

Spy Game

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FADE IN

A 70's Porsche is parked in the cobblestone driveway of a BRICK TOWNHOUSE... Branches rustle... It is a windy night on a tree-lined street in...

GEORGETOWN, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Drifting from an open window, we HEAR a NEWS COMMENTATOR on TV... bits and pieces: "...to commemorate..." "... one-year anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall..."

OCTOBER, 1990

INT. NATHAN MUIR'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A 19" TRINITRON

The News Show plays images that define the end of an era. East German guards lift the barrier at Check Point Charlie and thousands of East Germans pour into the Free World...

NEWS COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

... and so the Berlin Wall became the most infamous monument to the Cold War, and as it crumbled, Communism crumbled along with it...

... A wrecking ball crashes into the Berlin Wall; an entire section gives way.

WIDER

Across the living room, which opens onto the kitchen, we find --

NATHAN MUIR (50s), a burning cigarette dangling from his lip as he pulls open kitchen drawers, rummaging for something. He stops, looking around at the room, thinking. He lifts a tumbler of Scotch off the counter and takes a swallow.

Suddenly remembering, he reaches up to the cabinet above the refrigerator, opens it and pulls out a square of USED WRAPPING PAPER. Satisfied, he places the wrapping paper on the counter and walks out of the room.

In the b.g., the TV commentator drones on about the end of the Cold War.

Muir returns to the kitchen and places

A ROCK

on the kitchen counter. He glances up at the TV a moment, picks up his remote and click! the TV shuts off.

He carefully cuts the wrapping paper with a scissors. He stubs out his cigarette, and Scotch tape in hand, tries folding the paper over the angular, rough surface of the rock. It looks like shit. Muir tries again, the wrapping job only gets worse.

SOUNDS from another world FADE IN and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. SU-CHOU (CHINA) - DAY

The dusty streets of Su-Chou are choked with traffic. We FOLLOW a battered ambulance as it travels slowly along the main thoroughfare. A declaration on the side of the ambulance proclaims "Doctors Without Borders".

SU-CHOU, CHINA

Inside the ambulance we find three DOCTORS. Two Chinese and an American. All staring straight ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

POV FROM ABOVE -- The ambulance is parked in the prison courtyard. Past it, tables have been set up and ragged-looking prisoners line up for physical examinations.

ON A BALCONY -- The PRISON WARDEN, flanked by his lieutenants, silently watches the activity in the yard below. A GUARD from the yard appears on the balcony.

GUARD

(in Chinese)

<The doctors are asking to examine the rest of the prisoners.>

WARDEN

(pointedly)

<There are no other prisoners.>

Understanding the implication, the guard hurries off.

IN THE PRISON YARD --

The sun is like a firebomb as it blazes down on the doctors.

The two Chinese doctors, LI and JIANG, stand at the front of a line of prisoners. The prisoners approach, extend their arms, and in rapid order, the doctors stab them with vaccines.

The American doctor, BISHOP, is setting up a portable X-ray machine. He takes a capsule from his shirt pocket, swallows it without water, glances at his watch, and then, with an extension cord in his hand, heads toward the electrical panel which has been unlocked for the doctors. A pair of guards stop him...

BISHOP

It's okay! I have the adaptor right here...

They clearly don't understand what he's saying, so he maneuvers around them, plugs it in anyway and --

-- instantly a bolt of electricity shoots up Bishop's arm. He SCREAMS, flailing, held fast by the current. Li grabs a chair and strikes Bishop to the ground, breaking the connection.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE

Half the monitors displaying the cell blocks, etc., fizzle and fade to black. An automatic ALARM BLARES. The Warden hurries in from his office, assessing the situation.

EXT. PRISON YARD

Back in the yard, the guards hustle confused prisoners into a circle. Bishop lays unconscious as Li checks his vital signs. Sweat beads on Bishop's forehead and he grows increasingly pale.

LI
(to Jiang)
His heart's fibrillating.

Li turns to a worried guard standing beside him.

LI (CONT'D)
<We have to get him out of the sun!>

He gestures toward the main building.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. NATHAN MUIR'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Nathan Muir, taking a long drag off his cigarette as he stares down at --

The rock, messily wrapped like a giant Hershey's Kiss. Muir frowns, rips off the paper and crumbles it. He reaches for an unused section of wrapping paper. He folds it over the rock, but the paper is too small to cover the rock entirely. Frustrated, he takes the crumpled paper and starts to smooth it out.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SU-CHOU, CHINA - PRISON VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

A door opens, Bishop is wheeled in on the gurney. Jiang pounds on Bishop's chest trying to revive him. Li grabs a syringe and quickly prepares an injection. The Warden bursts into the room.

LI
<We're losing him!>

Li plunges the needle into Bishop. Jiang keeps working his heart, but Bishop's body just lies there, lifeless. Li stares in despair.

THE WARDEN
<Is he dead?>

Li nods. The Warden looks down at the pale form in front of him. His mind churns, envisioning the bureaucratic nightmare he'll be facing.

WARDEN
<Everyone out.>

Li just stands there, numb.

WARDEN (CONT'D)
<You can't do anything more for him now.
You must leave this area!>

Everyone files out of the room, leaving the body. The door closes. MOVE IN on Bishop, and FIND the spot where Li's syringe pierced his skin. The surrounding area is growing pink: blood rushing back to Bishop's arms, legs, face. Bishop's eyes open, his head turns. He takes in the empty room, shakes off his "death" and rises from the table.

He glances up at a security camera in the corner of the room. Its dead eye stares down at him.

EXT./INT. PRISON YARD/AMBULANCE - DAY

Jiang rummages inside some bags at the back of the ambulance and looks over his shoulder where the damage to the blown electrical panel is quickly being repaired. He speaks into a tiny mike wired into his lapel.

JIANG
You have maybe... five minutes.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Bishop reaches for the handle of the security door leading to the prisoners' area. He yanks the door and -- Bingo: the electronic latch is deactivated and the door opens.

INT. SECURITY ROOM

A main panel is ripped open; TECHNICIANS adroitly reroute wires while a guard stares at the downed monitors.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR

Bishop moves quickly, silently down an empty corridor. The corridor forks. Bishop unwraps a piece of gum, sticks the gum in his mouth. On the back of the foil is a tiny luminescent map.

And then from behind him, a SOUND. Bishop spins, his silenced pistol ready, staring at --

-- a PRISONER standing in the shadows, behind the partially open door of one of the cells. Bishop strains to see in the darkness and steps closer.

The prisoner has Down's Syndrome. He smiles childlike at Bishop and ignoring the open door, sticks his hand through the bars of his cell gesturing to Bishop, pointing at the pack of gum in Bishop's hand.

Bishop looks down at the gum and lowers his pistol. As he hands the gum to the prisoner, Bishop puts his fingers to his lips: "sssshh." The prisoner nods and takes the gum, delighted.

Bishop moves on, checking his map. He chooses the door to the right, pulls it open...

INT. PRISON CELL BLOCK

Behind bars, all the cells are empty. Following his map, first making a left, then a right, deeper into the prison.

A DANK, ISOLATED PRISON BLOCK

Bishop switches on a powerful mag light. He shines it into cells, all empty -- one after the other, then he freezes... his beam has found its target.

NEW ANGLE

From behind the prisoner we glimpse some of the tattered uniform and the prisoner's dark hair... Bishop stands hypnotized for a second, then slips something in the lock which begins to smoke and sizzle.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Li and Jiang watch tensely as the cables are connected and the generator primed.

JIANG
(into his mike)
You have one minute...

He feels the seconds tick away.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR

Two shadowy figures hurry back through the maze of prison corridors. In the dark, seen from behind, we can just make out that it's Bishop, leading his prisoner.

Up ahead, a door swings open -- TWO GUARDS stop, stunned, seeing Bishop in front of them. For a moment, a tableau: then the guards reach for their sidearms and... PHHUPT! PHHUPT! The two guards fall back dead. Bishop moves on with the prisoner.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Li and Jiang watch as workers snap shut the repaired electrical panel and throw the main switch.

INT. SECURITY ROOM

The bank of MONITORS, one at a time, flash and resume transmission of the various angles and views of the prison.

THE WARDEN is in front of the monitors, turned away, watching the yard. He turns his attention to:

THE VISITORS' ROOM monitor. The covered gurney is in place. After a moment, Li and Jiang appear, hurry inside and wheel the gurney out.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

The doctors rush their gurney toward --

THE AMBULANCE

The gurney is loaded into the back of the ambulance. Jiang shuts the double doors.

In the back of the ambulance, beneath the sheet, Bishop exhales. THE CAMERA DROPS DOWN below the gurney allowing us a glimpse of the hands and feet of the rescued PRISONER, strapped to a platform fastened underneath the gurney bed.

Jiang and Li get in the front seat. Jiang starts the engine.

Across the yard, the Warden strides in their direction.

In the b.g., the door to the visitors' room swings open, and the Down's Syndrome prisoner steps out into the sunlight. He is happily chewing a huge wad of gum.

Jiang pulls up to the inner gate and idles as the gate slowly rises. The Warden watches the ambulance ease forward to the outer gate. He turns to the sound of...

...GUARDS LAUGHING at the Down's Syndrome prisoner who is blowing a big bubble. The Warden notices the half-empty pack of gum in the prisoner's hand.

INT. BACK OF THE AMBULANCE

Bishop is lying still on the gurney. Seconds tick away.

BISHOP
What's happening?

A muffled noise from outside. Bishop tosses the sheet, rises as --

-- the back doors to the ambulance fly open. Twenty guards, all with rifles pointed, glare in at him. HOLD then FADE TO BLACK.

The sound of a TELEPHONE RINGING: THREE RINGS, FOUR...

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. PORSCHE/HIGHWAY - DAY

A SIXTH RING, A SEVENTH...

Muir, wearing shades, at the wheel of his 70's Porsche, blowing past shiny new Beemers and Mercedes. He is cleaned up and shaved, dressed in a Brooks Brothers suit, button down, and tie.

On the NINTH RING, Muir lifts the car phone.

MUIR

Yeah...

HARRY DUNCAN (V.O.)

Muir? Thank God I reached you. It's Harry Duncan. Hong Kong.

CUT TO:

EXT. HONG KONG - NIGHT

DROP DOWN from a spectacular height, views of the inky bay and the brightly lit skyscrapers and find HARRY DUNCAN outside on a balcony of the American Embassy. His middle-aged face pale and sweaty.

HARRY DUNCAN

Muir? Are you there?

INTERCUT MUIR AND DUNCAN:

MUIR

(after a beat)

What's up?

HARRY DUNCAN

It's Tom Bishop. He's been arrested in China.

MUIR'S FACE - impossible to read his eyes behind the dark shades.

HARRY DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Muir, are you there?

MUIR

Harry, you're drunk. Tom Bishop wouldn't step foot in China. Goes against every rule.

With Muir, on the road, we glimpse a road sign: "CIA NEXT RIGHT".

HARRY DUNCAN

No! Listen to me. He's gone rogue. They're saying espionage, claim he murdered some Chinese soldiers.

EXT. CIA MAIN ACCESS ROAD - MORNING

Imposing security barriers. Signs warn: "Speed Limit 25..."
Explosives Prohibited..." etc....

MUIR
You're serious.

HARRY DUNCAN
Jesus, Muir, are you listening? It all
happened about ten hours ago. A boat was
supposed to pick him up outside Shanghai.
Only he didn't show. They were apparently
going for a grab.

MUIR
Who?

Harry Duncan lowers his voice and peeks inside at the frantic
phone activity inside the Embassy.

HARRY DUNCAN
We don't know... Bishop was with a couple
of Chinese Network assets. Already
confessed and shot. Bishop's probably
next.

(takes a breath)
The goddamn Administration is kicking our
ass, it's a fucking shitstorm over here.

MUIR
Then turn up your collar and duck your
head. A baby could dodge this one.

HARRY DUNCAN
A baby didn't slip him blank passports
from the company safe. I didn't know what
he was going to do with them!

We see more signs: "All Vehicles Subject to Search..." "Speed
Limit 5/Strictly Enforced..." Muir barely slows.

HARRY DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Dammit, Nathan -- I got alimony, two kids
in college --

Muir deftly weaves around the final speed bumps then plasters his
badge against the window as he stops on a dime, right in front of

THE MAIN GATE

Dogs, submachine guns, the works. Guards check Muir and wave him
through.

HARRY DUNCAN (CONT'D)

-- it's only a matter of time before they trace those passports back to me -- Look, what I'm asking is, can you find a way to cover my ass? I'll owe you, anything you want, okay?

A HIGH ANGLE shows the filled parking lot is bigger than all the ones at Disneyland combined.

Muir pulls into his spot and kills the engine. He gathers his briefcase, reaches down into the clutter of the passenger side and lifts out --

SATELLITE PHOTOS

He glances at the lush, foreign coastline before slipping them into his old, battered briefcase.

HARRY DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Muir, are you still there?

MUIR

For right now, just button up your fly and walk away, Harry.

HARRY DUNCAN

Oh, terrific! Just great.

MUIR

Trust me. Sometimes "nothing" works best.

HARRY DUNCAN

Thanks a heap.

MUIR

Look, I'll see what I can do. Only problem is... I don't work here anymore.

HARRY DUNCAN

What! You're --

Muir hangs up before Harry Duncan can finish. Then, for a moment Muir just sits there. Thinking.

A clock on the dashboard reads: 7:58.

CUT TO:

THE OLD BUILDING

rises before Muir, seven stories, 1.4 million square feet of horizontal concrete. The facade broken only by fortress-like slit windows. Of the fifteen doors to the main entrance, Muir takes the one in the middle, entering...

INT. CIA, THE OLD BUILDING - LOBBY - MORNING

Grey and white Georgia marble. Along the left wall: the statue of William Donovan, founder; along the right: fifty-three nameless gold stars of the Memorial --

**"In Honor of Those Members
of the Central Intelligence Agency
Who Gave Their Lives in the Service of Their Country"**

A RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Badge, please.

MUIR
(showing his ID)
Morning, Rosie.

The RECEPTIONIST (backed by ARMED GUARDS) smiles:

A RECEPTIONIST
Morning, Mr. Muir.

Muir moves into a line of mostly YOUNGER EMPLOYEES funneling through --

SIX TURNSTILES

Each of these also manned by ARMED GUARDS. Muir steps to the metal barrier, inserts a card-key and --

-- A PIERCING ALARM BLARES.

Everyone freezes.

Muir steps back.

And in an instant, one of the guards is at Muir's side...

The two men head toward the

SECURITY DESK

Muir hands his badge to the officer and he types into the computer.

GUARD
Mr. Muir.
(looks up from the screen)
This is your last day at Langley.
Duty roster has you checking out tonight.

MUIR
And you didn't think I was a day over
thirty.

GUARD
 (deadpan)
 No sir, I did not.
 (back to the monitor)
 Apparently someone keyed in seven AM
 instead of seven PM. I'm sorry, sir.

The guard hands Muir back his badge.

MUIR
 (with a grin)
 Guess they can't wait to get rid of me.

Muir starts toward the elevators. The guard falls in step beside him. They reach the elevators together.

GUARD
 On your way out, if you could drop by,
 sign in your ID, card-key, parking pass --
 I'd appreciate it.

The elevator DINGS; opens. Muir follows the crowd inside, turns:

MUIR
 It's a date.

INT. A CORRIDOR, OPERATIONS DIRECTORATE - MORNING

Nondescript to the point that the uniformly dispersed doors have only numbers, not names. Here we see some of the first indications of a theme that will keep recurring: an Agency in transition. Desks and office equipment are piled along the wall. Several office doors are open; we glimpse the now-vacant rooms. In one of the rooms we see a YOUNG MAN instructing PAINTERS and MOVERS, decorating his new office. Muir continues past; reaches for 435 -- opens it.

INT. MUIR'S OUTER OFFICE - MORNING

Muir shuts the door behind him. He looks at his secretary, who is turned away from him, packing a box.

MUIR
 Good morning, Mrs. Jennip.

His secretary, GLADYS JENNIP (50s), a large, black woman, gives him a stone-faced look, then continues to pack a box.

MUIR (CONT'D)
 (off her lack of emotion)
 C'mon Gladys, I know it's killing you
 that it's over between us, but try not to
 fall apart on me now.

GLADYS
 Make jokes if you want, but it might
 interest you to know the Deputy Director
 of Operations is in your office.

MUIR

Chuckie?

She cocks her head toward his inner-office door.

GLADYS

Barged in like he owned it, me, and everything else in Virginia.

MUIR

Really...

And stepping to the inner office door --

INT. MUIR'S OFFICE - MORNING

-- he finds CHARLES HARKER (35) peering at Muir's wall safe.

MUIR

My birth date backwards -- would have cracked it.

Harker gives Muir a plastic half-smile. Harker is good-looking, smooth and confident. He is the Deputy Director of Operations. With a gesture towards Muir's collection of maps from around the world -- antique parchment to aerial recon --

HARKER

If these walls could talk, huh?

(beat)

All this history, I envy you.

MUIR

Bag your job, you'll be just like me.

Harker laughs, glances at the remnants of AN AMERICAN FLAG, tattered and partially burnt. It hangs over Muir's sofa.

HARKER

No really, the debt this country owes you veterans. You're the man. You're the master.

Muir sifts through the mail on his desk, waiting...

MUIR

Chuck, are we gonna dance all night with your hand on my ass, or are you going to make your move?

HARKER

(his smile fading)

The Director believes you can be of some help on your way out. One for the road...

(pause)

You used to run an officer named Bishop.

Muir doesn't blink.

MUIR

Sure. Tom Bishop. Always good for a laugh.

HARKER

We'd like to take a look at his files.

MUIR

You try Records?

HARKER

Of course we have his *main files*. It was your personals...

Harker watches for a reaction from Muir. Gets none.

MUIR

What's going on?

HARKER

We'd just like to look at your files.

MUIR

Yeah, all right. I must have saved something over the years. I'll be right up.

Harker drops the pleasantries.

HARKER

We don't need you, Muir. I'll just take the files now.

MUIR

(stews over it)

Sure, Chuck, have a seat. Make yourself comfortable.

He gestures at all the boxes.

MUIR (CONT'D)

...It'll take me awhile to dig 'em up.

HARKER

(considers)

Make sure your secretary gets them upstairs by half-past eight.

Harker walks to the door, stops, turns back.

HARKER (CONT'D)

Oh, and Muir -- good luck with the retirement.

CUT TO:

MUIR'S WALL SAFE - MOMENTS LATER

A DOZEN THICK FILES inside.

CUT TO:

Muir lifts a ONE-PAGE SERVICE RECORD off the top of the pile. He studies the ATTACHED PHOTOGRAPH OF BISHOP and while staring at it, envisions:

A SERIES OF FAST CUTS:

BISHOP'S FACE, cut and beaten as Chinese guards drag him across A PRISON'S COURTYARD -- through A DAMP CORRIDOR, into an INTERROGATION ROOM, where he's put on a chair to face a VIDEO CAMERA AND A MICROPHONE. The grim image reminding us of U.S. POWs during Desert Storm...

BACK TO:

MUIR as he makes a decision. He puts the ONE-PAGE SERVICE RECORD in an empty file folder and writes "Bishop, Thomas M." across the top.

He takes a beat, figuring where to put it. Walks over to his WALL SAFE, considering...

INT. MUIR'S OUTER OFFICE - MORNING

-- Muir enters carrying his briefcase, the stack of Bishop files and the satellite photos we saw earlier. He places --

THE ROCK

naked, without any wrapping -- on Gladys' desk.

MUIR

For you.

Gladys stares down at it.

MUIR (CONT'D)

Your own personal piece of the Berlin Wall.

Gladys lifts the chunk of stone.

GLADYS

Thank you. It'll look great next to the china.

He hands her the satellite photos.

MUIR

Do me a favor and get these returned.

He hands Gladys the satellite photos. He opens a desk drawer, lifts out a RED CANVAS BAG. He stashes the bulky Bishop files inside the bag and picks up his briefcase.

GLADYS
Where are you going?

MUIR
I'm up to the seventh floor. Get me out of there by ten.

She turns to face him, but he's already out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. 7TH FLOOR DCI'S WING - DAY

TROY FOLGER, Director of Central Intelligence (46, seasoned, humorless) -- strides out of his private office toward the high-tech, secure conference room. Waiting for him near the entrance are three of his "Young Turks" and Harker, who introduces the only outsider in the pack.

HARKER
Director Folger, this is Dr. Byars. He will be assisting us in...

But Folger isn't listening. He's looking past Harker, at

MUIR

who is across the room, having a conversation with Folger's secretary. Muir's hands are noticeably empty.

DIRECTOR FOLGER
(calls out)
Is there a problem?

Muir turns and Folger's secretary, JOSIE responds:

JOSIE
Mr. Muir, doesn't have the file, sir.

MUIR
'Morning Director... Chuck...

Muir takes in the group, his eyes linger on Dr. Byars, the man he doesn't know.

DIRECTOR FOLGER
Where is it, Muir?

MUIR
Yes, I was just explaining it's...

CUT TO:

THE RED CANVAS BAG

Tom Bishop's files sliding into a chamber not unlike a crematorium. The steel door shuts.

MUIR (V.O.)
... packed. Misplaced...

Fire blasts from five different directions, instantly consuming the bag.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
You know how it is -- moving day...

CUT TO:

Folger shoots Harker an irritated look.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Not to worry though -- secretary's on it.
(nods goodbye)
Director...Chuck...

MOVING WITH MUIR as he turns his back on the men and heads toward the elevators. Before he's halfway there --

FOLGER (O.S.)
Muir? Just hold on...

Exactly what he expected. Muir stops, just the trace of a smile.

INT. 7TH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM, DCI'S WING - MORNING

Folger and the others sit across from Muir at the conference table.

In the b.g., through one of the tinted glass walls, THREE TECHNICIANS sit in front of PC terminals, recording equipment and a wall of TV monitors.

DIRECTOR FOLGER
A week ago Tom Bishop disappeared from Hong Kong. Last night he turned up outside Shanghai. He's been arrested for espionage.

Folger watches Muir closely. Not a flicker of an eyelash while Muir appears to let the news sink in as if hearing it for the first time.

MUIR
Sounds bad. What did he do?

No one volunteers any information. Finally HWANG, an Asian-American (35), head of the East Asia Division, speaks up.

HWANG
As of oh-seven-hundred, they've given the President 24 hours to claim him.

MUIR
It's gone to the president?

Muir chews on that for a second.

MUIR (CONT'D)

(And what if he doesn't claim him?

(beat)

What? They let him go? Shoot him?

No one responds.

MUIR (CONT'D)

Where's he being held?

Again, there's no response.

MUIR (CONT'D)

What about the press? Why haven't we leaked it? Throw the spotlight on China -- helps keep Bishop alive, buys him some time.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

(icy)

You think that's a good idea, Muir? A press conference?

AIKEN (33) a slick lawyer, throws Muir a condescending look.

AIKEN

The President is in the middle of trade negotiations with Beijing. He needs the press on this like a third tit--

MUIR

Okay, so go in right now, get Bishop out.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

Muir, suffice it to say, every scenario is being taken into careful consideration.

Folger gives a look to DR. BYARS. He addresses Muir in a soft-spoken, but direct manner.

DR. BYARS

Among other things, Mr. Muir, we were hoping your files on Bishop would be able to shed some light on his behavior.

Harker gets up. He steps into the TECH ROOM.

DR. BYARS (CONT'D)

We're looking for a pattern. Bishop didn't seem the type to go rogue.

MUIR

When God made Bishop, it was Bishop who broke the mold.

INSIDE THE TECH ROOM: Muir's face on several monitors above the computer banks.

HARKER
 (to the technicians)
 Every word he says -- check it and double-check it.

Through the glass, we see Muir glance at the booth, unimpressed, aware that he is being scrutinized. He watches Harker pick up a phone and punch a number.

BACK IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM:

DIRECTOR FOLGER
 (sighs)
 All right, Muir. The Chinese will start at the beginning. Let's do the same.

Director Folger looks up to the booth, where the computerized data recorder whirls.

MUIR
 March of '75. Hue had just fallen, Danang would go in a couple of days.

In the tech room, a technician types on his keyboard and his computer screen brings up coded operation numbers under the heading of "Vietnam".

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH VIETNAMESE FIREBASE, LANDING ZONE - SUNSET

Red dust swirling in the propwash as a Huey is signaled down by a VIETNAMESE GROUND CREW.

A U.S. MARINE MILITARY ADVISER (a captain) jogs over to meet Nathan Muir, dressed spotlessly in a beige sports jacket, looking out of place. They shout unheard greetings, shake hands...

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
 I'd flown in-country to get an ARVN sniper we'd used throughout the Phoenix program. Hell of a hitter; a real Sergeant York named Bihn.

The pair walk toward the base and WE'RE THERE --

MUIR (CONT'D)
 Dead?

THE CAPTAIN
 Just before dawn. Caught a mortar round with his teeth.

MUIR
 Who else you got?

THE CAPTAIN

There's a staff sergeant came my way last month. He's nowhere near Bihn's forty confirmed.

MUIR

How many he have?

THE CAPTAIN

Four kills.

MUIR

(disappointed)

Christ. That's the best you got?

THE CAPTAIN

He can hit a sparrow at a thousand yards, sir.

(pause)

He's a good kid. Enlisted the day he got out of high school. He was only seventeen so he had to get a waiver.

MUIR

So where is he?

THE CAPTAIN

You're looking at him, sir...

The Captain points out a young soldier at a table playing poker with a few other soldiers.

THE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Sergeant Bishop!

Bishop drops his cards, steps over and salutes.

BISHOP

Yes, sir!

TOM BISHOP, stands at attention, holding his helmet against his hip. As Muir silently assesses him, Bishop keeps his eyes the regulation two inches above Muir's head. In contrast to his military carriage, Bishop's jungle boots are worn and torn and there are improvised additions to his uniform.

MUIR

You don't mind sitting out a hand, do you Sergeant?

BISHOP

No, sir.

EXT. SOUTH VIETNAMESE FIREBASE - SUNSET

Muir leads Bishop toward the command tent. Muir pulls out a pack of cigarettes, offers one up to Bishop.

MUIR
Smoke?

BISHOP
No thank you, sir.

MUIR
(lights up)
So, where are you from?

BISHOP
Arcadia, California, sir.

MUIR
I take it you didn't get to be a marksman
putting food on your mama's table.

BISHOP
No, sir. We have a Safeway back home.

MUIR
Where did you learn to shoot?

BISHOP
(embarrassed)
Actually, I learned in the Scouts.

MUIR
(laughs)
Boy Scouts. No kidding?
(pause)
I'll bet you got a drawer full of merit
badges back home.

BISHOP
Yes, sir.

MUIR
Why did you volunteer to come to this
shithole?

BISHOP
My father was a Marine, sir.
He died in Korea.

Muir considers this.

MUIR (V.O.)
I knew this kid. He was one of those
idealistic types who starts out trying to
find out what he's made of and winds up
taking his first fall...

INT. 7TH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM, DCI'S WING - MORNING

Muir glances at Byars who scribbles a note as he finds a
cigarette.

HARKER

Muir, would you mind not smoking?

MUIR

It helps my memory.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

Get to the mission. Can we expect blow-back?

MUIR

(lighting up)

Well, his target was General Peng Ying-Sun.

CUT TO:

THREE PHOTOGRAPHS

one after the other of an Asian General.

BISHOP (O.S.)

He's Red Chinese, sir.

THE COMMAND TENT - NIGHT

MUIR

Unofficial enemy. An NVA advisor.
Architect of Tet and their forthcoming
Saigon offensive.

Muir looks up at Bishop.

MUIR (CONT'D)

Saigon's still going to fall, but one well-placed bullet might buy the rest of us here time to evacuate. Could save five lives, could save five hundred.

BISHOP

Yes, sir.

MUIR

You'll need this --

Muir opens a case to reveal a tripod-mounted .50 caliber machine gun modified to accommodate single-round fire.

MUIR (CONT'D)

(off Bishop's look)

General Peng will be inside a reinforced vehicle.

EXT./INT. TWO BLACK HUEY 1F'S - NIGHT

No insignias, flying mere feet over black jungle.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
 -- Your first round will give you
 penetration... your second will follow it
 home.

Inside the first Huey, Bishop compares an aerial photo of a
 jungle river bridge to a small section of topo map.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
 If you're as good as your commander says
 you are, you shouldn't have a problem.

The first helicopter drops at a sharp angle to hover five feet
 over the ground as the second Huey flies directly overhead
 covering the sound of the landing.

Bishop jumps out of the Huey and heads into the jungle. The
 first chopper rises and flies off.

BISHOP (V.O.)
 Will he be alone, sir?

MUIR (V.O.)
 He'll be vulnerable to attack.

EXT. LAOTIAN JUNGLE - DAWN

Movement -- a shifting of shadows -- revealed as Bishop: dressed
 in his camouflaged, poncho-like ghillie suit, his face a
 mesmerizing series of green, grease-painted stripes. Bishop's
 hands grip the scoped .50 cal.

EXT. THE BRIDGE OVER THE SONG CA RIVER - MORNING

As seen from a hillside one thousand yards away. Two lanes,
 arched-steel, with two concrete pillboxes at each end. LAOTIAN
 SOLDIERS visible at the far end as TWO MOTORCYCLE RIDERS appear
 from the jungle. Bishop drops his eye behind the scope.

BISHOP'S POV - SNIPER SCOPE

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
 Peng sometimes travels with a bit of an
 entourage.

Following the motorcycles: a dirty Citroen DS21. Behind that: an
 open-back truck carrying SIX ARMED GUERRILLAS, guns trained on
 the passing jungle.

BISHOP
 (mutters bitterly)
 "Bit of an entourage..."

A flashing glint of sunlight from above attracts Bishop's
 attention.

MUIR (V.O.)
 They're basically harmless...

Overhead, a North Vietnamese helicopter loops forward in a protective circle around the General's car, scanning the jungle for danger.

BISHOP
(shakes his head)
"Harmless...."

Bishop lies on a rocky hillside, exposed from the back.

The motorcade stops at the checkpoint. Bishop focuses on the windshield. He begins to REGULATE HIS BREATHING, slow and steady; finds Peng in the shadowy backseat.

MUIR (V.O.)
... but take 'em all out anyway.
We'd like to send the Chi-coms a real message.

Bishop EXHALES HALF A BREATH; holds it. His finger on the trigger. Suddenly the ROAR of the helicopter draws Bishop's attention: The helicopter has spotted him.

A NEW POV:

On a far ridge, Muir watches the helicopter moving in on Bishop through binoculars. Beside him is the pilot for his waiting Huey.

MUIR
Kid's dead. It's over. Let's go.

Muir drops the binoculars, then does a DOUBLE-TAKE, raising the glasses.

BACK TO BISHOP --

Although acutely aware of the helicopter bearing down on him, Bishop hasn't moved, but has remained focused on the General's car, again regulating his breathing. Bishop FIRES TWO SHOTS in rapid succession. SUPER SLOW MOTION: The first round impacting the bulletproof glass; the second punching through, catching Peng in the throat.

Bishop rolls to face the helicopter...

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER --

The gunner fixes his aim; finger on the trigger. But a bullet flies from Bishop's gun, smashing into the helicopter windshield. Followed in quick succession by another. The pilot screams.

BACK TO MUIR --

As the helicopter veers violently to its side.

MUIR
Hell of an ad for the Boy Scouts.

BACK TO BISHOP --

The guerillas fire in Bishop's general direction, as chunks of flaming helicopter fall, raining down in the jungle around him. Bishop dodges the debris, wipes the sweat from his eyes. His face is tight with fury and betrayal, but he keeps it under control and continues to find his targets.

MUIR (V.O.)

I knew right then he had everything we look for: cool under pressure, ability to think on his feet, solid athlete. Not to mention one hell of a shot.

EXT. THE BRIDGE OVER THE SONG CA RIVER - MORNING

The black Huey swoops low over the trees. Hovers near the bridge. Bishop emerges from the brush, hustling toward the bird. The Huey rises and takes off.

MUIR (V.O.)

I knew I wanted him.

Bishop leans against the side of the helicopter as it flies over the jungle. Now, finally, he's able to catch his breath, almost hyperventilating.

EXT./INT. HUEY - MORNING

The helicopter sails away from the jungle. Muir is sitting behind the pilot.

MUIR (V.O.)

... But as they say, timing is everything, and this definitely wasn't the time to recruit a new officer.

DR. BYARS (V.O.)

Did you think it was wise -- recruiting an assassin?

INT. 7TH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM, DCI'S WING - MORNING

Muir smokes as --

MUIR

(pointed)

He was a *soldier*.

Undaunted, Byars presses on:

DR. BYARS

You had a Presidential Finding authorizing those kills?

Muir decides to play out his hand, his eyes taking in the other men at the table before settling back on Byars.

MUIR
We haven't met. I'm Nathan Muir.

The doctor doesn't introduce himself.

DR. BYARS
Did you have a Presidential Finding?

MUIR
(keeps eyes on Byars)
Let's just say, in Vietnam, we acted
mostly on initiative.

Byars calmly scribbles a note.

IN THE TECH ROOM, Harker talks on the phone as he watches Muir
light up a cigarette at the conference table.

HARKER
(hisses)
...I don't care. Just find it...

CUT TO:

MUIR'S OFFICE: THREE PLAIN CLOTHES SECURITY OFFICERS stare at the
overwhelming number of boxes and paper work in front of them.
The CHIEF OFFICER sighs, pockets his cel phone.

CUT TO:

THE CONFERENCE ROOM:

AIKEN
So, when did you sign him, Muir?

MUIR
Little tricky to pinpoint, Russ.
(pointedly to Aiken)
Back then, recruitment still took time.

EXT. SAIGON - DAY

Thousands and thousands of Vietnamese crowd the streets rushing
for the American planes and helicopters..

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
Bishop was evacuated with the last of them
on the 30th of April.

INT. SOUTH VIETNAMESE FIREBASE, LANDING ZONE - SUNSET

Light rain falls. Bishop trudges along with his battalion. The
soldiers look battle-weary, numb.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
Gave me a month to do my homework --
talked to neighbors, teachers, his mom,
his Scout master...

As the soldiers walk past a ravaged village; Vietnamese families huddle together, watching the Americans leave. CLOSE ON Bishop; raindrops pooled on his skin, a sadness in his eyes.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
... pulled his Daddy's war record at the Pentagon. Then in May, with about a year left on his tour, I went in.

INT. DUTY OFFICE, PHILIPPINE AIR BASE - DAY

Noisy and crowded; all kinds of SERVICEMEN waiting for planes. Bishop, now a gunnery Sergeant, seabag at his side, argues with a PAPER-PUSHING SERGEANT behind a desk, his travel authorization between them.

THE PAPER-PUSHER
I ain't seein' your problem, gunny.
You're being reassigned.

BISHOP
Wiesbaden? There isn't a single goddamn Marine in Germany.

CUT TO:

A HAND-PAINTED PLACARD - "BABY-KILLERS GO HOME!"

waved by a SCREAMING GERMAN TEENAGER in a CROWD of her angry peers, demonstrating against the United States at --

EXT. TAYLOR ARMY BARRACKS, WIESBADEN - DAY

Bishop gets off the bus. GERMAN POLICE try and keep the demonstration in check, but, regardless of their presence, Bishop is spit upon, CURSED, pelted with garbage as he walks the gauntlet to the gate.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
My plan was to isolate and alienate.

INT. A WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Bishop surrounded by supplies and activity, trying to make himself understood by a recalcitrant CIVILIAN EMPLOYEE.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
I gave him menial duties with non-English speaking personnel --

INT. MILITARY OFFICE - MORNING

Bishop at a desk across from an ARMY OFFICER who speaks into the telephone.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
And kept him in limbo about even the possibility of going home.

The officer hangs up. Shakes his head. Bad news.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
I watched. Waited. Then in December,
when it looked like he couldn't take much
more...

INT. U-BAHN STATION - MORNING

CROWDS dressed for cold. Bishop, in civilian clothes carrying a bag of groceries and an expression of real depression, gets off a train and heads for the exit only to collide with a figure --

BISHOP
Entschuldigung.

It's Muir. He nods, lets Bishop meet his eyes, and without showing a hint of recognition himself, continues with his FEMALE COMPANION toward the train.

Bishop stands there a second, unsure, watching Muir's back, then, just before Muir boards:

BISHOP (CONT'D)
Hey!

Muir turns as Bishop hurries toward him... Not sure if Bishop will greet him or punch him.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
Sorry, but... It's Bishop, sir. Sergeant Bishop?

The woman -- a real looker (late 20s), smiles politely. Muir's expression suddenly beams recognition.

MUIR
Christ! Of course!
(claps his shoulders)
How long you been out, kid?
(without letting him answer)
Sandy, this is... Tom Bishop. It is Tom, right?

Bishop's smile is so big it looks like it's going to fly off his face.

BISHOP
Yes, sir. Tom.

MUIR
Sandy-here's my wife.

As Bishop offers his hand. FREEZE FRAME and QUICK FLASH TO THE CONFERENCE ROOM:

BYARS
Your wife?

MUIR

Second wife, yeah; as blind to the set-up
as Bishop -- lent the first contact
reality.

INT. A LODGE - NIGHT

Mostly German couples; cozy dining room. Muir and Bishop (back
in uniform) at a table by the window.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)

He asked what I was doing in Wiesbaden and
I told him I was a military liaison of
sorts.

A WAITRESS serves them each a beer.

MUIR (CONT'D)

So how the hell'd you end up in Germany?
(to the waitress)
And the martini?

BISHOP

Some damn screw-up. Everyone knows I'm
not supposed to be here, but no one can do
anything to get me out.

MUIR

Talk about bad luck. Maybe I can help...
(raising his glass)
Semper Fi, boy.

Bishop repeats the toast; they drink.

BISHOP

You're a Marine?

MUIR

Way back when. First Marines, Fifth
Regiment. Bought a piece of ribbon at the
Chosin Reservoir during the Chi-com
counterattack.

The martini arrives. Muir busies himself with the olive before
noticing Bishop's silence. Gives him a look of concern.

BISHOP

My father was there; the First with the
Seventh. Chinese killed him out on the
ice with Task Force MacLean.

MUIR

That's rough. I'm sorry.

BISHOP

He got a Silver Star. Posthumous. Maybe
you knew him -- heard of him?

MUIR

Naw -- I was rear echelon.

(pause)

Course we had it easy going home back then; none of this fascist-baby-burning-no-nukes bullshit.

(shaking his head)

After all you men gave.

BISHOP

Y'know, I wonder sometimes what I was thinking. I mean, nobody gives a damn, what'd I do it for? What'd any of us do it for?

MUIR

Look, I probably shouldn't tell you this, but -- That job you did for us --

He pauses, noting the way Bishop sits up.

MUIR (CONT'D)

Intelligence later estimated a lot of the Americans wouldn't have made it out of Saigon alive.

(pause)

I know it didn't turn out exactly the way we anticipated. You had a tough time...

BISHOP

(after a beat)

It wasn't so bad... I was proud to do it.

The waitress approaches, ready for their order.

MUIR

Way I see it, Tom, there's a whole bunch of American moms and wives who, if they knew, would build you a shrine.

He locks eyes with Bishop, almost challenges the young man to deny it. Then smiles.

MUIR (CONT'D)

Say, any plans for Christmas Eve?

INT. MUIR'S DINING ROOM - EVENING

A CROWDED Christmas party in progress. A glorious holiday spread. Muir leads Bishop through the crowd, introducing him to party-goers as they pass.

INT. DEN - LATER

Music seeps in from the living room. All the guests' coats and women's purses are piled on a couch. Muir, followed by Bishop, enters the room. Muir reaches into a desk drawer and lifts out a poorly wrapped gift.

MUIR
 Sorry about the wrapping, I should have
 let Sandy do it.
 (pause)
 Go ahead, open it.

Bishop opens the present. It looks like a bundle of blue fabric,
 then Bishop turns it -- a star is revealed.

BISHOP
 A flag, sir?

But even as he says this, he spreads it out. It is --
 THE TATTERED AND BURNED AMERICAN FLAG
 first seen on the wall of Muir's office at Langley.

MUIR
 From Marine headquarters at Yudamni. I
 snatched it before I was hit. I want you
 to have it.
 (pause)
 It's the flag your father served under.

Bishop is choked up -- it's the flag his father died for.

BISHOP
 I -- I can't accept this...

MUIR
 Sure you can. I walked out of there --
 you keep it -- for your father.

Bishop just stands there holding the tattered flag. A CAROL
 begins downstairs.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
 Next day, I closed the deal.

EXT. A FROZEN LAKE - DAY

CLOSE ON Bishop's stunned face.

BISHOP
 Central Intelligence...

Now we see Muir and Bishop are bundled up, walking across a
 frozen lake. In the b.g., ice-skaters are visible.

MUIR
 Train you as a case officer. You'd work
 for me, mostly undercover.

Bishop, serious, absorbs the offer. Finally --

BISHOP
 You mean in Europe?

MUIR
Europe, Asia, the Middle East -- wherever
the action is.

BISHOP
What if I just want to go home?

MUIR
That's okay, too. In that case, I presume
you'll forget we've had this conversation.

A long moment. Then:

BISHOP
The thing is... Vietnam... just wasn't
what I thought it'd be.

MUIR
I understand. You guys had the rug pulled
out from under you.

Muir lights a cigarette, exhales.

MUIR (CONT'D)
But it's not like that with us. If you
really want to get something done, you
need to be able to keep it quiet. We
believe in being effective. I ended up a
case officer in Berlin after Korea -- I
saw the wall go up -- first it was just
rolls of barb wire...

A GERMAN VOICE
(calling out)
Mr. Johnson...

Muir turns. Looks off at a FATHER out with his two KIDS.

FATHER
(waving)
Mr. Johnson, is that you?

Muir waves back, apologizes to Bishop.

MUIR
Sorry... One of the folks we liberated
from East Germany...
(beat)
Excuse me, Tom, I'll be right back.

Muir heads toward the family. Bishop watches as the man embraces
Muir. Muir says a few words, then bends down to say hello to the
kids.

HOLD ON Bishop, watching.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)

Sometimes, it's the cherry on top of the sundae that does the trick.

(beat)

The next day I got Bishop out of the Corps and moved him into one of our safe houses where we started his tradecraft.

EXT. MANSION IN THE WOODS - DAY

DOGS barking. GUARDS in civil clothes make the rounds.

INSIDE: Bishop is sitting at a table. An instructor hands him secret inks and solvents, tiny encryption kits, explaining as he goes along.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)

Six months of chalk marks and dead drops, codes and secret inks...

INT. THE MANSION BASEMENT

Bishop is stripped to his underwear, wires running to a polygraph, while two men shout questions at him.

MUIR (V.O.; cont'd)

...a little work with the camera, interrogation resistance...

EXT. THE MANSION COURTYARD - DAY

Bishop and three other trainees sit in front of computer screens racing to crack a series of codes while an instructor paces behind them. Bishop is the first to finish and sits back triumphantly in his chair.

In the b.g., through the window, Muir pulls up in the driveway.

EXT. STREET/WEST GERMANY - DAY

Bishop and Muir are walking down the street.

MUIR

Everything you learned in there? Forget it.

(off Bishop's look)

Technology gets better everyday and that's great, but most of the time all you need is a stick of gum, a pocketknife and a smile.

BISHOP

So when do I get my first assignment?

MUIR

When I decide you're ready.

Muir steps in front of an "Imbiss" (a coffee & snack stand) and puts down a coin.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Ein Kaffee, bitte.

BISHOP
Make it two...

Muir shakes his head and looks across the street.

MUIR
You see that apartment building?

He gestures towards a nondescript, five-story building, where each apartment has a balcony.

BISHOP
Yeah? What about it?

MUIR
Know anyone who lives there?

BISHOP
No.

MUIR
Give me your wallet.

BISHOP
What?

MUIR
And your watch.

Bishop does as he's instructed.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Okay, now, within five minutes, I want to see you standing on one of those balconies chatting politely with the tenant.

Bishop chuckles at the joke.

MUIR (cont'd)
You've just lost ten seconds.

BISHOP
You're serious.

MUIR
You've just lost fifteen seconds.

Muir takes his coffee to an empty table. After a beat, Bishop crosses the road.

EXT. THE BUILDING - DAY

All the balconies are empty. Muir sips coffee, watching. Suddenly, a door to one of the balconies slides open, Bishop appears.

Behind Bishop, a middle-aged man steps out. The man is chatting away to Bishop, who nods and smiles, moving further out onto the balcony. After a moment, a housewife in an overcoat appears with a cup and saucer of steaming coffee and hands it to Bishop; she's gushing, enthralled by whatever Bishop is saying. Bishop raises the cup in Muir's direction and drinks.

MUIR (V.O.)

It took him three and a half minutes...

INT. MANSION IN THE WOODS - DAY

The safe house classroom is empty except for Muir and Bishop. They sit with Cokes in front of them.

MUIR

You'll find that getting someone to spy for you is no different than getting a housewife who's never met you before to invite you out onto her balcony for a cup of coffee...

BISHOP

(thinks)

Except one of them is going to be risking their life, right?

MUIR

All the more reason to think of it as asking for nothing more than a cup of coffee.

Bishop absorbs this strange lesson and studies Muir a moment, considering him. Then:

BISHOP

Where're you from?

MUIR

(shrugs)

Top secret.

BISHOP

When's your birthday?

MUIR

I don't remember.

BISHOP

C'mon.

MUIR

Nobody knows my birthday.

BISHOP

Can I look at your file?

Muir chuckles.

MUIR
If you can find it.

BISHOP
You know everything about me and I hardly
know anything about you. Tell me
something... anything.

For a moment Muir says nothing.

MUIR
I only have sixty-percent hearing in my
right ear.

BISHOP
Really?

MUIR
(feigns hard of hearing)
What?

BISHOP
Very funny.

MUIR
(a two-finger salute)
Scout's honor.

In case we haven't gotten it by now, Muir is starting to like
this kid.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. BERLIN KURFURSTENDAM / CAR - DAY

The SOUND of gears grinding. Two ATTRACTIVE GIRLS watch and
giggle at Muir's Porsche, hopping like a frog, down the avenue.

MUIR
...easy on the clutch... first gear up,
second gear down... no, that's fifth!
(as the engine stalls)
...Christ... put it back in neutral...

Bishop frantically works the manual transmission. He fires up
the car without putting in the clutch. The Porsche, jerks,
stalls. Muir curses under his breath.

MUIR (CONT'D)
... guy shoots down a helicopter, can't
work the damned stick shift...

EXT. AUTOBAHN - DAY

The Porsche races past -- a speeding blur. Bishop is getting the
hang of it.

The tach needle redlining at 7000 rpm. Muir plays cool, but he's
tested as the tach needle pushes into the red.

MUIR

... so according to statistics three out of every ten new Porsche owners...

He glances at the speedometer that reaches 250 Kilometers per hour.

MUIR (CONT'D)

... three out of ten total the car within the first twenty-four hours. That's a fact.

Bishop turns his head to Muir.

BISHOP

(mock pondering)

Really? Sounds like an exaggeration to me.

Muir would rather see Bishop's eyes on the road, but Bishop keeps staring at him as he accelerates.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

You know, I just don't believe that...
You buy that?

Muir eyes 275 Kilometers on the speedometer. Then looks back at Bishop, who continues looking dead at him.

MUIR

(gives in)

... Nah.

Bishop milks the moments for all it's worth.

BISHOP

Neither do I.

Finally, Bishop turns back to the road without blinking...

INT. REFUGEE CENTER - STAZGITTER, WEST GERMANY - DAY

Moving through a busy maze of cubicles --

MUIR (V.O.)

After his training, Bishop took off. I taught him to take an East German who just came over the wall, look him in the eye and ask him to go back to the place he just fled to spy for us...

Anxious and overwhelmed EAST GERMAN REFUGEES, waiting, interviewed, processed by WEST GERMAN BUREAUCRATS.

BISHOP

at a corner table in the basement cafeteria huddled in conversation with a frightened YOUNG EAST GERMAN.

MUIR (V.O; CONT'D)

He got so good at it, he could close in a single afternoon and send the poor SOB out with a smile on his face.

Which is exactly what we see: fear becoming trust, becoming big grins, best friends, and off walks another agent for the West.

AIKEN (V.O.)

Uh, Muir... I think we've heard enough about Berlin...

INT. 7TH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM, DCI'S WING - MORNING

AIKEN

... Bishop's being held in *China*.

Muir looks at Aiken, bemused.

MUIR

Oh. So it's your expert opinion, Bishop tells the Chi-coms that last story and they'll just ask him to fast forward?

Muir glances into the Tech Room, where he sees Harker on the phone.

MUIR (CONT'D)

... What they'll get from that story, Russ; is how we recruit, how we train; modes of contact in hostile nations, methods of insertion and defection....

(to the others)

....See, in case you've forgotten, we're doing these things all over China this very minute.

(to Folger)

But then again, *maybe* that's not what any of this is really about.

Folger just gives him a blank stare.

MUIR (cont'd)

I've seen officers caught with their hands in foreign cookie jars before.

(eyes on Byars)

Don't recall ever needing a *shrink* from Medical Services to run a new profile while we decide how to react.

DR. BYARS

Bishop's behavior clearly indicates our old profile is inaccurate.

Folger looks impatiently into the Tech Room at Harker, still on the phone.

INT. TECH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harker looks through the glass, holds up his finger to Folger
"just a second," listens to the other voice on the phone.

HARKER
(into the phone)
Jesus, how much more time you need?

INT. MUIR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SECURITY OFFICER
(into the phone)
I'm not sure, Sir...

The SECURITY OFFICERS have RANSACKED Muir's office. Gladys watches them sift through the paperwork.

The CHIEF security officer glances at two of his MEN working on Muir's WALL SAFE.

BACK TO FOLGER:

DIRECTOR FOLGER
Just proceed from where you left off,
Muir.

Muir spreads his hands in a gesture of surrender, then --

MUIR
Okay... Like I said: we were unstoppable.
Still, Bishop wasn't where I wanted him.
That didn't happen 'til '78.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAROQUE MANSION - NIGHT

Limousines and diplomatic cars disgorging GUESTS -- an even mix of black-tie and "Fourth of July" costumes.

"WEST BERLIN, JULY 4TH"

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
I was operating under State Department
cover...

INT. THE U.S. AMBASSADOR'S MANSION - NIGHT

A lavish party for about one hundred at the American Ambassador's residence. Muir and HIS DATE meet up with AMBASSADOR CATHCART (60) and his wife, ANN.

MUIR
Jeremy... Ann...

If looks could kill, Muir's date would be decomposing as --

ANN CATHCART
And where is Mrs. Muir?

MUIR
Patrice left me, Ann. Filed for divorce.
Embarrassed, Ann Cathcart fumbles for something to say --

AIKEN (V.O.)
Patrice?

MUIR (V.O.)
Third wife -- faded Beltway debutante.
Nice in her way.

THE CONFERENCE ROOM

AIKEN
My God, how many wives have you had?

MUIR
Five. Want to hear about them or you want
to hear about Bishop?

RESUME - THE PARTY

ANN CATHCART
I'm so sorry, my God, me and my big mouth.

MUIR
This is Claudia. My niece from
Heidelberg. Doesn't speak much English.

He flashes his most devilish grin --

MUIR (CONT'D)
She's been a real dear, helping me get
over it.

And presenting her to Ambassador Cathcart --

MUIR (CONT'D)
Say "hi" to Ambassador Cathcart, honey.

Pouty lips, fawn eyes, she extends her hand.

AMBASSADOR CATHCART
Jeremy Cathcart, charmed.

He kisses her hand. She giggles. Ann Cathcart raps her husband
playfully with her fan.

ANN CATHCART
Jeremy, our guests look thirsty...

AMBASSADOR CATHCART
I'm on it...

MUIR
 (to Claudia)
 Hon, why don't you give the Ambassador a
 hand. Double martini for me.

Muir and Ann watch Claudia and the Ambassador walk off together.

ANN CATHCART
 Seems your "niece" is a hit with my
 husband.

MUIR
 (smiles)
 Gives us a chance to be alone.

ANN CATHCART
 (flattered)
 Always playing games, Nathan.

She glances across the room at her husband with Claudia at the
 bar and draws herself closer to Muir.

ANN CATHCART (CONT'D)
 Mm...You know, we could meet later
 tonight.

Muir glances to Claudia, makes eye contact with her, smiles.

MUIR
 I wish I could.
 (a bit more serious)
 We're bringing someone across.

ANN CATHCART
 Ohhh, someone important...?

MUIR
 No, just some Russkie functionary named
 Gridenko... Should be right about now.

EXT./INT. CHECKPOINT CHARLIE/BISHOP'S CAR - NIGHT

Bishop is at the wheel, a WEST GERMAN BUSINESSMAN (60s) beside
 him. As they approach the tin military police shack --

BISHOP
 They know we're coming; they should just
 pass us through.

Sure enough, the MP who steps out of the guardhouse barely
 glances at their license plate before waving them past a sign
 that reads: "YOU ARE NOW LEAVING THE AMERICAN SECTOR".

As Bishop negotiates through a series of barriers, TWO EAST
 GERMAN BORDER POLICE step from an ugly concrete building. Each
 has a hand on the butt of his pistol. They motion Bishop to
 stop; rap on Bishop's window --

EAST GERMAN GUARD

Passport.

Bishop places his passport against the glass as does the West German beside him.

The first East German takes the numbers into the building. Now they wait. After a moment, the gate is raised.

INT./EXT. BISHOP'S CAR/EAST BERLIN - NIGHT

Leaving behind the bumper-to-bumper traffic in the West, Bishop heads onto a dark and empty East Berlin street, past the Brandenburg Gate --

THE WEST GERMAN

We've picked up some company.

Rear-view mirror: an East German Trabant; TWO MEN.

INT. AN EAST BERLIN RESTAURANT/NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Crowded tables. Crowded dance floor. Bishop and the West German Businessman; dinner plates being cleared. A three-quarter empty bottle of vodka sits between them. The businessman appears to be lit. Bishop, tie undone, grins through the telling of some kind of humorous story, but his eyes never stop roving the room.

From --

HIS WATCH - 12:25

to the bar, and --

TWO EAST GERMAN PLAINCLOTHES VOLKSPOLITZEI (VOPOS)

their tail, and finally to a single German, fat and dressed like a FARMER. Bishop shoots his punch line, the businessman laughs, and, in the background, the farmer pays for his beer and leaves.

Bishop signals the WAITER; pays the bill; rises. The businessman follows, stumbling, groping a GIRL -- Bishop pulls him, laughing, out of range of the slap. They stagger to the door.

The two VOPOs share a look and follow.

EXT. EAST BERLIN STREET - NIGHT

As Bishop and his West German partner boisterously move to their car --

A VEGETABLE TRUCK

driven by the farmer, pulls out and drives off. Presently, Bishop gets his own car headed in that direction.

INT. BISHOP'S CAR - NIGHT

Both men stone sober. Eyes on his mirror --

BISHOP
Back in tow. Ready?

The West German businessman nods. Bishop accelerates.

INT./EXT. BISHOP'S CAR/STREET - NIGHT

The tail car accelerates in pursuit. A fast corner... Suddenly --

-- The vegetable truck looms in Bishop's windshield. He swerves around it. The vegetable truck HONKS.

EXT. THE VOPO TAIL CAR - NIGHT

The VOPOs attempt to pass the vegetable truck, but this time the farmer refuses. The VOPOs pound their HORN.

INT. BISHOP'S CAR - NIGHT

Flying, putting as much distance between themselves and their tail. The road curves between dark warehouses.

BISHOP
Get ready.

The West German businessman exchanges his passport for another in the glove box. Grips the door. Bishop slows.

EXT. THE WAREHOUSE STREET - NIGHT

The businessman leaps out into the night; runs parallel to the car, signaling to the shadows where *another man in an identical suit* now reveals himself.

INT. THE VOPO TAIL CAR - NIGHT

The VOPO passenger slaps a dome light on top of the Trabant as the driver hits a siren. The vegetable truck pulls over immediately. The VOPOs floor it.

INT. BISHOP'S CAR - NIGHT

Still rolling forward, the old West German Businessman helping the "new West German Businessman" inside -- in the dark of the car --

the new businessman

bears as close a resemblance to the old as you can get without being twins.

BISHOP
Passport in the glove box Vodka on the floor; spill some on your coat.

INT. THE VOPO TAIL CAR - NIGHT

Catching up with Bishop. They flash their brights. From behind, it looks as if nothing has changed. Still, they hit their siren again and signal for Bishop to pull over.

INT. BISHOP'S CAR - NIGHT

The new "businessman," DR. SERGEI GRIDENKO (60s), looks terrified.

BISHOP

Hard part's over, Sergei. I'm going to pull over. You are not to speak and you are not to give them your passport for any reason. Remember, you're drunk.

Gridenko nods fervently, but most bets would be, he blows it.

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

Bishop pulls over. The VOPOs stop behind them. Get out.

INT. BISHOP'S CAR - NIGHT

Flashlights through both windows.

FIRST VOPO

(in German)

<Passports!>

Again, pressed to window. Photographs checked. The second VOPO goes back to the car as --

FIRST VOPO (CONT'D)

<Unroll your window.>

BISHOP

Just mine; sit tight.

Bishop does as requested.

FIRST VOPO

<You were speeding. I could arrest you.>

Bishop doesn't react. The second VOPO calls his partner. The first VOPO steps back. The two East Germans confer.

Bishop glances at Gridenko: sweat is pouring down his brow, into his eyes. His hand moves to wipe it.

BISHOP

Don't. It's okay.

FIRST VOPO

<You are with the U.S. State Department, but he is a West German. What is your business together in East Berlin?>

BISHOP

<Just fun. Hans is new to town. Sells shoes. Wanted to show him a good time.
(a guilty sigh)
We were looking for some company.>

FIRST VOPO

<You are looking in the wrong place.
There is no prostitution in East Berlin.>

BISHOP

(under his breath)
Yeah, right.

For an instant it looks like the first VOPO is going to shoot him then and there, but, forced --

FIRST VOPO

<Your evening of fun is over. If I were you, I would go back where you belong.
Now.>

Bishop tries to stare him down, then gives up.

BISHOP

<You're the boss, Fritz.>

EXT. BISHOP'S CAR - NIGHT

He starts it up, puts it in gear, and heads off.

INT. BISHOP'S CAR - NIGHT

GRIDENKO

(babbles)
... they knew. They have my family
already. I know it.

BISHOP

If they knew, they'd have taken you. I'm
sure Hilda and the kids are halfway to
Munich by now.

(trying to take his mind off
the business at hand)
How is Machteld anyway? Still playing
soccer?

Gridenko nods, barely calms down. Bishop looks at his watch --
1:35; glances in his mirror. A pair of headlights, but now much
farther behind. Lights ahead indicate a tiny bar. Bishop slows.

GRIDENKO

What are you doing?!

BISHOP

It's all right. Scheduled stop. I'm
going to use their phone.

GRIDENKO
They'll follow you, they'll hear you!

BISHOP
The call's already waiting. By the time
they get inside, I'll already have hung
up. If they ask, tell them I got sick.

Without further discussion, Bishop parks and gets out, leaving
the panicked Gridenko alone.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

As soon as Bishop enters, two things happen at once. THE OWNER
comes from behind the bar to the shutters as a lookout, and the
man's WIFE hands Bishop a telephone receiver.

BISHOP
(into phone)
Vodka did me in. I'm coming home.

MUIR (V.O.)
Throw out the bottle.

Bishop looks stunned, and in a strange way, almost amused.

BISHOP
Repeat that.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Once again, the Trabant swings in from the road.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

MUIR (V.O.)
It's a trap; they know.

BISHOP
They don't know. We're coming across.

INT. THE U.S. AMBASSADOR'S MANSION/LIBRARY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Muir speaking into a phone. His voice low, hushed.

MUIR
No. That's an order.

THE CAMERA SHIFTS and now we see behind Muir, three CIA officers
are gently grilling the Ambassador. The Ambassador is pale,
extremely anxious.

MUIR (CONT'D)
(low, eyes on the Ambassador)
Listen to me: Ann Cathcart -- the
Ambassador's wife -- half hour ago, she
was kidnapped. They've threatened to kill
her if Gridenko's brought across.

A security guard opens the door, behind him, the party is still going on. Other guests are oblivious to the unfolding drama.

BACK TO BISHOP --

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
... You have to let him go.

The lookout at the window gives A WARNING IN GERMAN.

BISHOP
(into phone)
But they'll kill him.

CLICK. Muir has hung up. Bishop quickly moves into the bathroom as --

THE FRONT DOOR

swings open. The first VOPO. He SPEAKS HARSHLY. The woman indicates the bathroom.

INT. THE TINY BATHROOM - NIGHT

Just a toilet. Bishop reaches behind it and retrieves the small, brown, glass vial waiting for him. He pops the cap; swallows the contents. He's CHOKING as the door swings open. The first VOPO grabs him, pulls him back, only to recoil as Bishop begins to VOMIT.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

The first VOPO none-too-gently helps a pale Bishop out. He gives his partner, who stands at Gridenko's window, a hopeless shake of his head: the night's been a total waste of time. He propels Bishop to his car, then joins his partner. The two East Germans drive off.

INT. BISHOP'S CAR/MOVING - NIGHT

Bishop drives down a dark side street, his face drawn and tense. He suddenly jerks the car into an alley, comes to a stop and turns to Gridenko.

BISHOP
There's been a change of plans.

Gridenko stares at Bishop, realization dawning...

GRIDENKO
(realization dawning)
No! You will drive me across, just as you said!

BISHOP
If I do, they'll kill us both. This way, you still have a chance.

GRIDENKO

You liar! This way, you still have a chance!

Gridenko stares with horror, his eyes filling with tears.

BISHOP

Get out of the fucking car, Gridenko.

Bishop reaches past Gridenko, opens his door.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Now!

Gridenko's face is red with tension and betrayal. He slams the door shut and grabs onto the passenger grip.

GRIDENKO

I'm not getting out!

Bishop flings the door back open, tries to shove Gridenko out of the car, but Gridenko holds on for dear life, his knuckles white. Bishop suddenly smashes Gridenko in the mouth and shoves him out. Gridenko falls into the street, blood streams from his nose.

He looks up as Bishop slams the door shut and takes off.

Bishop behind the wheel, horrified at what he had to do. He wipes Gridenko's blood off his fist; looks back in his rearview mirror.

Gridenko stumbles to his feet and stands there, not even bothering to escape into the shadows. He's slumped, bloody, broken.

EXT. ROOFTOP LOOKING OVER THE BERLIN WALL - DAWN

Muir steps through the door to the roof. He stops in front of Bishop, who is sitting against a brick chimney.

BISHOP

(without looking at Muir)

I take it you heard.

Muir studies him; doesn't say a word.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

They shipped him back to Moscow. Executed him and his wife on a shitty cellar floor... No one knows what they did with the children.

Muir reaches into his coat, pulls out a battered flask. Offers it to Bishop.

MUIR

I'm just glad you're safe.

BISHOP
How did they know?

MUIR
They had a mole. The Ambassador's wife never came back. Apparently the East Germans have set her up in a swank apartment out in...

(glances at the piece of paper in his hand)
Pankow. The President's recalled the Ambassador.

BISHOP
(sinks in)
She defected?

MUIR
Long time ago, it turns out.

Bishop looks up at him for the first time; holds his eyes.

BISHOP
You knew all along. Didn't you?

MUIR (V.O.)
I had my eye on her for about six months.

CUT TO:

A DIFFERENT ANGLE -- the same party scene we saw earlier:

INT. THE U.S. AMBASSADOR'S MANSION - NIGHT

Ann Cathcart moves closer to Muir as they watch the Ambassador flirting with Claudia at the bar.

ANN CATHCART
You know, we could meet later tonight.

MUIR
I wish I could. We're bringing someone across.

ANN CATHCART
Someone important...?

MUIR
No, just some Russkie functionary named Gridenko.

As Muir smiles across the room at Claudia, we can now see it in Ann Cathcart's face, hidden behind her elegant effort to show no emotion: panic.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
Frightened her into thinking she'd be identified. I figured her to run.

RESUME - ROOFTOP - DAWN

CLOSE ON Bishop.

BISHOP

You burnt Gridenko --

(putting it together)

No -- used me to burn him, to flush her.
Gridenko wasn't just a passport number --
a name on a fucking operations list...

Muir waits calmly and then:

MUIR

It's hard for everybody the first time
they lose assets.

BISHOP

Assets?! Goddamnit, I told him his family
would be safe -- the poor asshole *trusted*
me!

MUIR

Sure he did. You did your job. And you
did it well --

BISHOP

Did it well?

MUIR

Ann Cathcart was a more important target.
It's her fault that your people got hit.

Bishop has no retort, and still seething, rips the piece of paper
from Muir's hand and walks off.

EXT. EAST BERLIN UNTER DEN LINDEN - DAY

Ann Cathcart exits a "dollarshop" with Western-style shopping
bags from the expensive stores and joins the pedestrians on the
crowded sidewalk.

She passes an alley and now we see Bishop, his face set, step out
of the shadows. He follows her.

Ann Cathcart turns a corner, window shopping. Bishop closes in.
CLOSER, CLOSER -- we can almost breathe down her neck when she
freezes -- turns around. Among the dozens of East Berliners no
one sticks out. Tense, Ann Cathcart moves on... then her eye
catches something in a shop window: the reflection of Bishop
staring at her from across the busy street. She spins to get a
better look, but a bus obstructs her view. And when the bus
passes, Bishop is gone.

Her pulse racing now, she rounds the street corner; going against
the stream of pedestrians. She looks behind her, but can't see
him anywhere. As she turns back, she is almost knocked over by a
throng of people waiting at a crosswalk for the light to switch.

She elbows her way through the crowd and is the first to cross the wide cobblestone avenue at the green light.

Halfway across the street, she finds Bishop's face among the thick drove of oncoming pedestrians. Bishop is coming right at her. His hands -- his gun hand -- buried deep in his black pea coat. Pedestrians zigzag their way around Ann Cathcart who freezes with terror, her eyes locked with Bishop's...

... who continues on, CLOSER and CLOSER, his right hand gripping a silenced gun, ready to execute her point blank. Ann Cathcart gasps... her heart nearly stops... he's right in front of her...

... and then he just brushes past her.

... and vanishes into the crowd. Leaving her trembling. As we MOVE CLOSE into her face:

BISHOP'S VOICE

Bang!

INT. WEST BERLIN HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Bishop's drunk, pointing his index finger as if it were a gun, mimicking shooting Ann Cathcart.

BISHOP

(with drunken intensity)

... scared the living shit out of the bitch.

We now see Muir sitting next to him.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

She's never gonna sleep again.

(gulps his drink)

Shit, she should die.

MUIR

I wouldn't worry about it. A woman like that, she's made a lot of enemies. I'd say her days are numbered.

Bishop stares at his reflection in the nearly empty glass. And out of nowhere:

BISHOP

You know, my mother used to tell me I looked just like my dad. But I don't think I do. I was just two when he got shot...

He takes another drink.

MUIR

Screw the looks -- the main thing is you got his spirit.

BISHOP
(looks up)
I thought you didn't know him --

MUIR
(shrugs)
He was a hero -- I know that much about him.

BISHOP
Yeah... Anyway, I'm going home...

MUIR
I'll give you a lift.

BISHOP
No, finish your drink. I don't need you to hold my hand.

Bishop stands. Muir calmly watches him stagger off.

EXT. HOTEL ALEXANDER/WEST BERLIN - NIGHT

Standing outside the hotel, a thick cluster of dignitaries and businessmen, many of them Arabs, some in traditional dress, are waiting for limos and cabs.

Bishop seems green from drink, looks at the crowd. He finds a VALET and pulling out money, says:

BISHOP
Ein taxi. Bitte sofort.
(a cab, right away please)

VALET
I'm sorry sir, it'll be a few minutes.

Bishop pulls out a few more notes from his pocket.

BISHOP
I said, pronto Mein Herr.

The valet takes the money, nods and hurries off. Bishop stands there a moment, then the valet, standing beside a waiting cab, signals for Bishop. Bishop approaches, the valet opens the back door.

VALET
Do you mind a share?

Bishop glimpses a woman's legs in the backseat. He shakes his head "no" and gets inside. He looks at the WOMAN, strikingly beautiful, mid-thirties. The valet closes the door.

WIDE SHOT -- the cab drives away.

INT. CAB/DRIVING - NIGHT

The beautiful woman and Bishop sit silently in the backseat, neither looking at the other.

The cab travels over a rough spot of cobblestones. Both are bumped up and down. Suddenly, Bishop tries to roll down his window. The woman looks over at the handle and frowns.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
(British accent)
It's obviously broken.

BISHOP
(mutters)
Excuse me, please...

He suddenly reaches across her for the window handle on her side. He madly starts to crank it down, but then retches violently in her lap.

She stares at him with shock as he sits back in his seat.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
(calmly)
Driver, I think you better stop. This young man needs some air.

Bishop looks over at her.

BISHOP
I am terribly sorry.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
So am I.

From a distance, we see the car stop.

MUIR (V.O.)
If only I had known what letting him go off alone that night would lead to...

Muir's voice gets cut off by:

DIRECTOR FOLGER
Just a second, Muir...

INT. 7TH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM, DCI'S WING - LATE MORNING

DIRECTOR FOLGER
Why don't we rewind a bit and...

BYARS
(cuts in)
Excuse me, who was the girl?

DIRECTOR FOLGER
Never mind the girl.

Byars realizes that this is apparently *OFF LIMITS*.

DIRECTOR FOLGER (cont'd)
 Let's get back to the Ambassador's wife...
 Bishop went out to kill her -- without an
 order?

MUIR
 Bishop just went out to blow off some
 steam --

Folger talks into the microphone to the operators in the Tech
 Booth:

DIRECTOR FOLGER
 Can we see the related files on Ann
 Cathcart, please.

*Autopsy reports and grim black and white photographs of a crime
 scene appear on the wall screen: Ann Cathcart lies dead in a pool
 of blood.*

DIRECTOR FOLGER (CONT'D)
 Ann Cathcart's body was found in an East
 German subway tunnel just two months after
 she defected.

All look at Muir, who already senses where this is going...

MUIR
 (recalling the incident)
 Yes... She was stabbed to death. VOPO's
 never solved the case...

FOLGER
 ...so we might as well solve it right now.
 (looking around the table)
 Gentlemen?

AIKEN
 (instantly)
 Bishop had motive and opportunity...

Hwang leaps on the bandwagon:

HWANG
 ...and we're the victims of a past
 administration's efforts to bury the truth
 about the instability of this man.

MUIR
 Oh, Christ!

Josie enters, hands her boss a note. Folger reads the note,
 glances at the secure phone, all lines flashing. He sighs,
 then:

DIRECTOR FOLGER

All right, why don't we break here...

(to Muir)

Muir, your wife called, she needs you to call her as soon as possible.

Muir looks at his watch.

DIRECTOR FOLGER (CONT'D)

Reconvene after lunch. Except you, Muir.

(beat, with decorum)

By the way, we've sent down some people to help your secretary sort your files. I'm sure it's all taken care of by now, so you can finish packing, go home and enjoy a well-deserved retirement.

MUIR

That's very kind of you, Director.

(grabs his briefcase)

Gentlemen... Keep up the good work.

Josie hands Folger a half-dozen sheets of paper as Muir walks off.

Folger and Harker walk into:

INT. DIRECTOR FOLGER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Harker turns to Folger, who glances down at phone sheets; sighs.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

(reading the phone sheet)

State Department, NSA, NSA again, Press Secretary...

(sighs)

I'm getting more popular by the minute.

(to Josie)

Start with the NSA...

HARKER

At least the President didn't call, sir.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

You think that's good news?

As Folger flips through the rest of his phone sheets, he hands a cable to Harker without reading it...

DIRECTOR FOLGER (cont'd)

What's this?

HARKER

(scans the cable)

It's from our Office of Security... Hong Kong. A few minutes before six this morning a call originated from station to Muir's car phone.

DIRECTOR FOLGER
So Muir knew about Bishop before he even
got here --

HARKER
-- and he played dumb.

Folger shoots him a look "of course."

DIRECTOR FOLGER
We're burning his man. You thought he
wouldn't care?
(yells out)
Where's that call, Josie?!

JOSIE (O.S.)
Coming, sir.

Folger winds his watch, thinking.

HARKER
Respectfully, sir, I think I can handle
him.

Folger looks at him, not entirely convinced. Folger's phone
rings.

DIRECTOR FOLGER
(Just make sure he leaves the building.

Folger reaches for the ringing phone.

INT. MUIR'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Muir enters with his briefcase, finds Gladys staring through the
open door to his now-ransacked inner office. The THREE SECURITY
OFFICERS are peering into, pulling papers out of Muir's opened
wall safe.

Muir turns to Gladys, unfazed.

MUIR
My "wife"? That was imaginative.

GLADYS
You've had so many, who keeps track?

Muir produces the one-page Bishop file from his briefcase.

MUIR
Looking for this?

He hands it to the chief security officer.

MUIR (CONT'D)
(nods toward the door)
Now do you mind?

The security officers leave as Gladys eyes the mess left behind.

GLADYS

Ready for me to start packing in here?

Muir starts looking for something on his desk.

MUIR

(as he searches)

Two things first. Who do you trust in intelligence?

Gladys finds what he's looking for: his black book. She hands it to Muir.

GLADYS

I cosigned Martha Rayburn's car loan.

MUIR

Good. Tom Bishop has been arrested in China. I need to know where they're holding him.

GLADYS

Mr. Muir, he is not your concern anymore.

MUIR

Then get in touch with Imagery Analysis... Everything they have on site should have been checked out by either the Director or Harker's office --

GLADYS

Tom Bishop wouldn't lift a finger for you.

MUIR

If it wasn't, if it's still there, I want to know immediately.

Gladys gives up, leaves. Muir opens his black book, then lifts the phone receiver, but stops. Thinking.

INT. ADMINISTRATION DIRECTORATE, OFFICE OF SECURITY - DAY

Harker hands a piece of paper to a CIA TECHNICIAN at one of a dozen busy work stations.

HARKER

... his office. His house... answering service, his car phone... everything. Every single call for the next twenty-four hours.

Harker barges off; turns at the door.

HARKER (CONT'D)

...including those of his secretary.

CUT TO:

A DOOR OPENS

-- ANDREW UNGER, a disheveled man in his 40s, stands in the doorway of his office, facing Muir.

ANDREW

Nathan?

Muir stands in the hallway. Andrew's office is across the hall from Muir's own office.

MUIR

They shut down my secure line, last day
and all, mind if I use yours?

ANDREW

Uhh -- well --

MUIR

(stepping behind the desk)
Thanks.

Muir picks up the phone, then sees Andrew staring at him.

MUIR (cont'd)

(his hand over the receiver)
Would you mind, Andrew? It's...
(whispers)
...classified.

He motions Andrew with his chin toward the door.

ANDREW

Oh... right.

With one final uncertain look backwards, Andrew steps out of his own office, closing the door behind him.

Muir dials. While waiting for the call to go through, he pulls open Andrew's desk drawer, rummages around. He stumbles on Andrew's CEL PHONE and pockets it. Then he notices ANDREW'S ID BADGE pinned to his sports jacket, which hangs over the back of the chair.

CUT TO:

INT. A HONG KONG NEWSPAPER OFFICE - NIGHT

A mix of Asian and Western editors in the background: the night shift. A heavyset Englishman, DIGBY GIBSON (70s), answers the phone.

GIBSON

Digger Gibson here...

INTERCUT MUIR AND GIBSON:

MUIR

Gibby, old boy ...

GIBSON

Nathan Muir, you bloody mad marvel, I don't believe it. Tell me there's a war on I don't know about.

MUIR

Not yet, but we're always trying. What's the chance of you taking a scoop from me?

Gibson's toes shut the door of his glass cubicle; swivels in his chair and--

GIBSON

You're asking me to play legit, old boy? I'm disappointed.

MUIR

It concerns a mutual friend.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP: A NOTE

FOLGER (V.O.)

My "Bishop file..."

PULL BACK revealing it is in Folger's hands, and --

DIRECTOR FOLGER

"... Best of luck?"

INT. DIRECTOR FOLGER'S OFFICE - DAY

He holds the Bishop file -- all two pages of it. The chief security officer, stands across from him.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

(sighs, exasperated)

Get Harker, tell him to find Muir and bring him back here.

Folger turns away, punches numbers into his phone. The chief security officer doesn't move.

SECURITY OFFICER

Sir?

Folger looks up as the officer displays TWO RED CANVAS BAGS. As the implication sinks in...

CUT TO:

EXT. CIA, THE NEW BUILDING - DAY

Muir approaches a thick security door, a SECURITY GUARD posted next to the door. CLOSE ON Muir's hand, as he slides Andrew's ID card tightly behind his own. The guard peers to check Muir's photograph, then nods.

In front of the guard's eyes, using sleight of hand, Muir rubs Andrew's card on a padded surface next to the door. The red light stays on, the lock does not click open. Muir tries it again, no luck.

GUARD

Let me help you, sir.

Muir is hesitant, but the guard reaches for the card. The guard rubs it slowly along the pad.

GUARD (cont'd)

This one's finicky, sir.

MUIR

Thank you.

Muir holds out his hand to get the card back.

INT. THE MAP ROOM - DAY

High-tech, filled with banks of monitors displaying maps of the world with markings to indicate military bases, naval operations and resources, etc.

FRED KAPPLER (50s) puts down an early lunch plate and is immediately on Muir.

KAPPLER

Muir? You're not cleared to be in here.

MUIR

Relax, Kappler, if I wasn't cleared, how did I get in?

Muir's eyes instantly scan the maps, focusing on South Asia. Kappler hits a switch that dims the maps.

MUIR (cont'd)

Now where's your report? I just left the seventh floor and some people up there are a little disappointed it hasn't arrived.

KAPPLER

What report?

MUIR

Screw-off. You were briefed this morning. You know I'm talking about Bishop.

KAPPLER

Bishop went rogue.

Just the words Muir was hoping for... Muir lifts a chopstick and pokes at a plump shrimp in Kappler's Chinese shrimp salad lunch plate.

MUIR

I don't know what *Chuckie* said, but the DCI was talking about prepping a hot exfiltration -- case things get nasty and we have to pull him out under fire, that is until someone up there, and I can't say who -- said that *your department* said the resources are not available.

KAPPLER

Who said that?

MUIR

I knew it. The pricks, they never even asked, did they?

Kappler doesn't contradict him. It's the confirmation Muir was looking for.

MUIR (CONT'D)

(sighs)

You know how it's played: top floor pulls a boner, someone down below takes the black eye.

Muir's eyes dart back toward the wall of maps, Kappler watches Muir: a flicker of suspicion sparks in Kappler's eye.

Muir's beeper SOUNDS. Muir looks down at the number.

MUIR (CONT'D)

That's Folger now, got to go. A little word of advice, have that report ready, because they will be asking for it.

Muir starts for the door, then turns back.

MUIR (CONT'D)

Oh, look, I'm having this little retirement shindig -- say seven, down in the old Clandestine Services Library?

KAPPLER

Sure... Gee, I -- I didn't know you liked me.

Muir just gives him a look -- "what's not to like?" Muir steps out...

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

... into the corridor and hurries off.

At the opposite end of the corridor, Harker watches him leave.

INT. THE MAP ROOM

The door flies open. Harker faces Kappler.

HARKER
What was that all about?

KAPPLER
(caught)
What?

HARKER
What was Muir talking to you about?

Kappler gets a grip on himself and for once in his life decides to give the top floor the finger.

KAPPLER
His party?

Harker throws him a suspicious look.

KAPPLER (CONT'D)
I don't think you're invited.

INT. CORRIDOR OPERATIONS STAFF/RESOURCES - DAY

Muir punches a number into his cel phone as he heads back down the hallway, dodging a moving man wheeling out a file cabinet. He glances back over his shoulder, notices Harker in pursuit way back in the corridor. For a moment, there's eye-contact, then Muir picks up his pace, cel phone to his ear --

MUIR
Talk to me...

INT. GROUND FLOOR CAFETERIA - DAY

The CIA at lunch. Rush hour in the noisy cafeteria where Gladys works a pay phone:

GLADYS
Bishop is being held at the Fourth
Liberation District HQ, Qingdao.

INTERCUT:

Muir, moving quickly through the corridors, zigzagging around workers moving furniture.

MUIR
Least it's new. Imagery Analysis?

GLADYS
Has every angle on the place you could
want. Collecting dust.

MUIR
(under his breath)
"Every scenario covered..." Assholes.

Through an outside window Muir spots Harker, who's about to look in his direction. Muir quickly hangs a right into another hallway, out of view.

GLADYS

What?

A commotion behind him, Muir glances over his shoulder. Harker, weaving quickly past employees and more moving men -- bearing down.

MUIR

Get me whatever they have.

GLADYS

That'll have to go through the Director's office.

MUIR

I'm aware of that. I *think* I saw The Vinson in the South China Sea --

Gladys looks up from the phone booth and double-takes. Muir is on top of the glassed-in staircase directly above her. He flashes her a smile.

GLADYS

You saw?

MUIR

-- find out the name of the Commander.

HARKER

(closing in)

All right, Muir, just wait up.

MUIR

One more thing, Gladys. Call Sam Kappler. Tell him my party's canceled.

GLADYS

What party?

She watches as Muir disconnects and walks off with Harker.

WITH MUIR AND HARKER

as Harker gestures to the elevators.

HARKER

Let's go.

And as the elevator shuts them inside --

MUIR (O.S.)

Got something in your teeth.

CUT TO:

THE CONFERENCE ROOM CLOCK: 1:50

INT. 7TH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM, DCI'S WING - DAY

All parties are back at the table, except for Aiken.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

Muir, you mind explaining this...

Folger tosses the two-page Bishop file onto the table, next to the TWO RED CANVAS BAGS.

MUIR

My Bishop file.

HARKER

Knock off the goddamn games -- you burned your files, didn't you?

But before Muir can answer, the doors fly open and Aiken enters.

AIKEN

(agitated)

CNN. Take a look. It's all over the news...

He grabs the remote, points and clicks. THE TV SCREEN on the wall comes to life. Hong Kong: A REPORTER "live" outside a government building.

CNN REPORTER

... threaten to break off US-Chinese trade negotiations. The Chinese government claims they have arrested an American operative of the CIA. While the State Department has remained eerily quiet since this story broke, official sources say the individual, operating out of the American Consulate in Hong Kong, was captured in an act of espionage. If confirmed, this comes at a bad time for an administration which is in the middle --

AIKEN

Are you behind this, Muir?

MUIR

(ironically)

Of course I am.

Harker starts to respond, but Folger is fed up. As the news report goes to commercial break, Folger grabs the remote and snaps the TV off.

FOLGER

(icy, to Aiken)

Take care of it.

Aiken quickly leaves the room. Folger sits and eyes the burn bags once more.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

All right, Muir, you're here. What do you want?

MUIR

I want to know what you guys are up to.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

We're trying to prevent the actions of one man from crippling the national security of --

MUIR

Hell, you want to burn a man, burn him for what he's done. But when you start reconfiguring his past, painting his whole career with some psycho-renegade-bullshit--

DR. BYARS

I'd say it's less a "reconfiguring" than a deeper probing of an existing psychological landscape.

MUIR

All I know is, you want my help, start by telling me what he was doing in China.

Folger smiles the faintest smile.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

I don't think you want to know.

MUIR

Try me.

Beat. Then Folger gestures to Hwang.

HWANG

Bishop was caught attempting to abduct a foreign national.

MUIR

Do you guys want to sit around and play twenty questions or do you want to tell me who he --

Folger gestures to the technicians in the Computer Booth behind him. On the wall screen flash images of:

THE MIDDLE EAST, A REFUGEE CAMP, A MEDICAL POST,

A WOMAN...

We recognize her as THE WOMAN BISHOP MET IN THE WEST BERLIN TAXI CAB.

Muir is stopped in his tracks.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

We think he was trying to extricate Elizabeth Hadley.

MUIR

You think, but you don't know.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

We don't know yet. We're waiting for confirmation. But if we're right and this gets out, it's a wrinkle for me, but you'll be hung out to dry.

The two men stare at each other.

DR. BYARS

(confused)

Excuse me, did I miss something? Who is Elizabeth Hadley?

DIRECTOR FOLGER

She was a Red Cross do-gooder, who ran into a little trouble.

(beat, pointedly)

Isn't that correct, Muir?

Byars and the others watch Muir. He looks at the screen, the images of the woman working in a MIDDLE EAST RED CROSS CAMP. Muir seems cowed. Folger gloats, knowing he has turned the tables.

DIRECTOR FOLGER (CONT'D)

I take it you don't want to spend your retirement on the stand testifying in front of Congress.

(off Muir's silence))

Then I suggest we move this along.

He picks up Bishop's one-sheet service record.

DIRECTOR FOLGER (CONT'D)

Says here Bishop attended our language school... Studied Arabic.

Muir stares at the Young Turks.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON A TV SCREEN:

The aftermath of a bombing of a port: A dozen bodies on the dock, covered with white sheets. We glimpse the uniform of a dead U.S. Marine.

MUIR (V.O.)
The Middle East was a new level of
insanity for all of us. I convinced
Bishop it was where the action was...

We PULL BACK from the TV and see:

INT./EXT. A MOVING YACHT OFFSHORE BEIRUT

... A SHEIK (70s) sitting on a couch, watching the news report on
a large TV, no expression on his face.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
Sheik Mohammed Abu Al-Hassa, had just
formed a new terrorist faction who had
already taken out a number of American
targets. At the moment, he was our
primary concern.

HEAVILY ARMED GUARDS stand on deck as the yacht makes for Beirut
harbor.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
I sent Bishop in ahead of me...

EXT. STREET, BEIRUT - NIGHT

The city at night resembles a war zone. In the distance, an echo
of SIRENS, GUNSHOTS...

The main drive in the center of Beirut is cloaked in darkness: no
streetlights, no light in the windows of the four-story
apartments which loom up at the edge of the street.

In the shadows, a man moves up to the corner of the building,
lights A MATCH, holds it... and we see it's Bishop.

Across the street, in a window of a second apartment, the GLOWING
TIP of a cigarette appears and makes a long, slow circular motion
in the blackness.

Bishop listens a minute, hears FOOTSTEPS fade off in the
distance. He then starts across the street.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bishop enters the darkened hallway and taps on a door. The door
opens, Bishop slips inside, the door shutting behind him.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The apartment is small, empty. DOUMET, a LEBANESE MAN (40s)
stands near the window, eating dates from a sweaty plastic bag.

BISHOP
You trying to get us killed? You left a
trail a blind man could follow.

Doumet looks out onto the empty street with confidence.

DOUMET
(offers Bishop a date)
Hungry?

BISHOP
(no thanks)
What's so important?

DOUMET
Al-Hassa, he's moving.

BISHOP
He's always moving. He's on a yacht. So what?

DOUMET
My brother-in-law owes me a thousand dollars for two years. Last night, he called me and told me was going to pay me soon. My brother-in-law, he is one of the two best mechanics in Beirut, which is not saying so much anymore -- but he got a call from his boss who heard from his nephew that there was a big problem with the turbos...
(pauses for effect)
...the turbo's on the Sheik's yacht. It's a big problem that will take time to repair. And for that, the ship needs to go into the dock...

Bishop spots light at the end of the tunnel.

BISHOP
...son of a bitch is getting off the boat.

DOUMET
This morning I heard that all of the second floor of the Hotel Damascus was booked for twelve weeks.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STREET, BEIRUT - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop steps out of the apartment building; walks swiftly down a darkened street. He stops abruptly, listens. The faint sound of FOOTSTEPS, then silence.

Bishop continues on, his hand tightening around the pistol in his pocket. All senses on alert, Bishop slips into a ruined courtyard.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Bishop steps in and unscrews a dim light bulb burning in a broken fixture, then steps back into blackness.

From O.S., what sounds like a footstep. A shape is in the doorway. Bishop is leveling his pistol.

BISHOP
<Move and you're dead.>

MUIR (O.S.)
Little jumpy, aren't we?

Bishop recognizes the voice as he lets the tension drain: Muir steps out of the shadows, a big smile on his face.

BISHOP
What the fuck -- I could have killed you.

MUIR
Naw, you like me too much.

BISHOP
When did you get in?

MUIR
I missed you too.

BISHOP
What do you want, flowers at five in the morning?

MUIR
Flowers would have been nice. But I'll settle for some breakfast.

BISHOP
Alright, I know just the place...

Bishop follows Muir out into the street.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
So's how Peggy, she didn't make it to our lovely Paris-by-the-sea?

MUIR
No, she had a headache. She back to the States.

INT. 7TH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM, DCI'S WING - MORNING

HARKER
Another wife. How nice...

INT. BAR, BEIRUT HARBOUR - MORNING

Muir waits at the bar; glances around at the early-morning clientele. In the b.g., Bishop enters with something in his hands.

BISHOP
Happy birthday...

Bishop puts a small box on the bar, messily wrapped.

MUIR
How the hell did you find out?

BISHOP
Top Secret.

Muir stares at him, waiting for more.

BISHOP (cont'd)
Langley has seven different birth dates
for you.

MUIR
And they're all wrong.

BISHOP
I know. Believe me, it wasn't easy.
Mossad and the KGB also have it wrong.
(a beat)
But I was well-trained.

Muir opens the box -- a new shiny silver martini flask with two
tops sits inside.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
The second top there is for the vermouth.

MUIR
Thank you, Tom. I'm speechless.

Muir examines the flask.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Where the hell did you find something like
this in Beirut?

BISHOP
Beirut? Diplomatic pouch, overnight from
London.
(off Muir's look)
We have a new racket going here --
'Operation Dinner Out.' I thought it'd be
useful for special requests.

MUIR
(nods approvingly)
'Dinner out,' I'll remember that.

Muir looks out the window, where, at the end of the street, a man
is approaching.

BISHOP
That's your KGB buddy, isn't it?

Muir spots TWO ASIAN MEN moving in the same direction.

MUIR
Yes... Who are the other fellows?

BISHOP
Chinese? Think I've seen them before.
You tell me what they want in Beirut.

MUIR
(chuckles)
This town is like a Thirty-One Flavors --
there's something for everyone...

He spots two EASTERN EUROPEAN MEN (spies) getting out of a car
across the street.

MUIR (CONT'D)
(puzzled)
... What's going on here? Are we having
convention?

Bishop smiles a knowing smile. Two plates of scrambled eggs are
set down on the bar -- followed by two shot glasses filled with
amber liquid.

BISHOP
(grabs the plates)
Let's go up to the roof, I'll show you the
view.

EXT. BAR ROOF BEIRUT HARBOUR - MORNING

POV from the roof: The Sheik's yacht has moored at the fenced-off
private pier. Tight security oversees AN EXODUS OF MATERIALS AND
PERSONNEL.

Muir likes what Bishop is showing him.

MUIR
... So Al-Hassa's pitching tent at the
Hotel Damascus. And your sources think
he'll stay put?
(Bishop nods)
That's good because we got confirmation
he's behind the Embassy bombing.
Langley's lost patience, they want him out
of the picture.

A ripple of shelling sounds in the distance.

BISHOP
Kill him? We'll be targeted by every
fundamentalist faction in the Mid-east.

MUIR
That's why Langley wants me to liaison
with a group of Lebanese intelligence
forces. They'll handle the actual
operation.

BISHOP
They're a bunch of cowboys...

MUIR
I'm afraid that's the deal. So I was
thinking: that colonel's wife you're
screwing -- maybe she'll help us toss out
the bad apples.

Bishop looks off at the pier where Jeeps with heavy machine guns
line up to escort the trucks.

BISHOP
She's not a source anymore.

MUIR
(amused)
I'm so sorry, what happened?

BISHOP
(shrugs)
I guess I just lost my touch.

MUIR
I doubt that. You're a charming guy. I'm
sure you two kids could patch things up --

BISHOP
Maybe I don't want to.

Bishop puts down his napkin and stands. Muir studies him, then
LAUGHS out loud.

MUIR
Son-of-a-bitch. You've got a girlfriend,
don't you?

Bishop neither confirms nor denies.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Who is she?

BISHOP
Just someone I met.

MUIR
Great, I'm happy for you, but don't cut
off a source because you're boning some
girl for free... Besides, you're CIA.
She won't find out.

BISHOP
Right. You would know about that.

MUIR
(smiles)
So what's her name?

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A crowded, upscale place. Muir rises from the table as Bishop comes in and introduces ELISABETH HADLEY *the beautiful woman he met in the cab in West Berlin.*

BISHOP

Elizabeth Hadley... Nathan Muir.

A look between them that's hard to pinpoint.

MUIR

Leave it to you, Tom, to find such a lovely woman in war-torn Beirut.

Elizabeth smiles. They all sit. Elizabeth puts her napkin on her lap and says a FEW WORDS to a waiter in French. The waiter nods and retreats.

MUIR (CONT'D)

Tom, I think I'm going to have to try and steal her. She's too sophisticated for you.

(to Elizabeth)

I hear you run the Red Cross refugee camp in the Bekaa Valley.

ELIZABETH

Don't believe everything Tom tells you about me. I don't run it. I just work there.

BISHOP

She does run it, takes up most of her time. She's too modest.

(to Elizabeth)

But I never told him a thing about you.

They both look at Muir. A beat. Muir grins back.

MUIR

Modesty can be so alluring in a beautiful woman.

Muir fills everyone's glasses with wine. Elizabeth lifts her menu, visibly uncomfortable.

MUIR (cont'd)

So how are things in your camp? It must be hell with the Palestinians, Syrians and Hezbola all mixed in together --

ELIZABETH

The camp offers help to anyone who needs it, and they're grateful. We're neutral.

MUIR

That must be nice -- being neutral.

(beat)

(MORE)

MUIR (CONT'D)

The Greek salad is excellent, by the way. Unfortunately, Tom and I have to take sides. We live in the real world where the good guys try to shoot you in the back.

ELIZABETH

(studies the menu, smiling)
The real world? Would that be the one in which you manipulate, arm and incite pet dictators on to murder and destruction, all in the name of your national interests?

Muir starts to speak, but Elizabeth's not finished. He listens, bemused.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

In my world, artificial as it might be, we provide shelter, medicine, food, and prosthetic limbs for the "collateral damage" you leave in your wake.

MUIR

(chuckles)
How noble...

Elizabeth starts to respond, then sees the grimace on Bishop's face. She's not going to let Muir push her buttons.

ELIZABETH

I'm sorry, must be the heat. I'm sure Tom didn't bring us here to talk politics, did you, Tom?

MUIR

God forbid, no. Politics have certainly ruined more than one dinner.

BISHOP

(uncomfortable)
Why don't we just order...

Muir lights a cigarette. He watches Elizabeth place her hand on Bishop's.

MUIR

Elizabeth, do you miss London?

Elizabeth looks off, doesn't answer.

MUIR (CONT'D)

(to Bishop)
She must have mentioned she's persona non grata in England...

She looks away. This is clearly news to Bishop.

MUIR (CONT'D)
(confidentially)
IRA sympathizer.

She struggles not to explode. But Muir is getting the better of her.

ELIZABETH
That's a reckless oversimplification.

MUIR
Her parents won't talk to her -- haven't
for fifteen years.

BISHOP
Stop it, Nathan --

MUIR
-- Her brother and two sisters think she's
crazy...

Elizabeth glares at Muir.

BISHOP
STOP! What the fuck are you doing?

MUIR
Exactly what you should have done -- your
homework. She's a fanatic. She may be
beautiful, she may be great in the sack,
but she's a fanatic.

Elizabeth pulls her chair back and starts away. Bishop rises to go after her.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Let her go, Tom.

Bishop glares at Muir, then starts after her, Muir grabs his arm.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Wise up -- this is Beirut, Tom. Everyone
here has an agenda -- her included...

Bishop stares at Muir.

BISHOP
Stay out of my private life.

MUIR
(sarcastic)
Your private life? Sure, Tom, I'll stay
out of your private life.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Elizabeth is hurrying down the street. Bishop catches up to her.

BISHOP

Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH

(turns; furious, defensive)
Yes, I can't go back to England. Yes, my family has disowned me. And no, I didn't tell you -- but I would have.

Elizabeth turns away, then turns back.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

That man will destroy you -- I know that kind of man... They believe so firmly that the world is a hideous place that for them it becomes true.

BISHOP

How long have you known him?

She takes a breath but doesn't answer.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Did you sleep with him?

ELIZABETH

You're not even getting what I'm saying, Tom. Nathan Muir will destroy you!

She turns, walks away. Bishop watches her go...

MUIR (V.O.)

I got to know her ten years earlier in Istanbul. I was between wives at the time.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Muir is sitting alone at the table. He looks up as Bishop enters the dining area.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)

I guess I should have been surprised that she walked into our lives, but I wasn't. Maybe because we're both part of the same food chain -- always working in the world's hot spots.

Bishop walks up to the table and tips it over on Muir -- all the plates, water and food tumble onto Muir.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)

I could see that she wasn't going to just disappear from his life. So I made the best of it, patched things up with Bishop...

INT. BEIRUT STATION, MUIR'S OFFICE - DAY

At his desk, Muir shuffles through surveillance photos of Elizabeth in her camp, on the Beirut streets, talking with various groups.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)

And as far as Miss Hadley went... I put a tail on her.

EXT./INT. HOTEL DAMASCUS LOBBY - DAY

The Sheik's men move through the hotel. A BARBER watches from his glassed-in barbershop.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)

Meanwhile, Bishop kept Al-Hassa under tight surveillance...

Outside, Doumet is leaning against a beat-up taxi. Doumet looks up at the first floor. A QUICK CUT TO:

The interior of A SPACIOUS HOTEL SUITE, where the Sheik is on the phone. His bodyguards mill about in the b.g.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Members of the Lebanese security forces, guns slung over their shoulders, watch as Muir and their leader, COLONEL SHARIF, shake hands. In the b.g., ALAN, another CIA operative watches.

MUIR (V.O.)

... and I met with the Lebanese security forces, who were more than a little excited about the possibility of putting into play an operation against Al-Hassa.

EXT. VANTAGE POINT OVERLOOKING THE CITY - DAY

POV: A LONG LENS ANGLE shows us that the Hotel Damascus is located on one of the busiest, most crowded squares in the city.

BISHOP

A car bomb?

Bishop lowers the tourist telescope in disbelief.

MUIR

...they think they can make it look like the Syrians' handiwork.

Fifteen yards away, Alan and Sharif stand and watch Muir and Bishop "evaluate" the plan. The Lebanese officer senses a problem as he watches Bishop back away from the telescope.

BISHOP

Swell. You can count me out. No way.

MUIR
All right, Tom what do you got? You have
another idea?

Bishop looks back at Sharif.

BISHOP
I'm working on it.

MUIR
Good. Just don't take too long.

Muir walks over to confer with the others.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
I figured I could stall the Lebanese for a
few weeks and while Bishop was occupied, I
had a chance to attend to other matters...

CUT TO:

INT. A MODEST APARTMENT - DAY

The bathroom door is ajar and we catch a glimpse of Elizabeth
showering in a free-standing porcelain tub. Suddenly she
startles at the sight of Muir.

MUIR
Did I come at a bad time?

ELIZABETH
What are you doing here!

Muir innocently puts his hands up and retreats into the living
room.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Who let you in?

Elizabeth furiously grabs a robe and goes after Muir. She finds
him snooping around the living room.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Did you just break into my apartment?!

Muir picks up one of several framed photos on a side table.

MUIR
No photos of me?

She doesn't respond. He picks up a photo of Elizabeth surrounded
by Tibetans.

MUIR (CONT'D)
This is a fond memory? Correct me if I'm
wrong, but didn't your Tibetan adventure
end with the Chinese trying to toss your
cute behind in jail?

She takes the photograph away from him; puts it back.

ELIZABETH
(impatiently)
If you're looking for Tom --

MUIR
I came to see you.

He holds out a bottle of Scotch.

MUIR (cont'd)
The Sioux believe in the healing power of
firewater. Warring parties offer booze --
they no longer warring party -- they just
have party.

ELIZABETH
Thanks for the racist insight into Native
American folklore.

MUIR
You're welcome.

She doesn't smile. Muir sighs, exasperated.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Oh hell, Elizabeth, I'm not asking you to
forgive me -- I'm just offering a truce.
(off her look)
Look, let's face it, we're both in Tom's
life so it's stupid to fight.
(holds out the bottle)
How about it?

ELIZABETH
I don't think so.

She starts toward the door; holds it open for him.

MUIR
All right, just one thing. On Mondays and
Thursdays, Tom arrives here between
midnight and one-thirty. He leaves almost
at six-thirty on the dot. On Saturdays,
the two of you lunch at Amir, Marouch or
Cafe Athens.

She stares at Muir, stunned.

MUIR (CONT'D)
We're not the only ones who have you under
surveillance. Some of your Islamic
friends are dangerous people and could get
the wrong idea about you if they find out
your boyfriend is a CIA officer.

She doesn't answer, just sizes him up.

MUIR (CONT'D)

Okay, if you're not worried about yourself, think about Tom. He knows better, but apparently, puppy love has made him careless...

Elizabeth just glares at him. He shakes his head and walks out the front door, until:

ELIZABETH

Hold it.

(Muir turns back)

Do you honestly expect me to believe you came here because you're concerned for Tom's safety?

She walks up to him.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

No, what you're worried about is that I or anybody else for that matter, might make him see he's actually got a mind of his own.

Muir doesn't say anything.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

No matter what you've tried to mold your precious protege into, Tom has grown up in the process. I suggest you do the same.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Five weary-looking CIA OPERATIVES, Bishop among them, have spread out an impressive array of photographs, tapes and files in a dimly lit basement. Bishop goes over a list.

BISHOP

Bodyguards?

OPERATIVE 1

No chance. Forget about it.

BISHOP

Personal staff?

OPERATIVE 2

(shakes his head)

Family loyalty for five generations.

BISHOP

Kitchen staff? Cooks, maids, servants?

OPERATIVE 1

Family loyalty again. They're all frigging related, one way or the other.

BISHOP

Okay... what about transportation staff?
A driver? A pilot. John?

OPERATIVE 3

Like he's going anywhere? Probably won't
even leave the goddamn room till he's got
his toy boat back.

OPERATIVE 1

(treading lightly)

Tom, we're starting to think an inside job
might be out of the question here...

Bishop is staring at a photograph. An ARAB MAN in his late
twenties with intelligent eyes and handsome Sephardic features.

BISHOP

Who's this?

OPERATIVE 4

Doctor. Succeeded his father as the
Sheik's personal physician two years ago.
He's related, of course...

OPERATIVE 1

Yep, Al-Hassa's a real family man.

There is something about the photograph that holds Bishop's
attention.

BISHOP

I've seen this picture before... What's
the story with his father, again?

OPERATIVE 1

He and his wife died in their sleep. CO2
asphyxiation. It was an accident.

(beat)

At one point, Nick here thought the Sheik
had them killed.

OPERATIVE 2

But there was no way to prove it...

Bishop studies the photo of the young doctor once more.

BISHOP

We could find a way to fix that.

EXT. A GOLF COURSE/COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Overlooking the Mediterranean, the once-plush course is now
pockmarked and ruined. Muir stands in the middle of the course,
swinging at golf balls. He stops to take a big swig of Scotch.
For the first time we've seen, Muir is drunk.

BISHOP (O.S.)

Hey! There you are.

Bishop comes up with a big smile.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
What happened?

Muir shows no reaction.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
I thought we were supposed to get together
two hours ago.

MUIR
Were we?

Muir turns back to his bucket of golf balls.

BISHOP
(undeterred)
Look, it's good news. You can call off
Sharif. *I have a plan.* And it's gonna
work.

Muir doesn't respond; just takes a swing. CRACK. The ball sails
out into the blackness.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
You heard what I said?

MUIR
(flat)
Yeah, great.

BISHOP
What's wrong with you?

MUIR
Nothing is wrong with me.

Muir lines up another golf ball. He swings and the ball sails
silently into the blackness.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Look, Tom I went to see your girl today.

Bishop stops, stares at him.

MUIR (CONT'D)
I'd love to tell you we had a nice little
chat and that the two of you lovebirds are
a match made in heaven...

Muir sets up another ball. He swings.

MUIR (cont'd)
I would, but there's only one problem.

BISHOP
(defensive)
What's that?

MUIR

Have you considered the fact that she might see you as an asset?

BISHOP

You're crazy.

MUIR

Am I? Just think: what the fuck would she be doing with the likes of you?

Bishop reacts, almost laughs. Then sees Muir is not joking.

BISHOP

I have more in common with her than I do with you.

MUIR

Sure you do... She has two degrees from Oxford. Explain to me again, what she sees in a CIA case officer who never went to college.

Muir might as well have punched him.

BISHOP

(glares)

You're drunk.

He starts away.

MUIR

Say Tom, don't bang her just because I did --

Bishop grabs Muir, and Muir suddenly uppercuts Bishop. Bishop falls back, stunned. His hand goes to his mouth, wipes away some blood.

Without a word, Bishop walks off. Muir gathers himself and sets up another ball... And we hear:

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)

After that night, Bishop and I pretty much stuck to a holding pattern...

... Muir swings. CLOSE ON the head of the club smacks as it hits the ball with a loud CRACK!

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. STREET / APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Doumet pulls his taxi up in a backstreet and leads the young Doctor into an empty apartment.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)

He threw himself into his plan to try and turn Al-Hassa's physician.

The Doctor sees A MAN seated at a table. Doumet leaves the two men alone in the room.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)

Bishop procured the autopsy reports on the parents and flew in a respected forensic expert from Egypt.

The Doctor sits, the forensic expert opens files on the table.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)

He figured if the doctor was already suspicious, the Egyptian forensic expert just might swing it...

As they start talking...

CUT TO:

IN THE ADJOINING ROOM

Muir and Bishop, separated by the other operatives, stand around a TV MONITOR displaying the activity in the next room. They all watch the Doctor's reactions.

The Doctor barely moves... but his breathing grows heavier and heavier.

MUIR

... you got him, Tom.

EXT./INT. DESSERT / CAR - DAY

Two cars are parked in the middle of the desert.

BISHOP (O.S.)

Half a drop on his skin, he dies within twelve hours.

CLOSE ON a vial. PULL BACK as the Doctor nervously picks it up, stares at the clear liquid inside.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Gives us plenty of time to move you into safety.

Bishop takes the vial and offers the doctor a cigarette.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Now, so I imagine they will search you pretty thoroughly, right?

DOCTOR

(nods)

Every time I was on the yacht... They would search me three times.

CUT TO:

THE YACHT'S MASTER SUITE: We see the Doctor held at gunpoint as he's brusquely frisked by one of the Sheik's bodyguards.

DOCTOR (V.O.; CONT'D)
Next will be the bag.

Another guard dumps out the Doctor's bag. An array of medical instruments clatter down on the glass table. Everything is swiped to the side, except....

... the stethoscope. A guard hands it to the intimidated Doctor who is now allowed to proceed towards the Sheik's bedroom.

BISHOP (O.S.)
The stethoscope...

CUT TO:

BACK IN THE DESERT

The Doctor takes his stethoscope from his bag. His hands are trembling, but he's a trooper; he's committed.

DOCTOR
(holds up the metal tip of the
stethoscope)
You put the liquid right here. Then I
will hold it to his chest to check his
heart.

He hands Bishop the instrument.

MUIR (V.O.)
So Bishop had his man.
(beat)
Only thing left to do now was wait for the
Sheik's monthly checkup...

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN

The room is dark, shadowy, the phone RINGING. Bishop is in bed. He picks up the phone and looks over at Elizabeth fast asleep.

MUIR (V.O.)
The doctor's call came early in the
morning...

Bishop hangs up and quickly dials another number. Through the receiver, a faint busy tone.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
... on a fateful day.

Bishop hangs up and tries again. *Again, a busy signal.*

He starts to dial again, looks at his watch, puts the phone down and heads out the door.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA, 5TH FLOOR/BEIRUT - DAY

CLOSE on a pair of hands yanking out desk drawers and dumping the contents into a wastebasket. In the b.g. phones RINGING, all lines flashing.

CAMERA PANS UP TO REVEAL Muir's face --

MUIR (CONT'D)
(yelling out)
Let's not have another Saigon here.
Nothing is to be left behind. No pieces
of paper, not a single scrap -- nothing!

Hectic activity inside the large office space where CIA employees shred documents, clear out their desks.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)
It was the day our Station Chief, Donald Miller, got himself kidnapped. Langelly ordered all non-essential personnel out of Beirut. Eighty percent of our people were sent packing.

EXT./INT. CAB / OVERLOOKING THE BEACH - DAWN

The taxi seen from a distance. Doumet stands guard.

BISHOP (O.S.)
Your family's already across the border.

Bishop hands the Doctor the stethoscope in the backseat of the cab. He gestures at the thin plastic coating over the tip of the instrument.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
Make sure you remove the plastic seal
before you arrive at the hotel.
(off the Doctor's silence)
Elan, are you listening to me?

The Doctor nods distracted and slips the stethoscope inside his bag. Bishop -- nervous himself -- watches him with concern.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
We still have time. Maybe we should get
something to eat.

DOCTOR
My parents used to take me to this beach
all the time.

Bishop doesn't know how to respond to the non sequitur. Says nothing.

THE FRANTIC SOUNDS OF CARS HONKING FADE IN:

EXT. THE AMERICAN EMBASSY PARKING LOT - DAY

A line of cars are pulling out as Bishop drives up to the kiosk. He watches the cars curiously and has a conversation with the harried guard. CLOSE ON Bishop -- the import of what the guard is saying registering on his face.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA, 5TH FLOOR/BEIRUT - DAY

The floor is still bustling with the CIA employees rushing about, but already desks have been rifled and emptied, taped up boxes piled outside offices.

A TV PLAYS: We hear bits and pieces -- "What few details we have... an unknown assailant approached Mr. Miller inside an apartment building... speculation indicates terrorist activity... No groups have yet claimed responsibility..."

In the b.g., we see Bishop pushing through the door, cutting a bead toward Muir.

BISHOP

Muir!

Muir turns to a young analyst named JOHN.

MUIR

John, what are you still doing here?
Get to that safe house and get all the
recording equipment out now!

John slinks away as Bishop intercepts Muir.

BISHOP

Muir, we're in play.

Muir stops, looks stunned.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

It's going down.

Muir steps inside his office. Bishop follows behind him.

MUIR

Call it off.

BISHOP

What?!

MUIR

CALL IT OFF!

BISHOP

What are you talking about?

MUIR

DO IT!

BISHOP
I can't, it's going down right now...

Muir takes a breath.

MUIR
Dammit, Tom, where the hell have you been!

BISHOP
What..?

MUIR
We got a big problem.

Bishop looks out the doorway at some empty cubicles -- Alan and Sharif's offices. A THOUGHT FORMING IN HIS MIND.

BISHOP
Where are....Alan and Sharif?

MUIR
We're pulling up stakes. We couldn't wait any longer. I called you. I called you a dozen times. You weren't there.

Bishop realizes what's happening.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Langley ordered us to move on Al-Hassa.
NOW.

Bishop stands in shock for a moment....

MUIR (CONT'D)
The Lebanese are handling it...

BISHOP
You damn well knew where to reach me.

MUIR
It's not my job to track you down,
wherever the fuck you might be sleeping...

Bishop turns, bolts for the door.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Tom!

Bishop doesn't turn back.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

A GREY VAN pulls up in front of the hotel. Alan lets the engine idle for a few seconds, then shuts it off.

CUT TO:

BISHOP in his Renault, whips around the Embassy's gates as he races out of the lot.

CUT TO:

MUIR opens up a drawer and takes out a pair of binoculars.

CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR gets out of Doumet's taxi and enters the hotel.

CUT TO:

BISHOP tears down a backstreet, shooting through a busy intersection...

CUT TO:

Muir climbs the stairs of the Embassy. Nobody pays attention to him as the hectic evacuation continues.

CUT TO:

The Doctor perspires as he's being frisked at gunpoint at the entrance of the hotel suite.

CUT TO:

In his car, Bishop runs into a traffic jam; tries to back up, but is trapped.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE SUITE. The Doctor's bag is emptied out on a marble table. The doctor reaches for the STETHOSCOPE, but the guard barks "NO!" The Doctor is stunned...

CUT TO:

... as Bishop pounds his horn in frustration.

CUT TO:

The Doctor is directed to the Sheik's bedroom empty-handed. But is stopped again by the bark of a second guard.

Bishop running past the honking cars...

... as the Doctor turns around and just manages to catch the lethal stethoscope that is tossed to him with laughter.

Bishop is running faster...

... while Muir appears on the roof of the Embassy with the binoculars. As he walks closer to the edge...

BISHOP ARRIVES at the square, but in front of him, the cross-traffic obscures his view of the front of the Hotel Damascus.

Out of the DIN, he picks out the sound of a MOTORCYCLE ENGINE STARTING. He turns.

BISHOP'S POV -- SHARIF revs the motorcycle engine -- BISHOP'S POV SWISH PANS and finds ALAN running away from the hotel toward the waiting motorcycle. He hops onto the back of the bike. POV SWISH PANS back to the front of the hotel.

Inside the suite the Doctor hangs the stethoscope on his ears and starts unbuttoning the Sheik's kaftan...

...while the traffic in front of the hotel clears, and Bishop makes out DOUMET next to his taxicab... right next to the GREY, PARKED VAN.

Bishop starts to walk forward...

...as Muir puts the binoculars to his eyes...

...and the Doctor places the stethoscope on the Sheik's chest.

VVOOOMPH! THE PARKED VAN EXPLODES, blasting away the hotel with such force that the earth seems to shake.

Inside the suite we catch a final image of the Doctor as the WINDOWS SHATTER, WALLS IMplode and everything is consumed by a BALL OF FIRE.

The shockwave slams Bishop into a parked car where he's viciously sandblasted by a storm of rubble.

CUT TO:

MUIR, POV THROUGH BINOCULARS -- thick dust clouds and debris swirl in the air. He lowers the binoculars, stunned by the scale of the devastation.

BACK TO BISHOP

On the ground, cut and bleeding. He pulls himself to his feet.

Across the rotary, in front of the ruined hotel, cars are overturned, glass and debris, rubble everywhere... and bodies, wounded or dead, mutilated and bleeding...

MUIR (V.O.)

The destruction was a bit more extensive than anyone anticipated. Our Lebanese operatives were a little insecure about their first mission so they packed the car with enough Semtex to blow up half of Beirut...

Bishop's face tightens. Fighting emotion.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET/BEIRUT - EVENING

The same street, hours later. The bodies gone. Blood stains the sidewalk.

MUIR (V.O.)

... I just went home to bed. It was a bad deal, but I figured Bishop was a big boy.

But WE SEE -- a pair of dusty wingtips wandering through the rubble -- TILT UP, it's Muir weaving through the destruction, searching for Bishop. He pauses and gently questions an ELDERLY WOMAN... Not getting any help, he walks on, stopping to speak to a YOUNG BOY, as we DISSOLVE to...

ANOTHER STREET

The sky now black as ink. Muir roams the streets, stopping to poke his head into a bar or hotel. DISSOLVE to...

THE SUN

is coming up now -- Muir sits in the street staring out at the gaping hole that once was the Hotel Damascus. A huge banner is strung in the center of it. Giant letters spell out "MADE IN THE USA".

ANOTHER ANGLE

The sign "MADE IN THE USA".

We PAN around to see that this angle is Bishop's POV.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bishop is sitting, staring through the blown-out window of Elizabeth's apartment, which is not far from the destruction. Elizabeth steps from an adjacent room and moves to him. He buries his head in her lap. She cradles him and brushes her hand across his hair. He slowly moves up her body, clinging to her, kissing her, blotting out the pain, losing himself in her.

MUIR (V.O.)

Bishop didn't come into work for a week.

EXT. ROOF (BISHOP'S HOTEL) - NIGHT

Bishop is alone, sitting on the roof.

Two legs walk into frame. Sit. It's Muir. Bishop doesn't acknowledge him.

MUIR

Got a wire from Langley.

(Bishop doesn't turn)

Good news. They're throwing us a bone.

Bishop looks over at Muir like he's crazy.

MUIR (cont'd)

We landed Karachi. This place is over, Karachi's where the action is. I want you as my right arm.

(off Bishop's look)

Headquarters is calling the mission a success.

BISHOP

(incredulous)

A success? Our operations collide. Fifty-four people, including my own assets are blown to bits and --

MUIR

-- one insane terrorist and his murdering crew.

(beat)

Look, Tom, once we get to Karachi we'll --

BISHOP

I'm not going anywhere.

(looks Muir in the eye)

Not with you. No more.

HOLD on Muir as it sinks in.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

We're finished.

Bishop holds Muir's eyes. The moment lingers. Then the spell is broken by sound of FOOTSTEPS --

Bishop and Muir look down at Elizabeth as she approaches.

We hear the CLICK, CLICK of her footsteps on the cobblestone.

MUIR

Let me tell you something about her. She preaches policy based on human rights and political accountability, yet she's funded by the Syrians and her hospital is a staging ground for the Party of God.

(pause)

Where do you think Sharif got the explosives?

Bishop turns back to face him.

BISHOP

You're lying.

MUIR

Am I? Ask her...

Bishop turns away from the stairway door.

MUIR (CONT'D)
(yells after him)
Ask her.

Muir's voice echoes in the street below. Elizabeth stops, looks up to the roof.

INT. STAIRWAY

Bishop stomps down the steps.

BACK ON THE ROOF

Muir walks to the edge of the roof, looks down, just as Bishop walks out of the building and over to Elizabeth. They begin talking; we can't hear. It gets animated -- from this distance, it could be a lovers' quarrel.

EXT. STREET

Bishop is staring into Elizabeth's eyes.

ELIZABETH
... I never said that!

Bishop just stares at her.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Tom, I have to contend with the same problems you do. These guys are against those guys who are against everyone else... and I have a camp in the middle.

BISHOP
And the explosives? Your victims sell explosives?

ELIZABETH
I don't know --

BISHOP
Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH
Probably! Sometimes! I don't know -- but probably!

Elizabeth looks into Bishop's face. His eyes are like ice.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
(softly, but firmly)
This world will never be exactly what we want it to be --

BISHOP
(sharply)
Or the people in it.

She reacts. Stung. Heartbroken.

ELIZABETH

I'm ~~so~~ sorry, I wish I could make it all
black and white for you.

They stand there, both silent.

FROM THE ROOF - MUIR'S POV

Bishop turns, and walks away from Elizabeth. Alone in the
street, Elizabeth looks up.

HER POV

Muir on the roof, looking down at her. His face a mask.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A jet stands ready on a closed-off section of the tarmac. Muir
and a few other familiar CIA faces, waiting to board their plane.

MUIR (V.O.)

Two weeks later, Bishop and I went our
separate ways. As far as I knew,
Elizabeth and Bishop split up -- but it
wasn't my business anymore...

Muir spots Bishop walk up to his colleagues, saying his good-
byes. He finally meets Muir's eyes, holds his stare. Bishop
turns and leaves, heading into the city, without looking back.

INT. 7TH FLOOR CONFERENCE WING, DCI'S WING - EVENING

CLOSE ON MUIR, his mind still back there.

AIKEN

So let me get this straight... four dozen
people are killed, including Bishop's
operatives...

MUIR

There was no way he could have prevented
it. It wasn't his --

AIKEN

Bishop was involved.

MUIR

You guys are unbelievable.

Josie has stepped into the office and now hands Folger a note.

DR. BYARS

Do you mind? I have a question.

(meets Folger's eyes)

Do we know how Elizabeth Hadley wound up
in a Chinese prison?

Folger looks at Byars, doesn't respond, glances down at the fax that has come in, rips it off.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

Let's break here. I have to meet the President.

(pushes back his chair; stands)

Muir, I'll expect you tomorrow. Six sharp.

On his way out, Folger drops the fax on the table in front of Muir.

DIRECTOR FOLGER (CONT'D)

Here's your confirmation, Muir.

Muir looks down at the fax: a photograph of Elizabeth dressed in a prison jumpsuit. In the b.g. the prison yard and "Doctors Without Borders" ambulance.

The rest of the Young Turks follow Folger out. Alone, Muir lifts the fax and stares at the blurry image of Elizabeth. Even here, her eyes radiate intensity. After a moment, he puts his cigarette pack on top of the fax and walks out of the room.

INT. DIRECTOR FOLGER'S OFFICE SUITE - EVENING

Muir looks over to Josie's desk, noticing, out of the corner of his eye

AN INTER-OFFICE ENVELOPE

poking from the incoming tray on the secretary's desk.

Muir continues on, to find Harker, Aiken and a couple of the secretaries are gathered around a

TELEVISION

A network ANCHORWOMAN, LYNN RUSSEL, is speaking:

LYNN RUSSEL

... the incident which was reported earlier today as the arrest of a CIA operative in China is now being dismissed by both governments. The discredited story has been attributed to an overzealous junior member of the Chinese government who leaked the false information to...

Aiken looks back at Muir with a shit-eating grin.

Folger turns from the TV, motions to Harker and Josie to follow him into his private office.

Muir watches the door close, and starts away with Aiken, Byars and Hwang.

MUIR
My cigarettes. 'Scuse me, fellas.

He turns back toward Folger's suite.

INT. DIRECTOR FOLGER'S OFFICE SUITE - EVENING

Muir takes two steps toward Josie's desk, when the door to Folger's private office flies open, and --

JOSIE
May I help you?

But Muir has already changed course and is at the conference room doors with --

MUIR
Left my smokes.

JOSIE
Wait. I'll get them.

And she brusquely pushes past Muir into the conference room, closing the door behind her.

Muir steps to her desk. Pulls the large, inter-office envelope, noting that it's from "Imagery Analysis." (The file he requested Gladys to send him.) He shoves it into the back of his waistband, straightening his jacket over it as Josie returns with his cigarettes. Unceremoniously, she hands them to Muir.

MUIR
Thank you.

Josie steps back around her desk, and:

JOSIE
Mr. Muir --

He turns back. Thinking he's busted --

JOSIE (CONT'D)
This is now a no-smoking facility.

MUIR
I love you too.

INT. DIRECTOR FOLGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Folger jams files and documents into his briefcase, getting ready for his meeting with the President --

HARKER
We've basically given Muir our plan on a plate, what's to stop him from going to Congress and cutting a deal?

DIRECTOR FOLGER

I got news for you Harker, how do you think Elizabeth Hadley wound up in China?

(beat)

I have Muir by the balls and he knows if he does anything stupid, I'll fuck up whatever's left of his miserable life.

Phone starts ringing.

DIRECTOR FOLGER (CONT'D)

(reaching for phone)

Now if you'll excuse me...

Harker leaves, but still doesn't look all that convinced as he shuts the door behind him.

INT. MUIR'S OFFICE - EVENING

Everything packed; Gladys is gone. Muir enters. Reaching under his sports jacket he retrieves the large envelope he took from Folger's office. He locks the door...

CUT TO:

... and spreads out A SERIES OF SATELLITE PHOTOGRAPHS on his desk. They show A MILITARY HQ/PRISON-COMPLEX in graduated scale.

Muir studies these for a moment, then opens a drawer and lifts out:

A BROCHURE AND SALES PACKET for a condo complex in the Bahamas. A sun-bronzed woman in a bikini seems to smile at him as she wrings water from her hair.

Muir looks from the sales packet, back to the satellite photos. He stands up and walks to the window.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE: dusk is setting. In the reflection of the window we catch employees crossing the parking lot, heading to their cars, going home.

Muir just watches them. Thinking.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CIA PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The mercury-vapor lights are on, the lot is now nearly empty, except for Muir's Porsche and a few dozen other cars.

INT. ANDREW UNGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP: A piece of gum covering the door latch as the door is opened. PULL BACK: Muir enters the empty office. Sits at the desk and punches in a number. After a moment:

A RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE
 Thomas-Quinn, good morning.

MUIR
 Mitch Alford.
 (waits, then)
 Mitch -- Nathan Muir.

INTERCUT:

The floor of the Hong Kong Stock Exchange. Hectic trading in progress.

MITCH ALFORD
 (British accent)
 Hey, Nathan, what can I do for you?

MUIR
 Liquidate everything. Stocks, T-bills, money markets: the works.

MITCH ALFORD
 Are you all right? Shouldn't we discuss this?

MUIR
 No, and I don't care about the penalties.

MITCH ALFORD
 Nathan, save for a rainy day and all that -- that's your umbrella.

MUIR
 That's my galoshes. I know what I'm doing. Wire-transfer the balance to this account. Ready...? 171-244829-2. First Maritime of Grand Cayman. Read that back, please?
 (a pause)
 Thanks.

As he does, there's a KNOCK on the door. Muir tenses, then:

MUIR (CONT'D)
 Come in?

He waits, Gladys enters.

MUIR (CONT'D)
 (off her look)
 I thought you'd left.

GLADYS
 Without saying goodbye?

She hands him a folded slip of paper.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
 How you holding up?

MUIR

Swell. They're keeping me an extra day.

GLADYS

Do you want me to come in?

He looks at her, seems genuinely touched by her concern, nods. Gladys moves to the door.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

(at the door)

I hope you know what you're doing.

The door closes, and as Muir reads the scrap of paper we

CUT TO:

INT. ADMINISTRATION DIRECTORATE, PERSONNEL - EVENING

Harker has decided to stick around. An administrator (60s) watches him fill out a requisition order at the front desk with his cel phone in his ear.

ADMINISTRATOR

Nathan Muir, huh? Someone said he's retiring.

HARKER

(covers his phone)

Just get his records. Please.

As he walks away, Harker talks into his phone.

HARKER (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Yes, this is Harker.... Find out if any calls were made to Hong Kong since this morning.

(a beat)

The whole building. That's right, I said the whole building.

CUT TO:

INT. MUIR'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Muir at his desk. Puts down the note. He finds a blank form, feeds the first into -- A TYPEWRITER.

He reads the scrap of note that Gladys gave him and starts to work.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES:

KEYS strike a blank form, the words:

"TOP SECRET//NOFORN". On next line: "OPERATION... Muir thinks for a second then writes: "OPERATION DINNER OUT".

LATER: Muir signs the completed form: "T. FOLGER, DIRECTOR
CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE".

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ADMINISTRATION DIRECTORATE, PERSONNEL - NIGHT

Harker, now in shirtsleeves, is seated at a library table, going through files. He stumbles on something:

A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH - A YOUNG ASIAN WOMAN

The print is at least thirty-five years old and --

HARKER (O.S.)
You know who this is?

The administrator joins him, looks at the photo, turns it over, finds a reference number.

Harker watches him go to his computer; type it in, then --

ADMINISTRATOR
She worked for us. For him.

HARKER
Why doesn't she have her own file?

ADMINISTRATOR
She was his wife.

Harker makes a derisive noise, shakes his head, and --

HARKER
When?

ADMINISTRATOR
Long time ago. Says Korea. 1955.

HARKER
(contemptuous)
This guy and his fucking wives.

A beat; the administrator gives him a dirty look.

ADMINISTRATOR
Record says the young lady killed herself.
Sir.

Harker can only feel like shit as the administrator logs off the terminal and goes back to his desk. Harker sighs, frustrated, throws down the photos and goes back to turning pages...

DISSOLVE TO:

BACK WITH MUIR

His hand reaches into a drawer, digs out a rubber stamp and a penknife.

MORE DISSOLVES:

With a penknife he makes a series of cuts in the stamp.

The stamp presses down on a piece of scrap paper.
"APPROVED_____."

He retouches the numbers and tries it again. "APPROVED_____
OO13". Satisfied, he stamps the top page of the "OPERATION_____
DINNER-OUT".

He seals it all in an orders packet marked "TOP SECRET" along the flap, then shoves that into the large, inter-office envelope from Imagery Analysis.

CUT TO:

COMPUTER SCREEN - SCROLLING PHONE NUMBERS

CIA TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
... these are all the calls made to Hong Kong.

INT. ADMINISTRATION DIRECTORATE, OFFICE OF SECURITY - NIGHT

Harker stands behind a graveyard shift CIA TECHNICIAN at one of a dozen busy workstations.

CIA TECHNICIAN
(points with a pencil)
This one originated from Andrew Unger's office.

HARKER
(thinking)
What's Unger's office number?

CIA TECHNICIAN
Four-thirty-two.

HARKER
(smiles, then quickly)
That's right across from Muir's office. Print it out, and ID it for me. Then I want a record of every other call placed from that office.

The Technician taps keys, only to pause, as --

CIA TECHNICIAN
Sir, there's a call going out from there right now.

Harker watches the number scroll and connect. He walks over to the window. Across the courtyard he sees light on of the lower floors and makes out MUIR'S SILHOUETTE in Unger's office.

HARKER
(eyes on Muir)
What's the number?

The technician quickly runs a search.

CIA TECHNICIAN
Hong Kong station, sir. The extension
belongs to --

WE FOCUS ON THE MONITOR: the name... HARRY DUNCAN...

INT. HARRY DUNCAN'S OFFICE - HONG KONG STATION - AFTERNOON

A RINGING telephone.

HARRY DUNCAN
Hello?

A shadow of the man he was less than twenty-four hours ago -- which wasn't much to begin with.

MUIR (V.O.)
Muir.

Harry Duncan instantly hangs up. Rubs his face. The phone RINGS AGAIN. He tries to wait it out, but he's no Muir.

HARRY DUNCAN
What? I took your advice -- I'm drowning
in shit.

MUIR (V.O.)
So here I am pulling you out -- as
promised. But first, there's one thing
you can do for me...

HARRY DUNCAN
(long pause; weak)
... I'm listening.

SMASH CUT TO:

HARKER'S FACE

turning into view. On his cel phone, heated --

HARKER
That's right, Harry Duncan... Yes. Now.

INT. ANDREW UNGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

MUIR
...Chinese official we used to run?

HARRY DUNCAN
With the power company?

MUIR
Yep. Get a hold of him immediately, tell him his ship's come in and it's waiting in account 171-244829-2. First Maritime of Grand Cayman. All we need is thirty minutes of blackout.

Out of the corner of his eye, Muir sees Harker looking down at him from the top floor across the courtyard. Harker is on his cel phone.

MUIR CONT'D)
(thinking quickly)
Harry, get out of the station now. Then make yourself scarce and place that call from someplace else. Can you do that for me?

DUNCAN
What the hell's happening, Muir?

MUIR
Don't worry about it, just do what I said and you'll be fine.
(no answer)
Harry? Harry?!

Duncan slams the phone down and swears under his breath.

Muir looks a little worried himself.

INT. ADMINISTRATION DIRECTORATE/OFFICE OF SECURITY - NIGHT

Harker clicks off his cel phone and steps back from the window.

CIA TECHNICIAN
(holding print-out)
The other calls: This first is a Hong Kong newspaper, sir. Registered owner, Gibson Ltd.

Triumph growing on Harker's face...

CIA TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
This last call went to a stockbroker...

HARKER
Hack in. I want all his accounts; I want to see today's activity.

INT. MUIR'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Muir -- the large Imagery Analysis envelope in hand -- exits his office. Heads toward --

INT. THE ELEVATOR BAY - NIGHT

About to hit the button, he notices the elevator is already arriving. He ducks into the stairwell.

DING! The elevator arrives. Harker and a security officer disembark. Head toward Muir's office.

EXT. A HONG KONG STREET - AFTERNOON

Raining hard. Harry Duncan looks nervous as hell as he puts on his hat. He leaves the building and blends into the crowd. Across the street, AN AMERICAN MAN nods to a FEMALE PARTNER who starts after Duncan. Gaining on him until...

... Harry makes a sudden scramble down steep stairs into --

INT. THE SUBWAY - AFTERNOON

We're back with his pursuers. The man pushing his way down, catching sight of Harry Duncan disappearing into a restroom. Eye contact with his female partner entering the station from the other end.

A train arrives. The station grows even more crowded. The man is about to go in after Harry when the bathroom door opens. A surge of people...the man peering between rain-wet figures. No matter how stooped his posture, Harry's hat and raincoat are unmistakable. His pursuers follow him onto a train.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE OF COMMUNICATIONS - NIGHT

Muir enters a hi-tech communications center and is promptly ignored by the YOUNGER OFFICERS. He pulls the "TOP SECRET" orders packet from the Imagery Analysis envelope as he sweeps his eyes across the desks. Seated in a back corner is a woman in her early fifties. VIVIAN. Attractive in that classic divorcee sort of way. Eye-contact, Vivian brightens. Muir grins and she waves him back.

VIVIAN'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER

VIVIAN

Here we are, the same building, and I haven't seen you in over a year, sweet Nathan.

MUIR

You broke my heart when you decided to give your nights to the agency instead of me.

A wink as Muir takes the "Top Secret" orders packet from the Imagery Analysis envelope; hands it to Vivian.

VIVIAN

My word.

MUIR

I'm told it's critical.

Vivian opens the packet, glances at the "Approved" stamp. The stamp looks a bit smudged, if it was someone else, Vivian might question it, but this is Nathan Muir.

VIVIAN

From the DCI no less.

MUIR

He said something about a direct satellite link to some aircraft carrier -- better be in there 'cause I don't remember. Yikes.

One of Muir's faces -- "the lost puppy dog." Vivian smiles. Pulls out a pad of log slips, when --

MUIR (cont'd)

Oh'd you hear?

Pen poised, she looks up pleasantly.

MUIR (CONT'D)

I'm retiring.

VIVIAN

(world caving in)

When?

MUIR

Well, today, actually.

The pen: placed on her desk as Vivian sits back to handle the news, her eyes suddenly moist.

MUIR (CONT'D)

How 'bout some night you have off, you join me for a drink at the Pawnshop?

VIVIAN

Sure, that'd be nice.

They both know it's a date that'll never happen. She rises, hugs him. Muir pats her back, holds her at arms' length, making sure he gets tears in her eyes before stepping back.

MUIR

Y'know, the Director's waiting for me to go over a couple last things. Would it be just terrible if we didn't log this in 'til I can get back? Say just before I go?

VIVIAN

Sweet Nathan, of course not; means I get to see you again.

INT. HONG KONG SUBWAY TRAIN - AFTERNOON

Harry Duncan's pursuers... keeping the hat and raincoat in view. And Harry Duncan turns -- only it *isn't* Harry Duncan. A Chinese man is wearing Harry's coat and hat.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - AFTERNOON

No hat, no coat, dripping wet, the real Harry Duncan talks on a telephone beneath the flickering neon of the street. He hangs up. Steps out of the booth, smiling, like he's just gotten laid. He hitches up his pants and walks off, whistling a tune.

INT. MUIR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Harker and the security officer are going over the things on Muir's desk. The security officer pulls a whiskey bottle from the bottom drawer as Muir enters --

MUIR

Help yourself.

Embarrassed, the security officer puts down the bottle. Muir smiles pleasantly.

HARKER

(re: the envelope in Muir's hands)

What's that, Muir?

MUIR

Harker, you're like a gnat buzzing around my head today. Hell're you doing in my office?

HARKER

Checked out an Imagery Analysis file -- is that it?

MUIR

Nope. Just air.

Harker takes the envelope, opens it -- it's empty.

HARKER

Where is it? You return it?

MUIR

Get lost, why don't you?

An expression of disdain on his face, Muir takes the whiskey bottle, finds a glass and pours a nightcap.

THE SECURITY OFFICER

If you don't need me anymore...

Harker waves him away. As he goes, the man tries to end on a better note with Muir. Indicating the Bahamas brochure on the desk --

THE SECURITY OFFICER (cont'd)
Enjoy your retirement, Mr. Muir.

Muir just nods, toasts him; sips like he doesn't have a care in the world, and it's at that moment that the TELEPHONE RINGS. They both look at the phone, then each other. A long beat. The PHONE KEEPS RINGING. Muir picks up the receiver.

MUIR
Muir.

He listens a moment, then passes the receiver to:

MUIR (CONT'D)
For you.

Muir takes his drink with him to his sofa.

HARKER
Yes?

INTERCUT:

THE CIA TECHNICIAN
He's pulling up stakes, sir. Every account has been closed; wire transferred it all to the Maritime Bank of Grand Cayman.

RESUME:

HARKER
How much?

Muir kicks off his shoes, loosens his tie and reclines.

THE CIA TECHNICIAN
\$582,000 dollars and change. Only it all just disappeared.

HARKER
Someone grabbed it? Who? Where?

THE CIA TECHNICIAN
That will take some time, sir.

HARKER
... I see.

Harker slowly hangs up, his gaze never leaving Muir whose own eyes are closed.

HARKER
(his mind elsewhere)
See you at six, Muir.

Muir never opens his eyes.

FADE OUT.

A SPINNING TAPE RECORDER. WIDER: Now we see were in...

INT. AN INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A concrete box; CHINESE INTERROGATORS stare down at Bishop, bloody and beaten, handcuffed to a chair across from them. One of the interrogators switches the recorder off. The interrogator directs TWO SOLDIERS, who pull Bishop out of the chair, dragging him out of the room...down a corridor toward his cell. Unexpectedly, they continue past his cell and out into...

EXT. THE PRISON QUADRANGLE - DAY

Gray sky. Bishop hauled into the center of the yard. He's made to kneel. He falls over; they hold him upright, then, without flourish, faster than we anticipate, he's SHOT in the back of the neck. As easy as that. His body slumps forward --

INT. MUIR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Muir wakes up from this nightmare, wildly disoriented.

There is a knock on his door. Gladys looks in, offers a cup of coffee.

MUIR

Time?

GLADYS

Five-forty.

MUIR

(nods; deep breath)

Okay. I'm expecting a call. Put it through to Folger's?

INT. 7TH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM, DCI'S WING - MORNING

Who knows how he does it, but Muir looks like a million bucks as he strides in and finds his seat.

MUIR

'Morning, gentlemen.

The Young Turks don't respond. It is then Muir notices --

MUIR (cont'd)

Where's Harker?

HARKER (O.S.)

Behind you.

Muir turns. Harker has just entered, and while he doesn't quite pull off the 24-hour same-suit look with Muir's elan, there is an icy calm about him that's unsettling.

HARKER (cont'd)

Sorry I'm late.

Muir smiles uncomfortably. Harker faces Folger.

HARKER (CONT'D)

Some things have come to my attention in the last few hours regarding Mr. Muir, which we should consider before we continue.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

(impatiently)

Get to the point, Harker.

Harker places his briefcase on the table; opens it.

HARKER

Mr. Muir has been working against us from the start.

MUIR

What are you talking about? I've done nothing but cooperate.

HARKER

Cooperate?

MUIR

Have I withheld anything?

HARKER

Certainly the fact that Harry Duncan tipped you off to Bishop's situation before you even arrived here yesterday.

(beat)

Yet you chose to play dumb with us. Why?

Harker gives him time, but Muir just sighs and doesn't bother to respond.

HARKER (CONT'D)

Okay, then maybe you'd like to tell us about the calls you placed to Duncan from Andrew Unger's office last night.

MUIR

Harry Duncan is a close, personal friend.

(beat)

Nobody's mentioned the two passports found on Bishop at the time of his arrest which were stolen from Harry's safe. That's fine -- another head between you and the ax if things go bad...

His expression defies them to contradict him. They don't.

MUIR (CONT'D)

Well, I don't play that game. It's loyalty up, loyalty down.

HARKER
Harry Duncan has gone missing.

MUIR
Good for him.

HARKER
With your 582,000 dollars?

MUIR
You want to accuse me of something, accuse me.

But Harker is enjoying taking his time, and --

HARKER
Or maybe the payoff went to Digby Gibson -- when you tipped off the press?

MUIR
Leave him out of it. You don't know what you're talking about.

HARKER
I know Gibson runs a newspaper in Hong Kong.

MUIR
Mr. Director?

DIRECTOR FOLGER
(begrudging)
Leave him out of this, Harker.

HARKER
What?

DIRECTOR FOLGER
Digby Gibson's paper is only a front. He's MI6's man in Hong Kong.

HARKER
Well, what were you doing calling him?

MUIR
He brokered the Goldilocks deal. You want your asses completely covered, I had to tip him off.

DIRECTOR FOLGER
You should have run that by me, Muir.

MUIR
Sorry, Director.

Director Folger scowls; his anger at Muir becoming irritation with his DDO and --

INT. CIA, THE OLD BUILDING LOBBY - MORNING

Muir is crossing the lobby, toward the turnstiles and main doors.

GUARD (O.S.)

Mr. Muir!

Muir tenses, stops, then turns to face the Guard.

CUT TO:

INT. FOLGER'S OFFICE SUITE - MORNING

The telephone RINGS. Folger checks his watch: 7:02.

JOSIE

Sir, it's the President.

He smiles, relieved. As Folger goes into his private office and shuts the door --

AIKEN

What? There was the one in Germany --
Sandy, right? And Peggy, and the last
one, Trisha who he said he divorced.

DR. BYARS

That's just three.

INT. A SECURITY OFFICE - MORNING

Through a window we see Muir and the Guard, going through the motions of turning in his badges; signing out.

INT. FOLGER'S OFFICE SUITE - MORNING

Harker returns, joins the others as --

DR. HWANG

Wait, there was the one in Italy --
Patrice or something?

HARKER

What're you talking about -- Muir's wives?

INT. CIA, THE OLD BUILDING LOBBY - MORNING

The Guard punches a five-digit code. As Muir clears the turnstiles, he starts to pick up speed on the way to the exit...

INT. FOLGER'S OFFICE SUITE - MORNING

DR. BYARS

That's right, that's four, and the one
he's married to now is five.

HARKER

No... That's wrong.

EXT. CIA, THE FRONT LOT - MORNING

Muir walking even faster now, toward his Porsche. Finds his keys.

INT. FOLGER'S OFFICE SUITE - MORNING

HARKER

Muir had a first wife. She was Korean --
she worked for him. And she killed
herself...

Harker's mind starts to whirl, putting together the pieces.

AIKEN

Then who was he talking to?

Harker starts to look sick as he pictures --

EXT. CIA, THE FRONT LOT - MORNING

-- Muir stone-faced behind the wheel. Starting up the engine.

INT. FOLGER'S OFFICE SUITE - MORNING

HARKER

Oh... Jesus Christ.

Harker barges off, rushes past Josie and rips opens the door to
Folger's office --

-- where Folger stands frozen behind his desk, lowering the
phone, white as a ghost.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

There's been an incident in China.

EXT. THE CIA MAIN GATES - MORNING

Muir puts on his sunglasses, as he is waved through the main
gate. His foot presses the accelerator to the floor. Ignoring
the posted speed limit signs, takes off like a rocket. Gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A GEORGETOWN BAR - NIGHT

Muir at the bar with a glass of ice water watching the news on
the TV above the bar. The other FEW CUSTOMERS pay no attention
to

THE TELEVISION

On it, speaking from the White House, the Press Secretary --

PRESS SECRETARY

(on TV)

...

(MORE)

PRESS SECRETARY (CONT'D)

because this nation will never tolerate the kidnaping, incarceration, and torture of its citizens, earlier this evening, the President authorized our military forces -- by whatever means necessary to carry out the rescue of an American hostage held unjustly in the People's Republic of China...

Muir lifts his glass to the TV.

PRESS SECRETARY (CONT'D)

... on behalf of the President, I can now report that the rescue was a complete and total success with no loss of American lives...

Muir finishes his water. In the flickering light of the television, he looks exhausted from the day's events, but for the first time: genuinely happy. Muir steps down from his stool, says to the BARTENDER:

MUIR

See ya, Pat.

THE BARTENDER

No McCallan's? Hope you ain't planning on putting me out of business.

MUIR

(at the door)

Hope you don't rely on my business that much -- don't know if I'll be back.

And stepping through the door, the master spy fades gently into the night. Game, set, and match.

FADE OUT

The End

DIRECTOR FOLGER
Anything else, Harker?

Harker takes a deep breath; exhibits an official request form.

HARKER
Yes, sir. Yesterday, Imagery Analysis delivered a file -- requested by Muir's secretary, for Mr. Muir -- to your office. Did you receive that file, sir?

DIRECTOR FOLGER
No, I didn't... Muir?

MUIR
(to Harker)
Give me a break! If Folger didn't get it, how did I?

HARKER
After we adjourned, you came back in here for your cigarettes. Alone...

Muir doesn't respond.

HARKER (CONT'D)
Last night, I caught him on his way back from returning that file.

MUIR
I don't know what he's talking about.

HARKER
I'm talking about this.

Harker produces the Imagery Analysis file.

HARKER (CONT'D)
I took the liberty of requesting the file myself.

Folger glares at Muir, and --

DIRECTOR FOLGER
Open it.

Harker does as asked. Satellite photos...

DIRECTOR FOLGER (cont'd)
To me.

Harker passes them to Folger. A series of coastlines we've seen before.

DIRECTOR FOLGER (CONT'D)
Is this China? Muir...?

HARKER

(speaks up)

I believe it is, sir, and I think it would behoove Mr. Muir to tell us what 582,000 dollars has bought you there.

The Young Turks share a look...

MUIR

You've got to understand. My last day -- more than forty years of loyal service behind me -- then this thing with Bishop? The confusion, the suspicions... I mean, what are the chances...?

DIRECTOR FOLGER

I think you'd better tell us everything.

Muir nods, penitent, then reaching into his pocket --

MUIR

This should explain it all, sir.

And he holds out --

THE BAHAMAS BROCHURE

Harker snatches it from Muir's hand. Opens it.

MUIR (CONT'D)

I've used company resources for personal benefit.

Confusion. Harker's face burns with embarrassment.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

What the hell is it?

HARKER

I've made a mistake.

And suddenly the glare of Folger's fury shifts to the DDO. Muir takes the brochure from Harker; shows Folger how the coastlines match. Turns the page and shows him the price list: the condo listed at \$580,000 is circled.

MUIR

For the last year I've routed one of our birds over my retirement property. What with these winters we've been having... It's my life savings. I just wanted to be sure. I'm sorry.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

(rising)

GODDAMNIT! WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS SHIT! What the hell is wrong with you, Harker?!

(to them all)

(MORE)

DIRECTOR FOLGER (CONT'D)
NOW I'M TRYING TO SAVE THIS AGENCY -- so
can we WRAP THIS THING UP?!

HARKER
Sorry, sir, I --

DIRECTOR FOLGER
Moving on.

In the Tech Room recorders switch on again.

DIRECTOR FOLGER (CONT'D)
Muir. Just pick it up where you left off.
Byars?

Byars looks at his notes, then to Muir.

BYARS
Mr. Muir, you and Bishop separated in
Beirut?

Muir glances at him with annoyance.

MUIR
As stated. He stayed behind. I went off
to Karachi.

DR. BYARS
Again, I'm wondering... How did Elizabeth
Hadley end up in a Chinese prison?

Muir looks at Folger, who puts on a confident smirk.

FOLGER
Go ahead, Muir. The truth will set you
free...

The Young Turks look at Muir.

MUIR (V.O.)
I had been in Karachi almost a year, when
I got a call...

INT. A SMALL RESTAURANT - (HONG KONG) - DAY

Bustling with local patrons. Muir walks in the front door, takes
in the room. His eyes fall upon a MAN IN A SUIT, turned away
from us, sitting alone at a table.

JUMP CUT:

Muir is sitting at the table across from the man. The man's
VOICE is sometimes lost in the DIN of the crowded restaurant.

A MAN (O.S.)
... she's been brokering an alliance
between the PLO and the Shi'ites. I don't
have to tell you the kind of trouble that
could create for us...

Muir says nothing. The man drops a photograph on the table in front of Muir. Muir looks down at a surveillance photograph of Elizabeth Hadley.

A MAN (O.S.; CONT'D)
She has everyone nervous -- from
Washington to Shanghai.

Muir looks over at the man. NOW WE SEE IT'S FOLGER.

MUIR
And?

FOLGER
I need someone to take care of this.

Muir takes another look at Elisabeth Hadley's photograph.

MUIR
Not me.

Muir pushes back his chair, starts to get up. But Folger tosses another photograph on the table. A picture of Elizabeth and Bishop.

FOLGER
He started seeing her again three months
ago.

Folger tosses down three more photos. All of them pictures of Bishop and Elizabeth, in public settings, having a great time.

DIRECTOR FOLGER
She's going to get him killed and you know
it.

Muir takes in the pictures, then puts them down.

MUIR
Not me.

DIRECTOR FOLGER
Just think about it.

And Folger gets up, walks away. HOLD ON Muir.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - BEIRUT

Elizabeth and Bishop walk arm in arm through an open air market. Elizabeth occasionally stopping to select fruit and vegetables. Bishop whispers in her ear, she smiles.

He walks away from her to an adjacent booth.

A Chinese man steps up to of Elizabeth, holding out a cigarette, smiling and motioning for a light. Elizabeth digs into her purse and finds a lighter.

As she holds it up, the Chinese man clasps her wrist and gently guides the lighter up to his cigarette. He smiles sweetly as he looks into her eyes, but Elizabeth is unnerved.

At the next booth, Bishop selects a loaf of freshly baked bread, pays for it and when he turns back --

Elizabeth is gone.

MUIR (V.O.)

... The Chinese didn't want Elizabeth's coalition any more than we did...

He looks around, no sign of her in the large open market. He starts back through the market, concern growing. He calls out her name. Moving faster now, through the crowd. His eyes scanning, lock onto

A BLACK VAN parked at the edge of the market, exhaust billowing as the engine idles.

Bishop bolts for the van. He's almost there when the van SCREECHES away down the street.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)

... and they were more than willing to help us out as she had pissed them off royally years ago with her stirring up trouble in Tibet.

Bishop races after the van, but the van turns a corner and is gone. He stops in the middle of the street, bewildered, a mixture of fear and horror on his face.

MUIR (CONT'D)

It was unlikely anyone, Bishop included, would suspect the Chinese...

NEW ANGLE

Through the window of a cafe -- Muir is standing, watching Bishop in the middle of the street turn back to the market. Muir does not look happy.

MUIR (V.O.; CONT'D)

... We made sure Bishop could trace the van back to the Islamic Jihad.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The burnt-out shell of the van is rotting in the sun in a deep ditch. Bishop stands on the lip of a deserted road, staring down at it.

MUIR (V.O.)

... He would keep looking for Elizabeth, but deep down, he'd know it was pointless... None of the victims of similar abductions had ever been found.

The faint, slightly unreal sound of a telephone RINGING.
 INT. 7TH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM, DCI'S WING - MORNING

AIKEN
 So you sent her off to face God knows what
 horrible fate?

A beat. The telephone is still ringing.

MUIR
 I thought she was going to get him killed.
 Byars looks at Muir, his gaze even, non-judgemental.
 Then, Folger lifts the phone.

DIRECTOR FOLGER
 (into phone)
 Yes...

Folger passes the phone to Muir--

DIRECTOR FOLGER (CONT'D)
 Your secretary. She's got your wife.

MUIR
 'Scuse me...
 (into the phone)
 Gladys?

INTERCUT:

GLADYS
 Commander Wiley aboard the Vinson.

MUIR
 Thanks. Connect us.

INTERCUT:

CMMDR. FRANCIS WILEY aboard the USS CARL VINSON in the South
 China Sea.

WILEY
 Commander Wiley. Package received --
 what's the verdict?

MUIR
 We're on for tonight.

WILEY
 Operation Dinner Out is a "go," sir,
 confirm?

MUIR
 That's correct, Dinner Out is a go.

Hearing only Muir's side of the conversation, Hwang shares a look with Aiken.

HWANG

Helluva way to speak to your wife.

AIKEN

Why do you think they keep dumping him?

Muir hangs up... If anyone has figured him out, now is when they'll pounce. He looks at them, they look at him, and it's in the smug authority of their eyes: Muir's insignificance. As for Harker, still cowed by his miscalculated blunder, he doesn't even look up.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

So... have you had any contact with Bishop since?

MUIR

Just once, about six months ago. He was stationed in Hong Kong...

INT. CIA SAFE HOUSE - KAWLOON SIDE - HONG KONG

Bishop listening in a booth with headphones to the Chinese operative in a second booth being interrogated.

Bishop leans into the microphone, interrupting the interrogation.

BISHOP

Repeat that...

Both the officer and the Chinese asset inside the booth turn to the one-way mirror, surprised.

MUIR (V.O.)

After the Berlin Wall came down -- a lot of operatives came out of the woodwork trying to make deals. Apparently, Bishop learned something while debriefing a Chinese defector in Hong Kong who was involved in some business in Beirut.

BISHOP

Have him repeat what he just said.

Bishop presses the headphones to his ear, listens, then:

MUIR

He told a crazy story about some British Red Cross worker being kidnapped.

HOLD ON Bishop, his mind churning.

INT./EXT. TAXI / KOWLOON STREETS - DAY

Bishop is in the back of a taxi, his anger building as the car zigzags through Hong Kong traffic. He looks out the window at the airport. A jet takes off directly overhead.

INT. GEORGETOWN BAR - DAY

Muir sits alone at a table in the empty bar, finished with the newspaper, sandwich and drink in front of him, he puts his money on the table. He looks up, Bishop stands before him.

BISHOP
Is she alive?

MUIR
Tom... it's good to see you.

BISHOP
Is she alive!?

MUIR
You want to give me a clue as to what you're talking about?

BISHOP
You know what I'm talking about.
Elizabeth Hadley. Where is she?

MUIR
How the hell would I know that?

Bishop studies Muir, can't tell if he's telling the truth or not.

BISHOP
If I find out I'm right and you had anything to do with this... I'll kill you.

MUIR
(chuckles)
Yeah, well, get in line.

BISHOP
Everything has always been a game to you.
Just a big fucking game.

Muir looks him in the eye for a moment. Then as he walks away:

MUIR
Whatever I did, I did it for your own good.

Muir walks right past Bishop; out the back door.

EXT. BAR - BACK-ALLEY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Muir walks up to his Porsche and opens the door -- sees just a glint of Bishop in the driver's-side window --

-- as Bishop suddenly RUSHES Muir, knocking him into the door and crashing against the hood. The two of them rolling, tumbling against the car. Muir kicks Bishop's legs out from under him. Muir lunges at Bishop, fists flying, pummeling him, venting the frustration over every damn thing he wanted for the kid and everything that turned out wrong.

Bishops crumbles to the ground, and Muir backs away, and out of breath, starts back toward the driver's door... Suddenly, Bishop launches himself at him. Catching Muir off-guard, Bishop smashes Muir into the wall. Again and again, he hits Muir. Finally, Bishop backs away and after one last look, stumbles off, leaving Muir alone.

INT. 7TH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM, DCI'S WING - MORNING

The silence after the fight seems to linger in the room. Byars looks more fascinated then ever.

Aiken is the first to snap out of it:

AIKEN

...Jesus, Muir, you knew what Bishop was up to? You should have stopped him.

MUIR

(after a beat)

I should have helped him.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

(smug, condescending)

Is that why you forced yourself into this room? You thought you could help him?

Muir just stares at him as we HEAR the SOUND OF HELICOPTERS.

EXT. THE MH-60KS - NIGHT

Helicopters. Skimming waves; making landfall over China.

INT. QINGDAO AIR DEFENSE MONITORING STATION - NIGHT

PERSONNEL monitoring banks of radar screens. Suddenly the lights flicker; all power goes out. Chaos.

CHINESE OFFICER

(Chinese)

<Where's the back-up?!>

CHINESE SOLDIER

<It's down too -- everything is down!>

EXT. DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS, QINGDAO - NIGHT

The same building we've seen in the Imagery Analysis file. The MH-60Ks swoop in; hover. No sound, just visuals. There's the FLASH of opposing gunfire. It's answered from the American helicopters. As the first Blackhawk puts --

TEN NAVY SEALS

on the roof, the second deposits its men in the inner quadrangle. The gun battle begins in earnest.

INT. 7TH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM, DCI'S WING - MORNING

Director Folger stands; signals the guys in the TECH ROOM to shut off the recorders.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

That's it, then. Gentleman, you know where the bodies are buried now...

INT. DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS, QINGDAO - NIGHT

Navy SEALs moving down a corridor. Rig a door; blow it open. Inside the cell battered, bloody and bruised, sits --

TOM BISHOP

One of the SEALs pulls the tape on his U.S. flag recognition patch. A look of stunned disbelief shows on Bishop's face.

EXT. DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS, QINGDAO - NIGHT

Little, if any resistance left, Bishop is hustled across the quad to the waiting helicopter and sees --

ELIZABETH carried like a child in the arms of another SEAL. She stares back at him, unsure one moment, then positive the next and fighting, reaching toward him, fingers splayed. As if the sight of Bishop there and wounded, is the thing that finally breaks her...

INT. 7TH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM, DCI'S WING - MORNING

Folger looks over at Dr. Byars, who's still reeling from all he's learned.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

Dr. Byars, I want your report in twenty minutes...

EXT./INT. DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS / THE MH-60KS - NIGHT

The helicopters rise up from the district headquarters. Inside, a medic attends to Bishop's wound. Bishop reaches over to clasp Elizabeth's hand.

Flying in formation, leaving the mainland, heading toward a black sea.

Then we hear the PILOT as he turns to his COPILOT:

PILOT (O.S.)

(into the radio)

This is Blackhawk one, we're inbound.

(MORE)

PILOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We're bringing home the bacon...
'Operation Dinner Out' accomplished.

CLOSE ON Bishop's face, a thought forming...

He pushes away the medic, leans toward the pilot.

BISHOP
What did you say?

PILOT
Nothing. Just that we're on our way home,
sir.

BISHOP
No. Operation what?

PILOT
Dinner Out, sir.

HOLD ON BISHOP. He leans back into his seat. The realization that Muir is responsible for his rescue sinking in.

INT. 7TH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM, DCI'S WING - MORNING

Muir watches the Young Turks gather up their papers, folders, etc.

DIRECTOR FOLGER
I don't expect Congress to find a single
link between Bishop and Elizabeth Hadley
when they come calling...

Folger looks at Muir.

DIRECTOR FOLGER (CONT'D)
Harker, escort Muir to the elevator.

AIKEN
Hold it. He'll need to sign this non-
disclosure form.

Muir takes the non-disclosure form, a pen, signs.

AIKEN (CONT'D)
Aren't you going to read it?

MUIR
Read it a thousand times.

As Muir goes to the door, Harker stands and follows.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE FOLGER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Harker catches up to Muir at the elevators, and begrudgingly:

HARKER
(awkwardly)
... I misjudged you.

MUIR
How's that?

HARKER
I understand now -- you did what you had to.
(beat)
You know, all in all, that's what we're all doing here.

The elevator arrives. They regard one another.

HARKER (CONT'D)
(offers his hand)
No hard feelings?
(beat)
I just made a mistake.

Muir gets into the elevator, never reaching for Harker's outstretched hand.

MUIR
(doors closing)
Don't torture yourself, Chuck. It bunches up your suit.

INT. THE TECH ROOM - MORNING

Folger is alone in the tech booth. He leans over the keyboard and types: on the computer monitors, we see the word "delete" repeated over and over.

INT. FOLGER'S OFFICE SUITE - MORNING

AIKEN
... congratulations, gentleman, we dodged that bullet.

DR. HWANG
(smiles)
Should I order some champagne?

DR. BYARS
(thinking)
...you know, that's strange.

AIKEN
What is?

DR. BYARS
Dinner with his wife.

DIRECTOR FOLGER
So?

DR. BYARS
He said he had five wives.