

THE DEFECTION

by Ken Nolan

based on the novel
"The Defection of A.J. Lewinter"
by Robert Littell

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EXT. HANOI - DAY

An overweight man sweats through his khaki suit as he negotiates the moving asteroid-field of scooter and automobile traffic of Hanoi, Vietnam.

He's not out of place here, there are other tourists who look like him -- slightly befuddled, street map open, long-lensed camera on his chest.

But our eye stays on him.

He pads his forehead with a bar napkin and stuffs it in his pocket with one meaty hand. He's following --

-- ANOTHER MAN, one block ahead in the crowded street marketplace.

THE OTHER MAN -- is slight of build, balding, shaped like a drying pear.

THE SLIGHT OF BUILD MAN - moves through the crowded marketplace, plastic shopping bag in hand.

HE STOPS -- under a glowing green pharmacy sign. Takes a look over his shoulder and goes inside.

POV - FAT MAN - watching through the pharmacy window as the Slight Man buys something over the counter. Pays in cash. The Slight Man's bag bulges with goods.

The slight man's name is A.J. LEWINTER.

EXT. ANOTHER HANOI BLOCK - DAY

The day is getting hotter. The Fat Man can't seem to keep up. His suit is sweat-ringed under the arms.

LEWINTER - is still ahead of him. He goes into another pharmacy.

THE FAT MAN - knows the drill. Knows he has a moment. Stops at an outdoor bar, huffing and puffing for breath. Motions to the bartender for a Cobra beer on tap.

FAT MAN'S POV - he sees Lewinter in the next pharmacy. A Clerk hands over a dozen small boxes.

The Fat Man SNAPS SOME PHOTOS with his long lens.

Finally, Lewinter comes out and hails a cab. Gets in. Glances directly at the Fat Man, who turns quickly to his open STREET MAP, holding it up to his face.

THE CAB PASSES - the Fat Man, who watches it, eyes over the map. The Fat Man pulls out a CELL PHONE. Dials, waits. Then speaks through sips of beer:

FAT MAN

He got in a cab.... I dunno.
Coming back to the hotel probably.
Yeah, I got the cab's plate
number. Think you're dealing with
a novice?...

(orders another beer)

Texting it now... Yeah. Fuckin'
Vietnam license plate, whattya
want from me?... Call if he
doesn't show at the hotel.

(swigs his beer)

Huh? The hell should I know?
Probably another pharmacy; hit ten
of em today, buying goddamn
condoms for all I know.

He hangs up. His new beer has arrived.

INT. HANOI MARIOTT - DAY

The next day. A.J. Lewinter walks down the front steps of the hotel, heads toward the cab line. He wheels a small CARRY ON BAG to the cab and climbs inside.

THE FAT MAN - nearby. Hung over. Climbs in his own cab.

The CAB DRIVER knows the Fat Man. The Fat Man points a meaty finger at the other cab. The Driver follows.

EXT. HANOI - DAY

Lewinter's cab moves through the busy morning traffic.

THE FAT MAN'S CAB - half-block behind, gets caught in traffic. A hundred scooter drivers race in front of the cab. Car horns blare.

Lewinter can be seen abruptly getting out of the cab, throwing money at the driver.

FAT MAN (V.O.)

We're losing him!

Lewinter attempts to run down the block, his carry-on in hand. He is neither graceful nor athletic.

THE FAT MAN - sees this, and is unable to do anything except what he doesn't want to do. He groans in displeasure and --

-- gets out of the cab and -- runs.

THE FAT MAN - makes Lewinter look like Yale's 100 Meter hurdler champ.

He huffs and puffs, belly jiggling as he charges through busy sidewalk traffic and around the corner to see --

-- NO ONE.

A.J. Lewinter is gone.

EXT. HANOI EMBASSY ROW - DAY

A.J. Lewinter walks up to an Embassy on a tree-lined, residential street. The Flag out front is vaguely familiar.

Vietnamese lettering on the plaque are translated in various languages.

Our eye settles on English:

EMBASSY FOR THE PEOPLE'S
DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF
NORTH KOREA.

Like many structures in Hanoi, it was built during the French occupation: red tile rooftop and matching shutters. A locked gate, ARMED GUARD, and a bullet-proof guard booth block the entrance.

A.J. LEWINTER - presents a prepared document to the GUARD, who warily takes it in hand. Looks Lewinter up and down. Then reads the document quickly. His eyebrows go up. He reads it again.

Stares at Lewinter for a long time. Then...

Goes to the Guard Booth and makes a call.

Lewinter's eyes are wide as he watches the surrounding block. He's scared, impatient.

THE IMAGE FREEZES - and we realize we've been watching SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE.

FERRI (V.O.)

As our surveillance camera in Hanoi clearly shows, he's handed something to the Guard, who calls inside. Scroll to the next bit.

THE IMAGE - speeds up, fast motion. Lewinter is met outside the Embassy by an EMBASSY DIPLOMAT.

FERRI (V.O.)

Regular speed, thanks.

THE DIPLOMAT - speaks to Lewinter for a time. Lewinter is looking over his shoulder, nervously tapping his foot as he seems to answer questions.

ANOTHER VOICE - a nascent smoker's rasp forming:

BILLINGS (V.O.)

Verifying him, looks like.

FERRI (V.O.)

Yep, then after three minutes of discussion, the Diplomat lets him through the gates.

BILLINGS (V.O.)

Right into the North Korean Embassy. Man oh man.

LEWINTER - walks through the gates, moving up the embassy steps, following the Diplomat. Lewinter turns for a last glance behind him and --

-- THE IMAGE FREEZES, on his wide-eyed face, his mouth half open, balding head shining in the sunlight.

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - DAY

THE MEN who have been speaking now turn on the lights and pace the room. There's FERRI and BILLINGS in the room, along with a TECH SUPPORT OPERATIVE.

FERRI

Case Officer in Hanoi lost him a few blocks before. Brilliant part is he didn't report losing him to the COS for a full 24 hours.

BILLINGS

Genius. Why?

FERRI

To cover his ass, of course. See if he'd come back to the hotel. Didn't think much of him. He was just one of about 150 scientists at this offsite in Hanoi. Then the COS didn't report it to the OSA Director for another five hours.

BILLINGS

Amazing. So this footage from our cameras across the street from the North Korean Embassy is --

FERRI

Over 40 hours old, already.

BILLINGS

Christ. What a fuck up.

Ferri and Billings are educated, young, hungry for promotion. Mid-thirties -- the next wave in the National Clandestine Service (NCS) at the CIA. Colleagues, yes, but ever in eternal competition.

FERRI

First, we recalled our Man in Hanoi. His COS was all too happy to comply and ship his fat ass to Langely. He'll be here for debrief before end of business today.

BILLINGS

I'd like to be there.
(re: the image)
Who is this guy? Why were we watching him?

FERRI

(reads:)
Uh, Lewinter. A.J. Lewinter.

BILLINGS

What?

FERRI

That's his name.

BILLINGS

That's a name? Sounds like a brand of hot dogs.

FERRI

A period J period Lewinter.

BILLINGS

What's his *full* name?

FERRI

Don't seem to have it here. Just initials. A.J., and then Lewinter.

BILLINGS

Sounds made up.

FERRI

Consulted for almost twenty years for the Agency's Science and Tech division. We give him a regular paycheck: nominal wage, G-10 or G-11. He's some kind of computer expert and a rocket scientist -- literally. Smart guy. Shitty dresser. Look at him. Sloppy.

(shakes his head)

That's all we got right now.

Billings lights a pipe. An affectation he's cultivated.

BILLINGS

Why were we watching him?

FERRI

That's for East Asian, Near Eastern and South Asian Analysis to tell us.

BILLINGS

But why is he walking into the DPRK embassy? With a suitcase?

FERRI

We can only assume the worst.

The men are quiet until Billings leans forward, taking a puff on his pipe, his eye on the frozen image.

BILLINGS

What the hell's in the suitcase?

INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR NCS' OFFICE - DAY

DEPUTY DIRECTOR of the NATIONAL CLANDESTINE SERVICES (NCS) PERCIVAL WINTON sits back in his chair. Twirls his tortoiseshell glasses and bites down on one end of them.

WINTON

That's a name? Lewinter? Sounds like a sausage company.

Winton waves for Ferri to run the rest of the footage of Lewinter.

FERRI

Eight hours after he's let in the Embassy doors, he's whisked away in a North Korean jet from a private airstrip outside of Hanoi.

They see the images on the secure laptop, which changes to show a VERY LONG and blurry view of a man, presumably Lewinter, on a private AIRSTRIP. Lewinter still has a death grip on his carry-on suitcase.

WINTON

Christ. Do we know where --

BILLINGS

They flew to Pyongyang. Direct.

WINTON

Christ!

He shouts at his EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT in the outer office.

WINTON

Jimmy! Get me the ADD! Now!

JIMMY (O.S.)

Right away, sir!

Winton fumes, paces, casting brutal glares at Ferri and Billings before he aims a finger and says:

WINTON

Who knows about this?

FERRI

No one.

WINTON

What the fuck does that mean? Exactly.

FERRI

Two Collection Management Officers in Southeast Asia contacted us the moment they found out -- so they know.

(MORE)

FERRI (CONT'D)

Our Staff Operation Officer who compiled the footage of Lewinter. The COS, of course, in Asia. And the idiot so-called Ops Officer --

BILLINGS

Fat fuck.

FERRI

-- Who was in Hanoi, ostensibly watching over this Lewinter character. And us, sir. That's it.

WINTON

Okay, first thing's first. Yank Lewinter's passport in case the North Koreans eject him after kicking his tires.

FERRI

Can we do that?

WINTON

Under *Haig v. Agee*, you bet your ass we can. Anyone we feel who is "Causing or are likely to cause serious damage to the national security or the foreign policy of the United States." That's how Edward Snowden got put in limbo in the Hong Kong airport for so long.
(to Billings)

Call Esposito in the Office of the General Counsel. He'll keep it quiet.

Billings nods and goes to a phone to start the process.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Associate Deputy Director Cullen is on line four, Mr. Winton!

WINTON

(picks up the phone)

Chuck, Percy here. Do you know anything about this Lewinter business? The North Korea thing?
(listens)

No, that's a name: Lewinter....

INT. OFFICE OF THE ADD OF THE CIA - DAY

ASSOCIATE DEPUTY DIRECTOR of the CIA, CHARLES C. CULLEN has his three C initials on practically everything in the room, from his cuff links to shirts to coffee mugs.

CULLEN

Are we actually watching a
defection in process?

He's 62 years old. Divorced, several times by the looks of the family photos. He's the #2 man at the CIA.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN -- the footage ends, Lewinter frozen in time, starting over his shoulder.

FERRI

Just verified North Korean embassy
in Hanoi's phone traffic yesterday
had a spike of 500 percent.

WINTON

Must think they've got something.

CULLEN

Why would they take him in?
Antagonize us? They're crazy, but
not stupid. This is aggressive.

(thinks)

Loughlin must have something too
interesting to pass up.

BILLINGS

Lewinter, sir.

CULLEN

Who is he? What does he do for us?

BILLINGS

Green badger; something with
physics and computer programming.

WINTON

We haven't contacted Science and
Tech yet because we wanted to keep
it compartmentalized.

Cullen paces now, Winton, Ferry and Billings watching.

CULLEN

Have to take this to the Director.

Billings and Ferri glance at one another. This is big.

CULLEN

What else've you got?

BILLINGS

Nothing of note at this moment.

CULLEN

I'll decide if it's of note, thank you, Mr. Ferri.

BILLINGS

Sir, I'm Billings, he's Ferri.

CULLEN

(shouts to the door:)
Jimmy! Get me the Director!

OTHER JIMMY (V.O.)

Yes, sir!

Ferri and Billings share another glance. Another "Jimmy"?

BILLINGS

Our case officer in Hanoi tossed Lewinter's hotel room: found a pair of shoes and some clothes he left behind. That was it.

Cullen sees the photo array from Lewinter's hotel room.

CULLEN

Why were we eyeballing this guy? Specifically?

BILLINGS

That's for the Ops Officer in Hanoi to tell us. He's on a flight back. Should have landed by now.

CULLEN

Percy, you talk to this fucker yourself. Make this Lewinter case your personal mission in life until we can put a lid on it.

WINTON

Yes, sir.

OTHER JIMMY (V.O.)

I have the Director for you!

CULLEN

(picks up his phone)
 Director, Madam, we may have a situation... I think it best if I come up there myself and walk you through it.... Half an hour?
 (winces but says:)
 If that's the soonest you can do, ma'am... Yes, Madam Director. Good memory! Two Splendas. Bye.

He hangs up. Bites his lower lip. Thinks.

CULLEN

If we have another goddamn Edward Fucking Snowden on our hands --
 (pauses)
 -- you guys gotta get me something on this Partridger.

FERRI

Lewinter, sir.

CULLEN

The Intelligence Community cannot and will not be able to survive another game-changer like that weasely, bespectacled prick.

Billings blinks through his glasses.

WINTON

Lewinter is an outsourced tech, Chuck; Secret Clearance level with the Directorate of Science and Tech. Never even stepped foot in this building, as far as we know. It's all physics and --
 (waves a hand)
 -- other stuff, that he does.

Cullen glances at his screen -- LEWINTER'S carry-on luggage in hand. Cullen sits.

CULLEN

So what's in the goddamn suitcase?

INT. CIA HALLWAYS - DAY

Winton, Ferri and Billings are now sitting outside a larger office on a higher floor. The plaque outside reads: DIRECTOR, CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE.

The men hear voices in the inner office, then the door opening, and what sounds like Cullen saying goodbye.

Cullen comes out, Winton, Ferry and Billings standing.

CULLEN

You've got the ball, Percy.
Director wants updates at noon,
six pm, and midnight. You go
through me first, understood? Day
or night, I don't care.

WINTON

Is this going into PDB?

CULLEN

The Director will have to discuss
that with the DNI, and they'll
make that assessment later today,
but at this time I think it's best
we keep the President out of this.
We need more data. Don't fuck this
up or we're all out on our asses.

INT. WINTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Moments later, in Winton's office again.

WINTON

I take it neither of you have
handled a defector before.

FERRI

A defector? No, sir.

They are watching the footage again: Lewinter going into
the embassy. Lewinter boarding the airplane...

BILLINGS

We deal in monitoring E-Mail, cell
phone exchanges, unusual bank
balances, peculiar internet
traffic, then we plan and execute
drone strikes. Been busy keeping
America safe. That sort of thing.

WINTON

If you're done polishing your
trophies, do you two superstars
have any hypothesis about what the
fuck is happening?

FERRI

Lewinter is bringing some kind of technology, knowhow, or physical material in that suitcase to one of our adversaries: North Korea.

Winton gets up and moves to a window. There are a few trees showing leaves, Spring coming.

WINTON

The Assistant Deputy Director wants me to bring someone in on this. I agree with his assessment.

Ferri and Billings glance at one another.

FERRI

Sir, if you don't mind me saying, we can handle this.

WINTON

The Intelligence Community has been tarnished, and thereby the CIA, by the recent NSA scandal. We can't afford another crack in its armor. I'm not gonna be put out to early retirement because you two can't control this. ADD and I want an expert to oversee the case.

BILLINGS

An expert? On *defections*? Is there such a thing anymore?

FERRI

Might as well try to find a Catholic priest who hasn't fondled little boys.

Winton sees a robin alight on a branch out the window.

WINTON

There's a guy. Out in the cold, but still with us. Tangentially.

BILLINGS

"Tangentially." This helps us how?

WINTON

Holdover of the Deputy Director's, from the old days. Years of field experience. Great eye for the overall. Good squash player.

FERRI

Sir, if I may say so, this is ridiculous!

WINTON

You may not say so. This could get out to the press. This defector could Wikileaks the world with whatever he's got.

BILLINGS

Sir, Lewinter is a low-level computer geek slash professor slash loser. I don't think --

WINTON

So was Snowden. Look at the damage he did. Is still causing. No debate. You'll work for him, on this particular case. Jimmy! Get me Leo Diamond.

Executive assistant JAMES CLARK pops his head in.

JIMMY

Who, sir?

WINTON

Diamond. Leo. Early '50s, graying at the sides.

Ferri mouths: "Early fifties?" in disbelief to Billings, who just subtly shakes his head. The indignation! Asked to work for an outsider and he's in his *early fifties!*

BILLINGS

Cold War has been over for twenty-five years. We've moved on. The Agency is concerned with more pressing matters, like worldwide terrorist cells and plots to kill American diplomats overseas.

WINTON

Maybe that's why we all missed Snowden. Guarding the new frontiers so vigilantly that we forgot about good old-fashioned spycraft. Human assets. You know, the stuff this Intelligence Agency was founded upon.

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREETS - DAY

Moving down the crowded sidewalks, over the well-dressed businesspeople interspersed with college kids, we HEAR the previous conversation continue:

WINTON (V.O.)

Diamond came up with a legendary case officer, and a famous drunk, whose specialty was defection. Nicknamed The Dragon.

We finally find the BACK of a particular person, and follow him through the afternoon lunch crowd.

WINTON (V.O.)

The Dragon perfected the ins and outs of asset recruitment, and he created double-agent masterpieces.

THE MAN - we are following has an easy gait, confident and unhurried. His suit hangs on his lean frame.

WINTON (V.O.)

Diamond learned from the Mozart of the interview, the double-cross, the dissenter of disinformation. But all those skills became obsolete after 9/11.

THE MAN - approaches the Mandarin Oriental Hotel and sees a YOUNG WOMAN smiling at him from an outdoor table.

WINTON (V.O.)

Computers. Algorithms. Outsourcing to private companies that churn through a billion phone calls worldwide, scanning for tidbits of terrorist activity. Drones to hit targets across the world while you slurp on a Big Gulp.

THE MAN - casually raises the Washington Post, folded in one manicured hand, back at her.

WINTON (V.O.)

A frantic, singular goal to battle terrorism has left the CIA without the vast talent pool that it was founded upon -- human intelligence sources worldwide. Secrets whispered in our ears from trusted, reliable sources.

He makes his way through the restaurant, some women trying to catch his eye as he passes, and joins the young woman at the table.

THE YOUNG WOMAN -- is elegant, with gentle features and refined movements. No energy wasted.

WINTON (V.O.)

Diamond was what the CIA used to be about. Now -- he's a dinosaur, waiting for his early retirement package. Living out in the cold.

LEO DIAMOND sits down in front SARAH MUSHIHARA. Smiles and takes her hand in his.

DIAMOND

I'm so sorry I'm late.

SARAH

I ordered for you: nicoise salad, no dressing. Glass of Sancerre for each of us: no rehearsal today.

DIAMOND

You're getting to know me. Hmm.

SARAH

What does that "hmm" mean?

DIAMOND

Means I usually break it off right about now. Just when we're getting close. Could be our last lunch.

SARAH

I hope you're paying.

He squeezes her hand. Sarah reaches in her tasteful purse and pulls out a small green keepsake box.

SARAH

What do you think of this, Leo? I picked it up in the Paris flea market on our last tour.

Diamond takes the object. Opens it: worn purple felt and six bulb-shaped brass objects and a steel thermometer.

DIAMOND

What is it?

SARAH

I haven't the faintest idea.

DIAMOND

Huh. What attracted you?

SARAH

Oh. I never know. Do you?

DIAMOND

(turning the object
in his hands)

Guess not, if you really think about it. Take me. You could say that you liked my smile or the way I walked or that I'm left handed, or the brazenness with which I asked you out after seeing you dance at the ballet, but are those things just a way to pinpoint something -- unexplainable? An undefinable essence?

She watches his hands, his eyes, as he probes the object and tries to glean its secrets.

DIAMOND

Some things are certain: this is old, it has seen wear and tear, but also some care. Somebody kept it for a long time, and it meant a great deal to them; they didn't let it slide into disrepair. It worked for them in some way, even if that function is a mystery to us now. It once had a purpose.

(then:)

You enjoy buying stuff, don't you?

SARAH

I don't want you think I'm a materialist. I just like things.

THEIR LUNCH - arrives -- a salad on an enormous white plate for Diamond, and a small piece of fish for Sarah.

DIAMOND

But you must've known when you bought it what it might be.

SARAH

Of course not. This is part of my I-Don't-Know collection. I've got more. I only buy these items when I have no idea what they are. Usually it's when I'm traveling.

DIAMOND

A guy in Science and Tech could trace these things for you: not only tell you what they are, but who made them and when.

SARAH

That would spoil everything! If I knew what they were, I wouldn't love them -- or keep them.

(then:)

You like things, too. Don't be a hypocrite. Your car, suits, the sailboat you've never let me see.

DIAMOND

But unlike you, I like to know what they are and how they work. What makes them tick.

Diamond takes another bite of his salad and smiles. She reaches over and brushes dots of dressing from his cheek.

SARAH

I said no dressing to them. I'll send it back for you.

DIAMOND

You take care of me, Sarah.

SARAH

Someone has to, Leo.... Leo, why are you alone? Before me, I mean. No marriage. Kids.

DIAMOND

That's more of a dinner question.

SARAH

Tell me the answer now.

DIAMOND

I'll give you the lunch answer.

SARAH

Will it be the truth, though?

DIAMOND

What is the truth? At my age a man can either build upon a lifetime of secrets, or he can go the opposite direction -- complete openness and honesty.

(leans over)

(MORE)

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

The lunch answer, then: I've never entirely trusted anyone in my adult life, and it's -- painful to begin now. Maybe even dangerous.

She nods. Takes the object back and looks at it again.

SARAH

What do you think is better, Leo? Knowing, or not knowing?

DIAMOND

Depends: not knowing is fine for certain things. But for things that can hurt you? Knowing is better.

SARAH

Well. Do I check out?

DIAMOND

I need more research.

Diamond's cell rings. He looks at it. She sips her wine. He doesn't. The phone keeps ringing.

DIAMOND

Huh. That's an Agency number. They never call. Should I answer?

SARAH

Depends: if you want to know.

She's looking right at him. Her eyes are green. Her mouth is ruby red, the hint of a tongue behind white teeth.

Diamond reaches for the phone. Answers, says:

DIAMOND

Diamond.

EXT. VIRGINIA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Diamond drives his 1967 Mercedes 300 SE, top down despite the slight chill still in the air.

EXT. CIA GUARD BOOTH - DAY

Diamond shows his CIA ID to the Guard, who peers at him, peers at the ID. Then smiles in sudden recognition.

GUARD

Mr. Diamond! Been months! Hey, you put her in the water yet?

DIAMOND

Got the hull cleaned and gave her a real once over. How about yours?

GUARD

Had to sell mine. Fuckin' economy. Took the last dream I had.

DIAMOND

That's a bitch. Tony, you call me any time you want to take her out. You've handled a 45-foot monohull?

TONY THE GUARD

You serious? Not a problem, sir.

DIAMOND

Here's my direct line.

He hands Tony the Guard a business card.

TONY THE GUARD

You are a class act, anyone ever tell you that, Mr. Diamond?

DIAMOND

Call me Leo. And no. This is the first time I've ever heard that.

He grins and guns the engine. Tony watches him go.

INT. CIA, LANGELY - DAY

Diamond breezes to the security checkpoint and swipes his ID. He is cleared through the turnstile. Walks toward a wall covered with black stars, words above them reading:

IN HONOR OF THOSE MEMBERS
OF THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN SERVICE OF
THEIR COUNTRY.

Diamond glances at the stars as he passes by.

INT. CIA HALLWAYS - DAY

Diamond walks among hundreds of employees.

He saunters through the Original Headquarters Building and briefly glances at the bas relief of Allen Dulles. Diamond's eyes steal a look at the Bible quote Dulles was fond of, carved into the wall:

"And Ye Shall Know The Truth And
The Truth Shall Make You Free."

He moves down another hallway, doesn't see --

-- A MAN in his late 40s, rumpled white button down and club tie, who stops in his tracks when he sees Diamond.

THE MAN - is HARRY DUKESS. Dukess watches Diamond head to the elevators, making sure he's not spotted. Then he pulls out a Blackberry. Speed dials.

DUKESS

You'll never guess who's here.

(listens)

Diamond. Something's up. Find out what that peacock is working on.

INT. CIA, LANGELY - DAY

Diamond walks to his office. The placard reads: DIAMOND, LEO. COUNTER INTELLIGENCE.

INT. DIAMOND'S OFFICE - DAY

He switches on a lamp. It's as cozy as an office can get in the stolid CIA -- Oriental carpet, big antique roll-top. Imitation Tiffany lamps. Lots of hardcover books. A slim laptop is almost an afterthought.

PHOTOS - on the wall, of a younger Diamond with a LARGER MAN. They're somewhere in Eastern Europe. Russia?

Another photo of Diamond on his sailboat. Diamond sculling on the Potomac.

He fires up his computer. Opens a drawer, rummaging around to find something. Reading glasses. Blows the dust off them and puts them on.

ON SCREEN - file waiting for him in his secure inbox:

LEWINTER, A.J.

- Top Secret/EYES ONLY.

DIAMOND'S EYES - scan every word of the file.

HE WATCHES - footage of Lewinter in Vietnam. Plays it again. Again.

HE LOOKS AT - photos from the hotel room in Hanoi: underwear; slacks; shirts; a pair of shoes. Diamond peers closely at the photo of the shoes.

ANOTHER PHOTO - of Lewinter's hotel trash can contents: tissues, local newspaper, empty box of Sudafed capsules.

DIAMOND -- sits back, processing. Puts his feet up on the desk. Grabs the hard line. Dials a number.

DIAMOND

Diamond. Where are we meeting?...
(listens)
Five minutes?... They're already there? Okay, thanks, Jimmy.

He hangs up. Instead of hopping right out of his chair and rushing down the hall, Diamond just -- sits...

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM, LANGELY, VIRGINIA - DAY

Ferri and Billings are in a conference room, waiting.

FERRI

The hell is this guy? Christ.

BILLINGS

Power play.

FERRI

Huh?

BILLINGS

Power play. Making us wait.

FERRI

I don't have fucking time to wait.

BILLINGS

It's working. He's getting to you.

Billings acts nonchalant: refills his pipe and lights it.

FERRI

You know there's no smoking in this building.

BILLINGS

No cigarette smoking. This -- as you can see, is a pipe.

The secure door chimes as Diamond uses his keycard and breezes in. He looks like he's just been out for a stroll in the countryside. Easy handshake with both younger men.

DIAMOND

Leo Diamond. Ferri and Billings, I take it. Sorry if I kept you here. Was on with the Assistant Deputy Director; Winton briefed me on the whole thing. I read the file: thin. Saw the footage: not a helluva lot to go on. Got our work cut out for us. Where's your team?

BILLINGS

We have a core group of twelve Staff Operations Officers ready to go, but we were told you wanted to meet alone with us first.

Diamond goes to the coffee urns and pours himself a cup. It's hot. He nods with pleasure and makes an "mmm" sound.

DIAMOND

They still haven't changed the coffee. That's a good sign.

FERRI

Good sign of what?

DIAMOND

That all is not lost, of course.

FERRI

What the hell is this guy talking about, Billings?

DIAMOND

(sips, nods)

I appreciate that the urns are changed every couple of hours.

FERRI

Christ, can we just get on with the case at hand?!

Diamond holds up the cup of coffee to Ferri's eyeline.

DIAMOND

Somewhere, someone believes in the CIA enough to make sure the coffee budget stays intact, even in an era of extreme bottom-line scrutiny and penny-pinching.

(MORE)

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

It's not a little thing, Ferri. It's like the theory of broken windows in neighborhoods, you must've read it, the scientists Wilson and Kelling posited it first in The Atlantic in '82. No? Crime rate goes up because of one broken storefront window. One broken window leads to another, to another, and so on. Soon, if your neighbor doesn't give a shit about his store windows, why should you care about yours? Or the neighborhood? Or your home? Why should repair your broken window or fence or rusty car on the front lawn? Why should anyone throw trash in the garbage cans if there's litter everywhere?... Keep the windows intact, keep the neighborhood nice and neat, flowers and plants and little gnomes on the front yards, and crime rates magically drop. You got a safe neighborhood again. Which creates more safe neighborhoods around that one. Which creates safe towns, cities, and a safe country.

(sips)

Keep the good coffee, pay a little extra for it, and you've got content, dedicated employees. Committed employees will locate and eradicate terrorists, and make the world safe for Democracy.

He sips the coffee and smacks his lips. Not bad.

DIAMOND

And it all comes down to simple things like this. A cup of coffee.

FERRI

I -- I don't quite --

DIAMOND

Turkey's got some of the best coffee, and Jamaica's not bad either, but would you believe it's not Italy that wins, or Columbia or Africa, but Australia? Hands down. Australia. Think of that.

Ferri and Billings seem confused and frozen.

BILLINGS

I'm sorry. What in the fuck are we talking about?

DIAMOND

Appearances. We are talking about appearances. And misconceptions. And from what I've read about this Lewinter, all is not what you'd expect, not what appears on the surface. He's a guy who can't get around to buying new shoes -- you must've seen his shoes in the photos from his hotel room -- ?

(blank stares)

-- you didn't notice the shoes. Okay. Hasn't bought a new pair in a decade, judging by the heels and the style. Maybe not since college, 30 years ago. And this guy, who can't slog his sorry ass into a Nordstrom Rack for fifteen minutes can somehow devise a plan to defect to North Korea while he's under CIA surveillance on a conference with 150 other scientists who are discussing computerized weaponry vectoring algorithms?

(sips, paces)

Appearances. Misconceptions.... Name of the game with defection. An art, not a science. No computer models to help you. No drones. It's pounding the pavement, people-powered, coal-mining labor. For the next 48 to 72 hours we will live and breathe this guy and tear him apart inside and out. After that window, I'm afraid it's probably out of our hands and the world will know.

(they seem befuddled)

Defection verification and analysis is a lost world in these halls, and you're looking at a case officer from the Triassic of spycraft. But like the trilobite, I've got a way of moving through deadly waters without going extinct, and do you know why?

(no answer)

(MORE)

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Because I know my *shit*. Learned from the best and haven't forgotten. I'm the last of the Mohicans, gentlemen.

BILLINGS

Okay, you've marked your territory Mr. Diamond. Consider us pissed on. So how do we begin?

DIAMOND

Ask the million-dollar question.

BILLINGS

What's in the suitcase? Exactly!

Diamond sips his coffee, looks at Billings, then at Ferri. When he speaks, it's a quiet, commanding tone.

DIAMOND

Why. That's the question. *Why*.

BILLINGS

Isn't it more important what's in the goddamn suitcase?

DIAMOND

Why.

FERRI

Why what?

DIAMOND

Why is he defecting?

INT. NORTH KOREAN OFFICES, PYONGANG - DAY

A.J. Lewinter is led down a long hallway, two North Korean GUARDS at his side, and a reedy TRANSLATOR.

They approach an office and the Guard knocks. Another Guard takes Lewinter's suitcase. Lewinter tries to hold onto it, but the Guard puts a firm hand on Lewinter's chest. The thin scientist lets go of the case.

The suitcase -- is carried away. Lewinter's eyes widen as he watches it go.

The office door opens. They are let inside. Lewinter straightens his shirt and enters the vast office.

HE IS LED -- to a massive desk, a MAN has his back to Lewinter, staring out the window. This is a man of power, high up on the political ladder. Maybe even the top rung.

The office door closes, blocking Lewinter from view.

INT. CIA SECURE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A secure conference room. Diamond has the floor before Ferri and Billings and a team of FIFTEEN CIA STAFF OPERATIONS OFFICERS (SOO's).

FERRI

...Money. They'll pay him.

Diamond writes notes on the Smartboard on the side wall.

DIAMOND

Money. How much would he want?

FERRI

A lot. I don't know. A million.

BILLINGS

Three or four, minimum.

DIAMOND

What's he selling? Worth? Value?

BILLINGS

Why I wanna know what's in the goddamn suitcase.

DIAMOND

The carry-on suitcase is not relevant at this time, Billings. Where can Lewinter spend the proceeds of his treasonous actions? North Korea isn't exactly Monaco; quality of life is for shit. Can't buy a Ferrari there or Savile Row bespoke loafers to replace his 25 year-old wingtips. He's taking one hell of a risk crossing over. They could torture him; he's smart enough to know that. And he doesn't look like he could take it. So why? Why would he do this? What's he got to gain, if not money? Something else....

Everyone in the room seems frozen by Diamond. They don't know how to respond.

FERRI

We're not therapists, here. We just want to catch him.

DIAMOND

Catch him? Catch him. It's too late for "catching him." He's gone, Ferri! We need to know why and what and who, so we can discredit him and destroy him in the eyes of his new buddies. We're going to turn A.J. Lewinter into radioactive waste for the North Koreans.

(points at Billings)

Go.

BILLINGS

Mental. Suffering from delusions of grandeur. He wants attention.

DIAMOND

Attention. Money. Good. Quick learners. What else? Come on.

FERRI

He's lonely.

DIAMOND

Same category as before. Mental.

FERRI

He wants a wife. Maybe they'll give him one in North Korea.

DIAMOND

Companionship. Even lust? Not bad.

A SCIENCE AND TECH SOO pops his head in the room:

SCIENCE AND TECH ANALYST

Mr. Diamond, there's been no marked increase in SigInt from North Korea's Government offices. It all seems normal, sir.

He hands Diamond a printout. Diamond scans it, nods.

DIAMOND

They know that we know. They're quick learners, too.

(to the others)

Chime in, people. Don't be shy.

One of the SOO's with a slight Indian accent says:

ANALYST WITH INDIAN ACCENT
He's an ideologue.

BILLINGS
An axe to grind. Political.

DIAMOND
Great. Does he have something in his past that points to this? Something in college? Ex-wife or girlfriend who was a communist and inspired him? Does he want to bring America to its knees?

(paces)

Who would have seen Snowden doing what he did? Collecting all that damaging NSA data? The clues were there. But we've gotten rid of guys like me: guardians at the gate. Replaced with machines.

FERRI
I'm not a machine, Mr. Diamond.

BILLINGS
Sounds like you've got some ideology yourself.

DIAMOND
I care about the Agency, and about the United States and the safety of Americans at home and abroad.

(finishes his coffee)

Edward Snowden thinks he's an idealist. A "whistle blower." Does Lewinter think the same of himself? Or is it greed? Or lust? We've got suppositions and hypotheses; let's get facts. What does he know; what's he selling; will it go to Wikileaks; will it hurt the CIA; hurt America?

(to Billings)

What's in the suitcase is beside the point. What's in his head: that's the real question. What makes him tick?

(to the entire room)

Who is A.J. Lewinter?

INT. HARRY DUKESS'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry Dukess is on his computer. He types:

ACTIVATE PASSIVE AND ACTIVE
SURVEILLANCE ON LEO DIAMOND.
REVOLVING TAIL AND PHONE TAPS.

He waits a moment and gets a response:

Has this been cleared?

Dukess mutters a curse under his breath. Types:

I'M CLEARING IT. DO IT NOW.

INT. WINTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Diamond leans against a filing cabinet in Winton's office that has several safe dials on the front.

Winton and Diamond are scrutinizing the latest keyhole satellite photos of Pyongyang's Government offices.

Winton has a magnifying glass on a GROUP OF PEOPLE.

WINTON

Latest images from the KH-11.
Satellite Imagery Analysis pegs
the guy in the middle as Lewinter.

Diamond stares at the cluster of people.

DIAMOND

No more suitcase.

WINTON

Where are they taking him?

DIAMOND

Probably to be debriefed. Maybe
even use some enhanced
interrogation techniques on
him.... We need legal to clear
requests for Lewinter's land line
and cell phone records, work
phone, and his internet activity
from the past three years.

WINTON

Trying. But we can't without
raising flags, Leo.

DIAMOND

Then pull 1,000 people's records
and make sure he's in there.

WINTON

We'll have them in an hour. Guess
who's asking around about you?

DIAMOND

Dukess?

WINTON

How'd you know?

DIAMOND

He tried to hide from me earlier
in the main corridor. He is a very
dangerous snake in the woodpile.

WINTON

He's got the ADD's ear. Might have
to bring him in on this.

DIAMOND

The more people know, the more
this could get out.

INT. CIA SECURE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A.J. Lewinter's phone records are slapped down before
Ferri and Billings.

The SOO's are working on the case. Copies and records are
examined in both hard and virtual files. They are doing
background checks on the people Lewinter called.

FEMALE ANALYST

He orders Chinese takeout from the
same place almost every night.
Same exact time: 6:39 PM.

YOUNG ANALYST

Gym membership he's used three
times but keeps current anyway.

SHY ANALYST

He likes to place late-night
orders from infomercials.

ANALYST WITH GLASSES

He's got some calls to a doctor.

DIAMOND
What kind of doctor?

SLOPPY ANALYST
Allergist.

DIAMOND
Find out what he's allergic to.
Yank his medical records. Hack the
allergist's if you have to.

An SOO shrugs and nods. Whatever.

FERRI
Bank account -- guy's like a
machine: deposits the same amount
each month. Spends a certain
percent, saves a certain percent,
and donates some.

DIAMOND
Donates. To what?

FERRI
Does it matter?

DIAMOND
It all matters, Billings.

FERRI
I'm Ferri!

DIAMOND
Sorry. What's the charity?

FERRI
Something called the Cornell Lab
of Ornithology. Tree-hugger.

DIAMOND
Ornithology is birds, Ferri. A
birder, huh? Could be useful.

BILLINGS
Mr. Diamond, I fail to see how his
interest in the yellow-rumped
warbler could possibly be of use.

DIAMOND
If he's a bird watcher, he's got
binoculars in his apartment.

BILLINGS
And? So what?

DIAMOND

Binoculars means he's looking at school kids and jerking off.

The room quiets. This leap of logic is lost on everyone. Billings stops in mid pipe-packing.

BILLINGS

I beg your pardon?

DIAMOND

Guy's a pedophile. They don't like that sort of thing in the Democratic People's Republic of Korea. Tend to frown on it.

FERRI

But he's not a pedophile. Or, wait. Is he?

DIAMOND

He is now.

(to the SOO's)

We've got Boston Police connections on the payroll. Ask Douglas over in Crime and Narcotics and he'll set it up. Manufacture an arrest record. Give him three or four infractions. Public indecency. That sort of thing. Don't lay it on too thick.

ANALYST

You want him actually making physical contact with kids?

DIAMOND

No, just some unsavory stuff. Weeny-wagging. No jail time. Let's say he got five years probation.

FERRI

Jesus Christ. Is this legal?

DIAMOND

We are the CIA. Lewinter is a traitor. He's carrying out the illegal act: it's called treason. We are here to stop him, by any means available. This is called Counterintelligence.

(MORE)

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Listen and learn, kids, because the CIA is swinging back in this direction: HUMINT -- finding and cultivating Human Intelligence Sources. You've been concerned with SIGINT and ELINT for the past ten years, and now we're headed back home, and all your video game skills are going to be as worthless.

Everyone glances at one another. What the hell?

INT. DIRECTOR NCS WINTON'S OFFICE - DAY

An agitated Dukess sits across from Winton.

DUKESS

You ever ask yourself some basic questions about Diamond? He's got a sailboat, that car of his, the apartment in Georgetown. Where's he get the money? He's a Government Employee. He doesn't work in the private sector. Most of the guys under me can't afford to live in D.C. -- rent's too high. And yet Leo Diamond has \$2,000 suits and a pristine '67 Mercedes, and a sailboat. How?

WINTON

Do I give a shit, Dukess?

DUKESS

When he was running ops in Kosovo, he and that fat fuck mentor of his, the so-called Dragon --

WINTON

Watch it. The Dragon was a great counter-intel man. The best.

DUKESS

-- he and the so called Dragon pocketed money that was floating around to pay off partisans and Serbian warlords. He and The Dragon were rumored to have got away with millions. Each.

WINTON

He's got family money. I'm busy.

DUKESS

I'll prove it. And when I do, I'll be gunning for your job, sir.

WINTON

Great, I'll be able to retire. Take my job. You'll hate it.

Winton waves Dukess away and goes back to work.

DUKESS

He is not who he says he is, sir.

Dukess leaves. Despite himself, Winton leans back in his chair and bites down on the arm of his glasses.

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM, LANGELY, VIRGINIA - DAY

DIAMOND and the SOO's are going over Lewinter's Internet.

FEMALE ANALYST

Not even one porno site. Is this guy a fucking monk?

DIAMOND

All physics; some poetry; lots about birds.... Wait a minute. There. Six months ago: searches about Hanoi. "North Korean embassy, location, Hanoi." Printed a map. Bingo. "Life in North Korea;" "The Birds of North Korea;" "Hay Fever in Korea;" On and on. Maps of Pyongyang. For weeks and weeks. Shitload of background. He planned this for months and months.

To the Female Analyst sitting at Diamond's elbow:

DIAMOND

Put some kiddy fiddler stuff in his internet history. Make it look real. Let's give him a really disgusting, sordid history. Stuff that would make a horny teenager sick to his stomach.

FEMALE ANALYST

You want me to also link him with known child pedophile groups?

DIAMOND

That sounds good.

FERRI

I'm lost.

DIAMOND

If Lewinter's story does ooze out to the international press, Ferri, or the dreaded fifth estate of Wikileaks, and America is embarrassed once again, then we give this history of North Korea's so called big catch -- an American scientist crossing over to the DPRK -- to a local reporter. Joe Q. Public will read about Lewinter's predilections and decide, hey, the Koreans can keep this loser. See ya, pervert.

FERRI

We could drum up some eyewitness accounts to put in the police reports. Something about him using his binoculars to peek in windows.

DIAMOND

Now you're talking, Ferri.

ANALYST

I've got a list of his coworkers up in Boston. He's called one woman over 200 times. And another one 100 times.

EXT. CIA LANDING STRIP - DAY

Diamond has his cell phone to his ear as he boards a CIA sheep-dipped Learjet. He's the only passenger on board.

DIAMOND

Carlos, it's Diamond.

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY

CARLOS MALINO puts down his analysis and pays attention.

CARLOS

Long time, no talk. Heard you were resurrected and walking the hallways again like Lazarus.

DIAMOND (V.O.)
Word gets around fast.

CARLOS
Keep my ear to the ground.

DIAMOND (V.O.)
Need a favor. A big one.

CARLOS
Anything, 'cept a reach around.

INTERCUT -- with Diamond in the Learjet as it screams down the runway and takes off.

DIAMOND
Winton called and told me Dukess is trying to look up my skirt.

CARLOS
What do you need? False trail? Red herring? You name it, I supply it.

DIAMOND
Way ahead of me. If you take it up a notch that'd be ideal.

CARLOS
Holy shit. You wanna destroy him?

DIAMOND
It's kill or be killed.

CARLOS
For that you're gonna owe me, big.

DIAMOND
When the palace coup comes down, you're my court jester.

INT. MITRE CORPORATION, BEDFORD, MASS - DAY

Diamond is led down the sterile and secure hallways of a high-tech computer lab, warrens of rooms with employees working on various Secret and Top Secret projects.

DR. KASTNER
The MITRE Corporation has field offices around the country, but we're all working for a common goal: national security.

(MORE)

DR. KASTNER (CONT'D)

In 2009 we were chosen to lead the Homeland Security Systems Engineering project. We're the guardians at the gates.

DIAMOND

Guardians. Uh-huh.

DOCTOR SIMON KASTNER, long limbed, hair unruly, leads Diamond into a room with dozens of computer stations.

DR. KASTNER

This is where Lewinter works for one solid week, every month: 12 to 14 hours a day. He's a bull. That's his: station six.

Diamond takes a look around. Not sure what he's looking for. The workstations are all compartmentalized.

DIAMOND

I notice the computers are bolted to the tables.

DR. KASTNER

No internet, no wireless, no way to zip drive or thumb drive. All hard drives are locked as well, and the moment they're removed they wipe themselves clean. It's all very secure here: it has to be. We work hand in hand with Lawrence Livermore Labs and we're an extension of the CIA. If you think he's taken something from this lab, you're mistaken.

DIAMOND

How smart is he?

DR. KASTNER

Lewinter? Genius. I've met very few legitimate geniuses in my life, and I work with incredibly bright people, as you can probably deduce. But, Mr. Diamond, even if he is a genius, there's nothing Lewinter would be able to do with his projects from these labs, even if he had somehow stolen a hard drive, which is impossible.

DIAMOND

We're all playing catch up here with this guy. Let's back up a bit. What did he do, exactly?

DR. KASTNER

Programmed.

DIAMOND

Programmed. That's it?

DR. KASTNER

Don't underestimate it as a weapon. Programming and computer warfare are the ICBMs of this century. Our Electronic Attacks can destroy energy grids, wipe out hydroelectric plants, cause meltdowns of nuclear power plants - - if we were stupid enough to try. Lewinter was a rare gem: a computer genius as well as a respected physicist. Over the years, Professor Lewinter consulted on a number of projects. To say he was vital is no exaggeration.... Now, can you finally tell me what's happening?

DIAMOND

Classified. Projects? Such as?

DR. KASTNER

Well, Mr. Diamond, everything changed after 9/11. Before that, he worked on missile telemetry and nose-cone technology. But in the last ten years his work became ECM and ECCM, as well as EA.

DIAMOND

Computer worms, viruses?

DR. KASTNER

Precisely. He contributed to a portion of STUXNET that made the Iranian centrifuges speed up past their capacity, causing them to break down.

DIAMOND

Sounds very specific.

DR. KASTNER

The information we create in this laboratory could bring down entire nations. No joke. So no single person works on a complete project. Too dangerous. Nobody has all the knowledge, not even me.

DIAMOND

And who puts together the whole?

DR. KASTNER

A computer program does it for us, of course. We put nothing on SIPRNet or even JWICS: it's just too risky to use even the Government's secure internet protocol. Everything stays in these secure rooms until the time comes to release the virus or worm. The right hand cannot know what the left hand is doing.

DIAMOND

I'm trying to wrap my head around what he might have that could be valuable to, say, a foreign power.

DR. KASTNER

A foreign power would be able to do very little with his knowledge. He'd give them a million lines of code which would have no applicable value whatsoever. Assuming he could steal his own program, as well as that of his colleagues', which as I said is --

DIAMOND

-- Impossible. Could he have taken photos of his work? Some record?

DR. KASTNER

He'd have to take 10,000 photos, or more. We're talking millions of lines of code just for his slice of the project.

INT. CIA DEBRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The Fat Field Operative from Hanoi now sits behind a table, looking glum as he sips a Diet Coke.

FAT MAN

The guy was acting squirrely
right from the get go.

Winton and Ferri are leaning over the table.

FERRI

What was in his suitcase?

FAT MAN

Look like a mind-reader?

WINTON

Don't fuck around. You're in
enough trouble as it is.

FAT MAN

I'm telling you -- the guy was
just carrying that damn suitcase
all morning. All through Hanoi.

FERRI

Take a guess what was in there.

FAT MAN

Clothes?

WINTON

You're an idiot. How the hell did
you get to be a case officer?

FAT MAN

(sips his Diet Coke)
Can I go home? I'm really
jetlagged.

INT. APPLIED MATHEMATICS PROFESSORS' LOUNGE - DAY

In MIT's antiquated and linoleum-faded lounge for math professors, MAUREEN SINCLAIR makes sure her hair is in place as she grins back at Diamond, who sits casually on the end of a table, his eyes on hers.

MAUREEN

Is Augustus in some sort of
trouble, uh, Leo?

DIAMOND

Your cell came up a number of
times in Mr. Lewinter's phone
records. He called you over 200
times in the last year.

MAUREEN

That feels very invasive, Leo. Are you spying on me?

DIAMOND

If I had the time, I just might, Maureen. I just might.

MAUREEN

Well, I'm embarrassed to admit this because the other Professors don't know, but Augustus and I, we had a -- a thing.

DIAMOND

A relationship.

MAUREEN

More of a symbiosis. I needed certain things from him, and he from me. I am being indiscreet.

DIAMOND

Before his trip to the conference in Hanoi, did Mr. Lewinter act differently? Say anything?

MAUREEN

A little more skittish than usual, I must admit, if pressed. But I told this to the other man already. Your colleague.

DIAMOND

My colleague?

MAUREEN

Yes. Slim fellow. Asian American. Good looking. Not nearly as handsome as you.

DIAMOND

I'm so sorry. When was he here?

MAUREEN

Yesterday. Just after my morning lecture on Statistical Probabilities. *Booooring.*

INT. LEWINTER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Billings and several CIA FIELD OPERATIONS OFFICERS (FOOs) are searching Lewinter's place top to bottom.

Billings watches them toss the place. He stays out of the way. He's an analyst, not a common criminal.

He sees something strange: a rotary phone. Moves to it and plays around with the device, putting his fingers in the holes and letting the dial spin. It's fun. He keeps doing it until an FOO gives him a glance.

He moves to the collection of vinyl records along the wall. Starts rifling through them. Mostly classical. Selects one: Haydn's Paris Symphonies. Places it on the turntable, gingerly, as if it might shatter.

The FOOs glance up as classical music emits from the speakers as they flip Lewinter's mattress; looking in his toilet, slicing the backs off frames of cheap artwork.

Billings watches with vague interest as Haydn fills the apartment. He turns up the volume.

SLOW MOTION - as the music blares, the systematic search and destruction of Lewinter's apartment becomes its own beautiful ballet -- books tossed off shelves; pillows sliced open; underwear and socks flying through the air.

INT. MIT COMPUTER LAB - DAY

MIT's Computer Science and Artificial Intelligence Lab is made up of a warren of rooms filled with geniuses working on robotics and advanced computer science.

CLAUDINE FERGUSON walks in, taking off a mask and gloves from the computer clean room. She smiles at Leo.

CLAUDINE

If I don't check my experiment every hour, I could lose all my work. Where were we, Mr. Diamond?

DIAMOND

Did Mr. Lewinter contact you while he was overseas, Miss Ferguson?

CLAUDINE

A.J.? Ha! He's a penny-pincher; would never call long-distance. And he didn't believe in things like Skype. Said they "weren't secure channels." I thought he was paranoid. Oh, wait, wait, he sent me a postcard. I forgot. It was a sweet gesture. Got it somewhere.

(MORE)

CLAUDINE (CONT'D)
(rummages around)
Here it is.

She hands the postcard over to Diamond, who examines it.

DIAMOND
Who sends a postcard anymore?

CLAUDINE
A.J. is old fashioned like that.
Still has his record player. Likes
his old shoes and clothes. Says
they were made better back then.
Except when it comes to computers.
He keeps very current, reads all
the magazines and trade papers.

DIAMOND
His handwriting is so crabbed.

Diamond hates to, but pulls out reading glasses.

CLAUDINE
He's sloppy in other areas, but
he's a genius, truly one of the
smartest men I've ever met, with
programming and systems. And
physics, of course, his first true
love.

DIAMOND
So he's like a computer hacker?

CLAUDINE
Oh, no. That's beneath him. He
considers them criminals. I don't
know much about his secret work,
but I do know it had something to
do with missile defense systems.

DIAMOND
(reading)
A poem. Was this something
personal to you and, uh, A.J.?

CLAUDINE
I had forgotten about it until he
wrote me. It was when he first
approached me. Clumsy man. I was
reading the Kenyon Review, and
there were a few poems in that
issue. He asked me to read one to
him and so I did. Slipped my mind
until he put it on the postcard.

DIAMOND

So he never read the poem himself?
He just heard it from you? It's
not exactly an easily memorizable
poem. No catchy nursery rhyme.

CLAUDINE

A.J. has an incredible memory. He
can do stuff like that -- hear a
phone number once and remember it
a year later. He can recite
"Hamlet" start to finish.

DIAMOND

So he heard this poem that one
time, and wrote it down on the
postcard verbatim? Months later?

CLAUDINE

A year later. At least. Is it
important?

DIAMOND

Maybe he looked it up online?

CLAUDINE

They did not publish this poem in
their online version. I checked.

DIAMOND

Why would you do that, Miss
Ferguson? Go to the trouble of
checking?

CLAUDINE

To see how much he really cares
about me, of course! If he had
paraphrased, that indicates
laziness in the relationship. He's
not that into me.

DIAMOND

Did you also check it against the
original?

CLAUDINE

I keep all the Kenyon Reviews.
A.J. calls me a pack rat. When I
got the postcard, I dug through
the old issues and checked. It's
exact. Even the punctuation.

DIAMOND

Did you know he was carrying on with another woman? A professor?

CLAUDINE

...That doesn't surprise me. I can't say it doesn't hurt my feelings either. But -- he wasn't the only one "carrying on," as you say, Mr. Diamond.

She smiles at him, her front tooth slightly crooked.

INT. CIA COMMISSARY - DAY

Dukess has hit the salad bar and sits alone, wolfing down lettuce slathered in 1,000 island dressing. His key card, Blackberry and WSJ sit on the table before him.

He is surprised when a BEAUTIFUL EMPLOYEE approaches him.

BEAUTIFUL EMPLOYEE

Mind? All the tables are full.

(he nods: go ahead)

Thanks. I've only got five minutes to eat! My God, this is the hardest case I've ever worked on.

DUKESS

Oh? Uh. You don't say.

He's flummoxed. She smiles and eats her quinoa salad.

BEAUTIFUL EMPLOYEE

Oops, I should keep my mouth shut.

DUKESS

No, no. Continue.

BEAUTIFUL EMPLOYEE

(she whispers:)

It has something to do with the Deputy Director.

(he nods)

I can't say any more than that!

You'll have to torture me!

There is an enormous CRASH. Dukess whirls to see --

-- a man has dropped his tray, plate and glass shattering on the floor. The man turns to us, and we see that it's Carlos, the CIA operative Diamond spoke to on the phone.

DUKESS DOESN'T SEE -- the Beautiful Employee taking his key card and replacing it with a different one.

BEAUTIFUL EMPLOYEE

Oh, I'm late. What a nightmare.

She stands and waves at him, winks.

Dukess takes a bite of salad and then stops. Looks at the keycard on the table before him. Has it moved slightly?

INT. CIA HALLWAYS - DAY

The Beautiful Employee rounds a corner, heading toward --
-- CARLOS, who reaches to receive -- Dukess's KEY CARD. Carlos keeps walking. She goes the other direction.

EXT. MIT CAMPUS - DAY

Diamond goes to his rented sedan. Gets in. Doesn't see --
-- A slender ASIAN AMERICAN MAN, mid-thirties, watching him from across the street in his own car.

Diamond drives off. The man takes photos with a long-lensed Nikon.

EXT. DIAMOND'S CAR, DRIVING - DAY

Diamond is on the phone to Winton, Ferri and Billings.

DIAMOND

Lewinter is a bit of a ladies' man. Working the Professor angle and the Computer Lab as his hunting grounds for lonely, middle-aged women easily impressed by his Secret CIA clearance.

WINTON

Looks like a half-bald schlub.

DIAMOND

Put surveillance on both women's homes, their cells, computers. See if anything's in their e-mail history with Lewinter that could explain his abrupt turn.

INTERCUT - with the secure conference room in the CIA, where Ferri and now Winton are overseeing the team.

WINTON

You want work phones, too?

DIAMOND

Everything. If he's in love with either of these woman, he'll try to reach out to one or both at some point. We also need to analyze his computer from the MIT lab where he did his research. See if he was doing anything he shouldn't have been doing outside of the MITRE Corporation.

FERRI

You asking me to have someone break into his lab?

DIAMOND

God, no. I've got the computer with me.

He pats Lewinter's desktop computer on the car seat next to him. Flash and external hard drives are here as well.

FERRI

How the hell did you manage that?

DIAMOND

They just gave it to me. You flash a CIA ID and people will crap themselves to help you. Have someone from Science and Tech meet me in an hour and I'll hand it off for analysis. It's password encrypted and all that shit.

Ferri points to members of his team, who nods.

DIAMOND

We have another problem. Someone else beat us to the punch.

WINTON

Someone from the Agency?

DIAMOND

Don't think so.

WINTON

Not a goddamn reporter!

DIAMOND

No. He was waiting for me when I came out of MIT. Asian fellow.

FERRI

Asian? North Koreans don't have that kind of infrastructure in America. Do they? A spy network?

DIAMOND

He's not bad. Beat us to Maureen Sinclair. Didn't seem to know about Claudine Ferguson, though. I have his license plate. Texting to your cell, Ferri.

He texts it. Ferri hands his cell to an Analyst.

WINTON

Lewinter has a brother. Four years older: 45-minute drive from where you are now. Works at a pharmaceutical company south of Boston. Big shot.

INT. CIA HALLWAYS - DAY

Dukess is on his cell phone as he stalks the hallways, heading to the glass atrium of the main corridor:

DUKESS

I don't know what's happening, but something is happening. I can feel it. It's Diamond. He knows I'm on to him and now he's on to me.

DUKESS'S MAN (V.O.)

How do you know?

DUKESS

I just do. Bastard's up to something. He's dangling a morsel in front of my face but if I don't take the bait, he'll know. I have to nibble at it without him reeling me in.

DUKESS'S MAN (V.O.)

What do you want us to do, Dukess?

DUKESS

Tiptoe around but ask trusted sources about the Deputy Director.
(MORE)

DUKESS (CONT'D)

Is there an internal investigation on him? It might relate to the Diamond case. If Diamond is making a play for the Deputy Director job, he's got another thing coming. That job is mine.

EXT. BOSTON - DAY

Diamond negotiates traffic in his rental car. Glances at the directions. Floors the accelerator.

FERRI (V.O.)

Verified your source at MITRE with a guy who retired two years ago -- supervisor of Lewinter's. A.J. Lewinter's classified work was specific to nose-cone warhead functions in ICBMs up until 2001. He was instrumental in designing a new and more reliable computer system to guide MIRV missiles -- Multiple Independent Reentry Vehicles -- like the Trident or Minuteman --

DIAMOND

I know what a goddamn MIRV missile is, Ferri.

WINTON (V.O.)

According to the Defense Department, his systems were somewhat revolutionary.

FERRI (V.O.)

His work allows multiple warheads to be more accurate and to reach more distant targets than before.

IN THE CAR - Diamond has the phone earpiece in his ear. He's flying down the Thruway.

DIAMOND

This is not good news.

WINTON (V.O.)

It's a fucking nightmare. I have to brief the DD in five minutes.

Diamond glances in his rear-view mirror. Sees an SUV a few cars back. Something about it gets his antennae up.

FERRI (V.O.)

I'm quoting from the interview I did: "The new programming allowed for multiple warhead ejection reliability to increase from 64 percent reliability to 98 percent reliability. His programming also allowed an increased range of warheads while utilizing existing materiel."

DIAMOND

I had no idea our warheads weren't that reliable.

FERRI (V.O.)

Lewinter made them better.

DIAMOND

And for this we gave him what? A bonus? Pay raise? Praise?

WINTON (V.O.)

His usual G-10 consulting fee with the Agency. In '03, they moved him into cyber-warfare. Hacker shit.

DIAMOND

One of his girlfriends said hacking was beneath him. Sounds like that's what the Agency turned him into. A grade-A computer geek.

Diamond cuts off another car, the driver HONKING. Diamond floors it. Looks up in the rear-view mirror.

THE SUV - races around other cars to catch up. Diamond gets a glimpse of a face -- decidedly not Asian.

DIAMOND

Did this make him angry, that his skills were being utilized for something he'd find beneath him? Angry enough to defect and hurt the United States?

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sarah practices ballet in the half of her apartment she's turned into a studio. She is amazingly light on her feet, and her lifetime of work is incredible to behold.

Her cell rings -- a special tone. She rushes to answer.

SARAH
I'm all hot and dewy.

DIAMOND (V.O.)
Best thing I've heard all day.

SARAH
Come over and help me shower?
There's a spot, mid-back, I can
never reach. It's maddening.

DIAMOND
What do you say you hop on a plane
and I take you to my favorite
steak restaurant in Boston?

SARAH
You know I'm a vegetarian. You
think I'll drop everything to see
you, Leo?

DIAMOND (V.O.)
I've already booked you on the
4:15 PM Virgin America flight.

SARAH
I have a date.

DIAMOND (V.O.)
First class.

SARAH
A very nice man wants to take me
out tonight. How am I doing?
Convincing?

DIAMOND
Pick you up at the terminal. Pack
light. It's a nice day here.

She listens to him end the call.

SARAH
"Pack light..." "I love you..."
Sounds sorta the same.

She smiles. Then starts to cry. She seems confused by her
own emotions. She wipes away the tears.

Goes back to her rehearsal, her back straight, her legs
taut, toned. She pushes herself hard.

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR DONALD FISHKIN sits back in his chair and glares:

DR. FISHKIN

Patient confidentiality is great,
if your patient doesn't stiff you
for the bill. You know I took care
of Lewinter's teeth for ten years.
And he waltzes in here, gets a
checkup, cleaning, and I do all
the ceramics for him, take out all
the metal in his mouth. Work of
art. Takes weeks. Then he asks for
copies of his x-rays, and welshes
on his bill! Six thousand bucks!

Diamond nods, understanding, as he writes this down.

DIAMOND

When was this?

DR. FISHKIN

Eight months ago.

DIAMOND

May I take a copy of his x-rays?

INT. DOCTOR KUHN'S OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR KUHN has a gold chain around his neck and his
shirt unbuttoned in an unprofessional manner. His waiting
room is filled with middle aged women.

Kuhn leads Diamond to the back office and says:

DR. KUHN

Lewinter. Oh, yeah. Terrible hay
fever. I'd call it debilitating.
Said there were days he couldn't
go to the office, if ragweed was
in bloom or tree pollen. Poor guy.

DIAMOND

What did he use to combat it?

DR. KUHN

He was doing a series of shots.

DIAMOND

But he stopped?

DR. KUHN

We're still trying to bill him, but he hasn't paid. Finally had to turn him away after he was six payments behind. Is he in some kind of trouble?

DIAMOND

Yes.

DR. KUHN

Good. Hope he's awash in oceans of histamines.

INT. ASSISTANT DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Winton is here with ADD Cullen. They stare at the speaker phone on Cullen's broad desk.

CULLEN

You're telling me the man is an expert on nuclear warheads?!

INTERCUT - Diamond hauling ass through the suburbs.

DIAMOND

His algorithms are used with ICBMs, yes.

WINTON

He knows how to design missile systems from scratch.

CULLEN

That's just beautiful! And he's taking this talent to a country that has a madman who wants to become a nuclear powerhouse?! Kim Jong-Un is a monster worse than his father.

DIAMOND

We don't need to fly off the handle just yet.

CULLEN

This seems legitimate in the fly off the handle department.

DIAMOND

Apparently it would be extremely difficult if not impossible for Lewinter to bring a ready-made code to program their nuclear missiles with. We need to do some legwork to see if Lewinter's skills could translate to North Korea's new Taepodon X missiles.

WINTON

North Koreans are trying to figure that out right now as well.

DIAMOND

Precisely. We may have a window while Lewinter proves his bona fides. But it's his electronic attack skills I'm also concerned with. He's a hacker. And a good one. He could bring EA skills -- worms or computer viruses to the North Koreans. He'd have to start from scratch, since there's no way for him to take the virus or worms with him that he's been working on in the States, as far as I've been able to ascertain.

CULLEN

This is when I wish Allen Dulles was here. He'd have case officers in place in North Korea and we'd have a reliable network of eyes and ears in country to give us confirmation or refutation.

DIAMOND

Preaching to the choir, sir. A drone can't walk into a secure site and steal secrets, or seduce top-ranking officials and squeeze them for everything they know.

Diamond takes a sharp right turn and sees a six story building up ahead, a large sign reading NORTON PHARMACEUTICALS WORLD HEADQUARTERS.

CULLEN

Going to have to go to the Director of National Intelligence, and he'll want to go to the President, no doubt. The shit is going to hit the fucking fan.

WINTON

North Korea has threatened to launch missiles on Japan, South Korea, and US bases on Guam when and if they are capable of doing so. So far, their missile program has been a failure, but Lewinter, with his expertise, could take them into the modern age.

DIAMOND

And that's just his missile expertise. We still don't know how lethal his electronic attack skills are. Could he possibly bring down one of our nuclear reactors? A power grid? Could he paralyze America from behind a computer terminal in Pyongyang?

CULLEN

Edward Snowden was a travesty, but this Lewinter could actually create weapons of mass destruction for the most unstable regime on the planet! Snowden didn't kill, he embarrassed. This is different.
(grips the chair)

What's in Lewinter's head could lead to the deaths of hundreds of millions of innocent people.

INT. NORTON PHARMACEUTICALS - DAY

Diamond follows RUPERT LEWINTER down a high-tech corridor in Norton Pharmaceuticals.

RUPERT LEWINTER

I don't buy the background check on Jerry, if you don't mind me saying. Something else must be up.

DIAMOND

Jerry? That's what you call him?

RUPERT LEWINTER

At grade school he was Augustus, then in middle school he was Jerome, then high school Jerry. Now he likes the rakish A.J. Don't try to distract me. Answer the question, please, or I'll discontinue this conversation.

DIAMOND

Okay, Mr. Lewinter, okay. I'm not being melodramatic by saying it's a matter of national security.

RUPERT LEWINTER

What has he done?

DIAMOND

He's trying to sell information to an agent of a foreign power.

RUPERT LEWINTER

Doesn't sound like Jerry. Are you certain?

DIAMOND

Please, this can't leave the room. The computer programs your brother stole could result in nuclear war.

RUPERT LEWINTER

My God. You are serious.

DIAMOND

He could go to jail for life. Want to help him? Tell me everything you know about your younger brother. We might just be able to use something to talk sense into him before it's too late.

RUPERT LEWINTER

Never saw Jerry as a troublemaker, although I wouldn't put it past him. Mother and Father spoiled him rotten. He was never taught the hard lessons of life.

DIAMOND

Do you talk to him quite a bit?

RUPERT LEWINTER

That's a laugh. We call each other on birthdays. That's it.

Rupert Lewinter has led Diamond into his corner office, overlooking an expansive parkland.

RUPERT LEWINTER

We grew apart after his divorce.

DIAMOND

Divorce?

RUPERT LEWINTER

I thought he treated Susan like trash. She was a childhood friend, see, and I was pretty fond of her. Like a little sister. Jerry was a bad husband, plain and simple.

DIAMOND

How so?

RUPERT LEWINTER

Mental warfare. Jerry is a genius. No exaggeration. Mensa poster boy. But he uses that brain of his like a bayonet when he wants to. Never even bothered to speak to her in her native language, although he speaks several and seems to pick them up easily. Didn't care to learn. Self-centered bastard.

(his phone rings)

I have to take this. Give me a minute, Mr. Diamond?

Diamond nods and steps out of the office.

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM, LANGELY, VIRGINIA - DAY

Diamond's voice is coming out of the speakers, and the Analysts in the room look very nervous:

DIAMOND

We are the National Clandestine Service, not a bunch of monkeys playing with our pricks! All the brains in that room and no one knew that Lewinter was previously married? It's right in his goddamn personnel file!

Ferri paces, embarrassed, upset.

FERRI

If we had more time --

DIAMOND

This bastard has the capability of destroying entire nations with the skills he possesses. We've got to get ahead of this. Find the ex-wife. Now.

EXT. NORTON PHARMACEUTICALS - DAY

Rupert Lewinter and Diamond are walking through the man-made park outside Norton Pharmaceuticals.

DIAMOND

Can you give me more detail about this memory trick you mentioned?

RUPERT LEWINTER

Okay. One example: when my father lost his wallet, Jerry recalled the numbers of every credit card in it, and the driver's license number as well. He was six or seven. My parents took him to a doctor to have him tested -- see if he had a so-called photographic memory. But he failed. I really think he turned it off on purpose in that office. He's private. Painfully shy. Not a show off.

DIAMOND

We're pretty sure the files he stole were incomplete, but he may have -- absorbed the rest, if his memory is as good as you say.

RUPERT LEWINTER

It was savant level. Freakish.

DIAMOND

Could he remember a long string of computer code, say?

RUPERT LEWINTER

Maybe before the accident. I used to make him do memory tricks at parties, so I could meet girls. I'm not a great big brother. But at least I'm a patriot.

DIAMOND

What accident?

RUPERT LEWINTER

Jerry wrapped his car around a maple tree. Susan was buckled in, but for some reason Jerry wasn't -- he's brilliant, but he can be so stupid about little things. He was thrown through the windshield, and was out for two days;

(MORE)

RUPERT LEWINTER (CONT'D)

it was touch and go. He recovered, but I'm convinced he lost some of that extraordinary memory capacity. Absolutely convinced. By then Susan wanted out. She'd had it with him. It was the last straw. And I don't blame her.

DIAMOND

So you're not sure if the photographic memory is intact.

RUPERT LEWINTER

I can't swear that it isn't. But I hadn't seen it in use since.

Diamond takes this in. They hear a THUMP. Diamond turns around to see a small shape falling from the side of the glass building.

They move to the shape: a bluebird. Motionless.

RUPERT LEWINTER

Dammit. I told them to do something about these windows. Poor birds fly into them all the time. It's tragic.

Diamond gingerly picks up the bird and holds it in his hands. Lewinter watches. The bird doesn't move.

DIAMOND

One more thing. You said something about his ex-wife's native language. What did you mean?

RUPERT LEWINTER

Susan's parents brought her to America when she was ten. She spoke English without an accent. But she talked to her mother and father in her native tongue.

DIAMOND

Which was?

RUPERT LEWINTER

Korean, of course.

Diamond feels something move in his hand. The bluebird has come around, miraculously. It takes a few experimental flaps with its wings. Glances up at Diamond.

Then flies into the sky. Unharmd.

INT. A.J. LEWINTER'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Field Op Officers are now tearing up floorboards.

Billings has gone through most of the classical vinyl in the collection. Comes across an album that doesn't fit: "The Dark Side of the Moon."

Billings takes out the album. Frowns.

THE ALBUM -- is big and silver. Doesn't look like the others. Billings puts the silver disc on the turntable.

A DISCORDANT SOUND explodes from the speakers. The FOOS all turn around in shock. What the hell is that?

Billings stops the needle with a hand.

Pulls the silver disc off the turntable. Examines it.

EXT. BOSTON - DAY

Diamond, on his cell phone, takes a corner in his rental car, hard, tires screeching toward the Boston waterfront.

IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR - a black SUV turns with him, speeds up. Diamond can see two MEN in the vehicle.

INTERCUT - with CIA Psychiatric Advisor DR. ALLISON BERG in her office overlooking PARK AVENUE. Harvard and Johns Hopkins PhD diplomas line on the walls.

DR. BERG

Eidetic or so-called photographic memory is a fiction, Mr. Diamond. Something from movies and novels, going all the way back to Ichabod Crane in "Sleepy Hollow."

DIAMOND

I'm confused. I thought it was a real thing. I saw something on that woman, the actress from "Taxi." She remembers everything from her life, apparently, from when she was a little girl.

DR. BERG

Marilu Henner is her name. Touted her ability on talk shows a few years back, probably part of a narcissistic behavior pattern.

(MORE)

DR. BERG (CONT'D)

What she has is a condition known as hyperthymesia: an ability to recall autobiographical details from mundane events her life in vivid detail. Autobiographical is the key word here. If you asked her to recall a string of numbers, she most likely couldn't do it. However, she can tell you what she ate for lunch on December 2, 1987, and who she was with and what they ordered, how much the check was. It's a form of obsessive compulsive disorder -- she and others with hyperthymesia cling to their own past. Mr. Diamond, should I bill the Agency the regular way for this consultation?

DIAMOND

No. I'll pay out of my own pocket. It's very important that there's no leeway on this: the man we're looking for may have memorized computer code. What's in his head could be the start of a World War.

DR. BERG

This is like something out of a Graham Greene novel.

DIAMOND

Dr. Berg, is it possible to memorize an incredibly long sequence of computer programming -- code, numbers, formulas, matrices, binary clusters?

DR. BERG

It's entirely possible to memorize a great deal. Solomon Shereshevsky was a world-famous mnemonist, which gave him an astounding memory. His was a form of synesthesia -- people who can "taste" letters and "smell" numbers and all that stuff from Oliver Sacks books. It's akin to what Dustin Hoffman did in "Rain Man." It would take time, but it's possible to remember thousands of numbers in a row. A photographic memory? No such animal.

DIAMOND

What about million of numbers?

DR. BERG

You'd have to have the greatest form of synaesthesia the world has ever seen.

IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR - the black SUV keeps pace with Diamond. He speeds up. The SUV speeds up. He changes lanes, and a few cars back, it also changes with him.

DR. BERG

But, with practice, anything is possible, I suppose. Will you be sending me a check or shall I bill your credit card? Or you could take me to dinner when you come to New York?

DIAMOND

Credit card.

EXT. BOSTON FERRY - DAY

Diamond buys a ticket for the Ferry to Quincy.

INTERCUT - with CARLOS walking the hallways of the CIA. He uses Dukess's stolen KEYCARD to enter a TOP SECRET computer room. Makes sure the keycard is used to unlock every secret cabinet and computer database.

CARLOS (ON CELL PHONE)

If you can get a snapshot, I can run their faces through NSA's recognition program.

DIAMOND

And how's Mr. Dukess's day going?

CARLOS

Oh, wonderful. He's checking out all sorts of things he shouldn't be. Nice bread crumb trail.

AT THE FERRY - Diamond boards and heads into the lower level. Goes to the snack bar.

Sees a WOODEN DOOR STOPPER under the men's room door. He leans down and snatches it up. Then orders a coffee.

DIAMOND

Let it slip that I've got
classified material on my boat.

CARLOS

You got it, Methuselah.

Diamond hangs up.

THE TWO MEN - from the SUV don't use tickets, they just
show ID to the befuddled ticket taker.

INT. FERRY - DAY

Diamond reads The NY Times as he sips a coffee. Ignores
screaming children and tourists who crowd the ferry.
Checks his watch. Doesn't glance up to see --

THE TWO MEN, taking a seat a few rows behind him.

Diamond turns around and takes a quick photo of the two
men with his cell phone.

DIAMOND

Smile, boys.

Click! The men glare at him. Diamond glances at his watch
again. Says to the WOMAN next to him --

DIAMOND

Would you save my seat?

WOMAN

Sure thing.

Diamond puts the paper on the seat and takes his coffee
cup toward the trash can as the boat begins to MOVE.

The two men stand up, wary, watching Diamond closely.

Diamond tosses the coffee onto the floor, spilling it
everywhere, and heads through the exit.

THE TWO MEN - charge after him. One gets to the spilled
coffee and SLIPS, going down, hard. The other man piles
on top of him with a WHOOSH!

EXT. THE FERRY - DAY

Diamond wedges the door stopper under the exit door.

Swiftly moves for the back of the Ferry and climbs up onto the bulwark.

FERRY OFFICIAL

You outta your mind?!

Diamond charges along the side of the ferry and JUMPS to the dock just as the boat moves away. Clears the four-foot gulf. Lands gracefully, suit and tie perfect.

Glances back to see the ferry moving away. The Two Men finally get the exit door open. But it's too late.

INT. CIA LAB - DAY

A CIA SCIENCE AND TECH ANALYST peers at the large silver disc from Lewinter's record collection.

COMPUTER EXPERT

Haven't seen one of these in years.

BILLINGS

What the hell is it?

COMPUTER EXPERT

It's a laserdisc.

BILLINGS

Damn it. What's on it, "Porky's 2?" Christ.

COMPUTER EXPERT

You could use laserdiscs way back when to burn information onto them, just like a CD-ROM today.

BILLINGS

Really? Could he still burn one?

COMPUTER EXPERT

Hell yes, and it's a clever idea, because hardly anyone could read the data.

BILLINGS

Can you read what's on here? We're in a hurry.

COMPUTER EXPERT

Gotta go on Craig's List and get a Laser Disc player.

BILLINGS

We're the Central Intelligence Agency! Don't we have one?

COMPUTER EXPERT

Sure, right behind the 8-Track tape player and the Gnip-Gnop.

EXT. BEACON HILL - DAY

Diamond trudges up Revere Street. His phone chimes.

ON HIS PHONE -- a text message from CARLOS, under the photo of the two men on the barge.

*Department of Operations men:
Dukess's flunkies. Want me to do
anything about it?*

Diamond texts back:

*Sending you an E-mail. Put it on
JWICS and make sure Dukess knows
about it.*

Diamond sends the E-mail. He gets a reply:

I won't ask why. Done, mon ami.

Diamond finally finds the street address he's looking for. Rings the buzzer. Waits. Nothing.

Diamond pulls out a lock picking kit.

INT. BEACON HILL APARTMENT - DAY

Diamond looks through the apartment of Lewinter's ex-wife. He sees photos of Susan, an attractive woman, smiling at the camera. No pictures of Lewinter in sight.

IN THE BEDROOM - Diamond reaches up and pulls down a box from a closet shelf.

IN THE BOX - he finds keepsakes. Photos. Finally finds a framed photo of -- LEWINTER, smiling, wearing an ill-fitting tuxedo, as Susan is on his arm. She's wearing a wedding gown. They look happy.

He goes through stacks of loose photos. Finds a particular photo. We don't see it. Diamond makes sure to fold this one in half and pocket it.

Diamond puts the box back up on the shelf. He hears the front door being jimmed open. Then a voice:

SLIM MAN (O.S.)

There's not much here, Mr.
Diamond. I checked this morning.

Diamond walks out to see the Slim Asian Man taking a seat in the living room. Diamond sits opposite. They regard each other for a moment.

DIAMOND

You look Japanese to me.

SLIM MAN

Very observant. My mother was Japanese. She was kidnapped by my Korean father, who had a talent for snatching Japanese citizens from their homes and taking them to the People's Republic.

DIAMOND

In romantic comedies, they call that "meeting cute."

SLIM MAN

Just one of the screwed up things the DPRK did. I was born in Pyongyang. Spent fifteen years of my life there. They taught me English. Drilled it into me to be an American, as best they could. I learned from "The Fresh Prince of Bel Air," and "Seinfeld." My English is Jewish American via upper-class African American. Quite the dichotomy. Then I was sent out into the world. First to London, then to Canada, and finally the States. And here I am. Here for the same reason as you.

DIAMOND

Which is?

SLIM MAN

Verification or refutation of a certain visitor.

DIAMOND

You have no accent. Excellent English.

SLIM MAN

I'm still learning something new every day. My people are very -- eager, to hear my report. Or should I use the word "anxious?"

DIAMOND

You're eager to get an ice cream sundae, but you're anxious about your prostate exam results.

SLIM MAN

Quite so. Anxious, then.

Diamond lets the silence enfold them.

DIAMOND

Since we're both trying to find out the same thing, maybe we could share information.

SLIM MAN

I would gladly do so, but I'm afraid the entire operation is compartmentalized. I was assigned to gather data and report back to my handler. I don't know much.

DIAMOND

Are you trying to tell me that North Korea, a nation that can't even make a decent dress shirt, is cultivating spies in America?

SLIM MAN

I'm a bit of a -- what would you call me -- a prototype. Learning as I go. We are new to this sort of thing, but my people have a great facility with subterfuge to begin with. Of course, I'm *anxious* to do well. And I do mean anxious, not eager. Unlike in the Central Intelligence Agency, we don't get demoted for making mistakes.

DIAMOND

No. They take you into a basement and put a bullet in the back of your skull.

SLIM MAN

You can see my dilemma. Shall we talk about Mr. Lewinter? You show me yours, I'll show you mine?

DIAMOND

That's a bit creepy. I don't think that's what you meant to say.

SLIM MAN

My sexual preference is considered characteristic of Western moral degeneracy back home. Does this shock you?

DIAMOND

It takes a lot to shock me.

SLIM MAN

You first. What is your take on our -- traitor?

DIAMOND

That he's not who he says he is.

SLIM MAN

Ah... I see. So if you tell me this defector is not real, and he's lying to my people, I can ascertain that you're trying to convince me of this, in which case he is actually authentic, and my nation can trust him.

(he sighs)

Unless, of course, I've misjudged you, and you want me to think this. In which case he is not authentic, and the skills he promised my people are bogus.

Diamond lets the man twist for a bit. Then smiles.

DIAMOND

Don't try to navigate through the wilderness of mirrors. You don't have the experience. I'll be honest: we don't know what to think of our Mr. Lewinter. We do know a few things for certain: he's very dangerous; his area of expertise could have grave consequences for the entire world if abused by an unstable dictator.

(MORE)

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

And he's probably motivated by personal reasons, the nature of which still remain a mystery.

SLIM MAN

I can see I'm dealing with the man who studied under a grandmaster. They were right about you. And I -- I am a newborn, green as the grass and still learning the rules while you take all my pawns and set me up for the endgame. You have me entirely confused.

DIAMOND

How'd you like to work for me?

The Slim Man laughs and crosses one knee over the other.

SLIM MAN

You are joking!

DIAMOND

I'll turn you. Report what I want you to report to your cutout --

SLIM MAN

My "cutout"?

DIAMOND

Your handler here in the States, the one who sends the info back to Pyongyang. Feed him what I want you to and we will set you up with an apartment in Georgetown and enough cash to live life the way you've always wanted. An American boyfriend, go out to nice dinners and trips together. See the States. Experience freedom.

SLIM MAN

If I say yes, I will be killed when I return home to the DPRK.

DIAMOND

So don't return. It's not a risk-free offer. Nothing worthwhile is.

Diamond stands up and hands the man his card. He opens the door and turns back to the man:

DIAMOND

Work for me and learn the game.
Keep doing what you're doing, and
you'll never catch up to me. Ever.

Diamond leaves. The Slim Man is left smiling to himself on the plush chair, Diamond's card held in his tapered fingers. The smile fades....

INT. INTER CONTINENTAL HOTEL, BOSTON - DAY

SUSAN PAIK speaks with Diamond in the employee lounge at the Inter Continental Hotel. She wears a concierge's pin on her lapel. The window looks out over the bay.

SUSAN

Finally gave up trying to get my
court appointed alimony payments.
He's a cheapskate, and a liar.

DIAMOND

What did you do before this?

SUSAN

Professor at B.U. Didn't get
tenure -- cutbacks. Now I'm in
this challenging position planning
other people's dinners and tours.
I can't believe I was actually
married to him at one point.

DIAMOND

So he hasn't contacted you in --

SUSAN

A year? Well, that's not entirely
true. I get phone calls. Don't
know if it's him. He says nothing.

DIAMOND

Why "he?"

SUSAN

Would a woman do such a thing?
Sometimes, every couple of months
or so, I feel like I come home and
my things have been moved. Oh,
he's very careful about it.

DIAMOND

You think it's Lewinter.

SUSAN

What attracted me to Augustus was his amazing mind and his quirkiness. Charming at first, it finally repelled me. I wouldn't put it past him to pine for me in some repugnant level of his brain.

DIAMOND

What led to the divorce?

SUSAN

I became exhausted by his fabrications. Augustus used to exaggerate his own importance: he'd say he was short-listed for the Nobel Prize; that he briefed the President on matters of National Security; or worked on a computer code that could take down an entire country's power grid.

DIAMOND

A code?

SUSAN

After the accident, something -- shifted. He became angry. Spiteful

DIAMOND

Ever mention wanting to travel to the Far East? Say North Korea?

SUSAN

Not after what I told him about how awful that country is. But who knows. I really think the car accident messed up his brain. He was a genius before and after, but his humor, his humanity -- left him. And then I found out he'd been leading a double life.

DIAMOND

What do you mean?

SUSAN

Married another woman. Told her he was a CIA agent, that he had to leave for long stretches of time. In those stretches he was with me. Found out about it when she showed up at the hospital after the accident.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Then I saw all the cell phone calls, the hidden E-Mails, text messages. Thousands. Imagine my humiliation. She didn't know about me, either, poor woman. Well, that was that. Goodbye, marriage. Goodbye life. The end.

A COWORKER pops her head in the door and points at her watch. Susan nods and makes a "one minute" gesture.

DIAMOND

Where is this woman now?

SUSAN

I think she went back to the hole she crawled out from. My hideous birthplace: the so-called Democratic People's Republic.

Diamond puts a hand to his temple and rubs.

SUSAN

Are you okay, Mr. Diamond? We have Tylenol at the front desk.

DIAMOND

One last question. Did he have a photographic memory?

SUSAN

Photographic? Almost certainly.
(she stands up)
There was a poem I read to him once and he recited it back verbatim years later.

DIAMOND

A poem?

SUSAN

In Korean. But he remembered. His pronunciation was flawless. After all that time.

DIAMOND

That's impressive. But photographic?

SUSAN

He doesn't speak Korean, Mr. Diamond. But he remembered. Perfectly.

(goes to the door)

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Maybe now the phone calls will stop.

Diamond nods. Susan leaves him in the employee break room. Diamond broods for a bit. Finally pulls out a recording device. Turns it off with his thumb.

INT. CIA, LANGELY - NIGHT

Dukess stands in an office before the Fat Field Operative who fucked up in Hanoi.

DUKESS

I talked to your Chief of Station. He doesn't remember giving you the assignment to follow Lewinter.

FAT MAN

Someone did! I got an official request. E-Mail and hard copy.

DUKESS

And what was the order, exactly?

FAT MAN

To follow that specific guy. Lewinter. The balding one.

(sighs)

I just wanna go home. Haven't seen my apartment in six months.

DUKESS

Get me the order, and you go home. Hard copy, with the official seal.

FAT MAN

I'll have to call a favor in to my old station in Hanoi. Someone will have to rummage around for it.

Dukess slaps a hard line phone in front of him.

INT. XV BEACON HOTEL, BOSTON - NIGHT

Diamond is in bed, sweating, heaving for breath.

DIAMOND

Wanna kill me or something?

Sarah - rolls over to face him. Smiles.

SARAH

But what a way to go.

DIAMOND

Just wait until I close this case to finish me off, okay?

Diamond's phone rings. He sighs. Answers.

DIAMOND

Diamond....

(listens)

I sent the digital recording files of my interviews just now. Have them transcribed and get the three shrinks on the payroll to go through a CPP. Start at 9 AM. I want it finished by noon tomorrow.

(listens)

What?... Can you confirm that they confiscated his suitcase? Okay.

He hangs up. Looks at the ceiling. Sarah nuzzles against him. Her voice is like warm liquid in his ear.

SARAH

I can help, Leo. I'd be an amazing spy. Who could resist me?

DIAMOND

You're funny.

(then)

When do you leave for Tokyo?

SARAH

Company takes off in three days.

DIAMOND

I can't ask. No. Forget it.

SARAH

What? Come on. Ask me. Anything.

DIAMOND

Well. You just might be able to help. It'll be -- dangerous.

She gets on top of him. Straddles him.

SARAH

You just got me excited. I think I'm starting to figure you out.

DIAMOND

But will you still like me if I'm not one of your I-Don't-Know-What Collection?

SARAH

I'm not sure.

She begins to grind against him, eyes closing. Diamond watches her, showing nothing on his face. Nothing at all.

EXT. WHARF ALONG THE POTOMAC - NIGHT

Dukess walks down the harbor and finds a 45-foot sailboat docked three boats away: *The Cipher*. Dukess carries a black duffel bag.

A SECURITY CAMERA - looks down from the GATE HOUSE. Catches Dukess's sturdy frame in its eye.

INT. SAILBOAT *THE CIPHER* - NIGHT

Dukess has broken in, pocketing his tools. He uses a flashlight until he finds the cabin lights.

Sees photos bolted onto the cabin walls of the sailboat: Diamond as a younger man playing baseball for Yale. Sailing the Caspian. Drinking with a heavier, older man in a bombed-out building in war-torn Kosovo.

Dukess does a thorough search of the sailboat. Finally finds a HIDDEN COMPARTMENT in the sleeping berth. He figures out the way to open it. Looks in and sees --

-- THUMB DRIVES, six of them.

DUKESS

Diamond, I got you.

He grabs the hard drives. Then -- pulls out some TOP SECRET FILES from his duffel bag. Rummages around in the back sleeping berth and hides them there.

DUKESS

I fuckin' got you.

INFRA-GREEN POV - Dukess hasn't seen -- a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA, hidden in the clock over the cabin entrance, with a good view of everything.

Everything Dukess does has been recorded.

INT. ACELLA TRAIN - MORNING

Diamond is alone in a business class seat as the train whisks South to D.C. He's watching something on his laptop that piques his interest.

WE SEE - Dukess on the hidden camera in the sailboat.

Diamond sits back and watches the passing scenery, the sun rising in the sky.

EXT. CIA MAIN ENTRANCE, LANGELY, VIRGINIA - MORNING

Diamond pulls up to the guard booth. Waves.

TONY THE GUARD

Mr. Diamond! Weather's supposed to be perfect this week. Breeze freshening, but clear skies.

Diamond hands over a set of keys.

DIAMOND

Take her out your next day off.

TONY THE GUARD

You serious?

(takes the keys)

I'm off duty in 45 minutes. I could do it today.

DIAMOND

Not too tired from your shift?

TONY THE GUARD

Wide awake for the next 10 hours.

DIAMOND

Slip number's on the keys. Potomac Docks in Pohick Bay. Have fun.

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM, LANGELY, VIRGINIA - MORNING

Three CIA-contracted PSYCHIATRISTS with Secret Clearance sit around a table, the transcripts of all the interviews Diamond has conducted sitting before them.

Ferri and Billings sit opposite, listening.

PSYCHIATRIST #1

There are three basic reasons why someone would defect: first, they may be running from debts, divorces, entanglements, job troubles, crimes that are about to catch up with them, etc. They have no idea where they're going and couldn't care less. They have no place to go but up.

PSYCHIATRIST #2

He skipped out on some bills -- his dentist and allergist --

PSYCHIATRIST #3

Alimony payments.

PSYCHIATRIST #2

-- yes. But it would appear from bank accounts that he was -- I wouldn't say comfortable, but made ends meet. No credit card debt.

PSYCHIATRIST #1

Which would bring us to possibility 2: schizophrenia.

FERRI

Could Lewinter be a skitzo?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MORNING

Through a large two way glass viewing area, Diamond sips a coffee as ADD Winton and DD Cullen watch with him.

PSYCHIATRIST #1

Schizophrenia is a functional psychosis characterized by private fantasies: a person sees themselves as a symbol, who, by his example, can remake the world. Jesus, I think, was suffering from schizophrenia.

FERRI

Are we dealing with a madman here? Is he clinically insane?

PSYCHIATRIST #1

Insanity is really a legal term, implying the inability to distinguish between right and wrong. Since this is not a legal proceeding, I don't think the term insanity applies.

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY

Dukess is looking over the material on the thumb drives.

ON SCREEN - bank accounts in Switzerland. Codes, safety deposit numbers. Amounts.

DUKESS

Je-sus.

There is a knock on his door.

DUKESS

Come.

One of the MEN WHO CHASED DIAMOND on the Boston Ferry pops his head in. Has a faxed sheet of paper in hand.

DUKESS'S MAN

Faxed from the Southeast Station.
Hard copy of the order to follow.

Dukess examines the sheet of paper. He reads the names on the bottom. Then a broad smile appears on his pudgy face.

DUKESS

I need the original. No one will believe it unless it has the stamp of the COS of the Near East Division. This could be faked, for all anyone knows. Need that stamp.

DUKESS'S MAN

Take some time, but I'm on it.

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM, LANGELY, VIRGINIA - MORNING

Ferri, looking tired and cranky, leans over the table.

FERRI

So he's not crazy? Or is he?

PSYCHIATRIST #2

There's gradients of insanity. Your subject that we are examining seems to know the difference between right and wrong. But is he a sociopath, say? A different story. Does he value any other needs above his own? Does he have empathy? If not, he could be a very dangerous individual indeed.

INT. THE OBSERVATION ROOM, CIA - CONTINUOUS

Cullen leans over to Diamond and hisses:

CULLEN

Are we just licking our balls with this? Or are we getting anywhere?

DIAMOND

On the contrary. This is vital.

CULLEN

Seems like psychobabble.

DIAMOND

We need to ascertain what he's got and when he'll use it. It all comes down to his personality. Is he the kind of guy who could help North Korea launch nuclear warheads?

Cullen sulks: okay. They watch the conversation continue:

BILLINGS

And the, uh, the third category?

PSYCHIATRIST #1

It's the psychic equivalent of a get rich quick scheme. Instant fame. Look at Edward Snowden. A narcissist of the first order. Why not just give up those NSA files anonymously? No. He had to be in the spotlight. Had to be a holier than thou martyr, fighting for truth and justice.

PSYCHIATRIST #2

I like this line of thought. Our subject, Lewinter, has some clues in his background to bolster this: he experiments with his name every few years; his ability to lead a double romantic life, and even carry on two marriages; establishes deep relationships then discards them -- look at the older brother, for example.

PSYCHIATRIST #3

And remember what his ex-wife said. Where is the quote --
 (reading documents)
 Here it is -- "Augustus used to exaggerate his own importance."
 The stuff about Nobel Prizes and being a CIA operative.

EXT. DOCK ALONG THE POTOMAC - MORNING

Tony, the Security Guard from the CIA now walks down the docks toward Diamond's 45-foot boat, *The Cipher*.

MINUTES LATER - Tony is taking the boat out toward the open water. We HEAR the scene continue:

PSYCHIATRIST #3

He sees himself as something much greater than he actually is. If others don't see it, well then, they will once he's done his damage for the North Koreans.

THE SAILBOAT - heads toward the sun, getting higher in the sky. Tony is unfurling the jib. Then the mainsail. He knows what he's doing. He smiles. Loving life.

PSYCHIATRIST #2

It doesn't matter that it's North Korea. Could easily be China, Iran, or even the Soviet Union of old. He just wants attention. North Korea was convenient...
 (stops herself)
 ...Unless.

The Cipher heads toward Chesapeake Bay. Other sailboats are white dots in the distance.

TONY - smiles, the bay, the wind, everything perfect.

INT. CIA'S SCIENCE AND TECHNICAL OPERATIONS - DAY

In the CIA's clandestine lab, Diamond meets with the HEAD CHEMIST, DOCTOR DAVID MARTINELLI.

DOCTOR MARTINELLI

Rush order, but I think my people
and I did one helluva job.

He hands over three boxes of Sudafed to Diamond. Then shows him a few of the loose pills.

DOCTOR MARTINELLI

Take one and you'll drop dead
within four minutes.

DIAMOND

Any chance of survival after
swallowing one of these?

DOCTOR MARTINELLI

Sure. If you're a humpback whale.

INT. BACK TO THE CIA CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Where the third Psychiatrist leans back and nods.

PSYCHIATRIST #3

Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST #1

I know what you're going to say.
The other woman.

PSYCHIATRIST #2

Could he be a lovesick guy doing
this all to impress a girl?

PSYCHIATRIST #1

His second wife who went back to
North Korea --

PSYCHIATRIST #2

Could this be a ploy to win back
wife #2's affections? And push it
in the ex's face, the brother's,
and the girlfriends at MIT?
Everyone can see him as the aloof
martyr who is doing this for the
good of humankind. Tall and proud.
A righteous whistle-blower.

PSYCHIATRIST #3

And he gets the girl in the end!
 What a story! Sure, they live in
 North Korea. But there -- he's
 vital. Wanted. Appreciated.
Needed. A superstar at last. Not a
 bad deal for him.

PSYCHIATRIST #1

And what's he have here at home? A
 crappy condo and a little money
 from consulting work with the CIA?
 Not enough. He's been told by the
 entire world his entire life that
 he's a genius -- he's special. He
 has incredible talents. He's been
 told that. And now, he's going to
 prove it to the whole world.

INT. CIA SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY LAB - DAY

Diamond and Billings are here as the Science and Tech
 Analyst shows them the information on the laser disc
 player, playing on a flat screen before them.

DIAMOND

Bunch of numbers. Binary. With
 written instructions, looks like.

SCIENCE AND TECH ANALYST

Thousands of lines of numbers
 mixed in with code base.

BILLINGS

He was burning them onto discs for
 years. Why would he do that?

Diamond knows why. He stares at the code as it continues
 to scroll before his eyes. Thousands upon thousands of
 lines of source code and binary clusters.

INT. DIRECTOR HAMILTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Cullen, Winton, and THE DIRECTOR OF THE CIA, MARGARET
 HAMILTON, a poker-faced politician with a razor-sharp
 gaze, have just seen the information from the laser disc.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

What does it mean, Mr. Diamond?

DIAMOND

Madam Director, it means that Lewinter was memorizing long lines of code bases and binary clusters. Coming home from his secret work at the Mitre Corporation, and most likely writing them down -- his memory was as near to photographic as you could get. Then we can infer at some point he burned the codes onto the laser disc.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

Why?

DIAMOND

So he could watch it and study it. According to experts, Mr. Lewinter could have scrutinized these vast numbers and source codes, every night, and memorized them.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

But -- it looks gobbledygook. How could someone do that?

DIAMOND

To Lewinter it would have made sense. He's a brilliant computer programmer. With his memory abilities, he could have all this information in his head. It's been done before by memory experts.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

Okay, okay. But what information is it that I'm looking at?

DIAMOND

Instructions for the delivery of multiple independent reentry vehicles: ICBMs. Nuclear warheads.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

Jesus Fucking Christ.

EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

The Cipher is 300 feet away from our vantage point, Tony at the helm, the boat canted over at a 30 degree angle as the mainsail and jib are filled with the freshening morning wind coming from the mouth of the Bay when --

-- THE ENTIRE SAILBOAT EXPLODES.

A thunderclap of violence echoes over the bay as Tony, the mainmast, the hull, and everything within the boat is blasted into the partially cloudy skies above.

THE DETRITUS of the explosion begins to rain down on the water in a quarter-mile radius.

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM, LANGELY, VIRGINIA - AFTERNOON

Take-out containers line a table near the back of the room. The team of SSO's are in rolled up shirt sleeves.

ANALYST WITH INDIAN ACCENT

NSA has given us some excellent
Signals Intercepts of North Korea
regarding the defector.

Ferri and Billings, busy with something else, glance over as Diamond leans over the Analyst.

ANALYST WITH INDIAN ACCENT

We'd have had them sooner if the
translator had stayed on last
night. But he said he "Wasn't
being paid to work overtime."

DIAMOND

That's the new CIA for you -- just
a government position for some,
like working for the Post Office.
Not a calling like it used to be.
Imagine an OSS officer behind
German lines telling his superior
that he wanted to knock off for
the day because he was going to
miss the season premiere of "The
Real Housewives of Beverly Hills."

ANALYST WITH INDIAN ACCENT

Agreed. It's a travesty, sir.

DIAMOND

(reading on:)

What Lewinter's been eating. How
long they've been talking to him.
Who's been talking to him.
Excellent. Fantastic.

(keeps reading)

Wait. Here.

He rifles through more E-Mail exchanges. Points.

ANALYST WITH INDIAN ACCENT

The contents of his carry-on.

BILLINGS

I knew it! The million dollar question. What is it? Hard drives?

He shoulders the Analyst out of the way. Reads. Stops, mouth agape, jaunty pipe dangling from his bottom lip. Diamond smiles, as if he's known all along.

BILLINGS

They seized six pairs of underwear and destroyed 50 boxes of *Sudafed Allergy tablets*?

DIAMOND

Told you the allergist was significant.

BILLINGS

That's what he was carrying? Allergy medicine?!

DIAMOND

Everything is significant. From the shoes to the hay fever to the photographic memory. Wake up, Billings. You just stepped through the looking glass. Lewinter was buying Sudafed in Vietnam at the pharmacies the morning he defected.

BILLINGS

Why not just bring them from fucking America? Go to CVS?!

DIAMOND

Can't buy them in bulk anymore. Pharmacists will think you're a meth head. He was worried he couldn't get antihistamine pills in the DPRK. A defector with severe hay fever has to plan ahead.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Diamond, Winton, Cullen, Ferri and Billings are in the Director's office. A long conversation has just been completed.

CULLEN

...I don't like it. Too many things could go wrong.

WINTON

I'm sorry, Chuck, I disagree. No risk, no reward. We have to take chances. We've become an inert, cumbersome leviathan. The CIA used to make plans, execute them, and be done with them with a few phone calls. Now we have -- meetings. Memos. And nothing happens.

CULLEN

It's the new way. New world. We've got the National Intelligence Council, the National Counterterrorism Center, and the Director of National Intelligence as our new partners and masters. We can't ignore that this is the way things work post 9/11.

WINTON

Doesn't have to be. We can go back. Right, Diamond?

DIAMOND

If we don't go back, I don't see how we can survive.

Winton turns to Director Hamilton, who is standing at the large window, looking out over the countryside.

WINTON

Madam Director, we've got a chance to get rid of Lewinter before he becomes an international embarrassment. I say we take it before the North Koreans broadcast some half-assed news release of Lewinter slinging anti-American slogans into the camera.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

I've been hunting terrorists for the past four years and answering questions before endless Congressional committees. I have to admit -- this one is out of my depth. What you are suggesting is akin to a plan from the Cold War.

(MORE)

DIRECTOR HAMILTON (CONT'D)

And so I'll have to trust the professionals who work for me.

She looks from man to man in the room, until her eyes settle on Diamond.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

What happens if your plan fails?

DIAMOND

Even if it fails, Madam Director -- it still succeeds.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

Can you explain that to me?

Diamond turns to her and says nothing for a long time. Finally utters one word:

DIAMOND

No.

She turns this over in her head. Diamond's "No" doesn't mean "I don't want to," it means, *"If you had a year and a half to explain the art of Cold War spycraft to you, I could, but we don't have a year and a half, do we, Madam Director? We have to move, now, or lose our window."*

That's what Diamond's "No" means.

And Director Hamilton is smart enough to know it.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

...Do it.

INT. WINTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Winton sits behind his desk while a red-faced, fuming and triumphant Dukess displays the thumb drives.

DUKESS

I've tracked a series of offshore bank accounts to which Diamond has sole access. He used to share it with a Fred Toritti --

WINTON

The Dragon.

DUKESS

Toritti is dead, and Diamond has been holding tens of millions in the Caymans and Switzerland.

(MORE)

DUKESS (CONT'D)

He and the Dragon skimmed money from operations they were running in the 90's in the Caucasus. Cash was pouring in from the States, and no one was counting the stacks.

(slams his hand down)

Diamond is a fucking thief, Winton, plain and simple.

Dukess pushes the hard copies of Diamond's bank accounts across the desk. Winton glances at the thumb drives.

WINTON

And what's on those?

DUKESS

A list of assets.

WINTON

NCS assets?

DUKESS

Assets of Diamond's. In place in Europe, Russia, the Far East, Istanbul, and even here in America. Sleepers. Waiting for Diamond to activate them. He's been paying these people over the years from his personal secret slush fund, and then running his own covert operations with his sleeper assets.

(Winton stares back)

Deputy Director, this fucking guy is operating his own intelligence agency within the CIA! And no one is stopping him! He's been doing it for years! No oversight! Who knows what damage he's done!

Dukess pounds a hand on the desk. Winton sighs and stands, paces near his windows. His head drops and he speaks in a voice laden with exhaustion. Years of it.

WINTON

What do you want me to do?

DUKESS

Prosecute him. What he's doing is not just illegal, it's treason!

WINTON

A public scandal? CIA can't survive another one. Can't.

DUKESS

There's even more incriminating information.

WINTON

Jesus. Such as?

DUKESS

I can't tell you until I'm sure. But this whole Lewtiner thing is starting to stink.

WINTON

This is the last thing we need.

DUKESS

Sir, I'm going over your head. This is a courtesy visit. You're either on my side, or his.

Dukess grabs the evidence and heads to the door.

WINTON

Just -- don't do anything until the Lewinter business is over.

DUKESS

One day. Then I go to the ADD or the Director Herself.

Dukess opens the door and moves through. Turns.

DUKESS

Someone has to stop this guy.

He slams the door behind him.

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - DAY

Diamond walks along with his the Slim Asian Man, the North Korean spy. Leaves are coming back on the trees.

SLIM MAN

You ask too much. I'm a cog in a great wheel, nothing more.

DIAMOND

All you have to do is get either Lewinter, or his ex-wife, to come to a very prestigious dance troupe's performance in Pyongyang.

SLIM MAN

How can I do that from here?

DIAMOND

Use your connections back home. You must have some if they sent you here to spy on us. Tell your cutout it's your plan.

SLIM MAN

And what happens then?

Diamond pulls out a box of Sudafed Allergy pills.

DIAMOND

Then a box like this is passed from my asset to Lewinter.

SLIM MAN

I don't understand.

DIAMOND

You don't want to understand. Believe me. The less you ask the better it'll be for you.

They have stopped before a nice row-house apartment. Diamond motions to the front door.

DIAMOND

Wanna see inside your new place?

The Slim Asian Man turns the Sudafed box over in his hands, his tapered fingers considering the pills. Then his eyes glance up to the apartment.

Jingle-jingle. He looks up at a set of keys dangling before his face. Diamond is smiling behind them.

DIAMOND

What's it gonna be?

INT. DULLES AIRPORT - DAY

Sarah is walking hand in hand with Diamond. She is hiding her nervousness behind her smile.

SARAH

I just hand him the boxes of allergy medicine?

DIAMOND

That's it. You know what he looks like. He'll meet the entire troop. And when he comes to you to shake your hand, and you hand him the boxes and say --

SARAH

"A gift from your old friends."

(he nods)

Why, Leo? Why are you allowing me in on your work like this?

DIAMOND

Right time, right place. Not much more than that. I need you, Sarah. I have no other play. We're desperate as hell. This is a Hail Mary. Your country is in trouble. Real trouble. This guy could do incredible harm to the CIA, the United States, even the world.

SARAH

What are you expecting to happen when I give him these pills?

DIAMOND

If the psychiatrists are right, Lewinter will either snap out of this defection stupor he's in, realizing how ridiculous he's been acting, and come home -- or, he'll take it as a warning, and get too scared to help the North Koreans. The pills say, "America can still touch you; you can't run from us."
(shrugs)

Like I said, Hail Mary here.

Diamond has gone as far as he can go in the airport. They are surrounded by lithe women and men moving past them and into the security line -- the Canadian dance troupe, all boarding a KOREAN AIRLINES plane.

DIAMOND

You'll have a wonderful two days in Seoul, and then the troupe will dance for the high Mandarins in Pyongyang, then you get to go to Japan. I'll meet you in Tokyo, God willing, and we'll have a vacation. Don't worry, the head of the troupe has been filled in. He thinks you're a CIA security specialist posing as a dancer. He was very excited to help.

SARAH

I don't even know the dance routine.

DIAMOND

My God, you won't have to dance! Didn't I mention that?

SARAH

No. You didn't.
(glances over)
They're boarding. I better go. I'm -- excited. Maybe a little scared. Can anything go wrong, Leo?

DIAMOND

A lot could go wrong, Sarah.
(holds her shoulders)
You don't have to do this. If you back out now, I still --

SARAH

You still what? Love me?

DIAMOND

...Sure.

SARAH

I'll take that response, if that's the best I can get.

DIAMOND

Pull this off and I'll say it every day for life.

She kisses him. Puts her head on his shoulder. Whispers:

SARAH

Maybe I'll find another one of my objects on the trip. An I-Don't-Know-What object. It'll be fun.

DIAMOND

You're doing what I used to do,
for most of my life. It's scary,
it's nerve-wracking, dangerous,
and it's a fucking blast.

SARAH

I want to help. I've spent my
whole life not being -- essential.
I want to be needed. Goodbye, Leo.
Wish me luck.

DIAMOND

Good luck, Sarah.

They kiss goodbye. Her fingers linger on his as long as they can, and then they break away.

Sarah goes through the checkpoint. Doesn't look back.

Diamond watches her go, his smile fading until it's gone.

EXT. JEFFERSON MEMORIAL - DAY

Diamond sips a takeout coffee as he stares in at the monument, Jefferson's towering figure, 19 feet of bronze, his back to Diamond.

The phrase inscribed in the frieze along the inside of the dome reads:

I have sworn upon the altar of
God eternal hostility against
every form of tyranny over the
mind of man.

But Diamond can only see the large word from this angle:

TYRANNY.

Diamond sips his coffee and doesn't look up as a well-built man in his mid-50s sidles near him. This is AARON BOWMAN, reporter for the Washington Post.

DIAMOND

Would you believe that Australia,
of all places, has the best coffee
in the world?

BOWMAN

This is very "All The President's
Men" of you, Diamond. Harkening
for day's passed?

(MORE)

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

Newspapers don't exist, or haven't you read the Times on your iPad today?

DIAMOND

The Fourth Estate is still bigger than the Fifth one. This story will get you that Pulitzer you've been after, Bowman.

BOWMAN

You tend toward exaggeration, but you're good copy, Diamond. What's the lead?

DIAMOND

A defection.

(then)

A humiliation for the CIA. A coup for North Korea. Maybe even the beginning of a new cold war between America and the DPRK.

BOWMAN

Why the hell would you tell me this? Are you playing me?

Diamond smiles and stares out at the Potomac.

DIAMOND

Spring is here, Bowman. That's why. It's in the air. Change. A new season.

Bowman sits down next to him, flips open his notepad.

BOWMAN

Start talking. I'll decide if it's Pulitzer material.

DIAMOND

Write what I tell you to and when, and you'll be on every news pundit show on television.

BOWMAN

You control the story? Forget it.

Bowman walks. Diamond sits there. Bowman finally sighs.

BOWMAN

Alright. I'm listening.

DIAMOND

Once upon a time, the CIA worked
with actual human beings...

Bowman comes back, sits down and starts taking notes.

EXT. POTOMAC GATEWAY DOCKS - DAY

Diamond stands with Washington D.C. Police and the Coast
Guard. They are staring out at --

-- A BARGE, towing in broken and blackened remnants of
Diamond's sailboat. The stern can be seen, with the name
The Cipher visible.

And, on the deck, two POLICE DIVERS standing over it, is
what looks like a black body bag: not very full.

D.C. DETECTIVE

Who was he?

DIAMOND

Gate guard at the Agency. Tony --
(closes his eyes)
-- DeFazio? DePaul.

D.C. DETECTIVE

You don't know his last name but
you let him sail your boat?

DIAMOND

(gives him a look)
He's not gonna steal it. I work
for the CIA.

The Detective shrugs as if to say: "You got a point
there." Then he speaks to the Coast Guard Officer:

D.C. DETECTIVE

Could it have been the engine?

COAST GUARD OFFICER

A Mercury four stroke outboard?
Whatever blew your boat up was a
massive explosive charge.

D.C. DETECTIVE

Someone blew it up on purpose?

COAST GUARD

Our lab will run the residue. Take
a week or so to get the results.

(MORE)

COAST GUARD (CONT'D)

Definitely not a liquid like gasoline. We found bits of your gate guard -- his skull and part of a foot, but that was it.

D.C. DETECTIVE

Anyone want Tony what's his name dead?

DIAMOND

A gate guard? Don't think so.

D.C. DETECTIVE

Anyone want you dead?

DIAMOND

Quite a few people.

D.C. DETECTIVE

I'm getting Homicide down here. Don't go anywhere, Mr. Diamond.

The Detective moves off to call the Homicide unit. Diamond is left staring at the waste of his boat, and the remains of the gate guard in the bag.

EXT. D.C. DOWNTOWN POLICE PRECINCT - DAWN

Winton watches as Diamond walks down the front steps.

DIAMOND

I'm touched, sir. You didn't have to pick me up.

WINTON

What are old friends for, Diamond?

DIAMOND

Eleven hours of questioning and they have nothing.

WINTON

Who did this?

DIAMOND

I have a pretty good idea.

WINTON

Not your boat. This.

Winton shows Diamond the front page of --

-- THE WASHINGTON POST: a headline reads:

"AMERICAN NUCLEAR EXPERT DEFECTS TO NORTH KOREA."

Diamond snatches the paper from Winton's hands.

DIAMOND

(reads aloud:)

..."Officials deny knowledge...
 Unnamed defector confirmed by
 sources within the CIA as a bona
 fide expert on ICBM warheads..."

(shakes his head)

Who the *fuck* did this?

WINTON

Dukess has some pretty convincing
 material on you. Some pretty
 damning evidence.

DIAMOND

Dukess.... I was going to let it
 slide. But Tony; trying to kill
 me...that was too far.

WINTON

What are you talking about?

Diamond slaps the front page with a hand.

DIAMOND

It's Dukess. My sailboat, the
 leak; more. And I can prove it.

INT. ASSISTANT DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

ADD Cullen, his face puffy and eyes bloodshot, stares at
 the computer screen showing --

-- FOOTAGE OF THE DOCK CAMERA, showing Dukess headed
 toward Diamond's sailboat, black duffel bag in hand.

THEN -- FOOTAGE OF DUKESS in Diamond's sailboat,
 Diamond's motion sensitive secret camera showing Dukess
 in startling clarity.

DIAMOND

Motion activated -- feeds to my
 computer at work. He's got a big
 bag, and he works in the stern for
 ten minutes or more.

CULLEN

A bomb?

DIAMOND

It ain't a flower arrangement.

CULLEN

Jesus Christ. Why?

DIAMOND

Because I knew. About everything
he's been doing.

Diamond slaps down hard copies on Cullen's desk:

DIAMOND

His key card records from the last
72 hours. Our Dukess has been
looking into Top Secret
Intelligence files on North Korea.
(Cullen reads)
And he's been looking into you.

CULLEN

Me?

DIAMOND

It's all there. Requests for your
personnel file, bank and tax
records for the past ten years.
Got a hard on for you for some
reason. But that's not the worst.

CULLEN

What could be worse?

DIAMOND

His cell phone records.

Diamond pulls out a hard copy from the phone company.
Lays it on the table.

CULLEN

What am I looking for?

DIAMOND

He's called this DC number fifteen
times in the last 72 hours.

Diamond shows Cullen the Washington Post byline.

DIAMOND

The home number of the reporter who wrote that story: Aaron Bowman. Dukess is our leak. Worse, he's a murderer. He just blew up the wrong guy.

Cullen's face darkens. Winton says nothing, his gray-green eyes on Diamond.

INT. ASSISTANT DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Diamond, Cullen, Winton, Ferri, and Billings are standing over the Washington Post. Front page material again.

"North Koreans Confirm CIA Assassination Attempt of American Defector."

FERRI

(reads aloud:)

..."Said to be strychnine in the form of hay-fever tablets... CIA was said to be aware of the Defector's allergy problems... agent posing as a ballet dancer attempted to pass the pills to the defector but was subsequently arrested... Held by the North Koreans and questioned... US Intelligence community disavows knowledge... The pills were tested and found to be lethal enough to kill ten men... Defector is in a secure location and his identity is being kept a secret..."

(he stops)

Good God. We are fucked.

BILLINGS

We can still release all that stuff we have on Lewinter. That he's a pervert, pedophile.

(no one answers)

It's not too late!... Is it?

WINTON

If it was just the DPRK releasing some video of Lewinter, it'd be fine. But our own Washington Post with a series of in-depth articles? No. It'll feel desperate. It won't wash. It's too goddamn late.

CULLEN

Good God, we've done the opposite of what we wanted to do -- we've legitimized a very dangerous, very brilliant and unstable man to the most unstable and dangerous regimes in the world! We've given them a fast pass to cut to the head of the line right up into the nuclear age! We haven't just handed a child a loaded handgun, we've given him a howitzer.

The room is silent as Cullen paces. He finally stops and collapses into his chair, his face red with rage.

CULLEN

Might as well pack your offices up, boys.

BILLINGS

Edward Snowden, and now A.J. Lewinter. The CIA is done. As we know it, anyway.

Diamond paces, his face placid. Cullen fumes.

CULLEN

Well? Diamond? What do you have to say for your old way of doing business? For your so-called heyday years during the Cold War? This is one fuck up beyond belief.

DIAMOND

Billings is right. The CIA is done. *As we know it.*

Diamond stops pacing. And smiles. Winton watches him.

CULLEN

Can you tell me what possible reason you have to smile?

WINTON

(peering at Diamond)
 ...I have a pretty goddamn good guess.
 (in awe)
 Diamond, they were right about you. You're The Dragon's apprentice. Now the master.

CULLEN

The fuck are you talking about?

Winton slides a hard copy of an Operation Order across Cullen's desk.

WINTON

Dukess requested this original operation order from the Southeast Asia Chief of Station.

CULLEN

Op order to follow Lewinter. So?

WINTON

Look at whose name is under all the other names. At the bottom. The man who created the op.

Cullen sighs and reads. Then blinks. Reads again.

CULLEN

"Leo Diamond."
(sits back, then:)
...It was you, Leo. All along.

Ferri and Billings are lost.

FERRI

Billings, you know what they're talking about?

BILLINGS

I -- don't. No. What the hell are we talking about?

Diamond stares out the window. When he speaks, it's in that softly commanding tone of his.

DIAMOND

What I have to tell you, gentlemen, cannot leave the room. From this day forward, all present here are the core of the new CIA.

BILLINGS

You're crazy, Diamond! We're all going to get fired!

DIAMOND

No, Billings. We are going to brief the President of the United States in the morning.

(MORE)

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

And after that, Mr. Cullen here
will be made the new Director of
the CIA.

Cullen looks at Diamond in disbelief, then at Winton, who
nods back at him: Diamond is serious.

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - EVENING

Diamond walks up to a park bench. Sits down. There is a
slim Asian Man at the other end, reading a paper.

SLIM MAN

The poisoned Sudafed was a
masterstroke. You're right, I'll
never catch up to you. I'm not
sure I want to be in the
wilderness anymore.

DIAMOND

Too late. You're already here. You
accepted gifts from the CIA. I
have documentation. You can't go
back. I own you.

SLIM MAN

(nods, sick)
Facilis est descensus Averni. Some
of my fancy schooling -- taught me
Latin in my time in London.
(translates)
"The descent into hell is easy."

DIAMOND

Don't be hard on yourself. I've
been doing this for a while. My
whole life, really.

SLIM MAN

Now my people, who weren't certain
of the validity of this defector
before, see Mr. Lewinter as
legitimate. After all, the CIA
tried to have him poisoned.

(sighs)
I tried to convince them that this
is precisely what you wanted us to
think, but who will listen to me?
I'm just a -- prototype.

Diamond watches the young couples pass by, hand in hand,
laughing, smiling, headed off to a night of fun.

DIAMOND

Smells so good out here. Been cooped up for days.

SLIM MAN

Mr. Lewinter will have carte-blanche in our nuclear scientific and computer programming community. Which is what you wanted all along, wasn't it?

DIAMOND

Your apartment working out for you? Neighborhood okay? Two blocks from some boy bars. Happy hunting.

SLIM MAN

Why go through the motions? Why not just tell your people what you were planning?

DIAMOND

Had to seem authentic. I had to act flummoxed. You know that word, "flummoxed"? If I had let on, the whole operation would have gone in the toilet. The people in the CIA today are bright, well-educated, well-intended, incredibly patriotic, but they don't have a fucking clue how to be a case officer or how to run an operation.

SLIM MAN

There is one part I can't figure out. The woman, your companion. You knew she'd be caught.

DIAMOND

...Yes.

SLIM MAN

The plan couldn't possibly work, to get the pills to Lewinter.

DIAMOND

I never wanted him to have the pills. I just wanted your people to think I wanted him to have the pills. I knew they'd run tests on them and see they were deadly. Everything worked out.

SLIM MAN

Why sacrifice your girlfriend?
She's not a professional.

DIAMOND

She wanted to do something
important. With meaning. And --
she did. She got her chance.

SLIM MAN

They interrogated her for weeks.

DIAMOND

Yes. And her answers only served
to back up the story -- that a CIA
operative had given her the pills
to give to Lewinter. She didn't
know enough to blow anything.

SLIM MAN

They broke her legs, I'm told.
She'll never dance again.

Diamond doesn't react. Finally says.

DIAMOND

I heard rumors.

SLIM MAN

I'll try to get her released.
(Diamond nods)
Was it worth it? All of it?

Diamond stands up and stretches. Yawns. Tosses an
envelope of cash on the bench next to the man.

DIAMOND

Anything else you need, let me
know. Cross me and you will go
straight back home. And they won't
just break your legs.

Diamond walks away, leaving a very shaken, very pale and
frail looking prototype North Korean spy on the bench,
completely out of his depth.

EXT. OVER CHESAPEAKE BAY - MORNING

Drifting out to sea are some undiscovered flotsam from
the explosion that destroyed *The Cipher*. Part of a
pillow; a coffee pot; a hardcover book, pages charred.

AND -- a file folder, photos spilling out along the surface of the waves. The photos are all half-burned.

WE CLOSE IN - on a photo.

IT'S AN OLD PICTURE OF DIAMOND, a cluster of people around him in a restaurant, smiling. Everyone chummy, hands over shoulders. Drinks flowing.

CLOSER - there, mere feet from Diamond, smiling back, is a younger, less bald A.J. LEWINTER...

ON THE PHOTOS - they drift out of the bay, toward the open Atlantic ocean, to be swallowed up by nature...

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY

Leo Diamond sits behind his desk. He's burning a photo in an ashtray.

It's the photo he'd folded and put in his pocket in Lewinter's ex-wife's apartment.

An old photo of Lewinter with Leo Diamond. They are younger. Diamond is glancing over his shoulder as Lewinter explains some formula on a chalkboard to a seemingly interested Diamond.

Diamond -- lets the photo burn, until Lewinter and Diamond's visages are gone, eaten by flames....

INT. CIA SAFEHOUSE, NORTH CAROLINA - NIGHT

Diamond stops at the end of a rutted dirt road and sees the private compound with the triple perimeter fencing and the NO TRESPASSING SIGN.

He walks up to the gate and hears the bark of a German Shepherd. A FLASHLIGHT beams him in the face. Diamond holds up his CIA ID to the light.

INT. CIA SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Diamond looks through the two-way glass at a man curled into a ball in the corner of the room. He turns to the three INTELLIGENCE OPERATIVES in the room.

DIAMOND

You don't want to listen to what we discuss. Take a walk.

The men glance at one another, but leave the room.

INT. CIA SAFEHOUSE - DAY

Diamond comes into a padded interrogation room to see a haggard, confused-looking Dukess, cement floor underneath him. There is a prison-issue toilet in the corner.

A blanket and a bowl of water are the only other items in the locked room. Dukess's eyes blink open. He uncurls himself. His eyes blink as he takes in Diamond's form.

DUKESS

(croaks:)

Leo. Leo Diamond. The man of the hour. I hear you briefed the President himself.

DIAMOND

Word travels fast.

DUKESS

I still have a few friends. Even in this place. I get visitors.

Diamond pulls out a flask and offers it to Dukess. Dukess peers at Diamond, then takes it. Opens it and sniffs.

DIAMOND

Not going to poison you. Come on.

Dukess drinks, deeply. Sighs and shuts his eyes.

DUKESS

Single malt. You're a class act. Anyone ever tell you that?

DIAMOND

All the time. How are they treating you?

DUKESS

Oh, the meals here are top notch. They have a new chef. And the waterboarding is second to none.

DIAMOND

The CIA likes to call it "Enhanced Interrogation Technique."

DUKESS

They seem confused that I'm sticking to my story about you.

DIAMOND

Might as well tell them what they want to hear. Save yourself some trouble. Waterboarding is a young man's game.

DUKESS

He was yours, wasn't he? All along? How many years?

DIAMOND

Oh, I don't know. Over fifteen. Twenty? Snatched up Lewinter at some geeky science conference in London back in the late 90s. He was so thrilled to work secretly for the CIA. They all want to, you know. Be important. Be secret. Help America. It's all self-serving. Ego-stroking.

DUKESS

And all that stuff with the ex-wives? Was that all artifice? Lewinter acting unstable?

DIAMOND

God, no. Lewinter is legitimately a fucking mess in his personal life. But I told him to marry a Korean woman, yes. Paid him to do it. But he's a lovesick fool. Fell head over heels. He's happy over there. Got his ex-wife back. He's vital. All he ever wanted to be.

DUKESS

Did you send him over?

DIAMOND

Of course. I activated him. You know I have sleeper assets. You stole my files. I didn't expect you to do that. You're not a bad adversary, Dukess, you just -- didn't have the same mentor I had.

DUKESS

You have other assets in place?

DIAMOND

You know I do. You saw the thumb drives.

(MORE)

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Where are they, by the way? We searched your place. Couldn't find them.

DUKESS

Tell me about the other assets.

DIAMOND

What can I say? It's a lifetime of work. That's why we have the slush fund. Toritti and I didn't steal the money, we were given the money. By the CIA itself. Of course, the men who authorized the plan are long gone. And I just faded into the background. Biding my time. I ran ops here and there. No one knew. Waited. Until I felt I could do some real good. One morning it hit me: Lewinter. I knew he was going on that conference. Timing was perfect. I knew with Lewinter, we could cripple the North Koreans... Where are the thumb drives, Dukess?

DUKESS

You're certain they think he's real?

DIAMOND

Absolutely, 100 percent. Lewinter will take the North Koreans so far, give them incredible promise. Their missile systems will suddenly enter the modern age -- just advanced enough to scare the bejesus out of the world and start a new cold war, and then -- miraculously, they'll be rife with glitches and failures. They'll blow up on the launching pad, the reentry vehicle warheads won't deploy correctly. It'll set North Korea back twenty years.

(he whispers)

And that threat will no longer be a threat. The world will be safe.

DUKESS

Gotta hand it to you. You're a brilliant case officer.

(broods)

And the Washington Post? Why?

(MORE)

DUKESS (CONT'D)

(Diamond waits)

To clean house.... Embarrass the CIA once and for all. Cut off the dead weight. A brand new OSS, run by -- oh, you, I suppose? Leo Diamond, Director of Intelligence?

DIAMOND

God no. I run operations. Counterintel. I'm not a paper pusher. But you're right. It's time for a new CIA. And we're going to get one. Sorry you won't be a part of it. Unless...

Dukess shakes his head. No way.

DUKESS

Those thumb drives are the only reason I'm not dead, Diamond.

DIAMOND

Dukess, I wouldn't hurt you. I have copies, of course, but I don't want that information floating around. It's my life's work. You understand? Give them to me, and I'll get you out.

DUKESS

Get me out and I'll give them to you.

DIAMOND

You can't do any harm in here. No deal.

DUKESS

I have someone on the outside who will release them to a trusted source at the New York Times if I'm not out of here.

Diamond considers Dukess. He nods.

DIAMOND

It's a very nice try. I applaud your attempt, Dukess.

DUKESS

(eyes wide:)

Please. Can't you just let me out of here? *Please*. I'll stay quiet. I'll retire. I won't tell anyone.

Diamond gives Dukess the flask to keep. Stands up.

DIAMOND

I don't believe you, yet. In time,
I might. You just -- rest a bit.

DUKESS

...You're a bastard, Diamond. But
I never knew how ruthless you
really were.

DIAMOND

I'm a realist.

DUKESS

No. You're something much worse.
You sacrificed your girlfriend,
blew up that guy on your sailboat,
and you framed me. You're a
monster, Diamond. A monster.

DIAMOND

Who do you want chasing terrorists
around the world? A nice guy? No.
(leans down,
whispers:)
You want a monster.

Diamond heads for the door. Dukess watches him go. Sips
the flask. His red eyes fill with tears of frustration.

INT. DIRECTOR OF THE CIA HAMILTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Director Hamilton hands Diamond a coffee.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

Black, correct?

DIAMOND

Yes, Ma'am. Thank you.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

So. You wowed us all; President
included. He's going along with
the party line. The CIA is
embarrassed, etc. A new dawn must
come for the Intelligence
Community, etc., etc., etc.
(shakes her head)

I have no idea how you did it.
Deputy Director Cullen is taking
over my job. Winton is moving up
under him. And I'm moving up, too.

DIAMOND

I heard: head of the NIC. You'll be in charge of the entire Intelligence Community.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

Confirmation hearings are next month. Mr. Diamond, I'd be very grateful if you took over as Director of Counterintelligence.

DIAMOND

I beg your pardon?

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

We're headed back to your days -- human intelligence. We missed the Cole; the Chapman attack in Khost; Benghazi; of course 9/11. The source for Sadaam's WMDs was horse shit, as Colin Powell later confirmed. We need you to teach a new generation of CIA case officers how to work in the field. Think of yourself as our new OSS Captain, our Wild Bill Donovan. What do you say? Will you do it?

Diamond sips his coffee and smiles at Hamilton.

DIAMOND

I'd be honored.

EXT. DULLES AIRPORT - DAY

Diamond helps Sarah to the car. She limps, her gait still uneven. She's frail, her complexion dangerously pale.

INT. DIAMOND'S CAR, MOVING - DAY

Sarah's eyes take in the sights in Washington. Diamond drives them past the White House.

SARAH

You know what they used to break my legs? A metal pipe. A rusty section of metal pipe. The man who did it seemed expert at his job. He was almost polite about it. Did you know? That I'd be hurt?

DIAMOND

Course not. There was always the possibility of danger, but I thought I could protect you.

Diamond has pulled up to Sarah's condo. He turns off the car engine. She starts crying, softly.

SARAH

You're no longer one of my things, one of my I-Don't-Know-Collection.

(wipes her tears)

I know, now, Leo, what makes you function.

He says nothing. His eyes stay on the world outside the windshield. The autumn leaves are starting to drop.

DIAMOND

I'll help you up the stairs.

SARAH

No. I can do it.

She opens the car door and steps out. Rises to her feet. Walks away, limping badly. Heads up the stairs to her condo entrance. Diamond watches her go.

She never turns back. Goes inside and closes the door.

INT. THE CIA, LANGELY, VIRGINIA - MORNING

Diamond walks to his new office, the sign on the door reading: DIRECTOR, COUNTERINTELLIGENCE, LEO DIAMOND.

A familiar young ASSISTANT takes his coat.

ASSISTANT

Good morning, Mister Diamond!

DIAMOND

Morning, Jimmy.

His office is spacious. Floor-to ceiling windows with a good view of trees and grass. A bird flits from branch to branch, and Diamond watches it move.

ASSISTANT

Coffee Mr. Director? Black?

DIAMOND

Thanks. Get me the SigInt from North Korea for the past week.

ASSISTANT

Should be in your in-box, Mr.
Director. Came in ten minutes ago.

DIAMOND

And get Carlos in here, we got a
lot of planning to do.

ASSISTANT

Right away, sir.

The Assistant puts the mug of coffee down before Diamond,
whose eyes are already scanning his E-Mails. He opens the
file and starts to read. Sips his coffee and nods.

DIAMOND

Still damn good coffee.

ASSISTANT

Do you want to go over your
meetings for the day?

DIAMOND

Sure. Why not?

Diamond sits back as the Assistant goes over his daily
schedule....

Diamond listens, his eyes taking in the bird, flitting
from branch to branch outside his office window.

The bird finally takes wing and flies away.

FADE OUT.