

SPY GAME: MUIR'S GAMBIT

by
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Based upon the novel
Spy Game: Muir's Gambit
by
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"SPY GAME II: MUIR'S GAMBIT"

OVER BLACK: FRANK SINATRA'S RENDITION OF "TRY A LITTLE
TENDERNESS."

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
In the hustle of the day, we're all
inclined to miss / Little things
that mean so much / A word, a
smile, and a kiss...

1 EXT. A GEORGETOWN RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT 1

An SUV pulls up before a brownstone.

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
When a woman loves a man, he's a
hero in her eyes / And a hero he
can always be if he'll just
realize...

Piling from it are A UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR (30s) and a woman
we will come to know as MADELINE AIKEN (25). They are drunk
and they are ready to fuck-- this obvious by the fact that
they begin undressing each other before she has unlocked the
front door.

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
She may be weary, women do get
weary, wearing the same shabby
dress...

2 INT. AIKEN'S CAR - NIGHT 2

Watched through the windshield, Madeline's stockinged foot
kicking shut the door behind them. The lights remain out.

RUSSELL AIKEN (40S)

alone in his car, can imagine what is happening inside his
home.

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
And when she's weary, try a little
tenderness.

He suffers a fantasy of that for a few moments, then,
anguished, knows he must deal with the reality.

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
She may be waiting, just
anticipating, things she may never
possess...

3 EXT. GEORGETOWN RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT 3

Aiken crosses the street to the front door. He opens it.

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
While she's without them, try a
little tenderness...

4 INT. AIKEN'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT 4

Aiken stands in the foyer looking into the living room where
his wife and the young professor finish undressing.

YOUNG PROFESSOR
You're sure your husband isn't
home?

AIKEN'S WIFE
I told you, never mention him.

She pinches him somewhere.

YOUNG PROFESSOR
Ow! Sorry.

AIKEN'S WIFE	FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
I don't want sorry, I want	It's not just sentimental,
cock.	she has her grief and her
	care...

Aiken watches in increasing horror. OVER THIS, DETACHED:

AIKEN (V.O.)
Letter Agreement. RE: Russell
Aiken, legal counsel to the Central
Intelligence Agency, United States
of America...

In his hand is a pistol.

AIKEN (V.O.)
This letter "Agreement" will
confirm the terms and conditions of
the agreement between Russell
Aiken, "Me," and the sum total of
the success, joy and personal
happiness; the dignity, honor and
the pride, that, bracketed by the
failures, embarrassments and
regrets owned and owed-- "Life"--
with respect to My free admission
that in Life honesty and morality
have never been, are not now, nor
will ever be mutually inclusive...

The gun shakes in his grip as he raises it.

5

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - NIGHT

5

A GUNSHOT from within. A beat. Running, pistol tight in his fist, Aiken returns to his car.

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
But a word that's soft and gentle
makes it easier to bear...

AIKEN (V.O.)
One. CONDITIONS PRECEDENT: All of
My obligations hereunder are
conditioned on the following: One-
point-one. God creates Life.

6

INT. AIKEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

6

Lights go on in a neighbor's house in reaction, but not in his own. He drops the gun on the passenger seat and starts the engine.

AIKEN (V.O.)
One-point-two. Humankind takes all
the credit.

He PEELS AWAY.

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
You won't regret it, women
don't forget it, love is
their whole happiness...

AIKEN (V.O.)
One-three. All goodness in
Life is a material derivative
of God, given freely of Him
in perpetuity unto the Public
Domain.

7

EXT. AIKEN'S CAR - NIGHT

7

Parked in a dark, forested area of Rock Creek Park.

AIKEN (V.O.)
One-three-one. That the nature of
humankind is such that we
dishonestly claim ownership of all
goodness in Life...

PUSH TO THE DRIVER'S WINDOW

AIKEN (V.O.)
One-four. All evil in Life is a
material derivative of humankind
abhorrent to God who in no way
created or has neither involvement
in nor control over evil.

JARRING ANGLES/SHOTS: Aiken presses the gun to his forehead. His temple. Back of his neck. His scream-shaped mouth.

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
And it's all so easy: try a
little tenderness...

AIKEN (V.O.)
One-four-one. That the
nature of humankind is such
that we dishonestly deny
ownership of and credit for
all evil in Life.

8

INT. AIKEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

8

Aiken is unable to decide how best to end his life and his
VOICE-OVER COMES FASTER NOW and DESPERATE--

AIKEN (V.O.)
One-five. God's nature is honest;
humankind's nature is dishonest.
One-six. Legal documents exist for
the sole purpose of compelling
something from someone else that
they would rather not choose to do
or be held accountable for.

Disgusted, Aiken flings the gun into the passenger foot-well.

AIKEN (V.O.)
One. Seven. God doesn't believe
in contracts.

Acknowledging his cowardice, Aiken beats his steering wheel
and kicks his dashboard, the violence contrapuntal to--

AIKEN (V.O.)
Two. COMPENSATION: A chance to
live with myself.

9

EXT. PELICAN LANDING MARINA, KEY WEST - DAWN

9

First light shines golden upon the water. Halyards clang
against masts like bells summoning the faithful.

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
(fading out)
And it's all so easy. Try a little
tenderness.

It promises to be a perfect day for CHARLIE MARCH (70s),
retired hero of the CIA, arrived early to take advantage of
that perfection.

10 EXT. CHARLIE MARCH'S BOAT - LATER 10

Motoring quietly past the jetty, Charlie March turns toward open sea. He unfurls his main sail, feeding it to the wind, breathing deeply, thankful to be alive to experience this moment. KABOOM! the boat EXPLODES.

11 EXT. CHARLIE MARCH'S BOAT, WRECKAGE - STILL LATER 11

A Harbor Patrol skiff operated by the U.S. Coast Guard arrives on the scene... A COAST GUARDSMAN fishes Charlie March's body from the wreckage and pulls him aboard.

12 INT. HARBOR PATROL SKIFF - CONTINUOUS 12

Burned so badly as to be unrecognizable as himself or any of the countless men he's posed as in life, March gurgles--

CHARLIE MARCH

Thank Nathan for me... Thank him
and tell him that...

COAST GUARDSMAN

Tell him what, sir?

CHARLIE MARCH

He never murdered a soul.

COAST GUARDSMAN

Who's Nathan? We don't know Nathan,
sir. Did he do this to you?

CHARLIE MARCH

Too old for this; made a mistake.

With realization that he's said too much, Charlie March waits for death, his eyes staring at the Coast Guardsman from a face charred black and flaking away in the wind like pieces of a trampled papier-mâché mask. Then he's dead. To his PARTNER...

COAST GUARDSMAN

Some shit way to go.

13 EXT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - ESTABLISHING - DAY 13

HARKER (V.O.)

Chrissakes: out all night or what?

14 INT. HARKER'S OFFICE, OPERATIONS DIRECTORATE - DAY 14

Impatiently gesturing Aiken-- dishevelled in the doorway-- into the room, JEREMY HARKER III (35), is all slicked-back, hand-tailored ambition.

AIKEN

Nothing. No. Something I had to do, 's'all.

The CIA's Deputy Director Operations, Harker points Aiken to the sofa while he takes a seat, a folder-- "TOP SECRET"-- on the table between them.

HARKER

You have something else to do and this takes precedent over any personal bullshit you're wasting Agency time on.

AIKEN

None of my personal bullshit is--

He shuts his mouth before "bullshit" escapes; opens the file.

A CIA SERVICE RECORD

In most circumstances, this would be a single page summary of a field agent's personal statistics, postings and dates. In Charlie March's case (whose record this is) due to the extent of his work, the record fills three pages and bleeds onto a fourth. Paper-clipped to the edge of the back cover are TWO PHOTOGRAPHS--

The FIRST PHOTO, taken during the Berlin Airlift in 1949, depicts March (late 20s), square-jawed, but noticeably plain, dressed as a civilian and grinning with predatory teeth.

The SECOND PHOTO is more recent. Charlie March stands on the eagle and shield seal of the CIA accepting an award from former Director WILLIAM WEBSTER. Clenching his now jowled jaw to make it square, his plainness has aged him into spies' twilight innocuousness.

AIKEN (CONT'D)

Public Affairs trotting out a "Hero of the Past" profile to counter some bad press ready to come out?

HARKER

March is dead.

AIKEN

He was getting on in years.

HARKER

And whoever planted the bomb on his yacht in Key West this morning agreed.

AIKEN

Who'd kill Charlie March? Cold War's over; he's been in the open all this time-- wrote a bestselling autobiography.

HARKER

Which we're happy to let the FBI read. What won't make us happy is them digging through forty years of our secrets.

AIKEN

Is there something about this that the Seventh Floor needs protected?

HARKER

Harldy. It's a Cold War hiccup-- he's dead-- who gives a fuck?

AIKEN

I don't understand what you need from me. Likewise, knowing you have zero respect for what I do here, Mr. Harker, I'm a bit baffled why you're discussing this with me...

Aiken rises.

HARKER

Sit down. If this "incident" didn't tangentially involve you, you're damn right I wouldn't have you here making me hate my sofa because you're on it.

AIKEN

This involves me?

HARKER

March mentioned a name.

AIKEN

It wouldn't be mine! I only met the man twice. To shake hands.

HARKER

(like tasting poison)
He mentioned Nathan Muir.

Harker gives that a second to sink in.

HARKER (CONT'D)
 Old bastard decided to take his
 country down with the ship by
 asking the Coast Guard-- and I
 quote--
 (a lark)
 "Thank Nathan for me and tell him
 he never murdered a soul."

AIKEN
 That doesn't mean anything-- What
 does it mean?

HARKER
 Who the fuck knows? Except Muir
 meaning we have to get to Muir,
 debrief him, and lock his mouth,
 before the FBI gets down his
 throat.

AIKEN
 You don't like me... Muir hates my
 guts.

HARKER
 Yet, you're the only "legal mind"
 with this agency he's ever taken
 advice from.

Aiken frowns...it's true.

AIKEN
 Muir's on sabbatical.

HARKER
 Captiva Island-- we know right
 where he is.

AIKEN
 Where's that..?

15

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

15

The RAIN POURS in buckets as Aiken parks his car on the
 gravel drive before the house.

HARKER (V.O.)
 Big coincidence: also Florida.

The house itself, surrounded by a broad, wrap-around porch is
 remote, hidden on three sides by tropical foliage. Its
 fourth side faces a lonely beach and the storm-tossed sea.

Under the cover of the porch, stands NATHAN MUIR (60s) [**two days before the events of SPY GAME, 1991**]). Now, when you saw Charlie March, your intellect should have told you: "this is what real spies probably look like." When you see Nathan Muir-- tall and fit, blond and heroically blue-eyed, the coolest version of handsome-- your heart tells you: "this is how spies should look" and this gut reaction is why Muir actually is the best.

Without an umbrella, Aiken gets quickly soaked as he retrieves his suitcase from the back of his car.

MUIR

Don't tell me you're the best
Harker and his Young Turks could
muster up to assassinate me.

AIKEN

Mr. Muir, Executive Order eleven-
nine-oh-five, forbids the CIA from
engaging in assassination.

Muir hits the cigarette in one hand, then sips the scotch in his other; considering the taste, he extends his tumbler over the porch railing to collect some rain.

MUIR

Glad to hear that. Matter of fact,
there's about a dozen fellas I
"met" over the years who'd really
be glad.

Not having been invited onto the porch, Aiken remains in the rain as if that proves anything.

AIKEN

Would one of these "fellas" happen
to be Charlie March?

Muir toasts Aiken with a grin that lights the shadows.

MUIR

Too easy, even for you. How 'bout
a drink? Got everything-- long as
it's scotch and rainwater.

AIKEN

You know I don't drink, Mr. Muir.

Muir pauses to let Aiken know how inadequate this makes him.

MUIR

Stop standing down there like a dog
too dumb to come out of the rain;
(MORE)

MUIR (CONT'D)
 come here and make your lawyer's
 assassination-- the character kind
 not covered by Order eleven-nine-oh-
 five-- maybe by then I'll have
 changed your mind.

Aiken trudges up the steps where Muir meets him, putting a
 hand across his back; a friendly gesture, also a control.

16

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - CONTINUOUS

16

He walks Aiken to the rear of the house where his bottle of
 McCallan's 25 year-old single malt waits with a bucket of
 ice, waits with Muir's cigarette packs lined up like
 soldiers, his kitchen matches like prisoners in a ceramic
 holder stolen from a Vientiane bistro, and-- if not for the
 obscuring rain-- his view of the Gulf.

MUIR
 Drop the bag.

"Bag" sounding to Aiken a lot like "gun." Aiken drops it.

MUIR (CONT'D)
 Sit.

Exceedingly nervous, Aiken is fast to make small talk.

AIKEN
 Comfortable sofa. Surprisingly so.

MUIR
 Belongs to the guy I rent from;
 ugliest furniture I've ever seen.

Muir walks around the glass coffee table and all that shit
 he's trying to kill himself with, and takes the matching
 chair across from the CIA lawyer. He refreshes his drink.

MUIR (CONT'D)
 My dog comment was uncalled for;
 extra asshole of me. I'm sorry.

AIKEN
 Two comments: the rain comment and
 "sit?"

MUIR
 Fine. Just don't want you to think
 I consider you my bitch.

AIKEN
 Three.

Setting down his glass, Muir pours a small amount of the scotch into a coffee mug. He tops the mug, arm extended to the unstable afternoon, with fresh rainwater.

MUIR

Seem to recall you having a problem with tap water "fluoridation."

Their eyes meet.

CUT TO:

17

CLOSE ON: THE STANLEY KUBRICK FILM "DR. STRANGELOVE"

17

Sterling Hayden (as the insane "General Ripper") sits on the sofa beside Peter Sellers ("Group Captain Mandrake;" terrified and British) and puts an arm around him. In the B.G. MACHINE GUN FIRE CRACKLES as the world moves toward satirical annihilation.

RIPPER

Have you ever heard of a thing called fluoridation? Fluoridations of water?

MANDRAKE

Ah, yes, I have heard of that, Jack. Yes.

RIPPER

Well, do you know what it is?

MANDRAKE

No. No, I don't know what it is. No.

RIPPER

Do you realize that fluoridation is the most monstrously conceived and dangerous communist plot we have ever had to face?

The film is playing inside--

INT. UNIVERSITY MOVIE THEATER - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

1970s. Muir sits in the sparse audience with Aiken, a law student, his future bright and impressionable before him.

18

EXT. UNIVERSITY MOVIE THEATER - LATER - **FLASHBACK**

18

Outside, Muir, finishes his bag of popcorn after the film. Aiken, beside him, studies his every move with adoration.

MUIR
You know the Soviets don't have a
Doomsday Machine.

Aiken grins, nods.

MUIR (CONT'D)
We do. Up near the North Pole.

Aiken gapes. Muir chuckles and abruptly steps off compelling Aiken to trot alongside.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Bullshit by the way. The Soviets
do have one...
(off Aiken)
Naw, bullshit again, not really--
(another chuckle)
You know, try never to believe
anything I say, by the way, except
this:

He stops, faces Aiken, eyes serious and deadly.

MUIR (CONT'D)
What the Soviets do have is
worldwide terrorism in the form of
nuclear proliferation and now's as
good a time as any to let you know
that people who dedicate their
lives to making sure something like
that idiotic "doomsday machine"
never happens, have asked me what
I...

He points to himself. Finger turning, pistol-like, targeting Aiken--

MUIR (CONT'D)
Think of you.

RESUME:

19

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - AFTERNOON

19

Muir attempts to put the mug of scotch into Aiken's hand.

AIKEN
Mr. Muir: did I not just tell you,
"no thank you?"

MUIR
You were lying.

He jams the coffee mug into Aiken's open palm; the hand reflexively closes around it.

MUIR (CONT'D)
You know what Charlie March'd say?

AIKEN
What I'm here for.

Aiken puts the mug on the table. Muir looks askance.

AIKEN (CONT'D)
And no thank you: I do not drink.
I don't want to drink. It wouldn't
be good for me.

MUIR
"Good?" You think I'm trying to
make you better of something?

AIKEN
What? It wouldn't be good for me.

MUIR
I'm not deaf. Hell, Aiken, I'm
trying to bring you down to my
level. Suit yourself.

Muir finishes his drink, pounds back Aiken's, refills both:
scotch and rainfall. He lights a cigarette and says,
thrusting it for accent as if warming up to darts--

MUIR (CONT'D)
If you asked Charlie March, he'd
tell you that what happened to him
was simply the returning echo of
his first infant cry.

AIKEN
Echo-infant-bullshit, Muir. I'm
here to make you understand that we
are facing potentially serious FBI
blowback on account of Mr. March's
mention of your name.

MUIR
Shut up and listen for once, because
this is important. Because-- and
not to put too fine a point on this--
you're boring, Aiken. I'd rather
listen to seagulls fart in this
foggy rain than listen to you drop
your bird-turd comments all over my
ears.

Muir drinks, gauging Aiken for umbrage he can't muster.

MUIR (CONT'D)
You don't find the first part of
Charlie March's statement a bit
curious?

AIKEN
What statement?

MUIR
Charlie March made it-- maybe not
to the Coast Guard, but at least
enough for us to know what he was
saying in his head.
(off Aiken's disbelief)
We all got an inner-dialogue-- that
is, if you're normal, Aiken.

AIKEN
Screw you, Mr. Muir.

MUIR
--and if you drink.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Hell, 'specially if you drink. Me,
for example. Clear as I can
remember, my inner-dialogue began
the day I recognized myself in the
mirror at age three: "Why you're
that 'Nathan' everyone's been
fussing about all these years."

AIKEN
Three seems a little old for that.

MUIR
Some of us don't have your acuity.
(back on point)
But if you don't believe I was
acquainted with Charlie March well
enough after more than forty years
of being his bitch to recognize
what his inner-voice would be
telling him at the telling moment
of his life, then drop back a few
years to the time he made the
statement aloud.

AIKEN
You're making no sense.

MUIR
You're just too sober to understand
me. I remember it exactly: me and
Charlie March. And that poisoner,
(MORE)

MUIR (CONT'D)

Fred-- whose real name we told people was Solomon-- the guy Langley'd sent us to help make a permanent alteration to Congo President Patrice Lumumba's health.

AIKEN

Nineteen sixty-one? Who cares?!
Shut up: I'm here about today!

MUIR

Solomon. Sent to assassinate the poor Lumumba Charlie March'd worked so hard to put in power. That's right: sixty-one. Down there in the Congo where we watched him go commie, like all good dictators, and begin building an army rather than cleaning up his fucking yard. He, by the way-- poisoner-Solomon that is-- died at Langley not too long after that; this'd be before your time--

AIKEN

Before I was born.

MUIR

--a chemistry lab in the basement; cut his foot on a tiny shard of glass had something "unclean" on it. What he was doing in his socks at work...well, it's all very mysterious.

AIKEN

That scientist's name was Ezra and you, and Mr. March, were supposed to call him Solomon-- not Fred-- and there are not now, nor ever in the past, basement-poison-labs at Langley and you know that!

Muir jangles his ice in his tumbler, amused, as if he actually knows better.

MUIR

Come to think of it, when Charlie March said it, he was only repeating the words the Baluba juju-man said to us; "Hear that Nathan? My death will be nothing more than the returning echo of my infant cry."

Muir lights a fresh cigarette from the butt of his previous.

AIKEN

Mr. Muir, I'm not interested in
Congoese witch doctors.

MUIR

Grow interested. See, the Baluba believe that contained within that first gasp of air-- our first infant cry-- is the story of our entire lives. We're born and we cry out and that cry echoes from hut or hospital, from behind the plow-ox, rice paddy, taxi cab or whorehouse-- wherever we're born-- across time and space. It echoes all the way to heaven where, heard by God, it is judged imperfect (as all of us are)-- even you, Aiken (fancy that)-- and He returns it to earth where it echoes along the path of our lives until it finds us and slays us.

AIKEN

Does their god ever judge a baby's cry perfect?

MUIR

Don't be stupid. It's not "their" God: it's God. God, Aiken-- there's only one-- it's what we're in business to fight over. And no, He does not. He did once, but mankind made sure that didn't work out--strung that fella up on a cross.

AIKEN

If that isn't the most nihilistic view...

MUIR

Are you listening to me? I am speaking of a Congo juju-man-- a witch doctor like you said-- the kind of headshrinker who really shrinks heads. This guy read Charlie March's fortune from a bunch of bird bones and charred teeth and dung marbles he threw in the dirt from a little leather sack he'd made from some dead fuck's scrotum.

AIKEN

Christ, Muir, you're drunk and
outta your mind. We'll take this
up in the morning.

Muir spreads his hands as if to admit he never tried to prove
otherwise...yet Aiken doesn't stand. Muir smokes, drinks...

MUIR

Rusty Aiken...

AIKEN

It's Russell.
(soft-peddling)
Please.

MUIR

"Russell" now? Good for you.
Always thought "Rusty" was better
the name of a nail or some woman's
Airedale that gets hit by a car and
turns her into a lesbian.

AIKEN

Your third wife showed Airedales,
didn't she, Mr. Muir?

MUIR

Lesbianism wasn't the problem
between us.

AIKEN

Oh, right, that was Tom Bishop.

A beat. Ice cold.

MUIR

We're not talking about Bishop.
We're talking about booze.

AIKEN

Jesus Christ! Focus! We're talking
about Charles March! About
blowback! He died speaking your
name! What the fuck happened to
Charlie March and why did he
connect your name with murder!?

MUIR

Aren't you here to tell me?

AIKEN

No. He linked you to his death and he was publicly known to have worked for us...

MUIR

Charlie March: the original Cold War hero.

Muir's insinuation makes heroism a vulgarity.

AIKEN

Mr. March was publicly recognized as a Pathfinder. It's our highest award, only fifty of them ever given.

(self-pity opening his guard)

At the time I thought you deserved the honor more than he.

MUIR

Next.

Aiken averts his gaze; angry, indignant, the least bit humiliated, he stares at the coffee mug of scotch.

MUIR (CONT'D)

Your problem, Russell, is you believe things.

Aiken lifts the coffee mug. Hating Muir, he toasts him.

AIKEN

I wish I'd never believed in you or in myself the way you taught me to believe.

MUIR

Now that I will drink to.

Stalling the drink he now feels obligated to take...

AIKEN

Y'know, after the Wall came down I only stayed with the job out of a sense of obligation to you...

MUIR

Awww, Wittle Wusty Aiken bwaiming Big, Bad Nat'an Mewer for wuining his wife.

Lunging to his feet in total misinterpretation--

AIKEN

Wha'-did you bang her, too?!

MUIR

Watch your fucking mouth.

Truly angry, Muir snatches the coffee mug from Aiken's hand. Aiken snatches it back and drinks it in one, big gulp. Only he does this without the benefit of the years of practice Muir carries under his belt. Aiken coughs and splutters and forces himself to choke back the rush of vomit.

MUIR (CONT'D)

There. Bet you feel better now.

Wiping his lips and nostrils.

AIKEN

So much better. Yes. I'll remember, in fact, to recommend it.

MUIR

Do. And no, asshole, I didn't sleep with Madeline. You're a worthless piece of shit to even think it; that you expressed it aloud defiles you and me, and her-- again if I'm to understand you correctly.

Aiken bites his tongue afraid to speak, to reveal.

MUIR (CONT'D)

Tell me this-- then I'll drop it. Did you love Madeline from the instant you saw her?

AIKEN

You know I did.

MUIR

Okay, then: when we're done with the business at hand, I'll sort that out for you, too. I promise.

Aiken spread-finger sweeps the alcohol sweat from his brow into his wet hair.

AIKEN

In legal terms, that offer could be considered a bribe.

Muir grins, loving that a protégé, or in Aiken's case a protégé-turned-betrayer, has managed a hit in verbal fencing.

MUIR

It could and it is. Doesn't mean I
don't genuinely care about you.

Perhaps at an earlier point in their relationship this would have stabbed Aiken in the heart as intended, but it doesn't today because Aiken knows that Nathan Muir is incapable of-- strike that, willfully disinterested in-- genuine compassion. Or affection. Or even the rigmarole of decency. Muir watches this go on in Aiken's face and smokes as the RAIN DRUMS.

MUIR (CONT'D)

"You can take back everything but
words," Russell. It's one of the
"Nathan Muir--

AIKEN

"Rules of Thumb."

MUIR

--Rules of Thumb."

MUIR (CONT'D)

You'd be smart to remember that.

FLASH CUT TO:

20

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

20

This morning. A large table. Aiken waits as Harker and TROY FOLGER (46)-- Director of Central Intelligence who wears a Phi Beta Kappa key and chain, and an expression of smug, self-satisfaction-- look over the briefing books he's presented them. Folger catches Harker's eye.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

Well he's certainly done this up
right.

HARKER

Why I selected him for this,
Director.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

Don't brown your nose on my ass,
Harker.

(to Aiken)

From what I read of your history
with this agency, Mr. Aiken, only
Nathan Muir has ever had much of an
opinion of you here.

AIKEN

And Tom Bishop. Muir recruited us
both.

A more veiled-- and in that, more telling-- look between his two superiors.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

Hong Kong Chief of Station Bishop, is no longer associated with Nathan Muir. He is not to enter into this op-- well it isn't an "operation" per se, is it--? this "program" in any manner whatsoever.

AIKEN

Yes, Mr. Director. Sorry.

Folger waves away the apology as if it were a pesky fly.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

In going out to meet him-- whether Muir has anything to do with the Charlie March flap-- you propose to effect this Agency's larger goal of securing Muir's resignation?

AIKEN

Correct.

Harker grins, this: something he can take home and love.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

Do you think Nathan Muir murdered Charlie March?

AIKEN

Immaterial. As you can see, page two, the Intelligence Act of--

DIRECTOR FOLGER

I'm a political appointee and from my perspective this move is political-- Acts, Executive Orders, Bills: disinterested. Answer me.

AIKEN

On the surface, it seems outrageously impossible. Charlie March recruited Muir from the Marine Corps in Korea. He was father, brother, mentor, confessor-- Muir's only friend in or outside the Agency.

DIRECTOR FOLGER

You're not telling me anything I haven't read.

Aiken, having thought that would be enough, gropes...

AIKEN
Muir married Charlie March's
sister. So they're actual family.

Folger sits up. That's new. Still smarting over the "brown
nose" comment--

HARKER
Muir's been married more times than
I can count.

AIKEN
But his heart stayed true to March.

A long beat before Folger pushes away the book on it all.

DIRECTOR FOLGER
Bury his heart.

FLASH TO:

21

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - AFTERNOON

21

Aiken drops ice in his mug, pours another drink.

AIKEN
Did you kill him, Muir?

MUIR
(re: the drink)
Having another, Russell?

AIKEN
Harker doesn't care. Nor the
Director. Nobody really...except
maybe the FBI if they get close.

MUIR
Aren't you here to prevent that?

AIKEN
Indeed.

MUIR
And what about you? You don't care
either, Russell? Huh?

AIKEN
I'm going to pin the murder on you,
regardless, so my opinion doesn't
matter.

Aiken drinks half of his second mug of scotch. They both like that.

AIKEN (CONT'D)
But, yes, sir, I don't care because I know you did it. Somehow, for some awful and immoral reason, you murdered the hero who made you: Charlie March.

MUIR
(smoking; faraway)
Aiken. Jesus. You never see it when you're being played.

AIKEN
So you've always said. Kept me out of the field for it.

Muir empties the bottle into Aiken's half-empty mug.

MUIR
One's salvation: easiest thing to ridicule.

AIKEN
(re: the empty bottle)
There more?

MUIR
Endless amounts. What's the plan after you fake my confession?

AIKEN
My plan or the Seventh Floor's?

MUIR
You think I give a fuck what you plan to do with yourself? For me.

AIKEN
I offer you an ironclad "Get Out Of Jail Free Card" in the form of a document I have in my briefcase.

MUIR
Thought that was your bathing suit and jammies...
(knowing)
My pre-approved request for immediate retirement.

Aiken nods.

MUIR (CONT'D)
You won't get a confession.

AIKEN
You won't sign one...but you know
we can always do that for you.

MUIR
That's the iron fist. Touch me
again with the velvet glove?

AIKEN
An Executive Order granting you
immunity from prosecution in
anything ever relating to the case
of the murder of Charlie March.

MUIR
You can make it stick?

AIKEN
You know I can.

Muir does; as Harker said, Aiken is the one lawyer Muir trusts. They drink quietly apace and Muir smokes. In the time of their interview so far it has become EVENING.

AIKEN (CONT'D)
Rain's not stopping.

MUIR
Rain always stops, dumbo.

He leans forward, eyes intent on Aiken's.

MUIR (CONT'D)
You knew standing in it, getting
soaked, I'd have no choice. So why
did you bring your jammies?

AIKEN
I need to know why you did kill
him.

MUIR
There is no "why." I didn't.

AIKEN
Then tell me how you didn't.

These are the first words Aiken speaks that are spoken by the man who caught his wife fucking and fired a gun at it. They are bold and, in that, allow us to glimpse Aiken's lost

nobility-- which is to say, remind us of the balls he's forgotten are in his scrotum.

MUIR
 Fuck it: get your cosmetics bag;
 I'll sign your shit now.

But Aiken shakes his head. After a beat, Muir rises.
 Grabbing the empty bottle, he stalks inside the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

22

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - NIGHT

22

As Muir predicted, the rain has stopped. Russell Aiken waits staring into darkness and gathered fog. The fact that his hair (and his clothes, somewhat), has dried attests to the length of time he's waited for Muir's return. His "2G" (second generation, "clam shell") mobile phone flashes light and VIBRATES. Checking the house-- no sign of Muir inside-- Aiken pulls the phone from his shirt pocket.

AIKEN'S MOBILE PHONE - "MADELINE - 11:30 PM"

Alarmed, he hits "Decline." Nervously, he pockets the phone. Presently, Muir comes out with a fresh bottle.

MUIR
 Twenty-five year single malt. Same
 age as Madeline.

Muir couldn't have heard the call, couldn't have seen the phone. Herein lies the difference between a field officer and one who's not: instinct and when to lead with it.

AIKEN
 Thought you'd gone to bed. Been
 destroying evidence?

MUIR
 Did go to bed. Took a nap.
 Pleased to see you haven't moved
 from your spot.

Another dog cut Aiken chooses to ignore.

AIKEN
 I told you. Sofa's comfortable.

MUIR
 Our pal Charlie March gave me this
 set on the occasion of my marrying
 his sister.

Aiken puzzles-- this isn't what Muir said before and they both know it. Muir hands him the bottle.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Pour. We'll drink to marriage.

Aiken tightens at "marriage," but does as ordered.

MUIR (CONT'D)
We had a war in Korea. Called it a
"police action" so you might not
have heard.

Aiken activates--

A MINIATURIZED RECORDER

As the digital counter begins to measure the past becoming present, numerals ticking upward from 0:00...

MUIR (CONT'D)
At any given time in the month of
June, 1950, there might have been a
dozen U.S. Marine advisers in Seoul
liaising with the ROK-- the South's
Army-- either at bases, in the field,
or like me, at our "embassy--" which
wasn't an embassy, but a hotel and my
lucky spot when seventy-five thousand
politically misguided and personally
murderous North Koreans overran the
thirty-eighth parallel and had the
indecentcy to interrupt my wedding.

Raising his tumbler--

MUIR (CONT'D)
To first wives.

CUT TO:

A SWIRL OF PATTERNED COLORS

and this is--

23

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, SOUTH KOREA (A SEOUL HOTEL) - EVENING -
FLASHBACK

23

A traditional Korean wedding gown. If you've never seen one, image-search it, for the happiness their colorful patterns naturally evoke will give you some feeling of the vibrant joy experienced at this moment by U.S. Marine Nathan Muir (YOUNG MUIR, 21), as he weds South Korean civilian embassy employee KIM JIN (a little older than he). Muir wears his First

Lieutenant's dress uniform, insignia markings identifying him as G-2 (Intelligence), First Marines, Fifth Regiment.

23a,b,c,d SERIES OF SHOTS: EXT. SOUTH KOREAN MILITARY POSITIONS / 23a,b,c,d
VILLAGES / HIGHWAYS / CITIES - MORNING TO NIGHT

GUNFIRE, EXPLOSIONS, NORTH KOREAN TROOPS AND ARMOR
overwhelming everything in their path INTERCUT WITH:

THE U.S. EMBASSY (HOTEL): A KOREAN PRIEST performing the
ceremony, the INTERCUT ENDING WITH the exchange of rings and
the binding, and bonding--

"FIRST" KISS

interrupted by a flurry of messages delivered to their
guests. The SCENE, MOS to this point, SPIKES IN VOLUME with
DOZENS OF AMERICAN AND KOREAN VOICES SPEAKING AT ONCE. Kim
Jin looks around, flustered and confused until--

YOUNG MUIR

Ginny: let me kiss you.

She meets his eyes, fearful at what's happening.

YOUNG MUIR (CONT'D)

Kiss me. You're my wife.

She smiles, hopeful, clinging to the impossible. Muir smiles
simply because he's head over heels in love.

YOUNG MUIR (CONT'D)

I'm your husband.

They kiss. OVER THIS: THE CLATTER OF CHAINS, THE SLAM AND
SPLASH OF FALLING GATES as--

24 EXT. U.S. EMBASSY, SOUTH KOREA (SEOUL HOTEL) - NIGHT

24

Muir embraces his wife as t

he skyline burns and flashes white with the invader's
artillery. As military vehicles and KOREAN TROOPS rush to
defend their capital, as U.S. EMBASSY PERSONNEL load cars and
trucks to escape, in a swirl of encroaching smoke, Muir and
Ginny have one more passionate kiss, before Muir's commanding
officer pulls him into his car. Still, the only sound is the
CONTINUING CHAINS, FALLING GATES, AND NOW, GI GRIPES AND
CURSES as--

SMASH CUT TO:

25 EXT. GREEN BEACH, INCHON - EARLY MORNING 25

--these sounds come from the opening landing craft disgorging THOUSANDS OF MARINES onto the beach. This is no D-Day; so daring and brilliantly conceived by MacArthur, the Inchon landing happens unopposed. It is, however, a chaos of equipment and supplies and ordnance and green, confused young American soldiers.

26 INT. A JEEP ON THE BEACH - LATER 26

Muir sits with his commanding officer watching the mess of invasion.

MUIR (V.O.)
Her name was Kim Jin-- Kim Jin
Muir.

RESUME:

27 EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - NIGHT 27

The entire porch now surrounded by fog; tendrils lick at the edges of the sitting area where Muir stubs out another cigarette and pours himself another drink.

AIKEN

utterly absorbed by this unveiling of his mentor's truth, stares at Muir as if seeing him for the first time.

MUIR
In Korean the surname comes before the first name. My wife's surname: Kim; her first name, chosen by her parents, was Jin. She was a clerk in our commo room when I arrived; falling for her the moment I met her, I made sure she became my secretary. I called her Ginny because I wanted to be cute. When the chickenshit North Koreans abandoned Seoul and I returned to her, I'd learned what Jin means. It means jewel.

SMASH CUT TO:

28 EXT. MUIR'S SEOUL APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 28

Muir and his wife vigorously consummate their marriage.

MUIR (V.O.)
That's what I've called her ever
since.

AIKEN (V.O.)
And March? He was there-- at your
wedding? Inchon? The embassy?
Somewhere? He is whom we're
supposed to be discussing.

Jewel climaxes; Muir waits-- innocently and romantically
proud-- then follows up with his finish.

MUIR (V.O.)
Yeah. And we are. I first noticed
him after my return. He was CIA--
on a "fishing trip."

29 INT. BRIEFING ROOM, U.S. MILITARY GENERAL STAFF HQ, SEOUL - DAY 29

Looks like high school: Muir at a blackboard briefing the
U.S. and ROK GENERAL STAFF on North Korean regiments,
divisions, units in Areas of Operation. As he is a junior
intelligence analyst, most of his military audience is bored--
some to the point of conducting other business from their
seats. One man in the audience, however, is riveted
encouraging Muir with his eyes.

CHARLIE MARCH (30S)

Square-jawed, full of promise...and promises. The only
civilian in the room, Muir can't help but watch him; having
no idea why March is there, Muir is annoyed by his
expressions of knowing affirmation... As the briefing winds
down, Muir fields questions. There are few as staff officers
and South Korean officers choose, rather, to vacate the room.

30 INT. CORRIDOR, U.S. MILITARY GENERAL STAFF HQ, SEOUL - LATER 30

Charlie March intercepts Muir who, frustrated at not having
been heard, exits the briefing room.

CHARLIE MARCH
You tell it like it is, Lieutenant.

YOUNG MUIR
If you say so, sir.

Muir tries to move past, but Charlie March blocks him,
smiling sympathetically.

CHARLIE MARCH
I'm a stranger. I understand.

Mockingly, Muir attempts to pass March his reams of material.

YOUNG MUIR

Since you do: feel free. Take all this back to Washington, get a pass from State, or Commerce, or Development-- wherever you're from-- to Harry Truman, have him drive this over to the Pentagon; have the generals actually consider what I have here; have them call MacArthur, him call this staff; have them clue in to what's happening on our front-- yesterday-- and maybe, stranger, you'll get us a list of the Marines to bury when they're overrun tonight.

Charlie March's encouraging expression doesn't change. Muir hates him for it; tucking his work under his arm pushes by.

YOUNG MUIR (CONT'D)

Gangway. Sir.

At the end of the hallway where Muir's office lies, Jewel, dressed in a plain skirt and jacket embellished with her ID tag, waits sympathetically. They enter and close the door.

31

INT. MUIR'S OUTER OFFICE, U.S. GENERAL STAFF HQ, SEOUL - DAY

31

Jewel looks up as Charlie March lets himself inside.

CHARLIE MARCH

(subtitled Korean)

[I'd like to go in... I could be his best friend if you'd let me.]

JEWEL

(English; distrusting)

Lieutenant Muir is very busy. I'm sorry.

But Charlie March shakes his head flirtatiously.

JEWEL (CONT'D)

May I inquire who you are?

CHARLIE MARCH

Toldja, hon', his best friend: Charlie March. One of the good guys.

And on that, he's crossed to Muir's door and gone inside.

32

INT. MUIR'S OFFICE, U.S. GENERAL STAFF HQ, SEOUL - CONTINUOUS

32

Already intrenched behind new intercepts--

YOUNG MUIR
I thought I was rude enough.

CHARLIE MARCH
Naw, you were all right. You are
right...for all that does your
Marines.

YOUNG MUIR
Be glad it's not your problem...

CHARLIE MARCH
Overtly, no. Covertly... Here's a
fresh idea. A real winner, I
promise. Let me work for you.

YOUNG MUIR
Yeah. That'll be the day. Let me
see some I-D, sir.

Better sleight of hand than a magician, Charlie March is
suddenly offering Muir--

A CIA CREDENTIAL

Muir takes it as casually as curiosity allows.

YOUNG MUIR (CONT'D)
Beg your pardon. Charles--

CHARLIE MARCH
Charlie--

YOUNG MUIR
Charlie March: Central Intelligence
Agency.

Reclaiming it, quicker than Muir would have thought possible--

CHARLIE MARCH
First Rule of Thumb: never carry
your Agency credential into your
Area of Operation. Second Rule of
Thumb: never ever relinquish it to
a stranger's hands.

YOUNG MUIR
I'm not a stranger?

CHARLIE MARCH

Please, Nathan. I know everything about you down to the "lambies" on your baby blanket-- down to the fact that what you aren't talking about in your briefings is that your L-P's--

YOUNG MUIR

What do you know about my Listening Posts?

CHARLIE MARCH

That they're hearing Chinese chop-suey from across the Yalu River which your superiors don't want you to enter into the discussion. But which you and I know-- sure as the Lord made little red apples-- ain't gonna stop the Chicoms from entering this war and fuckin' the whole thing up the butt.

Muir is stunned.

YOUNG MUIR

I think we should end this conversation.

CHARLIE MARCH

And I think you should let me work for you; help you get this out.

But Muir stands.

YOUNG MUIR

Leave now. This interview is over.

CHARLIE MARCH

Then a whole lot of your Marines are finished, too, buddy-boy.

Muir continues standing...until he follows Charlie March's eyes to the intercepts on his desk; Muir shuffles through them with a straying hand.

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)

Ever go to a magic show, Nathan?

YOUNG MUIR

My tenth birthday. But I guess you already know that.

Charlie March's smile indicates he does.

CHARLIE MARCH

The best tricks, hardest ones for smart guys like us to figure out, are when the magician uses his audience and the magic seems to happen in their hands without the magician's touch.

YOUNG MUIR

I could be court-martialed for sharing anything with you.

CHARLIE MARCH

The really good magicians can do their trick in a real stranger's hands. I'll teach you that, if we ever get a chance, but for now the easier way is for that random audience member to be the real trickster... For your next show, all you have to do when the time comes is pick me from your audience.

YOUNG MUIR

I pick you.
(deciding beat)
What question will you ask?

CHARLIE MARCH

(father to best-loved son)
The one that means most to you, Nathan; I want you to shine brightly.

Muir's hand has moved to the intercepts covering one in particular.

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)

That one got you concerned the most?

Charlie March reaches halfway to it, but let's Muir deliver it to him as OVER THIS--

MUIR (V.O.)

Fuck Charlie March. That was a court-martialing offense and, if I'd been caught right-then, neither he nor the Agency would've hauled my ass from the fire. I knew that, but at that moment I only cared about two things: to haul ass to safety with my Jewel and to protect
(MORE)

MUIR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
as many Marines as I could before
the boom came down.

33

INT. BRIEFING ROOM, U.S. MILITARY GENERAL STAFF HQ, SEOUL -
DAY - **MOS**

33

Muir giving another briefing to disinterested superiors...

MUIR (V.O.)
What I didn't understand until
later was those were the very two
things Charlie March arrived with
in Korea as bait.

Q&A comes up and, as before, U.S. and South Korean staff
officers start moving to the doors until--

YOUNG MUIR
You, sir. Yes?

Indicating Charlie March and his up-raised hand.

YOUNG MUIR (CONT'D)
You are credentialed, I'm assuming,
sir, since you're here.

An impromptu flash of clandestine officer instinct: transpose
a false question of security upon your cohort to draw your
real targets to you as allies. The officers leaving the room
stop; a colonel demands Charlie March's credentials for which
March presents--

A STATE DEPARTMENT PASSPORT AND U.S. MILITARY CLEARANCE
CREDENTIAL

--entirely different from the identification he showed Muir.
Once confirmed as a "good guy," everyone lingers to listen.

YOUNG MUIR (CONT'D)
Your question, sir.

CHARLIE MARCH
At State we've been made to
understand that your Marine
Listening Posts have intercepted
Chinese cross-talk.

This puts the entire staff back in their seats as--

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)
Those Marines are relaying
information back to you--
(accusatory)
You, Lieutenant!-- that Red Chinese
(MORE)

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)
military forces are building up an
invasion force along the Yalu.

The South Koreans are stunned, General Staff wickedly guilty.

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)
And yet, Lieutenant, you bring up
nothing of this pending threat!

Muir swallows. Whatever he expected, he didn't expect to be the target of March's attack. He takes a breath in preparation to defending himself, but March gives him an twitch of his chin that clearly says: don't speak. So Muir doesn't. Waits, nervous.

U.S. GENERAL
(to March)
Undersecretary Grigsly, we are well aware of the Chinese military demonstrations along their border, but do not at this time-- as we are not at war with the Red Chinese-- believe it pertinent to this briefing on current combat conditions.

But many of the South Korean officers grow agitated and VOCAL among themselves. Muir sees this, secretly pleased; the General sees this too.

U.S. GENERAL (CONT'D)
That said, Lieutenant Muir has been collecting intelligence reports on these Chinese demonstrations... If he would like to present that intel at this time, he may proceed.

YOUNG MUIR
Yes, sir. With all haste.

He accepts a file from Jewel (proud of her man's sudden ascendancy), no one bothering to wonder why he came prepared with it, and as the SCENE GOES **MOS**--

MUIR (V.O.)
Believe me: I spoke at length.

Muir begins his first briefing on the Chinese threat to the alarm, yet grudging admiration, of his superiors.

MUIR (V.O.)
From actions taken based upon that briefing, Charlie March secured the second part of his promise to me:
(MORE)

MUIR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Marines were saved... But it was
 much too little, half again as much
 too late.

34 EXT. CHINESE BRIDGES ACROSS THE YALU - DAY

34

CHINESE SOLDIERS cross the bridge into Korea. Thousands strong, their forces extend as far as the eye can see stretched along a curving dirt road into the barren, flat, snow-covered wastes of China.

MUIR (V.O.)
 Our forward positions, far too
 undermanned to oppose the invaders
 in force, fell back.

35 EXT. THE CHOSIN RESERVOIR - DAY

35

FIRST BATTALION, SEVENTH MARINES, FIRST DIVISION positions-- heavily-bundled infantry, artillery, armor-- digs in, as the most brutal Korean winter in fifty years rages with snow, ice and wind.

36 INT. MACARTHUR'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

36

BEGIN ON MUIR'S RANK-- Captain, now-- then his BRIEFING BOARD which is complimented here with aerial photography, weather maps, and battle maps "professionally" produced by Marine geographical staff-- Muir in front of it all with a pointing stick, expert at the information he's relaying to...

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

and his PERSONAL STAFF. They are very interested and very impressed. And, they are worried. As Muir's stick finds the map of the Chosin Reservoir BEGIN THE WHISTLE OF ARTILLERY quickly followed by THE SOUND OF RAGING COMBAT. OVER THIS--

MUIR (V.O.)
 In spite of every bit of
 intelligence my recon units and L-
 Ps were feeding me, on December
 first of fifty-one, the Chinese
 ability to beat our intel was
 better and they surrounded the
 Marines dug into the bitter winter
 at the Chosin Reservoir.

CUT TO:

A WOODEN MATCH

flaring, touched to a cigarette, shaken out. ON THE SMOKE, curling before Muir's face back on--

37

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - NIGHT

37

MUIR

We Marines are such that we wear one of our most brutal, bitter defeats as a badge of honor. None of us should have survived.

AIKEN

You weren't there.

MUIR

What you know, Aiken, could be written on the head of a pin. In my office at Langley there's a flag...

FLASH CUT TO:

38

INT. MUIR'S OFFICE, CIA - MORNING - FLASHBACK

38

Again, that morning. A utilitarian desk in the middle of three, tight walls of mud-colored filing cabinets. In the center of each cabinet is a safe-style combination lock. Aiken sits, uncomfortable, behind Muir's desk contemplating the two briefing books he has prepared for Deputy Director Harker and Director Folger like Moses contemplating the tablets from God.

A SECURITY OFFICER waits in the doorway (equally uncomfortable), as Aiken takes in the fourth wall: Muir's collection of maps from around the world-- antique parchment to aerial recon, and his--

AMERICAN FLAG

tattered and partially burnt. The flag hangs over Muir's sofa. The security officer speaks quietly into his radio, then--

SECURITY OFFICER

Mr. Aiken, the Director's ready for you in his conference room.

Aiken nods. He stands, sighs heavily, then puts his palm on the desk, a gesture equal parts drawing confidence and saying goodbye like a hand on a terminally fevered brow. Aiken is jarred from the moment by the RING of his mobile phone.

Startled, Aiken glances at the number. He doesn't recognize it...but he knows. He hits "Decline." Then stares at the it.

SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D)
Mr. Aiken: don't keep the Director
waiting, sir.

Aiken holds up a finger: "wait." Picking up the receiver of
Muir's "green" (meaning secure and untraceable) phone, he
dials the number that just called him.

39

INT. GEORGETOWN POLICE DEPARTMENT, DETECTIVES' FLOOR -
MORNING

39

A MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE answers his desk phone.

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE
Detective George here...

But Aiken disconnects. The detective hangs, puzzled.

MUIR (V.O.)
You've seen my American flag?

FLASH TO:

40

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - NIGHT

40

AIKEN
I've seen it.

MUIR
That flag flew over Marine
Headquarters at Yudam-ni. I
snatched it before we retreated.
Before I was hit.

From Muir's eyes--

FLASH CUT TO:

41

EXT. THE AMERICAN CHURCH, BERLIN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

41

1970s; Christmas Eve. AMERICAN MILITARY AND GOVERNMENT
FAMILIES headed inside. Muir stands on the snowy sidewalk
with TOM BISHOP [we remember as Muir's raison d'etre in SPY
GAME] an improbably clean-cut, earnest young Marine veteran
from Vietnam who learned to shoot in the Boy Scouts and,
here, is about to become Muir's recruit.

MUIR
Something I got for you, Tom.

He reaches into his overcoat; offers a poorly wrapped gift.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Go ahead, open it.

Bishop opens the present. It looks like a bundle of red and white fabric, then as 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

seen on the wall of Muir's office at Langley. Almost verbatim as he's said it just now to Aiken--

MUIR

From Marine headquarters at Yudam-ni. I snatched it before we retreated. Before I was hit. I want you to have it.

Bishop is choked up.

BISHOP

I don't know what to say... Did you know my father served under this flag?

(billowing it)

This actual flag.

MUIR

I knew he was there. Sure.

BISHOP

He died in the retreat from the Chosin Reservoir.

Bishop is really taking it hard, but like a Marine he is trying not to show it. A CAROL has begun inside. Muir puts an arm around Bishop's shoulder.

MUIR

Semper Fi, Tom.

BISHOP

(throat dry)

Back at you. Sir.

FLASH TO:

Muir holds his current cigarette straight up like it's a soldier at a firing squad and blows across the tip staring at the red-hot cherry.

AIKEN
Why were you at the front?

CUT TO:

43 EXT. MARINE HEADQUARTERS, YUDAM-NI (CHOSIN RESERVOIR) - NIGHT 43
- **FLASHBACK**

The Chinese have overrun the U.S. positions; Marines are fighting for their lives as they fall back.

FIND MUIR: in a jeep clutching his M1 and the tattered flag and scared to death as his SERGEANT attempts to drive them through the breakout. MORTAR ROUNDS begin to POUND the Marine retreat, one shell EXPLODING next to Muir's jeep.

THE JEEP

flips-- the sergeant killed instantly, Muir thrown clear, but peppered with shrapnel that burns inside his back, smoking through holes in his parka. A U.S. tank almost rolls over his body, but swerves at the last moment.

MUIR (V.O.)
I was there because I'd begun to feel, in a corner of my heart I wouldn't even consciously acknowledge, that my intel was compromised.

Marines riding on the back of the tank jump down, grab Muir-- wounded and unconscious, but still clutching the flag-- and lift him aboard before continuing their escape.

MUIR (V.O.)
This had been going on inside me for a couple weeks, and had I seen Charlie March in any of that time, I'd have brought it up with him. But, having successfully launched me on my path of lifelong duplicity all those months earlier, he'd vanished. I'd gone to that disaster because I knew it was going to be bad and-- if it was all going to go to hell anyway-- I wanted to go to hell with my brothers in the Corps.

44 INT. U.S. MILITARY HOSPITAL (SEOUL), A SEMI-PRIVATE ROOM - DAY 44

A Purple Heart and a Bronze Star for bravery in open boxes admired by Jewel as her recovering husband slowly awakens.

YOUNG MUIR
Jewel. Put 'em away, they
embarrass me.

She closes their boxes and puts them on his bedside table.

YOUNG MUIR (CONT'D)
In the drawer, honey. Come on.

She does so. He reaches for her.

YOUNG MUIR (CONT'D)
Now kiss me. Let me know I'm still
alive.

JEWEL
I kissed you ten minutes ago for
that.

YOUNG MUIR
Kiss me again.

She smiles and does. She loves Muir very much. As they
begin to SPEAK IN KOREAN...

MUIR (V.O.)
In recovery, those feelings that
had brought me to the front had
coalesced-- moving from heart to
mind. To belief. A belief that no
matter what we were secretly
picking up from enemy broadcasts,
the Chinese knew we had it and
readjusted to thwart any counter
move we attempted to make. I was
convinced we had an enemy spy among
us. I was desperate to contact
Charlie March and urged Jewel to
find him. At first she refused--
she didn't like him-- but, bit by
bit, through her civilian
connections she put the puzzle of
his whereabouts together.

WE SEE this refusal-- the subject of March clearly a strain
on their relationship-- then her submission; Jewel nods
dutifully, she will find Charlie March.

MUIR (V.O.)
And then came Hill Six-two-six. I
was back at MacArthur's
headquarters and we were about to
turn the tide against the Chicoms
and the North with a counter-
(MORE)

MUIR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 offensive that was anchored by my
 best, longest operating Marine
 recon team.

45 INT. MACARTHUR'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY 45

A major briefing by the General himself in which Muir is one of many Marine and Allied officers vigorously taking notes.

46 INT. G-2 COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT 46

A secure room, RADIO OPERATORS guarded by ARMED MARINES; Muir in a panic.

YOUNG MUIR
 They can't be gone-- just gone--
 they can't be: we JUST SPOKE!

RADIO OPERATOR
 Captain: Hill Six-two-six is off
 the air and the line is dead.

47 INT. MUIR'S OFFICE, U.S. GENERAL STAFF HQ, SEOUL - NIGHT 47

Muir shoves telex sheets, reports, files into his safe as Jewel watches from the doorway, worried. He almost blusters past her in his eagerness for action, then stops. They embrace. He is angry, she is sad; they do not speak and he hurries on.

48 INT. SEOUL GEISHA HOUSE - NIGHT 48

Dainty fingers, nails brightly painted, place four deep-fried, salted minnows on Charlie March's tongue. Another set of fingers-- different nail polish distinguishing-- follow the fish with a peeled slice of orange before the first hand comes back with whisky and--

MUIR

throws open the door to this private salon.

YOUNG MUIR
 You've gotta get me to the front.
 And I mean it. Now.

Charlie March pushes away the whiskey and GEISHAS and puts on the mask of embarrassment.

CHARLIE MARCH
 Nathan? What're you doing here? How
 did you find me? This is awful.
 Who else knows--

YOUNG MUIR
Shut up! I don't care!

CHARLIE MARCH
Nathan, I guess I dropped the ball--
What's happened-- I thought--

--shouldering into his suit coat conveniently at hand--

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)
You had everything under control.
Does anyone know you're here?

YOUNG MUIR
So what? No! Listen to me! This is
important!

CHARLIE MARCH
Of course. Ask: Anything you need.

49 EXT. A HELIPAD - NIGHT

49

Charlie March pushes Muir aboard an unmarked chopper, signs
off on it then boards behind his "recruit."

MUIR (V.O.)
And that's how a good recruitment
plays: get your asset to think he's
the control, then create the debt;
when he makes his move it was his
idea all along. I didn't realize
it then, but the moment I boarded
his helicopter--

50 EXT. MARINE SIKORSKY HRS-1 HELICOPTER - NIGHT - AERIAL SHOT

50

TRACER-MARKED GROUND FIRE tracks its flight over low, dark
landscape.

MUIR (V.O.)
--I wasn't flying so much to Hill
Six-two-six, but to the waiting tit
of Charlie March's CIA.

51 EXT. HILL 626, KOREA - DAWN

51

Muir and Charlie March have arrived at the forward listening
post to find the entire U.S. MARINE RECON SQUAD face down in
the icy mud, hands bound behind their backs with their own
radio cables, each shot execution style in the back of the
head. Muir is devastated. Charlie March, equally pained,
gives Muir a moment with his grief before--

CHARLIE MARCH
 You've been penetrated. You know
 that don't you?

Muir raises pain-filled eyes to Charlie March's face: he
 knows this beyond a doubt.

52 INT. MUIR'S HOUSE, SEOUL - DAY

52

With his promotion to captain came the luxury of this house
 he shares with Jewel. Shades drawn, photos spread across the
 kitchen table, Muir and Charlie March go through the faces of
 all the men Muir briefs and/or are privy to his intelligence.

MUIR (V.O.)
 We zeroed in on the most likely
 suspects and I began my first field
 work.

Five photos-- American and South Korean-- separated from the
 others.

SMASH CUT TO:

53a,b,c INT. OFFICES / HOMES / CARS - **A SERIES OF SHOTS** - DAY TO NIGHT 53a,b,c

Muir making clandestine searches, EACH LOCATION VISUALLY
 LINKED to each of the pictures; none of them turning up jack
 shit.

54 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

54

U.S. troops beating Chinese and North Korean forces.

55 INT. A KOREAN BBQ RESTAURANT - NIGHT

55

Muir losing his shit with one of the Korean general
 "suspects." Charlie March intervenes; he pulls Muir off and
 placates the Korean with a bottle of Johnnie Walker and cash
 to pay the bill.

56 EXT. A CHINESE ARMORED COLUMN - MORNING

56

--deadly in appearance...until U.S. dropped bombs BLOW IT ALL
 TO HELL.

CHARLIE MARCH (V.O.)
 God dammit, listen to me, Nathan!

57 INT. MUIR'S HOUSE, SEOUL - EVENING

57

Muir, appearing half-crazed, forced into a seat by Charlie
 March. Mid-argument--

CHARLIE MARCH

This is my job-- what I do and I'm giving it up!

YOUNG MUIR

Be my guest! I never will!

CHARLIE MARCH

You will! Listen! Truman's found a way out of this-- trumps everything: the mole hunt has got to be over!

YOUNG MUIR

What way out?! The negotiations in Paris aren't going anywhere!

CHARLIE MARCH

(clipped)

Our President has finally accepted my company's advice and is threatening the bomb. Tonight. Tomorrow Pyongyang will sign a treaty or make Hiroshima seem like American compassion-- Now sit down and listen!

He shoves Muir into his chair-- not so much by the strength of his hands but of his words.

YOUNG MUIR

What? What?!

CHARLIE MARCH

What I'm here to ask you is, if you're willing-- for the good of your country and the betterment of your and Jin's life-- if you'll accept an official offer to come back with me to Washington and join me, permanently, in this work of mine you've taken to so well.

YOUNG MUIR

So well? I fucking failed.

CHARLIE MARCH

Not the way I keep score.

Like a magician, Charlie March produces a bottle of Johnnie Walker and puts it on the table between them.

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)
Let's celebrate that tonight, then
get out of here-- you two with me.
It's all arranged.

YOUNG MUIR
And the spy, he goes free? We never
know?

A long beat. Charlie March finds two glasses. Muir watches him like a helpless child as he brings them to the table, cracks the seal on the bottle, pours the liquor. Charlie March raises his glass.

CHARLIE MARCH
To our future.

But Muir doesn't pick up his glass.

YOUNG MUIR
I just leave. Never know?... I
can't. I won't.

Suddenly, startlingly, Charlie March slams his glass un-drunk on the tabletop.

CHARLIE MARCH
Don't you dare do this! I am giving
you exactly what you wanted:
getting you and your wife out of
the shit. Now, drink.

And that's when Muir sees it: Charlie March's desperation to cover the truth.

YOUNG MUIR
You know... You know and you won't
tell me...

Charlie March slams his drink. He puts down the glass and stares Muir down.

CHARLIE MARCH
What I know, you don't want to
know. Drink.

Knocking his chair over as he leaps backwards from the table--

YOUNG MUIR
You know!

Charlie March lets his shoulders slump; he bows his head.

CHARLIE MARCH
What's done is done.

MUIR (V.O.)
What's done is done--

MUIR (V.O.)
--he said. The justice we'd find
hardly worth the personal damage it
would cause.

YOUNG MUIR
Cause whom?!

Beat.

CHARLIE MARCH
Who the fuck else do I care about
in shithole-Seoul: You.

And Muir suddenly understands.

YOUNG MUIR
(barely audible)
You're lying.

Charlie March gazes at Muir, heartbroken and unmoving.

YOUNG MUIR (CONT'D)
Get out of my house.

CHARLIE MARCH
She did what she had to do to keep
her own family alive and save you!

Muir attacks Charlie March, beating the shit out of him
because March makes no move to defend himself.

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)
Jin's Soviet control-- I killed
that son-of-a-bitch-- he'd held
your life over her!

Retreating under Muir's blows to the door...

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)
She loves you, Nathan, and nothing
she did changed any outcome at any
time worse than it would have been
anyway.

YOUNG MUIR
Tell that to the Marines on Six-two-
six: GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOME!

58

EXT. MUIR'S HOUSE, SEOUL - CONTINUOUS

58

Muir shoves Charlie March onto the gravel walkway.

CHARLIE MARCH

I'm the one with the authority to
make the call here and I say BE A
MAN AND DROP IT AND GRAB THE
FUCKING LOVE YOU HAVE!

But Muir grabs his .45 caliber sidearm. Aims it right
between Charlie March's eyes.

YOUNG MUIR

If you're not out that gate in five
seconds I'm going to put a fucking
bullet in your fucking head.

And he stalks forward, a footstep a second, Charlie March
staggering backward. Three, four-- Muir thumbs back the
hammer-- and five...but Charlie March has backed into the
dusk and is gone. A beat, then Muir lets his gun fall to his
side. He grabs the back of his neck with his free hand as if
taking himself prisoner, and--

RESUME:

59

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - NIGHT

59

AIKEN

You're full of shit, Muir.

Muir flinches.

AIKEN (CONT'D)

There was no Soviet spy in Korea.
And I know enough about Charlie
March to know he would never have
let a traitor go unexposed,
unpunished.

MUIR

(laughs)

You naive jackass. Every time you
open your mouth with "what you
know" you reconfirm my decision to
never put you in the field.

This hurts Aiken deeply...as intended.

MUIR (CONT'D)

I only regret I didn't listen to
him.

60

INT. MUIR'S HOUSE, SEOUL - NIGHT

60

Jewel comes home with groceries. She CALLS TO MUIR IN KOREAN; when he doesn't respond, Jewel, thinking nothing of this, enters the kitchen and turns on the light.

MUIR

is at the table. The Johnnie Walker bottle is on its side, empty. Muir is shitfaced. Beside the bottle there is a photo album. Also Muir's pistol. Jewel is frightened.

YOUNG MUIR

(slurred)

You b'trayed me.

Jewel's fear increases, her hands shaking as she puts down the groceries.

JEWEL

Why do you say that, Nathan? Why are you drunk and so angry with me?

YOUNG MUIR

Why would you give my secrets to my enemy and allow the men I serve with to be killed?!

Jewel goes rigid. Not mentioned before, but ever so apparent now is how achingly beautiful she is...and how fragile.

JEWEL

I don't know what you're saying.

Muir leaps at her; grabs her wrist, twisting her arm around her back and pulling her into him. Bending his head to her ear--

YOUNG MUIR

YOU'RE A FUCKING SPY AND YOU
FUCKING BETRAYED ME!

He hurls her across the floor into cabinets. She SCREAMS and covers her face expecting blows. Panting drunkenly over her--

YOUNG MUIR (CONT'D)

Stop hiding! Answer me!

Face still covered; through tears--

JEWEL

Why are you saying this to me? You
love me!

YOUNG MUIR
I hate you!

Hands off her face, shaking with tears, but bravely meeting his eye--

JEWEL
I love you.

YOUNG MUIR
You gave them our secrets!

JEWEL
I didn't.

YOUNG MUIR
Tell me-- admit you did!

He strikes her face.

JEWEL
I won't.

Grabbing her thick, shimmering hair he bowls her into the table's legs.

YOUNG MUIR
You will!

He grabs the photo album from the table and throws it open onto her head. Photos of her youth and family-- her life-- scatter with her falling tears.

YOUNG MUIR (CONT'D)
This is your family-- I shoulda looked-- almost all in the North!

JEWEL
(bawling)
And they were executed when my father joined this government! You know that!

YOUNG MUIR
You told me that! I don't know!
Prove this isn't true!

JEWEL
No. Nathan...no. If you do this...then you do not believe I am your wife.

She sees in his rage that this means nothing to him.

YOUNG MUIR
I've given you an order. Prove it!

JEWEL
(Korean)
[Our marriage is my proof.]

YOUNG MUIR
That isn't good enough!

And he lunges for her, but he's drunk and she's formulated a plan and dodges him, moving to enact it. Before Muir can grab her from the pile of photographs he's fallen into on the floor, Jewel has--

MUIR'S PISTOL

RESUME:

61 EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - NIGHT

61

Pouring a fresh drink from a third bottle--

MUIR
How horrible it is. To feel fury
and hatred for someone you love
more than life itself.

Aiken truly knows. He is terrified, but if Muir sees it, he doesn't understand the present truth-- the Madeline-- behind it.

MUIR (CONT'D)
I could have found a way to forgive
her... I tell myself every morning
when I wake up. But it never came
to that; Jewel took my gun and our
marriage on her lips--

**FLASH! A SERIES OF SHOTS: AIKEN IN HIS CAR TRYING TO CHOOSE
HOW TO TAKE HIS OWN LIFE**

FLASH BACK TO:

62 INT. MUIR'S HOUSE, SEOUL - NIGHT

62

Jewel has none of Aiken's hesitation.

MUIR (V.O.)
She put a bullet through her heart.

BANG! she kills herself.

CUT TO:

63 INT. MUIR'S HOUSE, SEOUL - DAY

63

Charlie March enters.

MUIR (V.O.)
Two days later, he came back.

Charlie March makes his way through the mess of the kitchen to--

MUIR AND JEWEL'S BEDROOM

Jewel lies dead upon the bed; her clothing askew her flesh is visible, already bloated with death. Muir, lost in a sea of alcohol and recrimination, is broken and washed up on the floor at her feet. His cried-out, booze red eyes flicker feebly to the spook.

MUIR (V.O.)
Charlie March buried everything.
Nowhere in any record is there
evidence that my wife or anyone
else on the intelligence staff
spied against America in Korea.

March helps Muir to his feet. Muir begins to cry. March holds him.

MUIR (V.O.)
He took me under his wing becoming
everything to me-- father, brother,
priest; he got me out of Korea, out
of the Corps as he'd originally
come to Seoul to do. He took the
broken pieces of my life and he put
me back together in his image.

64 EXT. THE CIA - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

64

1950s; the "Old Headquarters Building" is, at this point in history, the only building and new and...

MUIR (V.O.)
I eventually healed which is to say
I came to a place where I could
accept that I would never be whole
again.

65 INT. CIA DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

65

With Charlie March behind him and some OTHER 1950s CIA PERSONNEL in attendance, Nathan Muir and NINE OTHER NEW CIA OFFICERS are welcomed to the Clandestine Service by Director ALLEN DULLES.

MUIR (V.O.)
 With March at my shoulder, guiding
 my path, I officially became an
 officer of the Central Intelligence
 Agency.

RESUME:

66

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - NIGHT

66

Muir and Aiken have finished the third bottle; Muir has
 killed most of his cigarettes; both men are exhausted.

MUIR
 After my induction, I wouldn't see
 Charlie March for three more years,
 wrapped up as I was in my first
 "training-wheel" assignments in
 Asia. We didn't meet again until
 my wedding to his sister...

CUT TO:

67

INT. HOTEL WASHINGTON RECEPTION ROOM, WASHINGTON, D.C. -
 EVENING - **FLASHBACK**

67

The celebration of Muir's second wedding to SANDY MUIR nee
 March (late 20s). They dance the first dance, gliding to the
 strains of "MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS" 1956's number one song
 made popular by Dean Martin (here played without vocals). As
 tradition dictates, Charlie March (Sandy's only family) cuts
 in and dances with Muir's bride. As Muir moves to dance with
 his blue-blood MOTHER (60s)...

CHARLIE MARCH
 He's a real winner, Sandy. I'm so
 happy for you.

SANDY
 You've always brought me nice
 things from your trips.

They share a smile, then--

SANDY (CONT'D)
 What happened to Nathan in Korea?

CHARLIE MARCH
 Well, he was wounded.

SANDY
 And what else?

March gives her a stern look.

CHARLIE MARCH
Could you be a little more vague?

SANDY
I don't know what to be direct
about.

CHARLIE MARCH
War is hard and it's bad and it
sickens your soul. Warriors need
wives to get them over all that.

SANDY
He was married before, wasn't he?

CHARLIE MARCH
No. I don't believe he was... Has
he indicated otherwise?

SANDY
No. It doesn't matter. He's mine
now and I love him.

ANOTHER ANGLE: MUIR AND HIS MOTHER

MUIR'S MOTHER
She's outstanding, Nathan. Thank
you.

YOUNG MUIR
Thank Sandy for saying "yes."

MUIR'S MOTHER
Your father and I are very excited
at the prospect of more
grandchildren to spoil.

Muir takes a moment to formulate what he says next:

YOUNG MUIR
Mom, you and Dad need to be happy
with the ones you already have.

MUIR'S MOTHER
Oh, things happen; you'll see.

YOUNG MUIR
That won't happen. I'm sorry, but
Sandy is with me on this.

MUIR'S MOTHER
(flummoxed)
Well, I certainly don't
understand... Last time you'd
(MORE)

MUIR'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
written us how you and your Korean
wife were eager to have a family.

Muir stops dancing.

YOUNG MUIR
I asked you never to bring that up.

MUIR'S MOTHER
I'm simply pointing out--

YOUNG MUIR
If you do, or Dad, or anyone: not
only will you not have more
grandchildren you will no longer
have a son.

She can see that her son is dead serious.

MUIR'S MOTHER
That doesn't feel very good.

YOUNG MUIR
It doesn't.

Fortunately, the song ends and every one APPLAUDS. Muir
leaves his mother and joins his wife...

68 INT. HOTEL WASHINGTON RECEPTION ROOM - LATER 68

Sandy is enjoying the attentions of her closest friends as
Muir goes onto--

69 EXT. THE SKY TERRACE - CONTINUOUS 69

to have a smoke. The view before him is of the White House,
directly below, the beautifully lit Washington Monument to
the right, the Potomac and the Jefferson Memorial to the left
and beyond. Joining Muir--

CHARLIE MARCH
A kingdom worthy of our protection.

Charlie March hands Muir a fresh champagne then lights his
own cigarette. Inside the party, the band returns to
MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS-- this time with a very good
impression of the Dean Martin version.

BACK-UP SINGERS (O.S.)
Sweet, sweet memories you
gave-a me, you can't beat the
memories you gave-a me...

LEAD WEDDING SINGER (O.S.)
(overlapping)
Take one fresh and tender
kiss...
Add one stolen night of
bliss...

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)
 Sandy's all I have in this world.
 Only woman in my life-- dopey-
 looking guy I am-- only one
 there'll ever be. Take care of
 her.

LEAD WEDDING SINGER (O.S.)	YOUNG MUIR
One girl, one boy, Some	You know I will. And thank
grief, some joy... Memories	you.
are made of this...	

They smoke and drink...

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)
 I heard the word you brought back
 from Southeast Asia.

Comfortable to be talking shop...

YOUNG MUIR
 If the French keep it up, we're
 going to see a lot of Vietnam when
 it cooks off.

CHARLIE MARCH
 (leading)
 Tired of the Orient?

YOUNG MUIR
 To the bone.
 (suddenly concerned)
 I hope my disagreement to what's in
 motion in Vietnam hasn't forced the
 Seventh Floor to sic you on me...
 Maybe I shouldn't have said some
 things in my last debrief.

Charlie March laughs.

CHARLIE MARCH
 Haven't you learned by now, Nathan?
 When the Seventh Floor sends me to
 a fella it's with an invite to the
 next big party. Not handcuffs.

YOUNG MUIR
 A new posting? Already?

Charlie March nods. He puts an arm across Muir's shoulder.

CHARLIE MARCH
 Island palm trees, good girls--
 better booze-- Mediterranean sun
 (MORE)

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)
and surf... It's gonna be a doozy,
brother.

YOUNG MUIR
(joking)
Always wanted to see the Greek
Isles.

CHARLIE MARCH
And if the Greeks have their way,
Cyprus will be the next one in
their chain.

Muir's face lights up with expectation equal to the grin
spread across Charlie March's face.

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)
Go: kiss my sister, make a baby,
and be ready to fly in ten.

YOUNG MUIR
Minutes or days?

CHARLIE MARCH
(laughs)
Hours. Dumbo.

OVER THIS, FRANK SINATRA'S BAND REVS UP AND--

SMASH CUT TO:

70

EXT. A CROWDED NICOSIA STREET - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

70

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
(singing)
Baubles, bangles, hear how they
jing, jinga-linga...

The architecture is half Muslim, half Greek; half ancient,
half post-WWII modern. Cars and buses belch smog; donkey's
pull carts. CYPRIOTS shop, others beg. There are also
noticeable among them BRITISH CITIZENS and MILITARY. Inside--

71

INT. A CYPRIOT TAXI CAB - DAY

71

Muir and Charlie March in the back, a TURKISH DRIVER behind
the wheel, FRANK SINATRA on the radio--

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
Baubles, bangles, bright shiny
beads... Sparkles, spangles, your
heart will sing, singa-linga--

The SONG CONTINUES as Muir sucks it all up-- the anticipation of a new, foreign posting; Charlie March, however, is more focused in his attention. He notices--

A BOY ON A BICYCLE

peddling fast past his window, a foot-long length of lead pipe-- capped at both ends-- in his wire basket. (He is also noticeable by the bandana scarf he wears like a Greek farmer around his neck) Charlie March taps the driver's shoulder.

CYPROIT DRIVER
(heavily accented;
slightly British)
Almost there, good sir. Soon,
soon.

CHARLIE MARCH
Change of plans: turn now--

Pointing at a cross-street--

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)
Right here.

CYPROIT DRIVER
One-way! One-way!

Muir gives Charlie March a quizzical look.

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
...Baubles...bangles and beads! You--
you glitter and gleam...so...

March-- as he lunges over the back of the front seat for the steering wheel is so in control of the moment that he's able to simultaneously nod Muir's attention to--

THROUGH WINDOW - TWENTY YARDS UP - BICYCLE BOY

pulling up his bandana over his mouth and nose before lighting a fuse sticking out the end of his pipe bomb. Taking cover across the seat, his head where March's ass should be--

YOUNG MUIR
Shit!

MARCH'S HAND

yanking the wheel hard right.

CHARLIE MARCH
Welcome to the E-OKA!

The smouldering pipe bomb shatters a British haberdashery (a "By Appointment to HRM the Queen") window as oncoming traffic on the one-way street March has forced the cab onto swerves.

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
 ...Make somebody dream so that
 Some day he may buy you a ring,
 ringa-linga--

KA-BOO-- FREEZE FRAME BEFORE THE "--OOM!" OF THE EXPLOSION--
 just as civilian bodies are *about* to shred and disintegrate--

MUIR (V.O.)
 Cyprus: a Mediterranean island, a
 British colony, its population 80%
 Greeks, 20% Turkish Moslems, all of
 them divided against each other in
 every possible way.

72

EXT. THE CROWDED NICOSIA STREET - AN INSTANT LATER

72

The bomb finishes its EXPLOSION, the civilians on the sidewalk blasted to pieces, store dummies and customers rocketing burning and in parts into the sky, and--

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
 Sparkles, spangles: your heart will
 sing-- singa-linga...

THE CAB

steered by Charlie March, takes to a sidewalk to escape the chaos.

MUIR (V.O.)
 For Britain, recently thrown out of
 their Egyptian bases, Cyprus stood
 as the last western bastion against
 Soviet expansion into the
 Mediterranean and Middle East. A
 loss of Cyprus would potentially
 allow Soviets to turn the right
 flank of NATO and seize control of
 Mid-East oil fields, an act that
 would spark World War Four.

CUT TO:

A PAIR OF CLOSE UPS (PRESENT DAY):

AIKEN
 (drinking)
 What happened to "Three?"

MUIR
 (drinking)
 The Cold War we're talking about.
 Rusty.

BACK TO:

73

EXT. NICOSIA COUNTRY CLUB, MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

73

The cab letting Muir and Charlie March off where their bags are taken by BELL BOYS. The cab ROARS out of there without waiting for Charlie March to pay. He and Muir share a laugh at that and head inside.

MUIR (V.O.)
 For the Greek Cypriots it is the
 time of enosis-- a cry for unity
 with Greece. Fueled by the EOKA,
 an anti-British terrorist campaign
 led by the WWII Greek war hero,
 Colonel Grivas--

74

EXT. NICOSIA COUNTRY CLUB, REAR ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

74

An unmarked sedan waits; a submachine gun-armed AMERICAN CIVILIAN opens the rear door for Charlie March and Nathan Muir who, sans luggage, hustle out the rear of the club and, into the sedan to be driven off.

MUIR (V.O.)
 --bombs began going off daily
 destroying British property and
 killing British subjects.

75

EXT. CIA INTERCEPT AND RELAY STATION, CYPRUS - NIGHT

75

A bunker built into a hillside bristling with antennae and connected to a giant mushroom-field of satellite dishes and the geodesic radar pods that control them. Armed U.S. SOLDIERS patrol double, razor-wire fence with automatic weapons and attack dogs.

The sedan carrying Muir and Charlie March is cleared for entry. They exit the sedan and are ushered into the concrete and steel reinforced bunker.

COS BURT WILTON (V.O.)
 I'm glad Langley came to its senses
 and sent me some field hands--

76

INT. CIA INTERCEPT AND RELAY STATION, CYPRUS - NIGHT

76

Muir and Charlie March meet the pompous Chief of Station (COS) BURT WILTON (40s). Their broad smiles actually

indicating to each other their unified displeasure with the "field hand" comment.

COS BURT WILTON
--but I am not glad to be meeting
the two of you at this location.
Not glad at all.

The room is filled with all kinds of hi-tech listening and recording devices covering the entire spectrum of electronic intelligence gathering. CIA LISTENERS and ANALYSTS man the equipment banks.

CHARLIE MARCH
Just like to know who and what I'm
working for before I go out and get
foreigners to betray their
countries to me over it.

YOUNG MUIR
He's old fashioned that way.

COS BURT WILTON
Well I don't like it. You two are
supposed to be undercover; coming
out here was an entirely
unnecessary risk.

Charlie March startles Wilton by making a "BUZZER" NOISE.

CHARLIE MARCH
What letter you put after your name
on the roster, Cos?

COS BURT WILTON
I have a PhD from MIT if that's
what you're asking--

YOUNG MUIR
Save the alphabet soup for lunch.
Intelligence or Operations: your
Directorate?

Wilton is shocked by attitude from one so junior-- gives March a look-- and gets nothing in return; Charlie March being the Muir-attitude architect.

CHARLIE MARCH
(to Muir)
Lemme answer for him, pard'. He's
Intelligence. We're Operations.
Now, Nathan watch this--

And his magician hands suddenly appear on the controls of one of the sophisticated pieces of equipment.

COS BURT WILTON
Don't touch that!

CHARLIE MARCH
Why not?

COS BURT WILTON
You don't know a damn thing about it!

CHARLIE MARCH
(in his face)
And you know jackshit about "field hand" work.

COS BURT WILTON
I didn't mean "field hand" like coloreds-- I meant like "an old hand:" good at your work. Please.

CHARLIE MARCH
Get this straight: while my partner and I are on this island we'll have final-- strike that only-- say on what risks we take. Now--

He finds an unoccupied rolling chair and slides it to Muir, then finds one for himself. They sit simultaneously.

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)
What's all this ruckus about here?

COS BURT WILTON
Surely the two of you have read in.

YOUNG MUIR
Okay. If you want to talk about something else... Play any sports at MIT?

Wilton gives an exasperated snort.

COS BURT WILTON
I know about your abilities Mr. March. This one--

--meaning Muir--

CHARLIE MARCH

--Is teaching me new things
everyday. This is the only time
we'll give you your say, so talk.

Wilton knows when he's verbally overmatched-- he spreads his
hands to say as much-- then laces the fingers professorially
to show he isn't intellectually overmatched and--

COS BURT WILTON

The minority Turks here live in
fear that if union with Greece
occurs, ethnic Turks will be
persecuted and slaughtered by their
Greek neighbors.

YOUNG MUIR

Will they?

COS BURT WILTON

Yes. Causing the nation of Turkey
to invade to fight the Greeks which
the Brits will have to stop.
Militarily. And the U.S.--

CHARLIE MARCH

Us.

COS BURT WILTON

Punny-- Looks on in horror as three
"bedrock" members of NATO go to
war. What I need from you is to
make sure that whatever happens
between the island's three
belligerents, our electronic spy
capabilities in the form of this
station remain permanently in U.S.
hands.

77

EXT. NICOSIA COUNTRY CLUB, 9-HOLE GOLF COURSE - MORNING

77

Muir and Charlie March wait for TWO BRITISH OFFICIALS and
their WIVES to sink their putts before stepping into the box
to tee off. Muir steps up...and WHACK!

YOUNG MUIR

I sure liked him.

Muir's ball lands short of the green. Charlie March's turn.
He places his ball, then decides to switch drivers.

CHARLIE MARCH

Yeah. A real confidence builder.
Closest to the hole gets the Brits.

YOUNG MUIR
Oh, that's fair. After I shot.

Muir waits till Charlie March is in mid-swing then calls--

YOUNG MUIR (CONT'D)
Punny!

Charlie March cracks up as WHACK! he connects with his ball...and delivers it onto the green. As they walk away...

MUIR (V.O.)
So March got the Brits-- meaning his days would be spent pretty much doing what we were doing at that moment, or at tea in some of the London transported men's clubs in Nicosia working to convince the British rulers to fold their tents and clear out before they got into a war Eisenhower-- who'd made sure bluebirds instead of swastikas were flying over the White Cliffs of Dover-- would rather they didn't. Me, I got the Greeks and the Turks and the bombs.

78a thru e SERIES OF VIOLENT IMAGES:

78a thru e

Official buildings, restaurants, marketplaces being PIPE-BOMBED; Turks hanged with piano wire from telephone lines; a Cypriot Police patrol ambushed by Turkish "Freedom Fighters..." Muir witness to it all.

MUIR (V.O./CONT'D)
Within a month, I had in place the best network this agency ever had anywhere.

79

EXT. A NICOSIA STREET - DAY

79

A military unit on patrol, stopping for a water break. A YOUNG SOLDIER among them separates to lay out his prayer rug and kneel to Mecca. He is a Turk while the rest of his unit is Greek. Some of his comrades joke; one flicks a cigarette. The BRITISH SERGEANT with them smacks the cigarette thrower with his swagger stick.

MUIR (V.O./CONT'D)
I had a Cypriot Army Turkish conscript conflicted on which side to serve--

As he finishes his prayers and gathers his rug--

HIS HAND

surreptitiously makes a chalk mark on a lamp post.

MUIR (V.O./CONT'D) (CONT'D)
The army he belonged to or the
Turkish freedom movement.

MATCH TO:

80 EXT. THE NICOSIA STREET - NIGHT 80

Muir wiping away the mark with his hand, then moving in the direction the soldier came from.

MUIR (V.O./CONT'D)
He settled by serving me.

Muir reaches the end of the block, steps into a dark doorway, pulls down the empty socket of a broken light fixture. From the hole, he withdraws a small sheaf of notebook paper.

81 INT. A NICOSIA APARTMENT - EVENING 81

A kitchen; a POLICE COLONEL slops food, yelling at his PRETTY YOUNG WIFE as she rushes to the table with dish after dish.

MUIR (V.O./CONT'D)
There was a Greek colonel, a
deserter from the Cypriot Army,
who'd rage at his wife about all
that was wrong with the Turks and
their Muslim faith--

The pretty wife is in mid-ladle when the police colonel throws back his chair and storms from the room.

MUIR (V.O./CONT'D) (CONT'D)
--before going back to the hills to
help convince Greek boys to carry
out terrorist bombings in the
capital.

82 INSERT SHOT: THE POLICE COLONEL 82

handing a pipe bomb to a boy; showing him how to pull up his bandana before lighting and throwing it. There is subliminal and inappropriate affection in the man's touch.

83 INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT 83

Dark; two figures writhing beneath the sheets.

MUIR (V.O./CONT'D)
 --leaving the wife to bring it all
 to my pillow.

And the pretty wife rolls off Muir. She stares at the ceiling and begins to talk.

84 INT. A BARBERSHOP - DAY

84

Photos of Greek celebrities; three chairs; a GREEK OFFICER getting his weekly trim from A TURKISH BARBER...seen earlier as one of the "Freedom Fighters" who ambushed the patrol.

MUIR (V.O./CONT'D)
 I had a Turkish barber on payroll
 who serviced the heads of Cypriot
 Greek officers...

The Greek officer is gabbing with two others like him who read the paper as they wait their turn.

85 INT. A STRIP CLUB - AFTERNOON

85

Dark, red light. Booze and bowls of dates and almonds.

MUIR (V.O.)
 And then at one of the non-British
 clubs they had there...

A stage with a chubby, naked TURKISH WOMAN wearing only a veil. OTHER WOMEN along the bar, drinking, smoking, naked and even fatter than the dancer, are whores.

MUIR (V.O./CONT'D)
 ...where a Greek busboy whose
 guilty conscience at having bombed
 a British school was as great as
 his lust for Turkish sluts.

Seated near the stage, Muir talks with the GREEK BUSBOY, while his vision stays absolutely glued to the dancer.

86 EXT. NICOSIA COUNTRY CLUB, 9-HOLE GOLF CLUB - SUNSET

86

Muir and Charlie March vaguely playing the course, using it to debrief.

CHARLIE MARCH
 Your pan's coming up with gold.
 More and more every day.

Muir brims with confidence.

YOUNG MUIR
And the Brits are withdrawing. We
make a good team.

Charlie March, however, frowns at Muir's increasing hubris.

CHARLIE MARCH
Seems like we're getting a handle
on things... Muir-- Second Rule of
Thumb: "Half of what we do is
pointless, and the half that isn't
shouldn't feel any better."

YOUNG MUIR
What's that supposed to mean?

Charlie March picks up his ball without bothering to putt it
into the hole. Tossing it reflectively in his hand...

CHARLIE MARCH
Don't you see yet what's missing?

Muir doesn't. So he sinks his putt.

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)
We came with the opening gambit;
without knowing the endgame.

YOUNG MUIR
To protect our eavesdropping
station.

CHARLIE MARCH
For Chief of Station Burt Wilton...
I mean for us.

Not understanding, Muir frustrates a beat before snatching
Charlie March's ball.

YOUNG MUIR
Would you please be more vague?

CHARLIE MARCH
The British departure's already
created a vacuum. Last night, a
little Turkish village out by the
coast... Every man, woman and child
was murdered.

YOUNG MUIR
By Greek-Cypriot soldiers off their
British leashes. They'll be
rounded up; be tried. Hanged.

CHARLIE MARCH

They won't.

YOUNG MUIR

Why not?

CHARLIE MARCH

Because it wasn't soldiers. It was Greek Communists sent to create a flashpoint for Moscow.

YOUNG MUIR

How do you know that? What information are you getting that I'm not?!

CHARLIE MARCH

Nathan, I'm not getting information: I'm using my eyes. C'mon, I'll buy you dinner. Show you.

87

INT. AN ITALIAN-THEMED RESTAURANT, NICOSIA - NIGHT

87

Lively INTERNATIONAL CROWD: wealthy locals-- Greek and Turkish-- foreign businessmen, international press, some remaining Brits, some North Africans... One of those exceptional places where the food and service are so good that political, religious and geographical differences are left at the door. Muir follows Charlie March inside who is HEARTILY GREETED by the OWNER. Taking his seat at the only empty table-- watching the "Reserved" sign whisked away--

YOUNG MUIR

So this is how you've been spending your time.

CHARLIE MARCH

What'll you drink?

YOUNG MUIR

I don't know-- Italian wine-- Chianti-- that local Ouzo we like-- British gin before it's gone...

Charlie March doesn't commit. Muir tries not to sound annoyed.

YOUNG MUIR (CONT'D)

Bottle of whiskey, if we're going there.

CHARLIE MARCH

That remains to be seen, but good.
You got the list: your's and
everyone else's.

Muir takes that...looks around with it: everyone else is
drinking one of the beverages Muir has suggested. Everyone
else but TWO EUROPEAN BUSINESSMEN who are drinking vodka.

YOUNG MUIR

Except them.

CHARLIE MARCH

Just like we reveal ourselves with
these--

Charlie March puts his pack of Lucky Strikes on the table.

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)

KGB officers world over can't go
more than a few hours without
potato juice.

Muir stares at the KGB agents a beat longer than he should,
then the WAITER arrives and takes his and March's order.

MUIR (V.O.)

Charlie March was right: our gambit
had been good, but our endgame was
for shit. And those two KGB proved
what they say about 'roaches: when
you see one or two, you're house is
already completely infested.

Muir and Charlie March have chosen whiskey and, while it
doesn't go perfectly with pasta, it does cut the bitterness
in their mouths. The KGB agents toast the pair with vodka
and deadly smiles.

SMASH CUT TO:

88a,b,c A SERIES OF SHOTS:

88a,b,c

- THE BARBER: opening his store for business-- BOOM! the
place blows to high holy hell.

- THE YOUNG TURKISH SOLDIER: stuffing papers for Muir in the
lightbulb socket. Someone up behind him-- a single shot to
the back of his head.

- Muir at the strip club inquiring about the busboy...but he
isn't there; hasn't been seen for days.

89

EXT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT

89

Muir lets himself in. The wife of the Greek Police Colonel lies, waiting, in bed. He steps toward her only then noticing ALL THE BLOOD. A RUSH OF MOVEMENT behind him--

MUIR

sidesteps a knife from A GREEK ASSASSIN, and in two moves disarms his attacker, bashing the knife-edges of both hands into the man's temples. It drops him. Dead.

Muir draws his pistol; puts a slug in the fellow's skull because that's how you make sure. Moves to the window.

The street below: TWO KGB beside a car, both with gleaming handguns. Confering. One heads into the building.

Muir moves to the doorway. Looks out-- coast clear-- jogs to the fire stairs.

MUIR (V.O.)

KGB dismantled my network as though I'd put it together in dominoes. I'd also become a target. Charlie March raged against this--

90

INT. NICOSIA COUNTRY CLUB, MARCH'S ROOMS - SUNSET - **MOS**

90

Charlie March is clearly drunk on his usual Johnnie Walker and he paces, raging, before Muir who sits on the foot of the bed downcast like a child.

MUIR (V.O.)

(perfect March impression)
 "This isn't how the game is played!" "There's a rule-- unwritten, but a rule-- we ice each other's agents-- fair game-- we don't ice each other!" "How fast'd the world go down the shitter we did that?!"

Charlie March's tirade is interrupted by the arrival of a BELLBOY MESSENGER. Charlie March moves to take the note, but it is for Muir. Muir reads it. His eyes meet his mentor's.

MUIR (V.O.)

The note was from a British MI-6 agent March was acquainted with-- vouched for-- shipping off with the last British boat in the morning.

(MORE)

MUIR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He wanted to meet me-- didn't say
 why-- at a café previously
 frequented by British soldiers.

91 EXT. NICOSIA CAFÉ - NIGHT

91

Muir sits with the BRITISH AGENT near the open front. Their
 coffee is served.

YOUNG MUIR
 Rough patch we're going through
 here.

BRITISH AGENT
 Rougher for you. I'm glad to be
 going home.

YOUNG MUIR
 What've you got for me?

BRITISH AGENT
 Bad news. Worst sort, I'm afraid.

The British Agent sighs, doesn't like what he's about to
 share, but Muir's attention has gone across the street.

THE GREEK BUSBOY

from the Turkish whorehouse, pulling a bandana up over his
 mouth and nose before lighting two pipe bombs and rushing
 with them for the café.

Muir has only a moment to flip the table and duck behind it
 as the boy tosses his bombs. DOUBLE BLASTS rain glass and
 nails and bearings. When the smoke clears, Muir rises to
 find the British Agent among the dead.

92 EXT. A MOUNTAIN ROAD, CYPRUS - DAWN

92

A furious Charlie March drives; Muir, worried, beside him.

COLONEL GRIVAS (V.O.)
 This is reckless even for you,
 Charlie.

93 EXT. EOKA REBEL CAMP - MORNING

93

Among boulders, tents, the windy pines. Rebel Colonel GEORGE
 GRIVAS (60) wearing a beret and a French-style mustache
 twirled at the ends is, like his captives Muir and Charlie
 March, unarmed. But unlike Grivas, they are on their knees.
 Surrounding them: Grivas's army of YOUNG MEN and BOYS are all
 armed and all their guns are pointed at the two Americans.

YOUNG MUIR
(aside)
Great idea, Charlie.

CHARLIE MARCH
They all are, Nathan. They are.

Charlie March stands; gun bolts CLACK.

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)
George, you know me; you taught me
how to slit German throats without
the sauerkraut coming out on my
sleeve.

GEORGE GRIVAS
(laughs)
I think you were better at killing
Germans than you are at all this
you're doing here.

CHARLIE MARCH
I think you're wrong, but we'll
have a drink to that later.

GEORGE GRIVAS
Why should there be a later?

He shakes Charlie March's pack of Lucky's.

GEORGE GRIVAS (CONT'D)
Smoke or a blindfold?

Muir doesn't like the sound of that.

CHARLIE MARCH
C'mon, George, you're scaring the
kid.

Muir likes that even less. He rises-- almost gets shot, and--

YOUNG MUIR
Colonel Grivas.

CHARLIE MARCH
Muir: let me handle this.

YOUNG MUIR
We found you without a map--

CHARLIE MARCH
Muir!

YOUNG MUIR

You think if the U.S. really had
you as an enemy target it'd be us
instead of a bunch of bombs falling
on your fucking beanie?!

Grivas's eyes go wide with insult and alarm.

CHARLIE MARCH

MUIR!

Then Grivas laughs, delighted.

GEORGE GRIVAS

He's you!

(then hard to Muir)

If I kill you today-- you CIA--
your name will be buried by your
country and no one allowed to spea
it.

Charlie March gives Muir a frank look that says, "he's
right." Grivas pockets the cigarettes.

GEORGE GRIVAS (CONT'D)

No cigarettes. Fine. Thank you.

(in Greek)

[Put them over there.]

He points his army of terrorists to a large, wall-faced
boulder. They march Muir and Charlie March up to and against
it. While a firing squad is determined by a Greek form of
"eenie-meenie, minie, moe"--

GEORGE GRIVAS (CONT'D)

I always liked you Charlie, but
this I cannot have. Too much work
to move to a new camp.

CHARLIE MARCH

No, I know, I understand...

And then Charlie March begins SPEAKING TO GRIVAS IN FRENCH.

MUIR (V.O.)

As a young man, Grivas had received
his military training at the École
Militaire in Paris.

Whatever March is saying clearly upsets the Rebel Colonel who
begins to question Charlie March also in FRENCH.

MUIR (V.O.)
 As the saying goes, it was all
 Greek to me. But it worked out,
 okay...

For, suddenly, on Grivas's orders the crowd of young
 terrorists parts leaving in the circle of their absence--

THE GREEK BUSBOY

Terrified. Orders now IN GREEK. Muir and Charlie March are
 pulled from their execution spot and the boy-- who can't be
 more than fifteen years old-- is hurled WITH TAUNTS into
 their previous spot. As he is MACHINE-GUNNED--

MUIR (V.O.)
 Turned out-- what March knew and
 was counting on-- Grivas and his
 rebels hated communists and the KGB
 who the kid was working for even
 more than Turks and Americans.

94 EXT. EOKA REBEL CAMP - NIGHT

94

A banquet celebrating the friendship of Charlie March and
 George Grivas. To add to the festivities, WOMEN have joined
 them, but Muir does not enjoy himself.

RESUME:

95 EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - NIGHT

95

Muir and Aiken, where we left them, facing off over booze and
 the recorder and the documents waiting in--

AIKEN'S SUITCASE

in the shadows behind them. Muir, still faraway in his eyes,
 his heart and soul...

MUIR
 Among those windy pines I learned a
 terrible truth. That the horrible,
 gut wrenching feeling of being
 firsthand party to the taking of a
 life, particularly a child's, isn't
 the worst of it in this business.
 The worst is when you watch as I
 did that day and you find you have
 no feeling about it at all.

96 FLASH! THE BUSBOY

96

riddled with bullets and crumpling to the ground.

97

RESUME: AIKEN AND MUIR

97

Aiken doesn't know what to say. In his shirt pocket, Aiken's mobile phone lights and VIBRATES. A beat.

MUIR
Go ahead, answer it. Might be
Madeline.

Angry, Aiken shuts off the phone and--

THE DIGITAL RECORDER

AIKEN
You just had to do that!

MUIR
Do what?

AIKEN
Get her name on this record.

A beat, then, carefully--

MUIR
Isn't the purpose here for
everything said on that tape--

AIKEN
It isn't tape.

MUIR
--this record to be sealed up
forever as an untouchable secret..?

AIKEN
This record is supposed to be about
how you killed Charlie March-- none
of that, by the way, in anything
I've heard.

Lighting a cigarette...

MUIR
I didn't kill Charlie March; I
thought this record was about how I
didn't.

Aiken scowls.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Your words, not mine... You didn't
think Madeline wouldn't cheat on
(MORE)

MUIR (CONT'D)
 you, did you? The way you treat
 her?

AIKEN
 What you know about treating a
 woman...

MUIR
 Could be written on the head of a
 pin... Yeah. Why don't we take a
 break. You're fuckin' hammered
 anyway. And call your wife.

CUT TO:

98a,b

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - A SHORT TIME
 LATER

98a,b

Muir stands at the railing, drinking yet another and facing
 the beach. The fog has cleared and in the moonlight he can
 easily see Russell Aiken, pant legs rolled, sitting in the
 sand right at the edge of the water, letting the waves soak
 his feet. Not returning the telephone call.

FLASH CUT TO:

99

INT. MUIR'S OFFICE, CIA - DAY - FLASHBACK

99

1991... Less filing cabinet's, fresher paint than when Aiken
 was here years later [this morning, script present]. The
 tattered flag is absent from the wall above the sofa. Muir
 sits at his desk reading a file as DDO Harker stands over
 him.

HARKER
 Gone around the bend; flapping at
 the mouth about our business, been
 arrested for public drunkenness in
 Hong Kong. We could let that
 slide, but this--
 (points out a document)
 outrageous claim the Chinese are
 illegally holding a British
 subject... As if that's any of our
 concern... Chinese want Bishop now.
 (they share a look)
 The Director needs him found.

MUIR
 And?

HARKER
 A field decision made.

MUIR
You guys want him eliminated.

HARKER
We do have a Presidential Finding.

MUIR
Get somebody from the Health
Alteration Committee. I'm not
doing it.

HARKER
Be reasonable, Muir. Anyone else,
it would take months even to find
him, and when they did...

MUIR
He'd kill 'em first?

HARKER
He trusts you.

MUIR
He hates my guts.

Harker stares at Muir a moment trying to figure him out, then
patting the file--

HARKER
Just find him. Take care of him.
(as if this all were a
joke)
For the good of the service.
(then, dead serious)
It's an order.

100

EXT. THAI BEACH BUNGALOW - MORNING - FLASHBACK

100

Muir stands on the rickety deck of a rickety bungalow as Tom
Bishop-- long hair and bearded-- returns from an ocean
swim...

Beneath his scruffy whiskers, Bishop's face is mottled,
paunchy from alcohol. He doesn't look surprised to see Muir
as he comes up; he barely looks coherent.

MUIR
You look like a knocked-down
shithouse.

For a moment, Bishop doesn't react; when he does it's only to
disappear inside. Muir steels himself and follows.

101

INT. THAI BEACH BUNGALOW - MORNING

101

Gloomy. Decorated in empty bottles-- beer, vodka, whiskey, wine-- bagged like trash that never made it outside or loose on the floor like fallen soldiers. And that's just the hall and the kitchen. Muir finds Bishop in--

THE BEDROOM

for the *FLASH OF AN INSTANT THIS IS MUIR'S BEDROOM IN SEOUL, JEWEL DEAD, STOMACH BLOATED, ON THE BED, then...THAILAND* AGAIN, the bedroom decorated in empty bottles, same as the rest of the bungalow, but add a futon couch, a rickety table and a pair of mismatched chairs. A sliding glass door leads to a prayer garden; a bed sheet tacked above is its drapery. Bishop stands there, back to Muir gazing out.

MUIR

All these years you've watched a pro-- you can't even make a decent drunk.

BISHOP

Russell Aiken tell you where to find me?

MUIR

Didn't know he knew. Goin' AWOL: it's sloppy business telling one of our best legal minds.

BISHOP

Stay out of his shit.

MUIR

Digger Livingston turned you up for me.

A long beat. Bishop glances at Muir as if he thought he'd gone away.

BISHOP

So what're you waiting for?

Muir's hand is in his pocket. They both know he's holding a gun.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

You made me. Do it.

Their eyes lock, so much emotion between them. Muir's hand comes empty out of his pocket.

MUIR

I'm here 'cause I'm your friend.

Bishop gives a single, dubious laugh.

BISHOP

What? Langley gave you on-site authority? Or maybe you just don't have the balls.

MUIR

Fuck Langley. Those jerkoffs are clueless.

BISHOP

That's poetic. Seeing how all these years it was me you jerked off in the dark.

Muir drops himself onto the sofa.

MUIR

That what this is? All these years and you're still feeling sorry for yourself? Big bad America took advantage of little Tommy Bishop?

BISHOP

Fuck you.

(lunging forward)

It wasn't America-- it was you! You with your "saving American lives" all the times I'm out there murdering people to promote your Berlin Wall, your terrorists, your fucking career!

MUIR

When I took you on in Germany, you came in with your eyes open. You knew exactly the game you were getting into and you're lying to yourself if you actually think any amount of alcohol wash--

(kicks a bottle)

Gonna sterilize you; make you blameless.

BISHOP

I'm not talking about Germany-- I worked with you long enough to know that whole trip was a set-up you'd already started on me in 'Nam. Fucking Vietnam. You came there,

(MORE)

BISHOP (CONT'D)
and you lied to me, and you
destroyed my life.

Muir just looks at him; slowly nods.

MUIR
Sure, I lied to you.

Muir glances at his fingernails as if assuring himself
there's no dirt under them.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Guess it really hurts to find out
you're a Cold War hero.

Bishop, a rejoinder on the tip of his tongue gets the wind
sucked right out of his sails and all he can say is--

BISHOP
I trusted you. I looked up to you.

MUIR
I never asked for your idolatry.

BISHOP
Bullshit! You fucking forced it!

And suddenly he stalks into the adjoining room. There's a
sound of RUMMAGING. When Bishop returns, clutched in his
fist is the burnt and tattered flag.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
I can't count the days I've sat in
cold, empty houses-- countries most
Americans never fucking heard of--
waiting for some jerk who's gonna
walk by; some jerk I'm gonna make
the decision to give one more step,
one more breath, one more fucking
thought about his kids before I
flick off his lights.

Bishop pauses; awkward, like his train of thought's derailed,
but that isn't it at all. He's seeing faces, and Muir, who's
been drunk enough to know this place, just waits...

BISHOP (CONT'D)
(Flat. Dead.)
Afterwards. After I tucked one
more permanent look of surprise in
that hole inside a'me this'd make
it all okay: this fucking lie you
crafted to replace yourself with my
own father.

And he hurls the flag violently into Muir's face. For a moment Muir does not move just stares at Bishop. Then Muir bundles up the flag and stands.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
Get out of here.

MUIR
Yeah. Leave you to your whining,
your booze--

BISHOP
You sold her to the Chinese, Muir.
In Beirut. What'd you get for
Elizabeth? An easier time for
Israel, or maybe a Russian plane we
couldn't steal ourselves from the
Chinese?

102 INSERT FOOTAGE FROM "SPY GAME":

102

ELIZABETH HADLEY kidnapped from a Beirut marketplace.

BACK TO SCENE:

MUIR
You're nuts.

FLASH TO:

103 EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - NIGHT

103

If Muir is watching he doesn't react as his other protege--
Russell Aiken-- paces the beach tearing at his hair, his
shirt, screaming at the waves...

FLASH CUT TO:

104 INT. THAI BEACH BUNGALOW - DAY

104

CRACK! Bishop slams his fist into Muir's face, breaking his
nose and sending him sprawling. Muir struggles to his feet;
eyes him dubiously. Digs out his handkerchief to staunch the
blood. Moves to the door.

MUIR
Certain things I hold sacred in
this life, Tom. My service in the
Marine Corps and my loyalty to you.

BISHOP
You're a liar. You've always been
a liar.

MUIR

Not always. And not now.

Bishop stares at Muir. Bishop's fatal flaw and Muir's wild card since the very beginning: he just can't tell with Muir and for some reason is always willing to give him a chance.

BISHOP

Do what you came to, or just get out.

Muir opts for the second.

MUIR

(gestures with the flag)
Look, I never wanted to replace your father. But I never had a son of my own, maybe I...went too far.

He shrugs, because in his heart he doesn't actually believe that he went too far.

MUIR (CONT'D)

I won't bother you again.

Muir walks to the door.

MUIR (CONT'D)

Do what you gotta do about your girl. Just don't go back to the embassy. You're finished with us. There's nothing I or anyone else will ever do for you again.

And with that, Muir is gone.

FLASH TO:

105

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - NIGHT

105

Back at the sitting area, Muir is putting out something to eat-- the kind of food only good with booze. Aiken, no more dishevelled than his life which is to say pretty damn much, has returned from the beach. He's about to switch on the recorder, but Muir stays his hand.

MUIR

I was serious when I said I'd help you with Madeline.

AIKEN

How 'bout you shut the fuck up about that and let me finish my assassination?

Muir nods, retreating to his seat. He gestures at the sofa Aiken sits in.

MUIR
I tell you the story about this
furniture set?

Again, they both know he has-- twice-- it's why he's doing it that causes Aiken to say--

AIKEN
No. I don't believe so...

MUIR
They're a trophy the owner of the
house brought home from the Second
World War...furniture Admiral
Yamamoto had in his headquarters.

Pointing at the cushion Aiken is perched upon.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Yamamoto'd been sitting on that
cushion right like you are now just
before the car came to deliver him
to his transport plane where,
twenty minutes later, American
fighter pilots assassinated him.
'Course that's back in the day when
assassinating the architect of the
sneak attack on Pearl Harbor was
something every American looked
forward to and-- once done--
applauded because good
assassinations make decent
Americans happy.

A beat.

AIKEN
Ugliest things I've ever seen.

Muir likes that, nods sagely.

MUIR
I tell you that because, Rusty,
you've never learned: things have
no intrinsic truth to themselves.
It's the words we chose to put on
things that are real and lasting.

AIKEN
Even lies?

MUIR

Lies even more than truth because we commit so much more of what we have to lose with lies. With a good lie, everyone ends up better and the thing called life becomes more meaningful. Hell, you're a lawyer. You understand words better than any of us.

Aiken switches on his recorder.

AIKEN

Go: assuming this has bearing on our salient point, did you or Charlie March ever learn what MI6 was going to reveal to you?

Munching some peanuts.

MUIR

Charlie March knew from the start. Me? Not for sixteen years. Then, in 1974, working with him at Langley on the CIA-conceived conspiracy that would permanently partition Cyprus down the middle-- as split as Berlin with the wall, but more permanent-- I proved to myself that Charlie March was a Soviet spy.

AIKEN

You are a liar-- you're lying right now.

MUIR

If I was, you wouldn't be here... I proved it in seventy-four. But I came onto it in the Congo.

AIKEN

Witch doctor told you?

MUIR

Listen.

And OVER THIS COME THE WHUMP OF MORTAR ROUNDS...

MUIR (V.O.)

Diner's Club started it, and by 1960 credit cards and that system
(MORE)

MUIR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 of banking were the big must-have
 worldwide.

Muir and Charlie March playing a round with frightened
 AFRICAN CADDIES and a PAIR OF CONGOLESE BANKERS as MACHINE
 GUN CRACKLING CIVIL WAR rages just beyond their sight.

MUIR (V.O.)
 Our cover was American Express. We
 were the ground guys setting up the
 deals with the foreign banks. We
 wanted our card accepted around the
 globe and in a place like the Congo
 where the Belgians had just been
 thrown out and Lumumba was facing a
 count-the-tribes-that-many-ways
 civil war: everybody wanted to buy
 their hand grenades with plastic.

INTERCUT: AIKEN

sitting back, his laughter genuine.

AIKEN
 I bet American Express was pleased
 with us after that!

Muir, not amused, finds his wallet. Throws down a "Black
 Card."

RESUME: THE CONGO

The Young Muir and Charlie March chat up the bankers as they
 make their way down the fairway only to come between TWO
 WARRING FACTIONS GUNS BLAZING. A tense moment, but the
 combatants of both sides recognize the "American Express"
 executives and both agree to back off, let Muir and company
 play through.

107

INT. LUMUMBA'S PALACE - NIGHT

107

Prime Minister PATRICE LUMUMBA (35) dressed in western-style
 clothing sits upon an African-style throne. He is handsome,
 charismatic, over-educated and articulate.

PATRICE LUMUMBA
 I well imagine American Express is
 pleased you have used them as a
 cover.

In response, March and Muir find their wallets. They produce
 the early paper version of the "Green Card."

CHARLIE MARCH
Don't even care if we pay the bill.

YOUNG MUIR
(news to him)
Really? They don't?

Charlie March shakes his head. Lumumba takes Muir's card.
Admires it.

YOUNG MUIR (CONT'D)
Keep it. It's yours.

Lumumba does. **MOS** the three begin to talk political
business.

MUIR (V.O.)
From King Leopold on, the Belgians
had been brutal assholes to the
Congolese; we were as happy to see
them go as Lumumba was. We told it
to him like it was: we were there
to throw America's support behind
his recent election to Prime
Minister...and make sure access to
the Congo's vast mineral deposits
remained available to our military-
industrial complex and denied the
Soviets--

INSERT: MUIR ON THE COVERED PORCH MAKING A CHEESE AND CRACKER

108

INT. PROJECTS ROOM, LUMUMBA'S PALACE - DAY

108

Lumumba, vastly proud and starry-eyed, shows off an extremely
well-crafted architectural model of the entire city of
Leopoldsville (the capital) recreated as a modern metropolis.
He has great civic dreams, but what Muir and March are there
for is--

MUIR (V.O.)
The Congo provides 60% of the
world's uranium. The arms race
with the Soviets was galloping full
tilt: we needed it badly and we'd
do anything for our new best friend
Patrice L.

IN SCENE:

CHARLIE MARCH
You want that city: we'll build it
for you. And I am not shitting
you.

MUIR (V.O.)
He wasn't. We would have.

INSERT: MUIR HANDS THE CHEESE AND CRACKER TO AIKEN

AIKEN
I know. I believe you. Did he?

MUIR
No. And although he kept and used my Amex like a drunken sailor-- and didn't have us killed or anything, which was kind-- Lumumba didn't stick with his grand-metropolis plan anyway and, instead, decided to take Commie-credit on Russian and Chinese military hardware. I guess you can take the man out of the jungle, but--

AIKEN
Don't even stoop to that.

109

EXT. A CONGOLESE VILLAGE - NIGHT

109

Muir, Charlie March and FRED (the poisoner named Solomon/Ezra discussed earlier), squat outside the hut of a JUJU-MAN.

MUIR (V.O.)
Then I'll just say this: his ancient tribal affiliation and that tribe's ancient grudges with all the other tribes were scores he felt more important to settle before getting to his election promises of actually helping the people of his sad country.

The Juju-man throws his bones and teeth and dung balls from the bag made from his dead rival's scrotum. He says something in HIS LANGUAGE that Charlie March laughs at then remarks--

CHARLIE MARCH
Hear that, Nathan? My death will be nothing more than the returning echo of my infant cry.

The fortune-telling continues **MOS** as--

MUIR (V.O.)
So we had to kill him. First we had to get our ducks in a row with the tribal leaders, then our buddy
(MORE)

MUIR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Fred was going to impregnate
 Lumumba's toothbrush--

110 INT. CHARLIE MARCH'S OFFICE, U.S. EMBASSY, CONGO - NIGHT 110

MUIR (V.O.)
 --with a deadly and instantaneous
 toxin.

The poisoner, Fred, literally putting the toothpaste back
 into the tube.

111 INT. LUMUMBA'S PALACE, LUMUMBA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 111

Muir, dressed in black like a commando, switching toothpaste
 tubes. Shutting out the light, he quietly leaves. OVER
 BLACK--

MUIR (V.O.)
 Yet, in the same way we'd been
 plagued in the past, our plan was
 betrayed. Lumumba went into
 hiding. This time, however, I had
 secretly prepared for such a thing
 and without March's knowledge...

FLASH CUT TO:

112 EXT. THE CONGOLESE VILLAGE - NIGHT 112

And here's something weird: we're REPLAYING THE FORTUNE SCENE
 except that it is only Muir with the Juju-man; it's Muir who
 is told the "infant's cry" nonsense. It affects Muir
 profoundly, knocks him back on his heels, and he takes a
 moment to recover. And Charlie March was never there.

MUIR (V.O.)
 I'd made my own inroads with
 Lumumba's political rivals, the
 Baluba. They got to Lumumba--

FLASH TO:

113 EXT. A LEOPOLDSVILLE APARTMENT - NIGHT 113

Lumumba, struggling, as he is forced at gunpoint into a car.

MUIR (V.O.)
 --turned him over to his enemies
 who tortured, killed--

114 INT. A CONGO HUT - NIGHT 114

TRIBESMEN with ancient and modern weapons, their clothes messy with blood, cooking meat over a fire.

MUIR (V.O.)
--and celebrated his death with a traditional tribal ratissage-- a ceremonial cannibalism.

They dig into Lumumba meat.

115 EXT. AN AIRFIELD - MORNING - MOS 115

Muir and Charlie March bitterly arguing.

MUIR (V.O.)
Charlie March and I fell out over that-- the pupil had outdone the master, and for March my success weighed nothing in the face of my disloyalty.

116 INT. MUIR'S OFFICE, CIA - MORNING 116

Empty and undecorated, Young Muir on the day he moved in...

MUIR (V.O.)
From then on I was on my own in the Agency-- where I would discover that it was March who tipped off Lumumba to the poisoning plot on direct orders from Moscow.

117 EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - NIGHT 117

Brandishing his fresh drink--

AIKEN
Bullshit. If you did, you'd have reported it.

MUIR
Why?

AIKEN
Why-why, why?

MUIR
You think I cared? After Korea, after Jewel, this was just a game to me.

AIKEN
(hollow)
You're saying you are disloyal.

MUIR
C'mon, I'm anything but disloyal.
But I'd given my first loyalty--
before God and the Redeemer-- to
Jewel and she was dead and now I
wondered why. Why? Why.

118 INT. MUIR'S OFFICE, CIA - MORNING

118

The only decorating he has done is to put up the tattered flag-- START THE SHOT THERE...then find Muir [not the Young Muir of the past, but Muir of the present] at his desk going through file after file of intercepts not unlike he did in Korea way back when... But he can't put the puzzle together; he pushes all the paperwork off his desk in frustration.

MUIR (V.O.)
At that point I knew the truth; I
was right and wanted to be anything
but. Luckily, we were soon neck-
deep in Vietnam.

119 EXT. A FORWARD FIREBASE - DAY

119

Minutes before he will meet Bishop.

MUIR (V.O.)
I went there and did what Charlie
March had taught me-- what I do
best.

Muir with his MARINE CORPS ESCORT watches a sniper and his South Vietnamese SPOTTER come in from the jungle. The sniper is, of course--

AIKEN (V.O.)
Tom Bishop. You went and
"poisoned" him...

120 EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - NIGHT

120

Sitting back, solid with it:

MUIR
Yep... Went after you a few years
later, but by then I had all the
answers and, lucky you, I didn't
like the spy game anymore.

Aiken is slammed with emotion. Like his vomit earlier he chokes it back.

AIKEN

I've hated you for it-- you had no right; it was personal about you and your fucked-up...fucked-up-ness. I'd've been great for the field.

Muir shrugs: maybe so, maybe not. A long beat of the thinking about what-might-have-been kind transpires before, softly...

AIKEN (CONT'D)

I know you Muir. You don't run away. You didn't just run away to Vietnam. You must have found something in those intercepts...

MUIR

No, you're right. I had. I'd traced Charlie March back to when they turned him.

AIKEN

Cyprus?

MUIR

Long before that. Before Korea.

And Aiken suddenly gets it. It's horrible-- he doesn't want to say it, but he's here to finish Muir off for the good of the Agency, so...

AIKEN

But if he was working for Moscow back then, Hill Six-two-six...

MUIR

Was him. It was all him.

Sick silence.

AIKEN

And Jewel?

MUIR

Did I tell you about this furniture?

FLASH CUT TO:

121

INT. MUIR'S HOUSE, SEOUL - NIGHT

121

Muir comes home with the groceries Jewel was carrying. But here, and this is tricky, as he puts it down--

CLOSE ON: THE BAG - IT ISN'T A GROCERY BAG IN THE CLOSE-UP BUT A SMALL, PHARMACY BAG

He CALLS TO JEWEL IN KOREAN; when she doesn't respond, he, thinking nothing of this, enters the kitchen and turns on the light. She is dead in the seat where he sat in THE LAST VERSION OF THIS SCENE. A neat bullet hole makes a third eye above the bridge of Jewel's nose. Pathetically, he tries to revive her...he tries for a long time and we have to watch that.

AIKEN (V.O.)

Did March kill your wife?

FLASH TO:

122

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - PRE-DAWN

122

Gray, half-light begins to fill the black corners of the porch where Muir nods to Aiken's question.

AIKEN

To protect himself-- why? Was she a spy? March's spy? Had the two of them set you up even before the marriage? Or, was she a victim? March's smokescreen?

MUIR

The answer to that question is--

A glance at the recorder--

MUIR (CONT'D)

--the record of my life.

A final, unopened bottle of scotch stands between them. Aiken opens it.

AIKEN

We're drinking this.

MUIR

I know we are. Pour.

AIKEN

You had every right to murder him. I'm going to protect you. Why keep telling me you didn't?

Weary, taking his liquor--

MUIR

Because while I've killed for my country and never thought twice about it, murder is an unlivable thing.

Aiken scoffs, and FROM HIS EYES--

FLASH CUT TO:

123 **INT. AIKEN'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK** 123

The night before. His beautiful wife fucking some college professor on a sofa--

124 **INT. FURNITURE STORE - DAY - FLASHBACK** 124

Madeline and Aiken picking out the sofa. She bounces on it, then reclines giving him a come-hither look.

125 **INT. AIKEN'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK** 125

Aiken raises his pistol, gets Mr. Professor in his sights and tries to bring himself to kill the young man inside his wife. He cannot. So he turns the gun on Madeline...

MUIR (V.O.)

After sending Bishop on his way with the Cathcart affair in Berlin, I segued to Angola. 1988. The Battle of Cuito Cuanavale. The largest land battle on the planet earth since Stalingrad...

FLASH TO:

126 **EXT. CUITO CUANAVALLE, ANGOLA - DAY - FLASHBACK** 126

The city, mostly in rubble, CUBAN SOLDIERS and their AFRICAN ALLIES-- their infantry and armor everywhere; WHITE SOUTH AFRICANS and their AFRICAN ALLIES everywhere else. It's like Muir said: think of the Germans and Russians in Stalingrad, put it in Africa and here we are.

MUIR (V.O.)

To find the answer to my questions I needed to get past Charlie March to his control in the KGB. Find the person giving him his orders. Charlie March was in Angola-- that big ol' whore of a Soviet-U.S. proxy war-- so that's where I

(MORE)

MUIR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 needed to be... Sold the Seventh
 Floor on a pretty good idea to
 secure a Soviet Su-27 Flanker
 counter-air fighter they were
 desperate to get in our hands.

127

EXT. AN SOUTH AFRICAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT MISSILE BATTERY - MORNING

127

Muir, dressed in un-marked bush combat camos with SOUTH
 AFRICAN SOLDIERS-- some on the missile firing/guidance
 system, some on the radios, some a radar.

MUIR (V.O.)
 South African fighters would
 provoke the Russian planes...

WHOOSH! the South African jets streak overhead.

MUIR (V.O.)
 ...then turn tail and run luring
 the Russian planes over our ground
 ambush.

Presently, WHOOSH! the South African fighters streak back the
 other way, this time chased by--

TWO SOVIET SU-27 FLANKERS

Muir's crew does their work.

SOUTH AFRICAN
 We have a lock on one... On both!

MUIR
 Fire at will.

The command is given; TWO MISSILES FIRE, SCREAM SKYWARD.

MUIR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 We fired them without warheads--
 like big darts. The trick being to
 cripple one badly enough that the
 pilot was forced to ditch and the
 plane hit the ground without
 exploding.

AIKEN (V.O.)
 It'd still be in a thousand pieces.

The Russian plane takes a hit on its stabilizer. The pilot
 ejects... The plane spins toward the ground.

MUIR (V.O.)
Have we met? I'm Nathan Muir I work
for the C-I-fuckin'-A. Pieces are
just fine where I come from.

128

EXT. ANGOLA DESERT - DAY

128

Muir and his South Africans race in a bunch of heavy-duty trucks to the wreckage of the plane. Its pieces are spread out over a vast area; each time they find some of it, one of the trucks stops to collect the prize.

Muir is in the last truck when they come upon the grotesquely twisted remains of the cockpit. But as he and his team deploy--

A CONTINGENT OF CUBANS

arrive from the opposite direction. A FIERCE FIREFIGHT ensues that ends with Muir's team wiped out and he taken prisoner.

129

INT. A TIN SHED - DAY

129

Muir hog-tied with chains and hanging naked by wrists and ankles five feet off the floor. His shoulders have long since dislocated; his body is horribly bruised and bloody. He isn't long for this world.

MUIR (V.O.)
My torturer was a reformed Catholic
from the very best run KGB school
in Havana. His name: Hector
Guzman. He had no interest in
anything I had to say, but like all
good torturers was a bonafide
sadist who enjoyed his work.

COLONEL GUZMAN works on Muir.

MUIR (V.O.)
What he liked best about his work
that day was that he'd gotten an
American. Made him so happy he was
going to make sure I lasted as long
as possible and hurt every minute
of it... Under his good care,
minutes stretched to thirty hours.

130a,b,c A SERIES OF TORTURE SHOTS, SUGGESTING THIS...

130a,b,c

MUIR (V.O.)
I'm pretty sure he was getting
ready to cap me when his boss came
in.

MUIR'S HAZY POINT OF VIEW - UPSIDE DOWN - AN EAST GERMAN
STASI OFFICER (HEINZE TRETTIN)

The two men begin to argue-- Guzman almost to the point of
violence...but he backs down.

MUIR (V.O.)
I was pretty far gone and my Spanish
has never been that good, but what I
remember-- and actually found it
sickly amusing at the time...

IN SCENE:

TRETTIN
(Spanish)
[This isn't how the game is played!
There's a rule-- unwritten, but a
rule-- we kill each other's agents--
fair game--]

CUT TO:

131 INT. NICOSIA COUNTRY CLUB, MARCH'S ROOMS - SUNSET

131

Charlie March, drunk on his usual Johnnie Walker and raging
the very same words--

CHARLIE MARCH
We don't kill each other!

RESUME:

132 INT. THE TIN SHED - NIGHT

132

Guzman is furious, but cooperates with Trettin.

MUIR (V.O.)
He was Stasi-- East German KGB--
and I heard his name, remembered
it: Trettin.

133 EXT. ANGOLA DESERT - DAWN

133

Muir's ruined body has been deposited with the dead of the
firefight around the Russian cockpit-- now missing-- when

South African soldiers arrive, escorting an ambulance, and rescue him.

134

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - DAWN

134

Aiken is stunned by this story.

AIKEN

I never knew... I remember you took a year off-- I always assumed it was because of your falling out with Bishop over what happened to his wife in Beirut. The thing with the Chinese.

Now it's Muir's turned to be stunned.

MUIR

His wife?

Oops. Aiken looks foolish.

AIKEN

I shouldn't have said that.

MUIR

She isn't his wife. They weren't married.

A long beat. Aiken looks anywhere but at Muir.

MUIR (CONT'D)

(measured)

What. Do. You. Know. Russell?

AIKEN

Remember when Langley sent me to Beirut?

MUIR

(bitter; vicious)

And I thought you wanted to see the Paris of the Middle East before I finished destroying it.

AIKEN

They married in secret. I was his best man...

MUIR

That son-of-a-bitch! He should have told me!

AIKEN
You hated her. Hated him for
having her.

MUIR
She was a mistake! He was making a
mistake-- I could see it; I'd been
there-- she couldn't be trusted!

AIKEN
You did sell her, didn't you?

MUIR
I don't know what you're talking
about.

But Aiken does. He shakes his head at the folly of it all.

AIKEN
He knew and, fool I am, I vouched
for you.

MUIR
(icy)
When?

CUT TO:

135

INT. AIKEN'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

135

An image of Aiken and Madeline in the middle of a knockdown-drag-out marital spat in which Madeline breaks into Aiken's locked briefcase and scatters CIA paperwork around the room like so much snow. That's how much she cares about his all-important CIA-bullshit work. From the tenor of this scene, from Aiken's guilty look it should be assumed that Madeline is right to do this...

AIKEN (V.O.)
Christmas.

They are interrupted by the DOORBELL.

Aiken opens the front door. He's upset, but Bishop looks like his world has ended.

AIKEN
Tom. I had no idea you'd be home
for Christmas. You should have
called, we would've wanted you
here.

In the background, Madeline HUFFS, clearly she would not have. Bishop holds out a newspaper: it's Chinese, but THE PICTURE is of Elizabeth Hadley's trial in Beijing.

AIKEN (CONT'D)
Good Christ, Elizabeth?! Tom, I am
so sorry. Come in...

And Aiken tries to draw Bishop inside with an arm around his shoulder. But Bishop shakes his head.

BISHOP
I need to know something.

AIKEN
Anything.

BISHOP
You're the only person Muir's
honest with.

Aiken gives a noncommittal shrug. Funny that Bishop thinks that, Aiken never considered it.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
And you've always been honest with
me.

AIKEN
Of course. What?

BISHOP
Did Muir do it?

AIKEN
Do it?

BISHOP
Sell my wife to the Chinese for an
Su-27 Flanker?

RESUME:

136

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - DAWN

136

AIKEN
You did, didn't you? It didn't work
in Angola so you got that stupid
plane like that.

Muir blinks. Doesn't answer.

CUT TO:

137

EXT. AIKEN'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

137

AIKEN
No. Tom, I wouldn't believe that.
I don't. Now come on inside; it's
starting to snow.

But Bishop shakes his head. He looks at the picture of his
wife in the Chinese newspaper.

BISHOP
(a flash of emotion)
This is my wife...
(then hard)
Tell him when you see him: if he
did this, I'm going to kill him.

Aiken is shocked. Bishop is dead serious. Aiken watches him
leave.

RESUME:

138

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - DAWN

138

Muir is completely still. In fact, the ruination of his soul
begun in Korea (like an echo catching up to him), is now
complete.

AIKEN
Are you all right? Should we take a
break?

He reaches for the recorder, but Muir bats his hand away with
the bottle. He pours himself a drink. He glares at Aiken.

MUIR
That speech about "this isn't how
the game is played?" It's bullshit.

AIKEN
(collecting himself)
Your telling it? Or March's? The
East German?

MUIR
All of us. Fuck. We kill each
other all over the globe first
chance we get. Charlie March just
liked to pretend...and Trettin fed
that bull to Guzman just the way
Charlie March fed those lines to me
in Cyprus, and him before sending
Trettin to save my life.

AIKEN
March saved you? He didn't know you
were onto him?

MUIR
(shrugs)
I thought he did. Maybe he thought
he owed me...or Jewel.

AIKEN
...I'm not getting you.

Muir sighs deeply, then begins the final cadence...

MUIR
1989. Berlin. And the humpty-
dumpty wall came down and nothing
would ever put it back together
again...

139

EXT. THE BERLIN WALL - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

139

Hundreds of GERMANS on both sides revel in their destruction
of the greatest and worst symbol of the Soviet Union, the
Cold War, and Muir's and everyone like him-- East and West's--
career.

MUIR (V.O.)
At the time, many people blamed the
Agency for a total failure in
intelligence. We take it in
stride, it isn't good business to
advertise our successes, but for
the astute observer of the Cold War
spy game, this blanket criticism of
the CIA in Berlin at that time has
one gaping hole. "Rosewood."

140

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - MORNING

140

AIKEN
I don't know "Rosewood." Must not
be cleared for it.

MUIR
What the hell. I'm clearing you
now.

And he makes the sign of the cross, absolving Aiken as well.

MUIR (CONT'D)
"Rosewood's" the codename we gave
the files kept secret and protected
in Stasi headquarters, East Berlin,
(MORE)

MUIR (CONT'D)
that contain the names of every one
of their agents active in the west.

141 EXT. STASI HEADQUARTERS, EAST BERLIN - NIGHT 141

The street in front of it is a mix of frantic SOLDIERS and jubilant CIVILIANS celebrating-- all of them, actually-- the end of the dictatorship.

142 INT. STASI HEADQUARTERS, EAST BERLIN, VAULT ROOM - NIGHT 142

Less secure safes and safe-cabinets have already been opened, their contents rifled and strewn about the room. Muir backs a "BLACK BAG" TEAM who face a large vault no one could get into without--

A SET OF THERMITE DEVICES

Detonated, they burn through the locks and hinges. Muir's team pull the door aside and Muir enters.

MUIR (V.O.)
These files disappeared from Stasi
headquarters two hours after the
Wall came down.

Muir finds the locked steel cabinet he's looking for; directs his team to burn it open for him; he gets the files he has come for.

MUIR (V.O.)
My work that night provided the
Agency one of their greatest Cold
War coups. Only one of those files
never reached Langley.

143 EXT. A DRESDEN BLOCK OF APARTMENTS - DAWN 143

Muir downstairs, buzzed in at the door. The CAMERA REMAINS IN THE STREET. Presently, a light goes on in an upstairs window. Muir is visible taking a seat at a table. He has brought a bottle of Johnnie Walker and a file.

MUIR (V.O.)
From "Rosewood" I was able to find
Trettin.

Sure enough, Heinze Trettin sits opposite Muir; the intervening years and the fall of the Soviet Union have not been good to the former East German spy. The sight of THE FILE Muir has brought him does even worse.

MUIR (V.O.)
 In exchange for clemency from
 prosecution he gave me the name of
 Charlie March's Moscow control.

They have a deal, shake hands; Muir leaves Trettin who steps
 to the gas stove with the file. As Muir comes out onto the
 street and hails a passing cab--

MUIR (V.O.)
 It took me until last year to find
 Arkady Olesik.

144

INT. A MOSCOW EXPORT/IMPORT COMPANY - DAY

144

Muir stands with ARKADY OLESIK (80s) who proudly holds up a
 bottle of vodka--

OLESIK
 Export the East...

--then a bottle of California chardonnay.

OLESIK (CONT'D)
 Import the West. Make lots of
 money.

MUIR
 Must take an awful lot of work.

Olesik shrugs, it does...

OLESIK
 But you are not in this business.
 Not a seller or a buyer...

MUIR
 You know exactly who I am.

And Muir lays a briefcase on a table.

MUIR (CONT'D)
 And I am a buyer today.

He opens it; in it is a single piece of official looking
 paper and a paper bag. Olesik doesn't recognize it at first
 glance, so Muir hands it to him.

MUIR (CONT'D)
 This is the full value of an
 unnamed bank account at a quiet
 bank in Bern. As you can see, it
 holds a fair bit over five hundred
 thousand dollars...

OLESIK
This is quite a lot of money.

MUIR
A settlement, plus interest, from
one of my better divorces.

Olesik smiles.

OLESIK
There is no owner indicated here.

MUIR
It could be your name if you tell
me what I want.

OLESIK
Fantastic!

He claps his hands.

OLESIK (CONT'D)
Tell me, what do you want?

MUIR
No-no. That wouldn't prove what I
need to know. You need to tell me.

A beat.

OLESIK
(scoffing)
How would I have any idea what you
want?

MUIR
You know me... Take a guess.

Olesik gestures with the bottles--

OLESIK
(charming)
Vodka or chardonnay?
(calling in Russian)
[Glasses, Svetlana: right now,
please.]

Muir shakes his head.

MUIR
Thanks, but--

And he opens the paper bag.

MUIR (CONT'D)
American spies drink this.

He produces a bottle of Johnnie Walker. He cracks the seal.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Do you have my answer?

SVETLANA comes over with small, Russian vodka glasses then retreats. Muir pours. He allows Olesik to drink first. Olesik smiles, familiar with the taste.

OLESIK
We were very angry with him when we learned he'd saved you from Guzman. It would have been far better for many on this side to have had you die.

Muir drinks with him, because he has been given his answer.

MUIR
Story of my life: never good at making friends.

Putting down his glass, Muir takes out a pen and fills in the account number on the banking document.

OLESIK
The war is over. What's done is done.

MUIR
Yeah. That's what he said.

CUT TO:

145

EXT. CHARLIE MARCH'S KEY WEST HOME - DAY

145

Three days ago. Muir is greeted at the door by Charlie March, thrilled to see him, exuberant with his affection. A large American flag hangs beside the door; Muir's shoulder brushes it as he follows Charlie March inside.

CUT TO:

YET ANOTHER BOTTLE OF JOHNNIE WALKER

--half-empty on a table between Muir and Charlie March inside--

146

INT. CHARLIE MARCH'S KEY WEST HOME, DEN - LATER - **MOS**

146

They are reminiscing about old times; mentor and student, father and son.

MUIR (V.O.)
 We had our laughs, enjoyed each other, but Charlie March knew why I'd come. He knew what I'd found out.

If this is true, neither man shows it.

AIKEN (V.O.)
 Why didn't you just kill him then?

MUIR (V.O.)
 The same reason he didn't kill me.

147

EXT. CHARLIE MARCH'S KEY WEST HOME, PATIO - EVENING

147

More booze and a pizza; the mood has grown somber.

MUIR (V.O.)
 We were too vested in each other. For each of us, our entire existence was wrapped up in secrets, stealing them, keeping them, selling them, living them; to the rest of the world we were something false, nothing about us real except to each other. He needed to tell me why, and I needed to hear it.

INTO SCENE:

CHARLIE MARCH
 I didn't do it for ideology. I didn't spy for money. Remember old Grivas?

MUIR
 Don't, Charlie: I know it began before Cyprus.

Charlie March waves away Muir's remark with irritation.

CHARLIE MARCH
 You remember he hated Communists.

MUIR
 Almost every day. That boy was one of your agents. You had him silenced against that rock to protect your secret.

Charlie March shrugs it off as an annoyance; he doesn't care a bit about the killing of the child.

CHARLIE MARCH

When I was young-- younger than you
when I brought you in-- I worked
for the Agency's father: the OSS.
I-- meaning the OSS-- supported and
sustained Grivas's guerilla war
against the Nazis. The KGB's
father-- the NKVD-- had a
counterpart to me in Greece in an
agent by the name of...

(a faint smile, almost
proud)

...but you know his name.

MUIR

Olesik.

CHARLIE MARCH

In Europe the Russians were our
allies. But in Greece... I was
caught, I was tortured by Olesik
and I was given an ultimatum. Spy
for Moscow or die.

He drinks. Muir does not.

CHARLIE MARCH (CONT'D)

Obviously, I chose the former and
secured my release. I could have
reneged on my promise-- in our line
of work our "word" isn't any more
solid than the air it's spoken
with. But Olesik would have killed
me, no question about it. So I
managed my career in such a way
that I never went for the crucial
posting; I never took Berlin, never
involved myself with Cuba or
Central America or the Middle East.
I took Cyprus and Africa two places
I knew would never stabilize in
either of our favor.

RETURN TO **MOS** AS CHARLIE MARCH CONTINUES HIS CONFESSION.

MUIR (V.O.)

He told me everything. He was glad
to get it off his chest... The only
thing we didn't speak of was Korea.

148 EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - MORNING 148

MUIR
I think, even then, if he'd lied to
me about my Jewel, I would have
believed him.

FLASH CUT TO:

149 EXT. MUIR'S SEOUL APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAWN - FLASHBACK 149

Muir and Jewel, having consummated their marriage-- all
through the night-- now lie in bed tracing each other's face
with their fingertips.

FLASH TO:

150 EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - MORNING 150

MUIR
That's the power Charlie March had
over me, the power he had over
every one; there was something
neither good nor evil but pure
about him. You wanted to be part
of it...but her ghost hovered over
us as our last day together crept
toward night...

FLASH CUT TO:

151 INT. U.S. EMBASSY, SOUTH KOREA (A SEOUL HOTEL) - EVENING - 151
FLASHBACK

Muir's wedding to Jewel. Before the kiss.

MUIR
Ginny: let me kiss you.

FLASH TO:

152 EXT. CHARLIE MARCH'S KEY WEST HOME - NIGHT - MOS 152

The two men say their good-byes; as Muir walks to the gate,
Charlie March carefully untangles his--

AMERICAN FLAG

from where it has gotten hung up on the broad leaves of a
giant bird of paradise.

MUIR
When I left we both knew we would
never see each other alive again.

March considers the flag a moment, then turns his back on it as he's done his entire life and goes inside.

153

EXT. PELICAN LANDING MARINA, KEY WEST - MORNING

153

The day before. Charlie Muir on his boat, pulling out of his slip anxious to escape.

MUIR (V.O.)

He was making a run for Cuba when he took out his boat yesterday morning.

154

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - MORNING

154

AIKEN

And you'd hidden an explosive device on it.

His words are thick; it is the first real indication after this night of heavy drinking just how fucked up Aiken is. Muir doesn't like it.

MUIR

No. This is what you came for, Russell, so listen, because this is important.

Muir surreptitiously moves Aiken's mug out of his reach as he continues. He will also-- as he speaks here-- cork and put away the last bottle under the table.

MUIR (CONT'D)

Something else you're certainly not cleared for is "Hound-Fox."

AIKEN

That's sort of a contradiction-- er, paradox-- isn't it?

MUIR

It's a codename. The CIA has long held an agent in Cuba deep within Castro's "impenetrable" inner circle.

AIKEN

One of yours, right?

MUIR

No. I've never gotten anyone this good or this successful. One of your bridegroom's-- Bishop's--

(MORE)

MUIR (CONT'D)
before he chased his heart to Hong
Kong.

Aiken doesn't like the sound of that. He reaches for his
drink to find it...out of reach.

MUIR (CONT'D)
Violating every procedure, every
rule of the Agency, I used "Hound-
Fox" to do the work for me. Cubans
have long memories. The torturer
Charlie March saved me from, Hector
Guzman-- in the intervening years--
has made a career for himself with
Castro's secret police. Last week
he was given information on how he
could settle an old debt with me--
a boat I would be on yesterday
morning.

155 EXT. PELICAN LANDING MARINA, KEY WEST - NIGHT 155

A YOUNG CUBAN (20s) picks the lock on the dock gate opening
it for A SECOND CUBAN (30) who quickly passes, carrying a
satchel to Charlie March's boat. For the first time see--

THE NAME OF MARCH'S YACHT - "NO REGRETS"

as the Second Cuban climbs on board and lets himself into--

156 INT. CHARLIE MARCH'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS 156

--the cabin. He opens the engine compartment, lays out some
tools, then withdraws the bomb from his satchel. As he sets
the device...

MUIR (V.O.)
The bomb was intended for me.

157 EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - MORNING 157

Muir stares at Aiken a long beat before spreading his hands
like Christians do when opening to God, or the guilty when
surrendering to handcuffs.

MUIR
That's everything: how it was and
how, my friend, I didn't do it.

Aiken waits a beat before realizing that it is all over. He
shuts off his recorder as Muir does some cleaning up of the
interrogation table. Aiken remains seated, brooding, drunk
and disillusioned, realization coming slowly to his alcohol-
fogged mind.

AIKEN
You don't need my documents.

Muir gives a close-lipped smile.

AIKEN (CONT'D)
Because "Hound-Fox" is involved and
is an active and ongoing asset
inside the government of an enemy
nation...you're covered--
everything you did, everything
you've said-- by the National
Security Act.

Muir isn't smiling anymore when he nods his checkmate...

MUIR
I told you, Russell. Because I'm
finished now. I want out. And I
want your word because-- and I've
always known this about you--

And here he gives Aiken a perceptive look.

MUIR (CONT'D)
When you give your word, you keep
it.

Aiken's mouth goes dry.

FLASH CUT TO:

158

ECU - AIKEN LIFTING A VEIL

158

for the binding, and bonding "first kiss" with MADELINE.

FLASH TO:

159

EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - MORNING

159

Aiken's expression is hunted and small; he leans forward to
take his whiskey from where Muir put it out of reach.

MUIR
Don't. It won't be good for you.

But Aiken drinks it with--

AIKEN
What you don't know.

MUIR

Leaves space on the head of a pin.
The game's over. No winner. All
losers 'cept you...Rusty. Maybe.

CUT TO:

160 INT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

160

Deep silence as Muir reads and signs his retirement papers. Russell Aiken, legal counsel to the Central Intelligence Agency, United States of America, countersigns then provides Muir with his copy. Muir watches him pack it back into his suitcase, secretly amused to see that Russell had brought HIS PAJAMAS. Then he sees Russell Aiken to the door.

161 EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - DAY

161

Like how they began: Aiken at the trunk of his car. Muir on the porch. As Aiken opens the driver's door...

MUIR

Hold it. We got one more thing I
promised I'd do for you.

Aiken, his mind already returning to the disaster of his personal life--

FLASH! THE GUNSHOT IN HIS BROWNSTONE

--and his bitterness over that...

AIKEN

Forget it. There's nothing to be
done about that cunt anymore.

His words infuriate Muir, and maybe that's how Aiken wants it, because without another look or wave goodbye, he slams into his car and drives off.

CUT TO:

A BOTTLE OF JOHNNY WALKER

Charlie March's-- the traitor's-- drink, but in miniature form and THIS IS--

162 INT. A PASSENGER PLANE - EVENING

162

Aiken, in business class, has continued drinking heavily; many minis of Johnny Walker litter his tray and armrest. He is writing on his laptop words he composed two nights prior. HEAR THEM AS WE READ UPON HIS SCREEN...

AIKEN (V.O.)

Letter Agreement. R-E: Russell Aiken, legal counsel to the Central Intelligence Agency, United States of America... This letter "Agreement" will confirm the terms and conditions of the agreement between Russell Aiken, "Me," and the sum total of the success, joy and personal happiness; the dignity, honor and the pride, that, bracketed by the failures, embarrassments and regrets owned and owed-- "Life"-- with respect to My free admission that in Life honesty and morality have never been, are not now, nor will ever be mutually inclusive...

He drinks; he stares at his computer but can't bring himself back to writing his confession. He shuts his bleary eyes.

FLASH CUT TO:

163

INT. MUIR'S HOUSE, SEOUL - NIGHT - MOS

163

The scene in which Muir comes home to find Jewel dead...only in this version, it isn't Muir who enters to find Jewel murdered in the kitchen, but--

AIKEN

and in this version, Aiken is holding his pistol.

FLASH TO:

164

INT. A PASSENGER PLANE - NIGHT

164

The CREW prepares for landing and a disapproving FLIGHT ATTENDANT collects Aiken's bottles and wakes him.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir, if you'd please stow your computer. We're getting ready to land.

165

INT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

165

Muir is on his computer going through his address book. He finds telephone numbers for "Aiken, Russell." He enters the "mobile phone" number into his portable phone...thinks about dialing...then, as agitated as we have ever seen him... Muir chooses not to place the call.

166 EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - NIGHT 166

From this vantage point watch Muir come out of the surf from a night swim (not unlike Bishop in Thailand). When he returns to the porch he goes to the coffee table where he and Aiken spent the previous night. His portable phone is there and he checks it. He's deflated. There have been no incoming calls.

167 INT. AIKEN'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT 167

Aiken quietly enters the foyer his handgun in his fist. At first it seems this is another flashback. But it is not. A bullet-shattered lamp lies in untended wreckage on the living room floor. This is now. Aiken chambers a round and cocks the hammer.

A light burns in the back bedroom. Possessed by both his and the burden of his mentor's demons, Aiken moves from darkness toward light.

168 INT. AIKEN'S BROWNSTONE, BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT 168

Clearly this is a spare room; the bed is not their marriage bed. Madeline-- very much alive-- is naked and asleep. She is all alone. Aiken looks at her a moment-- young and beautiful and lost to him-- then he aims the pistol to finish what he couldn't do two nights ago.

AIKEN'S FINGER ON THE TRIGGER

tightening, taking out the slack...then quivering away from the trigger.

AIKEN'S FACE

realization dawning in his eyes. He stares-- not so much at her, but at something terrible in his mind-- and shaking, backs from the room.

169 EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - NIGHT 169

Muir sits in the dark listening to the surf. He isn't smoking, he isn't drinking. He is waiting... His portable phone RINGS.

MUIR

Russell?

INTERCUT: MUIR AND AIKEN

AIKEN

(whispered)

You lied to me.

MUIR
 (calm; quiet)
 One of the first things I ever told
 you: try never to believe anything
 I say.

A beat.

AIKEN
 Jewel wasn't dead when you got
 there.

170 EXT. MUIR'S HOUSE, SEOUL - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK** 170

Jewel walks up the shimmering, moonlit path to the door. She is not carrying groceries, but THE PHARMACY BAG [**seen in the second version**]. She is radiantly happy.

171 EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - NIGHT 171

MUIR
 No. She wasn't. I didn't know it,
 but Jewel had been to the doctor
 that day.

172 EXT. MUIR'S HOUSE, SEOUL - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK** 172

A beat after Jewel has gone inside-- and a short one at that--
 before the GUNSHOT.

173 EXT. MUIR'S VACATION HOUSE, COVERED PORCH - NIGHT 173

MUIR
 Charlie March was the very best. I
 was everything he wanted me to
 be...only problem was: Charlie
 March was the enemy.

INTERCUT: MUIR AND AIKEN

AIKEN
 And you didn't know it.

MUIR
 Don't let anyone tell you
 different: in our line of work it's
 not how you play the game. It's
 how the game plays you.

Muir lights a cigarette. He pours himself his first drink of
 the evening.

MUIR (CONT'D)
 I killed her before she could tell
 me I was already three months a
 father. And, yep: Jewel was
 innocent.

FLASH CUT TO:

174

INT. MUIR'S HOUSE, SEOUL, THE BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

174

Muir holding Jewel whom he has murdered, crying his heart
 out. The bag she brought in-- with its pregnancy test and
 vitamins-- is strewn at his feet. His hands are upon her
 PREGNANT BELLY.

FLASH TO:

AIKEN AND MUIR

Aiken is horrified, doesn't know what to say... Muir takes a
 hit of smoke, a sip of scotch, an inch closer to his suicide--

MUIR
 If I don't get a chance to see you
 when I clean out my office
 tomorrow... It was important
 knowing you. My best to Madeline.

And Muir disconnects.

CUT TO:

175

INT. AIKEN'S BROWNSTONE, BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

175

Naked as the day his first infant cry called out to God,
 Aiken turns off the light. He gently crawls into bed beside
 his wife. Tentatively, he touches Madeline's shoulder, then,
 committing to his life, he pulls her strongly to his chest.
 Madeline stirs; realizing who it is, and not knowing what to
 expect, she stiffens. Aiken strokes her hair. Tears streak
 his cheeks.

AIKEN
 I've loved you since the moment I
 saw you. I love you. With all my
 heart.

Not knowing Madeline, we can only hope it is without
 deception when she, her own eyes beginning to brim, says--

MADELINE
 I only ever wanted to be yours...
 Kiss me?

And as they caress and cry, OVER THIS COMES THE INSTRUMENTAL VERSION OF THE SONG "TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS." For anyone who gets it, this is the version used by director Stanley Kubrick over his opening titles of "Dr. Strangelove"...before telling the story of how the Cold War ended all life in the world.

FADE OUT:

THE END