

"The Americans"

by

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TEASER

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A PASTY BUREAUCRAT, late 40's, may be hitting the jackpot with an attractive but skeezy blond standing at the bar.

BLOND  
Seriously? The President?

PASTY BUREAUCRAT  
At this level, there aren't that many people he can trust.

BLOND  
How do I know you're not making all this up?

The man takes out a leather ID case and shows her his government credential - CLOSE-UP ON THE ID: Department of Justice, the guy's picture, American Eagle embossed in the corner.

PASTY BUREAUCRAT  
The things I'm telling you, you don't joke around about. It could be dangerous.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The pasty bureaucrat sits on the couch naked. The blond, naked from the waist up, straddles him.

PASTY BUREAUCRAT  
These wiseguys have put a lot of people underground. Now they're gonna waste away in their own six by nine above-ground coffins for the rest of their natural lives. You'll see it on the news next week when the indictments come down -- think of me, because I did it.

The blond kisses his neck and starts moving down from there. As she goes...

BLOND  
What's an indictment?

Off the pasty bureaucrat, too excited to answer...

INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

NIKOLAI TIMOSHEV -- early 50's, well-dressed, carrying a suitcase -- gets off a Trailways bus and steps into a run-down bus station. He is the ONLY WHITE PERSON there.

He walks casually toward the front door.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP on a closed window from the outside, cheap white curtain drawn -- the camera is a little shaky, indicating we're in SOMEONE'S POV.

We DART across the face of the building to the next window over, FREEZE on it for precisely ONE SECOND -- no curtain in this window, but the room is dark inside --

JUMP to the next window over and FREEZE on it.

VOICE

(O.S.)

I don't know -- think about something else --

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

...the voice belongs to PHILIP JENNINGS, 38, ALL-AMERICAN HANDSOME. He stands with his back against an alley wall, never taking his eyes off the building across the street.

PHILIP

-- take deep breaths.

He's talking to ROB -- 28, BIG, TOUGH, but NERVOUS -- also with his back against the alley wall.

ROB

It's just, they used to tell stories about this guy. He killed a lot of people.

PHILIP

You know how guys like him killed people? They planned it for weeks, they always came up from behind. Fighting face to face, that's a different story.

ROB

I heard one time he got in a bar  
fight with the entire Japanese  
Olympic Judo team. Took out four of  
'em before the rest of 'em ran.

PHILIP

What year? '64 to '72 were pussies.  
Didn't even medal.

Still, after a few seconds, Philip puts his right hand  
against the alley wall, picks his left ankle up behind him,  
and does a quad stretch.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

A hand with newly-manicured CRIMSON FINGERNAILS knocks on a  
shoddy-looking door.

The door opens. A black man in his 50's stands there.

FEMALE VOICE

I need to look out your living room  
window for a few minutes.

The crimson-fingernailed hand reaches out with two twenty  
dollar bills.

Off the man, staring at whoever the hand belongs to...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

PHILIP'S POV:

Freeze on a window in the building across the street for ONE  
SECOND, jump to the next window, freeze on a window for ONE  
SECOND, jump to the next window... This continues as we  
hear:

PHILIP

(O.S.)  
Time.

ROB

(O.S.)  
Minus twenty-two.

END PHILIP'S POV -- now we see Philip and Rob standing in the  
alley, Philip's eyes moving methodically across the face of  
the building across the street.

PHILIP  
No, I mean, what time is it.

ROB  
Oh, uh -- one-fifteen.

PHILIP  
Orioles are away in Los Angeles,  
probably just finishing up. You a  
baseball fan?

BACK TO PHILIP'S POV:

...he's between windows when he STOPS and JERKS BACK to the  
PREVIOUS WINDOW -- THE EDGE OF THE CURTAIN IN THIS WINDOW  
FLUTTERS TWICE.

ROB  
(O.S.)  
I like football, I --

PHILIP  
(O.S.)  
Third floor, two South. She's in.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Timoshev walks down a street in a neighborhood of low-rise  
housing projects, abandoned buildings, and garbage-strewn  
lots. The bus station glows like an oasis several blocks  
behind him now.

He goes up to a group of young black men.

TIMOSHEV  
(no Russian accent)  
Have you seen any white people  
around here recently?

YOUNG MAN  
Other white people?

TIMOSHEV  
Yes.

The young man pauses, stares at Timoshev.

YOUNG MAN  
No.

TIMOSHEV  
Thank you.

Timoshev walks away. The young men look at each other -- they want to go after him, but they can feel there's something dangerous about this man. They stay put.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

We're looking over the shoulder of a silhouetted figure in a dark living room -- her hand, with CRIMSON FINGERNAILS, holds a white curtain a fraction of an inch away from the wall -- through the crack we see what she's seeing:

Three stories down, across the street, Philip and Rob in the alley. Further to her left, an EMPTY STREET CORNER.

TIMOSHEV turns the corner.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

PHILIP'S POV: CLOSE-UP on one window now. The PLAIN WHITE CURTAIN FLUTTERS.

PHILIP  
(O.S.)  
He's at the corner.

Philip's line of sight JERKS DOWN from the window IN A BLUR and REFOCUSES on the sidewalk right in front of the alley.

EXT. STREET - CROSSCUT

Timoshev walks toward the alley. Past the alley, we see a battered sign over a doorway - "ROOMS FOR RENT."

EXT. ALLEY - CROSSCUT

Philip waits, completely still -- Rob starts to sweat --

EXT. STREET - CROSSCUT

Timoshev approaches the alley -- three feet away, he STOPS.

Timoshev looks up and down the street. He looks at the windows in the buildings. He stares at the mouth of the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - CROSSCUT

Philip waits, listens --

EXT. STREET/ALLEY - SIMULTANEOUS

Timoshev DROPS HIS SUITCASE AND TAKES OFF RUNNING -- at the SAME INSTANT Philip BOLTS OUT OF THE ALLEY and GOES AFTER HIM. Rob is RIGHT BEHIND PHILIP.

PHILIP  
 (sotto, to Rob)  
 Don't get behind him.  
 (calling out)  
 Immigration! We just want to talk.

TIMOSHEV  
 HELP! HELP!

Timoshev turns a corner. As they run --

PHILIP  
 FBI? CIA?

TIMOSHEV  
 CALL THE POLICE!

PHILIP  
 Fish and wildlife?

Timoshev rips around another corner, which puts him closer to Rob than to Philip.

ROB  
 I can get him.

PHILIP  
 Go.

With a burst of speed, Rob moves in front of Philip, but he gets RIGHT BEHIND Timoshev.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
 Don't get behind --

Timoshev SUDDENLY SLOWS and BENDS AT THE WAIST -- his RIGHT ARM COMES UP BEHIND HIM as Rob CRASHES INTO HIS BACK.

Timoshev ACCELERATES OUT OF THE COLLISION as Rob CRUMPLES to the ground. We see a FLASH OF METAL in Timoshev's hand.

Philip JUMPS OVER ROB.

Philip GAINS on TIMOSHEV. Staying to HIS SIDE, he ALMOST GETS A HAND on him.

Timoshev turns another corner. This street is LESS RUN-DOWN - Timoshev is making his way to a better neighborhood.

Philip is ALMOST NEXT TO TIMOSHEV - he KICKS AT TIMOSHEV'S ANKLE but Timoshev HOPS OVER THE KICK.

Timoshev SPINS AROUND with a BACKFIST aimed at Philip's head that Philip barely dodges. Timoshev LUNGES at him and Philip backpedals.

A FURIOUS fight ensues. Despite his age, Timoshev is fast and fluid. Philip and Timoshev fight in the same style - SHORT, POWERFUL moves, KNEES and ELBOWS. They go for the BODY more than the head.

Philip delivers an ELBOW to Timoshev's jaw that STAGGERS him, and a KNEE to the GROIN before Timoshev can recover. He THROWS Timoshev to the ground and gets on top of him.

Timoshev SPINS over onto his back, his hand COMES OUT OF NOWHERE with a KNIFE and THRUSTS up, it goes THROUGH PHILIP'S JACKET right over his chest --

Philip GRABS Timoshev's wrist and pulls the knife BACK DOWN --

A PEDESTRIAN turns the corner and stops to look at them --

Philip twists Timoshev's wrist and grabs the knife from him. He PUTS THE POINT OF THE BLADE TO TIMOSHEV'S THROAT.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Ow!

CLOSE-UP on the tip of the knife -- RED WITH BLOOD.

TIMOSHEV

Sorry.

PHILIP

Any final words?

TIMOSHEV

(smiling)

I know you're not supposed to kill me.

PHILIP

I don't think you understand how unpopular you are. I could deliver you in a hundred pieces and they'd give me a separate medal for each one.

Timoshev stops smiling.

Philip puts the knife in his pocket and CUFFS him.



PHILIP (CONT'D)  
 (loud, for the pedestrian)  
 You have the right to remain  
 silent. You --

TIMOSHEV  
 HE'S NOT POLICE! HE'S NOT REAL  
 POLICE! HELP, CALL FOR HELP!

A window opens in a house across the street.

A TWO-DOOR 1977 CHEVROLET MONTE CARLO SCREECHES TO A STOP next to Philip and Timoshev. A hand with CRIMSON FINGERNAILS pushes the door open, and ELIZABETH JENNINGS jumps out -- 37, ATTRACTIVE, STRONG and FAST -- and NOT BLOND, but THE SAME WOMAN WHO WAS WITH THE PASTY BUREAUCRAT -- she pulls the front seat up for access to the rear of the car.

Philip pulls Timoshev up and pushes him into the back seat with the classic 'don't bump your head' cop move.

Philip gets into the driver's seat, Elizabeth gets into the back seat. They drive away.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Philip drives as Elizabeth rolls Timoshev ONTO THE FLOOR in back. ROB LIES BLEEDING AND HALF-DELIRIOUS on the back seat.

Elizabeth tears off strips of Rob's shirt and uses them to try and stop the bleeding from his stomach wound.

Philip pulls into an...

I/E. CAR/ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

...alley. He gets out of the car, goes around to the front --

The following takes about TWENTY SECONDS:

-- Philip bends down and with two turns takes off the PRE-LOOSENEED SCREWS on the D.C. license plate. He leaves the screws on the ground, goes to the back of the car and opens the trunk. He tosses in the FRONT D.C. Plate and TAKES OUT a set of VIRGINIA LICENSE PLATES. He bends down and removes the screws from the BACK LICENSE PLATE. He PUTS a VIRGINIA plate on in back.

He PEELS OFF TWO MAGNETIC BUMPER STICKERS from the REAR FENDER -- one with a picture of SMOKEY THE BEAR, the other reading "7UP - UNdo it" -- and tosses them in the trunk.

He goes back to the front of the car and puts on the second Virginia plate. He gets back in the car and drives out...

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

...onto the street. He makes a turn. Something HUGE AND WHITE GLOWS outside the car window -- Philip turns onto a bridge, and we see it's the -- LINCOLN MEMORIAL. WE'RE IN WASHINGTON D.C.

Elizabeth leans forward to talk to Philip. Whispering --

ELIZABETH  
Heavy bleeding, he's got ten,  
fifteen minutes.

PHILIP  
Arlington Methodist, then 66 to the  
Beltway to the drop site?

ELIZABETH  
We blew our whole window on the  
chase, we won't make it.

TIMOSHEV  
I can help you. I can make you  
very rich.

Elizabeth PUTS HER HEEL in Timoshev's mouth.

PHILIP  
(whispering)  
So...Parkway to the Beltway, he  
dies on the way, and 50/50 we miss  
the handoff anyway?

ELIZABETH  
Just drive fast.

ROB  
(groaning)  
I knew the risks. Finish the  
mission.

Elizabeth goes back to Rob, puts a hand on his cheek.

ELIZABETH  
Don't be brave, sweetheart. We  
won't let you die.

Off Philip, not sure this is true...

I/E. CAR - NIGHT

Philip pulls up to a curb. He gets out of the car and lifts Rob out of the back seat. He pulls Rob's wallet out of his pocket and tosses it to Elizabeth in the back seat as he picks Rob up in his arms and...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

...carries him down the street.

PHILIP

You go in a John Doe. If you live,  
don't go back to Boston. Assume  
they're on you.

Philip turns a corner -- there's an EMERGENCY ROOM entrance a hundred yards away. He puts Rob on his feet.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

You gotta walk from here.

Rob, clutching his stomach, takes a step.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

You were trained to surmount any  
obstacle. Go!

Rob stands up straighter and walks toward the emergency room. Philip runs back towards the car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Philip gets into the...

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

...car and starts to drive. They take a ramp onto a highway.

Elizabeth kneels on the back seat and looks out the rear window, SCANNING side to side...

ELIZABETH

Back is clear.

Philip accelerates, CLOSE-UP on the speedometer moving from 60 to 70 to 80 to 90 and UP...

PHILIP

Time?

ELIZABETH  
 (checking watch)  
 Minus seven.

They pass an ENTRANCE RAMP -- PHILIP'S POV: LASER FOCUS on each car coming down the RAMP -- he takes in shape of the car, focuses on sedans that could be unmarked police cars, ZEROES in on silhouettes of occupants -- END PHILIP'S POV.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
 Minus six.

TIMOSHEV  
 There's another way, please listen  
 to me, we could all --

Elizabeth lifts one knee off the back seat and DRIVES HER BOOT DOWN into Timoshev's EYE.

EXT. DOCKS - LATER

Philip pulls up in front of a dark, empty DOCK.

Philip and Elizabeth get out. They stare at a ship a few hundred yards out to sea.

PHILIP  
 Why is everyone so punctual in this  
 business?

Without looking, Elizabeth delivers a SHARP BACKKICK to the Monte Carlo's OPEN PASSENGER SIDE DOOR behind her.

The massive door SLAMS SHUT on Timoshev's LEG as he tries to wriggle out of the backseat.

TIMOSHEV  
 Aahh!

Elizabeth FLIPS THE SEAT RELEASE, pulls the passenger seat forward, and unceremoniously hoists Timoshev back into the car and onto the floor. She gets in after him.

When she sits, Elizabeth plants one of her heels in Timoshev's BALLS.

Philip gets in and starts to drive.

Quietly, so Elizabeth doesn't notice, Philip puts a hand under his shirt and feels his chest. He takes the hand out and looks at his right index finger in the dim glow of the dashboard -- there's a drop of blood on it.

Off Philip, more irritated than worried...

And then Off Elizabeth, staring out the window...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

A block-long concrete building - the sign out front reads:  
"J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING - FBI HEADQUARTERS."

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Men and women with ID badges around their necks check in at a table. A SIGN on the table reads: KGB ACTIVITIES IN U.S.A. -- THE CURRENT THREAT. CLASSIFICATION -- TOP SECRET.

AN AMERICAN FLAG stands on one side of the door to the conference room. On the other side, A LARGE, FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN hangs on the wall.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - INSIDE THE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

AGENT STAN BEEMAN, 36, a LITTLE CHUBBY for an FBI Agent, stands next to AGENT CHRIS MIZZI, 30.

AGENT MIZZI

CounterIntelligence is the place to be right now, Stan. What's it take to rob a bank? Stick your finger in your pocket, say, "Gimme all your money." In CI, we're up against the most sophisticated enemy in the world.

STAN

One good thing about bank robbers, they speak English. They got me in beginner's Russian starting Monday, four days a week.

AGENT MIZZI

You have an ear for languages?

STAN

I had a very hot high school French teacher one year, I got a B-plus.

AGENT MIZZI

Here, you get a 2 on the proficiency exam, you go up a pay grade.

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE MARK Bartholomew, 50's, his ID clipped to his breast pocket instead of around his neck, walks by.

AGENT MIZZI (CONT'D)  
When are we getting started, boss?

AGENT BARTHOLOMEW  
Timoshev isn't here. Twenty minutes late.

AGENT MIZZI  
Maybe he had a little too much vodka last night.

AGENT BARTHOLOMEW  
I've been working with him since he defected, he's never been twenty seconds late for anything.

AGENT MIZZI  
Where's he coming in from?

AGENT BARTHOLOMEW  
Don't know. Won't do witness protection, says there are too many leaks. He only deals with the Director and the A.G., I don't even know where he stayed last night.

Agent Bartholomew walks away.

AGENT MIZZI  
(indicating Bartholomew)  
Mormon. Since Reagan got elected, starts these fucking meetings at seven a.m.

STAN  
Reagan's not a Mormon.

AGENT MIZZI  
Fundamentalist, whatever. Their goal is the same, to wear down the enemy by getting up earlier than they do.

STAN  
Who's Timoshev?

AGENT MIZZI

Ex-KGB Colonel. Blew the whistle on these 'Directorate S' undercover agents they've supposedly got hidden all over the U.S. -- super-secret identities, no one has any idea who they are.

STAN

You don't buy it?

AGENT MIZZI

There's not one single piece of evidence. Then you get guys like Timoshev, they get these big resettlement packages when they defect, millions of dollars. They gotta say something to justify it. So they make up some stories, to keep us happy. *Super-secret spies, living right next door to us. Look like us, speak English better than we do* -- according to Timoshev, they're not allowed to speak another word of Russian once they get here. I mean, come on. Somebody's reading too many spy novels. We're talking figment of the imagination.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

A car trunk SWINGS OPEN.

Inside, TIMOSHEV lies on his side, HANDCUFFED and HOG-TIED. Each arm and leg is also strapped separately to bars in the frame of the trunk. His head is STRAPPED DOWN. He CANNOT MOVE AN INCH.

A WIRE MOUTHGUARD is buckled across his face -- a HEAVY RUBBER BLOCK attached to the mouthguard is WEDGED BETWEEN his TEETH -- it extends down into his throat and prevents him from talking or making noise.

PULL BACK to REVEAL Philip, standing in front of the open trunk of his Monte Carlo. The HOOD of the car is UP, too. Philip holds a cup of water with a straw in it.

PHILIP

(whispering)

You understand if you make any noise I'll kill you immediately.



Timoshev raises his eyebrows to indicate that he understands.

Philip unbuckles the wire mouthguard and takes the restraint out of Timoshev's mouth, which is a bloody mess from where Elizabeth stomped on it. He puts the straw up to his lips.

TIMOSHEV

(whispering)

The FBI paid me three million dollars when I came over, and more since as a consultant.

PHILIP

(surprised)

Three million --

TIMOSHEV

You will get twice that! Three million as the most valued of defectors, a Directorate S officer, another three for returning me. Go to the FBI and tell them --

Philip stuffs the rubber block back into Timoshev's mouth and re-fastens the mouthguard. He shuts the trunk.

Off Philip, standing over the trunk, thinking...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

ELIZABETH stands behind the kitchen counter. PAIGE, 13, and HENRY, 10, sit at the table eating breakfast. Henry reads the sports section.

PHILIP WALKS IN.

PHILIP

Car won't start, we're gonna have to take the bus to the metro.

HENRY

Dad, Valenzuela pitched a one-hitter last night.

ELIZABETH

I'm not going in today.

Philip goes over to Elizabeth by the sink. He turns on the faucet to cover their conversation from the kids. As he washes his hands --

PHILIP

(sotto)

Do you know what they paid that asshole? Three million dollars.

ELIZABETH

(sotto)

Henry was looking for his skateboard. It's not in the garage, is it?

Paige gets up from the table, takes a Styrofoam cup from a cabinet, and pours herself a cup of coffee.

PAIGE

Bye.

Paige walks out the door. Philip and Elizabeth, both surprised by the coffee, watch her, but don't say anything. Henry grabs his backpack and follows Paige out.

PHILIP

(calling after Henry)

No coffee for you?

ELIZABETH

We have to get him out of here tonight.

PHILIP

I just coded the message, I'll drop it on the way to work, get instructions back this afternoon, hand him off after the kids go to sleep. You don't have to stay home, he's secure in there.

ELIZABETH

There were witnesses. If they put it together, they could be looking for him in a few hours. I'm gonna stay.

PHILIP

I told you we should have built that secret underground chamber in the basement with the dual air vents and the weather-proof walls.

ELIZABETH

You mean that wine cellar you wanted to put in under the laundry room?

PHILIP  
I said it could have other uses.

Elizabeth refills her coffee cup.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
Anyway, three million dollars he  
got.

ELIZABETH  
He can buy himself a diamond-plated  
coffin.

Elizabeth gets the dirty plates from the table.

Off Philip's ambivalent look, which Elizabeth doesn't see...

EXT. FRONT LAWN - DAY

Philip, carrying a briefcase, comes out the front door. He's  
fully dressed for work now, in an ARMANI SUIT.

He turns on the sprinkler. He gazes with satisfaction at his  
beautiful green lawn.

He turns around and looks at his house -- a middle-class  
townhouse with attached garage -- he turns and looks at the  
other houses in his suburban development -- identical,  
pristine -- he SMILES -- HE LOVES IT HERE.

INT. BALLSTON METRO STATION - ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA - DAY

PHILIP'S POV:

(NOTE: POV shots are used throughout to show what  
intelligence officers are trained to see and hear in  
operational environments)

AUDIO: LOUD - pneumatic hiss of a train. SOFT, FROM DIFFERENT  
DIRECTIONS - distant RADIO STATIC, SHORT SERIES OF ELECTRONIC  
BEEPS, garbled VOICE ON A WALKIE-TALKIE.

VISUAL: a quick scan of Philip's field of vision, left to  
right -- jump back to the left and repeat the scan, this time  
focused on faces -- every third or fourth person, Philip  
LASER-FOCUSES IN for half a second ON A SPECIFIC  
CHARACTERISTIC -- AN OLD WOMAN'S EARLOBE, A YOUNG MAN'S LIP,  
DEEP POUCHES UNDER A MIDDLE-AGED MAN'S EYES -- features that  
are hard to change quickly with disguise --

NEXT VISUAL: the crowd thins -- he's turning a corner -- a waist-high cement balustrade on the right -- Philip comes close to it, stops, turns, faces an empty track where a train will arrive.

NEXT VISUAL: SCAN left to right, REPEAT -- in lower right field of vision, Philip sees his right hand reach around into his back pocket, when --

LEFT PERIPHERAL VISION, TWO COPS appear. They lean against the balustrade very close to Philip.

WE JUMP OUT OF PHILIP'S POV TO:

A shot of Philip and two cops leaning against the balustrade. The cops chat. Philip looks straight ahead -- an almost imperceptible SMILE spreads across his face.

BACK TO PHILIP'S POV:

Cops in left peripheral vision -- right hand reaches into back pocket -- something comes out -- reaching back with it, up and over the balustrade --

JUMP OUT OF PHILIP'S POV AGAIN AND CLOSE-UP ON:

Philip's hand as he reaches behind his back without looking and STICKS WHATEVER HE TOOK OUT OF HIS POCKET onto the backside of the cement balustrade --

CLOSE-UP on the OBJECT -- it's a SMALL, THIN SLICE OF CEMENT that LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE the cement balustrade.

A train pulls into the station. Philip steps across the platform and gets on.

INT. SCHOOL LUNCHROOM - DAY

Philip and Elizabeth's daughter Paige comes out of the cafeteria line carrying a tray. She sits down at a table with three boys -- two of them are playing chess. The third is TOM, 13, SEVERE ACNE.

PAIGE  
(glancing at the board)  
Knight to queen's bishop three --

CHESS PLAYER #1  
(moving knight)  
I was just about to do that.

CHESS PLAYER #2  
Paige!

TOM  
So I'm not going to New York this weekend.

PAIGE  
Oh yeah?

TOM  
My aunt got rickets. So now I might go to the dance.

PAIGE  
What're rickets?

A group of more attractive, athletic boys walk past. Off Paige, watching them...

INT. JENNINGS TRAVEL, WASHINGTON D.C. - PHILIP'S OFFICE - DAY

Philip sits at his desk in a private office, looking down at a hand-written ledger.

STAVOS, 40's, Greek-American, dressed in an embroidered tunic that looks good on him, comes in.

STAVOS  
Philip, do not look so gloomy. Our new President will end the recession and bring wealth and prosperity to all. If not, you can sell those shoes and keep us going for another two or three years.

They both look down at Philip's FERRAGAMO shoes.

Philip tosses the ledger onto his desk and comes over to Stavos. He puts his arm around him as they walk into the...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

...hallway.

PHILIP  
Why did I give you that raise last year, Stavos?

STAVOS  
The Greek charm.

PHILIP  
Is that a thing?

They continue into the...

INT. JENNINGS TRAVEL - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

...outer office of an upscale travel agency. TRAVEL AGENTS answer phones, write out PAPER AIRLINE TICKETS, look at GREEN BLINKING CURSORS on BIG CRT MONITORS. We are on an upper floor of an office building, not a storefront.

Philip sits down on HELENE'S desk -- she's in her late 60's -- while ANGELA, 20's, looks over from her desk, wishing Philip were flirting with her.

PHILIP

Helene, sweetheart, can you call your pal Bert at Allied and ask him to settle up for this month?

HELENE

You know he's going to ask me out.

PHILIP

He's only human, Helene.

Philip heads back to his office. On the way, he stares at a POSTER on the wall of a MAN IN A TUXEDO getting into a limousine in NEW YORK CITY.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JENNINGS TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Elizabeth sits on the couch reading a copy of LADY'S CIRCLE MAGAZINE with (a very young) CAROL BURNETT and ALAN ALDA on the cover. She keeps looking up at the hallway. Finally, she gets up and goes into the...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...hallway, which she follows to...

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

...the garage. She closes the door behind her.

She goes to the back of the Monte Carlo. She stares at the trunk.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT - ELIZABETH'S FLASHBACK

Free weights, a canvas punching bag hanging from the ceiling -  
- RED BANNERS on the wall, in RUSSIAN -- a single bulb lights  
up one corner of the gym, where --

ELIZABETH -- 18-years-old, in grey workout clothes, is in a  
fighting stance. Her TRAINER, 50's, stands across from her.

Elizabeth FAKES WITH HER LEFT, then THROWS A RIGHT ELBOW at  
the trainer. He pivots, and the elbow misses.

TRAINER

Again.

Elizabeth repeats the move, the trainer slips it again. A MAN  
appears behind the trainer.

MAN

What have we here?

Elizabeth and her trainer stop and turn towards the man --  
it's TIMOSHEV, twenty years younger.

TRAINER

Captain, I -- didn't know you were  
back.

TIMOSHEV

You two are working late.

TRAINER

She has great promise. We are  
putting in extra work.

TIMOSHEV

Leave us. I will teach her how we  
do it in the field.

The trainer hesitates.

TIMOSHEV (CONT'D)

Go.

The trainer leaves.

TIMOSHEV (CONT'D)

Now my dear, again.

Elizabeth raises her hands, fakes, then throws the elbow at  
Timoshev -- he steps aside, and Elizabeth stumbles.

ELIZABETH  
 (slight Russian accent)  
 I am sorry.

TIMOSHEV  
I'm sorry. Use the contraction. Now  
 faster!

Elizabeth lunges again, Timoshev slips the blow but this time HITS Elizabeth in the face with the heel of his palm.

TIMOSHEV (CONT'D)  
 Watch! Don't overcommit.

At the gym door, the trainer stands outside in the dark hallway, looking through the small window -- he's worried.

Elizabeth lunges at Timoshev again, harder and faster -- she misses -- Timoshev HITS her again, then SHOVES her backwards onto some mats in a dark corner of the gym.

Timoshev moves towards Elizabeth -- she scrambles to her feet -- he MOVES CLOSER -- she gets into a fighting stance -- he MOVES CLOSER -- she steps back, stumbles onto the mats --

Timoshev throws himself on top of Elizabeth. Trained for close-quarters combat, she shoots her thumb straight at his eye. Timoshev grabs her wrist just in time. He smiles, even though it was close, and SLAMS her arm down. Elizabeth maneuvers to push him off with her legs, but he's got her pinned.

Timoshev puts a forearm against Elizabeth's throat and PUSHES - Elizabeth's breathing SLOWS, gets labored - Timoshev waits until she lets out a few weak CHOKES - he lets go of her pinned arm, reaches down, pulls her pants down, then his.

As he pushes into her, he takes his forearm off her throat. OFF ELIZABETH, gasping for air...

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth opens the trunk.

Timoshev looks up at her.

Elizabeth stares down at him. Timoshev SQUINTS -- she looks familiar, but he can't quite place her. But the harder she glares at him, the more he seems to realize he SHOULD know who she is.



And then his eyes narrow a little more. He may remember.  
Off Elizabeth, STARTING TO SHAKE WITH RAGE...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Philip, briefcase in hand, walks down a street crowded with commuters on their way home. He stops at a corner and looks at the building across the street. The sign out front reads:

"J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING - FBI HEADQUARTERS"

The street light changes from "DON'T WALK" to "WALK."

Philip stares at the light - "WALK."

He turns and crosses the street the other way.

INT. JENNINGS HOUSE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elizabeth walks down the hall. She hears: TAP TAP KA-JIIING!

She goes into...

INT. PAIGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

...Paige's room. Paige types on a SMITH-CORONA, hitting the manual carriage return at the end of every line.

ELIZABETH

What're you working on?

PAIGE

Social studies. Paper on how the Russians cheat on arms control.

Paige continues to type with her back to Elizabeth. Elizabeth's face contorts as she keeps back all the things she wants to say. Finally --

ELIZABETH

That's Mr. Henrickson? I don't know how you can look at him all day, with that harelip.

PAIGE

(without turning around)  
Mom, that's his handicap!

Elizabeth glares at the back of Paige's head, then turns around and goes out into...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

...the hallway. She walks down the hall and into...

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

...Henry's room. Henry sits on the floor, his back against his bed, reading an ARCHIE COMIC. Several more Archies are scattered around him.

Elizabeth sits down next to him. She looks over his shoulder at a PANEL of ARCHIE and JUGHEAD. A look of DESPAIR flashes across her face.

INT. JENNINGS TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Philip walks in. Elizabeth, Paige, and Henry are already having dinner.

HENRY

Hey dad.

Elizabeth gets up and meets Philip at the sink. He kisses her. She turns on the faucets.

PHILIP

I made the drop at the metro, no response.

ELIZABETH

I could just fix up the spare bedroom for him.

PHILIP

I've got a meeting after dinner, I'll get something.

Philip and Elizabeth sit down at the table.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Don't fill up on vegetables, we're going out for dessert.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Philip stands in front of the mirror with his shirt off.

There's a small, red puncture wound just over his heart -- he puts his index fingers on either side of it and PULLS, spreading the skin out -- he looks in the mirror, like he's trying to peer INTO the tiny hole --

ELIZABETH  
 (O.S.)  
 You coming?

EXT. JENNINGS DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The family approaches A BLUE MUSTANG with a WHITE RACING STRIPE.

HENRY  
 Holy shit!

ELIZABETH  
 Henry.

PHILIP  
 Don't fall in love, it's just until  
 the car is fixed.

HENRY  
 Can I drive it?

PHILIP  
 Did you learn how to drive since  
 this morning?

INT. DAIRY QUEEN - NIGHT

Philip and Elizabeth sit next to each other on one side of a table, Paige and Henry sit across from them. They all have various Dairy Queen concoctions -- Philip's is a Krunch-Kote dipped cone.

PHILIP  
 Do you want a taste?

ELIZABETH  
 Are you going to push it in my  
 face?

PHILIP  
 Absolutely not.

ELIZABETH  
 Are you sure?

PHILIP  
 Of course.

Elizabeth looks at him warily -- Philip smiles.

ELIZABETH  
I don't trust you.

PHILIP  
You can trust me, honey. For God's sake. When was the last time I did that?

Elizabeth leans in towards Philip's cone -- slow and untrustworthy -- closer, closer -- he smushes a little bit of ice cream in her face.

ELIZABETH  
Damn it! I knew it. You said you weren't gonna do it.

PHILIP  
You knew I was gonna do it.

ELIZABETH  
Here, have a bite of mine.

PHILIP  
Oh, sure.

Elizabeth flicks some of her ice cream at Philip. He grabs her and they end up snuggling.

PAIGE  
It's not even embarrassing what you guys are doing, it's just a waste of ice cream.

HENRY  
Seriously, grow up.

INT. TRUNK - NIGHT

A STRANGE, LOW NOISE in the DARKNESS -- it almost hurts to listen to it.

We start to make out the shape of a body -- TIMOSHEV in the trunk.

What is that noise? Dentists and certain sadists may identify it as the sound of enamel against metal.

INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT

The Mustang pulls up in front of the Jennings' townhouse.

PAIGE  
 Why are you meeting a client so  
 late?

As Henry opens his door and the DOME LIGHT goes on, Philip turns around and looks at Paige.

PHILIP  
 He's coming in on a late flight,  
 it's more of a social meeting.

Off Philip, smiling at Paige as he lies to her face...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

A MAN in a cheap grey suit, with light brown hair and glasses, stands outside a door. He's carrying a briefcase. Probably a mid-level government bureaucrat. Kind of handsome, despite the unstylish glasses and bad haircut.

He TAKES OFF his wedding ring and puts it in his pocket.

HOLD ON A SECOND -- it's PHILIP, in disguise. He knocks. The door opens to REVEAL...

MARTHA HANSON, 30, VERY PLAIN. Philip walks into...

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

...her apartment.

PHILIP  
 How've you been, Martha?

MARTHA  
 Fine, Clark.

Philip smiles at her. Martha smiles back. Though she's trying to hide it, she's clearly in love with him.

Philip sits down on the couch in the small living room. He opens his briefcase and takes out a clipboard.

PHILIP  
 (reading fast)  
 Referencing meeting taking place  
 Twenty-Two April 1981, I understand  
 that the contents of this meeting  
 are classified Top Secret by the  
 Internal Affairs Division of the  
 Committee to Oversee United States  
 CounterIntelligence Agencies.

Martha sits down next to him on the couch.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

MARTHA

(raising her hand)

I do.

Philip takes out a notebook and a pen.

PHILIP

Big day at FBI CounterIntelligence?

MARTHA

Yes, it was.

PHILIP

Well, obviously, we know most of it, but I want to hear the details from you. You never know when a crisis can provide an opportunity to uncover the leaks we've been looking for in your office. Just tell me everything you saw.

MARTHA

Well...I know that a man was kidnapped. I think he was supposed to speak at a conference this morning, but he never showed up. Agent Bartholomew was very upset.

Philip writes in his notebook.

PHILIP

Did there appear to be a centralized response to the kidnapping?

MARTHA

They were in the secure vault all day.

PHILIP

Did you get a look inside?

MARTHA

They don't let me in there, you know that.

Philip and Martha both smile. Philip gazes into Martha's eyes, waits until her lips start to tremble.

PHILIP

Go on.

MARTHA

The man they kidnapped was Russian. Someone very important, in the KGB, I think. By early afternoon, they tied it to a police report in Northwest D.C. about a man who was kidnapped last night. They have a vehicle description, '77 Chevrolet Monte Carlo, dark red, D.C. Plates. Bumper stickers.

PHILIP

Descriptions of the kidnappers?

MARTHA

Two men and a woman. One of the men was tall with dark hair.

PHILIP

What specific actions did Agent Bartholomew order?

MARTHA

Extra agents were sent to surveil the Soviet embassy, and agents went out to all ports and train stations. They thought the Russians were going to take the man out of the country.

PHILIP

How would you describe Agent Bartholomew's mood?

MARTHA

Um...angry?

PHILIP

He was taking it personally?

MARTHA

I don't want to say anything bad about him, but I...I think he was taking it personally.

Philip writes in his notebook.



MARTHA (CONT'D)

I don't want to get him in trouble.  
Sometimes I feel bad --

PHILIP

Our CounterIntelligence units  
safeguard the security of our  
nation, Martha. We have to  
safeguard their security.

Philip packs up his briefcase.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I have to get back to the office  
with this right away.

Philip stands, gives Martha an approving nod -- she nods back  
bravely -- he exits into...

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

...the hallway.

OFF PHILIP, walking away down the hall, all business...

INT. JENNINGS HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Philip pulls an entire rectangle of grouting out from around  
a brick -- we see it's a fabricated device that looks like  
grouting, but can be taken out and replaced. He removes the  
brick to reveal a hidden compartment. Inside are several  
small cement concealment devices of the type Philip used  
earlier for his deaddrop at the Metro Station, two tubes  
filled with chemicals, a gun, a blond wig, and a  
microcassette recorder.

He takes out the microcassette recorder and hits play.

ELIZABETH'S VOICE

Tell me what you want next.

PASTY BUREAUCRAT'S VOICE

I don't know.

ELIZABETH'S VOICE

How about this?

PASTY BUREAUCRAT'S VOICE

I don't know, I don't know, yes!

ELIZABETH'S VOICE  
 Didn't a girl ever put her finger  
 up your ass before? That's right --  
 oh yeah, now you got it...

As Elizabeth whispers and moans, Philip looks down at the blond wig -- we see a QUICK FLASH in his mind of Elizabeth in the wig, not looking exactly the same as in the hotel with the bureaucrat, but lips pursed, eyes closed...

He fast forwards.

ELIZABETH'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 Oh God, Oh God, Oh God, You're  
 You're You're --

Philip fast forwards, further this time.

ELIZABETH'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 There's something -- I don't know --  
 if I were gonna see you again, I'd  
 want you to be a little...

PASTY BUREAUCRAT  
 What?

ELIZABETH'S VOICE  
 I don't want to hurt your feelings.

PASTY BUREAUCRAT  
 Tell me!

ELIZABETH'S VOICE  
 Just -- maybe -- stronger, maybe?

Philip can't help smiling at the artistry of this. He fast forwards a little bit.

PASTY BUREAUCRAT'S VOICE  
 Do you know what the KGB is?

ELIZABETH'S VOICE  
 Um...I've heard of them.

PASTY BUREAUCRAT'S VOICE  
 This weekend I'm giving a hundred  
 thousand dollars cash to a KGB  
 officer who's coming to town to --

Philip shuts off the recorder.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Philip comes in. Elizabeth is in bed watching a very-not-flat-screen TV. Philip TURNS UP THE VOLUME, then sits down on the bed.

PHILIP

FBI has the car description with the D.C. plates. They haven't connected it to a stabbing victim at Arlington Methodist, but it won't be long. They're all over our guys at the embassy, who must have made the surveillance, which is why they can't get out to pick up my message or respond. We have to assume, with the FBI on them like that, they're on a full operational standdown.

ELIZABETH

We should just get rid of him ourselves, Philip.

PHILIP

Whoa, take it easy. What's the big rush?

ELIZABETH

On an operational standdown, we're authorized to make our own decisions.

PHILIP

Yeah, but, come on -- why do you want to kill this guy so badly?

ELIZABETH

I want him out of my house! He's putting us all in danger. They're just going to kill him back in Moscow anyway.

PHILIP

We should at least try to complete our mission the way it was assigned.

ELIZABETH

We have to adjust to circumstances.

PHILIP

Hey, if you're that worried about it, we could just defect ourselves.

(MORE)

PHILIP (CONT'D)

We'd be millionaires. We wouldn't have to worry about going to jail and leaving the kids all alone anymore. A lot of our problems would just go away. Poof.

ELIZABETH

Very funny.

Philip lies down.

PHILIP

Let's see if we hear anything tomorrow.

Philip moves towards Elizabeth. She puts her hand on his chest to stop him. He rolls back to his side of the bed.

Off Philip, starting up at the ceiling, frustrated, clearly not for the first time...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Philip and Elizabeth stand in the kitchen.

PHILIP

You sure you don't want to come? You haven't even seen the new mall.

ELIZABETH

It's a mall.

PHILIP

This place is like -- fountains, skylights.

Elizabeth nods toward the garage -- she wants to stay and keep watch.

Paige and Henry come in. Elizabeth and Philip share a look at Paige's slightly-too-sexy outfit. The family walks out...

EXT. FRONT LAWN - DAY

...onto the lawn. Philip and Elizabeth glance over at a moving van parked a few doors down the block.

As Philip and the kids get into the Mustang, Elizabeth watches a mother and her teenage son talking to the moving men. The boy looks about fifteen. He's handsome. As the movers go to work, he gets up on the truck and helps.

Off Elizabeth, focused on the boy...

INT. TYSON'S CORNER MALL - HECHT'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Philip and Paige walk into the shoe department. Paige disappears down an aisle of women's shoes. Philip stops at a table of men's shoes. He picks up a pair of BRUNO MAGLIS. He holds them up, feels the leather. He flips them over and looks at the price - \$200.

He stops and listens to the piped-in music -- "Cherokee Fiddle," from Urban Cowboy:

*When the train pulled into the station  
He'd open up his case and rosin up his bow...*

Philip picks up a pair of COWBOY BOOTS on the table, looks them over.

A HUGE MAN with BULGING TATTOOED BICEPS walks into the shoe department with his arm around a heavily made-up TEENAGE GIRL. Philip watches as the man pats the girl on the ass.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Elizabeth looks out the kitchen window as the teenage boy, his shirt off now, helps the movers carry furniture.

She takes three sharp knives out of a drawer. She puts each one in her right hand and feels its weight.

EXT. FIELD - ELIZABETH'S FLASHBACK

Elizabeth stands in an outdoor field with the same TRAINER from the previous flashback. She holds a COMBAT KNIFE, blade down, cross-body. Her face has BRUISES on it.

PULL BACK to reveal a SPONGE DUMMY full of CUTS and HOLES.

TRAINER

Less arc.

Elizabeth's arm FLASHES OUT -- her knife goes STRAIGHT at the dummy's THROAT, SLASHING at the last possible second.

TRAINER (CONT'D)

Good.

TIMOSHEV strolls up with a MAN IN UNIFORM, obviously the superior of everyone there. The two men stand back a few feet, observing.

TRAINER (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Don't let them see, Elizabeth. Use  
your technique.

Elizabeth stares at the dummy.

Off her eyes, blazing, trying to stay in control...

END FLASHBACK

INT. TYSON'S CORNER MALL - HECHT'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Philip, wearing the cowboy boots he was just looking at,  
dances an improvised two-step in the aisle (he obviously saw  
Urban Cowboy) as "Cherokee Fiddle" plays:

*"Now the Indians are dressing up like cowboys  
And the cowboys are putting leather and turquoise on  
And the music is sold by lawyers, And the fools that fiddled  
in the middle of the station are gone"*

Philip isn't trying to put on a show, but everyone who walks  
by smiles -- he's so good-looking, confident, and naturally  
graceful there's no way not to enjoy watching him.

As he dances, Paige comes out from an aisle of women's shoes,  
sees him, and holds up a shoebox -- she's ready to go. Philip  
meets her at the register. They get in line next to the huge  
tattooed man and his teenage girlfriend.

TATTOOED MAN

(looking Paige up and  
down)

I like what I'm seein' here. You  
ready to break-out darlin', or you  
just playin' dress-up?

PHILIP

Go wait for me over there,  
sweetheart.

PAIGE

Daddy --

PHILIP

Please go.

Paige walks over to a nearby bench. Philip glances down at  
the man's credit card, which is out on the counter.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Errol, she's thirteen.

ERROL

Keep your eye on her, daddy. Once they bleed, they got the need.

Errol smiles, and waits - he's obviously used to these moments, where a smaller man is summoning the courage to take a swing at him, or not - usually not.

A few seconds pass. Finally, Errol signs his credit card slip and walks off. Philip goes over and sits down next to Paige on the bench.

PHILIP

You're getting older, so...

PAIGE

I know, I know.

PHILIP

It's no use fighting guys like that.

PAIGE

Oh, God, I wouldn't want you to.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Elizabeth stands over the closed trunk of the Monte Carlo, gripping one of the knives from the kitchen, blade down, cross-body like in the flashback.

OFF ELIZABETH, debating...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Philip, Paige, and Henry come in through the kitchen door. The kids disappear into the house. Philip looks over at the counter and sees two knives there.

Elizabeth comes in -- she's holding a knife. Philip opens his mouth to ask about it when she says --

ELIZABETH

I met the new neighbors. We're going over later to say hello.

She opens the oven, takes out a tray of brownies, puts it on the counter. She starts to cut the brownies with the knife.

PHILIP

Shouldn't you let those cool?

ELIZABETH  
Have you ever made brownies?

Philip puts his arms around Elizabeth from behind.

PHILIP  
Bitchy. You know that turns me on.

ELIZABETH  
Note where the knife is now.

We follow Philip's gaze to the tip of the knife blade, which is right on top of his thigh.

PHILIP  
Femoral artery -- very bitchy.

Philip lets go of her. She goes back to cutting the brownies.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
So you liked these new neighbors?

ELIZABETH  
I want Paige to meet the boy before the neighborhood girls descend. He's a worker.

PHILIP  
A worker? Does he have a job?

ELIZABETH  
No...he does things. Helps out. Moves things. Not lazy.

INT. DEN - DAY

Philip and Henry sit on the couch watching TV -- CLINT EASTWOOD in DIRTY HARRY.

Elizabeth walks in.

ELIZABETH  
Come on, we're going.

A "BOOM" comes from the TV as Harry shoots the punk. Henry gets up and walks out of the room. Philip gets up and backs out of the room slowly, still watching the TV.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE DOOR - DAY

The Jennings family stands in front of a townhouse that's identical to their townhouse. SANDRA, 30's, opens the door.



SANDRA

You came!

ELIZABETH

Just for a second, to bring brownies and welcome you to the neighborhood.

SANDRA

Come in, come in.

The Jennings walk in...

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

...to a living room the exact size and shape of their own living room. Boxes are everywhere.

SANDRA

Well, it's a mess...

ELIZABETH

Don't say a thing, it's moving day. We'll help you unpack. Henry can come over all day tomorrow if you want.

Henry looks surprised.

Sandra's son, MATTHEW, 15, walks in.

SANDRA

This is Matthew.

ELIZABETH

And this is Paige. She's a freshman at East Falls Church. And Henry. And Philip.

Paige manages an awkward smile.

SANDRA

Where's your father?

MATTHEW

Upstairs.

A man comes down the steps -- it's FBI AGENT STAN BEEMAN.

STAN

We got visitors already?

SANDRA  
This is Stan.

Stan and Philip shake hands.

PHILIP  
Phil Jennings.

STAN  
Stan Beeman.

PHILIP  
My wife, Elizabeth, and Paige and  
Henry.

STAN  
Howdy, all. Those brownies?

ELIZABETH  
Homemade.

Stan takes one.

STAN  
So this a good neighborhood we're  
moving into, Philip?

PHILIP  
I wouldn't live anywhere else.  
It's safe, clean. Commute into  
D.C.'s not too bad. You work in the  
city?

STAN  
Yup.

PHILIP  
What do you do, Stan?

STAN  
I'm an FBI Agent.

For just a split-second, Philip looks surprised.

PHILIP  
FBI, no kidding. You chase bank  
robbers and stuff?

STAN  
Actually, I work in  
counterintelligence.

PHILIP  
That's what, against...spies and  
things?

STAN  
That's right.

PHILIP  
Well, I'll have to make sure I  
don't do any spying around here.

STAN  
You better not. Especially for the  
Russians.

PHILIP  
They're the worst, right?

STAN  
They certainly are, Philip. They  
certainly are.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JENNINGS TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

The washing machine and dryer whirr and boom, covering Philip and Elizabeth's conversation.

ELIZABETH

It's probably a coincidence. FBI agents have to live somewhere.

PHILIP

Or they're onto us.

ELIZABETH

And this is what?

PHILIP

The endgame. Trying to make us do something stupid.

ELIZABETH

Either way, we have to get rid of Timoshev tonight. I almost did it myself this morning, but I thought you'd be pissed.

PHILIP

If they're watching us, the last thing we want to do is kill him. That's life in prison. No deals, nothing.

ELIZABETH

We take those risks every day, Philip. That's what we do.

PHILIP

Maybe there's another way.

Elizabeth waits.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Look, maybe this is an opportunity. Maybe it's the perfect time for us to think about -- just living the life we're living. But just -- really living it. Just -- being us.

ELIZABETH

What are you talking about?

PHILIP

I'm saying we might be blown. I'm saying if we're under surveillance, we can't kill Timoshev. And I'm saying we are Philip and Elizabeth Jennings. We have been for a long time. So let's get ahead of this. Make the first move. Offer ourselves to them. We can get a lot of money -- three million for giving Timoshev back, three million for us. Get relocated. And just be happy. Take the good life.

For a second, Elizabeth is too stunned to speak.

ELIZABETH

Are you joking? Is this a joke?

PHILIP

No.

ELIZABETH

You want to betray our country?

PHILIP

I don't think it's such a betrayal.

ELIZABETH

Defecting to America?

PHILIP

America's not really so bad. We've been here a long time, what's so bad about it? The...the electricity works all the time, the food, the, the...closet-space --

ELIZABETH

Is that what you care about?

PHILIP

I care about everything.

ELIZABETH

But Paige and Henry, what --

PHILIP

We could make a good life for them, we'd have money, security --

ELIZABETH

And you'd...what would you tell them?

PHILIP

The truth.

She SLAPS him.

ELIZABETH

You swore, Philip! You swore! We made a promise never to tell them! To let them grow up and have their own lives. They're not to be a part of this.

PHILIP

You say that, but I can see you can't stand it. You can't stand them being American, I can tell -- every day. Wouldn't you be happier if they knew the truth?

ELIZABETH

I'm not done with them. They don't have to be regular Americans. They can change this place. Maybe they'll be socialists, or --

PHILIP

They're not gonna be communists, this place doesn't turn out --

ELIZABETH

-- or communists, who knows? But this -- this would ruin them! That it was all a lie? Everything -- everything in their lives would fall apart. They'd never speak to us again, Philip! Besides, you're not talking about telling them the truth so we can go back to Russia. You want to defect! You want us all to be Americans!

PHILIP

I want to defect before we're arrested and they find out anyway.

ELIZABETH

Really? How long have you been thinking about this, Philip?

PHILIP

I...I don't know.

Elizabeth storms out.

Off Philip, standing alone...

INT. STAN'S GARAGE - DAY

Stan sits behind the wheel of a PEA-GREEN CHRYSLER VALIANT CHARGER. His wife Sandra stands outside the car.

Stan tries to start the car -- it makes a mechanical SCREECH.

STAN  
Battery's dead. Could be sabotage.

SANDRA  
Democrats?

STAN  
Probably.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Philip, in NIKE WAFFLE TRAINERS, jogs.

INT. HALLWAY - PHILIP'S FLASHBACK

Philip, 21-YEARS-OLD, sits on a bench in an empty hallway. He's looking down at something in his hands.

CLOSE-UP on the small photograph he's holding -- it's a picture of a beautiful young woman.

Philip tears up the picture, stands, walks over to a trash can, and drops in the pieces of the photograph.

A MAN IN UNIFORM, in his 40's, appears at the top of a staircase. This is the SAME MAN who stood next to TIMOSHEV in Elizabeth's flashback when she was practicing knife skills -- he's COLONEL ZHUKOV, who runs the KGB training facility.

Philip stiffens.

PHILIP  
Colonel.

COLONEL ZHUKOV  
Come.

Colonel Zhukov leads Philip through a door and into...

INT. OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK CONTINUES

...an office. There's a bust of Lenin on a desk, a framed photograph of Khrushchev on the wall.

In the middle of the room, Elizabeth, 20 now (2 years after the last flashback), sits at a table. Her hair is in a tight bun. There's smoked salmon and bread on the table, tea cups.

COLONEL ZHUKOV

Philip, I'd like you to meet Elizabeth. Elizabeth, this is Philip.

ELIZABETH

(only a trace of her Russian accent remains)  
Pleased to meet you.

PHILIP

(also just a trace of a Russian accent)  
Likewise.

COLONEL ZHUKOV

I'll leave you two to get acquainted. There's so much to talk about. Your lives up until now. Philip and Elizabeth's lives. Not the other ones. Those should never be discussed. It will be easier to believe in the Elizabeth who grew up in Columbus, Ohio, Philip, if you don't know any other story. Elizabeth, you will be less likely to make a slip one day, if there is no other version of this man that you are hiding away in the back of your mind.

Colonel Zhukov leaves the room.

Philip sits down across from Elizabeth. He's not yet as confident, as physically prepossessing, as the older Philip.

He takes a piece of salmon and puts it on a cracker.

PHILIP

Tea?

Elizabeth nods. He pours her a cup.

They sit there, without saying a word.



END FLASHBACK

EXT. PARK - DAY

As Philip jogs, he reenters the present from his flashback.

PHILIP'S POV: he SCANS left to right, taking in facial characteristics...

END PHILIP'S POV.

Philip stops at a PHONE BOOTH. He PUTS A DIME in and dials.

VOICE  
(O.S.)  
Arlington Methodist.

PHILIP  
County Liaison, please.

After a brief pause...

VOICE  
(O.S.)  
Can I help you?

PHILIP  
Sergeant Vaughn, Fairfax Sheriff's  
Department. We're looking for a  
John Doe would have come in  
Thursday night, male caucasian, six-  
one, knife wound to the stomach...

Philip listens for a second.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
Okay, thank you.

Off Philip, grimacing at bad news...

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Philip, coming back from his jog, is opening his front door when Stan approaches.

PHILIP  
Hey, neighbor! How's the move-in  
coming?

STAN  
Long way to go.

PHILIP  
You wanna beer?

STAN  
No, but I could use jumper cables.  
My wife's car, which we drove out  
here from St. Louis last week, I  
think the strain finally got to it.  
My cables are in a box somewhere.

Philip looks at Stan for a second -- is Stan FUCKING WITH HIM? -- then a LITTLE SMILE spreads across Philip's face.

Stan, who just wants jumper cables, thinks it's a friendly smile and smiles back.

PHILIP  
Come on in.

Philip opens the door and they walk...

INT. JENNINGS TOWNHOUSE - DAY

...into the living room.

PHILIP  
Sure no beer?

STAN  
Yeah, I gotta go into work later.

PHILIP  
You don't even get a day off to  
move?

STAN  
We got a shitstorm brewing. Looks  
like I'll be working seven day  
weeks for the foreseeable future.

Philip leads Stan down the hall. Philip opens the inside door and goes into...

INT. GARAGE - DAY

...the garage. Stan follows him in. Stan sees the maroon Monte Carlo, sees the hood of the car is up.

STAN  
Car trouble?

PHILIP  
Nothing major, cracked PCV hose.

Philip walks around to the trunk. Stan stays by the front of the car.

STAN  
Monte Carlo, huh? '77?

PHILIP  
Four-barrel V8, hundred-and-eighty horsepower.

Philip opens the trunk. Timoshev LOOKS UP AT HIM.

Stan bends down slightly, checking out the license plate. Not really suspicious, just instinct when there's an APB out for a '77 dark red Monte Carlo. He sees the VIRGINIA PLATES.

Philip looks around the trunk for his jumper cables.

STAN  
GM's biggest seller last two years.

PHILIP  
Great car.

Philip looks Timoshev in the eye, almost as if he suspects him of having done something with the jumper cables.

STAN  
Not tempted by one of those Japanese upstarts?

PHILIP  
I don't think I could fit in one.

Stan starts to WALK TOWARD PHILIP at the back of the car.

Philip bends down and SWEEPS HIS HAND UNDER Timoshev.

Stan is almost at the back of the car.

Philip PULLS HIS HAND OUT from under Timoshev -- he's got the JUMPER CABLES.

Philip stands up straight.

Stan is at the rear window of the car, still coming -- he's raising his arm for the cables --

Philip closes the trunk, gently.

He holds the cables out. Stan takes them.

STAN

Thanks.

PHILIP

You bet.

Stan smiles -- Philip smiles back -- they each wait for the other one to stop smiling and look away, but neither of them does -- it gets weird -- Philip's testing, wondering if Stan knows something, if he'll say something -- Stan doesn't know what's going on, but it's a contest now -- finally...

STAN

Well, I gotta get back.

Stan glances down at the rear fender -- no bumper stickers.

Off Stan, acting like he wasn't even looking...

I/E. CAR - NIGHT

Stan and Agent Mizzi sit in a 1980 AMC STATION WAGON. They look through binoculars at the front gate of a compound -- a placard on the gate reads EMBASSY OF THE UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS. A man comes out of the gate.

STAN

Who's that?

AGENT MIZZI

Second Secretary in the political section. He's legit.

STAN

I can't believe we can't just bust in and search the place. It's our fucking country.

AGENT MIZZI

No, it isn't. That's Soviet territory you're looking at. Timoshev isn't in there anyway, they wouldn't bring him inside just to sneak him right back out again.

A VERY WIDE MAN comes out of the embassy.

AGENT MIZZI (CONT'D)

Grabatinsky. 'Cultural Attache.'

He's KGB.

(into two-way radio)

Two green.

STAN

Not a guy you'd wanna meet in a dark alley.

A BLACK SOVIET LADA SEDAN WITH DIPLOMATIC PLATES pulls up in front of the embassy and Grabatinsky gets in.

AGENT MIZZI

(into radio)

*South on Tunlaw.*

Stan pulls away from the curb, but instead of following the car with Grabatinsky, he turns onto another street.

MALE VOICE ON RADIO

*South on Tunlaw, West on Calvert.*

AGENT MIZZI

Go left here, we've got six cars, we should pick him up off Mass Ave. Timoshev used to say --

FEMALE VOICE ON RADIO

*Pick up Calvert North on Wisconsin.*

AGENT MIZZI

-- we spend all our time worrying about KGB officers working out of the embassy like this galoofas, but all they really do is handle the Directorate S guys -- pick-up their messages, deliver their orders.

STAN

Which you don't buy.

AGENT MIZZI

Today, it doesn't matter. If Timoshev is out there, waiting to get loaded onto a tanker back to mother Russia, our only chance to find him is one of these guys leading us there. Maybe it's straight there, maybe it's to a deaddrop he's servicing for a super-secret Directorate S Officer, and they're gonna lead us there. Either way, it's our only shot.

MALE VOICE ON RADIO

Approaching Mass Ave.

AGENT MIZZI

Turn here.

Stan turns.

STAN

This Graba...whatever...he's supposed to be a cultural attache? He said one thing to me about the ballet, I'd start laughing.

AGENT MIZZI

We're up.  
(into two-way radio)  
*SouthWest on Massachusetts.*

Stan sees the BLACK LADA SEDAN half a block ahead.

The Black Lada turns into a MCDONALDS.

AGENT MIZZI (CONT'D)

Shit.

STAN

Are they fucking with us?

AGENT MIZZI

No, these guys love McDonalds. They don't have it in Russia.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Philip and Henry sit in traffic on the Beltway in the rented Mustang. Henry wears a Baltimore Orioles cap.

HENRY

Can we get a racing stripe on the Monte Carlo?

PHILIP

Your mom wouldn't like that.

HENRY

Why not?

PHILIP

She doesn't like...new things.

INT. MEMORIAL STADIUM, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND - NIGHT

Philip and Henry sit in the bleachers watching a Baltimore Orioles baseball game. They've both got hot dogs.

PHILIP'S POV: the lush green field, the low buzz of the fans, a CLACK as a ball is hit -- everything CALM and PEACEFUL -- turning to see HENRY watching the game, the boy absorbed, a healthy, happy-looking kid...

We PULL BACK out of his POV to see Philip, deep in thought...

INT. MEMORIAL STADIUM - STANDS - NIGHT

Philip and Henry stand in a crowd around a player who's signing autographs. The player waves to the fans and disappears into the dugout. Philip looks down at Henry, who's crushed he didn't get an autograph.

INT. CAR - STADIUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Philip and Henry buckle up. Philip turns to Henry, sees how disappointed he is...

PHILIP

Wait here.

EXT. MEMORIAL STADIUM - REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Philip walks toward the rear of the stadium, his eyes on a security guard at the player entrance. Philip goes up to an unguarded, heavy double-door in the shadows. He takes a TINY METAL ROD out of his wallet, pushes it into the door lock, moves it around -- he PULLS the door open and goes into...

INT. STADIUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

...the stadium. He walks down a corridor, turns -- there's a SECURITY GUARD ten feet in front of him. Without breaking stride, Philip puts his hand out --

PHILIP

Special Assistant to the V.P. for  
Facilities Management, I need to  
borrow your radio.

You can hardly tell if Philip takes the walkie-talkie from the guard or if the guard hands it to him. Philip turns down another corridor, follows the sound of voices, turns into...

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

...the locker room. Half the team is still in there, some of them talking to reporters.

Philip walks straight through the room, holding the walkie-talkie as cover -- a few players glance up at him -- he heads for the showers -- right before he gets there, his left hand darts out and grabs A MITT from the upper shelf of a locker. Because he's looking and moving in a different direction from where his hand goes, the move is virtually unnoticeable. The mitt is inside his jacket, pressed under his arm, as he goes into the showers.

He stops at a sink, pulls open a METAL SOAP dispenser on the wall, and yanks out the PLASTIC SOAP JUG inside. He goes back out to the locker area, holding the soap jug up to his nose.

PHILIP  
(lips to walkie-talkie)  
I got it, smells fine to me.

He walks out into the...

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

...corridor. He drops the soap jug in a trash can, keeps going down the hallways. When he gets to the security guard, he hands him his radio.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Philip gets in. He hands Henry the mitt.

PHILIP  
I couldn't find Murray, but I ran into Belanger. He wanted you to have this.

Henry's eyes light up. Off Philip as he pulls out of the parking spot, smiling...

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Henry lies in bed in pajamas, his new MITT on his hand. Elizabeth sits next to him.

ELIZABETH  
And the daddy elephant said, let's just take our family and go over to the mean herd of elephants, they'll give us everything we want. And the mommy elephant said --



HENRY

This is a story for, like, a four-year-old.

ELIZABETH

Just wait, it gets better. And --

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Philip, coming in from the hallway, closes the door to the garage quietly behind him. He goes to the front of the Monte Carlo and --

CLOSE-UP on a ROLL OF DUCT TAPE, a SCISSORS, and a DIXIE CUP OF WATER sitting on the ENGINE. STRANDS OF COPPER WIRE snake through the transmission.

PHILIP

Damn it, Elizabeth.

Philip, MOVING FAST, goes to the back of the car and opens the trunk.

Timoshev LOOKS UP AT HIM.

Philip takes out a knife and cuts the straps and ropes tying down Timoshev. He DOES NOT take off the handcuffs.

Philip HOISTS TIMOSHEV out of the trunk and leans him against the back of the car. He unbuckles the wire mouthguard and pulls it away from Timoshev's mouth.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Listen --

Timoshev SPITS PIECES OF CHEWED UP RUBBER IN PHILIP'S FACE AND LUNGES AT HIS THROAT WITH HIS TEETH BARED. He CLAMPS DOWN on Philip's throat with his TEETH.

Philip JAMS FINGERS in BOTH of Timoshev's EYES and PRIES him off his THROAT.

Timoshev KICKS at PHILIP's KNEE -- Philip BLOCKS the kick with HIS FOOT and SHOVES Timoshev in the chest, knocking him BACK INTO THE TRUNK.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Oh, you're such a fucking pain in the ass! Stop! I'm making a deal!

Philip's neck is bleeding from TWO DEEP BITE MARKS.

TIMOSHEV

Ah, good, good!

Philip pulls Timoshev out of the trunk again -- a little rougher this time. As he takes off Timoshev's handcuffs...

PHILIP

Come on, we haven't got much time.

Philip and Timoshev head for the garage door when --

The DOOR TO THE HOUSE OPENS. Philip and Timoshev turn around. ELIZABETH comes into the garage, closing the door behind her.

ELIZABETH

What's going on?

PHILIP

I'm taking him to our neighbor.

She comes up to them.

ELIZABETH

You are?

PHILIP

I was gonna drive him out, hand him off further from home, but you seem to have disabled the car.

ELIZABETH

So you were leaving me.

PHILIP

No. I'm gonna make a deal that you don't have to talk to the Americans if you don't want to. If you feel that would make you a traitor. But you'll come with me and the kids. It won't be exactly what you want, but you'll adjust.

ELIZABETH

So you're just deciding, for both of us.

Timoshev takes a little sidestep toward the garage door. Elizabeth sidesteps and cuts him off.

PHILIP

Somebody had to make a decision.

ELIZABETH

Why you?

PHILIP

Why not?

ELIZABETH

Because I am a KGB officer! Don't you understand that, after all these years? I would go to jail, I would die -- I would lose everything before I would betray my country.

PHILIP

Elizabeth --

ELIZABETH

I'm finishing this.

Elizabeth moves towards Timoshev. He PUTS HIS HANDS UP and she KICKS RIGHT THROUGH THEM into his chest.

Timoshev and Elizabeth trade QUICK, HARD blows.

PHILIP

(exasperated, more to himself)

Damn it, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth fakes with her left and hits Timoshev with a vicious right elbow -- the same move she was practicing as an 18-year-old the night he raped her. This time she's faster and stronger than him, and the blow sends him FLYING into the garage door.

Timoshev crumples to the floor. With great effort, he pushes himself to his knees, then staggers to his feet.

TIMOSHEV

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. They let us have our way with the cadets, it was part of the job. A perk. Forgive me, please.

PHILIP

What's he talking about?

(to Timoshev)

What are you talking about? How did you hurt her?

ELIZABETH

Do what you want with him. Take him to the Americans, if that's what you want.

Elizabeth turns and walks towards the inside door to the house.

Philip GRABS Timoshev's throat, LIFTS him in the air and SHOVES him against the garage door. He SQUEEZES -- there's a loud CRACK as Timoshev's windpipe SNAPS.

Elizabeth turns back around.

With one hand still on Timoshev's throat, Philip grabs him at the waist, turns him sideways, and THROWS his dead body into the trunk of the Monte Carlo.

He SLAMS the trunk shut.

Off Philip and Elizabeth, staring at each other...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Philip and Elizabeth drive in the Monte Carlo. Elizabeth is cut and bruised from her fight with Timoshev.

Elizabeth turns on the radio. "Lookin' For Love" from Urban Cowboy comes on:

*I spent a lifetime lookin for you  
Single bars and good-time lovers were never true  
Playin' a fools game hoping to win  
Telling those sweet lies and losin' again*

Off Philip and Elizabeth, staring out the windshield...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Philip and Elizabeth stand at the edge of a cliff, swinging Timoshev's body, wrapped and weighted-down in a tarp, back and forth.

They let go -- the body flies out over the edge. They watch it fall, then splash into the water below.

As they turn to go, Elizabeth PUSHES Philip against a tree. She kisses him hard. Still perilously close to the cliff, they grab at each other's belts, pull each other to the ground - it's almost a contest for who's going to overpower who, and - Philip may be stronger, but the wrong move could send them both over the cliff.

Elizabeth pins Philip on his back, gets his pants down - as she starts to slide back and forth on top of him, she POUNDS on his chest - Philip takes the blows easily. Until finally, he FLIPS Elizabeth onto her back - away from the cliff - at first she struggles, but then she lets Philip use his strength to subdue her. Philip drives into her but cradles her, for once, fragile-looking body underneath him at the same time.

OFF ELIZABETH, something peaceful in her face as her breathing gets faster and faster...

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Elizabeth sits on the toilet, Philip sits on a stool next to her.

He uses his right index finger to apply tiny dabs of make-up to her cuts and smooth them out with great delicacy -- he's already rendered most of the cuts completely invisible -- another piece of tradecraft he's expert at.

He finishes, examines her, nods. She looks at his neck.

ELIZABETH  
Too deep to hide.

She puts two small bandages on his BITE-MARKS. As she finishes, they hear the SOUND of a DOOR OPENING, then FOOTSTEPS in the hall, then FOOTSTEPS moving FAST DOWN THE STAIRS.

PHILIP  
We'll have to get the trunk later.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

The Jennings family sits at breakfast.

HENRY  
Terry can't throw a curve, which means he'll probably only get two or three strike-outs the whole game. The outfield's gonna be busy.

The phone rings. Elizabeth gets up and answers it.

ELIZABETH  
Hello?

She listens for a few seconds, then hangs up. Philip sees the look in her eyes. He comes over to the sink with some dirty dishes, turns on the faucet.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
(sotto)  
Emergency signal for tonight.  
You'll never believe who's here.

I/E. CAR - DAY

Philip and Henry pull out of the driveway in the rented Mustang. Henry is in a little league uniform.

Stan comes down the sidewalk. Philip rolls down his window.

PHILIP  
We're going by Ballston. Need a lift?

STAN  
No, thanks. What happened to your neck?

PHILIP  
Shaving.

STAN  
(indicating two band-aids)  
Twice? You're a butcher.

PHILIP  
Gotta change my blades more.

STAN  
(to Henry)  
Get your dad an electric razor next Christmas.

Philip and Henry drive away. Off Stan, watching them go, just the tiniest hint of suspicion...

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Elizabeth stands over the open trunk of the Monte Carlo with a RAG, a TWEEZERS, and a SPRAY CAN OF SOLVENT. The trunk looks like a kidnap victim has been in there recently -- there are BLOOD STAINS, TANGLES OF MATTED HAIR, the STRAPS and ROPES that were used to tie Timoshev down, the WIRE MOUTHGUARD.

Just as Elizabeth starts to clean --

PAIGE  
(O.S.)  
Mom? Let's go.

Elizabeth, irritated, closes the trunk.

ELIZABETH  
Coming!

She puts the cleaning supplies in a cabinet and walks back into the house.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Philip and a small group of parents watch their kids play in a little league game. Henry is in the outfield.

The batter hits a long flyball, over Henry's head. Henry races back for it.

It looks out of his reach, but he DIVES, STRETCHES -- Philip JUMPS TO HIS FEET, holding his breath -- Henry HITS THE GROUND with the ball squeezed into the top of his mitt.

Philip's face lights up. A cheer rises from the small crowd.

Off Philip, a genuine, happy smile on his face...

INT. NATIONAL GALLERY - DAY

Paige stands in front of a painting of a young, innocent-looking girl in a white sundress and a straw hat. She senses something and turns around -- across the gallery, a well-dressed man in his thirties smiles at her.

Paige turns back around. She undoes one of the buttons on her blouse. She turns back around to look at the man -- their EYES MEET.

Elizabeth turns into the gallery and sees Paige and the man looking at each other. Elizabeth heads straight for the man with murder in her eyes. She's almost to him when --

-- a woman the man's own age turns into the gallery and comes up to him. Elizabeth veers off and heads towards Paige.

The man and the woman exit the gallery together.

Elizabeth goes up to Paige. She buttons up Paige's blouse.

INT. METRO CAR - NIGHT

Elizabeth and Paige sit next to each other on the train.

ELIZABETH

Do you like that boy who just moved in, Matthew?

PAIGE

He won't like me.

ELIZABETH

Why not?

PAIGE

Boys my age don't like me, mom.

ELIZABETH

I'm sure they do.

PAIGE

I'm sure they don't.



ELIZABETH

Paige, you just have to believe in yourself.

PAIGE

Do you really think those words mean anything, mom?

ELIZABETH

I know they do. Listen to me, Paige. Your life isn't supposed to be easy. Everyone runs around acting like they live in a fairy tale, but...things happen to people. You have to be prepared, to be a person who can live anywhere, who can deal with any situation. That's how I've always known you and Henry would be alright, no matter what, because I'd raise you to be strong, tough, confident people.

PAIGE

But I'm not any of those things.

Elizabeth stops -- she looks at Paige for a long time.

ELIZABETH

Not yet, dear. Not yet.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

Two subway trains hurtle past each other in the dark tunnel. Through the windows, we see inside -- in one, Elizabeth and Paige sit next to each other -- in the other train, going the opposite direction, Philip sits alone...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Philip walks down a street in a suburban village. He turns a corner and goes into...

INT. HOULIHAN'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

...a crowded Fern Bar. He goes up to the bar.

PHILIP

What do you have on tap?

BARTENDER  
Bud, Michelob, Miller --

Philip stares intently at the bartender, making sure the guy really sees him.

PHILIP  
Gimme a Bud, I'll be back in a sec.

Philip goes to the back of the bar and into the...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

...bathroom. He goes into a stall. He unzips his bag.

CLOSE-UP on his FACE as he puts on a false moustache and beard, slicks back his hair with Brylcreem, and lengthens and darkens his eyebrows with an eyebrow pencil.

CLOSE-UP on his FEET -- he pulls off the COWBOY BOOTS he's wearing (the one's he was trying on at the mall) and puts on a pair of PLAIN BLACK SHOES.

CLOSE-UP on his BAG -- he takes A LEATHER bag out of the gym bag, and puts the gym bag and the cowboy boots into the leather bag.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

PHILIP'S POV:

...as he exits the bathroom into the crowded bar -- he approaches the same spot at the bar where he was before -- THE BEER he ordered is there waiting.

The bartender comes over, looks straight at him -- no sign of recognition.

PHILIP  
What do you have on tap?

BARTENDER  
Bud, Michelob, Miller --

In the mirror behind the bar, Philip sees himself -- this is the first full look we get of him in disguise, he doesn't look like Philip OR the guy who met his agent MARTHA previously -- A LITTLE SMILE, the one that means he's having fun, spreads across Philip's face.

PHILIP  
Whose beer is this?

BARTENDER

Some guy.

END PHILIP'S POV

INT. METRO - NIGHT

Philip, in disguise, rides the train.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Philip walks down a street. He stops in front of a modest suburban house. He listens for a second, then walks around to the back.

He looks through a chain-link fence. He silently opens the fence and walks into...

EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

...a back yard. A man, his back to Philip, stands over a barbecue. Philip walks toward him. He seems to want to get as close to the man as possible before the man hears him.

Philip stops a few feet behind the man and GIVES A LITTLE COUGH. The man turns around...

It's ERROL, the TATTOOED MAN WHO LEERED AT PAIGE in the mall.

Errol IS CONFUSED. Philip LOOKS HIM IN THE EYE, waiting a second for Errol's instincts to kick in. Then A LITTLE SMILE spreads across Philip's face and he STEPS TOWARD HIM, but slowly -- he's letting Errol go first.

Errol DROPS HIS BEER and SWINGS at Philip. Philip slips the punch, HITS Errol with a SHORT SERIES of POWERFUL, ECONOMICAL PUNCHES.

Errol looks like he's going down, but then he KNEES Philip in the stomach and hits him with a powerful punch to the head.

Errol lets loose a HOOK punch that would kill a horse -- Philip slips it and delivers a tremendous KICK that SHATTERS Errol's JAW.

Errol lies on the ground, his massive body LIMP, his face barely bleeding but the upper and lower halves look like they've been detached and slid in different directions.

Philip looks down at him.

He goes over to the grill and puts a hamburger on a bun. He squeezes mustard onto the burger.

As he walks away, Philip takes a bite of the burger. He throws the rest of it against the fence.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

POV: Coming up a stairwell, scanning left to right, up and down -- pausing for a second at the top of the stairs, looking both ways down the empty hallway -- and turning down...

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...the hallway. Carpeting, walls painted green, everything well-kept up, not fancy but not run-down. Vision shifts to a door on the right -- key goes into the lock, door opens.

Inside, A MAN sits on a couch. ROTATE 180 degrees, close the door, turn back around, the man on the couch --

-- GREY HAIR, DISTINGUISHED, RUGGED --

MAN

It has been a long time.

END POV

And now we see what the man on the couch sees, which is:

ELIZABETH, standing in front of the door.

ELIZABETH

General Zhukov.

Elizabeth sits down in a chair across from the General.

GENERAL ZHUKOV

I am sorry to call your home. With the FBI on top of us in this manner, I felt it was better than trying to leave a signal for you.

ELIZABETH

How did you arrive?

GENERAL ZHUKOV

A little boat. The underwater kind.

(beat)

The traitor?

ELIZABETH  
He no longer exists.

GENERAL ZHUKOV  
What happened?

ELIZABETH  
Our comrade was injured in the operation, we took him to the hospital.

GENERAL ZHUKOV  
And missed the hand-off.

ELIZABETH  
We couldn't let him die in the backseat of the car. I regret to inform you that he died anyway.

GENERAL ZHUKOV  
He is a hero. We will need more of those now.

ELIZABETH  
What do you mean, General?

GENERAL ZHUKOV  
The American people, in their infinite wisdom, have elected a madman as their President. The "Evil Empire," he calls us. He is building up their armies, building up their weapons programs, in a way we've never seen before. Our war is not so cold anymore. What happens behind enemy lines will determine the outcome of this struggle, Elizabeth. Our officers in the embassy are useless. Only Directorate S will be able to fully engage the enemy here. It is, in truth, what we expected to happen. That it would be up to us one day. So -- the day has come.

Zhukov closes his eyes, concentrates, opens them again...

GENERAL ZHUKOV (CONT'D)  
(formal)  
The Politburo assesses the threat as severe and initiates all active measures to counter the threat of the American imperialists.  
(MORE)

GENERAL ZHUKOV (CONT'D)

All capabilities will be utilized to thwart the aggressors in their plans to destabilize and destroy the motherland.

ELIZABETH

Very well, Comrade General.

Zhukov looks at Elizabeth -- she's almost expressionless, and yet he picks up that something is troubling her.

GENERAL ZHUKOV

Your strategic objective, of course, has not changed. To defend the motherland against threats originating in the United States. No one in the leadership wishes to destroy America. On the contrary, when our work is done, it will be a better place. Hopefully a Socialist paradise, but that will take some time, yes?

(Zhukov smiles)

We know your children live here, Elizabeth. So do many decent, hard-working Americans. We have all of their interests at heart.

Zhukov looks carefully into Elizabeth's eyes to make sure he's said what she needs to hear.

ELIZABETH

Thank you, Comrade General.

He sees that he got it, but then he squints...

GENERAL ZHUKOV

You are wearing make-up to cover injuries.

ELIZABETH

There was a fight.

GENERAL ZHUKOV

They are new injuries. You subdued him several days ago.

ELIZABETH

He was a traitor, General.

Zhukov hesitates, then nods.

Off Elizabeth, still almost no expression on her face...

INT. FBI COUNTERINTELLIGENCE CENTER - NIGHT

Agents move purposefully around the outer-office.

Philip's agent Martha, who he met with the other night, sits typing at a desk. As SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE MARK BARTHOLOMEW walks past her, she holds up a folder, and he grabs it. He keeps walking into...

INT. THE VAULT - NIGHT

...a secure inner-office.

Seven agents sit around a conference table, including Stan and Agent Mizzi. Agent Bartholomew sits down.

AGENT BARTHOLOMEW

Our deceased John Doe from Arlington Methodist is proving very difficult to track down. Either he was a KGB Directorate S Officer who got killed while he was kidnapping Timoshev, or he's a drifter who got stabbed in a fight in Arlington. His picture's out to every police department in the country, but it's a needle in a --

MAN

Don't say haystack.

The man who said this walks into the vault, AN ASSISTANT trailing behind him - the assistant is THE PASTY BUREAUCRAT WHO ELIZABETH SEDUCED IN THE TEASER. Everyone in the room JUMPS TO THEIR FEET.

AGENT BARTHOLOMEW

Mr. Deputy Attorney General.

The Deputy Attorney General sits down at the table.

DEPUTY ATTORNEY GENERAL WARREN

The Attorney General and I just came from the White House. President Reagan is outraged that the KGB thinks it can kidnap someone with impunity on American soil. We're going to hunt down whoever did this, arrest them, and put them in jail.

Deputy Attorney General Warren turns to one of his assistants, who hands him a document.

DEPUTY ATTORNEY GENERAL WARREN  
(CONT'D)

(reading, formal)

The President has signed Top Secret Executive Order Two-Five-Seven-Nine, authorizing the Federal Bureau of Investigation CounterIntelligence Office to take all necessary measures to neutralize Soviet Directorate S sleeper cell agents in the continental United States.

The Deputy Attorney General looks up.

DEPUTY ATTORNEY GENERAL WARREN  
(CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, this is an extraordinary time. Your skills may have been under-utilized during the previous administration. No longer. We are going to war. It is a war that will be fought quietly, by the men -- and the woman -- in this room. It will not be short, and it will not be easy. But we have truth and justice on our side. And we will prevail.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Philip pours two shots of vodka, hands one to Elizabeth, then sits down in bed next to her. They drink their shots.

Elizabeth turns up the radio on the nightstand. They lie down.

PHILIP

Why didn't you tell me about Timoshev?

ELIZABETH

We aren't supposed to talk about our "other" lives.

PHILIP

It wasn't really your "other" life, it happened in training.

ELIZABETH

It was a long time ago. I put it behind me.



She puts her hand in his.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
 Things are about to change, Philip.  
 It's going to get uglier. More  
 dangerous.

PHILIP  
 We'll be fine. Don't forget, we've  
 been doing this for a long time.

They lie quietly for a moment.

ELIZABETH  
 I was born in Smolensk. My father  
 died fighting the Nazis at  
 Stalingrad when I was two. There  
 was a picture of him, in his  
 uniform -- he was pale, with bushy  
 eyebrows -- smiling, although of  
 course he was going off to die. My  
 mother was a bookkeeper for the  
 local Party Committee. My name is -  
 - was -- Nadezhda.

Off their hands, clasped together in the middle of the bed...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - PHILIP AND ELIZABETH'S FLASHBACK

Philip and Elizabeth come into a motel room -- they're in  
 their EARLY-MID 20'S (three years after the last flashback).  
 They're sweaty and tired, both carrying luggage. Elizabeth  
 sits down on the bed.

ELIZABETH  
 (no Russian accent now)  
 My God, the climate.

PHILIP  
 (no Russian accent)  
 I think that's an air conditioner.

Philip goes over to the window, studies the air conditioner  
 for a second, turns a knob. A MECHANICAL RACKET is followed  
 by a LOUD, STEADY RUSH OF AIR.

ELIZABETH  
 Is it cold air?

PHILIP  
 Uh-huh.

Philip spreads his arms out as the air rushes against him. He throws his head back, closes his eyes...

Elizabeth takes her shoes off and lays back on the bed.

Philip comes over to the other side of the bed, flops down on top of the covers.

He rolls over and straddles Elizabeth. He moves his face down towards her. She turns her head away.

ELIZABETH

I'm not ready.

PHILIP

We're supposed to be married now.  
Have children, eventually. Maybe  
you don't find me attractive.

Philip waits, then shrugs and rolls back over.

ELIZABETH

What do you think so far?

PHILIP

So far?  
(chuckles)  
They tell you everything,  
but...then you see it. It's a  
little...brighter than I expected.

ELIZABETH

There's a weakness in the people, I  
can feel it.

They lie quietly.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Let's modify the plan and go buy  
the car together in the morning.  
Then we can start looking for an  
apartment right away in the  
afternoon.

Off their hands, next to each other on the bed, close, but  
not touching...

END FLASHBACK

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Stan is in front of a garage door. The street is deserted --  
it's late. Is this his garage?

It's hard to tell -- the garage doors in the townhouse development are all identical. He turns the handle and pulls the door up VERY slowly.

When the garage door is open just a few feet, Stan GETS DOWN ON THE GROUND, SLIDES UNDER the door, and QUIETLY slides the door CLOSED AGAIN. He's inside...

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

...the garage. Darkness. A ball of REDDISH-WHITE LIGHT appears -- a flashlight shining through Stan's hand.

Stan lets a sliver of WHITE LIGHT out onto the hulk of Philip's Monte Carlo. He walks up to the car. We see from his face that he thinks he's acting half-crazy.

Stan shines the flashlight through the rear side window into the car. He looks carefully at the back seat, then takes a step forward and looks at the front seat.

He walks in a circle around the car, shining the light along the outside.

He comes back to the trunk. He bends down, checks out the LICENSE PLATE SCREWS -- all appropriately RUSTY and TIGHT.

Stan takes a lock pick out of his pocket. He goes to work on the TRUNK LOCK. After a few seconds, there's a CLICK.

Stan quickly puts his hand on the trunk to keep it from springing open. He SLOWLY lets it up. He SHINES the FULL FLASHLIGHT BEAM inside the trunk -- EMPTY and CLEAN.

Stan shakes his head. Rolls his eyes. *I really am an ass.*

He goes back to the garage door. In the dim edges of his flashlight beam, behind some mops and luggage, REVEAL --

A SILENCER

-- pointed at Stan's head.

Stan opens the garage door a few feet and slips under it. Light from the street lamp outside filters into the garage and we see, behind the silencer --

PHILIP, holding the gun, stone-faced, as the door slides down and the garage goes

BLACK.

END OF SHOW