

# Wenceslas Square

by

Christopher Markus  
&  
Stephen McFeely

Based on the short story by  
Arthur Phillips

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SECOND DRAFT

FADE IN:

A LABRADOR sits on a green lawn, tongue out in the hot sun.

WIDEN: A YOUNG MAN KNEELS NEXT TO THE DOG, SMILING. He wears Wayfarers and Topsiders.

A GIANT THUMB strokes the dog.

PULL BACK to find we're in...

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

TYLER VANALDEN (20's) tacks the photo of him and his dog to a bare white wall above a narrow single bed.

He picks up A LETTER AND TORN ENVELOPE from a generic desk. It's the only other furniture in the 19th Century room.

Tyler stares at the photo. Then he walks out, turning off the light as he goes.

The streetlight shines through the blue polyester curtains. The dog smiles out at the empty room.

EXT. PRAGUE STREETS - NIGHT

Tyler walks down the largely empty cobblestone street, backpack over his shoulder.

Old buildings loom, their ornate facades black with soot. Weak light seeps from shuttered windows.

Here and there, dour Czechoslovakians trudge past. Tyler tries to smile at an old woman. She doesn't smile back.

EXT. LENNON WALL - NIGHT

Tyler passes a GRAFFITI-COVERED WALL. Drawings of John Lennon and Beatles lyrics intertwine in multicolor.

Halfway down the block, TWO POLICE shove a SCRUFFY YOUNG MAN against the wall. A CAN OF PAINT lies at his feet.

On the wall above them, it reads, "I AM THE EGGMA-"

The police glance at Tyler. He keeps walking.

EXT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

Finally, Tyler reaches AN OLD TAVERN.

A wooden sign hangs over the door, featuring a SNARLING BLACK BEAR perforated by ARROWS.

INT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

Smoke and sound wash over Tyler as he opens the heavy door. Locals huddle, drinking and talking low.

A few people look up at Tyler, unenthused.

At the fireplace, A DARK-HAIRED YOUNG WOMAN glances at him.

Tyler unbuttons his coat and makes his way to the bar. The BAR MATRON eyes him, unsmiling. Tyler smiles anyway.

TYLER

Pivo?

She grunts.

Tyler glances at a MIDDLE-AGED MAN playing chess alone.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(in Czech)

*Who's winning?*

The man moves his rook with a scarred, THREE-FINGERED HAND.

THREE-FINGERED MAN

(not looking up)

*The other guy.*

The matron thumps down a beer.

Tyler eyes A DUSTY BEAR HEAD gazing mournfully from the wall.

Below it, AN OLD TV sits on a table, sound off. On screen, a man in a cheap suit points at a map.

A FAT MAN and A LITTLE BOY sit in front of the TV.

LITTLE BOY

*The weather changes because the weatherman tells it to.*

The fat man ignores him. The boy looks at Tyler.

LITTLE BOY (CONT'D)  
*It is so, right?*

TYLER  
*It is so.*

The boy smiles, vindicated.

JARMILA (O.S.)  
(in English)  
Do you always lie to children?

Tyler turns. THE DARK-HAIRED YOUNG WOMAN (JARMILA, 20's) stands next to him at the bar.

TYLER  
Um, no. Sometimes I lie to adults.

JARMILA  
Are you lying to me now?

TYLER  
(in Czech)  
*I only lie in English.*

She smiles, her eyes flashing. She's beautiful.

JARMILA  
Me, too.

He glances at her empty wine glass.

TYLER  
Can I buy you another of those?

She looks at the dregs in her glass.

JARMILA  
This was not very good.

He sees her eyes are rimmed with red, as if she's been crying.

TYLER  
Then I'll buy you something better.

He raises his hand to the matron.

ED MARSHALL (O.S.)  
What made you suspicious?

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, ED MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY

ED MARSHALL leans back in his chair behind a big desk.

A picture of Ronald Reagan hangs behind him.

ED MARSHALL

You're a good-looking guy. It could have been real.

Tyler sits across the desk in a blue suit, a RED I.D. BADGE clipped to his lapel.

TYLER

I've been going to that bar for three weeks. The reception hasn't exactly been warm.

ED MARSHALL

(shrugging)

It's Czechoslovakia.

JARMILA (O.S.)

You are from U.S.A.?

INT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

Tyler and Jarmila now sit at a table near the fire.

TYLER

Massachusetts.

For a moment, she looks perplexed.

TYLER (CONT'D)

That's in the U.S.

She smiles a touch tightly.

JARMILA

We are told many things about your country.

(almost embarrassed)

Strange things.

TYLER

Strange how?

JARMILA

That everything is made of plastic.  
Even your food.

TYLER

It depends on the restaurant.

Charmed, she leans forward.

JARMILA

Why are you here?

TYLER

It's my assignment.

(mock pompous)

You're speaking to the Third  
Secretary to the Assistant U.S.  
Counsellor for Public Affairs,  
Czechoslovakia.

JARMILA

That sounds like a good job.

TYLER

It almost doesn't matter.

(draining his beer)

It's sort of the family business.

JARMILA

My father was a doctor.

(beat)

He died before I was born. Run  
over by a tank.

ED MARSHALL (O.S.)

That's a little much, don't you  
think?

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, ED MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY

Tyler shrugs.

TYLER

It's theoretically possible. I was  
very sympathetic.

ED MARSHALL

Aw.

INT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

Tyler gently touches her hand on the table.

TYLER

I'm sorry.

She shakes her head, but doesn't remove her hand.

JARMILA

That was a long time ago. In a  
different Prague.

TYLER

Still, that's a hard thing to deal  
with.

JARMILA

It is the past.

She glances up as the Three-Fingered Man walks by, chessboard  
under his arm.

JARMILA (CONT'D)

And that's a luxury we can't  
afford.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, ED MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY

Marshall smiles at her drama.

ED MARSHALL

How drunk did you get?

TYLER

Enough to guarantee my honesty.

INT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

Tyler meets Jarmila's eyes over the top of his glass.

JARMILA

Candy Land?

TYLER

It's a children's game.

He takes A LONG PULL FROM HIS BEER.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I just mean, maybe you shouldn't be  
so impressed with America. It's  
not that perfect. We're barely  
even an actual democracy by this  
point.

At the next table, a GROUP OF MEN laugh loudly at each other.  
Jarmila moves her chair closer to Tyler's.

JARMILA

You will forgive me for saying, but  
I don't think you know what "not a  
democracy" really means.

His eyes flicker over her, so close.

TYLER

I would forgive you for saying just  
about anything.

She blushes, looking down.

JARMILA

You are so nice. And good.  
(looking up at him)  
And I very much need something  
good.

Their eyes meet.

TYLER

*You are the most beautiful girl I  
think I have ever seen in my whole  
life.*

She stares at him, struck.

ED MARSHALL (O.S.)

Nice.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, ED MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY

Ed Marshall makes a note on a pad.

ED MARSHALL

Was that true?

TYLER

She's cute. A lot of them are  
here. But, no.

INT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

Tyler stares at Jarmila, taken.

TYLER

I can help you. Let me help you.

She sips her wine and then, impulsively, kisses him.

CLOSE ON: THEIR LIPS.

Her lips move to his ear, whispering.

JARMILA  
I want to leave this place.

TYLER  
(caught off guard)  
Uh, um-

Suddenly, she pulls away.

JARMILA  
What time it is?

She pushes up his sleeve and checks his watch.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
Dear god, I'm so late. He will be  
home now, he will know, he will ask-

She stands, grabbing her coat. Tyler moves to get up.

TYLER  
Hang on.

JARMILA  
Don't. It is not safe.

Her eyes well up and she flees the bar. Bar patrons look  
from her to Tyler, curious, suspicious.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, ED MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY

Marshall nods, knowing.

ED MARSHALL  
And so you boiled with desire.

TYLER  
And felt conspicuous. And got  
stuck with the tab.

ED MARSHALL  
The guy always pays, Ty.

INT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

Tyler drops back into his chair, stunned.

ED MARSHALL (O.S.)  
Still, you feel she owes you. And  
she's in danger.

Tyler sees the Czechs looking at him. He digs in his pocket and leaves a pile of crowns on the table.

ED MARSHALL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And you want her. It's the  
trifecta.

He makes for the door.

EXT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

Tyler runs outside, hoping. He looks around, but the streets stand empty.

He drags his hands through his hair. He runs to the corner. He pants, his drunken breath steaming in the chill.

TYLER  
Goddamnit!

His words echo against the ancient buildings.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, ED MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY

Tyler sits back in his chair.

TYLER  
I even managed to forget my bag.

SMASH CUT:

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Tyler's bag lies on a table.

TYLER (O.S.)  
Unclassified Politburo profiles.

FLASH. Someone photographs Tyler's documents.

TYLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
A letter from my Mom.

FLASH. Someone photographs Tyler's letter.

TYLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Nothing of value. But, still,  
shows real discipline problems.

Hands replace the documents in Tyler's bag.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, ED MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY

THE BAG rests next to Tyler's chair.

TYLER  
It was back in the bar by morning.

Ed Marshall looks the younger man over, smiling.

ED MARSHALL  
This could be a big get if it turns  
out to be real.

TYLER  
How could it not be real?

ED MARSHALL  
Sad as it may seem to men in our  
profession, pretty girls do  
occasionally get drunk and come on  
to guys in bars without any  
ulterior motive whatsoever.

Tyler thinks on this, then shakes his head.

TYLER  
I don't buy it. She's working me.

ED MARSHALL  
You're pretty confident for someone  
who's been at this station for two  
months.

TYLER  
I think I've read the situation  
correctly.

ED MARSHALL  
And if you have, we'll act on it.  
StB, KGB, whoever she is.

Tyler rises from his chair.

TYLER  
I'll make myself available for  
their overture.

ED MARSHALL

You sound like your dad.

TYLER

I doubt that.

ED MARSHALL

Well, I've probably spent more time  
with him than you have.

He holds out a LARGE RED ENVELOPE.

TYLER

What's this?

ED MARSHALL

It's from him. Came in the pouch  
from Moscow Station.

Tyler takes the envelope hesitantly.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. SECTION - DAY

TWELVE MODERN DESKS sit in a once-grand, 17th Century room.

Agents tap at bulky computers at eleven of the desks.

Tyler sits at the twelfth, studying the envelope: "SECRET AND  
CONFIDENTIAL. VANALDEN TO VANALDEN. YOUR EYES ONLY."

Tyler tears off the security strip and breaks the seal. He  
upends the envelope and shakes out...another envelope.

He pulls out A GREETING CARD SHAPED LIKE A LITTLE BOY HOLDING  
A BASEBALL BAT.

He opens it. In looping script, it reads, "Ty. Welcome to  
the Big Leagues. Watch your Ass. Dad."

Tyler just stares. Then...

HERSCH MEYER (O.S.)

Is it your birthday, Vanalden?

Tyler looks up to see HERSCHE MEYER (40's).

TYLER

No, Hersch.

HERSCH MEYER

Then I can't quite figure out why  
you're not working on the Ten A.M.  
Reports.

He points to the clock on the wall.

HERSCH MEYER (CONT'D)  
In an hour, they'll be late.

Tyler swallows his irritation.

TYLER

Then you'll have them in forty-  
five.

Hersch looks unimpressed. He walks away.

Tyler sighs. He props the card on his desk and swivels to his computer. He types a moment, then stops.

The baseball player smiles at him.

Tyler feeds his father's card into the shredder. Colored strips of baseball player land in the receptacle.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. SECTION - NIGHT

Tyler leaves for the night. He signs out and hands over his RED I.D. BADGE to a Marine at the checkpoint.

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - NIGHT

Tyler walks out the front door, pulling his coat around him.

INT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

Tyler hangs up his coat. He glances around, casual.

No Jarmila.

He orders a beer, then leans against the bar, waiting.

Down the bar, THE THREE-FINGERED MAN studies his chessboard.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Tyler pushes open the curtains. Between buildings, he can just make out the sun's glare on the Vltava.

EXT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Tyler steps out the front door and climbs the hill to work. He sneaks a peek behind him, HOPING TO BE FOLLOWED. Nothing.

INT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

The Three-Fingered Man opens his chessboard. Tyler watches him lay out the pieces.

THE DOOR OPENS. Tyler looks a little too quickly:

A plain-looking woman enters. She finds her husband in the corner. They laugh together.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Tyler sits in a department meeting.

Marshall talks, gesturing behind him to a CORKBOARD labeled, "CZECH INTELLIGENCE AND SECURITY - StB COMMAND AND CONTROL."

PHOTOGRAPHS hang thumbtacked, connected by descending arrows.

They feature men we'll come to know: ZDENEK RYCHTAR, JOHNNY 1950, VLADIMIR RUZICKA.

INT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

Later in the week, the Three-Fingered man (KAREL) again sits at his board.

TYLER (O.S.)  
*Would you like to play?*

Tyler stands next to him, holding two beers.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
*Because I'd play with you.*

KAREL  
I speak English.

Tyler holds out a beer.

TYLER  
*I said I'd play with you.*

The man looks up, studying the young American. After a moment, he takes the beer.

KAREL

Then play.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Still in the meeting, Tyler studies the StB corkboard.

His eyes rove over the pictures. A last arrow descends from Johnny 1950's photo, pointing to nothing.

Tyler stares at the blank space.

INT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

On another night, Karel takes one of Tyler's pawns. Tyler tries not to eye the mangled hand.

KAREL

You know, Kafka lived there.

TYLER

In the Embassy?

KAREL

That building is older than your country.

TYLER

Everything here is.

KAREL

But the rooms were cold. Kafka got tuberculosis. He moved.

They play. A moment passes.

TYLER

I thought he died of tuberculosis.

KAREL

He did.

TYLER

Guess he didn't move far enough.

Karel looks up from the board. He smiles.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. SECTION - DAY

Tyler types a report: "Project DAMSEL. Day 13. No contact."

He pulls the sheet from the typewriter and puts it in a binder with A DOZEN OTHER NEARLY BLANK PAGES.

INT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

The next week, Karel studies the board. His good hand hovers over his queen.

He notices Tyler glancing at his SOOTY FINGERS.

KAREL

Pardon me.

Karel pulls out a rag and wipes his hands.

KAREL (CONT'D)

I came from work.

TYLER

I thought you were a professor.

KAREL

Who told you that?

Tyler glances at the matron.

TYLER

People.

KAREL

I work at the hotel now. I stoke the furnace.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. SECTION - NIGHT

Tyler walks through the now empty office, coat over his arm.

TYLER (O.S.)

Isn't there another job you could do?

Tyler eyes the wall of filing cabinets, the rows of binders.

KAREL (O.S.)

Not anymore.

Tyler sighs.

INT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

Karel's eyes droop with sleep and alcohol.

Tyler glances at the door.

KAREL

I knew you were not here just to  
talk to me.

Tyler turns back to find Karel smiling at him.

TYLER

You'll do in a pinch.

KAREL

She is Czech?

Tyler pauses. He nods.

KAREL (CONT'D)

Then do not worry. She'll come.

TYLER

How do you know?

Karel drains his beer.

KAREL

You're too fucking handsome not to.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

On his way out, Tyler stares at the faces on the corkboard.

Then he glances out the window at the lights of the Old City.

INT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

Karel waves a blurry good night as he heads into the snow.

Tyler looks around the nearly empty bar. He drains his beer.

After a moment, someone rests A PAIR OF GLOVES on his table.

He looks up to see Jarmila.

They stare at each other a long, pregnant moment.

TYLER

*Good evening.*

JARMILA

*Good evening.*

She slides in beside him.

JARMILA (CONT'D)

I am glad you are here.

He shifts in his seat.

TYLER

I just got here, actually.

JARMILA

I tried to come. I did-

TYLER

(to the matron)

Pivo, prosim.

(to Jarmila)

Did you want something?

JARMILA

(seeing his irritation)

You cannot imagine how much I wanted to see you.

TYLER

You're right.

The matron puts down his beer. She glances at Jarmila, resentful.

Tyler notices. He slides closer to Jarmila, protective. She smiles shyly.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I suppose you want me to say I came here every night for the last two weeks hoping you'd show up.

JARMILA

Did you?

TYLER

No.

(beat)

Last Thursday, they were closed.  
The pipes froze.

Under the table, she squeezes his thigh, whispering.

JARMILA

Thank you, Tyler. Thank you for  
being who I thought you were.

TIME CUT:

The matron spreads the coals out in the fireplace.

Tyler and Jarmila stare at each other. Under the table,  
their hands meet.

They move closer. Suddenly, Jarmila pulls her hand away.

TYLER

What is it?

JARMILA

There is someone.

TYLER

It doesn't matter.  
(sipping his beer.)  
Who?

JARMILA

Radek.

He responds by brushing her face. She stiffens.

JARMILA (CONT'D)

It is too dangerous. I should not  
have come.

(standing hurriedly)  
I'm sorry, Tyler.

She dashes out of the bar.

Tyler sits for a moment. He rolls his eyes.

EXT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

Tyler runs after Jarmila as a light snow falls. He turns her  
around and kisses her. She kisses back.

JARMILA

No. Not here.

Tyler looks around. He grabs her by the arm.

EXT. PRAGUE ALLEY - NIGHT

Tyler yanks Jarmila into the alley. He presses her against a wall. His hands are everywhere.

She practically climbs him. Finally, she breaks away.

JARMILA

But Radek-

TYLER

Fuck Radek.

JARMILA

If you knew, you would not say that.

TYLER

Knew what?

JARMILA

He is powerful. Radek works for-

ED MARSHALL (O.S.)

StB? Please say StB.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, STAIRWELL - DAY

Marshall takes the stairs two at a time. Tyler keeps pace.

TYLER

StB.

ED MARSHALL

I'm almost disappointed.

EXT. PRAGUE ALLEY - NIGHT

Jarmila looks out at the street, worried.

JARMILA

He watches me. All the time, I never know when. He does not trust me.

TYLER

I trust you.

He kisses her. She stares into his eyes, as if an idea had just occurred to her. Then she turns away.

JARMILA

No, it is too much.

TYLER

What is it?

JARMILA

It is too dangerous for you.

TYLER

Whatever you want. If I can help,  
I will.

She struggles to ask. Finally:

JARMILA

If you could...bring me something?  
From your work?

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. SECTION - DAY

Marshall and Tyler head for the conference room.

TYLER

She said it didn't have to be  
anything important. A box of  
pencils or something.

ED MARSHALL

I am absolutely authorized to give  
her pencils.

Marshall pushes open the door.

EXT. PRAGUE ALLEY - NIGHT

Jarmila presses into Tyler, her hips grinding against him.

JARMILA

Forget I said something. It was  
wrong to ask. Please. Do not put  
yourself in danger.

TYLER

Come home with me.

JARMILA

I can't.

They kiss some more. She weakens.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
My friend has an apartment.

TYLER  
Fine by me.

JARMILA  
I must talk to her first.

Her hands drift over his hips. He tries to control himself.

TYLER  
We could talk to her now.

JARMILA  
Monday. Meet me Monday.

She writes on A SCRAP OF PAPER and presses it into his hand.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
Okay, Tyler.

She hurries down the alley, disappearing into the night.

Tyler stares after her, snow collecting on his shoulders. He runs his hand over his face. He unfolds the paper.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON THE NOTE: "MALE NAMESTI 11, 4TH FLOOR, 18:00."

Ed Marshall looks from Jarmila's note to Tyler.

ED MARSHALL  
Tyler here's reeled in a mackerel.

He hands the paper to VAL EVANS (40's). She examines it and hands it to HERSCHE MEYER.

Hersch frowns across the table at Marshall and Tyler. All of them wear RED I.D. BADGES.

HERSCHE MEYER  
He just got here.

VAL EVANS  
Which is why it might make sense to do it.

ED MARSHALL  
You got something else cooking on the stove?

HERSCH MEYER

I'm trying to take things off the  
stove, Ed.

He nods at the board, which reads, "DISSIDENTS AND AGITATORS -  
CHARTER 77." PICTURES OF VACLAV HAVEL AND OTHERS HANG BELOW.

ED MARSHALL

You're betting on Havel? He writes  
plays. Community theater's not  
bringing down the Kremlin.

HERSCH MEYER

I talked to him one time. He's a  
very persuasive guy. Plus, he's  
really into Frank Zappa.

VAL EVANS

Now Moscow's scared.

HERSCH MEYER

What's the upside of an extra op  
right now?

ED MARSHALL

We've got a direct line to an StB  
agent who doesn't know we know.  
That's an exploitable asset.

(smiling)

Granted, I don't a hundred percent  
know what to do with her yet. But  
I have confidence I'll be able to  
come up with something.

Hersch runs a hand over his bald spot. He eyes Tyler.

HERSCH MEYER

She buys your story?

TYLER

You don't think I'm a spy. What  
makes you think she does?

HERSCH MEYER

This isn't Ottawa, junior.

ED MARSHALL

Where exactly was your first post,  
Hersch?

VAL EVANS

The Vatican.

TYLER  
Treacherous.

HERSCH MEYER  
If your name's Herschel Eli Meyer,  
it is.

VAL EVANS  
So what does our young man give  
their young lady to get past third  
base?

TYLER  
Nothing important. Just enough to  
bait the hook.

Marshall turns to Hersch.

ED MARSHALL  
How about we start with your  
medical records?

HERSCH MEYER  
Come on.

ED MARSHALL  
Your prostate's not a state secret,  
Hersch.

He turns to Val.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
Firm up Tyler's backstory. More  
fratboy than traitor.

Marshall signals the meeting is over. As everyone pushes  
their chairs back, he catches Tyler by the elbow.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
Normally, this early, we could wire  
you. But that doesn't seem...

TYLER  
No, it doesn't.

Marshall eyes Tyler. Finally, he slaps him on the back.

ED MARSHALL  
All right. See the nurse before  
Monday. She'll give you your  
shots.

EXT. MALE NAMESTI 11 - NIGHT

An old apartment building stands on a quiet street.

Tyler approaches and goes inside.

Through the glass, we can see him check the names on a series of WOODEN CUBBYHOLES.

INT. MALE NAMESTI 11, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

From above, we see Tyler climb the winding staircase. His shoes click on the marble.

He looks up with anticipation.

INT. MALE NAMESTI 11, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tyler stands before door 402. He breathes.

Then he raises his hand to knock...BUT THE DOOR OPENS.

Jarmila stands before him. A candle flickers behind her.

JARMILA

I heard you on the stairs.

TYLER

New shoes.

INT. MALE NAMESTI 11, APT. 402 - NIGHT

Tyler stands in the bare loft. Through the windows, the roofs and towers of Old Prague glow in the moonlight.

A freshly made-up bed sits in the center of the room.

Jarmila locks the door and leans against it, staring at him.

He lets his eyes wander over the room. In the corner, conspicuous, stands an old, upright piano.

TYLER

Do you play?

JARMILA

This is Klara's apartment. She is my friend.

TYLER  
(moving toward her)  
Where is she now?

JARMILA  
Moravia.

He takes her in his arms. They kiss.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
Her grandmother is dying.

Tyler buries his face in her hair.

TYLER  
That's very sad.

JARMILA  
(smiling)  
She has been dying for many years.

He pulls AN ENVELOPE from his inside pocket.

TYLER  
This is for you.

JARMILA  
No. I do not want it. You'll get  
into trouble. We both will.

TYLER  
I've already done it.  
(kissing her again)  
And you'll only get in trouble if  
you don't.

He presses the envelope into her hands. She looks down at  
it, suppressing a smile.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
So it's done.

She stares into his eyes. She lets the envelope drop.

CLOSE ON: THE ENVELOPE as she walks past it, nudging off her  
flats. Candlelight flickers on the State Dept. insignia.

TIME CUT:

A cassette plays in a tape deck, the Beatles in Czech.

Naked, Tyler kisses Jarmila's shoulder. She sighs, content,  
running her hand along the small of his back.

He playfully bites her arm. She squeals and pinches his ass. He yelps. They roll over in the bed, laughing.

They stare at each other, likely with the same thought:

*This is more fun than I thought it would be.*

Tyler kisses her. They make love. Again.

TIME CUT:

From under the covers, Jarmila reaches out for the envelope.

She glances at Tyler, who seems to sleep.

She opens the envelope. Her face goes from pleased...to confused...to angry.

She looks back at Tyler. His eyes are now open.

HE WATCHES HER EXPRESSION SOFTEN.

JARMILA  
My brave boy.

She snuggles back under the quilt.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
How did you get such a thing?

TYLER  
They think they've got that place  
locked down tight. But that's only  
true if you're coming at them from  
the outside.

He strokes her bare arm.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Once you're inside, sitting at your  
desk, they don't see you at all.  
You're invisible.

JARMILA  
I see you.

She kisses his chest.

TYLER  
It's just a Xerox.

As she pulls him down, Tyler eyes the document.

TIME CUT:

Dawn. Tyler ties his tie, staring in the mirror, thinking.

Behind him, Jarmila sleeps.

When he turns, her eyes are open.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I should go before the street gets  
busy.

He sits on the bed, putting his arms around her. They kiss.  
She whispers into his shoulder.

JARMILA

Thank you.

TYLER

Be careful.

She nods. With a last kiss, he pushes himself off the bed  
and leaves the room.

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: IN GRAINY BLACK & WHITE, Jarmila  
remains in bed.

The door clicks shut.

For a moment, she lies there, emotionless.

Then she stands, naked. She walks toward the camera.

She reaches past the lens. We hear a creak, then a click.

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Jarmila walks through a drab office, hair pulled back, no  
make-up.

Agents work under fluorescent lights. A phone rings,  
unanswered.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, RYCHTAR'S OFFICE - DAY

SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS OF TYLER: Tyler at a bar. Tyler looking  
over his shoulder. Tyler at a hockey game. Tyler jogging.

Jarmila sits patiently as THREE PEOPLE go over her report:

ZDENEK RYCHTAR (60's) reads, stoic. A once-powerful man, his beard now gray, two cigarettes going in his ashtray.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
*Is there anything you would like to add?*

JARMILA  
*No, sir. The boy is as we thought he was.*

JOHNNY 1950 (40's) sips tea from a Toronto Maple Leafs mug. He eyes Jarmila encouragingly.

JOHNNY 1950  
*Maybe the Assistant Director would like you to be more specific?*

JARMILA  
*The American seems eager to please.*

She glances at MARKETA (20's), who smiles encouragingly.

Ryhtar looks disappointed. He levels Johnny with a look.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
*When I agreed to your operation, I was expecting more.*

JOHNNY 1950  
*And there will be. It is a rich opportunity.*

Ryhtar glances at a videotape labelled, "VANALDEN/HRBEK."

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
*For you, perhaps.*

He picks up TYLER'S STOLEN DOCUMENT, studying it.

Jarmila straightens, professional.

JARMILA  
*I feel it's a good start.*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
*Was I speaking to you?*

Jarmila reddens. She nearly responds, but silences herself.

Ryhtar tosses the document down.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR (CONT'D)  
*Ten years ago this "good start"  
would've been considered a complete  
failure.*

Marketa lays a comforting hand on Jarmila's arm. Jarmila politely but firmly pulls it away.

MARKETA  
*Sir, this is Agent Hrbek's first  
assignment...of this sort.*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
*Of any sort.*

JOHNNY 1950  
*We can certainly reconsider the  
operation, Assistant Director.*  
(beat)  
*Of course, with the apartment and  
the recording devices, the  
department would be forced to  
absorb certain costs...*

Rychtar sighs. He swivels to Jarmila.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
*When can we expect more?*

JARMILA  
*I see him next week.*

Johnny 1950 smiles, satisfied. He slides JARMILA'S VIDEOTAPE into his briefcase.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
*Bring us something real, Agent.  
This department's budget is not  
limitless.*

Rychtar rises, meeting over.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR (CONT'D)  
*And believe it or not, you are more  
expensive than a prostitute.*

Jarmila nods, small in her chair.

EXT. STB HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Jarmila exits a nondescript building. A SOLDIER nods goodnight.

INT. METRO TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

Jarmila sits in a crowded train car. A man with a thick mustache smiles at her, a tooth missing.

INT. PRAGUE METRO STATION - NIGHT

Jarmila walks down a long underground corridor.

EXT. PRAGUE METRO STATION, OPATOV - NIGHT

Jarmila climbs the steps, emerging in suburban Prague. Wide fields separate her from GRAY TOWERS in the distance.

EXT. JARMILA'S APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

A GNARLED OLD WOMAN sits in a folding chair beside a basket of flowers.

MRS. VARADIOVA  
*There she is.*

She peers at the girl.

MRS. VARADIOVA (CONT'D)  
*Is everything all right?*

JARMILA  
*I'm just tired, Mrs. Varadiova.*

Jarmila halfheartedly looks through the old woman's basket.

MRS. VARADIOVA  
*A lovely girl shouldn't buy her own flowers.*

Jarmila shrugs.

MRS. VARADIOVA (CONT'D)  
*When I was young like you - never so pretty but still - I could make a boy buy me roses with one smile.*

Jarmila chooses A YELLOW ROSE and hands her a crown.

JARMILA  
*Maybe I don't want to have to make him.*

MRS. VARADIOVA  
*Holcicko, if you don't tell men  
what to do, they won't do anything  
at all.*

Jarmila just smiles tightly.

INT. JARMILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights flicker. Jarmila enters the tiny apartment.

She switches on the TV. Czech Communist blares. She frowns and turns it off.

She takes down a glass and fills it with water. She puts in the flower and sets it on the table.

The light buzzes. The flower looks bleached.

She stares at it sadly.

INT. MALE NAMESTI 11, APT. 402 - NIGHT

Jarmila and Tyler SLAM against the wall, locked together. She wraps her legs around him.

He grasps the wall for balance, knocking a picture askew.

TIME CUT:

Tyler and Jarmila lie on the bed, naked.

Tyler's stomach growls. She giggles.

TYLER  
Klara doesn't keep any food here,  
does she? Maybe some crackers. Or  
a gallon of butterscotch ice cream.

JARMILA  
No kitchen. Anyway, I do not cook.

TYLER  
Not even at home for Radek?

JARMILA  
For Radek, I warm. Cook? Never.

Tyler smiles.

Jarmila rolls over, eyeing A CONFIDENTIAL STATE DEPARTMENT FOLDER on the floor.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
Where do I tell him I get these things?

Tyler takes in her lie. He lies, himself.

TYLER  
What did you say the first time?

Jarmila continues her lie.

JARMILA  
I said Klara gave it to me.

Tyler continues his.

TYLER  
And Radek believed that?

Jarmila turns to him. She stares.

JARMILA  
Why wouldn't he?

Tyler tries to keep it all straight in his head. He rolls over and stares at the ceiling.

VAL EVANS (O.S.)  
She's testing you.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Val and Hersch eye Tyler from across the table.

TYLER  
Yeah, but I'm trying to figure out why.

HERSCH MEYER  
Any schmo who'd betray his country for a handjob might not be a schmo you can count on.

TYLER  
So I show her I know how to lie.

Val shakes her head.

VAL EVANS  
It's not a lie if you believe it.

INT. MALE NAMESTI 11, APT. 402 - DAY

The next week, Tyler and Jarmila go over her story.

TYLER  
Klara's lover is a junior political officer. You've never met him, but from what she says, you guess that he's from the south. Like Texas or Georgia.

JARMILA  
Yee haw.

He smiles.

TYLER  
He's married, so they don't see each other a lot, but when they do, he comes from work and sometimes he has papers.

JARMILA  
He's taking a great risk in doing that, don't you think?

She stares at him. He takes it in.

TYLER  
Sure. But he's crazy about her.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Tyler sips a coke, doubtful.

TYLER  
And why is Tyler Vanalden, Third Secretary whatever for Public Affairs such a great liar?

Val finishes a sandwich. She raises a finger. *I've got an idea.*

JARMILA (O.S.)  
Your sister was an actress?

INT. MALE NAMESTI 11, APT. 402 - DAY

Jarmila sits on the edge of the bed. Tyler nods genuinely.

TYLER

We just practice your lines over  
and over until you've memorized  
your part.

Jarmila thinks about it.

JARMILA

Was she famous?

TYLER

Sort of. She was on "Search for  
Tomorrow" before it was cancelled.

HERSCH MEYER (O.S.)

They cancelled "Search for  
Tomorrow?"

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Hersch Meyer looks up from his file, saddened.

VAL EVANS

Two years ago.

HERSCH MEYER

God damn, I'm missing everything  
over here.

TYLER

Guys?

INT. MALE NAMESTI 11, APT. 402 - DAY

Jarmila stares in the mirror. Tyler watches her carefully.

JARMILA

*I saw Klara again today.*

TYLER

(as Radek)

*What did she want?*

JARMILA

Lower.

TYLER

What?

JARMILA

Radek's voice is lower.

TYLER

(as Radek, but lower)

*What did she want?*

She giggles.

JARMILA

*She had another package.*

TYLER

Watch your eyebrow.

She rolls her eyes up, following his instructions literally.

JARMILA

*She had another package.*

TYLER

Are you going to be serious?

She makes a serious face. Then she sticks her tongue out.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I will bite that off.

She sucks it back in, mock-scared.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(as Radek)

*You said there was a package.*

JARMILA

Yes.

TYLER

(as Radek)

*Give it.*

She hands Tyler the folder. He flips through the pages.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(as Radek)

*What is this man's name?*

JARMILA

*I don't know. She doesn't tell me.*

Tyler looks at her in the mirror.

TYLER  
(as Radek)  
*Is he attractive?*

JARMILA  
*For an American.*

TYLER  
(as Radek)  
*Klara should watch herself.*  
*Americans think of nothing but*  
*perversion.*

She turns from the mirror and looks at Tyler.

JARMILA  
Is that right?

TYLER  
Constantly.

They kiss. He pulls back and looks at her proudly.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
You're a very good liar.

JARMILA  
So are you.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, JOHNNY 1950'S OFFICE - DAY

A STACK OF AMERICAN MAGAZINES LINE A SHELF.

MOVE ACROSS THE OFFICE. PAST A U.S. MAP...PAST A MODEL '57 THUNDERBIRD...TO A BUFFALO SABRES MUG.

A hand picks up the mug and we follow it to...

Johnny 1950's lips. Blue television light bathes his rapt face. He watches a monitor, but we don't see what's on it.

There's a knock at the door. He sighs and presses PAUSE.

JOHNNY 1950  
Enter.

Jarmila opens the door.

JARMILA  
You wanted to see me-

She sees the frozen image on the monitor: IN BLACK & WHITE,  
SHE BENDS OVER ON THE BED. TYLER KNEELS BEHIND HER.

She forces herself to look at Johnny.

Johnny fixes his receding hair. He smiles nervously.

JOHNNY 1950

Hello.

(beat)

How are you?

JARMILA

Busy.

JOHNNY 1950

This will not take long. Please...

He nods at a chair. She sits.

JOHNNY 1950 (CONT'D)

Tea?

She shakes her head. He pours himself more from a pot on his desk. He turns it nearly white with milk.

JOHNNY 1950 (CONT'D)

I have been reading your latest reports.

He nods to a GREEN FOLDER on the desk.

JOHNNY 1950 (CONT'D)

Congratulations. Very promising.

JARMILA

Your standards are not as high as mine.

Johnny raises an eyebrow.

JARMILA (CONT'D)

You've seen what Prep School's given me. Personnel rosters, vacation requests...

JOHNNY 1950

A slow start, maybe but...

(trying a smile)

I have faith in your abilities.

Jarmila doesn't smile back. His smile drops.

JOHNNY 1950 (CONT'D)  
In fact, I assured the Assistant  
Director we would have something  
actionable by the end of the month.

JARMILA  
What?

JOHNNY 1950  
(nodding at the TV)  
It did not strike me as a problem.

JARMILA  
I can't rush it.

She frowns at the TV and TYLER'S PIXILATED, ECSTATIC FACE.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
He may be a big man in that room.  
But outside, he's a coward.

JOHNNY 1950  
Then you need to make him braver.

JARMILA  
And how would I do that?

JOHNNY 1950  
(his mouth dry)  
Promise him things.

She just stares at him. Johnny taps his desk nervously.

JOHNNY 1950 (CONT'D)  
After all, we would not want him to  
lose interest.

JARMILA SLOWLY REACHES ACROSS HIS DESK, her bare arm nearly  
brushing Johnny's face.

She presses the button on the VCR remote.

THE TAPE UNPAUSES. TYLER AND JARMILA SPRING BACK TO LIFE.  
TYLER SEEMS VERY ENGAGED.

Jarmila leans back in her chair, watching herself have sex  
behind Johnny 1950's head.

She looks back at Johnny.

JARMILA  
Does he seem disinterested to you?

Johnny stiffens uncomfortably.

EXT. LETNA PARK - DAY

YELLOW FLOWERS DOT A HILLTOP PARK. Czechs walk their dogs.

JARMILA (O.S.)  
What was his name?

TYLER (O.S.)  
Vic.

Jarmila and Tyler come into view, strolling along a path.

JARMILA  
And you loved him.

TYLER  
Yeah, well, I...he loved me.

JARMILA  
Sometimes that is all it takes.

A sheepdog sniffs them. Tyler scratches its head.

TYLER  
He understood me. More than my  
family did.

JARMILA  
Dogs are better than we are.

TYLER  
Except for the thumbs.

JARMILA  
(charmed)  
Yes, except for the thumbs.

They sit down on a bench. He watches her close her eyes,  
basking in the sunlight.

TYLER  
I like seeing you in the daytime.

JARMILA  
More than in the dark?

He smiles. A nice, genuine moment.

THEN THE SUN FLASHES OFF SOMETHING NEAR A DISTANT TREE.

Tyler realizes they're being watched. His smile becomes fixed.

CAMERA P.O.V.: Tyler glances away from the tree, then back.

A SHUTTER CLICKS.

Through A MUFFLED MICROPHONE, we hear...

JARMILA (MIC) (CONT'D)  
This is so nice.

TYLER (MIC)  
(souring)  
It is, isn't it?

REVERSE TO FIND: MILOS (StB TECH) crouched in a stand of trees, a long-lensed camera around his neck.

Click. Click. Click.

REVERSE BACK: Jarmila runs her fingers over Tyler's hand.

JARMILA  
Radek's out of town this weekend.

Tyler withdraws, a bit cold.

TYLER  
Really?

JARMILA  
I can stay all night.

He stares off into the trees a moment. She notices his glazed look. She's about to say something when...

TYLER  
Then let's go.  
(standing)  
No sense in wasting time.

He holds out his hand, a sense of urgency about him.

JARMILA  
Is something wrong?

TYLER  
(tightly)  
What could possibly be wrong?

She studies him a moment, slightly taken aback. Finally, she takes his hand. He pulls her up.

MILOS' P.O.V.: the two of them walk away.

Milos tries to follow, but a man and his German Shepherd approach. Milos ducks into the brush.

He focuses the camera on Tyler and Jarmila as they walk out of range. STATIC GARBLES THEIR CONVERSATION.

Milos is about to move closer when...

A GIANT TONGUE FILLS THE FRAME. The German Shepherd licks Milos' camera.

EXT. LETNA PARK, LOOKOUT - CONTINUOUS

Tyler stands on the remnants of A MASSIVE STONE PLINTH. The vantage point looks out over the entire city.

TYLER  
What was this?

JARMILA (O.S.)  
What?

Jarmila joins him on the plinth.

TYLER  
Something used to be here.

JARMILA  
Stalin. In marble. Five stories straight up.

They both stare up at where the statue used to be.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
The sculptor felt so guilty, he killed himself before they even took down the scaffolding.

TYLER  
The good old days.

Jarmila glances back to see MILOS IN THE DISTANT BUSHES, WIPING OFF HIS CAMERA.

JARMILA  
My mother said it was like having God peeking in your window.

TYLER  
So where'd God go?

JARMILA

Khrushchev blew him to bits with  
800 kilograms of dynamite.

TYLER

What a lovely story.

She eyes him, annoyed.

JARMILA

I'm sorry I don't have any stories  
about fucking baseball or Mount  
Rushmore.

Tyler sees he's touched a nerve. He softens.

TYLER

I didn't mean anything.

Jarmila realizes she's let something show. She softens.

JARMILA

Nevermind.

A moment passes. They stare out at Prague.

TYLER

It's a good story.

JARMILA

It isn't good or not good. It's  
just Prague.

She looks at him, eyes meeting his.

JARMILA (CONT'D)

Things happen. But if you wait  
around long enough...

She pulls his hand close and kisses it.

JARMILA (CONT'D)

So will the opposite.

HE STARES INTO HER EYES, QUESTIONING. *Could she be talking  
about the two of them?*

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

Two Marines raise the flag outside the Embassy.

HERSCH MEYER (O.S.)  
You've gone to all the trouble to  
make her an asset...

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS  
Tyler watches the Marines from the window. He sips coffee.

HERSCH MEYER (O.S.)  
I'm just saying let's exploit her  
already.

VAL EVANS (O.S.)  
You don't think it's a little  
early? Something like this could  
spook her.

The Marines tie off the flag and step back.

HERSCH MEYER (O.S.)  
She's not going to keep putting out  
for D grade intel. I don't care  
how dreamy Vanalden's eyes are.

Tyler turns to see Marshall, Val and Hersch gathered around  
the conference table.

TYLER  
I didn't think you noticed.

HERSCH MEYER  
I'm only human.

ED MARSHALL  
What do you think, Ty? Time to  
send some Drano down the pipe?

TYLER  
She's ready to go.

Marshall considers this. He looks to Hersch.

ED MARSHALL  
Got something in mind?

Hersch slides out A SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of A THIN MAN WITH A  
RED BEARD.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
Ruzicka?

HERSCH MEYER

It would alleviate some of the pain  
in my ass.

Marshall turns to Val. Val shrugs.

VAL EVANS

We can sell it...if you're sure  
they're buying.

TYLER

I think she's pretty happy with  
what she's gotten so far.

Marshall taps the table, decision made.

ED MARSHALL

Work up a file on Ruzicka.  
Contacts going back a year. He  
approached us, gave us intel,  
including that Romanian scientist-

VAL EVANS

Dodrescu.

ED MARSHALL

Right. Ty, drop it next week, then  
we'll see how it goes.

(eyeing Hersch)  
Sound good?

HERSCH MEYER

Yep-pers.

(to Tyler)  
Do it to it, Wonderboy.

Hersch leaves. TYLER FLIPS HIM OFF.

VAL EVANS

You know there are cameras in here,  
right?

TYLER

Yes, I do.

INT. MALE NAMESTI 11, APT. 402 - NIGHT

A FAT MANILA ENVELOPE sits next to a vase of YELLOW FLOWERS.

Move past the vase, through the apartment, to where steam  
drifts from the crack in the bathroom door.

We hear the sounds of Tyler and Jarmila in the shower.

TIME CUT:

Tyler lies under the covers, asleep.

PAN TO the table, where the yellow flowers now sit alone.

INT. MALE NAMESTI 11, APT. 402, BATHROOM - NIGHT

The manila envelope lies open on the sink.

Jarmila sits on the closed toilet, flipping through a State Department file.

After a moment, she grins with satisfaction. Her toes curl.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR (O.S.)

*Ruzicka?*

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, RYCHTAR'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: a framed photo on the wall - Zdenek Rychtar as a younger man, wearing a fur hat.

JOHNNY 1950 (O.S.)

*I am as surprised as you are.*

He stands in the snow beside another man...a young, red-bearded VLADIMIR RUZIKA.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR (O.S.)

*No, you're as gullible as she is.*

Jarmila and Johnny 1950 watch Rychtar examine THE FORGED DOCUMENTS.

JARMILA

*Sir?*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR

*Vladimir Ruzicka has served the Party with distinction for twenty-two years. I personally worked with him in Poland.*

He tosses down the packet.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR (CONT'D)

*This is inconclusive. And it's insulting.*

JARMILA

*Sir, I beg to differ. It's all there. Names, dates, locations.*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR

*I've read the file, Agent.*

Jarmila barely hides her disgust.

JARMILA

*So, you're just choosing to ignore the facts-*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR

*Enough.*

Johnny 1950 leans forward, appeasing.

JOHNNY 1950

*Assistant Director, if Agent Hrbek is wrong, we lose very little. But if she is right, and we do nothing-*

JARMILA

*Then the treason is not his alone.*

Rychtar whips to Jarmila. She meets his eyes.

RYCHTAR GLARES, DECIDING...

INT. CAFE SLOVAK - DAY

A RED-BEARDED MAN (VLADIMIR RUZICKA) sits by the window in a dingy cafe. He drinks a flat orange soda.

A FAT WOMAN wipes down the counter.

Brakes squeak outside.

EXT. CAFE SLOVAK - DAY

TWO MEN IN OVERCOATS climb out of the car and enter the cafe.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, we see them approach Ruzicka. They talk, but we don't hear.

Ruzicka stands up, outraged.

The men grab him by the arms and march him out.

INT. CAFE SLOVAK - DAY

The fat woman watches placidly as they bundle Ruzicka into the black sedan.

It pulls away with a squeak.

She goes back to wiping the counter.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Marketa hurries down the hall. She raises her hand.

MARKETA

*Hey, you.*

At the front door, Jarmila turns. Marketa catches up. She gives Jarmila's arm a playful squeeze.

MARKETA (CONT'D)

*I hear you pulled off a big one.*

EXT. STB HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Jarmila and Marketa walk past the soldier on guard. Jarmila wraps a GREEN SCARF around her neck.

JARMILA

*Please. I was handed a big one.*

MARKETA

*I bet you were.*

Jarmila plays mock shocked. Marketa nudges her as they walk.

MARKETA (CONT'D)

*Seriously. It's great. Careers are built on these things.*

Jarmila allows herself a proud smile.

JARMILA

*All right, if you insist.*

MARKETA

*We should celebrate. Let me cook you dinner. I'll invite my brother...*

Marketa smiles mischievously.

Jarmila finally shakes her head.

JARMILA  
*I have work to do at home.*

MARKETA  
(pouting)  
*Heart breaker.*

Marketa heads home. Jarmila watches her go.

INT. METRO TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

Jarmila steps into the crowded train car, looking for a seat.

She spies the man with the missing tooth. He moves aside his bag of laundry, clearing a spot.

He smiles at her, hopeful.

Jarmila just stares.

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - NIGHT

Tyler says good night to the Marines at the door. He heads up the block. He stops.

THERE, ON THE CORNER, STANDS JARMILA.

SHE SMILES AT HIM, HOPEFUL.

HE SMILES BACK, SURPRISED AND HAPPY.

CUE MUSIC: ELVIS COSTELLO, "THE ONLY FLAME IN TOWN."

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, INTERROGATION CELL - NIGHT

Vladimir Ruzicka sits in a chair, hands cuffed behind him.

The door opens, shafting light onto the chained man.

INT. MARKET - NIGHT

Tyler buys a loaf of bread. Jarmila picks out apples, a wedge of cheese, some wine.

THE OLD MAN BEHIND THE COUNTER smiles at the young couple.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, INTERROGATION CELL - NIGHT

WHAP! Vladimir Ruzicka's head snaps back.

A THICK, YOUNG MAN WITH BLACK GLOVES BEATS HIM.

Ruzicka's cuffed hands clank against the metal chair.

EXT. MUSIC STAND - NIGHT

A SCRUFFY MAN sells bootleg cassettes on the street.

Jarmila peruses them. She picks one. Elvis Costello, "Goodbye Cruel World."

Tyler makes the so-so gesture. She buys it anyway.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, INTERROGATION CELL - NIGHT

Ruzicka bends over, choking, exhausted.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR STANDS IN THE DOORWAY TO THE TINY ROOM.

The thick young man looks at him, breathing heavily. He shakes his head.

Rychtar stares a long time at VLADIMIR, HIS FORMER COMRADE.

Then he reaches into his pocket and tosses the thug a pair of WIRE CUTTERS.

The thick young man pins down Ruzicka's hand.

HE BENDS UP HIS PINKIE FINGER AND UNHINGES THE CLIPPERS.

INT. MALE NAMESTI 11, APT. 402 - DAWN

JARMILA'S TAPE DECK clicks off at the end of the tape.

Tyler and Jarmila lie side by side in the morning sun.

JARMILA

They seem made up. Like mermaids.

TYLER

They're real. If you're lucky, you can see them right from the beach.

JARMILA

There are no whales where I am  
from. If you are lucky, you see a  
dog.

TYLER

Is it a big dog?

JARMILA

Not very.

He smiles. She kisses him.

JARMILA (CONT'D)

Why did you leave?

TYLER

The U.S.?

JARMILA

Home.

He hesitates.

TYLER

Because it stopped being that.

He glances into her eyes, probing.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Could you ever leave?

She smiles.

JARMILA

I left home a long time ago. Now I  
just live here.

She points at her temple.

Tyler takes her hand from her head and holds it.

She looks at the watch on his wrist.

JARMILA (CONT'D)

You will be late.

TYLER

I'll leave in a minute.

She shoves him playfully out of bed.

JARMILA

Get going. The embassy will fall down without you.

He picks up his pants and pulls them on. He looks back at her for a moment.

TYLER

*Can I bring you anything from work?*

JARMILA

No.

She hunkers back down under the covers

JARMILA (CONT'D)

Not today.

Tyler reaches for his shirt, thinking, a half smile playing on his face.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, COMMISSARY - DAY

Tyler follows Marshall, pushing his tray down the line with other embassy workers.

ED MARSHALL

You sampled any of the local fare since you've gotten here?

(beat)

Other than the obvious?

TYLER

I've had the odd dumpling.

ED MARSHALL

I'll bet.

Marshall chooses a hamburger. Tyler picks out a salad.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Christ, you probably use the gym, too.

They carry their trays to a table.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Looks like Ruzicka got called back to corporate.

TYLER

Performance review?

ED MARSHALL  
No corner office for Vladimir.

Tyler smiles to himself.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
I hate to blow smoke, but you're  
approaching old block territory,  
Chip.

TYLER  
I think that's a compliment.

ED MARSHALL  
You've done good work.

Marshall dips a fry.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
Which is why we're gonna back you  
off.

TYLER  
What? Why?

ED MARSHALL  
Because if we keep feeding them,  
they're going to get full.

Tyler starts to object, then backs down.

Marshall takes this in.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
What is it?

TYLER  
Nothing.

ED MARSHALL  
I'm not taking away the honey pot  
for good, Ty.

They meet eyes. Marshall probes. Tyler covers.

TYLER  
I'm just worried about letting the  
operation stall out.

ED MARSHALL  
Sure, you are.

After a beat, Tyler fills his mouth with salad.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
Don't see her for a few weeks.  
Give them a chance to miss you.  
Then, when they're good and hungry,  
we'll feed 'em a whopper.  
(biting his burger)  
With fries.

Tyler looks torn.

INT. NEW TOWN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jarmila sits in a dark booth, looking concerned.

JARMILA  
What's wrong?

Tyler sits across from her, staring at A ROAST DUCK waiting untouched between them.

TYLER  
Hmm?

JARMILA  
Do you want me to ask if they have  
butterscotch ice cream?

He looks up, surprised at her recall. He smiles sadly.

TYLER  
No, it's fine.

He starts to cut into the duck, then stops. He looks up.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
They're asking questions at work.

JARMILA  
Who is?

TYLER  
Guys from upstairs. Spooks.  
(beat)  
You know the man I gave to you to  
give to Radek?

She nods.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Well, it seems they can't find him  
now and they're pretty upset.

Jarmila sips her wine, worried.

JARMILA  
What did you say?

TYLER  
I told them Everett from Records  
takes really long lunches. They'll  
probably follow him for weeks.

JARMILA  
So...we are okay?

TYLER  
I think so.

Jarmila nods, relieved. Tyler still seems pensive.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Does Radek tell you anything about  
his job?

JARMILA  
No. Never.

He puts his fork down.

TYLER  
How about what they did to that  
guy?

JARMILA  
That man was a traitor to his  
country.

TYLER  
Then what does that make me?

She studies him.

JARMILA  
I think you are brave.

He drinks his wine.

TYLER  
I wish I felt like how you see me.

JARMILA  
But I love that you do not.

As she takes his hand...

PAN AWAY, down the row of booths, to WHERE MILOS SITS, FINGER TO HIS EAR.

JARMILA (MIC) (CONT'D)  
I do not want a cowboy.

EXT. NEW TOWN - NIGHT

Tyler and Jarmila walk. The wind blows. She cuddles close, but he seems stiff.

JARMILA  
My worried boy.

TYLER  
I'm fine.

JARMILA  
Fine?  
(kissing him)  
Fine is for the old married couple.  
For the gloomy teenager.

She slides her hands inside his coat.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
I can make you feel better than  
fine.

He closes his eyes, nearly giving in.

TYLER  
I know.

He starts walking again. Her hands slide out of his coat.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
But maybe I shouldn't.

For a moment, she just stands there.

EXT. METRO STOP - NIGHT

Jarmila catches up to Tyler near the steps of the Metro.

JARMILA  
Where are you going?

He nods at the blue-lit METRO STOP.

TYLER

This will get me home.

JARMILA

Don't be stupid. Come back with me  
to the apartment.

(nuzzling his neck)

I don't want to be alone tonight.

TYLER

You have Radek.

She pulls back, stung.

JARMILA

You are being mean.

TYLER

I'm just telling the truth.

He brushes her hair from her face.

TYLER (CONT'D)

So that neither of us is confused.

JARMILA

(hurt)

I am not confused.

He kisses her forehead.

TYLER

Well, I am.

FROM A DISTANCE: we see him hold her in the yellow cone of  
the streetlight.

Finally, he lets go and descends into the Metro.

CLOSE AGAIN: she watches him go, then sighs, annoyed. She  
looks across the square to where...

Milos watches from a doorway. He shrugs, "What can you do?"

INT. METRO STATION - NIGHT

Tyler waits on the platform. Orange tiles line the tunnel.

The train whooshes in.

INT. METRO TRAIN - NIGHT

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN in coveralls wakes as Tyler gets on.

He eyes Tyler, then turns to the Czech book in his hands.

Tyler sits in the middle of the otherwise empty car. He watches the man's eyes droop, then close.

Tyler looks at his reflection in the window, conflicted.

The train pulls into a station. Tyler checks his watch. He makes a decision.

TYLER

Fuck it.

He rises to go, but...

SPALDING VANALDEN (O.S.)

It's probably too late for that.

Tyler turns to see A MAN IN HIS LATE 50'S (SPALDING VANALDEN), sitting two rows behind him.

SPALDING VANALDEN (CONT'D)

She's gone home by now. And I'm assuming you don't actually know where that is.

Tyler blinks, surprised.

SPALDING VANALDEN (CONT'D)

Hi, Ty.

TYLER

Hi, Dad.

Spalding taps the seat next to him.

SPALDING VANALDEN

Sit down.

Tyler does. The train pulls out of the station. For a moment, they ride in silence.

TYLER

So what are you-

SPALDING VANALDEN

Had a little business in Leipzig.  
Thought I'd drop by.

TYLER  
It's nice to see you.

Spalding reaches into a bag at his feet. He hands Tyler a WRAPPED PRESENT.

SPALDING VANALDEN  
Happy birthday.

TYLER  
It's not for another two months.

SPALDING VANALDEN  
World's spinning pretty fast these days. Got to grab your windows.

TYLER  
Thanks.

Tyler stares at the silvery patterned wrapping paper.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
How do you know I don't know where she lives?

SPALDING VANALDEN  
Because you're an honest spy.

TYLER  
You sure about that?

SPALDING VANALDEN  
Yeah. I am.

A moment passes.

TYLER  
But you'd know, wouldn't you?  
Where she lives.

SPALDING VANALDEN  
Oh, sure.

The train pulls into another station.

SPALDING VANALDEN (CONT'D)  
Want to walk?

TYLER  
Okay.

They move to the door. The workman wakes and watches them.

Spalding leans to read the cover of his book.

SPALDING VANALDEN  
(in perfect Czech)  
That's a good one.

EXT. PRAGUE STREETS - NIGHT

Tyler and Spalding walk down the street.

TYLER  
I got a letter from Mom.

SPALDING VANALDEN  
She's good about that.  
Correspondence.

TYLER  
She told me about Vic.

SPALDING VANALDEN  
Vic?

TYLER  
Our dog.

SPALDING VANALDEN  
Oh, sure. Tough old trooper.

TYLER  
He's dead.

SPALDING VANALDEN  
Even tougher.

They pass AN ANCIENT CHURCH. A blackened STATUE OF A SAINT raises its hand in blessing.

SPALDING VANALDEN (CONT'D)  
So. How's work?

TYLER  
The operation's going very well.

SPALDING VANALDEN  
So I hear.

Tyler eyes his father.

TYLER  
You checking up on me?

SPALDING VANALDEN  
Just water cooler stuff.

They walk. Tyler waits for his father to say more...but he doesn't.

TYLER  
It's small time so far-

SPALDING VANALDEN  
Do you remember when I was detailed to the Philippines?

TYLER  
No.

SPALDING VANALDEN  
I would have told you I had to go Santa Fe to visit the job site. You were young.

TYLER  
Then, yes.

SPALDING VANALDEN  
I did a little diving there. Boracay. The water's like air, you can barely see it.

TYLER  
Sounds nice.

SPALDING VANALDEN  
Actually, it gets boring after a while.

A couple approaches. Spalding stops talking until they pass.

SPALDING VANALDEN (CONT'D)  
Point is, you dive so deep and swim so long, it starts to feel natural. Like you could stay in the water forever. Or - and this is weird, but it really occurred to me - maybe the fish would follow you out of the water when you left.

(beat)  
Thing is, either way, one of you's going to wind up dead.

TYLER  
She's not a fish.

SPALDING VANALDEN

I know.

(beat)

She's much better looking.

Tyler stops, forcing his father to turn.

TYLER

I'm good on this, Dad. I'm  
watching from six miles up.

Spalding studies his son. Then he starts walking again.

SPALDING VANALDEN

Not that you shouldn't enjoy  
yourself. I certainly miss the  
Philippines. There isn't anything  
to do in Moscow but drink and  
listen to Russians try to take a  
shit.

(beat)

Why do they bug the bathrooms?

EXT. PRAGUE STREETS, TYLER'S BLOCK - NIGHT

Tyler and Spalding round the corner onto Tyler's block.

SPALDING VANALDEN

Hey, how's that roommate of yours?

TYLER

Craig?

SPALDING VANALDEN

The one with all the hair. What's  
he doing now?

TYLER

Investment banker. Lives in  
Hartford.

SPALDING VANALDEN

That's a nice life, there. Private  
sector.

TYLER

This one's going okay.

SPALDING VANALDEN

For now.

(beat)

SPALDING VANALDEN (CONT'D)

We've got a tap on a guy in the  
KGB. Fifth Chief Directorate, real  
hardliner. You know the only thing  
his daughter wants for Christmas?

TYLER

Peace on Earth?

SPALDING VANALDEN

MTV. And sooner or later, he's  
going to find a way to give it to  
her.

They wait for a streetcar to pass. Then they walk.

TYLER

Someone's got to do our job.

SPALDING VANALDEN

And they will. They'll just get  
paid better.

He stops. He smiles for a moment at his son. Then he  
squeezes Tyler's shoulder.

SPALDING VANALDEN (CONT'D)

A house. In Brookline, maybe.  
Near enough to the supermarket that  
it won't kill your whole Sunday if  
you run out of charcoal.

TYLER

Mom got a gas grill last summer.

Spalding nods down a cross street.

SPALDING VANALDEN

This is where I get off.

Tyler nods toward his apartment.

TYLER

I can take the couch.

SPALDING VANALDEN

Marshall would know, and then he'd  
get pissed I didn't call him to  
play tennis.

Tyler raises up the present.

TYLER

Thanks for this.

A car rounds the corner down the street, heading their way.

SPALDING VANALDEN  
Take care, Ty.

TYLER  
See you, Dad.

Spalding Vanalden walks away.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Hey, Dad.

Spalding turns.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
They weren't fish, were they?

SPALDING VANALDEN  
Some of them were.

He waves, then steps into an alley, disappearing entirely.

Tyler stands on the corner of an empty street, holding a wrapped present.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tyler sits down at his desk, contemplating the gift.

Finally, he tears off the paper and opens the box.

A WOODEN PUPPET lies on a bed of tissue paper. He wears a red hat and a toothy grin.

Tyler picks it up by its strings. It hangs in the air, gesticulating.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - DAY

THE PUPPET hangs on the wall in place of the dog picture.

PAN TO THE WINDOW. Down below, Tyler walks to work.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR (O.S.)  
*I'm taking you off Source Prep  
School.*

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, RYCHTAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jarmila stares at Rychtar, shocked. Johnny 1950 hovers.

JARMILA

*What?*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR

*You have not filed a report in over a month. If your skills are no longer sufficient to maintain his interest, then it's time to change the approach.*

JARMILA

*He has been busy.*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR

*He has been hiding.  
(to Johnny 1950)  
Move Broucek in.*

Johnny 1950 reaches for the phone.

JOHNNY 1950

(into phone)

*Connect me to Broucek.*

JARMILA

*You have a man on him already?*

She shoots him a look, then turns to Rychtar.

JARMILA (CONT'D)

*This won't work.*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR

*Agent Broucek will present Vanalden with a sample of our evidence against him. He will make it clear that a lack of cooperation will result in the delivery of that evidence to his ambassador.*

Jarmila scowls.

JARMILA

*If you want more, I can get more, but Tyler will not respond well to blackmail.*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR

*A man can become compliant when presented with a photograph of his own weakness.*

JARMILA

*You don't know him like I do.*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR

*You are correct, agent. My knowledge of counter-espionage extends beyond the bedroom.*

*(to Johnny)*

*Does Broucek have him in sight?*

JOHNNY 1950

*He's about to make contact.*

Jarmila checks the INDUSTRIAL CLOCK over Rychtar's head.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR

*Where?*

Johnny opens his mouth to speak but...

JARMILA

*Ujzed Street. Walking up the hill.*

Johnny blinks.

JOHNNY 1950

*(surprised)*

*That's right.*

JARMILA

*Tell Broucek to stop.*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR

*Agent, this is no longer your operation.*

JARMILA

*You'll have better opportunities if you wait. Don't take him on a street that his colleagues walk on their way to the Embassy.*

Rychtar glares, but begrudgingly NODS to Johnny 1950.

JOHNNY 1950

*(into phone)*

*Pull back.*

JARMILA  
*Let me talk to Broucek.*

JOHNNY 1950  
*What for?*

JARMILA  
*Do you want this to go easily or not? I told you, I know this boy.*

Johnny 1950 looks to Rychtar. Rychtar warily acquiesces.

Johnny pushes the SPEAKERPHONE.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
*The subject's overcoat. Is he wearing it, or does he have it over his shoulder?*

AGENT BROUCEK (O.S.)  
*Over his shoulder.*

JARMILA  
*Then you can back off. He's going the long way.*  
(to the room)  
*If it's warm and he has time, he'll take Trziste.*

They all wait. Finally:

AGENT BROUCEK (O.S.)  
*He's turning.*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
*Where?*

AGENT BROUCEK (O.S.)  
*Looks like Trziste.*

Johnny looks at Jarmila. She shrugs.

EXT. PRAGUE STREETS - DAY

Tyler turns onto a crowded street. A FARMERS MARKET bunches people together, making it hard to navigate.

AGENT BROUCEK follows, a small radio in his lapel.

JOHNNY 1950 (O.S.)  
*Where is he now?*

AGENT BROUCEK  
*He's crossing the street.*

Tyler enters the crowd, disappearing into the mass of bodies.

AGENT BROUCEK (CONT'D)  
*Shit.*

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, RYCHTAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Ryghtar looms over the phone.

AGENT BROUCEK (O.S.)  
*I lost him.*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
*Then find him.*

AGENT BROUCEK (O.S.)  
*It's crowded.*

Johnny looks to Jarmila. She remains calm.

JARMILA  
*Agent. Do you see the red awning down the street?*

AGENT BROUCEK (O.S.)  
*Yes.*

JARMILA  
*Try there. And be discreet.*

EXT. PRAGUE STREETS - DAY

Broucek sidles up to the window and peers in.

IT'S A PET STORE. Inside, Tyler stands at a row of cages, OFFERING HIS FINGER TO A GNAWING PUPPY.

AGENT BROUCEK  
*I have him.*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR (O.S.)  
*What's he doing?*

AGENT BROUCEK  
*Petting a puppy, sir.*

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, RYCHTAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Rychtar looks at Jarmila, puzzled.

JARMILA

*His dog died. It's in my report.*

AGENT BROUCEK (O.S.)

*He's moving.*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR

*Stay with him.*

EXT. PRAGUE STREETS - DAY

Tyler walks. Broucek follows, waiting for his opportunity.

Tyler approaches a statue surrounded by a FLOWER BED. He looks around, furtive...then picks two yellow tulips.

JOHNNY 1950 (O.S.)

*What's he doing now?*

AGENT BROUCEK

*Stealing city property.*

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, RYCHTAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jarmila blinks. Rychtar leans toward the phone.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR

*Repeat?*

AGENT BROUCEK (O.S.)

*He picked some flowers.*

Jarmila thinks for a moment. Then she realizes...

JARMILA

*Are they yellow?*

AGENT BROUCEK (O.S.)

*Yes.*

She blinks, momentarily stunned.

Johnny and Rychtar look at her curiously.

EXT. PRAGUE STREETS - DAY

Carrying the flowers, Tyler rounds a corner onto an empty street. Broucek follows.

AGENT BROUCEK  
*He's on Jalovcova Street. He's alone.*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR (O.S.)  
*Enough of this. Take him.*

JARMILA (O.S.)  
*Wait.*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR (O.S.)  
*Why?*

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, RYCHTAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jarmila stares Rychtar down.

JARMILA  
*Because he's about to turn.*

JOHNNY 1950  
*And how would you know that?*

JARMILA  
*Do you even read my reports?*

AGENT BROUCEK (O.S.)  
*He's turning.*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
*Where?*

JARMILA  
*Male Namesti.*

EXT. MALE NAMESTI 11 - DAY

Tyler stands outside Number 11, looking up.

Broucek waits behind a dumpster.

After a moment, Tyler opens the door and enters.

INT. MALE NAMESTI 11, FOYER - DAY

Tyler stands before the row of wooden cubbyholes.

Through the door, we can see Broucek in the street.

Tyler finds the box for 402. HE LAYS THE FLOWERS INSIDE.

EXT. MALE NAMESTI 11 - DAY

Broucek watches. He speaks into his microphone. We don't hear what he says.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, RYCHTAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Johnny and Rychtar listen to the speakerphone. We don't hear what they hear.

But Jarmila allows herself a small, vulnerable smile.

EXT. MALE NAMESTI 11 - DAY

Tyler leaves the building.

AGENT BROUCEK  
*He's leaving. I can get to him now.*

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, RYCHTAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Rychtar opens his mouth to speak but stops.

He looks at Jarmila.

Jarmila stares back.

Rychtar scowls, but he leans toward the phone.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
*Hold off. Let him go.*

EXT. MALE NAMESTI 11 - DAY

Broucek turns back. Tyler walks in the other direction.

FOLLOW TYLER. He looks into a STORE WINDOW...

AND WATCHES BROUCEK WALK AWAY. TYLER SMILES.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. SECTION - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A BLACK & WHITE SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of Jarmila.

Tyler stares at it in an open file: "OPERATION DAMSEL."

A staple perforates her hair, slightly tearing the photo.

Tyler carefully pries off the staple with a letter opener.

He eases the picture loose, then gently presses the staple holes closed, smoothing her hair.

Val Evans walks by.

VAL EVANS  
Working late, Tyler?

Tyler closes the folder and glances at the clock.

TYLER  
Guess so.

VAL EVANS  
You're a great American.

INT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

THE OLD TV plays footage of a Soviet parade. Missile launchers roll past a reviewing stand.

KAREL (O.S.)  
We were coming together at night.  
Professors, doctors, writers...

PULL BACK: Tyler and Karel drink beer over a chessboard.

KAREL (CONT'D)  
We gave lectures. Talked.  
Derrida came once.

TYLER  
I read him in college. I didn't  
get it.

KAREL  
That's because he's full of shit.

TYLER  
Ah.

Karel tilts back his beer with his three-fingered hand.

KAREL

It didn't take long for StB to hear about it.

He knocks over a chess piece but doesn't notice.

KAREL (CONT'D)

They watched us. Taped us. Followed us home. Some nights, not everyone would make the meeting. We knew where they were instead.

TYLER

You were just talking.

Karel gives him a look, then nods at the Soviets on TV.

KAREL

And that's just a parade.

Karel sees the fallen chess piece. He stands it back up.

KAREL (CONT'D)

When StB finally picked me up, I told them to piss in the wind. They sent me to Plzen. They wanted names. I said I forgot.

He indicates his hand.

KAREL (CONT'D)

They brought out their tool box. I began to remember.

TYLER

How long were you there?

KAREL

Until I ran out of names.

He looks at Tyler, bleary, drunk.

KAREL (CONT'D)

And the world was robbed of a great pianist.

Tyler blinks.

TYLER

Really, did you...

Then Karel starts to laugh. Tyler smiles.

EXT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

Tyler and Karel step out of the bar. They button their coats and prepare to head their separate ways.

KAREL

You are seeing your friend tonight?

TYLER

Who?

Karel gives him a look. Tyler shakes his head.

TYLER (CONT'D)

No. Not tonight.

He watches Karel sway a little.

TYLER (CONT'D)

You need any help getting home?

KAREL

*Fuck you...*

(smiling)

You are a good boy, Tyler.

TYLER

Thank you.

KAREL

You don't say much. But you  
listen. And you buy the drinks.

He stares at Tyler a bit too long.

KAREL (CONT'D)

Sometimes I wonder why.

TYLER

(shrugging)

I need to practice my English.

KAREL

Not much chance to do that at the  
United States Embassy, I suppose.

Tyler just smiles. A moment passes.

TYLER

Good night, Karel.

Karel nods and shuffles off. Tyler watches him go.

EXT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tyler walks up to his building, slightly drunk.

Then he stops, noticing A FOLDED NOTE taped to his door.

He glances around, then unfolds the note and reads it.

INT. MALE NAMESTI 11, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Tyler runs up the stairs, excited.

INT. MALE NAMESTI 11, HALLWAY - NIGHT

He knocks with one hand, turning the knob with the other, not waiting for an answer.

INT. MALE NAMESTI 11, APT. 402 - NIGHT

The apartment lies dark. Tyler steps inside.

TYLER

Jarmila?

Light seeps from below the bathroom door. It opens slowly. She stands there, backlit.

JARMILA

(weak, teary)

Tyler...

He reaches for the wall switch.

Jarmila turns her head at the sudden light, but she can't hide her UGLY, PURPLE BLACK EYE.

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: Tyler seems to twitch at the sight of her injury. He rushes to her.

She tries to hide it, but he gently turns her face.

TYLER

What happened?

JARMILA

Radek was angry.

TYLER

Why?

JARMILA

Because I have had nothing for him.

Tyler's jaw tightens. She sees him grow angry.

JARMILA (CONT'D)

When he drinks, he is not himself-

TYLER

Don't.

He raises his thumb to just touch the bruise. She winces.

JARMILA

I'm sorry, Tyler. I know you said  
to stay away.

She looks right at him, her eyes red from crying.

JARMILA (CONT'D)

I did not know who else to tell.

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: Tyler takes a step back, shaking his head, frustrated, angry. He turns toward the wall.

Tyler throws a punch at the wall. Right before it connects, we...

SMASH CUT:

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Tyler sits on an exam table. A NURSE ices his swollen hand.

NURSE

You get in a fight?

TYLER

I slipped on the stairs.

INT. MALE NAMESTI 11, APT. 402 - NIGHT

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: Tyler smashes his fist into the wall.

POP. Tyler reels back, gripping his wrist.

TYLER

Ow. Fuck.

Jarmila rushes to him.

JARMILA  
What are you doing?

Tyler looks up at her, tears of pain in his eyes.

TYLER  
You can't let him do that to you.

She studies his face.

JARMILA  
I didn't let him do anything.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, JOHNNY 1950'S OFFICE - DAY

Johnny 1950 looks at us, considering.

JOHNNY 1950  
All right. But it must look real.

REVERSE: Jarmila waits.

JARMILA  
No.

She brushes her hair back, exposing her full, delicate face.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
It must be real.

Johnny hesitates. He steps out from behind his desk.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
Do it.

He grimaces, then, almost spastically, SLAPS HER.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
(sighing)  
Am I to have gotten in a fight on  
the playground?

JOHNNY 1950  
I don't think-

JARMILA  
Is Radek a schoolgirl?

Annoyed, Johnny hits her again, harder. It snaps her head to  
the side.

She opens her eyes to find herself staring at a videotape on his desk.

The label reads, "1 KAMERA: VANALDEN: 19.00-23.00." In his childish scrawl, Johnny has rated it FOUR STARS.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
You degenerate.

She turns back toward him.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
You pathetic...

She steps forward.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
Little...

She gets in his face.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
Faggot.

Red-faced, Johnny cocks his fist and PUNCHES.

SMASH CUT:

INT. MALE NAMESTI 11, APT. 402 - NIGHT

Silence.

Tyler and Jarmila hold each other on the bed, fully dressed.

With his good hand, he strokes her hair. She kisses his wounded wrist.

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: Tyler gently kisses Jarmila's face.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, INFIRMARY - NIGHT

The nurse finishes bandaging Tyler's hand.

NURSE  
I slipped once at Thanksgiving.  
Dropped a whole dish of marshmallow  
squash. Everybody had a big laugh.

She hands him two painkillers and a paper cup of water.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
You're lucky no one was watching  
you.

He takes the pills and washes them down.

TYLER  
Someone's always watching.

He tries to moves his wrist. He winces.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Jarmila stands at the mirror, staring at her black eye.

She takes out a make-up kit. Slowly and methodically, she begins to re-cover the bruise.

ANOTHER WOMAN comes in to wash her hands. As she does, she looks up and notices Jarmila's bruise.

They meet eyes in the mirror. After a moment...

WOMAN  
Men.

Jarmila looks from the woman back to her own, impassive face.

JARMILA  
Do you not have a job to do?

The woman reacts, stung.

EXT. STB HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

FROM ACROSS THE STREET: Jarmila exits StB HQ. Pulling her knit hat down against the cold, she sets off up the street.

From a dark doorway, TYLER WATCHES.

INT. METRO STATION - NIGHT

From the platform, we see Jarmila sitting in the subway car.

The doors shut. The train passes us, allowing us to see...

Tyler in the next car, following.

EXT. PRAGUE METRO STATION, OPATOV - NIGHT

Jarmila climbs the steps, emerging in suburban Prague.

After a long moment, so does Tyler.

EXT. JARMILA'S APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

From a distance, we see Jarmila stop to talk to Mrs. Varadiova.

Jarmila keeps her hat low, covering her eye. She buys yellow roses and heads for the door.

Across the concrete courtyard, Tyler watches her go inside.

His eyes scan the tower block. Identical windows stare back.

Finally, a light goes on on the second floor.

He can see Jarmila take off her coat and hat.

The light in the kitchen goes on. Tyler can see Jarmila at the refrigerator. She takes out a jar of pickles...

And holds it to her eye.

Tyler rests his head against a brick wall, watching. He absently cradles his bandaged wrist.

She goes into the other room. After a moment, blue TV light flickers.

She wraps herself in a blanket and sits.

Tyler squints, but he can't see what she's watching.

INT. JARMILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

FROM JARMILA'S WINDOW, we see Tyler staring up.

PAN TO Jarmila sitting on the couch. She holds the pickles gingerly to her eye.

She raises a remote control. She presses a button.

A TAPE rewinds.

PAN TO THE TV. On the screen, grainy SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE shows Tyler standing in Apt. 402.

He goes to her, strokes her face, steps away...

And punches the wall.

The image pauses. Jarmila studies Tyler's face, contorted in anger.

She presses rewind. Tyler steps back from the wall and returns to touching her face.

She presses play. Tyler's face is all gentle concern.

Then something happens. She speaks, he reacts...and punches the wall.

Pause. Rewind. Punch.

Pause.

Jarmila lowers the jar and stares at Tyler, something like wonder in her eyes.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tyler lies in bed. He holds his hand out above him, slowly unwinding the bandage...

TYLER (O.S.)  
I need to see you...

He slowly winds it again.

TYLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
No, not at the apartment...I'll  
pick you up...

After a moment, he stands.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, GARAGE - DAY

Tyler signs a clipboard and hands it to THE GARAGE ATTENDANT.

TYLER (O.S.)  
I have something. A package...  
It's got to be now...

The attendant hands over a set of keys.

TYLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Later's no good...

EXT. MALE NAMESTI 11 - DAY

Jarmila waits on the cobblestones in front of the building.

MARKETA (O.S.)  
*At least let Milos put a wire on  
you.*

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, LADIES ROOM - DAY

Marketa stands in the doorway as Jarmila changes clothes.  
Jarmila turns, wearing just her bra and panties.

JARMILA  
*And where exactly would you like  
him to put it?*

EXT. MALE NAMESTI 11 - DAY

At the sound of an engine, Jarmila turns. A BMW pulls up.

She leans to the open window. Tyler smiles at the wheel.

TYLER  
Hop in. I borrowed my parents'  
car.

She gets in. The car pulls away.

After a moment, A BLACK SKODA follows, MILOS at the wheel.

INT. BMW - DAY

Jarmila gives Tyler a kiss on the cheek.

JARMILA  
Some big mystery.

TYLER  
I thought it might be nice to get  
out of Dodge.

She peeks out the side mirror.

ANGLE ON MIRROR: Milos and the Skoda follow.

JARMILA  
I don't know what that means.

INT./EXT. BMW/SKODA/PRAGUE STREETS - DAY

Tyler drives along the Vltava at a leisurely pace.

Milos keeps up, 30 meters behind.

Jarmila tenses as Tyler glances in the rearview mirror.

JARMILA

Where are we going?

TYLER

Right now, we're just going.

He hits the turn signal. Click-click. Click-click.

Behind them, Milos watches Tyler slowly change lanes. He does the same.

Tyler checks the mirror again.

JARMILA

Are you all right?

TYLER

Fine.

(beat)

You?

She stares straight out at the road.

JARMILA

I am good.

Tyler comes to a red light. He idles.

Milos has no choice. He pulls up directly behind Tyler.

In her mirror, Jarmila can see Milos trying to look inconspicuous. She presses her fingers to her eyes.

The light...takes...forever.

Tyler deliberately adjusts the rearview mirror.

Jarmila cracks. She turns on the radio.

JARMILA (CONT'D)

May we listen to something?

KAREL GOTTS "LADY CARNIVAL" plays over the rest of the scene.

The light turns green.

Tyler presses the gas. So does Milos, following the BMW onto the highway.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
Have you ever been out of the city  
before?

TYLER  
Not this city.

He touches her leg.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, I've got maps.

She checks the side mirror. Milos still follows closely.

Ahead, TWO TRUCKS slowly chug in a row down the highway. The rear one signals to pass.

Tyler suddenly accelerates, passing both trucks.

Milos downshifts, but he loses ground.

The second truck pulls up.

Now Tyler's got one truck on his right and one behind him.

Karel Gott sings.

Stuck behind the two trucks, Milos can no longer see the BMW.

Jarmila checks the mirror. All she can see is the truck's grill.

Tyler slows. He motors along with the lumbering trucks.

JARMILA  
You seemed to be going somewhere  
for a moment there.

TYLER  
Did I?

TYLER STEERS ONTO AN OFF-RAMP.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
I guess I did.

HE DRIVES OFF AS THE TWO TRUCKS SPEED UP. MILOS FOLLOWS THE TRUCKS.

In the rearview, Jarmila spies the Skoda speeding away. She turns to the window and rolls her eyes.

EXT. CESKY KRUMLOV - DAY

The BMW sits parked on the side of the road.

EXT. CESKY KRUMLOV, WOODS - DAY

Tyler leads Jarmila on a hike through the woods. He carries his backpack slung over his shoulder.

Jarmila looks back. The path twists and turns into the undergrowth.

TYLER

You coming?

She turns toward him, pulling her hair back.

JARMILA

Of course.

EXT. CESKY KRUMLOV, FIELDS - DAY

Tyler leads them across a green field.

Jarmila picks up a handful of pebbles. She tosses them at the back of his head, one at a time.

He ignores it. Again. And again.

Finally, he turns around.

She smiles.

EXT. CESKY KRUMLOV, MEADOW - DAY

Tyler and Jarmila lie on a blanket at the edge of the woods.

In the distance, a castle dominates a red-roofed town.

Tyler opens A BOTTLE OF WINE.

TYLER

The French ambassador gave it to our ambassador.

JARMILA  
And she gave it to you?

Tyler looks at her, dead serious.

TYLER  
Yes.

She smiles.

TIME CUT:

Tyler and Jarmila lie on their sides, sipping wine.

JARMILA  
Tomas was two years older. We were  
in his father's apartment after  
school. It passed by in a few  
seconds.

TYLER  
I bet you were pretty as a girl.

JARMILA  
Boys looked at me.

TYLER  
I would have looked.

JARMILA  
I didn't want them to.

Tyler says nothing. She eyes him.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
You're a boy. You know what boys  
think.

TYLER  
I apologize.

TIME CUT:

Tyler and Jarmila lie on their backs, the wine bottle empty.

JARMILA  
How many bedrooms?

TYLER  
At least three. And then a den on  
the first floor with a foldaway.

JARMILA  
I want a nice kitchen.

He looks up, surprised.

TYLER  
You don't cook.

JARMILA  
But I would still want one.

TYLER  
Okay. Done. Amana Radarange, the  
whole thing.

She smiles. She tests out the word.

JARMILA  
Massachusetts.

TIME CUT:

Tyler and Jarmila stare up at the darkening clouds.

TYLER  
I lied to you.

She looks at the sky, waiting.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
The ambassador didn't give me the  
wine.

She smiles.

JARMILA  
It's okay.

A long moment passes.

TYLER  
That's not the only lie I've told  
you.

She thinks.

JARMILA  
It's okay.

He stares intently at the clouds. Then:

TYLER  
Have you ever lied to me?

She takes a long moment to decide. Without looking at him, she takes his hand.

JARMILA

Yes.

Tyler thinks about this as the first rain drop falls.

TYLER

I would do anything for you, you know.

She closes her eyes, the rain landing lightly on her skin.

JARMILA

I know.

TIME CUT:

Tyler and Jarmila make love. They're tender and slow, most of their clothes still on.

The rain falls in fat, wet drops.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

The wipers squeak against the glass as Tyler heads back to the city.

Jarmila reclines in the passenger seat, eyes closed, her hand entwined with Tyler's.

EXT. PRAGUE STREETS - NIGHT

Tyler drives back along the Vltava. He stops at a red light.

Ahead of him, the lights of an apartment building blaze. All eight windows teem with people.

Suddenly, he hears a noise. He rolls down his window, and hears it again: CHEERING.

He taps Jarmila on the leg. She stirs.

EXT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - NIGHT

People crowd the street. Cars sit in the road.

Tyler leads Jarmila to the front door of the Wounded Bear. Dozens of people pack the bar.

Karel and a handful of others peer through the window at the television inside.

Tyler grabs Karel.

TYLER  
What's going on?

Karel only now sees Tyler and Jarmila.

KAREL  
Where have you been?

He points back to the TV, astonished.

KAREL (CONT'D)  
They just tore down the Berlin  
Wall.

Jarmila steps next to Karel to get a better look at the TV.

ON SCREEN: BY THE GLARE OF WORK LIGHTS, A BULLDOZER RAMS INTO THE BERLIN WALL. A SECTION OF IT TOPPLES. GERMANS CHEER.

The crowd in the bar screams.

THE BAR MATRON pushes her way outside, carrying a tray of beer.

Karel and the other men take theirs, leaving two steins.

The matron looks at Tyler and Jarmila, who stand there, stunned.

BAR MATRON  
Well?

They take the last two beers, somehow reluctant.

Karel thrusts his mug into the air.

KAREL  
To justice!  
(the men toast)  
To patience!  
(they toast again)  
Fuck it, who can wait, here's to  
justice again!

The men send up a cheer. Karel gulps his beer.

Tyler and Jarmila just sip theirs.

KAREL (CONT'D)  
What is wrong with you two? Drink!  
(beaming)  
*The future has cracked wide open.*  
You're free.

TYLER AND JARMILA JUST STAND THERE, LOOKING LOST.

BBC REPORTER (O.S.)  
It was at ten o'clock that the East  
German military brought in their  
heavy equipment. But the wall had  
been up for twenty-nine years, and  
it took some force to bring down.

ON TV, BERLINERS JACKHAMMER THE WALL.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jarmila walks down a hallway, only to see...

MARKETA hurrying past in a coat, carrying a box of files.

BBC REPORTER (O.S.)  
This is the middle of the  
checkpoint.

Jarmila turns to talk to her, but Marketa just backs out the door, worried.

BBC REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The gates have been opened.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Jarmila enters to chaos. Agents man the phones, jabbering in Czech, Russian, Romanian.

BBC REPORTER (O.S.)  
The police are making no attempt to  
stop people as they go through and  
come back.

Clerks rush past. Maps chart road closures across the city.

Johnny 1950 stands in the middle of the room, frazzled.

BBC REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I have never seen such elation.

In his office, Zdenek Rychtar yells at someone on the phone. He looks up and sees Jarmila. He scowls.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

TV SCREEN: MARGARET THATCHER talks to reporters.

MARGARET THATCHER (ON TV)  
I watched the scenes on television  
last night, and again this morning.  
You see the joy on people's faces  
and you see what freedom means to  
them. It makes you realize that  
you can't stifle or suppress  
people's desire for liberty.

HERSCH MEYER (O.S.)  
Shit.

PULL BACK to see Hersch, Val and Tyler glumly watching TV.

HERSCH MEYER (CONT'D)  
I'm out of a job.

ED MARSHALL ENTERS. He switches off the TV.

ED MARSHALL  
Team, we just got our two minute  
warning. Even the hawks at State  
think this is it.

VAL EVANS  
There's no chance Moscow might try  
a good, old-fashioned crackdown?

ED MARSHALL  
The dam's broken. We got word out  
of Sofia ten minutes ago. Zhivkov  
was just ousted by his Politburo.

TYLER  
What's next?

ED MARSHALL  
State figures the Czechs are going  
to jump to the head of the line.

VAL EVANS  
So it's Havel?

HERSCH MEYER  
Or one of his friends.

ED MARSHALL

Look, our primary job now is to sift the fallout for gold. If the Communists bail, there are going to be a lot of spooks in the wind, and not all of them want to go house hunting in Moscow.

Tyler straightens.

TYLER

So we can bring our sources in?

ED MARSHALL

Depends on what they're offering. We can't just take anybody looking for a free pass on fifty years of being a dick. As of now, any contact looking to defect has to grade out at A or above.

TYLER

That's a little stiff.

ED MARSHALL

It's always standing room only on the last helicopter out.

VAL EVANS

(shrugging)

I got a couple.

HERSCH MEYER

Me, too.

They all look at Tyler. He says nothing.

EXT. STB HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A CIRCLE OF CIVILIANS stands in the street, singing.

On the other side of a barricade, ARMED SOLDIERS stare.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, RYCHTAR'S OFFICE - DAY

From outside, we hear the singing.

A BLANK SPOT marks where Ruzicka's picture once hung.

PAN ACROSS THE REMAINING PHOTOS: Rychtar with Leonid Brezhnev, Rychtar with Czechoslovak President Gustáv Husák, Rychtar in full dress uniform.

TV LIGHT flickers across the framed glass.

TYLER (ON TV)  
They're real. If you're lucky, you can see them right from the beach.

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE OF TYLER AND JARMILA PLAYS ON A TV.

Zdenek Rychtar barely notices. HE RIFLES THROUGH FILES STACKED ON HIS DESK.

JARMILA (ON TV)  
There are no whales where I am from. If you are lucky, you see a dog.

Rychtar dumps a box out on the floor, unable to find what he's looking for.

TYLER (ON TV)  
Is it a big dog?

JARMILA (ON TV)  
Not very.

They laugh. Rychtar glares. He mutes the TV.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Jarmila sorts her files. Around her, other agents do the same.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR (O.S.)  
*Agent Hrbek.*

She turns. Rychtar stands in his office door.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, RYCHTAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jarmila closes the door behind her.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
*Each agent was asked to turn over their source files.*

JARMILA  
*I did.*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR

*Where is the file on Source Prep  
School?*

JARMILA

*That's an ongoing operation.*

ZDENEK RYCHTAR

*I didn't ask you to discriminate.*

She hesitates.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR (CONT'D)

*Your operation is no different than  
any other. Or did you think it  
was?*

Her eyes glance over at the TV screen. She and Tyler whisper to each other in grainy black and white.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR (CONT'D)

*Prague is not Berlin.*

JARMILA

*I know that.*

He gestures to the crowd outside the window.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR

*So you believe all of this will  
amount to nothing.*

She eyes the files scattered across the floor.

JARMILA

*I wonder if you do, Assistant  
Director.*

He steps out from behind his desk.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR

*What do you think is the  
alternative? That the fraternity  
boy is going to take you home to  
Connecticut?*

JARMILA

*It's Massachusetts.*

Ryhtar smiles, smug.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
*How would the conversation go?*  
*"Mother, I would like you to meet*  
*Jarmila. She made love with me in*  
*exchange for state secrets."*

She opens the door.

JARMILA  
*I will get you the file.*

He grabs her arm.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
*You are a joke he will tell at*  
*country club parties.*

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Jarmila sits at her desk, flustered. She opens a drawer, pushing aside sheaves of carbon paper.

Hidden underneath lies a thick file.

Jarmila flips it open.

A SURVEILLANCE SHOT of Tyler stares up at her.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. SECTION - DAY

Tyler catches Ed Marshall as he heads for the elevator.

TYLER  
Ed.

Marshall waves Tyler to walk with him.

ED MARSHALL  
I've got a call with Langley in  
five minutes.

TYLER  
It's about my op.

EXT. STB HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Jarmila steps out of the gray building.

ED MARSHALL (O.S.)  
Get your licks in while you can,  
kid.

Across the street, two girls glue up Student Strike posters.

ED MARSHALL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I can't imagine StB's going to keep  
that one running much longer.

Jarmila stares impassively at the image on the poster: A NOBLE YOUNG MAN WAVING A CZECH FLAG.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. SECTION - DAY

The elevator opens. Marshall and Tyler get on.

TYLER  
What if I could bring her in?

Marshall looks at him skeptically. The doors close.

EXT. PRAGUE STREETS - DAY

Jarmila walks, preoccupied.

TYLER (O.S.)  
She has intel. She knows things.

A teenager paints on the Lennon wall, "EVERYBODY'S GOT SOMETHING TO HIDE CEPT FOR ME AND MY MONKEY."

ED MARSHALL (O.S.)  
Except for the fact you've been  
lying to her for a year.

Across the street, two cops look at him...but do nothing.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Tyler and Marshall ride the small elevator.

TYLER  
She hasn't exactly been straight  
with me.

ED MARSHALL  
You want her to bite into an apple  
and find out it's an onion.

EXT. MALE NAMESTI 11 - DAY

Jarmila rounds the corner...

ED MARSHALL (O.S.)  
This girl thinks she's a hero.

AND SEES TYLER SITTING ON THE FRONT STOOP OF THE APARTMENT.

ED MARSHALL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
How's she going to feel when she  
finds out you made her a traitor?

They stare at each other.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Tyler looks at Marshall, frustrated.

TYLER  
What's going to happen to her?

ED MARSHALL  
She'll deal, Ty. She's a pro.

The elevator doors open. Marshall steps out. He takes one last look at his protege.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
And so are you.

Tyler stays on the elevator. The doors close.

EXT. MALE NAMESTI 11 - DAY

Tyler and Jarmila hold each other. They look up as a few Czechs trickle down the street, toting flags.

Tyler turns to Jarmila.

TYLER  
Do you want to go upstairs?

The trickle becomes a crowd, streaming past. A few students carry posters of VACLAV HAVEL'S FACE.

The chant of the crowd drifts in:

CROWD  
Freedom. Truth. Freedom. Truth.

Jarmila stares into Tyler's eyes...and shakes her head.

EXT. PRAGUE STREETS - DAY

Tyler and Jarmila walk next to each other, isolated in a sea of celebrating Czechoslovakians.

A BEARDED MAN climbs halfway up a light pole.

BEARDED MAN

*Kick them out! Send them home to  
Moscow!*

The crowd cheers.

Tyler glances at Jarmila, who stares worriedly at the man on the pole.

TIME CUT:

The crowd chants.

CROWD

*OPEN BORDERS, OPEN MINDS! OPEN  
BORDERS, OPEN MINDS!*

Tyler and Jarmila watch, the only ones not chanting.

EXT. WENCESLAS SQUARE - DAY

The marchers round a corner onto the boulevard, where...

A MASSIVE CROWD spreads out like a sea. CZECH TRICOLOR FLAGS wave throughout the throng.

TIME CUT:

RIOT POLICE block a side street. They hold plexiglas shields and look nervous.

PROTESTERS stand before them, flowers in their hands.

CROWD

*We have clean hands! We have clean  
hands!*

Someone gives Tyler a flower. He doesn't know what to do with it.

TIME CUT:

Jarmila watches a group of teenagers tug on a RED STAR attached to a balcony's railing.

It breaks free...turning over in the air as it falls...

SMASH. It shatters on the pavement. The crowd whoops, crunching the red glass under their feet.

TIME CUT:

The crowd flows toward the impressive MUSEUM at the far end of the square.

Tyler and Jarmila are pulled along.

They get thrown together. Her face brushes his. She looks like she could almost cry.

Then, softly, so we can barely hear her:

JARMILA  
*I want to see the whales.*

HE HEARS HER. He blinks.

TYLER  
What?

JUST THEN, A GROUP OF CELEBRANTS PRESS THROUGH, WAVING A LARGE FLAG AND BLOWING TRUMPETS.

Tyler and Jarmila look at each other as THE REVELLERS FORCE THEM APART.

FADE SOUND TO SILENCE.

The waving flag breaks their view:

Her face, questioning...FLAG...

His face, confused...FLAG...

Her face, frowning...FLAG...

His face, resigned...

THE FLAG WAVES. THE CROWD SURGES.

TIME CUT:

FADE SOUND UP. The crowd chants and sings.

They press toward THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE in front of the museum.

SAINT WENCESLAS stares down at them, impassive.

It cleaves the crowd.

Tyler looks to find Jarmila being moved in the other direction.

She meets his eyes, but has to turn away to keep on her feet.

The crowd moves Tyler. He turns away, too.

The crowd chants.

CROWD  
*Freedom by Christmas! Freedom by Christmas!*

We see both of them grow smaller in the crowd...

Until they're lost in the picture of history.

INT. MALE NAMESTI 11, APT. 402 - DAY

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: THE APARTMENT STANDS EMPTY AND STILL.

EXT. MOST LEGII - NIGHT

Zdenek Ryctar walks across A BRIDGE, his hands thrust deep into his overcoat. Behind him, the National Theater looms.

Carloads of students pass, shouting for joy.

EXT. STRELECKY OSTROV - NIGHT

AN ISLAND in the middle of the Vltava.

Ryctar makes his way down a flight of stairs.

In the light of a street lamp, ED MARSHALL waits.

ED MARSHALL  
Dobry vecer.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
Good evening.

Marshall leads the StB Assistant Director to a bench.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR (CONT'D)  
I've seen you once before. Warsaw.  
1980. You were thinner then.

ED MARSHALL  
I used to jog. Then I slipped a  
disc and...phht.

They watch the Vltava slip by in front of them.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
Is there a policy?

ED MARSHALL  
A new one every day.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
I cannot stay here.

ED MARSHALL  
I can see where it would be  
awkward.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
My work on behalf of the state will  
undoubtedly be...

ED MARSHALL  
Misconstrued.

Rychtar nods.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
For the right people with the right  
knowledge, our light is always on.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
What is the procedure?

ED MARSHALL  
You open up your mouth and  
something interesting comes out.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
(offended)  
Right here. Now?

Marshall stares at him.

ED MARSHALL  
Your country's about to be taken  
over by poets and playwrights.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
Nice people, but I bet they can  
still hold a hell of a grudge. You  
want out, the price is steep.

Ryctar burns a bit, but nods.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
Your Public Affairs office.

ED MARSHALL  
Yes?

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
One of your junior officers.

ED MARSHALL  
Which one?

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
Tyler Vanalden.

Marshall nods, poker-faced. Ryctar hands him A DOCUMENT CLIPPED TO A SURVEILLANCE PHOTO OF TYLER.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR (CONT'D)  
For nearly a year, he has been  
passing intelligence to one of our  
female agents. They meet in a safe  
house we control. We have hours of  
footage.

ED MARSHALL  
You'd be willing to turn that over?

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
I assume it is part of the ticket  
price.

Now Ed Marshall stares out at the dark river. Lights from the bridge sparkle and dance.

Marshall hands back the document.

ED MARSHALL  
That's it?

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
(frustrated)  
I am giving you our most successful  
operation. This is how we learned  
about Ruzicka.

ED MARSHALL  
Ruzicka was bullshit. We never met  
the guy.

RYCHTAR GOES PALE.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
But Vanalden-

ED MARSHALL  
We've known Vanalden was  
questionable since he came on at  
State. When he got assigned to  
Prague, we just laid him in your  
lap. Everything you learned, we  
let you learn.

Rychtar stares at the Vltava, his last ticket out of Prague  
drifting soggy down the river.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
I know you were pals with Ruzicka  
back in Poland. If it makes you  
feel better, he wasn't your mole,  
but you did have one.

Rychtar thinks a moment. Then he realizes:

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
The girl.  
(beat)  
You're a liar.

ED MARSHALL  
Doesn't mean you don't believe me.

Rychtar seethes...because he does believe it.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
She was monitored.

ED MARSHALL  
(deadpan)  
No. Really?

Rychtar coughs, trying to control himself.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
What could she possibly have given  
you?

ED MARSHALL  
Peace of mind.  
(beat)  
We're looking forward to getting  
her stateside.

Rychtar stands. He looks down at Marshall, still sitting.

Marshall shrugs.

Rychtar tightens his hat on his head and walks into the darkness of the trees.

Marshall stands. He breathes the night air.

TYLER (O.S.)  
He's gonna kill her.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, ED MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: A FRAMED PHOTO OF GEORGE H. W. BUSH.

ED MARSHALL (O.S.)  
I guess that's a possibility.

Tyler paces in front of Ed Marshall's desk.

TYLER  
Since when do you guess?

ED MARSHALL  
If he's not coming with us and he's not staying here, then Rychtar's only play is Moscow. KGB's going to want a tight resume. No leaks, no squeaks, no traitors. So, yes, killing her's a thing that might happen.

TYLER  
Which means you killed her.

ED MARSHALL  
Well, no, Ty. I compromised an enemy agent. I'm not sure that's gonna keep my head off the pillow.

TYLER  
Shit.

ED MARSHALL

Listen, this whole democracy thing doesn't come with a money back guarantee. If we want a return on our investment, then StB can't get back on its feet. Anything we can do to put it down, we have to try.

Tyler stares at his boss, angry.

TYLER

No matter who it fucks. At any cost.

ED MARSHALL

Damn near.

Tyler tries to hold it together.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Prague's been a big win for you, son. Big win. I've already put you in for an Intelligence Medal. Once you come back up from the basement, you'll probably have your pick of stations.

Tyler stares out the window. He pauses.

TYLER

What do you mean, "basement?"

ED MARSHALL

As of last night, StB and every other spy shop in Europe thinks you're a traitor to your country. We've got to keep up appearances.

Marshall lays a hand across Tyler's shoulder.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)

I'm afraid you're a little bit under arrest.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, C.I.A. SECTION - DAY

Tyler carries A BOX OF HIS PERSONAL BELONGINGS as Marshall leads him past the other desks of the section.

ED MARSHALL

You'll be flown to D.C. for a routine indictment.

Hersch Meyer gives him a half-hearted thumbs up as he passes.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
Then you'll be fired and we'll probably threaten you with some sort of incarceration. It'll take three months or so. We'll pay for the lawyer.

Val Evans looks up from the library. She smiles, then goes back to her reading.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
Once all that percolates, we'll quietly drop the charges and figure out your next station.

They reach the door. MARSHALL PLUCKS OFF TYLER'S RED ID BADGE AND TOSSES IT INTO HIS BOX.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
I'm not saying The Bahamas, but I'm not not.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, STAIRWELL - DAY

Marshall leads Tyler down the stairway.

At the bottom, TWO MARINE GUARDS look up at them.

TYLER  
You're kidding me.

ED MARSHALL  
We gotta sell it, Ty. Smile. The whole world is watching.

THE RED-HEADED MARINE pulls out a pair of HANDCUFFS. Marshall shakes his head.

ED MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
Your plane leaves in three hours.  
The officers will escort you to your apartment and help you pack.

TYLER  
Jesus, Ed.

Marshall slaps him on the shoulder and heads up the stairs.

ED MARSHALL  
Bright side, my friend. We won.

TYLER

We did?

ED MARSHALL

Sure. Wait a couple years and  
check the history books.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS - DAY

SLIVERS OF PAPER drain endlessly from A SHREDDER.

Jarmila feeds documents into the machine. Milos brings in  
another box of files.

MILOS

*What year is that?*

JARMILA

1975.

THEY BOTH WATCH REAMS OF HISTORY BEING SLICED TO RIBBONS.

JOHNNY 1950 (O.S.)

*Jarmila.*

Johnny 1950 stands in the doorway.

Jarmila feeds in the rest of the thick file all at once. The  
shredder whines...and jams.

Jarmila gives him a deadpan look.

JARMILA

*Is it too late to ask Moscow for  
another one?*

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, GARAGE - DAY

The heels of the Marine guards click on the concrete as they  
lead Tyler toward a waiting MERCEDES.

TYLER

Guys. I really don't need this. I  
can pack my own fucking underwear.

RED-HEADED MARINE

Sorry, sir. This is S.O.P. when  
they send one of you home.

He opens the door.

RED-HEADED MARINE (CONT'D)  
Watch your head, sir.

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

The Mercedes pulls out of the back alley.

Tyler stares out the window, worried.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, JOHNNY 1950'S OFFICE - DAY

Johnny nervously holds a pair of scissors, opening and closing them with a dry rasp.

Finally, he puts the scissors down on a distinct GREEN FILE.

JOHNNY 1950  
(re. the file)  
Do you know what this is?

JARMILA  
A file from the Assistant  
Director's office.

JOHNNY 1950  
It was waiting for me this morning.

He studies Jarmila, who reveals nothing.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, RYCHTAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Zdenek Rychtar sits at his desk, typing.

JOHNNY 1950 (O.S.)  
Assistant Director Rychtar has had  
contact with the Americans.

Rychtar drinks from a bottle, then puts it down on top of a  
GREEN FILE FOLDER.

JOHNNY 1950 (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He gave up Source Prep School.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, JOHNNY 1950'S OFFICE - DAY

Jarmila's faces freezes. She stares at Johnny.

JARMILA  
*For what possible gain?*

JOHNNY 1950  
*To win their blessed favor.*

Jarmila considers this.

JARMILA  
And did he?

Johnny shakes his head.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, RYCHTAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ryctar pulls the paper out of the typewriter and slides it into the green folder.

JOHNNY 1950 (O.S.)  
They said they knew about Prep  
School all along.

Then he moves the folder to reveal...the photo of him and his friend, Vladimir Ruzicka, smiling.

JOHNNY 1950 (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
They were simply using him to pass  
information to their own agent  
within our ranks.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, JOHNNY 1950'S OFFICE - DAY

Jarmila's mind races.

JARMILA  
What?

Johnny looks at her, almost hurt.

JOHNNY 1950  
They said that agent was you.

She pales.

JOHNNY 1950 (CONT'D)  
(with rising anger)  
*Trips to the country without  
surveillance. Documents passed  
under bedsheets. Secrets whispered  
while you fucked-*

Jarmila yanks the file from under his hand. The scissors clatter to the floor.

JARMILA

*Are you so starving for approval  
from the Americans that you would  
eat whatever garbage they feed you?*

JOHNNY 1950

The Assistant Director has ordered  
your arrest...and your vigorous  
interrogation.

He and Jarmila stare at each other for a long moment.

JARMILA

And has the interrogation started?

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, RYCHTAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ryctar opens a drawer. Inside lie a toothbrush, deodorant, and other toiletries.

JOHNNY 1950 (O.S.)

I informed him that, as of today, we no longer have anyone available who can implement his request.

Ryctar rummages deeper and pulls out a STRAIGHT RAZOR.

JOHNNY 1950 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He was not pleased.

INT. STB HEADQUARTERS, JOHNNY 1950'S OFFICE - DAY

Jarmila flares, defiant.

JARMILA

I am not working for the Americans.

JOHNNY 1950

Even if you were...  
(shrugging)  
Yesterday, you would have been a traitor to the Czech people.  
Tomorrow, you may be a hero of the Revolution.

JARMILA

And today?

JOHNNY 1950

*Today is the day that falls between  
the cracks.*

She stares at him, unsure.

JOHNNY 1950 (CONT'D)  
If you leave now, it will be hours  
before anyone knows you're gone.

JARMILA  
Why?

He smiles, genuine and shy.

JOHNNY 1950  
You know why.

A long moment passes. She stands and leans over the desk.

She puts her hands on his, trapping him.

He swallows.

She kisses his dry, flaky lips.

Finally, she pulls away.

JOHNNY 1950 (CONT'D)  
*You should get going. It isn't  
safe for you here.*

He picks up his scissors, nervous. He looks at the file.

JOHNNY 1950 (CONT'D)  
A pity about the shredder.

EXT. PRAGUE STREETS - DAY

The Mercedes rolls past crowds of happy students.

INT. BLACK MERCEDES - DAY

The Marines ride up front. Tyler sits in back, mind racing.

TYLER  
Must be nice to get out of the  
office.

For a moment, no one says anything. Then:

DARK-HAIRED MARINE  
We work outside most days.

EXT. STB HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A CROWD OF PROTESTORS mills across the street from StB HQ. When Jarmila steps outside, they eye her with suspicion. She hurries toward the Metro stairs.

EXT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - DAY

The Mercedes approaches the Wounded Bear. Karel stands outside, smoking.

INT. BLACK MERCEDES - DAY

Tyler slouches down as they pass the bar. The Marines exchange a look, but say nothing. After they round the corner, Tyler straightens up. He checks his watch.

TYLER

Could you stop the car a second?

RED-HEADED MARINE

No can do, sir. This is an express train.

EXT. PRAGUE METRO STATION, OPATOV - DAY

Jarmila hurries toward her tower block.

WE WATCH HER FROM A DISTANCE.

Jarmila rushes past Mrs. Varadiova into the building.

AS WE DID BEFORE, PAN UP to find JARMILA'S WINDOW.

Through the window, we see her enter her apartment. She throws off her coat. She races to the closet...

EXT. PRAGUE STREETS - DAY

The Mercedes heads downhill toward a bridge.

INT. BLACK MERCEDES - DAY

Tyler tries to relax.

TYLER

What kind of plane do I get? You know, is it a chartered deal, or...

RED-HEADED MARINE

Commercial, sir. Lufthansa.

Tyler glances in the rearview mirror. A TRUCK FOLLOWS THEM.

TYLER

Man. The least they could do is send a-

TYLER BOLTS OUT OF THE CAR.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Tyler tumbles awkwardly.

THE MERCEDES STOPS SHORT. THE TRUCK CRUNCHES INTO THE BACK BUMPER.

Tyler barely looks back before he races up the hill.

INT. JARMILA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jarmila dumps underwear into a suitcase on her bed.

FOLLOW her to the bathroom. She gathers up her toiletries.

FOLLOW her to the bedroom, where she throws them in her suitcase.

FOLLOW her to the kitchen. She roots around the freezer, but can't find what she's looking for.

She grabs a cheap, RED-HANDED KNIFE from the counter, and starts chipping away at the ice.

Finally, she pulls free A PLASTIC BAG OF MONEY.

She closes the freezer, then stops, face to face with...

TYLER'S DOG PICTURE, magnetized to the door.

Jarmila stares, furious and betrayed.

## EXT. PRAGUE STREETS - DAY

Tyler reaches the top of the hill, running hard. He looks over his shoulder.

The Red-Haired Marine kicks open his damaged door. He takes off after Tyler.

## INT. JARMILA'S BUILDING, STAIRWELL - DAY

Jarmila bolts out of her apartment, leaving the door ajar.

She hurries downstairs, suitcase banging against the rail.

At the bottom, she opens the door, and-

SLAM. A FIST SMASHES INTO HER NOSE, throwing her back into the stairwell.

Jarmila looks up, woozy.

There, standing outside the door is...

ZDENEK RYCHTAR.

The Assistant Director's BEARD HAS BEEN SHAVED. His hair gleams, DYED JET BLACK. He blinks, eyes slightly glassy.

He pulls a small, automatic pistol from his coat.

He takes a step toward her.

JARMILA SWINGS HER SUITCASE, bashing his shin, sending Ryhtar off-balance.

## EXT. JARMILA'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Jarmila runs between the buildings, blood dripping from her nostril.

Ryhtar lumbers after her.

## EXT. METRO ENTRANCE - DAY

TYLER GASPS. He races down the Metro steps.

A moment later, the Red-Headed Marine follows.

EXT. JARMILA'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Jarmila stumbles, skidding face first in the grass.

Ryghtar raises his gun, but can't aim.

Jarmila scrambles around the back of the building.

EXT. JARMILA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Jarmila throws herself against the back door. It's locked.

A LITTLE BOY looks down from a second-floor balcony. He holds A SCRUFFY DOG on a leash.

LITTLE BOY  
*It's locked.*

Jarmila runs on.

Seconds later, Ryghtar rounds the corner.

THE DOG BARKS ITS HEAD OFF AT HIM, FANGS GNASHING.

INT. METRO STATION - DAY

Tyler SPRINTS past the ticket windows...

The Marine gains ground.

EXT. JARMILA'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Ryghtar lurches around to THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING. He wheezes, hand on his knee.

MRS. VARADIOVA SITS CLIPPING FLOWERS.

He points the gun at her, but can barely catch his breath.

ZDENEK RYCHTAR  
*Where...did she go?*

The old woman stares at the small gun.

Then she sadly points at the front door.

RYCHTAR LURCHES INSIDE THE BUILDING.

Mrs. Varadiova looks down at the rose in her old hands.

SOMEONE CRIES OUT. SHOES SCRAPE ON CONCRETE.

THE DOOR SLAMS BACK OPEN.

Mrs. Varadiova looks up as...

RYCHTAR STAGGERS OUT, CLUTCHING HIS STOMACH, HANDS RED WITH BLOOD.

EXT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - DAY

Tyler races up the steps, now just yards from...

THE WOUNDED BEAR.

KAREL stands outside, smoking.

Tyler runs up and WRAPS HIM IN A BEAR HUG.

Karel resists, but Tyler holds him...RASPING IN HIS EAR.

EXT. JARMILA'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

KAREL STEPS OUT THE FRONT DOOR OF JARMILA'S BUILDING.

TYLER (O.S.)

Please.

HE HOLDS TIGHT TO JARMILA'S KITCHEN KNIFE, HIS THREE FINGERS GRIPPING THE RED HANDLE.

TYLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I need you to do something for me.

Rychtar collapses, gasping for breath. Then he stops gasping.

Karel stares down at Rychtar's body.

He drops the knife.

EXT. THE WOUNDED BEAR - DAY

The Red-Haired Marine yanks Tyler away from Karel.

Tyler locks eyes with Karel.

KAREL NODS.

EXT. JARMILA'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Karel turns as Jarmila steps through the door, pale. He gives her a weak smile.

He holds out TYLER'S RED I.D. BADGE.

KAREL

Our American friend had to catch a plane.

She takes the badge.

CLOSE ON THE INSIGNIA: "CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY."

She looks up at Karel, awed and overwhelmed.

Karel bows slightly, then walks quickly away.

Jarmila looks down at Rychtar's body on the concrete.

Then she looks up at Mrs. Varadiova. The old woman meets her eyes...and smiles.

Footsteps crunch to Jarmila's left. She snatches up the knife.

The boy and his dog step around the corner.

The dogs sniffs at Rychtar's body.

Jarmila touches the dog's head.

JARMILA

Good boy.

BLEED IN THE SOUND OF AN AIRPLANE ENGINE...

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Tyler sits at a window seat in a commercial plane, his coat laid over his lap.

The Red-Headed Marine stows his bag overhead.

Around them, Europeans find their seats.

The Marine moves Tyler's coat, unlocks HIS HANDCUFFS and re-locks him to the seat.

TYLER

Where am I going to go?

## RED-HEADED MARINE

With all due respect, sir, you're  
lucky you're not in the baggage  
compartment.

(straightening up)  
I'm hitting the head.

Tyler sighs. The flight attendant bares instructions in German.

Tyler stares out the window at the baggage handlers.

Then someone sits down next to him. Tyler turns to find...

HIS FATHER IN THE SEAT BESIDE HIM.

For a moment, Tyler just stares.

## SPALDING VANALDEN

Did you want the aisle?

Tyler jerks his head at the window.

## TYLER

No. I like seeing the ground drop  
out from under me.

Spalding takes out the emergency card and starts reading.

Tyler stares straight ahead.

## SPALDING VANALDEN

Happy with yourself?

## TYLER

Reasonably.

## SPALDING VANALDEN

Not exactly the play we were  
expecting.

Tyler smiles.

## TYLER

Consider it resignation.

## SPALDING VANALDEN

Company's losing a good man.

## TYLER

That's the idea.

Spalding nods, putting the emergency card away.

SPALDING VANALDEN  
I almost forgot.

He pulls a manila envelope from the overhead bin.

SPALDING VANALDEN (CONT'D)  
Early Christmas present.

Tyler opens the envelope. A book slides out:

"TRUMP, by Donald Trump."

SPALDING VANALDEN (CONT'D)  
Welcome to the private sector.

Tyler just stares at Trump's glossy head.

FADE TO BLACK.

"Six Months Later."

EXT. LETNA PARK - DAY

The MASSIVE STONE PEDESTAL juts out from the hilltop.

After a moment, we hear WHEELS ROLLING ON PAVEMENT.

Two teenage skateboarders zip by. One jumps a curb, grinding on the concrete.

The other tries and falls, skidding on his knees. He rises with a pained grin.

PULL DOWN the hill, across the river...

TO A HOTEL on the opposite bank.

INT. INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL, LOBBY - DAY

American and European businessmen smoke outside the ballroom. A SIGN reads, in English and Czech:

"ECONOMIC REDEVELOPMENT CONFERENCE, PRAGUE."

INT. INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL, BALLROOM - DAY

MOVE THROUGH THE CONVENTION: past booths featuring displays from dozens of Western companies...

TYLER (O.S.)

In our last two election cycles, we went 11 for 14. Including Governor of New Hampshire.

Through throngs of future Czech franchisees, sipping free drinks and listening politely...

EARNEST YOUNG CZECH (O.S.)

Is that good?

And finally to TYLER talking to an EARNEST YOUNG CZECH.

Tanned, his hair longer than before, Tyler wears a khaki suit and pink shirt. His nametag reads, "VIC PHILLIPS."

TYLER

It's not bad.

EARNEST YOUNG CZECH

We have many reforms that need making.

TYLER

Are you the man to make them?

EARNEST YOUNG CZECH

I hope I am.

TYLER

No. You know you are. There's plenty of time for hope after you're elected.

He glances at THE CLOCK on the wall.

TYLER (CONT'D)

That's where I come in.

Tyler flags down a waitress.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Could we get a couple whisky sours?

INT. INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL, BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

DOZENS OF WHITE CARDS fan out on a host table.

THE YOUNG WOMAN handing out seat assignments scans the cards.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Phillips, Phillips, I was sure you  
here somewhere...

Tyler looks over her shoulder.

TYLER  
There's me. Table 6.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Ah, yes. That's right. You were a  
last minute change.

TYLER  
Story of my life.

YOUNG WOMAN  
I'm sorry?

He smiles.

TYLER  
It's nothing.

Tyler weaves between the tables of the bustling banquet room.  
In the corner on a riser, A THREE-PIECE BAND plays softly.

In the middle of the room, Tyler stops.

A WOMAN in a sharp, black suit stands talking to the Earnest  
Young Czech.

Tyler swallows. For a moment, he seems alone in the crowd.

The woman turns and, in profile, we see it's JARMILA.

Her hair is short and stylish. She wears horn-rimmed  
glasses, listening intently.

Tyler smiles, taking her in.

Then the Earnest Young Czech notices him...and points.

Jarmila turns and looks at Tyler.

Their eyes meet. She smiles, not shocked.

A moment passes.

The Czech waves Tyler over. Tyler breaks his freeze and  
approaches.

EARNEST YOUNG CZECH  
Mr. Phillips. Where are you  
sitting?

TYLER  
Right here, I think.

EARNEST YOUNG CZECH  
How splendid for us. Please, have  
you met Miss Hrbek?

Tyler never takes his eyes off Jarmila.

TYLER  
Ms. Hrbek? No, we've never met.

She smiles, offering her hand and reading his name tag.

JARMILA  
Hello...  
(smiling)  
Vic.

Tyler takes her hand.

EARNEST YOUNG CZECH  
Miss Hrbek is also running for  
Parliament, but not against me,  
thank heavens. I would never win.

She shakes her head.

JARMILA  
You exaggerate.

EARNEST YOUNG CZECH  
I am an economist. You are a hero.

TYLER  
(to Jarmila)  
Are you?

JARMILA  
Some say.

TYLER  
But you don't.

She meets his eyes.

JARMILA  
Heroes save lives. I did the  
opposite.

The Czech scoffs, pulling out her chair.

EARNEST YOUNG CZECH  
Miss Hrbek took some great risks  
for the revolution.

He leans toward Tyler, stage whispering.

EARNEST YOUNG CZECH (CONT'D)  
She was a spy.

Tyler sits next to her.

TYLER  
Oh? For which side?

JARMILA  
Both.

TYLER  
That must have been dangerous.

The Czech is only too eager to share what he knows.

EARNEST YOUNG CZECH  
Miss Hrbek helped undermine our  
secret police. From the inside.  
She even exposed an American spy.

TYLER  
Really?

JARMILA  
I merely did what anyone would have  
in my circumstances.

Tyler takes his napkin and rests it on his lap.

TYLER  
Under the right circumstances,  
people are capable of extraordinary  
things.

JARMILA  
Perhaps.

A WAITER dips between them, pouring wine.

JARMILA (CONT'D)  
Tell me, Mr. Phillips, are you in  
Prague long?

Tyler tastes his wine.

TYLER

(in Czech)

*That depends on work. You see, I'm  
consulting with the government.*

The Earnest Young Czech looks surprised at Tyler's fluency.

Jarmila smiles.

JARMILA

*What a coup. How did you land such  
a thing?*

TYLER

*They called me. Someone must have  
put in a good word.*

She puts her napkin in her lap.

UNDER THE TABLE SHE REACHES OUT AND TAKES HIS HAND.

JARMILA

Imagine.

Tyler smiles.

PULL BACK through the banquet room, leaving Tyler and Jarmila isolated in their own little bubble.

The Earnest Young Czech sees he's shut out of the conversation. He turns his chair to listen to the band...

Which plays David Bowie's *Young Americans*. In Czech.

FADE OUT.