

# HEROES AND VILLAINS

ENTERTAINMENT



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The 13th Man

by  
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Inspired by Actual Events

**Heroes & Villains Entertainment**

**(323) 850-2990**

FADE IN:

TITLE OVER BLACK:

December 11th, 1941

Inspired by the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor, Adolf Hitler vows to deliver the horrors of war to the shores of America.

June 13th, 1942

With virtually no experts in the field of espionage, the U.S. Government recruits mathematicians, crossword enthusiasts, pulp novelists, even comic book artists to form the nation's first civilian intelligence agency, the Office of Strategic Services, known today as the CIA.

24 hours later

German submarine U-202 surfaces off the coast of Long Island, launching a team of Nazi Saboteurs armed with explosives, fifty thousand dollars in cash, and a secret mission to bring America to its knees.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LONG ISLAND PIER - NIGHT

A tin caricature of Adolf Hitler SNAPS to attention. POP! The shot from a Sailor's bee-bee rifle knocks it back with a PING.

Flashing lights and MUSIC pour from the penny arcades as Service Men and Women crowd the pier.

EXT. BEACH, ONE MILE DOWN SHORE - NIGHT

A group of BOYS (6-9) lie beneath the boardwalk watching a SOLDIER try to "woo" his Girl in the dark.

SOLDIER

C'mon, Doll. Something to remember you by.

The light of a COAST GUARDSMAN's lamp washes over them.

COAST GUARDSMAN

Beach is closed.

The couple run off. The boys hold their breath.

CLANK! The Guardsman turns with a start. Nothing but the tide-breaker stretching out to sea.

CLANK - from the other side of the breaker wall. The Guardsman goes to investigate. The boys all scamper, except for one BEANIE-CAPPED BOY (6) whose curious gaze follows the Guardsman up and over...

THE TIDE-BREAKER WALL...

Climbing over the breaker the Guardsman drops his lamp.

COAST GUARDSMAN (CONT'D)

Cripes.

He gets down on his hands and knees, feels around the sand, and finds his light - by a stack of wooden crates.

HUSHED GERMAN (O.S.)

Vergrab' die Uniformen mit den anderen Sachen. Die brauchen wir jetzt nicht mehr.

The Guardsman turns on his flashlight to reveal... SIX RAGGED-LOOKING MEN standing by the water.

COAST GUARDSMAN

Beach is closed.

The ragged men are too startled to speak. The Guardsman approaches. Pauses. Some of them are only half dressed.

COAST GUARDSMAN (CONT'D)

You fellas been swimming or something?

EXT. HARBOR WATERS, ALONG BREAKER WALL - SAME

A SHADOWY FIGURE bursts from the choppy water. Hearing VOICES towards the shore he slips back beneath the waves.

EXT. HARBOR BEACH - SAME

A ragged man in SPECTACLES steps forward.

SPECTACLES

(To Guardsman)

Hello, Officer. My companions and I were just out fishing when the time flew by and caught us in the darkness.

The Guardsman sees a rubber dinghy bobbing in the waves.

SPECTACLES (CONT'D)

But we are quite alright now, thank you.

The others nod. The Guardsman spots something in the sand - by the SQUAT ONE'S feet - Some sort of uniform?

SPECTACLES (CONT'D)

Yes. We are quite alright.

A tense beat. The Guardsman goes for his side-arm.

SPECTACLES (CONT'D)

Nein!

BANG!

EXT. BREAKER WALL - SAME

Hearing the shot, the Beanie-Capped Boy finishes his climb up the breaker wall to see:

A GERMAN U-BOAT drifting past. So close he can almost touch it. As the Swastika comes into view the diesel engines ROAR alive thrusting it out to sea.

EXT. SHORELINE - SAME

Smoke wafts from the Guardsman's gun as his lifeless body crumples to the sand.

CHRISTIAN WULFF - tall, chiseled, stoic - removes his STILETTO SWITCHBLADE from the back of the Guardsman's neck and slips it beneath his wet-suit.

CHRISTIAN

(German, w/subtitles)

You. Hand me that rope.

They jump at the sound of his German. A TALL ragged man hands him the rope.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(German w/subtitles)

Unpack your supplies. Take what you need,  
bury what you don't.

Binding the Guardsmen's feet with the rope, Christian breaks into a flawless British accent.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

And for Christ's sake, stop speaking German.

They watch as Christian drags the body to the tree-line.

SQUAT

(German w/subtitles)

Who was that?

EXT. TREE-LINE - NIGHT

Shoving the body beneath a fallen tree, Christian leans back... and freezes. The Beanie-Capped Boy sits crouched atop the fallen tree, staring down at the dead Guardsman.

BEANIE-CAPPED BOY

(Whisper)

Is he sleeping?

CHRISTIAN

Yes. So we'd best leave him be, or he'll be cross.

Christian gently takes the Boy's hand and leads him away.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

A bit late for a little man like you to be out and about. Where's your mum?

BEANIE BOY

(Still whispering)

At work.

CHRISTIAN

Ahh, at work. Tell me, does your mother take her car to work with her?

EXT. NEWS STAND, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

THOMAS DOOLEY (early 20s), the embodiment of youthful enthusiasm, adds two Hershey Bars and a toy tin soldier to a stack of comic books on the counter.

Dooley pays for the items while scribbling in his trusty sketch-book. By the looks of it he has a lot of thoughts-

*...word puzzles, numeric equations, and lots and lots of illustrations (aka comic-book art)...*

A street trolley RINGS past. Dooley grabs his items and races after the trolley.

EXT. AERIAL D.C. SKYLINE - DAY

The Trolley passes through DC's German district where shop windows advertise in German as well as English.

INT. TROLLEY CAR - DAY

Dooley haggles with a group of German-American ten-year-olds over a German comic book titled "**Die Abwehr**" in the back of the trolley.

He adds his American comics, the Hershey bars, and - just to sweeten the deal - a Junior G-Man's Lil' Assistant's Badge to the pot.

Unimpressed, the kid gives him a "hand-it-over" gesture. Dooley SIGHS, peers over his shoulder and pulls a book of Government Issue Gas Ration Stamps from his pocket.

EXT. BICYCLE, MOVING - DAY

Dooley weaves through traffic on a Schwinn Super Deluxe Autocycle. Ignoring incoming traffic, he cuts across the street - SKREECH-HONK - and speeds through the gates marked: "**ARLINGTON HALL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**".

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Down a line of parked bicycles - SKREE - Dooley comes to a stop, dismounts, and hoofs it across the manicured lawn of an ivy-covered Sorority House. He slows to a jaunt as two young ladies step out.

DOOLEY

Ladies.

He holds the door, tipping his hat, and steps inside.

TAP-TAP-TAP-TAP-TAP-

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - DAY

A pair of dour-faced Receptionists bang away at their typewriters at the end of the foyer.

Dooley slips behind a punch-clock mounted on the wall. Taking the toy soldier from his pocket, he peels the cheap tin off its base revealing a fat magnet underneath.

He raises the magnet to the punch-clock glass. As the magnet's force pulls the hour-hand back from "11" to "9"- CLUNK! Dooley punches his time-card and crosses into...

THE PANTRY...

Grabbing a small marble bust of President Roosevelt, Dooley opens a dumbwaiter and places it inside. SKREEE. Just heavy enough to drop the dumbwaiter down one floor.

The TAPPING stops. Dooley turns to see the Receptionists staring at him from their desks. Before he can speak, a STAFF SERGEANT throws open a side door.

STAFF SERGEANT

Anyone seen Dooley?

Before they can answer, Dooley's hand emerges from behind the door, unrolling a pair of silk stockings.

RECEPTIONIST

Not since he punched in two hours ago.

With a scowl, the Staff Sergeant closes the door. The stockings lay draped over the doorknob. The Receptionists leap from their chairs for the stockings.

Behind them, Dooley crosses the foyer to a bookshelf. He grabs a book, opening a secret stairway and slips inside.

INT. LOWER LEVEL HALLWAY - DAY

As the Staff Sergeant marches past, Dooley emerges from behind a pillar and heads for the dumbwaiter. With a casual glance around he slips down the dumbwaiter shaft.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The dumbwaiter door pops open as Dooley emerges feet first... just as a Uniformed Woman steps through a door. Dooley holds it open for her and hands her the FDR bust.

DOOLEY

Could you drop this off at reception for me? Thanks.

Dooley steps through the door and into...

INT. CRYPTOGRAPHY ROOM, STATION X - DAY

...a huge windowless room bustling with activity.

**TITLES: "US ARMY CRYPTOGRAPHY UNIT. CODE NAME: STATION X"**

Dooley passes the CHATTERING teletypes and SQUEALING short-wave radios to a centralized group of elite young Ivy-Leaguers... The Code-Breakers.

Dooley's eyes gravitate to one in particular... a Cool Glass of Water in a Vassar cardigan. With her shapely legs propped onto her desk and pencil between her teeth, VASSAR reads from a German newspaper.

VASSAR

I need a twelve letter word for "*ein taubes Raubtier ohne Beine*".

A pomade-haired YALE man responds from his desk.

YALE

A deaf, legless predator?

VASSAR  
What do you think?

YALE  
I think the enemy's getting hard up for material.

A four-eyed HARVARD man joins in.

HARVARD  
That or the editors of "*Das Signal*" need a new crossword writer.

A teletype ALARM goes off. Yale rips out the page.

HARVARD (CONT'D)  
Run it through the key codes and see what comes up.

VASSAR  
Already did. The encryption has to be in the answer.

HARVARD  
A deaf predator with no legs? Doesn't even make sense.

VASSAR  
That's why it's called a puzzle, genius.

Dooley watches Yale as he seals the transmission in a special envelope marked in red and drops it on his desk.

YALE  
Lucky number thirteen.

VASSAR  
You're not even gonna try to decrypt it?

HARVARD  
He couldn't crack the first twelve.

YALE  
It's an Ultra. Without a machine it can't be cracked.

HARVARD  
Spoken like a true Yale man.

A HAND grabs Dooley by the collar and yanks him into...

THE MAIL ROOM...

STAFF SERGEANT

Two hours late, Private? You realize  
there's a war on, right?

DOOLEY

I don't know, Sarge. Kinda hard to tell  
from the mail room.

Dooley removes his coat revealing a Courier's Uniform.

STAFF SERGEANT

Courier office. And I know plenty of  
Privates who'd kill to be state-side.

As the Sergeant reaches for a courier bag full of mail,  
Dooley grabs a coat hanger and slips it down his pants.

DOOLEY

Lemme know if any of 'em wanna swap. You  
know my Pop was a pilot in the first war.

Dooley replaces his fedora with a folded tent-cap.

STAFF SERGEANT

So, you get to fly a Schwinn. Every job  
is important. Besides, we can't all be  
born heroes.

DOOLEY

You're right. Some of us just have to  
fight for it.

Dooley salutes his way out the door with his courier bag.

INT. CRYPTOGRAPHY ROOM - DAY

Dooley collects envelopes from designated bins. He spots  
the Ultra envelope marked in red. Glancing at Yale, he  
slips it into his bag and heads for the exit... failing  
to notice Vassar who watches him in mild surprise.

INT. MEN'S ROOM, TOILET STALL - DAY

Dooley straightens the coat-hanger - slips it into the  
unsealed gap along the top of the envelope - and winds.

Dooley removes the Ultra transmission neatly rolled  
around the wire. He copies each encrypted word into his  
sketch-book. A puzzled expression crosses his face. Huh.

Dooley replaces the Ultra the same way he extracted it.  
Stuffs the envelope back in his bag, and exits the stall  
to find...

...the Code Breakers waiting for him, even Vassar.

DOOLEY

Yeowza!!

(beat)

Something wrong with the ladies room?

SLAP! The stack of German Comics land on a table in...

INT. SORORITY LIBRARY - DAY

Dooley sits in a chair before Yale, Harvard and Vassar.

YALE

Comic books?

DOOLEY

That's where I got the key codes. German comic books. Twelve issues in all, each issue corresponding to the date on-

SLAP!

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

-all twelve Ultra transmissions.

HARVARD

I'm not sure I follow.

DOOLEY

Really? Cause you're supposed to be smart, so...

VASSAR

He's saying each comic book is a key code for each Ultra transmission. Issue one? Key code to Ultra transmission one. Issue two? Key code to Ultra transmission two.

HARVARD

So what do they say?

DOOLEY

May I?

Vassar hands him back his sketch-book.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

(reading from sketch-book)

"Greetings, Uncle Pastorius. Your first cousin is looking forward to his visit. Prepare welcoming party for new arrival."

YALE

What the hell does that mean?

DOOLEY

It could mean a lot of things. But if I were to speculate? I'd say there's an underground Network of German sympathizers operating within the United States. That they're in direct contact with German high command. And that this Uncle Pastorius and his twelve "cousins" is code for an invasion of Nazi Agents sent to commit acts of sabotage on American soil.

They stare at Dooley for a long BEAT.

YALE

Who's up for ribs?

VASSAR

I could do ribs.

HARVARD

I got gas.

DOOLEY

You don't believe me?

YALE

It's a swell story, kid. Thing is I just saw that picture last week.

HARVARD

"Saboteur"! I knew that plot line sounded familiar. That was a good movie.

VASSAR

I'll say. Robert Cummings can crack my cypher any day.

DOOLEY

Hey! This isn't a movie. This is real. These transmissions are real. Which means these twelve German Agents are real. You want proof? Just radio back to the source-

YALE

Right. Explain that one to the brass. Yes, Sir, we did contact the enemy. But our mail-boy who breached security and stole top secret Ultra transmissions decided he'd try and decipher them. You think they'll give you a medal for that?

HARVARD

More like a court-martial.

VASSAR

Or a date with a firing squad.

YALE

Do us all a favor, Private. Stick to your station.

Yale and Harvard head out. Vassar picks up a comic book.

VASSAR

You're a smart egg, kid. But to work in Intelligence you need to be able to distinguish insight from imagination. You know what I'm saying?

DOOLEY

*Giftschlange.*

VASSAR

Excuse me?

DOOLEY

A twelve letter word for a deaf, legless predator. *Giftschlange.*

VASSAR

A snake. And why would a snake be deaf?

DOOLEY

They're all deaf. Snakes don't have ears.

Dooley takes his comic books and walks out.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

THUMP. THUMP. BADABADABADA-SMACK! Dooley spills out of the dumbwaiter and onto the floor. Not so easy at night.

An MP behind a counter listens to the RADIO. As he lifts his coffee off a newspaper, Dooley's hand swipes past and takes the newspaper, before the MP sets his coffee down.

INT. STATION X - NIGHT

Dooley slides the front page under the locked door of the radio-room. From his pocket he pulls out a tennis ball with a small hole cut along the surface.

Pressing the ball against the keyhole, Dooley squeezes - PSSSSST - forcing compressed air through the keyhole - KLINK - blowing the key out from its hole on other side. He pulls back the newspaper along with the key, when-

GRRRR. Dooley looks up to see a German Shepherd sitting right beside him - watching but not attacking. Dooley follows the dog's eye-line down to... the tennis ball in his hand. Dooley holds it up. She wags her tail. Gently, he lobs it across the room. The dog bolts after it. Dooley unlocks the door and enters...

INT. RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

Dooley approaches a short-wave radio, opens his sketch-book and reaches for the power switch when... ZZZZZZZZ. He spots an MP asleep in a chair just a few feet away.

Ever so gently, Dooley places a radio headset over the MP's ears. Then returns to his radio and flips it on.

INT. STATION X - DAY

TWO MEN in GREY SUITS enter the bustling code room. SLAM! The Code Breakers turn with a start...

MAN IN GREY 1  
Who's Dooley?

As if on cue, Dooley stumbles out of the mail-room and freezes. Everyone is looking at him.

DOOLEY  
What?

EXT. HIGH ABOVE WASHINGTON - DAY

Beyond the DC skyline... over the rolling hills of Arlington National Cemetery... a grey sedan speeds down a dirt road surrounded by swampland.

INT. GREY SEDAN, MOVING - SAME

Dooley in the back of the grey sedan, his sketch-book clutched to his chest.

DOOLEY  
Nice car. Kinda fancy for Feds. You do realize that FBI headquarters is in the other direc-

Dooley falls silent as acres of swampland suddenly gives way to... the largest construction site in US history.

EXT. SECRET CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Armed Marines wave the grey sedan past security and up a long driveway to an enormous building near completion.

Man In Grey 1 opens the back door to an awestruck Dooley.

DOOLEY

What is this place?

MAN IN GREY 1

New building for the department of defense.

DOOLEY

What do they call it?

MAN IN GREY 2

The Pentagon.

DOOLEY

Good name.

SWEEPING AERIAL of the largest, most iconic office building in the world.

INT. PENTAGON, OSS BRANCH - DAY

Workmen stencil "OSS" on the door as the Men In Grey march Dooley inside.

INT. OSS HALLWAY - DAY

They march Dooley down a long hallway.

DOOLEY

Okay, I'm guessing you fellas aren't with the FBI. So before we go any further, let me explain. My little radio experiment wasn't so much about contacting the enemy as proving a point about probability. Either of you fellas read Dick Tracy?

Man In Grey 1 halts by a door. Dooley flinches to a stop.

MAN IN GREY 1

Private? What's your clearance level?

DOOLEY

I don't have one.

MAN IN GREY 1

You do now.

He opens the door.

INT. DARK OFFICE - DAY

Dooley enters the dimly lit room. The door SLAMS behind him. Before his eyes can adjust, his ears are drawn to the sound of WHISTLING...

A DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING GENTLEMAN (30s), sits by a curtained window reading a file marked "**CONFIDENTIAL**".

Dooley moves close enough to make out the name on the file: "DOOLEY, THOMAS". He stifles a WHIMPER. The Gentleman continues to read and WHISTLE as if Dooley weren't there. Dooley glances around the room to...

A huge desk lined with phones. The last one on the end, an ominous red. On the wall, a PORTRAIT OF A COWBOY with a handlebar mustache. The engraving reads: "**Wild Bill**".

The WHISTLING stops. Dooley turns to see the Gentleman eyeing him over his file. He gives Dooley a wink.

HUSKY VOICE (O.C.)

There was this Sergeant in the Union Army-

Dooley spins to a Bullish Man in uniform across the room. GENERAL "WILD BILL" DONOVAN (40s) approaches Dooley.

GENERAL DONOVAN

-whose assignment it was to protect the President at the end of the war. On that fateful night when John Wilkes Booth shot Mr. Lincoln in the back of the head, that Sergeant supposedly found a note in the President's pocket. Know what was on it?

DOOLEY

His dismissal papers?

The Gentleman CHUCKLES from his chair. Donovan does not.

GENERAL DONOVAN

A list of death threats the President planned on having investigated once he found the time. History's littered with tragedies that could've been averted if someone had just followed up on all the leads. Even the crazy ones.

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN

Especially the crazy ones.

Dooley is taken aback by the Gentleman's British accent.

GENERAL DONOVAN

How did you know those German comics were  
key codes?

DOOLEY

I didn't. I was just speculating.

GENERAL DONOVAN

Just speculating.

Donovan looks to the Gentleman, who glances over the file  
once more: "...academic underachiever ...hyperactive  
behavior ...IQ score: 160." The "160" is circled in red.

He closes the file and gives Donovan a nod.

GENERAL DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Quite a story, the one about Lincoln,  
isn't it? Want to hear another? Hitler  
sends a U-boat across the Atlantic  
dropping a team of German operatives off  
the coast of Long Island. The operatives  
kill a coast guardsman, bury a stockpile  
of cash, uniforms, and weapons then  
disappear. Tell me, in your opinion,  
where would these German operatives be  
going? For what purpose? And how would  
they get there?

Dooley LAUGHS. They don't. Dooley grips his sketch-book.

DOOLEY

Well, what do your experts on German  
intelligence-

GENERAL DONOVAN

What if I told you we had no experts on  
German intelligence. Aside from my friend  
Admiral Fleming here.

The Gentleman, ADMIRAL FLEMING, extends his hand.

FLEMING

Call me Ian.

DOOLEY

Dooley. Thomas Dooley.

Fleming pauses... rather liking the sound of that.

GENERAL DONOVAN

Go ahead, Private... speculate.

DOOLEY

Well, if I were to speculate... I'd say  
their first objective is obvious-

Dooley scribbles a word at the top of a blank page...

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

Transportation.

INT. TRAIN STATION, TICKET LINE - THREE DAYS EARLIER

Squat opens a briefcase, takes out a fist-full of CASH...

DOOLEY (V.O.)

They'd have to get as far from the  
landing site as quickly as possible.  
Probably by bus or train...

The CASH is passed up the line of ragged hands to  
Spectacles, who pays for six tickets.

DOOLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But if they're smart...

CHRISTIAN'S STEELY GAZE...

DOOLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...they'd know how to travel alone.

INT. MODEL-A FORD, MOVING - THREE DAYS EARLIER

Christian, now dressed in a fashionable white suit and fedora, drives a hot-wired Ford down an old country road.

DOOLEY (V.O.)

The Army tells you training is the key to survival. But for a spy behind enemy lines, it's all about improvisation.

STEAM bursts from under the hood fogging the windshield. Christian checks the gauge. The needle dances on "HOT".

EXT. COUNTRY GAS STATION - THREE DAYS EARLIER

Christian strolls out of the gas station, sizing up the other cars and their drivers.

DOOLEY (V.O.)

For the professional, any obstacle short of exposure is never a deterrent.

Christian spots two teenage girls in a RED BUICK CONVERTIBLE giving their best "come hither" looks before bursting into GIGGLES.

DOOLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
For the professional...

Christian lights a Chesterfield cigarette and smiles.

DOOLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...it's an opportunity.

INT. GENERAL DONOVAN'S OFFICE - EVENING

Dooley's audience has grown to include the Men In Grey and the General's No-Nonsense Secretary who takes notes.

DOOLEY  
There are two types of German spy. Those trained by the Abwehr, a relic of an agency considered unreliable and amateurish even by its own leaders.

Dooley draws in his sketch-book as he talks. He's literally sketching out key moments in the action, like panels in a comic book...

*... Shadowy Agents boarding a train... Nimble fingers hot-wiring a car... A faceless man standing over a dead body, switchblade in hand...*

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
And then there's the SS...

RIP!

EXT. WOODS - THREE DAYS EARLIER

Christian yanks the last strip of tape off the Buick, now shiny white instead of glossy red.

DOOLEY (V.O.)  
...Hitler's own security force of highly trained killers. If our Germans are Abwehr, they're still a threat. But if just one of them were SS...

Christian tosses the tape, empty paint cans, and used brushes into the trunk...

DOOLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...God help anyone who crosses his path.

...next to TWO TARP-WRAPPED BODIES stuffed in the back. Christian SLAMS the trunk and breaks off the handle.

GRUFF VOICE (V.O.)  
Ehem!

INT. PENTAGON BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Dooley now stands at a podium before a long table of GENERALS, CABINET MEMBERS and AGENCY CHIEFS. A man in a HOOVER-BLUE jacket and tie speaks up.

HOOVER BLUE

So what's the target?

SHRIEEEEEEKK!

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Christian pours himself a cup of hot tea - SHIFFFTH - Sticks his stiletto into the sole of his shoe - CLICK - and swivels out the heel to reveal a HIDDEN COMPARTMENT.

DOOLEY (V.O.)

The target...?

Christian removes Three Blank Strips of Paper the size of his pinkie... and lays them in the tea saucer.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Dooley stares down at the last panel in his Sketch-book... *blank, with a big question mark underneath.*

DOOLEY

...has yet to be determined.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Christian watches as the tea activates the FIRST of THREE SECRET MESSAGES written in INVISIBLE INK...

**MESSAGE 1 reads: "720 East 86th Street."**

HOOVER BLUE (PRELAP)

I'm confused...

INT. PENTAGON BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

**TITLE CARD: "TWO WEEKS LATER".**

HOOVER BLUE

How exactly did you come up with these theories, Private Dooley, is it?

Dooley pauses. Fleming looks to Donovan. Who is this guy?

GENERAL DONOVAN

Hoover-boys. Here to protect and serve their own interests.

FLEMING

Smashing.

HOOVER BLUE

You apprehended any of these German sympathizers? Interrogated them?

DOOLEY

No, our information's based on-

HOOVER BLUE

On what? Fragmented radio intercepts?

A stern little man at the end of the table, the WAR SECRETARY, chimes in.

WAR SECRETARY

I believe what Special Agent Conrad is trying to discern, Private, is how much of this is based on fact and how much is just speculation.

AGENT CONRAD

Thank you, Mr. Secretary. That's exactly what I'm trying to discern. Because I for one find it hard to believe that a team of German spies would cross the Atlantic under stealth of submarine, only to announce their arrival by leaving their uniforms along the shore for us to find.

WAR SECRETARY

And how would the FBI explain it?

AGENT CONRAD

As a hoax, Mr. Secretary. Scare tactics used by communist sympathizers to distract us from the real threat.

DOOLEY

That's funny. Last I checked we were at war with fascism not communism-

AGENT CONRAD

What are your credentials, Private?

As if on cue, a Younger Hoover-Blue hands Conrad a file. Fleming stiffen recognizing the file.

AGENT CONRAD (CONT'D)

Because according to our files the closest you've ever come to police work would be your stint as a copy boy at your hometown paper, the Pioneer Press.

(MORE)

AGENT CONRAD (CONT'D)

A job you held for six months, between dropping out of high school and enlisting in the Army where you served as a bicycle messenger for the Signal Corp. Isn't that right? Assuming none of that's top secret information.

DOOLEY

No, that's right. Except for my being just a copy boy.

AGENT CONRAD

No, no. You also wrote crossword puzzles. And something else called- the Green Ghost? What kind of writing is that?

DOOLEY

A comic strip, about a federal agent.

The War Secretary arches his brow. The room falls silent.

AGENT CONRAD

And that, gentlemen, is what we at the Bureau call "self-incrimination".

LAUGHTER breaks the silence. Conrad smiles across the table at Fleming and Donovan. But the two don't seem fazed. Conrad looks over the file one last time. He spots the IQ score of "160" circled in red. His grin falters.

DOOLEY

You're right.

All eyes turn back to Dooley.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

About the uniforms, I mean. They landed in uniform in order to incriminate themselves.

AGENT CONRAD

Thank you, Priv-

DOOLEY

Because according to law an enemy combatant cannot be tried or executed so long as he's considered a legitimate soldier of a recognized state.

AGENT CONRAD

So?

DOOLEY

So if the Germans landed in uniform and were caught, they'd be protected by the Geneva Convention as prisoners of war. But if they landed out of uniform and got caught... well, there's nothing on the books about the rights of a spy.

Fleming smiles across the table at Agent Conrad.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

Once they saw the coast was clear, they just buried their uniforms in the sand, turning soldier into spy. The fact that the tide uncovered the evidence was just luck. They should've dug deeper.

WAR SECRETARY

Get all that from a comic strip as well?

DOOLEY

Doc Savage, issue number 54.

AGENT CONRAD

Well the next time the FBI needs advice we'll just give Captain America a call.

DOOLEY

You mean Stan Lee.

Conrad gives Dooley a blank stare.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

The kid who writes Captain America. You could call him for advice, but you'd have to clear it with the War Secretary first. Seeing as he currently works for Signal Corps' Propaganda Department. Assuming none of that's top secret information.

All eyes turn to the War Secretary... who cracks a smile.

INT. USO DANCE HALL - NIGHT

The smoke-filled room swings with BIG BAND MUSIC as servicemen jitter-bug with USO girls.

EXT. DANCE HALL, ROCKEFELLER CENTER - NIGHT

A huge BOUNCER squeezed into a tuxedo stands before a line of SAILORS eager to enter.

SAILOR 1

Come on, Chuckie. I got a girl in there waiting for me.

BOUNCER

Yeah, you and the rest of the fleet.

An EAR-SHATTERING BLAST as the building explodes, engulfing the sidewalk and its Inhabitants in flames.

INT. PENTAGON HALLWAY - DAY

Donovan and Fleming march down the hall. Dooley follows, reading over the situation report.

FLEMING

The type of explosive has yet to be determined. But from the looks of it, I'd say it was a homemade concoction. A hydrochlorine or nitroglycerine.

GENERAL DONOVAN

Officially this incident was the result of a gas leak. Meaning keep it under your Stetson, Private. The President doesn't want a panic, he wants it resolved.

DOOLEY

Do we keep tabs on commercial inventory? General stores, pharmacies, any place that might sell cleaning supplies?

FLEMING

Why do you ask?

DOOLEY

Takes a lot of sauce to blow a space that big. If they were careless enough to buy all their ingredients from the same place-

Fleming and Donovan stop. Dooley continues down the hall, drawing it all out in his sketch-book.

FLEMING

Looks like we bet on the right horse.

EXT. TENEMENT BLOCK, UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

Immigrant children play along the cobblestone as Christian approaches the building address. He compares it with the address on the slip of paper in his hand...

**Invisible Ink Message #1.**

INT. WEAPONS ROOM, 15TH FLOOR- DAY

A KEY RATTLE unlocks an apartment door as a DAPPER YOUNG MAN leads Christian into the room. A variety of pistols, rifles, grenades, and knives line the walls. Just enough weaponry for an Underground resistance group.

DAPPER YOUNG MAN

There she is.

Among the weapons, Christian spots a BROWN LEATHER CASE.

DAPPER YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Wasn't easy getting hold of, I can tell you that.

Christian approaches the case, triggers the latches and opens the front. He scrutinizes the contents within.

DAPPER YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Even considered having one built. I mean you can't just walk down the street with one of these babies... eay, Herr Wulff?

Christian bristles at the Young Man's German inflection.

DAPPER YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

I can't imagine the Network would risk this unless it was for something important? Something really big?

CHRISTIAN

Did you say you attend University?

DAPPER YOUNG MAN

Princeton, actually.

CHRISTIAN

Plan to graduate?

DAPPER YOUNG MAN

Not much of a plan if you don't graduate.

CHRISTIAN

Then stop asking questions, maybe you will.

The Young Man's smirk fades.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - DAY

A fleet of signature Black FBI Sedans race towards the New York skyline.

INT. BLACK SEDAN, MOVING - DAY

Conrad unlocks the glove box to reveal... A rack of .45 automatics. He issues one to Armstrong, one to McCord, and one for himself. Dooley eyes the box expectantly.

DOOLEY

I think I left my piece back at the office. How about a loaner there, Chief?

AGENT CONRAD

Presidential order 9182: Agents of the OSS may collect and analyze intelligence for foreign operations only. Operating beyond these duties on domestic soil is prohibited and punishable by law.

DOOLEY

Sooo... no gun?

AGENT CONRAD

Until the targets are neutralized, and the site's secure, your ass waits in the car.

INT. WEAPONS ROOM - DAY

The SOUND of playing children drifting through the window comes to an unnatural halt. Christian notices.

DAPPER YOUNG MAN

Something wrong?

Christian peers out the window. The streets are empty. The children are gone. Nothing but two- no, four black sedans at each corner!

Christian takes the brown leather case by the handle. On impulse, grabs a 9mm handgun and slips it in his pocket.

DAPPER YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

What's going on?

CHRISTIAN

My other contacts, do you know them?

DAPPER YOUNG MAN

Of course.

CHRISTIAN

Can you reach them by telephone? Identify them by sight?

DAPPER YOUNG MAN  
I have a photographic memory.

CHRISTIAN  
Open the door.

The Young Man fumbles for his keys.

DAPPER YOUNG MAN  
Wouldn't contacting the others be risky?

Christian triggers the blade of his stiletto...

CHRISTIAN  
It certainly would.

SPLIIICH! Pulling him back onto the point of his knife.

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY, 15TH FLOOR - DAY

Conrad leads a Team down the hall. Armstrong and McCord lead another. The two converge on a door in the center.

An Old Woman peeks out her apartment door. Conrad raises a finger to his lips. She closes it MUMBLING in GERMAN.

INT. WEAPONS ROOM - SAME

Christian climbs out the window facing the alleyway to...

ALLEYWAY FIRE ESCAPE...

He freezes as FBI Agents enter the alley directly below.

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - SAME

Conrad nods to Armstrong who - SMASH - kicks in the door!

INT. SABOTEUR'S APARTMENT - SAME

Four Ragged Men leap to their feet.

AGENT CONRAD  
Federal officers! Reach for the sky!

SPECTACLES  
Don't shoot! Don't Shoot!

AGENT ARMSTRONG  
He said hands in the air!

AGENT MCCORD  
Do it now!

Arms raised, the THIRD and FOURTH MEN eye handguns just out of reach. Behind the Agents... across the hall... through the weapon room door... and out the window to...

ALLEYWAY FIRE ESCAPE...

Christian searches for an out. The fire escape along the adjacent building. 10 feet away, across a 15 story drop.

INT. SABOTEUR'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - SAME

The last two men, TALL and SQUAT scurry out the window to a front fire escape, leaving a tub of chemicals behind.

EXT. ALLEYWAY FIRE ESCAPE - SAME

As the last FBI Man turns the corner, Christian leaps onto the railing and jumps...

...across the gap between buildings...

...landing on the adjacent fire escape with a CRASH!! Glass shatters as the platform buckles under his weight.

INT. SABOTEUR'S APARTMENT - SAME

Conrad moves in on the saboteurs...

AGENT CONRAD  
Hands where we can see 'em!

SPECTACLES  
Just don't shoot-

AGENT MCCORD  
Shut up!

CRUNCH! Conrad looks down at the glass beneath his shoe. White powder covers the floor. The same powder on their raised hands. Empty ammonia containers - tubs of ice water - and a table of corked bottles of clear liquid.

AGENT CONRAD  
Hold your fire! Nitro! Nitro!

The Third and Fourth Men reach for the guns...

SPECTACLES  
No!

...and open fire. The Agents take cover and return fire.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE, ADJACENT BUILDING - SAME

With the brown leather case still in hand, Christian climbs off the shaky fire escape, through the broken window, and into the stairwell of the adjacent building.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - SAME

Dooley finishes a less than flattering portrait of Agent Conrad in his sketch-book, when... He sees Tall and Squat scrambling down the fire escape.

Dooley scans the streets for Agents. No one in sight. He turns to the glove box. The key still sits in the lock.

INT. SABOTEUR'S APARTMENT - SAME

The corked nitro bottles tremble amidst the GUNFIRE.

SPECTACLES

Stop! Stop! Stop!

He shouts from behind a sofa where Second Ragged Man lies dead. The Third Man's gun CLICKS empty. Conrad throws himself over a table and BAM! The Third Man falls.

With a SCREAM, the Fourth Man leaps out SHOOTING. The Agents UNLOAD sending him back towards the nitro. He teeters, hits the floor, and jars a bottle over the edge.

AGENT CONRAD

Noooo!

SPECTACLES

Noooo!

Armstrong and Spectacles dive for the bottle. They collide, sending it high into the air. The room watches in silence as... Conrad slides under the bottle, cupping it in his hand, twisting in its direction of travel, and lowers it to the floor. SPLOOP. The entire room breathes.

AGENT MCCORD

Well that was a barrel of laughs.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Dooley enters the alley with a .45 in both hands. CLANK - From the far end of the alley. Dooley moves in.

INT. ADJACENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL - SAME

Christian slips down the stairs past looky-loo tenants.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Dooley nervously inches towards a row of garbage cans.

INT. ADJACENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL - DAY

Christian reaches the lobby and halts. Uniformed police by the entrance block anxious tenants from leaving. He ducks back into the stairwell, and spots a back door.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Dooley nervously approaches the garbage cans, when - CLUNK - a door flies open behind him. Dooley spins...

Christian halts. Dooley's .45 aimed right in his face. Dooley takes in Christian's clean-shaven face, nice suit, and brown leather briefcase. Wrong building. Wrong man.

Christian watches amazed as Dooley lowers his gun and raises a finger to his lips. CRASH! Tall and Squat bolt from the trash cans to the corner. Dooley gives chase.

Christian calmly heads in the other direction.

EXT. CROWDED CITY STREET - DAY

Tall and Squat burst from the alley and into the street. SCREECH-HOOONK! Drawing the attention of TWO MOUNTED POLICEMEN across the road.

Dooley bolts from the alley and into the street.

DOOLEY

*Hal-*

SCREECH!! Dooley leaps back as a truck hits its breaks. Tall and Squat see the Mounted Police closing in.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

*Halt! Stehen bleiben! Hände hoch!*

Tall raises his hands in defeat.

TALL

(German w/subtitles)

That's it. It's over.

Squat pulls out a corked bottle of clear liquid.

SQUAT

*Für das Vaterland.*

TALL

*Nein!*

FWOOOOOOOM! SILENCE as the air is sucked into the center of a BLINDING LIGHT, then... BAAAAAAAAAMMM!!!

Spat back out with the EAR-SHATTERING BLAST of HOT WHITE CHEMICAL FIRE. The Saboteurs and Mounted Police are incinerated. The SHOCK WAVE knocks cars up over the curb, and Dooley off his feet and into the building behind him.

Wounded Civilians CRY OUT. Distant SIRENS WHINE. Dooley opens his eyes, taking in the devastation.

INT. SABOTEUR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Agents sweep the apartment collecting evidence as Conrad, Armstrong and McCord flip through a pile of maps.

AGENT MCCORD

Aluminium factories in Illinois.  
Magnesium plants in Philadelphia. Water locks, rail lines... they even got blueprints to Niagara water and power.

AGENT CONRAD

They were gonna blow Niagara falls?

AGENT ARMSTRONG

Taking half the eastern seaboard off the grid. We're lucky all they got was a USO.

AGENT CONRAD

So, where's this building manager?

INT. WEAPONS ROOM - SAME

FLASH - Dooley blinks as the FBI take photos of the body. He spots the knife wound barely visible below his skull.

FLASH - Ignoring the arsenal of weapons, Dooley focuses on a dust-free area where the leather case once sat.

A breeze blows something off the fire escape. Two Small Strips of Paper. **Christian's Invisible Ink Messages!**

**Message 1: "720 East 86th Street."** **Message 2:** No letters. No numbers. Just an odd little icon of a **Blue Lion**. THWACK! Conrad's fist knocks Dooley to the floor.

AGENT CONRAD

You wanna play G-Man? Be a hero like in the funny-papers? This is the FBI. You disregard my orders, and I'll see you buried under the goddamn jail!

DOOLEY

If I followed your orders, we'd still have two saboteurs on the loose.

Conrad moves in for another punch.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
But you're right...

Dooley pulls out the .45. The room of Agents freeze.  
Dooley flips the gun over and offers him the handle.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
I should've stayed in the car. At least  
those policemen would still be alive.

The tension breaks as a BURLY AGENT emerges from a door.

BURLY AGENT  
Someone get the head office on the line.  
You're not gonna believe this one.

Behind the Burly Agent, Dooley sees Spectacles sitting  
interrogation style. His face a mix of shame and relief.

EXT. FLORIDA HARBOR - NIGHT

**TITLES: "June 17th, 1942. Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida"**

SIX GERMAN SOLDIERS emerge from the water. They scan the  
beach for signs of life.

GERMAN SOLDIER  
(German w/subtitles)  
The coast is clear. We're safe.

FWOOM! FLOOD LIGHTS illuminate the shore. They cover  
their eyes as ARMED FROGMEN burst from the shallows.

EXT. HARBOR - SAME

As German submarine U-584 races for the mouth of the  
harbor... a K-74 HYDROGEN AIRSHIP emerges from the fog.  
The Deck Officer atop the U-boat SCREAMS down the hatch.

U-BOAT DECK OFFICER  
Luftschiff!! Luftschiff!!

BA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DA! The Airship's .50 caliber rounds  
rip across the U-boat's bow, taking out the Deck Officer.  
The U-boat dives. The airship banks hard to starboard,  
releasing Depth Charges across the narrow harbor mouth.

BENEATH THE WAVES...

EXPLOSIONS all around the U-boat until - CLANK - A direct  
hit. BLAAAMMM!! The hull implodes like a tin can on fire.

MOVIE TONE NEWS REEL...

**TITLES: "NAZI SPIES CAPTURED BY F.B.I."**

Black and white propaganda footage of Square-Jawed FBI Men taking shifty-eyed Abwehr Agents into custody.

MOVIE TONE NARRATOR

Hoover and his trusty G-men do it again! After months of surveillance, the FBI rounded up a team of Nazi saboteurs who landed by U-boat, armed with an insidious plot to strike the American heartland. Only Hitler didn't count on the skill and perseverance of J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI, tirelessly working to protect our shores from foreign invaders. Let their fate be a warning to all enemies foreign and domestic, don't mess with the FBI.

J. Edgar Hoover smiles proudly for the camera.

INT. GENERAL DONOVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Dooley slaps his sketch-book onto the General's desk.

DOOLEY

It's a diversion.

Donovan sits back. Fleming picks up the sketch-book.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

One Government with two intelligence agencies? That's not covering your bases. It's a recipe for disaster.

GENERAL DONOVAN

If you think the FBI and OSS will settle their differences just to win a war-

FLEMING

He's not talking about us, Bill. He's talking about the Germans.

Fleming reveals a sketch-book drawing of two opposing seals: *The "SS" versus the "Abwehr"*.

DOOLEY

The FBI may hate us. Really hate us. But it's nothing compared to the derision between the Abwehr and the SS. They don't share intelligence, they don't engage in joint operations, and they don't share codes.

Dooley slaps the 13th Ultra onto the desk.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

The thirteenth Ultra. The only Abwehr transmission I have yet to crack. Why?

FLEMING

The Abwehr didn't send it. The SS did.

DOOLEY

When the FBI interrogated that Abwehr agent, they ignored one crucial thing... Why would he admit to blowing up a USO, murdering hundreds, only to deny the killing of a single coast guard, claiming it was someone else? Some mystery man in a wet-suit and a stiletto switchblade?

FLEMING

An SS agent.

DOOLEY

On a mission of his own.

GENERAL DONOVAN

Alright. Say there is an SS operative on American soil. What do you plan to do about it?

DOOLEY

First we have to convince the FBI--

GENERAL DONOVAN

I'm not asking what the FBI would do. I'm asking what you're going to do?

DOOLEY

I thought the OSS was restricted from domestic operations?

GENERAL DONOVAN

Officially, yes.

DOOLEY

Officially?

FLEMING

Yes.

Beat.

DOOLEY

You want I should find him on my own? But I'd be breaking the law.

GENERAL DONOVAN  
We didn't recruit you because you respect it.

The possibilities flash before Dooley's eyes.

NEWSIE (PRELAP)  
Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

EXT. CORNER DRUG STORE - DAY

A ten-year-old NEWSIE sells papers outside a drug store.

NEWSIE  
FDR announces fourth term run! Longest  
Presidency in US history!

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Skipping the front page, Christian turns to a smaller story on page 2 **titled: "ENRICO FERMI OFFERED TENURE"**

TESS (O.C.)  
I'm sorry, I must have left my cash in my other purse.

Christian looks up from the back of a line of customers to see a STUNNING YOUNG WOMAN at the counter, scouring her purse for change. This is TESS (20s).

TESS (CONT'D)  
So stupid of me-

DRUGGIST  
Why don't you just come back when you have it.

TESS  
Oh, but if I can just find enough change... here's a penny.

The line of Customers GROAN. Christian is about to return to his paper when he notices the laminated ID clipped to her jacket... bearing an emblem of a **Blue Lion**.

DRUGGIST  
I'm sorry, Miss, but I'm going to have to ask you to step aside.

TESS  
Couldn't we just put it on credit?

DRUGGIST  
That's not our policy. Now if you'll just step aside.

TESS

You don't understand. I need this for my-

DRUGGIST

Then come back with the amount it costs.  
Now step-

CHRISTIAN

That won't be necessary.

Christian sets his items, magazines and newspapers, on the counter with hers.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

The lady's clearly an honest woman. Just include her expenses with mine, and we'll call the matter settled.

Both Tess and the Druggist stare at him in shock.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Or do you have a policy against human decency as well?

The Druggist cowers back behind the register.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Allow me to apologize for the lesser members of my sex.

TESS

Huh?

CHRISTIAN

Nothing breeds contempt like a man faced with a beauty beyond his station.

Tess blinks.

DRUGGIST

That'll be eight dollars.

Christian pays the Druggist, eyeing her ID badge.

TESS

Ha! Wow. I... Thank you. I can't imagine how this must look. So embarrassing... I admit I can be a bit of a scatter-brain, but a damsel in distress? Do you have a phone? I don't have a phone. But I can give you my address so you can-

CHRISTIAN

Take you to dinner?

Once again, Tess is left speechless. Christian smiles.

BAM-BA-BA-BAM-BAM-BA-BAM!!

EXT. TRAINING CAMP - DAY

**TITLES: "OSS TRAINING FACILITY. CODE NAME: CAMP-X"**

Fleming leads Dooley past an OSS firing range.

DOOLEY

Aren't you gonna teach me how to shoot?

FLEMING

If you had to choose just one weapon for this mission, would it really be a gun?

DOOLEY

The FBI seem to think so.

FLEMING

Careful who you put your faith in. Those Hoover-boys are loyal to just one man, and it's not the President.

INT. COMBAT ROOM - DAY

A room full of OSS Agents practice hand to hand combat.

FLEMING

When it comes to the art of evasion you're a natural. But eventually everyone gets caught. And when that happens you'll need to know how to subdue your opponent.

DOOLEY

There are eight pressure points on the body that can render a man unconscious.

FLEMING

Really? What are they?

DOOLEY

The sciatic nerve below the kidney. The temporal artery above-

Fleming kicks him in the groin and knees him in the head.

FLEMING

Basics, my boy. Don't over think it.

INT. COMBAT ROOM - LATER

THWACK-THUMP-SMACK- Dooley stumbles through a series of self-defence exercises with a gang of armed OSS Trainers.

FLEMING

Clandestine is latin for stealth. A real spy can take a man twice his size, in a crowded room, without firing a shot...

Fleming takes Dooley down hard.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

...or spilling his martini.

CLICK-ICK. Fleming looks down to see a gun pointed at his crotch. An OSS Trainer checks to find his holster empty.

DOOLEY

Or I could just shoot him.

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!!

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Fleming watches Dooley unload on the distant target.

DOOLEY

Thaaaaat's the ticket! Not bad, eah

FLEMING

Yes, well shooting is all about technique. Killing on the other hand...

Fleming adjusts Dooley's aim from the target to an OSS Trainer in the distance.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

...is all about desire. You have to want to take a man's life. Or at least have no reservations about doing so.

Fleming cocks the hammer on the gun. Dooley stares at the innocent man in his sights... and uncocks the hammer.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

Until you're ready to do that, training won't make a bit of difference.

Fleming takes the gun from his hand.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

You worry about finding him. Let us worry about taking him down.

DOOLEY

I already know how to find him.

Dooley opens his Sketch-Book revealing Christian's invisible ink messages taped to the page.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

Just follow the blue lion.

**Message #3: The Blue Lion.**

MATCH CUT TO:

**The Same Blue Lion...** painted across the 50 yard line of a football field... smack dab in the center of...

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY CAMPUS...

Students cross the field doubling as the University Quad.

INT. COLUMBIA PHYSICAL PLANT, RECORDS ROOM - DAY

A PLATINUM BLONDE unrolls a blueprint across the counter before Christian.

PLATINUM BLONDE

There ya go. Blueprints to the entire campus proper.

CHRISTIAN

These plans, they've been updated?

PLATINUM BLONDE

Been a lot of construction since the war started.

CHRISTIAN

Including security, I see.

PLATINUM BLONDE

So Secret Service, huh? Didn't realize there were British Secret Service agents.

CHRISTIAN

MI6 actually. On assignment with the Secret Service. All top secret, of course.

He winks. She smiles.

PLATINUM BLONDE

My lips are sealed.

CHRISTIAN

These security locks, how exactly would  
one gain access-

PLATINUM BLONDE

With a special clearance ID.

CHRISTIAN

Like this one?

He holds up Tess' ID, covering her name with his finger.

PLATINUM BLONDE

That one might get you into the library.  
Anywhere else?

She flips a page in the blueprints.

PLATINUM BLONDE (CONT'D)

You'll need one of these.

CHRISTIAN

An FGP ID?

PLATINUM BLONDE

For Federal Government Employees only.  
Professors, scientists, university  
bigwigs. Anyone whose work gets funded by  
the War Department. It's a small list.

CHRISTIAN

So with the right FGP ID one would have  
access to any building on campus. Even  
the quad?

PLATINUM BLONDE

With the right FGP ID you could stroll  
through the ladies room and not raise an  
eyebrow. Well you might raise an eyebrow.

She smiles suggestively. But Christian is staring at the  
blueprints with a newfound interest.

PLATINUM BLONDE (CONT'D)

So, anything else I can do you for, Agent  
Wulff?

She leans forward, revealing a bit more cleavage.

CHRISTIAN

You've been so generous, I'd hate to-

PLATINUM BLONDE

Take advantage? I'm a big girl.

CHRISTIAN

In that case, how about you show me that list?

RING-RING. RING-RING.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, AGENT CONRAD'S OFFICE - DAY

Conrad reaches out from behind a file labeled "**Communist Sympathizers**" and picks up the phone.

AGENT CONRAD

Conrad here.

DICK HILLENBRAND (V.O.)

Agent Conrad. Dick Hillenbrand, Columbia staff department. About those records your office requested? Turns out they're classified, so unless-

AGENT CONRAD

Records? What records?

DICK HILLENBRAND (V.O.)

On University affiliates with special clearance IDs.

AGENT CONRAD

Who the hell approved that request?

DICK HILLENBRAND (V.O.)

You did.

Off Conrad's baffled expression.

TESS (PRELAP)

Special Agent Conrad...

INT. CAMPUS ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, ID OFFICE - DAY

Tess scrutinizes the JUNIOR G-MAN'S LIL' ASSISTANT'S BADGE in Dooley's hand.

TESS

Aren't you a little young for the FBI?

DOOLEY

I'm older than I look.

TESS

Let me guess... Alpha Tau? Sig-Ep?

DOOLEY

Excuse me?

TESS

Last semester the pledges got hold of a gymnasium ID and dumped a truck-load of fizzies into the swim-meet. It's not that I can't appreciate a good prank. But if I'm gonna lose my job over one, I'd prefer it were something more original.

DOOLEY

Look, Missus-

TESS

Try Miss.

DOOLEY

My investigation requires background checks on everyone on this campus.

TESS

That's a lotta backgrounds.

DOOLEY

Starting with all employees with clearance IDs-

TESS

Like this one?

She flashes her Blue Lion ID clipped to her sleeve, then drops it behind the counter before he can respond.

TESS (CONT'D)

It's funny... I had to get a new one just two days ago when my old one disappeared.

DOOLEY

You lost it?

TESS

Or somebody pinched it.

Dooley seductively leans over the counter.

DOOLEY

You wanna tell me about it?

Tess seductively leans in to meet him.

TESS

You got a warrant?

DOOLEY

I can get one.

TESS

Then get one. Until then you're not  
getting a thing outta me... Agent Conrad.

EXT. UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - EVENING

The Secretaries file out in groups. Tess exits the building by herself and heads home. A Figure watching from the shadows follows her.

EXT. WORKING CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

Tess heads down a shadowy sidewalk and turns a corner. The Figure, a half block behind, follows...

AROUND THE CORNER...

Tess is nowhere in sight.

DING-A-LING! Tess emerges from a corner store with a sack of detergent.

TESS

Good night, Mister Nayfeld.

SHOP OWNER (O.C.)

See ya tomorrow, Tess.

Tess continues down the sidewalk. Her stalker, apparently gone.

INT. TESS' APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Tess checks her mailbox in the foyer. SNAP! Someone outside? Too dark to see. She heads up the stairs to...

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY...

Tess crosses the hall to her apartment - CREAK - No one there. She opens the door, and locks it behind her.

Someone emerges from of the stairway and approaches her door, when... the door before hers flies open.

Dooley jumps as an OLD MAN with thick white hair pops out.

OLDER MAN

(Slavic accent)

What do you want?

DOOLEY

Nothing. I'm just looking for a friend.

OLDER MAN

We have no vacancies, if that's what you-

TESS (O.S.)

It's all right, Mr. Polski.

Dooley turns to see Tess standing in her doorway.

TESS (CONT'D)

He's here for me.

(to Dooley)

Coming in?

Dooley smiles and enters her apartment. Mr. Polski glares disapprovingly. She glares right back and shuts her door.

INT. TESS' APARTMENT - SAME

Dooley scans the apartment. A pot boils behind the kitchen divide. A table covered with... poems. She writes poetry?

DOOLEY

Something smells delicious.

TESS

You must really be hungry.

She steps over to the pot and removes the lid.

TESS (CONT'D)

My landlord's wash. University doesn't pay much, so I do things for him on the side.

DOOLEY

So he's your guardian angel.

TESS

Yeah. He's a regular saint.

Her sarcasm is obvious.

DOOLEY

I'm sorry, I-

TESS

Listen, your persistence is impressive, but the IDs I have access to couldn't get you bleacher seats at the football games, much less-

DOOLEY

I didn't come here about the IDs.

TESS

What did you come here for?

DOOLEY

To explain myself. Apologize. Whatever it takes to get you to have dinner with me.

TESS

Okay...

Dooley smiles.

TESS (CONT'D)

...explain yourself.

DOOLEY

My name's not Conrad, it's Dooley. Thomas Dooley. And I'm not with the FBI. I'm an Agent for the OSS.

TESS

Never heard of 'em.

DOOLEY

I'm starting to think that's the idea.  
So, about dinner-

Dooley stares at her trying to decipher her words,  
when... KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

TESS

Excuse me.

Tess goes to the door and opens it...

TESS (CONT'D)

There's my little man.

...revealing a young Italian woman with a baby. Tess takes the baby and kisses him.

BABY-SITTER

Tomorrow I go downtown, so you leave him with Mama, si?

TESS

Of course. Grazie, Mia.

BABY-SITTER

Prego, prego. Ciao, bambino.

TESS

Say bye-bye, Charlie. Say bye-bye.

Tess turns to face the speechless Dooley.

TESS (CONT'D)  
Door's still open if you wanna make a  
break for it.

DOOLEY  
Why would I do that?

TESS  
Most boys do, once they realize I don't  
come alone.

DOOLEY  
There's your problem. Dating boys instead  
of men.

Tess stares at him, trying to see past the line.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
Your uh... laundry's burning.

She turns to see flames through the kitchen divide.

TESS  
Oh shhhh-oot.

She lowers her baby, Charlie, to the love seat and races  
for the overflowing pot. Charlie begins to CRY. Tess  
removes the lid with a CLANG. Charlie's CRYING halts.  
Alarmed, Tess hurries around the divide to see...

...Dooley bouncing Charlie in his arms. Charlie staring  
back at him with wonder.

TESS (CONT'D)  
Those IDs you're looking for? They're  
classified. Locked in a room where even I  
can't get to 'em.

Tess takes her baby from his arms.

DOOLEY  
I told you, that's not why I-

TESS  
But if it were say, a matter of national  
security? One could hide inside the  
building, wait for the guards to lock up,  
then sneak his way into the office.

Tess crosses to the door and opens it. Time for him to  
leave. Defeated, Dooley walks out the door.

TESS (CONT'D)  
Saturday nights are best. But you'll want  
to do it Friday.

DOOLEY  
Why Friday?

TESS  
Because Saturday you're taking me to  
dinner.

She closes the door. Dooley smiles.

INT. ID OFFICE - DAY

A delivery boy carries a vase of flowers down the row of secretaries, and places it on Tess' desk. The other girls WHISPER as Tess reads the card with a smile.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

A Security Guard holds the door for the last of the Secretaries, locks it behind them, and begins his rounds. As his FOOTSTEPS fade down the hall, Dooley emerges from a door marked: "**REST ROOM**" and heads up the stairs to...

THE ID OFFICE...

Dooley reaches the door and stops. No keyhole. Just an odd metal slot. In his hand are three bobby-pins, a slim-jim, and a tennis ball with a hole in it. He tries the bobby-pins first. What kind of lock is this?

CLOMP-CLOMP-CLOMP... It's the guard! Dooley looks around, spots a dumbwaiter and climbs through the shaft- failing to notice the sign marked: "**GARBAGE CHUTE**".

INT. HALLWAY, FIRST FLOOR - LATER

Soiled in garbage, Dooley emerges from a numbered door marked: "**BASEMENT**". He steps out into the hallway when...

FEMALE UNDERGRAD  
Thanks for your help, Professor. I really want an "A" in your class. I guess I should be getting back to my dorm room.

PROFESSOR  
Maybe we should discuss it a little further. In the privacy of my office.

He takes hold of her wrist. She looks at him uncomfortably.

FEMALE UNDERGRAD

Oh, I'm supposed to be meeting a friend.

He moves in closer.

MIDDLE-AGED PROFESSOR

Your friend can wait. You want an "A", or not?

THUMP - The Professor turns to a SOUND down the hall.

The Female Undergrad scurries away.

MIDDLE-AGED PROFESSOR

(CONT'D)

Damn.

The Middle-Aged Professor heads towards the SOUND when - SQUISH - he looks down at a puddle of slime by the basement door. Slimy footprints continue...

AROUND THE CORNER...

...and down the next hall to -- an empty pair of shoes. The Middle-Aged Professor rubs his beard.

Behind him, Dooley drops from a ceiling pipe, tiptoes up to him and - aiming for the sciatic nerve - strikes the Middle-Aged Professor right below the kidney.

MIDDLE-AGED PROFESSOR

(CONT'D)

Owww!! What the-

The Middle-Aged Professor spins to see...

DOOLEY...

Disappointed his trick didn't work, he just kicks the Middle-Aged Professor in the groin and knees him in the head... just like Fleming showed him.

ACROSS THE BUILDING...

TH-THUMP. The Guard pauses hearing the sound.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dooley drags the unconscious Professor to a bench then spots the ID clipped to his sweater. Dooley takes the ID and holds it up to the moonlight to see...

...indentations along the laminated surface. Just like a punch-card. Dooley smiles.

## THE GUARD...

Follows the footprints to the unconscious Professor splayed out on the bench. Yikes, he stinks! At least his shoes do. Shoes too small to fit over his feet.

## OUTSIDE ID OFFICE...

Wearing the Professor's oversized shoes, Dooley inserts the ID into the Metal Slot - CA-CLUNK - and steps inside...

## THE ID OFFICE...

FLICK. Dooley turns on a workbench light to reveal... FGP IDs in various colors, names, and indentation patterns.

CLOMP-CLOMP. Someone's outside the door! Unsure which ID to take, he grabs them all and bolts for a side door. Locked. He shuffles through the IDs. CA-CLUNK. The Guard enters the room. Empty, except someone left a light on.

## SECOND ROOM...

Dooley reaches the next door. It also has a metal slot.

DOOLEY

Oh for Pete's-

He searches the IDs again. CA-CLUNK - The Guard enters, this time a moment before the other door can close shut. The Guard pulls out his gun.

## INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

CA-CLUNK. Dooley reaches the front hallway and heads for the exit, when... Another Guard appears up ahead. Dooley dives for the nearest door - CA-CLUNK - and enters a numbered room marked: **"Water Works"**.

## INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Down a staircase, to a room of large water pipes. The sound of RUSHING WATER is deafening. Dooley looks around. There are no other doors.

CA-CLUNK. Dooley turns to see the Guard's feet, then legs, then gun descending the stairs. Dooley looks around in a panic. He spots something in the corner.

The Guard spins at the bottom of the stairs. No one there. He steps into the room. Turns around. Nothing. He heads back up the stairs past...

....a water main under the stairs with a key-card slot.

INT. SEWER SYSTEM - NIGHT

Dooley WHOOSHES out the mouth of the pipe and - SPLASH - into the central sewer system. He stands in the knee deep water, taking in his new surroundings.

TESS (PRELAP)

Was I in love?

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tess smiles thoughtfully over the half empty wine bottle.

TESS

As much as a sixteen year-old girl from Hammond, Indiana could know about love. Albert was charming and kind and full of big ideas. So when he asked me to run away with him to New York, I said yes. A month after we got here the war began. Albert got drafted, shipped to Manila, then three months later he was dead. I was five months along when I got the wire. No money, no job- My family? They'd made it clear when I left I wouldn't be welcomed back. Funny how they never paid me much notice until I was gone.

Tess touches Charlie sleeping beside her.

TESS (CONT'D)

Truth is Albert and I were never married. So the Veteran's office never felt an obligation. I had to show up every day for a month just to get a job issuing IDs to a bunch of self-important university types while the neighbors raise my child.

A moment of awkward silence.

TESS (CONT'D)

Boy, I'm just dropping one bomb after another, aren't I?

Christian refills their glasses.

CHRISTIAN

Honestly? I'm surprised you haven't turned your back on the whole lot.

TESS

What do you mean?

CHRISTIAN

You sacrifice everything for a Government  
that gives you nothing in return?

TESS

What other choice do I have?

CHRISTIAN

You're right. At the very least you can  
be proud your Albert died a hero.

TESS

Yeah. They even gave me a medal, isn't  
that something? I gave them my life, and  
they give me a medal.

Expecting tears, Christian reaches for his handkerchief.

TESS (CONT'D)

I know what you're thinking. You're  
thinking maybe if this girl could show a  
little humility, played the patriotic  
widow like she's expected, maybe her life  
wouldn't be so bad. But they made me beg  
for their stupid Government Girl job, all  
because the War Department doesn't  
consider Charlie legitimate. Do you know  
what that makes him? What that makes me?

CHRISTIAN

More than they bargained for.

TESS

Goddamn right.

Surprised and impressed by her fire, Christian slips the  
handkerchief back into his pocket.

EXT. CAMPUS BENCH - NIGHT

A Frat-Boy necks with a Sorority-Girl on a bench when -  
KA-LANK - a soaking wet Dooley climbs out of a manhole.

DOOLEY

Dropped my keys.

Dooley strolls away with as much cool as possible.

INT. DOOLEY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dooley drags his soggy, smelly self inside and SIGHS.  
WHACK! A fist sends him pirouetting to the floor.

...FADE TO BLACK

INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM - DAY

SPLASH! Dooley is jolted awake in a chair. Agent McCord lowers the bucket of ice-water. Armstrong leafs through Dooley's sketch-book. Conrad examines the stack of stolen FGP IDs.

DOOLEY

Listen. There's another Agent. And I can prove it.

SLAP! Conrad interrupts him with a single sheet of paper.

AGENT CONRAD

Know what that is?

DOOLEY

It's an Ultra.

AGENT CONRAD

Intercepted two days ago.

Dooley decrypts the message in his head. Two words...

DOOLEY

"Roosevelt - 0100". What is it?

AGENT CONRAD

His target.

Following Conrad's gazes out the window to...

A SWEEPING AERIAL OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY'S QUAD...

Where students drape banners of red, white and blue over rows and rows of chairs facing...

...a stage platform being built right over the 50 yard line's Blue Lion logo.

Over the stage is a poster of FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT's benevolent smile and the words: "**RE-ELECT THE PRESIDENT**".

INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM - DAY

DOOLEY

Ambush ridge.

Conrad, Armstrong and McCord turn from their chalkboard diagram of the Quad to Dooley drawing in his sketch-book.

AGENT CONRAD

Come again?

Dooley stands and takes the chalk from Conrad's hand.

DOOLEY

Lone Ranger, episode four, "Ambush Ridge". Lee Powell's trapped at the bottom of a canyon. With the Apache firing down from the cliff-tops, the Ranger's a sitting duck. It's the same principle here. The Quad's just a canyon made of brick and mortar.

Conrad takes back the chalk.

AGENT CONRAD

Right. Which is why we'll need to establish a perimeter-

DOOLEY

Only that's not how he'll do it.

AGENT CONRAD

Why not?

DOOLEY

Because, he's not a shooter.

AGENT MCCORD

You think he's gonna bomb-

DOOLEY

He's not a bomber either. Bombs are sloppy... indiscriminate. Our man's too meticulous for that.

AGENT ARMSTRONG

Then what-

DOOLEY

I don't know what- But not this. This is... simple. There's a bigger picture.

AGENT CONRAD

Bigger picture? Roosevelt. Oh-one-hundred hours. That not big enough for you?

Dooley's just not convinced.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK - DAY

Steel cabinets are unlocked, files are pulled. Files labeled: **German American Bund**. Names are copied from the files, and onto a List.

The List is mimeographed and handed out to FBI Agents.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Agents barge in on a physics lecture. Ignoring the Professor, they approach three male students and "escort" them to the exit.

The Professor's outrage is cut short when an Agent taps him on the shoulder, and "escorts" him out as well.

INT. EMBASSY OF ARGENTINA - DAY

SMASH!! FBI Agents storm the Argentinian embassy arresting the Ambassador and his startled Bureaucrats.

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Terrified Students, confounded Professors, and outraged Foreign Diplomats take their turn in the hot-seat, as Conrad and the Burly Agent interrogate them.

Names are crossed off The List. New names are added.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

Men from foreign ships are rounded up along the docks.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dooley enters the restaurant. Looks around for Tess. Doesn't see her. Checks his watch and looks again. Sitting by the bar, looking right at him is...

TESS TRANSFORMED...

Her hair styled, her face done up, and her dress - no one could mistake this woman for a girl in this dress.

Dooley approaches her.

TESS

You look like you you've never seen me before?

DOOLEY

You just look so... different.

TESS

I need to tell you something. I've-

DOOLEY

Oh! I got you something. It's nothing big...

Dooley reaches into his pocket and hands her a book.  
Leaves of Grass, by Walt Whitman.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
...I just saw it and thought of you. I  
know you like poetry, so.

She stares at the book genuinely touched.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
Do you already have it?

TESS  
No, it's just... it's lovely. Thank you.

DOOLEY  
So what did you need to tell me?

TESS  
Nothing. Let's eat.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK - DAY

Dooley holds up an FGP ID.

DOOLEY  
You know what this is?

AGENT MCCORD  
A security ID?

DOOLEY  
Out of a Jules Verne novel. These  
indentations along the surface? It's  
code. Binary code. Like holes in a punch-  
card, only microscopic. These aren't just  
IDs, they're mechanized key-cards.

AGENT CONRAD  
You know what I think? I think you think  
too much. You don't need to know how a  
clock ticks to make it stop.

DOOLEY  
Sure, just smash it with a hammer.

AGENT MCCORD  
Works for me.

DOOLEY  
History is littered with tragedies that  
could've been avoided if someone had just  
followed up on all the leads. I've an  
asset I've been working.

(MORE)

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

Someone on the inside. The President's speech is in 24 hours. All I'm asking if for one to hear what she has to say. If it's nothing, I'll go back to DC... willingly.

AGENT CONRAD

Who's the asset?

INT. TESS'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tess crosses the hall to her apartment, carrying Charlie in her arms, when Mr. Polski bursts from his door.

MR. POLSKI

You find this amusing?

TESS

Not now, please.

MR. POLSKI

You leave the child with the Dagos all night so you can throw yourself at his feet like a little dog? Like this is some game?

TESS

If it's a game, I'm just playing it the best I can.

He thrusts his arm against the door-frame halting her with a start.

MR. POLSKI

Just be sure you're not the one who's losing. I wonder, maybe your having the child was a mistake. Maybe it would be best if he were taken away. Say social services-

Her eyes flash with maternal rage.

TESS

You leave Charlie out of this.

MR. POLSKI

Don't confuse fantasy with reality, Douchka. You can't afford it.

He lowers his arm. She opens the door and steps inside to find...

TESS' APARTMENT...

...Dooley and Conrad waiting for her.

MR. POLSKI (CONT'D)  
These men are from Washington. They have  
questions for you, about your job.

Dooley smiles. Tess is totally caught off guard.

MR. POLSKI (CONT'D)  
I'll just leave you alone then.

DOOLEY  
Sorry if we startled you. Your landlord  
insisted we wait inside. So this is  
Special Agent Conrad of the FBI. The real  
Agent Conrad. Show her your badge.

Conrad ignores him.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
Agent Conrad, this is Tess-

Tess regains her composure and turns to face them.

TESS  
Pleasure to meet you, Agent Conrad. Can I  
offer you some tea? Agent Dooley?

Dooley is taken aback by her formality.

AGENT CONRAD  
Tea sounds fine.

Tess lays Charlie in his crib and steps around the  
kitchen divide.

AGENT CONRAD (CONT'D)  
Agent Dooley tells me you work at  
Columbia.

TESS (O.S.)  
That's right.

AGENT CONRAD  
In the ID Office. Interesting work?

TESS  
It's data administration.

AGENT CONRAD  
What kind of data?

TESS  
The kind I wouldn't understand.

She steps around the divide, sets down her tea set and gathers up her papers.

DOOLEY  
They're lovely by the way.

Tess looks up. Dooley points to the pages in her hand.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
Your poems. Have you had a chance to read-

SLAM. An uncomfortable silence as Tess shuts her poems up in a drawer. Dooley feels the cold from across the room.

TESS  
Why don't we make this easy, Gentlemen.  
You tell me what it is you're looking  
for, and I tell you whether or not I can  
help.

AGENT CONRAD  
All right. Let's start with these.

Conrad tosses the FGP IDs onto the table. Tess stares at the IDs in shock.

AGENT CONRAD (CONT'D)  
Tell us what you know.

TESS  
I can't.

DOOLEY  
It's okay. Any information you give is  
just to corroborate what we already-

TESS  
I can't help you, because I don't know  
what these are.

Dooley looks at her surprised.

AGENT CONRAD  
But you work in the ID office.

TESS  
As a receptionist.

AGENT CONRAD  
And yet you told Agent Dooley-

TESS  
Agent Dooley obviously misunderstood.

Dooley confused expression changes when he spots something. A saucer filled with cigarette butts by the window sill. A pack of Chesterfields beside it.

TESS (CONT'D)

Honestly, I'm just a low level employee who doesn't ask questions and does what she's told.

Conrad stares at her.

TESS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry if I made you think-

AGENT CONRAD

Know what I think? I think you're smarter than you look. Single young mother with a bastard kid meets a single young fella naive enough not to care.

Tess turns to Dooley. But his back is turned, standing by the window.

AGENT CONRAD (CONT'D)

So why not let him think you know more than you do if it keeps him interested.

Tess looks back at Conrad, wipes a tear from her cheek.

TESS

Sure. A girl's gotta think of her future, right?

AGENT CONRAD

Right.

Charlie begins to CRY. Tess goes to his crib and picks him up.

TESS

If there's nothing else, gentlemen...

Conrad heads for the door.

AGENT CONRAD

Agent Dooley?

Dooley approaches Tess. She refuses to look at him.

DOOLEY

I'm sorry. You didn't deserve that.

Dooley offers her a cigarette from the pack of Chesterfields.

She hesitates, looks at the ashtray by the window. Then looks at Dooley.

TESS  
No. Thank you.

Dooley stares at her as she holds her baby tight.

Conrad CLEARS HIS THROAT and opens the door. Dooley follows him out to...

THE APARTMENT HALLWAY...

Tess is about to shut the door behind them when Dooley turns.

DOOLEY  
Your cigarettes.

Leaning in close, he whispers in her ear.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
He's not who you think he is.

Her expression changes.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
Good night, Tess.

EXT. TESS' BUILDING, SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Dooley and Conrad reach the sidewalk.

AGENT CONRAD  
Well, that was an hour wasted.

DOOLEY  
Did you see the cigarette butts? Not one of them was marked with lipstick.

AGENT CONRAD  
Proving what? That she doesn't smoke? Or you're not the only asset she's working?

Dooley slows until Conrad is out of earshot.

DOOLEY  
(to self)  
Or that she's in love with him.

Dooley looks up to see Conrad, Armstrong and McCord standing by the open door of the black sedan.

AGENT CONRAD

Your lead was a bust. Time for you to go home... willingly.

DOOLEY

Okay, hear me out.

CUT TO:

CA-THUMP! Dooley is thrown into the trunk of the black sedan. SLAM!

AGENT MCCORD

To DC?

AGENT CONRAD

LaGuardia. Stick him on the next flight out. I don't wanna see his stupid mug again until this whole thing is over.

McCord PEELS out.

From a 2nd floor window across the street, Christian watches the entire scene through spy binoculars.

INT. DOOLEY'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

A pair of skilled hands in black gloves picks the lock on Dooley's motel room.

Closet... Empty. Night stand... Bible. Under the mattress... Bingo. Dooley's sketch-book.

Flipping through pages... No IDs. Just comic-book style drawings of past, present, and possible future events...

*...the Ragged Men blowing the street up with a bottle of nitro ...a stiletto switchblade severing a spinal cord ...a Gunman peering out a window overlooking the Quad...*

The gloved hand turns the page to...

*...a portrait of Tess, holding her baby in her arms. Her eyes closed, her head touching his, with a melancholy smile on her face...*

Below the portrait are the words: "**La Pietà**"

The gloved hand takes the page and - RIIIIIP!!

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Christian watches the tea activate the Invisible Ink on the Third and Final Message. **Message 3:** A phone number.

RING-RING. RING-RING. CLI-ICK.

NETWORK MAN (O.S.)

Hello?

INT. DRUG STORE PHONE BOOTH - LATER

Christian speaks cautiously into the phone.

CHRISTIAN

I'm doing a survey: Do you believe the  
Wolf is an endangered species?

NETWORK MAN (O.S.)

Not if their breeding remains pure.

CHRISTIAN

And the dominant males prevail.

BEAT...

NETWORK MAN (O.S.)

How can we help you, Mr. Wolf?

CHRISTIAN

I understand we have friends in the armed  
forces.

NETWORK MAN (O.S.)

We do.

CHRISTIAN

How high?

NETWORK MAN (O.S.)

High enough, depending on what's  
required.

CHRISTIAN

I've a pest that requires extermination.

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - DAY

A PILOT leads McCord and a handcuffed Dooley across the  
tarmac.

PILOT

I can give him a ride. So long as he  
doesn't mind riding cargo.

AGENT MCCORD

So long as you're headed for DC.

PILOT

Actually we're escorting a K-74 airship to the Canadian border. But we can leapfrog it over to DC.

Dooley halts, not at the sight of the CURTISS C-46 military plane, but the giant K-74 HYDROGEN AIRSHIP hovering over the tarmac behind it.

PPRRPPP-RRPP-RRPRPP!! The propeller engines ROAR alive as McCord removes Dooley's handcuffs.

PILOT (CONT'D)

He dangerous?

AGENT MCCORD

As a kitten.

Dooley stares nervously at the rickety transport plane.

AGENT MCCORD (CONT'D)

Don't look so worried. They say Navy pilots are the best. Have a nice flight.

Dooley enters the plane as the Pilot closes the hatch.

INT. CARGO HOLD - DAY

Dooley straps in and peers out the window to see...

...the airship, bearing the words: "**US NAVY**", rising into the air. Its .50 caliber turret guns do a test-spin.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

Both airship and airplane ascend into the thick clouds.

INT. CARGO HOLD - DAY

RUMBLE-RUMBLE-RUMBLE... Powerful turbulence shakes the fuselage. Dooley shuts his eyes as the temperature drops.

EXT. ABOVE THE FOG - DAY

The airship and cargo plane rise out of the clouds, leaving the weather and the turbulence below.

INT. CARGO HOLD - DAY

Dooley turns from the window with a SIGH, when...

NAVAL OFFICER

Not a fan of flying, huh?

A NAVAL OFFICER sits across from him. When did he get on?

NAVAL OFFICER (CONT'D)

These boys are Navy pilots. They're-

RUMBLE-RUMBLE-RUMBLE...

DOOLEY

...the best?

The Naval Officer smiles, unbuttons his uniform - passing over his handgun - and pulls out a pack of lucky strikes.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

The Pilot eyes the airship through the starboard window.

CO-PILOT

Hope the weather's better in DC. I'd hate to fly through that again.

PILOT

You won't have to.

The Pilot raises a silencer pistol - PIEEWWW-PIEWWW - firing two shots into the Co-Pilot's torso.

INT. CARGO HOLD - SAME

FLICK. The Naval Officer lights his cigarette.

NAVAL OFFICER

Smoke?

Dooley looks at him. Shakes his head.

NAVAL OFFICER (CONT'D)

Never know. Could be your last.

Dooley looks at him again. Why is he smiling so much? And why is Dooley shivering while this guy... is that a bead of sweat dripping down his temple?

Dooley spots the bulge of the gun in his shirt. The Naval Officer reaches for it.

Dooley punches the release on his body-belt and leaps out of his seat.

KRACK-KRACK-KRACK! Bullets pierce the fuselage walls, following Dooley as he dives behind a cargo crate.

The Naval Officer hits the release on his own body-belt and stands.

Dooley glances around for a weapon... He spots something.

NAVAL OFFICER (CONT'D)

Come on, Agent Dooley. Let's not make this messier than it needs to be.

The Officer leaps around the crate-- Dooley's gone.

Dooley emerges from a different crate by the hatch door. An aluminum pipe in his hand. Dooley moves in, raises the pipe...

...unknowingly hooking his sleeve over the pulley of a parachute zip-line...

...and swings the pipe at the Officer's head.

RIIIIIP!!

The Officer spins around to see... Dooley with his arm hooked over his head to the parachute railing.

The Officer watches as Dooley struggles to pull himself free. It's no use. He's securely hooked.

The Officer takes careful aim at Dooley's head.

Dooley spots the handle on the hatch door and kicks it.

The door rips open as wind blasts through the plane. KRACK-PING! The shot just misses, as the Officer stumbles.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

Hearing the SHOT, the Pilot reaches for the radio and taps out a message in Morse code.

INT. CARGO HOLD - SAME

With his arm anchored to the ceiling, Dooley kicks his legs up off the floor and around the Officer's neck.

NAVAL OFFICER

GUUUURRRKKK!

Dooley spins his body like a crank shaft, flipping the Officer off his feet - THWACK - against a crate - CRASH - and out the open hatch.

The Officer grabs Dooley's legs, pulling Dooley half-way out the airplane hatch.

Dooley kicks as the Officer claws his way up Dooley's leg.

RIIII-II-II!! The sleeve of his jacket begins to tear.

As the Officer grabs Dooley's belt - FLWOOP - it comes off in his hand. He looks up to see Dooley - SNAP - undoing the button on his pants...

NAVAL OFFICER (CONT'D)

No. No-no-no-no-no...

...and - ZIIP - drops his zipper.

NAVAL OFFICER (CONT'D)

NAAAAAAAH!!

The Officer tumbles out the plane clutching Dooley's pants.

RIP! Dooley's sleeve tears off - THUMP - dropping him to the floor in his Army issued boxers.

INT. COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

The cockpit door opens.

PILOT

(German w/subtitles)

You certainly took your sweet time.

Dooley presses the gun against the Pilot's head.

DOOLEY

I got hung up.

Dooley takes the Pilot's pistol. The Pilot slides a hand down his leg towards a dagger strapped to his ankle.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

Wer sind Sie? SS? Abwehr? Wer sind Sie!

PILOT

I'm American, just like you.

DOOLEY

You're with the Network, aren't you. The Network has sleeper agents in the Militar-

The Pilot swings his dagger at Dooley's throat when...

BAM! The Pilot SCREAMS as a bullet rips through his hand. Dooley spins to see the Co-Pilot, wounded but alive.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

Good shot.

## CO-PILOT

I was aiming for his face.

DOOLEY

Wait! I need him alive.

Hunched over the radio, the Pilot TAPS another message.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

If I can get to the people who sent him,  
I can get to the Thirteenth-

.50 Caliber rounds tear through the cockpit, the radio, and the Pilot, as the airship opens fire on the plane.

Dooley hits the floor.

## CO-PILOT

Why are they shooting at us?

DOOLEY

He radioed them in Morse. They must think we're the saboteurs.

BA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DA!! Dooley lunges for the controls.

EXT. SKY - SAME

The plane banks into a nose dive.

BA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DA...!! The airship guns swivel after the plane as it disappears into the clouds below.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Dooley yanks the Pilot to the floor and takes his seat.

## CO-PILOT

You know how to fly a plane?

DOOLEY

I know how planes fly. Can't be that hard. Wheel controls the pitch. Pedals control the rudder. Okay. I think I got-

RUMBLE-RUMBLE-RUMBLE... Dooley is thrown from his seat.

CO-PILOT

We're not gonna last long with this turbulence. Get us out of these clouds so we can figure out where we are.

DOOLEY

Okay... How?

CO-PILOT

Dive.

EXT. SKY - SAME

The plane goes into a blind dive.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

DOOLEY

What are we looking for?

CO-PILOT

City lights. Like the ones you'd see on a-

DOOLEY

Skyscraper!!

The clouds suddenly vanish, revealing a building dead ahead! Dooley banks hard left.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - DAY

SKREEEE - The tip of the wing scrapes along the surface of the high-rise - SMASH-SMASH-SMASH - taking out half the windows along the 15th floor, before the plane steers clear.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

CO-PILOT

Where the hell are we?

DOOLEY

I think we just skimmed the Helmsley Building.

CO-PILOT

Where's that?

DOOLEY

Around 46th and Park.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - DAY

VRRRRR00000MM!! Pedestrians look up as the C-46 ZOOMS overhead through the canyon-like streets.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

CO-PILOT

Whatever you do, don't climb.

DOOLEY

Don't climb?! We're in the middle of downtown Manhattan!

The bloodied Pilot, lying on the floor, stirs awake.

CO-PILOT

Takes a thousand feet to climb. Three hundred to turn. Just keep calm until we have enough clearing.

DOOLEY

You wouldn't happen to have a map of New York on you.

The Pilot kicks the gun from the Co-Pilot's good hand and swings his blade at Dooley. Dooley releases the controls and catches the Pilot's hand.

The plane wobbles.

The Co-Pilot releases his body belt, throws himself over the Pilot, and tears him off of Dooley.

Dooley turns back to the controls to see...

Another building dead ahead. Dooley banks hard to the left turning the plane sideways. The grappled Pilots are thrown across the cockpit and - SMASH - into the glass.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - SAME

PING-PING-PING-PING-PING- The plane takes out a row of flagpoles before banking away.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

But Dooley has over-banked the turn, and is heading too close to the building across the street. Close enough to see the shocked faces watching from the windows.

DOOLEY

Steady... steady.

As Dooley eases the plane back towards the center of the street...

...the Pilot yanks his wrist from the Co-Pilot's grasp, whipping the blade across the cockpit.

THUNK - Dooley jolts as the knife stabs into his seat, inches from his ear.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - SAME

The plane reacts to his jolt, whipping the left wing up too quickly.

SMASSSSSHHHH - Taking out a row of windows from the 12th to the 18th floor.

INT. OFFICE HIGH RISE - SAME

People SCREAM as they run clear of the shattering glass.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - SAME

The battered plane levels out. The Pilots drop to the floor. The Pilot scrambles to retrieve his blade.

Dooley pulls out his gun and aims.

CO-PILOT

Look out!!

Both Dooley and the Pilot stop and look to see...

THE CHRYSLER BUILDING...

Dead ahead.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

Dooley climbs and banks left, twisting away from the wall of glass and steel.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - SAME

BANG!! The plane's belly nicks a gargoyle shaped like a hood ornament, puncturing the fuel tank. Fuel spews out.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

The Pilots tumble as Dooley struggles to regain control. His gun, laying on the instrument panel, slides towards the broken window. Dooley reaches for it. Too late.

DOOLEY

Aww nuts.

The Pilot yanks his blade from the chair. The Co-Pilot grabs him from behind. The Pilot drops the blade as he SLAMS the Co-Pilot up against the cockpit hatch.

THUNK! Two parachutes and a bright red EMERGENCY SURVIVAL KIT fall from the hatch.

Dooley spots a clearing up ahead to the left.

CO-PILOT

There's a clearing, nine o'clock!

The Co-Pilot struggles to hold the Pilot. Dooley goes for it, steering the plane towards the clearing, when...

...the Pilot breaks free and leaps onto Dooley. He fights to keep control while grappling with the maniac Pilot.

Dooley peers through the Pilot's fingers towards the clearing, which reveals itself to be...

A SKYSCRAPER IN THE MIDST OF CONSTRUCTION...

BASH!! The Co-Pilot knocks the Pilot off of Dooley with the emergency survival kit... sending bandages, morphine, and a flare gun across the cockpit.

Too late to turn away, Dooley heads straight into the tower of bare beams and girders.

DOOLEY

Hang on!!

EXT. SKYSCRAPER CONSTRUCTION SITE - SAME

Construction workers turn as the C-46 ROARS past. Dooley navigates over and under the beams, tipping the wings from left to right.

Iconic image of workers sitting on a beam for lunch. One worker at the end sets down his coffee, turns for his lunch box - VRRROOOMMM - turns back... his coffee's gone.

Up ahead, a beam hanging from a crane swings out from nowhere. Dooley sees the whites of the Worker's eyes...

...Dooley yanks the wheel doing a fully inverted spin beneath the beam and completes the full 360 rising up and out of the construction site.

DOOLEY  
Enough of this Coney Island crap.

Dooley yanks the wheel in a full climb as they approach...

THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING...

The plane shudders as it climbs upwards, the building racing closer and closer, until... Both plane and building disappear in the clouds.

The plane is almost vertical when - SKREEEEE - its belly scrapes the surface of the Empire State.

INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - SAME

Office Workers are startled by the SOUND and sight of the cargo plane zooming up past their windows.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

Dooley struggles to hold the shaking wheel.

EXT. CLOUDS OVER MANHATTAN - SAME

Nothing but silence. Until... VRRRROOOOMMM!! The plane ROARS out of the clouds finally clear of Lower Manhattan's skyscraper central.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

DOOLEY  
We made it! We-

CLICK. The Pilot, bloody and beaten, has recovered his silencer pistol, aims it at Dooley and cocks the hammer.

BANG! The Pilot jolts, looks down to see a smoking flare gun in Dooley's hand. He reaches down feeling the flare protruding from his torso. But nothing happens.

The Pilot raises the gun again when... SSSSSSSSSSTH!!

The flare spews red sparks from the Pilots mid-section and rockets him through the cockpit door and down the cargo hold.

BOOOOOM!! A flash of RED signals the end of the Pilot.

Dooley and the Co-Pilot share a smile of victory, when..

PUT-PUT-PUTTT-PUUUTTT-PUUTTTHHHHHH...

They look out the cockpit windows as both propeller engines die. They look down at the fuel gauge... "**EMPTY**".

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
What do we do?

CO-PILOT  
Land.

DOOLEY  
Where?!?

CO-PILOT  
Anywhere!

Dooley scans the city and spots...

CENTRAL PARK...

As the altitude gauge drops, Dooley veers the plane over the trees - SCRIIIIPPP - tearing out the landing gear.

Fighting the controls, Dooley glides the plane over the lake - SPPPPLLLLAAASSSSHHHH - touching the belly down where the water ends - BAAMM - and the great lawn begins.

The ground rips open as the plane skids across the great lawn. The propellers bending back in a hail of sparks.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

Through the windshield Dooley sees a patch of boulders up ahead. He throws his weight on the controls...

EXT. PLANE - SAME

...tipping the wing and driving it into the ground - CRASH - throwing it into a tail-spin.

The plane spins across the lawn as the wings, tail and fuselage break apart. The cockpit slides to a halt.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, GREAT LAWN - DAY

Dooley climbs out of the cockpit with the wounded Co-Pilot. Clear of the wreckage, the two fall to the grass.

WHIRR RRRRRRRRRR-RRR-RRR-RRR...!!

Dooley and the Co-Pilot look up to see...

THE NAVY AIRSHIP...

...emerging from the fog, heading right for them.

CO-PILOT

Something tells me they know we're not  
saboteurs.

That's when Dooley notices...

Bolts of static blue electricity along the back of the  
blimp.

DOOLEY

Saint Elmo's fire.

Dooley turns to the remaining emergency survival kit on  
the ground, grabs the flare gun and loads another flare.

As the airship bears down on them, the gun turrets swivel  
in their direction.

CO-PILOT

Any last words?

DOOLEY

Yeah.

Dooley raises the flare gun and aims for the tail.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

Remember the Hindenburg?

BA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DA....!! The airship opens fire as a path  
of exploding dirt from the .50 caliber rounds head  
straight for Dooley.

BANG! SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHH... The red  
flare swirls up in a great arc, all the way to the blue  
static along the blimp's tail, where it bursts with a...

...POP!

KAAA-KRAAAAOOOOOWWWWWWW!!

The burst of flames literally consumes the skin of the  
airship in seconds - leaving the gun turret intact.

BA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DA....!! The shots reaching closer to  
Dooley, when...

BA-BOOOOOOOOOOOOMM!! The hydrogen containers explode,  
and a sky full of burning metal crumbles to earth. The  
gun turret is crushed beneath the inferno.

INT. COLUMBIA PHYSICAL PLANT, RECORDS ROOM - DAY

FBI badges flash before the Platinum Blonde.

AGENT CONRAD

Special Agent Conrad, FBI. We need to see  
all blueprints you have on the Quad.

PLATINUM BLONDE

You gonna wine and dine me, too?

AGENT CONRAD

Sorry?

PLATINUM BLONDE

Yeah. I bet you are.

She turns to a filing cabinet.

PLATINUM BLONDE (CONT'D)

Gonna get awful crowded out there with  
all you G-men running around.

AGENT CONRAD

What are you talking about?

PLATINUM BLONDE

Your agent from MI6 was here last week  
asking for the same thing.

AGENT CONRAD

What agent from MI6?

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

The seats are filled with female employees of Columbia  
University. Conrad addresses them from the floor.

AGENT CONRAD

The man we're looking for goes by the  
name Wulff, claims to be a Government  
agent and speaks with a distinct British  
accent. Keep in mind this could be just  
one of several aliases. But we know two  
things for sure: What he looks like...

Agents hand out mimeographed copies of a police sketch of  
Christian's face.

AGENT CONRAD (CONT'D)

...and that he's extremely dangerous. So  
if any of you ladies think you may have  
been approached by this man, raise your-

Several hands are already up. Several more follow.

AGENT CONRAD (CONT'D)  
(to self)  
Slick son of a bitch.

Tess stares at the mimeograph in her hand. While her heart is breaking, she doesn't raise her hand.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Dooley winces beneath the ROAR of a trimotor airplane as Secret Service Agent PRESCOTT emerges onto the tarmac.

DOOLEY  
Are you Agent Prescott of the Secret Service?!

PRESCOTT  
Who wants to know?!

DOOLEY  
Thomas Dooley of the OSS!

Prescott keeps walking, forcing Dooley to follow.

PRESCOTT  
One of Bill Donovan's boys! So is Wild Bill still taking tips from that crumpet-loving limey Admiral Fleming?

Dooley's not sure how to answer.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, Agent Dooley! Unlike the FBI, we know we're on the same side! What can I do for you?!

DOOLEY  
You have to cancel the President's speech tomorrow! There's an operative! A German operative! Probably SS-

PRESCOTT  
Save your breath, Agent! We know all about it! The General briefed me last night!

DOOLEY  
Then you've changed the carriage route?!

Switched the venue?!

PRESCOTT  
Not at all!

DOOLEY

Why the hell not?!

PREScott

President's orders! Says it'll be a cold day in hell when he has to hide from the enemy in his own damn country! But he did ask me to pass on a message for you!

Prescott climbs into the back of a waiting secret service sedan. Dooley leans in to hear the message.

PREScott (CONT'D)

"Catch him!"

Prescott slams the door on Dooley's stupefied face.

EXT. SIDEWALK - EVENING

DING-A-LING! Tess exits the shop with her detergent.

SHOP OWNER (O.S.)

See ya tomorrow, Tess.

Tess heads down the sidewalk lost in thought. Suddenly she's fighting back tears. A rueful LAUGH escapes her throat. Shaking it off, she wipes her tears as she...

TURNS THE CORNER...

And halts at the sight of... Two Hoover Blues "chatting" with Mr. Polski on the steps of her building.

A HAND yanks her off the sidewalk and into...

A SIDE ALLEY...

Dooley covers her mouth, muffling her SCREAM.

DOOLEY

It's okay, Tess. It's me. It's all right.

TESS

All right? All right? You brought the FBI to my home! How could it possibly be all right?

DOOLEY

It's not you they want, and you know it.

TESS

You know what I know? You can't trust anybody in this world but yourself.

DOOLEY  
You can trust me.

TESS  
Then why was I fired today?

DOOLEY  
What?

TESS  
Guess your FBI buddy didn't care for my answers.

DOOLEY  
Listen to me. It's not too late to fix this. Let me help you.

TESS  
How?

DOOLEY  
Tell me where he is.

TESS  
I don't know who you're talking about.

DOOLEY  
If you keep protecting him, I won't be able to protect you. And I don't just mean from the FBI.

Tess just stares at him.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
What did he tell you? That he works for the Government? That he needs your help? That he loves you? It's a lie.

She slaps him. That's it. She's just admitted everything. And from the look in her eyes, she doesn't care.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
He's a liar. He's lying to you, and he's going to use you, and then he's going to kill you!

SLAP! SLAP-SLAP! Dooley holds her wrists. She fights him, forcing him to hold her up against the wall. She looks up at him, tears streaming. He's yearning to save her.

Tess kisses him. His surprise fades beneath the rapture.

But the kiss doesn't stop her tears. She wants to want him, but she can't force it and breaks their kiss.

Dooley opens his eyes. She can't look at him.

TESS

Why do you even care?

DOOLEY

Because you don't deserve this. Because-

TESS

You're in love with me?

Dooley is caught off guard.

TESS (CONT'D)

You don't love me. You pity me.

DOOLEY

That's not true.

TESS

You're not going to let this go, are you?  
You're going to make me do it.

DOOLEY

It's not too late to fix this. If you  
just trust me and tell me where he is.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

A crowd stares up at a building news ticker headline:  
**"...RED SOX LEFT FIELDER TED WILLIAMS ENLISTS IN NAVY..."**

A bushy-haired intellectual cuts through the hypnotized crowd, oblivious to the news ticking over his head.

INT. GRAND HOTEL - DAY

The intellectual crosses the lobby to the front desk. A DESK CLERK greets him with a room key.

DESK CLERK

Afternoon, Professor Görg. Nothing in the mail for ya. 'Course not much mail coming in from Germany these days, eh Professor?

PROFESSOR GÖRG MUTTERS some INSULT in GERMAN as he takes his key and heads for the elevators. Christian snuffs out his Chesterfield, rises from his seat in the lobby and follows the Professor into the elevator.

SECONDS LATER...

Agent Conrad enters the Hotel leading Agents Armstrong and McCord through the lobby towards the same elevators.

AGENT CONRAD

All right, we got Professors Szilard, Weisskopf and Dunning on the eighth and ninth floor. Goudsmit, Fermi and Görg on the fourth and fifth. You two take the first. I'll take the second.

As Conrad hits the elevator call button...

...Dooley enters the hotel. Spotting Conrad, Dooley leaps behind a lobby pillar. He looks around. Spots a stairwell across the way.

Conrad impatiently stares at the static elevator arrows.

INT. PROFESSOR GÖRG'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Christian examines an FGP ID. Rubs his thumb over the name "**Professor Rudolf Görg, Water Engineer**" and pauses-

He holds the ID beneath a lamp, angling it just so to reveal... small indentations along the laminated surface.

Christian smiles, pockets the ID and heads for the door... stepping over the Professor's dead body.

INT. LOBBY FLOOR - SAME

Conrad loses his patience.

AGENT CONRAD

I'm taking the stairs.

Conrad heads back into the lobby towards the stairwell.

AGENT MCCORD

The lift's here.

AGENT CONRAD

You take it.

DING. An ELEVATOR OPERATOR slides open the lift gate.

ELEVATOR OPERATOR

Front lobby, watch your step.

As hotel guests step out, Armstrong and McCord step in.

As Conrad marches past, Dooley drops his newspaper and leaps from a seat in the lobby (the same seat Christian was in) and heads for the elevators.

As Armstrong and McCord's elevator goes up... DING! The next one arrives.

Dooley glances over his shoulder towards Conrad as he waits for the guests to step out.

Conrad reaches the stairwell, glances back, and halts...

As Dooley enters the elevator - OOOOF - bumping into Christian as he steps out.

DOOLEY

I'm sorry.

CHRISTIAN

Not at all.

Dooley pauses. His eyes follow Christian down the lobby.

ELEVATOR OPERATOR

Goin' up.

Dooley steps onto...

THE ELEVATOR...

The gate slides shut, and the lift begins to rise.

ELEVATOR OPERATOR (CONT'D)

Floor?

DOOLEY

Fourth, pl-

Dooley's heart skips a beat as he...

FLASHBACKS TO...

Swinging his gun into Christian's face in the alleyway.

BACK TO ELEVATOR...

Dooley lunges for the emergency stop - SCREEE - bringing the lift to a SHUDDERING halt.

ELEVATOR OPERATOR

What's the big idea?!

DOOLEY

Down! Take it down! Now!!

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

As Christian strolls out the revolving doors...

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

...Dooley yanks open the gate and bolts for the exit.

ELEVATOR OPERATOR

Watch your step!

EXT. SIDEWALK INTERSECTION - DAY

Christian stands at the corner waiting for the light to turn. Above him the news ticker reads: "...**JAMES CAGNEY'S YANKEE DOODLE DANDY #1 AT BOX OFFICE...**"

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Dooley bursts out the revolving doors, looks around. He spots Christian at the corner through the crowd, when...

ZIP! Conrad slaps a handcuff over one of his wrists.

AGENT CONRAD

Gotcha.

DOOLEY

What? No! He's there! He's right there!

AGENT CONRAD

This time I'm locking you up myself.

Dooley struggles as Conrad tries to cuff his other wrist.

DOOLEY

He's gonna get away! Right there at the corner! In the white hat!

Conrad double-takes as Christian calmly steps off the curb, despite the red light, and climbs into a cab.

Dooley breaks from Conrad...

AGENT CONRAD

Hey!

...and races for the cab, handcuff dangling from one wrist.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Christian tips his hat as he climbs over the startled couple in the back of the cab.

CHRISTIAN

So sorry.

EXT. SIDEWALK INTERSECTION - DAY

As the light changes the cab pulls away.

DOOLEY  
Stop that cab!

Conrad leaps in front of the Taxi - SCREEECH! - and tumbles over the hood. Dooley throws open the door to find... the startled couple and Christian's white fedora on the seat beside them. Dooley spins around, his eyes scanning the streets...

DOWN THE BLOCK...

Christian ducks around a corner. Dooley hurries to Conrad and helps him up.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
Find a police box. Tell them suspect is headed eastbound on foot. Agent in pursuit.

Dooley bolts after Christian.

AGENT CONRAD  
Hey, wait! Goddammit! Stupid kid doesn't even carry a-

Conrad halts. Checks for his side-arm. Gone.

AGENT CONRAD (CONT'D)  
Son of a-

SKREEEECH!

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

A car slams its breaks. Christian skillfully slides over the hood and continues across the street.

Dooley races after him. SKREEECH!! Dooley tumbles over the hood of another car, landing hard on the pavement.

SKREEEE!! The wheel of a third car stops inches from Dooley's face. He opens his eyes in time to see...

...Christian descending a subway stairwell.

INT. SUBWAY STAIRS - DAY

Dooley bounds down the subway stairs and halts. "Uptown" or "Downtown"? BROM-ROMM-ROMM-ROMM-ROMM!

## INT. UPTOWN PLATFORM - DAY

Christian cuts through the crowd to the far end of the platform just as a train pulls in.

Dooley reaches the platform as the last of the crowd boards the train. He sees Christian in furthest car down.

The doors are about to close. Dooley leaps for the closest car.

## INT. FRONT SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Christian steps to the doors along the track-side of the train and pries them open. Passengers watch as he drops out of the train, hops over the tracks and climbs onto the opposite platform.

## INT. BACK SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Dooley pushes through the crowd towards the front car when...

...he spots Christian through the window heading for the exit on the opposite platform.

As the train begins to move, Christian gives him a wink.

Dooley leaps for the track-side doors, forces them open and leaps...

SMACK - Dooley gets stuck in the track-side doors. He struggles to free himself as the train picks up speed. Up ahead, the entrance to the tunnel moves closer to crushing his head.

Dooley looks through the glass doors, stretching his inside arm to reach... the emergency stop cord.

SCREEEEEEEEEE!!

Passengers tumble as the train GRINDS to a halt. Dooley shuts his eyes as the edge of the tunnel comes to rest against his cheek and presses his hat against his face.

Christian looks back as Dooley tumbles out the doors and onto the tracks. Christian bolts for the exit.

## EXT. SUBWAY EXIT, SIDEWALK - DAY

Christian reaches street level and does a 180 against the flow of the crowd. Dooley surfaces and runs with the flow of the crowd.

DOWN THE SIDEWALK...

Christian walks briskly, eyes forward.

UP THE SIDEWALK...

Dooley stops, hops up a lamp post and looks around. He spots him.

Christian maneuvers through the Crowd. As a group of rowdy sailors emerge from a bar, Christian cuts behind them.

Dooley pushes through the group of sailors.

ROWDY SAILOR

Hey watch it, pal.

No Christian. Dooley spins in all directions. There!

THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW OF A CHINESE LAUNDRY...

Christian ducks under the front counter and heads for the back.

INT. CHINESE LAUNDRY - DAY

Christian ignores the Old Woman CURSING him in CANTONESE, and walks out the back door to...

A BACK ALLEY...

Christian bolts down the alley and rounds a corner.

INT. CHINESE LAUNDRY - DAY

Dooley struggles past the angry Old Woman to...

THE BACK ALLEY...

And bolts down the same corner.

EXT. LONG ALLEYWAY - DAY

Halfway down the long alleyway, Christian spots a construction ladder and scurries up.

EXT. LONG ALLEYWAY - DAY

Dooley bolts down the long alleyway and passes the same ladder.

Dooley reaches the end of the alley... it's a dead end.

Dooley looks around. Notices the building behind him is under construction and spots the ladder.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Christian reaches the roof, runs to a door. Locked! He runs to the edge of the building and peers down. It's a ten story drop to the alleyway below.

Dooley reaches the rooftop. Spots the door and...

SMACK!!! Christian hits him square in the face with a plank of wood. Blood spurts from his nose as he hits the ground hard.

Christian triggers his stiletto and turns Dooley over...

...only to find himself staring down the barrel of Dooley's .45 yet again.

DOOLEY

Knife down, hands up, and back off.

Christian doesn't move. Dooley cocks the hammer.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

Now.

Christian lowers the stiletto and steps back. Dooley staggers to his feet, the pain shooting through his head. Christian sizes Dooley up and smiles.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

Turn around.

Christian's smile turns to a laugh as he steps forward.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

I said turn around.

Christian takes another step forward.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

I'll shoot you.

CHRISTIAN

No you won't.

Dooley steps forward, closing the gap.

DOOLEY

Wanna bet?

Christian glances down at the trembling gun...

CHRISTIAN  
All right then...

...and presses his chest against the barrel.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
Shoot me.

Dooley looks at him incredulously.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
Shall I count to three?

DOOLEY  
Turn around!

CHRISTIAN  
One...

DOOLEY  
Stop!

CHRISTIAN  
Two...

Dooley shuts his eyes and pulls the trigger... just as Christian drops a hand over the gun. SHUNK! Dooley opens his eyes to see that the web of skin between Christian's thumb and forefinger has neatly fallen between the hammer and chamber making it impossible to fire.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
Three.

Christian grips the gun and twists it violently to the side. Caught in the trigger guard, Dooley's finger snaps.

DOOLEY  
Ahhh!!

Dooley drops to his knees releasing the gun to Christian.

CHRISTIAN  
That was quite a run, old boy.

Christian retrieves his stiletto, grabs Dooley by the collar and swings him out to the edge of the rooftop.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
But this is where the great game ends.

Christian flips the gun over in his hand...

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
Zeit zu sterben.

...and pulls the trigger. CLICK! Dooley flinches.  
Christian pulls it again. CLICK-CLICK-CLICK.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
You're bloody joking.

FSSST! Christian flinches as a bullet nicks his cheek.  
It's Agent Conrad firing from an adjacent rooftop.

ZIP! Christian turns back to Dooley as he . Dooley has  
just handcuffed himself to Christian.

DOOLEY  
You're under arrest.

With a PRIMAL SCREAM, Christian throws both of them over  
the edge of the building.

AGENT CONRAD  
Dooley!

Grappled Christian and Dooley free-fall two stories  
before - CRASH - they smash through the construction  
scaffolding in an explosion of wooden supports and metal  
pipes. CRASH-CRASH-WHAM!!

Christian SLAMS onto a cloth canopy breaking his fall.  
Dooley just misses it. Christian braces himself as the  
handcuffs yank Dooley's falling body to a violent halt.

DOOLEY  
Ahhhhh!!

On the adjacent rooftop, Conrad bolts for the stairs.

Hanging by his wrist four stories over the alleyway  
floor, Dooley regains his bearings.

With his cuffed hand braced against an iron support,  
Christian uses his other hand to reach into his pocket -  
SHIFFFTH - and pull out his stiletto.

Dooley spots an open toolbox teetering on the busted  
scaffold. Inside is a flathead screwdriver.

With a powerful GRUNT, Christian lifts Dooley upward,  
just enough to expose his cuffed wrist. Dooley looks up  
as Christian presses the blade to Dooley's wrist. Panic  
as Dooley reaches out for the toolbox once again. Still  
out of reach.

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME

Conrad bursts out the front doors of the adjacent building and races towards the alleyway.

EXT. ABOVE ALLEYWAY - SAME

Dooley GASPS as Christian's blade breaks the skin.

SCRREEEEEE! The iron support BENDS beneath their weight. Christian lowers the blade to brace himself. CRRREEEEK - Beside them the eight stories of scaffolding rig starts to give. The toolbox teetering further over the edge.

Christian flips the blade in his hand and presses it against Dooley's wrist like a hack-saw.

SSCCCREEEAAACCCHH!!! As the entire wall of scaffolding finally gives way...

...Dooley swings his feet against the building, and pushes himself away towards...

...the toolbox as it tips over the edge. Dooley snatches the flat-head screwdriver one millisecond before it falls.

SMAAAAAAASH!! The scaffolding bursts apart as it SMASHES against the adjacent building. CRACK! The canopy support snaps forcing Christian to drop his stiletto to grab hold of the remaining support.

He can now see Dooley below him as he pulls the flat-head screwdriver back like a dagger - and Christian braces himself for the pain.

CHINK! The flat-head screwdriver jams into the cuffs, right between the interlocking teeth. Dooley yanks the metal arm open...

...and drops four stories to the alleyway floor.

EXT. ALLEYWAY FLOOR - DAY

As Conrad turns the corner - CRAAASH! He runs through the piles of broken wood and piping, when a HEAVY GROAN leads him over to... Dooley, lying over a row of crushed garbage cans.

AGENT CONRAD

Dooley! You okay, kid? Can you talk?

Conrad looks up towards the canopy. Christian is gone. Dooley rolls over with another GROAN.

AGENT CONRAD (CONT'D)  
Can you say something?

DOOLEY  
Yeah. What kind of asshole carries around  
an unloaded gun?

Dooley fades...

...TO BLACK.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Christian moves swiftly... collecting photos, blueprints, and newspaper clippings... and burns it all in the sink.

Brown leather case in hand, he scans the empty apartment and opens the door to find...

Tess standing in his doorway.

TESS  
I've been standing here, God knows how long, trying to convince myself to turn around, walk away and never see you again. Then I decided you don't get off so easy.

Christian hesitates, then takes a step back. Tess enters. He closes the door. She crosses over to the window.

TESS (CONT'D)  
You're not really a Government agent, are you? At least not for the British.

Christian lowers his case and quietly locks the door.

CHRISTIAN  
I wanted to be honest with you. Not from the start, I confess.

He approaches her from behind, scanning the room for possible weapons.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
But once I came to know you, it took all my will just to keep from throwing myself at your feet and confessing everything.

... a length of twine... a knife on the counter... the iron tea kettle by the stove.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

You can't imagine what a burden it is to live with such a secret.

Christian takes the twine from the table. Wraps it tightly around his fingers.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Knowing that the one person you can bear your soul to may never look at you the same if you did.

He snaps the twine taunt between his hands...

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I like how you see me, Tess. I like who I am in your eyes.

...raises the twine over his head.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

And I wouldn't want anything to change that. Not even the truth.

Tess lays a stack of FGP IDs on the window sill. The same ones Dooley stole from the ID Office.

TESS

Let me help you.

Christian lowers the twine.

TESS (CONT'D)

If I told you I knew why you were here... how you used me to get to it... if there were no more reasons for you to lie... would you still want me?

She turns to face him.

TESS (CONT'D)

They want to take away my baby.

CHRISTIAN

Who-

TESS

All they do is take. They take without asking and then shame you for not thanking them. As if I ever had a choice.

CHRISTIAN

Tess, what are you talking about-

TESS

I'm talking about turning my back on my country and their goddamn war... if you love me.

Christian doesn't move. Tess closes the gap between them.

TESS (CONT'D)

They took my first chance at happiness. I won't let them take my last.

She places her hand against his chest. He takes her in his arms and kisses her. The twine drops to the floor.

INT. CAMPUS CLASSROOM, SECRET SERVICE HQ - NIGHT

Secret Service Agent Prescott stands before a sophisticated diagram of the Quad. Conrad begrudgingly listens as Prescott explains.

PRESCOTT

Twenty uniformed officers along the outskirts tightens the seal, so every Tom, Dick and Fritz who wants on that Quad has to go through your checkpoint.

AGENT CONRAD

What about inside the buildings?

PRESCOTT

Swept and secured this afternoon.

AGENT CONRAD

You gonna sweep and secure 'em again tomorrow?

PRESCOTT

Come tomorrow? That's your job.

AGENT ARMSTRONG (O.S.)

Hey, Chief!

Agent Armstrong enters the bustling office with a file.

AGENT CONRAD

What's this?

AGENT ARMSTRONG

University's file on the recently deceased Professor Görg.

Conrad opens the file. His reaction is disbelief.

AGENT CONRAD  
You're kidding.

INT. PROFESSOR GÖRG'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dooley stares at the chalk outline from behind the dead Professor's desk. His finger holds his pencil over an empty sketch-book page, waiting for an epiphany.

Dooley lays down the pencil, reaches into his pocket and pulls out Christian's stiletto.

He feels the weight of it in his hand. His thumb touches the release trigger, when-

FLEMING  
Reenacting the scene of the crime?

Dooley turns to see Admiral Fleming in the doorway.

FLEMING (CONT'D)  
Or just living vicariously?

DOOLEY  
It's reenacting the *crime*, not the *scene* of the crime. We're already at the scene.

Fleming stares at Dooley with amused curiosity.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
That file you have on me... Does it mention how I had to enlist three times before they let me in? Three recruitment stations in three counties classified me 4-F: Unfit for combat duty. I had him in my sights, I couldn't pull the trigger.

FLEMING  
You ever hear of a fellow named Alan Turing? Young chap like you. Sharp as a porcupine and with the social skills to match. This boy claimed he could build a machine that could break any code in the world. An electro-mechanical computing device he called it. Most of us laughed him off. Lucky for us Churchill was never one to laugh. So when this Turing chap actually built the damn machine, and it actually worked, I had to ask... How could a boy incapable of matching his own socks come up with something so ingenious? His answer? "From a contradiction one can deduce anything."

Fleming looks hard at Dooley.

FLEMING (CONT'D)  
If we win this war, it'll be thanks to  
the square pegs who never fired a shot.

Dooley turns back to the empty page in his Sketch-Book.

FLEMING (CONT'D)  
Right. Well, in case you were wondering  
why I'm here...

Fleming tosses him a file labeled "Secret-UK Eyes Only".

FLEMING (CONT'D)  
Congratulations, Thomas. You've earned  
yourself a British Intelligence pass.

Dooley opens the file revealing photos and a dossier on-

DOOLEY  
(reads from file)  
Christian Drake, aka the Wolf. Born  
Rothenberg, Germany, 1909. The  
illegitimate son of Baron Klaus Von  
Heidelmann and English-born Lydia Drake,  
a midwife to the Heidelmann estate.

Fleming eyes the stiletto on the desk.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
Characterized by his superiors as  
ruthless and charismatic, Von Heidelmann  
was recruited by the Gestapo in 1935 and  
trained under the Einsatzkommando unit of  
the SD.

SHIFFT! Dooley looks up as Fleming triggers the blade.

FLEMING  
Signature weapon? Double-action  
switchblade. Model OTF.

SHIFFT! He returns the stiletto to the desk.

FLEMING (CONT'D)  
Is that the file on our dead Professor?

Fleming reaches for a file on the desk, identical to the  
one Armstrong handed Conrad. Fleming opens the file  
surprised to find... a single sheet of paper inside.

FLEMING (CONT'D)  
(reads from file)  
Professor Rudolf Görg, Water Works  
Control Engineer. Place of residence: 235  
West 53rd Street, room 407.

Fleming turns the page over, as if expecting more.

FLEMING (CONT'D)  
Why would someone with such high level  
access have so little in his file?

Beat.

DOOLEY  
The Sistine chapel. You know how people  
look at that painting and say how amazing  
it is, God and Adam touching fingers?  
What's really amazing is that they're  
wrong. Their fingers aren't even  
touching. They're *almost* touching. And  
that's what makes it a masterpiece. That  
empty space no one notices in between.

Dooley draws the fingers in his sketch-book.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
That's what your friend meant by  
contradictions. When all you see are  
similarities, look for what's different.  
When faced with differences, look for  
similarities.

Dooley circles the empty space between the fingers.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
The Professor's file wasn't brief because  
he was a nobody. It was brief because he  
was a somebody. Somebody important enough  
the University had to protect with a  
dummy file.

FLEMING  
Or the War Department. They're the ones  
issuing these IDs.

DOOLEY  
We need to find out who this Professor  
really was. We find that, we'll find the  
Wolf.

FLEMING

I'll have it sent to Washington tonight.  
See if the General can't shed some light  
on it. In the meantime, I'll be needing a  
number two for the command team tomorrow,  
so...

CLACK-ACK! Dooley looks up to see a shiny new gun in  
Fleming's outstretched hand.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

Know your way around a Walther PPK?

EXT. UNIVERSITY QUAD - DAY

The Columbia Marching Band WARMS UP as University Bigwigs  
shuffle about the stage in anticipation of the President.

EXT. QUAD CHECKPOINT - DAY

Police officers direct the crowd of students, faculty,  
and press towards a barricaded checkpoint.

AGENT ARMSTRONG

Have your University and press passes  
ready!

Mimeograph in hand, Agent McCord scrutinizes every face  
before letting them pass. Conrad catches his eye. McCord  
shrugs. Conrad turns to the growing crowd, then up to the  
countless windows that surround the Quad.

INT. CLASSROOM, 5TH FLOOR - SAME

Flemings and Dooley stare out the window over the Quad.

DOOLEY

He could already be here, you know. He  
could've come before they set up the  
checkpoints and just waited it out.

FLEMING

FBI swept the perimeter twice this  
morning. That make you feel better?

DOOLEY

Not at all.

FLEMING

Me either.

DOOLEY

I'm going out there.

They turn away from the window, to the room full of OSS Agents manning telephones and police radios. As Dooley heads out the door, Fleming turns to a Radio Operator.

FLEMING

What's the ETA on the President's carriage?

RADIO OPERATOR

Crossing 113th street now, Sir.

Fleming dials a telephone.

FLEMING

(into phone)

Any minute now, General.

INT. GENERAL DONOVAN'S OFFICE - SAME

General Donovan on the other end of the line.

GENERAL DONOVAN

Call me when you have a visual.

Donovan hangs up the phone, when- BUZZZ! BUZZZ! BUZZZ! The red telephone at the end of his desk flashes alive.

EXT. QUAD CHECKPOINT - DAY

A hand carrying the brown leather case and a vase of flowers walks down the line of waiting people. It's Tess.

AGENT ARMSTRONG (O.S.)

Have your ID cards ready!

Just before the checkpoint, Tess turns to the side entrance of the science building, inserts an FGP ID into the slot - CA-CLUNK - and slips inside.

INT. QUAD BUILDING - DAY

Dooley reaches the first floor exit and halts. Conrad's checkpoint is just 50 yards away.

Dooley sees an OSS Agent and approaches him.

DOOLEY

Is there a side exit I can use?

The OSS Agent checks his campus map.

OSS AGENT

Down this hall and to your left.

Dooley heads down the hall and passes a door marked:  
**"Basement - 0100".**

Dooley freezes, stares at the number **"0100"**, and races back to the OSS Agent.

DOOLEY  
Your campus map! Let me see it!

The Agent hands him his map.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
It's not a time, it's a room number. All the basements on campus must start with zero. So if oh-one-hundred is a room, then Roosevelt has to be-

Dooley finds what he's looking for. He bolts for the front doors and bursts out onto...

THE QUAD...

Dooley sprints straight through the crowd and leaps over the checkpoint barrier.

AGENT CONRAD  
Hey! Hey!!

Conrad watches Dooley race away from the Quad towards the perimeter outskirts. He turns to Armstrong and McCord.

AGENT CONRAD (CONT'D)  
If he comes back, shoot him.

EXT. CAMPUS PERIMETER - DAY

Far from the excitement of the Quad, a YOUNG POLICE OFFICER guards the perimeter outskirts. Behind him Christian slips between buildings. Sensing movement, the Officer turns and follows...

AROUND THE CORNER...

Where Christian faces the locked doors of a building. He inserts the dead Professor's FGP ID into the key-card slot mounted by the doors. Unsure, the Young Officer checks his mimeograph.

YOUNG OFFICER  
Say-

By the time he looks up, Christian is on him - THUNK - jabbing the Young Officer in the windpipe.

YOUNG OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Guuuukkk...

Christian crouches, then strikes upward with the palm of his hand, shattering the Young Officer's nose, thrusting the shattered bone up into his brain.

EXT. CAMPUS PERIMETER - DAY

Dooley sprints past two Police Officers.

OFFICER

Hey!

The Officers exchange looks and run after him.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

Christian crosses the hall to a door marked: "**Water Works - 0100**". Using the dead Professor's ID - CA-LUNK - he steps inside.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Christian reaches the bottom of the stairs. Water pipes are everywhere. The SOUND of RUSHING WATER is deafening. The room is identical to the one Dooley used to escape into the sewers. Christian approaches a large pipe with a key-card slot.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Dooley turns the corner and stops. Slowly he approaches the building, revealing for the first time the name above the entrance...

**"Theodore Roosevelt Building"**

CRUNCH. Dooley looks down to see the hand of the dead Young Officer beneath his shoe. As Dooley turns to SCREAM FOR HELP...

EXT. QUAD CHECKPOINT - SAME

Conrad turns to the sound of... DEAFENING CHEERS as the President's carriage appears in the distance, Agent Prescott and his team accompanying by foot.

EXT. PHYSICAL PLANT - DAY

The two officers turn the corner, see the dead Young Officer.

OFFICER 1  
Jesus Christ.

DOOLEY  
Go to the checkpoint! Find Agent Conrad  
and get him down here! Now!!

The Officers head for the Quad. Dooley's eyes dart from the name of the building... to a man-hole on the sidewalk... to the street that runs all the way down to the Quad...

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
Oh my God.

INT. SEWER SYSTEM - DAY

As Christian moves through the underground sewer tunnels.

ABOVE GROUND...

Agent Conrad oversees his checkpoint, oblivious to the breach occurring directly beneath his feet.

EXT. QUAD, CHECKPOINT - DAY

As the President's carriage approaches, the Officers reach Conrad. They explain beneath the DIN of the Crowd.

INT. SEWER TUNNELS - DAY

Christian turns a corner to... A DEAD END.

He looks around for another passageway when - CA-LANK - A hidden door opens behind him. It's Tess with his brown leather case, FGP IDs, and her vase of flowers.

EXT. ROOSEVELT BUILDING - DAY

Conrad follows the Officers to the dead body. But no Dooley.

OFFICER 1  
He was just here.

Conrad sees the name above the entrance: "**Roosevelt**". The key-card slot by the door. And...

...the open man-hole on the sidewalk. Conrad runs to the open hole then raises his eyes to the street to see...

...Storm Drains along the sidewalk curb, all the way down to the Quad.

AGENT ARMSTRONG  
He's breached the perimeter.

INT. SEWER TUNNELS - DAY

Dooley sprints down the sewer tunnels towards the Quad.

AGENT CONRAD (V.O.)  
His nest isn't above ground. It's below.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL, UNDER QUAD - DAY

Christian and Tess reach their destination. Heavy pipes to their right, an open storm drain to their left. Through the storm drain, Tess sees the wheels of the President's carriage roll to a stop.

AGENT CONRAD (V.O.)  
He's going to shoot from a storm drain.

Christian sets the brown leather case on the sewer ledge.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - SAME

Dooley reaches a padlocked door marked: "Hydroelectrics".

INT. OSS CONTROL ROOM - DAY

OSS RADIO OPERATOR  
Raven has reached the nest.

Fleming picks up the phone and dials. RING-RING!

INT. GENERAL DONOVAN'S OFFICE - SAME

RING-RING! Donovan's phone goes unanswered. He's not there.

INT. OFFICE OF THE WAR SECRETARY - SAME

The War Secretary raises the dead Professor's file as General Donovan enters his office.

WAR SECRETARY  
How did you get hold of this?

GENERAL DONOVAN  
Professor Görg was found dead in his apartment yesterday. Agent Dooley thought his file may have been doctored.

WAR SECRETARY  
And it has nothing to do with this German spy?

GENERAL DONOVAN  
I don't know, Mr. Secretary. Does it?

The War Secretary looks at him gravely.

GENERAL DONOVAN (CONT'D)  
For God's sakes, Henry. If there's  
something you need to tell me...

The War Secretary reaches for a switch beneath his desk.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM OUTSIDE WAR SECRETARY'S OFFICE - SAME

BUZZ-BUZZ! A RED LIGHT above the War Secretary's office flashes alive. Two Marines by the door snap to attention. The Receptionist flips a switch under her own desk- CLICK-CLICK- locking all doors. The room is secure.

WAR SECRETARY (V.O.)  
What I'm about to tell you, General, is  
beyond any level of security.

EXT. BEHIND STAGE PLATFORM - SAME

TIME SLOWS TO A GRIND AS... Prescott scans the crowd and nods to an Agent who reaches for the carriage door.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL UNDER QUAD - SAME

Tess watches, as Christian reaches into his jacket...

WAR SECRETARY (V.O.)  
Something only a handful of people in the  
entire country know about.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - SAME

BAM-BAM! Dooley shoots the lock, kicks the door open and bursts inside to find... the room empty.

EXT. BEHIND STAGE PLATFORM - DAY

CLICK. The handle of the carriage door turns as...

INT. SEWER TUNNEL UNDER QUAD - SAME

Christian removes an FGP ID bearing... the symbol for RADIOACTIVE! He inserts it into a control box on the wall - POP - revealing a power switch, also bearing the symbol for RADIOACTIVE.

Tess follows the pipes along the walls to the end of the tunnel, where they converge over... A HUGE MAGNETIC VAULT, which also bears the symbol for RADIOACTIVE.

WAR SECRETARY (V.O.)

I'm going to teach you a new word today,  
General...

TIME SHIFTS BACK INTO SPEED... As Christian pulls the switch... THHHHUNK!!! Water lock gears GRIND to a halt, causing the ground beneath their feet to SHUDDER.

DOOLEY...

Hears it through the walls.

FLEMING...

Sees it as the lights flicker, and the radios go out.

PRESCOTT...

Feels it beneath the ROAR of the crowd.

INT. WAR SECRETARY'S OFFICE - SAME

WAR SECRETARY

Atom-bomb.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL UNDER QUAD - SAME

CHUUURRRRRNNNNNN... The magnetic vault POWERS DOWN. CAL-ANK! The vault door swings open... SPLAAASSHHH!!! Spewing out gallons of water. Tess SCREAMS as Christian pulls her from the path of the rushing water.

EXT. STAGE PLATFORM - DAY

A confused bureaucrat taps the dead microphone on stage. That's enough for Prescott who lunges for the carriage door - SLAM - and leaps onto the side of the carriage.

PRESCOTT

(to Driver)

Go! Go! Go!

INT. SEWER TUNNEL UNDER QUAD - SAME

Christian climbs into the vault chamber and opens a door on the other side to reveal...

A WHITE LABORATORY...

CHRISTIAN

"Der Donner der Götter."

Tess' eyes grow wide at the sight of...

A HUGE GRAPHITE SPHERE in the center of the underground lab.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
Thunder of the gods.

Directly above the lab... through 20 feet of concrete and 30 feet of earth... is the Blue Lion painted across the 50 yard-line of the Columbia football field...

The atomic lab sits directly under the University Quad.

INT. ATOMIC LABORATORY - DAY

CLICK-CLICK. Christian circles the ATOMIC PILE, SNAPPING photos with a micro-camera.

Tess stares up at the giant sphere, overwhelmed. CRRRAK-AK-AK-AK... Tess looks down at a Geiger counter. The needle dancing to the CRACKLING sound.

A KEY RATTLES the far doorway.

CHRISTIAN  
Flowers!

Tess doesn't move. Christian grabs the vase from her hands. SMASH! Water, flowers, and his 9mm handgun spill across the floor. Tess' jaw drops. TWO SECURITY GUARDS, one OLDER, one YOUNGER enter the room to find Tess alone.

OLDER SECURITY GUARD  
Who the hell are you?

Christian steps out from behind the door, gun aimed at the Young Guard's head. Tess SCREAMS. BAK-BAK! The Older Guard spins as Christian takes aim. BAK-BAK-BAK!

CUT TO:

BAK... BAK... BAK... Christian SHOOTS the lock off every filing cabinet in the room until he spots one with a key-card slot. He pulls an FGP ID with the name: "**Dr. Enrico Fermi**" CA-CLUNK - and opens the cabinet to find... A single thick, orange file. He opens the file and smiles.

Christian sets the brown leather case on a table and pops the latches to reveal... a short wave radio. Tess watches as he flips the battery and lifts the headset to his ear.

CHRISTIAN  
Nothing more to worry about. The hardest part's over.

He turns the frequency dial and TAPS out his message.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
Soon we'll be safe, far away from here.

Tess eyes the atomic file by his side. Christian catches her stare. His eyes darken with suspicion.

BAM-BAM! SCREEE! The radio explodes in a burst of sparks and FEEDBACK as bullets rip through the case. Tess stumbles back against the floor. Christian dives behind a filing cabinet. Dooley hops down from the vault.

DOOLEY  
Christian Von Heidelmann. You're under-

BAK-BAK-BAK! Dooley dives behind the atomic pile. BAM-BAM! CLICK. Dooley fumbles for another clip. Christian eyes the exit and looks around for... the atomic file, lying on the floor between him and Tess. But Tess' eyes are on Dooley across the room. "He's still alive..."

CHRISTIAN  
Tess!

Dooley leaps around the atomic pile, shocked to see Tess. Tess looks to Christian, then the file at her feet. Christian thrusts out his arm.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
Come on, Tess.

DOOLEY  
No!

BAK-BAK-BAK! Dooley falls back behind the pile. CLICK! Christian hits empty. Dooley leaps out and takes aim when-

Tess leaps to her feet, grabs the atomic file, and runs to Christian at the door.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
No!

Unable to shoot, Dooley gives chase.

EXT. SCIENCE BUILDING - DAY

Christian and Tess burst out of the science building and into the dense crowd leaving the Quad. Dooley exits a moment later. Christian and Tess are gone.

EXT. QUAD - AFTERNOON

Dooley sits in a daze amidst the chaos of FBI, OSS and Secret Service Agents. Fleming crosses the Quad to Dooley and WHISPERS intensely in his ear. Conrad watches as Dooley's eyes grow wide.

EXT. QUAD - AFTERNOON

A black sedan SCREECHES to a halt. Armstrong and McCord climb out as Dooley and Conrad take their places.

AGENT MCCORD  
What's going on?

Dooley scribbles down a message in his sketch-book.

DOOLEY  
Contact all listening stations in the tri-state area. Tell them to wire all intercepts within the last half hour to Arlington hall...

Dooley rips the page and hands it to Armstrong.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
... along with this.

Dooley dives into the sedan as Conrad hits the gas.

AGENT ARMSTRONG  
(reading message)  
Holy cannoli.

INT. OSS COMMAND CENTER - AFTERNOON

Fleming speaks into a phone.

FLEMING  
No, Sir, this is not a drill. We need all bridges, railways, and airports shut down. That's right, Mr. Mayor, seal the city.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - EARLY EVENING

Police cars screech to a halt barricading all traffic coming on or off the bridge.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE, TRAIN LINE - EARLY EVENING

Passengers react as the lights go out, and the train grinds to a halt.

EXT. EAST RIVER - EARLY EVENING

COAST GUARD SHIPS pull along-side ferry boats.

LOUD SPEAKER

Cease and desist from your present course  
and return to shore. Repeat. Cease-

INT. STATION X - EARLY EVENING

The teletype machine punches out a message. Vassar tears  
the page, as Harvard and Yale huddle in close.

VASSAR

(reads aloud)

Dear fellas, you have ten minutes to  
break this code and save the world. Get  
cracking. Dooley.

EXT. EAST SIDE DOCKS - EARLY EVENING

The Black Sedan SCREECHES to a halt by a shipyard. As  
Conrad hops out, Dooley slides behind the wheel.

AGENT CONRAD

What are you doing?

Dooley struggles with the clutch.

DOOLEY

You got it covered here, right? Sealing  
the city and all?

Conrad grabs the door handle. Dooley locks it.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)

Even if it were possible to seal the  
city, he'd find a way out.

AGENT CONRAD

Where are you going?

DOOLEY

To make a phone call.

Dooley pops the clutch and peels out.

EXT. PRIVATE DOCKS - DUSK

Tess follows Christian along a private dock of yachts and  
sail boats. He halts before a 36-Foot motor cruiser.

CHRISTIAN

That should do.

TESS

Do? Do for what?

CHRISTIAN

(Boarding the cruiser)

Quick enough to get us there in time.  
Small enough not to be spotted after  
dark. Untie that line.

Tess remains on the dock, the atomic file in her hands.

TESS

Christian, what are you talking about?

CHRISTIAN

I'm talking about getting us out of here.  
Now stop dallying and get on the boat!

TESS

What about Charlie?

Christian stops cold. He forgot all about the boy.

TESS (CONT'D)

What made you think I'd leave without my  
baby?

CHRISTIAN

Right now everyone from the FBI to the  
bloody boy scouts is looking for a German  
spy and his female accomplice. So unless  
you want to make your son an orphan, I  
suggest we discuss it on the boat.

TESS

Don't talk to me like I'm a child. I know  
what I've done, and I've accepted the  
consequences. But I'm not going anywhere  
without my baby.

He glances at the file held tight in her hands.

CHRISTIAN

You're right. You've risked everything  
for me, and I can't deny what that means.  
I love you, Tess. But if we don't deliver  
that file right now, we will not make it  
out alive. I promise, the moment they  
have it we'll turn around and head back  
to shore. They'll agree to another  
rendezvous, only if we deliver the file.

He reaches out for her with an understanding smile.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Trust me.

RING-RING!

INT. STATION X - SAME

Vassar snatches up the phone.

VASSAR

Dooley?

INT. PHONE BOOTH, BATTERY PARK - DUSK

Dooley in a phone booth near the water's edge.

DOOLEY

Tell me you got it.

VASSAR (ON PHONE)

We got it, all right. You ready?

DOOLEY

Hit me.

Dooley slaps his sketch-book up against the glass.

VASSAR (ON PHONE)

Outgoing message reads "Operation  
Stealing Thunder a success. Request  
immediate rendezvous to deliver acquired  
data." Then the reply "Message confirmed.  
Rendezvous with Nemo behind the lady at  
mark two thousand, window fifteen."

DOOLEY

They're sending a U-boat to pick him up  
at eight o'clock.

Dooley checks his watch. 7:41.

VASSAR (ON PHONE)

With a window of fifteen minutes before  
they turn around and high-tail it back to  
Berlin. Question is where's the meet?  
What's "behind the lady" mean?

Dooley lowers his sketch-book from the booth glass to  
reveal... The Statue of Liberty in the distance.

INT. STATION X - SAME

VASSAR

Speaking of! Remember that last Ultra you intercepted? The thirteenth one we couldn't break? The problem wasn't the key-code, it was the language. Dooley, the message wasn't in German!

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DUSK

VASSAR (ON PHONE)

Dooley? Dooley, you there?

Dooley is gone. The receiver left dangling in the booth.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - DUSK

Dooley reaches the gate along the water's edge. He scans the horizon and spots a solitary boat on its way to Liberty Island. Dooley leaps over the gate, racing past a sign marked: "**Yacht Club - Private Property**"

EXT. UPPER NEW YORK HARBOR - NIGHT

Five nautical miles South of Liberty Island, the PERISCOPE of a German U-boat rises from the waves.

INT. 36-FOOT CRUISER, WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Christian kills the engine and turns to Tess.

CHRISTIAN

Take the wheel.

TESS

What?

He places her hands on the wheel.

CHRISTIAN

Don't steer. Just keep her steady. We're almost there, Tess.

With a reassuring smile he heads for deck. On his way out he grabs the atomic file and slips it under his shirt.

INT. GERMAN U-BOAT - SAME

The GERMAN NAVIGATOR spots a light through his periscope.

NAVIGATOR  
 (German w/subtitles)  
 Visual contact confirmed, Captain. Signal  
 bearing zero one zero.

A ragged-looking GERMAN CAPTAIN steps forward. Behind him  
 a clean-cut SS OFFICER.

GERMAN CAPTAIN  
 (German w/subtitles)  
 Verify code name.

The Navigator focuses on the flashing light.

NAVIGATOR  
 (German w/subtitles)  
 Translating: "Wolf in sheep's clothing."

SS OFFICER  
 (German w/subtitles)  
 That's him. Surface and launch the buoy-

NAVIGATOR  
 (German w/subtitles)  
 There's a second signal, Captain!

The periscope swings left towards ANOTHER FLASHING LIGHT.

NAVIGATOR (CONT'D)  
 (German w/subtitles)  
 Just off the port bow, bearing three one  
 five relative. Translating: "This is wolf  
 in sheep's clothing. Abort rendezvous.  
 Mission compromised. It's a trap."

EXT. STOLEN SPEEDBOAT - SAME

Dooley stands in the cockpit of a 16 foot runabout  
 speedboat flashing a mounted spotlight in Morse code.

INT. GERMAN U-BOAT - SAME

NAVIGATOR  
 (German w/subtitles)  
 "Repeat. It's a trap. Dive, dive, dive."

The Navigator looks to the Captain who looks to the SS  
 Officer. Everyone looks confused.

EXT. 36-FOOT CRUISER, DECK - SAME

Christian watches from the deck. What are they waiting  
 for? The U-boat signals back. He reads the code aloud.

CHRISTIAN  
"Reconfirm identification?"

INT. GERMAN U-BOAT - SAME

The SS Officer dictates to the Navigator.

SS OFFICER  
(German w/subtitles)  
Name the village wolf in sheep's clothing-

EXT. 16-FOOT SPEEDBOAT - SAME

DOOLEY  
"...was born."

EXT. 36-FOOT CRUISER, DECK - SAME

Christian Morse codes his answer when...

CHRISTIAN  
Haven't bloody time for-

...he spots the light from the other boat. Dooley's boat.

INT. GERMAN U-BOAT - SAME

NAVIGATOR  
(German w/subtitles)  
Translating: "Rothenberg".

SS OFFICER  
(German w/subtitles)  
Who said Rothenberg? Which one of them  
answered Rothenberg?

NAVIGATOR  
(German w/subtitles)  
Both of them, Sir.

EXT. 16-FOOT SPEEDBOAT - SAME

Dooley reads the U-boat's final message.

DOOLEY  
"Prepare... to... be... boarded."  
(beat)  
Shit.

Dooley reaches for his Walther PPK when-

CRRRRRAAAAASHHHHH!! Dooley is thrown to the deck as...

...Christian's cruiser rams into Dooley's port side, crushing the smaller boat against the Island embankment.

Christian releases the throttle, thrusting Dooley's boat up over the embankment and onto Liberty Island.

INT. GERMAN U-BOAT - SAME

The Captain takes the periscope from his Navigator.

SS OFFICER  
(German w/subtitles)  
What are they doing?

GERMAN CAPTAIN  
(German w/subtitles)  
They're fighting.

EXT. 36-FOOTER, WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Christian helps Tess to her feet.

CHRISTIAN  
Stay here.

TESS  
Where are you going? Christian!

Christian takes a running leap off the deck...

EXT. LIBERTY ISLAND - NIGHT

...and onto the Island. Christian scans the speedboat wreckage and spots Dooley's Walther PPK. SMACK! Dooley blind-sides him with the boat's rudder. Christian stumbles. Dooley swings again. Christian catches it and twists himself around, hyper-extending Dooley's elbow.

DOOLEY  
Yahhhhh!

SMACK! Christian clocks him with the rudder. Dooley hits the ground hard. He struggles to regain focus and spots the Walther PPK, as... Christian lifts him by the collar.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
You're under arrest.

Dooley raises his gun. Christian easily bats it away.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
You're still under arrest.

Christian HEAD BUTTS him. Dooley goes cross-eyed with pain. Dooley fumbles for his pocket, as Christian lifts him in a crushing bear hug.

Christian's massive arms crush Dooley's rib cage, expelling the air from his lungs.

## CHRISTIAN

Dooley GASPS, managing to remove his bandaged hand from his pocket, as... Christian gets a better grip and SQUEEZES again. Dooley SCREAMS, swiping his bandaged hand free. Christian lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM of his own and tosses Dooley to the ground.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Out of breath himself, Christian picks up Dooley's gun.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
Let's see if we were smarter this time.

He checks the clip. It's loaded.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
Good boy.

Christian takes aim. Dooley raises a blood-soaked hand to shield himself. Christian hesitates, confused by the amount of blood on Dooley's arm and the glimmer of an object in Dooley's hand. It's Christian's stiletto.

Christian touches his stomach. Stares at his own blood in disbelief. Dooley has gutted him with his own weapon. Christian takes a step and stumbles to the grass.

DOOLEY  
Zeit zu sterben.

Christian collapses in a puddle of his own blood.

Dooley struggles to his feet and turns to see Tess staring at Christian's body in shock.

DOOLEY (CONT'D)  
It's all right. It's over-

She raises the 9mm handgun, stopping him in his tracks.

TESS

He loved me.

DOOLEY

He used you.

TESS

NO!

Tears pour down her cheeks. The gun shakes violently in her hand. Until she releases the gun and throws herself onto Christian with a WAIL.

BOOOM!! Explosions light the sky as a COAST GUARD VESSEL fires on the U-boat. The blast rolls over them like THUNDER. But Tess is oblivious to everything but her pain. Dooley watches her SOB over Christian's body.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN FERRY DOCK - DAWN

Dooley holds a compress to his head. Across the way sits Tess in the back of an ambulance. Her face drained of emotion as a FEMALE MEDIC drapes a blanket over her shoulders. Tess looks up, as Christian's covered body is carried off the ferry on a stretcher.

Conrad approaches Dooley.

AGENT CONRAD

I don't get you. You're either too arrogant or too stupid to know better. Either way, they'll probably give you a medal for it. And if they don't, I will.

DOOLEY

I don't feel like a hero. I feel sick.

AGENT CONRAD

Who said being a hero was supposed to feel good? If it were that easy they wouldn't give medals for it.

Conrad follows Dooley's gaze towards Tess.

AGENT CONRAD (CONT'D)

We'll need to take her back to Washington.

DOOLEY

I know.

AGENT CONRAD  
She'll probably be charged with-

DOOLEY  
I know.

AGENT CONRAD  
Nobody forced her.

DOOLEY  
You didn't have to have her fired.

AGENT CONRAD  
Have who fired?

Dooley looks at him confused.

AGENT CONRAD (CONT'D)  
Ah. Almost forgot.

Conrad hands Dooley a message from his pocket.

AGENT CONRAD (CONT'D)  
Your code breaker pals wired this over.  
Not that it matters now.

Before Dooley can read the message...

MALE VOICE  
Agent Conrad.

They turn to see TWO SERIOUS-LOOKING MEN IN HOOVER BLUES.

SERIOUS HOOVER BLUE  
The Director wants a word with you and  
Agent Dooley.

INT. BLACK LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Dooley and Conrad slide into the back of the black limo.  
A GRAVELY VOICE comes from the front.

GRAVELY VOICE  
I thought I had your loyalty, Agent  
Conrad. I thought we agreed this case  
would be closed. That our focus would  
stay on the real, internal threat.

FBI Director J. EDGAR HOOVER turns to face them.

HOOVER  
Care to explain yourself?

DOOLEY

He did what he did for his country.

AGENT CONRAD

Dooley-

DOOLEY

He's got nothing to explain.

HOOVER

Is that so...

He tosses the atomic file onto Dooley's lap.

HOOVER (CONT'D)

Explain that.

Dooley opens the file to find... POETRY. No formulas, no scientific data, just pages of handwritten poetry.

DOOLEY

What is this? Where's the file?

HOOVER

You tell me.

He leafs through the pages and halts. He holds up a page ripped out of his own Sketch-Book. The portrait of...

*...Tess holding her baby with the melancholy smile on her face. The one entitled: "La Pietà"...*

AGENT CONRAD

Jesus Christ.

Conrad bolts out the limo. Dooley pulls the note from his pocket and reads.

DOOLEY

Not German.

EXT. DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER

Conrad reaches the ambulance. Tess is gone.

AGENT CONRAD

Lock down the area! Suspect is a white female, early twenties, and dangerous.

Agents scramble in all directions. All except Dooley who picks up her discarded blanket. A rueful LAUGH escapes his throat. They won't catch her. She's a professional.

## INT. NEW JERSEY TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY

Tess watches as a train pulls into the station, Charlie bouncing in her arms. A flood of PASSENGERS pour out onto the platform. A YOUNG WOMAN Tess' age steps off the train. Her eyes search the crowd. Behind her is HER FAMILY. Tess kisses Charlie on the cheek.

TESS

Ready to meet your family, Charlie?

The Young Woman spots Tess and is overcome by emotion.

YOUNG WOMAN

Chłopczyk... Chłopczyk!

The Woman rushes to Tess, her arms open wide... and lifts Charlie right out of her hands. The family smothers little Charlie in a tearful embrace.

TESS

He was an angel.

None of them seem to hear or even notice her. Tess quietly backs away and watches from against the wall.

MALE VOICE

Amazing how open the peasant class can be with their emotions.

Mr. Polski appears beside her. Tess remains unfazed.

TESS

You say it as if they should be ashamed.

MR. POLSKI

It's merely an insight into the sentimental nature of their breed.

He slides a hand into her bag... beneath the copy of *Leaves of Grass*... Mr. Polski pulls out the **ATOMIC FILE**.

He opens it: **Mathematical equations, atomic blueprints, and Christian's micro-camera**. Mr. Polski breaks into perfect Russian...

MR. POLSKI (CONT'D)

(Russian w/subtitles)

Your ability to use the German to our advantage exceeded even my expectations.

Tess answers him in perfect Russian.

TESS

(Russian w/subtitles)

You always were stingy with your  
expectations, Roman.

MR. POLSKI

(Russian w/subtitles)

I admit you had me worried. You've always  
been rebellious, my dear. And you've been  
Tess for so long, the temptation to start  
believing the fantasy must be...

He searches her face for a clue. But her eyes remain  
fixed on Charlie and his family.

MR. POLSKI (CONT'D)

(Russian w/subtitles)

No matter. With the Wolf dead, the  
Americans have their 13th man. And we?

Mr. Polski lowers the file as a MAN IN A BROWN SUIT walks  
past and snatches it into the fold of a newspaper.

MR. POLSKI (CONT'D)

We have what we came for.

Neither acknowledge the Man as he heads for his train.

MR. POLSKI (CONT'D)

Hitler still thinks he can win this war.  
But the truth is, it's all about the war  
to come.

He slips something into her bag. She looks down to see a  
ticket: "**White Starline Passage - New York to Portugal.**"

TESS

What makes you think I'd go back?

MR. POLSKI

What's to keep you here? A phantom  
husband? A child that was never yours?  
Here you're nobody. But in Russia you're  
a hero.

He turns to face her and freezes. Tess has disappeared.

CONDUCTOR

All aboard!

He scans the crowded station for her. He looks towards  
Charlie and his real family, but they, too, are gone.

His eyes stop on a waste basket. Reaching inside he pulls out the passage to Portugal, torn in half.

As the last train in the station lurches from its platform, the Man In Brown takes his seat by the window. He places his newspaper in a black leather briefcase and - SNAP - locks it shut.

CUT TO BLACK.