

CIRCLE OF TREASON

by

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Based on the book by
Sandra Grimes and Jeanne Vertefeuille

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BLACK

We hear the clink of cutlery, convivial noise, then...

FADE IN:

INT. MAYFLOWER HOTEL - DAY

...on ALDRICH HAZEN AMES, watchful eyes behind thick glasses.

He's at the bar, smoking and nursing a vodka, several empties in front of him. The busy restaurant is reflected in a wall-length mirror.

At forty-four, Ames is a contradiction: a sloppy dresser with a meticulous intellect; cold, arrogant, introverted - yet a beguiling talker, a loyal and generous friend... a student of secrets who is his own greatest mystery.

He studies his reflection under the hum of lunchtime conversation. Then, checking his watch, he makes a decision: he drains his glass, picks up his briefcase, and walks out.

EXT. MAYFLOWER HOTEL - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Emerging into the din of traffic and heat of the day, Rick hesitates, as if unsure of his direction. Then heads north up Connecticut Ave., vanishing among the anonymous crowds...

TITLES BEGIN -

INT. SAFE HOUSE - MOSCOW - NIGHT

PAUL STOMBAUGH, a CIA case officer in his late 30s, fits decks of Russian currency into a gym bag. Subminiature cameras and operational materials are already packed inside.

He checks a miniature tape recorder and slips it in his pocket, glancing at a cheap Russian-made TV set. On screen, Gorbachev reviews the troops and ICBMs in Red Square during a recent victory parade. It's June 1985.

EXT. RESTON - VIRGINIA - DAWN

CLOSE ON SANDY GRIMES

...as she runs through a Virginia suburb at first light.

Sandy is thirty-nine. Trim, striking, feminine. An expressive face, a cool and steely intelligence in the eyes.

She arrives, breathing hard, outside her own modest home and checks her time. Not bad. Better than yesterday.

EXT/INT. VOLKSWAGEN - MOSCOW STREETS - NIGHT

A V.W. van drives through light Moscow traffic. Stombaugh is at the wheel, checking the road behind him. He drives carefully, letting cars pass. Makes a turn at random.

INT. GRIMES KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Reagan on TV. Addressing Soviet aggression in Afghanistan.

GARY (O.S.)

Girls, let's hustle. I'm late.

GARY GRIMES, 40s, is drinking coffee and packing a briefcase at the kitchen table. His daughters, KELLY, 13, and TRACY, 9, are eating breakfast. Sandy comes through, showered and dressed for work.

TRACY

I thought mom was taking us?

GARY

Mom's got a big meeting today.

SANDY

(checks her watch)

I can take 'em.

GARY

You sure?

SANDY

Yeah, I got it.

They kiss in passing. Sandy steals a piece of toast off Kelly's plate. Kelly lifts chunky Walkman headphones to complain:

KELLY

I was eating that.

SANDY

(grins)

You snooze you lose, kiddo.

INT/EXT. VOLKSWAGEN - MOSCOW ALLEY - NIGHT

The volkswagen pulls up in a deserted side street. Stombaugh hops out of the van with the gym bag.

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Sandy calls Tracy back to hand her the bag she'd forgotten and sends her inside. She then hurries back to her car.

EXT. MOSCOW SUBURBS - NIGHT

Stombaugh carries his bag along a wooded path toward a row of Stalinist apartment blocks. Passing a WOMAN on a payphone, he barely glances at her - but clocks her as suspicious.

Ahead, a YELLOW ZHIGULI, a Soviet Fiat clone, is parked on the street. A MAN sits in the car, silhouetted against the streetlight outside.

As Stombaugh approaches the car, he glances back to see the woman hang up the phone and walk away. Relieved, he continues towards the car... when the night suddenly comes alive around him.

FLOODLIGHTS CRANK ON, SHOUTS IN RUSSIAN, the door of a trailer rattles up and a KGB ALPHA SECURITY TEAM spring down.

Stombaugh is surrounded, his bag seized. The Zhiguli fires up and tears away down the street. The KGB men force his arms over his head, immobilizing him.

STOMBAUGH

(rote)

My name is Paul Stombaugh, I am a
diplomatic attaché to the United
States Embassy -

He is dragged to a waiting van, a KGB CAMERA CREW recording the arrest on video.

EXT. LANGLEY - MORNING

Sandy pulls up to the security checkpoint off Dolley Madison Blvd. She shows ID to the marine on duty. As she drives through, a shift of perspective reveals the sprawling CIA campus glimpsed through trees.

TITLES END.

INT. CIA - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - MORNING

A TELEX prints out a restricted-handling cable... 'IMMEDIATE DIRECTOR / WNINTEL / CASE OFFICER STOMBAUGH ARRESTED 2130 HOURS EVENING OF 13 JUNE WHILE ON OPERATIONAL RUN TO MEET GTVANQUISH...'

INT. CIA - 5TH FLOOR - BULLPEN - MORNING

Sandy comes through the open pen that serves the Soviet and East European Division. It's like a newsroom: busy with intelligence officers and support staff, phones ringing, typewriters and telexes rattling. She arrives at her cubicle, where a crowd surrounds a counterintelligence officer who's entertaining them with a joke - Aldrich Ames.

RICK

...and the Commissar says, of course Adam and Eve are Communists! They're bare-ass naked with an apple to share between them, and they still think they're living in Paradise!

Laughter from the men, the room is mostly men. Rick catches her eye and grins. Sandy smiles back, checking her morning cable traffic - she likes this man. Across the room, PAUL REDMOND, 44, bow-tie and shirtsleeves, steps from one of the offices lining the pen.

REDMOND

Rick, Sandy... upstairs in five.

INT. CIA - 6TH FLOOR - STAIRS / HALLWAY - MORNING

They climb stairs to the sixth floor. Redmond is a smart, scrappy Boston-Irish Harvard grad who can curse in six languages, head of the division's counterintelligence group.

RICK

How'd it go last night?

REDMOND

You didn't hear? They rolled Stombaugh up.

RICK

(looks at him)
You're kidding.

REDMOND

State's negotiating release.

They move down a HALLWAY lined with executive offices.

SANDY

Have we heard from his asset?

REDMOND

Not yet. But the KGB had time to set it up for the cameras. There's a chance they already got to him.

Sandy reacts with a flicker of concern.

RICK

Well, what the hell happened?

Reaching the door to a CONFERENCE ROOM, Redmond holds it for Sandy to pass through.

REDMOND

If we knew shit, we wouldn't need an Intelligence Agency.

He smiles drily, follows them inside...

INT. CIA - 6TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

They enter a conference room with a view of the Potomac, several senior intelligence officers already assembled, including MILT BEARDEN, 45, Deputy Chief of Soviet Division. Oklahoma-born but Texan by temperament, Bearden has his cowboy boots up on the table.

BEARDEN

Ricardo. How's life being free and single?

RICK

What's free about it? Nan's got my tit in the wringer over the alimony.

Sandy takes her seat with her file, trying to shake off her concern and focus on the meeting.

BEARDEN

Word to the wise. When a woman tells you she's going to suck you dry, she never means it the way you want.

Laughter. Turning from the window, BURTON GERBER, 51, Chief of the Soviet Division - quiet, meditative, with the face and manner of a Jesuit priest - kicks things off:

GERBER

Okay, what have we got?

Sandy flips open a file. An ID SHOT of Poleshchuk - cryptonym GT/WEIGH.

SANDY

GT/WEIGH. An apartment's come up. He needs twenty grand for a deposit. We want to drop it to him in Moscow.

BEARDEN

Where'd he walk-in?

SANDY

Nigeria, but he's scheduled for transfer. He wants proof we can communicate with him in the Soviet Union.

GERBER

Where are they moving him?

SANDY

First Directorate, KR Line.

The room reacts. This is a major new source. Sandy works hard to disguise her pride, but isn't entirely successful.

RICK

I don't know, Sandy. Moscow's always a risk.

BEARDEN

So pay him in Nigeria, what's wrong with that?

SANDY

(right back)

Nothing, so long as you give me a story he can tell the KGB when they stop him at the airport with twenty grand taped to his legs.

Bearden gives Rick a 'we've-got-a-live-one' look.

RICK

Look, Sandy, this is a big deal for you. I can appreciate that. Your first big catch on Ex/Ops. You want to make an impression. But you have to put your asset ahead of your career.

That landed. Sandy works to contain her irritation.

SANDY

The risk is, he walks. He'll have access to information on any operations against or penetrations of this agency, or foreign intelligence services. We don't want to lose him.

Gerber, whose decision it is, considers for a moment.

GERBER

Okay, do it. Sandy, you want to touch base with Moscow Station? Rick, stay back a minute. I want to get you read-in on Stombaugh.

Sandy, dismissed, gathers her file and walks out. Bearden admires the back of her legs as she goes.

Outside in the hall, Sandy allows herself a private moment of satisfaction - she nailed it.

INT. CIA - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

Tight on a typewriter as it clatters out a restricted-handling cable. Glimpsed phrases: 'PRIORITY COS MOSCOW / OPERATIONAL RUN FOR GTWEIGH APPROVED. CONTACT WEIGH VIA SIGNAL SITE PYLON TO ADVISE HIM OF SAME...'

CIA TECH

Anything else?

Sandy, dictating to the Technical Officer at a desk in the comms room, thinks a moment.

SANDY

Tell him, 'Happy apartment hunting.'

EXT. MOSCOW - DAY

A Stalinist apartment block in central Moscow.

INT. UNFURNISHED APARTMENT - MOSCOW - DAY

A realtor shows into the apartment a Russian couple in their late-40s, LEONID AND LYUDMILA POLESHCHUK. *We recognize Leonid as the agency asset from the ID shot - cryptonym GT/WEIGH.*

As they move through the apartment, which is cramped and functional but has natural light and an impressive view, Lydumila's delight shows on her face. They speak Russian and we see subtitles...

POLESHCHUK

Do you like it?

LYUDMILA

Can we afford it?

POLESHCHUK

We can afford it.

LYUDMILA

How can we afford it?

He looks at her with affection...

POLESHCHUK

You ask a lot of questions, you know that?

He kisses her and follows her to the windows to admire the view of the city.

INT. CIA - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

Sandy finds the same tech guy who earlier encrypted her cable, pouring coffee in a KITCHENETTE off the comms room.

CIA TECH

(anticipating her question)

When I hear anything, I'll let you know.

Sandy smiles gratefully; she has a bewitching smile.

EXT. IZMAYLOVSKY PARK - MOSCOW - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS SWEEP A TREE-LINED PARKING AREA in Moscow's largest urban park. Poleshchuk pulls up in a Volga sedan.

Poleshchuk cuts the engine and sits, listening to it ticking as it cools. He takes a few sips from a bottle of vodka, as if steeling himself for the task ahead.

Eventually, he climbs out, heading for a path that leads through the woods.

INT. CIA - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - EVENING

Tech guys and analysts are grabbing their coats, chatting, leaving for the day, others arriving to take over the shift.

Sandy's guy is packing a briefcase. Sandy approaches him.

CIA TECH
(not looking up)
Don't you have a home to go to?

EXT. IZMAYLOVSKY PARK - FOOTPATH - NIGHT

Poleshchuk walks along the footpath. The night amplifies every sound - the crunch of gravel, his breath in his ears, the hum of power cables overhead.

As he approaches a footbridge, he scans the surrounding darkness for possible surveillance: a jogger running in the opposite direction... a drunk sleeping on a bench... lovers sharing a blanket under a tree.

He walks beneath the bridge... and is swallowed in darkness.

EXT. IZMAYLOVSKY PARK - FOOTPATH / BRIDGE - NIGHT

Poleshchuk slows as he comes to the deepest part of the bridge, the only light from the sodium lamps either end of the tunnel.

Kneeling just long enough to locate by feel a particular brick, he fumbles with it and gets it open. It's an artfully constructed fake. Inside, he finds a plastic-wrapped deck of Russian currency.

Poleshchuk pockets the cash, replaces the brick, and then continues on, out of the tunnel, toward the light at the end. It has taken seconds.

INT. CIA - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

It's late. A few analysts around. Sandy sits, sipping coffee, near to the telex machines, waiting for word from Moscow.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Poleshchuk gets in, takes a moment to look at the money in his lap. Then, stowing it under his seat, he tries to start the car. Nothing.

POLESHCHUK
(Russian)
Come on...

He tries again. Still nothing.

POLESHCHUK (CONT'D)
(Russian)
Goddamnit...!

He freezes... as, through the windshield, he sees shadows moving in the treeline at the edge of the parking area.

Poleshchuk tries the engine a third time. Then, with a bad feeling now, he reaches suddenly for the money under the seat and climbs out of the car.

EXT. IZMAYLOVSKY PARK - NIGHT

As Poleshchuk moves away from the car, trying to keep calm, trying not to run, he hears a squealing of brakes to his right - a VAN pulling up in a spray of gravel.

Poleshchuk keeps walking, still fighting the impulse to run, as behind him, the van door bangs open and a KGB SECURITY TEAM explode from inside, weapons drawn.

More shouting in Russian from in front of him, a second SECURITY TEAM, these with dogs snarling on leashes, cutting off his egress...

INT. CIA - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Later. Sandy is alone in the communications room. The telex machines silent. It's too soon to know anything, but still - she is concerned.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. DULLES AIRPORT - DAY

The din of voices. A blur of color and motion as passengers off the 1600 flight from Libreville, Gabon make their way through the arrivals hall.

Passing unnoticed, a gray-haired woman with a single carry-on bag approaches immigration. In her early fifties, deliberately nondescript in a roll-neck sweater and thick-lensed glasses, she might be a librarian or visiting grandmother.

But this is JEANNE VERTEFEUILLE (Ver-Teh-Fay).

Glancing at the heavily-stamped passport that identifies her only as a State Department employee, an immigration officer waves her through.

EXT. BALL PARK - RESTON - DAY

A Little League game underway. At the plate, a nine-year-old batter squares up to a fastball... cracks it hard out past a nine-year-old baseman.

The batter - Tracy Grimes - runs to steal third, turning to scan the faces in the crowd until she sees Gary and Sandy waving and cheering at the fence with all the other parents.

Sandy's PAGER goes off. She checks it... looks up at Gary.

GARY

You're kidding... on a Sunday?

INT. JEANNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jeanne pushes open her apartment door against the pile of mail that's accumulated in the months she's been away. She eyes the mail as she sets down her case in the hall.

LATER:

The STACK OF MAIL, ordered in neat piles on the table in her small kitchen. In the b.g. Jeanne is seen leaving the apartment, having showered and changed.

EXT. DOLLEY MADISON BLVD. - DAY

Sandy's car is among the traffic blowing past the grassy verge... where a gray-haired woman in tennis shoes is walking towards Langley.

INT. CIA - 5TH FLOOR - REDMOND'S OFFICE - DAY

An operational file, on the asset POLESHCHUK (GT/WEIGH), open to the ID shot of him. It's sitting on Redmond's desk, Sandy facing him from a sofa in his office.

REDMOND

They arrested Weigh. A security team picked him up the night of the drop. We got a tip from a reliable source.

Sandy's working hard not to betray her emotion - the loss, the fear she made the mistake that cost a man his life.

SANDY

How'd they make him?

REDMOND

(unconvinced)

Casuals under the bridge, good citizens doing their Soviet duty. Or the KGB tailed our case officer leaving the money. Truth is, we don't know.

(a beat)

Truth is... it's not just Weigh.

(off Sandy's look)

Back in May last year one of our assets in Soviet Military Intelligence got a cable from his *Resident* in Athens saying his son had a problem, he had to fly home.

INT. SOVIET EMBASSY - ATHENS - DAY

Working at his desk surrounded by Soviet apparatchiks, a Russian in his mid-40s - Bokhan - glances to where his GRU (Soviet Military Intelligence) superiors are regarding him from an office -

REDMOND (V.O.)

When he checked with the airline, he found out they booked his ticket a week before the cable was supposed to have come in.

EXT. STREET - ATHENS - DAY

Crossing a narrow street of eucalyptus trees, Bokhan climbs into a nondescript sedan beside a CIA case officer. The car pulls away.

REDMOND (V.O.)

We got him out. He was lucky.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - MOSCOW - DAY

Soviet traffic cops by a van pulled over on the grass verge wave down a distinctive yellow Zhiguli - the same one seen on the night of Stombaugh's arrest.

REDMOND (V.O.)

We think they rolled Vanquish up
some time in June.

A Russian engineer in his fifties - Tolkachev - climbs out to see what the cops want, leaving his wife and son in the car... who then watch in horror as he's seized by KGB officers, brutally restrained and lifted into the van.

EXT. WOODS - MOSCOW - NIGHT

A CIA operations officer in fatigues lifts a manhole cover deep in the woods outside Moscow, descending a ladder inside.

REDMOND (V.O.)

Around then our wiretap on their
comms line between a nuclear R&D
station and the Soviet Ministry of
Defense went dark -

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOSCOW - MORNING

In bed with a beautiful Russian woman, SERGEI MOTORIN sits up as the door is kicked off its hinges and KGB agents swarm in.

REDMOND (V.O.)

In the Fall, Moscow recalled Sergei
Motorin and Valery Martynov, two
KGB agents we shared with the
Bureau...

EXT. DULLES AIRPORT - DAY

Boarding an AEROFLOT JET with a re-defecting Soviet Colonel, VALERY MARTYNOV glances back to the FBI AGENTS on the tarmac.

REDMOND (V.O.)

Martynov was told he was part of a
security detail. He had no idea
what he was headed home to.

INT. SHEREMETYEVO AIRPORT - DAY

As Martynov walks through the Moscow terminal he sees two KGB officers approaching and obviously recognizes them. They greet him warmly, steer him to a side room and shut the door.

Inside, the officers strike Martynov in the legs, pinning his arms and forcing a rope between his teeth to prevent him from biting down on any concealed cyanide pill.

INT. LEFORTOVO PRISON - HALLWAY TO CELL - DAY

Soviet guards lead Poleshchuk (GT/WEIGH) down a dank hallway. They reach the door to a cell, have him step inside - and the moment he does, one of the guards draws a pistol and shoots him in the back of the head.

INT. CIA - 5TH FLOOR - REDMOND'S OFFICE - CONTINUED - DAY

Redmond looks at her with concern.

REDMOND

I'm sorry.

(a beat)

The truth is, we're hemorrhaging.

There's a silence as Sandy tries to take it all in. Redmond reads a question forming in her eyes, and answers her before she can ask it.

REDMOND (CONT'D)

I want you to handle any new sources we develop. Officially, you'll remain on External Ops. Unofficially, you'll be running a back room for anything we have left in Soviet Division. Counterintelligence are bringing someone in to look at the problem. You'll share your reporting, fill any CI requirements they may have.

INT. CIA - LOBBY - DAY

Pairs of spit-shined shoes cross the CIA emblem, set in the marble floor... followed by Jeanne's tennis shoes.

She passes the INSCRIPTION above the statue of Donovan: 'And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.'

And now, as a guard checks her ID and she turns to admire the lobby, we get our first real look at Jeanne - her expression somewhere between the contentment of one home from an arduous trip and the reverence of a Catholic at Lourdes.

INT. CIA - 5TH FLOOR - REDMOND'S OFFICE - CONTINUED - DAY

Sandy is quiet. Redmond studies her reaction.

SANDY

I sent him out there, Paul.

REDMOND
It's not on you.

SANDY
Bullshit. It is on me.

REDMOND
Gerber made the call.

SANDY
Then it's on him, too. And it's on
you.

Redmond wouldn't take that from anyone else, does from her.

REDMOND
(gently)
You'll let Weigh's case officers
know?

Sandy, a beat, nods. She starts out. Turns at the door.

SANDY
Who's Hathaway bringing in?

Redmond glances to the window of his office, where, beyond the glass, they both see what looks like a first grade elementary schoolteacher crossing the pen in tennis shoes.

As Jeanne heads past, Sandy looks at Redmond. His nod to her says, 'Yeah, her.'

REDMOND
Is that going to be a problem?

SANDY
I don't have any problem with
Jeanne. She has a problem with
everyone.

REDMOND
She's our most knowledgeable
analyst on Soviet intelligence. If
there's a connection here, she'll
find it.

INT. CIA - 2ND FLOOR - C & D CORRIDORS - DAY

GARDNER 'GUS' HATHAWAY, 61, Chief of the Counterintelligence Staff, walks with Jeanne to her office, one of several lining the drab maze of hallways undecorated since the fifties that houses the counterintelligence center. Hathaway is old money from Virginia, elegant and patrician.

HATHAWAY

We're looking at three possibilities. One, the ops went south on their own, errors on our side or theirs. John Stein's written a memo supporting it. Two, the KGB are reading our mail. A technical penetration, either here or in Moscow. I need you to review every compromised case, see which of them passed through Moscow Station. You want, I can bring in some annuitants to help you out.

JEANNE

(a voice slow, measured and deliberate)

Oh, I'll be all right. And three?

HATHAWAY

There's a chance it was a human penetration. But I'll be honest with you, Jeanne. The last thing the division needs right now is a lot of pissed-off employees, complaining their rights are being violated by interviews and out-of-cycle polygraphs. Nobody wants a mole hunt.

They've reached her office. Hathaway smiles at her.

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)

I'm glad you're back. Let me know when you've had a chance to settle in.

INT. CIA - 2ND FLOOR - KITCHEN AREA - DAY

Two younger ANALYSTS are gossiping in the small, messy kitchen area.

ANALYST

...What do they expect? This place has more leaks than the Afghan navy.

Jeanne, arriving to get coffee, fixes them. The analysts fall silent, linger just long enough not to look like they're trying to escape, then leave. Jeanne pours herself coffee.

INT. CIA - 2ND FLOOR - C & D CORRIDORS - DAY

Returning with coffee to her office, Jeanne finds Sandy waiting outside her door per protocol.

SANDY

How are you, Jeanne? How was
Africa?

Jeanne doesn't answer, heads into her office. Sandy pretends it's a tacit okay and follows her in.

INT. CIA - 2ND FLOOR - JEANNE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

It's not much: a safe, a desk and chair, a manual typewriter.

JEANNE

I saw the cable on Weigh from
Nigeria. Do you think he was ready
for operations in Moscow?

Sandy stares; was that a criticism or merely an attempt to gather information? Jeanne's inscrutability makes it impossible to know.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

(mildly)
He was a drinker, wasn't he?

SANDY

(tight)
I wrote a summary of the case. Let
me know when you've had a chance to
look it over.

JEANNE

I read it.

SANDY

(surprised)
And?

JEANNE

There were a couple typos.

SANDY

Typos.

JEANNE

Pages seventy-four and one-twenty.

Jeanne regards her mildly, then turns to the files on her desk to indicate their conversation, such it was, is over.

SANDY

I'll get 'em fixed.
 (turns to go, hesitates)
 What do you think happened? You
 must have an opinion?

JEANNE

An opinion is not the same as
 Intelligence.

Jeanne glances up, to let Sandy know that's an end of it.
 Sandy starts out...

JEANNE (CONT'D)

Oh, there was something... I
 couldn't find the collection on
 Okhota.
 (Sandy looks at her)
 Okhota? The Soviet hunting and
 fishing magazine.

Sandy knows what it is, she's just a step behind Jeanne and
 trying to catch up.

SANDY

I wasn't responsible for the
 collection after seventy-eight.
 (a beat)
 Are you worried about Beep? He's
 retired. You think he's in danger?

JEANNE

Have someone order back issues.
 Nineteen-eighty to present.

SANDY

(finally bristling)
 You know, it's a few years since I
 worked under you, Jeanne. And I
 was never your goddamn file clerk.

Sandy walks out, trying not to slam the door. Jeanne blinks
 after her, mildly, apparently unaware she's caused offense.

EXT. CIA - PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Sandy climbs into her car, sits there for a moment. She
 looks disturbed - processing all she's learned. Then, she
 starts the car and is about to pull away when someone raps on
 the glass, startling her.

RICK

I hear the dragon's back.

Sandy smiles, knowing he means Jeanne; Rick can do that, put a smile on her face.

RICK (CONT'D)

I know about Weigh. I'm sorry. I should have pushed back a little harder.

Sandy tries to shake off the feeling he's twisting the knife.

SANDY

What can I say, Rick? You were right.

It seems to pain him to have to agree with her, but he nods.

RICK

You and Gary should come over, I get back from Rome. It's been too long.

SANDY

I'd like that. Arrivederci.

RICK

Arrivederci.

He waves as he crosses to his car, a beater late-70s Volvo.

INT. CIA - 2ND FLOOR - C & D CORRIDORS - NIGHT

A janitor moves a vacuum cleaner along the hall, the offices dark now - light showing under one door.

INT. CIA - 2ND FLOOR - JEANNE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

Jeanne is studying an operational file. We glimpse among the text references to an asset from Soviet Military Intelligence, cryptonym GT/BEEP. The date of his first contact with CIA, in November, 1962. Several PHOTOGRAPHS of a Soviet General in his sixties with the look of a gruff but kindly uncle.

INT. GRIMES HOUSE - NIGHT

Later, Sandy fixes herself a drink. The TV on in the b.g. Gary joins her, aware of her mood.

GARY

Bad day?

SANDY

Yeah.

GARY

Want to tell me about it?

SANDY

Love to.

They smile, a familiar routine; they both know she can't do that.

SANDY (CONT'D)

How was your conference?

GARY

(deadpan)

Illuminating. I am now convinced that not only will producing our own RISC architecture enable us to break free from a reliance on external microprocessors, but SPARC can be the leading hardware platform for all serious server applications.

She smiles at that. Her hand finds his and he squeezes it.

EXT. BONN - GERMANY - DAY

Establish the West German capital, on the banks of the Rhine.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BONN - DAY

From across the street, we see a CIA CASE OFFICER walk into his apartment building. A shift of perspective reveals two KGB OFFICERS watching from a parked car.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - BONN - DAY

An elderly GERMAN WOMAN peers suspiciously from her doorway as the case officer unlocks his mail box. He sifts through the correspondence inside, hesitating over one letter with no postmark. He slits it open with a knife on his key chain and reads it.

INT. CIA - 6TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Copies of the letter in Sandy's hand, here, in the conference room with the view of the Potomac.

As she distributes them to various CIA grandees assembled round the table - including Gerber, Redmond, Bearden and Hathaway - Jeanne walks in and stands quietly at the back.

SANDY

Two weeks ago one of our case officers in Bonn, Germany found this tucked in his mail box by an anonymous walk-in. The writer - we're calling him Mr. X - identifies as KGB and offers as bona-fides the identities of several of our missing assets. He claims the KGB are intercepting our cable traffic through our comms center in Warrenton.

A shift in the room. This is their first real lead. As Sandy hands Jeanne a copy of the letter:

HATHAWAY

Is he credible?

SANDY

We think so. His knowledge of our operations stands up.

The room reacts; if this is genuine, it's dynamite.

REDMOND

We got to test it out, set up a probe...

GERBER

(to Sandy)
Does he have evidence?

BEARDEN

Find a guy, some KGB scumbag in a backwater somewhere -

SANDY

He's asked for fifty thousand to furnish specifics.

REDMOND

We put it out there he's working for us, flush it through Warrenton.

HATHAWAY

Well, for God's sake let's pay him.

Jeanne is studying a copy of the letter, her own reaction inscrutable.

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)

Jeanne. How many of these twelve or so blown cases -

REDMOND

(jumping in)
It's Sixteen. Maybe more.

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)

- How many can be explained by a technical breach?

A beat on Jeanne.

JEANNE

(mildly)

Oh, all of them. In theory.

Sandy catches what the others miss: a hint of skepticism in her voice. Gerber and Hathaway stand, bringing the meeting to a close.

HATHAWAY

It's good work, Sandy. I'll go brief Seventh.

Normally, Sandy would be proud of the acknowledgement. But as she moves around the room to gather the letters in a file, she keeps an eye on Jeanne.

GERBER

All right, let's flush this probe through Warrenton. Until then, Moscow rules apply. No phones, no cables, pass all intelligence by hand. Paul, send someone over to Germany and this get this guy paid. Milt, you got any scumbags in mind?

BEARDEN

Plenty.

As the men file out, Sandy has arrived at Jeanne, who's still studying the letter.

JEANNE

I'd like to keep this.

Jeanne glances up at Sandy, who, after a beat, nods.

INT. CIA - 5TH FLOOR - S/E DIVISION VAULT - DAY

Moving through the secure vault, Jeanne locates a particular five-drawer safe. She opens a drawer in the safe, and, after a minimal search, brings out the file she's after.

INT. CIA - 2ND FLOOR - JEANNE'S OFFICE - LATER - DAY

Jeanne is comparing the 'Mister X' Letter with samples of KGB handwriting from the file. We see that the distinctive cursive in a note under a KGB First Directorate letterhead is noticeably similar. There's a KNOCK. Jeanne turns the letter and file face down.

JEANNE

Yeah.

Sandy comes in, carrying an issue of the Soviet hunting and fishing periodical: OKHOTA.

SANDY

You should ask for a new office.

JEANNE

There's nothing wrong with this one.

SANDY

Maybe something with a window.

Jeanne, with no patience for small talk, waits to hear what Sandy wants. Sandy drops the magazine on her desk.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Okhota. It was part of Beep's comms plan. In eighty-four he contributed a recipe. Every other article was about killing game, not cooking it.

JEANNE

You read them all?

SANDY

Took me the weekend, most of today.

JEANNE

Your weekends must be busy. I'm surprised you found time.

Sandy hears the criticism in it, but lets it go.

SANDY

(of the magazine)

It's an anomaly. Maybe he was trying to communicate. I think we should run a reply.

Jeanne considers her.

JEANNE

No.

SANDY

No?

JEANNE

That wouldn't be wise.

Sandy a little stung; then why ask for the goddamn magazines?

SANDY

You wanted to check he was okay,
right? You're worried about him.
(Jeanne doesn't deny it)
So we should warn him.

JEANNE

I don't advise it.

SANDY

(impatient)
We ran him together for three
years, you know how important he
is. He's served this agency since
the sixties.
(nothing from Jeanne)
Everything CIA knows about Soviet
Military Intelligence, it learned
from you. And you learned it from
him. If he's compromised...

JEANNE

Any attempt to communicate risks
exposing him.

SANDY

(appealing to her emotion)
Jeanne, I know what size *pants* this
guy wears - I don't even know that
about Gary.

JEANNE

Who?

SANDY

My husband. Gary?

JEANNE

(continuing)
If he's retired and still alive,
then it stands to reason Beep is
not in immediate danger. It's been
what, seven years since he was
mentioned in traffic? They'd have
wrapped him up by now.

SANDY

Unless the penetration isn't
technical. Unless the Sovs have
someone inside.

Jeanne, though we may sense she knows this is a possibility,
shrugs, noncommittal.

JEANNE

There has never been an active agent of the Soviets working for CIA.

SANDY

You mean we never found one.

It hangs there.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I know you don't like this source in Bonn. Mister X.

JEANNE

We have to play it out.

Sandy, aware Jeanne is holding back what she's thinking, knows her well enough to know she won't get it out of her.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

I don't want to be the one who exposes Beep. I don't imagine you do, either.

Sandy stares, a beat, then walks out. Jeanne watches after her... then opens the magazine Sandy left - to a recipe for cooking game birds, featuring a shot of the Soviet General under the byline D.F. POLYAKOV.

EXT. RUSSIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

We are deep in the countryside outside Moscow.

That same silver-haired retired Soviet general - POLYAKOV - is fishing with his granddaughter by a stream in a field below a rustic farmhouse (a dacha).

Polyakov is demonstrating how to cast a fly when he notices something in the distance - a VAN turning in off the road and starting down the long tree-lined drive to the farmhouse. It causes a barely perceptible tension in him.

POLYAKOV

(in Russian)

Here, run inside. Go and help your grandmother.

The girl hesitates, but something in his eyes warns her to obey. As she runs off, Polyakov glances back across the fields as if contemplating escape.

He gathers up their fishing gear and walks towards the house.

INT/EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

We TRACK the little girl through the house as she searches for her grandmother. Not finding her in the kitchen, she moves through the hall, glancing in to her grandfather's book-lined study, calling out:

GIRL
(in Russian)
Grandmamma!?

Moving through to search in the living room, the girl is distracted by movement outside and rushes over to the window.

Through the window she sees KGB MEN restrain her grandfather outside, an arm around his throat, lifting him into the van.

The girl stares out in horror as the van - reflected in the window - drives away. She turns and screams into the house.

INT. CIA - 2ND FLOOR - C CORRIDOR - DAY

Jeanne comes down the C.I. hallway to Hathaway's office.

INT. LEFORTOVO PRISON - DAY

Polyakov, in a blue KGB jumpsuit, moves under guard along a dank corridor in the bowels of the prison.

INT. CIA - 2ND FLOOR - HATHAWAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Hathaway glances up from his paperwork as Jeanne comes in.

JEANNE
What is it, Gus?

He looks at her, then finds and hands to her a restricted-handling cable. Jeanne hesitates, bracing herself for the shock of bad news. She reads it.

INT. LEFORTOVO PRISON - CELL - DAY

Polyakov stands in a fall of light from a narrow window. He enjoys the sun on his face, his expression calm and composed.

INT. CIA - 2ND FLOOR - HATHAWAY'S OFFICE - CONTINUED - DAY

Jeanne returns the cable to Hathaway. She is expressionless.

INT. LEFORTOVO PRISON - CELL - CONTINUED - DAY

Polyakov hears movement behind him, but doesn't turn around... as a KGB MAN steps from the shadows, raises a pistol and shoots him in the head.

INT. CIA - 2ND FLOOR - JEANNE'S OFFICE - DAY

As Jeanne gathers up files from her desk, intending to return them to the vault, a picture slips out. It's a shot of Polyakov. Jeanne tucks it back inside.

INT. CIA - 5TH FLOOR - S/E DIVISION VAULT - LATER - DAY

Returning the Polyakov file to the safe, Jeanne then slides the heavy drawer shut - like a cadaver drawer in a morgue.

ANGLE ON JEANNE

...lingering a moment, as one paying her last respects.

EXT. PULCINELLA'S ITALIAN KITCHEN - NIGHT

Traffic blows past the busy family restaurant in McLean, Virginia.

INT. PULCINELLA'S ITALIAN KITCHEN - NIGHT

Inside, Jeanne is at her customary table with her customary glass of wine. Her food untouched.

A waiter arrives, and, perhaps sensing her mood, offers to refill her wine. Jeanne declines it with a hand over her glass.

As she gazes out past her reflection in the window, something burning in her eyes...

EXT. LANGLEY - DAY

From above, featuring the recently-completed NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING, six stories of gleaming glass and steel set behind the original building.

INT. CIA - 2ND FLOOR - HATHAWAY'S OFFICE - DAY

A copy of the Mister X. letter.

JEANNE (O.S.)

This is the letter from the source
in Bonn, alerting us to a technical
penetration.

HATHAWAY (O.S.)

And this one?

In his office, Hathaway considers a second piece of
correspondence - one of the KGB letters Jeanne unearthed
earlier. On the wall behind him is a framed photo of
president George H.W. Bush.

JEANNE

It's part of a KGB communications
plan with the Navy spy John Walker.

HATHAWAY

They match?

JEANNE

There are similarities in the lower
case R's and L's. I believe Mister
X was a deliberate attempt to
mislead us. They're protecting
something. Something we haven't
considered yet.

(he waits to hear it)

A mole. Right here at Langley.

He studies her a moment, then returns the letters to her,
gathering paperwork into his briefcase.

HATHAWAY

Walk with me.

INT. CIA - 2ND FLOOR - C & D CORRIDORS - DAY

Jeanne follows Hathaway out of his office, turning a corner
in the labyrinth of corridors.

JEANNE

It's been three years, we're no
closer to an answer.

HATHAWAY

Keep looking for connections.

JEANNE

What do you want to know? I've
looked at how we paid each asset.

(MORE)

JEANNE (CONT'D)

We have limited sources for Soviet currency, maybe the KGB marked the roubles. Or they found a way to intercept our diplomatic pouches...

(shakes her head)

The only connection is, they all worked for CIA.

They've stopped outside a particular office: 2C43.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

They got to Polyakov. Nobody'd mentioned him in traffic since 1980. It had to be someone with access to his files.

HATHAWAY

Do you know whose office this was?

If he'd hoped to throw her with the remark, it didn't work.

JEANNE

I remember James Angleton.

HATHAWAY

He paralyzed this agency for twenty years. He falsely accused and ruined the careers of dozens of loyal officers.

JEANNE

You brought me back for an answer. I've eliminated every other (one) -

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)

He never found a mole. And the last career he destroyed was his own.

Jeanne stops, hearing the warning in it.

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)

You're scheduled for mandatory retirement in what, two, three years?

JEANNE

A little under three.

HATHAWAY

Ask yourself how you want to be remembered, Jeanne. A devoted and respected senior intelligence officer. The first female Chief of Station in this agency's history.

(a glance to room 2C43)

Or a paranoid who pulled down their own house because of an obsession.

She holds her look to him. Then, she commits.

JEANNE

I'll need another office, over in
the new CIC. And access to
Security's files on our personnel.

Hathaway studies her a moment, nods and leaves her there,
standing outside room 2C43.

EXT. 2512 NORTH RANDOLPH STREET - ARLINGTON - DAY

A large, two-story home in the leafy, upscale neighborhood of
Country Club Hills.

Sandy and Gary pull up. As they climb out, dressed for
dinner, they take in the expensive real estate, the cars
parked in the double-width driveway - a Honda Accord and
RECENT-MODEL JAGUAR XJ6.

GARY

(a dry smile)
We at the right place?

Sandy nods, smiling - but is clearly surprised and curious.
They ring the bell.

INT. AMES HOUSE - DAY

As MARIA DEL ROSARIO CASAS AMES, a Colombian knockout in her
late-30s, greets them at the door...

ROSARIO

(flawless American English)
Come in, come in... welcome.
You're Sandy, right? And you must
be Gary. I'm Rosario.

She kisses them both in the Latin manner and leads the way
inside, Gary admiring the view. Rosario speaks five
languages and went to Princeton, but that's not why men
notice her.

Sandy gives him a look as they follow Rosario into the living
room, take in the open fireplace, the windows giving out onto
a yard surrounded by old growth trees that screen the hot tub
on the deck.

Latin MUSIC plays on a state of the art sound system.

ROSARIO (CONT'D)
 (to Sandy)
 He's in the den. Gary, what will
 you drink?

INT. AMES HOUSE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

ON TV: Tom Brokaw reports for NBC on the fall of the Berlin wall, students bringing down a section. It's November 1989.

RICK (O.S.)
 Twenty years I've been saying it,
 we're not going win the Cold War -
 they're gonna lose it. Maybe now
 somebody'll listen.

Sandy finds Rick in his book-lined study a few steps down from the living room. He turns - balanced on \$600 Gucci loafers, tailored slacks, a label Polo - and flashes her a smile that cost more than her car.

RICK (CONT'D)
 Ciao, Bella...!

SANDY
 Hey, Rick.

Sandy is only half successful in concealing her reaction to him. This isn't just a makeover. This is a whole new man.

INT. AMES HOUSE - NIGHT

Later, dinner over, empty plates and half-filled coffee cups, Rosario and Gary chatting as Rick pours more liquor for Sandy and holds forth -

RICK
 Reagan made the Communists out to
 be ten foot tall so he could look
 tough when he pushed them around.

GARY
 (to Rosario)
 How'd you guys meet?

SANDY
 (to Rick)
 They haven't given up yet.

ROSARIO
 In Mexico. I worked at the
 Colombian Embassy.

RICK
 (ignoring Sandy)
 That's what you get, you
 elect a fucking actor to the
 White House.

Rosario overhears, jumping in.

ROSARIO
You wanted to be an actor.

GARY
 Oh yeah?

RICK
 I was never any good.

ROSARIO
 Don't believe him - I didn't even
 know he was CIA until he proposed!

ROSARIO (CONT'D)
 (to Gary)
 He's so secretive!

RICK
 (affectionately)
 That's bullshit...

Sandy is watching Rick. On a monitor a BABY is crying.

GARY
 (to Rosario)
 So what were you, a
 secretary?

SANDY
 This place is great, Rick.
 It must have cost a fortune.

ROSARIO
 ('offended')
 No! I was Cultural Attache
 and Assistant to the
 Ambassador.

RICK
 I had some investments pay
 off. Gary, I could hook you
 up with my broker?

GARY
 Talk to her, she handles the money.

Sandy, a beat, cutting across them - the baby still crying -

GARY (CONT'D)
 (smiling, to Rosario)
 I'm just messing with you.

SANDY
 (to Rosario)
 I'm sorry, do you need to get
 that?

RICK
 Oh, no, Ninea's with him.
 (off Sandy's look)
 We have a night nurse.

A beat on Sandy; wondering where all this money comes from.

ROSARIO
 (smiling at Gary)
 'A secretary.' I had a secretary.

At that moment the nanny appears, cradling their infant son
 Paul. Rick scoops him up, nuzzling him.

RICK
 He's hungry.

EXT. AMES HOUSE - 2512 NORTH RANDOLPH STREET - NIGHT

Later, and Rick is seeing them out, Gary walking ahead, a little unsteadily. Rick seems unaffected by the alcohol.

RICK

Your pal Redmond, he still got a bug up his ass about these losses?

SANDY

Why do you ask?

RICK

Milt wants me back on Soviet. It's a waste of my time if you two are still hogging the cookie jar.

SANDY

Maybe. Maybe not. Maybe ask Redmond.

(he grins at her)

'Night, Rick. Thanks for dinner.

RICK

Thank Rosario. She's great, isn't she?

SANDY

She is. I'm happy for you, Rick.

Sandy heads off to join Gary in the car. Rick watches her.

INT. GRIMES BATHROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sandy is brushing her teeth, Gary undressing in the bedroom.

SANDY

How much you think that Jag set him back?

GARY

Why, you gonna ask for a raise?

SANDY

I'm just interested. Twenty, thirty grand?

GARY

Closer to fifty.

SANDY

Huh. He's really throwing it around.

She rinses her mouth. Comes out to join him in the bedroom.

GARY

He's got a new wife, he's trying to impress her. He's probably in debt up the wazoo.

SANDY

(after a beat, looking at him)

You were sure trying hard enough to impress her.

GARY

Ooh. Jealousy. Now that's sexy.

He grins and takes her hands, pulling her to the bed. Sandy goes with it... brushing aside her concerns - for the moment.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - ATRIUM - DAY

Jeanne carries a box of personal effects through the sleek, modern glass and steel atrium, passing beneath giant SCALE REPLICAS OF SPY PLANES.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

Jeanne descends to the basement, carrying her box of things.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - BASEMENT - DAY

Jeanne carries the box along a corridor to a secure area. She juggles the box as she codes the lock and heads through.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - CIC PEN - DAY

This is the new CIC (Counterintelligence Center), an open area of high-tech workstations, a million miles from the drab gray CI hallways.

From her desk among the ANALYSTS bent over computer terminals, Sandy sees Jeanne passing through with her box.

SANDY

Jeanne, you got a minute?

Jeanne codes a lock and pushes through the door with her box, Sandy following her out.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY

They arrive at a door that might lead to a janitor's closet. As Jeanne tries to unlock it, balancing the box in her hands, Sandy takes it from her.

SANDY

Guess they ran out of windows, huh.

Jeanne glances at her, hearing the tension behind her joke. She gets the door open and they walk into...

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - JEANNE'S OFFICE - DAY

It's smaller than her last office, about ten feet square: a desk, a few chairs, a safe. A new computer sits on the desk.

SANDY

I have some concerns about an officer in Soviet.

Jeanne looks at her, sets down the box. And shuts the door.

JEANNE

Before you say anything else, I need you to understand. You can't go around casting unfounded accusations.

SANDY

I just want to flag it. It may be nothing.

Jeanne watches her.

JEANNE

Who is it?

SANDY

Rick.

JEANNE

Rick Ames?

Jeanne almost smiles, thinking she's joking. She's not.

SANDY

I've known him a long time. We used to car pool from Reston. He'd come out of his apartment trailing his shoelaces, I'd think up excuses to drive so I didn't have to ride in his piece of shit Volvo.

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)
 Now he's living in Country Club
 Hills with twenty thousand dollars
 worth of dental work. And he
 drives a Jaguar.

Jeanne sits at her desk, a flicker of concern.

SANDY (CONT'D)
 He had access to every case we
 lost.

JEANNE
 (after a beat)
 If there's a mole, then he's likely
 already retired. The speed the KGB
 wrapped everyone up tells you that.

SANDY
 Believe me, I don't want to be
 right.

They regard each other in a silence. Then -

JEANNE
 Look into it. Discreetly. You'll
 have to work evenings, weekends.
 If you can manage with your family
 commitments.

SANDY
 (bristling)
 What is that supposed to mean?

JEANNE
 You can't serve two masters.

SANDY
 Don't question my dedication to
 this career.

JEANNE
 You might want to think about that,
 too. You start pointing fingers at
 the men, it's going to stall pretty
 fast.

Sandy, a beat, shakes her head; she can't believe it.

SANDY
 It's not the fifties, Jeanne.
 We're not in the typing pool.

Jeanne doesn't say it but her look means, 'you really think
 it's so different?'

JEANNE

I need an investigator from the Office of Security. Somebody outside the circle. Somebody young. Smart. Who nobody knows.

As Sandy mulls it over we hear the sound of gunfire...

INT. CAMP PEARY - FIRING RANGE - DAY

A half-dozen officers are undergoing firing instruction at the CIA's training facility.

Moving along the row of track-suited square-jawed Ivy Leaguers we find... skinny, bespectacled, prematurely-balding DAN PAYNE, late-20s, a CIA Security Officer. He empties his magazine into an unseen target.

FIRING INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)

Payne! You got a visitor!

Dan removes his ear protectors, pushes a button to bring his target up, then turns to see Sandy approaching with a little old lady in tennis shoes.

SANDY

Hey Dan.

Dan grins, fumbling the magazine from his gun and bending to pick it up. Jeanne gives Sandy a look.

The target arrives. He missed with every shot.

INT. CAMP PEARY - CAFETERIA - DAY

Later, they sit watching Dan eat a burger in the cafeteria.

DAN PAYNE

I can dig around. But I gotta warn you, I've done financials before that didn't get anywhere.

He spills ketchup on his floral tie, examines the stain.

DAN PAYNE (CONT'D)

This officer in the D.O. tooling around in a sports car he had no business affording at GS-14. Turns out his mother died and left him half of Connecticut.

SANDY
(watching him scrub at the
stain)
Relax, Dan. On that tie, it's an
improvement.

Dan grins. He likes Sandy.

JEANNE
Well, if it turns out to be nothing
then so much the better. You'll do
it?

DAN PAYNE
Sure. Who am I looking at?

INT. CIA - OFFICE OF SECURITY - FILE ROOM - DAY

Dan opens a filing cabinet drawer, riffling through the
security files held on CIA personnel until he comes to AMES,
ALDRICH H. He pulls the file.

EXT. ARLINGTON COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Dan walks past a sign for the courthouse and heads inside the
bland municipal building on N. Courthouse Ave.

INT. ARLINGTON COUNTY COURTHOUSE - SUITE 6200 - DAY

Dan is at a carrel in a bland executive suite, thumbing
through a land registry file. Deeds of title for 2512 North
Randolph street. The cost: \$540,000. He flips back a couple
of pages, unable to find something.

ANGLE ON FRONT DESK

Dan approaches a CLERK playing Tetris on a Nintendo Gameboy.

DAN PAYNE
Hi, think you could rustle up the
mortgage records for 2512 North
Randolph Street?

CLERK
(eyes on the game)
Uh-uh.

DAN PAYNE
Or the lien. There's no copy of
either attached to the deed.

CLERK

Nope.

DAN PAYNE

Well, all righty... just point me
in the direction, I'll look myself.

The clerk wipes out on Tetris. Irritated.

CLERK

If there's a mortgage or lien
attached to the *property*, it will
be attached to the *property deed*.

DAN PAYNE

They never took out a mortgage?

CLERK

(snotty)

It would appear not. Was there
anything else?

Dan stares, a beat, then shakes his head.

DAN PAYNE

(re: the Gameboy)

Cool game.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Canned music plays in the b.g. Jeanne, studying the
bewildering array of microwave meals, reacts as she sees:

At the far end of an aisle, Rick is trying to find the right
size diapers for his son, sat in a sling on his chest.
Impatient, he grabs one at random and adds it to his basket.

Jeanne heads down another aisle before he can see her.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Jeanne comes out with her single bag of groceries and crosses
the parking lot. Ahead, she sees Rick struggling with the
car seat in his wife's Honda while holding the baby. She
veers off to avoid passing but it's too late. He's seen her.

RICK

(surprised)

Jeanne!? Hey, you mind? These
things are just impossible.

She hesitates. Walks over.

JEANNE

The baby or the car seat?

He smiles and we sense the familiarity between them. Before she can protest, he's handed her the baby so he can focus on reattaching the seat. Jeanne holds the child, uncomfortable.

RICK

They keeping you busy?

JEANNE

Oh, you know. I can't complain.

RICK

Who'd listen anyway?

(a dry smile)

Still got you stuck looking at those losses?

JEANNE

These things take time.

He grins at her, having succeeded in buckling the seat. As he takes the infant from her and settles him in the car seat:

RICK

Need a ride?

JEANNE

I'll walk.

RICK

Sure?

JEANNE

I'm sure.

Rick looks at her. Grins. Goes around to get in the car.

RICK

Let me know, you ever want to hash anything out. Like old times.

JEANNE

Sure, Rick. Thanks.

He starts the car and pulls away, Jeanne watching after him.

EXT. A STREET IN VIRGINIA - DAY

A row of small bungalows in a working-class neighborhood. A taxi deposits Jeanne outside.

INT. THOMPSON HOME - DAY

A retired case officer, COLIN THOMPSON, early-60s, shows Jeanne in. He looks pale and sleepless. Haunted eyes.

They pass a bedroom on the ground floor that looks like a hospital room: a woman lying in bed, IV tubes in her arms.

JEANNE (V.O.)

I was sorry to hear about Judith.

EXT. THOMPSON HOME - YARD - DAY

They sit near his postage-stamp lawn, sipping ice tea.

JEANNE

When did she get ill?

THOMPSON

Summer of last year, right after I retired. We were gonna move to Florida, see more of the grandkids.

A look to say, 'you can see how *that* turned out.'

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

I'm telling you, Jeanne, don't ever get sick or old in this country without money.

Jeanne offers the wistful smile he seems to expect.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

It was long after what happened in eighty five. If you were looking for a motive.

His look tells her he knows why she's here. Jeanne buries a flicker of surprise and recovers smoothly:

JEANNE

Do you remember where you were when you first heard about the losses?

THOMPSON

I was in C.I, running Yuzhin and Martynov with the Feds till eighty seven. After what happened to them, ah, I'd had enough.

(and it pains him still)

You ever meet Martynov? He had two kids, a boy and a girl. Beautiful kids. He worshipped those kids.

Jeanne watches him.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

So they finally got around to looking for a mole.

(Jeanne doesn't deny it)

Who have you got working with you?

(Jeanne doesn't say)

Just you? It figures. They did not want to admit it was one of our own.

JEANNE

But you think it was?

THOMPSON

I think whatever happened, it didn't matter to them, not after Iran-Contra. They were too busy covering their asses. But it matters.

Jeanne's silence seems to agree with him. They sit there, the sun going down, light bouncing off the windows where his wife lies dying.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - CIC PEN - NIGHT

As she waits on hold on the phone at her cubbyhole, Sandy studies a 201 (operational) file on Rosario Casas Dupuy. Photos and biographical information. A shot of a younger Rosario and her father shaking hands with President Turbay at a Colombian football stadium.

ANALYST 1

Why'd you think Redmond brought her in to CIC? He's playing favorites.

Sandy reacts as she realizes they're discussing her. She peers around her cubicle. Across the room, two MALE ANALYSTS are passing through with coffee. They haven't noticed her.

ANALYST 2

You blame him? Whose ass would you rather look at. Hers or mine?

They go, chuckling. Sandy stares. Her call comes through.

SANDY

(into phone)

Hey, Steve?

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - CIA SECTION - BOGOTA - INTERCUT

On the phone in his office, with a Colombian flag on the wall and a view of a Spanish Colonial courtyard, a handsome POLITICAL ANALYST examines aerial surveillance footage of jungle laboratories and coca fields.

STEVE

How's my favorite analyst?

SANDY

I need a favor.

STEVE

Name it.

SANDY

I want you to look into someone for me. Family name, Dupuy. Her father was governor of Tolima, he died in '83.

STEVE

What are we looking for? Cocaine? Emeralds?

SANDY

It's an SE matter.

STEVE

You're still in Soviet? Read a paper. War on Drugs is where it's at, baby. Federal narcotics budget's at nine billion.

SANDY

I need an idea of their financial picture.

STEVE

No problem. But I can save us both some time. If the family's politically connected, they have money. This is Colombia. Nobody makes butter down here without skimming a little cream.

INT. CIA - OFFICE OF PERSONNEL - DAY

Dan waits in a reception area playing Nintendo Gameboy, shuffling the little black and white bricks around to form lines. A secretary emerges and hands him some files - copies of Aldrich Ames' Personnel records.

INT. DAN'S DESK IN THE OFFICE OF SECURITY - DAY

An intern drops some mail off at Dan's desk, where he's flipping through the personnel file.

He opens the envelope and pulls out some complicated paperwork under a U.S. Treasury Department seal - a credit report for Ames.

After skimming it, he picks up the Gameboy again and plays.

DAN PAYNE (V.O.)

I got to admit the mortgage thing
threw me.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - JEANNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jeanne, Sandy and Dan study the paperwork in her tiny office.

DAN PAYNE

You're talking a house cost over
half a mil. And they paid cash.

JEANNE

Check again. Could you have missed
a loan somewhere?

DAN PAYNE

(definitively)

No mortgage. No loan. I verified
it with the realtor. Apparently,
the house was a gift from Rosario's
family. As for your Jaguar...

He hands Sandy a copy of Rick's CIA Credit Union records.

DAN PAYNE (CONT'D)

He took out a \$25,000 loan through
the Credit Union, and he's paying
it off in amounts commensurate with
his salary.

Sandy looks relieved; Gary was right.

JEANNE

Anything unusual in his personnel
evaluations?

DAN PAYNE

He's got a couple D.U.I.s. Been a
little too drunk at a few Christmas
parties. But if that's a crime,
then arrest the whole D.O.

Jeanne smiles, but it's clear to Sandy she's still wary.

JEANNE
When was he last polygraphed?

DAN PAYNE
Eighty-six. He cleared out.

JEANNE
So his next is due when, April?

DAN PAYNE
Want me to try and move it up?

JEANNE
No. We don't want to alert him.

SANDY
(defensive)
Alert him? Weren't you listening?
The money's hers.

JEANNE
Then why not tell you that? Why
this story about his 'investments.'

SANDY
He's a man. They don't like to be
paid for. Right, Dan?

Dan shrugs like, 'she's right.' Jeanne looks unconvinced.

JEANNE
You said the wife was working when
they met?

SANDY
She was an attache at the Colombian
Embassy in Mexico City.

JEANNE
Latin women of standing don't work
unless they have to.

SANDY
Jeanne. I had a friend in
counternarcotics check it out. The
uncle donated land worth millions
to build a soccer field for
deprived kids. They're in real
estate. They own ice-cream
parlors. The *President of Colombia*
got her the job. Rick's living off
his wife.

Jeanne glances at her, then back to Dan.

JEANNE

Dan, you want to prepare a memo for the Office of Security? Make sure the polygraphers know to hit him on his finances.

Sandy watches Jeanne. Wondering what she's started.

DAN PAYNE

Okay... but you ask me, the guy's legit.

EXT. RUSSIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A sleeper train, the iconic Red Arrow in crimson-and-gold livery, barrels north.

INT. TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

The door to the rear caboose bangs open as JACK DOWNING, late-40s, CIA's Moscow Station Chief, comes back in from a smoke.

As he moves down the car of the speeding, rattling train towards his berth, Downing collides with a heavysset Russian coming the other way.

There's a beat of surprise, a moment of eye contact. Then the Russian apologizes and continues down the carriage, just another passenger on his way out for a smoke.

Downing glances down. Holding an envelope he wasn't before.

REDMOND (V.O.)

The guy approached Jack Downing on board the Krasnaya Strelka around dawn, local time.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - BEARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

A nice corner office in the modern glass and steel building. The walls decorated with shots of Bearden, turbaned, in Afghanistan, training mujahideen. He's taken over as Chief of Soviet Division.

BEARDEN

He checks out?

Sandy, Jeanne and Redmond wait as Bearden flips through the contents of the envelope: internal KGB documents, surveillance shots of assets including Poleshchuk/WEIGH.

REDMOND

He's Second Chief Directorate.
Counterintelligence. Right in the
inner circle.

SANDY

I don't buy it. The guy walks in,
says he wants to defect and guess
what? He knows all about the '85
losses. He's playing us.

BEARDEN

You've said it yourself, the KGB
don't dangle officers this high up.

JEANNE

Maybe they never had anything to
hide worth taking the risk before.

BEARDEN

(dismissive)
That's Cold War thinking. The
game's changing over there. A lot
of new rats are jumping ship.

SANDY

Jeanne's right. They're trying to
throw us off.

REDMOND

Look, there's always a chance he's
controlled. The question is, what
do we have to lose?

BEARDEN

(drily)
Apart from the money?

REDMOND

The money, a U.S. passport, one of
our exfil plans. If he's bad,
there's got to be a reason they're
running him at us. If he's good,
then he's gold.

INT. CIA - NHB - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jeanne and Sandy walk down the hall from Bearden's office.

SANDY

You might want to fight your corner
a little harder next time.

JEANNE

You don't win a fight with a man by
telling him he's wrong.

Sandy half smiles, glancing at her. But Jeanne is serious.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

It's interesting they'd throw
someone at us. I don't imagine
they'd do it for anyone who'd
retired. Let's talk to the
officers who had access to the
cases. Maybe they'll have some
insight.

SANDY

(a dry look)

You think one of 'em will come
right out and tell us he's the spy?

JEANNE

Oh, not in so many words.

INT. DAN'S DESK IN THE OFFICE OF SECURITY - DAY

Dan eats a sandwich as he types at his computer. Under the date December 5, 1990, glimpsed phrases: '...information concerning Ames' lavish spending habits over the past five years...' 'While serving in SE Division, he had access to a number of operations that were later compromised...' '...There is a degree of urgency involved in our request.'

INT. CIA - OFFICE OF SECURITY - DAY

The memo in the hands of a harried-looking POLYGRAPH OPERATOR. He skims it as he walks into his office.

Inside, he tosses it on his desk among a pile of paperwork and moves through to a room beyond where a CIA employee sits wired to a polygraph machine. The door closes behind them.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jeanne and Sandy face Bearden across a conference table in a bright windowed room high in the new headquarters building.

JEANNE

As you know, we've been looking into the 1985 losses. We've compiled a list of officers from the D.O. and D.I. who had access to those cases over the period in question.

BEARDEN

(flat)
Suspects.

JEANNE

Anyone who might know anything. Frankly, Milt, we're in the dark here.

Jeanne smiles. Bearden looks at them. Sandy smiles.

BEARDEN

What do you want to know?

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - BATHROOM - DAY

Bearden comes in. Rick, at a urinal, zips up and goes to wash his hands.

RICK

How'd it go?

BEARDEN

Waste of time. 'Do you remember where you were when you first heard about the losses...?' 'Are you aware of any security violations...?' They're wool-gathering.

RICK

Well, she needs that to crochet her reports.

They grin. Rick drying his hands.

RICK (CONT'D)

I was thinking of moving over there to CIC. You want to put in a word?

BEARDEN

What, Chief of Czech Operations not grand enough for you?

RICK

There are no operations against Communism in Czechoslovakia. Because there are no more Communists in Czechoslovakia. It's a fucking sinecure. I'm going out of my mind.

BEARDEN

I'll talk to Price.

Rick grins to thank him. On his way out.

RICK

Just get me a bigger office than Jeanne's.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jeanne sits watching. Rick facing her. Sandy, notepad out, is writing, lawyerish.

SANDY

A safe?

RICK

I was going through a lot at the time. The divorce. I was drinking. I swear, I thought I locked it. I come in next morning, it's wide open.

Sandy looks up at him, smiles.

SANDY

Gee, Rick. That was kind of dumb.

JEANNE

What was in the safe, you remember?

RICK

This was back in eighty-four, I was Branch Chief under Carlson. I don't know. Some restricted files. Nothing over 'Secret.'

He hesitates. Reluctant.

RICK (CONT'D)

But... there was a list.

JEANNE

Oh?

RICK

It had combinations to some of the other safes in the division. Anybody grabbed a look at it, they could have accessed a lot of our cases that way.

Sandy makes a note. Jeanne watches him. Rick looks sheepish.

RICK (CONT'D)

I know. Dumb.

JEANNE

Hey, mistakes happen.

RICK

Yes, they do.

Jeanne smiles. Rick smiles.

SANDY

Were you aware of any other security violations at the time?

He shakes his head, recovering some of his hauteur.

RICK

You want to know what I think happened?

JEANNE

That's why we're here.

RICK

I think you're looking at two options. One, if we had a human penetration, then he's long gone.

SANDY

How'd you figure?

RICK

Look at how fast they wrapped everybody up. The KGB might as well have put sign over this place saying 'mole.' Neon letters twenty foot high. But if it was a one-time shot, someone who no longer had access? A retired officer, holding a grudge? They had nothing to lose hanging his ass in the wind like that.

JEANNE

Thanks Rick, that's good advice.

RICK

Or else, the ops just went bad.
You got to ask yourself, how long
is the arm of coincidence?

Rick smiles. Jeanne smiles. Sandy closes her note pad.

SANDY

All right, Rick. Thanks.

RICK

Hey, no problem.

Jeanne watches as Rick stands and moves to the door.

JEANNE

(as if an afterthought)
How would you do it?

Rick stops. Blinks at her.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

If you were going to volunteer to
the Soviet government, how would
you go about it?

He stares. Thrown.

RICK

I... say again?

JEANNE

Hypothetically. Would you do it
abroad? Roll it into your
officially sanctioned contact? Or
would you do it here? How would
you do it?

RICK

Yeah... I guess I'd do it here.
Walk right into the Soviet embassy.

Jeanne smiles. Rick doesn't. He walks out, leaving Sandy
and Jeanne sitting there. They look at each other.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY

Jeanne and Sandy walk down the hall to her office.

SANDY

If we're wrong about him, it's his career.

JEANNE

If we're wrong, it's all our careers. But say he did volunteer, wherever he did it, he'd have to be meeting them regularly. Somewhere convenient. Part of his authorized travel.

Sandy looks at her, both of them getting the same idea.

INT. CIA - JEANNE'S OFFICE (NHB) - DAY

Dan at the computer in Jeanne's office. Jeanne and Sandy peer over his shoulder. On the screen, we see him call up Rick's authorized CIA travel over the past five years. He enters 'Bogota, Colombia.'

INT. CIA - OFFICE OF SECURITY - DAY

Rick walks down the hall to the polygraph room. At first he looks disturbed, but as he draws nearer the room he composes himself, an extraordinary transformation. He goes inside...

INT. CIA - OFFICE OF SECURITY - POLYGRAPH ROOM - DAY

Rick greets the Polygraph Operator from before, warmly. As Rick then takes his seat and the Operator begins to wire him up...

INT. CIA - JEANNE'S OFFICE (NHB) - CONTINUED

Dan scrolls through the list of Rick's overseas travel. On screen, dates and destinations - including regular trips to Bogota since the summer of 1985.

JEANNE

Sandy, you want to grab those 201s on known KGB. Let's see if we can put anyone with him in Bogota.

INT. CIA - POLYGRAPH ROOM - CONTINUED

Rick is wired to the machine. The Operator facing him.

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
Are you trying to hide anything
from CIA?

RICK
No.

Tight on the polygraph scroll. The graph needles don't flicker, indicating no nervous reaction.

INT. CIA - JEANNE'S OFFICE (NHB) - CONTINUED

Sandy bangs down a stack of operational files on known KGB officers. Opens the first one and flips through to his overseas assignments. Dan and Jeanne start on the others.

INT. CIA - POLYGRAPH ROOM - CONTINUED

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR
Are you or have you ever been in
contact with a foreign intelligence
service without the agency's
knowledge or approval?

INT. CIA - JEANNE'S OFFICE (NHB) - CONTINUED

Dan back at the terminal. The dates Rick was last in Bogota highlighted on screen - 12/21/89 to 1/5/90. Sandy consults a handwritten list of KGB postings to Bogota.

SANDY
None of our known aliases were
there when he was.

INT. CIA - POLYGRAPH ROOM - CONTINUED

RICK
No.

Tight on the polygraph, needles steady: no nervous reaction.

INT. CIA - JEANNE'S OFFICE (NHB) - CONTINUED

JEANNE
Dan, NSA have records of travel for
Russian nationals. Can you call it
up? Maybe they weren't using a
cover.

Dan's already doing it. A green field on his computer screen reads NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY. He enters a PASSWORD.

SANDY

Any KGB officer on an operational run is going to be travelling under alias.

JEANNE

Oh, I don't know. Mistakes happen.

INT. CIA - POLYGRAPH ROOM - CONTINUED

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR

Have you had any contact with foreign nationals you wish to hide from CIA?

RICK

No.

Tight on the polygraph scroll. This time it flickers, betraying a nervous response.

INT. CIA - JEANNE'S OFFICE (NHB) - CONTINUED - DAY

The screen on Dan's computer shows a bewildering list of data, charting the movement of Russian foreign nationals worldwide. Dan fills in a location field - Bogota, Columbia - then another field with the dates - 1985-1991 - then pauses from typing to glance over at Jeanne:

DAN PAYNE

Who are we looking for?

JEANNE

Any experienced KGB C.I. officers who might have handled a spy.

SANDY

It's going to take a while.

As Sandy returns to the files, and there are a lot of them...

JEANNE

(rattles them off from memory)

Let's start with Danilev, Vasily; Karetkin, Yuri; Khrenkov, Aleksei; Lysenko, Sergei; Vassiliev, Alexander...

INT. CIA - POLYGRAPH ROOM - CONTINUED

POLYGRAPH OPERATOR

Why do you think the machine shows a reaction when asked about contact with foreign nationals?

RICK

I'm *married* to one.

Rick grins. The Operator doesn't. The temperature drops several degrees.

INT. CIA - JEANNE'S OFFICE (NHB) - CONTINUED

Dan's fingers fly over the keyboard, as, on screen, a name blinks up, highlighted in green.

DAN PAYNE

Wait, back up. Say that one again.

JEANNE

Which, Vassiliev?

DAN PAYNE

No. Before that.

INT. CIA - POLYGRAPH ROOM - CONTINUED

The operator waits for an answer that satisfies him. Rick, relaxed, tries to provide him with one.

RICK

Look, my wife's Colombian. I meet friends, colleagues of hers all the time down there. In Bogota. I don't know anything about them. Now, are you asking me, am I hundred per cent certain they're not foreign intelligence? Could they know who I work for, be sounding me out? It's possible. Nothing's a hundred per cent.

INT. CIA - JEANNE'S OFFICE (NHB) - CONTINUED

On the screen, a green field blinking over the name: KHRENKOV, ALEKSEI. An Avianca flight listing puts him Bogota, Colombia 12/23/89 - 12/28/89.

HOLD on Jeanne, Sandy and Dan as they look at one another.

EXT. CIA - PARKING LOT - DAY

Milt Bearden walks to his car past executive parking spaces reserved for the Director, Deputy Director, and DDO - the barons of CIA.

Jeanne and Sandy catch up...

SANDY

Milt. Got a minute?

EXT. CIA - PARKING LOT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jeanne and Sandy talk with Bearden by his car.

SANDY

All we're saying is, we need to limit his access until O.S. come through with the polygraph.

BEARDEN

Based on what? He was in Bogota the same time as this Khrenkov?

SANDY

That. The money -

BEARDEN (CONT'D)

- Any city in the world is gonna have KGB.

BEARDEN (CONT'D)

(to Jeanne)

I imagine you even had one or two pass through on the back of a pick-up in Gabon once in a while.

JEANNE

(letting that go)

It doesn't prove anything, we know that. All the same -

BEARDEN

You're damn right it doesn't.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

- the money is suspicious. Until we have a chance to dig a little deeper into his finances, I'm urging caution.

BEARDEN

You didn't find his mortgage. You find my mortgage? You ask Redmond about *his* rich wife? You want to throw the keys to every Jaguar in this parking lot in a bowl and pick your suspect that way?

SANDY

Nobody wants it to be Rick.

BEARDEN

I think you're wrong. I think you do want it to be Rick. I think you got a grudge, Sandy, 'cause you think you're smarter than he is only no one else gets it. I think it burns you both up a guy can have a pretty wife and a big house and a family and still get up every day and do his job protecting America.

Sandy stares; she can't believe it. Jeanne is expressionless.

SANDY

Look, just wait until the polygraph comes in -

BEARDEN

I don't have to. He cleared out. The Office of Security sees no reason to investigate him further. They closed their file. You ladies have a good weekend.

He gets in his car, reverses, and pulls away... leaving them there by the rows of expensive vehicles in the executive lot.

INT. CIA - PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Jeanne is walking home. Sandy's car pulls up alongside.

SANDY

Want a ride?

JEANNE

Where to?

SANDY

(isn't it obvious?)
Home. It's on my way.

JEANNE

I'll walk.

Sandy considers, then drives away. We STAY WITH Jeanne.

INT. JEANNE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Jeanne unlocks her door. She stands there, looking around her apartment - undecorated since the fifties, shelves piled deep with books, a lounge chair in front of the T.V. All she has to show for herself.

She switches on the NEWS. Bombing over Baghdad during Desert Storm (1991).

INT. GRIMES HOUSE - EVENING

The T.V. on here, too, tuned to JEOPARDY. Gary and Tracy, now aged 14, are watching from the sofa. They hear the front door open, Sandy coming home.

ALEX TREBEK

(on TV)

When the future state of Iowa became part of the U.S., this man was president. Thirty seconds, ladies...

The iconic music starts up.

TRACY

(calling)

Mom, President when they made Iowa a state - ?

Calling from the hall -

SANDY

Jefferson. The Louisiana purchase.

She moves to the living room threshold, keeping her coat on.

ALEX TREBEK (V.O.)

The future state of Iowa came to us through the Louisiana Purchase, and the man who was President was - Thomas Jefferson. You're right!

GARY

You're a smart cookie, you know it?

SANDY

That's why you married me.

He cranes around to grin at her, standing there in her coat.

GARY

You going somewhere?

INT. JEANNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeanne is watching Jeopardy on the ancient T.V. in her living room. There's a knock at the door. From her reaction we sense this is an unusual occurrence.

Out in the hall, she opens the door to - Sandy.

INT. JEANNE'S APARTMENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Sandy looks around the apartment, Jeanne busy in the kitchen.

JEANNE

Would you like something to drink?

SANDY

I'd go for a glass of wine.

JEANNE

Let me look. I wasn't expecting anyone.

Now or ever, Sandy's expression seems to say as she takes in the place. She moves to windows giving out onto a balcony and tries them.

SANDY

Do you have a key for this? We could sit outside.

Jeanne reappears, with a half-finished bottle of wine that looks like it's been in a cupboard since Nixon was president.

JEANNE

Oh, probably. Somewhere.

SANDY

(after a beat)

Let's go out.

EXT. PULCINELLA'S ITALIAN KITCHEN - NIGHT

Traffic races past the restaurant on Old Dominion Drive.

INT. PULCINELLA'S ITALIAN KITCHEN - NIGHT

A waiter pours wine for them both at their table in the busy restaurant. Sandy looks over the menu.

SANDY

What's good here?

JEANNE
The eggplant parmigiana.

SANDY
What else?

JEANNE
I don't know. I have the eggplant.

SANDY
(after a beat)
We'll take the eggplant.

Sandy hands off the menu to the waiter. Long silence before -

SANDY (CONT'D)
Do you think we're right?

Jeanne doesn't say anything. Sandy interprets her lack of response as doubt.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Look, I know you don't have a very high opinion of me, I don't really care. I care about the people who relied on us. Who put everything on the line for us - their careers, their families, their *lives* - and relied on *us* to keep them safe.

JEANNE
Why do you say that?

SANDY
We have a duty to those in our care. They deserve an answer.

JEANNE
No, you think I don't have a high opinion of you?

SANDY
Fifteen years, I don't remember you ever sharing one.

JEANNE
What do you want, I should have had somebody make you a little badge? We do what we have to do in service of the agency.

SANDY
Then *serve* it. They brought you back to find out what happened.

Jeanne just looks at her, says nothing.

SANDY (CONT'D)

What are you going to do? Retire?
Sit at home, watch Jeopardy for the
next twenty years? It will *haunt*
you.

Jeanne looks at her, then looks away. Eventually -

JEANNE

You remember the interview, they
convert you to professional?

SANDY

(thrown)
Sure. Why?

JEANNE

March of 'fifty-five. He asked me
when I planned on getting married.
He said, that would be the end of
my career because I'd have to stay
home and raise the children.

SANDY

They asked me the same thing in
'67, you believe that?

JEANNE

I told him, I didn't plan on having
children. I'd never thought about
it before.

Jeanne stares out quietly. Sandy, feeling the regret in her
eyes, tries to lighten the mood.

SANDY

You know what I said? 'I don't
know - when do you?'

JEANNE

(smiles; then)
They brought me back because you
can't ask a computer to comb the
files, look at the data, look for
connections that may or may not
exist - for the next, five, ten,
however many years. They brought
me back because they could trust me
to take my time... and to put the
Agency first.

(a beat)

I was never meant to find anything.

Sandy smiles like it's a joke; then smiles like it's a bigger one. It's not, she realizes.

SANDY

I don't believe that.

Jeanne's silence says something like, 'believe what you want - it's true.'

SANDY (CONT'D)

If we're wrong, then okay, we're a punch line. I don't care. What if we're right?

JEANNE

If we're right, then CIA's the punch line.

A beat on Sandy.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

The Cold War built the Agency. But what's going to maintain it? How's it going to look for their Congressional funding, they admit every operation we ran against the Soviet target for twenty five years was for nothing? Because of one of their own. There's no way to win this.

(pause)

We were never meant to find anything.

A pause as the waiter returns, setting down their meals. Sandy waits, watching Jeanne quietly, until the guy has gone.

SANDY

Only if he gets away.

JEANNE

Excuse me?

SANDY

Then it really was for nothing. All of it. Polyakov. Poleshchuk. They'll have died for nothing. And you'll have wasted your life. But only if nobody catches him. So I'll ask you again: do you think we're right?

Jeanne reacts, a flicker behind the eyes. Sandy can see her words have landed.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

A white Jaguar XJ-6 drives north along Massachusetts Ave., the Mall and Capitol building illuminated behind.

INT/EXT. JAGUAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Opera music plays on the car stereo. Rick drives, his face impassive in the passing headlights. A traffic sign announces he's crossing into Maryland.

EXT. LITTLE FALLS PARK - MARYLAND - NIGHT

The Jaguar glides into a parking area, past a wooden sign and tourist map marking the entrance to 'Little Falls Park.'

EXT. LITTLE FALLS PARK - FOOTPATH - NIGHT

Rick strolls along a footpath through the woods. As a JOGGER approaches from the opposite direction, Rick lowers his face, waiting for the guy to pass before he makes his way towards a pedestrian bridge spanning a creek.

EXT. LITTLE FALLS PARK - FOOTBRIDGE - NIGHT

Reaching the bridge, Rick stops and takes a long look around before stepping off the path. He searches under the bridge, finding a PACKAGE wrapped tightly in layers of black plastic.

INT. AMES HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Unwrapping the package, Rick discovers it contains \$37,000 in hundred-dollar bills. He reads the accompanying NOTE from his KGB handlers, advising him of a future meeting in Bogota.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - CIC PEN - DAY

A workman affixes a plaque to the wall beside the door to an office in the CIC pen: 43C - Aldrich Ames - Senior Analyst.'

Passing on her way in to work, Sandy notes the new office - and who it's for - and hurries through the pen without taking off her coat.

INT. CIA - JEANNE'S OFFICE (NHB) - DAY

The door already open, Sandy knocks and walks in. Rick is perched on the corner of Jeanne's desk, casually flipping through the papers on it.

RICK

Jeanne around? I wanted the memo on Fedorenko.

SANDY

I was looking for her myself.

He puts down the papers he was browsing and looks at her.

RICK

(grins)

Let me know if you need a hand.
We're gonna be neighbors.

He walks out, passing very close to her. Sandy watches him.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - REDMOND'S OFFICE - DAY

Jeanne faces Redmond across his desk in his new office; he's now Deputy Head of the Counterintelligence Center.

REDMOND

You sure this is how you want to spend your last eighteen months? I could put in a word for you with counterespionage.

JEANNE

Oh, no.

REDMOND

Fifth floor, nice view, name on the door.

JEANNE

I'd like to give this one last college try. I think our assets deserve that.

He studies her a moment, pleased. It occurs to Jeanne that he may have been testing her resolve.

REDMOND

You pick your team. But I want the Bureau involved.

Jeanne looks at him, a flicker of distaste.

REDMOND (CONT'D)

I'm not interested in spinning out a lot of theories. I want to hand somebody over to the D.A. with enough evidence to put him away for a long time.

(Jeanne nods)

Are you looking at anyone in particular?

JEANNE

I'd like to establish a consensus. There are a hundred and ninety-eight names on the Bigot List, every one of our personnel who had access. I'll need the Feds to see their files.

REDMOND

I have to kick that up to Price.

JEANNE

And he'll kick up to Seventh, then they'll spend six months kicking it around the corridors.

REDMOND

(amused)

You want me to share sensitive files with another government agency without permission?

She rises to go, looking back drily from the door:

JEANNE

What are they going to do, fire me?

EXT. LANGLEY - DAY

An FBI-issue Crown Victoria pulls up to the security checkpoint off Dolley Madison. The MARINE on duty takes ID from the two dark-suited agents inside, glancing from the names on their FBI cards to the men themselves: JAMES HOLT and JAMES MILBURN, both mid-40s.

JEANNE (V.O.)

We've identified all those CIA employees who had access at one time or other to one or more of the compromised cases.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - CIC PEN - DAY

An analyst codes the door. As he walks Holt and Milburn through the pen, the agents admire the technology on display, analysts bent over consoles, a feeling of focus and precision - the modern CIA.

JEANNE (V.O.)

These are people we know, people
we've worked with for years.

They walk past 43C. Rick peers up from his desk as they go.

INT. CIA - JEANNE'S OFFICE (NHB) - DAY

Holt and Milburn, distinctly unimpressed, crowd in her cramped office with Sandy, Dan Payne, and Redmond while Jeanne briefs them from a whiteboard. Drawing a series of concentric circles -

JEANNE

First, we look at who recruited,
ran and analyzed the operations.
Next, technical and clerical
employees - support staff.
Finally, anyone plugged in through
hallway gossip. Scuttlebutt.

Holt and Milburn trade a look, complaining:

HOLT

You can't start an
investigation with a hundred
ninety-eight suspects.

MILBURN

...Looking for a needle in a
haystack made of needles.

Jeanne just smiles, as if this were exactly the response she predicted - and wanted.

JEANNE

Oh, I agree. We have to narrow the
search.

DAN PAYNE

We could start with anyone in the
D.O. or the D.I. with financial
problems...

HOLT

(agreeing)
Motive.

MILBURN

Divorce... family illness.

Jeanne cuts through it.

JEANNE

Once you've been read-in, we'll take a poll. Choose five or six names that stand out to you. Who in your opinion warrant a closer look. We'll weight them numerically and concentrate on those who score highest.

That stops them. Sandy stares, surprised. The Federal agents shifting at the idea.

MILBURN

You want to run your investigation based on women's intuition?

SANDY

Or you want, you can spend the next ten years sat on that wastebasket?

Holt and Milburn exchange another look, though Holt appears to be coming round to the idea.

JEANNE

We'll get you passes to the secure vault, you can get started right away. Any questions?

Raising his hand like a begrudging school kid in class:

MILBURN

How seriously is the Agency taking this investigation - enough for another chair?

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - SECURE ROOM - DAY

Sandy drops on the table in front of Holt and Milburn the first of many thick files she has just retrieved from one of the safes lining the walls. As the agents eye it, Sandy returns for another -

SANDY

(drily)
Sorry, no Cliff Notes.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - CIC PEN - EVENING

Chatting with another analyst as he retrieves a file from one of the heavy drawers lining the room, Rick watches Sandy walk out for the night.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - PHOTOCOPY ROOM - NIGHT

The flash-whir... flash-whir... of a photocopier, printing off pages marked 'Top Secret.' Rick feeds in pages from another file. His briefcase is nearby, a four-inch stack of documents already inside.

INT. CIA - LOBBY - NIGHT

Clutching his briefcase, Rick inserts his ID into the turnstile. The SECURITY GUARD buzzes him through. As Rick crosses the marble lobby...

SECURITY GUARD

Hey, wait...!

Rick freezes, turns to see the guard holding the ID badge he left behind. He doubles back to retrieve it, then heads out.

Distant JET ENGINES roar -

EXT. BOGOTA - DAY

Massive wheels blow off smoke as an Avianca flight touches down, high in the Andes.

EXT. LA CANDELARIA - BOGOTA - DAY

A taxi drives Rick and Rosario through the city's historic downtown. Whitewashed homes with wrought-iron balconies. Street vendors, illusionists, jugglers and musicians vying for trade. In the back of the taxi with expensive shopping bags, Rosario gives Rick a long, lingering kiss.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL (UNICENTRO) - BOGOTA - DAY

Holding his briefcase and a copy of TIME as he waits outside the Bolicentro bowling alley in a bland suburban mall, Rick watches a guy he doesn't recognize - late fifties, balding - approach him from the crowd -

ANDRE

Didn't we meet in Vienna?

RICK

No. Maybe it was London.

Their 'parole' established, Rick follows the guy to his car, a nondescript sedan with diplomatic plates.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

As Rick gets in, finds a baseball cap and dark glasses on the back seat and puts them on...

RICK
Where's Vlad?

ANDRE
You can call me Andre.

Rick sits low in the seat as Andre pulls out into traffic.

EXT. SOVIET EMBASSY - BOGOTA - DAY

The sedan drives up to a walled compound in the city's diplomatic neighborhood. Soviet flags hang outside. The security gates open.

INT. SOVIET EMBASSY - BOGOTA - DAY

Pouring two vodkas, Andre hands one to Rick in a room with red and gold flags and pictures of Gorbachev. A t.v. runs muted footage of mobs outside KGB headquarters in Lubyanka Square. It's August 1991.

ANDRE
Nasdrovia.

Rick pulls out the thick package of stolen CIA documents and puts it down. Andre hefts it.

RICK
I want my money.

ANDRE
Of course.

RICK
All of it. Everything outstanding.

Andre, having reached into a drawer for a brick of U.S. currency, hesitates.

RICK (CONT'D)
(calmly)
Every time I service a drop, every time I come down here to deliver your mail for you, I take a risk. I put my family at risk. If I'm at risk, then so are you.

ANDRE
 (hearing the threat in it)
 You sound upset, why are you
 getting upset?

Andre puts the money down in front of him. Rick, the picture of calm, makes no move to take it.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
 You know we will always do
 everything we can to protect you.

RICK
 (yells)
You rolled them all up! You got
 scared and you got greedy and you
 rolled them up. And you shone a
 fucking light on me.

Andre nods to acknowledge the KGB's mistake.

RICK (CONT'D)
 Protect me? You can't even protect
 yourselves.

Rick gestures to the TV: where, at that moment, a STUDENT is scaling the statue of 'Iron Felix' Dzerzhinsky outside KGB headquarters, looping a rope around its neck.

RICK (CONT'D)
 If they dismantle the KGB, you'll
 be out of a job. You might decide
 you want your family to know what a
 Big Mac tastes like. But you'll
 need a ticket to America.

In other words, 'me.'

ANDRE
 Now you sound paranoid.

RICK
 Being paranoid is my job.

Rick takes a beat, mastering himself.

RICK (CONT'D)
 The CIA have a source. They're
 planning to exfiltrate him.

ANDRE
 Do you have the name of this
 source?

RICK

Zhomov. He approached one of our station chiefs on the train to Leningrad, wanting to defect.

(indicates the stolen files)

It's all in there.

ANDRE

(smiling)

You have nothing to fear from this man. Of this you can be absolutely certain.

A beat on Rick, getting it.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

This man, this operation, every piece of information he has given you is part of an elaborate lie designed for one purpose: to protect you. You are the most valuable agent we have ever had. So tell me, how do you think we would ever let anything happen to you?

Rick regards him for a moment, then drinks.

RICK

Nasdrovia.

(a beat)

They have a new unit at Langley. They're looking for a mole.

ANDRE

Who are they?

RICK

It's a couple of women and some analysts from the Bureau.

ANDRE

(concerned)

The FBI is involved?

RICK

The Feds couldn't find their own dicks if CIA drew them a map. They've been looking into this since eighty six. If they had anything, they'd have made a move by now.

ANDRE

These women, what are their names?

Rick hesitates, recognizing the line he'd cross by naming them.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Could either of them have been the traitor? It would be easy to find a source to say so.

A long beat on Rick.

RICK

Jeanne Vertefeuille. Sandy Grimes.

Andre writes their names down on a notepad. Rick watches him uncertainly, finishing his vodka.

INT. CIA - JEANNE'S OFFICE (NHB) - DAY

Another notepad, where Sandy finishes jotting down a list of five CIA officers with, underlined at the top: Aldrich Ames.

WIDER on the room, where Holt, Milburn, Dan Payne and Redmond are writing their lists, bent over notepads like kids covering their exam papers. Sandy tears off her note, folds it and drops it on Jeanne's desk. Jeanne and Sandy regard each other, listening to the scratch of pens in the otherwise silent room, as one by one, the men finish, fold, and drop their lists on Jeanne's desk.

As Jeanne unfolds each list, adding a descending numeric score beside each name, we notice everyone included Rick.

Sandy moves to Jeanne, watching over her shoulder as she writes down a name - Aldrich Ames - and adds a score - 21.

The next highest name - Thompson's - only scores 17.

Jeanne and Sandy hold a look; they have their consensus - there's no going back.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - CIC PEN - NIGHT

It's quiet in here now, just the hum of computers and glow of the lights over Sandy's cubicle. The six of them gathered there.

HOLT

Stop thinking like an analyst. You find a suspect and you focus on him until he's busted or eliminated.

MILBURN

(skeptical)

There are others with fifteen, sixteen points.

HOLT

Ames is the only one with undisclosed finances.

MILBURN

What about this retiree - Thompson?

JEANNE

I spoke to him, he's not hiding anything.

MILBURN

Do we maybe want to check?

DAN PAYNE

I looked into his Medicare. His wife's illness cleared them out.

SANDY

Anyone who gave up that many names is gonna have made millions.

MILBURN

Okay... Bearden.

JEANNE

(after a beat of consideration)

If you were working for the KGB and you were responsible for the decimation of our operations on behalf of your Soviet friends - would your next move be to go and risk your life training teenage Mujahideen how to shoot down their Hind-24s in Afghanistan? We don't see eye to eye. But I don't think it's Milt.

MILBURN

That's your idea of analysis?

SANDY

It was me, I'd take a nice cushy posting somewhere warm, with a lot of expensive shops.

HOLT

Like Rome?

Sandy smiles, 'you got it.'

HOLT (CONT'D)

So where do we start?

SANDY

I want to run a full computer scan of his D.O. records. Put together a deep chrono. His postings, his meetings, his overseas travel, vacations, sick days, every badge in and badge out. If he's meeting Soviets, there'll be a pattern.

JEANNE

We still need to explain the money, or tie it to the KGB.

HOLT

If we go digging around in his bank accounts or financial records, they're obliged to notify him. The Right to Financial Privacy Act.

DAN PAYNE

Yeah, there's a provision in there for any matters concerning foreign counterintelligence.

SANDY

(incredulous)

What?

They all look at him.

DAN PAYNE

(shrugs)

But we've never used it.

A dry beat.

JEANNE

Well, Dan... maybe now's the time.

INT. AMES HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

A man's wallet - Rick's - sitting on his desk. The study is dark. Then a door is opened and light spills in.

RICK (O.S.)
It's in my other coat!

ROSARIO
(calling back through the
house)
I've seen it!

Rosario, dressed expensively for dinner, comes in to search for the wallet without bothering to turn on the light. She moves books and files aside, spilling some on the floor and cursing softly in Spanish.

She finds the wallet and grabs it, reaching to pick up the books from the floor. As she does, a sheet of paper and several Polaroid photographs fall out.

Rosario picks up the note and examines it in the half light:

It's a financial statement of sorts. It reads: 'Dear Friend, this is your balance sheet as on the May 1, 1989. / All in all you have been appropriated 2,705,000 \$...'

And below the brief financial summary, a P.S. 'We believe these pictures would give you some idea about the beautiful piece of land on the river bank, which from now belongs to you forever...'

RICK (O.S.)
(calls out)
We're gonna be late!

Rosario doesn't answer, glancing at the photographs. They show a tract of pine-forested land on the water somewhere. Though where, Rosario can't say.

INT/EXT. AMES HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rick at the door, ready to go. Rosario arrives, hands him the wallet.

RICK
All right, let's go.

Never looking at him, Rosario precedes him out to the car.

INT. GERMAINE'S - GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

Washington power brokers mingle with journalists and talk-show hosts over Vietnamese food in the dimly-lit restaurant.

At their table dead center, Rosario is quiet, though she manufactures a smile as Rick shakes hands with and introduces her briefly to a passing senator. Once he's gone...

ROSARIO

Where does our money come from?

RICK

(looks at her)

I told you. Robert. I manage his investments, he cuts me in.

ROSARIO

No.

(fixes him)

Where does it come from?

They hold their look a long, uncomfortable beat. Then, their friends arrive, sparing Rick further interrogation - for now.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - CIC PEN - NIGHT

Dan is typing at his computer in his cubicle beside Sandy's. A National Security Inquiry letter, addressed to Citibank.

He hits print and, as it rolls off the machine, gathers up several more letters already sealed in envelopes for the Dominion Bank of Virginia and the Pierpoint Investment Group. He puts the Citibank letter in an envelope, puts that in his briefcase with the others, grabs his coat and turns to Sandy working at her computer.

DAN PAYNE

'night.

Sandy just waves, intent on her screen. On the monitor, we see digitized D.O. (Directorate of Operations) records.

She types *Ames, Aldrich H.* into a search field. It takes her to biographical information from his Office of Personnel file:

Born May 26, 1941, River Falls Wisconsin... George Washington University... Clerk-typist Directorate of Operations records division, 1962-1967... Operations Officer, 1967- present.

She types in another search, this time using his operational pseudonym - *Wells, Rick P.*

This brings up the first of thousands of pages of reports written by, or concerning him, from his operational files.

It's going to take her months to read them all.

She returns to his personnel file and begins another search, typing - *Ames, Aldrich H.* - and scrolling through fields of green type to find his annual *Performance Appraisal Report*. There are thirty to choose from so she selects the dates most relevant to the compromises - 1984-1985.

Scrolling through the text, her eyes catch on - *March, 1985, made contact with Sergey Dmitriyevich Chuvakhin with a view to developing him as a source.*

Sandy studies the screen, thinking.

INT. AMES HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Rick is writing a note on a YELLOW POST-IT - drafting a message to his KGB handlers: 'IF YOU CANNOT MEET 1 OCT, SIGNAL NORTH AFTER 27 SEPT WITH MESSAGE AT PIPE.' A knock at the door. Rick tears up the note and dumps it in the trash as Rosario walks in. Eventually -

ROSARIO

I'm a Princeton graduate. When we met, you said I was the only woman you knew who understood Marquez. I have a doctorate from Georgetown.

Rick looks thrown by this apparent non-sequitur. Rosario studies him quietly, then puts something down on his desk.

ROSARIO (CONT'D)

So why do you treat me like I'm an idiot.

Rick glances at what she's put down - the 'Dear Friend' letter and Polaroids of the land outside Moscow. They regard each other in a silence...

Then, Rick stands and moves over to the stereo.

RICK

I'm about ready for a drink. You want one?

He puts on MUSIC. Loud, like to cover what they say next:

ROSARIO

(close)
Is it the Soviets?

RICK
(casually)
I'm working for them.

ROSARIO
As part of an operation?

RICK
No.

Rosario takes a beat to process it.

RICK (CONT'D)
It was safer if you didn't know.

ROSARIO
(after a beat)
Safer for me or for you?

He doesn't answer. And she SLAPS him, hard - surprising him.

ROSARIO (CONT'D)
I'm your wife. I would never
betray you.

He regards her a moment, smiling, relieved to find he believes her. He kisses her.

ROSARIO (CONT'D)
Does anyone suspect you?

Rick thinks... then shakes his head.

ROSARIO (CONT'D)
Don't underestimate them.

RICK
They'll never find anything.

ROSARIO
I did.

He takes that on board... then kisses her, part of his burden of secrecy lifted.

RICK
My friends take very good care of
me.

As they start to make out...

EXT/INT. PULCINELLA'S ITALIAN KITCHEN - NIGHT

From outside, we see Jeanne paying the check at her customary table. The sense she is watched.

LATER:

Jeanne leaves the restaurant, zipping her anorak, noticing a solitary MAN smoking a cigarette outside in the parking lot.

As she walks towards the street, she glances back. The man keeps smoking, watching her. Distracted, she starts across the street -

An oncoming CAR swerves, missing her by inches.

Jeanne stumbles, trips, the traffic racing past, the BLARE OF HORNS. As the cigarette smoker rushes over to help her up...

JEANNE

I'm fine... I didn't look!

Recovering, she looks now - and sees the DARK SEDAN that almost clipped her, turning at a stop light down the street.

INT. DAN'S DESK IN THE OFFICE OF SECURITY - DAY

A clerk drops a thick envelope from American Express on the desk, where Dan is sitting with his feet up playing Tetris.

DAN PAYNE

(still playing)

Thanks.

The clerk doesn't leave, setting down a second even thicker envelope and then a third. Dan, curious now, sets the game aside, opens the first envelope, examines a few of the credit card receipts inside - and reacts with astonishment.

INT. CIA - JEANNE'S OFFICE (NHB) - LATER - DAY

Dan is in shirtsleeves at her desk, surrounded by statements and credit card receipts, the tape from an adding machine spilling onto the floor -

DAN PAYNE

(excited)

They've been charging anywhere
between eighteen and thirty grand a
month! Right here -

He finds a statement -

DAN PAYNE (CONT'D)
 - they got hit for an extra
 eighteen thousand for late payment.
 This is a guy makes sixty-nine
 thousand eight hundred a year
 before tax.

SANDY
 (a hint of surprise)
 Oh yeah? That much?

DAN PAYNE
 So how the hell is he paying off
 two hundred a year in credit card
 bills!?

Jeanne and Sandy exchange a glance. Sandy excited now;
 they're getting closer.

JEANNE
 It doesn't help us unless we can
 tie it to the KGB.

EXT. CIA - PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

They walk through the parking lot.

SANDY
 Rick was a developing a source back
 in eighty five. Chuvakhin. An
 arms control specialist at the
 embassy here in D.C. It could be
 his cut out.

JEANNE
 Can we link him to the money?

SANDY
 We can try.

They stop by Sandy's car. Jeanne looks around, uneasily.

JEANNE
 There are two hundred Soviet
 officials in this city. Maybe a
 third are KGB.
 (Sandy waits to hear her
 point)
 Be careful, okay? He might be
 getting nervous.

Sandy watches as Jeanne walks off through the parking lot.

EXT. VIRGINIA - NIGHT

Sandy driving home along the Dulles Toll Road, the expressway heavy with traffic.

INT/EXT. SANDY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

As the exit she wants looms in her windshield, Sandy signals and changes lanes. Her eyes move to the rearview mirror. She sees a dark sedan a few cars back signal the same way.

EXT. RESTON - NIGHT

Sandy merges with the traffic on the 602, followed, a moment later, by the sedan.

INT/EXT. SANDY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Her eyes glancing to the rearview - noticing that same sedan still behind her - Sandy weighs a brief decision, then signals and calmly makes a right turn onto Sunset Hills Road.

Approaching the traffic lights, Sandy checks her mirror again. She sees the sedan make the same turn behind her. Nervous now, fighting a sudden, sickening wave of paranoia, she stares at the road.

Up ahead, the vehicles in front of her cross just before the traffic lights change to red.

Acting on instinct and adrenalin, Sandy hits the gas, swerving left across three lanes of oncoming traffic at the lights and speeding down Old Reston Avenue.

As horns blare behind her, Sandy checks her rearview, relieved to see the sedan boxed in, unable to follow her.

EXT. GRIMES HOUSE - NIGHT

Sandy pulls up and cuts the engine. She sits there for a moment, trembling, then breathes out a smile as if mocking herself for acting so stupidly. She climbs out.

At her front door, her hands shake so badly that she drops her keys. Bending to retrieve them, she notices something out of the corner of her eye that chills her.

The same sedan that followed her cruises slowly along the street in front of her house, then speeds up and drives away.

INT. GRIMES HOUSE - NIGHT

A dinner party is over. Dirty plates, coffee cups, wine. Gary and the girls - now 19 and 15 - along with several friends of hers and Gary's, stare at Sandy as she arrives - wondering where she's been.

INT. GRIMES HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

The guests have gone, Tracy and Kelly clearing plates in the kitchen and trying not to listen to the argument next door.

GARY (O.S.)

It's been in the diary for weeks.
This time. This one time you said
you'd make it.

In the living room...

SANDY

I got roped into something last
minute. I'm sorry.

GARY

There's always something. There is
always *some thing* more important.

SANDY

(irritably, still tense)
It was just a dinner...

GARY

No it's not.

His roar stops her; Gary is not a shouter.

GARY (CONT'D)

I can't do it any more, Sandy. I
can't be a *support system* for
whatever it is you feel you have to
do. The girls deserve better. I
deserve better.

This cuts her deeply, and Sandy takes a moment to recover, trying to explain herself.

SANDY

If you knew what it was...

GARY

Going through old files in a
basement? On the Soviet Union
which by the way *no longer exists!*?

SANDY
 (evenly)
 If I could tell you, you'd
 understand.

Gary studies her quietly a moment. He seems close to understanding, to forgiving her. Then -

GARY
 (cold)
 But you can't.

He walks out past her, leaving Sandy to stand there alone.

EXT. MCLEAN HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Emerging from her building in tennis shoes, Jeanne stops in surprise. Sandy is waiting by her car.

SANDY
 I'm taking you to work from now on.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - CIC PEN - NIGHT

Dan upends a carton over his desk, spilling out canceled checks, deposit slips and credit card receipts - an avalanche of financial data.

As he begins to sift through it, entering figures from a receipt into a spreadsheet on his computer, he hands the receipt across the divide between their cubicles to Sandy.

Sandy cross-checks it against the detailed chronology of Ames's movements on her monitor, then places the receipt in another carton.

As we now see there are dozens of the cartons on Dan's desk, waiting to be processed...

SANDY (V.O.)
 The FBI cabled Ames in Rome in July of eighty-six, wanting to know what was going on with Chuvakhin.

INT. JEANNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeanne studies Sandy's five-hundred page chronology. Sandy paces, searching drawers and counters as she briefs Jeanne.

JEANNE
 They were still meeting?

SANDY

It sounds like it. Only he stopped reporting them in late eighty-five.

They exchange a look.

JEANNE

Have the Jims see what they can dig up at Buzzard Point. If the FBI had Chuvakhin under surveillance, we could maybe get them meeting outside of his sanctioned contact.

(then)

What are you doing?

During this, Sandy been rifling the contents of a drawer, sifting decades of junk. She gestures to the balcony window.

SANDY

Looking for a key to those. I'll be honest, you could use some air in here.

Jeanne nods, but she's not really listening, engrossed in the chronology.

EXT. LANGLEY - DAY

Rain. Sandy's car is one of few vehicles parked on the lot.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - CIC PEN - DAY

Sifting deposit slips, Dan logs information from one into his database - 5/18/85 - \$9000 - then hands the slip over the divide to Sandy in her cubicle.

Sandy enters the date in her chronology. Then she stops cold, staring at the screen. We see the deposit she just logged - 5/18/85 - \$9000.

And above it, among the list of Ames's reported activity for the day before: 5/17/85 - *lunch with Chuvakhin.*

Sandy scrolls down to the next lunch with Chuvakhin - 7/5/85.

Dan, oblivious, is tapping away, inputting data from the slips piled on his desk. Sandy peers over the barrier.

SANDY

Dan.

DAN PAYNE
 (typing)
 Mm.

SANDY
 You got July there?

DAN PAYNE
 Mm-hm. Getting to it.

SANDY
 Hurry it up will you?

Dan shoots her an impatient look. Sandy, a beat, rolls her chair over to his desk and tips out a box of bank receipts. As Dan starts to protest -

SANDY (CONT'D)
 Where's Jeanne?

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

As the checkout girl rings up the last of her purchases, Jeanne eyes the rain slapping against the glass outside.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Jeanne exits, carrying her bag of groceries through the rain. She stops in her tracks when she sees a red Jaguar parked in a bay ahead, rain drumming off the roof. The driver gets out and she sees it's Rick.

RICK
 Jeanne!? Hey, I'll drop you home.

She hesitates, wary, almost certain it's no accident he's here.

JEANNE
 It's okay, I'll walk.

RICK
 (rain spilling off him)
 In this?

He holds the door for her, the rain beating down. Jeanne could refuse and risk alerting him, or accept and risk she doesn't know what.

JEANNE
 If you're sure it's no trouble.

Rick shakes his head, holding the passenger door. Jeanne climbs in with her groceries. She watches, expressionless, as Rick shuts the door and walks around to the driver's side.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - CIC PEN - DAY

Sandy, sifting bank deposit slips, finally comes up with what she's looking for - a CITIBANK deposit slip from July 5, 1985 in the amount of \$5000.

She scoots back to her terminal to check it against the date on screen. There it is: *Lunch with Chuvakhin - July 5, 1985.*

Having caught on, Dan quickly finds another receipt, saying:

DAN PAYNE

The next deposit's July thirty-first.

Sandy searches for the relevant entry... but finds no record of lunch with Chuvakhin on July 31st.

DAN PAYNE (CONT'D)

It's not enough. Twice could be a coincidence.

A beat on Sandy... who suddenly stands and rushes out.

JEANNE

Where are those FBI tapes?

EXT. MCLEAN HOUSE - DAY

The Jaguar pulls up. They sit there, in the pouring rain, in the car.

RICK

(re: groceries)
I'll help you up with those.

JEANNE

No need.

She has spoken too sharply, and moderates her tone.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

Thanks for the ride.

RICK

C'mon... I insist.

He takes the grocery bag from her, gets out of the car.

INT. CIA - JEANNE'S OFFICE (NHB) - RESUMING

Dan looks on as Sandy forwards through SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE OF THE SOVIET EMBASSY from a fixed FBI camera trained on the 16th Street entrance: *traffic blurs past... staff come and go. We see the date marked on the time code - 7/31/1985.*

DAN PAYNE
(excited)
There. Back up.

Sandy rewinds... *the soviet officials reversing through the gates, among them a man in raincoat and glasses. Sandy freezes the tape then shuttles forward frame by frame as... the figure (Rick) stops at the gates and does something odd:*

He looks right into the camera.

Sandy hits pause and glances over to share her excitement with Dan. They've got him.

INT. JEANNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rick carries Jeanne's grocery bags into the kitchen.

RICK
Where do you want these?

JEANNE
Oh, anywhere's fine. Thank you.

He sets the grocery bags down on a counter and takes the place in. The drab furnishings and anemically-stocked shelves of a woman who lives alone. Jeanne waits for him to leave.

RICK
How are you doing, Jeanne? You look tired. They're working you too hard.

JEANNE
It's only a few more months.

RICK
Are you that close to figuring it out?

Jeanne senses a sharpening of his focus - as if he's gauging her response.

JEANNE
I'm that close to retirement.

RICK
 (after a beat, smiling)
 Then what? Nice condo down in
 Florida? View of the ocean?

The PHONE rings.

RICK (CONT'D)
 It's got to beat being stuck in a
 basement, working files nobody
 cares about any more.

JEANNE
 I care.

He smiles. Jeanne immediately regrets betraying herself.
 The PHONE keeps ringing. She makes no move to answer it.

RICK
 Are you going to get that?

Jeanne follows him into the living room. As she crosses to
 answer the phone, she notices something - Sandy's chronology
 sits on the side where she left it, the name Aldrich Ames
 featured prominently on the first page.

Glancing to Rick - relieved to see he's studying photographs
 on her wall of scenes from her time in Africa - Jeanne moves
 a magazine over the file as she answers the phone:

JEANNE
 Jeanne Vertefeuille.

SANDY (O.S.)
 We've got him.

INT. CIA - REDMOND'S OFFICE (NHB) - DAY

Sandy on the phone in Redmond's office. Dan in b.g. taking
 Redmond through printouts marking the correspondence between
 Ames's lunches and the deposits.

SANDY
 Three times he met with Chuvakhin
 and made cash deposits to his
 account the same day or the next.

INT. JEANNE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUED

Rick turns around to watch Jeanne on the phone. She is
 expressionless.

SANDY (O.S.)
Rick is a goddamn Russian spy!

JEANNE
Let me get back to you on that. I
have people over right now. Thanks
for calling.

She hangs up, with a shrug to Rick, as if to say 'cold
caller.' Rick watches her.

INT. CIA - REDMOND'S OFFICE (NHB) - DAY

Sandy looks at the receiver, surprised and perplexed - Jeanne
never has people over...

INT. JEANNE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUED

Jeanne sits on the sofa, forcing herself to focus on Rick and
not glance to the incriminating dossier on the coffee table.

RICK
You know, it's shameful the way
they've treated you. They had a
chance to make a statement. The
first female Chief of Station. And
they gave you Gabon.

JEANNE
Oh, I don't know. I kept pretty
busy.

He approaches her.

RICK
It's a backwater, Jeanne. They
don't value you enough. I don't
think they really value any of us.

She studies him quietly, aware he's trying to undermine her.

JEANNE
Are you talking about me, or
Carleton?

That hit home. His expression clouds and he moves away to
conceal his emotion.

RICK
My father was a... mediocre
officer.

JEANNE

Still, it was shabby the way they edged him out.

He turns with a flash of anger.

RICK

That's what I'm saying. You give the best years you have, every ounce of intellect you have to offer. And for what? So they can shuffle you around, mark the clock until you retire or drink yourself to death?

Jeanne watches him, sensing he's fighting a deeper conflict than with her.

RICK (CONT'D)

Why give your loyalty to a place like that?

INT. SANDY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Sandy speeds along Old Dominion Drive, towards Jeanne's apartment.

INT. JEANNE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUED

Rick paces, on edge, Jeanne trying to maintain her composure.

JEANNE

Honestly, Rick? This is a job to me. It's always been a job. How else was a twenty year old girl going to travel the world?

There's a kernel of truth in it, just enough to sell the lie:

JEANNE (CONT'D)

I'm happy to spin my wheels until my pension.

A pause as Rick measures her.

RICK

They're wasting your time down there.

Jeanne considers him...

JEANNE

Between us? I think you're right.
If there was a mole he's long gone.
We missed our chance to get him in
eighty-five.

They hold their look to each other... Rick expressionless.

EXT. MCLEAN HOUSE - DAY

Sandy pulls up, fast. She climbs out and hurries inside - just as Rick is heading out. Seeing him, Sandy stops dead.

RICK

Hey.

SANDY

Hey.

She tries to conceal her reaction but isn't entirely successful.

Rick watches Sandy head inside, wheels turning his head.

INT. JEANNE'S APARTMENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Sandy enters and finds Jeanne on the couch as before, a little shaken after her encounter.

SANDY

You okay?
(Jeanne nods)
What did he want?

There's a pause, Jeanne not sure she knows herself - or can sum it up in a single answer.

JEANNE

He knows we're on to him. If we're
going to get him, it has to be now.

INT. CIA - REDMOND'S OFFICE (NHB) - DAY

On a t.v., Clinton responds to the capture of Mohammed Salameh. Mugshots of Salameh. Footage of the World Trade Center bombing. It's March 1993.

Jeanne and Sandy collar Redmond on the way out of his office, the news report on TV continuing in the b.g. Redmond looks atrained.

REDMOND

You seen Holt and Milburn yet?

They shake their heads, exchanging a look; something's off.

SANDY

Why, what is it?

INT. CIA - JEANNE'S OFFICE (NHB) - DAY

Jeanne leafs quietly through a thick report at her desk, a title page identifying it as the findings in the joint FBI/CIA probe into the compromises, its author James Milburn.

SANDY

(incandescent)

Are you kidding me!? Have you had your head up your ass for the last two years? This is our guy. Everything we have points to that.

DAN PAYNE

(picking up her cue)

Between nineteen eighty-five and nineteen ninety-one he's pulled in over one point three million dollars from unidentified sources.

SANDY

That makes him the highest paid spy in U.S. history and you want to let him walk!?

MILBURN

(cool, calm, analytical)

It makes him guilty of something, but we can't say with a hundred percent certainty it's espionage.

DAN PAYNE

(sarcastic)

No, he won it shooting craps.

MILBURN

Maybe he did. Maybe he's smuggling emeralds in from Bogota with his wife. Or cocaine. Now if you're asking me, is Ames the most likely suspect? Then my answer's yes. But there are four more candidates who warrant further investigation. As well as thirty-five others who can't be ruled out.

SANDY
 (can't believe it)
 Thirty five!?

MILBURN
 I'm not about to advise the Bureau
 to open a formal criminal C.I. case
 based on a hunch.

SANDY
 (controlling herself)
 He met with Chuvakhin three times,
 he made deposits the very next day.
 Holt? Help me out here?

HOLT
 (finding it hard to meet
 her eye)
 Any dime a dozen ambulance chaser
 could kick this past the D.A. You
 can't prove the money's from
 espionage.

SANDY
 That's where the fucking FBI comes
 in! Do your job!

HOLT
 (looking at her; he means
 this)
 I'm sorry, Sandy. You don't have
 it.

Sandy continues to stare at Holt until he looks away. She glances at Jeanne, who sets down the report, expressionless.

INT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - ATRIUM - DAY

Sandy crossing the sleek lobby, heading for the exit. Jeanne calls after her -

JEANNE
 Sandy...

Sandy ignores her, doesn't even glance back. She walks out.

EXT. CIA - PARKING LOT - DAY

Sandy climbs in her car and slams the door. She sits there, the disappointment and frustration etched in her face.

Then, she starts the car and drives away.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Lessons are over and older students mill in the school parking lot, gossiping and flirting. Among them we find Tracy, now seventeen.

A shift of perspective reveals Sandy, waiting in her car. Through the windscreen, she sees Tracy spot her and react with surprise - mom never picks her up.

Sandy waves to her.

INT. GRIMES HOUSE - DAY

Gary comes home from work to the unusual sounds of his wife and youngest daughter laughing and chatting in the kitchen. He watches the two of them from the doorway a moment before Sandy notices him. Their eyes hold.

INT. JEANNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeanne stands at the balcony window of her apartment looking out towards D.C. The city lights glitter in the distance.

INT. GRIMES HOUSE - NIGHT

Sandy and Gary are curled up on the couch watching Jeopardy on television. The phone rings and Sandy answers it.

JEANNE (V.O.)
(over phone)
I have a question.

INTERCUT Jeanne in her apartment and Sandy at home -

SANDY
Forget it, Jeanne. I'm through.
(Jeanne is silent)
I leave the agency now they'll
throw in twenty-five grand early
retirement. Forget it. I'm done.

JEANNE
(pause)
Can you live with it?

Sandy hesitates. Gary watches her from the sofa. Jeanne listens to the silence down the phone. Gary watches, uneasily, as Sandy carries the receiver out of the room to gain confidentiality:

SANDY

It doesn't matter. We can't launch a criminal investigation without them.

JEANNE

Then we'll have to persuade them.

SANDY

How are you going to do that?

Jeanne doesn't say; she may not be sure herself.

JEANNE

What are you doing first thing tomorrow?

SANDY

I said I'd take Tracy in, why?

JEANNE

I need a ride.

INT/EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - BUZZARD POINT - DAY

A view from high in the Washington Field Office of hurricane fences and drifting smoke from tires burning in a scrapyard.

BRYANT (O.S.)

I've seen the report.

In fact, he's holding it right now. Jeanne and Sandy follow ROBERT 'BEAR' BRYANT, 50, head of the WFO, down an eleventh floor hallway with windows overlooking the Anacostia River.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

If my guys say it could be him, then it could be him. They say it could be someone else, guess what?

He hands Jeanne back the report.

JEANNE

The problem is, Ames has two valid passports and a lifetime of experience evading surveillance. If he wants to get away, he's going to do it.

They reach an elevator. Bryant calls it then regards the little old lady in tennis shoes and blonde standing with her.

BRYANT

That's not my problem. Some whack job down in Texas just killed seventy nine people who thought he was the Son of God. I've got agents chasing round the city after every towelhead with a van after what happened in New York. I've got bigger problems.

JEANNE

(after a beat)

Yeah, I can see that. It's tough to make a call. The intelligence isn't a hundred per cent.

BRYANT

No, ma'am. It's not.

The elevator is arriving. Sandy looks ready to go home.

JEANNE

But see, what I don't understand is how to evaluate the risk of doing nothing. Of being the one who let the worst traitor in U.S. Intelligence history get away. After all, the Bureau lost two of its own assets and spent the last eight years calling for increased cooperation with CIA. And now here we are, presenting you with our best estimate of who you need to be looking at, and you want to throw it in the Too-Hard tray. What do you think the probability of your career surviving that is? Sixty per cent? Fifty? As low as forty five? I'd need to work on it a little harder. But it's not my problem.

Bryant - who during this has stepped aboard the elevator, listening at first with amusement, then with growing indignation, and finally with a begrudging acknowledgement she may be right - holds the door to prevent it from closing.

INT. WAREHOUSE - VIRGINIA - DAY

As warehouse doors rattle open, Holt shows Jeanne and Sandy inside the cavernous space, where a dozen or so agents from the FBI TASK FORCE are assembled on folding chairs for a briefing from LES WISER, 38, the Special Agent in charge of the investigation.

HOLT

You can sit here.

He directs the women to chairs at the back and goes to stand with the others while Wisser briefs his team of agents, 'soundmen' from the Technical Support Squad, surveillance and evidence specialists -

WISER

We're close to FISA approval for wiretap and phone monitoring on the subject's residence, and we're putting pressure on the Attorney General for a warrantless search and seizure. In addition, the FAA has agreed to provide aerial recon and we have our ghosts on site for direct surveillance.

On a bulletin board behind him - which names the FBI operation 'NIGHTMOVER' - there are surveillance shots tacked up of Ames and the house at 2512 North Randolph Street.

WISER (CONT'D)

Our goal here is to confirm the subject in operational activity, catch him in the act of espionage, filling a dead drop or exchanging restricted files with the Russians. We still don't know this guy's a spy.

A beat on Sandy and Jeanne, who betray a flicker of impatience.

WISER (CONT'D)

We're on him night and day until he does that. Technical are going to fit his vehicle with a beacon.

SANDY

How?

Wisser, surprised by the interruption, takes a second to find the source - the blonde over by the wall.

WISER

How? We break into it, drive it out here, and install it.

TSS AGENT

(pitching in)

Jaguars are renowned for circuitry failure. You don't want him taking it to the shop and they pull it out of the dash. We advise an external fit only.

Wiser nods. Sounds good. But Sandy's not through yet.

SANDY

You're going to break into his car and drive it out here?

WISER

Don't worry, we remove the odometer so we don't add any mileage.

SANDY

What happens when somebody spots Rick's car getting stolen, and tells him he might want to look out the window?

A beat.

SANDY (CONT'D)

This operation is classified at the highest level. Outside this room there are six people who know about it, and one of them is the President. How'd you figure on explaining what a dozen G-men are doing crawling around Langley to a staff whose *job it is* to identify foreign surveillance?

A long beat.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Agent - Wiser is it? Rick Ames is a trained C.I. Officer. He aced our Internal Ops course. He was giving Soviet spies the runaround when you were popping zits at Junior Prom. If you wade in like you're chasing some bank robber, he is going to make you, and this whole op will be burned by the end of the week.

A silence. The men shift. Wiser stares.

SANDY (CONT'D)

The 'I' stands for Intelligence.
In case it's not a concept you're
familiar with.

Jeanne is expressionless, though her eyes shine with
amusement.

WISER

You have a better idea how we catch
him with classified material? I'm
all ears.

SANDY

Not off the top of my head. But
give us a few minutes, it shouldn't
be hard.

EXT. LANGLEY - DAY

Rick parks his red Jaguar. As he climbs out and heads inside
past the rows of expensive vehicles in the executive lot...

JEANNE (V.O.)

Rick has an ego, we know that.

INT. CIA - COUNTERNARCOTICS CENTER (NHB) - DAY

Jeanne and Sandy sit with Bearden and DAVID EDGER, 48, Deputy
Director of the Counternarcotics Center, in Edger's office.

JEANNE

Les Wiser has arranged for the
bureau's Criminal Division to chair
a joint meeting on narcotics
traffick over on Penn Avenue. It's
our feeling that if you extend the
invitation to Rick personally -
calling on his expertise - he'll
jump at the chance to take part.

EDGER

(after a beat)
Milt?

Bearden is flipping through a file on Ames, quietly stunned
by the pages of structured deposits and unreported meetings.

BEARDEN

We've got to limit his access.
Now. You say you want him in
narcotics and I'll give him a push.

EDGER

We're looking for ideas on how to
combat the flow of Af-Pak heroin
coming through the Black Sea...

JEANNE

I'll leave the details to you.

SANDY

The conference is scheduled for
half a day. That ought to give the
sweep team time to wire his office.

EDGER

(to Sandy)

And you're coming along to babysit?

SANDY

I'm thinking of switching to CNC
and I want to be read-in. I have a
contact who'll confirm the story.

As the meeting breaks up, Jeanne takes the file from Bearden,
then follows Sandy to the door.

JEANNE

One more thing. Rick has to drive.

SANDY

Leave that to me.

EXT. CIA - COUNTERNARCOTICS CENTER (NHB) - HALLWAY - DAY

Jeanne and Sandy emerge. Bearden follows a second later.

BEARDEN

Jeanne? I was wrong about him.

Bearden doesn't say it, but his look means, 'and I was wrong
about you.' It's as close to an apology as she'll get from
him, but Jeanne takes no pride in it.

JEANNE

We all were.

They walk away, leaving Bearden watching after them.

INT. JEANNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeanne comes in, without bothering to switch on the lights. She sits on the sofa, listening to the hum of traffic. HOLD on her, sitting, thinking.

INT. AMES HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Rick is dressing for a meeting, laying out silk ties and trying them against different shirts. Rosario asleep in bed behind him.

EXT/INT. JAGUAR - MOVING - MORNING

Rick drives past a WHITE CHEVROLET CAPRICE pulled over on Dolley Madison. He regards the suspicious vehicle in his rearview as he passes.

JEANNE (V.O.)
He's on the lot.

INT. CIA - JEANNE'S OFFICE (NHB) - DAY

Jeanne on the phone in her office.

JEANNE
Oh, you might want to pull your surveillance back.

INT. WAREHOUSE - INTERCUT - DAY

Wiser on the phone. Agents from the Technical Support Squad are packing equipment in the b.g.

WISER
Hey, you've done your job. Let me do mine.

JEANNE
I spotted them on the way in, and I'm sixty years old and have cataracts. But however you want to play it.

She hangs up. Wiser, a beat, shouts across the room:

WISER
Tell the G's to pull back. What the fuck is wrong with you people!?

EXT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - DAY

Rick and David Edger exit the New Headquarters building, chatting. They find Sandy waiting for them outside. Rick nods to her, gauging her.

INT. LEXUS - DAY

The three climb in Edger's car, a new Lexus, Sandy in the back and Rick in front with Edger. As Edger tries to start the car...

RICK

So what's your interest in
narcotics of all a sudden?

Rick turns, eyes her. Does he suspect? Sandy has no way of knowing.

RICK (CONT'D)

One minute you're going to retire,
next you're moving to CNC. I can't
keep up.

SANDY

It's like you say, Rick - C.I. is a
graveyard. I'm looking ahead.

(he stares at her)

You're going to make me say it? I
think your Black Sea Initiative is
brilliant. I'm looking forward to
learning a few things.

Rick, a beat, smiles. Edger tries the car again, gives up.

EDGER

Unbelievable. I just had it
serviced.

RICK

That's what you get for buying Jap.

SANDY

We can take mine.

EXT. CIA - PARKING LOT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

They walk towards Sandy's ten-year-old station wagon. Rick takes one look at it and shakes his head, walking right past and flicking the fob of his car keys. The lights of his red Jaguar glow in response.

EXT. LANGLEY - DAY

Rick's Jaguar clears the security checkpoint and roars away.

INT. CIA - COUNTERNARCOTICS CENTER (NHB) - DAY

Jeanne comes down a basement hallway with AGENT DELL SPRY, 40s, and an FBI SWEEP TEAM dressed as maintenance in overalls and carrying tool boxes. She codes a lock.

JEANNE

You've got five hours.

They head INTO a large basement room of divided cubicles, with two enclosed offices at one end. Jeanne shows them into his office - GVO6 - and shuts the door.

INT. CIA - COUNTERNARCOTICS CENTER (NHB) - ROOM GVO6 - DAY

The moment they're inside, an agent begins taking POLAROID PHOTOGRAPHS of the room. Jeanne, her eyes a camera, too, takes in the chaos of papers, reports, empty coffee cups and discarded note pads. She notes a particular stack of books on a corner of the desk.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - 935 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - DAY

Rick's Jaguar swings in through the narrow driveway of the monolithic J. Edgar Hoover building.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - COURTYARD - DAY

All three from the car show ID to FBI SECURITY and are directed over to a parking space across the cobblestone courtyard.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY / ELEVATOR - DAY

Rick leads Edger and Sandy down a hall to the elevator. He gallantly steps aside to let Sandy on first. The moment the doors close on them -

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - COURTYARD - DAY

An FBI agent crosses the courtyard, unlocks the Jaguar (using a duplicate key), climbs in and drives away.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - GARAGE - DAY

Emerging below street level, the agent parks the Jaguar in a corner where a crew from the TECHNICAL SUPPORT SQUAD are waiting to install the beacon.

RICK (V.O.)
Our efforts against the Soviets
were founded on a lie.

INT. CIA - COUNTERNARCOTICS CENTER (NHB) - ROOM GVO6 - DAY

The room has been torn apart. A bulletin board is now covered with POLAROID PHOTOGRAPHS of every inch of the office.

RICK (V.O.)
For close to half to century, we
kidded ourselves we were fighting a
war. But the truth is, it was a
monumental waste of our time and
resources.

An FBI EVIDENCE SPECIALIST is photographing sensitive files and papers. As Jeanne identifies for him which Ames should have had access to, and which not -

RICK (V.O.)
The Communist project was doomed to
fail. The truth is, we all could
have stayed home.

Dell Spry looks on as a technical agent uses a power drill to remove a grill over a vent in a high corner of the room. Another steps in ready to fit a tiny LIPSTICK CAMERA and MIC.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Rick is at the head of a long conference table, around which sit various FBI REPRESENTATIVES from the Bureau's Narcotics Division and several from the DEA. They all have copies of a laminated file in front of them.

Sandy eyes hers. On the cover: 'PROPOSAL ON INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION AGAINST THE TRAFFICK OF HEROIN IN THE BLACK SEA - PREPARED BY ALDRICH H. AMES.'

RICK
The Russians aren't enemies,
they're our allies.
(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

Now, we've been collaborating for years with our neighbors in Canada and Mexico to combat narcotics traffick across our borders. But we've ignored our third neighbor, right across from Alaska. It's time we enlisted their help.

Edger looks nervous, sweating. Sandy calmly catches his eye.

RICK (CONT'D)

Sixty-seven per cent of the heroin sold in Western Europe and here in the U.S. originates in Afghanistan and Turkey, and is smuggled across the Black Sea into the newly liberated former Soviet Republics. Our best hope to combat that trade is to enlist the help of intelligence officers in what used to be the KGB.

Murmurs of approval from the narcotics reps (who are unaware this meeting is a ruse). Pitching in -

FBI REP 1

We hold a conference -

FBI REP 2

(eager)
'The Black Sea Conference.'

FBI REP 1 (CONT'D)

- Start with the Germans, get them on side.

FBI REP 2

I can see Shevardnadze going for this.

RICK

Yeltsin doesn't trust him. If you want to extend a hand, you need to go direct to the M.B.R.F in Moscow.

Sandy sees Edger cut her a quick, nervous glance - this wasn't expected.

DEA REP

You can set this up?

RICK

I have a lot of contacts over there. I fly in, I can make sure it's taken seriously.

He catches Sandy's eye with a smile that maybe, just maybe, lets her know he knows he's outplayed her.

FBI REP 1

Great. David, you'll keep us in the loop? Let us know when you're going.

The meeting breaks up, Sandy and Edger trying to fake a shared enthusiasm neither of them feels.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - COURTYARD - DAY

Rick, Sandy and Edger cross the courtyard. The sight of Rick's Jaguar parked exactly as he left it does nothing to alleviate Sandy's concern. Rick beeps the locks and gets the door for her.

RICK

I think that went pretty well.

INT. CIA - COUNTERNARCOTICS CENTER (NHB) - ROOM GVO6 - DAY

Dell Spry answers his brick-like cell phone.

WISER (O.S.)

The meeting's over. He's on his way.

Spry turns to survey the room... which is still in pieces, the evidence photographer snapping away, the tech guys fitting a microphone behind a ceiling tile, Jeanne's eyes catching the alarm in his.

EXT/INT. JAGUAR - MOVING - DAY

As the Jaguar blows past heavy traffic on the expressway, Sandy catches Rick's eyes in the rear view mirror as his regard her.

SANDY

Do you maybe want to slow down?

He smiles... and speeds up.

INT. CIA - COUNTERNARCOTICS CENTER (NHB) - ROOM GVO6 - DAY

Jeanne looks on calmly as the techs frantically reassemble the room.

EXT/INT. LANGLEY - JAGUAR - MOVING - DAY

As the Jaguar clears security and drives onto the campus, they pass a man heading in the opposite direction. From the back seat, Sandy recognizes him as Dell Spry. She sees him make a discreet gesture to stall for more time.

EXT. CIA - PARKING LOT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rick parks his car and they climb out, heading inside.

SANDY

Rick? Can I grab a cigarette?

RICK

(looks at her)

I thought you quit.

SANDY

That's why I don't have one.

RICK

(smiles)

What's the matter, I make you nervous back there?

SANDY

Nervous?

RICK

In the car.

SANDY

I've aged ten goddamn years.

She didn't need to work to sell that; she's almost shaking.

INT. CIA - COUNTERNARCOTICS CENTER (NHB) - ROOM GVO6 - DAY

A tech screws the grill in place over the vent. Behind him, the evidence specialist refers to the Polaroid photos on the bulletin board, careful to replace every item they disturbed.

EXT. CIA - NEW HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - COURTYARD - DAY

Rick lights Sandy's cigarette in the courtyard between the new and old buildings. The James Sanborn SCULPTURE in the b.g.

RICK

I'm looking forward to seeing
Moscow. I feel like I know it
inside out without ever having been
there. I don't know, it's going to
be... liberating.

Sandy doesn't respond, trying to work out if he means to
escape and is toying with her by letting her know. Rick
grins at her, tosses his cigarette butt and heads inside.

SANDY

Rick?
(he turns; this is her
goodbye)
Thanks for the ride. It sure beat
car-pooling with you back then.

Rick looks at her another moment, then heads in with a wave.

INT. CIA - COUNTERNARCOTICS CENTER (NHB) - ROOM GVO6 - DAY

The FBI techs take a last look around the room, identical to
the way they found it - or so it seems. As they leave,
Jeanne notices something, returns to correct the arrangement
of the books on his desk.

INT. CIA - COUNTERNARCOTICS CENTER (NHB) - MOMENTS LATER

Rick comes through on the way to his office. He pauses just
inside GVO6, examining the room - which appears entirely
undisturbed. As he sits at his desk, the view switches to -

VIDEO FOOTAGE

- of Rick at his desk, rearranging a file. We're in...

INT. WAREHOUSE - VIRGINIA - NIGHT

It's days later, and Wiser and several FBI TECHS are
reviewing footage from GVO6. The warehouse door grinds up
behind them. Spry walks in with Jeanne, Sandy and Redmond.

SANDY

We floated the file this afternoon.

REDMOND

What was on it?

JEANNE

Oh, nothing too valuable to the agency. But just valuable enough to him.

(Redmond looks at her)

Don't worry about me, I used your name.

Jeanne smiles, in a terrific mood. Spry hands the tape to the FBI tech who loads it into a VCR. They watch the screen as the tech fast-forwards through the surveillance footage:

Rick arriving.

Rick on the phone.

Rick reading files.

Rick typing at his computer, removing a disk and pocketing it.

Jeanne and Sandy glance at each other - copying data is a breach of security - then back to the screen, as:

Rick returns from lunch.

Rick takes a nap.

An ANALYST walks in carrying a file.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

Okay.

The tech hits a button and the images resume at normal speed:

Rick and the analyst exchange a few words, the analyst asking him to read something for her. She hands Rick the file, thanks him and leaves. Rick opens the file.

Jeanne and Sandy hold their breath, watching as:

Rick flips through the file... then drops it on his desk. He sits, thinking. Then, he looks slowly around the room... and then up - his gaze passing directly across the camera.

They all react, a perceptible flinch as though he'd looked right through them. Jeanne then watches, crestfallen, as:

Rick stands to put on his jacket and walks out of the room leaving the file right there on the desk.

The tech stops the tape. Silence. Then -

SANDY

(to Wisner, drily, covering her disappointment)

Over to you.

EXT. LANGLEY - AFTERNOON

Rick wheels out of Langley and roars away... the Jaguar quickly lost from view in the heavy traffic on the George Washington Parkway.

INT. SURVEILLING CHEVROLET - AFTERNOON

From the window of the car, parked on a grassy shoulder, we can see the Jaguar roar past. The SSG (Special Surveillance Group) GUYS inside barely have time to react.

One of them picks up his radio.

EXT. 23RD STREET - GEORGETOWN - AFTERNOON

Another two-man SSG team in a parked sedan. They watch as Rick's Jaguar turns up 23rd street. One picks up *his* radio.

INT/EXT. JAGUAR - MOVING - AFTERNOON

Rick drives north along Massachusetts Avenue, past the Naval Observatory. He watches in the rear view... noticing a dark blue sedan a few cars behind.

INT/EXT. SURVEILLING SEDAN - MOVING - AFTERNOON

At the wheel, another FBI 'ghost,' HEARD, 40s, keeps Rick's car in view ahead. Then, he reacts as Rick suddenly makes a hairpin right on Garfield Road. Heard cuts across traffic to make the same turn.

INT/EXT. JAGUAR - MOVING - AFTERNOON

Cruising south along Garfield Road, Rick checks his rear view again and sees the blue sedan following.

INT/EXT. SURVEILLING SEDAN - MOVING - AFTERNOON

Heard drops back, putting a couple of cars between him and the Jaguar... when all of a sudden, the Jaguar just takes off, cresting a rise ahead and disappearing out of sight.

INT. WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Jeanne and Sandy hover near Wiser, who's on the radio with the SSG teams. They don't need to hear what happened, they can see it in Wiser's face.

WISER

We lost him. The beacon's saying
he's still around Garfield Road.
Who do we have north west?

EXT. GARFIELD TERRACE - EVENING

An SSG car parked in a residential neighborhood. One of the SSG guys inside films with a video camera, as: Rick's Jaguar pulls out of a cul-de-sac. He pauses at the corner by a telephone pole and mailbox, then pulls away, tearing off down Garfield Street.

JEANNE (V.O.)

It's the mailbox. The KGB love
their mailboxes.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

Bryant has joined them, reviewing the video footage from Garfield Terrace earlier in the day -

WISER

We checked, there was nothing
inside. He didn't make a drop.

JEANNE

Nothing was what he was looking
for.

(off Wiser's look)

It's a signal site.

SANDY

He must have marked it when you
missed him this morning. Then the
KGB erased it after they picked up
whatever he left for them. That's
what he was checking for.

Bryant looks to Wiser.

BRYANT

Let me get this straight. Ames
went operational and you missed
him. Twice.

WISER

That's how it looks.

BRYANT

(looks at him a beat,
evenly)

Good, I just wanted to be clear about that. So when Director Freeh unbuckles his pants and the shit starts to fly, I know who to hand a raincoat to. You follow me?

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Wiser, Jeanne and Sandy share a booth in a late-night diner.

SANDY

If he gets on that plane, there's every chance he's not coming back.

WISER

My hands are tied here. We can't make a warrantless search of his house. And Bryant suspended our trash cover.

SANDY

(looks at Jeanne)
You can steal his garbage?

WISER

That's what I'm saying. I can't. Not after he burned our G's today.

Sandy looks at him, stealing a French fry off his plate - a girlish gesture, playing her charm.

SANDY

Gee, Les. What is this, the Girl Scouts of America? Just don't tell him about it.

Wiser gives her a look, thinking she's joking.

JEANNE

Suspended indefinitely or suspended temporarily? How long is a suspension, anyway? Is it your fault he can't be specific?

He looks at the two of them looking at him... his smile slowly unravelling.

INT. AMES HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

A photograph of a stretch of forested land by a river deep in the Russian countryside.

Rick, nursing a drink at his desk, flips through the Polaroids supplied by his Soviet handlers. From here, through a window, he can see his five-year-old son Paul playing in their yard with the nanny.

Rick watches them, a decision weighing on him.

INT. AMES HOUSE - LATER - DAY

Rosario, on hold on the phone, comes through the lounge holding a Nordstrom catalog. Rick emerges from his study to pour another drink.

ROSARIO

I spoke to my mother today. You know her maid, Elsa? She fell down the stairs.

RICK

(distracted)
Oh yeah?

ROSARIO

(into phone)
Yes, this is Rosario Ames. You remember that tan leather coat? I wasn't sure about it but now I am.
(to Rick)
I said we'd help out with her medical bill.

RICK

Sure.

ROSARIO

(into phone)
It's a thousand dollars? Yes, I'll charge it.

Rick, having decided something, suddenly takes the phone and hangs up. Rosario, shocked, watches him turn on loud MUSIC.

INT. FBI SAFE HOUSE - SAME TIME

In a room littered with empty takeout containers, FBI TECHNICAL AGENTS monitor listening devices. They glance at each other as the MUSIC drowns out the feed from the house.

INT. AMES HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

As Rosario regards the Polaroids of the land in Moscow, Rick regards *her*, waiting for an answer from her. Eventually, in hushed tones -

ROSARIO

I don't know anyone in Russia.

RICK

You didn't know anyone here. That didn't stop you marrying me. We'd be together.

He studies her reaction, waiting, perhaps, for her to acknowledge what *he* feels - that all they need is each other.

ROSARIO

Our son is American. I can't leave my mother...

Rick gauges her, sensing her true concern and angered by it.

RICK

(low, hard)

They have shoes and bags and thousand dollar coats in Russia now, too.

ROSARIO

Stop it...

RICK

If it's money you're worried about, they're holding one point nine million dollars for us. In Moscow.

ROSARIO

(after a beat, looking away)

Can't they give it to you here?

He stares, stunned by this confirmation of what matters to her. Rosario senses his anger and tries to defend herself.

ROSARIO (CONT'D)

I grew up surrounded by money. And we had nothing. My father was the only honest politician in Colombia. Can you imagine what that's like, to spend your whole life having to pretend to be something you're not?

Rick just stares... then he takes back the photos and leaves.

EXT. AMES HOUSE - 2512 NORTH RANDOLPH STREET - NIGHT

It's late at night, the street quiet as a BLACK VAN with no lights on creeps past the house one way, then the other, then pulls up outside.

The panel door opens and Wisner hops out, switching the garbage contained with 2512 printed on it for an identical one handed to him by another agent in the van.

As Wisner then jumps in and the van rolls away, the whole thing having taken seconds...

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

At long plywood tables set up on wooden horses, a SPECIAL RESPONSE TEAM in overalls, masks and surgical gloves sift through the garbage from the house.

Jeanne and Sandy wait with Wisner, watching as the trash is evaluated and re-bagged for return to the container. Several COMPUTER PRINTER RIBBONS are unearthed.

WISNER

Speed it up people, we need it back before sunrise.

Sandy glances at her watch. It's nearly 4AM.

FBI AGENT

Wait.

An older agent has spoken to a specialist who's about to return a pile of refuse to the garbage bag. Sandy and Jeanne come over to see what he has seen.

Almost invisible among the empty liquor bottles, fashion magazines, catalogs, and clothing sale tags - a SCRAP OF TORN YELLOW PAPER.

The specialist tweezers it out, examines it so that we now see two words written on the reverse: 'TO MEET.'

WISNER

Keep going. Get those bags reopened. Look for yellow paper.

A shift in the room now, the specialists energized. Jeanne and Sandy exchange a glance. Everyone gathers round as more scraps of yellow paper are found... three... five... six pieces in total. Another tech assembles them on the table - it's a POST-IT NOTE.

As Sandy and Jeanne come closer to read it -

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - BUZZARD POINT - DAY

- a photograph of the reassembled note.

*'I AM READY TO MEET / AT B ON 1 OCT. / I CANNOT READ / NORTH
13-19 SEPT. / IF YOU WILL / MEET AT B ON 1 OCT. / PLS SIGNAL
NORTH W... / OF 20 SEPT TO CONF... / NO MESSAGE AT PIPE. /
IF YOU CANNOT MEET / 1 OCT, SIGNAL NORTH AFTER / 27 SEPT WITH
MESSAGE AT PIPE.'*

It's studied by Bryant, in his eleventh floor office with Jeanne, Sandy and Wiser.

JEANNE

It's a reference to an upcoming meeting, probably in Bogota. North is a signal site. Pipe is likely a dead drop.

BRYANT

(to Wiser)
How'd you get it?

SANDY

Does it matter? It's direct contact with the KGB!

BRYANT

(to Wiser)
I haven't had coffee yet, I'm a little fuzzy. It looks like you got it from his trash. What am I supposed to call that?

WISER

A spectacular piece of insubordination.

Bryant, a beat, returns the photograph to Wiser, his expression unreadable.

BRYANT

We don't know what's on the ribbons yet. Nobody at the lab is read-in, we'll have to wait to push it through.

Sandy deflates visibly, glancing to Jeanne. After a moment.

JEANNE

Do you have a mirror in your purse?

SANDY

What?

JEANNE

And a couple pencils.

TIME CUT TO:

The computer ribbons, from a daisy wheel printer, are sat on Bryant's desk. As Bryant and Wiser look on, at first perplexed and faintly amused, then intrigued, Jeanne inserts a pencil through the spool and rewinds the ribbons by hand.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

My eyes aren't what they used to be, can you help me out?

Sandy, holding the mirror where Jeanne indicates, under the computer ribbon as Jeanne slowly un-spools it, is able, with difficulty, to read words printed on the ribbon in reverse:

SANDY

(reading)

'My dear friends...'

INT. AMES HOUSE - STUDY - EARLY MORNING (6 A.M.)

We're close on a calendar on Rick's desk which gives the date as Monday February 21 - President's Day. Rick, in his robe, eyes it as he ejects a disk from his computer. We hear...

SANDY (V.O.)

'All is well with me and I have recovered somewhat from my earlier period of pessimism and anxiety...'

EXT. ROY ROGERS - TYSON'S CORNER - EARLY MORNING

An FBI SWAT TEAM assemble in the parking lot of a Roy Rogers off Tyson's Corner. Wiser steps out of his car and confers briefly with agents DELL SPRY, RUDY GUERIN, and MIKE DONNER by their CHEVROLET SEDAN.

SANDY (V.O.)

'My security situation is unchanged... that is to say, I have no indications of any problems...'

INT. AMES HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Rick is packing for his trip. His own voice takes over...

RICK (V.O.)

'My family is well and my wife has accommodated herself to understanding what I am doing in a very supportive way...'

As he regards the sleeping Rosario, Rick's facade cracks momentarily. Maybe he tears up. Maybe it's a half-smile that has no relation to amusement. But there is a glimpse of pain, gone as quickly as it registered.

RICK (V.O.)

'...You have probably heard a bit about me by now from your - and now my - colleagues in the M.B.R.F.'

He checks his passport and slips it into his flight case, copies of his Black Sea proposal already inside. He zips the bag shut and takes one last look at his wife in bed.

RICK (V.O.)

'...Until we meet.'

Rick goes out, shutting the door.

INT. GRIMES HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Gary, having woken alone, comes downstairs to find Sandy in the hallway, about to leave for work.

GARY

It's a holiday, for Christ sake.

They look at each other. Gary briefly considers and discards the idea of further argument, then starts back upstairs.

SANDY

Hey, Grimes?

Gary turns...

SANDY (CONT'D)

Watch the news, okay?

INT. AMES HOUSE - MORNING

Rick watches his son eating cereal seriously at the kitchen counter. He makes a face and the five-year-old Paul giggles.

PAUL

Do you have to go?

RICK
Well, it's an important meeting
with the M.B.R.F.

PAUL
I don't know what that is.

RICK
They're a security service. They
used to be the KGB.

This, of course, means nothing to Paul. But he nods gravely.

PAUL
When are you coming back?

RICK
(pause)
Soon.

PAUL
I'll miss you.

RICK
I'm going to miss you, too.

The phone rings. Rick tousles his son's hair as he answers.

RICK (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Rick Ames.

INT. CIA - COUNTERNARCOTICS CENTER (NHB) - MORNING

Dave Edger, on the phone in his office. He looks nervous and tries to keep it from showing in his voice -

EDGER
Rick? Hey, sorry to bother you on
the holiday. I've got a cable here
regarding the trip.

RICK (O.S.)
(over phone)
Yeah, what is it?

And Edger just *freezes*. Another angle on the room reveals Jeanne and Sandy, silently encouraging him to continue.

EDGER
I don't want to say on the phone.
Think you could come in and take a
look at it?

Sandy and Jeanne wait, listening to a long silence, before:

RICK (O.S.)
 (over phone)
 Sure. I'll be right over.

INT. AMES HOUSE - CONTINUED

Slowly, Rick hangs up the phone. Thinking.

INT. CIA - COUNTERNARCOTICS CENTER (NHB) - CONTINUED

Edger sits back, breathes deeply. Jeanne pats his shoulder, a tiny, though for her uncustomary, gesture to let him know he did well.

SANDY
 They better hurry up with that
 warrant.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - ALEXANDRIA - MORNING

Wiser waits with a young assistant U.S. Attorney, MARK HULKOWER, in Wiser's 1991 TAURUS. They're parked outside the handsome red brick courthouse.

Another car pulls up and they climb out to meet it.

INT. FBI SAFE HOUSE - MORNING

Tight on a screen, a view of the Ames residence from an FBI camera across the street. His Jaguar parked in the driveway.

The FBI TECHNICIANS listen to the live feed from the house. Dan Payne sits, staring at the monitor. *No sign of Rick yet.*

ROSARIO (V.O.)
 You have to go in? Is anything
 wrong?

RICK (V.O.)
 They just want me to take a look at
 something.

They hear the SHOWER come on, the voices becoming indistinct.

INT. AMES HOUSE - MORNING

The shower is on. But Rick is already fully dressed. He faces Rosario, puts a finger to his lips. The tension she sees in his eyes alarms her.

ROSARIO
What is it? Rick?

His gesture says something like, 'shut up, I need to think.'

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - ALEXANDRIA - MORNING

In his august chambers, Wisner and Mark Hulkower wait while Federal Magistrate BARRY PORETZ, dressed for the golf course he was evidently dragged from, reads carefully through an affidavit outlining the evidence against Rick and Rosario.

INT. CIA - COUNTERNARCOTICS CENTER (NHB) - MORNING

Redmond arrives, looks in on where Sandy, Jeanne and Edger are staring at the phone -

REDMOND
He leave yet?
(nobody answers - which is
his answer)
Can they take him in the house?

JEANNE
(negative)
We need to split him and Rosario.

SANDY
The son shouldn't have to see it.

INT. AMES HOUSE - MORNING

Paul looks on, anxious, as his father and mother confer heatedly in the living room, MUSIC covering their voices:

RICK
(low, urgent)
I don't go in they're going to
wonder why not.

ROSARIO
(low, panicked)
And if you do go? If they *already*
know?

Rick's thought of that; it doesn't help. He's on a cross.

INT. FBI SAFE HOUSE - MORNING

As the technicians listen to the rock music drowning the feed from the house, Dan eyes that monitor... *where Rick is suddenly seen leaving the house.*

DAN PAYNE

He's out... he's out of the house!

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - ALEXANDRIA - MORNING

Poretz, flipping to the last page of the affidavit, where he's supposed to sign, searches for a pen on his desk. Wiser and Hulkower both rush to hand him a pen of their own. As Poretz then signs the affidavit and Wiser grabs it from him -

INT. JAGUAR - PARKED - DAY

Rick regards his own eyes in the rear view mirror. He stares at himself for a long moment. When he looks away, he has made his decision.

INT. CHEVROLET SEDAN - PARKED - MORNING

Through the windscreen, we can see a view of the street leading down to the Ames house as the Jaguar pulls out. Donner lifts a radio.

DONNER

(into radio)

He's moving.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - ALEXANDRIA - MORNING

Wiser bursts out of the courthouse and runs to his car. He reaches through the window and grabs his radio off the seat -

WISER

(into radio)

We got it! We got it!

INT/EXT. FBI SEDAN - NELLY CUSTIS DRIVE - MORNING

In one of the two FBI sedans from the parking lot at the Roy Rogers, the driver receives the signal through his earpiece. Behind him a SWAT TEAM in tactical vests check their weapons.

EXT/INT. JAGUAR - MORNING

Rick pulls up to for a red stop light at North Randolph Street and Quebec. He sits, staring quietly ahead. The lights change to green but Rick doesn't move right away.

He depresses the car's cigarette lighter. We study his face, his emotions hard to read - his sense of foreboding mingled with resignation, perhaps something close to relief.

He lights a cigarette, then makes the right turn onto Quebec.

INT/EXT. JAGUAR - N. QUEBEC STREET - MORNING

Rick drives up the steep two-lane street to where it intersects with Nelly Custis Drive. The lanes are empty.

Then (hearing a SIREN whoop), he glances to his mirror: and sees a red light strobe inside the sedan behind. He slows.

At that moment the TWO SWAT VEHICLES swoop down from Nelly Custis, blocking the road ahead. Four SWAT GUYS burst out, side arms drawn.

Now, hearing tires squeal, Rick cranes around to see a second vehicle appear behind him. He feels the jolt as Donner inches his sedan's bumper against the rear of the Jaguar.

He faces front as the EIGHT AGENTS, all armed, some in vests, close in and surround the car.

DONNER

FBI! Keep your hands in sight and
step out of the car!

INT. AMES HOUSE - MORNING

Rosario, in her robe, opens the door - revealing a pregnant FBI AGENT. She has words with Rosario in Spanish as she and more agents fan out inside the house.

INT. FBI SAFE HOUSE - MORNING

Dan sees the agents head in on the monitor and grabs a phone.

INT. CIA - COUNTERNARCOTICS CENTER (NHB) - MORNING

The phone rings and Edger picks up. Jeanne and Sandy read his expression - they got him.

EXT. NORTH QUEBEC STREET - MORNING

Donner and Dell Spry yank Rick's door open and pull him from the car, grabbing his keys.

DONNER

You're under arrest for espionage!
Put your hands on the car!

INT. CIA - COUNTERNARCOTICS CENTER (NHB) - MORNING

Jeanne absorbs the news quietly. She feels Sandy reach for her hand. They hold their look to each other, overwhelmed.

EXT. NORTH QUEBEC STREET - MORNING

As Rick is cuffed and led to Donner's Chevrolet...

PETER JENNINGS (V.O.)

One of the burning questions in Washington, 'How could it have taken so long?' So long to arrest the highest-ranking CIA officer ever accused of selling out to the Russians.

INT. GRIMES HOUSE - DAY

The news report plays on t.v. Gary watches with growing comprehension, finally let inside what his wife has done. Footage of Ames led in cuffs from the courthouse.

PETER JENNINGS (V.O.)

(on TV)

Aldrich Ames and his wife Maria are still of course the 'alleged' spies. But there is no doubt in Washington tonight that this is an intelligence disaster.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - DAY

We are WIDE OVER the iconic Capitol building.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING - CAPITOL HILL - DAY

Alone at a table in the crowded room, Jeanne faces a panel from the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence.

REP. GLICKMAN

You agree then, that Ames might have been caught five, even eight years earlier had the CIA been looking harder?

JEANNE

If there is a fault here, it's in the nature of intelligence gathering -

REP. GLICKMAN (CONT'D)

Lives might have been saved. The damage contained - please, enlighten me.

JEANNE

I'm an analyst, my team are analysts. It's a slow painstaking process. But we were dealing with an officer's livelihood. We couldn't afford to be wrong.

REP. GLICKMAN

You're an analyst. So what made you think you were capable of leading a counterintelligence investigation?

Jeanne weighs and discards a more measured response, before:

JEANNE

(leaning in to her microphone, deliberately)
We caught him, didn't we?

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - LATER - DAY

Jeanne and Redmond emerge from the building. They stand looking over the Mall.

REDMOND

It's a circus of ass-covering. Everyone's to blame, so no one is.

Jeanne is quiet, staring out over the city.

REDMOND (CONT'D)

If it makes you feel any better, they'll be handing out medals once it all dies down.

(a beat)

They want to give you the highest order of merit. You, me, Dave Edger.

JEANNE

Sandy?

He doesn't say; which is all the answer she needs. She shakes her head, starts away down the steps.

REDMOND

(a dry smile)

Hey, it's okay to take an accolade once in a while. Why else do we do it?

JEANNE

Isn't that the question.

INT. ALEXANDRIA CITY DETENTION CENTER - DAY

A correctional facility officer escorts Rick along a corridor, handcuffed, the back of his khaki shirt stencilled with the word 'prisoner.'

INT. ALEXANDRIA CITY DETENTION CENTER - DEBRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Bare white cinder-block walls, a small table and chairs, no windows. The correctional officer unlocks the door and Rick is shown in. He smiles when he sees who is waiting for him.

JEANNE

Hey, Rick.

He offers a cuffed hand, his mask of self-possession slipping momentarily when she refuses to shake it. They sit facing each other.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

You were smart. You cooperated. That'll make things easier for Rosario.

RICK

Rosario had nothing to do with this.

JEANNE

No? The Rick I knew didn't care about driving around in his fancy car in his suit of clothes like he thought he was James Bond. Why else would you do it?

RICK

If you want a reason, I can give you four point six million of them.

There was pride in that. Jeanne waves it off, not buying it.

JEANNE

Oh, you can tell me it was the money. Or you were disillusioned. I've heard all that.

He smiles at that and we sense the respect he holds for her.

RICK

I switched loyalties, Jeanne. Is that so hard to understand? The time came, I changed teams. You might have done the same.

(Jeanne just looks at him)

At least, the KGB thought it wouldn't be hard to make it *look* like you had. When I gave them your name.

Jeanne looks ready to come across the table at him, but her voice remains calm.

JEANNE

You changed teams? You think it's a game?

RICK

Of course it's a game. We picked our sides and we learned the rules and we played the game and none of us ever changed a thing.

JEANNE

You betrayed your country. You betrayed the CIA. You betrayed your friends. And you want to talk about loyalty?

He reacts to this mention of 'friends' - a momentary lowering of his eyes, a flicker of shame.

RICK

I gave up names. Men like your Polyakov gave up names. We gave up the names of some of the same people, who had earlier given up names. It's a nasty kind of circle. But we chose to play.

JEANNE

You executed those men. You were scared and you were greedy and you murdered ten people who were loyal to the United States.

RICK

...Scared?

JEANNE

You're fifty three years old. How long do you think you'd keep a woman like Rosario around without money? And where do you think you'd find another? You'd retire and you'd be alone, and I don't think you could face it.

Having heard enough, she stands, content with her own assessment.

RICK

(a parting shot)

Where does that leave you?

JEANNE

Oh, I'm going home to have a glass of wine and watch Jeopardy. I'll be all right.

And she leaves, via a door opposite to the one he came through. It shuts behind her. We HOLD ON RICK sitting handcuffed at the table, alone.

Legend: On April 28, 1994 Aldrich Ames was convicted of Conspiracy to Commit Espionage and sentenced to life imprisonment without parole.

Legend: Between 1985 and his arrest he compromised over one hundred U.S. intelligence operations. Of the assets whose names he disclosed to the KGB, ten were subsequently executed.

Legend: For his service he received a total of \$2.7 million dollars, with an additional \$1.9 million earmarked for him in Moscow, making him the highest-paid spy in American history.

Legend: He is currently serving his sentence at the maximum security Federal Penitentiary in Allenwood, Pennsylvania.

INT. CIA - JEANNE'S OFFICE (NHB) - DAY

Jeanne is packing up her office, putting personal items into a box - among them a framed photograph of herself more than thirty years younger, one of only seven women among sixty trainees at Camp Peary.

Legend: In the aftermath of the Ames case, a number of measures were taken to prevent another security breach.

Legend: CIA Director James Woolsey announced that 'The Directorate of Operations can no longer be run as a fraternity - much less a white male one in which once you are initiated you're considered a trusted member for life.'

Carrying the box, Jeanne switches the lights off and shuts the door behind her on her way out.

Legend: In May 1994, President Clinton signed a directive requiring that the Chief of the CIA's Counterintelligence Center be an agent of the FBI.

INT. GRIMES HOUSE - NIGHT

A panel of contestants face Alex Trebek on television.

Sandy is watching Jeopardy, curled up on the sofa with Gary, her head on his shoulder. On t.v., Trebek encourages the contestants to answer the Final Jeopardy question. Sandy reaches for the phone.

Legend: Sandra Grimes retired after twenty six years in the CIA's clandestine service, to spend more time with her family. A grandmother of four, she lives in Great Falls, Virginia with Gary.

INT. JEANNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeanne, too, has the television on, tuned to Jeopardy. She watches out of the corner of her eye, chatting on the phone with Sandy, as she searches a particular drawer, eventually finding in it - a key.

Legend: Jeanne served on contract as a CIA analyst for another twenty years. She and Sandy remained close friends and regular dinner companions until Jeanne's death in 2013.

Jeanne finally unlocks the windows to her balcony. She steps outside with the phone, continuing to talk to Sandy as she stares out over the city.

Legend: Thanking her posthumously for fifty-eight years of service, Acting Director Michael Morell described her as 'a legend and a true CIA icon.'

As Jeanne laughs at something Sandy says to her over the phone, we then...

CUT TO BLACK