

THE DEFECTON

by Ken Nolan

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

EXT. HANOI - DAY

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

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

But our eye stays on him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. ANOTHER HANOI BLOCK - DAY

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

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

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

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

The Fat Man SNAPS SOME PHOTOS with his long lens.

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

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

FAT MAN

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

(orders another beer)

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

(swigs his beer)

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

He hangs up. His new beer has arrived.

INT. HANOI MARIOTT - DAY

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

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

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

EXT. HANOI - DAY

Lewinter's cab moves through the busy morning traffic.

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

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

FAT MAN (V.O.)

We're losing him!

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

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

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

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

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

-- NO ONE.

A.J. Lewinter is gone.

EXT. HANOI EMBASSY ROW - DAY

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

Vietnamese lettering on the plaque are translated in various languages.

Our eye settles on English:

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

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

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

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

Goes to the Guard Booth and makes a call.

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

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

FERRI (V.O.)

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

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

FERRI (V.O.)

Regular speed, thanks.

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

ANOTHER VOICE - a nascent smoker's rasp forming:

BILLINGS (V.O.)

Verifying him, looks like.

FERRI (V.O.)

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

BILLINGS (V.O.)

Right into the North Korean  
Embassy. Man oh man.

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

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

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM, Langley, VIRGINIA - DAY

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

FERRI

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

BILLINGS

Genius. Why?

FERRI

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

BILLINGS

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

FERRI

Over 40 hours old, already.

BILLINGS

Christ. What a fuck up.

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

FERRI

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

BILLINGS

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

FERRI

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

BILLINGS

What?

FERRI

That's his name.

BILLINGS

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

FERRI

A period J period Lewinter.

BILLINGS  
What's his *full* name?

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

BILLINGS  
Sounds made up.

FERRI  
Consulted for almost twenty years for the Agency's Science and Tech division. We give him a regular paycheck: nominal wage, G-10 or G-11. He's some kind of computer expert and a rocket scientist -- literally. Smart guy. Shitty dresser. Look at him. Sloppy.  
(shakes his head)  
That's all we got right now.

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

BILLINGS  
Why were we watching him?

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

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

FERRI  
We can only assume the worst.

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

BILLINGS  
What the hell's in the suitcase?

INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR NCS' OFFICE - DAY

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

WINTON

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

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

FERRI

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

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

WINTON

Christ. Do we know where --

BILLINGS

They flew to Pyongyang. Direct.

WINTON

*Christ!*

He shouts at his EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT in the outer office.

WINTON

Jimmy! Get me the ADD! Now!

JIMMY (O.S.)

Right away, sir!

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

WINTON

Who knows about this?

FERRI

No one.

WINTON

What the fuck does that mean?  
Exactly.

FERRI

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

(MORE)

FERRI (CONT'D)  
Our Staff Operation Officer who  
compiled the footage of Lewinter.  
The COS, of course, in Asia. And  
the idiot so-called Ops Officer --

BILLINGS  
Fat fuck.

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

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

FERRI  
Can we do that?

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

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

JIMMY (O.S.)  
Associate Deputy Director Cullen  
is on line four, Mr. Winton!

WINTON  
(picks up the phone)  
Chuck, Percy here. Do you know  
anything about this Lewinter  
business? The North Korea thing?  
(listens)  
No, that's a name: Lewinter....

INT. OFFICE OF THE ADD OF THE CIA - DAY

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

CULLEN

Are we actually watching a  
defection in process?

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

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

FERRI

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

WINTON

Must think they've got something.

CULLEN

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

(thinks)

Loughlin must have something too interesting to pass up.

BILLINGS

Lewinter, sir.

CULLEN

Who is he? What does he do for us?

BILLINGS

Green badger; something with physics and computer programming.

WINTON

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

Cullen paces now, Winton, Ferry and Billings watching.

CULLEN

Have to take this to the Director.

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

CULLEN  
What else've you got?

BILLINGS  
Nothing of note at this moment.

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

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

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

OTHER JIMMY (V.O.)  
Yes, sir!

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

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

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

CULLEN  
Why were we eyeballing this guy?  
Specifically?

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

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

WINTON  
Yes, sir.

OTHER JIMMY (V.O.)  
I have the Director for you!

CULLEN

(picks up his phone)

Director, Madam, we may have a situation... I think it best if I come up there myself and walk you through it.... Half an hour?

(winces but says:)

If that's the soonest you can do, ma'am... Yes, Madam Director. Good memory! Two Splendas. Bye.

He hangs up. Bites his lower lip. Thinks.

CULLEN

If we have another goddamn Edward Fucking Snowden on our hands --

(pauses)

-- you guys gotta get me something on this Partridger.

FERRI

Lewinter, sir.

CULLEN

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

Billings blinks through his glasses.

WINTON

Lewinter is an outsourced tech, Chuck; Secret Clearance level with the Directorate of Science and Tech. Never even stepped foot in this building, as far as we know. It's all physics and --

(waves a hand)

-- other stuff, that he does.

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

CULLEN

So what's in the goddamn suitcase?

INT. CIA HALLWAYS - DAY

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

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

Cullen comes out, Winton, Ferry and Billings standing.

CULLEN

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

WINTON

Is this going into PDB?

CULLEN

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

INT. WINTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Moments later, in Winton's office again.

WINTON

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

FERRI

A defector? No, sir.

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

BILLINGS

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

WINTON

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

FERRI

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

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

WINTON

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

Ferri and Billings glance at one another.

FERRI

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

WINTON

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

BILLINGS

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

FERRI

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

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

WINTON

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

BILLINGS

"Tangentially." This helps us how?

WINTON

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

FERRI

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

WINTON

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

BILLINGS

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

WINTON

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

Executive assistant JAMES CLARK pops his head in.

JIMMY

Who, sir?

WINTON

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

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

BILLINGS

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

WINTON

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

## EXT. GEORGETOWN STREETS - DAY

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

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

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

WINTON (V.O.)  
The Dragon perfected the ins and outs of asset recruitment, and he created double-agent masterpieces.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WINTON (V.O.)

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

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

DIAMOND

I'm so sorry I'm late.

SARAH

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

DIAMOND

You're getting to know me. Hmm.

SARAH

What does that "hmm" mean?

DIAMOND

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

SARAH

I hope you're paying.

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

SARAH

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

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

DIAMOND

What is it?

SARAH

I haven't the faintest idea.

DIAMOND

Huh. What attracted you?

SARAH

Oh. I never know. Do you?

DIAMOND

(turning the object  
in his hands)

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

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

DIAMOND

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

(then:)

You enjoy buying stuff, don't you?

SARAH

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

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

DIAMOND

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

SARAH

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

DIAMOND

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

SARAH

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

(then:)

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

DIAMOND

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

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

SARAH

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

DIAMOND

You take care of me, Sarah.

SARAH

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

DIAMOND

That's more of a dinner question.

SARAH

Tell me the answer now.

DIAMOND

I'll give you the lunch answer.

SARAH

Will it be the truth, though?

DIAMOND

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

(leans over)

(MORE)

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

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

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

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

SARAH  
Well. Do I check out?

DIAMOND  
I need more research.

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

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

SARAH  
Depends: if you want to know.

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

Diamond reaches for the phone. Answers, says:

DIAMOND  
Diamond.

EXT. VIRGINIA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

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

EXT. CIA GUARD BOOTH - DAY

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

GUARD

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

DIAMOND

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

GUARD

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

DIAMOND

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

TONY THE GUARD

You serious? Not a problem, sir.

DIAMOND

Here's my direct line.

He hands Tony the Guard a business card.

TONY THE GUARD

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

DIAMOND

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

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

INT. CIA, LANGELY - DAY

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

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

Diamond glances at the stars as he passes by.

INT. CIA HALLWAYS - DAY

Diamond walks among hundreds of employees.

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

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

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

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

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

DUKESS  
You'll never guess who's here.  
(listens)  
Diamond. Something's up. Find out  
what that peacock is working on.

INT. CIA, LANGELY - DAY

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

INT. DIAMOND'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

LEWINTER, A.J.  
- Top Secret/EYES ONLY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - DAY

Ferri and Billings are in a conference room, waiting.

FERRI  
The hell is this guy? Christ.

BILLINGS  
Power play.

FERRI  
Huh?

BILLINGS  
Power play. Making us wait.

FERRI  
I don't have fucking time to wait.

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

Billings acts nonchalant: refills his pipe and lights it.

FERRI  
You know there's no smoking in  
this building.

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

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

DIAMOND

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

BILLINGS

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

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

DIAMOND

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

FERRI

Good sign of what?

DIAMOND

That all is not lost, of course.

FERRI

What the hell is this guy talking about, Billings?

DIAMOND

(sips, nods)  
I appreciate that the urns are changed every couple of hours.

FERRI

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

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

DIAMOND

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

(MORE)

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

(sips)

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

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

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

FERRI  
I -- I don't quite --

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

Ferri and Billings seem confused and frozen.

BILLINGS

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

DIAMOND

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

(blank stares)

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

(sips, paces)

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

(they seem befuddled)

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

(no answer)

(MORE)

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

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

DIAMOND  
Ask the million-dollar question.

BILLINGS  
What's in the suitcase? Exactly!

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

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

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

DIAMOND  
Why.

FERRI  
Why what?

DIAMOND  
Why is he defecting?

INT. NORTH KOREAN OFFICES, PYONGANG - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

The office door closes, blocking Lewinter from view.

INT. CIA SECURE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

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

FERRI

...Money. They'll pay him.

Diamond writes notes on the Smartboard on the side wall.

DIAMOND

Money. How much would he want?

FERRI

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

BILLINGS

Three or four, minimum.

DIAMOND

What's he selling? Worth? Value?

BILLINGS

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

DIAMOND

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

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

FERRI

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

DIAMOND

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

(points at Billings)

Go.

BILLINGS

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

DIAMOND

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

FERRI

He's lonely.

DIAMOND

Same category as before. Mental.

FERRI

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

DIAMOND

Companionship. Even lust? Not bad.

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

SCIENCE AND TECH ANALYST

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

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

DIAMOND

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

(to the others)

Chime in, people. Don't be shy.

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

ANALYST WITH INDIAN ACCENT  
He's an ideologue.

BILLINGS  
An axe to grind. Political.

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

(paces)

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

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

BILLINGS  
Sounds like you've got some ideology yourself.

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

(finishes his coffee)

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

(to Billings)

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

(to the entire room)

*Who is A.J. Lewinter?*

INT. HARRY DUKESS'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry Dukess is on his computer. He types:

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

He waits a moment and gets a response:

*Has this been cleared?*

Dukess mutters a curse under his breath. Types:

I'M CLEARING IT. DO IT NOW.

INT. WINTON'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

Winton has a magnifying glass on a GROUP OF PEOPLE.

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

Diamond stares at the cluster of people.

DIAMOND  
No more suitcase.

WINTON  
Where are they taking him?

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

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

DIAMOND

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

WINTON

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

DIAMOND

Dukess?

WINTON

How'd you know?

DIAMOND

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

WINTON

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

DIAMOND

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

INT. CIA SECURE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

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

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

FEMALE ANALYST

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

YOUNG ANALYST

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

SHY ANALYST

He likes to place late-night  
orders from infomercials.

ANALYST WITH GLASSES

He's got some calls to a doctor.

DIAMOND  
What kind of doctor?

SLOPPY ANALYST  
Allergist.

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

An SOO shrugs and nods. Whatever.

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

DIAMOND  
Donates. To what?

FERRI  
Does it matter?

DIAMOND  
It all matters, Billings.

FERRI  
I'm Ferri!

DIAMOND  
Sorry. What's the charity?

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

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

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

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

BILLINGS  
And? So what?

DIAMOND

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

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

BILLINGS

I beg your pardon?

DIAMOND

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

FERRI

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

DIAMOND

He is now.

(to the SOO's)

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

ANALYST

You want him actually making  
physical contact with kids?

DIAMOND

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

FERRI

Jesus Christ. Is this legal?

DIAMOND

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

(MORE)

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

Everyone glances at one another. What the hell?

INT. DIRECTOR NCS WINTON'S OFFICE - DAY

An agitated Dukess sits across from Winton.

DUKESS

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

WINTON

Do I give a shit, Dukess?

DUKESS

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

WINTON

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

DUKESS

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

WINTON

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

DUKESS

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

WINTON

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

Winton waves Dukess away and goes back to work.

DUKESS

He is not who he says he is, sir.

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

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - DAY

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

FEMALE ANALYST

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

DIAMOND

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

To the Female Analyst sitting at Diamond's elbow:

DIAMOND

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

FEMALE ANALYST

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

DIAMOND  
That sounds good.

FERRI  
I'm lost.

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

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

DIAMOND  
Now you're talking, Ferri.

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

EXT. CIA LANDING STRIP - DAY

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

DIAMOND  
Carlos, it's Diamond.

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY

CARLOS MALINO puts down his analysis and pays attention.

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

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

CARLOS  
Keep my ear to the ground.

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

CARLOS  
Anything, 'cept a reach around.

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

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

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

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

CARLOS  
Holy shit. You wanna destroy him?

DIAMOND  
It's kill or be killed.

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

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

INT. MITRE CORPORATION, BEDFORD, MASS - DAY

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

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

DR. KASTNER (CONT'D)  
In 2009 we were chosen to lead the  
Homeland Security Systems  
Engineering project. We're the  
guardians at the gates.

DIAMOND  
Guardians. Uh-huh.

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

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

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

DIAMOND  
I notice the computers are bolted  
to the tables.

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

DIAMOND  
How smart is he?

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

DIAMOND

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

DR. KASTNER

Programmed.

DIAMOND

Programmed. That's it?

DR. KASTNER

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

DIAMOND

Classified. Projects? Such as?

DR. KASTNER

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

DIAMOND

Computer worms, viruses?

DR. KASTNER

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

DIAMOND

Sounds very specific.

DR. KASTNER

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

DIAMOND

And who puts together the whole?

DR. KASTNER

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

DIAMOND

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

DR. KASTNER

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

DIAMOND

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

DR. KASTNER

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

INT. CIA DEBRIEFING ROOM - DAY

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

FAT MAN  
The guy was acting squirrelly  
right from the get go.

Winton and Ferri are leaning over the table.

FERRI  
What was in his suitcase?

FAT MAN  
Look like a mind-reader?

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

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

FERRI  
Take a guess what was in there.

FAT MAN  
Clothes?

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

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

INT. APPLIED MATHEMATICS PROFESSORS' LOUNGE - DAY

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

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

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

MAUREEN

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

DIAMOND

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

MAUREEN

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

DIAMOND

A relationship.

MAUREEN

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

DIAMOND

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

MAUREEN

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

DIAMOND

My colleague?

MAUREEN

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

DIAMOND

I'm so sorry. When was he here?

MAUREEN

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

INT. LEWINTER'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. MIT COMPUTER LAB - DAY

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

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

CLAUDINE

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

DIAMOND

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

CLAUDINE

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

(MORE)

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

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

DIAMOND  
Who sends a postcard anymore?

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

DIAMOND  
His handwriting is so crabbed.

Diamond hates to, but pulls out reading glasses.

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

DIAMOND  
So he's like a computer hacker?

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

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

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

DIAMOND

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

CLAUDINE

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

DIAMOND

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

CLAUDINE

A year later. At least. Is it  
important?

DIAMOND

Maybe he looked it up online?

CLAUDINE

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

DIAMOND

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

CLAUDINE

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

DIAMOND

Did you also check it against the  
original?

CLAUDINE

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

DIAMOND

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

CLAUDINE

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

She smiles at him, her front tooth slightly crooked.

INT. CIA COMMISSARY - DAY

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

He is surprised when a BEAUTIFUL EMPLOYEE approaches him.

BEAUTIFUL EMPLOYEE

Mind? All the tables are full.

(he nods: go ahead)

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

DUKESS

Oh? Uh. You don't say.

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

BEAUTIFUL EMPLOYEE

Oops, I should keep my mouth shut.

DUKESS

No, no. Continue.

BEAUTIFUL EMPLOYEE

(she whispers:)

It has something to do with the  
Deputy Director.

(he nods)

I can't say any more than that!  
You'll have to torture me!

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

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

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

BEAUTIFUL EMPLOYEE  
Oh, I'm late. What a nightmare.

She stands and waves at him, winks.

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

INT. CIA HALLWAYS - DAY

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

EXT. MIT CAMPUS - DAY

Diamond goes to his rented sedan. Gets in. Doesn't see -- -- A slender ASIAN AMERICAN MAN, mid-thirties, watching him from across the street in his own car.  
Diamond drives off. The man takes photos with a long-lensed Nikon.

EXT. DIAMOND'S CAR, DRIVING - DAY

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

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

WINTON  
Looks like a half-bald schlub.

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

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

WINTON

You want work phones, too?

DIAMOND

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

FERRI

You asking me to have someone break into his lab?

DIAMOND

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

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

FERRI

How the hell did you manage that?

DIAMOND

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

Ferri points to members of his team, who nods.

DIAMOND

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

WINTON

Someone from the Agency?

DIAMOND

Don't think so.

WINTON

Not a goddamn reporter!

DIAMOND

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

FERRI

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

DIAMOND

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

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

WINTON

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

INT. CIA HALLWAYS - DAY

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

DUKESS

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

DUKESS'S MAN (V.O.)

How do you know?

DUKESS

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

DUKESS'S MAN (V.O.)

What do you want us to do, Dukess?

DUKESS

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

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

EXT. BOSTON - DAY

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

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

DIAMOND  
I know what a goddamn MIRV missile  
is, Ferri.

WINTON (V.O.)  
According to the Defense  
Department, his systems were  
somewhat revolutionary.

FERRI (V.O.)  
His work allows multiple warheads  
to be more accurate and to reach  
more distant targets than before.

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

DIAMOND  
This is not good news.

WINTON (V.O.)  
It's a fucking nightmare. I have  
to brief the DD in five minutes.

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

FERRI (V.O.)

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

DIAMOND

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

FERRI (V.O.)

Lewinter made them better.

DIAMOND

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

WINTON (V.O.)

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

DIAMOND

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

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

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

DIAMOND

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

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

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

SARAH  
I'm all hot and dewy.

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

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

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

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

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

SARAH  
I have a date.

DIAMOND (V.O.)  
First class.

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

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

She listens to him end the call.

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

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

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

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR DONALD FISHKIN sits back in his chair and glares:

DR. FISHKIN

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

Diamond nods, understanding, as he writes this down.

DIAMOND

When was this?

DR. FISHKIN

Eight months ago.

DIAMOND

May I take a copy of his x-rays?

INT. DOCTOR KUHN'S OFFICE - DAY

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

Kuhn leads Diamond to the back office and says:

DR. KUHN

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

DIAMOND

What did he use to combat it?

DR. KUHN

He was doing a series of shots.

DIAMOND

But he stopped?

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

DIAMOND  
Yes.

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

INT. ASSISTANT DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

INTERCUT - Diamond hauling ass through the suburbs.

DIAMOND  
His algorithms are used with  
ICBMs, yes.

WINTON  
He knows how to design missile  
systems from scratch.

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

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

CULLEN  
This seems legitimate in the fly  
off the handle department.

DIAMOND

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

WINTON

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

DIAMOND

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

CULLEN

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

DIAMOND

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

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

CULLEN

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

WINTON

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

DIAMOND

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

CULLEN

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

(grips the chair)

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

INT. NORTON PHARMACEUTICALS - DAY

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

RUPERT LEWINTER

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

DIAMOND

Jerry? That's what you call him?

RUPERT LEWINTER

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

DIAMOND

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

RUPERT LEWINTER

What has he done?

DIAMOND

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

RUPERT LEWINTER

Doesn't sound like Jerry. Are you certain?

DIAMOND

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

RUPERT LEWINTER

My God. You are serious.

DIAMOND

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

RUPERT LEWINTER

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

DIAMOND

Do you talk to him quite a bit?

RUPERT LEWINTER

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

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

RUPERT LEWINTER

We grew apart after his divorce.

DIAMOND

Divorce?

RUPERT LEWINTER

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

DIAMOND

How so?

RUPERT LEWINTER

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

(his phone rings)

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

Diamond nods and steps out of the office.

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM, LANGELY, VIRGINIA - DAY

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

DIAMOND

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

Ferri paces, embarrassed, upset.

FERRI

If we had more time --

DIAMOND

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

EXT. NORTON PHARMACEUTICALS - DAY

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

DIAMOND

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

RUPERT LEWINTER

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

DIAMOND

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

RUPERT LEWINTER

It was savant level. Freakish.

DIAMOND

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

RUPERT LEWINTER

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

DIAMOND

What accident?

RUPERT LEWINTER

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

(MORE)

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

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

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

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

They move to the shape: a bluebird. Motionless.

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

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

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

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

DIAMOND  
 Which was?

RUPERT LEWINTER  
 Korean, of course.

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

Then flies into the sky. Unharmed.

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

The Field Op Officers are now tearing up floorboards.

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

Billings takes out the album. Frowns.

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

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

Billings stops the needle with a hand.

Pulls the silver disc off the turntable. Examines it.

EXT. BOSTON - DAY

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

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

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

DR. BERG

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

DIAMOND

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

DR. BERG

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

(MORE)

DR. BERG (CONT'D)

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

DIAMOND

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

DR. BERG

This is like something out of a Graham Greene novel.

DIAMOND

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

DR. BERG

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

DIAMOND  
What about million of numbers?

DR. BERG  
You'd have to have the greatest  
form of synesthesia the world has  
ever seen.

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

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

DIAMOND  
Credit card.

EXT. BOSTON FERRY - DAY

Diamond buys a ticket for the Ferry to Quincy.

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

CARLOS (ON CELL PHONE)  
If you can get a snapshot, I can  
run their faces through NSA's  
recognition program.

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

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

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

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

DIAMOND

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

CARLOS

You got it, Methuselah.

Diamond hangs up.

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

INT. FERRY - DAY

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

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

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

DIAMOND

Smile, boys.

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

DIAMOND

Would you save my seat?

WOMAN

Sure thing.

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

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

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

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

EXT. THE FERRY - DAY

Diamond wedges the door stopper under the exit door.

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

FERRY OFFICIAL  
You outta your mind?!?

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

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

INT. CIA LAB - DAY

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

COMPUTER EXPERT  
Haven't seen one of these in years.

BILLINGS  
What the hell is it?

COMPUTER EXPERT  
It's a laserdisc.

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

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

BILLINGS  
Really? Could he still burn one?

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. BEACON HILL - DAY

Diamond trudges up Revere Street. His phone chimes.

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

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

Diamond texts back:

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

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

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

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

Diamond pulls out a lock picking kit.

INT. BEACON HILL APARTMENT - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

SLIM MAN (O.S.)  
There's not much here, Mr.  
Diamond. I checked this morning.

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

DIAMOND  
You look Japanese to me.

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

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

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

DIAMOND  
Which is?

SLIM MAN  
Verification or refutation of a certain visitor.

DIAMOND  
You have no accent. Excellent English.

SLIM MAN

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

DIAMOND

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

SLIM MAN

Quite so. Anxious, then.

Diamond lets the silence enfold them.

DIAMOND

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

SLIM MAN

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

DIAMOND

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

SLIM MAN

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

DIAMOND

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

SLIM MAN

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

DIAMOND

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

SLIM MAN

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

DIAMOND

It takes a lot to shock me.

SLIM MAN

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

DIAMOND

That he's not who he says he is.

SLIM MAN

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

(he sighs)

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

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

DIAMOND

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

(MORE)

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

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

SLIM MAN

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

DIAMOND

How'd you like to work for me?

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

SLIM MAN

You are joking!

DIAMOND

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

SLIM MAN

My "cutout"?

DIAMOND

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

SLIM MAN

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

DIAMOND

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

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

DIAMOND

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

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

INT. INTER CONTINENTAL HOTEL, BOSTON - DAY

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

SUSAN

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

DIAMOND

What did you do before this?

SUSAN

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

DIAMOND

So he hasn't contacted you in --

SUSAN

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

DIAMOND

Why "he?"

SUSAN

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

DIAMOND

You think it's Lewinter.

SUSAN

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

DIAMOND

What led to the divorce?

SUSAN

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

DIAMOND

A code?

SUSAN

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

DIAMOND

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

SUSAN

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

DIAMOND

What do you mean?

SUSAN

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

(MORE)

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

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

DIAMOND  
Where is this woman now?

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

Diamond puts a hand to his temple and rubs.

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

DIAMOND  
One last question. Did he have a photographic memory?

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

DIAMOND  
A poem?

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

DIAMOND  
That's impressive. But photographic?

SUSAN  
He doesn't speak Korean, Mr. Diamond. But he remembered. Perfectly.  
(goes to the door)  
(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Maybe now the phone calls will  
stop.

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

INT. CIA, LANGELY - NIGHT

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

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

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

DUKESS  
And what was the order, exactly?

FAT MAN  
To follow that specific guy.  
Lewinter. The balding one.  
(sighs)  
I just wanna go home. Haven't seen  
my apartment in six months.

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

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

Dukess slaps a hard line phone in front of him.

INT. XV BEACON HOTEL, BOSTON - NIGHT

Diamond is in bed, sweating, heaving for breath.

DIAMOND  
Wanna kill me or something?

Sarah - rolls over to face him. Smiles.

SARAH  
But what a way to go.

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

Diamond's phone rings. He sighs. Answers.

DIAMOND  
Diamond....  
(listens)  
I sent the digital recording files  
of my interviews just now. Have  
them transcribed and get the three  
shinks on the payroll to go  
through a CPP. Start at 9 AM. I  
want it finished by noon tomorrow.  
(listens)  
What?... Can you confirm that they  
confiscated his suitcase? Okay.

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

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

DIAMOND  
You're funny.  
(then)  
When do you leave for Tokyo?

SARAH  
Company takes off in three days.

DIAMOND  
I can't ask. No. Forget it.

SARAH  
What? Come on. Ask me. Anything.

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

She gets on top of him. Straddles him.

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

DIAMOND

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

SARAH

I'm not sure.

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

EXT. WHARF ALONG THE POTOMAC - NIGHT

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

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

INT. SAILBOAT *THE CIPHER* - NIGHT

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

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

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

-- THUMB DRIVES, six of them.

DUKESS

Diamond, I got you.

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

DUKESS

I fuckin' got you.

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

Everything Dukess does has been recorded.

INT. ACELLA TRAIN - MORNING

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

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

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

EXT. CIA MAIN ENTRANCE, LANGELY, VIRGINIA - MORNING

Diamond pulls up to the guard booth. Waves.

TONY THE GUARD

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

Diamond hands over a set of keys.

DIAMOND

Take her out your next day off.

TONY THE GUARD

You serious?

(takes the keys)

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

DIAMOND

Not too tired from your shift?

TONY THE GUARD

Wide awake for the next 10 hours.

DIAMOND

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

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM, LANGELY, VIRGINIA - MORNING

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

Ferri and Billings sit opposite, listening.

PSYCHIATRIST #1

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

PSYCHIATRIST #2

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

PSYCHIATRIST #3

Alimony payments.

PSYCHIATRIST #2

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

PSYCHIATRIST #1

Which would bring us to possibility 2: schizophrenia.

FERRI

Could Lewinter be a skitzo?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MORNING

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

PSYCHIATRIST #1

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

FERRI

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

PSYCHIATRIST #1  
Insanity is really a legal term,  
implying the inability to  
distinguish between right and  
wrong. Since this is not a legal  
proceeding, I don't think the term  
insanity applies.

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY

Dukess is looking over the material on the thumb drives.

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

DUKESS  
*Je-sus.*

There is a knock on his door.

DUKESS  
Come.

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

DUKESS'S MAN  
Faxed from the Southeast Station.  
Hard copy of the order to follow.

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

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

DUKESS'S MAN  
Take some time, but I'm on it.

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - MORNING

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

FERRI  
So he's not crazy? Or is he?

PSYCHIATRIST #2

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

INT. THE OBSERVATION ROOM, CIA - CONTINUOUS

Cullen leans over to Diamond and hisses:

CULLEN

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

DIAMOND

On the contrary. This is vital.

CULLEN

Seems like psychobabble.

DIAMOND

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

Cullen sulks: okay. They watch the conversation continue:

BILLINGS

And the, uh, the third category?

PSYCHIATRIST #1

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

## PSYCHIATRIST #2

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

## PSYCHIATRIST #3

And remember what his ex-wife said. Where is the quote --  
(reading documents)

Here it is -- "Augustus used to exaggerate his own importance." The stuff about Nobel Prizes and being a CIA operative.

## EXT. DOCK ALONG THE POTOMAC - MORNING

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

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

## PSYCHIATRIST #3

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

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

## PSYCHIATRIST #2

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

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

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

INT. CIA'S SCIENCE AND TECHNICAL OPERATIONS - DAY

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

DOCTOR MARTINELLI

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

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

DOCTOR MARTINELLI

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

DIAMOND

Any chance of survival after swallowing one of these?

DOCTOR MARTINELLI

Sure. If you're a humpback whale.

INT. BACK TO THE CIA CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Where the third Psychiatrist leans back and nods.

PSYCHIATRIST #3

Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST #1

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

PSYCHIATRIST #2

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

PSYCHIATRIST #1

His second wife who went back to North Korea --

PSYCHIATRIST #2

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

## PSYCHIATRIST #3

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

## PSYCHIATRIST #1

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

## INT. CIA SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY LAB - DAY

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

## DIAMOND

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

## SCIENCE AND TECH ANALYST

Thousands of lines of numbers  
mixed in with code base.

## BILLINGS

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

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

## INT. DIRECTOR HAMILTON'S OFFICE - DAY

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

## DIRECTOR HAMILTON

What does it mean, Mr. Diamond?

DIAMOND

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

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

Why?

DIAMOND

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

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

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

DIAMOND

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

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

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

DIAMOND

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

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

*Jesus Fucking Christ.*

EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

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

-- THE ENTIRE SAILBOAT EXPLODES.

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

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

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM, LANGELEY, VIRGINIA - AFTERNOON

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

ANALYST WITH INDIAN ACCENT

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

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

ANALYST WITH INDIAN ACCENT

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

DIAMOND

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

ANALYST WITH INDIAN ACCENT

Agreed. It's a travesty, sir.

DIAMOND

(reading on:)

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

Excellent. Fantastic.

(keeps reading)

Wait. Here.

He rifles through more E-Mail exchanges. Points.

ANALYST WITH INDIAN ACCENT  
The contents of his carry-on.

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

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

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

DIAMOND  
Told you the allergist was  
significant.

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

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

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

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

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

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

CULLEN

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

WINTON

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

CULLEN

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

WINTON

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

DIAMOND

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

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

WINTON

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

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

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

(MORE)

DIRECTOR HAMILTON (CONT'D)  
And so I'll have to trust the  
professionals who work for me.

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

DIRECTOR HAMILTON  
What happens if your plan fails?

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

DIRECTOR HAMILTON  
Can you explain that to me?

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

DIAMOND  
No.

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

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

And Director Hamilton is smart enough to know it.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON  
...Do it.

INT. WINTON'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

WINTON  
The Dragon.

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

(MORE)

DUKESS (CONT'D)

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

(slams his hand down)

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

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

WINTON

And what's on those?

DUKESS

A list of assets.

WINTON

NCS assets?

DUKESS

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

(Winton stares back)

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

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

WINTON

What do you want me to do?

DUKESS

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

WINTON

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

DUKESS

There's even more incriminating  
information.

WINTON

Jesus. Such as?

DUKESS

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

WINTON

This is the last thing we need.

DUKESS

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

Dukess grabs the evidence and heads to the door.

WINTON

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

DUKESS

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

Dukess opens the door and moves through. Turns.

DUKESS

Someone has to stop this guy.

He slams the door behind him.

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - DAY

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

SLIM MAN

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

DIAMOND

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

SLIM MAN

How can I do that from here?

DIAMOND

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

SLIM MAN

And what happens then?

Diamond pulls out a box of Sudafed Allergy pills.

DIAMOND

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

SLIM MAN

I don't understand.

DIAMOND

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

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

DIAMOND

Wanna see inside your new place?

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

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

DIAMOND

What's it gonna be?

INT. DULLES AIRPORT - DAY

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

SARAH

I just hand him the boxes of  
allergy medicine?

DIAMOND

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

SARAH

"A gift from your old friends."  
(he nods)

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

DIAMOND

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

SARAH

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

DIAMOND

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

Like I said, Hail Mary here.

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

DIAMOND

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

SARAH

I don't even know the dance routine.

DIAMOND

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

SARAH

No. You didn't.

(glances over)

They're boarding. I better go. I'm -- excited. Maybe a little scared. Can anything go wrong, Leo?

DIAMOND

A lot could go wrong, Sarah.

(holds her shoulders)

You don't have to do this. If you back out now, I still --

SARAH

You still what? Love me?

DIAMOND

...Sure.

SARAH

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

DIAMOND

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

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

SARAH

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

DIAMOND

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

SARAH

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

DIAMOND

Good luck, Sarah.

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

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

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

EXT. JEFFERSON MEMORIAL - DAY

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

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

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

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

TYRANNY.

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

DIAMOND

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

BOWMAN

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

(MORE)

BOWMAN (CONT'D)  
Newspapers don't exist, or haven't  
you read the Times on your iPad  
today?

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

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

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

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

Diamond smiles and stares out at the Potomac.

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

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

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

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

BOWMAN  
You control the story? Forget it.

Bowman walks. Diamond sits there. Bowman finally sighs.

BOWMAN  
Alright. I'm listening.

DIAMOND

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

Bowman comes back, sits down and starts taking notes.

EXT. POTOMAC GATEWAY DOCKS - DAY

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

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

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

D.C. DETECTIVE

Who was he?

DIAMOND

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

D.C. DETECTIVE

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

DIAMOND

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

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

D.C. DETECTIVE

Could it have been the engine?

COAST GUARD OFFICER

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

D.C. DETECTIVE

Someone blew it up on purpose?

COAST GUARD

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

(MORE)

COAST GUARD (CONT'D)  
Definitely not a liquid like  
gasoline. We found bits of your  
gate guard -- his skull and part  
of a foot, but that was it.

D.C. DETECTIVE  
Anyone want Tony what's his name  
dead?

DIAMOND  
A gate guard? Don't think so.

D.C. DETECTIVE  
Anyone want you dead?

DIAMOND  
Quite a few people.

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

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

EXT. D.C. DOWNTOWN POLICE PRECINCT - DAWN

Winton watches as Diamond walks down the front steps.

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

WINTON  
What are old friends for, Diamond?

DIAMOND  
Eleven hours of questioning and  
they have nothing.

WINTON  
Who did this?

DIAMOND  
I have a pretty good idea.

WINTON  
Not your boat. This.

Winton shows Diamond the front page of --

-- THE WASHINGTON POST: a headline reads:

"AMERICAN NUCLEAR EXPERT DEFECTS TO NORTH KOREA."

Diamond snatches the paper from Winton's hands.

DIAMOND

(reads aloud:)

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

(shakes his head)

Who the *fuck* did this?

WINTON

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

DIAMOND

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

WINTON

What are you talking about?

Diamond slaps the front page with a hand.

DIAMOND

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

INT. ASSISTANT DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

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

DIAMOND

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

CULLEN

A bomb?

DIAMOND

It ain't a flower arrangement.

CULLEN

Jesus Christ. Why?

DIAMOND

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

Diamond slaps down hard copies on Cullen's desk:

DIAMOND

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

CULLEN

Me?

DIAMOND

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

CULLEN

What could be worse?

DIAMOND

His cell phone records.

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

CULLEN

What am I looking for?

DIAMOND

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

Diamond shows Cullen the Washington Post byline.

DIAMOND

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

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

INT. ASSISTANT DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

FERRI

(reads aloud:)

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

(he stops)

Good God. We are fucked.

BILLINGS

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

(no one answers)

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

WINTON

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

CULLEN

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

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

CULLEN

Might as well pack your offices up, boys.

BILLINGS

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

Diamond paces, his face placid. Cullen fumes.

CULLEN

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

DIAMOND

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

Diamond stops pacing. And smiles. Winton watches him.

CULLEN

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

WINTON

(peering at Diamond)  
...I have a pretty goddamn good guess.

(in awe)

Diamond, they were right about you. You're The Dragon's apprentice. Now the master.

CULLEN  
The fuck are you talking about?

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

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

CULLEN  
Op order to follow Lewinter. So?

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

Cullen sighs and reads. Then blinks. Reads again.

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

Ferri and Billings are lost.

FERRI  
Billings, you know what they're talking about?

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

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

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

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

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

DIAMOND (CONT'D)  
And after that, Mr. Cullen here  
will be made the new Director of  
the CIA.

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

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - EVENING

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

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

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

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

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

SLIM MAN  
Now my people, who weren't certain  
of the validity of this defector  
before, see Mr. Lewinter as  
legitimate. After all, the CIA  
tried to have him poisoned.  
(sighs)  
I tried to convince them that this  
is precisely what you wanted us to  
think, but who will listen to me?  
I'm just a -- prototype.

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

DIAMOND

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

SLIM MAN

Mr. Lewinter will have carte-blanche in our nuclear scientific and computer programming community. Which is what you wanted all along, wasn't it?

DIAMOND

Your apartment working out for you? Neighborhood okay? Two blocks from some boy bars. Happy hunting.

SLIM MAN

Why go through the motions? Why not just tell your people what you were planning?

DIAMOND

Had to seem authentic. I had to act flummoxed. You know that word, "flummoxed"? If I had let on, the whole operation would have gone in the toilet. The people in the CIA today are bright, well-educated, well-intended, incredibly patriotic, but they don't have a fucking clue how to be a case officer or how to run an operation.

SLIM MAN

There is one part I can't figure out. The woman, your companion. You knew she'd be caught.

DIAMOND

...Yes.

SLIM MAN

The plan couldn't possibly work, to get the pills to Lewinter.

DIAMOND

I never wanted him to have the pills. I just wanted your people to think I wanted him to have the pills. I knew they'd run tests on them and see they were deadly. Everything worked out.

SLIM MAN

Why sacrifice your girlfriend?  
She's not a professional.

DIAMOND

She wanted to do something  
important. With meaning. And --  
she did. She got her chance.

SLIM MAN

They interrogated her for weeks.

DIAMOND

Yes. And her answers only served  
to back up the story -- that a CIA  
operative had given her the pills  
to give to Lewinter. She didn't  
know enough to blow anything.

SLIM MAN

They broke her legs, I'm told.  
She'll never dance again.

Diamond doesn't react. Finally says.

DIAMOND

I heard rumors.

SLIM MAN

I'll try to get her released.  
(Diamond nods)  
Was it worth it? All of it?

Diamond stands up and stretches. Yawns. Tosses an  
envelope of cash on the bench next to the man.

DIAMOND

Anything else you need, let me  
know. Cross me and you will go  
straight back home. And they won't  
just break your legs.

Diamond walks away, leaving a very shaken, very pale and  
frail looking prototype North Korean spy on the bench,  
completely out of his depth.

EXT. OVER CHESAPEAKE BAY - MORNING

Drifting out to sea are some undiscovered flotsam from  
the explosion that destroyed *The Cipher*. Part of a  
pillow; a coffee pot; a hardcover book, pages charred.

AND -- a file folder, photos spilling out along the surface of the waves. The photos are all half-burned.

WE CLOSE IN - on a photo.

IT'S AN OLD PICTURE OF DIAMOND, a cluster of people around him in a restaurant, smiling. Everyone chummy, hands over shoulders. Drinks flowing.

CLOSER - there, mere feet from Diamond, smiling back, is a younger, less bald A.J. LEWINTER...

ON THE PHOTOS - they drift out of the bay, toward the open Atlantic ocean, to be swallowed up by nature...

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY

Leo Diamond sits behind his desk. He's burning a photo in an ashtray.

It's the photo he'd folded and put in his pocket in Lewinter's ex-wife's apartment.

An old photo of Lewinter with Leo Diamond. They are younger. Diamond is glancing over his shoulder as Lewinter explains some formula on a chalkboard to a seemingly interested Diamond.

Diamond -- lets the photo burn, until Lewinter and Diamond's visages are gone, eaten by flames....

INT. CIA SAFEHOUSE, NORTH CAROLINA - NIGHT

Diamond stops at the end of a rutted dirt road and sees the private compound with the triple perimeter fencing and the NO TRESPASSING SIGN.

He walks up to the gate and hears the bark of a German Shepherd. A FLASHLIGHT beams him in the face. Diamond holds up his CIA ID to the light.

INT. CIA SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Diamond looks through the two-way glass at a man curled into a ball in the corner of the room. He turns to the three INTELLIGENCE OPERATIVES in the room.

DIAMOND

You don't want to listen to what we discuss. Take a walk.

The men glance at one another, but leave the room.

INT. CIA SAFEHOUSE - DAY

Diamond comes into a padded interrogation room to see a haggard, confused-looking Dukess, cement floor underneath him. There is a prison-issue toilet in the corner.

A blanket and a bowl of water are the only other items in the locked room. Dukess's eyes blink open. He uncurls himself. His eyes blink as he takes in Diamond's form.

DUKESS

(croaks:)

Leo. Leo Diamond. The man of the hour. I hear you briefed the President himself.

DIAMOND

Word travels fast.

DUKESS

I still have a few friends. Even in this place. I get visitors.

Diamond pulls out a flask and offers it to Dukess. Dukess peers at Diamond, then takes it. Opens it and sniffs.

DIAMOND

Not going to poison you. Come on.

Dukess drinks, deeply. Sighs and shuts his eyes.

DUKESS

Single malt. You're a class act. Anyone ever tell you that?

DIAMOND

All the time. How are they treating you?

DUKESS

Oh, the meals here are top notch. They have a new chef. And the waterboarding is second to none.

DIAMOND

The CIA likes to call it "Enhanced Interrogation Technique."

DUKESS

They seem confused that I'm sticking to my story about you.

DIAMOND

Might as well tell them what they want to hear. Save yourself some trouble. Waterboarding is a young man's game.

DUKESS

He was yours, wasn't he? All along? How many years?

DIAMOND

Oh, I don't know. Over fifteen. Twenty? Snatched up Lewinter at some geeky science conference in London back in the late 90s. He was so thrilled to work secretly for the CIA. They all want to, you know. Be important. Be secret. Help America. It's all self-serving. Ego-stroking.

DUKESS

And all that stuff with the ex-wives? Was that all artifice? Lewinter acting unstable?

DIAMOND

God, no. Lewinter is legitimately a fucking mess in his personal life. But I told him to marry a Korean woman, yes. Paid him to do it. But he's a lovesick fool. Fell head over heels. He's happy over there. Got his ex-wife back. He's vital. All he ever wanted to be.

DUKESS

Did you send him over?

DIAMOND

Of course. I activated him. You know I have sleeper assets. You stole my files. I didn't expect you to do that. You're not a bad adversary, Dukess, you just -- didn't have the same mentor I had.

DUKESS

You have other assets in place?

DIAMOND

You know I do. You saw the thumb drives.

(MORE)

DIAMOND (CONT'D)  
Where are they, by the way? We  
searched your place. Couldn't find  
them.

DUKESS  
Tell me about the other assets.

DIAMOND  
What can I say? It's a lifetime of  
work. That's why we have the slush  
fund. Toritti and I didn't steal  
the money, we were given the  
money. By the CIA itself. Of  
course, the men who authorized the  
plan are long gone. And I just  
faded into the background. Biding  
my time. I ran ops here and there.  
No one knew. Waited. Until I felt  
I could do some real good. One  
morning it hit me: Lewinter. I  
knew he was going on that  
conference. Timing was perfect. I  
knew with Lewinter, we could  
cripple the North Koreans... Where  
are the thumb drives, Dukess?

DUKESS  
You're certain they think he's  
real?

DIAMOND  
Absolutely, 100 percent. Lewinter  
will take the North Koreans so  
far, give them incredible promise.  
Their missile systems will  
suddenly enter the modern age --  
just advanced enough to scare the  
bejesus out of the world and start  
a new cold war, and then --  
miraculously, they'll be rife with  
glitches and failures. They'll  
blow up on the launching pad, the  
reentry vehicle warheads won't  
deploy correctly. It'll set North  
Korea back twenty years.

(he whispers)  
And that threat will no longer be  
a threat. The world will be safe.

DUKESS  
Gotta hand it to you. You're a  
brilliant case officer.  
(broods)  
And the Washington Post? Why?  
(MORE)

DUKESS (CONT'D)

(Diamond waits)

To clean house..... Embarrass the CIA once and for all. Cut off the dead weight. A brand new OSS, run by -- oh, you, I suppose? Leo Diamond, Director of Intelligence?

DIAMOND

God no. I run operations. Counterintel. I'm not a paper pusher. But you're right. It's time for a new CIA. And we're going to get one. Sorry you won't be a part of it. Unless...

Dukess shakes his head. No way.

DUKESS

Those thumb drives are the only reason I'm not dead, Diamond.

DIAMOND

Dukess, I wouldn't hurt you. I have copies, of course, but I don't want that information floating around. It's my life's work. You understand? Give them to me, and I'll get you out.

DUKESS

Get me out and I'll give them to you.

DIAMOND

You can't do any harm in here. No deal.

DUKESS

I have someone on the outside who will release them to a trusted source at the New York Times if I'm not out of here.

Diamond considers Dukess. He nods.

DIAMOND

It's a very nice try. I applaud your attempt, Dukess.

DUKESS

(eyes wide:)

Please. Can't you just let me out of here? Please. I'll stay quiet. I'll retire. I won't tell anyone.

Diamond gives Dukess the flask to keep. Stands up.

DIAMOND

I don't believe you, yet. In time,  
I might. You just -- rest a bit.

DUKESS

...You're a bastard, Diamond. But  
I never knew how ruthless you  
really were.

DIAMOND

I'm a realist.

DUKESS

No. You're something much worse.  
You sacrificed your girlfriend,  
blew up that guy on your sailboat,  
and you framed me. You're a  
monster, Diamond. A monster.

DIAMOND

Who do you want chasing terrorists  
around the world? A nice guy? No.

(leans down,  
whispers:)

You want a monster.

Diamond heads for the door. Dukess watches him go. Sips  
the flask. His red eyes fill with tears of frustration.

INT. DIRECTOR OF THE CIA HAMILTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Director Hamilton hands Diamond a coffee.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

Black, correct?

DIAMOND

Yes, Ma'am. Thank you.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

So. You wowed us all; President  
included. He's going along with  
the party line. The CIA is  
embarrassed, etc. A new dawn must  
come for the Intelligence  
Community, etc., etc., etc.

(shakes her head)

I have no idea how you did it.  
Deputy Director Cullen is taking  
over my job. Winton is moving up  
under him. And I'm moving up, too.

DIAMOND

I heard: head of the NIC. You'll be in charge of the entire Intelligence Community.

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

Confirmation hearings are next month. Mr. Diamond, I'd be very grateful if you took over as Director of Counterintelligence.

DIAMOND

I beg your pardon?

DIRECTOR HAMILTON

We're headed back to your days -- human intelligence. We missed the Cole; the Chapman attack in Khost; Benghazi; of course 9/11. The source for Sadaam's WMDs was horse shit, as Colin Powell later confirmed. We need you to teach a new generation of CIA case officers how to work in the field. Think of yourself as our new OSS Captain, our Wild Bill Donovan. What do you say? Will you do it?

Diamond sips his coffee and smiles at Hamilton.

DIAMOND

I'd be honored.

EXT. DULLES AIRPORT - DAY

Diamond helps Sarah to the car. She limps, her gait still uneven. She's frail, her complexion dangerously pale.

INT. DIAMOND'S CAR, MOVING - DAY

Sarah's eyes take in the sights in Washington. Diamond drives them past the White House.

SARAH

You know what they used to break my legs? A metal pipe. A rusty section of metal pipe. The man who did it seemed expert at his job. He was almost polite about it. Did you know? That I'd be hurt?

DIAMOND

Course not. There was always the possibility of danger, but I thought I could protect you.

Diamond has pulled up to Sarah's condo. He turns off the car engine. She starts crying, softly.

SARAH

You're no longer one of my things, one of my I-Don't-Know-Collection.

(wipes her tears)

I know, now, Leo, what makes you function.

He says nothing. His eyes stay on the world outside the windshield. The autumn leaves are starting to drop.

DIAMOND

I'll help you up the stairs.

SARAH

No. I can do it.

She opens the car door and steps out. Rises to her feet. Walks away, limping badly. Heads up the stairs to her condo entrance. Diamond watches her go.

She never turns back. Goes inside and closes the door.

INT. THE CIA, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - MORNING

Diamond walks to his new office, the sign on the door reading: DIRECTOR, COUNTERINTELLIGENCE, LEO DIAMOND.

A familiar young ASSISTANT takes his coat.

ASSISTANT

Good morning, Mister Diamond!

DIAMOND

Morning, Jimmy.

His office is spacious. Floor-to ceiling windows with a good view of trees and grass. A bird flits from branch to branch, and Diamond watches it move.

ASSISTANT

Coffee Mr. Director? Black?

DIAMOND

Thanks. Get me the SigInt from North Korea for the past week.

ASSISTANT  
Should be in your in-box, Mr.  
Director. Came in ten minutes ago.

DIAMOND  
And get Carlos in here, we got a  
lot of planning to do.

ASSISTANT  
Right away, sir.

The Assistant puts the mug of coffee down before Diamond, whose eyes are already scanning his E-Mails. He opens the file and starts to read. Sips his coffee and nods.

DIAMOND  
Still damn good coffee.

ASSISTANT  
Do you want to go over your  
meetings for the day?

DIAMOND  
Sure. Why not?

Diamond sits back as the Assistant goes over his daily schedule....

Diamond listens, his eyes taking in the bird, flitting from branch to branch outside his office window.

The bird finally takes wing and flies away.

FADE OUT.