"The Americans"

by

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January 2012

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-LOOSENED 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, and 50/50 we miss the handoff anyway?

ELIZABETH
The mission has to come first!

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

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

ELIZABETH
You're a brave young man.

Off Philip, determined to do it his way...

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 - CONTINUOUS

...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 <u>any</u> obstacle. Go!

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

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Philip gets into the car and starts to drive. He takes a ramp onto a highway.

Elizabeth, not happy with how things are going but doing her job, kneels on the back seat and looks out the rear window. As she SCANS 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 SEDAN coming down ramp that could be an unmarked police car, ZERO 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 Timoshev's 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. 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 TIME MAGAZINE -- the cover story is titled "AMERICAN RENEWAL." She keeps looking up at the hallway. Finally, she gets up and goes into the...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...hallway, which she follows into...

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 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. PAIGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elizabeth walks in and puts a cup of LIPTON TEA down on the desk next to Paige, who's typing on a SMITH-CORONA. Paige doesn't look up. Elizabeth turns on a lamp next to the desk.

ELIZABETH
What're you working on?

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

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 looking up)
Mom, that's his handicap!

Elizabeth looks down at Paige, then turns 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.

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.

She puts her arm around Henry.

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 at a table across from Paige and Henry. Philip holds his ice cream cone across the table, inches from Paige's mouth. He moves the cone slowly side to side. Paige moves her head side to side. They're playing some kind of game of chicken. Suddenly Paige lurches forward and gets a bite of the cone.

PHILIP/PAIGE/HENRY
(laughing)
Oh!/Ah!

Philip moves the cone over to Henry. They both feint. Henry lurches, Philip gets the cone out of the way. Philip feints, then smushes a dot of ice cream onto Henry's nose. Philip, Henry and Paige burst out laughing.

Philip holds the cone up to Elizabeth's mouth.

PHILIP
How about it?

ELIZABETH
No thanks.

PAIGE
Come on, Mom.

ELIZABETH
I've got my Buster Bar.

Philip gently pushes a tiny dot of ice cream onto Elizabeth's nose. Elizabeth doesn't move -- it's unclear how she's going to react. After a few seconds -- and definitely in sympathy with the predicament he's put her in -- Philip takes a napkin from the dispenser and wipes the ice cream off Elizabeth's nose.

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 <u>opportunity</u> 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 <u>was</u> 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. <u>We</u> have to safeguard <u>their</u> 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
Now you want to complete the mission the way it was assigned? You should have thought of that before, Philip. He shouldn't even be here.

PHILIP
Hey, if you're that worried about it, we could just defect ourselves. 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 lies there for a second, stiff-armed, staring at her. Finally, 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 comes up and presses into Elizabeth from behind. He kisses her neck.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Stop.

PHILIP
It's been too long, Elizabeth.

He kisses her ear and cups her breast. She pulls away, he pulls her back in. Elizabeth SPINS AROUND. Philip GRABS HER WRIST just as the knife reaches his throat.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
You're my wife.

ELIZABETH
Is that right?

Philip lets go of her. Elizabeth goes back to cutting the brownies. Philip leans back against the counter.

PHILIP
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 DIRTY HARRY on TV.

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, except for an American flag on the front stoop. 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 <u>are</u> 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
Not the motherland!

PHILIP
I do, but our family comes first.

ELIZABETH
Paige and Henry, what --

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

ELIZABETH
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 you can't stand it. You can't stand them being American, I can see it -- every day.

ELIZABETH
I'm not done with them. They don't have to be regular Americans. They can be socialists --

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? Their whole lives would fall apart. They'd never speak to us again, Philip! And -- and what are we even talking about? There would be no future, for any of us. They'd kill us all!

PHILIP
They'll never find us. This country is vast.

ELIZABETH
Have you looked in our trunk?

PHILIP
He was a fool. He came back to give speeches, he left clues about where he was staying. We'd be more careful --

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 Vaugn, 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
Which I don't buy. I've seen these guys do plenty of nasty shit themselves, they don't need a whole other layer of even worse mother-fuckers to do even nastier shit. Timoshev is out there somewhere right now, waiting to get loaded onto a tanker back to mother Russia.
(MORE)

AGENT MIZZI (CONT'D)
Our only chance to find him is one of these guys leading us to him.

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 stand in the bleachers as the closing bars of the National Anthem play at the beginning of a Baltimore Orioles baseball game.

Oh say does that star-spangled banner yet wave

PHILIP's POV: the lush green field, the fans starting to cheer, Henry with his hand over his heart -- the boy singing, a healthy, happy-looking kid...

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

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

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Henry lies in bed in pajamas. 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 like a wrestling match. They start to roll towards the cliff, but they roll back the other way in time.

It seems important enough to Elizabeth to be on top that Philip finally lets her pin him. But then, as she’s about to take him inside of her, she stops. She stares long and hard into his eyes. She gets off of him and lies on her back next to him.

ELIZABETH
Okay. It’s okay.

Philip gets on top of her. As he’s about to enter her, he stops now -- he’s waited a long time for this. He drives into her.

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., from somewhere in the house)
Mom?

Elizabeth, irritated, closes the trunk and quickly puts the cleaning supplies away in a cabinet. The second she finishes, Paige appears at the garage door.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
Can we go to the drugstore?

ELIZABETH
Sure.

They both get in...

INT. CAR - DAY

...the car, but Elizabeth doesn't start it yet.

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 looks at Paige for a long time.

ELIZABETH
Not yet, dear. Not yet.

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.
(MORE)

GENERAL ZHUKOV (CONT'D)
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. All capabilities will be utilized to thwart the aggressors in their plans to destabilize and destroy the motherland.
(no longer formal)
There will be no more contact with the embassy. We have a new controller in Canada. Until we can infiltrate him, you will monitor shortwave broadcasts and use emergency transmission channels if necessary. Here is a package with priority instructions.

He hands Elizabeth a small envelope.

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 <u>destroy</u> 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.
(MORE)

GENERAL ZHUKOV (CONT'D)
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 with the traitor.

GENERAL ZHUKOV
But you subdued him several days ago. These are new injuries.

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.
(MORE)

AGENT BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)
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 his assistant, 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.
(MORE)

DEPUTY ATTORNEY GENERAL WARREN
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.
(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
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 <u>his</u> 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