KORCH'S APARTMENT - BEAT LATER

Korch at his door fumbling to get his keys out of his pocket. The door across the hall suddenly opens, Korch's neighbor, a sweet OLD LADY, appears and greets him with an anxious smile.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
Ah, Miriam -- going out for a stroll?

OLD NEIGHBOR (IN RUSSIAN)
Yes.

Leaning in close, the neighbor grabs his hand and whispers.

OLD NEIGHBOR (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)
They were in your apartment, the day before yesterday.

After a hard gaze, she splits to the elevator. Korch opens his hand, finds a paper with a licence plate written on it.

INT. KORCHNOI'S APARTMENT - BEAT LATER

Korch steps into his apartment, locks the door -- looks around -- everything appears to as he left it -- but nothing is the same. He accepts this with a calm, fatalistic resolve.

INT. TAVERNA - PLAKA - NIGHT

Nate is sweating balls, uptight. Dom steps through the door --- she's stunning. When she sees Nate, she smiles inwardly. Happiness. She takes a deep breath to calm down.

When he sees her, he subtly girds himself. As she arrives at the table, he smoothly gets up, pulls out the chair for her. It's rather unlike him, and she clocks it.

Before he even says a word, she reads his body language. His arms are crossed, eyes not meeting hers. Restless fingers.

NATE
It's good to see you. I'm sorry again for last night.

DOM

It's okay, you tried to call, I wasn't there. And I enjoyed the movie anyway.

NATE

(takes a drink)

Well I felt really bad. I've just been dealing with the fallout from some stuff. Been a rough couple of days.

DOM

Is everything all right?

NATE

(drinks, looks away)

I did something --- it was the right thing to do --- but now I'm paying the price for it.

DOM

Can I help?

NATE

I just --- I wanna be with you.

Under the table, he slides his hand onto her thigh and up her skirt. As smooth as it is, she sees the aggressiveness in his eyes.

NATE (CONT'D)

There's a hotel down the street. C'mon, let's get a room.

Before she knows what's happening, he drops money on the table, gets up, and reaches out for her hand. She's trying to read him. Sensing something's off, she still takes it.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PLAKA - LITTLE LATER

A bedside lamp dimly illuminates a small hotel room with a view of the Acropolis. An armoire with large mirrors inlaid into its doors faces the foot of the bed.

Dom and Nate enter... She takes in the space as Nate locks the door and she moves to turn off the lamp...

NATE (O.S.)

Leave it on. I want to be able to see you.

Nate waits for Dom to come to him, so she does. They begin to kiss hungrily, until Nate gently but purposefully stops her -- then sits in the chair next to the bedside table and stares at her standing before him.

NATE (CONT'D)

Take off your clothes.

While maintaining eye contact with him, Dom slowly strips everything off, laying herself bare. Nate breaks eye contact, drinks in her body and then looks past it --- gazing at the reflection of Dom's perfect ass in the mirror.

Dom looks back at her reflection in the mirror --- and her eyes find Nate's in the glass.

NATE (CONT'D)

Get on the bed.

Dom pulls the covers off the bed and slides onto the sheets, lying on her side, facing Nate... But he won't look at Dom, only her reflection.

NATE (CONT'D)

No, not like that. I want you up on all fours --

Dom throws Nate a questioning look in the mirror --- but he gives her nothing -- just waits for her to comply, and so she finally gets up on all fours, ass facing the mirror.

NATE (CONT'D)

Ass up, face down.

Dom throws an uneasy look at Nate who stays in the mirror.

NATE (CONT'D)

Do it.

She does it --- and Nate stares long and deep into her reflection -- getting lost in that shit.

NATE (CONT'D)

Look at yourself in the glass ---

Remaining in position Dom cocks her head back to look at her reflection.

NATE (CONT'D)

Look at me looking at you.

Dom looks at Nate in the mirror looking at her ass and body, but not her.

NATE (CONT'D)

Now touch it ---

Dom touches herself, but with this command, it's now clear to her, everything has changed ---

NATE (CONT'D)

Let me see you get yourself off ---

It's all in Dom's eyes the whole terrible realization -- "He knows -- he knows who and what I am."

Dom shuts her eyes and shuts down -- we can see her entire being go numb, her life force deaden -- and even though she complies to Nate's direction, it's mechanical, no feeling or pleasure to it at all. Just nothingness, until finally ---

NATE (CONT'D)

This is bullshit. You're not even trying ---

(stands, finally looks
directly into her eyes)

I'd rather jerk off to a Playboy.

And on that note, Nate blows out of the hotel room.

Dom collapses on the bed and her whole world collapses in on her. Curling up into a fetal position, she wraps herself in a desperate hug -- and weeps like a wounded animal.

INT. HALLWAY - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Nate stands outside the room, back to the door, hearing Dom's anguished cries --- wallowing in his own devastation, until he finally turns and disappears down the hall.

INT. EXECUTIVE HALLWAY - AQUARIUM - DAY

Korch rumbles down the hall like he wants to stomp some ass. Everyone he passes stands at attention and salutes.

INT. ANDRE SOKOLOV'S OFFICE - THE AQUARIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Sokolov sits across from two YOUNG OFFICERS. Korch BUSTS into the room. Sokolov is pleased to see him, but reading Korch's anger, he waves off the officers, who leave.

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)

Whatever it is, it can wait. We have something more important to discuss.

Sokolov steps to his credenza, pours some vodka, hands one of the glasses to Korch, who pours the liquid out in front of his stunned boss and drops the glass to the floor.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)

Why did you want me to go to Istanbul when you could've sent others?

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
Your expertise made you the best man. And the operation was a tremendous success.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
Bullshit. It was a ploy to get me away so they could search my home.

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
What?

Korch gets into Sokolov's face.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
36 years we've known each other, fought together, bled together. If you suspect that I am a traitor, then have the guts to say it to my face, instead of conspiring with those cockroaches from the Center.

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
I have no knowledge of any such activity, but the fact that you think I did ---

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
I don't know what to think. All I know is that they were there.

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
Who?

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
The Dark Prince. Lieutenant Colonel Ivanovich Egorov.

Sokolov processes what it all means, sits on his couch.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)
The only way Egorov would be running a mole hunt is with the backing of Grenchenko.

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)
(nodding)
But that backing was predicated on the possibility that it was a mole --- and now we know that it was not.
(off Korchnoi's surprise)
We found the line tap.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)
When?

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)

Last night the 2nd directorate followed an American operations officer to a manhole on Warsaw Blvd, near the Valensky Bridge. They detained him as he attempted to extract data recorders from a vital trunk line connecting the ministry with our Northern research facilities.

Korch absorbs the info, breaths a sigh of relief, but quickly shifts into feigned rage and frustration.

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)

Right in the middle of Moscow! Right under our noses!

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)

At least it's over now and it's the Center's mess, not ours ---

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)

But this Egorov, he is our problem.

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)

Yes.

INT. EGOROV'S COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Everyone's busy processing information. Egorov is sitting in his office reading a report. A KNOCK on the secure door. A TEAM MEMBER steps to the door, peers through the peep hole.

TEAM MEMBER (IN RUSSIAN)

(alarmed look to Kosolov)

It's Grenchenko.

Kosolov gives the guy a nod, he opens the secure door. The Defense Minister steps in followed by TEN OF HIS MEN.

The Defense Minister marches into Egorov's office. Egorov stands at attention.

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)

You've heard about the line tap?

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

Yes, Minister.

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)

I am terminating this operation -- effective immediately.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

Minister, please, we are so close ---

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)
I told you what would happen if you
made this attempt and failed.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
Two nights ago Korchnoi was in
Istanbul, only a two hour flight
from Nash in Athens ---

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)
How could you possibly know that?
(realizing that Egorov
went around him)
A grave miscalculation.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
It's him. Mark my words.

DEFENSE MINISTER (IN RUSSIAN)
Mark them yourself.

The Defense Minister heads back into the bullpen and nods at his men, who start tearing down and boxing up materials.

Egorov watches, desperation oozing out of him like sweat.

EXT./INT. NATE'S APARTMENT - ATHENS - CONTINUOUS

Stuffing the last of his clothes into a duffel, Nate gives the place a last look, heads out.

INT. OBSERVATION POST - APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dom and Elena watch and listen as Nate exits his apartment building and has a brief exchange with Zoe and Thyia on the street. Nate and the girls hug farewell. He throws his bags into his car and drives away.

Dom takes off her headphones and steps away from the camera.

ELENA
I'm sorry things didn't work out ---

Dom doesn't register any emotional reaction.

ELENA (CONT'D)
What will they do when you return?
Will you be all right?

Dom drops the French accent for her natural Russian accent.

DOM
I'll be fine.

ELENA
 (after a beat)
 I'm going to miss you.

Dom begins slowly breaking down her equipment as she talks...

DOM
 We have a name for people like you
 at the Center --- agents that are
 not conscripted, bribed or manipulated
 into service -- but are instead
 motivated by a misplaced love of
 mother Russia, a perverse idealism
 about Communism. We call you "govnoed" ---
 shiteaters --- and have only the
 deepest contempt for your kind. You
 are the lowest of the low. Your
 behavior is utterly incomprehensible
 to us. You see, the greatest wish of
everyone in the Soviet Union is to be
 anywhere but the Soviet Union ---
 Mongolia, Greenland, the surface of
 the moon. And yet here you are in
 this magnificent country, where you
 can enjoy all the fruits of
 civilization -- fresh food at the
 market, soap that doesn't have lye
 in it, access to whatever you want
 to read or listen to. You can have
 anything you want and yet what you
 want is to risk everything for the
 Soviet Union!?

(locks eyes with Elena)
 You and your child deserve more ---
 more than us, more than George ---
 if you don't find a better life,
 then you are nothing but a shiteater.

ELENA
 If what you're saying is the truth ---
 then how come you don't defect? Why
 doesn't everyone defect?

Dom eyes her, sighs deeply and looks out the window.

DOM
 Because we're Russian.

EXT. VARIOUS - STREETS - ATHENS - DAY

Various shots of MASSIVE PROTESTS through Athens. TENS OF THOUSANDS marching with signs, angrily barking anti-American chants, a raging river flowing towards the US Embassy.

EXT. HOTEL - ATHENS - SAME TIME

Nate stands out on a fifth floor balcony, looking down the block to see the protesters surging past the hotel's street.

From inside he hears a KNOCK on his door.

INT. ROOM - HOTEL - ATHENS - CONTINUOUS

Nate opens his door, letting Benford and Gable in.

GABLE

You picked a helluva fucking day to bug out. Gonna take you hours to get to the airport ---

While passing a minibar, Gable grabs a handful of little liquor bottles.

NATE

Flight doesn't leave 'til tonight.

Sitting next to Benford, Gable cranks a bottle open and guzzles it. Stuffs the rest in his pocket.

BENFORD

Got word from Gondorff in Moscow --- looks like they bought into the line tap bust. It's gonna be a squeaker, but our boy might just come out okay.

Relief coursing Nate, he throws Benford a look of gratitude.

NATE

How'd you clear it with the brass?

BENFORD

I didn't. I just did it.

GABLE

You believe that shit? Legendary.

NATE

They're gonna crucify you for it.

BENFORD

Nah. I know too much. They'll just clip my wings.

NATE

(cocked eyebrow at Gable)
Ballsy move for a guy with no balls.

BENFORD

What's that supposed to mean?

GABLE

I told him that your balls were blown off in Korea...

BENFORD

Korea? I was never in Korea ---

NATE

Gable, you're such an asshole ---

GABLE

Hey, I was just trying to help you get your mojo back.

Benford eyes Gable to shut up.

NATE

What happened with the girl?

GABLE

She dumped our coverage, went black on us last night. Probably back in Moscow by now.

Nate nods, not giving up any emotion.

BENFORD

Look, Nate, you're in this business long enough, things happen. But you don't get out, you get past it.

NATE

No, thanks. I'm done.

GABLE

C'mon, shitbird. What else are you gonna do if not this?

NATE

Not be you. (beat) As much as I respect you guys, I don't wanna end up like you. No fuckin' way.

Gable and Benford understand and appreciate the truth of Nate's position. With nothing left to say, they get up.

BENFORD

I'll try to grease the skids on your cycle out of Langley.

NATE

Thanks, Sy.

Nate earnestly shakes his hand. Shifts to Gable. They hug.

GABLE

Reach out to me whenever you get to
wherever the fuck you're going.

As the men head to the door, Gable swipes the rest of the liquor bottles, fists them into his pocket. Nate smiles.

NATE

Hey, Marty, do me a favor, would
you? If and when Luka comes back,
leave the kid alone -- ok?

Gable flashes Nate grin before following Benford out.

EXT. HOTEL - ATHENS - LATER

Nate lugs his bags out of the hotel and to a waiting taxi. He shoves them in the back seat, gets in.

NATE

Ellinikon.
(off the driver's look)
Don't worry, I got time.

INT./EXT. CAB - OUTSKIRTS OF ATHENS - LATER

The cab drives through moderate traffic on a two-lane highway in a semi-industrial area on the outskirts of Athens. They stop at a red light behind a utility van.

Nate's semi-napping. Green light. Traffic resumes.

Suddenly the van SLAMS its breaks. The taxi rear ends it -- Nate's HURLED forward into the back of the front seat -- just as a Mercedes rear ends the taxi --- wedging the taxi ---

As Nate recovers, SEVEN MASKED TERRORISTS with Ak47s explode out of the van and Mercedes, quickly surround the taxi.

TERRORIST#1 holds an AK to the terrified cab driver's head, reaches into the car, grabs the keys and tosses them ---

While TERRORIST#2 & TERRORIST#3 grab at Nate, who resists --- Terrorist#2 SAVAGELY SMASHES him with the butt of his AK ---

As they speed drag Nate to the van, Terrorist#1 pulls a pistol and shoots out the cab's driver side tires. Terrorists return to their vehicles and tear off -- its all over in 45 seconds.

INT. VAN - ATHENS - MOMENTS LATER

Nate is pinned to the floor. Terrorist#2 holds a gun to his temple. Terrorist#1 is on Nate's back, driving his knee into his spine while handcuffing Nate's hands behind his back, snapping them super tight. Terrorist#3 duct tapes his ankles.

Terrorist#1 flips Nate over and takes his mask off, revealing it's Christos, Luka's cousin.

CHRISTOS

What did you do to my cousin?

It all hits Nate -- he can't believe it.

NATE

You gotta be shitting me.

Christos SMASHES Nate in the mouth, grabs Nate by the shirt ---

CHRISTOS

Luka went away with you and never came back. What did you do to him?

Nate can't help but laugh.

NATE

I didn't do anything ---

CHRISTOS

You are bullshit!

Christos HAMMERS Nate in the nose, breaking it. Blood gushing --

CHRISTOS (CONT'D)

Tell me now or we go to work on you later, but you're going to tell me.

Nate spits blood into Christos's face.

NATE

Eat my fuck.

SCREEN GOES BLACK as Christos pulls a hood over Nate's head ---

EXT. AMERICAN CLUB - KIFISSIA, ATHENS - EARLY EVENING

A POLICE CAR and a BLACK SEDAN screech to a halt at the American Club, a neo-classical mansion turned social club.

Two COPS exit their car and two men climb out of the sedan, a CIA OFFICER and the HEAD OF GREEK INTELLIGENCE/KYP, NICOS MARCOS. They all rush into the building.

INT. AMERICAN CLUB - KIFISSIA, ATHENS - MOMENTS LATER

Marcos and the CIA Officer roll into the main room, which is packed with Americans. They spot Gable, Forsyth and Benford sitting in the corner, eating burgers and cut over to them.

Gable sees the grave looks on their faces.

GABLE

Bernie, Nicos, what's up? These crazy kids torch the embassy?

Forsyth senses from their lack of humor that it's serious. Marcos hesitates to speak in front of Benford.

FORSYTH

It's okay, he's our boss. Tell us.

MARCOS

Nathan Nash was abducted by an armed group from his taxi while in transit to the airport.

Forsyth, Gable and Benford stiffen up.

FORSYTH

When?

MARCOS

3 hours ago.

GABLE

And we're just getting it now?

CIA OFFICER

He wasn't on the Dip list. They didn't know he was one of ours.

MARCOS

The taxi driver gave us a description of the vehicles involved.

BENFORD

You'll never find them.

MARCOS

We won't have ballistics until the morning, but it has all the signatures of an N-17 operation ---

FORSYTH

Christ ---

MARCOS

We're going to do everything possible ---

Enraged, Gable swells to his feet.

GABLE

Oh, like you did with the Welch hit?!

Gable SMACKS his glass off the table, shattering it against the wall. The room stops. He gets into Marcos's face ---

GABLE (CONT'D)
 Greek intelligence, fucking oxymoron!
 If it was raining pussy you'd get
 hit with the cock!

And with that Gable storms out --- on a rampage...

EXT. FARM - PELOPONNESE COUNTRYSIDE, GREECE - NIGHT

A remote farm in the Corinth region. Quiet but for the PULSE OF CRICKETS. Headlights moving down a dirt road to the dark main FARM HOUSE.

The car stops in front, next to two other vehicles. The DRIVER, a young Greek, gets out. Dom gets out of the back.

Dom sees a LOOKOUT with an Ak47 and is spooked. Has no idea what this place is or who these people are.

The Driver heads inside. Paranoia growing in her eyes, Dom hesitantly follows.

INT. FARM HOUSE - PELOPONNESE COUNTRYSIDE - MOMENT LATER

Dom walks in, sees 5 terrorists kicking it, listening to the news on the radio. She immediately recognizes Christos, throttling her anxiety with confusion.

Suddenly Egorov steps from the kitchen with a bowl of soup, greets Dom with a heavy nod. She's totally stunned to see him and deeply concerned, clearly had no idea this was coming.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
 Ah. You're here. Would you like
 something to eat, drink?
 (off her head shake)
 Come with me.

She follows Egorov down a HALL to a steel door guarded by an armed Terrorist --- Egorov gestures to a peep hole and Dom looks through it into:

A LARGE, WINDOWLESS ROOM, WALLS COVERED IN BLANKETS. Nate, still hooded, in his underwear, sitting in a metal armchair bolted to the floor. Arms, legs and chest secured with leather restraints. A video camera on a tripod aimed at him.

Dom tries to restrain her shock and dismay.

DOM (IN RUSSIAN)
 What have you done?

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)
 I have done nothing. I am not here.
 (MORE)

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)
 It is our comrades with November 17
 who procured him and will claim
 responsibility.

Egorov nods at the guard, who unlocks the door.

INT. BEDROOM - FARM HOUSE - PELOPONNESE - CONTINUOUS

Dom and Egorov enter, the guard closes, locks the door. Dom stands frozen as Egorov removes Nate's hood. Face swollen, crusted in blood, Nate squints, trying to get oriented.

Getting his bearings, Nate sees Egorov, then sees Dom --- Nate and Dom are trying to not betray any emotion.

Egorov motions for Dom to sit in the chair against the wall behind the camera.

EGOROV
 Your last name, Nash --- you of course
 know what it means in Russian.

NATE
 Ours.

EGOROV
 Yes. But it has another meaning,
 specific to the Kontora. When we say
 someone is a "nash," it means he is
 one of ours... An agent of ours. The
 irony is thick, yes?
 (off Nate's silence)
 I am Lieutenant Colonel Ivanovich
 Egorov. I am very please to finally
 meet you.

A large suitcase rests on a card table. Egorov opens it, reaches under the clothes, pulls up a secret flap to expose an array of medical equipment. He carefully removes and arranges each item on the table.

Egorov straps a blood pressure monitor around Nate's arm, pumps it up, takes his pressure and pulse.

EGOROV (CONT'D)
 Department 12 of S Directorate has
 come a long way from the prehistoric
 days of intravenous ethanol, sodium
 thiopental, scopolamine. The problem
 with potent, short and intermediate-
 acting hypnotics has always been
 reliability --- yes?

Egorov moves back to the table picks up an INJECTION GUN and affixes a needle to it. Grabs an ampule of clear liquid.

EGOROV (CONT'D)

Although they encourage talkativeness, it is next to impossible to discern the fact from the fiction in a subject's blabberings.

Moving back to Nate, he holds up the ampule for him to see.

EGOROV (CONT'D)

This is what makes SP-117 so special.

Egorov snaps the ampule into the gun. Nate goes nuts trying to bust free, straining so hard his nose starts bleeding. Egorov waits for Nate to give up, then jams the needle into his neck, injects the liquid, and stands back.

EGOROV (CONT'D)

Don't worry, it won't put you into a twilight. You'll be completely lucid, but your imagination is inhibited --- like a zoom on a camera lens, SP-117 forces the subject to focus on only that which they believe to be true. Interestingly enough, it barely has an effect on women --- something to do with hormones.

(hard glance at Dom)

But we're working on this.

After glancing at his watch, Egorov puts the gun down, returns with a retinoscope and checks Nate's eyes. The drug is already starting to work --- Nate is trying to breath through it.

Egorov turns on the video camera, waits patiently for a bit.

EGOROV (CONT'D)

Mister Nash, I'd like to start by having you answer a simple question. (beat) What is the color of the falling snow?

Nate is breathing hard, trying to fight the drug.

EGOROV (CONT'D)

Answer the question. (beat) What is the color of the falling snow?

NATE

Red.

Nate suddenly starts laughing but is still fighting.

EGOROV

What is the color of the falling snow?

NATE
 (weaker)
 Red.

Egorov checks his watch again, waits a beat. Observes the drug taking over, Nate becoming tranquil.

EGOROV
 What is the color of the falling snow? (Beat) What is the color of the falling snow?

NATE
 --- White ---

EGOROV
 Yes. Very good. Now we can begin.

INT. LOBBY - SOVIET EMBASSY - ATHENS - NIGHT

A bloodthirsty Gable rumbles into the Soviet Embassy and to the DESK CLERK. ARMED SOLDIERS sentried around the room.

GABLE
 Yuri Petrov --- tell him Marty Gable is here to see him.

The CLERK doesn't know what to do. Gable SLAMS his hand down on the desk and thunders ---

GABLE (CONT'D)
 Yuri fucking Petrov!!! Right now!!!

FEW MINUTES LATER: Gable pacing. The burly, bespectacled KGB REZIDENT, YURI PETROV approaches Gable, concerned.

PETROV
 This is most unusual. What's wrong?

GABLE
 Oh, like you don't fuckin' know!?

PETROV
 Martin ---

GABLE
 Shut your dick-trap and listen to me! Anything happens to our guy Nash, if he isn't returned to us in perfect condition within 24 hours, bodies are gonna start dropping and this cold war's gonna go very fuckin' hot.

PETROV

Martin, you've got to calm down. I swear to you on the souls of my children, we had nothing to do with ---

Gable savagely BITCH SLAPS Petrov -- the Soldiers rush over, but a stunned Petrov gestures them to hold off ---

GABLE

24 hours --

Gable blows out. Disturbed, Petrov rushes back upstairs.

INT. BEDROOM - FARM HOUSE - PELOPONNESE - LATER

NATE

--- Burst transmission... Benford, he told me after I came back.

EGOROV

So when and where did you meet with General Korchnoi?

NATE

Tuesday night, July 12th, in Istanbul.

EGOROV

(looks back at Dom)

So you did not see Dominique at all the evening of July 12th?

NATE

We had a date... I never showed.

EGOROV

What was discussed at your meeting with Korchnoi?

NATE

I didn't know about the Keyhole. They were searching for a technical breach --- but also a mole hunt. Dominique. Korchnoi told me she was a Center ops officer --- trained as a sparrow --- but it felt real...

EGOROV

What felt real?

NATE

Us...

EGOROV

Us meaning you thought you were in love with each other?

NATE

Yes.

EGOROV

(looking back at Dom)

Perhaps you were.

(turns back to Nate)

What else did you and Korchnoi talk about?

NATE

I wanted to exfil him, but he refused. The line tap near Valensky bridge...

EGOROV

What about it?

NATE

I told Korchnoi we would blow it to give him cover...

EGOROV

And there's been no further contact with Korchnoi subsequent to Istanbul?

NATE

No.

Egorov breaks into a big inward smile. He shuts off the camera, pulls the tape --- which he slides into his bag alongside FOUR OTHER TAPES.

Egorov snaps another ampule into the injection gun and shoots Nate up --- his body surges alive like shocked with electricity --- gasping for breath --- hyperawake. Nate's looking at Egorov like, "What the fuck just happened?"

Egorov packs his equipment, zips his bag, carries it to Nate.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

Thank you for your candor and cooperation. I'll be sure to give General Korchnoi your regards.

Realizing what he's given up, Nate's senses capsize --- melting down with rage and anguish, he starts SCREAMING!

Egorov looks at Nate with empathy, then gestures to Dom.

EGOROV (IN RUSSIAN)

Let's go.

Dom follows Egorov to the door. He KNOCKS. The door swings open. As they step out, the guard, disturbed by Nate's insane screaming, peeks in, then closes the door, locks it.

INT. HALLWAY - FARM HOUSE - PELOPONNESE - CONTINUOUS

As Egorov heads to the main room, Dom stands outside the metal door, covering her face, wallowing in Nate's SCREAMS.

Egorov reaches the end of the hall, glances back at her, shakes his head before disappearing into the main room.

Dom suddenly WHIPS around, V-strikes the Guard in the neck with savage force, CRUSHING his trachea. He drops, gasping.

Dom yanks away his AK and SLEDGEHAMMERS him in the head -- knocking him out -- Nate's screams covering the sound ---

INT. MAIN ROOM - FARM HOUSE - PELOPONNESE - CONTINUOUS

Egorov quietly talking with Christos as the rest of the Terrorists lounge around.

Christos glances over Egorov's shoulder, freezes --- the other guys look over ---

Dom leveling the AK --- she opens up with controlled bursts --- muzzle flashing in a strobe light of death --- as she drops everyone in the room, including Egorov, she strafes the wall, hot lead igniting the curtains ---

As the flames grow, Dom aims on the door, waiting --- the door swings open and she BLOWS THE LOOKOUT AWAY.

She stands breathing, close to overloading. Getting it together, she's about to fire a kill shot into Egorov when a bloodied Christos sweeps her legs --- she slams down onto a coffee table, which collapses ---

Christos is immediately on her, pummeling her -- blood gushing from his thigh and shoulder wounds as he starts chocking her. She tries to push him off with one hand -- flails her other hand out, desperately trying to grab whatever she can --

Dom clasps a pen, JAMS it into the bullet hole in Christos's thigh --- as he recoils in agony, she grabs the back of his head, pulls him in tight to her face and drives the bloody pen straight into his ear as deep as she can ---

Christos SHRIEKS and withers --- Dom scrambles up, grabs a pistol and finished him off ---

The room is filling with smoke --- she grabs Egorov's bag.

INT. BEDROOM - FARM HOUSE - PELOPONNESE - MOMENT LATER

Dom busts in, smoke flowing with her. Nate's stunned. She unbuckles him and he struggles to his feet. They flee ---

INT. MAIN ROOM - FARM HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Nate and Dom struggle through the smoky room. She stops, remembering --- looking for the bag, she notices Egorov is gone. She scans around, sees a blood trail out of the house. Nate pulls her to the door, grabbing Lookout's AK on the way ---

EXT. FARM HOUSE - PELOPONNESE COUNTRYSIDE - BEAT LATER

Nate and Dom emerge from the burning house into predawn night --- a car is missing -- In the distance, Nate sees red-taillights speeding down the dirt road towards a highway.

Nate pushes Dom to the passenger side of an Old Mercedes and runs around to the drivers side, gets in. He rips out the ignition wires, hot wires it...

Nate tears the car back, spins it around and hauls ass in pursuit, no lights on.

EXT. VARIOUS - CAR CHASE - COUNTRYSIDE - MINUTE LATER

Egorov careens onto the two-lane highway, his bag on the passenger seat. He's a mess, barely able to drive, close to delirious -- bullet wounds in his upper chest and right leg oozing blood. Every time he shifts gears he SCREAMS in pain.

Nitro in his veins, Nate stomps the gas, speed shifts, and cranks the wheel so the car slides onto the highway and tears after Egorov --- Dom getting tossed around ---

The Fiat's engine whining as Egorov fights through sweat and blood to keep his shit together. Checks the rear view, sees the dim outline of the Mercedes, doesn't know what it is.

Nate gunning it full bore, gaining on Egorov. He slides the AK to Dom.

She HAMMERS the windshield with the butt of the gun, spiderwebbing the glass. SMASHES it again. Then leans back in her seat and kicks out the glass. The wind RUSHES IN.

Just as Egorov hits an incline, he checks his rear view, recognizes the Mercedes bearing down on him ---

As the hill steepens near the top, the Fiat engine screams in protest. He checks the mirror: the Mercedes is closing in ---

Egorov throttles over the crest. Olive groves on both sides of him, he kills his lights, hangs a left onto a dirt road and cuts through the trees.

As Nate crests the hill, he's lost sight of Egorov ---

NATE

Where the fuck is he?

Dom spots the dust cloud between the olive trees ---

DOM

There!

But they're already past the turn-off --- Nate slams the brakes --- Dom is hurled up against the dash. He spins the car around and mashes the gas, hitting the dirt road.

The Mercedes bounces along the rough trail as the dust clouds their car --- Nate and Dom shielding their eyes --- trying to keep track of the taillights ahead of them ---

HIGH ANGLE OVER DIRT ROAD The dawning sun igniting the scene --- dust clouds pluming ahead as Nate tears ass after Egorov ---

CAMERA PANS UP TO REVEAL: just beyond the end of the road and olive groves is the CORINTH CANAL --- 70-foot wide and four miles long, the canal's vertical hard rock walls drop 300 feet into the water below.

Thirty feet away from plowing into the canal, EGOROV slows, using all of his strength to crank his wheel right, he slides onto an even dustier dirt road running parallel to the cliffs.

Nate makes the same move --- the dust consuming the car ---

DOM (CONT'D)

I can't see anything ---

NATE

Doesn't matter --- he's right in front of us --- light him up!

Dom sprays fire into the dust cloud ---

Egorov going full bore, hears the gunfire --- shots CLANGING into his car --- POP --- a bullet to the tire ---

Nate and Dom see the Fiat burst from the dust cloud in a murderous barrel roll ---

NATE (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

Nate gears down just as the Fiat careens over the cliff...

The Fiat plummets hundreds of feet --- when it hits the water, the car SHATTERS APART.

Nate and Dom running from their car to cliff's edge --- looking down at the sinking, mangled Fiat carcass ---

Standing in utter silence, Dom is reeling.

NATE (CONT'D)

We gotta go.

Nate takes her hand to pull her, but she doesn't move ---

DOM

I must go to the Soviet Embassy. If I don't come in --- if I don't go back, my sister will pay the price. This can't happen.

Bloody tears streaking down her cheeks.

NATE

Look, we'll figure it out --- but right now we gotta get out of here.

Nate puts his arm around her, guides her to the car.

INT. KORCHNOI'S OFFICE - THE AQUARIUM - DAY

Sokolov bursts into Korch's office...

SOKOLOV (IN RUSSIAN)

Have you heard about Athens?

KORCHNOI (IN RUSSIAN)

(stiffens up)

No.... Tell me everything.

INT./EXT. PHONE BOOTH - OUTSKIRTS OF CORINTH - DAY

Nate is in a phone booth, chinning the receiver, looking out at Dom. They're both cleaned up, wearing poorly fitting stolen clothes, but their faces are battered.

FORSYTH (OVER PHONE)

No one knows anything for the moment. It's still in the box. You can't let her turn herself in.

INT. FORSYTH'S OFFICE - CIA STATION - ATHENS - SAME TIME

Gable, Benford and Forsyth sit around a speaker phone in Forsyth's secure office.

BENFORD (INTO PHONE)

You need to calm her down. Buy us a little time to figure out the narrative, how to frame it ---

GABLE (INTO PHONE)

We got a safehouse in Loutraki -- 2402 Latridi. We'll get there as soon as we can. You got it?

NATE (OVER PHONE)

Yeah.

Nate hangs up.

BENFORD

We play this right, there could be
lot of upside ---

FORSYTH

How long do we have?

BENFORD

48 to 72 hours at the most ---

EXT. KRASNOLUZHSKY RAIL BRIDGE - MOSCOW - NIGHT

Moscow Chief Of Station Gondorff in disguise, wearing a wig, fake beard and peasant hat, huddles with Korch in the shadow of a rail bridge that spans the Moscow River.

GONDORFF

She refuses to defect. She's adamant about coming back, facing the music, so nothing happens to her sister.

KORCHNOI

Then exfiltrate her sister.

GONDORFF

We could've done that before this happened, but now --- there's just too much heat.

KORCHNOI

If she turns herself in, she'll be their sacrificial lamb. They'll execute her.

GONDORFF

We've told her, but she's intransigent ---

KORCHNOI

Did she say why she did this? Why she saved him?

GONDORFF

She cares about the guy ---

Amazed, Korch shakes his head, smiling inwardly and muttering to himself in Russian ---

GONDORFF (CONT'D)

What do you think?

KORCHNOI

(deep sigh)

I think it's time that I retire.

EXT. BEACHFRONT SAFE HOUSE - LOUTRAKI - GREECE - AFTERNOON

A beachfront compound shielded from the street by large walls. There's a main house and guest house.

INT. STUDY - SAFE HOUSE - LOUTRAKI - GREECE - CONTINUOUS

Nate and Gable sit quietly in a study with a big desk, chairs. Nate gazes through the closed french doors into the living room where Dom is in deep discussion with Forsyth and Benford. The longer they take, the more uptight Nate gets.

NATE

I should be in there with her ---

Nate sees Dom throw a concerned glance at him, then turn to Gable and Forsyth and nod as if agreeing to something heavy.

NATE (CONT'D)

What are they talking about? What'd they just get her to agree to?

GABLE

Will you stop with the bitching?
You're giving me a fucking nose bleed.

Dom, Forsyth and Benford get up. Dom looks back at Nate as the two men enter the study and close the doors.

Nate stands in tense anticipation as Benford sits behind the desk, Forsyth on the couch.

BENFORD

She's going back.

NATE

The fuck, Sy!? She can't ---

BENFORD

We can't stop her --- but, we think we've worked out a move that can get her back safe and in the clear ---

Benford stops... Not wanting to continue, he looks to Forsyth.

FORSYTH

She's got to go back a hero, Nate ---
But there's only one way for her to do that.

Nate realizes what he's saying, throws a glare at Benford.

NATE

Was this your idea, you sick twisted fuck?

BENFORD

No. It was *his*. Gondorff met with him last night, told him what happened ---

Nate grabs the top of the wood chair in front of the desk for support, leans down as if overwhelmed with nausea.

NATE

There's gotta be another way...

BENFORD

He's decided. This is what he wants. You gotta respect that.

Nate shuts his eyes in dread --- GRIP TIGHTENS ON THE WOOD. And in an EXPLOSION OF RAGE AND FRUSTRATION, he begins SMASHING THE CHAIR against the desk.

The men are mesmerized and disturbed as Nate demolishes the chair. Finally he collapses. Nobody knows what to do except stand there.

Dom watches from the living room, face filled with anguish.

EXT. BEACHFRONT SAFE HOUSE - LOUTRAKI - GREECE - NIGHT

A couple of CIA AGENTS open the gates. A car rolls in, they close the gates after. Gable and Dom get out of the car. Forsyth and Benford step out of the house to greet them.

BENFORD

How'd the call go? You fed them the exact narrative we discussed?

GABLE

I was standing right next to her at the pay phone. They bought it hook, line and sinker. Think she's underground, on the run.

BENFORD

So the pick-up's set?

Gable and Forsyth exchange a knowing look.

GABLE

Sy, I'll brief you on the details.

FORSYTH

He's upstairs. We had some dinner brought in for you both. Let's talk in the morning. Get some rest.

Forsyth, Gable, and Benford head over to the guest house and Dom walks into the main house.

INT. BEDROOM - BEACHFRONT SAFE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Nate's laying on the bed, looking helpless and miserable. Dom pads in, sits on the bed next to him. He takes her hand.

NATE
What do you do when nothing in your
life goes right?

DOM
(softly)
Go left.

NATE
When's the pick-up?

DOM
Midnight tomorrow. In Meteora.

NATE
Can't believe you're going back.
(beat) I don't know how you're gonna
get through this.

DOM
Imagining you imagining me --- this
is how I will survive.

They kiss passionately, slowly removing each other's clothes, and begin to make love.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACHFRONT SAFE HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Nate ushers Dom to the back of a UTILITY VAN with FOUR CIA AGENTS dressed like average Greeks waiting inside.

She's about to say something to him, but her eyes take over and tell him what her voice can't. Nate leans in close and whispers something into her ear...

They give each other a delicate kiss and hug for last time.

Dom gets into the van. As it drives off through the gates Nate gets into a car with Gable and Benford. Gable tears out, heading in the opposite direction.

INT. KORCHNOI'S APARTMENT - MOSCOW - NIGHT

Dressed casually, a drunk Korch sits smoking and finishing a glass of Old Rip Van Winkle. He stubs the cig out, staggers up, revealing a glimpse of a belly-holstered pistol.

Korch empties the rest of the bottle into his glass, takes out a record, puts it on his turntable, drops the needle and turns it up full blast.

As the orchestral intro of *Lee Hazlewood's "Sundown, Sundown"* kicks in, Korch conducts with his hands.

EXT. METEORA - GREECE - NIGHT

THE MUSIC CONTINUING OVER --- HIGH ANGLE OVER AN EPIC PANORAMA OF METEORA, a majestic, forested mountain valley dotted with titanic sandstone buttes jutting thousands of feet high. A two-lane highway snakes through the area.

CLOSE ON DOM on the forest floor, hidden in a thicket of trees just off the road, eyeing the highway, waiting.

PULL BACK TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE OVERWATCH - METEORA - CONTINUOUS

Nate, Gable, and Benford nestled on a mountainside looking down at Dom's position through binoculars.

INT. KORCHNOI'S APARTMENT - MOSCOW - SAME TIME

Korch in his chair singing along with total abandon.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE OVERWATCH - METEORA - SAME TIME

THE MUSIC CONTINUES... Benford can see Nate's anxiety.

NATE

They're gonna put her on the box,
sweat her on every detail.

BENFORD

She can handle it.

NATE

What if they don't buy it?

GABLE

What's not to buy? She delivered
Korchnoi to them on a silver platter.

BENFORD

We're making a big deal out of this.
The rest of the world's gonna think
we got our asses outplayed by their
top *female* ops officer.

GABLE

It's a fuckin' public relations
bonanza for The Kremlin.

(MORE)

GABLE (CONT'D)

They're gonna turn her into the superhero of every little girl and the wet dream of every little boy. She'll be bulletproof, the Center's new star.

Suddenly, a set of headlights approaching from a couple miles away at the end of the valley. Benford checks his watch.

BENFORD

It's them.

INT. KORCHNOI'S APARTMENT - MOSCOW - SAME TIME

Korch guzzles the rest of the Bourbon, rocking to the song ---

THROUGH THE WINDOW BEHIND HIM: on the street, a phalanx of black cars pull up. A SMALL ARMY OF KGB pile out, rush inside.

EXT. ROADSIDE - METEORA - SAME TIME

MUSIC CONTINUING. Through the trees, Dom sees the approaching headlights.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE OVERWATCH - METEORA - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC CONTINUING. Nate, Gable, and Benford watch as the CAR pulls over, kills its lights, and waits.

EXT. ROADSIDE - METEORA - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC CONTINUING. Dom cuts through the trees to the side of the road. A MAN is waiting by the car's open back door. She gets in, he slams the door shut, but instead of hearing it, we hear FISTS POUNDING ON A WOOD DOOR ---

INT. KORCHNOI'S APARTMENT - MOSCOW - SAME TIME

The door is kicked down --- a HOARD OF KGB AGENTS bust in, followed by Sokolov --- to find Korch standing with a gun leveled at them. The KGB guys draw their guns.

Sokolov and Korch lock in a grim, devastated gaze.

Korch looks like he's about to pull the trigger --- but before he can, the KGB Agents fire --- and Korch is killed in a blaze of gunfire. A teary Sokolov turns off the record player.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE OVERWATCH - METEORA - CONTINUOUS

Everything quiet, just the wind. Nate, Gable and Benford watch the car pull away and head down the road.

NATE

He's gone ---

GABLE

You don't know that ---

NATE

I know him...

BENFORD

If Korchnoi ended it on his own terms,
it was a good death.

NATE

Going out while getting blown by Pam
Grier, that's a good death, not this.

The men watch the car's tail lights receding in the distance.
Benford sees Nate's all broken up.

BENFORD

Don't worry, you'll see her again.

NATE

In my dreams ---

BENFORD

She's agreed to work for us, Nate.

Nate studies Benford's face, sees that it's real ---

BENFORD (CONT'D)

We want you to run her from Helsinki.

GABLE

Actually, we didn't want you involved
at all, but it's the only way she'd
let us put her in the harness ---

Nate looks back out at the car. After a beat ---

NATE

As soon as the time is right, I'm
getting her and her sister out.

BENFORD

That could be a while ---

The tail lights disappear around a butte.

NATE

I know.

Brian Eno's "NEEDLES IN THE CAMEL'S EYE" kicks in hard as
we...

CUT TO BLACK.