

berliner

frazier

caa  
dmg

EXT. STREETS OF BERLIN - 1945 - DAWN

The sun rises over the bombed-out husk of Berlin. Allied forces corral surrendered Nazi soldiers and raise flags high over the city.

FOUR OSS OPERATIVES, three men and a woman, climb down from a troop transport. A multinational intelligence agency, the OSS was the precursor to the CIA and integral in destroying the Reich from behind the scenes.

DAVID DUNHAM (30), unfolds a map of the city, crossing out destroyed buildings one by one: a Nazi barracks, fuel depot, garage. Pleased, he rounds the corner...

And stops dead in his tracks.

Staring at the charred remains of an apartment block marked CIVILIAN on his map. Somber, Dunham crosses the building out.

He kicks aside some rubble and finds an OLD POCKETWATCH. Examining it, there's a faded inscription on the inside hatch. He squints to read:

DUNHAM  
(reading)  
Magpie, Magpie. One for sorrow...

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A man lies dead, face down in the soggy leaves.

DUNHAM (V.O.)  
...Two for mirth.

EXT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A woman slumped over the counter, a knife in her back.

DUNHAM (V.O.)  
Three for death...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The husk of a blown-out car smolders at the curb.

DUNHAM (V.O.)  
...Four for birth.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Three men dead. Blood spattered on the walls and soaking into the carpet.

DUNHAM (V.O.)  
Five for silver...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A man's body hidden in a dumpster.

DUNHAM (V.O.)  
...Six for gold...

EXT. NO MAN'S LAND - DAY

A MAN IN A FEDORA walks across an open expanse. A SECOND MAN draws a gun and takes aim. His finger on the trigger.

DUNHAM (V.O.)  
...Seven for a secret, never to be told.

EXT. STREETS OF BERLIN - DAY

Dunham winds the pocketwatch, holds it to his ear: TICK-TOCK-TICK-TOCK. Pleased, Dunham snaps the watch closed and we

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. FRITZCLUB - NIGHT

On the corner of a busy intersection. Brandenburg Gate lit up in the distance. Diffuse rock music bleeds out.

**TITLE OVER: BERLIN, 1961**

Dunham rounds the corner -- older now, sixteen years removed from the Battle of Berlin. Tired eyes and a weathered heart. He carries with him a sense of uneasy caution, a man who survived one war and very much expects another on the horizon.

INT. FRITZCLUB - NIGHT

Dunham descends a concrete stairwell into an underground R&B club, the bass-thump catching in his chest.

On stage, four mop-tops play a familiar rockin' melody to a frenzied audience of BERLIN YOUTHS.

Dunham orders a drink and scans the crowd. Studying faces, tracking movements, absorbing every last detail.

When he spots a MAN WITH HORN-RIMMED GLASSES at the end of the bar. The only person besides Dunham not watching the show. Glancing over at Dunham every few seconds, trying not to make it obvious... But failing miserably.

INT. FRITZCLUB - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dunham stands at the urinal, pretending to take a piss. Horn-Rimmed Glasses enters, washes his hands.

Though Dunham is in the blind, Horn-Rimmed Glasses has a perfect sight line in the mirror.

Dunham reaches into a shoulder holster--  
Unsnaps the gun hidden inside--

Horn-Rimmed Glasses shuts off the sink--  
Draws a triangular push-blade--

Outside, the band finishes their song--  
The crowd explodes into applause--

Dunham swallows--  
Inhales--

When the door opens and a mass of CLUBGOERS rush inside --  
Horn-Rimmed Glasses spins -- but Dunham's already gone --

INT. FRITZCLUB - NIGHT

-- Shoving through the mingling crowd --

EXT. JONASSTRASSE - NIGHT

-- Coming out the back of the club. Hustling down a small side street toward a YELLOW STUDEBAKER parked nearby. Dunham folds his coat over his right arm, acting casual --

**WHA-BOOM!**

The Studebaker EXPLODES -- Dunham is thrown back by the blast -- his head hits the ground hard and

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Dunham blinks awake. Groggy, confused.

BETTINA  
I'm here, I'm here.

BETTINA DUNHAM -- the female OSS officer from our opening -- leans over her husband. She kisses him, holds him close.

DUNHAM  
How long...?

BETTINA  
Two days.

DUNHAM  
Charlie... Charlie was with me, is  
he...

Solemn, Bettina shakes her head.

EXT. DUNHAM'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Dunham limps up the steps. Bettina helps, bearing his weight without complaint.

INT. DUNHAM'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dunham and Bettina eat quietly. She reaches into her apron and pulls out that same POCKETWATCH Dunham found all those years ago. She gives it to him, closing his fingers around it. A private ceremony we don't yet understand...

BETTINA  
Simply because Charlie died doesn't  
mean we shouldn't celebrate you  
living.

INT. DUNHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They make love well into the night. Afterward, Bettina snuggles up against Dunham and taps a MORSE CODE MESSAGE onto his leg with her finger. He smiles.

DUNHAM  
I love you, too.

A passing S-BAHN COMMUTER TRAIN whistles right outside their window. They both chuckle, an inside joke between lovers.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Drizzling rain. Pallbearers hoist a coffin. Dunham limps toward the open grave. He unfolds a short speech -- written, crossed out, and obsessively rewritten.

DUNHAM  
Charlie Roarke was...

Dunham stares off. The crowd murmurs, uncomfortable. Bettina gives her husband a reassuring smile. The moment drags on...

Raindrops splash in puddles --

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

-- As CHARLIE ROARKE, 25, splashes water on his face. He's handsome, clean-cut, the platonic ideal of a Norman Rockwell All-American.

*He looks himself over in the mirror, straightens his tie. Dunham pokes his head through the door.*

DUNHAM  
Morning meeting in five, Harvard.

CHARLIE  
Be right there.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA SECTION - DAY

Charlie takes us through the open-floor office where CIA ANALYSTS and AGENTS work tirelessly to prevent World War Three. The place is a maze of cubicles and desks and phone banks and filing cabinets, but Charlie knows every shortcut. He offers a wave and a nod to everyone he passes. A warm smile, the cock-of-the-walk, everybody's friend.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

As Charlie fixes a cup of coffee, BOB COLESON, VIVIAN TATE, and RICHARD KITTER -- three high-level CIA case officers -- argue over his shoulder.

BOB  
-- Ich bin ein Berliner? "Ein" is an indefinite article implying he's non-human -- the word Berliner in that context means jelly doughnut.

VIVIAN

*But since he was speaking in a figurative sense, since he's not, you know, literally from Berlin, you need the indefinite article.*

RICHARD

*You couldn't be more wrong. Roarke, back us up -- is JFK a jelly doughnut or what?*

*Charlie glances over his shoulder, sheepish.*

CHARLIE

*I don't speak -- I'm still not that great with German.*

VIVIAN

*I can see how that wouldn't be a priority, you know, living and working in Germany.*

BOB

*Say something for us.*

CHARLIE

*(German, mangled)*

*Mein name ist Charlie Roarke. Ich bin ein Berliner.*

VIVIAN

*Oh yeah, I hear it now. Yeah, OK he called himself a jelly doughnut.*

*Dunham enters, in a huff.*

DUNHAM

*Confession time -- what asshole keeps stealing The Times off my desk?*

RICHARD

*New York or Los Angeles, old sport?*

DUNHAM

*What the fuck could that possibly matter, Dick?*

*Charlie brings the cup of coffee over to Dunham.*

CHARLIE

*Dodgers won, six-four. Wills went three for four, home run and a couple RBIs.*

MARTIN KINCAIDE, the CIA's new Chief of Station enters. Young, hungry, a consummate cover-your-ass bureaucrat.

*KINCAIDE*  
*Anybody seen Greer?*

*DUNHAM*

*KINCAIDE*  
Who saw him last? Bob, when'd you  
see him?

*BOB*  
*The Armistice party I suppose...*

*CHARLIE*

*Kincaide scans the bullpen one last time for Greer, then shuts and locks the door.*

VIVIAN

*What is it, Marty?*

*KINCAIDE*  
*I think we have a fourth.*

*RICHARD* *BOB*  
*Oh God, you don't think -- Greer? Why would anybody --*

VIVIAN

Peter's, you know, gone on plenty of  
benders in the past --

*DUNHAM*  
-- I'm with Vivian -- doesn't fit  
Magpie's MO.

*Kincaide takes the seat across from Dunham. Stares him down.*

*KINCAIDE*

*DUNHAM*

*KINCAIDE*

DUNHAM

If I buy the premise, which I don't.  
(MORE)

DUNHAM (CONT'D)

Magpie killed three, high-level NOC agents working East Berlin counter-intelligence and set each one up to look like an accident. Meanwhile, Greer's a low-level asset handler who can't stay sober long enough to actually handle any assets and he may or may not even be missing.

*Kincaide smiles.*

KINCAIDE

*Then I suppose you won't mind if I hand the file over to Richard? Let him poke at it?*

*Charlie shoots Dunham the briefest of looks, clearly doesn't want Dunham to hand anything over.*

DUNHAM

*By all means.*

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - HALLWAY - DAY

*Charlie pulls Dunham aside. Whispering, conspiratorial.*

CHARLIE

*We're fucked -- this is so -- we're fucked -- with Richard looking into Magpie it's only a matter of time before he'll --*

DUNHAM

*-- Find nothing, he'll -- Dick couldn't catch The Clap in a whorehouse. We're fine, calm down.*

CHARLIE

*I'm not good at this part -- when do we tell them?*

DUNHAM

*Never. We keep our secrets secret.*

CHARLIE

*And no one ever knows we stopped a traitor who infiltrated the highest levels of American Intelligence?*

DUNHAM

*Yes, because -- and here's the hardest part of the job: no one ever says thank you.*

EXT. DUNHAM'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK. *Bettina answers the door, Charlie waits on the stoop with a WRAPPED BIRTHDAY PRESENT in hand.*

BETTINA

*And where is our lovely fraulein  
Rachel?*

CHARLIE

*The Limey keeps his staff until eight --  
she'll join us by supper.*

INT. DUNHAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

*Dunham unwraps the present, finds a HANDHELD RADIO inside.*

CHARLIE

*Picks up signals from across the  
Atlantic -- never miss another  
Dodgers' game.*

DUNHAM

*Charlie... This is too much.*

CHARLIE

*Not really -- got a friend works the  
line where they're made. Happy  
Birthday.*

*Dunham hugs Charlie close. Paternal, beaming. The phone rings, Dunham answers.*

DUNHAM

*Hello?*

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

*RACHEL CLARKE, 30, taps her fingernails against the glass. Normally as poised as British women get, right now she's scared for her life.*

RACHEL

*David? David please -- someone's  
following me -- they followed me  
from work --*

INTERCUT WITH DUNHAM'S LIVING ROOM

DUNHAM

*-- Calm down, Rachel -- who's  
following you, how many?*

CHARLIE  
Rachel? What is it?

Charlie grabs the phone from Dunham.

CHARLIE  
Rachel? Are you OK? What's happening?

RACHEL  
I don't know -- please come get me, please --

CHARLIE  
-- OK, listen to me, listen --  
Fritzclub, three blocks from the Gate -- it'll be packed right now, you'll be safe there, just get there and wait --

RACHEL  
-- Charlie, please --

CHARLIE  
-- I love you, now go.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - SAME TIME

Rachel pulls her hat low and pushes out of the phone booth. Across the street, Horn-Rimmed Glasses watches her.

INT. DUNHAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie hangs up. Bettina enters from the kitchen with a casserole... Immediately knows something is going on.

DUNHAM  
I'm sorry we -- it's work.

Bettina nods. Dunham hands her his pocketwatch.

CHARLIE  
I'll drive.

EXT. FRITZCLUB - NIGHT

On the corner of a busy intersection. Brandenburg Gate lit up in the distance. Diffuse rock music bleeds out. The yellow Studebaker pulls up across the street.

*INT. DUNHAM'S STUDEBAKER - NIGHT*

*Charlie behind the wheel. Dunham in the passenger seat.*

*DUNHAM*

*You're in the car on overwatch, coat  
over my right arm means be ready --*

*CHARLIE*

*-- No, no more overwatch, I want --*

*DUNHAM*

*-- You're in the car so when she  
shows up with a tail you don't get  
made. Circle the block a few times,  
then park around the corner on  
Jonasstrasse and wait for me -- you  
see anything funny it's olly-olly-  
oxen-free, got it?*

*EXT. JONASSTRASSE - NIGHT*

*Charlie waits in the Studebaker behind the club. Nervous,  
anxious, this is taking way longer than it should.*

*Finally, Dunham appears from an alley in the rearview mirror.  
Walking toward the car, folding his coat over his right arm --*

**WHA-BOOM!**

*The Studebaker's engine DETONATES -- sets off a CHAIN REACTION  
throughout the interior -- the car EVAPORATES in a ball of  
fire -- Charlie doesn't even have a chance to scream -- and  
from the ROARING CHURN of the flames we*

CUT BACK TO:

*EXT. GRAVE SITE - DAY*

*-- The hollow silence of Charlie's funeral. Dunham snaps  
out of his fugue and looks back at his speech...*

*But the rain has caused the ink to bleed down the page in  
dark rivulets and the words are completely unreadable.*

*DUNHAM*

*Charlie Roarke was... My friend.*

INT. DUNHAM'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dunham and Bettina eat a quiet dinner. She's almost done, he's barely cut into his steak.

BETTINA

David? David, are you --

DUNHAM

-- I made him stay, don't you see?  
I made him stay in the car. No, no  
I'm not OK.

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - DAY

Dunham takes a few hobbled steps with a cane.

DUNHAM

You'll sign off I can go back to  
work?

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

Sitting a desk? Sure. But I doubt  
you'll run the hundred-meter dash  
any time soon.

DUNHAM

There go my weekend plans.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA SECTION - DAY

Dunham steps off the elevator and limps across the bullpen. Everyone stops what they're doing to look. Whispers follow him. He does his best to ignore the unwanted attention.

DUNHAM (O.S.)

(prelap)

Is this a joke?

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - KINCAIDE'S OFFICE - DAY

Dunham paces, his limp pronounced. Kincaide sits behind his desk, straightens his CHIEF OF STATION nameplate.

KINCAIDE

Calm down, sit down. We both want  
the same thing, we both want to fix  
Berlin.

DUNHAM

He was murdered. Charlie Roarke was --  
they put a goddamn bomb in my car!  
I know you haven't been here that  
long but -- if we roll over after  
they murder one of ours, we come off  
as toothless little -- Jesus-fucking-  
Christ even the silver-spooned son  
of a Senator can't be this dense.

Kincaide notices the knot in his tie is crooked. He unties it, carefully ties it back up again.

KINCAIDE

Logic it out with me. You start  
fucking around Hell's half-acre,  
asking questions none of us know the  
answers to -- say you finger a guy,  
OK great. Real mean son of bitch  
too, KGB *Polkovnik* -- what then?  
Retaliation? Revenge? What's  
Moscow's response?

DUNHAM

How the hell should I know?

KINCAIDE

And that's the entire goddamn point.  
You're a sledgehammer in a ball-peen  
world.

Kincaide finishes his tie. Absolutely flawless. Dunham finally sits, can't take the pain in his leg anymore.

KINCAIDE

I was sent here to do one thing:  
cure Berlin. We got a hundred-plus  
refugees coming over every day, a  
deep-seated hatred between the two  
most powerful empires the world has  
ever known, and sixteen years of  
things getting worse --

DUNHAM

-- You come and sit behind a desk  
and think you're suddenly --

KINCAIDE

-- Listen to me, Berlin is diseased  
and I'm the goddamn surgeon on call.  
No more spy games, no more  
backstabbing --

DUNHAM

-- Turning the other cheek in Berlin  
just gets you slapped twice as much.

KINCAIDE

You had your shot at Humpty Dumpty,  
so excuse me if I'm skeptical taking  
advice from all the king's horses  
and all the king's men.

Dunham stares down Kincaide. Their verbal chess match about to hit the endgame.

DUNHAM

Where'd you land on D-Day? Omaha?

KINCAIDE

I was twelve.

DUNHAM

Oh right, well then you must have  
fought in Korea.

KINCAIDE

Flat-feet.

DUNHAM

So what? It's twenty months minding  
the store and then home to a hundred-  
grand-a-year at the State Department?

KINCAIDE

Seat in the House if I'm lucky.  
(then)

DUNHAM

You feckless, gutless, pissant piece  
of shit.

KINCAIDE

Actually, it's pronounced Chief of  
Station.

A long fucking beat.

KINCAIDE

Lay Charlie Roarke to rest, Berlin  
isn't worth your revenge.

DUNHAM

Don't you mean your career?

KINCAIDE

It was a leaky fuel line killed  
Charlie Roarke. That goddamn jalopy  
of yours. Say it with me... Or I  
dissolve your passport and bust down  
your security clearance, either way...

Another long fucking beat.

DUNHAM

It was a leaky fuel line.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The afternoon meeting. Bob and Richard give a presentation on bread manufacturing in East Germany. Dunham sits in his usual chair, not listening, a hundred yard stare. Charlie's seat noticeably empty beside him.

INT. DUNHAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bettina and their BLACK ROTTWEILER greet Dunham at the door. She hands him his pocketwatch, notices his obvious distress.

BETTINA

Kincaide?

INT. DUNHAM'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dunham and Bettina eat dinner.

DUNHAM

He wants to play politics, asshole  
can drown in treaties all I care.  
I'll find Charlie's killer, bring  
him to justice on my own.

BETTINA

Where do you start? The bomb? The  
club? The man with the horn-rimmed  
glasses?

DUNHAM

Rachel set up the meet, Rachel put  
us in play -- so I'll start with  
Rachel.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Dunham listens to a Dodgers game on his handheld radio. A bus comes and goes, but Dunham remains on the bench, staking out an apartment building across the street.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Dunham places a call. The line rings. He stares up at that same apartment building.

INT. RACHEL'S FLAT - NIGHT

Dunham sneaks around in the dark. Pokes at everything. Discovers a bowl of MATCHBOOKS in the kitchen. Sorts through them. Finds the one he's looking for and --

EXT. HOTEL AMANO - NIGHT

-- Flips the MATCHBOOK between his fingers. The LOGO printed on the book matches the hotel sign above.

INT. HOTEL AMANO - NIGHT

Dunham at the front desk.

DUNHAM  
(German)  
I'm expecting a package. Room 405.

The DESK MANAGER disappears into the back. Dunham leans over the counter and pages through the guest registry.

INT. HOTEL AMANO - SEVENTH FLOOR - NIGHT

Dunham pulls a FIRE ALARM and moves down the hall as the sirens SCREECH out. Guests hurry from their rooms. Dunham presses up against the wall outside room 710. The door opens, Dunham rolls off the corner and intercepts Rachel --

INT. HOTEL AMANO - ROOM 710 - CONTINUOUS

-- Pressing his hand against her mouth, slamming the door closed behind them, holding Rachel down on the bed.

DUNHAM  
Who set us up?

Rachel knees Dunham in the balls. He recoils. She shoves him back. Dives off the bed. Runs for the door.

Dunham grabs a table lamp and in one smooth motion throws it into the back of her head. It shatters, she crumples.

He grabs her ankle, drags her back. She kicks, catches him in the mouth. Kicks again, catches him in the eye. But he somehow holds on. She grabs a shard from the lamp, twists, and stabs it into his arm. He lets go. She scurries away.

Dunham draws his gun. Knocks the hammer back.

DUNHAM

Easiest thing in the world, shooting someone in the back.

RACHEL

He told me. Charlie told me. Don't trust anyone.

DUNHAM

Well Charlie's dead and here we are.

RACHEL

...So it's true then?

DUNHAM

Why didn't you show up for the meet?

Rachel crumples to the floor. Weeping.

RACHEL

I was followed, I was trying to lose my tail before I went to the club, like Charlie taught me, I was late, I was on my way --

DUNHAM

-- Bullshit, you've been playing him from the word go.

RACHEL

No, no -- I loved him -- we were going to -- he asked me just last week.

Rachel offers her hand, shows Dunham an ENGAGEMENT RING.

DUNHAM

Christ... Oh all the stupid things...  
(then)

The man who was following you, what'd he look like?

RACHEL  
Tall, brown hair, horn-rimmed glasses.

DUNHAM  
You ever seen him before?

Rachel wipes her eyes, shakes her head.

DUNHAM  
We all got set up. It's not safe  
for you --

RACHEL  
-- Wait. Wait-wait-wait.

Rachel pulls a BALL BEARING from her pocket.

RACHEL  
I found these scattered up and down  
the street outside the club after I  
finally got there.

Dunham takes the ball-bearing, holds it up to the light.

RACHEL  
Does it mean anything?

DUNHAM  
You need to leave Berlin, resign  
your post at the Embassy and --

RACHEL  
-- Is this because of what we did?  
Is this because of Magpie?

By the look on Dunham's face, that's exactly it.

DUNHAM  
There's a train to London first thing  
in the morning. Be on it.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. WEST BERLIN HISTORY MUSEUM - NIGHT

A line of limousines and town cars pull up to the curb as  
POLITICIANS and CELEBRITIES head inside, a banner overhead  
reads: **ARMISTICE DAY ANNIVERSARY**.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - SAME TIME

Dunham stands at a window overlooking the gala. Behind him,  
Rachel applies make-up in a mirror, dressed to the nines.

*Charlie works at something over a table.*

*DUNHAM*  
*Run it again.*

*CHARLIE*  
*Seven o'clock, party starts.*

*RACHEL*  
*Greer arrives, I approach at the bar*  
*once he's had at least two drinks.*  
*Take him out the front, get our*  
*picture taken together.*

*Charlie uses a gold pen and writes Rachel's name on a FORGED INVITATION. He blows on the paper to dry the ink.*

*CHARLIE*  
*I pick-up at the curb, you join us a*  
*block away. Dose him with Ketamine*  
*in the car, transport to Templehoff,*  
*two hour flight to London, Company*  
*Men waiting to pick him up at Heathrow*  
*and interrogate.*

*DUNHAM*  
*All right -- now what'd you forget?*

*A beat. Charlie thinks it through.*

*CHARLIE*  
*Nothing.*

*Dunham pats Charlie on the shoulder, proud.*

*INT. WEST BERLIN HISTORY MUSEUM - NIGHT*

*Rachel hands her invitation to the security guard. She's scrutinized up and down. The security guard waves over his boss. His boss inspects her invitation, scratching his thumbnail against the still-wet gold ink...*

*RACHEL*  
*Is there a problem?*

*Finally, the guard motions Rachel into the party.*

*INT. WEST BERLIN HISTORY MUSEUM - NIGHT*

*PETER GREER, 50s, hangs out at the bar, waving for another round. Rachel sidles up next to him, offers a smile.*

*RACHEL*

*What a party. Have you ever seen  
such a party?*

*GREER*

*Twice this week -- boring, staid,  
dull-dull-dull.*

*RACHEL*

*So what if we nip out to a better  
one?*

*EXT. WEST BERLIN HISTORY MUSEUM - NIGHT*

*Greer and Rachel exit together. The sea of flashbulbs pop.*

*INT. TOWN CAR (DRIVING) - NIGHT*

*Greer reaches over for Rachel, but she pushes him back.*

*RACHEL*

*Wait -- no -- not here.*

*GREER*

*You came on to me, remember?*

*Greer PUSHES her down against the seat -- Rachel KICKS out -- KNOCKS Greer against the door -- then PUNCHES him across the jaw and he sloughs unconscious into the footwell.*

*The car stops at a light. Charlie and Dunham open the door.*

*RACHEL*

*Never mind on the sedatives then.*

*EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT*

*The town car passes a road sign for "Templehoff Airport" and turns in the opposite direction, merging onto a small two-lane back road that leads out of the city.*

*INT. TOWN CAR (DRIVING) - NIGHT*

*Greer passed out in the back. Dunham driving.*

*CHARLIE*

*What about the airport, what about  
the plane to London?*

*DUNHAM*

*Change of plans.*

CHARLIE  
Kincaide know about this?

Dunham glances over at Charlie.

DUNHAM  
Two truths and a lie.

CHARLIE  
I don't want to play your stupid  
game -- does Kincaide know?

DUNHAM  
Who do you work for, me or Kincaide?  
Give me two truths and a goddamned  
lie.

CHARLIE  
I don't like games, I don't like  
surprises, my name is Charlie Roarke.

Dunham shakes his head.

EXT. KILOMETER MARKER 7 - NIGHT

The town car pulls to a stop in the middle of the forest.  
Its headlights the only ward against the dark.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

Dunham and Charlie drag Greer out of the car. Dunham pulls  
a BURLWOOD HANDGUN from his jacket and offers it to Charlie.  
Charlie shakes his head.

DUNHAM  
Peter Greer is a traitor to the  
Central Intelligence Agency and his  
country, our country -- he took money  
from the Soviets and in exchange he  
murdered American agents -- he did  
this under the guise of being our  
friend and confidant --

CHARLIE  
-- Is this another one of your tests --

DUNHAM  
-- This is the job -- you said you  
would do anything to help me find  
Magpie... Well here he is.

CHARLIE  
So send him home, put him on trial.

DUNHAM

*This is Berlin. This was his trial.*

*Dunham presses the gun against Charlie's chest. Charlie stands over Greer, his finger on the trigger, his hand shaking... Looks like he's about to do it when --*

CHARLIE

*-- I can't.*

*He hands the gun back to Dunham. Dunham sighs, moves quickly and efficiently, taking aim and*

**POP!**

*Simple as that. Charlie turns and vomits into the brush. Dunham pats him on the shoulder.*

DUNHAM

*We'll work on it.*

*Dunham grabs a shovel from the trunk of the car and tosses it at Charlie's feet.*

DUNHAM

*But I pulled the trigger so you dig the hole, that's the rule.*

*Charlie reluctantly digs and --*

**INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - MEN'S ROOM - DAY**

*-- Splashes water on his face. Looks himself over in the mirror. Unsure if he should feel pride or self-loathing. Dunham pokes his head through the door.*

DUNHAM

*Morning meeting in five minutes, Harvard.*

CHARLIE

*Be right there.*

*Charlie towels off his face and SLAMS out as we*

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. DUNHAM'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

*-- Bettina closing the oven. Placing a loaf of fresh sourdough among nearly a dozen others. She turns and finds Dunham standing in the door, watching her.*

DUNHAM

You should start a bakery for anxious housewives.

BETTINA

You should start a telephone exchange for inconsiderate husbands.

Bettina hugs Dunham and he winces. She pulls up the sleeve to reveal the nasty, bleeding wound from where Rachel stabbed him with the lamp shard.

BETTINA

Scheissa! Come on then, I'll stitch you up.

INT. DUNHAM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bettina cuts away the sleeve of Dunham's shirt. Pours vodka to wash away the dried blood and disinfect the wound. She threads a needle, burns the end with a candle.

BETTINA

Find anything useful?

DUNHAM

The bombmaker maybe -- this guy called The Turk. I actually hired him on a thing a few years back -- asshole puts ball bearings in his blasting caps, kind of his trademark.

BETTINA

And did you hurt the girl?

Dunham winces as Bettina pierces his skin with the needle. He admires her handiwork, but the question hangs in the air.

DUNHAM

What would I do without you?

BETTINA

Bleed mostly would be my guess.

DUNHAM

I'll visit Tenenbaum first thing -- this new project they got him working on should be a piece of cake to track down the Turk.

Bettina finishes the stitch. Ties off the thread.

BETTINA

And then what?

DUNHAM

And then I kill the man who murdered  
my friend.

EXT. TEUFELSBERG - NIGHT

On the outskirts of Berlin, an artificial hill built in the years following World War Two, it's a literal pile of rubble and debris...

And atop the hill, a construction project is underway, including THREE LARGE, POCKMARKED DOMES -- powerful, state-of-the-art listening posts. Dunham shows his ID at the gate and is waved through past ARMED GUARDS.

ALAN TENENBAUM waits just inside, greeting Dunham. An old friend of Dunham's and another one of the OSS officers from our opening, he's somehow both caustic and endearing.

TENENBAUM (O.S.)

(prelap)

Lead-lined walls, signal-scrambling arrays, the absolute latest in burst-transmission technology...

INT. TEUFELSBERG - DAY

Tenenbaum leads Dunham through a maze of claustrophobic hallways, a constant electronic hum in the background. Wire mesh runs along the walls, floor, and ceiling.

TENENBAUM

...Believe me when I say, in Berlin  
we hear everything.

DUNHAM

Who authorized all this? Who pays  
for it?

TENENBAUM

That's the beauty of it -- no one.  
Everything's off books -- the agency  
doesn't even have a name yet. No  
budgets to approve, no sub-committee  
breathing down our neck. You're  
looking at the future of intelligence --  
untethered, unobstructed -- it's how  
we'll beat the Commies, mark my words.

INT. TENENBAUM'S OFFICE - DAY

Audio equipment everywhere: on shelves, in nooks, covering every surface. Tenenbaum hands Dunham a slip of paper.

TENENBAUM

Scanning phone lines we got a ninety-five percent voice match on your Turk. Couldn't pin down the exact apartment, but your man's somewhere at this address. Only thing is --

Dunham reaches out to touch a HIGH-TECH RADIO but feedback screeches out. Tenenbaum grabs the device and throws it onto the ground, shattering it into pieces.

TENENBAUM

Sorry about that -- little bastards have been acting up since day one.

DUNHAM

You found The Turk, but the only thing is...?

TENENBAUM

Only thing is he's a bit outside the neighborhood...

Dunham checks the address against a MAP OF BERLIN hung on the wall. It's deep in East Berlin.

DUNHAM

Shit.

INT. BANK NATIONAL - VAULT - DAY

Dunham opens a safety deposit box, revealing PASSPORTS and CASH. He flips through the passports, finds the one he wants --

EXT. CHECKPOINT CHARLIE - DAY

-- And hands it to an EAST GERMAN VOLKSPOLEZI (VoPo) on duty in a small corrugated shack. The guard examines the passport thoroughly: the name reads "MICHAEL WIBBERLY."

Dunham's "name" is recorded and his papers are handed back. He steps across an invisible line -- the smooth concrete of West Berlin transforms into dirty, cracked cobblestone.

A rusted sign greets him at the end of the block:

**Herzlich Willkommen in Ost-Berlin.**

Welcome to East Berlin.

EXT. COMMUNIST HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Dunham enters a large, opulent building surrounded on all sides by decrepit, pre-war architecture.

INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY

Dunham strips. Two EAST GERMAN SOLDIERS check every seam and stitch of his clothing, then hand it back to him a piece at a time... But keep his shoes and his belt.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Shoeless, holding up his pants with a finger through a belt loop, Dunham descends deep underground.

INT. UNDERGROUND HALL - DAY

Dunham walks down a long corridor, PAIRS OF GUARDS on sentry every fifty feet. Staring at the Westerner as he passes.

INT. VISILI'S OFFICE - DAY

Dunham sits across from a downtrodden KGB OFFICER signing papers. In his 50's, VISILI VOLKOV is the last OSS operative from our opening.

VISILI

I've killed more men with this pen  
than I ever did with a gun.

Dunham shuffles in his seat, glancing back at the two BURLY BODYGUARDS standing against the wall over his shoulder.

VISILI

You are lucky to see me, few have  
had such an honor. But they said  
David Dunham is upstairs, I said  
send him down.

DUNHAM

Nice digs.

VISILI

Soundproof even.

DUNHAM

That right? Not a bad way to spend  
the twilight years.

VISILI

It's a gilded cage, my friend --  
listen to me sing.

Visili keys an INTERCOM. Barks out an order in Russian.  
Turns back to Dunham and sips from a SILVER FLASK.

VISILI

How's Betty?

DUNHAM

Visili, I'm here for a --

VISILI

-- Miss seeing her like the old days,  
wasting nights, all of us together --

DUNHAM

-- I need a favor, Visili. There's  
a bombmaker, came after me last week.

VISILI

I promise my friend, I had nothing  
to do with it.

DUNHAM

No, not that. I have it under good  
authority his safehouse is on your  
side of the line.

VISILI

So better luck next time, you're  
still alive aren't you?

DUNHAM

But a friend of mine isn't.

VISILI

Oh David, I'm very sorry... This  
horrible game we play...

GREGOR, a young KGB AGENT enters with a stack of papers.

VISILI

Gregor, say hello.

GREGOR

Hello.

Visili takes another bitter drink the silver flask. Offers  
it to Dunham, but he refuses.

VISILI

David and I worked together during the war -- called in the bombs as Stalin's honorable comrades brought an end to the fighting.

DUNHAM

With no help whatsoever from FDR's Army, Navy, or Air Force of course.

VISILI

No, I should think your fat American friends were off in Paris, my friend. Wasting money on the wine and whores, yes?

DUNHAM

Silly capitalists -- in Soviet Nation, wine and whores are free for the proletariat.

VISILI

See my friend, you get it.

(holding up flask)

Nothing but the best wine...

(holding up left hand)

And only the finest whores!

Dunham guffaws. Visili slaps the signed papers against Gregor's chest. Gregor leaves with a sneer.

VISILI

There goes the future of Lenin's grand experiment -- violence in his heart but no idea why we even fight.

DUNHAM

Give the kid a break -- we fought our war, now he gets his.

VISILI

You'll say hi to Betty for me?

A beat.

DUNHAM

Yeah. Sure.

VISILI

Then let us go and find your bombmaker, my friend.

EXT. EAST GERMAN APARTMENT BLOC - NIGHT

A BLONDE WOMAN on the sidewalk lights a cigarette as THREE MILITARY VEHICLES round the corner and skid to a stop.

ARMED VOPO jump out and swarm inside the apartment building. Gregor and Dunham climb out of the first vehicle and follow.

INT. APARTMENT BLOC - 1ST FLOOR - NIGHT

The VoPo move quickly between apartments. Knocking on doors, pushing inside, scanning the squalid residences.

INT. THE TURK'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

THE TURK works in solitude. His face covered in scars and burns, he carries with him the tell-tale mark of a professional bombmaker: two missing fingers. He chain-smokes, hacking and wheezing in between every drag.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The VoPo clear another apartment. They allow the blonde woman to reenter her home. She closes the door behind them, waits five seconds... Then runs to the bathroom.

She grabs a wrench from under the sink and bangs it against an exposed pipe. The sound rises up through the building --

INT. THE TURK'S SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- All the way up to the Turk's bathroom. His ears perk up, he goes to the window and presses his forehead against the glass to look straight down... Where he sees the MILITARY VEHICLES parked at the curb. Shit. He snatches his go-bag and hustles out the door --

INT. APARTMENT BLOC - 4TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

-- Only to be confronted by six VoPo down the hall, blocking his only exit. They see him, and raise their rifles, shouting in German --

INT. APARTMENT BLOC - 1ST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

-- The voices ECHOING down the stairwell.

GREGOR  
We have him, fourth floor!

Gregor charges up the stairs. Dunham hangs back, suspicious. Clocks a door that leads to the COAL ROOM...

INT. THE TURK'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

The Turk drops a metal bar across his front door at the very last second. The VoPo crash against the other side, banging on the door, shouting and screaming.

The Turk grabs a crowbar and uses it to pry away a weakened section of drywall, revealing a dark hole that drops into the bowels of the building. The Turk jumps inside and --

INT. COAL ROOM - NIGHT

-- Smashes out of the wall five floors below, rolling down a pile of coal. He brushes himself off, thinks he's home free. Opens the door and finds Dunham's waiting for him.

DUNHAM  
End of the line.

Dunham pistol-whips The Turk and everything goes BLACK.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The Turk gasps awake in complete darkness. He tries to stand but finds he's handcuffed to the floor.

A match flares in the darkness, illuminating Dunham's face. He lights a cigarette and sticks it in The Turk's mouth.

DUNHAM  
Two lies and a truth.

THE TURK  
Huh? What?

DUNHAM  
It's a game I used to play with --  
Charlie wasn't very good at it, I  
could always pick out his lie. The  
game is you say three statements --  
two are lies, one is true -- and I  
have to guess which is which.

THE TURK  
Who are you? You're not VoPo.

Without warning, Dunham STABS the red-hot cigarette into The Turk's ankle -- flesh SIZZLES -- the Turk SCREAMS -- STRUGGLES against his restraints -- WHEEZES through the pain and then --

Dunham relents. Takes a beat. And lights another cigarette.

DUNHAM  
Two lies and a truth.

THE TURK  
My n-n-name is Sami -- I am m-m-married -- I am forty-two years old.

DUNHAM  
That's a good first move. Simple stuff. Normally hard for me to figure out, but I've spent the last fifteen years listening to liars, so I always take the Pennant. You stuttered on the first two, makes me think those were the lies. Am I right?

The Turk nods.

Dunham STABS the cigarette into The Turk's arm -- he SCREAMS out -- KICKS and WRITHES at the pain -- teeth CLENCHED tight and then --

Dunham relents. Takes a beat. And lights another cigarette.

DUNHAM  
Your goal -- how you win -- is to get me to guess wrong. Go again, your move.

THE TURK  
My father died in the war. I have six brothers. My lungs are shot from all the smoking, the doctors say.

Dunham contorts his face, puts on a show. The Turk smiles, thinks he's stumped him.

DUNHAM  
No I bet your lungs are shot from all the chemicals you work with, am I right?

Dunham WRENCHES The Turk's head to the side -- STABS the cigarette into his neck -- HOLDS it there -- the ember BURNING through flesh -- The Turk SCREAMS and WHEEZES and --

Dunham pulls back. The Turk gasps and gasps and gasps.

Dunham upends the pack of cigarettes, all gone.

The Turk sighs out, relaxes...

Dunham snaps his fingers, reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a second unsealed pack of cigarettes.

DUNHAM

Your move.

THE TURK

Please, I, please, I don't know what you want, tell me what you want me to do and I'll do it.

DUNHAM

I want you to take your move.

Dunham lights a cigarette.

THE TURK

I was born in Constantinople. I am deaf in my left ear from an accident when I was a child. My favorite food is sausage and peppers.

DUNHAM

Homemade bomb went off in your ear, is that it?

Dunham moves in with the cigarette --

THE TURK

-- No! You lose, I win, I win, I'm deaf in my right ear, it was a lie, I win, you didn't catch the lie!

Dunham stubs the cigarette out on the floor. Crouches down to eye level with The Turk.

DUNHAM

Fair enough... But in this game -- did I forget to mention? In this game I get three guesses.

Like a hawk snatching it's prey, Dunham shoves The Turk against the floor, forearm locked against his larynx.

DUNHAM

Who hired you to kill my friend?

THE TURK

I don't know...

Dunham pushes in tighter, The Turk's eyes bulge from his face, he hacks up a glob of blood.

THE TURK

An American, please, he's American!  
He works out of the embassy --

DUNHAM

-- You murdered my friend, you think  
I'll stand here all night and listen  
to you lie?

THE TURK

No, no, no, truly -- he calls himself  
Magpie.

Dunham pushes in tighter. The Turk wriggles helplessly.

DUNHAM

Three strikes my friend -- I buried  
Magpie myself just last week.

THE TURK

No, no, I swear, please asshole --  
Magpie paid me ten-thousand Marks in  
cash not two days ago, check my bank  
account!

Dunham slowly pulls back. Can tell The Turk is telling the truth.

THE TURK

Whoever it was you buried, it wasn't  
Magpie, you buried the wrong guy --  
Magpie's still alive.

Off Dunham's look: Holy. Fucking. Shit.

EXT. VOPO VAN - NIGHT

Dunham climbs down from the van, the Turk still handcuffed inside. Gregor and his VoPos climb inside.

THE TURK

Please, please, I don't want to die,  
please don't let them kill me.

DUNHAM

Work hard enough, a man can live a  
long time in the Gulags, ain't that  
right Gregor?

Gregor grunts, slams the door shut. As the van drives away,  
The Turk audibly pounds against the inside walls:

THUNK-THUNK-THUNK! THUNK-THUNK-THUNK!

Dunham, a silhouette in the fading red taillights, stands on the corner and watches for a long moment, until the van turns a corner and is out sight completely.

INT. DUNHAM'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Bettina lies awake in bed as Dunham quietly enters.

DUNHAM  
I screwed up.

INT. DUNHAM'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Dunham pulls decorations off the wall. Bettina sorts through a collection of old photo albums.

BETTINA  
Mark Cosgrove?

DUNHAM  
No, he moved back to DC last year.

BETTINA  
Sarah Liston?

DUNHAM  
Second pile from the left.

Bettina pulls a photo from the album, a group shot from an embassy party. She cuts out a woman from the photo...

LATER

Dunham and Bettina look over their handiwork. The wall is now covered in photos, the faces of Dunham's co-workers.

DUNHAM  
This all started when Magpie murdered three deep-cover NOCs -- which means we're talking someone with at least security clearance five...

Dunham takes a red pen and goes through the photos row by row, X'ing out more than half of the suspects.

BETTINA  
When was the first operative killed?

DUNHAM  
March.

BETTINA  
So get rid of anyone transferred to  
the embassy after that.

Dunham nods, X'ing out another dozen suspects, including most notably, Kincaide.

Dunham steps back for a wider view of the wall. TEN SUSPECTS REMAIN: including his friends Bob, Richard, and Vivian.

BETTINA  
Where does that leave us?

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA BULLPEN - DAY

Dunham steps off the elevator into a pit of vipers. Cautious. Heads turn, everyone seems to be staring right at him...

DUNHAM (V.O.)  
Leaves me going to work in two hours  
to smoke out the traitor who killed  
Charlie --

Dunham plays it cool, acts normal. Crosses the bullpen as fast as he can on his bad leg.

DUNHAM (V.O.)  
-- And it's a sure bet whoever it is  
knows I'm coming.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The morning meeting. Richard and Vivian give a presentation on alcohol consumption in East Germany. Kincaide watches from the back. Bob brews a pot of coffee.

Dunham is in his normal seat, barely paying attention to the presentation. Studying each agent in turn, everyone a potential threat. Bob brings Dunham a cup of coffee.

Dunham offers a fake smile, about to take a sip, the cup to his lips... When he stops himself at the last second and surreptitiously pours it out into the trash can.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Dunham brews his own pot of coffee. Sees Bob pass the door and whistles for him.

DUNHAM

Listen, do me a favor -- I got a Soviet wants to defect -- he's an engineer, real smart guy -- he calls me up twenty minutes ago, says he needs to go tonight.

BOB

Yeah, and?

DUNHAM

It's Betty birthday and I promised her I'd take her to that new French place and -- look, come on, I'll be divorced if I cancel.

BOB

Fine, sure -- but the collar goes in my file. Where and when?

INT. EAST BERLIN BAR - NIGHT

Dunham sits with a DRUNK PROLETARIAN at the bar. Dunham slips a stack of cash in the man's pocket.

EXT. EAST BERLIN COAL FACTORY - NIGHT

Bob stands on the corner, impatient. The Drunk Proletarian stumbles around the corner even as --

EXT. SIDE ALLEY - SAME TIME

-- Dunham watches from the shadows. Bob and the Drunk meet, exchange a few words, then Bob helps him into his car and they drive off together.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CAFETERIA - DAY

Bob comes up behind Dunham in line.

BOB

Thanks for the tip. Your so-called engineer turned out to be a truck driver.

DUNHAM

Ah shit, sorry -- you pull him out anyway?

BOB

On a plane to Boca Raton as we speak.  
Don't say we never did anything for  
these poor bastards.

INT. DUNHAM'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Dunham X's out Bob's photo on the wall.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA SECTION - DAY

Vivian walks away from her desk. Dunham slips into her cubicle, pokes through her files and drawers and then --

INT. DUNHAM'S STUDY - NIGHT

-- X's out her photo on his wall of suspects. Bettina hugs Dunham from behind, kisses him on the neck.

BETTINA

Come to bed.

DUNHAM

Soon.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - KINCAIDE'S OFFICE - DAY

Kincaide sorts through a stack of mail. Finds a POSTCARD hidden at the bottom. On the front is a picture of The Grunewald, the dense forest just outside of the city.

He flips the card over, sees something is written on the back. We don't see what it says, but it's clearly caught his interest.

EXT. STREETS OF BERLIN - NIGHT

Dunham trails TWO CIA CASE OFFICERS as they leave a pub, stumbling drunk. A nearby clock tower strikes two as --

INT. DUNHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

-- Bettina wakes up from a bad dream. Rolls over to snuggle up against her husband... But he's not there. She sighs.

INT. DUNHAM'S STUDY - NIGHT

Dunham X's out more photos on the wall. Clearly frustrated by his lack of progress. Bettina stands in the door.

BETTINA

I do not like it when you get like this.

DUNHAM

Like what?

BETTINA

Obsessed.

DUNHAM

Sorry, I'm sorry, I just -- I'll make it up to you -- I'll make dinner tomorrow -- not a shred of work, I promise.

INT. GROCER - NIGHT

Dunham waits at the counter as the grocer pulls down a bottle of wine from the middle shelf.

DUNHAM

Something higher -- a bottle that -- put me in debt is what I'm saying.

EXT. GROCER - NIGHT

Dunham exits with a bag of groceries and wine. His head not in the game, he doesn't notice that Horn-Rimmed Glasses is back and following him from a few blocks away...

EXT. STREETS OF BERLIN - NIGHT

Dunham turns at an intersection. Still hasn't spotted Horn-Rimmed Glasses. The mystery man drops a triangular push knife out of his sleeve and into his palm.

Dunham rounds the next corner, his leg hurting, his limp pronounced. Horn-Rimmed Glasses picks up the pace, silently gaining ground.

Dunham rounds the next corner into an alley. Horn-Rimmed Glasses right on top of him, knife primed for the kill, he turns the corner and --

-- Dunham's just gone. The grocery bag dropped in a hurry, its contents scattered on the sidewalk. Horn-Rimmed Glasses looks around, confused. Where the hell did he go?

TWO DRUNKS slam out of a nearby biergarten. Horn-Rimmed Glasses pulls the knife back up into his sleeve. Out of anger he kicks the bag of groceries. The wine bottle shatters, the food goes flying even as --

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

-- Dunham strains with all his weight to hold up a fire escape, the last rung suspended bare inches over Horn-Rimmed Glasses' head.

The mystery man finally walks off. Dunham lets go of the fire escape, gasping for breath.

INT. DUNHAM'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The dining room table is set with Bettina's fine china. Two candles are burned down to their nubs, pools of wax solidified at their bases.

INT. DUNHAM'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Dunham creeps down the hall. Finds his pocketwatch hanging from the bedroom doorknob. He tries to enter but the door is locked.

DUNHAM  
That's about right.

EXT. KILOMETER MARKER 7 - DAY

AMERICAN SOLDIERS pile out of a troop transport. Their Sergeant approaches Kincaide, staring out into the Grunewald.

SERGEANT  
Alright, here we are on our week of  
R&R -- now what?

Kincaide holds up that same postcard he received in the mail. Flips it over and we finally see what's written on the back:

**KM-7. START DIGGING.**

KINCAIDE  
Start digging.

The soldiers grab shovels and head out into a familiar-looking clearing -- the clearing where Dunham and Charlie killed Greer. The clearing where they buried his body.

Kincaide adjusts the knot in his tie as in PRELAP we hear the sound of someone knocking on a door and we

FLASHBACK TO:

*INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT*

*Charlie opening the door for Kincaide.*

*KINCAIDE*

*How'd it go?*

*Charlie ushers Kincaide inside quickly, peers down the hall, nervous, before shutting and locking the door behind him.*

*INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT*

*Kincaide looks at a framed photo on the mantle: an AMERICAN GI who bears more than a passing resemblance to Charlie.*

*KINCAIDE*

*Your dad?*

*CHARLIE*

*Yeah, uh, in Italy -- couple days before he died.*

*KINCAIDE*

*Bet he'd be happy, see his son following in his footsteps.*

*CHARLIE*

*(abruptly)*

*I can't spy on Dunham for you anymore. I'm sorry. I can't. I'm out.*

*Kincaide puts the photo back. Straightens the frame so it lines up with the other mantle-pieces.*

*KINCAIDE*

*Guy was a war hero, I get it, I do. We all need someone to worship. But it's a new world order out there and Dunham's out-of-touch dogma is gonna get innocent people killed.*

*CHARLIE*

*So fire him, don't make me sneak around behind his back --*

KINCAIDE

-- Dunham has too many friends in Langley. If I'm going to get rid of him, I have to catch him with his hand in the cookie jar.

CHARLIE

Just because you don't care for his methods doesn't mean he's wrong.

KINCAIDE

Hey. You're out, you're out. We all gotta look out for number one.

*Kincaide heads for the door. Stops short.*

KINCAIDE

Dunham will screw up one day. And anybody stupid enough to be close to him when it happens is gonna hang from the same goddamn rope...

(pointed)

Wonder what your dad would think of you then.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

*Charlie exits with a pair of steaming to-go cups. Dunham picks him up at the curb in the Studebaker.*

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

*Dunham parks. The RIVER SPREE divides portions of East and West Berlin, with checkpoints on both sides of the bridge.*

INT. STUDEBAKER - DAY

*Nervous waiting, Charlie absentmindedly bounces his leg.*

DUNHAM

Tell me a joke.

CHARLIE

What?

DUNHAM

Doesn't even have to be funny -- a beginning, a middle, and an end, but it has to be fiction -- go.

*CHARLIE*

*Um... Guy takes a table at a breakfast counter, waitress asks him what he likes. Guy says: "Two eggs, runny on the top and rubbery on the bottom. Five strips of bacon, blackened to a crisp on one side and bleeding raw on the other. Two pieces of burnt toast and a cold cup of coffee. Indignant, the waitress says "I can't serve you that." Guy says "Funny, it's exactly what I had yesterday."*

*Dunham doesn't even chuckle, just keeps staring out the window. Finally:*

*DUNHAM*

*Now say it backwards.*

*CHARLIE*

*Why?*

*DUNHAM*

*Tell me the joke backwards.*

*CHARLIE*

*Guy says "Funny, that's what you served me yesterday." Waitress is indignant, tells him "We don't serve that stuff here." Guy orders three eggs, runny and uh, four strips of bacon crisp and raw and toast and a cup of coffee and --*

*DUNHAM*

*-- Stop.*

*CHARLIE*

*I think maybe you didn't get the joke.*

*DUNHAM*

*You want to catch a liar, you ask him to tell you his story backwards. The details get fuzzy -- too many parts of his brain all trying to work simultaneously.*

*CHARLIE*

*Well I'll do my best to make you laugh at my backwards joke one day.*

*DUNHAM*

*At the very least you're not so damn antsy anymore.*

Charlie looks down. His nerves forgotten. He smiles at Dunham's weird -- but effective -- lessons.

EXT. WESTERN RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Across the river, a VOPO CAPTAIN tosses a rock into the air three times, then skips it across the river. It smacks into the brick embankment right below Dunham and Charlie.

DUNHAM

Run it for me, beat by beat.

CHARLIE

Your mole meets you at the checkpoint -- frisks you, makes it look like a stop, takes you back to the barracks to interrogate you. Inside, he hands-off the microfilm, puts on a show as he brings you back outside, rips up your papers, tells you to never come back to East Berlin again.

DUNHAM

Good. Where are you?

CHARLIE

On overwatch. I see anything, I honk three times.

MOMENTS LATER

Charlie watches from the railing as Dunham walks up to the East German Checkpoint on the bridge.

The VoPo Captain waves off the other GUARDS and shoves Dunham up against the railing, frisking him violently. He then grabs Dunham by the collar and leads him away.

Charlie moves down along the railing, walking parallel with Dunham and the VoPo Captain across the river.

Dunham is manhandled, shoved inside a GUARD BARRACKS.

Charlie waits.

And waits.

And even though he knows it's all part of the show, he can't help but worry. And the longer it goes on, the worse it gets...

When a DECORATED VOLKSWAGEN drives around the corner across the river, stops at the guard post on the eastern riverbank.

CHARLIE

Shit...

A VOPO MAJOR steps out for a spot inspection. The guards all snap to attention. Charlie watches helplessly from three-hundred feet away.

CHARLIE

Shit... Shit... Shit...

Charlie hustles back to the Studebaker. Leans through the window and jams on the horn...

And nothing fucking happens.

Frantic, he rapidly jams on the horn.

Again, no sound.

He runs back to the railing. Picks up a rock and chuck it across the river. It falls short. He grabs another rock, throws again, misses again...

Meanwhile, the VoPo Major moves down the line of guards, inspecting their uniforms and weapons, getting closer and closer to the barracks.

CHARLIE

Shit-shit-shit-shit-shit-shit.

Charlie grabs the last rock in sight. Takes careful aim. And throws it across the river...

Where it finally CLUNKS against the barracks door. A long beat. But Dunham never appears. It didn't work.

CHARLIE

Shit!

The VoPo Major heads for the barracks. Tries the door but finds it's locked. One of the guards approaches, says something to the Major.

CHARLIE

Shhhhhhhhit.

The VoPo Major gesticulates wildly. His voice rising, the timbre is audible from Charlie's position, but not the words.

Two of the VoPo guards try kicking in the door to the barracks. No good. They get a running start and shoulder through the door, the wood cracks and splinters.

CHARLIE

Shit. Shit. Shit.

*The VoPo Major shoves his way inside. The screaming and shouting grows louder and louder. The VoPo Captain -- Dunham's Mole -- is dragged out of the barracks at gunpoint.*

Though still no sign of Dunham.

*A KLAXON screams to life. The East German guards grab weapons and form up into search parties. The West German guards close off the bridge crossing...*

*CHARLIE*

*Shit.*

*Charlie scans the Eastern bank, not sure what to do. When a SILHOUETTE appears on the barracks' rooftop...*

*Dunham gets a running start and jumps to the roof of a nearby building. Landing hard and rolling, he comes up running, leaping from rooftop to rooftop.*

*CHARLIE*

*Shit.*

*VoPo Guards shout out. They've heard the racket Dunham is making. Searchlights scan the rooftops, trying to pinpoint him. But just as the light is about to catch up with him, Dunham dives off the last building and into the river.*

*The splash is drowned out by the klaxon. The guards are still confused, still looking for Dunham up above.*

*Charlie runs to the riverbank, getting down on his stomach, hoisting Dunham up onto dry land and --*

*INT. DUNHAM'S STUDEBAKER (DRIVING) - NIGHT*

*-- Dunham races down narrow streets, running red-lights, attempting to get away from the bridge as fast as possible.*

*DUNHAM*

*Nice job, Grade-A.*

*CHARLIE*

*Your goddamn horn's broken!*

*DUNHAM*

*I know.*

*CHARLIE*

*You know?*

*DUNHAM*

*Wanted to test your improvisation skills in the face of trouble...*

*They race through an intersection, nearly getting t-boned by a truck, the driver leaning on his horn -- HOOOOOOOOONK!*

*Charlie stares at his mentor in disbelief.*

*DUNHAM*  
*You passed, by the way.*

*EXT. BIERGARTEN - NIGHT*

*Dunham and Charlie drink. Dunham opens a water-proof pouch and pulls out a strip of MICROFILM. He holds it up to the light and uses a jeweler's loupe to study it.*

*DUNHAM*  
*Son of a bitch...*

*CHARLIE*  
*What happens now?*

*DUNHAM*  
*You're not going to believe this. Peter Greer is Magpie. It's his accounts the KGB's been funneling money into -- big deposits corresponding almost exactly with the dates of the three NOC murders --*

*CHARLIE*  
*-- No, with your asset. What happens to him?*

*DUNHAM*  
*Are you even listening to me? We've just uncovered proof a CIA case officer has been working for the KGB and you sit there -- he's just an asset.*

*CHARLIE*  
*This is a real person we're talking about -- an innocent life.*

*Dunham pockets the microfilm, waves over another round.*

*DUNHAM*  
*Khrushchev wakes up one morning, bug up his ass, God forbid pushes the button, how many Americans you think die? The blast, the fallout, the war? How many? Ballpark it.*

*CHARLIE*  
*A hundred thousand.*

DUNHAM

Try a hundred million. And that's not me ballparking it, that's official Company projections. Dozen of your Harvard friends sat in a basement one weekend and ran the math. A hundred million. How do I justify one life here, two there, three every so often? How can you not?

*The drinks arrive. Dunham drinks. Charlie grinds his teeth.*

DUNHAM

He's just an asset, Charlie -- a piece on the board and every last Chess player in the world will tell you not a game goes by where they don't sacrifice their pawns.

*INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - MEN'S ROOM - DAY*

*Kincaide enters, steps up to the urinal. A second later Charlie enters, locks the door behind him.*

CHARLIE

Dunham is going after Greer. What do you want me to do?

*Kincaide zips up. Smiles.*

KINCAIDE

*Nothing.*

CUT BACK TO PRESENT:

*EXT. KILOMETER MARKER 7 - NIGHT*

The soldiers have dug dozens of shallow holes around the clearing. Kincaide "supervises" from the truck.

SERGEANT

We got something!

Kincaide runs over, peers into the hole the soldiers are gathered around. They pull an object from the dirt:

A Burlwood Handgun.

Kincaide adjusts his cufflinks, smiles for the first time since we've met him.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA BULLPEN - DAY

Dunham waits for the elevator.

KINCAIDE

Dunham? My office.

INT. KINCAIDE'S OFFICE - DAY

Kincaide eats his lunch. Dunham watches, impatient.

KINCAIDE

When was the last time you were across  
the line?

DUNHAM

Weeks ago. Before Charlie died.

KINCAIDE

Before Greer went on walkabout?

DUNHAM

Sorry?

KINCAIDE

I said, the last time you went across  
was before Greer disappeared, that  
right?

DUNHAM

He still missing?

Dunham reaches over and plucks a sausage off Kincaide's plate with his fingers. Kincaide is clearly disgusted, tries not to let it show.

KINCAIDE

Charter pilot out of Templehoff says  
he flew a man matching Greer's  
description and a mystery woman to  
London the night of the Armistice  
party.

DUNHAM

Told you it wasn't Magpie -- only  
thing Peter loved more than booze  
was pussy.

Kincaide dabs a napkin around the corners of his mouth.

KINCAIDE

It's just Greer had a heart condition,  
has these horse pills he has to take,  
doctor's orders. One a day or else  
ack-ack-ack, know what I mean?

DUNHAM

That right?

KINCAIDE

Damnedest thing... Greer left the  
pills in his desk.

Kincaide looks up, locks eyes with Dunham. Neither man  
willing to blink first.

KINCAIDE

Well, keep your ear to the ground,  
huh?

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - ROOF - DAY

Dunham slams out. Trying to piece it all together. Knows  
Kincaide is on to him, just not sure how.

DUNHAM

FUCK!

INT. DUNHAM'S STUDY - NIGHT

Dunham stares at his wall of suspects. The list dwindling.  
He's lost, doesn't know his next move. He peers down the  
hall, sees his pocketwatch is once again hanging from the  
bedroom doorknob...

INT. DUNHAM'S BEDROOM DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dunham knocks lightly.

DUNHAM

What about a date night? Maybe that  
French place you keep talking about?  
(admitting)

I miss you. I need your help.

He waits for a long beat, but there's no response. Finally:

BETTINA (O.S.)

But no work tonight. And leave your  
gun at home.

## INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dunham holds the door open for Bettina. Her body language says it all: she's here for the food, she couldn't care less Dunham trying to apologize.

## EXT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Looking through the window, Dunham and Bettina eat a quiet dinner amongst West Berlin's creme-de-la-creme.

Bettina still has yet to thaw. As the first course is removed, Dunham reaches over the table and takes her hand. A small gesture, but she finally smiles.

But then, in the reflection of the window, we see Horn-Rimmed Glasses walk up toward the restaurant... Watching them.

## EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Dunham and Bettina, both a little tipsy, wave for a cab.

## INT. CAB - NIGHT

Dunham and Bettina kiss in the backseat like a couple of teenagers. She lays her head on his shoulder, content.

But as a streetlamp passes overhead she catches a quick glimpse of the driver in the rear-view mirror...

And most notably his horn-rimmed glasses.

Keeping a straight face, Bettina taps a MORSE CODE WARNING onto Dunham's leg. At first he doesn't acknowledge it, his eyes closed to the dizzy world outside.

But she keeps tapping the message and finally he perks up. Immediately on edge. Looking for an out.

Horn-Rimmed Glasses draws a revolver...

Slowly, quietly cocks back the hammer...

Dunham reaches into his coat...

But he left his gun at home...

The cab comes to a stop at a red light...

Dunham checks his other pockets...

Pedestrians stroll in front of the cab...

Oblivious to the drama unfolding inside...

The light turns green...

Dunham finds something in his pocket...

And Horn-Rimmed Glasses makes his move --

-- When Dunham LUNGES forward -- LASHING his pocketwatch chain around Horn-Rimmed Glasses' throat -- CHOKING him -- Horn-Rimmed Glasses KICKS out -- JAMMING the accelerator -- Bettina SCREAMS -- the cab RACES down the street -- CAROMS off the curb -- Dunham YANKS the chain taut -- Horn-Rimmed Glasses FLAILS about -- FIRES off a shot at Dunham -- POP -- the bullet PUNCHES the headrest an inch off Dunham's head -- stuffing EXPLODES -- POP-POP-POP -- the bullets GRAZING Dunham's shoulder and neck -- but too little too late, as Horn-Rimmed Glasses finally GAGS on his own blood and FLOPS lifeless behind the wheel -- the cab comes to a slow stop -- and that all happens in one shot, one take, no cuts, don't even think about it...

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Dunham heaves Horn-Rimmed Glasses' body into a dumpster. Bettina stands at the mouth of the alley, on look-out.

INT. DUNHAM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dunham sits on the toilet as Bettina stitches up the bullet wound in his shoulder. She won't look him in the eye, so he purposefully leans into her sight line.

DUNHAM

Tell me.

BETTINA

There's always been two men inside of you: the man who kills and the man who protects. One of those men I love a great deal more than the other.

DUNHAM

Sometimes I don't have a choice -- to protect I have to kill.

BETTINA

There is always a choice.

Dunham kisses her.

BETTINA

Promise me I won't lose the man I  
love to the other one.

DUNHAM

Promise.

INT. DUNHAM'S STUDY - DAY

Dunham stands at his wall. More resolute than ever. Bettina brings him in a cup of coffee.

DUNHAM

The cabbie last night -- no reason  
to move on me.

BETTINA

Unless you're getting close.

DUNHAM

Unless I'm getting close.

EXT. ANALYST'S HOUSE - DAY

A MUSTACHIOED CIA ANALYST leaves his house for the day. Locks the door behind him. Dunham listens to a Dodgers game on a bench across the street.

INT. ANALYST'S HOUSE - DAY

Dunham plants a bug inside a telephone mouthpiece. Screws the cap back on.

INT. DUNHAM'S STUDY - NIGHT

Dunham listens in on the analyst's phone calls. Suddenly, he yanks off the headphones, then X's out the mustachioed analyst's photo...

Dunham takes a step back and we see that was the last one. All his suspects are X'd out. The game is over, no more moves to make. He screams out in frustration. Punches his fist through the wall.

Now what?

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA SECTION - DAY

Dunham looking worse for wear at his desk. Bags under his eyes, a ten o'clock shadow, wearing the same clothes for the last three days. He's losing it...

Across the bullpen, there's a sudden commotion. Dunham peers over his cubicle wall as Richard steps off the elevator with a BLOND GERMAN in tow, handcuffed, escorted by MARINES.

The agents and analysts applaud and whistle. Richard gives a wave, beaming. Dunham pulls Vivian aside.

DUNHAM

The hell is going on?

VIVIAN

You didn't hear? Richard harpooned  
your white whale -- Richard caught  
Magpie.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Dunham looks through a one-way mirror into an interrogation room where the blond german is cuffed to a metal table.

DUNHAM

It's not him.

RICHARD

Don't be a wet-blanket, the man  
confessed! Better luck next time,  
old sport.

INT. DUNHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dunham can't sleep, the gears turning overtime. Outside, the S-BAHN COMMUTER TRAIN whistles loudly as it passes... Then, something finally clicks and Dunham sits straight up.

DUNHAM

Bullshit.

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Richard blinks awake... Startles when he finds Dunham straddling him in bed, gun in hand.

DUNHAM

You're lucky, Dick.  
(MORE)

DUNHAM (CONT'D)  
Just the other day I made a promise  
to my wife -- no more killing.

Richard struggles. Dunham slaps him across the face with the gun, jams the barrel into his mouth.

DUNHAM  
That Jerry we got in our holding  
cell ain't Magpie -- which means you  
got played or you're playing us --  
which is it, Dick?

Richard punches Dunham in the kidneys. Dunham grinds his knee into Richard's balls.

DUNHAM  
Where'd you find the Jerry?

Richard nods frantically, stops struggling. Dunham pulls the gun out of his mouth.

RICHARD  
It was an asset from the other side --  
a new guy I just turned -- he said  
he knew who Magpie was -- he gave me  
the Jerry's name, the address -- I  
knew it was too good to be true but  
the asshole confessed, he confessed.

DUNHAM  
What was the communication protocol?  
How'd you get in touch with the asset?

RICHARD  
Hounds Hunt in Tiergarten, there's a  
hollow in the western face. Circle  
in chalk when I leave a drop, X in  
chalk when he does.

Dunham climbs off Richard. Satisfied.

DUNHAM  
You were having a nightmare, Dick.  
Go back to sleep.

EXT. TIERRGARTEN - DAY

An expansive park at the center of Berlin. Dunham walks the paths with his rottweiler in tow.

## EXT. THE HOUNDS HUNT - DAY

A bronzed hunter holds the carcass of a fox over his head as his hunting hounds leap up in celebration. The statue sits on top of a plinth in a secluded section of the park.

Dunham approaches the statue. His rottweiler sniffs around at the base. Dunham kicks the western corner, revealing a hollow in the statue's base.

DUNHAM  
(German)  
Ruger, do your business.

On cue, the trained pooch squats in front of the statue. As Dunham kneels to pick up the poop, he drops a letter into the hollow, then draws a small circle in chalk.

## EXT. THE HOUNDS HUNT - NIGHT

Raining now. Dunham and his dog walk past the statue. The chalk circle has been replaced with a chalk X. Dunham opens the hollow and finds a POSTCARD inside: a photo of a CHURCH on the front, **11AM** scrawled on the back.

## EXT. KAISER WILHELM MEMORIAL CHURCH - DAY

The same church from the postcard, half-demolished from the war and never to be rebuilt. It's a tourist attraction now.

Dunham listens to a Dodgers game on a bench. Eyes scanning the crowd. Just about 11AM...

When he sees someone in the crowd he recognizes. Couldn't be, right? He stands, hurries across the courtyard. It's just his eyes playing tricks, right?

Moving faster and faster. Doesn't want to lose her. Pushing a TOURIST out of the way, he finally gets a clear view of the woman...

It's Bettina.

She waits on the corner. Still hasn't seen Dunham yet. He ducks behind a tree.

DUNHAM  
No, no, no... Please, no...

A car pulls up to the curb in front of Bettina. A MAN climbs out from behind the wheel and opens the door for Bettina.

Dunham recognizes him immediately -- it's Visili's second in command, Gregor.

Bettina climbs into the car. Dunham can't believe what he's seeing, rage bubbling up to the surface --

INT. DUNHAM'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

-- And Dunham TEARS his house apart -- pulling china from the cabinet, the dishes SHATTERING on the floor -- cutting into the sofa, YANKING out the stuffing -- UP-ENDING the coffee table -- WRENCHING the window treatments down -- KICKING over the record player...

He finally gives up, gasping for a breath. Whatever he was looking for, he didn't find it.

Then he has one last idea.

INT. DUNHAM'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dunham grabs Bettina's FLOUR TIN off the counter and looks at the bottom. Nothing there. Maybe he's being paranoid. He dumps the flour out on the table. Sifts through it with his fingers. Please, just be paranoia...

Only it's not. Deep in the flour he feels something. Slowly draws it out. A small, black microphone with an inch-long MICRO-TRANSCIEVER coiling off the bottom.

Dunham stares at the device. Such great portent in such a small object. He's dumbfounded, shellshocked...

His world crumbling before our eyes, he drops the device on the table as we

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. KINCAIDE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

-- *Kincaide pouring out the contents of a zippered pouch onto his desk: a DOZEN MICRO-TRANSCIEVERS.*

KINCAIDE

*Boys in Maryland cooked these up,  
the absolute latest in audio  
surveillance. Little bastards could  
be submerged in water, still pick up  
every voice within twenty feet. I  
need one in every room of Dunham's  
house.*

*Charlie picks up a micro-tranceiver and stares at it.*

*CHARLIE*  
*What if he catches me?*

*KINCAIDE*  
*Don't let him.*

*EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA SECTION - DAY*

*Charlie slips out of Kincaide's office, trying not to be noticed. Makes it all the way back to his desk and --*

*DUNHAM (O.S.)*  
*What'd the asshole want?*

*Charlie jumps. Dunham leans in close.*

*CHARLIE*  
*Some paperwork I didn't fill out*  
*right -- reamed me for it.*

*A beat. Dunham studies Charlie. Always so good at knowing when Charlie's lying...*

*DUNHAM*  
*See you tonight, right?*

*CHARLIE*  
*We'll bring some wine.*

*INT. DUNHAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT*

*Dunham uncorks the wine with a soft POP. Pours glasses for Bettina and Rachel, then himself and Charlie.*

*DUNHAM*  
*So we win the Series in Fifty-Five,*  
*then two years later the team up and*  
*moves to California -- can you imagine*  
*that kind of betrayal. The Los*  
*Angeles Dodgers... Can't even say*  
*it, it'll never sound right.*

*RACHEL*  
*But you're still a fan? How odd.*

*DUNHAM*  
*And I suppose you like what, Cricket?*

*CHARLIE*  
*No tests, please, not tonight.*

DUNHAM

*If I was worried about her character  
she wouldn't be here right now.*

RACHEL

*And what would an uncouth American  
know about character?*

CHARLIE

*David put a call into your embassy  
to ask about you.*

RACHEL

*Is that so? What'd they say?*

DUNHAM

*In a nutshell -- you're not a  
Communist spy.*

RACHEL

*I could have told you that.*

BETTINA

*But he wouldn't have believed you.*

DUNHAM

*Never trust, even after you verify.*

RACHEL

*Tell me, in your eyes which would be  
a worse betrayal -- if you found out  
I thought baseball was a dreadful  
sport or that I was, in fact, a  
Communist spy?*

*Charlie and Bettina both "Ooooh."*

BETTINA

*Well, Mr. Dunham?*

DUNHAM

*I'm thinking, I'm thinking.*

*The timer in the kitchen DINGS.*

BETTINA

*Let's continue the inquisition in  
the dining room, shall we?*

*As they change rooms, Charlie puts his arm around Dunham's  
shoulder.*

CHARLIE

*Don't know how you can stand it --  
Red Sox ever left I think Boston  
might fall into the ocean.*

DUNHAM

*Give it time -- the things you love  
the most always end up hurting you  
the worst.*

*INT. DUNHAM'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT*

*Laughter. The group is halfway through the meal.*

DUNHAM

*Normally the kids who come through  
the Analyst Pool are either stupid  
or slow or both.*

CHARLIE

*Thank you, I think?*

DUNHAM

*The night after I first met you I  
came home -- tell him what I told  
you, Betty -- tell him what I said.*

BETTINA

*He said has was going to groom you,  
he said he finally found someone who  
could take over for him in Berlin.*

CHARLIE

*You're retiring?*

DUNHAM

*Eventually -- what's important is I  
finally found someone I know can do  
the job. Someone I can trust.*

CHARLIE

*I appreciate that, sir.*

BETTINA

*And even better -- that David can  
finally get out of Berlin.*

DUNHAM

*I'll toast to that.*

*They toast. Charlie sips his wine, guilty as all hell.*

INT. DUNHAM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Charlie splashes water on his face. Looks himself up and down in the mirror. "You can do this, you can do this..."

After a long, contemplative beat, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a MICRO-TRANSCEIVER, planting it behind the toilet.

No going back now.

EXT. DUNHAM'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Dunham and Bettina say good night to Charlie and Rachel. Hugs and kisses and promises to do it again real soon.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Charlie sits at an AUDIO RECEIVER, listening to a conversation between Dunham and Bettina over a set of headphones.

DUNHAM

You should see him at work, puts two and two together faster than anybody. I wouldn't even know Magpie existed if it weren't for him.

BETTINA

Berlin will eat Charlie Roarke alive.

DUNHAM

No it won't, you know why? He reminds me of me.

Off Charlie's look of absolute self-loathing we

CUT BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. DUNHAM'S DINING ROOM - DAY

-- Dunham sitting at the table, six MICRO-TRANSCEIVERS spread out before him. The front door opens.

BETTINA (O.S.)

David? David are you here? Are you hurt? What happened, answer me!

She enters the dining room and jumps when she sees Dunham.

BETTINA

What are you --

DUNHAM

-- Where were you this morning?

BETTINA

What happened to our house? Were we  
robbed?

DUNHAM

Where were you this morning?

BETTINA

I was out -- I went shopping and --

DUNHAM

-- What'd you buy?

BETTINA

Nothing I -- I realized -- I forgot  
my pocketbook --

DUNHAM

-- Where were you this morning?

A long stretch of silence. Bettina suddenly gets it.

BETTINA

Please, I can explain.

Dunham stands.

DUNHAM

You didn't stop to think what if you  
were caught --

BETTINA

-- Please, calm down --

DUNHAM

-- Do you know what they do to  
traitors? They hang them --

BETTINA

-- Traitor? No, it's not like that.

Dunham picks up a handful of the MICRO-TRANSCEIVERS and throws  
them at Bettina.

DUNHAM

Well someone planted these goddamn  
microphones and I'm guessing it wasn't  
the fucking dog!

Bettina stares at the tiny microphones, trying to figure out  
what's going on. Realizing the mistake that's been made.

BETTINA

I don't know what those are --

DUNHAM

-- After fifteen years you think I  
don't know when you're lying --

BETTINA

-- Please, let's just -- leave with  
me, tonight, we need to leave Berlin  
together. Take me to New York --  
this city is killing you. We'll  
leave together, we'll start over --

Bettina moves to hug Dunham but he lashes out and shoves her back into the wall, knocks her down...

And regrets it almost immediately. But he knows you can't undo something like that.

BETTINA

The fact that you don't even seem to  
care I fucked another man but God  
forbid if I'm helping the other side  
in this silly little game of yours.

DUNHAM

What?

BETTINA

Leave me alone.

DUNHAM

You're cheating on me?

BETTINA

No. I cheated on you, more than a  
decade ago.

DUNHAM

The man at the Church yard -- I saw  
you get in his car -- he works for  
the --

BETTINA

-- I know who he works for, they've  
been blackmailing me. Almost five  
months now, since March. Look in my  
purse, they send me postcards to  
meet.

Dunham opens Bettina's purse. In a zipper pocket, he finds a STACK OF WORN POSTCARDS, landmarks from around the city.

BETTINA

They said they would tell you about  
the affair unless I --

DUNHAM

-- Unless you kept them up on my  
work, my cases, my movements --

BETTINA

-- They said no harm would come  
to you.

DUNHAM

What about Charlie?

Bettina weeps. Dunham offers no comfort.

DUNHAM

It was Visili, wasn't it?

BETTINA

He always loved me, even during the  
war. It was a childish thing, it  
was --

Something clicks in Dunham's mind.

DUNHAM

-- Wait. When did the blackmailing  
start?

BETTINA

What does it matter?

DUNHAM

When? What month?

BETTINA

Months ago, April, maybe March, why?

DUNHAM

Son of a bitch!

Dunham slaps his pocketwatch on the table and runs out --

INT. BANK NATIONAL - VAULT - DAY

-- Pulling a PASSPORT from his safety deposit box --

EXT. CHECKPOINT CHARLIE - DAY

-- Handing it to the VoPo Border Guard who examines it  
closely, the name this time reads RYAN JOHNSON --

INT. COMMUNIST HEADQUARTERS - SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY  
-- Waiting impatiently as the GRD SOLDIERS search him --

INT. VISILI'S UNDERGROUND OFFICE - DAY  
-- And finally sitting down across from Visili.

VISILI  
My friend, two visits in as many weeks, what a treat.

DUNHAM  
When'd you come back to Berlin?

VISILI  
March, I think... I don't know the exact date, my friend.

DUNHAM  
But probably right around the time American NOCs started getting assassinated in Berlin and you started blackmailing my wife?

Visili freezes. Takes a drink from his silver flask. Glances up at his two BURLY BODYGUARDS. They both offer a quick nod, ready for whatever happens.

DUNHAM  
Moscow's position on the world stage is precarious, Kruschev needs a show of force -- not one that will get them bombed back to the stone age, but one that will get them respect. You were sent from Moscow on special assignment, to sow disorder and discontent around West Berlin -- how am I doing so far, Magpie?

VISILI  
Who is Magpie?

DUNHAM  
You come to Berlin and take out contracts on the lives of randomly selected American agents -- you didn't care who died because what you're really looking for is for Washington to throw the first public punch. But then Charlie Roarke and I start poking around --

VISILI

-- Whatever this is -- whatever you think you've uncovered --

DUNHAM

-- And you know this because you're blackmailing Bettina, using her to keep an eye on me.

The burly bodyguards inch closer to Dunham, ready to grab him from behind. He's focused solely on Visili.

DUNHAM

Back at the end of the war I found this pocketwatch, I give it to Betty when I leave every day, a promise that I'll always come back. And there's this poem on the inside hatch -- Magpie, Magpie -- about all the different kinds of luck you run into in life. Good luck, bad luck, coincidence -- and this stupid fucking little bird gets to choose how our lives play out. That's you, you're the Magpie. But I'm done with it -- I want my life back.

VISILI

You are delusional -- David, listen to me, I was sent to Berlin because we were losing a hundred workers over the line every day --

DUNHAM

-- You tricked me into killing Greer, you fucked my wife, you murdered Charlie Roarke --

VISILI

-- Please, David, please -- you're making a terrible mistake -- whoever this Magpie is I'm not him, I'm not, I swear I'm not. I can explain.

A long beat. Dunham and Visili stare one another down.

DUNHAM

Explain it backwards.

VISILI

What?

Suddenly Dunham's up and out of the chair -- SNATCHING a pen off Visili's desk and STABBING it into the first bodyguard's eye -- even as the second bodyguard grabs him in a bear-hug --

-- And Visili reaches into his desk for a gun -- coming up to take aim -- as Dunham KICKS the gun out of his hand -- then SHOVES backward and TOPPLES the bodyguard -- Dunham wrenches free -- DIVES for the loose gun -- Visili on top of him -- Dunham STRIPS the gun -- bullets and parts go flying --

-- The bodyguard STOMPS on Dunham's leg -- Dunham bites back his scream and CHOPS Visili in the throat -- Visili stumbles back over the desk -- Dunham gets to his feet -- wobbly -- SMASHING the wooden chair over the bodyguard's head -- the bodyguard RUSHES him -- Dunham STABS a splintered leg through the man's bare neck -- blood SPURTS --

-- Visili runs for the door -- Dunham TACKLES him to the ground -- SLAPS one hand against Visili's mouth to stop him from screaming -- and WRAPS his other hand around Visili's throat -- thumb GOUGING his Adam's apple --

-- Visili's eyes BULGE from his face -- panicked, he reaches out for the intercom -- his fingers inches from finding purchase -- when Dunham grabs the SILVER FLASK off the floor and BASHERS it into Visili's face --

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

CRUNCH!

Dunham drops the flask. Stands. Visili's face a ruin of red pulp. He takes a beat to catch his breath...

Then moves quickly. Focused.

INT. UNDERGROUND HALL - NIGHT

Dunham slips out of Visili's office and turns toward the elevator --

-- And remembers the long walk back, with a PAIR OF ARMED SOLDIERS every twenty feet. Dunham acts casual. Puts one foot in front of the other and starts walking.

Nodding to each pair of soldiers in turn. Moving slowly. Can't draw any attention to himself. Fifty feet and he's home free. Offers a smile to the last pair of soldiers.

DUNHAM

Gute nacht...

And steps onto the elevator, pressing the button for the lobby.

He looks down and realizes his hand is smeared with blood. He quickly hides it behind his back as the SOLDIERS stare at him. The doors finally slide closed and --

EXT. STREETS OF EAST BERLIN - NIGHT

-- Dunham runs flat out.

EXT. CHECKPOINT CHARLIE - NIGHT

A MARINE stamps his passport and ushers him back into West Berlin. Over their shoulder, somewhere in East Berlin, a KLAXON sounds out.

DUNHAM  
Somebody's in trouble.

INT. DUNHAM'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bettina pulls a fresh loaf of sourdough out of the oven. Turns and jumps when she finds Dunham standing in the door.

DUNHAM  
I broke my promise.

A long silence stretches out between them. Bettina takes a few steps toward him. He takes a few steps toward her. They meet in the middle. And find, if not absolution, than at least comfort in each other's arms...

FADE TO:

INT. DUNHAM'S KITCHEN - DAY

Dunham and Bettina eat breakfast in silence.

BETTINA  
You're going to be late.

DUNHAM  
First time for everything.

He reaches across the table and takes her hand. Tops off her coffee. She blushes at the attention.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Dunham and the team wait for the morning meeting to start. A YOUNG CASE OFFICER enters.

KINCAIDE  
Want you all to meet John Newton,  
joining us from Rome.

John shakes hands with everyone, Dunham last. Then sits in  
the open seat next to Dunham... Charlie's seat.

FLASHBACK TO:

*INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA SECTION - DAY*

*Dunham at his desk. He flips through CHARLIE'S EMBASSY  
DOSSIER. He dials a phone number. It rings once.*

*PHONE VOICE  
Darling Paper Products.*

*DUNHAM  
Yeah, hi, I was interested in speaking  
to someone about hundred-pound card-  
stock.*

*PHONE VOICE  
Please hold.*

*Dunham flips further and further through Charlie's dossier.  
It's commendation after commendation. A "PAPER SALESMAN"  
finally picks up the other line.*

*"PAPER SALESMAN"  
Who's this?*

*DUNHAM  
David Dunham, Company rep out of  
Berlin.*

*"PAPER SALESMAN"  
What can I do you for?*

*DUNHAM  
You were Stateside with Charlie  
Roarke?*

*"PAPER SALESMAN"  
Fortunate enough to say I was --  
real sorry to see him go. He out in  
Berlin right now?*

*DUNHAM  
Working the analyst pool.*

*"PAPER SALESMAN"  
Waste of talent -- waste of  
everybody's time you ask me.*

DUNHAM

*Why's that?*

"PAPER SALESMAN"

*I've been doing this for going on twenty years now, OSS before it got changed over to CIA, I trained -- God, I don't know how many recruits, a thousand, easy -- never met one before or since like Roarke.*

*Dunham looks over his cubicle wall, sees Charlie in the analyst pool, working hard over his typewriter.*

DUNHAM

*I had a similar impression myself...*

CUT BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Dunham stares off into space as Kincaide drones on in the background. Suddenly, Dunham snaps out of his fugue, stands up, and walks out of the meeting.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA SECTION - DAY

Dunham grabs his hat and coat from his desk. Heads for the elevator. Pushes the button, but the car takes too long to arrive. He goes down the stairs instead.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

Dunham sits with a TRAVEL AGENT.

DUNHAM

*...Next week if possible.*

INT. DUNHAM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dunham races through the front door. Bettina comes out of the kitchen wiping off her hands. Dunham grabs her, pulls her tight and kisses.

BETTINA

*What has gotten into...*

Dunham pulls two PLANE TICKETS from his pocket.

BETTINA

*What are those?*

DUNHAM  
Tickets. To New York. One way plane  
tickets to New York.

BETTINA  
I don't understand.

DUNHAM  
Next Thursday. We're going to New  
York and we're never coming back.

Bettina finally gets it. And just starts crying. She grabs  
his face, planting kisses all over --

INT. DUNHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

-- And they make love well into the night. Afterward, they  
lie in each other's arms. Sleeping soundly, even as the  
whistling S-Bahn passes outside their window...

EXT. DUNHAM'S STREET - NIGHT

The middle of the night. The streets are quiet, empty.  
Then, off in the distance, the sound of a siren. Moving  
closer. An indistinct VOICE over a loudspeaker.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
(German)  
Stay in your houses! Do not stand  
near the windows, do not attempt to  
leave the district! For your own  
safety, stay in your houses!

INT. DUNHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dunham wakes. Slow at first, the voice and siren growing  
louder outside his window. He climbs out of bed to look as  
a WEST GERMAN POLICE CRUISER rolls down the street.

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER  
Stay in your houses! Do not stand  
near the windows!

Bettina stirs in bed behind him.

BETTINA  
What is it?

## EXT. DUNHAM'S ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Dunham and Bettina look over the edge of the roof. A block east, just on the other side of the demarcation line, hundreds of SOVIET SOLDIERS, ENGINEERS, and WORKERS set up barricades.

Strands of razor-wire pulled taut across intersections. Sandbags stacked three feet high at every street. Windows in buildings are boarded up, bricked up. Machine-gun emplacements jack-hammered into cobblestone and concrete.

DUNHAM  
Crazy sons of bitches did it...

BETTINA  
What? What is it?

This is history in the making. This is sixteen years of an international cold war coming to a boiling point...

They are -- we are -- witnessing the construction of the Berlin Wall.

DUNHAM  
Moscow just declared war on the West.

## EXT. STREETS OF BERLIN - DAY

Dunham drives down the near empty streets of West Berlin. Travels parallel to "The Wall" as it snakes through the city.

Passing by AMERICAN MARINES and EAST GERMAN VOPO in prolonged stand-offs, guns trained on one another at nearly every intersection.

Dunham passes Checkpoint Charlie. An M48 PATTON has been parked on the west side of the razor wire, its short-shell cannon pointed at its Russian cousin to the east, the T-54.

Dunham stops at a red light less than fifty yards from a border crossing. A long line of EAST GERMANS push and shove and scream and shout, trying to get across, but the VoPo hold them back with rifles...

A YOUNG BOY jumps out of line and takes off for West Berlin. The run is short, barely fifty feet, the kid can easily jump the sandbags. The Marines on the other side of the line see what's happening and wave him on. His MOTHER screams out for him, Dunham holds his breath --

BAM! BAM-BAM-BAM!

The boy is SHOT in the back. Five feet from West Berlin. Five feet from safety.

The Marines can do nothing but watch...

Dunham can do nothing but watch...

His mother can do nothing but watch...

The VoPo grab the boy's body and drag him away. The other East Germans in line quickly disperse.

Dunham drives off in a haze.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA BULLPEN - DAY

Chaos. A hundred conversations happening at once. Dunham steps off the elevator. Kincaide in the middle of a tirade.

KINCAIDE

-- And if anybody wants to clue me in on how we didn't catch a hundred-fucking-thousand Soviet workers and engineers sneaking into Berlin in the middle of the fucking night, I'm all-fucking-ears!

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The case officers all gathered, everyone talking a mile a minute, this is the worst day imaginable.

BOB

I got three guys on  
the other side, they're  
trapped over there --

VIVIAN

-- The trains have stopped  
running --

RICHARD

-- Do we know if they're going to  
stop at razor wire --

BOB

-- Phone lines are dead, I can't  
reach any of my assets --

VIVIAN

-- Seeing mass  
evacuations -- is it a  
prelude to a bombing,  
an attack --

RICHARD

-- What I mean is do we  
need to start worrying  
about land mines? Should  
the Marines move back?

BOB

Do we even have a contact with DoD --  
the army, anybody -- who do we  
coordinate with?

Dunham steps into the room.

DUNHAM

How'd this happen? What's the word  
from the other side?

BOB

It's a mess -- a real shit show --

VIVIAN

-- I heard some high-up KGB *Polkovnik*  
got got last week -- everybody thinks  
we did it and that's the straw that  
broke the Communist's back, you know?

Off Dunham's look: oh holy shit.

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAY

Dunham runs from the embassy.

DUNHAM (O.S.)

(in prelap)

Everything, everything -- shred it  
all -- burn it all.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Dunham on the phone with Bettina.

DUNHAM

-- Every last scrap, every notebook --  
put it all in the shredder -- get it  
done in twenty minutes --

BETTINA

-- Our flight isn't until tomorrow.

DUNHAM

Trust me.

Dunham slams the receiver down as --

INT. DUNHAM'S STUDY - DAY

-- Bettina throws a stack of folders into the roaring fire  
place.

She grabs files from Dunham's desk and feeds them into the shredder. All of his work from the last sixteen years, destroyed.

There's a loud KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK at the front door --

INT. DUNHAM'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

-- And Bettina hurries to answer it...

Only it's not Dunham. Someone else. Shoving their way inside, grabbing Bettina, throwing her to the ground --

EXT. DUNHAM'S STREET - DAY

-- Her scream immediately cut-off by the screeching whistle of the passing S-BAHN COMMUTER TRAIN.

INT. BANK NATIONAL - VAULT - DAY

Dunham moves fast, yanks his safety deposit box from the wall, and opens it --

-- Only where there used to be all of his passports and cash, there's now a DEAD BLACKBIRD, a Magpie. Dunham recoils, mind reeling.

EXT. KILOMETER MARKER 7 - DAY

Kincaide climbs out of his car. Walks into the clearing where the soldiers have now dug hundreds of holes over the last few days. Their Sergeant approaches.

KINCAIDE  
So you found what I'm looking for?

SERGEANT  
If it ain't what you're looking for,  
this is one fucked up stretch of  
highway.

EXT. BERLIN INTERSECTION - DAY

Dunham waits, stuck at an intersection, as a MILITARY CONVOY chugs down the street. When they finally pass, he takes off running.

INT. DUNHAM'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Dunham comes through the front door. All is quiet.

DUNHAM  
Betty? Is it done?

Dunham peers into his study, the fire still going. He peers into the bedroom, Bettina's luggage is open on the bed, half-packed. He opens the bathroom door and finds his rottweiler whimpering inside.

DUNHAM  
Where's Betty? Where's mom?

The dog takes off into the kitchen, barking loudly.

DUNHAM  
Betty? Betty?

Dunham pushes through the kitchen door--  
The place is in shambles--  
A thick, viscous puddle on the floor--  
Three bullet holes in the wall--  
Glass and shattered dishes everywhere--  
The sink faucet running endlessly--

And Bettina.

Slumped over the counter.

A kitchen knife stabbed into her back.

Dunham shatters. Breaks down. Bare-naked emotion from a man who closed himself off to such things decades ago. He falls on her, grabbing her, holding her, knowing nothing he can do will change things, but trying everything he can think of anyway...

When the rottweiler starts barking again. Charging out into the living room. Dunham follows --

INT. DUNHAM'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- Where he finds Kincaide waiting for him.

KINCAIDE  
Door was open, I let myself in.

Dunham turns for the back door, sees TWO ARMED MARINES waiting outside, blocking his only other exit. Bob, Richard, and Vivian come through the front door from behind Kincaide.

KINCAIDE

End of the line.

Dunham heels the kitchen door closed -- no one's seen  
Bettina's body yet.

DUNHAM

I've been set-up.

KINCAIDE

I could have sic'd the FBI on you,  
you know that? Hoover's thugs hate  
Communists... But they hate Communist  
sympathizers even more.

DUNHAM

Magpie killed Charlie because he  
knew how I'd respond --

KINCAIDE

-- Magpie? We caught Magpie.

DUNHAM

You caught a patsy.

Bob shuts the front door, stands in front of it. Vivian circles the room toward Dunham, hand-cuffs at the ready.

KINCAIDE

Let's make this easy. I know about  
everything. The bank accounts you  
opened in Greer's name --

DUNHAM

-- What? No, I --

KINCAIDE

-- The trips over the line on your  
secret passports --

DUNHAM

-- I can explain --

KINCAIDE

-- Michael Wibberly, Ryan Johnson --

DUNHAM

-- Can you let me explain --

KINCAIDE

-- I found Greer. Dug him up two  
hours ago. I have the gun that killed  
him, too. Your gun.

DUNHAM

It was all Magpie -- he tricked me --  
he used me, used my anger and my  
obsession and he's still out there --

KINCAIDE

-- David, stop. You've spent so  
long in the dark everything's starting  
to look like a shadow.

Dunham's eyes betray him, glancing over his shoulder at Vivian  
as she nears the kitchen door...

It's open a crack, she'll see Bettina's body as soon as the  
angle's right.

RICHARD

What's this?

Richard finds the PLANE TICKETS on the coffee table. Hands  
them to Kincaide. Offers the rottweiler a pat on the head.

DUNHAM

We're going to New York.

KINCAIDE

A day after the Soviet's put up a  
wall?

DUNHAM

It was a coincidence, I bought those  
tickets a week ago -- Marty, come  
on, you know me -- you know me.

KINCAIDE

New York, Cuba, is that it?

DUNHAM

What?

Kincaide hands Dunham the tickets. Down at the bottom, the  
FINAL DESTINATION: Havana, Cuba.

DUNHAM

He must have switched the tickets --  
that's the only thing I can think  
of, he must have switched --

KINCAIDE

-- Enough! Stop. Just stop.

Dunham and Kincaide stare one another down...

Vivian approaches with the handcuffs...

When she looks into the kitchen and finally sees Bettina's body. She lets out a scream --

DUNHAM  
(German)  
Ruger! Attack!

-- As Ruger SNAPS into action -- from cuddly pup to attack-dog in a second flat -- CHOMPING on Richard's arm -- he drops the gun -- Dunham CHARGES across the room -- TACKLING Bob through the front door -- LANDING HARD on the concrete steps -- rolling down to the sidewalk -- Dunham's up and running --

EXT. STREETS OF BERLIN - MOMENTS LATER

-- The MARINES on his tail -- they'll catch up to him on his bad leg no sweat -- Dunham limps onto a footbridge -- jumps the railing and drops fifty feet into the river below.

The Marines reach the railing, guns at the ready. They scan the water for him, but he never surfaces. Kincaide runs up.

MARINE  
No way he survived that.

KINCAIDE  
You don't know David Dunham -- the man's immortal.

EXT. BERLIN SHOPPING CENTER - DAY

Soaked, Dunham pushes through a crowd, limping on his bad leg, bleeding from a puckered bullet wound in his shoulder.

A POLICE CAR pulls up the curb and two WEST GERMAN COPS jump out, moving through the crowd, checking faces.

Across the courtyard, Dunham spots a bus. Makes a beeline for it. But fifty feet off a PAIR OF TOWNCARS scream through the intersection and slam on their brakes.

Bob, Vivian, and Kincaide climb out and swarm the shopping center. Dunham ducks into a store --

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

-- And slams out the back. Looking for an escape. Checking every door in the alley. All locked.

BOB (O.S.)  
I think I saw him.

Dunham grabs a loose brick from one of the buildings and uses it to SMASH in a door knob. Bob's voice grows louder as the knob grows looser, finally cracking open.

Dunham shoves the door open, then hides behind a dumpster just as Bob steps into the alley, cautious. He sees the open door and moves for it.

Dunham sneaks out from behind the dumpster and grabs Bob. Puts him in a choke-hold. Bob struggles, but his body quickly goes slack. Dunham lowers him, unconscious, to the ground.

Dunham plucks a MICRO-RADIO from Bob's ear, fits it in his own, and hurries through the open door.

KINCAIDE (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
Anybody have him? Report in?

EXT. OFFICE PLAZA - DAY

Dunham rounds the corner, listening to the chatter over the radio --

COMPANY MAN (O.S.)  
I think he circled back toward the shopping plaza.

KINCAIDE (O.S.)  
I want a three block cordon --

VIVIAN (O.S.)  
-- Headed west on Rainerstrasse.

Dunham looks up at the street sign... He's headed east on Rainerstrasse. Dunham looks up, sees Vivian rounding the corner two blocks ahead...

He doubles back the way he came. When a WEST GERMAN POLICE CAR cuts him off. No one has spotted him yet, but he's trapped and they're all closing in.

DUNHAM  
Shit.

When a VOLKSWAGON screeches up to the curb beside him. Tenenbaum behind the wheel, popping open the passenger door.

TENENBAUM  
Get in!

Dunham doesn't hesitate, jumping in the car as Tenenbaum drives down the street, past Vivian and the patrolling cop cars...

INT. TENENBAUM'S VOLKSWAGON (DRIVING) - DAY

Dunham catches his breath. Looks over his shoulder. No one's following them, they made a clean getaway.

DUNHAM

How'd you know where to find me?

TENENBAUM

I told you, in Berlin, we hear everything.

A POLICE CAR passes, siren blaring. Dunham ducks in his seat until it's out of sight.

DUNHAM

I never should have said yes...

TENENBAUM

What's that?

DUNHAM

The kid -- when he begged me to be a case officer -- I never should have said yes. If I had said no, they'd still be alive.

TENENBAUM

Who?

DUNHAM

Everyone.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA SECTION - DAY

Dunham exits the conference room where Charlie's waiting for him with a stack of folders in hand.

CHARLIE

Mr. Dunham -- Agent Dunham, I wanted to -- my name is Charlie Roarke --

DUNHAM

-- Harvard, hey, you need something?

CHARLIE

I found something I think you would find interesting.

*DUNHAM*

*Sorry kid, there's a protocol to  
this sort of -- you need to take it  
to Simmonds -- you need to take it  
to Middleton --*

*CHARLIE*

*-- I did but they just -- if you'd  
take a look at it for just a second --*

*DUNHAM*

*-- I got too much going on today --  
maybe try again tomorrow.*

*Dunham goes through a door marked SECURITY CLEARANCE 5 and  
closes the door in Charlie's face.*

*EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT*

*Dunham exits the building, finds Charlie waiting for him.*

*CHARLIE*

*It's just I think I found a connection  
between the deaths of Agents Lyle,  
Sommers, and Fenton.*

*DUNHAM*

*Lyle died in a car accident, Fenton  
got mugged, and Sommers drowned while  
swimming in an otherwise empty pool.*

*CHARLIE*

*No sir -- no, I think that's wrong,  
sir.*

*DUNHAM*

*Which part?*

*CHARLIE*

*All of it.*

*Dunham climbs into his Studebaker. Turns over the engine.*

*DUNHAM*

*Take it to Simmonds. Take it to  
Middleton.*

*Dunham drives off.*

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Dunham exits the stall. Charlie's washing his hands. Dunham sighs, trying to figure out if their meeting here was just a coincidence...

Probably not.

CHARLIE

Did you know before working for the Central Intelligence Agency, Henry Sommers missed joining the American Olympic team by one slot in 1924?

DUNHAM

I suppose I didn't.

CHARLIE

Guess his event.

DUNHAM

I'm really not sure what this has to do with --

CHARLIE

-- Swimming.

Charlie walks out. Leaves Dunham behind, confused.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA SECTION - DAY

Dunham sits at his desk. Can't concentrate.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Charlie prepares the room for an upcoming meeting, placing files at each seat. Looks up, finds Dunham in the door.

DUNHAM

What about Lyle?

CHARLIE

Um, ah -- at the accident scene there were no skid-marks, no tire marks, which says to me Lyle didn't attempt to course correct before going through the railing.

DUNHAM

And Fenton?

CHARLIE  
Had over three hundred marks in his  
wallet when his body was found --  
kind of an odd way to mug someone,  
leave all their money behind.

A beat. They stare one another down.

DUNHAM  
...Show me everything you have.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA SECTION - NIGHT

Only Dunham and Charlie remain, the building having cleared out for the evening hours ago. Dunham closes Charlie's file.

DUNHAM  
You did this all by yourself?

CHARLIE  
Does it make sense?

DUNHAM  
This is some of the finest analysis  
I've ever seen. I'll take it from  
here.

Dunham gathers his things, including the file and heads for the elevator. Charlie looks crushed. Dunham reaches out to push the button for the elevator, but stops at the last second.

DUNHAM  
You're not going to try and stop me?

CHARLIE  
I figured --

DUNHAM  
-- You want to be a case officer.  
Or did I read it wrong.

CHARLIE  
Maybe -- I guess -- how did you --

DUNHAM  
-- No one by the name of Simmonds or  
Middleton works in this embassy, so  
either you're a terrible analyst --  
which we already know isn't the case --  
or you never even bothered to find  
them.

Charlie balks.

DUNHAM  
*Lesson one, everybody lies. Come  
 on, I'll buy you a beer.*

*INT. PUB - NIGHT*

*Dunham and Charlie in a booth, drinking.*

DUNHAM  
*Two truths and a lie.*

CHARLIE  
*What's that?*

DUNHAM  
*Personal things -- tell me three  
 things about yourself, but only two  
 of which are true.*

CHARLIE  
*It's not a fair game -- you've read  
 my personnel file.*

DUNHAM  
*So then they better be good lies.*

*Charlie sips his beer.*

CHARLIE  
*I was born and raised in New York.  
 I went to Harvard and graduated in  
 three years. My favorite book is  
 Ulysses by James Joyce.*

*Dunham looks Charlie up and down.*

DUNHAM  
*You understand the work of a case  
 officer?*

CHARLIE  
*To a certain extant. Training at  
 The Farm was more general education.*

DUNHAM  
*Berlin is nothing like The Farm.  
 Berlin is... Complicated.*

*Dunham waves over another round.*

DUNHAM  
*During the war I was responsible for  
 identifying enemy positions and  
 (MORE)*

DUNHAM (CONT'D)

coordinating their destruction. In the three weeks leading up to the invasion I marked one-hundred-and-twelve structures for the Allies to bomb. The work I did allowed the Soviets to reach the center of the Berlin and take down the Reich. The work I did killed more civilians than I could ever know or count.

CHARLIE

*I'm willing to get my hands dirty.*

DUNHAM

*No, that wasn't my -- I made a promise to myself I'd see this city rebuilt. My point is getting your hands dirty is the easy part -- it's cleaning up after that's the real work.*

*EXT. PUB - NIGHT*

*Dunham pulls his jacket against the cold. Charlie follows close behind, still unsure what's happening.*

DUNHAM

*How's your Russian?*

CHARLIE

*(bad Russian)*  
*Is good but not the greater.*

DUNHAM

*What about your German?*

CHARLIE

*(even worse German)*  
*Not being gooder than my Russian.*

DUNHAM

*Even my dog speaks German.*

*Dunham turns and walks off. Charlie confused, about to open his mouth when --*

DUNHAM

*-- And nobody likes Ulysses. You need to learn how to tell a lie.*

CHARLIE

*Sir?*

DUNHAM

*I'll put in a transfer request on  
Monday. Welcome to the CIA, Agent  
Roarke.*

*And with that Dunham's gone. Charlie beams.*

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

*Charlie opens the door to Rachel. Smiling wide.*

RACHEL

*Well?*

CHARLIE

*He said yes.*

*Rachel hugs him tight. He pours them each a glass of wine.  
She offers him a toast.*

RACHEL

*To Charlie Roarke.*

CHARLIE

*The Central Intelligence Agency's  
newest man in Berlin.*

*They clink glasses and we --*

CUT BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Tenenbaum has spliced into a telephone junction box, using a portable handset to make a phone call. He unplugs from the box, hurries across the street to his Volkswagon --

INT. TENENBAUM'S VOLKSWAGON - NIGHT

-- Where Dunham waits, slouched low in his seat.

TENENBAUM

*My contact can get you identification  
documents, but if you're stopped --*

DUNHAM

*-- I'll be fine.*

TENENBAUM

*Impersonating someone and showing  
falsified identification papers are  
both grounds for execution.*

DUNHAM

I'll be fine.

TENENBAUM

What is it you hope to find over  
there?

DUNHAM

Revenge.

EXT. BRANDENBURG GATE - NIGHT

The massive structure rises up into the night sky. SAW-HORSES and SANDBAGS bisect the courtyard down the middle. ARMED PATROLS are stationed on both the east and west sides. SPOTLIGHTS criss-cross the open space between checkpoints.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Dunham and Tenenbaum stand in the mouth of the alley, Brandenburg Gate visible just across the street.

DUNHAM

How far you think that is?

TENENBAUM

I dunno, hundred yards give or take.

DUNHAM

That's what I thought.

EXT. BRANDENBURG GATE - NIGHT

Dunham sneaks through the shadows. Watching as the spotlights move back and forth in a random pattern.

Dunham massages his bad leg, waits for a break in the lights, then flat out runs.

It's a narrow path through the courtyard. Dodging side to side in between the lights.

Halfway there, he reaches the saw-horses and clammers over. One of the spotlights passes within a few inches, Dunham freezes in place, the light hanging in the air in front of him for just a beat, but he's still concealed in darkness...

The light finally moves away and Dunham hops down from the saw horse. He crouches low, waiting for an EAST GERMAN PATROL to pass, his leg burning. The path in front of him opens up again and he books it. Hobbling out of the courtyard and into East Berlin...

INT. EAST BERLIN STREETS - NIGHT

A VoPo PATROL CAR passes. Its light sweeping the shadows before disappearing around the corner. Dunham steps out of the recess of a door and hustles off, following a hand-drawn map and hastily written directions.

EXT. HILDE'S HOUSE - DAY

Dunham knocks on a steel door three times, then twice more a beat later. HILDE, a long-suffering East German woman, opens it a crack, eyes him suspiciously, then waves him inside.

INT. HILDE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Dunham waits at the table as Hilde picks at a hunk of ice, eventually pulling out a plastic baggie with EAST GERMAN TRAVELING PAPERS inside. Dunham inspects the papers up close.

DUNHAM

How much?

Dunham opens his wallet. Hilde takes all his money, counts it out, hands him back a little less than half.

DUNHAM

Our mutual friend said you may also have something to help defend myself.

HILDE

A small selection.

INT. HILDE'S BASEMENT - DAY

Hilde pulls the chain on a free-hanging bulb, illuminating the room, revealing a space nearly two-hundred square feet and packed to bursting with guns of every kind.

HILDE

They are my son's... Says he wants to be ready when the Americans come knocking.

DUNHAM

You should tell him if it ever comes to that, I doubt we'll use the front door.

HILDE

He is a silly boy.  
(MORE)

HILDE (CONT'D)  
He hates all you westerners... But  
he doesn't know why and that can eat  
at man's soul, don't you think?

Dunham grabs a REVOLVER from the shelf. Checks the weight  
and tang.

DUNHAM  
How much?

HILDE  
Gun is gift.

DUNHAM  
And the bullets?

HILDE  
Oh the bullets are very expensive.

EXT. HILDE'S HOUSE - DAY

Hilde hands Dunham a small sack of food, and closes the door  
behind him. He loads THREE BULLETS into the revolver and  
then crosses the street in front of a bus.

INT. BUS - DAY

Dunham rides on a bus crammed to capacity with FACTORY  
WORKERS. The MUSCLED WORKER in the seat next to him looks  
him up and down, suspicious. Dunham stares out the window,  
trying not to make eye contact. A dilapidated amusement  
park passes in the distance, a singularly ironic testament  
to both Communism's hubris and deficiencies.

EXT. EAST GERMAN APARTMENT BLOC - NIGHT

The bus drops Dunham off at the curb. He enters the massive  
housing project just as we realize we've been here before...

INT. APARTMENT BLOC - 4TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Dunham comes up the stairs with his gun drawn. The coast is  
clear, but he's not taking any chances. Rounds the corner  
and finds a MOP-HEADED BOY dribbling a soccer ball. He  
freezes when he sees Dunham. They stare at one another.

Dunham reaches into his pocket and pulls out a chocolate  
bar. Offers it to the kid. He's at first suspicious, but  
eventually plucks it from Dunham's hand.

DUNHAM  
(German)  
I was never here.

## INT. THE TURK'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Dunham rips through RED TAPE covering the door. The Turk's safehouse is almost exactly as he left it when he tried to flee from Dunham and the VoPo. There's a half-built pipebomb on the table, with various parts and mechanisms strewn about.

Dunham doesn't know what he's looking for exactly, but figures he'll know it when he sees it. Starts slow, pulling all the furniture off the walls, ripping into the couch cushions. Checking every drawer for secret compartments. Finds nothing but rusted silverware, canned food, and yellowed pornography.

Looking all around, there are too few hiding places and he's picked them all over. He leans on the table and it wobbles under his weight. He bends down low, finds one of the legs is plugging up a hole in the floor.

He wrenches the leg free and peers down into the hole. Sticks his finger inside and pulls back the loose floorboard. Inside is a secret stash. Money, bombs, envelopes...

Dunham takes the bombs out one at a time. Carefully sets them aside. Counts up the money, takes as much as his wallet will hold. Flips through the envelopes and finds one of interest. Inside are TWO SURVEILLANCE PHOTOGRAPHS: one of Charlie and one of Dunham himself.

DUNHAM  
Bingo.

Dunham checks the postmark on the envelope. It was originally mailed from Dresden. He pockets it all, digging deeper into the hidden stash when --

-- CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Dunham's ears perk up. The ringing gone just as quick as it came. The hell was that?

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Dunham follows the sound into the bathroom. The pipes are ringing -- CLANG-CLANG-CLANG -- up through the building. Dunham freezes, realizes:

DUNHAM  
Oh no.

Dunham runs to the window, looking down on the street. All clear. Then he presses his forehead hard against the glass to look straight down, where he finally sees FIVE MILITARY VEHICLES parked at the curb.

Shit.

EXT. EAST GERMAN APARTMENT BLOC - NIGHT

Gregor climbs out of the lead vehicle. Looks up towards The Turk's safehouse as DOZENS OF VOPO storm into the building. He lights a cigarette, pleased with himself.

INT. APARTMENT BLOC - 4TH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dunham hustles down the hall just as SIX ARMED VOPO come charging up the stairs. As soon as they see him, they OPEN FIRE, bullets SHREDDING wood and RICOCHETING off concrete. Dunham falls backward, SCRAMBLING on his hands and knees --

INT. THE TURK'S SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- Back into the safehouse. The VoPo coming down the hall. He's trapped. Looking all around, suddenly remembers:

DUNHAM  
The coal room.

Dunham glances across the apartment where the Turk's escape route remains, a scar in the wall. But if he runs he'll open up a sight line to the VoPo.

DUNHAM  
Hell with it.

Dunham runs -- bullets chase -- he dives through the hole in the wall and WE FOLLOW HIM -- into the pitch-black chute -- falling faster and faster through the guts of the building -- glancing off a metal pipe -- cutting his arm on an errant nail -- smashing through drywall and sheetrock -- finally landing with a hollow THUD on the ground floor --

INT. COAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- As Dunham rolls down a hill of coal. He stands, his arm bleeding, his legs barely able to hold his weight --

## EXT. EAST GERMAN APARTMENT BLOC - NIGHT

-- And limps from the building, only to find three VoPo stationed nearby. Their backs to Dunham, they haven't seen him yet, but he's trapped and it's only a matter of time --

-- THUNK!

From out of nowhere, a soccer ball plonks one of the VoPo in the side of the head. The trio look up and find the Mop-Headed boy nearby. They scream and shout and give chase, opening up an escape route for Dunham.

## EXT. EAST BERLIN STREETS - NIGHT

Dunham walks casually, a bus parked at the curb less than two blocks away. If he makes it there, he's home free...

When a SIREN blasts just behind him and a VoPo PATROL CAR picks him up with its spotlight. Dunham turns down an alley and flees as the VoPo give chase --

## EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT

-- Into a maze of dilapidated carnival rides and kiosks. Like the rest of East Berlin, it's all seen better days. The lights all broken or in disrepair, the place is pitch-dark save for the dim glow of the moon.

Dunham runs around the corner, catching his breath. Gasping for air.

He moves deeper into the amusement park, but up ahead THREE VOPO appear, spreading out. Dunham backtracks, circles around a DECREPIT CAROUSEL, using the structure to keep out their sight line.

Over his shoulder, a car pulls up. TWO MORE VOPO climb out, flanking Dunham. Dunham climbs up into the carousel, disappearing in the deep shadows between fiberglass horses and lions.

VOPO CAPTAIN  
Coming out, coming out, wherever you  
is.

Dunham gently, quietly opens the revolver chamber. And gently, quietly rotates it so the first bullet lines up with the barrel.

The carousel CREAKS and GROANS from his weight.

Two VoPo approach Dunham. Only a few feet until they'll clear the horse and see Dunham. Dunham holds his breath...

When a VoPo steps wrong, puts his foot right through a rusted section of the platform. Falls, jammed up to his knee.

He curses in German. The others laugh at him.

As he tries to yank himself out, Dunham spins out from behind the horse and CRACKS him over the head.

The others stop laughing. They run toward Dunham.

He books it across the carousel, shoving his way between the horses. The VoPo FIRE. Bullets PING against metal, RIP through the carousel from every direction.

Dunham leaps from the carousel. Comes up and SHOOTS two VoPo -- POP-POP -- but aims for their legs, wounding them.

He turns on the fourth man -- POP -- and shoots him in the arm, disarming him -- Dunham grabs up the man's rifle and spins around to face the VOPO CAPTAIN...

A standoff. The men stare each other down. Rifles pointed at one another. Dunham stands solid, ready. The VoPo captain shakes, probably the first time he's had a gun pointed at him.

He's also young. Barely a man. His teeth chatter. He pisses his pants...

Finally, the VoPo Captain loses his nerve and throws down his rifle.

VOPO CAPTAIN  
Pleasing, I be pleasing you, pleasing.

A long beat. Silence.

DUNHAM  
(German)  
I let you live, I'll have a five  
minute head start. I kill you, I'll  
have closer to twenty.

The VoPo Captain shakes his head. Pleading in an unintelligible English-German hybrid. Dunham motions. The kid turns and runs...

Dunham lets him go. Dunham lets him live.

EXT. FRIEDRICHSTRASSE TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Dunham enters the massive structure, a glass-ceilinged station at the heart of East Berlin.

INT. FRIEDRICHSTRASSE TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Joining thousands of commuters in the claustrophobic press of humanity. Slowly moving through a turnstile onto the main platform, Dunham is a face amongst the crowd, quickly lost in the hustle and bustle.

INT. TICKET COUNTER - NIGHT

Dunham buys a train ticket.

DUNHAM

(German)

One to Dresden, the quickest way possible.

The TICKET SELLER looks over Dunham's Travel Papers. Stares at them for a much longer period of time than commuters in the other lines. Finally she hands Dunham the papers back, takes his cash, and writes out a ticket for him, stamping it with a loud THUNK --

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

-- As Dunham falls into his seat, absolutely exhausted. Two VoPo pass through the car, checking tickets. Dunham offers his, but keeps his head lowered. The VoPo study the ticket for an extra beat before moving on. Dunham closes his eyes, he's earned at least a twenty minute nap.

INT. TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

Gregor and THREE PLAIN-CLOTHES KGB MEN push through the crowd, led by the VoPo Captain Dunham let live. They board the train just as it pulls out of the station...

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Dunham sleeps soundly in the darkened passenger car. The East German scenery zipping past outside in a blur of silhouettes --

-- When a MEATY HAND clamps down over Dunham's mouth, holding him down in his seat.

GREGOR

(Whispering)

Calm down, calm down. No use waking  
everyone for our little conversation.

Dunham relaxes. Gregor is seated beside him, a MASSIVE KGB  
AGENT is in the seat directly behind him, restraining him.

GREGOR

Who is responsible for Visili's  
murder?

DUNHAM

Go to hell.

GREGOR

Yes I thought you might be so  
inclined...

Gregor draws a pistol from his coat. Twists a silencer onto  
the end of the barrel. Takes aim at Dunham's stomach.

GREGOR

They say the key to man's heart is  
his stomach. I've seen men shot in  
the gut, they scream so loud it hurts  
my ears. Takes days to die.

Gregor slowly moves the gun down Dunham's leg, and eventually  
rests it against his knee.

GREGOR

The knee is interesting -- so much  
bone and cartilage -- and a man faced  
with the threat of never walking  
again usually has presence of mind  
to reveal his secrets.

Gregor takes aim at Dunham's foot.

GREGOR

The foot is no good. The foot is  
painful but survivable.

Gregor presses the gun against Dunham's temple.

GREGOR

I could always just threaten to kill  
you dead but that's a game I would  
most likely lose. A bluff you can  
easily call.

Gregor pulls the gun away. Stands. Straightens his jacket.

GREGOR

You are not motivated by pain. I could stand here and put bullets in every part of you all night long and still you'd tell me to go to hell...

Gregor turns and takes aim at the SLEEPING PASSENGER seated right across the aisle.

GREGOR

...But what about other people?

DUNHAM

I don't know what you want me to tell you.

GREGOR

The truth. Who is responsible for Visili's murder?

DUNHAM

I don't know.

Gregor nods. Then pulls the trigger and -- PLIPT -- kills the passenger without ever taking his eyes off Dunham.

GREGOR

Who is responsible?

DUNHAM

Jesus Christ, are you insane -- are you --

-- PLIPT! Gregor shoots the next SLEEPING PASSENGER then moves onto the next.

GREGOR

Who is responsible?

DUNHAM

I don't know what you're even talking about -- stop this -- I don't know what you want me to say --

GREGOR

-- I want you to say that the Americans ordered the murder of my comrade Visili Volkov. Tell me that and you are free to go.

DUNHAM

I did it. I killed him. Stop this, please just --

-- PLIPT! Gregor shoots the third and final SLEEPING PASSENGER. He looks up and down the car. No more passengers...

Then Gregor snaps his fingers, has an idea. Opens the door to the next car, revealing DOZENS OF SLEEPING PASSENGERS.

DUNHAM

I just told you -- I just said I did it --

GREGOR

-- That's not good enough. Who ordered the murder? The CIA? The ambassador? The President?

DUNHAM

No one -- no one please you have to -- there was no one else --

GREGOR

-- That's not good enough, you're clearly lying --

DUNHAM

-- No -- please -- it was me -- I made the choice, I killed Visili -- there was no one else it was only me -- leave them out of this, they have nothing to do with this -- I'm responsible, I'm the only one responsible. I killed him. I killed them all, every last one, I killed them all.

Gregor nods. Quietly closes the door to the next car.

GREGOR

Well, that's disappointing.

The KGB Agent cracks Dunham over the head and everything

CUTS TO BLACK.

INT. CELL

Dunham sits on a concrete floor of a small cell, no more than ten by ten feet. No windows. Bitter cold.

INT. CELL

Dunham SCREAMS and pounds on the metal door until he's hoarse and deaf and his hands are numb.

INT. CELL

Dunham huddled in the corner. His beard grown in. The door opens, he shields his eyes against the blinding light.

INT. MILITARY VEHICLE (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Dunham in the backseat between two VOPO GUARDS, a burlap sack over his head. He can't see out the windows, can't see where they're headed.

DUNHAM

Where are you taking me? Am I going to be executed? At least tell me that -- at least tell me that.

No one answers. They drive on in silence.

EXT. GLIENICKE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Closed to all civilian foot traffic the day the wall went up, the simple green-and-grey bowstring bridge spans the Havel river on the outskirts of Berlin.

Two MILITARY VEHICLES approach from the eastern side. Gregor climbs out of the first, Dunham is pulled from the second.

GREGOR

Walk.

DUNHAM

Fuck you -- you want to shoot me you can shoot me from the front.

GREGOR

Walk.

Gregor shoves Dunham away. Hesitant, Dunham walks in the direction he was pointed.

DUNHAM'S POV

We're trapped inside the burlap sack. Our hands tied behind our back. There's almost no light, but the weave of the burlap makes it possible to see vague shapes and forms in the distance. Someone passes us, walking in the other direction. Sweat drips in our eye, our breathing gets erratic. We're waiting for that gunshot we know is coming, waiting for the bullet to tear through our back, waiting to pitch forward, waiting to die...

Only the gunshot never comes--  
And we break out into a run --

BACK TO SCENE

-- Toward the West End of the bridge where Kincaide and a phalanx of ARMED MARINES wait. Nervous, on edge.

One MARINE intercepts Dunham while the others keep their guns trained on the VoPo and KGB AGENTS across the bridge. Kincaide yanks off the burlap sack.

DUNHAM

What the hell is going on?

KINCAIDE

Spy swap. Richard nabbed Magpie if you can believe that, caught her going through your safety deposit box.

Dunham, confused, looks back over his shoulder as the RUSSIAN SPY is intercepted by Gregor.

DUNHAM

What...?

KINCAIDE

Magpie was a deep cover Russian mole. They put her up in a special school, taught her how to act like a Westerner, set her up with a job at the British embassy, a whole family history, the perfect cover. She confessed to everything, David -- Greer, Charlie, our three dead NOC agents.

DUNHAM

And you traded her for me? You could have made your career taking her back to Washington.

KINCAIDE

Yeah, well -- Berlin ain't worth my career.

Dunham smiles. Then slowly realizes --

DUNHAM

-- Wait, she? Who is it...?

Dunham turns around just as Gregor pulls the burlap sack off the Russian spy's head... Revealing Rachel underneath.

DUNHAM

No. No. No.

KINCAIDE

It's over, it's done.

DUNHAM

Like hell.

Dunham draws the Marine's SIDEARM from his holster and turns back across the bridge --

KINCAIDE

-- David, don't be an idiot!

Immediately, every armed man within the vicinity pulls their weapons and takes aim. It's a tense, bare-knuckle stand-off...

Rachel stares down Dunham. He has her dead-to-rights, all he has to do is pull the trigger and he wins.

KINCAIDE

You pull that trigger -- you so much as fire one shot across the line -- you kill her, it's war.

DUNHAM

She doesn't get to win.

KINCAIDE

Nobody wins, look at us. It's a goddamn draw, everybody loses.

The YOUNG MARINES behind Dunham start shaking. Sweating. Their Cold War Nightmare come to life...

Finally Dunham throws the gun off the side of the bridge. Everyone immediately lower their weapons.

Kincaide puts his arm around Dunham's shoulder. Fraternal, conciliatory. He leads his wounded friend back toward the car...

The soldiers all relax, pack up their gear. Game called early on account of rain and --

INT. DUNHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

-- Dunham gasps awake from a nightmare. Rolls over to cuddle up against Bettina... But of course her side of the bed is empty. Old habits die hard.

## EXT. GRAVE SITE - DAY

Bright, summer sunlight. Dunham stands over a grave, a crowd of mourners gathered around. He thinks of just the right word to say.

DUNHAM

Bettina was...

He stares at the grave. The crowd grows uncomfortable. Murmuring to themselves. The suddenly:

DUNHAM

Bettina was my life.

## EXT. THE WALL - DAY

Dunham walks past The Wall. SOVIET WORKERS slowly add onto it with brick and mortar, the structure rising nearly fifteen feet high now.

NEWS VANS are parked every few blocks, and TELEVISION CAMERAS are constantly watching, waiting for something grizzly to happen.

On the Eastern Side of the wall, the Soviets have begun constructing a "No Man's Land" of wide open space. Construction vehicles knock down buildings and dig out roads for near perfect sight lines should anyone attempt to cross.

## INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The group gathered as Richard offers a presentation.

RICHARD

It's been a slow week. I was able to contact one asset on the other side, he's willing to talk for help getting his family across... But it turns out he's a shoemaker so I wasn't sure if that was something we wanted to waste our time on.

VIVIAN

Dick, come on -- think of the intelligence this man could offer -- Kruschev's shoe size? That's the war winner right there!

Everyone around the table laughs.

BOB

We could have him plant a microphone  
in Fearless Leader's boot -- finally  
know how long he paces the Kremlin.

More laughter. Growing louder and louder --

DUNHAM

-- Enough! These are real people,  
these are innocent people -- if we're  
not protecting them we might as well  
be killing them.

Silence through the room.

KINCAIDE

He's right. Bring him across. A  
shoemaker, a chef, a janitor -- I  
don't care, bring them all across.

INT. TENENBAUM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tenenbaum at his desk, feet kicked up. Dunham pokes around  
with the audio equipment on the shelf.

DUNHAM

The first ever joint operation between  
the Central Intelligence Agency and  
the -- you boys back in DC ever decide  
on a name?

TENENBAUM

Lot of back and forth but they finally  
settled on National Security Agency.

DUNHAM

NSA? Has a nice ring to it. I've  
assured Kincaide you can be a help  
on this project and --

Suddenly, the equipment on Tenenbaum's shelf SCREECHES to  
life -- shrill feedback sounding out of the speakers. Dunham  
backs away and the feedback slowly fades out.

TENENBAUM

What are you wearing a wire or  
something?

DUNHAM

No...

Dunham pats down his pockets, pulls out his handheld radio.

DUNHAM

Charlie got it for me, to listen to  
the Dodgers.

TENENBAUM

So turn it off, problem solved.

DUNHAM

It is off...

Curious, Dunham holds the radio toward the audio equipment. The feedback quickly returns. He pulls it back and the feedback fades away.

Dunham grabs a hammer off Tenenbaum's workbench and SMASHES the radio. He sifts through the heap of parts, hoping it's just paranoia...

But of course it's not paranoia.

Right there in the middle of the pile, incongruous to the rest of the parts, a small, fingernail-sized TRANSPONDER.

DUNHAM

You ever seen anything like this  
before?

TENENBAUM

Sonar-ping location tracker...  
Russians put a couple thousand of  
these on their subs to track them  
out in the waters. What the fuck's  
it doing in your radio?

Good question.

INT. CHARLIE'S FLAT - DAY

Dunham kicks in the door. The place is exactly as he saw it previously. He makes a beeline for that photo on the mantel...

He struggles to pop open the back. In frustration, he smashes it on the ground, the glass shattering. He picks through it, pulls out the photo, something off about it...

He flips the photo over, revealing a couple columns of newsprint. The photo was cut out of a newspaper.

DUNHAM

GODDAMNIT!

Dunham tears Charlie's flat apart. In the closet he finds a hidden storage chest full of weapons.

In the kitchen he finds files and dossiers on nearly every important person in West Berlin.

And finally, in Charlie's bedroom, a collection of photos of Dunham. Hundreds of photos posted up on the walls. Surveillance photos. Charlie had been spying on Dunham for months.

DUNHAM  
SON OF A BITCH!

FLASHBACK TO:

*INT. CHARLIE'S FLAT - NIGHT*

*Charlie works over something as Rachel tucks those same surveillance photos of Dunham up on the wall.*

CHARLIE  
*And if a player gets around all the bases and back home he scores a point.*

RACHEL  
*It's called a run, but yes. How many innings are there in a standard game?*

CHARLIE  
*...Ten?*

RACHEL  
*Nine. Same as the number of players on the field.*

*There's a knock at the door. Rachel grabs a gun, waits a beat, listens for a second knock. She opens the door, finds Horn-Rimmed Glasses outside.*

HORN-RIMMED GLASSES  
*The operation is go.*

*Charlie holds up what he was working on -- a FORGED EMBASSY ID with his photo on the front. Smiles, proud of his work.*

CHARLIE  
*About goddamn time.*

*INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY*

*Charlie hands his ID to a MARINE who gives it the most cursory of glances before handing it back and letting him past.*

*INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA SECTION - DAY*

*Charlie stands at the dead center of the bullpen, activity all around, no one seems to even notice him.*

*Charlie finds an empty desk and sits. Unpacking his attaché case, can't believe it was this easy.*

*ANALYST*

*Hey, you, you got anything on your plate right now?*

*CHARLIE*

*Not a thing.*

*ANALYST*

*Great, help me out with these projections, huh?*

*CHARLIE*

*Yeah, sure, of course...*

*EXT. STREETS OF BERLIN - NIGHT*

*Charlie stops at a crosswalk. Bends down to tie his shoe. Horn-Rimmed Glasses walks up, waits for the signal.*

*CHARLIE*

*Tell Mom and Dad I got the job.*

*Horn-Rimmed Glasses nods. The signal changes and he walks off. Charlie finishes tying his shoe, heads off in the opposite direction.*

*INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - BREAK ROOM - DAY*

*Charlie waits for the coffee to brew with a handful of analysts. Suddenly, a voice rises up in the bullpen:*

*DUNHAM (O.S.)*

*Who keeps taking the goddamn Times off my desk? Anybody?*

*Charlie pours himself a cup of coffee. Dunham pokes his head into the break room.*

*DUNHAM*

*Anybody know the Dodgers' score from last night?*

*CHARLIE*

*One-nothing. A real pitcher's duel.*

DUNHAM

Thanks.

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - NIGHT

Charlie leaves for the night. Pulls a folded copy of the LA TIMES from his coat and tosses it into a trash can.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - RECORDS ROOM - DAY

Charlie enters a ramshackle basement storage room. The RECORDS KEEPER is a harried old man.

CHARLIE

I was sent to receive a file for upstairs on Hamburg?

RECORDS KEEPER

All outgoing should be on the desk over there.

Charlie looks through the files. But as soon as the Records Keeper turns his back, Charlie heads off into the stacks.

Walking among the shelves of personnel files, Charlie stops at the letter R. He takes a FORGED PERSONNEL FILE out from under his coat and shoves it onto the shelf.

EXT. DUNHAM'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Charlie and Rachel sit on the bench across the street. They watch as Dunham kisses Bettina goodbye and gives her his pocketwatch.

CHARLIE

Wife's name is Bettina, calls her Betty for short. He was born and raised in New York, but came to Berlin for the war and never left. A real patriot, thinks he can save the world.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA SECTION - DAY

Dunham, aggravated, pulls apart his desk. Once again, his newspaper is missing. Charlie passes, stops.

CHARLIE

Dodgers lost, four-two. Couple errors were the difference.

DUNHAM

You a fan?

CHARLIE

Of the sport. But I went to Harvard  
so --

DUNHAM

-- Oh God, a Red Sox supporter, huh?  
That's OK, nobody's perfect.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

HENRY SOMMERS, an athletic man, changes into his swimsuit.

INT. INDOOR SWIMMING POOL - DAWN

The sun just starting to rise over Berlin. Shining through the vaulted glass ceiling above. A private facility, Sommers has the whole place to himself.

As he snaps a swim cap over his head, he hears a door bang shut somewhere distant. He peers across the room, sees no one. Shakes it off. Stretches, about to dive into the pool --

-- When he's grabbed from behind. A needle stabbed into his neck. The plunger depressed, 500ccs of Ketamine injected in his system, he passes out almost immediately, falling forward into the water.

Charlie watches as Sommers floats for a few seconds, then slowly sinks as his lungs take on more and more water.

Bubbles form underwater then pop on the surface. It takes almost two minutes for a man to drown...

And Charlie stays for the whole damn show.

CUT BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dunham sits in silence. Looking all around. Can't believe he missed all of this. Can't believe how easily he got played.

DUNHAM

Well. Alright.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA SECTION - DAY

Dunham pulls Charlie's (forged) personnel file out of a drawer. Finds the phone number for Charlie's "training officer" and dials it. It rings and rings, Dunham still holding out hope, maybe he's wrong, maybe --

PHONE VOICE  
-- Guttentag, Fritzclub.

Dunham hangs up. Of course.

EXT. FRITZCLUB - DAY

Back where it all started. Dunham crosses the street.

INT. FRITZCLUB - DAY

Dunham descends a concrete stairwell. His steps echoing. Below him, only silence.

He pushes the curtain aside, revealing the main room of the club, empty save for the COCK-EYED BARTENDER...

Who immediately recognizes Dunham, turns, and runs out the back door.

INT. FRITZCLUB - OFFICE - DAY

Dunham enters. Finds a MAN breaking down and packing up what used to be, until very recently, a well-equipped safehouse and hideout. Dunham watches for a minute without saying anything...

The man turns around and we see his face for the first time along with Dunham.

It's Charlie.

Alive and well. He jumps at the sight of Dunham.

CHARLIE  
David, Jesus, you scared me half to death.

DUNHAM  
Which is a hell of a trick for a guy who's been dead three weeks.

CHARLIE

I wanted to tell you but I -- they  
made me swear not to.

DUNHAM

Who?

CHARLIE

Langley, the Company, who else?

DUNHAM

That doesn't make any sense.

CHARLIE

They've known about Magpie for years --  
a mole in their Berlin station, you  
think they didn't know? They sent  
me to --

DUNHAM

-- Stop it, just stop it.

Dunham draws his gun.

CHARLIE

Jesus Christ David, let me explain,  
listen to me before you -- you're  
making a horrible mistake --

DUNHAM

-- I will shoot you --

CHARLIE

-- It's the God's honest -- listen  
to me, David you know me, please --  
the Company sent me here to infiltrate  
the KGB, to smoke out Magpie from  
the inside.

DUNHAM

They would have told me. Someone  
would have told me.

CHARLIE

David, I know it's not the easiest  
thing to -- you have to believe me --  
this was a high-level op and you've  
been here so long they didn't know  
if they could trust you.

DUNHAM

No. No. No. No.

CHARLIE

The mission was to get me noticed for my work, get the KGB to start sniffing around --

DUNHAM

-- Then why did the phone ring here when I tried to call your training officer?

CHARLIE

That was all part of the play -- that was the play -- how can you not see the game right under your nose?

Dunham shakes his head. Doesn't know what to believe.

DUNHAM

The car bomb?

CHARLIE

The KGB set it up for me -- to get out clean from the Company -- but I'm still a CIA man -- I'm still a good guy -- I wanted to tell you this whole time, it was eating me up inside, but Langley made me swear.

DUNHAM

No.

CHARLIE

But you can't stay here -- the bartender is a lookout -- I can explain it away why you were here but not if you don't leave right now.

A long fucking beat.

Charlie pleads with his eyes.

Dunham's spent his entire life listening to liars, and in this one moment, he just can't tell.

CHARLIE

David, please. It's me. It's Charlie.

Dunham, hand shaking, lowers his gun. Charlie exhales. Turns his back on Dunham and heads for the back door.

When something in one of the boxes catches Dunham's eyes. Can't believe what he's seeing, yet there it is...

CHARLIE

Come on, you can sneak out the back,  
hopefully nobody else will even know  
you're here.

DUNHAM

Tell it to me backwards.

Charlie freezes. Glances over his shoulder. Dunham has the gun pointed at his back now.

CHARLIE

No more games, come on, we're running  
out of...

Dunham reaches down and pulls out his pocketwatch from a box. He gives it a shake, the gears catch, TICK-TOCK.

DUNHAM

Tell it to me backwards.

A long beat.

CHARLIE

Yeah, OK, you win. Ask me then.

DUNHAM

Did you kill Betty?

CHARLIE

No.

(then)

Yes.

(then)

Maybe...

DUNHAM

Stop it.

CHARLIE

Two lies and a truth, it was your  
game.

DUNHAM

Who are you?

CHARLIE

My name is Charlie Roarke.

(then)

My name is Dieter Schreff.

(then)

My name is Ivan Dragonov.

DUNHAM

Why?

CHARLIE  
For revenge.  
(then)  
For country.  
(then)  
For money.

Just outside the back door, Charlie sees shadows under the frame. Men whisper back and forth.

CHARLIE  
My bartender friend went and got reinforcements it seems.

DUNHAM  
And I brought three-dozen Marines with me, camped out in the club, so you wanna lay a bet on who wins that fight?

CHARLIE  
You're lying.

DUNHAM  
Maybe we both are. But right now I'm the one with the gun and it's the easiest thing in the world to shoot a guy in the back.

CHARLIE  
But you won't, cause there's too many unanswered questions.

DUNHAM  
Gotta be honest, last few weeks I'm learning to live with a little mystery in my life.

CHARLIE  
It has to be eating you up inside -- did Rachel let herself get caught? Why confess? Why reveal herself as Magpie? Was it an honest mistake, or just another move from six steps ahead? Why let you go?

DUNHAM  
I don't care.

CHARLIE  
And was I always a spy, was I always a mole, or did they turn me? And if they turned me was it years ago, or was it after we became friends? Was any of it real?

DUNHAM

I don't care.

CHARLIE

Why'd I kill Betty? Why'd I send  
you after Greer? Why kill Sommers  
and Fenton and Lyle?

DUNHAM

I don't care.

CHARLIE

Because they were assets. Pieces to  
be used, pawns to be sacrificed.

DUNHAM

It was all about Visili?

CHARLIE

Visili was an old man who didn't  
understand the war we're fighting.  
He wanted peace, he wanted a truce.  
He was in the way and he had just  
enough power left to stall progress  
forever.

DUNHAM

Moscow doesn't know you orchestrated  
all of this?

CHARLIE

Moscow's a mess right now -- we needed  
a wall and we needed the West to  
throw the first punch. One day Moscow  
will thank us.

DUNHAM

Who are you?

CHARLIE

(in perfect fucking  
German)

Mein name ist Charlie Roarke -- und  
ich bin ein Berliner.

The side door BANGS open -- and a HALF-DOZEN KGB MEN charge  
inside -- they OPEN FIRE on Dunham -- he DIVES back -- the  
bullets RIP THROUGH the desks and chairs and boxes --

INT. FRITZCLUB - CONTINUOUS

-- As Dunham CRASHES out into the club -- TRIPPING over tables --  
RUNNING for the stairs -- the KGB men chasing after him --  
they have him dead to rights --

-- When SIX MARINES pop up from hiding spots all around the room, they have the KGB men surrounded and out-gunned.

Dunham skids to a stop. Turns around and smiles at the trap he sprung. But then realizes Charlie isn't with them.

DUNHAM

Shit.

EXT. FRITZCLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Dunham slams out of the club, looking up and down the block. Spots Charlie for a bare second, turning the corner, running on foot. Dunham gives chase --

EXT. STREETS OF BERLIN - MOMENTS LATER

-- Dunham hobbles after Charlie, losing ground with every step they take --

EXT. INTERSECTION - MOMENTS LATER

-- Dunham tries to take a shortcut -- crosses in the middle of the street and gets CLOBBERED by a passing car -- he tucks and rolls and comes up gasping --

EXT. OPEN-AIR MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

-- As Charlie runs -- glancing over his shoulder -- no sign of Dunham -- he thinks he's lost him -- the wall visible in the distance -- he's almost home free --

EXT. THE WALL - MOMENTS LATER

-- Charlie rounds the corner and Dunham is right there. Dunham draws his gun and takes aim --

DUNHAM

-- STOP --

-- Just as Charlie clears an unfinished section of the wall. Landing in No-Man's-Land. Glancing back at Dunham.

Nearby, NEWS REPORTERS and BORDER GUARDS have seen the chase and run up to watch. Cameras recording the whole thing.

Charlie smiles. Worked out perfectly for him.

CHARLIE

Thank you for the game. I'll be around for the re-match whenever you're up for it.

DUNHAM

It's not over. It's fifty yards to the closest cover.

CHARLIE

Yeah. Well. You shoot me it's war.

Charlie lets that sink in. Dunham knows he's right.

Then, as if taunting, Charlie turns his back on Dunham and begins to cross the long, open space of No-Man's-Land.

Dunham keeps his gun trained on Charlie the entire time, his finger tense on the trigger.

A hundred different thoughts flashing through his mind.

Charlie almost out of range.

Only a few seconds left to decide.

Dunham exhales and --

CUT TO BLACK.