

"THE GOOD SHEPHERD"

Screenplay

by

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"THE GOOD SHEPHERD"

We're looking at flowers. A flower arrangement in a VASE on a DRESSER. And we hear the soft sounds of breathing. And as we listen more closely we recognize the rhythm of the breathing as people making love. And we can see in the reflection of the dresser's MIRROR we're in a darkened BEDROOM. And just barely distinguishable we see a young couple, a young White Man and a young Black Woman, in the shadows of the dark room, on a bed making love. The young Man's face hidden, lying in her naked arms like a child seeking succor...And as she holds him, comforting him, we can hear her whisper to him...

THE WOMAN

(whispering)

...You are safe here with me...

And we look again at the innocent vase of flowers. And as we look more closely, down into the flowers, we see among them, inside a delicate flower petal, a small bug...But this is a far different kind of bug, much more sinister, much more deadly...An ELECTRONIC BUG. We look again at the DRESSER MIRROR. And we suddenly go behind the mirror into an ADJOINING APARTMENT. And we can see TWO MEN, wearing headphones, a tape-recorder turning, are watching the couple in bed through a TWO-WAY MIRROR. And as they watch and listen to the whisperings of two people somewhere in the world making love...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

And we're looking at a GREAT SAILING SHIP, with its dark woods, and its huge sheets of sail, seemingly heading into a wind. And as the great ship seems to come about, riding across one of the Seven Seas...Suddenly a MAN'S HAND, holding a TWEEZER, comes into frame. And deftly, like a surgeon, he knots a piece of fine thread, securing the mainstay to the mast. "Things are not always as they seem..."

INT. A STUDY, A SUBURBAN HOUSE IN VIRGINIA - DAWN

"FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1961." And we see we're in a small suburban STUDY. A MAN in the first gray light of dawn, wearing a bathrobe, sitting at a desk, up all night working on the ship. In his early forties, there's a sunken quality about him...A man old before his time. It's as if he were drawn into himself, if we didn't pay close attention he would simply disappear. And yet there's a presence here, an intelligence, in the cheekbones, in the creases of his brow, in the scholar's eyeglasses, the short, but mussed hair. We'll come to know him as JAMES WILSON. And we can see on a shelf behind him the results of his handiwork, his craftsmanship over the years, a line of ships in bottles...A man with a fine hand. He looks down. And we see there's a PHOTOGRAPH on his desk...A grainy BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH of the young inter-racial COUPLE making love...He switches on a REEL-TO-REEL TAPE RECORDER.

There are the sounds of their intimate breathing. And then the sound of the WOMAN'S VOICE, whispering..."You are safe here with me..." And the tape runs out. He presses "Stop." He rewinds it. He plays it again...And as he listens to the tape again...we closely watch him carefully pulling the pieces of the ship's delicate thread, flattening the ship's masts to the deck. And as he slowly, ever so slowly, starts to pass the ship through the mouth of a bottle, to eternally sail inside...

THE WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER)
(whispering again)
...You are safe here with me...

...And something goes very wrong...A thread suddenly coming loose, the mast springing up before its time...And as the ship literally breaks apart in his hands...

EXT. A SUBURBAN STREET, VIRGINIA, 1961 - EARLY MORNING

We're looking at a traditional two story red brick COLONIAL on a typical suburban street. The front door opens. And James, wearing a raincoat, carrying a briefcase, comes out. He looks around, acutely aware of his surroundings...He stops to lock the front door. And turning, he moves along the sidewalk, his feet echoing on the quiet suburban street...And we're struck by his posture, his shoulders bent, head down, as if he were looking on the ground for something he's lost. And even with his head down there's a sense he's always looking around, as if someone could be following him...He's startled by voices, singing. He turns. Some school children, in yellow rain slickers, singing as they wait on a corner for their school bus...He crosses the street to stand at a BUS STOP...Another Man, in a raincoat, briefcase in hand, just like him, waiting for a bus. The other Man says, "good morning..." James, with a hint of suspicion, nods "good morning..." They don't have to wait long, a city transit BUS pulling to a stop. James purposely lets the other man get on first...And as he gets on the Bus after him...

INT. THE BUS, 1961 - EARLY MORNING

The Bus moving through the outskirts of a city. Despite the hour it's already filled with men in raincoats, with briefcases. And we look for James...But he's so indistinguishable, he seems to have disappeared...And we find him, seeing he's sitting by the window next to a Man reading a "New York Times." They ride in silence. Some moments and the Bus pulls to a stop. And the Man sitting next to him suddenly, surreptitiously, reaches under his arm handing him a part of the newspaper, and taking up a briefcase, gets up, and gets off the Bus. The Bus pulls off. James looks at the newspaper. It's opened to the CLASSIFIED'S...The PERSONALS.. He peers out his scholar's glasses at the listings...His eye stops at one...It reads: "Mother, is it safe to leave home...?" And as we look at the words reflected in his glasses:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C., 1961 - EARLY MORNING

We see James, in his raincoat, carrying his briefcase, crossing a quiet Washington street. He crosses to one of the hundred non-descript gray stone government buildings that are in Washington. He goes through a door. And we see a small plaque by the door, an eagle with a banner and the radiating points of the compass..."The Central Intelligence Agency."

INT. THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, 1961 - MORNING

His shoes echoing on the tile floor, like a Magritte painting, he comes down a long empty corridor. And as he moves along the hallway we catch glimpses of people in their offices who work through the night...The eyes and ears of America while we sleep. And James comes to the end of the corridor to an Outer Office. And we see, built into the walls, are SAFES, seven of them, seven massive safes. He turns to an unmarked door with frosted glass with small black lettering, "No Exit," and into his office...

INT. JAMES' OFFICE, THE CIA, 1961 - MORNING

A sparsely furnished, well worn, corner office, he hangs up his raincoat, turning with his briefcase to sit at a desk. A stack of communiques are waiting for him, the words "Very Secret," "Most Secret," stamped on them. He takes the newspaper out of his briefcase. The "Personals." He bends over his desk, reading again..."Mother, is it safe to leave home...?" The door opens. And a dark haired Man in his late forties, who looks to be ten years older than he really is, the light going out of his eyes, a man who is defined by his loyalty, comes into the office. We'll come to know him as RAY BROCCO. He puts a duffel bag on James' desk, opening it, showing James money...an awful lot of money...

RAY BROCCO

From our friends on Wall Street,
Mother.

And the "Mother," appellation, says as much about Ray as it does about James.

RAY BROCCO (cont'd)

A two million dollar investment in
their country's future...

JAMES

(nods)

See that it gets in the right hands...

Ray nods. He starts to go...

JAMES (cont'd)

Mr. Brocco...

And he gives him the reel-to-reel tape and the grainy surreptitious black and white photograph...

JAMES (cont'd)

Somebody left a package on my doorstep last night...Have them "washed" right away...

Ray nods, quickly turns and leaves. And it's quiet, James looking through the "Secret" communiques. He instinctively looks up. And a fair-haired Man in his early forties still with a boyish smile, a smile that's become with the passing of time an odd fixture, is standing in the doorway. We'll come to know him as RICHARD HAYES. He comes to James' desk, bending, whispering to him, secret...A world of secrets...

RICHARD HAYES

The weatherman says Sunday is a perfect day for a trip to the beach.

It's the words James has waited to hear. James looks up at him. And Richard smiles his secretive, "knowing" smile...

RICHARD HAYES (cont'd)

(venomous)

We're going to stomp that bearded little piece of shit into the ground...I hope you can still dance, Mother...In a couple of days we'll be doing the cha-cha in El Presidente's bedroom...

JAMES

(nods, and smiling, cold)

I'll have to remember to bring my dancing shoes, Mr. Hayes.

They look at each other, and there's no love lost. Richard quickly turns and leaves, James watching him go...And Ray comes back in...

JAMES (cont'd)

Pack a bathing suit, Mr. Brocco, we're going for a swim. Tell our friend in Miami to set the Mongoose free...

RAY BROCCO

(stops, enthusiastic)

It's about time!

And the PHONE RINGS. Ray gets it...

RAY BROCCO (cont'd)

Central Accounting. No, I'm afraid Mr. Carlson isn't in today, he has a bad cold. I'll tell him.

He hangs up.

RAY BROCCO (cont'd)

The Tailor is calling about a new suit of clothes.

INT. THE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, THE CIA, 1961 - MORNING

A match is suddenly lit. And we see a Man lighting a pipe, standing at a window looking outside. In his late sixties, with pale blue eyes, he's gone from graying, to gray, to white. We'll come to know him as the "Gentleman Spy," PHILIP ALLEN...And we see James, standing off behind him, in a large office...They've known each other a long time. Too long. Philip motions him to a corner of the room...He turns on a radio. Music playing, covering their conversation...

PHILIP ALLEN

James, what do you know about a fire we're planning to set against a certain neighbor of ours?

JAMES

(evasive)

You'll have to be more specific...

PHILIP ALLEN

I am led to believe it is your operation. That you've taken a personal interest in El Presidente.

JAMES

(quietly)

You know I don't take anything personally, Philip.

Philip nods...

JAMES (cont'd)

(after a beat)

I was led to believe the fire was being set on your direction.

PHILIP ALLEN

(after a beat,
cautious)

I've tried to stay out of the net on this...The first to forget is the last to know...

JAMES

(nods, a beat)

I can still put the fire out...

PHILIP ALLEN

I'm afraid it's gone beyond that...It's being championed in higher quarters..."Rocking chair," is still smiling. The ship, my friend, has sailed...

(after a beat)

Do you ever pray, Mother?

James doesn't say anything...

PHILIP ALLEN (cont'd)

Pray to God that you succeed...

And he turns off the radio, the meeting over. They look at each other, and James turns and leaves. And as he comes through a RECEPTION AREA, on his way out, he can see in a reception MIRROR back into Philip Allen's office...Philip Allen on the phone...And in the mirror's reflection he "READS" Philip Allen's lips...

PHILIP ALLEN (cont'd)

(saying)

"He's been put on notice..."

And as James looks in the mirror in what we will discover is a "wilderness of mirrors..."

EXT. A REMOTE BEACH IN THE CARIBBEAN - BEFORE DAWN

"MONDAY, APRIL 17, 1961" The crack of dawn. And we see James, in his raincoat, standing alone on an empty stretch of a Caribbean beach. Camus, 'The Stranger,' comes to mind. And suddenly, we see armed, and grease-painted COMMANDOS, in camouflage fatigues, incongruous, running by him, running down the beach to the water. And we see that a small flotilla of BOATS, military style landing craft, have come out of the darkness toward the shore...The Commandos splashing through the shallow water, clambering onto the boats...The boats taking off, heading back out to sea...And as James quietly stands on the beach in his raincoat watching the flotilla move off, and the invasion of Cuba known as "The Bay of Pigs," begins...

EXT. THE BAY OF PIGS, CUBA, 1961 - DAYBREAK

We see in silhouette a seemingly empty Cuban beach in a peaceful bay. And out of the darkness we see a SHIP, the "Houston," COMMANDOS crowded on the deck, the first of the invasion force, approaching the remote Bay.

EXT. DECK OF THE "HOUSTON," BAY OF PIGS, 1961 - DAYBREAK

The grease-painted Commandos, like Maori warriors, stand looking at the silent, empty beach. They look at each other, smiling, "...A walk in the park." And there's the SOUND of an approaching AIRPLANE. They look up, CHEERING, at the added prospect of air support. Their cheers are shortlived, as suddenly, coming out of the dawning sky, is a Cuban T-33 "Sea Fury" fighter-bomber. The Commandos dive for cover. And flying in low over the landing ship, the Cuban plane fires its rockets. A rocket hits the "Houston" at the water line, the boat EXPLODING, sinking stern first. And as the catastrophe known as the Bay Of Pigs begins, and for all intents and purposes ends...

EXT. THE BAY OF PIGS, CUBA, 1961 - AT THE END OF THE DAY

And we see the beach is strewn with the remains of "La Brigada..." and its miserably failed invasion. And we see the familiar bearded PRESIDENTE DE CUBA, walking among his Troops across the battlefield. A CUBAN DOCUMENTARY TEAM films the historic event for posterity. And we see in BLACK AND WHITE the historic documentary footage of the young El Presidente congratulating his troops.

And in our movie we see coming along the beach, crossing to the Presidente, a tailored Man in his late forties, wearing a raincoat...A man we'll come to know as PETRA SANKO. At his side is a TARTAR, his bodyguard, shadow. Petra and El Presidente, speaking Spanish, shake hands. And El Presidente gives him a cigar, taking up one of his own, lighting them, victory cigars. And as El Presidente talks to some of his soldiers, Petra stops to look out across the water...to what would be James, and the "west..." A breeze ruffles his raincoat...And as he looks out at the water, he says in Russian...

PETRA SANKO
(haunting, in
subtitles)
Mother, nobody is safe anymore...

And as the words seem to carry on the breeze, taken across the water...

EXT. THE BEACH IN THE CARIBBEAN, 1961 - END OF THE DAY

And we see James, hands in his raincoat pockets, standing at the shore, water lapping at his feet, looking out across the water. And we see a CAR'S parked on an empty dirt road by the beach. Ray Brocco standing by the car, waiting for him...And there's a distant droning sound. James turns. And a figure is coming quickly along the beach. As it comes closer we see it's a Man in goggles riding on a MOTORCYCLE. He rides up to Ray. He says something, and as quickly as he's come, rides back off. Ray crosses down to James. And there's something Shakespearean, like the wise fool whispering in his master's ear...

RAY BROCCO
The Mongoose is dead...The King still
wears his crown...

James is still.

RAY BROCCO (cont'd)
(upset)
How did they know where we were going?
Where to find us...? Somebody told
them where to look...There's a
stranger in our house, Mother...

James doesn't say anything. And he sees something floating on the water...And as it comes closer, floating in on the tide, he sees it's a bloated body...A Commandos BLOATED BODY...And as James quietly watches the body rolling in on the waves like a bloody cork in the blue Caribbean...A breeze comes off the water, ruffling his raincoat...And as he turns as if he's heard a sound...There's the sudden sound of a KETTLE DRUM...

INT. THE YALE THEATER CLUB, YALE, 1939 - DAY

An ORCHESTRA is playing. And we see a small crowded COLLEGE THEATER.

And on a STAGE, on a replica of a quarterdeck of a ship, SAILORS are cleaning brasswork, splicing ropes, singing a rousing version of, "We sail the ocean blue, and the saucy ship's a beauty...!" "We are sober men and true and attentive to our duty...!" A production of Gilbert and Sullivan's light opera "H.M.S. PINAFORE.." And there's a roar of good laughter, because coming onto the stage, literally bouncing onto the stage, is a tart, a buxom, redhaired young woman, a large basket of goodies on her arm. The lusty MISS. BUTTERCUP. She flounces around the deck, propositioning the Sailors, "selling" her wares...And she sings...

BUTTERCUP

"For I'm called little Buttercup -- dear little Buttercup, though I could never tell why...But still I'm called 'Buttercup --' poor little Buttercup, sweet little Buttercup, I..."

And as she sings we see four fair-haired young Men, "Yalies," "the best and the brightest," one of them ominously carrying a briefcase, coming into the back of the theater, standing in the shadows by the door...One of them points out Miss Buttercup...The Boys watching her as she bounces around the stage, singing, "propositioning" the Sailors with her wares...And we see one of the Boys, a fair-haired Boy with a secretive, "knowing" smile, the Man who we've come to know as RICHARD HAYES, secretly go into the briefcase. He takes out a rolled document wrapped with black ribbon, and sealed in black wax, with a skull and crossbones emblem...He shares a look with another Boy, a tall, fair, handsome young Man, with pale, unforgettable, blue eyes. A boy with the well bred self-confidence of an F. Scott Fitzgerald character. We'll come to know him as JOHN RUSSELL...And as they watch Miss Buttercup from the shadows...On the stage a young handsome BOATSWAIN comes up behind her, putting his arms around her waist, fondling her...

THE BOATSWAIN

(laughs)

"Aye, Little Buttercup -- and well called -- for you're the rosiest -- the roundest -- and the reddest beauty in all Spithead..!"

BUTTERCUP

(turning on him)

"Red, am I? And round and rosy?! May be; for I have disassembled well. But hark ye, my merry friend, hast ever thought that beneath a gay and frivolous exterior there may lurk a canker worm, which is slowly but surely eating its way into one's very heart..."

And as Miss Buttercup strikes a pose, hands on her ample hips, and the Orchestra plays on...

INT. BACKSTAGE, THE YALE THEATER CLUB, 1939 - DAY

And we see the lovely Miss. Buttercup sitting at a dressing table mirror wiping away at her makeup. And we can see in the mirror's reflection the four fair-haired young Men, John Russell and Richard Hayes, coming along a corridor toward her dressing room, closing in on her...

JOHN RUSSELL

Miss Buttercup...

She turns, taking off her wig, smiling a pursed lipstick smile...And we see, as was the custom in an all male school, Miss Buttercup is being played by a young Man! "Things are not always as they seem..." Finely featured, he has a boy's smile and the "fortune," of a man's eyes. The young JAMES WILSON. And suddenly John roughly clasps "Miss Buttercup's" shoulder, symbolically "tapping" him...

JOHN RUSSELL (cont'd)

Skull and Bones...Do you accept?

James looks at the fair-haired boys. At John Russell. At Richard Hayes. And he smiles, pleased...A boyish smile that's not easy to forget..

JAMES

Yes, I accept.

And Richard Hayes hands him the mysterious rolled document with its black ribbon and skull and crossbones emblem...

JOHN RUSSELL

(whispering)

Not a word to anyone. You understand, this is about honor.

JAMES

(smiles, whispers)

My lips are sealed.

John smiles, liking him. He turns, and with Richard Hayes, and the other young men, moves off. And as James sits at the dressing mirror watching them go, wiping the lipstick off his lips, and with it his boy's sweet smile:

EXT. YALE, 1939 - NIGHT

We're looking into a headlamp. And we see James, a yellow scarf around his neck, trailing like a streamer in the wind, riding a MOTORCYCLE, a classic Indian "Sports Scout," coming around a corner of the campus...He rides up to a dark, windowless building, framed by two stone pillars, an old stone sepulcher that's called "The Tomb." He gets off his bike. He looks up at the dark forbidding building. And as he eagerly goes up the stone steps...

INT. A BASEMENT ROOM, THE SKULL AND BONES, 1939 - NIGHT

A darkly lit stone basement room, heraldic flags with mystical Teutonic symbols dating from the fourteenth century, the age of the Illuminati, are draped on the walls.

And we see James, with fourteen other young INITIATES, wearing hooded red ceremonial robes, standing in the center of the room. And twenty-five upperclass BONESMEN, holding candles, wearing hooded black ceremonial robes, ring the room...And John Russell is addressing the Initiates...

JOHN RUSSELL

Gentlemen, I will remind you that you have taken an oath of secrecy... Whatever takes place here is never to be repeated...

A door in the stone opens. And a Man in a skeleton suit, wearing a crown and holding a sword, as if raised from the dead like Lazurus, enters...And as he shuffles, in a "dance of death," across the stone floor...

JOHN RUSSELL (cont'd)

...The fifteen of you, the best and the brightest at Yale, have been chosen to be members of America's most select secret society. Over a hundred years old, Skull and Bones members have included a President, Vice Presidents, Secretaries of State, Supreme Court Justices, Congressmen and Senators, captains of science and industry...The very best of America...

James looks around him, at the other Boys, "America's very best...", and he smiles to himself, in a state of grace, feeling like one of the chosen. And The Bonesmen intone, in German...

THE BONESMEN

"...Wer war der Thor, wer Weiser, Bettler oder Kaiser? Ob arm, ob reich, in tode gleich..."

And as James looks at the Boys' faces in the flickering candlelight, feeling a part of the tradition, the mystery, the skeleton stops, putting the blade of his sword on James' shoulder, as if picking him out as the very best of the "best and the brightest..."

INT. ANOTHER BASEMENT ROOM, SKULL AND BONES - NIGHT

And shadowy FIGURES, as if underwater, are moving in another kind of dance...And as we come into focus, we see that the young Men are all naked. There's laughter. And we see The Bonesmen are wrestling with the Initiates, rolling around in a stone room on a floor covered with mud...And we see James, locked in a naked embrace, wrestling with one of the Bonesmen on the floor...And it's a standoff, neither able to gain the upper hand. There's an unmistakable sound...James turns. And he sees three of the Bonesmen, Richard Hayes among them, laughing, are urinating on one of the Initiates...James is quiet. And his foe, exerting his strength, tries to turn James over onto his stomach. And James suddenly pushes the boy off of him, and getting up crosses out of the room...

INT. A BASEMENT CORRIDOR, THE SKULL AND BONES - NIGHT

He moves off along the stone corridor. John Russell comes out after him...

JOHN RUSSELL

James...

JAMES

I don't think this is for me...

JOHN RUSSELL

Of course it's for you...You're one of us...You're one of the chosen...

JAMES

(turns)

Chosen for what?

JOHN RUSSELL

It isn't personal...You can't take it personally, James.

JAMES

Where I come from, getting pissed on is personal...

They look at each other. The two naked boys covered with sweat and mud. And as boys will do, they look at each other's manhood. And James smiles, his boyish smile...

JAMES (cont'd)

Is this what they mean by "Bonesmen?"

And they both laugh at themselves, at the situation. John comes to put his arm affectionately around James...

JOHN RUSSELL

We're all in this together, James...We're brothers...Come back inside...

James hesitates. And John smiles, his trusting pale blue eyes...

JOHN RUSSELL (cont'd)

You're safe here with us...

And his arm fondly around James shoulder he turns back along the corridor. And as James, seduced, wanting to be seduced, smiles, and goes back with him inside...

INT. A MEETING ROOM, SKULL AND BONES - LATER THAT NIGHT

We see years of PHOTOGRAPHS, class upon class of Bonesmen, line the walls...We pull back and we see James looking at the class photographs, taken with the long history...And there's NOISE, good feelings; the Brothers moving around the room, shaking hands with the new members. And John Russell comes over to James.

JOHN RUSSELL
 Congratulations, James...You are one
 of us now...

JAMES
 I hope I can live up to your faith in
 me, John...

JOHN RUSSELL
 I'm certain of it.

And as they affectionately embrace:

JOHN RUSSELL (cont'd)
 Always remember, James...There are
 very few "people like us."

And the Bonesmen start to sing a fraternity SONG. James
 looks at the Boys, their voices raised as one, and he has a
 warm feeling of belonging. And while the Boys sing, the
 young Man with the secretive smile comes over to him...
 Richard Hayes...

RICHARD HAYES
 Congratulations, Mr. Wilson, I'm
 Richard Hayes, Master of The Secrets
 and Orders...

He shakes James hand. And he whispers in James' ear,
 secretive...and everything is already secretive with him...

RICHARD HAYES (cont'd)
 ...I understand you're from
 Texas...That your father was
 Governor...

JAMES
 (nods, proudly)
 Third generation...

RICHARD HAYES
 (arrogant)
 I'm fifth generation, pure Yankee
 stock...
 (whispers, secret)
 I had a chance to see your school
 records. Tell me something, is it
 true your mother's mother was Mexican?

James doesn't say anything. Richard smiles, knowing.

RICHARD HAYES (cont'd)
 (after a beat)
 Mr. Russell personally sponsored
 you...He said you are a bright shining
 light...
 (smiling,
 "knowing")
 Are you a bright shining light, Mr.
 Wilson?

And James smiles, whispering in Richard's ear, equally secretive...

JAMES

I am the light of lights, Master
Hayes...

They look at each other, and there's no love lost...Richard turns to leave, and he sees James is wearing cowboy boots...

RICHARD HAYES

(slows, his smile)

You're in America now, Mr. Wilson...

And as James watches him walk off...

INT. A CLASSROOM, YALE, 1939 - DAY

And we see James, in a suit and tie, sitting in a classroom with John Russell, listening as a PROFESSOR, a tailored Man in his late fifties, leaning on a cane, lectures the class...DR. WALTER FREDRICKS...And he has a cultured English accent...James listens to him, rapt...

DR. FREDRICKS

...Poetry is the music of
mathematics...Numbers singing...Ezra
Pound said, "Poetry is a reflection of
our relationship with our God..."

And BELLS chime the hour...And the class gets up to leave...James and John, good friends, talking, go up the aisle...

DR. FREDRICKS (cont'd)

Mr. Wilson...May I have a word...?

JOHN RUSSELL

(to James)

I'll wait outside...

He turns up the aisle and leaves. James crosses to Dr. Fredricks. He gives James back a composition book...

DR. FREDRICKS

I read your poem. It was very
elegant. Precise. I was quite moved
by it. You're very gifted, James. A
natural poet.

JAMES

(respectful)

Thank you, sir.

DR. FREDRICKS

I've recommended you as Editor for
our Poetry Magazine..."The Poeticus..."

JAMES

(taken)

"The Poeticus." I'm honored...

DR. FREDRICKS

It's well deserved...Never be ashamed
of your talents, James.

His eyes meet James...And James, uncomfortable under his
gaze, looks away...Dr. Fredricks turns, looking out a
window...

DR. FREDRICKS (cont'd)

(ominously)

I think we're being watched.

JAMES

(turns)

Watched? What do you mean?

DR. FREDRICKS

I thought I saw somebody standing
outside...A man in a hat...

James looks out the window. A tree, its leaves rustling on
a breeze. An empty sidewalk.

JAMES

I don't see anybody.

DR. FREDRICKS

(after a beat,
nods)

It must be my imagination.

But he closes the blinds. And the room's quiet. They find
themselves standing close together...

DR. FREDRICKS (cont'd)

(looking at him,
intimate)

There's so much I'd like to share with
you, James...I feel like we have a
kindred spirit...

He puts his cane familiarly on James' shoulder...There's an
awkward moment, and James, uncomfortable, moves the cane...

DR. FREDRICKS (cont'd)

(after a beat)

I wrote something. Would you mind if
I read it to you...?

He crosses to his BRIEFCASE...He takes out a small notebook..

DR. FREDRICKS (cont'd)

(reading)

"The calyx of the oboe breaks, silver
and soft the flower it makes; and
next, beyond, the flute-notes seen,
now are white and now are green...What
are these sounds, what daft device,
mocking at flame, mimicking
ice...?"...It's not yet finished...

James nods. They look at each other. And there's a flicker in James eyes, of some deep hurt...There's an uncomfortable quiet...

JAMES

I should be going...

DR. FREDRICKS

(stopping him)

James, I am having some people over to my house on Sunday evening...A small gathering. I think you might find it interesting...Could you perhaps make it?

JAMES

I'll try to...

He starts out. He looks back at his Professor, his back straight, leaning on his cane, trying to stay dignified. And as he crosses out of the classroom...we see Dr. Fredricks oddly point his cane after James, as if he had chosen him for something...

INT. THE YALE LIBRARY, 1939 - EVENING

And we see James at a library table, looking through a book for something. And we see it's a POETRY BOOK. He turns the pages until he finds what he is looking for...And he sees the very same poem Dr. Fredricks had read to him as his own, a Conrad Aiken poem, is in the book..."...mocking at flame, mimicking ice...?" He looks at the front of the book. At the Library check-out slip. And he sees the last person to check out the book was "Dr. Walter Fredricks"...He's quiet, troubled. And he becomes aware of the SOUND of somebody tapping a pencil on the table. He looks up. And he sees a pretty, dark haired GIRL, studying, the dust jackets on her books, "Connecticut College For Women," unconsciously tapping her pencil. LAURA DESANTIS. James looks over at her. And he can't help himself, it's part of his nature, his charm, to be flirtatious...And he taps his pencil, a counterpunctal rhythm to hers...She doesn't acknowledge him, oblivious, tapping away...James, undaunted, changes the rhythm, trying to get her attention...She still doesn't respond...And finally, he leans over, stopping her pencil from its tapping...

JAMES

(a smile)

Please...

She starts, looking up at him. And she says from somewhere deep in her throat, in a small, uncertain voice...

LAURA

I'm sorry --

(motioning)

I can't hear...

"Things aren't always as they seem." She smiles, motioning she'll be quiet. They return to their books. But his interest is solely on her now...He looks at her...

And there's a naked, vulnerable quality he affects, that captures her attention...

LAURA (cont'd)
What's your name...?

And he smiles, his boyish smile, that's not easy to forget...

JAMES
I'm James...James Wilson...

She wasn't quite able to "understand him."

LAURA
Would you say it again?

She closely watches his lips...

JAMES
James...

LAURA
(smiles)
James...I'm Laura...

JAMES
(kidding her, as
if he couldn't
hear her)
Would you say it again?

She laughs. And as they look at each other, Laura captivated by him:

EXT. YALE - NIGHT

And we see James and Laura coming out of the library. They stop on the steps to talk...And as they talk we get the sense, like a shadow, somebody is watching them. James smiles, saying something...She smiles. And she turns and walks off. She looks back, waving...And he does a little soft shoe on the library steps for her, graceful as a cat. She laughs. He watches her go...He turns to cross to his motorcycle...and strangely, there's a man's HAT, a fedora, lying in the middle of the street. James doesn't pay any attention to it, walking by it as if it weren't there...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
...There isn't one person in a hundred who would just walk by a hat laying in the street without giving it a second look...

James turns. And he sees a heavy-set Man in his thirties, hands in his overcoat pockets, coming from the shadows behind him. A Man we'll come to know as SAM PAPICH.

SAM PAPICH (cont'd)
...It says a lot about you Mr. Wilson...You aren't easily distracted...

He crosses to take up his hat, putting it back on...

SAM PAPICH (cont'd)
(meaning Laura)
She's a very pretty girl.

JAMES
(a beat, looking
at him)
I don't know you.

SAM PAPICH
(nods, showing his
badge)
I'm Sam Papich...I'm with the Federal
Bureau of Investigation...

JAMES
(stops, intrigued)
The F.B.I.? What do you want with me?

SAM PAPICH
There's some things I'd like to talk
to you about...I had a chance to talk
with a fraternity brother of yours,
John Russell...The Senator's boy...
He said you were trustworthy...You
would help us out...

JAMES
(a beat,
circumspect)
If you want to talk to me, I live in a
residence hall...

He gets on his motorcycle, trying to start it. It won't kick
over. He tries it again. Same result. And again. He
starts to walk his bike...And Sam, uninvited, comes to walk
alongside him...

SAM PAPICH
You're good friends with Dr.
Fredricks...

It isn't a question. And James realizes he was there,
watching them...

JAMES
(after a beat)
He's my master teacher, if that's what
you mean...

SAM PAPICH
You're patriotic, aren't you, James?
A good citizen...?

JAMES
Of course...Why?

SAM PAPICH

Your Dr. Fredricks has been recruiting faculty members and students to join an organization called "The American-German Cultural Committee." It's a Nazi front...Has he talked to you about it?

JAMES

I'm a poetry student, Mr. Papich, I'm not political...

SAM PAPICH

(smiles)

That's not what I asked you, Mr. Wilson.

(after a beat)

We'd be interested in finding out the names of some of the other organizers of the "cultural committee..."

JAMES

I didn't know it was against the law to be a Nazi.

SAM PAPICH

(nods)

Yeah, well, laws are made to protect us from other people...Sometimes we need protection from ourselves.

JAMES

(stops, looks at him)

You want me to spy on Dr. Fredricks? You want me to be an informer?

SAM PAPICH

"Spying" is what other people do to us...I'm just asking you to be a good citizen.

And it's quiet. And Sam looks around him at the Yale campus...

SAM PAPICH (cont'd)

...I always wanted to go to school here...

(shrugs at life's vagaries)

I didn't have the right "credentials..." I had to settle for cold winters at Minnesota...You boys have it made...

And he starts off. He turns...

SAM PAPICH (cont'd)

This might help you along...

And he tosses James a vital part to his motorcycle. And with that, he walks off...And as James watches him go...

INT. A MOVIE THEATER, NEW HAVEN, YALE - NIGHT

And we see James, in a MOVIE THEATER, watching a NEWSREEL.

THE NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (OVER)

American Boy Scouts joined their German friends at the Boy Scout Jamboree in Munich. German Fuhrer Adolph Hitler was there to warmly greet them...

And coming along the lines of fair-haired young Boys, reviewing them, is Hitler. And there's a mixture of applause and boos in the theater. Hitler stops to talk with a young boy. The boy says something. Hitler smiles, fondly patting the boy's head.

THE NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (OVER)

...A light moment for the German leader.

And as James silently watches the Newsreel, not knowing what to do:

INT. MORY'S TAVERN, NEW HAVEN - NIGHT, LATE

The famous tavern is filled with Yalies. And we see in a separate area, a back part of the bar, "Gentlemen Only," BONESMEN, Richard Hayes among them, sitting crowded together at a long table, drunk, shouting to one another. And we see James sitting by John Russell...And he whispers, secretive, enjoying the intrigue...

JAMES

...The F.B.I...A man came to see me...

JOHN RUSSELL

(nods, secretive)

My father has a good relationship with the Director. He helps out when he can. He's a good citizen...

And a young Bonesman coming into the back room crosses to their table...

A BONESMAN

...England and France just declared war on Germany...

And the Boys are surprisingly quiet...

RICHARD HAYES

(sloughing it off)

It'll be over in a month...

ANOTHER BONESMAN

(toasts)

To a quick war...

And they drink to that...But it's hollow, a sense nothing will ever be the same again...That the innocence of their youth is over...And the Bonesmen start to sing the "Eli's" melancholy standard, "The Whiffenpoof Song..." "We are poor little lambs, who have lost our way...Baa, baa, baaa..." "We're little black sheep who have gone astray..."

JAMES

Do you think we'll get into the war?

JOHN RUSSELL

I think we should...Hitler's a menace...

And there's a healthy goodness about him, an American sense of fair play...

JAMES

Would you go and fight, John?

JOHN RUSSELL

(nods, idealistic)

We have to fight for our country. If we don't, then who will?

James nods in agreement, "If we don't, who will..."

JOHN RUSSELL (cont'd)

(after a beat,
quietly)

My father, you know, was "Skull and Bones," James, one of us. People like us, we do what we can for one another...

The message is clear. And John puts his arm affectionately around him. And James senses somebody is watching him. He turns. And he sees Laura, across the room, in the "common" area, with two girlfriends. She mouths, "Hello." He smiles, mouthing, "Hello." She laughs. There's an awkward moment, their separation, from distinctly different "classes," self-evident. Laura and her girlfriends get up to leave. Laura looks back at him...They look at each other...Catching herself, she gives a small wave, and runs to catch up with her friends. He watches her go. And as the Boys sing, "...Gentlemen songsters off on a spree, damned from here to eternity...God have mercy on such as we, baa, baa, baa..."

INT. DR. FREDRICKS HOUSE - ANOTHER NIGHT

We see hung on a wall, a portrait of Adolph Hitler...And we see a group of people, some Professors and Students, sitting in Dr. Fredricks front room...And we see James is sitting among them...

DR. FREDRICKS

(addressing them)

We have the privledge tonight of having with us, Mr. Haupt, the Fuhrer's Education Minister...

And a tailored MAN with a small swastika on his lapel gets up to address them...James looks over at Dr. Fredricks. His mentor sitting beside a young man. He turns. And he sees Dr. Fredricks BRIEFCASE on a small table. And as he quietly looks at the briefcase:

INT. DR. FREDRICKS HOUSE - NIGHT, LATER

The people mingle with the German Minister having coffee and cake. James is talking with a Man. He looks over again at the briefcase. He quietly listens to the Man, but his attention is on the briefcase. And after some moments, excusing himself, he turns, crossing through the room. He stops, looking at the briefcase. He looks over at Dr. Fredricks, the Professor involved in a discussion with the German Minister. James still, conflicted. And after a moment, sometimes the most subtle approach being the most obvious, he just walks over to the briefcase, takes it up, and crosses into a hallway bathroom.

INT. THE BATHROOM, DR. FREDRICKS HOUSE - NIGHT

He sits on the floor. He stares at the briefcase. He folds his arms across his chest, visably upset. He hesitates. He starts to open the briefcase, and somebody wanting to use the bathroom tries the door. He's motionless. The person goes away. James opens the briefcase, going through it. He finds a folder -- "American-German Cultural Committee..." And inside is among other things, a LIST of names...He takes out the list, putting it in his pocket. He closes the briefcase. A moment, and he gets up. He opens the door. He looks out. The hallway empty. And taking up the briefcase he crosses out of the bathroom.

INT. DR. FREDRICKS HOUSE - NIGHT

He comes back into the living room, and without missing a beat, puts the briefcase back where he found it. He turns back to the party:

DR. FREDRICKS

(seeing him,
smiles)

James, can I get you some coffee?

JAMES

(without blinking
an eye, nods)

A little sugar, please...

EXT. YALE - NIGHT, LATER

It's a damp night. And we see James, hands in his pockets, thoughtful, coming across an empty Yale quadrangle...

SAM PAPICH'S VOICE (OVER)

How was your evening?

James turns. And he sees Sam Papich is sitting on a bench. James puts the secreted list of names down on the bench. Sam puts his hat over it.

JAMES
(quietly)
Don't ask me again.

SAM PAPICH
(looks at him)
I won't have to...

And he seems to mean more than just this particular time. And getting up he walks off. And as James stands in the empty quadrangle, still feeling the thrill of the intrigue, the danger, a feeling he likes.

INT. DR. FREDRICKS' CLASSROOM - DAY

And we see James, sitting beside John, quietly watching Dr. Fredricks lecture...And BELLS chime the hour, the Students getting up to leave...

DR. FREDRICKS
(to the class)
If you will wait a minute, please.

The Students stop. After some moments:

DR. FREDRICKS (cont'd)
I have been asked by the Faculty
Chairman to relinquish my position
here at Yale. You will hear many
rumors as to what caused my departure.
Suffice it to say I'm leaving with my
name intact.
(a beat)
I wish you all well.

And the Students, whispering to one another, leave. John looks at James...

JOHN RUSSELL
(whispers)
I knew I could count on you...

James is quiet. They start to go...

DR. FREDRICKS
James...

James slows...John touches his shoulder and leaves...And it's quiet, Dr. Fredricks leaning on his cane...

DR. FREDRICKS (cont'd)
(betrayed)
What did I do to deserve this? Did
you have such little regard for me you
would betray me for my political
beliefs? Are you that callous?

They look at each other. And after a moment:

JAMES

(hurt)

...The poem you read to me, the one you said you were still working on...It ends like this..."...The trilling leaf and tinkling grass, glide into darkness clear as glass, then the musicians cease to play..."

(he waves his hand)

"...And the world is waved away..."

(a beat, hurt)

You know, and I know, Conrad Aiken wrote it in 1932...

And shutting off the hurt...

JAMES (cont'd)

(a beat,
impassive)

It isn't personal.

They look at each other. And as Dr. Fredricks, his cane on his arm, smiles an enigmatic, oddly wise smile...

INT. AN AIRPLANE, 1961 - THE LAST OF THE DAYLIGHT

And we see James and Ray Brocco, incongruous, knowing their occupations, riding on a commercial airplane on the long way home. Ray, eyes closed, asleep. James, unable to sleep, quietly staring. A Stewardess walks by. James quietly looks at her. He turns to look out the window, at the sky... Tufts of clouds like smoke going by...

LAURA'S VOICE (OVER)

...What song are they playing?

JAMES' VOICE (OVER)

It's called "Blue Skies."

INT. A JAZZ CLUB, NEW HAVEN, 1939 - NIGHT

And we see a smokey, predominantly Black Night Club. A COMBO'S playing, "Blue Skies." People dancing. And we see James and Laura sitting at a table...

LAURA

(after a beat)

...I thought we were going to your fraternity party...?

JAMES

(a beat)

I don't want to share you with anybody...

LAURA

(realizing)

You want to protect me from them...

He doesn't say anything. And touched, she affectionately pushes some hair off his forehead. They're quiet.

And James looks over at a young COUPLE, their faces close together, sharing an intimate moment...

JAMES
(watching them)
What are they saying, Laura?

Laura turns, seeing the couple.

LAURA
I don't like to "listen" in on other people's conversations...

JAMES
They won't ever know...

Laura hesitates, and then, watching the couple, reading their lips....

LAURA
(a beat, slightly flushes)
She said she wants to wait...She wants to be a virgin when she gets married...
(after a beat)
He said...He loves her....

And she can't do it anymore, it's too private. And they're quiet. After some moments:

JAMES
Would you like to dance, Laura?

LAURA
(smiles, awkward)
I'm not a very good dancer.

They get up. He takes her in his arms, "dancing" with her...

LAURA (cont'd)
How does the song go?

And romantic, he sings the song to her, so she can hear the words..."Blue Skies, smiling at me, nothing but blue skies do I see..." And she puts her head on his shoulder, dancing with him, comfortable in his arms. While they dance...

JAMES
Will you show me how to lip read, Laura?

She looks up at him, and sees he's serious.

LAURA
Why do you want to learn how to lip read?

JAMES
(earnest)
I want to know what it feels like to be you...

LAURA
 (looks at him)
 Sometimes you frighten me...

And he smiles, boyish, dispelling her fears. And she can't help herself with him...

LAURA (cont'd)
 (after a beat)
 You start with the vowels...Watch my lips closely. .

And she makes the sound of an "a," forming it with her lips..."A," "A," "A"...And then an, "E..." And as he closely watches her lips, learning how to lip read...

EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE, NEW HAVEN - NIGHT

We see lips, kissing. And we see James and Laura are sitting on the porch steps of a small blue collar ROW HOUSE. They break apart. After some moments...

LAURA
 (a muse)
 ...The furthest I've ever been is New York City...I've lived here my whole life...
 (a beat, dreaming)
 There are so many things I'd like to do...

She shrugs. And there's a sadness at the reality of her dreams...

LAURA (cont'd)
 (a beat, smiles)
 Anything's possible for you. The world's at your feet, James. You go to the right school. You have the right friends. You're in the right fraternity.

JAMES
 (looks at her, his boy's eyes)
 I'm different from them, Laura. I don't want to be like them. Sometimes I wish I didn't have all the advantages.
 (quietly, haunting)
 Sometimes, I wish I was invisible.

And he's quiet, seemingly vulnerable, naked. They look at each other. And he kisses her again. They get more and more passionate. His hand, touching her breasts...And a small necklace, a cross around her neck, breaks off in his hand...And as their passion grows, Laura abruptly stops...

LAURA
 I'm sorry, James...I can't...Not yet...

And she quickly gets up and goes into the house. She turns off the porch light. It's quiet. James, hands in pockets, stands in the shadows on the porch. He sees a light coming on in an upstairs bedroom. And he can see Laura in her bedroom taking a nightgown out of a drawer. And she seems particularly vulnerable. Hands in his pockets, he crosses off the porch. And as he comes along the sidewalk he takes his hand out of his pocket. He opens his hand. And we can see Laura's CROSS is still in the palm of his hand...A piece of poetry, a part of her soul...

EXT. THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, NEW YORK, 1940 - DAY

We see SAILBOATS silently moving among the islands on the St. Lawrence River...

EXT. A PARTICULAR SAILBOAT, THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER - DAY

And we see John Russell's sailing. And James, in a white sweater and white pants, is lying on the deck, looking up at the clear blue sky. And as the boat silently moves through the water:

EXT. DEER ISLAND, THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER - TWILIGHT

A PRIVATE ISLAND among the Thousand Islands on the St. Lawrence River. Well appointed cabins dot the heavily wooded terrain. A large stone LODGE, smoke curling from a rock chimney, is on a point above the River. And lanterns, casting a soft yellow light, run along the length of the Lodge. There's the soft sounds of VOICES. And we see people in evening clothes standing on the porch, gathered in the twilight, drinking, and talking. And we see James, wearing a tuxedo, crossing to the Lodge. He comes up onto the porch. His eyes meet a Man's:

THE MAN

(introducing
himself)

Walker Caswell, Skull and Bones
1887...

JAMES

(smiles, shaking
hands)

James Wilson, Skull and Bones 1940...

And he moves across the porch, fairly glides. And there's the talcum smell of privilege and power...The porch crowded with Alumni, and their families, of Skull and Bones, on their annual retreat...He crosses to John Russell standing with a Man in his early sixties, and a very thin Woman in her late fifties, SENATOR AND MRS. JOHN RUSSELL. And they're talking with another COUPLE, PHILIP AND TODDY ALLEN...The man we've come to know as Philip, the blue-eyed gentleman, just starting to gray, smoking his pipe. And Toddy, his faceless wife...

JOHN RUSSELL

(introducing)

James, my father and mother...

JAMES
(politely)
Senator, Mrs. Russell...

JOHN RUSSELL
James, Philip and Toddy Allen...Mr.
Allen was President of the Bones class
of '12...

Philip graciously nods. And a pretty young blonde GIRL in her early twenties, in an evening gown, holding a drink, comes to join them. And her name is an apt description...

JOHN RUSSELL (cont'd)
James, my sister Clover...

Preppie, she would seem at home in penny loafers, a plaid skirt and bobby sox. But there's something else in her eyes. An anger that she doesn't have the courage to be different...They exchange looks...And the Lodge door opens, a formally dressed Man calling: "Ladies and Gentlemen, if you will be seated..."

INT. THE LODGE, A DINING ROOM, DEER ISLAND, 1940 - NIGHT

The Alumni crowd a large dining room. Waiters hurry back and forth. And we see James sitting with John's family and the Allens. Clover, sitting across from him. Somebody taps a glass with their spoon. The room quiets. And an Older Man POUNDS his cane twice on a table as if knocking on a door...And the Bonesmen, James and John along with the rest, come to their feet and say as one:

THE BONESMEN
Bonesmen...All here!

And they give a rousing SHOUT, and take their seats again...

A MASTER OF CEREMONIES
(a beat)
Reverend Collins...

CLOVER
(to James, smiles,
nasty)
Bones first, God second...

James smiles at her comment. And they look at each other, attracted to each other...

THE REVEREND
(after a beat)
Dear God...

And the patrician heads are bowed...

THE REVEREND (cont'd)
Thank you for bringing us safely here
to be with our brothers again...

And James looks around the room, at the bowed heads, and his eyes meet RICHARD HAYES, sitting across the room.

Richard smiles his "knowing" smile. And there's a look between them of "unfinished business..."

THE REVEREND (cont'd)
 ...We thank you for guiding the Evans Family Trust in the care of our island, so that we may come here and be with our families and friends in comfort and privacy...
 (after a beat)
 We come here, Lord, in uncertain times, and we ask that you give us the counsel and the strength to help guide our ship of state through the turbulent waters...

And as the room prays, James looking around the room, at the "People like us..."

INT. THE LODGE - NIGHT

The tables have been pushed aside. And a BIG BAND is on the stage playing. A well known CROONER, singing standards... People dancing... James, hands in his pockets, quietly stands watching...

CLOVER'S VOICE (OVER)
 Don't you dance, Mr. Wilson?

He turns, and Clover, holding a drink, comes over to him.

JAMES
 (smiles)
 Nobody asked me.

CLOVER
 (smiles)
 I think I'll take my chances...

And her glass still in her hand, she walks him out onto the dance floor. And as they dance:

CLOVER (cont'd)
 John is very fond of you.

JAMES
 I'm very fond of him, too.

CLOVER
 He's talking of going to fight with the English. My father isn't particularly pleased about it. He's one of the organizers of "America First." It wouldn't look very good for an isolationist's son to go off to war, would it?

James doesn't say anything. After some moments:

JAMES
 Are you in school?

CLOVER
I'm finishing at Wellsley.

James nods, and he's quiet again.

CLOVER (cont'd)
(looking at him,
smiling)
You don't have much to say, do you,
Mr. James Wilson...?

JAMES
(his smile)
When there's something worth saying.

She laughs at his arrogance.

CLOVER
You seem pretty sure of yourself Mr.
Wilson.

JAMES
(a smile)
I know what I know.

CLOVER
(laughs)
I think I'm going to like you...

And she brazenly puts her arms around his neck, dancing that way...And as they look at each other, attracted to each other:

SENATOR RUSSELL (OVER)
Excuse me...

And The Senator has come over to them...

SENATOR RUSSELL (cont'd)
(to James,
discreet)
Could I have a moment...?

JAMES
(to Clover)
Will you excuse me...

She raises her glass to him, nodding...

CLOVER
Nasty little secrets.

And following the Senator, he crosses outside.

EXT. DEER ISLAND - NIGHT

They cross through the quiet of the night to a CABIN by the water. A Man in an Army uniform standing guard outside. And they see PHILIP ALLEN, RICHARD HAYES with him, coming out of the cabin...

PHILIP ALLEN

(nods)

Gentlemen...

And they walk off. The Guard salutes the Senator, and shows them inside...

INT. A CABIN, DEER ISLAND - NIGHT

And we see a dark haired Man in his late fifties, overweight, with the face of a drinker, GENERAL WILLIAM SULLIVAN, is sitting on a couch, his shoes off, in his stocking feet by a fire...

SENATOR RUSSELL

(introducing)

General William Sullivan, James Wilson...

BILL SULLIVAN

I'd get up and shake your hand but my fucking feet are swollen...Something about too much sugar in my blood and my urine...

(a beat, to the Senator)

Thank you John -- I'm sorry to disturb your weekend...

SENATOR RUSSELL

It's not a problem.

BILL SULLIVAN

(smiles)

When do you boys start your pissing contests?

The Senator laughs and discreetly leaves. And it's quiet.

BILL SULLIVAN (cont'd)

(motions to James)

Sit down if you want...

James doesn't.

BILL SULLIVAN (cont'd)

I knew your father from the Mexican campaign with General Pershing. We chased that son-of-a-bitch Pancho Villa along the border for two years. I still have the saddle sores to prove it. Your father was a cold son of a bitch, rest his soul, but smart. He might have been President if he'd have married into the right family...

(a beat, smiles)

I'd appreciate if you'd sit down. I don't really want to have to look up at you.

James smiles, and sits down.

BILL SULLIVAN (cont'd)

(after a beat)

You understand whatever we discuss here doesn't leave this room.

JAMES

Yes sir.

BILL SULLIVAN

(a beat, smiles)

People tell me you're bright, and unscrupulous.

JAMES

(smiles, wry)

I'm not that bright.

The General laughs. After some moments:

BILL SULLIVAN

We will eventually get involved in this war. Not because we have to, but because we should...

(after a beat)

The President has asked me to look into creating a Foreign Intelligence Service...If it happens, I'll be looking for honorable, smart young men, from the right backgrounds, to manage the various departments. In other words, no Jews or Negroes, and just a few Catholics...

(laughs, wry)

And that's only because I'm a Catholic...

James laughs.

BILL SULLIVAN (cont'd)

(after a beat)

...You'll be trained and commissioned in the army, and posted overseas... If it's something that interests you, you'll have to be ready to leave at a moment's notice...

JAMES

(eager)

I'd be very interested, sir...

BILL SULLIVAN

I don't want your answer now -- think about it...But this isn't a bunch of fraternity boys sitting around playing with their pricks...

And there's a light KNOCK on the door. The General puts his shoes back on...

BILL SULLIVAN (cont'd)

(slows, and oddly)

Do you have a personal item you can give me? A pin, a pen, something only recognizable as belonging to you...

James doesn't quite understand, but accepting it, goes into his pocket. He takes out his wallet, and he gives the General Laura's small CROSS. The General puts it in his pocket. He hefts his big body up, shrugging on an overcoat...He shakes James' hand...

BILL SULLIVAN (cont'd)

(meaning their meeting)

We never met.

And with that, taking up a briefcase, he goes out the door, and he's gone. And as James looks after him, excited by the prospect...

EXT. A COVE, DEER ISLAND - NIGHT

And we see James and Clover with John and a young blonde Girl in an empty cove on the far side of the island, sitting by a fire, passing a flask. And it's not their first. John and the young Woman are all over each other. And taking a blanket, and with a smile to James, John walks off with the young Woman. And James and Clover are left alone. And Clover's drunk, and pissed off at the world...

CLOVER

(sarcastic)

I'm supposed to be looking for the perfect husband. Are you perfect in every way, Mr. Wilson?

JAMES

(wry, smiles, pure James)

You'll have to ask God.

She laughs. They're quiet.

CLOVER

(after a beat)

Is there some reason you won't put your arm around me...?

James awkwardly puts his arm around her. She lays her head on his shoulder...

CLOVER (cont'd)

(singing, sarcastic)

"...Night and day you are the one.
Only you beneath the moon and under
the sun..."

James is quiet. And Clover suddenly kisses him. James, conflicted, pulls away.

CLOVER (cont'd)

Do you have a problem with women, Mr. Bones...?

He's quiet. She looks at him, at his boy's eyes. And she suddenly pushes him down on the ground, roughly kissing him again. Her hand fumbles for his belt, unbuckling it. She reaches, clasping him. And James finds himself responding. He kisses her, hard, taking out his aggressions on her. They roll on the ground by the fire passionately kissing. She lifts her dress, getting on top of him. And as they angrily make love in the light of the fire...

EXT. THE CONNECTICUT SHORE, 1940 - DAY

And we see James, riding his motorcycle, Laura, laughing, holding onto him, racing through the shallow water at the tide line along the shoreline. And as they race off into the distance...

We see James and Laura, like a Wyeth painting, sitting by the motorcycle in some tall grass in the sand dunes catching their breath...And there's an awkward quiet, just the sound of the sea, and a breeze moving the sawgrass...Laura looks at him. And she has the realization the class differences are just too great between them. She protectively folds her arms around her knees...

LAURA

(feeling
alienated)

We're worlds apart...

JAMES

Why do you say that?

LAURA

Sometimes I feel like I'm just a curiosity to you...That I'm not real to you...

JAMES

You're very real to me, Laura...

He looks at her, his boy's eyes...And needing to show her that his feelings are real...that he's real...He ardently kisses her...And they lie back on the sand dune, kissing, hungry, as if it were the last time...And James, feeling a shadow, instinctively turns. And he sees a CAR'S come to a stop along a road above the dunes. And he sees JOHN RUSSELL get out...Something's obviously wrong...James gets up, crossing up the dune to him...

JAMES

John...?

JOHN RUSSELL

James...my sister...

And we see Laura's watching them, "reading" John's lips...

JOHN RUSSELL (cont'd)
 (after a beat)
 She's pregnant, James...

And the implications are obvious. And James remembering Laura can read their lips, moves to stand with his back between her and John...

JOHN RUSSELL (cont'd)
 (whispers)
 What are you going to do, James?

James is still. The wind blows their hair...After some moments...

JOHN RUSSELL (cont'd)
 I know you will do what's expected of you...You are an honorable man...

They look at each other. And John embraces him, holding him like a brother...And James turns, to look back at Laura. He slows. And he sees Laura has gone off down the beach walking away...And there's a moment when it seems like he will run to her, to stop her...But the moment passes like so many opportunities in life, and he turns to John...and the choice he's made...

INT. A PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW ENGLAND, 1940 - DAY

A large old New England Presbyterian Church. And we see among the people gathered, Senator and Mrs. Russell, and James' Mother, a dark-eyed woman, CONNIE WILSON. And we see James and Clover, in wedding attire, with John Russell as their best man, standing before a Reverend taking their wedding vows...

THE REVEREND
 ...Do you Clover Margaret Russell take
 James Edward Wilson...?

And as they take their solemn vows, "...To honor and to cherish for the rest of your lives...", we see Clover take James hand. And she smiles at him at the irony of their vows. And even James finds himself smiling at the irony, too.

INT. THE RUSSELL ESTATE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT - DAY

An old Greenwich estate. And we can see the people moving around the house at the wedding reception, eating and drinking. Bonemen gathered together, Richard Hayes among them, laughing, talking. Clover with her Wellsley sisters. And we see James standing with his Mother...And John comes beside James, discreet...

JOHN RUSSELL
 There's someone here for you...

James goes to the door. And a Man in an Army uniform is waiting at the door.

THE MAN
Mr. James Wilson?

James nods.

THE MAN (cont'd)
If we could speak alone, sir.

James follows him outside onto the porch...

EXT. THE RUSSELL ESTATE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT - DAY

THE MAN
General Sullivan sends his regards.

And he gives James back Laura's CROSS, so there's no doubt the message is real.

THE MAN (cont'd)
I'm to ask you, if you are interested in seeing the rest of the world?

He looks at the cross in his hand. He looks at the house, the people, and all that it entails...And after some moments:

JAMES
(nods, certain)
Yes sir, I would.

THE MAN
A car will be here to pick you up in an hour, sir.

He salutes. And with that, he turns, and getting into a car, leaves. James turns, and he sees Clover is standing at the door...

JAMES
(after a beat)
I have to go overseas...

She slows...

JAMES (cont'd)
To work for the government...in the war effort...

CLOVER
(after a beat,
cynical)
What are you going to do, James? Save the world?

JAMES
(pure James, sure
of himself)
Somebody has to.

She looks at him, and she embraces him, understanding, accepting it, like so many other things women in the forties had to accept...and she quickly turns back into the house.

And as James turns, hands in his pockets, standing in the doorway, ready to save the world.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - MORNING

"TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1961." We see James, "The Stranger," in his raincoat, carrying his briefcase, in his familiar posture, crossing the street to the old GOVERNMENT BUILDING. And we see that the street has been blocked off, MOUNTED POLICE, keeping people away. James, the Magritte, walks past the Police on horseback as if they weren't there. And we see that REPORTERS, NEWS PEOPLE, CAMERA CREWS, crowd the building's doorway, spilling out onto the sidewalk...And a MAN, a spokesman, stands in the doorway, giving a statement...And we see in BLACK AND WHITE, the camera being jostled, NEWS FOOTAGE of the statement...

THE MAN

...The Central Intelligence Agency has no knowledge of, or association with, the attempted invasion of Cuba at The Bay of Pigs...

And we see James, in the background of the BLACK AND WHITE NEWS FOOTAGE, a shadow, literally slipping through the crowd, unnoticed, invisible as he is, going into the old building...

INT. THE CIA, 1961 - MORNING

James comes along the endless hallway. And it's not business as usual. There's a frenetic quality. A state of seige. People moving quickly along the corridor as if they were afraid to stop. Intelligence Officers clustered outside of their offices, talking in strained whispers...they quiet as James passes...And as he moves off along the hallway, the whispers following him...

INT. JAMES' OFFICE, THE CIA, 1961 - MORNING

And we see Ray Brocco, with a look of grave concern, standing over James' desk...James bent over his desk looking at the overnight world wide communiques, stamped in red ink... "Urgent." "Very Urgent." "Most Urgent..." And we can see one of the communiques...a gobbledygook of words like an Allen Ginsberg poem, that in red ink has been decoded to read... "United States Embassy, ATHENS STATION..." "In state of confusion... Destabilizing...Russians pressing advantage...Please advise policy..." And Ray Brocco is reading from a long telephone list...

RAY BROCCO

...Mr. Allen called at 3:27 this morning, Mr. Hayes called at 3:32...Robert called --

JAMES

(looks up)

Robert?

RAY BROCCO
 (nods, gives him
 call slip)
 The call was received just after
 midnight...

JAMES
 Get me Robert first.

RAY BROCCO
 Are you sure...?

JAMES
 (tense, raising
 his voice)
 I said, Mr. Brocco, get me Robert...

And it's unusual for him to raise his voice. Ray places the call. While they wait, James looks at the morning newspaper, "The New York Times"...The HEADLINES, "Cuba Invasion Fails; C.I.A Said Responsible." And the Phone Rings, jarring...

RAY BROCCO
 (answering)
 Weights and Measures. No, Mr. Carlson
 won't be in today. Can you return?

He hangs up. They wait. The phone rings. James lets it ring exactly five times. He answers with a soft "Hello." He listens. He says...

JAMES
 (sign)
 "Red Sky at Morning..."

And after a beat...There's a YOUNG MAN'S VOICE...

A YOUNG MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
 (counter sign)
 "Sailors take warning..."

JAMES
 (after a beat)
 How are you, son?

INT. AN APARTMENT BEDROOM, 1961 - NIGHT

And we see a young MAN, in his underwear, sitting on the edge of a bed talking on the phone. In his early twenties, there's a striking resemblance to his father when he was a young man. The quiet, contemplative nature. But it's particularly evident in his eyes...A boy's hopeful eyes... We'll come to know him as ROBERT WILSON.

ROBERT
 (quietly)
 A mutual friend said there was a
 setback. Are you alright?

INT. JAMES' OFFICE, THE CIA, 1961 - MORNING

JAMES
(rueful)
Sometimes the best laid plans of mice
and men...

INT. THE APARTMENT BEDROOM, 1961 - NIGHT

ROBERT
(a beat)
Did you receive my message? I had
some plans to travel.

INT. JAMES' OFFICE, THE CIA, 1961 - MORNING

JAMES
You should put your trip off for
awhile. The weatherman's predicting
rain. I'll let you know when there's
a change in the forecast.

Another phone RINGS. Ray gets it.

RAY BROCCO
(whispers)
A man's calling about a hat.

James motions Ray to wait a moment...

JAMES
(a beat, to
Robert)
Be very careful, Robert...Keep the
shades down...People will be trying to
look in the windows...

INT. THE APARTMENT BEDROOM, 1961 - NIGHT

ROBERT
(the arrogance of
youth)
I have nothing to hide...

INT. JAMES' OFFICE, THE CIA, 1961 - MORNING

JAMES
(quietly)
Everybody has something to hide.
(a beat)
Goodnight, son.

INT. THE APARTMENT BEDROOM, 1961 - NIGHT

ROBERT
(after a beat)
Goodnight, father...

He hangs up. He sits for a moment. He turns, getting into bed. And as he quietly lays in bed, thinking, we see there are FLOWERS in a VASE on a dresser by a mirror. A familiar VASE OF FLOWERS. Like Baudelaire's, "Flowers of evil."

EXT. THE MALL, WASHINGTON D.C., 1961 - DAY

And we see James coming across the mall by the Reflection Pool. And we see a HAT, a familiar fedora, lying on the ground. James stops to pick it up.

SAM PAPICH'S VOICE (OVER)
You're easily distracted...

James turns and he sees SAM PAPICH, now in his fifties, his robust figure now a shadow of itself, sitting on a bench. James gives him his hat...He sits down beside him...After some moments:

SAM PAPICH (cont'd)
The President's saying he's going to break the CIA into a thousand pieces.
(a beat)
There's going to be a large and extensive "housecleaning" on your side of the street...

James doesn't say anything. After a moment:

SAM PAPICH (cont'd)
Somebody on your desk gave the store away...told the Russians where to "find you"...at the Bay of Pigs...You have a mole Mother, very close to home...

James is quiet.

SAM PAPICH (cont'd)
It's all over my friend...We're not going to be able to do business anymore...

And he gets up, starting to leave. He slows...

SAM PAPICH (cont'd)
(after a beat)
Be very careful James, your name is on a "must worry" list...

James stares at him. And turning, Sam walks off. James notices he's left his hat behind. It's no accident. James takes up the hat, running the brim through his hands. And as he sits on the bench, the hat in his hands, there's the sound of a small bell ringing...

EXT. A SMALL TAILOR SHOP, LONDON, 1940 - DAY

And we see James, in his twenties, wearing an overcoat, standing on a wartime London Street ringing a bell at a small TAILOR SHOP. And the difference between him and the man he is to become, is startling. His optimism, his self-assured posture, the immortal arrogance of youth...A moment, and a short, tailored Man, opens the door.

THE MAN
May I help you sir?

JAMES

I would like to see a tailor about a fitting for a new suit.

THE MAN

What kind of suit are you interested in, sir, tweed, worsted, gabardine?

JAMES

Worsted.

THE MAN

Double or single breasted?

JAMES

Single breasted...

THE MAN

(nods)

If you might come this way, sir...

James follows the Man into the store.

INT. TAILOR SHOP, LONDON - DAY

He follows the man through a curtain into a back room...Three SEAMSTRESSES, their machines whirring, sewing on sewing machines. The Man parts a dressing room's curtains...

THE MAN

Please...The tailor will be right with you, sir...

James goes into the dressing room, the Man leaving, closing the curtains behind him. A moment and the curtain parts. And coming in, wearing an overcoat, his pipe in his hand, is the gentlemanly, soft spoken, PHILIP ALLEN. He closes the curtains...

PHILIP ALLEN

(shaking his hand)

It's nice to see you again...I understand you recently were married...

...With all its implications...

PHILIP ALLEN (cont'd)

...Congratulations...

JAMES

Thank you...

PHILIP ALLEN

(after a beat)

You are going to have to learn as quickly, and thoroughly as possible, the English system of Intelligence...

(MORE)

PHILIP ALLEN (cont'd)

The English have agreed to open up their "operations" to us -- they can't win the war without us -- but they don't really want us here... Intelligence is their mother's milk, and they don't like sharing the Royal Tit with people who don't have titles...

He lights his pipe...

PHILIP ALLEN (cont'd)

(after a beat)

There will be very few people in the intelligence community you can trust... For the sake of your sanity you will need to trust someone...

(a beat)

You can trust me... "People like us," we don't deceive each other...

They look at each other. And the overhead light blinks on and off.

PHILIP ALLEN (cont'd)

Your London handler is ready to meet you...

He opens the curtains... They walk out of the dressing room... the seamstresses, their bobbins whirring. Philip motions at a door, turns and leaves... James goes through the door... and into another ROOM. A large windowless SHOP... A large sign on a wall... "SILENCE IS GOLDEN." And we see CRYPTOGRAPHERS sitting at work benches silently working at what look like typewriters. "Runners," walk the length of the tables taking slips of paper from the cryptographers, putting them into cannisters, putting the cannisters into a pneumatic tube, and sent away to God knows where.

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

I should have known better than to use that poem...

James turns. And he stops, startled. And we see the poetry teacher, DR. WALTER FREDRICKS, leaning on his cane, standing under the sign, "Silence Is Golden."

DR. FREDRICKS (cont'd)

(crossing to him)

Job well done, Mr. Wilson. You're a clever boy. I told General Sullivan to keep an eye out for you... You spoiled a two year operation for me... I was getting quite a reputation as a Nazi sympathizer. Herr Furher himself was going to invite me over to tea.

(a beat, smiles)

Just as well. I was starting to long for the bone chilling cold of home...

And he affectionately offers his hand.

DR. FREDRICKS (cont'd)
It's good to have you here in London,
James.

JAMES
(smiles, ironic)
It's good to be here, sir.

They shake hands.

DR. FREDRICKS
(smiling, wry)
It isn't personal...

James smiles. They're quiet. James looks around him. Dr. Fredricks takes out a small note pad, writing something. Tearing off the slip of paper he gives James the note. It reads: "ULTRA works!" "We've broken the German code!" And all it implies. He takes back the slip of paper, pocketing it. And as they look at the miracle decoding machines...

DR. FREDRICKS (cont'd)
...It's like watching someone in their
bedroom when they don't know you are
there...

He takes James arm walking him outside onto a small PATIO with a high wall where it's safe to talk. The feet and the legs of people on the sidewalk above them walking by, going about their daily lives...

DR. FREDRICKS (cont'd)
(after a beat,
secretly)
At precisely 9:17, we know the Germans
are going to bomb Coventry...Our
people will go to bed dreaming about
what might be...And yet, we must let
them sleep...If we alert them the
Germans will realize that we are in
their bedroom...That we have broken
their code.

JAMES
(troubled)
You're trading their lives?

DR. FREDRICKS
(nods)
Innocent people will have to die so
that there can be a brighter
day..."And say at night, 'Would God
the day were here, And say at dawn,
'Would God the day were dead..."

JAMES
Swinbourne.

DR. FREDRICKS
 (nods, yes)
 Swinbourne.

INT. THE LONDON TUBE - NIGHT

There's the distant sounds of the London Blitz. Lights flicker on and off. And we see hundreds of Londoners hunkered down in the Underground as London is bombarded by the Luftwaffe. And we see James and Dr. Fredricks walking along the endless subway tunnel...

DR. FREDRICKS
 (finishing a
 thought...)
 ...Learn your "tradecraft"
 well...Penetration of the enemy's
 intelligence services is vital in
 order to push the enemy into an unreal
 world..."a wilderness of mirrors," as
 it were...A mythical hell to which
 spycatchers are consigned by default,
 doomed to spend their working lives
 trapped inside reflections...A place
 where truth and reality are blinded by
 deception...A Dantean inferno with
 ninety-nine circles -- a spider web of
 doubt, half-truth, suspicion and
 professional paranoia...

And as they walk, the distant sounds of bombs falling...

INT. A LONDON PUB - NIGHT

The City blacked out. And we see James and Dr. Fredricks in a dark pub, sitting alone at a far table, drinking.

DR. FREDRICKS
 The very qualities that make a good
 intelligence officer...A suspicious
 mind, the love of complexity and
 detail, an ability to detect
 conspiracies...are also the qualities
 most likely to corrode natural
 intelligence and objective
 judgement...The danger, James, is that
 you become obsessed with somebody or
 something that is crawling around
 inside your head...And you shut
 everything else out, and you just
 listen to what's going on inside your
 own head. Anybody that puts up the
 contrary side, you see, is guilty of
 sinning against your own special Holy
 Ghost...

James is quiet, listening. Dr. Fredricks finishes his drink. He looks through the empty glass...

DR. FREDRICKS (cont'd)
 ..It's like looking through an empty
 glass. Everything that seemed clear is
 bent, everything that seemed bent is
 clear..Through a glass darkly...

James looks at him. And with all that's been said:

JAMES
 How do I know, Dr. Fredricks, you
 aren't really a Nazi?

DR. FREDRICKS
 (smiles)
 A very good start. I'm afraid dear
 boy, you can't know.

INT. JAMES O.S.S. OFFICE, AN OLD LONDON BUILDING - DAY

And we see James, sitting at a desk in a small office, head
 down, reading a report...There's a knock on the door. And we
 see a dark haired MAN in his late twenties, wearing an
 American Army uniform and a greatcoat, coming in. And we see
 it's RAY BROCCO. And the difference between him, the
 confident young man, and the man he is to become, is equally
 startling...

RAY BROCCO
 Mr. Carlson?

James doesn't look up.

RAY BROCCO (cont'd)
 Is this the American Trade Bureau?

JAMES
 (reading)
 Which product?

RAY BROCCO
 Dry goods.

JAMES
 (without looking
 up)
 You're late.

RAY BROCCO
 (smiles)
 Yeah, that's what my mother said...

James tries not to smile. And he reads aloud from the
 report...

JAMES
 ...Raymond Duca Brocco, born May, 8,
 1905, New York City...Birthmark on
 left shoulder, acne scars on right
 cheek, chicken pox scars on
 forehead...St. Ignatius High
 School...Fordham University...
 (MORE)

JAMES (cont'd)
 Wife, Anita Delvecchio...Children,
 Carolyn and Jennifer...six and
 eight...Military service...

He looks through some official army records...

JAMES (cont'd)
 (reading aloud)
 ...Military Intelligence...

He reads to himself. And finishing, he looks up for the first time...

JAMES (cont'd)
 Is there anything you want to add?

RAY BROCCO
 My children's names are Stephanie and Susan...

JAMES
 (nods)
 I know. I wanted to make sure you did.

RAY BROCCO
 (annoyed)
 Do you want to look up my ass, too?

JAMES
 (a look)
 You're working for me, Corporal Brocco.

RAY BROCCO
 I'm working for the United States Government, sir.

JAMES
 In this office I'm the United States Government...

And Ray's quiet, looking at the younger man.

RAY BROCCO
 (after a beat)
 They wouldn't tell me your name.

JAMES
 (smiles)
 Then how do you know you aren't in the wrong place?

RAY BROCCO
 They said you were a serious little bastard that didn't have any sense of humor. There can't be two of you.

JAMES
 This is serious business. We're here to win a war.

RAY BROCCO

(wry)
Just the two of us?

JAMES

(equally wry)
It's a start.

And the PHONE rings. They both look at it.

JAMES

Are you going to answer it?

RAY BROCCO

It depends if I'm working for you, or
if I'm not...

James looks at him, studying him. And after a moment:

JAMES

(nods)
One of your jobs, Mr. Brocco, is
answering the phone...

Ray smiles, and as he answers it...

INT. JAMES O.S.S. OFFICE, LONDON - NIGHT

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Britian's stirring anthem during
the war, is playing on a RADIO...And we see James at his
desk, surrounded by papers...Ray Brocco standing in the
middle of the room...Both of them, waiting for something...

BBC REPORTER (OVER)

(on the radio)
...This is the BBC London...A Mother
in Gloucester has asked us to read a
letter to her beloved son...

They both turn...

BBC REPORTER (OVER)

"Dear Martin, It has been a long,
cold, winter, but our hearts are
warned by the thoughts of you...Each
day we wait for the postman, to see
what news he will deliver..." "Your
loving Mother..."

A moment, and a BELL suddenly rings, a message coming across
an ENCRPYTION DEVICE. Ray goes to get it...And using a
Navajo language code book, decoding it...

RAY BROCCO

...It's for you, "Mother," from your
beloved "son" Martin, in Munich...He
writes, "...Send my love to Sir Alec
Cooper..."

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

And we see a chauffeured Rolls Royce waiting by the curb outside of a formidable old GOVERNMENT BUILDING. And a tailored MAN in a top hat and an overcoat comes down the steps crossing to the Car...

RAY BROCCO'S VOICE (OVER)

Lord Cooper?

The Man turns and Ray is upon him, quickly putting his hand in one of the Lord's overcoat pockets...

RAY BROCCO (cont'd)

(quietly)

Do you feel that?

And it's more than just his hand. The Lord nods, he does. And James comes along the other side of him...

JAMES

Let's take a walk your lordship...

And he takes his arm, walking with him along the street. And as they walk Ray falls back, following them, close at hand...

JAMES (cont'd)

There's nothing quite like a walk in London in the evening. You can feel the history...

(after a beat)

We know you've been passing information to the German High Command...

The Lord starts to say something, but James interrupts him...

JAMES (cont'd)

You don't get a chance to talk...Now, I'm going to offer you one of two choices...Either you will be executed for treason, or you will continue to spy for the enemy and provide them with the information we tell you to...

(wry)

...And by the end of the war you can tell your children you were a real war hero.

LORD COOPER

(outraged)

This is preposterous. I am a deputy to the Prime Minister.

And there are the ominous sounds of distant APPROACHING AIRPLANES...They look up...And AIR RAID SIRENS start to SOUND...The City's lights go out. Lord Cooper starts for the safety of a Building's Air Raid Shelter. But James takes his arm, moving him along the dark street. The AIRPLANES are getting closer...And BOMBS SOUND, whistling, starting to fall on London...

LORD COOPER (cont'd)
For godsake...!

JAMES
(pure James)
I'm afraid, God isn't listening...

And he moves him along the dark empty street, Ray following them...The bombs raining on the city...

LORD COOPER
(terrified)
You are out of your bloody mind!

James gives him a piece of paper...

JAMES
I want you to pass this on to your German friends...And if I find out it wasn't done, we'll take another walk, and we'll take a walk every night until it is done...

More bombs sound, fires lighting the London night sky.

JAMES (cont'd)
Do you understand my English, your Lordship?

They look at each other. And the Lord nods. James lets go of his arm.

JAMES (cont'd)
(the endgame)
Be very careful, London is burning.

And Lord Cooper turns, hurrying across the street, hurrying off. James and Ray, standing on the dark London street, look after him...

RAY BROCCO
...How do we know he won't be working for two masters?

JAMES
(a beat, simply)
We don't.

And it's the first of many mirrors in this world of a "wilderness of mirrors."

INT. THE CAMBRIDGE CLUB, LONDON - DAY

A small elegant dining room in an old English private Men's Club. And we see James sitting and drinking with an effete, tailored, handsome young Englishman in his early thirties. There's an intelligence, a coldness at his core. The English equivalent of a "Yalie," but smarter. Someone to respect and to fear. KIP WILEY. He has a perceptible stutter...

KIP WILEY

I'm so terribly glad I finally had an opportunity to meet you...I'm told we're of a like mind on many things...good schoolboys, Yale and Cambridge, and all that...

James is quiet. After some moments:

KIP WILEY (cont'd)

...Have you ever seen what a mole can do, Mother?

JAMES

(dry)

I don't know much about rodents.

KIP WILEY

(smiles, after a beat, motioning)

A mole will burrow under a foundation...Digging a hole here, digging a hole there, until you are left standing on nothing but air, and the foundation collapses in on itself...

(a beat)

The next war will be fought with moles, Mother. Who holds secrets dearest. We have to always be vigilant, Mother -- keep a keen eye out on our sides of the street for moles...

JAMES

(smiles, wry)

I thought we were on the same side of the street, Kip?

KIP WILEY

(laughs)

I think we are going to get along famously...

And a Butler brings Kip a message. Kip reads it, nodding. The Butler goes off. After a moment:

KIP WILEY (cont'd)

I think you two know each other...

James turns, and he sees the Butler is walking RICHARD HAYES over to their table...

KIP WILEY (cont'd)

Mr. Hayes has come over to work with us in Special Operations. I hope you don't mind, I invited him to join us...

RICHARD HAYES
 (reaching them,
 his smile)
 Hello, James...

He offers his hand to James. James, quietly shakes it.
 Richard sits down. There's an awkward quiet.

KIP WILEY
 (after a beat, to
 James)
 Our "English teacher" has a bad habit
 of making easy friendships. You know,
 of course, about his particular sexual
 tastes.

JAMES
 Why would I know that?

RICHARD HAYES
 (his smile, with
 innuendo)
 You were good friends, an
 impressionable student once.

JAMES
 Not that impressionable.

Kip and Richard laugh.

KIP WILEY
 (after a beat)
 He's not very discriminating. An easy
 target. He's familiar with some very
 sensitive information. We're worried
 about his "exposure..."
 (smiling, nasty)
 "Loose lips," I'm sure you know,
 Mother, "Sink ships."
 (and after a beat)
 Now, if you'll excuse me gentlemen,
 I'll let you renew acquaintances...

And getting up he goes to another table, talking to a man...

JAMES
 (after a beat, to
 Richard)
 It seems to me to be a problem for the
 British...Why are we involved?

RICHARD HAYES
 The British are a civilized people...
 (smiles, wry)
 They don't eat their own...They have
 somebody do it for them...

JAMES
 (after a beat)
 Why are you telling me this?

RICHARD HAYES

(his knowing
smile)

We're brother's James...Skull and
Bones...I don't want to see you
compromised, left out in the cold...

JAMES

(sarcastic)

I'm touched by your concern for me.

RICHARD HAYES

(a beat, ominous)

I'm giving you the opportunity to
handle it, James...Or I will...

They look at each other.

KIP WILEY

(coming back)

It's always nice to be with old
friends again, isn't it?

James doesn't say anything.

KIP WILEY (cont'd)

(after a beat)

Do we understand each other?

JAMES

Loud and clear.

(after a beat)

If you'll excuse me...I have things to
do...

He gets up.

KIP WILEY

(stopping him)

Do you wear a handkerchief, Mother?

James shakes "no." And Kip takes the handkerchief out of his
shirt pocket, putting it in James' shirt pocket.

KIP WILEY (cont'd)

If the Headmaster won't listen to
reason you might want to clean your
hands.

James looks at him, and crosses the room to leave. He slows
on his way out, looking back at them. Kip, saying something
to Richard. James, reading his lips...

KIP WILEY (cont'd)

(saying)

"...I don't think he has the heart for
this work..."

EXT. ST. JAMES PARK, LONDON - DAY

And we see James and Dr. Fredricks walking along a garden
path in the park. After some moments:

JAMES

Have you thought about retiring...?
Going back to teaching full
time...Returning to Cambridge...?

And Dr. Fredricks knows the implications of what he's being told.

DR. FREDRICKS

Rip Wiley is an ambitious young man.
He's never liked having a Headmaster.
Be very afraid, James, "ambition" is
an overly praised attribute.

(after a beat)

He's saying they're concerned about my
"associations?"

James nods.

DR. FREDRICKS (cont'd)

(wry)

Boys to "men." The Cambridge lads
stick together like glue. I'm far
more democratic in my tastes than they
prefer. They prefer the pressed
trousers.

(a beat)

I'm afraid this is who I am, James.
I'll suffer that.

They look at each other.

JAMES

(a beat, and
knowing its his
death warrant)

I can't help you, then.

And it's heart wrenching. Dr. Fredricks nods. And they're quiet. James puts his hands in his coat pockets, painfully aware of the handkerchief...

DR. FREDRICKS

(perceptive)

I see you are wearing a handkerchief.

And he takes it out of James' pocket, giving it to him.

DR. FREDRICKS (cont'd)

(looking around,
wise)

The good schoolboy must be close by.
He'll want to know my response.

(knowing)

I would understand if you want to
clean your hands, James.

James quietly holds the handkerchief. He can't bring himself to do it. Dr. Fredricks nods, appreciating his loyalty. And he notices James' worn shoes...And as if passing the mantle...

DR. FREDRICKS (cont'd)
 You might want to think about getting
 some new shoes, James...There's a
 wonderful shop on Knightsbridge. A
 Mr. Pettibone's. He's a bootmaker to
 the King.

And there's something noble, and at once, anonymous about it.

JAMES
 (upset, says)
 The king's bootmaker?

DR. FREDRICKS
 (nods, wry)
 We are all, in our own way, James,
 just bootmakers to kings...

He looks at James. And he puts his cane fondly on James
 shoulder.

DR. FREDRICKS (cont'd)
 Get out while you still can, James.
 While you still have a soul. While
 you still hear poetry...

James is quiet. They look at each other. Dr. Fredricks
 nods. And nothing left to be said Dr. Fredricks turns,
 walking off, his cane tapping the garden path with each of
 his steps as he goes. James watches him walk under a foot
 bridge... Disappearing for a moment into the dark under the
 bridge...

JAMES
 (a beat,
 realizing)
 Dr. Fredricks...

And he runs after him, into the dark under the foot bridge.
 He looks ahead, into the daylight, where the path continues.
 And it's empty. The man known as Dr. Fredricks is simply
 gone, as if he were swallowed up...James looks down, and he
 sees Dr. Fredricks' cane lying on the cold ground. He looks
 up. And he sees Richard Hayes is standing in the garden
 path. They look at each other. He turns, walking off.
 There's a sound. James turns. And Kip Wiley is standing in
 the shadows under the foot bridge behind him.

KIP WILEY
 (for many things)
 He knew too much...

He reaches, taking back his handkerchief. And wiping his
 hands, metaphorical, he leaves. And as James stands in the
 shadows under the bridge...

INT. JAMES O.S.S. OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

James, upset, hands in his pockets, stands at a window
 looking out at London. Ray, in his overcoat, comes to the
 door...

RAY BROCCO

Do you need me for anything else?

James, without turning, shakes "no." And the phone RINGS. Ray answers it.

RAY BROCCO

American Trade Bureau. No, Mr. Carlson just stepped out...May I ask who's calling?

(after a beat)

It's for you, Mother, a Senator Russell.

James crosses to his desk taking the phone.

JAMES

Hello.

(a beat)

Yes, I can hear you.

He listens. A slight flicker crosses his eyes.

JAMES (cont'd)

Thank you for telling me.

A moment, and he hangs up. He bends to read some papers, almost as if he was hiding...

RAY BROCCO

(sensing)

Is anything wrong?

JAMES

(simply)

We had twins. A boy and a girl.

RAY BROCCO

(startled)

I didn't even know you were married...

(a beat)

Well, that's great news...Let's have a drink, celebrate...

James shakes "no." Ray nods. He starts to leave. Slows...

RAY BROCCO (cont'd)

What's their names?

And with a mixture of regret, shame, and sadness...

JAMES

(after a beat,

quietly)

I forgot to ask.

Ray looks at him. He lowers his head. And as James sits at his desk and we remember for a moment he's just a scared young man...

INT. A TECHNICAL ROOM, THE CIA, WASHINGTON, 1961 - DAY

And we're looking at what appears to be a forest of light and shadows. We PULL BACK and we see a large BLOW-UP of the grainy surreptitious BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH of the INTER-RACIAL COUPLE, is on a wall. And the REEL-TO-REEL TAPE is playing over SPEAKERS...The SOUNDS of the intimate BREATHING...And the Woman's VOICE, Over...

THE NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (OVER)
"...You are safe here with me..."

And we see James and Ray Brocco in a "technical" room, with three CIA OFFICERS...

A COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
...Her accent is almost definitely African...The way she pronounces her consonants...Our analysts guess she speaks a dialect of Swahili...possibly Kishwahili...Swahili, of course, is spoken in more than ten countries...millions of people...It would do us no good if there weren't some other indicators...If you listen closely, you can hear an airplane...We've washed it out...

And he plays the sound of an AIRPLANE...As it plays...

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER (cont'd)
...By the sound of the thrust of the jet engines we can determine it's a plane taking off...no more than a thousand feet off the ground...Or, two miles out...Wherever this was recorded was no more than two miles from an airport...A jet would limit it to a major city's airport...
(a beat)
There are three other distinctive sounds...An airconditioner...A church bell...and cars' horns...

He plays the sound of the AIR-CONDITIONER...

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER (cont'd)
There's nothing remarkable about the air-conditioner...except its blower has a higher standard of BTU's than we allow here...It's probably European made...

He plays the sound of a CHURCH BELL...

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER (cont'd)
Church bells are almost exclusively used by Christian faiths...Its volume suggests it's no more than a few blocks away...
(MORE)

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER (cont'd)

And the timbre of the bells' ring suggests it's quite old...At least a hundred years old...Perhaps it's in an older area of a city...?

He plays the sounds of CARS HORNS...

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER (cont'd)

There is nothing particularly remarkable about the cars' horns...The cars are of either European or American origin...but this one we were able to separate...

He plays a particular CAR HORN...

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER (cont'd)

Our experts tell us it's a Russian "Volga's" horn...It's the only car's horn that sounds like a large fart...

(a beat)

We're still washing it...but from what we've been able determine so far, it's from a major city with Russian contacts...A place that is either tropical or in their summer season -- the airconditioning...And close to a major airport...And Swahili is either spoken there, or the voice is a visitor who speaks Swahili...

James is quiet. And an Intelligence Officer stands by the PHOTO BLOW-UP...

AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

...We're having problems pushing the size of this much further...the resolution breaks down pretty quickly...the film stock is definitely Russian, low-grade...

(a beat)

There's four areas we've been focusing on...First, the window curtains...They have a definite pattern on them...Of trees...

And he motions to the blow-up of a WINDOW'S CURTAINS with their distinct pattern...

THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER (cont'd)

We're told by our people they are Baobabs...native to Africa, Madagascar, and Northern Australia...Second...The radiator...

(showing them...)

...You can just see its brand plate...

(motions to the brand plate)

...It's a D.T.R. Benelux...They're made in Brussels, Belgium...Third...

(MORE)

THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER (cont'd)

There's a clock on the night stand.
It reads almost 10:00...Which would
correspond with the church bells...

He shows them the CLOCK, the frozen hands of time...

THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER (cont'd)

Fourth. There's a photograph here...
(pointing)
In a frame on a dresser ...

And there's an indistinct PHOTOGRAPH on a dresser...

THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER (cont'd)

It seem to be of two figures...We're
going to wash it again, maybe we can
see who's in there...?

James gets up. And as he peers through his glasses, looking
closely at the blow-up of the indistinct photograph, in the
blown-up photograph, in the wilderness of mirrors...The
Woman's voice, over the speakers, in the quiet room...

THE WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER)

(on the tape)
"You are safe here with me...."

EXT. BERLIN, 1945 - DAY

And we see James, wearing a fur-lined overcoat, standing on a
BERLIN street. A light snow's falling. And we see AMERICAN
TROOPS, to the accompaniment of a Military Band playing
SOUSA, line after line of troops, occupying Berlin. And as
James moves along the street we see he's undergone a change.
His eyes more distant. His boyhood, dying. And coming the
other way along the street, is the gentleman spy himself,
PHILIP ALLEN. They warmly greet each other. And as they
walk:

PHILIP ALLEN

How are Clover and the children?

JAMES

(nods)
I hear they're well.

There's NOISE. They stop to watch the street. And RUSSIAN
TROOPS, with the red hammer and sickle flag, come along the
street...The AMERICAN FORCES and the RUSSIAN TROOPS, marching
by one another...A portent of things to come...

PHILIP ALLEN

(after a beat,
watching them)
...The real war has just begun...in
every liberated country there will be
a battle for the hearts and minds...
(as they walk,
whispering)
Do you know about the Manhattan
Project...? The atomic bomb...?

James nods he does.

PHILIP ALLEN (cont'd)

...The Russians are still in the nineteenth century...Beets and potatoes...That will change dramatically...Right now they're grabbing up territory, and taking home every scientist they can...In ten years they'll have the bomb...

(a beat)

We have to isolate them, James...We have to get anyone that can be useful to us out of Berlin...

He stops to light his pipe, watching the troops...

PHILIP ALLEN (cont'd)

The English Prime Minister is right, we shouldn't stop marching until we reach Moscow...

EXT. A GOVERNMENT BUILDING, BERLIN, GERMANY, 1945 - DAY

A finely chiseled Nazi government building...

INT. JAMES O.S.S. OFFICE, BERLIN, GERMANY, 1945 - DAY

And we see James, incongruous, sitting hunched over paperwork on a desk in a huge dark office, still replete with the ornate trappings from the Nazi regime...And Ray Brocco shows in a Man in a tired suit, and a young, pretty, dark haired WOMAN...A woman we'll come to know as HANNA SHIELDS.

RAY BROCCO

Mr. Carlson, this is Herr Schmidt... Fraulein Shields has been cleared to work as our interpreter...

James looks up at the Man in the suit. At the young Woman. And he sees she's wearing a hearing-aid...Ray leaves. James motions them to sit down. The Man says something in German...

HANNA

(after a beat)

...He was an officer in the Abwehr, German Military Intelligence...He says he knows the locations of certain Nazi rocket scientists in hiding... Particularly a Werner Von Braun...

JAMES

(after a beat)

Ask him where he'd like to go?

She asks him in German.

HANNA

He said Chicago. He has relatives there.

JAMES

Promise him if he gives us the scientists names and locations I'll arrange an exit visa for him...He can see his relatives in Chicago...

Hanna says something in German to the Man, the word "Chicago," distinguishable. The Man nods, gets up, stiffly nods to James, and leaves...

JAMES (cont'd)

(wry, dark)

Maybe his relatives don't want to see him.

Hanna smiles. She gets up...

HANNA

An ex-Waffen S.S. Group Commander would like to speak with you...

He nods. She starts to go...He looks at her hearing-aid. Seeing his look she pushes some hair over it, covering it...

HANNA (cont'd)

(self-conscious)

It is ugly, isn't it?

JAMES

(kind)

It's not supposed to be jewelry.

She smiles, appreciating his understanding.

HANNA

(after a beat)

My father was first violin in the Berlin Symphony. He was "asked" to join the Nazi party. He refused. The SS visited us. They made my father sit in a chair. They turned on the victrola, a piece by Schumann my father had played with the symphony. And while the record played, they raped me. When they were finished one of them put a gun up by my head, and fired...I lost the sound in one ear altogether...I can hear with the help of the hearing aid out of this ear...But they say in a year or so...

She's quiet. And Ray Brocco comes back into the office...

RAY BROCCO

(bending,
whispering)

The Russians are interested in making a prisoners swap.

INT. A CATHEDRAL, BERLIN - DAY

A large old Cathedral, holes in the walls from Allied bombs. And we see Ray coming in. He crosses into a CONFESSIONAL...

INT. THE CONFESSIONAL, A CATHEDRAL IN BERLIN - DAY

It's quiet. He waits. Some moments and the Priest's door opens. A Man's figure, behind the mesh, sitting down...

THE MAN

Mr. Wilson...?

RAY BROCCO

(nods)

Mr. Sanko...?

The Man nods.

THE RUSSIAN

(after a beat)

We are prepared to offer you some Nazi scientists that were captured in the East, for some Nazi scientists you have here in Berlin...

And as he passes a slip of paper, a list of names, through the mesh screen...

INT. THE CATHEDRAL IN BERLIN - DAY

There's the soft echo in the old Cathedral as some few penitents pray. And we see James, sitting in a pew toward the back of the Cathedral, quietly watching the Confessional.

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

Hello, Mother...

James turns. And he sees sitting in a pew across from him, a slender, handsome Man, in a tailored suit in his early thirties, with the fine features of a ballet dancer, and the cold, forgotten soul, of a chess player. The man we've come to know as PETRA SANKO.

JAMES

(a beat)

I understand your code name is "Ulysses." Is that for James Joyce's book, or the Greek myth?

PETRA SANKO

(smiles)

What would you prefer, Mother?

And the "game" is on...Petra gets up, coming to sit beside him.

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)

I could only locate one photograph of you...when you were a Freshman at Prep school...

JAMES

The only photograph we have of you is from the Young Pioneers...You were fourteen...

PETRA SANKO

(smiles, wry)

I guess we are both camera shy...

(a beat, a muse)

It is curious knowing someone without a face...to know every detail, every nuance of a man's life, before you have even looked him in the eye...

And they look each other in the eye. And they're quiet. After some moments:

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)

...I took the first hot bath yesterday I've taken in three years -- since the seige of Stalingrad...I sat for hours, looking out the window, soaking... There is nothing like the light in Berlin...Cold and haunting...

James doesn't say anything...

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)

(musing)

...It is interesting to me, how both of our countries must now take a global view...

(smiles)

Maybe things would be different, Mother, if Christopher Columbus had been wrong and the earth was flat...

James is quiet.

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)

(after a beat)

When you talk to Kip Wiley again will you give him my best...we spent a wonderful summer at Cambridge together...

(a smile)

Is he still so fascinated with moles? A spy under every bed?

And still James doesn't say anything.

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)

(smiles)

I had heard you were silent. What is the expression, "The silence is deafening?" You are going to be a formidable adversary, Mother.

JAMES

(wry, smiles)

I didn't know we were adversaries yet, Ulysses.

Petra laughs. After some moments:

PETRA SANKO

Oh, I want to show you, Mother...

He takes a small PHOTOGRAPH out of his wallet. Showing it to him. A photograph of two small CHILDREN.

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)

They are quite lovely, aren't they?

James nods. He starts to give the photograph back to him...

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)

You are welcome to keep it.

(chilling)

After all, it's of your children.

James doesn't show a flicker. And the Confessional door opens, Petra's alter ego, the bulky Man, his TARTAR shadow, coming out. He leaves the church. Petra gets up to go.

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)

Be well, Mother...

They look at each other, look each other in the eye. Petra smiles and leaves. And as James looks down at the photograph of his children:

INT. JAMES' OFFICE, BERLIN - LATE AFTERNOON

We see James coming in. He slows. And he sees sitting in a chair, his overcoat across his lap, General WILLIAM SULLIVAN. Sitting across the room a silent redhaired MAN. And the years have not treated the General well...He has the curse of too much Irish, the blood and the whiskey...And James sees a pair of old wooden crutches beside the General's chair...

BILL SULLIVAN

(seeing his look)

My fucking feet...They keep cutting pieces off of them...

(wry)

It's not dignified for a man to have to die from the feet up...

And as if there's some unseen signal the redhaired Man gets up and silently goes out onto the terrace. James pulls a chair over to sit next to the General...

BILL SULLIVAN (cont'd)

(after a beat)

We've done our job well, James. Maybe too well...

(quietly, leans forward, discreet)

...I've been having some conversations with the President...He's asked me to draw up a plan for continuing a Foreign Intelligence Service...

(MORE)

BILL SULLIVAN (cont'd)
Centralizing operations, putting all
intelligence under one big umbrella...

(beat)

It would be limited to overseas --
subversive operations...intelligence
gathering and analysis...I'd be
interested in some of your thoughts --
particularly in your area of
expertise...counterintelligence...

James nods. And the General's quiet, and he looks old, out
of his time...

BILL SULLIVAN (cont'd)

(after a beat,
troubled)

I have to tell you, James, I have some
real problems with this...I'm
concerned that too much power will
ultimately end up in too few
hands...It's always in somebody's best
interest to promote enemies...real or
imagined...I see this as America's
eyes and ears --

(a beat)

...I don't want it to become its heart
and soul...

JAMES

Its heart and soul?

BILL SULLIVAN

(after a beat)

I told the President for this to work
there's going to have to be some kind
of civilian oversight...

JAMES

Oversight? How can you have a covert
organization if someone is looking
over your shoulder?

BILL SULLIVAN

Do you know who gave Hitler his
power...? The clerks and the
bookkeepers -- The civil servants...

(a beat)

I have this one weakness, James...I
believe in a just God...I always seem
to err in favor of democracy...

(a beat, fearful)

I love our country, James...

JAMES

We all do, sir.

The General nods, but he's not so sure. He looks at James,
and a word of warning...

BILL SULLIVAN

(after a beat)

When all's said and done, James, I
hope we're not just clerks, too...

They look at each other. And as they sit in the gathering
darkness talking...

INT. JAMES' OFFICE, BERLIN - NIGHT

And we see James, bent over his desk, sitting alone in his
office. And we see he's looking at the photograph of his
children. There's a slight sound. He turns. And Hanna, in
a raincoat, has stopped in the doorway. He turns the picture
over.

HANNA

Pardon me...Do you need me for
anything else?

He shakes "no."

HANNA (cont'd)

Gute nacht...

He nods. She turns to leave. It's quiet. James, alone,
sitting at his desk...

HANNA (OVER)

Do you ever eat, Mr. Carlson?

And he sees she's come back...

HANNA (cont'd)

(a smile)

I like to cook...Would you like, how
do you call it, "a home cooked
meal...?"

And she self-consciously pushes her hair over her
hearing-aid. And as he looks at her, and she seems just as
lonely as he is...

INT. HANNA'S APARTMENT, BERLIN - NIGHT

And we see James and Hanna have finished dinner, Hanna doing
the dishes in a small kitchen, James quietly sitting at the
dining table with a bottle of wine...

HANNA

(continuing a
conversation)

...Have you ever read Dante's "Divine
Comedy" in the original Latin...?
It's quite beautiful...

And she quotes from the original Latin from Dante's, "The
Divine Comedy..." And James translates the Latin into
English...

JAMES

..."If thou follow thy star, thou
canst not fail of a glorious
heaven..."

HANNA

(laughs)

You are always one step ahead of me...

He smiles, and there's the last hint of the boy...She turns to the table to take up some of the dishes...He looks at her...something we're familiar with, the naked, vulnerable boy...She looks at him...

HANNA (cont'd)

You have a way of looking at
someone...It gets, how do you say
it, "in your skin..."

JAMES

Under your skin...

And she folds her arms across her chest, both of them aware of a sexual tension...

JAMES (cont'd)

(after a beat)

I should be going...

He gets up. There's an uncomfortable moment...She self-consciously pushes her hair over her hearing-aid...She looks at him...

HANNA

Would you like to stay?

JAMES

(a beat,
hesitates)

Would you like me to?

HANNA

(nods, "yes")

I would like you to very much...

INT. HANNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT, LATER

Rain, running down a window, throws its shadows on a wall. And we see James and Hanna, lying close together in her bed in the lassitude of post-coitus...And James is uncharacteristically intimate, particularly vulnerable...

JAMES

(quietly)

...I hardly know her...I've never seen
my children...

A moment, and she looks at him, into his boy's eyes, and she says...

HANNA

(softly)

You are safe here with me....

And she reaches to hold him...He hesitates...and he gives in to his fears and lets her hold him...After some moments:

HANNA (cont'd)

...What do you think you will do when the war is over?

JAMES

(in a moment of weakness)

General Sullivan has a plan...

And as they lay in bed quietly talking, the rain running down the window...

INT. HANNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT, LATER

And we see James lying in bed, peaceful...And there's the SOUND of the shower running...James can see into the bathroom, Hanna in the shower...And he sees her HEARING-AID on the sink top. She gets out of the shower, drying... Turning to James...

HANNA

Would you like to go somewhere together? The lakes in Bavaria are still beautiful. There was an inn there where the sheets smelled like fresh flowers and they served breakfast all day in bed.

He smiles at the idea...She turns, drying, happily singing to herself. James quietly watches her. And his eyes flicker, a heart wrenching instinct. And there's a moment's memory...of Petra Sanko's lips...

PETRA SANKO

(saying)

"...To know every detail, every nuance of a man's life..."

He looks at the hearing-aid on the sink top again. He looks at Hanna again, her back to him, drying off...And he doesn't really want to know, but he has to know for sure...And he says, softly...

JAMES

Hanna...

And she turns, hearing him just fine...Breaking his heart...

HANNA

(smiles)

Yes, darling?

JAMES
 (shakes "no",
 quietly)
 Nothing, it isn't important...

She turns back to dry herself...

HANNA
 (a beat,
 affectionately)
 I hope you never go home...

And as she dries her dark hair, singing to herself, and even his distant eyes can't hide his heartache...

EXT. THE BALCONY OFF JAMES' OFFICE, BERLIN - DUSK

The last gasp of light. And we see James, in his overcoat, wind blowing his hair, silently standing on the balcony off his office, looking out at Berlin...And Ray comes outside. He whispers something in James' ear. James nods.

JAMES
 (after a beat)
 I was weak...A pathetic schoolboy...I
 let her in...I told her everything
 about me...about my work...
 (chilling)
 I let a stranger in our house...

And he's closed what's left of his heart. Ray's quiet. He turns back inside. And as James stands on the balcony...

INT. A HOTEL IN BERLIN - DUSK

And we see Petra in a bathtub, soaking, looking at the light of Berlin. There's a knock on the door.

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
 Room service...Your tea, sir....

PETRA SANKO
 Bring it in...

The Room Service Man comes in...He puts the tray down by the tub...he leaves...Petra pours the tea...And there's something in the teapot. He opens the teapot. He slows. And he sees inside is Hanna's HEARING-AID...And he knows where it came from...

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)
 (whispers)
 Mother...

He gets up out of the tub, crossing to a phone. And as he makes a call:

INT. HANNA'S APARTMENT, BERLIN - DUSK

And we see Hanna's taking a bath. The door opens. She turns. And we see Petra's Tartar is in the doorway. And before she can say anything she's shot in the head.

As her head drops forward into the bath, the water turning red, and the "Cold War," has begun:

EXT. THE BALCONY, JAMES' OFFICE, BERLIN - DUSK

James, hands in his pockets, looks out at Berlin. And it's still. Some BIRDS come to perch on the balcony railing. And the breeze, with the coming of night, ruffles James overcoat. And suddenly the birds take off. And as he watches them fly off over Berlin, like the passing of time:

EXT. THE RUSSELL ESTATE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT - DAY

Snow covers the ground. And we see a plain sedan, a Government car, "The War Department," coming up the driveway of the old estate, pulling to a stop. And we see James, wearing a suit, an overcoat, getting out of the car. The Driver brings him his suitcase, and leaves. And it's still. And this will be a very different version of "The Best Years of Our Lives." James starts up the walk with the suitcase, and two CHILDREN, a Boy and a Girl, ROBERT and CLAIRE, six, come running from around the side of the house. Seeing him, they slow...

JAMES

Hello...

THE CHILDREN

(shy)

Hello...

JAMES

(a beat)

Do you know who I am?

They nod.

JAMES (cont'd)

You're Robert and Claire, is that right?

ROBERT

I'm Robert, she's Claire.

JAMES

(a small smile)

I figured that.

There's an awkward quiet.

JAMES (cont'd)

(motioning)

Your mother?

They nod she's inside. James looks at them again, and turning, goes inside.

INT. THE RUSSELL ESTATE, CONNECTICUT - DAY

He comes into the foyer. It's quiet. He puts down his suitcase. He goes into the living room. It's still. He goes into the kitchen.

And he sees Clover, standing by a window looking outside...

JAMES
(after a beat)
Hello, Clover.

She turns. And the girl that was once "Clover" is gone...A practical woman in her place.

CLOVER
Hello, James...

They look at each other...And after all the years...

CLOVER (cont'd)
(after a beat)
It's nice to see you again, James...

JAMES
It's nice to see you again, too...

There's an awkward quiet. And the children come inside. The little Boy goes to stand with his mother...

JAMES (cont'd)
(a beat, to the
little Girl)
This is for you...It's from a place
called Italy...

And he awkwardly gives her a small doll colorfully dressed in an Italian peasant costume. He looks at his little Boy...

JAMES (cont'd)
I made this for you...

And he gives him a small ship in a bottle...The little Boy fingers the bottle...

JAMES (cont'd)
Try not to break it...

James quietly looks at Clover, his children...And after some moments:

JAMES (cont'd)
It's nice to be home.

INT. THE RUSSELL ESTATE, CONNECTICUT - NIGHT

We see Clover lying in bed. And James, carrying his suitcase, comes into the room...And there's an awkwardness, two strangers...

CLOVER
If you don't mind -- I'd like us to
sleep in separate beds for awhile...
until we know each other again...I've
made up the guest bedroom...

He nods, he understands. He sits in a chair.

JAMES

What have you heard about John? The last I had heard he was listed as missing in China...

CLOVER

They've officially listed him as dead...Although his body was never recovered...

He nods, truly sorry...And it's quiet again...After some moments:

CLOVER (cont'd)

Five years is a long time. I've been very lonely.

(a beat, honest)

I was with a man once...

James looks at her. He can well understand that.

CLOVER (cont'd)

(a smile)

He wasn't very interesting...

James smiles. And for a moment we remember who she once was.

CLOVER (cont'd)

(after a beat)

We can meet each other all over again, James...

JAMES

I would like that very much...

INT. A GUEST ROOM, THE RUSSELL ESTATE - NIGHT

And we see James quietly unpacking, neatly folding his things, putting them away in a chest of drawers. He takes out his shoes. He looks at them. The shoes of fine English leather. There's a slight sound...He turns. And he sees his little boy, Robert, in his pajamas, standing in the bedroom doorway quietly watching him.

ROBERT

Mother said you were in the war. Did you fight? Did you kill anybody?

JAMES

(a beat, shakes

"no.")

I didn't kill anybody.

James turns putting his English shoes away in the closet. And as he closes the closet door, home from the war:

INT. JAMES' HOUSE, VIRGINIA, 1961 - NIGHT

The door opens. And we see James, "The Stranger," in his raincoat, carrying his briefcase, coming into the quiet house. He hangs his coat up in the foyer. The house dark, still, empty. There's a slight sound. He turns.

And he sees sitting in the dark living room, is RICHARD HAYES.

JAMES
How did you get in here?

Richard doesn't say anything.

RICHARD HAYES
There were only two of us, until
moment zero, who knew where we were
going. One of us couldn't keep a
secret...

(his familiar
smile)

And I know it wasn't me.

JAMES
(impatient)
What do you want, Mr. Hayes?

RICHARD HAYES
(after a beat)
I "captured" a copy of a draft letter
our friend upstairs, Mr. Allen, was
sending...His proposed
"housecleaning." One of his proposals
is reassigning you to a less visable
desk. Another is to reassign me to
communications. Can you imagine that,
Mother, fucking communications...?

James doesn't say anything.

RICHARD HAYES (cont'd)
We're in the same boat together,
Mother. A leaking boat...

JAMES
Don't ever think we're in the same
boat, Mr. Hayes.

RICHARD HAYES
(after a beat, his
secretive smile)
We're you aware our friend upstairs
has been putting money away in
Switzerland for years? It's hard to
imagine where all that money came from
on a civil servant's salary.

And he puts a manila envelope on an end table...

RICHARD HAYES (cont'd)
(getting up, cold)
We're either going to sink or swim
together, Mother...

James is quiet. Richard stops, looking around...

RICHARD HAYES (cont'd)
 You must be lonely without your
 family...
 (a beat, his
 smile)
 Why have a family at all?

They look at each other, and Richard leaves, the door quietly closing. As James stands in the dark living room in the empty house.

INT. JAMES' HOUSE, HIS BEDROOM - NIGHT

James, buttoning his pajamas, quietly gets ready for bed. And the PHONE suddenly RINGS on the nightstand, startling. He lets it ring exactly five times.

JAMES
 (softly)
 Hello...

There's the static of long distance...very long distance...

JAMES (cont'd)
 Robert?

And out of the static, like coming up from a well, there's the RUSSIAN VOICE of PETRA SANKO.

PETRA SANKO'S VOICE (OVER)
 Mother...

JAMES
 (a beat, darkens)
 Cuba...I thought we had an
 agreement, "Ulysses..." Hands off of
 Cuba...

INT. PETRA SANKO'S OFFICE, THE KGB, MOSCOW, 1961 - DAY

And we see Petra on the phone in his office in the Kremlin.

PETRA SANKO
 I feel personally bad about that.
 Some things, as you know quite well,
 Mother, are not personal...A little
 "bird" had fallen into my lap I could
 not let fly away...

INT. JAMES' HOUSE, HIS BEDROOM, 1961 - NIGHT

James quietly standing in his dark bedroom.

INT. PETRA SANKO'S OFFICE, THE KGB, 1961 - DAY

PETRA SANKO
 (after a beat)
 I know things must be upsetting for
 you right now. Moscow is quite
 beautiful in April, Mother. Crisp and
 clear. Maybe you will come and visit,
 Mother. Even decide to stay.

INT. JAMES' HOUSE, HIS BEDROOM, 1961 - NIGHT

JAMES
(pure James)
I don't like the cold.

INT. PETRA SANKO'S OFFICE, THE KGB, 1961 - DAY

PETRA SANKO
(laughs)
I will make sure you stay warm,
Mother.

INT. JAMES' HOUSE, HIS BEDROOM, 1961 - NIGHT

And James is quiet.

PETRA SANKO'S VOICE (OVER)
Mother, are you still there?

JAMES
I'm here.

PETRA SANKO'S VOICE (OVER)
(a beat, chiding
him)
The little "bird" told me just where
to find you...at the Bay of Pigs...
(a beat)
Sleep well, Mother...

And the phone's hung up. James quietly hangs up...He stands like a shadow, in the dark room...And he sees his reflection in a dresser mirror, a man old before his time. He looks at himself in the mirror. And he starts to softly sing a familiar melody..."For I'm called little Buttercup, sweet little Buttercup, though I could never tell why..." And for a moment he's a boy again. And as he sings the haunting melody, looking for the boy in the mirror...

EXT. THE MALL, WASHINGTON D.C., 1947 - DAY

We see a cluster of temporary World War II style BUNGALOWS, little more than trailers, situated between the Lincoln Memorial and the Reflecting Pool...And a Truck's parked, two WORKMEN wheeling a SAFE into a bungalow...

INT. JAMES' OFFICE, A MALL BUNGALOW, 1947 - DAY

A small, cramped office. And we see James and Ray Brocco watching as the Workmen put the SAFE against a wall. The Workmen leave. James looks at the safe...

JAMES
(to Ray)
...All intelligence -- cables, field reports, are to come through our office first...

Ray nods. James bends, going into the safe...He can almost stand...

JAMES (cont'd)
 (after a beat)
 I want this combination lock changed
 right away...

RAY BROCCO
 Changed? It's brand new...never been
 used, Mother...

James doesn't say anything. And his silence is enough for
 Ray not to argue about it. After some moments:

JAMES
 Nobody has access to this safe except
 for you and me...

Ray nods, "of course."

JAMES (cont'd)
 (a beat, amending
 that)
 And you're to only use it with my
 approval....

RAY BROCCO
 (a beat, wounded)
 When are you going to learn to trust
 me?

JAMES
 We're not here to trust anybody, Mr.
 Brocco...

He comes out of the safe. And as he closes the door, turning
 the handle, locking it shut...

INT. A GOVERNMENT BUILDING, WASHINGTON, 1947 - DAY

We're looking at a BLACK AND WHITE INTELLIGENCE FILM,
 Communism and its influence around the globe. And we see
 we're in a darkened MEETING ROOM in an old government office
 building. And sitting at a conference table and standing
 around the room are fifteen or so MEN watching the film
 projected on a screen. James quietly stands off to himself
 in the back. And we see in the film's light most of the men
 are in their late twenties to early thirties, some few in
 their forties and fifties. Among them Philip Allen and
 Richard Hayes. Fair-haired, Ivy League men all, "People like
 us." Philip Allen comes to stand by James. And while the
 film plays...

PHILIP ALLEN
 (quietly)
 I'd like you and Mr. Hayes to put your
 heads together on the Central America
 account...

James looks over at Richard Hayes...

JAMES

(after a beat)

I was under the impression Dr. Ibanez supported democracy...

PHILIP ALLEN

(lighting his
pipe)

I'm afraid he's changed his mind.

James doesn't say anything. He nods, and turning, starts out of the room. He looks back and he sees in the flickering light of the movie Philip and Richard Hayes quietly talking...And he READS Philip Allen's lips...

PHILIP ALLEN (cont'd)

(saying)

"...I want all intelligence on this sent directly to me..."

EXT. THE SUBURBAN STREET, VIRGINIA, 1947 - EARLY EVENING

And we see James, in his raincoat, carrying his briefcase, getting off a City Transit Bus. The Bus pulls off. And we see his little Girl, CLAIRE, standing on the sidewalk waiting for him...

CLAIRE

(coquette)

Do you like my new party dress?

JAMES

Yes, it's very nice.

She walks on the suburban sidewalk ahead of him to the HOUSE that is now familiar to us. The two story red brick COLONIAL on the suburban Virginia street. Just built, and part of a large housing tract, it's a part of the whole postwar American boom. A part of the American Dream. A place to raise your children, where they can dream, too. And the last of the day's light lingers on a summer night...Children on the street playing...The young parents on their lawns, and the sidewalks, enjoying their freedom...And we see CLOVER, a drink in her hand, talking with a circle of Women on the lawn in front of their new house. And we see she's slipped into her life like a new suit of clothes, that doesn't really fit, but she's determined to wear...James comes up to the house...And a Taxi stops in the street. And the blood literally drains out of Clover's face...

CLOVER

Oh my God in heaven..

James turns. And he sees standing in the street, wearing an Army uniform, back from the dead, JOHN RUSSELL. Still the handsome F. Scott Fitzgerald character. The American Boy. And Clover runs to him, holding him to make sure he's real. James, as startled as anyone, comes into the street...

JAMES

John?

JOHN RUSSELL

Hello, James.

And they embrace, "the boys of summer." And they realize a woman is standing in the street with him, a young dark haired pregnant woman...

JOHN RUSSELL

(introducing)

My sister Clover. My brother in law, James...This is my wife, Irina...

John Russell, come home from the war.

INT. THE HOUSE, VIRGINIA - NIGHT

The living room's nearly dark. Clover, gone to bed. Irina asleep on a couch.

EXT. THE HOUSE, THE BACK PORCH - NIGHT

And we see James and John sitting in the dark on the back porch quietly talking...

JOHN RUSSELL

...Fifty miles from Peking...The Koyushu Prisoner Of War Camp...

And tears well up in his pale blue eyes from some unimaginable deep pain...He regains his composure...

JOHN RUSSELL (cont'd)

...I was freed by the Russians in March of 1945...I spent two years in Russia...I was part of a diplomatic exchange a month ago...Army Intelligence has been debriefing me since...

James nods.

JOHN RUSSELL (cont'd)

I've been asked to work with your people...On the Russia desk...

James doesn't say anything. And as they sit in the dark on the back porch quietly talking:

INT. JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

James is at the front door seeing John and Irina out. John shrugs on his Army overcoat. There's an awkward moment. They look at each other. And John embraces him. Still, and forever more, "Brothers." And John crosses with his wife into the night. James watches them go. There's a slight sound. He turns. And Clover, a bathrobe over her nightgown, is standing at the foot of the stairs. She folds her arms across her chest as if she were chilled...

CLOVER

...I don't know why, I'm afraid, James...

And in a moment of affection he holds her.

JAMES
(reassuring)
There's nothing to be afraid of. It's
wonderful to have John home.

She nods. They're quiet. She looks at him.

CLOVER
(still afraid)
Would you come up with me?

And as he goes up the stairs with her, to the dark at the top
of the stairs...

INT. JAMES' HOUSE, THEIR BEDROOM - NIGHT

And we see James and Clover making love on their "conjugal"
bed...As we move in on them...

JAMES
(reassuring her,
an echo, touching)
You're safe here with me...

INT. JAMES' HOUSE, THEIR BEDROOM - NIGHT, LATER

We see James, his eyes open, lying in bed in their dark
room...Water's running in the bathroom...James looks toward
the bathroom, the door ajar, a small slip of light...He
silently takes up a phone, dialing...

JAMES
(after a beat,
quietly)
This is Mr. Carlson. DCQ. "Red sky
at morning." I want a "deep water,"
everything we know about a John David
Russell...and an Irina Zaitsev...

He hangs up. He senses somebody is watching him. He turns.
And Robert, in his pajamas, is standing in the bedroom door.

ROBERT
I couldn't sleep...

JAMES
(gently)
Everything's fine...go back to bed...

Robert turns going back down the hall. And as James quietly
sits in the dark room, unable to trust anybody...

INT. JAMES' SMALL OFFICE, MALL BUNGALOW, WASHINGTON - DAY

And we see Richard Hayes and a younger fair-haired Man,
with an open smile, MICHAEL JOHNSON, sitting in James office.
James behind his desk...

RICHARD HAYES

...He's nationalized over thirty percent of the land...all of it appropriated from our interests down there...

(a beat)

...The Doctor's started to believe his own propaganda -- I mean you dreamed this guy up -- helped get him elected...All that bullshit -- "El Indio --" "A man of the people..." "The Great Healer." Shit, it isn't very hard, they probably have ten doctors in the whole fucking country...

JAMES

(precisely)

One hundred and three...

RICHARD HAYES

(after a beat)

Michael's going down there with The United Coffee Company as an "agricultural" liaison...He'll be our eyes and our ears...

James nods. A moment, and through, Richard and the young Man get up to leave...

JAMES

(a beat, motioning to Michael)

...You might not want to wear that ring down there...

Michael looks at his hand. And James means Michael's "Skull and Bones" Yale Class Ring. Michel nods. And as they leave:

JAMES (cont'd)

Mr. Hayes...

Richard looks back in...

JAMES (cont'd)

(holding up an intelligence cable, cold)

Do you want me to pass this on to the Tailor upstairs, or do you want to?

They look at each other. There's no love lost. And as Richard leaves...

INT. A CITY TRANSIT BUS, 1947 - EVENING

And we see James, in a overcoat, his briefcase at his side, riding the Bus home from work. The Bus stops to take on and let off some passengers. It pulls away again. And a figure comes to sit beside him.

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

Hello, James.

James turns. And he sees SAM PAPICH, the erstwhile F.B.I agent, wearing his familiar fedora, has sat down beside him...

SAM PAPICH (cont'd)

(smiles)

You look good, James. The work suits you. Everybody should be happy with their work...

James is quiet. And as they ride...

SAM PAPICH (cont'd)

...Carolyn and I, we just bought our first house...and everything's already broken...I spend my weekends fixing things...By the time I get everything fixed, it'll be time to sell the fucking house...

He smiles at life's vagaries...And after some moments:

SAM PAPICH (cont'd)

I'd like for us to work together again, James...I think it would benefit both agencies...

JAMES

(after a beat,
literal)

You know our charter prohibits us from doing anything on our soil...

SAM PAPICH

(laughs)

...Yeah, I know...And the first time you boys have the opportunity, you'll be breaking and entering in deepest, darkest, Indiana, like thieves in the night...

Even James smiles. After some moments:

JAMES

I thought there was a "wedge" between us. The two agencies? A mutual mistrust.

SAM PAPICH

(nods)

But you and me, we have a special relationship, James...

James looks at him as if to say, "What's that?"

SAM PAPICH (cont'd)

(wry)

I knew you when you still had a conscience...

INT. JAMES' OFFICE, MALL BUNGALOW, WASHINGTON, 1947 - DAY

James is bent over his desk, immersed, reading something. And we see Ray Brocco coming in, bringing him a small round gift-wrapped package.

RAY BROCCO

This came for you...

JAMES

(without looking
up)

Open it.

Ray takes off the gift wrapping. Inside is a harmless CAN OF COFFEE.

RAY BROCCO

(after looking)

There's no card or anything...

And James looks up...

JAMES

Open it...

Ray takes the "key", slowly opening the can. The seal, broken, hisses...

RAY BROCCO

(looking, shrugs)

Just, coffee...

JAMES

(a beat)

Look inside it.

Ray puts his hand in the coffee feeling around. He abruptly stops. He takes something out. And touching it, upset, he drops it on the desk. And we see it's a man's RING FINGER. And still on the finger, Michael Johnson's Skull And Bones Yale Class Ring. James is still. And he knows where it came from...

JAMES (cont'd)

(cold as ice)

Christopher Columbus sailed the ocean blue...

INT. A COFFEE SHOP, WASHINGTON, 1947 - DAY

And we see James sitting alone at a booth, eating a piece of pie with coffee. A Man comes to the booth. He gives him a new shoe box.

THE MAN

I think this is what you are looking for. They're quite dependable.

The Man leaves. James opens the shoe box. And we see inside is a small clear JAR. And inside the jar is a WINGED BEETLE. As James closes the box...

EXT. A COFFEE PLANTATION, CENTRAL AMERICA - DAY

And we see a line of CARS, following an Official Car with the flags of a Central American Country onto a COFFEE PLANTATION. And we see WORKERS, with small flags, standing in a line waiting for the dignitaries. The cars stop. And we see the President of the Country, a short man with glasses, DR. VICTOR IBANEZ, "The Great Healer," "El Indio," get out. A DOCUMENTARY TEAM following him, filming the occasion for posterity. And we see in the BLACK AND WHITE DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE as he's cheered by his countrymen, moving along the line of workers, shaking their hands. And we see, in the background, of the BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE, the other dignitaries cars unloading. And we see getting out of one of the cars PETRA SANKO and the Tartar. And down the way, getting out of another car, James and Ray Brocco. And in our movie Petra and James look at each other across the cars...

DR. IBANEZ

(magnanimous)

...This is what can happen when the people of a country have the freedom to own their own land...

And he motions, expansive, at the endless fertile fields of coffee plants...And he walks off into the fields, the people and the dignitaries following him...And James and Ray set off, following them through the fields...Petra and the Tartar across from them...And James slows, falling behind...And Petra comes beside him...

PETRA SANKO

Hello, Mother...

JAMES

Hello, Ulysses. I got your "gift."

PETRA SANKO

I'm sorry that was necessary.

They quietly walk through the fields. Petra stops to finger a leaf of one of the coffee plants...

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)

This is quite a miracle, isn't it? A testament to socialism.

JAMES

(nods)

A miracle.

PETRA SANKO

(wry)

It almost makes one believe in God.

James smiles a rare smile. And they quietly stand, hands in their overcoat pockets, side-by-side...And there's the distant drone of an AIRPLANE...They look up at the gray sky...The plane somewhere above the clouds...A breeze ruffles their clothing...And a small winged BEETLE lands on Petra's shoulder. James brushes it off. It's oddly quiet.

And then there are some more beetles, a handful, flying around the fields. And then more. And more. Falling out of the sky. The sky literally black, like locusts, with beetles. And they set to work on the coffee plants, eating the coffee beans, destroying the crops...And there are more, and more, the field filled with flying beetles...Petra turns...and he sees James has walked off. He stops, turning, looking back at Petra...

JAMES

God, has nothing to do with it.

They look at each other through the cloud of insects...And James gets back in the car. Ray gets in with him, driving. And as James, his face at the window, drives off:

INT. A BUS, WASHINGTON D.C., 1947 - ANOTHER DAY

And we see James getting on the Bus at the Mall. He looks for a seat. And he sees a HAT, the familiar fedora, on an empty seat. He lifts the hat...And under the hat is piece of letter-head STATIONERY. "The United Coffee Company." He pockets the stationery. He moves along the aisle, finding a seat. The Bus comes to a stop. And as we see Sam Papich take up his hat and get off the Bus:

EXT. PHILIP ALLEN'S HOUSE, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

We see an elegant old red brick home, backed up to Rock Creek, near Embassy row...A CAR comes along the street. And we see Clover driving James and their two children. They pull into the circular driveway. Getting out of the car they go up the walk...

CLOVER

(to the children)

Don't touch anything...

James rings the bell. And the gentleman spy, Philip Allen, answers the door...

PHILIP ALLEN

Well, hello...I'm so glad you could come...Come in...Come in...

He shows them in...

INT. PHILIP ALLEN'S HOUSE, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

And his faceless wife, Toddy, comes over to greet them.

PHILIP ALLEN

You know Toddy...

JAMES

This is Robert and Claire. Say hello to Mr. and Mrs. Allen.

Politely, they do.

PHILIP ALLEN

...Since Toddy and I never had the opportunity to have children of our own we particularly enjoy having the children over...

And he leads them into a large formal living room. And the house is decorated for Christmas. A large Christmas tree. And sitting by the tree, children waiting their turn to see him, is a SANTA CLAUS.

CLOVER

(to the children)

Look, Santa Claus...

Claire, the more adventurous, moves to see him. Robert stands his ground at his mother's side.

CLOVER (cont'd)

(smiles to Toddy)

He's scared to death of Santa...

She takes him by the hand...

CLOVER (cont'd)

Come, you'll enjoy it.

He shakes "no."

TODDY ALLEN

(offering her hand)

Why don't you come with me...?

And now he has no choice...

JAMES

Go with Mrs. Allen...

He reluctantly takes her hand, walking with her to the Santa Claus...

PHILIP ALLEN

Toddy's wonderful with children.

James nods.

PHILIP ALLEN (cont'd)

(after a beat)

Would you like a drink, James?

And it isn't a question. James follows him into a STUDY off the livingroom...And there are a small group of Men we recognize from the Agency, standing around the room drinks in hand...And we see among them, John Russell, Richard Hayes, and in a wheelchair the terminally ill, emaciated, echo of himself, Bill Sullivan...Philip brings James a drink...

BILL SULLIVAN

(after a beat,
toasting)

Merry Christmas, one and all...

And they raise their glasses, toasting. And as they drink, quietly talking, James stands by the door. He looks out... He can see his Boy nearing the Santa Claus. Their eyes meet, the little Boy scared to death. James subtly gives him his approval. James turns back to the study, drinking with the men...A moment, and he turns back to look out at his son... And he sees his little Boy, petrified, sitting on the Santa's lap. And there's suddenly the unmistakable sight of urine dripping down the scared boy's leg. He's peed in his pants. Clover hurriedly grabs him off of Santa's lap...

CLOVER

(upset)

What's the matter with you...!?

ROBERT

(crying)

I'm sorry...I couldn't help it..

Clover looks in the Study...

CLOVER

(upset)

James, I think we should go home...

The Men turn...

JAMES

(cautioning her)

Lower your voice...

TODDY ALLEN

(coming over)

You can use our bath if you'd like...

JAMES

(to the Men)

Excuse me...

And as he takes his son upstairs...

INT. THE BATHROOM, PHILIP ALLEN'S HOUSE, D.C. - NIGHT

He silently undresses him. And Robert, grateful for his sympathy, puts his little arms around his father's neck, hugging him, pressing his warm cheek to his father's cheek...James is quiet...He helps him into a shower...and as he watches his son shower...WE HEAR VOICES SINGING...

INT. THE LIVING ROOM, PHILIP ALLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT, LATER

And we see James and the rest of the people gathered in the living room by the Christmas Tree, Toddy playing Christmas carols on a piano, everyone singing along...And as they sing, "Oh come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant..."

INT. THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, CENTRAL AMERICA - NIGHT

And we see DR. IBANEZ and his family sitting around a Christmas tree opening their Christmas gifts. A door suddenly opens. Two Soldiers coming in. Two other Soldiers rush in behind them.

And as they fire, killing the "Great Healer"...The Government changing hands...

INT. PHILIP ALLEN'S HOUSE, WASHINGTON. D.C. - NIGHT

"Oh come ye, oh come ye, to Bethlehem..." And we see Richard Hayes coming back into the room. He whispers something to Philip Allen. Philip nods. He comes beside James...

PHILIP ALLEN

The Doctor has no more patients...

James doesn't say anything. And as Philip Allen sings the the Christmas carol...

JAMES

(after a beat)

You never mentioned you were going to be on the United Coffee Board of Directors...

Philip tamps his pipe, lighting it.

PHILIP ALLEN

I believe in free enterprise.

(a beat)

Don't you, James?

And as they SING, their voices raised as one, in the glory of Christmas...

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - MORNING

"WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1961." And we see James, in his familiar posture, crossing the street into the old building. And if it's at all possible he's shrunk further into himself. His eyes, moving, furtive, behind his glasses.

INT. A COMMUNICATIONS CENTER, THE CIA, 1961 - DAY

And we see a door suddenly opening, James, followed by Ray Brocco, coming into a busy CIA Communications Center...

A COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Our station in Johannesburg intercepted a coded phone transmission from somewhere in Central Africa to Moscow...

And we hear a Woman's VOICE speaking Russian over the speakers.

JAMES

(to Ray)

Have Mr. Miranov come in...

Ray turns and quickly leaves.

A RUSSIAN TRANSLATOR

(on headphones,
translating)

"...Not only in the soul of the frightened yet happy and enraptured Natasha, but in the whole house there was a feeling of awe of something important that was bound to happen."

The door opens. Ray coming back into the room. And with him is a dark eyed MAN in his forties, whose handsomeness, despite his battle with time, is fleeting...A Man we'll come to know as VALENTIN MIRANOV. He slows, hearing the Russian...

VALENTIN

Don't you recognize that, Mother?
(translating)

"Count Rostov took the girls to Countess Bezukhova's..."

JAMES

(realizing)
Tolstoy's, "War and Peace."

VALENTIN

(nods)

It's Petra's little game. They're going through a normal coding procedure...she's reading from "War and Peace..." Whatever sequence has been determined for the day provides the indicator words...One day it is every third word, and then the code word. Another day it is every fourth word. Another every second, third, and tenth word...Sometimes, it is simply to fill the air to confuse you...

(slows, listening)

She's repeated, "baboyka," "butterfly," three times...It's her identifier....

A RUSSIAN TRANSLATOR

She's said it four other times in the last ten minutes...

VALENTIN

Their code names always go back at least one generation...For instance, "frog" would be in actuality, "tadpole," or even, "pond"...A butterfly would then be...

JAMES

(smart)

"Cocoon..."

Valentin nods, saying the word in Russian, "kohkoh."

JAMES
 (to an
 Intelligence
 Officer)
 Call the Russia desk. See if there is
 anybody in their Bible code-named,
 "Cocoon...?"

An Intelligence Officer picks up a phone making a call.
 After a moment:

THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER
 There's a Russian agent named M'Bya
 Tshimanga identified as "Cocoon." She
 was stationed in Paris in January...
 She was last placed in Kenya...She's a
 Tanzanian national, a Bantu...She did
 her schooling in Moscow...

And the door opens...And a Man hurries in giving James a
 surveillance PHOTOGRAPH. A photograph of a striking,
 handsome, young BLACK WOMAN. James takes out of his
 briefcase the surreptitious grainy black and white photograph
 of the inter-racial couple. He looks at M'Bya's photograph.
 At the woman in bed...And there's more than a striking
 resemblance...

JAMES
 (after a beat, to
 Valentin,
 troubled)
 It was too easy to identify her. I
 think they wanted us to...

And suddenly a VOICE comes over the PHONE LINE....PETRA
 SANKO'S haunting voice...

PETRA SANKO'S VOICE (OVER)
 (on the speakers)
 Are you there, Mother? Are you
 listening in?

INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTER, THE KGB, MOSCOW, 1961 - NIGHT

A busy communications center. And we see Petra Sanko on a
 phone.

PETRA SANKO
 (after a beat)
 I'm afraid, Mother, the little "bird"
 is quite ill. Unless medicine arrives
 he will not last very much longer.

INT. THE COMMUNICATIONS CENTER, THE CIA, 1961 - DAY

James silently listening.

PETRA SANKO'S VOICE (OVER)
 If you would like I could arrange for
 medicine. He could come stay in our
 hospital.

(MORE)

PETRA SANKO'S VOICE (OVER) (cont'd)
 It would be unfamiliar for awhile, but eventually he'll feel better. And he'll be safe here.

James is still.

PETRA SANKO'S VOICE (OVER)
 (a beat)
 If we don't take care, soon, Mother, the little "bird" will no longer sing.

And suddenly the phone goes dead. Just the hum of the dial tone....

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
 The transmission has been terminated.

VALENTIN
 (after a beat)
 He's playing with you, Mother. He wants you to think he knows something you don't know...He wants you turning in circles...

James is quiet. He gets up, standing looking out a window. And despite Valentin's warning...

JAMES
 (after a beat)
 A little bird? What would be the code name?

VALENTIN
 A bird hatches from an egg...

JAMES
 And where can you find an egg?
 (answering himself)
 In a nest. A bird who's flown the nest.

And as he opens the window, letting the air in, looking outside...

INT. JAMES' HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA, 1953 - NIGHT

The front door suddenly opens. And we first see Clover, and then James, coming in from a night out. Clover, unsteady on her high heels from one too many drinks, tries to maintain her balance, her dignity...

CLOVER
 (angry)
 You had no right to talk to me that way...those people are my friends...

She starts into the kitchen...

JAMES
 (stopping her,
 quietly, chilling)
 You are never to tell anyone what I
 do.

CLOVER
 (turns on him)
 What you do?! I don't know what you
 do! I don't know anything about you!
 You leave at five and you're home at
 ten...seven days a week...You haven't
 said two words to me in a month...I
 feel like I'm living with a ghost...

And frustrated tears run down her cheeks. And the PHONE
 RINGS. James answers it...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
 Mr. Carlson, please.

JAMES
 I'm afraid you have the wrong number.
 He hangs up. He dials a number. After one RING...

RAY BROCCO'S VOICE (OVER)
 We have somebody taking a swim.

James hangs up.

JAMES
 I have to go out...

And without another word he turns back into the foyer,
 getting his coat. And he sees that ROBERT, nearly thirteen
 now, has been standing at the foot of the stairs, listening
 to them...And as he quietly goes back up the stairs to his
 bedroom...

INT. A COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, THE CIA, 1953 - NIGHT

And we see James and Ray sitting in a small (antiquated)
 communications room. Clocks, with various time zones line
 the walls. Technicians monitor electronic equipment.
 Communications Officers wearing headphones, on telephones, a
 melange of VOICES CRACKLING over speakers...

A COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
 (to James)
 ...At 22:42 we got a whistle on a
 listening post in Warsaw, from one of
 ours in Moscow, to expect a big
 package...

The Man listens to something...

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER (cont'd)
 (to James)
 ...We're being told he's from KGB
 command and control, a minimum G-6 and
 could go as high as a G-9...

The door opens and a Man with a photograph comes hurrying in...

THE MAN

We just got this over the wire...

He gives it to James. And we see an extremely grainy SURVEILLANCE PHOTOGRAPH taken of a MAN from a distance... James quietly looks at the indistinct photograph...

JAMES

Do we have a name to match?

AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

We're trying to get that right now...

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

(after a beat)

We're getting a signal from Helsinki...

EXT. THE U.S. EMBASSY, HELSINKI, FINLAND - EARLY MORNING

And we see a Finnish Taxi Cab stopped in the empty street outside of the Embassy...The Taxi's door opens, and a Man in an overcoat, carrying a briefcase, quietly gets out. He crosses the street going through the gates, up the Embassy steps, and inside...

INT. THE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, CIA, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

The busy communications room. And we see James quietly bent over the photograph, studying it with a magnifying glass. The door opens, another Man hurrying in...

AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

...We think he's Valentin Gregori Miranov...A G-8 with counterintelligence...

INT. THE U.S. EMBASSY, HELSINKI, FINLAND - EARLY MORNING

The large foyer is empty, a Janitor mopping the floor. And we see the Man quietly standing on the tile floor at a reception desk, a young half-asleep DUTY OFFICER...

THE MAN

...Good morning. My name is Valentin Gregori Miranov...I am a Colonel with the KGB...I am requesting asylum...

And for the first time we get a good look at the MAN...A graceful, extremely handsome man in his mid-thirties, there's a sorrow in his dark eyes...And as we look at him:

INT. THE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, CIA, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

And we see James still peering through the magnifying glass, looking at the man's photograph...And as we move in, looking through the magnifying glass at the man's indistinct photograph...the grain on the photograph as big as rocks, or, as indecipherable as a wilderness of mirrors...

JAMES
 (a beat, quietly)
 If he exists at all...

EXT. A SUBURBAN HOUSE, WASHINGTON D.C., 1953 - DAY

And we see a plain two story traditional brick house in a suburb of Washington...A "safe" house...

INT. THE SAFE HOUSE, WASHINGTON D.C., 1953 - DAY

And we see VALENTIN'S reflection in a mirror. And we see he's sitting on a couch in a sparsely furnished living room, Ray Brocco sitting in a chair across from him. A Woman, a Stenographer, her back to them, sitting in a corner of the room transcribing their conversation...An Intelligence Officer, a young stoic man, sitting on a bridge chair in an unfurnished dining room...Valentin, wearing slacks, a dress shirt, tie, and a cardigan, is relaxed, informal...

VALENTIN
 ...There are six directorates,
 Directorate R, Operational Planning
 and Analysis, Directorate K,
 Counterintelligence, Directorate S,
 Illegals, Directorate T, Science and
 Technology, Directorate RT, Internal
 Operations, and the Directorate of
 Intelligence Information...

RAY BROCCO
 Your immediate superior was who,
 again...?

VALENTIN
 Oleg Penkovsky...
 (a beat, to Ray)
 Could I trouble you for some more tea?

Without having to be asked the young Intelligence Officer gets up crossing into the kitchen...Ray Brocco, looking at a dossier, going through his bonafides...

RAY BROCCO
 You attended the State Institute of
 International Relations in Moscow,
 served for three years in Naval
 Intelligence...You married Tamara
 Markovskaya in 1948...You have two
 children, Aleksander and Vasia...five
 and two...You play the cello...

VALENTIN
 My childrens names are Anatoliy and
 Sergei..My father played the cello...I
 play the violin...

He looks up at the ceiling...There's a lamp fixture....

INT. THE SAFE HOUSE, AN UPSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

And we see James, wearing headphones, quietly standing looking down through a two-way mirror in the lamp fixture watching Valentin and Ray in the room below him...A Man wearing headphones sits at a desk monitoring a tape recorder. Two other men, a man in an army uniform, and an Intelligence officer, wearing headphones, stand nearby...James is still, watching below him. Ray gets up, crossing to stand by Valentin. And he suddenly punches him in the face...Blood drips from the Russian's nose...

RAY BROCCO (OVER)

There's nothing you've told us we don't know already, Mr. Miranov... I think you better try a little harder...

VALENTIN'S VOICE (OVER)

(unfazed)

You give a child medicine, how do you say it, "a spoonful at a time..."

And as James studies the man known as Valentin:

EXT. THE WASHINGTON SAFE HOUSE - DUSK

The sun sets over the Capitol. And we see Valentin, taking some air, standing looking at the Potomac River. Ray and the Intelligence Officers standing on the lawn quietly talking. And we see James coming to stand by Valentin...

JAMES

Good evening, Mr. Miranov...I'm Mr. Carlson, Internal Affairs...

They shake hands...They're quiet, looking at the river. A cold breeze blows off the water...

VALENTIN

(after a beat,
recites)

"One day, when childhood tumbled the spongy tufts, Banking the naked edge of our bottom lands, A shadowy crane Arose with a flipping fish, A speckled rainbow, Speared in her slim black bill..."

JAMES

(finishing poem)

"...Until that tall, ungainly crane lay in the sky like a dream..."
"Fyodor Nestoranko"

VALENTIN

(after a beat)

Hello, "Mother."

JAMES

(after a beat)

What brings you to us, Mr. Miranov?

VALENTIN

(simply)

I want to see the sky.

INT. JAMES' OFFICE, THE CIA, 1953 - DAY

And we see the television's on, the sound low, the McCarthy Hearings. "Are you now, or have you ever been, a member of the Communist Party...?" And we see James at his desk, surrounded by papers. Ray comes in.

RAY BROCCO

A man is calling about a hat.

INT. UNION STATION, WASHINGTON, D.C., 1953 - DAY

And we see James crossing into the busy TRAIN STATION. He stops, looking around him. He looks up. And he sees Sam Papich, standing on an observation deck, smoking a cigarette, resting the familiar fedora on an upstairs railing. James goes up the stairs. He stops some distance from Sam, standing at the railing, looking out over the terminal. He slows. And he sees JOHN RUSSELL, carrying a briefcase, coming into the terminal. He turns to a bank of phone booths. He goes into one, seemingly using the phone. A brief moment, and finished, he walks off. And James realizes he's left his briefcase behind. A moment, and a MAN comes out of one of the other phone booths. He goes into the phone booth John had used. He comes back out with the briefcase. And crossing to another exit goes out of the train station. James is quiet.

SAM PAPICH

I'm sorry...

(beat)

Do you want us to get the briefcase?

JAMES

(shakes "no,"

cold)

We take care of our own.

Sam nods. And crossing by him, putting on his hat, he goes down the stairs and leaves. And as James stands at the railing looking out at the busy terminal:

EXT. AN APPLE ORCHARD, THE VIRGINIA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

It's a crisp fall day. And we see a car parked off a country road at an apple orchard. James, on a family outing with Clover and their children, along with John Russell, Irina, and their little Boy. And the adventurous Claire is up in a tree, picking apples, handing them down to Clover and Robert holding a bucket. John, Irina and their little boy picking apples at another tree. And we see James, standing under the trees, leaves falling around him, watching them. And John comes to stand by James. After some moments:

JOHN RUSSELL

(watching them)

It's nice to have the families together...

JAMES
 (a beat, quietly,
 cold)
 I was at the train station, John...

JOHN RUSSELL
 (surprisingly,
 nods)
 I know. I was told.

John looks at him. And there are tears in John Russell's pale blue eyes...

JOHN RUSSELL (cont'd)
 They want me to hide in plain sight...They want me to go out in the cold...

JAMES
 (distrustful)
 I didn't hear that? On who's direction?

JOHN RUSSELL
 You know I can't tell you that.
 (quietly)
 I'm on a stand alone.

James is quiet.

JOHN RUSSELL (cont'd)
 (after a beat)
 Trust me, James. I love my country. I'm doing this for my country...

And tears run down his handsome face...

JOHN RUSSELL (cont'd)
 We're family, James...Please, believe me...

James is quiet, not knowing what to believe.

IRINA
 John...

His wife's calling him. He crosses to his wife and child. James instinctively turns and he sees Robert has been watching them.

ROBERT
 Why was Uncle John crying...?

JAMES
 (not answering him)
 Let's go pick some apples.

And he walks with Robert over to a tree, helping him pick apples...He instinctively turns. And as he sees Clover, her arms folded protectively across her chest, looking at him...

INT. AN EXECUTIVE WASHROOM, THE CIA, 1953 - DAY

James comes in. And we see the Tailor, Philip Allen, is washing his hands in a basin.

PHILIP ALLEN

You wanted to see me?

James nods. Philip motions to him at the overhead lamp, not to say anything. He leaves the water running. And taking a box of fancy chocolates off a shelf, he turns with James to a far corner of the room along the tile wall. He gives James the box of chocolates.

PHILIP ALLEN (cont'd)

(a smile, wry)

Can you keep a secret?

(quietly)

I had six boxes sent back with the courier from Switzerland...

And as they stand in the corner...

JAMES

John Russell. What's company policy?
Is he ours or is he theirs?

PHILIP ALLEN

(after a beat)

I'm afraid you are not on a need to know basis on this particular matter, James.

(a beat)

I hope you are not taking it personally.

James is quiet. The door opens. A Man looks in. Philip nods. The Man leaves.

PHILIP ALLEN (cont'd)

(shakes his head)

The President can't seem to make up his mind...

(giving him the box)

Enjoy the chocolates.

And as he leaves, James standing in the rest room holding the box of chocolates, the water running:

EXT. THE "SAFE" HOUSE, WASHINGTON D.C., 1953 - DAY

And we see James sitting in the back seat of a Car parked outside the safe house. A Driver standing by the car door, waiting. And we see VALENTIN coming outside. He gets into the Car in the back with James. And as they're driven off:

INT. THE CAR - MORNING

JAMES

(after a beat)

I brought you something...

He moves his overcoat, and under it is a violin case.

JAMES (cont'd)
(quietly)
I think you said you played...

VALENTIN
(a beat)
That's very thoughtful of you...

And it's hard to know if he really plays it or he doesn't..

JAMES
(looks at him)
I'd like to hear you play some time...

VALENTIN
I would enjoy that.

JAMES
(opening the
violin case)
Would you play, now?

VALENTIN
Now?

JAMES
(a beat)
There's no time like the present...

VALENTIN
(balks)
I haven't played in quite a long
time...

James takes the violin out of the case, handing it to him...

JAMES
I'm sure you play beautifully...

VALENTIN
I'd prefer not to...

JAMES
(quietly)
I insist...

He gives him the bow. Valentin takes up the violin...He puts
it back down...

VALENTIN
Perhaps another time...

JAMES
(quietly)
I'm afraid, there won't be another
time.

It's quiet. Valentin takes up the violin...He hesitates...
And he starts to play...And he plays it beautifully...

EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

A wooded park with walking trails along the Rock Creek. The Capitol dome, in the near distance, through the trees. And we see Valentin sitting on a bench with James, playing the violin...

VALENTIN

(smiles)

You have to learn to trust me, Mother.

James is quiet. And as he listens to him play:

VALENTIN (cont'd)

Petra Sanko is obsessed with you. Night and day, you are always on his mind...He would say tell me about Mother. Tell me what Mother is thinking. I want to live in Mother's skin...

James is quiet. And after some moments, equally obsessed:

JAMES

What can you tell me about Petra?

VALENTIN

(a beat)

His father was a mathematics professor....A Jew from Kiev...

He starts to pack up the violin, putting it in its case.

VALENTIN (cont'd)

His mother was a physicist...Shall we walk, Mother...

He gets up...They walk along a trail, Valentin carrying the violin case...And as we look at them at a distance, at their backs, walking together, if we didn't know any better, they almost seem intimate, like best friends, like soul mates, like lovers...

INT. JAMES' OFFICE, THE CIA, 1953 - ANOTHER DAY

James is bent over some papers on his desk. Ray comes to the doorway...

RAY BROCCO

"...The Violinist," is here.

JAMES

(nods)

Make room for him in your office...Help him to any files in our safes he might need...

RAY BROCCO

(looks at him)

He hasn't been given clearances yet...

JAMES

(a beat, cold)

He is either a true friend, or I'll give him just enough "freedom" to hang himself...

Ray nods and turns and leaves. James bends silently reading some communiques...and his private door opens...

JAMES (cont'd)

(looks up)

Don't use that door --

And he sees KIP WILEY, the well bred Englishman, his coat over his arm, standing at the door.

KIP WILEY

(his stutter)

Only you would have a door marked "no exit"...

(smiles)

Hello, dear Mother...

James nods. He motions Kip to come in. Kip sits on the old couch.

KIP WILEY (cont'd)

We've come up in the world from the days of sitting on English teacher's laps, haven't we Mother?

James doesn't say anything...

KIP WILEY (cont'd)

(after a beat, his purpose)

I understand you had a most interesting fish swim your way. Your Mr. Allen said it might be possible for me to speak with him...

(his smile)

...With you, of course, as chaperone.

James takes up his phone. He quietly says something. A moment, and Valentin comes into the office. Kip gets up...

KIP WILEY (cont'd)

Mr. Miranov, Kip Wiley...

And Kip takes a gift, a TEA TIN, wrapped with a lavender ribbon, out of his overcoat pocket...

KIP WILEY (cont'd)

(his boyish Cambridge smile)

I do hope you like English tea...

VALENTIN

(charming)

Wasn't it English tea that brought us to be where we all are now...?

Kip laughs. James looks at them. And it's hard to know who in this room is the most charming, or the most dangerous...

EXT. THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY, WASHINGTON, 1953 - MORNING

The stately Russian Embassy. And we see a car pull to a stop in the empty street. And we see Irina's driving. John in the front seat. Their little boy asleep in the back. A moment and John gets out. It's quiet. He stands for a moment in the empty street looking in the car, at his wife, his sleeping son. He softly taps on the glass a "goodbye," to his family. They look at each other. And Irina drives away. It's still. He crosses the quiet street to the Embassy Gate. He stops at the Guard Station. A moment, and the gate's opened...he hesitates, looks behind him for a last time, and goes onto the Embassy grounds. And a Man we recognize, PETRA'S TARTAR, comes out of the Embassy, across an expanse of lawn to meet him. They stand for a moment on the lawn, talking. John, hands in his pockets, nervously pushes at some leaves on the lawn with the toe of his foot. A moment and he follows the Tartar to a side door, going inside the Embassy, and "out" into the "cold." And the Embassy's still again. And we look down the street...to a three story building...

INT. A BUILDING, DOWN FROM THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY - MORNING

And we see James and Sam Papich silently standing in the second story window of a Tailor Shop looking through binoculars down at the Embassy. And James sees John has left a signal with his foot in the small pile of leaves..."7"
"2" "1."

SAM PAPICH

(seeing the same thing)

Seven, two, one?

JAMES

(a beat)

Seven, the letter "G." Two, "B."
One, "A."

SAM PAPICH

"G.B.A." ?

(a beat)

God Bless America?

JAMES

(a beat, quietly)

Or maybe, Good Bye, America...

And as he watches a breeze blow the leaves, and an American boy known as John Russell, away...

INT. JAMES' HOUSE, THEIR BEDROOM, 1953 - NIGHT

We see James coming home, coming into the dark room. Clover's figure, seemingly asleep, in the bed. He starts to silently undress.

CLOVER
 (from the dark)
 Why didn't you protect him? You
 abandoned him.

And she might as well be talking about herself.

JAMES
 (for many reasons)
 He abandoned me.

And as he stands in the dark bedroom...

INT. THE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, CIA, 1953 - ANOTHER DAY

And we see James sitting at a table with a telephone in the busy communications room. A Technician, wearing headphones, motions James to pick up the telephone...

JAMES
 (a beat)
 Mr. Ambassador...
 (sign)
 "The moon is waxing..."

EXT. TEHERAN, IRAN, 1953 - NIGHT

"TEHERAN, IRAN." The Iranian capital. And we see The U.S. Embassy Building...

INT. EMBASSY, COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, IRAN, 1953 - NIGHT

A small room cramped with electronic equipment. A Communications Technician. And a Man in his early sixties, in a tuxedo, AMBASSADOR HAMP TAYLOR, sitting at a desk on the telephone.

AMBASSADOR TAYLOR
 (counter sign)
 "The wind blows through the
 palmettos."

INT. CIA COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, WASHINGTON, 1953 - DAY

JAMES
 (after a beat)
 It has been decided the peacock will
 not fly...Please verify you
 understand.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, TEHERAN, 1953 - NIGHT

The Ambassador on the telephone...And we FOLLOW the phone cord, going INTO THE WALL...FOLLOWING the line down through the wall to a myriad of wires at the telephone switching system. We FOLLOW a wire clipped to a switch. The wire dropping down and disappearing under the floor...

EXT. THE U.S. EMBASSY, 1953 - NIGHT

And we see a MOSQUE beside the Embassy...

INT. THE MOSQUE, TEHERAN, 1953 - NIGHT

And we FOLLOW the wire snaking up through the MOSQUE WALL, FOLLOWING A PHONE CORD OUT OF THE WALL, and up to a pair of HEADPHONES. And we see, listening in to the phone call, a flat faced Man smoking a cigarette. And we see we're in a small PRAYER ROOM. Technicians, wearing headphones, reel to reel tape recorders turning. And standing behind the men, wearing headphones, is PETRA SANKO. And we hear:

AMBASSADOR TAYLOR'S VOICE (OVER)
(verifying)
...The peacock will not fly...

INT. U.S. EMBASSAY, COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, TEHERAN - NIGHT

The Ambassador hangs up.

INT. CIA, COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, WASHINGTON - DAY

James hangs up. He quietly sits, waiting for something...

INT. THE PRAYER ROOM, THE MOSQUE, TEHERAN - NIGHT

We see Petra Sanko take off his headphones. He crosses to look out a window, at the Iranian night...

PETRA SANKO
(In Russian, to
nobody in
particular)
Do they mean that, or do they want us
to think they mean it...?

He takes an antacid out of his pocket, chewing on it...He's still, standing at the window, considering his options...

INT. THE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, CIA - DAY

The room dead still. James has gotten up, standing at a window, silently waiting...

INT. THE PRAYER ROOM, MOSQUE, TEHERAN, IRAN - NIGHT

And Petra, making a decision:

PETRA SANKO
(In Russian, to a
Technician)
Call him.

And as the Technician takes up a telephone, dialing...

EXT./INT. THE PREMIER'S PALACE, TEHERAN, IRAN - NIGHT

A gated and heavily guarded ornate old Iranian building once the home of the Irani Royal Family. And we see a PHONE WIRE surreptitiously coming up into the building through the airconditioning...We FOLLOW the wire up through the wall into the telephone switching system...And as a switch, switches, we FOLLOW another wire coming out of the switch, out of the wall, and into the PREMIER'S BEDROOM...

We FOLLOW the wire to a TELEPHONE on a nightstand. And as the phone starts to RING...

INT. THE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, CIA - DAY

James standing at the window. And there's suddenly the SOUND on the speakers of THE PHONE RINGING....

INT. PREMIER'S PALACE, MASTER BEDROOM, TEHERAN - NIGHT

And we see the TELEPHONE ringing on the nightstand. And THE PREMIER, a slight man, seventy, wearing a bathrobe, comes out of the bathroom, answering the phone...

PREMIER MOSSADEGH

(in Farsi)

Hello...

INT. THE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, THE CIA - DAY

James and the men waiting...And they finally hear:

PETRA SANKO'S VOICE (OVER)

Premier Mossadegh...This is Ulysses...

(after a beat)

You can sleep well. The Peacock will not be coming home.

There's the sound of the phones being hung up. The room quiet.

RAY BROCCO

He bit, hard.

JAMES

(troubled)

Maybe he wants us to think he did...

A COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Paris is asking for instructions.

James is still. And after some moments:

JAMES

Tell the Peacock to fly...

INT. JAMES' OFFICE, THE CIA, 1953 - MORNING

And we see James, his coat over his shoulders, stubble on his face from a long night, sitting on a couch silently watching a TELEVISION SET...Ray, standing by the couch, watching... And we see Dave Garroway on the "Today Show" reading the news as NEWS FILM plays...

DAVE GARROWAY

...The young Shah of Iran, the heir to the Peacock Throne, after three years in exile, returned to Iran in a bloodless coup...

And we see on the television NEWS FOOTAGE OF THE YOUNG SHAH'S RETURN...

The Shah being escorted by troops through a chanting, cheering crowd of Iranians, up the steps of the Palace...He turns and waves. There's a huge roar, the heir to the Peacock Throne come home...James, impassive, silently watches the television...The young Shah goes inside the Palace. Some moments and he appears on A BALCONY. There's another tumultuous cheer. The Shah waving to his adoring people...

RAY BROCCO

(quietly, almost
reverential)

Your overthrow a government without
ever leaving the room.

James doesn't say anything. Getting up, he takes up his overcoat, starting to leave...He slows...And he sees on the television Petra Sanko has come out on the balcony to stand beside the young Shah. He leans in to say something to the Shah...And James READS his lips...

PETRA SANKO

(saying)

"Your highness...welcome home..."

The Shah smiles. And as Petra walks him inside, the balcony door closing behind them...James silently standing in the light of the television screen...

INT. THE CIA COMMISSARY, 1961 - DAY

And we see James, "The Stranger," sitting alone at a table with a cup of undrunk coffee under an old Roosevelt era WPA Mural in a crowded, noisy commissary...He quietly looks out his glasses around the room. The hundreds of conversations. And he looks across at a table, two men talking. And he READS their lips...A man saying, "...Everyone's being held accountable..." The other man saying, "The Seniors are going underground." He turns. Another table, READING somebody else's lips..."There's a mole...A spy in our house..." Somebody else's lips..."They're sealing off the building -- going office to office..." Another table..."They're burn-bagging everything..." And another table..."There's going to be a bloodbath..." And as James is still, his eyes moving behind his glasses, the first hint of madness.

A YOUNG MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

"All Russia is our orchard..."

INT. A LITTLE THEATER, WASHINGTON D.C, 1954 - NIGHT

And we see James, still in his mid-thirties, Valentin sitting beside him, watching a local production of "The Cherry Orchard." As they watch the production James senses somebody is looking at him. He slightly turns. He slows. And he sees sitting at the end of his aisle, her program in her lap, hair tied back, a handsome woman now...is LAURA. She smiles at him, mouthing...

LAURA

James...

He doesn't acknowledge her, looking straight ahead. She looks at him, confused. He doesn't respond, motionless, looking straight ahead, watching the play. She's quiet, hurt.

JAMES
(after a beat,
whispers to
Valentin)
I'm due at a meeting.

Valentin nods. James gets up. He crosses purposely by Laura, going out of the aisle. Their eyes meet for a moment. And without a word he crosses out of the theater. Laura's still. And after some moments, upset, she gets up and leaves.

EXT. THE LITTLE THEATER, WASHINGTON D.C - NIGHT

We see Laura coming outside. The street empty. She's quiet. She starts to turn to leave. A Taxi pulls up.

TAXI DRIVER
Are you Laura?

She nods.

TAXI DRIVER (cont'd)
I'm supposed to offer you a ride.

INT. A BAR, IN VIRGINIA - NIGHT

A small quiet bar. We see Laura coming in. She looks around the bar. She doesn't see him. She feels a hand on her shoulder. She turns. And James, is behind her...

JAMES
Hello Laura...

They look at each other.

LAURA
(after a beat)
Why all the mystery?

JAMES
Believe me, you are better off if you don't know.

She looks at him, his eyes become old before their time. protectively folds her arms across her chest...

LAURA
You're scaring me...

JAMES
(reassuring her)
You're safe with me, Laura

She looks at him. And she nods, tr
lets him walk her inside:

INT. THE BAR, VIRGINIA - NIGHT, LATER

And we see James and Laura in the quiet bar at a corner table...

JAMES

...A boy and a girl...

Laura nods...

JAMES (cont'd)

Do you have anybody, Laura?

LAURA

A cat.

(her smile)

We understand each other.

He smiles and it's a smile from the past, a boy's smile...

LAURA (cont'd)

....I've been teaching English for three years...At Gallaudet...It's a college for the deaf here in Washington...

JAMES

(nods)

That must be very rewarding...

There's an awkward quiet. She seems to want to ask him about what he does...but she knows she can't, and doesn't want to know...After some moments..

LAURA

I have often imagined what my life would have been like with you...

JAMES

(smiles)

What did you imagine?

LAURA

I thought you might teach...Probably poetry...I saw us living in a small college town...Where it felt safe for both of us...

And they're quiet, each with their own thoughts of what might have been.

JAMES

(after a beat)

Laura, watch...

He looks over at a COUPLE talking...And "reading" their lips...

JAMES (cont'd)

She said she has to be up early for work...she'd like to go home. He said, "just one more drink..."

LAURA
(quietly)
Perfect. You've learned it well.

But there's something not so clever about it anymore, its purpose has been perverted. And he's telling her, in his own way, what he does. And it isn't teaching poetry. And they're quiet. And as they look at each other...So many years later...

EXT. THE BAR, VIRGINIA - NIGHT

They come out. A light rain's falling. They stand on the empty street. And nothing left to be said there's an awkward quiet. He walks her to a taxi. She starts to get in...She slows...

LAURA
(smiles)
You owe me a day at the beach.

He smiles, wry. She gets into the taxi. And he bends, lightly kissing her cheek. He turns, moving off along the wet sidewalk. And there's an aching feeling of something so incomplete...

LAURA'S VOICE (OVER)
James...

He turns. And he sees she's gotten out of the taxi, hands in her coat pockets, standing by the curb...They look at each other. And they both know they need to have completion...

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

And we can see down a short hall an open bedroom door. And as we see James and Laura, in her small bedroom, making love...

EXT. THE LODGE, DEER ISLAND, 1954 - EVENING

The familiar Skull and Bones Island Retreat. We can see the soft yellow lights of lanterns hanging on the LODGE's porch. A VIOLIN is playing. And we see the people in their evening clothes, the alumni of Skull and Bones, and their families, standing on the porch, drinking, talking, in tones reserved for the dusk. And we see James, in evening clothes, coming onto the porch. He crosses the porch, as he did once some years before, to Senator Russell. Mrs. Russell, having suffered the ravages of a stroke, sitting in a wheelchair.

SENATOR RUSSELL
Where's Clover?

JAMES
She's still getting dressed...

MRS. RUSSELL
(says, concerned)
Clover?

SENATOR RUSSELL
Yes dear, she'll be here soon...

And Philip and Toddy Allen, holding drinks, Philip smoking his pipe, come over.

PHILIP ALLEN

Good evening...

And as James stands on the porch in the yellow light of a lantern, the violin playing something light and frothy...

INT. JAMES' CABIN, DEER ISLAND - NIGHT

And we see Clover, a drink at her elbow, not her first, on her way to being drunk, finishing dressing. And despite her efforts to put herself together, her hair done, wearing a red evening dress, nothing seems to fit.

ROBERT'S VOICE (OVER)

Mother, somebody's here for you...

Clover crosses into the front room. Robert and Claire, now fourteen, playing "Monopoly." And a young Lodge Bellman, holding an envelope, is there.

THE BELLMAN

Mrs. Wilson. This was left at the Lodge desk for you.

She takes the envelope. He leaves. Opening the envelope she goes back into the bedroom. She sits back at the dressing mirror. She takes out of the envelope some photographs. She stops. And she sees SURREPTITIOUS BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS of JAMES IN BED WITH LAURA, making love. She's motionless. And as she quietly takes another drink...

EXT. THE LODGE, DEER ISLAND - NIGHT

We see Clover, dressed in her evening gown, carrying a small purse, her heels tip-tapping on the walk, coming to the Lodge. And there are the sounds of LAUGHTER from inside the Lodge. And as she goes inside:

INT. THE LODGE, DINING ROOM, DEER ISLAND - NIGHT

And we see the People are sitting at their tables, drinking, uproariously laughing, watching a show. And we see on the stage, Bonesmen, dressed up as women, doing a revue, singing and dancing to a piano..."I enjoy being a girl..." And we see Clover coming in, moving between the tables, making her way across the room to James. James instinctively turns, seeing her. And as she reaches the table she suddenly takes a pistol out of her evening bag, pointing it at James' head.

CLOVER

You fucking son-of-a-bitch...! It's not enough for you to ignore me -- you have to humiliate me too...!

And she tries to squeeze the trigger, but her hand's shaking too badly, and she doesn't have the courage to kill him... And before she has another chance the gun's wrestled away from her. And as she lays on the floor sobbing...The piano somehow still playing..."I enjoy being a girl..."

EXT. DEER ISLAND - NIGHT

We see a MOTOR LAUNCH idling at a dock. And we see James silently standing on the dock. And we see Clover, still in her evening gown, holding her evening bag, standing on the Launch. And the Launch, its light on the water, moves away. And as she stands on the deck, the wind blowing her hair, not knowing who she is anymore...

INT. THEIR CABIN, DEER ISLAND - NIGHT

It's still. James quietly sits in the small wood paneled living-room looking at the damning photographs. He instinctively looks up, and Robert, is standing in a doorway.

ROBERT

(concerned)

Where's mother?

JAMES

(after a beat)

She wasn't feeling well...She went off the island to see a doctor...She is having a hard time right now. She's been drinking too much.

ROBERT

(after a beat)

She told us you don't care about her. Is that true? Don't you care about her, father?

JAMES

(shakes "no")

Of course not. I love her very much.

Robert nods, wanting to believe him.

JAMES (cont'd)

We're going to have to be strong for her Robert, both of us.

ROBERT

I'll try to father.

They look at each other. And Robert, knowing he's not going to get anymore succor, starts to turn to go...

JAMES

Robert.

And James surprises him by embracing him.

JAMES (cont'd)

I love you, son.

ROBERT

(confused)

I love you, father.

And Robert quietly turns back into his room. James goes outside.

EXT. THE CABIN, DEER ISLAND - NIGHT

He sits on the porch in a metal porch chair. And as he silently sits, looking out at the dark water, the sounds of music coming from the Lodge...

EXT. THE LITTLE THEATER, WASHINGTON D.C. - ANOTHER NIGHT

The LITTLE THEATER in Washington. And we see Laura with a few remaining people waiting outside the little theater for their companions. The lobby lights blink on and off. People rush to meet their dates, going inside. Laura, left alone. She waits on the empty street. And she knows her "companion" isn't going to come. She waits for a moment more, a last hope...And a Man comes across the street...

THE MAN

Are you Laura?

LAURA

(nods)

Yes.

THE MAN

I was asked to give you this.

And he gives her a small box and walks off. She opens the box. And inside is her CROSS, James giving her back his piece of her soul. His "goodbye." And she turns, walking off along the street...And as she goes we PAN back along the street...And we see James is standing, where he lives, in the shadows, of a dress shop's dark doorway... Watching her walk away for good...

INT. THE CIA, WASHINGTON - EARLY MORNING

"THURSDAY, APRIL, 20, 1961." And we see what looks like James, in a raincoat, carrying a briefcase, coming along the dark familiar hallway. His head down, shoulders weighted, looking at the ground as if for something he's lost...And as he comes closer we see it's Ray Brocco.

INT. JAMES OFFICE, THE CIA, 1961 - DAY

And we're looking at what could be an abstract painting.

TECHNICAL OFFICER (OVER)

...That's the best we can do...

We PULL BACK and we see James at his desk, a Technical Officer beside him, looking at a blow-up of the framed photograph that was on a dresser. The black and white photograph of the two figures. It's hopelessly grainy, out of focus, just the shadows, like a painting, of the two people in a frame...And as James, a growing madness in his eyes, peers into the shadows...

JAMES' VOICE (OVER)

Would you like to learn how?

INT. JAMES' HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA, 1958 - NIGHT

AND WE SEE A TWEEZER GRASPING A PIECE OF SLENDER THREAD. We PULL BACK and we see James, taken to wearing glasses, at his desk in the study making a ship for a bottle. And we see Robert is standing behind him, watching him. And nearly eighteen now, he's blossomed, his frame filled out, a noticeable self-assurance...Not unlike his father at his age...James gives Robert the tweezer...

JAMES

The most important thing is to have patience...One seam out of place, one loose thread, and the ship will come apart...You can't make any mistakes... It must be perfect...

It's quiet. Robert carefully pulls the slender thread, slowly pulling the mast down. He slowly, carefully, slips the ship into its bottle. Robert smiles. James smiles at him, proud. They look in each other's eyes. James lowers his eyes, quietly peering in at the ship. After some moments:

ROBERT

Our Glee Club has been chosen to compete in a national competition...
(a beat, touching)
Would you come with me, father?

James looks up.

JAMES

(touched)
Would you like that?

ROBERT

Very much.

And as he peers out his glasses at his son:

EXT. A COLLEGE, A SMALL TOWN IN KANSAS, 1958 - DAY

And we see an old Main Street. School Busses parked outside of a turn of the century brick COLLEGE. On a Marquee...
"Welcome, National Glee Club..."

INT. THE COLLEGE FIELD HOUSE, KANSAS - DAY

An old drafty girdered FIELD HOUSE. And we see Boys Glee Clubs, in their various matching robes, clustered together. And on a riser is a particular Glee Club. And among them, we see Robert...He looks up into the stands. And we see, wearing his familiar overcoat, sitting in the stands with the other parents, off by himself, is James. Robert looks at his father, grateful he's there. It's quiet. And Robert and the Boys in his Glee Club, start to sing in lovely harmony..."Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you...far away, you mighty river..." James quietly watches him. And a slight shadow crosses over him. A figure sitting down next to him...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

Hello, mother...

And we see it's PETRA SANKO...His Tartar shadow standing not far from them, his back against a wall...

JAMES

(without turning)

How was your trip?

PETRA SANKO

Smooth as silk...

(a beat)

Which one is your son?

James motions...They listen to the Boys singing..."Oh, Shenandoah..."

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)

He has your eyes. Is he going to follow in his father's footsteps?

James doesn't say anything. They're quiet, the Boys sweet voices singing...And after some moments James writes down the names of some COUNTRIES on the back of the Glee Club Program:

JAMES

...These are the places we're willing to discuss...

Petra looks at the list...He writes down on the program a list of countries of his own...James quietly looks at the list...After some moments...

JAMES (cont'd)

We are particularly concerned about Cuba...Your new friend...He's too close to home...

PETRA SANKO

(smiles)

You don't appreciate him, how do you say it, "breathing down your neck...?"

JAMES

(a beat, deadly serious)

If we go too far down that road, we will have a third world war...

(ironic)

I don't think either of "us" wants a "real" war...

PETRA SANKO

(smiles, ironic)

What would we do for a living then, Mother?

And even James manages a thin smile. They're quiet. After some moments:

JAMES

If he keeps calling attention to himself, at some point, we may have to send him a surprise. I don't want it to come as a surprise to "your" people.

Petra's quiet. After some moments:

PETRA SANKO

(the deal)

We are going to put a wall up between East and West Berlin. We expect it to stay up.

JAMES

(after a beat,
nods)

We won't climb the wall...

Petra nods.

PETRA SANKO

(after a beat, the
deal struck,
simply)

He is very fond of cigars.

James nods...And they're quiet...

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)

(musing, an echo)

To think, the world at one time was flat...

(a beat)

Be well, Mother...

And he gets up to go...He slows...

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)

Give my regards to Valentin...I miss hearing him play the violin...Ask him to play Brahms second violin concerto in D for you...He plays it beautifully...

James is quiet.

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)

I have enjoyed working with your brother-in-law, John Russell...He's a sensitive man. Am I mistaken, mother, or is there a sadness about him...?

James doesn't say anything...

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)
 (after a beat,
 ironic)
 Do you think I can trust him, Mother?

James is quiet. Petra turns to go...he slows again...

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)
 I am joining our Premier at
 Disneyland. Would you recommend a
 ride I should take, mother?

JAMES
 (looks up)
 I've never been to Disneyland.

Petra smiles at the irony, and with his Tartar shadow,
 leaves. James is quiet...He turns to watch Robert sing...And
 he sees Robert looking up at him, his shoulders hunched,
 unable to hide his deep hurt. "...Oh, Shenandoah, you mighty
 river..."

INT. THE COLLEGE FIELD HOUSE, KANSAS - DAY, LATER

And we see Robert, still in his glee club robe, a medal
 around his neck, standing with his father. The other boys
 with their families.

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
 Robert, Mr. Wilson.

They turn. And the Choir-Master suddenly takes their
 photograph. He turns to take somebody else's photograph.

JAMES
 (to Robert,
 concerned)
 Please be sure to get that photograph
 back from him.

Robert nods. And as James and Robert stand together in the
 old field house...

EXT. A KANSAS MOTEL - NIGHT

A small Motel on the edge of town backing up to endless
 cornfields.

INT. THE KANSAS MOTEL - NIGHT

The room dark, quiet. And we see James and Robert lying in
 their separate beds...After some time:

ROBERT
 (quietly)
 Do you like what you do, father?

JAMES
 What is it you think I do?

ROBERT

I know you work for the CIA. I'm not sure what you do? Why everything has to be so secret...?

James is quiet.

JAMES

(after a beat)

I can't let you know what I do, because we have enemies I'm trying to protect you from...

And there's the SOUND of a CAR. A moment, and headlights flash on and off in their window...

JAMES (cont'd)

(a beat, getting up)

Please stay inside.

And putting his coat over his pajamas, he goes outside. A moment and Robert gets up, looking out the window. He can see his father standing by the car, quietly talking to Ray Brocco. Some moments and Ray gets back in the car and drives off. James, left standing alone. A breeze ruffles his coat. And as he stands in the dark, the cornfields blowing in the breeze like an endless sea...He turns...And he sees his son looking outside at the man he doesn't know, who is his father...

INT. JAMES' OFFICE, THE CIA, 1959 - ANOTHER DAY

And we see the young John Kennedy, his lovely wife at his side, on a television, announcing his intentions to run for the presidency. And we see the television is on in James office. And we see James at his desk, Valentin sitting in a chair, the men quietly talking. There's a knock on the door...Ray comes in...He crosses to James...

RAY BROCCO

(whispering)

We've got a swimmer....

INT. THE COMMUNICATIONS CENTER, CIA, 1959 - DAY

And we see James and Ray in the much larger, technologically state of the art, Communications Center...

AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

(to James)

...We're being told he's a G-8, with Directorate K...
...Counterintelligence...

JAMES

Do we have a name...?

A COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

(after a beat)

We're getting a signal he's just gone into the Embassy in Finland...

INT. THE U.S. EMBASSY, HELSINKI, FINLAND, 1959 - NIGHT

And we see a tall, good looking, dark-haired MAN in his early forties, coming across the tile floor. An Embassy official and a CIA Field Officer, crossing to meet him...

THE FIELD OFFICER

May I help you, sir...?

INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTER, CIA, WASHINGTON, 1959 - DAY

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

...We're getting this through a direct microphone to a telephone pickup...There's an eight second overseas relay delay...

And we can hear over the speakers:

THE FIELD OFFICER (OVER)

(after the delay)

May I help you sir...?

INT. THE U.S. EMBASSY, HELSINKI, FINLAND, 1959 - NIGHT

THE MAN

(after a beat)

My name is Valentin Gregori Miranov...I am a Colonel with the KGB...I am requesting asylum...

INT. THE COMMUNICATIONS CENTER, CIA, 1959 - DAY

THE MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

(after the delay)

...My name is Valentin Gregori Miranov...

And as James, hearing the too familiar name, looks up:

EXT. A HOTEL, WASHINGTON D.C., 1959 - DAY

An early familiar chain hotel.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM, WASHINGTON D.C - DAY

And we see some MEN standing and sitting around a HOTEL ROOM. Among them, Ray Brocco. And we see sitting in a chair, naked, is the "OTHER VALENTIN MIRANOV." We PULL BACK and see that James, with "The Violinist," Valentin Miranov, are in an adjoining hotel room, looking through a TWO-WAY MIRROR... Intelligence personnel, wearing headphones, sit in a corner monitoring a tape recorder...

THE OTHER VALENTIN (OVER)

(adamant,
meaning "The
Violinist")

...This other man, who says he is Valentin Miranov, is not who he pretends to be...

(MORE)

THE OTHER VALENTIN (OVER) (cont'd)
 His real name is Yuri Modin...He was
 Petra Sanko's right hand...Petra's
 mole....

James is still...

VALENTIN
 (to James,
 quietly)
 It's just Petra trying to discredit
 me, Mother...

James is quiet. As he studies the "Other," the naked
 Valentin...

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

And Ray gets in the man's face...

RAY BROCCO
 (tough)
 What's your name?

THE OTHER VALENTIN
 My name is Valentin Gregori Miranov.
 I was born in Bobrujsk in 1924. I
 attended the State Institute of
 International Relations, served for
 three years in Naval Intelligence...My
 wife's name is Tamara Markovskaya...My
 children's names are Anatoliy and
 Sergei...My father is a cellist...I
 play the violin...All I want is
 freedom...

And an Intelligence Officer suddenly hits him in the face
 literally knocking him and the chair over. Two Intelligence
 Officers pick him up putting him back in the chair...

RAY BROCCO
 What is your name?

Same answer. And he's hit again...And as the routine
 continues, same questions, same answers...

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

And we see ice water being poured over the bloody man's
 head...

RAY BROCCO
 What is your name?

THE OTHER VALENTIN
 (crying,
 exhausted)
 My name is Valentin Gregori
 Miranov...I was born in Bobrujsk..

INT. THE ADJOINING HOTEL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

And we see James looking at a small TAB of medicine, with the pharmaceutical makers name, "Sandoz..."

AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER
 ...It's lysergic acid diethylamide,
 called "LSD..." There has been some
 very favorable results as a truth
 serum...

James gives the tab back to the man...And as he nods to try
 it...

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

And we see the OTHER VALENTIN, his face bloodied, still
 sitting in the chair...And he has a look of drugged
 confusion...

RAY BROCCO
 What is your name?

THE OTHER VALENTIN
 My name is Valentin Gregori Miranov...
 (and he starts to
 cry, rambling)
 My children's names are Anatoliy and
 Sergei...sweet little Anatoliy, he
 sings like a bird...

And he sings a children's song in Russian...

THE OTHER VALENTIN (cont'd)
 ...When I was a boy I remember taking
 a train to Moscow with my father...

And as if he were riding on the train, reciting the stops
 along the way...

THE OTHER VALENTIN (cont'd)
 ...Bobrujsk, Kricov, Roslavl,
 Malojaroslavec, Odincove...

He gets to his feet.

THE OTHER VALENTIN (cont'd)
 ...We saw the May Day parade...Stalin
 rode in an open car...

And like a little Boy he salutes their leader...He laughs,
 childish...And he's suddenly quiet...And on some clear LSD
 plane...

THE OTHER VALENTIN (cont'd)
 ...Every piece of intelligence
 information that you get is created by
 the KGB...When the Agency has a cold
 the KGB sneezes...

(MORE)

THE OTHER VALENTIN (cont'd)

(and whispering,
telling a secret)

Soviet power is a myth. A show...
There are no spare parts...nothing
works...It is nothing but painted
rust...

(walking around)

You need to keep the Russian myth
alive to maintain your military
industrial complex...Your system
depends on Russia being perceived as a
mortal threat...It isn't a threat, it
was never a threat, it will never be a
threat...It is a bloated rotted cow...

And he's quiet again...And he suddenly shouts...

THE OTHER VALENTIN (cont'd)

I am Valentin Gregori Miranov...! And
I am free...!

And without a warning, he suddenly runs to a window, and
without stopping dives right through the window...literally
flying out the window...His body hurtling onto the street
below...

INT. THE ADJOINING HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

James is still. He turns to look at the "real" Valentin...
His sorrowful dark eyes, his handsome face....

VALENTIN

(haunted)

If you would like, I'll be glad to
take the "truth" serum, James. I have
nothing to hide...I am who I say I
am...

James quietly looks at him. He shakes "no." And as he turns
and leaves, his shoulders hunched, head down, as if he were
looking for something he's lost...

EXT. YALE UNIVERSITY, 1960 - DAY

The old University. The sound of the YALE CHOIR coming from
the University Cathedral...The doors bursting open, the
Graduates streaming out...

EXT. THE YALE CATHEDRAL, THE QUADRANGLE, 1960 - DAY

Families gather with their graduates. And we see Robert, in
his cap and gown, standing with his family, Clover,
affectionately holding his arm. And it takes us a moment to
recognize her. Grown extremely heavy, it's as if she's grown
a second skin. Her last line of defense. Claire, dressed
"in confusion" wears a long Mandarin shift, black eye makeup,
no lipstick...As if she's at mourning...And James has become
the long shadow...He's started to sink into himself, his
clothes seeming to bunch in on him...And a thin bespectacled
BLACK MAN, a graduate, distinctly African, comes over...

ROBERT

Mother and Father, this is my good friend Thomas Lumumba. Mr. Lumumba's father will soon be the first President of the Congo...

THOMAS LUMUMBA

It is a very great honor...

He shakes their hands.

THOMAS LUMUMBA (cont'd)

Would it be possible to take your picture...?

And without warning he starts to take their picture...And James, protectively, looks away..."CLICK." And we see the results of the PHOTOGRAPH, the moment in time...James, a blur, unrecognizable, Robert proud of himself, confused Claire, and the corpulent Margaret, nee Clover, the James Wilson family...

INT. THE SKULL AND BONES, YALE, 1960 - NIGHT

And we're looking at a PHOTOGRAPH, a "1939" group photograph of the boys of Skull and Bones. John Russell. Richard Hayes. James Wilson. "The best and the brightest." And we see James looking at the photograph. And we see he's in the familiar reception room with its cases of momentos, the class photographs, the long history of Skull and Bones. And we see the YOUNG MEN of Skull and Bones, some with their father's, standing together, crowding the room. And James turns to stand by Robert. And a Young Man with unforgettable pale blue eyes, the world in the palm of his hand, is addressing them...

THE YOUNG MAN

...We send those who are leaving us to go into the world, with the knowledge, wherever they go, whatever they do, they will never be alone, they will always be one of us...And we say...

(loud)

Bonesmen...!

THE BONESMEN

(as one)

All here!

JAMES

(a beat late)

All here.

And they begin to sing a fraternity song, a nostalgic song about their youth...

ROBERT

(to his father)

I've spoken to a recruiter here...I would like very much to join the Agency...

And James is quiet, struck by the thought.

JAMES

(after a beat)

I had thought you wanted to go to Law School? Harvard?

ROBERT

I thought it would make you proud, father...

James is quiet. And Robert starts to sing, joining the fraternity song. James looks at his son...And as James starts to sing, too, heartbroken, the "Best," and the "Brightest," of all the "People like us."

INT. JAMES' OFFICE, 1960 - EARLY MORNING

And we see James, silently bent over his desk, peering at a PHOTOGRAPH on the front page of a NEWSPAPER. And we see the photograph is of the young bearded REVOLUTIONARY LEADER OF CUBA giving a speech...and among the people standing behind him, just recognizable, is Petra Sanko...He looks up at Ray Brocco...

JAMES

I need to see a man about a hat.

EXT. FAR ROCKAWAY, NEW YORK - DAY

And we see small but comfortable houses near the beach in Far Rockaway. Some old people sitting on lawn chairs on their front lawns. Children coming and going from the beach. And we see sitting in a CAR, parked across the street from one of the houses, SAM PAPICH. And we see two large Men, standing outside one of the houses. And we see standing inside a screened-in front porch, a Florida room, looking outside, is James.

INT. THE HOUSE IN FAR ROCKAWAY, NEW YORK - DAY

A Man comes into the Florida room...

THE MAN

Mr. Carlson, Mr. Palmi asks that you please come in...

James follows the Man into a kitchen. And sitting at a kitchen table, in a sport shirt and slacks, out of place without a suit, is a dark, somber man, in his forties...JOSEPH PALMI...The man leaves them alone...

JOSEPH PALMI

(motions)

Please make yourself at home.

James sits in a kitchen chair. And a Woman, with two small children, in their bathing suits, comes into the kitchen...TINA PALMI...

TINA PALMI
We're going to the beach...You going
to come down at all...?

JOSEPH PALMI
I'll be there soon...
(meaning the
children)
Make sure they don't go in the water
without somebody watching them...

TINA PALMI
No, I'm going to let them drown...
(moving them
along)
Let's go kids...

JOSEPH PALMI
(seeing)
Where's their shoes...? They're going
to burn their feet...

TINA PALMI
(exasperated)
We're getting their shoes...

And they go out...

JOSEPH PALMI
Do you have any children Mr. Carlson?

JAMES
No, I'm afraid I don't...

And they're quiet. A moment and James gives him an envelope.
Joseph opens it. And inside are PHOTOGRAPHS...
Surreptitious photographs of a YOUNG MAN in bed with a
familiar BLONDE ACTRESS...

JOSEPH PALMI
I appreciate this, Mr. Carlson. The
President's brother has not been a
gentleman to me.

James is quiet. Joseph looks at James, his distant eyes.

JOSEPH PALMI (cont'd)
You know, you people scare me...It's
people like you that make big wars...

JAMES
(shakes "no," wry)
I make sure that the wars are small
ones, Mr. Palmi...

Joseph slightly smiles...After some moments:

JOSEPH PALMI
Let me ask you something...? We
(Italians) have our families, our
church....

(MORE)

JOSEPH PALMI (cont'd)

The Irish, they have their
homeland...The Jews, they got
traditions....Even the niggers have
music...Tell me something, Mr.
Carlson, what do you people have...?

JAMES

(after a beat,
simply)

The United States of America...the
rest of you are just visiting...

They look at each other, a mutual contempt...

JOSEPH PALMI

(after a beat)

What can I do for you, Mr. Carlson?

JAMES

I understand you can get these to
somebody who smokes them...

And he takes three CIGARS out of his pocket, giving them to
him...Joseph smells one...

JOSEPH PALMI

(nods)

It's too bad the Cubans have to make
the best cigars.

EXT. HAVANA, CUBA - ANOTHER DAY

And we see the Caribbean Island so close to home.

INT. THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, HAVANA, CUBA - DAY

And we see an AIDE, a small man in the distinctive Cuban
revolutionary army uniform, silently coming into the
Presidente's empty office. He takes the three "cigars" out
of his pocket, putting them in the top row of a box of cigars
on the Presidente's desk, and quietly leaves. Some moments,
and the bearded Presidente de Cuba, with two of his Officers,
comes into the office. The Presidente sits at his desk. He
opens the box of cigars, taking up a "cigar." He starts to
light it. And the PHONE RINGS. The Presidente answers it.
He listens, nodding.

EL PRESIDENTE

Si...Si...Ulysees...gracias...

He hangs up. A moment and he presses an intercom asking for
somebody. And we see the uniformed AIDE coming back into the
office. The Presidente motions for the Aide to have a seat
on a couch across the room. The Presidente offers him the
"cigar." The man shakes "no, gracias." The Presidente puts
his pistol on the desk, and less then politely, insists,
giving the Aide the "cigar." The Presidente takes one of his
own cigars out of his pocket, lighting it. He motions for
the Man to do the same...The Man, terrified, lights the
"cigar." The Presidente quietly smokes his cigar...The Aide,
smoking...

And we watch an ash forming, slowly getting longer and longer with each puff he takes...Tears run down the man's face, the ash growing longer and longer...He takes another puff, the ash glowing, and as the cigar suddenly BLOWS UP, virtually blowing the man's face off...

INT. JAMES' OFFICE, THE CIA, 1960 - NIGHT

And we see James quietly sitting at his desk. And we see Richard Hayes, and a latin Man, GEN. HECTOR SUAREZ, sitting on a couch. Two MEN we're not familiar with, but familiar enough looking, "people like us," sitting in chairs.

RICHARD HAYES

...The President, if asked, will of course deny any knowledge...but we've been given his blessings to move ahead...I will coordinate security and personel. Mr. Robbins has made arrangements for "off the books" financing. Mr. Ellis will coordiante supplies. General Suarez will coordinate logistics. Mr. Wilson, who conceived of this action, will run the show.

And he looks over at James to say something...

JAMES

(after a beat)

We're designating this as Operation Mongoose...Back channel, "Manifest Destiny..." Nothing is to be put in writing. Nothing is to be done on the telephone. This has the highest level of deniability, because this operation does not exist.

And as the men quietly talk...

EXT. THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, NEW YORK, 1961 - DAY

And we see sailboats silently moving in the wind among the islands on the St. Lawrence River...

EXT. A PARTICULAR SAILBOAT, THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER - DAY

And we see Robert sailing the boat...James, lying on the deck, looking up at the clear blue sky.

EXT. A COVE, THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER - DAY

The boat, its sails down, is anchored off a small island in a peaceful cove. And we see James and Robert standing on the deck quietly talking...

ROBERT

...I've been assigned to the Congo...to "work" with the Lumumba family...

James nods, he knows.

ROBERT (cont'd)
 (after a beat)
 I don't know how you felt when you
 had your first assignment,
 father...But I feel such a love for
 this country...

And they're quiet, the water lapping against the boat...And
 James gives him one piece of advice...

JAMES
 Don't trust a soul, Robert...

Robert, innocent, quietly looks at him, seeing how deadly
 serious he is...

JAMES (cont'd)
 (after a beat)
 Before you go out in the field on an
 assignment, I want you to always check
 with me first...find out if it's
 "safe, to leave home..."

Robert nods...And as they stand on the boat in the secluded
 cove, quietly talking...

INT. JAMES' CABIN, DEER ISLAND - EARLY EVENING

Robert, getting dressed, in an unbuttoned tuxedo shirt,
 tuxedo trousers, comes out of his room. He knocks on his
 parents door.

ROBERT
 Mother...Father...

It's quiet. He opens the door. There's the sound of water
 running, the bathroom door ajar, James in the shower. Robert
 looks in...

ROBERT (cont'd)
 Where's mother?

JAMES
 (in the shower)
 She went ahead.

ROBERT
 Did you bring any extra cuff links...?

JAMES
 In my underwear drawer...

Robert turns back into the room. He opens the top dresser
 drawer. He looks for some cuff links. And he notices, on
 the dresser, James' BRIEFCASE. He finds the cuff links. He
 puts them on, looking at himself in the dresser mirror. But
 he finds himself looking at the briefcase, a curiosity about
 his father's life...He hesitates. And opening the briefcase,
 he looks inside. He looks at a file folder. "Utmost
 Secret." "Mongoose." He looks through it. He takes up a
 photograph. A reconnaissance "spy" photograph, taken from
 space, of the island of Cuba.

Various Bays on the topography delineated by their names...And there's another reconnaissance photograph, with even greater definition...of a particular bay...A Bay that's called, "The Bay of Pigs..." And we see James, a towel around his waist, is standing in the bathroom doorway, silently watching him...Robert instinctively turns, seeing him.

ROBERT

I'm sorry...

He puts the file away, shutting the briefcase. James is still.

ROBERT (cont'd)

(a beat, contrite)

I have this need to know things I'm not supposed to know...

James is quiet, seeing what he's done to him.

JAMES

In any other world it would be a healthy curiosity. In this world there is nothing healthy about it. This is not a world for you, Robert...

(and quietly)

Walk away. Walk away, Robert. Find something else to do...Find something you can feel good about yourself.

ROBERT

(after a beat)

It was good enough for you, father.

And there's very little he can say to that. And as they look at each other, the father and his son...

EXT. THE LODGE, DEER ISLAND - NIGHT

The familiar lanterns, with their yellow light, hang from the porch. The LODGE is lit up...The sounds of voices...

INT. THE LODGE, DINING ROOM, DEER ISLAND - NIGHT

And we see the alumni and their families of Skull and Bones at their familiar tables...And we see James' table...The only ones left, James, Clover, and Robert. And where Senator Russell, and John Russell, once sat, where their place names still sit, "Sen. John Russell," "Mr. John Russell," their plates have been ceremonially turned over, and a small piece of black ribbon is on them, for one who is dead, and one who might as well be dead. James quietly looks around the room. Philip and Toddy Allen sitting now with Richard Hayes at his table...Philip and James exchange nods...And, in the familiar ritual, an Old Man POUNDS his cane twice on the table...And the Bonesmen, James and Robert along with the rest, come to their feet and say as one for a last time:

THE BONESMEN

Bonesmen...All here!

And they give a rousing SHOUT, and take their seats again...

A MASTER OF CEREMONIES

(a beat)
Reverend Christiansen...

CLOVER

(a long ago echo,
and this time she
doesn't smile)
CIA first, God second...

And as The Reverend leads the room in prayer, James and Clover looking at each other.

INT. THE LODGE - NIGHT, LATER

The lights have been lowered. People still at their tables, drinking, quietly talking. A BIG BAND is on the stage playing. People dancing. We see Robert dancing with a smiling debutante whose future is pretty obvious...And we see James and Clover at their empty table, silently sitting, with nothing to say, watching the dancers. The Band playing "I'm gonna love you, like nobody's loved you, come rain or come shine..." And all the wasted years seem to wash over them like saltwater...After some moments:

CLOVER

When I first met you I was a young girl who just wanted someone to love me...I thought it was you, James...I thought you had a heart, and a soul...

He's quiet.

CLOVER (cont'd)

(after a beat)
I'm going to go live in Phoenix, with my mother, James...

James nods...And as they sit, trying to remember who they both once were...Robert, dancing, holding the girl close, the Band playing, ironic, "I'm gonna love you, like nobody's loved you, come rain or come shine..."

INT. THE CIA - MORNING

"FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1961." And we hear the Woman's Voice...

THE WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER)

You are safe here with me...

And we see James at his desk, the tape-recorder turning, the surreptitious photograph of the inter-racial couple, and various blow-ups of the photograph, on his desk. And we see Ray Brocco and two other Men in his office...

AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

...We've checked the schedules for flights leaving major airports on or around 10:00 at night for a two week period...There were flights leaving in fifteen cities...

(MORE)

AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER (cont'd)

Of those fifteen, nine were places that have significant contacts with the Russians to have their automobiles there...Seven were places that also would potentially have a radiator made in Belgium...Five of those places were also either tropical or in their summer season...Three of those were places where also Swahili was spoken...

(a beat)

We think the tape was made in either, Lagos, Nigeria, Dar Es Salaam, Tanzania, or Leopoldville, the Democratic Republic of the Congo...

And as James looks up, at the name of the country he didn't want to hear, but already knew in his heart...

EXT. LEOPOLDVILLE, THE CONGO, 1961 - DAY

It's raining on the busy African city. Soggy red and green posters of the first Congolese President, Patrice Lumumba, on the buildings walls. And we see James, in his raincoat, walking through the crowded streets of the old city. There's the sound of a CHURCH BELL...He turns a corner. And he sees a very OLD BELGIAN CHURCH, its old bell ringing, hollow...He moves along the street, the old apartment buildings. He comes around a corner...He slows...And in an apartment's window, in a second story apartment, blowing on a breeze, like in a dream, are the curtains with the pattern of the baobab trees on them. He goes into the building.

INT. AN APARTMENT BUILDING, THE CONGO, 1961 - DAY

He comes along a hallway to the end apartment. He knocks on the door. It's quiet. He tries it, the knob turns. He opens the door. He steps inside...

INT. THE APARTMENT, THE CONGO - DAY

The apartment's dark, quiet. He goes into the bedroom. He slows. And sitting on a chair in the bedroom, waiting for him, is PETRA SANKO.

PETRA SANKO

Hello, Mother.

James takes in the room, the room he feels like he's lived in. The flowers wilting in the vase. The familiar nightstand with the clock...the airconditioner...the radiator...And on a dresser a PHOTOGRAPH of two figures...And chilling, he sees it's the photograph of Robert and him taken in the field house in Kansas.

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)

I'm sorry about this....

(a beat)

Can I play something for you, Mother?

And he plays a reel-to-reel tape...There's the sound of intimate breathing, and then...

M'BYA TSHIMANGA'S VOICE (OVER)
"You are safe here with me..."

James is quiet. And then we hear Robert's VOICE, over, intimate, whispering...

ROBERT'S VOICE (OVER)
(guilt ridden)
"...He was standing in the doorway watching me..."

M'BYA TSHIMANGA'S VOICE (OVER)
"Your own father spied on you...?"

ROBERT'S VOICE (OVER)
"I had seen something I wasn't supposed to see..."
(after a beat)
"My father always scared me..."

It's quiet. James is still.

M'BYA TSHIMANGA'S VOICE (OVER)
(comforting him)
"You didn't do anything wrong. You were brought up on secrets. What did he expect?"

It's quiet again. And out of the quiet...

ROBERT'S VOICE (OVER)
"They're going to invade Cuba..."

James is quiet. After some moments:

M'BYA TSHIMANGA'S VOICE (OVER)
(lovingly)
"It's alright, Robert...You haven't done anything wrong...You can tell me anything..."
(after a beat)
"I love you...We don't need any secrets from each other..."

And there's the sound of their intimate breathing...And the tape ends...James is still...

PETRA SANKO
(after a beat)
We can protect him, Mother...make him safe...Nobody would know...We would arrange it so he just disappeared, his body never recovered....
(a beat, quietly)
All it would require, was for you, Mother...
(a beat)
To sit in place...

JAMES
 (finishing the
 thought)
 And be a friend...

Petra Sanko nods...

PETRA SANKO
 True friends are rare, Mother...

It's quiet. After some moments:

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)
 We've both been doing this for a long
 time, Mother...Far too long...It isn't
 a game we enjoy anymore...Let's put an
 end to it here...

James is quiet. And the phone suddenly RINGS, once, and then
 stops. And then it RINGS again, twice. And stops.

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)
 (getting up)
 I'm sorry, I must go.
 (a beat)
 I would very much like sometime for us
 to sit together and talk...I have so
 much I'd like to talk to you about.

James is quiet.

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)
 (slows)
 I thought you should see this.

And he gives him a small PHOTOGRAPH. A photograph of JOHN
 RUSSELL and KIP WILEY taken in Red Square.

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)
 There is nobody left, Mother. The war
 is over.

James doesn't say anything.

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)
 (a beat)
 I'm afraid I'm going to need your
 answer very soon, Mother. The little
 bird can't sing very much longer.

James is quiet.

PETRA SANKO (cont'd)
 There is nobody better than you...It
 has been an honor...
 (a beat)
 It isn't personal, Mother...

They look at each other, look each other in the eye. And he
 turns and leaves, the sound of the door quietly closing...
 James stands in the bedroom immersed in the silence...

He quietly looks at the photograph on the dresser, the photograph of him and Robert...And there's the sound of the door opening...somebody coming in...walking toward the bedroom...And Robert comes into the bedroom...He stops, seeing his father....

ROBERT

Father...?

JAMES

(motioning at the dresser mirror, cautioning him)

Let's go outside...

And as he takes his arm, taking him out of the apartment...

EXT. LEOPOLDVILLE, THE CONGO, 1961 - DAY

And we see them standing close together in the rain on the crowded African sidewalk...

JAMES

...She's not a friendly, Robert...

ROBERT

(shakes "no.")

I don't believe that...

(adamant)

Why should I believe you? You told me yourself, not to trust anybody...

You're the master at creating the "truth..."

(steadfast)

I love her...I've asked her to marry me. I won't let you take that away from me...

And people start to crowd around them at a Bus stop, pushing for a Bus. And James suddenly embraces Robert, holding him, close...

JAMES

(whispers)

I can't protect you, Robert...I can't keep you safe anymore...

ROBERT

Safe? I never felt safe, father...I was always frightened something awful was going to happen...

And Robert starts to cry....

ROBERT (cont'd)

Why was it so hard for you to love us?

Tears running down his cheeks...

ROBERT (cont'd)

Why was it so hard for you to love me?

And his tears, and the rain, dampen James' shoulder. And James says, from somewhere deep in his soul...

JAMES
(for everything)
I'm sorry...

And Robert, his father's son, recoiling at his touch, pushes him away from him, turning into the crowd, walking off...And as James stands in the crowded street, alone...

EXT. LANGLEY, MCLEAN, VIRGINIA - DAY

"SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1961." And we see a Car pulling to a stop. The Car pulls off. And we see James, briefcase in hand, left standing alone. He turns. And we see he's been left standing on the edge of some woods in front of a massive BUILDING that's under construction, very near completion, that's been carved out of the woods...A Security Fence around the perimeter. The only designation of what the building might be, signs on the fence, "No Trespassing, Property Of The United States Government." And the construction site's empty, dead still. And in his familiar posture he starts along a walkway toward the quiet building, carrying his briefcase, his footsteps echoing in the silence...He goes up some steps. He stops for a moment at the threshold. And he sees carved in the stone above the doorway, "The Truth Shall Make You Free." He goes inside.

INT. THE NEW BUILDING, McLEAN, VIRGINIA, 1961 - DAY

It's dead quiet. There's a large empty rotunda. He crosses the rotunda going up a staircase. He comes onto an endless corridor...

RICHARD HAYES VOICE (OVER)
Mr. Wilson.

He turns. And Richard Hayes is standing in the corridor.

RICHARD HAYES (cont'd)
Have you been here before, Mother?

JAMES
(shakes "no")
I haven't had the time.

And it seems as if only by sheer will he's holding himself together...

RICHARD HAYES
(motioning)
...This whole wing will be
counterintelligence...

They move along the endless corridor, doors open to the unfinished rooms. James looks in the rooms.

An empty room with wires coming out of the wall...going nowhere...In another room, a light fixture dangling from the ceiling...Another room, television monitors stacked one on top of the other like blind eyes...Another room, a conference table and no chairs...The mundane become the most sinister...Richard slows by some gaping holes in the wall...

RICHARD HAYES (cont'd)

There are specifications for twenty safes...

(his smile)

For the "keeper" of the kingdom.

James is quiet, and we see he's looking at Richard, at his lips, as if he were reading his lips...the sound droning... "The madness..."

RICHARD HAYES (cont'd)

(reading his lips)

...There will be plaques on the walls honoring agents that have fallen in the service of their country. Of course there will be no names...just the dates of service...The anonymity of sacrifice...

(after a beat)

The President at the next cabinet meeting will ask Mr. Allen to resign.

(smiles)

Something about secret bank accounts in Switzerland.

(beat)

The President has asked me to assume the Directorship.

James is quiet.

RICHARD HAYES (cont'd)

(reading his lips)

He has asked me to do a thorough "housecleaning." He's left it to my discretion. I need someone I can trust...I'd like us to work together, James. After all, we are still brothers...

He smiles. And it's still boyish. Richard turns, walking along the "hallway..."

RICHARD HAYES (cont'd)

(reading his lips)

You should know, the Englishman, the "honorable schoolboy," Kip Wiley, has defected. He's been one of theirs for fifteen years...A fucking stuttering mole...!

Richard stops...

RICHARD HAYES (cont'd)
 (after a beat,
 ominous)
 A package was left on my doorstep last
 night, Mother...

And he knows it all. James is quiet.

RICHARD HAYES (cont'd)
 (after a beat)
 I understand your son has fallen in
 love. He's going to get married...Do
 you think that's a wise idea? He's
 very young.
 (a beat)
 In some ways I'm glad I never had
 children. They can break your heart.

And James says...

JAMES
 (quietly)
 Bring him home. Bring him home, Mr.
 Hayes.

RICHARD HAYES
 (chilling)
 You know I can't. You know the rules,
 Mother, you wrote them.
 (ironic)
 You let a stranger in our house...
 You know we can't let strangers stay
 in our house...
 (after a beat)
 You still believe in the rules, don't
 you, Mother?

James is quiet.

RICHARD HAYES (cont'd)
 (after a beat)
 I'm going to leave this between you
 and him...a family matter...between a
 father and his son...If you can't take
 care of it...I will have to...

And it's still. He's been given "Sophie's Choice." And
 after some moments, reading his lips again...

RICHARD HAYES (cont'd)
 ...We can put this Bay Of Pigs behind
 us, Mother...A new building. A new
 Director. A new era. The golden age
 of Intelligence...The President is
 concerned about Southeast Asia...Do
 you know anything about Vietnam,
 Mother? We won't have to be gentlemen
 anymore.

James is quiet.

RICHARD HAYES (cont'd)
 I'm looking forward to us working
 together for a long time...After all,
 Mother, you are our heart and soul...

And Richard turns, moving back along the endless hallway. James watches him go through a stairway door and disappear, the door closing behind him. And it's dead still. James, motionless, peering out his glasses. And as he stands in the empty hallway of the new CIA headquarters, holding his briefcase, its heart and its soul...

INT. JAMES' HOUSE, VIRGINIA, 1961 - NIGHT

The house seems dark...empty. There's voices. And we see James and Valentin sitting on the back patio...

EXT. JAMES' HOUSE, THE BACK PATIO - NIGHT

They sit in the dark, James hands buried in his overcoat pockets...

VALENTIN
 ...With air support...

And James starts to uncontrollably shake...

VALENTIN
 Are you alright, mother? I'll make
 you some tea...

And he goes into the house, into the kitchen. James silently sits on the dark patio...After some moments:

VALENTIN'S VOICE (OVER)
 (musing)
 ...Maybe we would all be better off if
 Columbus hadn't discovered the world
 was round...

And James is still. And as James looks out his glasses, his eyes, distant...

INT. OLD GOVERNMENT BUILDING, AN OFFICE, THE CIA - NIGHT

It's dark. And we see on a desk a framed photograph of Valentin and his wife and children. And we see James, like a thief in the night, in Valentin's office. He quietly looks through some papers on his desk. He opens the drawers, looking through them...He starts to turn, to leave...And he sees on a bookshelf the ENGLISH TEA TIN, the cannister that Kip Wiley had given to Valentin. James opens it. He pours out the tea bags. And under the tea bags is a small MINOX CAMERA -- for taking photographs of documents. And as James silently stands in the dark office, gathering himself...
 THERE'S THE SOUND OF A SYMPHONY...

INT. THE NATIONAL THEATER, WASHINGTON D.C., 1961 - NIGHT

And we see a well known CONDUCTOR conducting a SYMPHONY for a distinguished group of eminent guests in evening clothes...

The young President and his First Lady...The Vice President.. Members of the Cabinet...Senators and Congressmen...when it was a place known as "Camelot." And we see James, among the audience, sitting with Valentin, listening to the heartbreakingly beautiful music...And as James shuts his eyes, listening to the Symphony...

EXT. MOSCOW, RUSSIA - NIGHT

The Soviet city.

INT. AN APARTMENT IN MOSCOW - NIGHT

And we see "the honorable schoolboy," Kip Wiley, dressed in evening clothes, looking at himself in a mirror, getting ready to go out. And he sees in the mirror's reflection a Man standing behind him holding a gun. And it's the last thing he sees. Three quick shots, leaving his blood on the mirror, and his dead body on the floor...

INT. THE NATIONAL THEATER, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

James listening to the music...

EXT. MOSCOW - NIGHT

And we see John Russell, bundled in a winter coat, carrying some groceries, crossing a quiet Moscow street. A Car suddenly comes around a corner, running him over, driving off...And as John Russell lays on the lonely street dying, lying in the milk from a broken milk bottle, his blood turning the milk red...

INT. THE NATIONAL THEATER, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

James listening to the Symphony...

INT. THE BOLSHOI BALLET, MOSCOW - NIGHT

And we see eminent Russians, including the Premier and his Politbureau, Generals, and the like, at the Bolshoi Ballet. And we see Petra Sanko sitting on an aisle. His TARTAR shadow comes down the aisle, bending, quietly saying something to him. Petra nods. A moment, and he gets up crossing into the LOBBY. He crosses to a PHONE BOOTH...As Petra takes up the phone...

INT. A PHONE BOOTH, NATIONAL THEATER, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

And we see James on the phone. And he says:

JAMES

Petra.

INT. THE PHONE BOOTH, THE MOSCOW BALLET - NIGHT

PETRA SANKO

(a beat,
realizing)

Mother?

JAMES' VOICE (OVER)
I'm prepared to give you your answer.

PETRA SANKO
Yes, Mother.

JAMES
(simply says)
It isn't personal.

And Petra has another realization. He turns. And he sees his TARTAR SHADOW standing outside the phone booth. And he's holding a pistol with a silencer. And the Tartar opens fire on the phone booth...Petra Sanko silently slipping to sit on the floor of the phone booth, the phone dangling...The last words he's to say...

PETRA SANKO
(surprised)
Mother...?

INT. THE NATIONAL THEATER, LOBBY, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

And we see James coming out of the phone booth. He turns back into the auditorium. He stops, just inside the doors. Valentin instinctively turns, seeing him. James looks at him, and turning, hands in his pockets, quietly leaves. And as the doors silently close behind him, and Valentin knows he's as good as dead...

INT. JAMES' OFFICE, OLD GOVERNMENT BUILDING, CIA - NIGHT

And we see James, perfectly still, bent over his desk in the pool of light from a desk lamp. And we can see Ray silently standing by his desk...And we see that James is bent over the ad in the New York Times Classifieds that says..."Mother, is it safe to leave home...?" Some moments, and James looks up. He peers out his glasses at Ray...

RAY BROCCO
(distraught)
Mother...?

He's quiet.

RAY BROCCO (cont'd)
(upset)
When I go home at night I sit in a dark room. My family knows not to disturb me. At first I would sit for ten minutes. Then it was a half hour. Then an hour. I sat until I was sure who I was. Now, I sit, and I sit, and I still don't know who I am...

And all the years well up, and he starts to cry...

RAY BROCCO (cont'd)
For Godsakes, it's your son, James...

And James is still, peering out his glasses at him. After some moments:

RAY BROCCO (cont'd)

(quietly)

From now on, you'll have to deliver
your messages for yourself...

137,

And he's purposely dropped the respectful appellation of, "Mother." And turning, his shoulders bent, head down as if he were looking for something he's lost, he leaves. He stops, just outside the door looking back at him. James, in the pool of light, bent over his desk. And Ray quietly closes the door for the last time and leaves. And it's still. James, sitting alone in his office, like King Lear. And as he sits in the pool of light bent over his desk reading the "Personal," "Mother, is it safe to leave home?" And we're not sure what his answer is...

INT. A BUS, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

And we see James' haggard reflection in a Bus window. And we see James, his briefcase at his side, silently riding home from work in a nearly empty Bus...And as he rides the Bus home from work...

INT. AN APARTMENT, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

We see Valentin Miranov quietly sitting in a chair drinking a glass of wine, almost as if he was waiting for somebody. There's a slight sound. He turns, too late, a plastic bag put over his head, the bag pulled taut, suffocating him...His face becoming contorted, like a grainy photograph, unrecognizable, as if he didn't exist at all...

INT. THE BUS, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

James on the nearly empty Bus, briefcase at his side, quietly riding home from work...

EXT. AN AIRFIELD IN AFRICA, THE CONGO - DAY

A small airfield. And we see Robert getting out of a car. He turns, crossing to a waiting single engine PLANE. And as he climbs on board...

INT. THE BUS, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

James quietly riding home on the bus...

EXT. AFRICA - DAY

And we see the small plane taking off, heading off into the blue African sky...

INT. THE BUS, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

James riding on the Bus.

INT. A DRESS SHOP, A DRESSING ROOM, THE CONGO - DAY

And we see M'BYA, the striking African woman's reflection in a mirror, as she tries on a traditional African wedding dress in a dressing room. The curtains part. She turns. And there's the pop of a silencer.

And as she stumbles against the mirror, falling into it, her blood on the front of her wedding dress, a wedding dress she won't be wearing anymore...

INT. THE BUS, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

James riding on the Bus.

EXT. THE SMALL PLANE OVER AFRICA - DAY

The Cessna flying over a vast African plain.

INT. THE BUS, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

James, riding the Bus...

INT. THE PLANE, SOMEWHERE OVER AFRICA - DAY

And we see Robert sitting up with the Pilot. A Man sitting in the back. And suddenly the Man reaches over, his arm around Robert's neck. The Pilot opens Robert's door. And the Man literally throws Robert out of the plane...And as his body falls and falls and falls and falls...

INT. THE BUS, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

James on the Bus...

EXT. THE AFRICAN PLAIN - DAY

And we see, lying on the endless plain, Robert's crumpled, lonely body. And to add to the abject loneliness, we see animals grazing nearby. And we see a lion, standing in some grass, the hair on its neck bristling, looking at the motionless body...

INT. THE BUS, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

James turns to look out the Bus window...And he sees his reflection in the glass...He finds himself looking at himself...And he looks at the reflection as if it were unfamiliar to him...As if it were a stranger's...And as he looks through his glasses into the eyes of his own reflection, into his very soul, we see something we've never seen before...tears, rolling down his cheeks behind his glasses...And as he looks into the eyes of his own lonely reflection in the Bus window, a light crosses the window, and the window goes dark. And his reflection just disappears. He has no reflection at all. Lost somewhere in the "wilderness of mirrors." His wish has come true. He's become invisible. And as he looks into the glass darkly...
THERE'S THE SOUND OF AN ORCHESTRA...

INT. THE YALE THEATER CLUB, 1939 - DAY

The Yale stage. And we see Miss Buttercup, young and vibrant, moving around the stage, forever more, singing...

BUTTERCUP

"For I'm called little Buttercup --
dear little Buttercup, though I could
never tell why...But still I'm called
'Buttercup --' poor little Buttercup,
sweet little Buttercup, I...!"

FADE OUT: