

THE FALCON AND THE SNOWMAN

Screenplay by
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Based on the Book
THE FALCON AND THE SNOWMAN
A True Story of Friendship and Espionage
by Robert Lindsey

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INT. SEMINARY CHAPEL - DAY

Pious faces - all young men - standing together proclaiming their faith:

ALL

We believe in one God, the Father, the Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, of all that is seen and unseen -

Christopher Boyce. Something is happening between him and the priest; they seem to be speaking not so much to God, but to each other.

ALL

- We believe in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, born of the Father before all ages -

EXT. VALLEY - DAWN

A falcon, its eyes dark and alert, perched on Chris' gloved hand. He hurls it into the sky. As it climbs, the earth swirls, falls away.

ALL (V.O.)

- God from God, Light from Light, true God from true God, begotten, not made, one Being with the Father. Through him all things were made. For us men and for our salvation, he came down from heaven -

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Chris' voice and that of the priest rise above the others as though becoming a private dialog between them -

ALL

- By the power of the Holy Spirit, he was born of the Virgin Mary, and became man. For our sake he was crucified under Pontius Pilate; he suffered, died and was buried -

EXT. VALLEY - DAWN

Beating wings. A flock of sparrows slaps from a tree. Far above them, the falcon glides gracefully.

ALL (V.O.)

- On the third day he rose again in fulfillment of the Scriptures. He ascended into heaven, and is seated at the right hand of the Father. He will come again in glory to judge the living and the dead, and his kingdom will have no end -

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Chris falters. Stops reciting. The others continue. So does the priest as he studies Chris -

ALL

- We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the giver of life, who proceeds from the Father and the Son. With the Father and the Son he is worshipped and glorified. He has spoken through the prophets -

The priest cannot coax the words from Chris' mouth.

ALL

- We believe in one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. We confess one baptism for the forgiveness of sins. We await the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come. Amen -

EXT. VALLEY - DAWN

With the whisper of a chill wind through a broken pane - talons outstretched, beak parted, wings vibrating from the rush of speed - the falcon descends on a lone sparrow.

PRIEST (V.O.)

The Lord be with you.

ALL (V.O.)

And with your spirit.

PRIEST (V.O.)

Let us pray.

As razor-claws crush the sparrow's skull, its body erupts in an explosion of feathers and blood.

EXT. EL ROSARIO, MEXICO - DAY

Some of them wailing, some mumbling prayers, they slosh along the muddy street. It's a ragged but reverent death march - men, women, children, dogs, a priest, some horn players and, of course, the deceased.

Leaning against his Cadillac, the American mechanically crosses himself. Daulton Lee - twenty-two - his only distinguishing feature his slight, almost stunted boy-of-twelve frame. He checks his watch. He seems to be waiting for someone.

An emaciated Mexican junkie descends a flight of rickety wooden stairs to an alley, reaches its mouth and motions to the American across the street. Daulton waits for the procession to pass, then follows the Mexican into a dilapidated cantina -

INT. CANTINA BATHROOM - DAY

The pitchless dirge echoes faintly in the distance. The junkie parts his moth-eaten jacket just enough to expose a .45 automatic, then hands Daulton a packet the size and shape of a bar of soap. Daulton slits it with a knife and spreads some of the cocaine across his gums. It's average, but acceptable. He hands over a stack of American currency which the Mexican begins counting. Behind them, out the dirt-crusted window, the mourners are trudging up a hill to the graveyard.

EXT. TIJUANA ALLEY - NIGHT

Ike slips the packet into the cavity of his artificial leg, refastens the braces to the stump of his hip and fires up the engine of his dusty pickup truck. Daulton leans in peeling off several twenties.

DAULTON

Hasta mañana.

IKE

Wish me luck.

Ike pockets the money and waits for Daulton to get behind the wheel of his Cadillac. Soon, they emerge from the alley, drive past glowing upholstery and divorce signs and fall into two different lines of cars idling at the Mexico/U.S. border.

EXT. PALOS VERDES ESTATES, CALIFORNIA - DAY

From high above, the cliff is a pattern of reds, blues and greens - tile roofs, swimming pools, tennis courts and lawns. A single road snakes around linking the Mediterranean-style mansions, and on it moves a Volkswagen.

INT. VW THING - DAY

Chris slows. The cul-de-sac is jammed with Porches, Mercedes and BMW's. He finds a spot and parks. Already he can hear the bass of rock and roll pounding out across the peninsula.

EXT. LEE BACKYARD - DAY

Huge outdoor speakers blast the music. Countless teenagers, clustered in groups, chat and drink. Some float on rafts in the pool. A few are passed out in the shrubbery.

Through the mesh of an enormous aviary, the sober eyes of hawks and owls note Chris' arrival. He scans the faces, returns a wave or two, then heads for the core of the party:

THE GUEST HOUSE

It's like a Hollywood nightclub - dark, smoke-filled, crowded, excruciatingly loud. A shaft of light beams over the heads, splashing color slides onto a far wall. There, Daulton and his closer friends - Ike, Clay, Carole, Becky, David - lounge watching snapshots of his latest adventure in Mexico.

At the other end of the room, Chris watches for a moment, then messes with the projector lens, throwing a photo of Daulton with a whore out of focus. A collective groan swells from the spectators as Daulton leaps up to fix the damned thing. When he sees who the culprit is, though, his scowl becomes a grin. He squeezes past the revelers and embraces Chris like an old war buddy, long lost and presumed dead.

THE BACKYARD

A grass-thatched bar. Chris and Daulton climb aboard barstools that look like conga drums.

DAULTON

We got any champagne back there? Good stuff?

BARTENDER

Yes, sir, Mr. Lee.

Daulton holds out his little finger - there's a diamond ring on it.

DAULTON

Just got it - guess what I call it.

CHRIS

Your getaway ring.

DAULTON

My getaway ring. How long you're in town for? What is it - is it Easter? It's not Easter - what is it?

CHRIS

It's I quit the seminary.

No other news could've startled Daulton more. He seems incredulous, then concerned as all sorts of ramifications come to mind at once.

DAULTON

Are you serious? You're not. You are? I don't believe it. Really? For good?

CHRIS

Yep.

DAULTON

I don't believe it. What'd you tell your folks? You tell them? You didn't. Don't.

CHRIS

That I changed my mind - sort of.

DAULTON

Just like that. And?

CHRIS

And it's okay.

DAULTON

It's okay - I'll bet it's okay.

Chris tries to shrug it off - like no big deal - but it is a big deal, real big, and Daulton knows it. They fall silent.

THE AVIARY - LATER

Surrounded by the predatory birds, Chris and Daulton share something stronger than champagne - tequila. Chris seems the drunker; he's badly slurring:

CHRIS

- men of honor? The Church is led by men of honor? I want to believe it - I always did and I want to continue - I want to be able to sit there and nod my head like everybody else -

(cont.)

CHRIS

but I'm sorry, I'm having some trouble with some minor historical details, like the Spanish Inquisition, like Catholic Bavaria for Hitler - come on, let's get serious because I'm losing it. Piece by piece it's all unraveling. What am I doing here? This is the real world? This isn't the real world, this is - I don't know what this is - it's a hideaway. The whole thing's a hideaway disguised in ritual and -

KID

Daulton - we want to buy a half a gram - will you split up a -

A teenage kid with a couple of his friends stands outside the aviary -

DAULTON

Hey - later, huh? I'm having an important philosophical discussion here - you mind?

The teenagers shrug and wander off. Chris downs another shot and smiles.

CHRIS

It got ridiculous after a while - sort of embarrassing. I started asking really stupid questions like - Virgin Birth? Yeah? Prove it. And it was obvious to everybody - Oh, forget it, he's gone. How'd I fall for it for so long, Daulton? Please tell me.

Daulton just smiles, watches his friend kill the tequila.

DAULTON

Welcome home. Welcome back to the real world.

THE BACKYARD - LATER

3-irons slice through the air and with sharp slaps drive golfballs out over the cliff and into the Pacific, lost forever. Chris and Daulton take fresh balls from a bucket and tee up again.

DAULTON

- Clay just doesn't have a business mind - no savvy, no alertness. And Ike - Ike is so strung out these days he's getting to be more trouble than he's worth, whining all the time, 'my leg hurts, you don't pay me enough, my truck needs a new radiator, new tires - "

CHRIS

Life is tough.

DAULTON

Life is tough. My partners are morons - untrustworthy morons. I swear to you, the minute I crack the Mexican Mafia, the dollars

(cont.)

DAULTON

- are gonna be rolling in so fast you won't believe it. I want you there with me - not these clowns. We'll get in, get out, and retire by the time we're twenty-five.

Chris shakes his head - he's not interested in Daulton's drug partnership - and swats another ball into the ocean.

THE BACKYARD - EVENING

The party is winding down, thinning out. Chris sits alone peering through a telescope. In exaggerated detail he watches Dr. and Mrs. Lee entertaining some guests up in the main house, then down to the pool area where Ike and some other young people lounge around, then across to a window of the guest house where inside a little drama is taking place: Daulton trying to pick up a girl, sharing cocaine with her; Clay leaving his own girlfriend alone as he chats up Daulton's girl; Daulton finding himself aced out of the deal, and fading back, glancing around, embarrassed by the rejection.

INT. BOYCE HOME, BATHROOM - MORNING

Chris soaks in the tub reading the morning paper. A few of his little brothers, all wearing parochial school uniforms, are tying each others' ties.

MR. BOYCE (O.S.)

Let's go! You - in the bathroom - out! Girls, come on, finish it on the way -

GIRLS (O.S.)

Dad -

The bathroom door opens and Mr. Boyce enters.

MR. BOYCE

Let's go. Bus is loading.

His manner is stiff, military. A holster is strapped across his white shirt and in it is a gun. The boys scamper out and Mr. Boyce considers his eldest son - Chris - for a long while. Then -

MR. BOYCE

Your mother wants to know what the plan is - how long you plan on sitting around staring off into space.

CHRIS

I'd say - I'd say that's hard to say, actually.

MR. BOYCE

I'm gonna make a suggestion.

CHRIS

Get a job.

MR. BOYCE

I'll make some calls. Some people owe me some favors.

KIDS (O.S.)

Dad! Come on - we're late!

MR. BOYCE

You gotta get out there, get the juices flowing.
You sit around too long contemplating the moon,
you get more confused, you lose ground.

KIDS (O.S.)

You - in the bathroom - out!

MR. BOYCE

Right?

CHRIS

Yes, sir.

Mr. Boyce leaves.

INT. TRW RECEPTION AREA - DAY

An austere place that offers, by design, no hints at what business the corporation is in. Harsh lighting, white walls, a no-nonsense receptionist typing CHRIS BOYCE onto a Visitor's Pass. She clips it to his shirt and has him sign a time of entry register. From above, a closed-circuit security camera stares down at him.

EXT. TRW GROUNDS - DAY

An armed guard/escort leads Chris along a cement path that cuts across a manicured expanse of lawn that's dotted with shrubs trimmed to resemble globes and pyramids. Around the perimeter are several windowless concrete buildings, all identical but one - the one with a curious igloo-like dome atop it. They enter one of the others.

INT. TRW COMMISSARY - DAY

One of those fully automated commissaries that can lure and snare only the hungriest of employees. The guard points to two men sitting at one of the many brightly colored tables, and Chris approaches them -

CHRIS

Mr. Owens?

Both men look up from their morning papers.

OWENS

Yeah?

CHRIS

I'm Chris.

The name means nothing to either man.

CHRIS

Charlie's son?

Suddenly Owens becomes frightfully animated -

OWENS

Chris! Hi, how you doing? I'm sorry, I don't know what I was thinking. Just blanked out -

OWENS (cont)

- Want a donut? Sit, sit. Coffee? Here, take it, I don't want it. Larry - Chris - Chris - Larry Rodgers. You know Charlie Boyce. Over at Douglas Aircraft?

Larry doesn't know Charlie Boyce over at Douglas Aircraft. Chris notices a girl - Laurie - at the next table who, between spoonfuls of yogurt, watches him.

OWENS

No trouble finding the place.

CHRIS

None.

OWENS

Seriously, eat this donut. I don't know why I got it. I need it like I need, uh, you know. How's the old man?

CHRIS

He's real good.

OWENS

Good. Good.

They all smile and nod at each other. A silence grows longer, and with it, awkwardness. Chris catches the girl smiling to herself. She knows exactly what's happening - the Old Boy Network.

INT. TRW CORRIDOR - DAY

Chris and Owens briskly walking together, their steps echoing -

CHRIS

I almost didn't come. I really don't want to put you in a difficult position.

OWENS

Don't be ridiculous. Do I look like I'm in a difficult position?

CHRIS

My father told you I plan to go to school next year.

OWENS

Yeah, yeah, he told me everything, don't worry about it. Nobody expects you to make a career out of shuffling papers. If they did, they'd pay better. Medicine.

CHRIS

Law school.

OWENS

Right. Excellent, excellent.

Owens catches Chris' curiosity about the mute guard who tails them.

OWENS

(a whisper)

We're into a few other things besides running credit checks on everybody.

He grins cryptically and the lens of another closed-circuit camera follows them into the Personnel Office.

INT. SHOPPING MALL, SANTA MONICA - DAY

A mammoth art sale. The sprawling tile floor of the cavernous indoor mall is crammed with paintings - most showing translucent waves crashing against rocks.

DAULTON

What do you think? For mom and pop.

A bizarre nightmarish seascape has Daulton captivated. His brother shrugs.

DAVID

What're they gonna do with it?

DAULTON

I don't know - over their bed? This is distinctive.

David doesn't like it. Daulton points to the signature in the corner of the canvas. It's virtually illegible.

DAULTON

I've heard of this guy.

DAVID

Weir?

The artist - an old man - joins them.

DAULTON

You paint this? This is really unique. Not like this other junk. What do you want for it?

ARTIST

Seven hundred dollars.

David rolls his eyes to heaven as he wanders off.

DAULTON

My brother - he doesn't know art. Seven, huh?

Daulton considers the painting for a long moment, then pulls out his wallet and peels off several bills.

DAULTON

Three hundred. Cash. Take it or leave it.

THE MALL - LATER

Each little eatery is decorated to evoke the region of its food. Daulton and David sit nibbling pizza at Mama Mia's "outdoor" cafe.

DAULTON

Sushi. There's no sushi bar here. Look around. We could make a fortune. I bank-roll it, you manage it -

David's heard his brother make proposals like this all his life. Without encouragement they always pass quickly.

DAULTON

You're right. They're not gonna like it. Why'd I buy it?

The painting. It sits in the third chair. Daulton shakes his head at it.

DAVID

I didn't say they weren't gonna like it. It's not bad.

DAULTON

It's awful. They'll hate it.

DAVID

They won't hate it. It's not bad.

DAULTON

Too late now, right?

Daulton notices someone over at Wong's Kitchen - one of the teenagers from his party. He's with a thirtyish man who Daulton quickly decides has "cop" written across his forehead. He scans the area. Everyone looks like an undercover cop.

DAULTON

Uh-oh. We're being watched - don't look. Okay, just stay at the table - I'm gonna get up, I'm gonna walk out of here, I'll meet you at home - goddamn it, I knew there was something wrong with that punk - don't look.

DAVID

Cut it out.

DAULTON

I'm serious. I better take the car, give me a fighting chance. Here - cab fare. Can you handle the painting?

Daulton gets up. So does David.

DAULTON

David - sit down. Stay out of it.

David ignores the command, grabs the huge painting and struggles to keep up with his brother who is soon swallowed by the crowds. Losing sight of him, David chooses a direction at random and eventually makes it to an exit. He stops. Beyond the glass doors, out in the parking lot, he sees Daulton sandwiched between two patrol cars - his hands up.

INT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

A jailer shoves Daulton inside a cell and the door clangs shut. They're all Chicanos - his cellmates. Gang members. Daulton nods hello at them and sits himself on a cot. In Spanish they talk about him.

DAULTON

Any of you guys got a cigarette?

They all have cigarettes. The apparent leader - Raul - flicks a burning Lucky Strike at Daulton's face. It misses, hits him in the chest, falls to the floor. Unruffled, he recovers it, takes the last remaining drag.

DAULTON

Thanks.

He begins fiddling with the cuff of his pants and pulls from it a tiny envelope-like scrap of paper. Inside is half a gram of cocaine. He has the gang's undivided attention now, puts a pinch across his gums and offers them the rest.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Daulton is in the greatest of moods. He signs for his valuables and waves to the group across the room - his mother, father, brother, and his lawyer - Kenny Kahn. His folks are dressed up - their night at the theatre interrupted by the call to come bail out their son. He joins them.

MRS. LEE

Are you all right?

DAULTON

It's all a frame-up - mistaken identity. We'll beat it, right Kenny? You like the painting? I thought maybe over the bed.

DR. LEE

We'll see. Let's get out of here. You're sure you're okay.

DAULTON

Yeah, no problem, don't worry.

As they head for the exit, Daulton winks at his brother and whispers excitedly:

DAULTON

I just hit the big time.

INT. TRW - DAY

The information coming across the computer screens is amazing - the complete financial histories of check cashers, credit card users and loan applicants, right down to the exact date they paid their last electric bill. Countless clerks at countless desks evaluate the 1984 info and pass it on, via phones, to curious bank managers, utility company reps, and department store cashiers.

The office janitor - Chris - is cleaning ashtrays and coffee cups when a security guard comes in. A clerk examines the guard's order and points to Chris.

Larry Rodgers studies the young janitor while toying with the edge of a file folder. Another man - Ray Slack - stands stone-faced in a corner.

RODGERS

On Mr Owen's recommendation I ordered the gathering of some information. You might be interested.

He hands the folder to Chris and slowly wanders around his cold cheerless office. The folder, thick with documents, says CHRISTOPHER BOYCE on it. Inside, Chris finds Xeroxes: his complete school records - kindergarten through college - his IQ test scores - a clean arrest sheet from Sacramento - and, unbelievably, interviews with many of his past employers, teachers, neighbors - even his priest.

RODGERS

You're an impressive young man, Chris.

Chris isn't sure if he should say thank you or fuck you. He says nothing.

RODGERS

Based on that material and my authorization, you've been granted special high-level security clearance and selected to work for TRW and the government of the United States on projects that fall into what we call the Black World.

The Black World? Rodgers waits for a nod. Chris gives him a tentative one.

RODGERS

You are not to discuss any aspect of these projects or any function of your job with noncleared TRW employees or with your girlfriend or with your parents or with your dog or in your sleep.

Stone Face trades in his sober stare on a Mona Lisa glint, like this is a particularly filthy, but good, joke. An instant later, though, the glint is gone.

RODGERS

The Black World is the code name for a family of multipurpose covert electronic surveillance systems - satellite networks - conceived by the Defense Department, manufactured and maintained by TRW, and serving the Central Intelligence Agency on a global scale.

He's back at his desk, leaning against it, absently fingering the rocks of a miniature desert landscape.

RODGERS

You'll be working in the nerve center of the system - a communication vault, a code room - linking CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, to ground stations in Alice Springs, Australia.

His fingers have moved up from the rocks and are now gently stroking the thorns of a stunted cactus -

RODGERS

Of course, this network doesn't exist, at least not as far as anyone without government clearance is concerned. In fact, as far as anyone without government clearance is concerned, TRW and the CIA never heard of each other. Am I clear?

Chris feels the tug of a dangerous tide; it chills him. It also intrigues him. He nods.

EXT. TRW GROUNDS - DAY

Chris stares at the igloo, the mysterious igloo that domes Building M-4. He is approaching it, a few steps behind his armed escort.

INT. BUILDING M-4 - DAY

They're walking down a brightly-lit corridor that seems to stretch off forever. As they pass the rooms that line each side, Chris is able to steal fleeting glances inside: a cavernous factory; people in white coats, some pushing carts loaded with glittering metallic hardware, some hunched over drawing boards, some at long steel tables soldering wires of complex components, some operating huge cranes - and above, like some mechanical God...a satellite.

They come to a guard post. Chris signs a register and is about to proceed when he hesitates; his guard is striding off the way they came. Without looking up, the guard at the station shakes his head, and Chris enters the Black Vault area alone.

INT. TRW BLACK VAULT AREA - DAY

Computers. A whispering bank of them. No people. Some desks, several cabinets with locking steel bars down their centers, countless volumes of bound documents, and a small sign warning RESTRICTED AREA - ENTRY BY PERMISSION ONLY.

A young woman with a pencil in her mouth - Laurie - emerges from an adjacent room and goes to one of the electronic monoliths. Chris dangles his clearance order in front of her face. She lazily brushes it aside like a troublesome fly.

LAURIE

I'm not the secretary. There is no secretary.

She crosses something off a printout, takes it to a desk and sits.

CHRIS

Excuse me. Maybe somebody made a mistake. Is this the vault?

Laurie glances up, recognizes him from the commissary, and you can tell that she finds him rather attractive. She smiles slyly.

LAURIE

No, but you're getting warm. That's the vault, that vault over there with the vault door on it.

Sure enough, there's a vault door - a thick one as in banks - at the other end of the room. It's slightly ajar.

CHRIS
There it is.

Laurie
There it is.

CHRIS
Thanks.

Laurie
You're welcome.

INT. THE BLACK VAULT - DAY

Chris peeks in. It's a tight narrow room with chattering machines - cryptos, Teletypes, Xeroxers, a shredder. In function, perhaps, the vault meets TRW's high standards, but in appearance it grossly defies them - the carpet is worn, the wall paint patchy, the acoustic tiles loose, and the counter space littered with documents, coffee cups, overflowing ashtrays, Racing Forms and Playboy magazines. Gene Norman - a thin black man in his thirties - is typing on a crypto keyboard. His back is to the door and Chris.

Gene
Fuck.

Something has gone haywire with the machine and Gene bangs out a new sequence.

CHRIS
Excuse me. Mr Norman?

Without rushing, Gene divorces himself from his work and swivels around to identify the intruder.

Gene
Who're you?

CHRIS
I'm supposed to start working here.

Gene
Is that right?

Gene seems wary, extremely cautious, suspicious.

CHRIS
Nobody told you?

Gene
Who says you're supposed to work here exactly?

CHRIS
I was briefed by Larry Rodgers.

Gene
Is that right?

Chris gives him the clearance order. Gene skims it, crumples it up, tosses it away, picks up the phone and punches in three numbers.

GENE

(into the phone)

Yeah, Larry there?

(pause)

Yeah, Larry, Gene. Yeah, I got this kid here, says he's supposed to - uh-huh, uh-huh, sure, fine, but nobody tells me nothing - yeah, yeah, right, okay.

He hangs up.

GENE

We're working together.

CHRIS

Yeah.

GENE

Yeah, well, you scared me. Thought maybe - thought I was getting the boot.

Gene relaxes, but then eyes Chris long and carefully as if trying to read his character.

GENE

So, you want a margarita?

CHRIS

Pardon.

GENE

So, you want a margarita?

Gene dumps confetti from a paper shredder - a highspeed blender-like contraption - and finds a bottle of tequila and some lime juice in a filing cabinet.

GENE

Turn that thing off for me. Giving me a headache.

The Teletype. Chris finds the switch and turns it off, interrupting a message that reads - KIPSG EHXND FFNAL TWOOF. Gene blends the margaritas in the shredder and pours them each a drink.

GENE

Ran out of salt. Cheers. Laurie!

LAURIE (O.S.)

What!

GENE

Want a margarita?

LAURIE (O.S.)

Later!

GENE

(to Chris)

Good. I didn't make enough.

INT. THE BUCKIT - LUNCHTIME

A strip joint. Dark and deafening and jammed with men from TRW - most of them drunk and rowdy, shouting at the stripper. Gene's in the process of introducing Chris to some of his buddies -

GENE

- Jack - Pete - Eddie -

PETE

What happened, Gene? They getting rid of you once and for all? About time.

GENE

- Mike - Huey - and Walter.

They all say 'how you doing' and grin as Chris shakes their hands, but by the time he gets seated, their attention is back on the stripper.

GENE

Great bunch of guys.

(to waitress)

Sweetheart! Couple of burgers, couple of Coors over here!

(to Chris)

Nobody messes with you - that's the nice thing about working in the vault. Nobody's got the clearance to even get in - not even the guards. Just you, me, and Laurie and the NSA. That's it. You do your job, have a few laughs, work when you feel like it. You're gonna love it.

CHRIS

All these guys work with the satellites?

GENE

Yeah. Pete and Walter - they're designers. Eddie - data analysis. Huey - he's in the War Room. Mike - systems control -

CHRIS

The War Room?

GENE

Huey! You owe me money.

Gene pulls out a Racing Form and tosses it across the table.

GENE

You play the horses? Huey's our resident bookie.

(whispers)

Also CIA, but don't tell anybody.

The group loudly commands the stripper to perform certain sexual feats for their amusement. Chris eyes them curiously.

GENE

I know what you're thinking. You're thinking they're big shots, right? They're not. They're

GENE (cont)

just regular guys, no different from you or me.
(to the stripper)

That's right! That's right! That's right!

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Daulton wears the most conservative suit he owns and the most humble expression he knows. His lawyer sits beside him at the defense table and his parents and brother behind him in the gallery.

JUDGE

- Mr. Lee, I don't know what the situation is out at Whittier College, but if it ever comes to my attention that you're continuing to use drugs, and it probably would if you get caught again, I'm promising you right now I'm going to put you away. You have my word.

DAULTON

You have my word, Your Honor. I've had it with drugs, I swear to God.

JUDGE

I'm going to make this a misdemeanor by sentence. One year in County Jail which I will suspend with your assurance to respect the agreements we have made here today, payment of a fine in the amount of 150 dollars, your submission to all requirements of probation under California law for a period of three years -

INT. CAR, CULIACAN, MEXICO - DAY

Daulton grins at the kids who are running alongside the car. Their leader, a ragged but determined little urchin, is trying to sell him two finches in a birdcage. Raul, one of the Mexicans Daulton met in jail, drives and shouts at the kids in Spanish to leave the gringo alone or he's going to run them over.

EXT. HACIENDA, CULIACAN, MEXICO - DAY

A magnificent estate, protected by dense jungle to the north, east and south, and a prowling patrol boat just off the coast. It belongs to one of the ten families of the Mexican Mafia and is awe-inspiring testimony to Daulton that crime definitely pays. He and Raul are led to a shaded patio by Roberto - a young Mafioso - who, after seating them, excuses himself to help his father carry some lobster cages up from the private dock. A servant intercepts them, carts the squirming creatures off to the kitchen, and Daulton stands respectfully.

ROBERTO

(in Spanish)

This is Daulton Lee, the friend of Raul's from Los Angeles.

PADRINO

(in Spanish)

How do you do?

DAULTON

Muy bueno, señor.

PADRINO

(in Spanish)

It's a beautiful day, isn't it?

DAULTON

(in very bad Spanish)

It's the pleasure I to meet, sir, and to be the guest to the house, I thanks.

PADRINO

You're welcome. You can speak English if you like.

DAULTON

Thank you. I've come with a gift for you and your son that I hope you will accept as a token of my friendship.

Daulton presents the old man with a handcarved box. Inside, buried in velvet, are two pearl-handled .45s. He seems more perplexed than pleased and Daulton smiles nervously. The old man motions to one of the servants hovering about.

PADRINO

(in Spanish)

Take this to the study - up high - away from the reach of little hands.

(in English)

Though unnecessary, your gift of friendship is appreciated. Thank you.

INT. TWA 747 IN FLIGHT - EVENING

Napping under a velvet-fringed sombrero in the first class section, Daulton is slow to comprehend what the voice is saying.

STEWARDESS

Champagne?

DAULTON

Oh, yes, absolutely, Gracias.

He stretches and yawns magnificently and snaps a quick photo of the Latin stewardess with his Nikon.

STEWARDESS

Did you enjoy Mexico?

DAULTON

Very much, thank you. It was very beautiful, very colorful. You like my hat?

STEWARDESS

It's very nice.

Sipping champagne, he strolls to the restroom -

INT. 747 RESTROOM

He locks the latch, turns on the sink tap and unbuttons his shirt. Taped to his stomach is a kilo of heroin. From a pocket he fishes out his Swiss Army knife, slaps it open and quickly unscrews the front plate of the paper towel dispenser. He tapes the junk to its inner wall.

INT. LAX CUSTOMS - NIGHT

The Customs Agent can find nothing unusual in Daulton's suitcase and pushes it aside like bad fruit.

AGENT

Next.

INT. LAX COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT

Absently stirring a Bloody Mary with a celery stick, Daulton watches with mild interest some activity out the window - the TWA ground crew refueling the 747.

EXT. LAX PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Alone on the deserted roof level, he munches the celery stick. From there he commands a terrific panoramic view, one which he ignores except for the progress of the 747 being towed from the international side of the airport to the domestic. He lets his sombrero fall over the edge and watches it glide to the ground.

INT. LAX FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

The 747 at Gate 48. Scanning the video screen above him, Daulton notes its destination - DALLAS.

INT. LAX RESERVATIONS DESK - NIGHT

He fans a stack of twenties across the counter.

DAULTON

Dallas - round trip - flight 17 - first class.

INT. 747 (IN FLIGHT) RESTROOM - NIGHT

The heroin is still there. Daulton removes it, tapes it onto his stomach, turns off the tap and, combing his hair, smiles at himself in the mirror.

INT TRW - MORNING

A b/w image on one of the closed-circuit security screens shows Chris heading for the M-4 guard station, briefcase in one hand, styrofoam cup in the other.

GUARD

Morning, Mr. Boyce.

CHRIS

Morning, Frank.

He passes without the signing-in nonsense.

INT. BLACK VAULT - MORNING

Jumbled messages clack across the Night Teletype. An alarm light blinks off.

Tumblers click and the heavy vault door opens. Chris enters, switches off a second alarm with a key, gathers the Night Telexes and feeds them into the Xeroxer. The print mode lights up green and the machine begins sorting and shooting copies into a bank of slots. He works the floor safe combination, grabs a cipher, programs the coded sequence into each of the KW-7 cryptos and shreds yesterday's cipher.

The a.m. procedure has become routine. So has the art of smuggling. He snaps open his briefcase and removes from it a bottle of peppermint schnapps and a Racing Form. The liquor he sticks into a cabinet; the paper he tosses onto Gene's desk. The red phone rings. Chris picks up the receiver of the white phone, realizes his mistake, stares at the red ringing phone, and carefully lifts its receiver.

CHRIS

Yeah?

He listens. Something important is up.

INT. TRW WAR ROOM - DAY

A high-tech place, the place where they analyze the satellite data. With incredible resolution, video screens everywhere display transmissions from space: military troop movements, missile silos, submarine pens ... girls on beaches.

The coderoom employees - Chris, Gene and Laurie - seem nervous. They glance at each other - to the screens - to a bas-relief map of Europe with symbols representing nuclear arms - and to Ray Slack, the stone faced CIA man who has summoned them here. While nibbling a danish and sipping his coffee and every once in a while taking a brief phone call, he tries to explain something to them -

SLACK

We got a little problem with our "friends" in Australia. Nothing earth-shattering, but still, it requires our attention and some cooperation on your part. Next couple weeks, you'll be relaying certain messages that relate to a covert operation designated OSIRIS. OSIRIS, as you'll discover, concerns action directed at minimizing the effect of a series of scheduled nation-wide strikes on the part of the Australia trucking industry. If successfully initiated, these strikes will disrupt the movement of equipment to the Alice Springs installation which, in turn, will delay improvements currently under construction. Hopefully, our people within the unions will be able to persuade the rank-and-file to reconsider their hardline position and extend their contract. If not, well, we're already weighing certain other options open to us. Regardless, to minimize the possibility of leaks I'm going to ask you to delete all references to the operation from your daily reports to the Australian Intelligence Service and to the TRW execs. Copy and distribute full reports only to Agency residents and to Langley. The last thing we need, especially right now, is to give that mother-fucker Whitlam any more ammunition than he's already got against us.

Slack sips at his coffee. Apparently he's done.

GENE

That's it? Hey - no problem, none whatsoever as far as we're concerned. Right?

Laurie nods. After a long pause, so does Chris.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Chris flips through the N.Y. Times Index to the W's and scribbles onto a piece of paper -

WHITLAM, EDWARD GOUGH M-5-8 D-3-6-17-28

Microfilm newsprint blurs across a search screen, stops on Dec 3. The headline under a photo of Whitlam reads - GOV'T DOWNUNDER VOTED OUT AFTER 23 YEARS - LABOUR PARTY OUSTS CONSERVATIVES. The words blur in a rush as Chris forwards the film to Dec 8 - AUSTRALIA HALTS ARMS AID - U.S. SEEKS CLARIFICATION. Another rush and another headline - WHITLAM ACTS TO SAVE ABORIGINAL CULTURE. And another - NEW LEADER ENDS AUSTRALIAN DRAFT. And another - WHITLAM ALTERS BASIC POLICIES - AUSTRALIANS GET SWIFT REFORMS. And another - WHITLAM QUESTIONS SPACE RESEARCH STATION, LABOUR PARTY TO PROBE CIA INVOLVEMENT. A photo accompanies this last headline. Chris examines it. It's the Alice Springs installation.

INT. TRW DOCUMENT CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

He's been there all night reading volumes of old Telex messages. The page he scans now has something to do with a CIA operation concerning an election in Australia. If he wasn't so tired, he'd be outraged. As it is, he closes his eyes, lays down his head.

INT. BOYCE HOME - NIGHT

An innocuous commercial on the TV. The entire family is sprawled around the living room. Mr. Boyce keeps a finger poised on the pause button of a Betamax.

BRIAN

- we can edit out the commercials later - start it now - start it now -

LIZ

Shut up, Brian -

MR. BOYCE

Everything is under control -

BRIAN

He's gonna chop off the beginning.

The cassette light blinks on as the commercial fades and is replaced by a horror movie. Everybody settles back, watches attentively - everybody but Chris. Rather than the movie, he watches them, his family. The music gets spooky.

EXT. PALOS VERDES PENINSULA - DAY

The peregrine's powerful eyes can see colors in the swelling wave no man has ever seen. As Chris monitors the flight through the lens of a telescope, Daulton secures pigeon meat to a lure.

Beside a campfire, under the watchful eyes of several hawks, Daulton slowly turns a cipher card over and over in his hands.

CHRIS

- The fact that Australia is an ally doesn't matter to the CIA. They're not losing any sleep worrying about the morality of something so mundane as infiltrating a union or tampering with a so-called free election. It's business as usual, it's routine -

Amused more than impressed by Chris, Daulton raises his hand like a student -

DAULTON

Can I say something? I don't mean to sound, uh - unpolitical - or like my heart's not in the right place or anything, but - is there any money involved in this proposal? I want to hurt them, too, don't get me wrong - I'm just wondering.

CHRIS

Yes.

DAULTON

Real money, you think? Like lots?

CHRIS

I think so.

Daulton weighs the deal in his mind, studies the card, and finally shakes his head.

DAULTON

It sounds like fun, it really does, but no thanks.

He tosses back the cipher. Chris pockets it. And smiles slyly.

DAULTON

What?

CHRIS

Nothing.

DAULTON

It's a joke. The eyes in space, the whole thing, Australia, you made it up. Where'd you really get that card? In the trash?

Chris shrugs. Pensively the birds study the humans.

INT. SURFBOARD FACTORY, REDONDO BEACH - DAY

Sanders whine. Saws buzz. Fiberglass dust clouds the entire shop. The surfboard shapers all wear surgical gauze masks. Clay - Daulton's drug dealing partner - moves around inspecting the work. He's the foreman. Daulton lounges reading a magazine.

Ike appears in the alley outside the open back door. Someone's with him, another young man. Daulton whistles sharply over the noise to get Clay's attention.

Masked, the four of them climb a flight of stairs. They walk down a dingy hall and at one point pass a glassed-in office where a secretary types invoices. They come to the door of a dark room, a surfboard storage room, and Daulton frisks the stranger before they all enter -

INT. SURFBOARD STORAGE ROOM - DAY

As Daulton weighs out several ounces of heroin on a precision pharmaceutical scale, the others watch. Ike rubs at the pantleg that covers his stump. Daulton slits one of the packets and offers the stranger the first bladeful.

STRANGER

Go ahead.

DAULTON

Don't mind if I do.

He snorts some. So do Clay and Ike. The stranger declines, produces a miniature test kit, drops a few grains into its vial and shakes it up. The others exchange quizzical glances.

STRANGER

Accuracy.

DAULTON

Where you from exactly?

STRANGER

Orange County.

DAULTON

Exactly.

IKE

Irvine.

Suspicious, Daulton gets up from the table to peek out the curtained window. Ike's becoming increasingly fidgety. The stranger inspects the color of the vial liquid.

CLAY

Where you going?

IKE

Got any aspirin?

DAULTON

Sit down, Ike.

IKE

My leg hurts.

DAULTON

Sit down. Clay, get the door.

STRANGER

What's the problem?

CLAY

It's locked already.

DAULTON

What's that? Typewriter.

It had stopped. Now it starts again. Ike inches away. The stranger sends him a look that says, "you're blowing it." Daulton catches the look and suddenly knows that Ike has betrayed him, but before he can move, the door bursts open. Cops swarm in. Clay knocks the stranger to the floor. Daulton scoops up most of the heroin, runs with it into a bathroom and locks the door. Clay bangs out another door and is chased down a narrow hallway. He dives headfirst through a window, sails through the air and lands on top of an unmarked police car. Dazed for a moment, he surfaces to find guns pointed at him. In the bathroom, Daulton frantically tries to flush the heroin. The door crashes open and he immediately throws his hands high over his head.

INT. TORRANCE POLICE STATION - DAY

The stranger - a.k.a. Detective Chambers - peers over the shoulder of a computer operator and watches Daulton's arrest record flash across the screen. He seems to like what he sees:

- CHARGES REDUCED TO POSSESSION - RELEASED -
 JUL 31 73 - SALE OF HASHISH - RELEASED - AUG
 4 73 - SALE OF COCAINE - RELEASED ON 3 YEARS
 PROBATION -

INT. POLICE STATION ROOM - EVENING

Nervous, Daulton paces. The only other person in the room is his lawyer - Kahn - who seems angry -

KAHN

They're not talking about six months at some minimum security work camp - they're talking about state prison - San Quentin -

DAULTON

I work for them, I won't last a week out there.

KAHN

Did I say work for them?

DAULTON

If you're telling me something different, I want to hear it, but -

KAHN

I'm telling you the situation. You don't want to hear it, fine.

DAULTON

Judge Donahue likes me. He cares about me. He wouldn't do it.

KAHN

He's gonna do what the D.A. tells him to do, and the D.A.'s gonna recommend -

DAULTON

(exploding)
 I work for them, I'm a dead man! I set up one
 buy - word gets out - I'm dead! Dead! These
 people kill people!

Kahn leafs through the report on the table as though searching for the key out of this mess. Daulton keeps pacing.

DAULTON

Besides - it's against my principles.

INT. LA COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

It's the noise that's frightening, the echoing voices of caged men, dangerous men, evil men. Crouched in a corner, head in his hands, Daulton fights to shut them out. He can't. Someone in the next cell starts to scream. It's a scream full of pain, of someone being attacked. Daulton grimaces. He prays for it to stop. Instead, it grows louder, more desperate, more horrible. Principles? Fuck principles.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The reels of a tape recorder turn slowly. From the monitor comes the sounds of a jazz band finishing a song - applause - then Daulton's voice -

DAULTON

Seven and seven.

Detective Chambers and his partner exchange a glance.

PARTNER

He's getting ripped.

CHAMBERS

He'll be all right.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

As the combo begins their next song, a bartender pours Daulton a seven and seven. He is indeed getting ripped. Glassy-eyed, sipping the drink, he watches a tableful of gangsters with their mistresses. One of them, the one he seems most interested in, excuses himself and heads for the men's room. Taking a deep breath - Daulton follows.

INT. NIGHTCLUB MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The gangster steps up to a urinal. Daulton steps up to another. Just the two of them there, no one else. Daulton seems about to say something, but then changes his mind. The mobster zips up and leaves. As the door closes, Daulton unbuttons his shirt and tears the transmitter from his chest.

INT. THE NIGHTCLUB - LATER

The transmitter is taped to the leg of his barstool, but he isn't there. He's across the room talking on a pay phone. He hangs up and slips out the back door.

INT. LEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Onto a clean white sheet of paper, typewriter keys tap the simple message -

ENCLOSED IS A COMPUTER CARD FROM A NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY CRYPTO SYSTEM. IF YOU WANT TO DO BUSINESS - PLEASE ADVISE THE COURIER.

Chris folds it neatly, stuffs it into an envelope and hands it to Daulton. They are in Dr. Lee's study - a warm rustic wood-paneled room.

DAULTON

What about my money?

CHRIS

Air fare's in the envelope. I booked you a flight on Mexicana. Leaves in five hours - you tell them you're leaving yet?

DAULTON

No, I mean my money?

CHRIS

Take it up with them.

DAULTON

But what's it worth?

CHRIS

How should I know? Get whatever you can. Haggle.

DAULTON

They'll know what it is, right? I won't have to go into any long song and dance.

CHRIS

They'll know exactly what it is.

DAULTON

They'd better.

CHRIS

They will. Your second delivery if you get that far.

Chris hands him a second envelope.

DAULTON

Just walk in.

CHRIS

Like you own the place. Why not?

DAULTON

I don't know why not - it doesn't sound right.

CHRIS

What're they gonna do? Shoot you for just walking in?

DAULTON

They might.

CHRIS

They won't.

DAULTON

How do you know? You don't know. You don't even know the address. They might think I'm a terrorist.

Dr. Lee strolls in with a pot of coffee. He's wearing a kimono and thongs. Daulton quickly pockets the envelopes and moves a pawn on the chessboard.

DR. LEE

Who's winning?

DAULTON

He is.

DR. LEE

(indicating his kimono)

What do you think, Chris?

CHRIS

I like it. You liked Japan.

DR. LEE

Loved it.

From one of his pockets, Dr. Lee produces a small handcarved jade elephant and hands it to Chris for his inspection.

CHRIS

Very nice.

Beaming, Dr. Lee refills the boys' coffee cups, then leaves the room.

CHRIS

One thing - look at me - whatever you do, don't tell them my name. It's for your own protection. You tell them my name, that's it, they won't need you anymore. Are you all right?

Daulton nods although he isn't all right. He's depressed. He stares at the elephant -

DAULTON

They payed too much for it. I didn't say anything, but they really got taken.

CHRIS

It's not too late if you want to forget it. Just tell me.

EXT. LEE HOUSE - MORNING

Detective Chambers rings the doorbell and waits. Behind him, a little black kid and a big white man are approaching. They carry leaflets. Jehovah's Witnesses.

CHAMBERS

Do me a favor, huh? Come back later.

BIG J.W.

That's okay, we'll wait.

CHAMBERS

Police business here. Go hit the other side of the street and get this one on your way back.

They don't budge.

CHAMBERS

What are you, deaf? I said police business here. Get out of here.

Reluctantly they move on. At some point during the exchange, Dr. Lee has opened the door.

CHAMBERS

How you doing? Daulton home?

DR. LEE

No. Can I see some I.D.?

For all the grief Daulton causes them, his folks still remain loyal and protective. Chambers flashes his detective shield.

CHAMBERS

Nice house. He didn't tell you he's working for us.

DR. LEE

No, he didn't as a matter of fact.

CHAMBERS

We had an appointment.

DR. LEE

Daulton's working for you.

CHAMBERS

Undercover, yes, sir.

DR. LEE

Well, that's wonderful, but I don't exactly see how it's possible.

CHAMBERS

It's sort of involved.

DR. LEE

Detective - my son left this morning to go live in Mexico.

EXT. CALZADA DE TACUBAYA, MEXICO CITY - DAY

Pigeons anxiously crowd his ankles. Behind him, on the path of the park, an organ grinder churns out a Strauss waltz as his costumed assistant - a squirrel monkey - begs tourists for coins. A black limosine emerges from the traffic. Heart pounding in his throat, Daulton crosses the boulevard. It looms ahead of him - a Gothic fortress, three stories high, elegant yet ominous, elm- and willow-shrouded. Iron bars, pointed like spears, wrap around its perimeter, and a bronze sign on an outer wall proclaims it -

The limosine idles at the gates, is identified electronically. As it pulls onto the gravel driveway, Daulton slips in behind it unseen. He's on the grounds of the Russian Embassy, shaking but alive, and the gates swing - creak - shut.

Two sentries in the guardhouse - one reading a Moscow newspaper, the other watching a Mexican game show on TV. Neither notice the American intruder until he leans in and whispers:

DAULTON

I got a friend who wants you to have some information, top secret information. CIA stuff.

He'd rehearsed that opening speech all morning, but is ill-prepared for the response it gets. It gets no response.

DAULTON

I want to talk to somebody real important. Call somebody up.

The guards exchange quizzical glances. The one with the newspaper rattles off some questions at Daulton in Russian.

DAULTON

I don't speak Russian. You don't speak English?

Apparently not. Not a word, neither of them. Daulton fishes out the cipher.

DAULTON

Just give this to somebody. They'll know what to do.

The guards examine the card, handing it back and forth with shrugs.

DAULTON

Jesus - gimme a pen. A pen. To write. I don't have a pen.

They give him one and he scribbles on the card - KGB.

DAULTON

Okay? All right? The KGB?

The guards discuss something - probably whether or not they'll get in trouble over this - and finally the bolder of the two picks up the phone.

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY

Lenin stares down at Daulton. It's a garishly framed oil painting ruling one wall of the spacious lobby. When he's fairly certain no one is watching, Daulton estimates the focus of the Nikon in his lap and clicks the shutter.

The embassy is palatial with high ceilings, chandeliers and polished marble floors. A wide staircase flanked by urns rises from the lobby to a second level veranda where some statues on pedestals peer over the edge. A man wearing a tailored dark suit descends the stairs, crosses over and sits beside Daulton. He has the computer card in his hands which he muses over for some time in silence. Then -

This is very interesting. What is it?

Though accented, the Russian's English is very good. Daulton casts a surreptitious glance around, then lets Chris' unsigned note of introduction "accidentally" fall to the floor by his shoes. Okana reads it and, playing the game, drops it back to the floor. Daulton stuffs it into a pocket.

DAULTON

I'm the courier.

OKANA

The courier.

Daulton isn't sure the man understands the word. He leans close to whisper:

DAULTON

Satellites. American spy satellites.

OKANA

Yes.

DAULTON

I can get you all the information you want about them. Everything.

The Russian stares at him blankly.

DAULTON

Sputniks.

Okana, apparently, doesn't know what he's talking about.

DAULTON

Maybe I'm not talking to the right person, no offense.

OKANA

Who would be the right person?

DAULTON

The KGB.

OKANA

This is an embassy. There's no KGB here.

DAULTON

(smiling slyly)

Okay.

OKANA

This card has something to do with satellites.

DAULTON

That's right.

OKANA

You're a spy.

DAULTON

That's right.

Daulton tries to keep a straight face but is not altogether successful.

OKANA

Do you have some identification?

Some what - some SPY identification? Daulton flips open his wallet to his driver's license and Okana scribbles into a little notebook, ANDREW DAULTON LEE, and his address, and gives the wallet back.

OKANA

Thank you.

DAULTON

You're welcome.

They study each other. Cat and mouse. It's hard to tell which is which.

INT. OKANA'S OFFICE, EMBASSY - DAY

The shades are drawn. A couple of lamps spill gold light. It's a comfortable room - much like a study - with an oak desk, leather chairs, bookcases, and a couch that is trying to swallow Daulton. Beyond a door that is slightly ajar, he can see Okana and the shoes of someone else. Their conversation is muted and, of course, in Russian.

A vase of flowers on the coffee table dares Daulton to search for a hidden microphone. When he can't find one he begins wandering quietly around the room peeking behind the picture frames. Okana returns to find the young self proclaimed spy examining the pen and pencil set on the desk. He closes the door behind him.

DAULTON

I can't find an ashtray.

Okana points to the large glass ashtray that is plainly visible on the coffee table.

DAULTON

It's not a candy dish?

OKANA

It's an ashtray.

Daulton returns to the sofa lighting up a cigarette. Okana pulls up a leather chair.

DAULTON

Nice office.

OKANA

Yes.

DAULTON

I like the rug particularly. I'm sort of an expert on rugs.

They nod at each other, each waiting for the other to break the ground rules.

OKANA

I'm curious about something. The guards said you just appeared. Those are very high walls to be climbing over.

DAULTON

And they have spikes.

OKANA

And they have spikes.

Daulton smiles proudly. Okana studies him carefully before taking out his little notebook.

OKANA

You smoke Mexican cigarettes.

DAULTON

Uh-huh - I'm sorry, you want one?

OKANA

No, thank you. When in Rome?

DAULTON

Yeah, when in Rome.

OKANA

My associates are not so sure about your delivery, about it's authenticity. They -

DAULTON

Here's the deal. Got your notebook handy?

Okana holds it up.

DAULTON

I got this friend in L.A. who works for the government on top secret satellite projects. You know about them, right? That we got all these spy satellites up there.

Daulton points to the ceiling.

OKANA

I've heard stories.

DAULTON

Yeah, well, they're all true. So, the deal is - my friend gets the stuff out, gives it to me, I give it to you. Only I got to warn you right off the bat that this information, this is quality information. Real high priority. And it's gonna cost you. It's not gonna come cheap. I expect to be paid premium prices. That's it. That's the deal, the long and the short of it.

Okana chews on the American's brief sales pitch a moment.

OKANA

Who is your friend?

DAULTON

My friend wishes to remain anonymous.

OKANA

You said, "I expect to be paid."

DAULTON

That's correct.

OKANA

You said, "I," not "we."

DAULTON

We expect to be paid.

OKANA

(smiling knowingly)

I see. Perhaps you'd like some vodka.

DAULTON

I would really love some.

Okana goes over to a cabinet and begins fooling around inside it.

OKANA

I was in Southern California once. I even drove through Palos Verdes.

DAULTON

No kidding.

OKANA

Yes. I liked it very much. The hills. And the beach. Those homes. Do you live in one of those big homes?

DAULTON

Yeah, it's pretty big.

OKANA

They all seemed pretty big and expensive.

He returns with two bottles of vodka and two glasses, then seems to fall deep into thought -

OKANA

Marineland.

DAULTON

They let you in Marineland?

OKANA

I really liked Marineland. Lots of fun.

Okana pours himself a shot from one bottle, leaving the American with the other. Daulton hesitates. Tentatively he pours a drink. Okana gulps his own and pours

another. Daulton warms his glass in his hands, grins nervously and buys time.

OKANA

So who is your friend?

DAULTON

I told you I don't want to discuss him.

OKANA

My associates will insist.

Daulton blows a smoke ring and watches it float away and break apart.

DAULTON

He works for the government, as I said. He's married, has two kids, lives in Hollywood and he's not too crazy about the CIA. And that's all I'm gonna say about him.

Okana scribbles Daulton's fingernail sketch under the heading of FRIEND.

OKANA

And you?

Daulton thinks long and hard about how to describe himself.

DAULTON

I'm a fugitive from the law on a trumped-up charge. I'm on the run. Presently residing in Mexico.

OKANA

What did you do?

DAULTON

Nothing much. Ran a shipment of M-16 automatic rifles across Mexico into Nicaragua for the revolutionary guerillas. FBI says I killed a border patrolman in Laredo, Texas. I didn't.

Okana scribbles in his notebook again. Daulton grins to himself. Good yarn.

OKANA

Would you mind if I kept the cipher a while? It's difficult sometimes to know what one is dealing with.

DAULTON

Keep it as long as you like. It's all yours - free of charge.

OKANA

It's your "calling card."

DAULTON

My "calling card."

Daulton finds that amusing. Okana indicates the vodka that Daulton isn't drinking.

OKANA

The custom is to drink from separate bottles. To drink the whole thing yourself.

DAULTON

I know. I've heard.

OKANA

But maybe it's poison.

Daulton laughs, falls silent, laughs again, works up all his courage, and swallows the vodka. Okana discreetly checks his watch as if the effects of the poison shouldn't take long, then smiles at the young spy.

EXT. VENICE, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

Chris watches a shopping bag wino check the coin return of a pay phone, retrieve his junk, and shuffle off. The phone rings. Chris flicks away a cigarette and closes himself into the booth.

CHRIS

Hello?

OPERATOR

This is the operator. I have a person-to-person call for Mr. Philippe.

CHRIS

Speaking.

OPERATOR

One moment, please, Mr. Philippe. Your party is on the line, Señor Gomez.

Chris hears Daulton's voice -

DAULTON

Gracias, señora.

(waits for her to click out)

Buenas noches, Señor Philippe.

CHRIS

Evening, Señor Gomez. How's Señora Gomez?

DAULTON

Mucho gusto. Guess what? You were right. My uncle says, "hi."

Chris lets the receiver sink to his shoulder. His heart begins to pound. Some kids toss a Roman Candle from a roof - its fountain of sparks spray some junkies in a doorway.

DAULTON

Hello - hello -

CHRIS

I'm here.

DAULTON

You wouldn't believe it. It was beautiful - it was great. They're dying for the stuff - I just walked in there and -

Chris hangs up on him.

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - LATER

The night creatures of Venice - dark ominous figures - pass him on either side. Ordinary sounds take on a sense of menace. His heart pumps loudly against his ribs and, uncontrollably, he begins to run. Faces flash by him. The noises grow cacophonous. A howl catches in his throat. An army of rollerskaters - their phosphorescent wheels hissing against the pavement - rush him. Screaming, he rams them, knocking them to the ground, and is about to kill the biggest of them when he stops. His breathing slows. His frenzy subsides. His fists unclench. And the boardwalk becomes real again.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, VENICE - LATER

Chris climbs the stairs to the third floor, to a dimly-lit corridor. One of the doors cracks the width of a safety chain and a pair of old eyes watch him pass. Something waits for him on his doorstep. An owl. A stuffed owl. Clipped to its stiff feathers is a note scrawled on TRW scratch paper - FOR YOUR NEW PLACE. HASTA MAÑANA. GENE.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

A dingy place. Almost no furniture. His stuff still in boxes. He paces with the ugly stuffed owl, peers out the window, reads the note again, crumples it in a fist. Hasta mañana. Gene never says, "hasta mañana."

EXT. PARK, TORRANCE - DAY

A company softball game. TRW vs. Douglas Aircraft. Mr. Boyce socks the first pitch and outruns the throw to first. In the bleachers his family cheers.

GENE

All right - okay - no problem - easy out -
play's to second -

Chris - the third baseman - can't take his eyes off Gene. Does he know? The next batter smacks a high pop fly. Chris is so busy watching Gene, he doesn't notice that it's his play. Everyone in the infield yells at him to wake up. He doesn't until the ball falls at his feet.

GENE

Second! Second! Second!

Chris throws it at second - at Gene - but wild - out into center field. Both runners score, ending the game.

PICNIC AREA - LATER

Chris sits at a redwood table with a bunch of his sisters and brothers - all devouring hotdogs. At another table are his parents with a mixture of TRW and Douglas employees and their spouses. He watches his father who's animatedly engaged in conversation with Ray Slack. He can't hear what they're saying, but the joke must be pretty good - they're laughing like crazy.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Two chairs at the defense table. Kerry Kahn's in one. The other's empty. The stenographer absently drums on the keys of his machine. Chambers, the betrayed detective, is among the spectators. So is David Lee. Judge Donahue sends Kahn a tired glance. The attorney offers back a slight shrug. Some coughs and chair squeaks echo in the silence.

Like a Gatling gun the keys of a Teletype rap out a warrant for the arrest of ANDREW DAULTON LEE.

EXT. HOTEL DIANA, MEXICO CITY - DAY

Daulton tips back his sunglasses to better examine the craftsmanship of the phony passport. On the line where his name should be, it reads instead - THEODORE PHILLIP LOVELANCE.

DAULTON

It's not a very good picture of me, is it?

The Mexican who forged the thing adjusts a lounge chair and takes a seat.

MIGUEL

You're not supposed to like your passport photo. Nobody likes their passport photo. If it was good, it wouldn't be good.

DAULTON

You're right.

They're beside the pool of the swankiest hotel in Mexico City. Ambassadors, Texans and Hollywood movie producers splash around. A lively mariachi band serenades them.

DAULTON

How'd he die?

MIGUEL

Fire, I think. No, in a car crash.

The Mexican hands him several other documents, all in the name of Lovelance - a birth certificate, visa, tourist card, California driver's license, social security card, draft card, library cards.

DAULTON

They're really good.

As Daulton inspects the documents, Miguel absently thumbs through the paperback Daulton had been reading. It's a spy thriller - THE MATLOCK PAPERS - and every other page has a sentence or two underlined. Daulton takes a pen and signs the passport - Theodore Lovelance.

EXT. POLYFORUM, MEXICO CITY - DAY

The Polyforum - a huge outdoor arena of art. Hundreds of sightseers. Daulton leisurely wanders among them admiring the many frescos. His disguise is perfect - Bermuda shorts, wild shirt, harauchis, cheap matador cap. He comes to a particularly striking mural and pauses to consult his Michelin guide. As he searches it, a figure slides up beside him. Okana. He waits for a family of Nebraskans to move away, then, staring at the mural, utters in a low tone -

OKANA

Do you know the restaurant in San Francisco?

Daulton bites back a laugh. The Russian, too, is wearing loud tourist clothes. Both of them carry folded newspapers.

DAULTON

No, but I know the restaurant in Los Angeles.

Okana nods pensively and indicates they stroll a while. Each, by habit of their professions, watches for suspicious strangers as they walk.

OKANA

This place is so inspirational. I only wish my wife could see it.

DAULTON

She's home?

OKANA

Yes. I'm traveling alone.

DAULTON

You could take a picture for her.

OKANA

That's a good idea. You too are traveling alone?

DAULTON

Yep.

OKANA

You're certain?

DAULTON

Yep.

OKANA

You can never be too careful about that.

DAULTON

The water is full of sharks.

Okana smiles. He's never heard the expression before. He likes it.

OKANA

(in Russian)

The water has sharks.

(in English)

I would like you to get into the habit of calling me Pedro, okay?

DAULTON

Sure.

OKANA

And I'll call you -

He checks to see if maybe there's a Spanish name sky-written -

DAULTON

Luis.

OKANA

Luis. There's an interesting article in my newspaper, Luis. Is there an interesting article in yours?

DAULTON

Ten of them.

OKANA

Wonderful. Maybe I should read them. Maybe I should read them ... now.

They exchange newspapers and instantly Okana has Daulton's transferred into the hand of a passing "businessman." The American marvels at the precision of the hand-off and thinks he detects a trace of pride on the Russian's face.

OKANA

It was extremely nice to meet you, Luis. I hope you enjoy the rest of your vacation. I have to leave now.

DAULTON

Adios, Pedro.

OKANA

Adios, Luis.

They veer apart. Daulton goes to a bench, leafs through the newspaper and finds scribbled beside an ad for the Villa Nova Restaurant - 8pm. He glances up - Okana is pretending to take pictures for his wife.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP, VENICE - DAY

A cleaver comes down, hacks off a dead chicken's head.

BUTCHER

Feathers and all.

CHRIS

Feathers and all.

A girl at the other end of the meat case forgets for a moment what she wants. She feels sick to her stomach. The thick blade comes down again on another skinny neck and she cringes.

ALANA

A pound of ground round.

Another butcher scoops out some hamburger and sets it on a scale. Chris knows that the girl is staring at him - not her hamburger - and smiles at her. She smiles back unconvincingly. A boy in a bloody apron emerges from the back room clutching two dead rabbits by their ears. He slaps them down onto the chopping block and Alana shudders. The rabbits still have fur.

EXT. APARTMENT ROOF - DAY

The enormous aviary that used to be in Daulton's backyard is now on the roof of Chris' apartment. The winged predators - both his and his exiled best friend's - gaze at the stranger - Alana - with curiosity.

ALANA

They're magnificent.

40

CHRIS

Slip this on.

He gives her a leather glove and slips one on himself. Fawkes - Chris' favorite bird - climbs aboard.

ALANA

He's beautiful.

CHRIS

Hold out your hand.

She obeys and Fawkes hops onto it. Alana's eyes widen with awe.

ALANA

He's so strong. You're so strong.

Fawkes shifts around on her fist, balancing himself. Chris fishes a rabbit's foot from one of the grocery bags that lay around and moves to the far end of the roof.

CHRIS

Watch your face.

Alana tenses. Chris dangles the bloody paw. Fawkes leaps off, glides across the roof, clamps his talons around Chris' gloved hand and quickly pecks the meat from the fur.

CHRIS

Hold out your hand - steady - higher - okay.

She looks sort of like a reluctant volunteer in a carnival knife-throwing act. Fawkes scrutinizes her, crouches, takes off, and lands neatly on her fist. She's delighted and somewhat relieved. Delicately she strokes the silky plumage of his chest. He preens.

CHRIS

Yeah, he likes everybody.

INT. VILLA NOVA RESTAURANT, MEXICO CITY - NIGHT

Daulton is no longer a tourist from Idaho. His clothes are those of a slick businessman. He sits at a table, his back to the wall, facing the entrance, sipping a cocktail. Okana comes in and a hostess leads him to Daulton's table.

OKANA

You're early, Luis.

DAULTON

So are you.

OKANA

Would you mind terribly if maybe I sit there and you sit here?

DAULTON

Yes, as a matter of fact.

Okana isn't prepared for the answer. Reluctantly, he takes the more vulnerable back-to-the-entrance chair.

What is that? OKANA

Piña Colada. DAULTON

It looks good. OKANA

Try it. DAULTON

May I? OKANA

He takes a sip, likes it, and orders one for himself. Daulton is feeling good. He likes this man and, more importantly, he's beginning to feel rather secure in his new occupation as spy.

DAULTON
So what do your associates think of the merchandise?

OKANA
They're impressed. They're pleased.

DAULTON
They should be.

OKANA
They are. Last time I was here I had this enchilada with lobster. It was very good. I recommend it.

DAULTON
Sounds all right.

OKANA
With this sauce - what was it called?

DAULTON
How pleased were they?

OKANA
Colorado. Salsa Colorado. They were pleased.

DAULTON
How pleased?

OKANA
Money is not the most important thing in life, Luis.

Okana searches the room for the most important things in life -

OKANA
There's health. Love. Youth. Idealism.
One's country

DAULTON

42

Mexico City is an expensive town.

OKANA

Religion is the important thing to some people.
You are religious, for instance. Catholic.

Daulton is slightly taken aback. How much research have they done on him already? Okana points to his own neck. There's nothing there, but there is something around Daulton's neck. A Saint Christopher.

DAULTON

Oh, yeah.

OKANA

Some saint, I imagine.

DAULTON

Christopher.

OKANA

Saint Christopher.

A waitress arrives with Okana's Piña Colada and prepares to take their order.

OKANA

The lobster enchilada? Yes, two of the lobster enchiladas con las Salsa Colorado, por favor. And the beans and so on. And an assortment of cheeses to start with? Yes. And wine? How about the Rothschild Pouilly-Fuisse? Gracias, señora.

The Russian's Spanish is no better than Daulton's, but his taste seems impeccable. Daulton quickly notes the price of the wine on the wine list - \$60.

OKANA

To Catholic-ism. Long live Catholic-ism.

He raises his glass. Daulton doesn't.

OKANA

I'm sorry. I shouldn't make fun. When will I learn not to make fun of religion?

DAULTON

Catholicism.

OKANA

You're mad at me now. You're correcting my English.

DAULTON

I want my money.

OKANA

Can I sip my Piña Colada once?

DAULTON

I want to see some money - "Pedro."

OKANA

I didn't forget it. I thought maybe we could sit and enjoy each others' company for a while before discussing business - but okay.

With some ceremony he removes an envelope from his jacket pocket and slides it across the table. Daulton feels it - it's thick. Okana takes out his little notebook and flips to a page that's cluttered with notes.

OKANA

I need to know some things. I have a list.

Daulton is fighting a little battle with himself - to peek or not to peek. Okana seems amused.

OKANA

Exactly what type of encoding machines are the cipers used on?

DAULTON

I don't know.

OKANA

On what frequencies and band widths are the messages broadcast?

DAULTON

I don't know.

OKANA

Go ahead - peek - get it over with.

Daulton peeks. Inside the envelope is a deck of crisp hundred dollar bills. His mood brightens considerably as he counts.

OKANA

What are the orbitting parameters of the satellites?

DAULTON

Don't know.

One thousand. Two thousand. Three thousand -

OKANA

Luis? Excuse me.

DAULTON

What.

OKANA

The orbitting parameters. The frequencies.

DAULTON

I don't know. I don't know any of that stuff.

Four thousand. Five thousand. Six thousand -

OKANA

There's no reason to continue pretending that there's a friend. We're past that.

DAULTON

44

There is a friend.

OKANA

It serves no purpose.

DAULTON

Believe whatever you want, I don't care.

OKANA

Okay - this will be tedious for me but I will copy the questions in English and you can give them to your "friend."

DAULTON

Fine.

As the Russian begins the long chore of transcribing, Daulton sips at his drink. Seven thousand dollars! He sticks the envelope into a pocket. Without looking up, Okana hands him a booklet - a receipt booklet. Daulton can't quite believe it - a receipt book for spies.

OKANA

Please sign.

It reads: R.6,248 - \$7,000. Below the two figures are some words in Russian. Daulton signs it with his real name.

INT. NIGHTCLUB, MEXICO CITY - NIGHT

They're both so drunk on so many Piña Coladas neither can really see the señorita clearly. Snapping castanets, she dances around their table as a spirited combo plays their hearts out. The place is packed, loud and swinging. Okana says to the waiter in Russian, "the check, please." Confused, the Mexican turns to Daulton for an explanation.

DAULTON

The check, por favor.

The waiter leaves them. Okana grins at his American friend. Then, suddenly, his expression changes as he begins a sloppy search through his clothes.

OKANA

Wait! I almost forgot. Dios Mio.

He pulls a thick roll of surgical adhesive tape from a jacket pocket.

OKANA

From now on we will have a system. See this tape? Wait -

He begins another search and comes up with a street map.

OKANA

See this map? When you have something for me, you'll take the tape and - on the first Monday of the - no - on the first Tuesday of the month, you'll go to this intersection - these streets - where are they?

He fumbles with the map of Mexico City and stabs a circled area.

OKANA

Dakota and Insurgentes, right?

DAULTON

Right.

OKANA

And you'll take the tape - what'd I do with the tape? Here -

Okana locates the tape, gives it to Daulton and struggles to get the map folded. At the bar, undetected by either, someone is watching them. A bear of a man with dark glasses. He watches the drunken Russian scratch X's at the smoky air with his finger, and the drunken American nodding that he understands -

OKANA

- and if I don't show up, that means that something went wrong and we'll try again the next month. Okay?

DAULTON

Fine.

Okana's eyes lose their spark - grow somber.

OKANA

Never, Daulton - I have to stress this - never go to the embassy again. It's watched constantly by you-know-who. The first time you had to, of course, but from now on it cannot happen. The water has many sharks. You know Oswald.

DAULTON

Lee Harvey Oswald.

OKANA

Lee Harvey Oswald - he once visited the embassy here and you know what? The CIA has a picture of it, of him on the grounds. At least this is what I hear. You must promise.

DAULTON

Cross my heart.

OKANA

So you got it then? An X one meter above the sidewalk, the first Monday of the month -

DAULTON

First Tuesday.

OKANA

Did I say Monday?

(in Russian)

Son of a bitch.

The waiter shows up with the bill and the two of them fight over it a while. Okana wins, pays the waiter and smiles at Daulton.

DAULTON

Don't forget to get a receipt.

OKANA

That's right! Waiter! Wait! Por favor, I need a receipt - gracias. Thank you, Daulton.

DAULTON

Don't mention it.

EXT. FOX VENICE THEATRE - NIGHT

A crowd is letting out. They're mostly academic types - the kind with crew neck sweaters. Chris and Alana, hand in hand, stroll down Lincoln Boulevard.

VOICE

Psssst.

They stop. They peer into the darkness of an alley. Someone is in there, hidden in shadows. He moves toward them, stumbles on something, and there's a loud clatter of trash can lids.

VOICE

Goddamn it.

It's Daulton - disguised as a wino. Limping - real or part of the act, it's hard to say - he joins the couple.

DAULTON

Hi.

Chris is happy to see him, of course, but isn't too wild about his entrance.

CHRIS

Hi.

DAULTON

Hi.

ALANA

Hi.

Daulton catches her apprehension regarding his appearance and smiles.

DAULTON

Tradecraft.

Chris stifles a "shhhh."

CHRIS

Alana - this is a friend of mine.

ALANA

Hi.

DAULTON

Hi

CHRIS

Uh -

DAULTON

Your place. I know where it is - I been following you. Twenty-three hundred - hours. Alone.

He limps back into the alley, into the darkness from which he came, and disappears. They hear the rattle of a chainlink fence; apparently he's climbing over it. Alana's eyes ask Chris for an explanation.

CHRIS

Vietnam.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Swiping his thumb across his tongue like a casino cashier, Daulton peels off several hundred dollars from a thick wad. The fresh bills make a crisp snapping sound. Chris is wearing his friend's stupid hat.

DAULTON

Fifteen hundred. Count it, make sure.

He tosses Chris' cut onto the table. Chris just looks at Daulton, shakes his head, doesn't count it.

DAULTON

What? Three thousand - that's what I got out of them.

CHRIS

You did it. You actually did it.

DAULTON

Yep, I actually did it. And I didn't tell them your name either, even though they tried everything but the rack. It's a sweet deal, Chris. Really perfect. No problems at work?

CHRIS

Nope.

Daulton hunts through his suitcase and comes up with a bottle of champagne and two plastic airline glasses.

DAULTON

She's cute, that girl. Where'd she come from?

CHRIS

There's a Federal warrant out on you, you know.

DAULTON

So I hear. I wish them a lot of luck.

Daulton slips a high school ring off his finger and shows it to Chris. It's inscribed - T.P.L.

DAULTON

Theodore Philip Lovelance. Crescenta Valley High, wherever that is. Want to see my new driver's license?

As he pulls out his wallet, Okana's list of questions falls to the floor.

DAULTON

Oh, yeah, they want to know some stuff, some details.

He gives Chris the scrap of paper. It looks like it has been through a washing machine.

DAULTON

I washed it accidentally, but you can still read it okay. How's our birds?

CHRIS

Good.

They can just barely keep from bursting out laughing. They did it!

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

They're asleep on the bed when someone raps sharply on the door. Instantly they're up. As Chris scoops up the money, Daulton frantically scrounges through his wino clothes that are in a heap on the floor and comes up with a gun. Urgently they whisper at each other -

CHRIS

What're you - where'd you -

DAULTON

Don't answer it -

CHRIS

- where'd you get that? Put it away -

DAULTON

No -

CHRIS

Give me it -

Chris grabs the gun and sticks it under the bed. Another knock. He tiptoes to the door and presses an ear against it. Daulton retrieves the gun, hurries to the window, looks down - it's a three story drop - hurries over to the bathroom and watches. The gun shakes in his hand.

VOICE

Hello. Chris. Wake up.

Chris sighs. It's his mother. He opens the door and finds her, his father, a couple of his little brothers, a couch and some groceries out in the hall.

MRS. BOYCE

Hi. We woke you up.

MR. BOYCE

Brought the couch.

Daulton tucks the gun into his underwear and wraps a towel around himself. The Boyce family struggles in with the couch and sets it down.

DAULTON

Hi, Mrs. Boyce. Hello, sir. Long time, no see, huh? Hi, kids.

MRS. BOYCE

Hello, Daulton.

Their expressions say it all - the Boyces loathe Daulton.

DAULTON

I remember this couch. I always loved this couch.

He takes a seat on it and grins at them all. The Boyces take the groceries to the kitchen. As Mrs. Boyce deals with the dirty dishes, making an occasional comment about what a mess the place is, Mr. Boyce silently, sternly, asks his son why this punk is here.

CHRIS

He just dropped by out of the blue. What was I supposed to do?

MR. BOYCE

It's a tight group, Chris. They like you. I hear things. They're impressed with you, with your work - that makes me feel proud.

CHRIS

I know. Mom, leave the dishes. I don't hang out with him anymore. You don't have to worry. I was just as surprised to see him as you are.

MR. BOYCE

Don't embarrass me - and do yourself a favor.

Mr. Boyce studies Chris long and hard, then glances over to Daulton.

DAULTON

Just like old times?

Daulton heard every word of their conversation.

INT. TRW - LATE AFTERNOON

Quitting time. A wave of employees move for the exits, their heels clicking, their hands clutching briefcases, countless briefcases, one with secrets inside it - Chris'.

EXT. MEXICO CITY - DAY

Dakota and Insurgentes. Trying to look inconspicuous, Daulton ties his shoe, unties it, quickly rips two lengths of surgical tape from a roll, slaps them onto the base of a streetlamp in the form of an X, reties his laces and shoots a glance around. Proud of himself, of his tradecraft acumen, he swaggers off the curb. A horn blasts - tires squeal - a speeding police car swerves, just misses him and disappears down the block.

INT. TRAIN STATION, MEXICO CITY - DAY

A Xerox machine spits out a copy. Daulton examines it. It's a bit light, but acceptable; at least you can read the CLASSIFIED INFORMATION heading all right. He removes the original document, takes another from a stack, lines it up in the machine and drops in another ten-centavo coin.

LOCKER AREA, TRAIN STATION

He pulls open a locker, tosses in the Xeroxes, closes it, locks it, pockets the key and sticks the original TRW documents into the fold of a Herald Tribune.

INT. VILLA NOVA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Russian hasn't appeared. Alone at a table near the street-side windows, Daulton nervously tears at the corners of his newspaper. He should leave - finish his drink - and leave. Something's gone wrong. A limosine pulls to the curb. It stops, idles, but no one climbs out. The smoked backseat window goes down and Okana gestured to Daulton to come outside. Tossing some money onto the table, he obeys.

EXT. VILLA NOVA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

He approaches the limo with caution.

DAULTON

What's wrong?

OKANA

Nothing. Get in - a change in plans.

Not so fast, Señor Pedro. Daulton casts a suspicious glance inside at the driver. He's an ominous character in a chauffeur's uniform with dark aviator shades on a head the size of a bear.

OKANA

Come on - get in the car.

With reluctance Daulton crawls into the backseat and the bear pulls away.

INT/EXT. LIMOSINE/STREETS - NIGHT

The driver keeps glancing back at Daulton in the rear view mirror. Something is definitely wrong, but Okana tries to mask it with self-conscious grins. Suddenly the limo lurches forward, shoots into the fast lane, flies through a red light and, diving into a wild screeching turn, flings Daulton to the floorboard.

EXT. PARCO CARDENAS - NIGHT

Dark, deserted, foreboding. Daulton and Okana walk together along a narrow path. Gravel and leaves stir beneath their steps. The wind rustles through the trees and gently nudges the chains of a swing set.

OKANA

Don't be afraid.

Like hell, don't be afraid. They come to a bench and sit. The mad chauffeur continues on a bit further to another bench. The wind wanes, stills. An owl slaps from a tree, swoops across the path, disappears. Footsteps. A dark shape - a man - emerges from the darkness, approaches, sits himself down beside

Daulton. After a long silence -

MISHA

Ivan?

Ivan Okana gets up, wanders off. Misha calmly lights a cigarette, watches him fade into the blackness, then offers a hand which Daulton shakes carefully.

MISHA

(a thick Russian accent)

Comrade Lee. I've heard a lot about you.
Now we meet. How are you?

DAULTON

I'm fine. Who're you?

MISHA

Fine, thank you.

DAULTON

No, who are you?

MISHA

A fellow comrade in the service of peace.

Daulton nods. Why should he be afraid? They need him more than he needs them. That's always been his philosophy. The hell with fear. The hell with them -

DAULTON

Yeah? Well, let me tell you something. First of all, I don't particularly like being kidnaped against my will. I went to the restaurant - as arranged, in good faith - and the next thing I know I'm in the car with this guy who almost kills us all. Number two - I don't like this place - out in the middle of fucking nowhere, where there's no one around. And three, I don't like Ivan not being here, you telling him to get lost, whoever you are. You want to talk to me? Ivan is present. Got it?

Misha smiles. His teeth, those not decaying, are made of glittering silver. He nods to summon over the chauffeur and exchanges newspapers with Daulton. As he hands Daulton's to the chauffeur, some TRW documents fall out into a puddle. Daulton rolls his eyes. The chauffeur gathers up the wet merchandise and strides off. After trying to scare Daulton some more with his cold steel eyes, Misha follows.

Daulton watches the darkness swallow them, then lights a match and searches the paper for their next rendezvous. Nothing. Confused, he runs after the Russians, catches up just as their limo pulls away, and watches it disappear. He searches the paper again and this time finds scribbled in a corner -
9pm CONSUELA'S.

INT. CONSUELA'S - NIGHT

Consuela's is a real dive - the kind of place you don't inspect your salad too closely for fear you might find a cockroach. Daulton and Okana secretly exchange commiserating shakes of the head as Steely Teeth orders them all a bottle of the

cheapest house wine. The chauffeur - Karpov - sits silently at a nearby table, shoveling refried beans into his mouth.

MISHA

So tell us about this mysterious friend of yours, Comrade Lee.

DAULTON

Camarero? Come back here, por favor. That wine? Scratch it. Forget it. You got anything imported, anything French?

WAITER

Lo siento, señor, no, nada Francés. De California, si.

DAULTON

That's fine, that's better than nothing - bring us what you got from California.

(to Misha)

Don't panic, it's on me.

Okana smiles to himself.

DAULTON

And I'd prefer you call me Luis.

MISHA

Comrade Luis.

DAULTON

No, just Luis.

MISHA

So tell us about this friend of yours, Comrade Lee.

DAULTON

As I told Ivan, I got nothing to say about him.

MISHA

Is he a Negro?

Daulton waves to get Karpov's attention. Loudly -

DAULTON

Karpov? You got some money for me?

Karpov ignores him and carefully tests the power of the hot sauce. Daulton gives Misha his most disobedient glare.

MISHA

Please be more -

OKANA

Discreet.

MISHA

Discreet. Your friend is a Negro?

DAULTON

Karpov?

Misha sighs and calls for the chauffeur. He comes over and slips his boss an envelope. Misha sets it on the table but places his big hand over it like - "answer the question and you can have the money." Daulton agrees with a nod and is slid the money. He immediately starts counting it.

OKANA

Twenty thousand.

MISHA

Well?

DAULTON

Is my friend a Negro?

MISHA

Yes?

DAULTON

Maybe.

Okana smiles again. His American friend is in top form tonight, a bad dog impossible to train by threats or bribes. And as far as he, Okana, is concerned, that's fine; he obviously doesn't care much for his superior either.

MISHA

The delivery did not include the answers to our questions. Ivan?

OKANA

The frequencies, details of the infrared instruments, band widths -

MISHA

Did you give the list to your friend as instructed?

DAULTON

Affirmative.

MISHA

Then?

DAULTON

What can I tell you - I brought what I brought. I brought what he gave me. Maybe he doesn't know the answers.

MISHA

That's impossible.

DAULTON

What did I give you?

MISHA

It was good, but it could be better.

DAULTON

So could the money.

OKANA

Money's no object, Daulton, you know that.

The kind of words Comrade Lee likes to hear. His mood improves. Misha sends his associate a stern glance that tells him he spoke out of place.

DAULTON

Give me another list and I'll see what I can do. Maybe he lost it, I don't know.

As Okana begins another list, Misha fishes a tiny camera from his pocket. It's about the size of a finger.

MISHA

Do you know what this is?

DAULTON

Let me guess. A camera.

MISHA

A Minox-B.

He hands it to Daulton who begins inspecting it. It's pretty interesting.

MISHA

It's dangerous for your friend to keep - uh - to keep -

OKANA

Smuggling.

MISHA

- keep smuggling out documents. To photograph them and to bring the photographs is the right way. What do you think?

DAULTON

Sure. Good idea.

MISHA

And this is good, this camera.

OKANA

Accurate. Exact.

Misha snatches back the Minox as the waiter comes over with wine and food. Okana and Daulton can't hide their disgust regarding the appearance of their dinners - the food looks rancid. The waiter accepts Misha's "gracias" and leaves.

DAULTON

Okay, we'll photograph from now on. Give me the camera.

MISHA

This one is mine.

Jesus, there seems to be no end to this man's thrift. Misha digs into his tamale with gusto as Okana and Daulton toy with theirs.

DAULTON

I had an idea. I know this guy down in Lima, Peru. You got people down there, right? An embassy? My idea was - this guy can get heroin - large amounts of heroin - dirt cheap, cheaper than Culiacán, cheaper than Honduras, cheaper than anyplace. And real good stuff, too. The thing is, it's not so easy getting it across the border out of South America. My idea is, I arrange for the buy, get it to your people, say, twenty kilos or so, and they bring it across the border into Mexico in one of their diplomatic pouches. We split it 50/50, I worry about how to get my half into the States, and you, you can do whatever you want with your half.

The Russians exchange the blankest of stares. Heroin? The KGB smuggling heroin?

DAULTON

I wouldn't think there'd be any risk on your part. What do you think?

He's dead serious. There's a long stretch of silence.

DAULTON

Think about it.

EXT/INT. CAMERA STORE, PALOS VERDES - DAY

Beyond a window display, a salesman demonstrates to Daulton the intricacies of a Minox-B. Clay is with him, but doesn't seem at all intrigued. INSIDE - at the counter - the salesman hands Daulton the camera so he can get the feel of it.

CLAY

- know what she said? You're not gonna believe this. She said she'd kill herself if she caught me again.

DAULTON

She probably would.

CLAY

She wouldn't, but what if she did?

DAULTON

It's not worth it.

CLAY

But it is worth it. This girl is that beautiful, I'm not kidding.

DAULTON

One of these little tripods comes with it?

SALESMAN

No, just the case.

DAULTON

Just the case. That's all right, that's fair,
wrap it up for me - just the camera and case.

SALESMAN

Getting into the spy racket, huh? Cash?

DAULTON

Already in it. Mastercharge.

The salesman grins and takes the camera and the Mastercharge card to the register.

CLAY

Just keep her out of town for one week.

DAULTON

She might not want to go.

CLAY

She'll go. I know how that little mind works.
She'll go just to make me jealous.

Daulton stuffs the baby-legs tripod down Clay's pants; he doesn't bat an eye.

CLAY

All right?

DAULTON

I'll ask her.

(loudly to salesman)

And film! Lots of film! Ten rolls!

INT. LEE GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

One of Daulton's notoriously wild parties is shifting into high gear - rock and roll, cocaine and cocktails, the youth of Palos Verdes falling all over each other. As usual, there's a slide show for his closer friends - Chris and Alana, Clay and Carole, David and a few others. A shot of Daulton sunbathing at the Hotel Diana flashes white, is replaced by the Polyforum -

DAULTON

The March of Humanity. Executed by the celebrated Mexican muralist - does anybody know?
Come on, he's famous. Just died.

No one knows. Clay nudges Daulton, gets him to glance across the room to where a beautiful unescorted girl - the one he wants a week with - has just arrived.

DAULTON

Uh-huh. David Alfaro Siquieros - rest in peace.

The Polyforum flashes away. In its place appears a photo of two young boys lighting the altar candles of a church - Chris and Daulton ten years younger. With feigned confusion -

DAULTON

How'd this one get in here?

ALANA

Is that you?

Sure is.

DAULTON

Boyce and Lee. I call this one the "before" picture.

Alana ahhs like she's seeing the cutest puppy in the whole world. Daulton flips to the next slide and Chris' heart shoots up into his throat. It's the lobby of the Russian Embassy with the painting of Lenin.

CLAY

What the hell is that?

DAULTON

A museum in Cuernavaca. And that's a very famous painting - so famous they got a special room for it.

Daulton tosses Chris a devilish grin. With his eyes, Chris desperately begs his friend to move on - now! Lenin is replaced by a bland photo of Mexico City.

THE BACKYARD - NIGHT

The party - later. From the grass-thatched bar, Chris keeps an eye on his partner who's wandering around the yard with a tiki torch. He goes up to Carole, hands her the torch and takes out his spy camera.

ALANA

What's wrong?

CHRIS

Nothing. Excuse me.

Chris leaves her, crosses the yard and tries to get close enough to Daulton to hear without being seen. Daulton clicks off a few shots of Carole, trades her the torch for the camera and strikes a pose.

DAULTON

- kind of exciting, this life as an expatriot in paradise. Hemingway was an expatriot in Mexico. Or Paris - I forget. There's no but-ton, you just go like this - click, click -

He demonstrates the sliding action with an invisible camera and she gets the hang of it and clicks off a few.

DAULTON

Been playing the Mexican stock market to support myself. That, and dabbling in real estate a little bit.

She's not really listening; she's busy watching her two-timing boyfriend Clay across the yard talking to the beautiful girl. Daulton leans close -

DAULTON

Actually, that's just a cover. What I'm really doing is selling top secret things to the Russians.

Chris can't believe what he's hearing.

58

DAULTON

That's what the camera's for. For photographing documents.

She's too distracted to react.

DAULTON

Maybe you want to come down with me sometime - see the sights -

CAROLE

Excuse me -

She gives him his camera and moves off to get a closer look at what's going on with her boyfriend. Daulton heads off the other way. Chris tracks him -

THE LEE HOUSE

Dr. and Mrs. Lee are eating a late supper when Daulton strides through the room.

MRS. LEE

Kenny called again. The court date's been rescheduled and he needs -

DR. LEE

Daulton!

DAULTON

What.

DR. LEE

Call him.

DAULTON

I will, don't worry about it.

He traipses down the hall and shuts himself behind a bathroom door. Chris reaches the dining room.

CHRIS

Hi. Daulton come through here?

DR. LEE

He went that-a-way.

Chris hurries down the hall, throws open the bathroom door and quickly closes it behind him.

THE BATHROOM

Daulton reels around with grains of brown powder clinging to his nostrils.

CHRIS

Gimme it.

DAULTON

What.

CHRIS
The camera!

DAULTON
What's wrong?

CHRIS
Are you crazy? Top secret stuff to the
Russians?

DAULTON
She didn't believe me.

CHRIS
I don't care! Gimme it.

Daulton gives him the Minox.

DAULTON
Two hundred and forty-nine dollars plus tax.
We should split it.

CHRIS
What's that?

DAULTON
What's what?

Chris shoves him aside and runs a finger through some powder on a hand mirror.

DAULTON
It's coke. What's the problem?

CHRIS
When'd this start?

DAULTON
What - it's coke.

CHRIS
Don't lie to me! How long?

DAULTON
What're you, my mother? Get out of here.

Chris grabs him by the collar and pushes him up against the shower door.

DAULTON
I don't shoot it - just snort it - what's the
big deal?

CHRIS
How much?

DAULTON
I don't know how much. Not much. Couple
hundred bucks a week.

Chris lets him down, lets go of his shirt, scrutinizes him. Daulton shrugs.
Chris shakes his head in despair.

Alana lays sleeping alone in the bed. Chris is awake, robed, at the desk. Between swallows of whiskey he scribbles a message to the Russians. Coded it reads:

19536 21621 47112 65621 16331 04119 73314 85304
13318 95010 41415 33310 41621 78994 53621 331 -

Once they decipher it, it'll read like the original uncoded version that's there beside the bottle:

MERRY CHRISTMAS - LET'S NOT BE STRANGERS - THE FALCON

INT. TRW BLACK VAULT - DAY

The game is called RISK. There's dice, multi-colored armies of invaders and a map of the world. As Chris blends Bloody Marys in the shredder, Gene and Laurie contemplate the game board.

GENE

Right. Indonesia. Attacking from India.

LAURIE

Indonesia? I'm Indonesia.

GENE

So what?

LAURIE

So what? We have a treaty.

GENE

So what?

LAURIE

So forget it. Attack somebody else.

Gene shakes the dice and blows on them for good luck.

GENE

Prepare to fight, Indonesia.

Laurie glares at him, then, angrily, gets up to leave.

GENE

Wait, wait, wait - Laurie - it's only a game.

LAURIE

Well the game's over.

Gene rolls his eyes at Chris, hurries from the vault, catches Laurie in the Document Control area and, apparently, apologizes to her.

GENE

Chris, come on - lunch. I'm buying.

CHRIS

Go ahead, I'll meet you. Gotta get the Telexes to Larry. Where?

GENE

The health food place.

Judging by Gene's grimace, the health food place is Laurie's choice. Chris watches them disappear into the corridor.

THE VAULT - LUNCH HOUR

A Telex message comes into sharp focus, then goes fuzzy again. Click. Chris covers it with another, purposely photographs it soft, then covers it with his coded message and makes certain the focus is exactly right. Click. He scans the vault for something else to shoot and settles on Gene's Racing Form - click.

EXT. MEXICO CITY - DAY

A Christmas parade makes its way down Dakota. The sidewalks are crammed with spectators. On the corner, Daulton slaps an X on the streetlamp, ties his shoe and squeezes back through the crowds to where he left Carole. She takes one of the snow cones he's carrying and, although she outweighs him by fifteen pounds, climbs onto his shoulders for a better view.

EXT. HOTEL DIANA - DAY

Sipping margaritas, they sit at a table by the pool. She's in a bikini; he's dressed in a silk suit.

DAULTON

You're sure it's all right.

CAROLE

Yes, I'll be fine.

DAULTON

No more than two hours, I promise.

CAROLE

Don't worry.

DAULTON

I worry. Mexico City is a weird place. Here - stick this in your purse. You never know.

He pulls his .38 from a hidden holster and gives it to her. She doesn't seem surprised in the least; her ex-boyfriend Clay carries a piece, too.

DAULTON

And here -

He gives her several hundred dollars, his Mastercharge card and a vial of heroin.

DAULTON

Okay? Camerero -

Daulton gets up to meet the waiter halfway, gives him his Nikon and explains he wants a picture taken. He sits back down and carefully takes Carole's hand in his. The waiter points the camera at them and focuses. Daulton smiles at the lens. Carole smiles at a young attractive Latino sitting alone at a table behind the waiter.

EXT. CHAPULTEPEC MUSEUM OF ANTHROPOLOGY - LATE AFTERNOON

He's been waiting over an hour now and the Russians still haven't shown up. From a bench he has an almost clear shot - over the tops of some Mayan death masks - of the museum's front entrance. A Spanish voice over the P.A. system announces that the museum is closing.

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - EVENING

A limo idles at the gates. As they swing open, Daulton slips in onto the grounds. Unlike the first time, though, someone barks a command at him in Russian. He turns to find two guards pointing Uzi submachine guns at him. He reaches for the sky.

INT. OKANA'S OFFICE, EMBASSY - EVENING

Okana and Misha are yelling at each other in Russian. Every so often they point to the object of their wrath - the disobedient spy who sits machine-gunned on the sofa. Misha throws up his hands, ending the argument and Okana goes over to Daulton -

OKANA

What did I tell you?

DAULTON

I waited at the museum an hour - you didn't show up - I -

OKANA

What did I tell you! You never come to the embassy! Never! How can I make it clearer to you! If nobody shows up - what do you do?

DAULTON

Leave.

OKANA

Leave.

Okana pours himself a shot of vodka. His hand is shaking.

OKANA

Where'd you put the X?

DAULTON

Where do you think?

OKANA

There was no X.

DAULTON

Ivan, you guys screwed up, not me. It was there. Don't try to blame it on me.

OKANA

Which corner?

DAULTON

Dakota and Patriotismo.

Okana stares at him in disbelief, says something in Russian to Misha, then turns back to Daulton. Calmly -

OKANA

Insurgentes, Daulton. Dakota and Insurgentes Need I write it down for you?

DAULTON

Can I have a drink, please?

He pours himself a drink. He's terribly embarrassed. Okana motions at the guard to stop pointing the gun at Daulton's head.

INT. EMBASSY DARKROOM - NIGHT

Under the glow of a red safety lamp, an image slowly appears in the developer - Chris' coded message. The lab technician transfers it into the hypo and submerges a second 8x10 sheet of Kodak paper into the developing tray.

INT. OKANA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Okana and Daulton are relaxed now and fairly drunk. Misha isn't; he's over at the window, peering out with binoculars.

DAULTON

Misha - nobody saw me. Relax. Come have a drink.

Misha still hasn't forgiven him, is still scowling.

DAULTON

Oh, cheer up for Christ's sake. Everything's okay.

Karpov enters with the developed prints - a huge stack.

DAULTON

All right. Now I don't mean to sound rude, but remember our figure - 30 thousand dollars.

Daulton puffs on his cigar and watches as Okana and Misha begin inspecting the prints. They seem confused by them.

DAULTON

What - are they too dark? Too light?

OKANA

You took these?

DAULTON

No, my friend.

They set one aside and go through the rest quickly. They exchange grim looks. Then, suddenly, Misha throws down the glossies and starts yelling at Okana again in Russian. Daulton hurries over. He looks through the photos. With the exception of the one set aside and a few out of focus shots of documents, they're all of naked girls. Daulton can't believe it - Chris photographed for them the entire Christmas issue of Playboy magazine. The Russians turn to their spy. They look like they want to cut his heart out. He backs away slowly toward the door.

DAULTON

Okay - let's not get excited, let's - I don't know what happened, but I'm gonna find out - I'm gonna go back to the States, I'm gonna have a long serious talk with him - I'm -

MISHA

Karpov.

DAULTON

Wait a minute, Karpov. You want to know his name - I'll tell you his name. Christopher. Like the saint, Ivan. That's worth something. That's got to be worth a couple thousand bucks. Huh? He's not married and no kids and what I said before. He lives in Palos Verdes, he's -

Karpov grabs him and ushers him out. Misha slams the door.

DAULTON (O.S.)

I swear to God - no money, then that's it - you'll never see me again. No money - the business is dissolved -

INT. BOYCE HOME - NIGHT

They're all around the Christmas tree opening presents - Mr. and Mrs. Boyce, the kids, Chris and Alana - when the phone rings. As one of Chris' little sisters hurries off to the kitchen to get it, Alana opens a gift, finds a skirt inside and, after marvelling at its beauty, gives each of Chris' parents a warm hug and kiss.

SISTER (O.S.)

Chris!

Chris excuses himself and goes to the phone. Into it -

CHRIS

Yeah?

It's Daulton - long distance.

DAULTON

Very funny. They almost killed me, you fuck.

CHRIS

(amused)

Señor Gomez. Esta bien? Merry Christmas.

INTERCUT - INT. HOTEL DIANA - NIGHT

Daulton out on the veranda - talking into the phone. You can't hear him because he's got the sliding glass door closed. Inside the room, Carole is holding up for his approval all the wonderful things she bought today with his money: a leather jacket, new bikini, lots of jewelry. Someone knocks. Room Service. The waiter wheels in a cart with dinner on it.

THE VERANDA

Daulton gestures at Carole to sign for the food as he continues to talk on the phone -

DAULTON

Trust you? I did trust you and you lied to me. Right to my face -

CHRIS (V.O.)

Let's just see what happens -

DAULTON

I can tell you what's gonna happen. Nothing's gonna happen. We had them hooked and you lost them for us -

He pauses. The Room Service waiter has caught his attention by tossing a newspaper onto the bed. He leaves the room. A newspaper? At night?

DAULTON

Hang on a second - don't hang up -

He hurries through the room past Carole to the front door and looks down the hallway. Empty. No waiter. He goes back to the bed and leafs through the paper.

CAROLE

What's wrong?

He finds a word scribbled on it - ZOCALO - and hurries back out to the veranda, to the phone. Dial tone. Chris has hung up on him again.

EXT. BOYCE HOME - SAME NIGHT

As Chris and Alana drive off, Mr. and Mrs. Boyce wave goodbye. He's got a sleeping pajama-ed kid in his arms.

INT. CHRIS' CAR - NIGHT

Chris watches his parents shrink in the rear view mirror. Alana's beside him, smiling to herself; the box with the skirt in it is on her lap.

CHRIS

What.

They're both in very good moods - the Christmas having been a total success. Alana doesn't answer - just keeps shaking her head as she stares at the skirt.

CHRIS

It's really ugly. Take it back, they won't know.

ALANA

No.

She smiles at him.

CHRIS

What.

ALANA

She asked me when we're getting married.

Just saying it sort of embarrasses her.

CHRIS
You're kidding.

ALANA
Nope.

CHRIS
She just said - so, when you two getting married?

ALANA
Whispered it.

CHRIS
She's got so much finess.
(a long pause)
She asked me, too.

Alana laughs. Each waits for the other to ask the logical next question. Chris wins.

ALANA
What'd you say?

CHRIS
Nothing - my father told her to clam up and mind her own business.
(another pause)
What'd you say?

She shrugs, doesn't answer, just keeps smiling.

CHRIS
She can't help herself.

They keep glancing at each other. Then, Chris pulls over to the side of the road, tosses the skirt into the backseat, and kisses Alana long and gently.

EXT. ZOCALO, MEXICO CITY - DAY

Daulton waits on the steps of the Cathedral. Okana, wearing a jogging outfit, jogs by, turns around, jogs back to the steps, and runs in place. He indicates that Daulton should join him on a little jaunt. Reluctantly, the out-of-shape American gets up and trots alongside the out-of-shape Russian.

DAULTON
Good disguise.

OKANA
It's not a disguise. I've taken it up.
It's a pleasurable way to exercise I'm finding. They all jog in America.

DAULTON
I don't. I hate it.

OKANA
Know what? I hate it too.

DAULTON

You're in trouble, aren't you? I'm sorry, Ivan. I promise, it won't happen again -

OKANA

Forget it.

EXT. ZOCALO STREET - LATER

They've reached the sidewalk that lines the square and are hunched over coughing their guts out -

OKANA

We've got to stop smoking, amigo.

Daulton nods between gasps. Okana leads him toward a black V.W. van that's parked at the curb. Karpov sits behind the wheel looking tough. Okana slides open the side door and shoves Daulton in. He picks himself up and can't hide a rush of fear. Okana grins sinisterly.

OKANA

Feliz Navidad.

He points to the floor of the van, to the thing Daulton is sitting on. A rug. A beautiful handmade Caucasus rug.

OKANA

Yes, it's for you, from me. But don't say anything to Misha.

Daulton is overcome with sentimentality. Then, pawing the rug, he suddenly becomes embarrassed.

DAULTON

I didn't get you anything.

OKANA

That doesn't surprise me. You're an inconsiderate worthless little shit.

He says it with a smile and Daulton agrees.

OKANA

You could actually do something for me, though. I've got this Johnson outboard motor. Forty horsepower? You know, for a boat? The propeller's broken and I can't get a replacement - It's made in the States. Do you think -

DAULTON

Yes, yes, of course, no problem. Consider it done.

OKANA

Oh, good. Thank you.

DAULTON

Thank you.

OKANA

Here's the details, the model and so on. Don't say anything about this to Misha either, okay?

He gives Daulton a matchbook with the details scribbled on it, then nods to Karpov. The chauffeur tosses a fat envelope onto the rug.

OKANA

Ten thousand. Don't ask my why. And seventy-five more for the propeller.

Daulton can't believe this. This is the best Christmas he's ever had.

DAULTON

Don't be ridiculous.

He hands back Okana's seventy-five dollars and begins counting the rest of the money.

INT. LEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Daulton is all smiles as he watches his family open the presents he's brought them from Mexico. Unfortunately he missed Christmas itself - he's two days late and the tree ornaments are already coming down - but still, this is fun.

David's gift, he discovers, is an 8x10 photograph of a beach; Mrs. Lee's are some blueprints; Dr. Lee's - a document - a deed to some property with his son's signature down at the bottom. They all fail in making any sense out of the gifts.

DAULTON

I'm building us a house. It's not started yet, it's just at the architectural stage, but I did buy the property.

DAVID

(inspecting the deed)

Costa Rica?

DAULTON

Limón, Costa Rica. It's the most beautiful stretch of beach you've ever seen.

Daulton unfurls the blueprints and begins taking his dumbfounded family on a guided finger-tour:

DAULTON

Forty-two hundred square feet. Split level. Five bedrooms, four baths, sauna, jacuzzi, guest house, aviary, elevator down to the beach -

None of them know what to say it's so ridiculous; none of them but David:

DAVID

Costa Rica? What's anybody gonna do in Costa Rica? Fish?

Daulton directs his answer to his parents -

DAULTON

Fish, take long strolls on the beach, collect shells, relax, take it easy for once in your life. You deserve it.

DAVID

They can do that here.

A long awkward silence that's finally interrupted by the phone. Just before going off to answer it, Daulton stabs a finger at the roof of the dream house:

DAULTON

These thing? Solar cells. The whole place is solar heated.

DINING AREA

Daulton picks up the phone. Recognizing Clay's voice, he lowers his own:

DAULTON

Yeah, yeah, twelve ounces? Yeah, yeah - no! Clay, no. You told them that? Not enough - not enough. No, you gotta return to the bargaining table. Tell them you misunderstood -

In the living room, the Lee's can't help overhearing a few key words of their son's conversation. They've heard those words so many times before - words like "kilo" and "ounce" and "thou" as in thousand. Daulton hangs up and returns to his family.

DR. LEE

Daulton -

DAULTON

That was nothing. That was Clay. He just -

DR. LEE

(exploding)

I will not have dope deals being make in this house!

DAULTON

What dope deal?

DR. LEE

When's it gonna stop?

MRS. LEE

Brad -

DAULTON

I'm not dealing! I'm out of it! I'm not doing it any more. That was -

DR. LEE

That telephone will not be used for -

DAULTON

You know what I'm doing? Huh? You want -

DR. LEE

You miss Christmas by two days - you show up
with - with this -
(the blueprints)
- and you're not here an hour before you're -

DAULTON

I'll tell you what - the goddamn government -
I'm working for the goddamn government! I'm
working on goddamn top secret -

DR. LEE

- before you're on the phone making goddamn
dope deals -

DAULTON

I'm working for the goddamn CIA! The CIA!
Me!

David looks like he wants to crawl under the couch. Daulton traipses across the blueprints on his way out of the room, out of the house. He leaves the door wide open and they can hear him climbing into one of their Cadillacs, starting it, and screeching off.

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Looking like hell - wasted on junk - Daulton knocks on a door. It cracks open an inch, and Carole peers out.

DAULTON

I'm in bad shape. I gotta talk - I wanna -

She can barely understand him, he's slurring so bad. She throws a quick glance over her shoulder.

DAULTON

- come on - I can't stand up - open the door -

She starts to close the door on him. Shocked, he catches it, pushes it open and steps inside.

INT. CAROLE'S APARTMENT

Dark. A blue glow radiates from a TV and bathes her in seductive light. All she has on is underwear and Mexican jewelry.

DAULTON

You look great.

CAROLE

You gotta leave.

He hears something rustle. It's a guy on the couch, some guy Daulton has never seen before. All he has on are unbuttoned Levis and a cowboy hat.

DAULTON

Who's that?

COWBOY

Who's this guy?

Who're you? DAULTON

Who're you? COWBOY

Get out, Daulton. CAROLE

Who is that? DAULTON

The cowboy gets up to eject him from the premises. Daulton struggles with him a while before finding himself flung out into the hall. The door slams shut.

Shrimp creep. CAROLE (O.S.)

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Daulton is doing 90mph up Pacific Coast Highway. Clay and his new girlfriend Linda are with him.

DAULTON
- a necklace, some bracelets - leather jacket
- shoes -

CLAY
Leather jacket? An expensive one? Turn around.
Turn around - we're going over there. I'll throw
that guy out, whoever he is, I'll get back all
your stuff. You can give it to somebody else.

DAULTON
It's not the stuff. I don't care about the
stuff -

CLAY
I care. Who does she think she is? Come on -
Turn around.
(to Linda)
You wouldn't do that.

Red lights appear in the mirror. A cop car.

DAULTON
Uh-oh. Hold on, I gotta lose this guy.

He floors it, does some terrific high-speed driving. but can't shake the guy. Some lights blink up ahead. Road work. No good. To his passengers' horror, Daulton veers into the oncoming lane. Headlights split away from him like a zipper. Tires squeal. He hits the brakes, fishtails, comes to a screeching stop. Clay and Linda jump out and run. Daulton waits until the cop just about reaches him, then shoves the Cadillac into low and takes off again.

With the cop gaining on him, he races up into the Palos Verdes Hills at 100mph. Suddenly, a BMW appears in front of him; to avoid it he swings a hard turn - goes out of control - jumps the curb - and stalls out on somebody's lawn. He's about to make a run for it when he stops. The cop is pointing a shotgun at him.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

All of them are handcuffed - Daulton and the BMW occupants. They're teenagers and they have among their personal effects a fair amount of cocaine. As clerks and officers sort things out, Daulton shrugs at the teenagers as if to say he's sorry

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A detective - Simpson - sits across from Daulton, toying with his LOVELANCE driver's license.

DAULTON

- I was on my way to San Diego where, if I ever get out of here, I will try to enjoy what's left of my vacation. I picked up some hitchhikers - and I'm driving down the street when, for no reason whatsoever, Langsworth here, turns on his lights to pull me over. I'm starting to pull over and this hitchhiker - the guy, he was with this girl, both weird-looking to begin with, I should've known - pulls a gun on me and says, "Don't stop or I'll blow your head off." Tells me to lose them. So what am I supposed to do? He's some kind of desperate fugitive from the law. I obey.

SIMPSON

What were their names?

DAULTON

How should I know?

SIMPSON

You kept going, though. You didn't stop once they got out and ran.

DAULTON

You bet I kept going. I wanted to get as far away from those weirdos as possible.

SIMPSON

Theodore - how tall are you exactly?

DAULTON

How tall all you?

SIMPSON

Stand up. What are you, five-foot? Langsworth?

Simpson motions to the arresting officer - Langsworth - to stand beside the suspect.

SIMPSON

What are you, six-foot?

LANGSWORTH

Six-one.

SIMPSON

Well, then, I'm confused, because it says here - "five-five" - and you're not five-five - not even close.

He smiles. He's enjoying this and isn't confused at all. He gets up and opens the door. Standing there is Detective Chambers, the narcotics officer Daulton had betrayed.

SIMPSON

Friend of yours.

CHAMBERS

Hi, Daulton.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris and Alana are asleep in bed when the call comes. He fumbles with the receiver, gets it turned around the right way and groans into it -

CHRIS

Yeah.

DAULTON

(through phone)

I didn't wake you, did I? You got twenty-five hundred bucks on you? I'm in jail -

INT. MAC DONALD'S - NIGHT

Daulton is ravenous. He's already finished off his own Big Mac and is now working on Chris' fries.

DAULTON

You got to get something good next time - something special. They're really starting to put the screws to me.

CHRIS

We give them whatever we want. They pay five thousand for an out-of-focus issue of Playboy, they'll pay for anything.

DAULTON

No. They're really - they want, they need, the infrared stuff - the frequencies - the whatever you call them -

He fumbles through his pockets and finds two scraps of paper - the Johnson out-board motor details and another list of questions from Okana.

CHRIS

The band widths. The parameters.

DAULTON

Right.

He gives Chris the list. At the bottom Chris sees several numbers arranged in groups of five digits - a response to his greeting from the Russians in his code.

CHRIS

You had this on you tonight?

DAULTON

They didn't know what it was. How would they know what it was? I can barely read Ivan's writing.

Daulton shovels more fries into his mouth.

DAULTON

I just can't string them along any more. It's not gonna work. How many excuses can I come up with? How many times can you lose their list?

CHRIS

Fuck 'em.

DAULTON

What do you mean, "fuck 'em?"

Chris scribbles something on their ketchup-stained Mac Donald's receipt and gives it to Daulton: I.O.U., CHRIS BOYCE, \$2,500. RE: BAIL.

CHRIS

Sign it.

DAULTON

An I.O.U.?

CHRIS

That's right.

Daulton sighs like, "how unnecessary," but signs it.

INT. BATHROOM, CHRIS' APARTMENT - MORNING

The door is closed. Radio music filters in from the living room. The shower sprays, but Chris isn't in it. He's at the sink counter - robed - deciphering the Russians' coded message. After assigning letters to all the numbers, it reads: FALCON - HAPPY NEW YEAR - THE COLONEL.

INT. KITCHEN, CHRIS' APARTMENT - SAME MORNING

The kitchen table is covered with psychology textbooks. Alana hums to the music as she finishes typing a page of her college mid-term paper on "Aber-rant Behavior." Behind her, breakfast smokes on the stove. As she proof-reads the page she wanders around in a distracted daze looking for a cigarette. She finds an old crumpled pack in the cluttered junk drawer and begins hunting for a matchbook. Way in the back she finds one, strikes it, pauses. Something has caught her attention - a newspaper clipping. What's strange about it is that it's not from any American press. It's Australian - from a Sidney paper:

WHITLAM QUESTIONS U.S. 'SPACE RESEARCH' STATION
LABOUR PARTY TO PROBE CIA INVOLVEMENT

Curious. She digs deeper into the drawer and finds a whole stack of clippings and Xeroxes of clippings. All refer either to Whitlam, the CIA, or both. She glances to the closed bathroom door - then starts reading the clippings.

EXT. CHRIS' ROOF - MORNING

More than eat it, Chris pushes his burned breakfast around the plate as he reads the morning paper. Alana's across the table from him - feeling ignored.

ALANA

Want to take the kids out to the desert?

She means the birds. Chris doesn't respond, keeps stirring the yolk of his egg. She goes over to the aviary.

ALANA

You guys want to go to Mojave? Get out of the house for a change?

She's comfortable with the birds now, and they with her. Fawkes climbs aboard her gloved hand and she brings him back to the table.

ALANA

Fawkes feels neglected.

CHRIS

Fawkes is fine.

She feeds Fawkes some slices of pigeon meat and lets the silence slide as long as possible.

ALANA

I'm sure there's some sort of logical explanation, but I can't come up with one so I'm just gonna ask - all right?

CHRIS

Huh?

He's not listening, isn't looking at her. She pulls the clippings from her robe pocket and tosses them onto the table. The top one reads - WHITLAM RESIGNS PRIME MINISTER POST.

ALANA

Chris?

CHRIS

What?

He finally looks up, sees the clippings.

ALANA

What's the story?

CHRIS

Newspaper clippings.

ALANA

Uh-huh.

CHRIS

Yeah?

ALANA

Sort of unusual subject matter, don't you think? And tucked away - and Xeroxed. I think you should tell me.

CHRIS

Tell you what? They're interesting, I find this stuff interesting. I cut it out.

ALANA

From Australian newspapers?

CHRIS

Yeah.

ALANA

What is it?

CHRIS

What is what? I'm sorry - I don't see the big mystery.

He's such a bad liar it's embarrassing. Alana fingers the top clipping.

ALANA

The CIA got this guy removed from office.

CHRIS

Uh-huh.

ALANA

So?

CHRIS

So? I find that interesting. Don't you?

ALANA

Chris.

CHRIS

Alana.

ALANA

Tell me.

CHRIS

Tell you what? You want me to make something else up? Something weird? It's fascinating, I cut it out, I saved it, and that's what it is.

They stare at each other a while, then Chris gets up to leave.

ALANA

Don't walk away from me.

He lingers at the stairwell, but won't look at her.

ALANA

Am I supposed to be shocked? Is that it?
Is this some kind of test that I'm failing?
I'm sorry, I'm not the least bit surprised
if the CIA -

CHRIS

You want to take the kids out to the desert,
be my guest -

ALANA

- Everybody knows about the CIA but you're
clipping little -

CHRIS

Nobody knows!

ALANA

Knows what?

CHRIS

Or cares!

ALANA

I don't think I believe this -

CHRIS

And just for future reference, I'd appreciate it if you could sort of, you know, refrain from ransacking the house.

ALANA

This is crazy -

He disappears down the stairs.

ALANA

I never even heard of Whitley.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Whitlam!

She listens to his steps fade, then stares at Fawkes in disbelief.

Daulton's day of reckoning has arrived. As his lawyer persuasively appeals to Judge Donahue - Daulton, his family and Detective Chambers watch and listen -

KAHN

- turning point in a young man's life, a young man who suffers from two kinds of problems - physical addiction to heroin, and psychosis. At the medical facilities of UCLA, both can be dealt with. At San Quentin - neither. Why are we here? Are we here to make matters worse? Are we here to punish him further than he's already punished himself? Or are we here to try to help him? To help get him straight - to get him off junk for good and back to his family where he belongs. Your Honor, Mr. Lee is consumed by drugs, you have to understand that. Every move he makes is dictated -

INT. COURTHOUSE BUILDING - LATER

Chambers watches them from afar - the Lees and Kenny Kahn huddled at the other end of the corridor. By their mood, it's obvious that Daulton is not going to prison. Chambers heads for the merry group to throw in his two-cents worth. Daulton sees him coming.

DAULTON

Uh-oh, look what the cat dragged in.

Chambers arrives and scowls -

CHAMBERS

As long as it takes, Lee, I'm gonna get you.

He turns his venomous glare at Kahn as if to say, "you, too."

DAULTON

Do you mind? We're trying to talk here.

Chambers glares some more at all of them, then finally wanders off.

INT. THE BUCKIT - LUNCHTIME

Gene is up on the runway - drunk out of his mind - dancing with the stripper. Though the crowd loves it, she doesn't, and soon exits backstage. The crowd boos, but then gets excited again once Gene starts to strip. Down at a table, Chris sits with Ray Slack, Laurie, and a few other TRW employees.

SLACK

You'd better get him down, Chris, before they throw him out:

Accepting the assignment, Chris first tries to talk Gene down from below, then climbs up onto the runway

CHRIS

Come on, Gene, time to go back to work.

The appearance of a bouncer helps to convince Gene to quit. Leaning on Chris, he stumbles down. Everybody applauds the performance.

Someone waves to Chris from the bar. Unbelievably, it's Daulton, having just arrived. He starts for the table. Quickly, Chris excuses himself, and hurries to intercept his partner.

DAULTON

Hi. Guess what - I beat the rap.

Chris grabs him by the arm and hustles him toward the club's entrance.

DAULTON

What's wrong?

CHRIS

Shut up.

DAULTON

I came for the stuff. You got the stuff?

EXT. THE BUCKIT - DAY

Once out, Chris steers Daulton toward a supermarket next door.

DAULTON

Any of those guys CIA?

CHRIS

They're all CIA. Have you gone completely insane?

DAULTON

Let go of my arm.

He lets go and they enter the market.

THE MARKET

They have a cart and are moving down an aisle pretending to shop.

DAULTON

I been thinking. I think it's time we think about diversifying. Bring in some - some sub-contractors - or form some kind of limited partnership.

Chris ignores him, sticks a can of soup in the cart.

DAULTON

Try this on for size. Clay's got a cousin stationed on the U.S.S. Midway. I've met the guy and he seems fairly simpatico. What if we buy him a Minox, get him to photograph some stuff - the carrier, the planes, the guns, et cetera - and we cut him in on a percentage of the profits, a small percentage. They'd be interested in aircraft carriers, wouldn't they?

DAULTON

Something else, too. I'd really like to bring David in somehow. You know what he's doing now? Working nights at a liquor store while he goes to school all day long. Minimum wage. It's pathetic. I was thinking maybe we Xerox everything and we hire David to deal with the Chinese. It's all new stuff to them, they don't have to know everybody else in the whole world's got it, too. I think Tanzania's the place. It's remote, they got an embassy there, and there's some nice beaches from what I hear -

CHRIS

You're sick.

DAULTON

What.

CHRIS

You'd do that to your own brother. Drag him into it.

DAULTON

Who better than my own brother? Chris, this is business. We got to expand. We're dealing nickels and dimes compared to the possibilities. In ten years we'll be multimil -

CHRIS

In ten years you'll be dead. More like ten months. You start dealing with the Chinese and the Russians find out, God help you.

DAULTON .

They won't find out. How're they gonna find out? Tanzania.

They reach the check-out stand and stop behind a long line of shoppers.

CHRIS

You want the stuff? Leave your brother out of it. Leave everybody out of it. Don't mention it again. Don't even think about it again. Don't think, Courier.

Chris leaves him with the groceries and walks away. Daulton calls out to him:

DAULTON

You're going to starve the business with this small thinking! I'm just telling you now!

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - EVENING

Staring into the fridge, Chris seems in a trance. Alana comes up behind him. She's carrying some textbooks.

ALANA

I'll pick something up after class. Pizza or Chinese?

CHRIS

Whatever you want - I'm not hungry.

Strange thing to say when you're staring into a fridge. Alana's used to it by now, though, and just shakes her head as she leaves.

ALANA

I'll get a pizza.

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sitting at the desk - drunk - he transcribes a second coded message to the Russians. It's just a series of numbers, but the original reads -

THE COURIER IS UNDEPENDABLE. SEEK INDEPENDENT
CHANNEL OF COMMUNICATION - THE FALCON

JUMPCUT to the Minox-B atop the stolen baby-legs tripod. Chris focuses, shoots a TRW document, tacks up the coded message and clicks the shutter again.

INT. TRW CORRIDOR - MORNING

Chris approaches the guard station with two large potted cactus plants. He sets one down on the desk.

CHRIS

Want a cactus? Got them on sale - two for one at the gas station.

GUARD

Yeah?

CHRIS

It's yours. Take it home. Your wife like cactuses?

GUARD

Yeah. Hey - thanks. This is nice-looking.

INT. BLACK VAULT - MORNING

Dirt clings to the roots as he carefully pulls the cactus from its clay pot. He reaches in and removes a sandwich-sized baggie full of documents and cipher cards. As he's dumping the stuff from the bag he hears rapidly approaching footsteps. Gene bursts into the vault as if pursued by demons and throws open his briefcase which is full of ice.

GENE

An NSA inspector's on his way over! Now!

Like a speakeasy owner tipped off about a police raid, Gene begins rushing around trying to bring the vault "up to code." The first thing that has to go is his marijuana plant. He grabs it, accidentally drops it on the cipher cards, knocks them to the floor, swears, scoops up the dirt (completely unaware that he's looking right at - to Chris' horror - smuggled merchandise), throws the plant into a cabinet, slams it shut and begins dismantling the violet Gro-Lux lamp.

Come on - hurry!

Chris quickly collects the documents, tosses them into another cabinet drawer, grabs the ciphers and fumbles with the floor safe dial. The place is a complete mess - tequila bottles, the RISK game, magazines, etc. Chris tries in vain to get dirt smudges off the cipher cards, sticks them into a cellophane deck of clean ones, reseals the cellophane with spit and a prayer, drops them back into the safe and spins the dial.

THE BLACK VAULT - LATER

The NSA inspector silently browses through one of the filing cabinets. It seems to be in order. The vault itself is immaculate - cleaner than it's ever been. Gene crosses his fingers to Chris as the inspector moves to the cabinet that contains the marijuana plant. Instead of opening it, he begins to leaf through a huge stack of documents atop it. Each page says PYRAMIDER on it.

INSPECTOR

What's this doing here?

GENE

Uh - I don't know. Chris? What's that doing there?

CHRIS

I don't know. What is it?

The inspector looks at the both of them like they're morons.

INSPECTOR

It's garbage - that's what it is. A dead project. Why hasn't it been shredded?

GENE

I don't know - I guess - I don't know, nobody told us.

INSPECTOR

Well, it's clutter, get rid of it.

GENE

Yes, sir, we will.

INSPECTOR

Neatness.

GENE

Yes, sir.

The inspector indicates the floor safe. Chris works the combination, then stands back paralyzed with anxiety as the inspector begins examining the packs of cipher cards. He comes to the one that isn't quite sealed, handles it a moment - a gut-wrenching moment - then drops it back into the safe. In his haste, Chris missed one of the ciphers. He sees it now, laying half-under the Xerox machine. So does the inspector. He picks it up, tries to brush away a dirt smudge, can't, looks to Chris and Gene who both shrug, then, without comment, drops it into the shredder and moves on to check the Telex logs.

Chris paces with a pint of Jack Daniels. He's visibly shaken. Daulton, sitting on the hood of his Cadillac, toys with several rolls of microfilm.

DAULTON

Come on, come sit. Let's not go off the deep end, let's put it in perspective -

CHRIS

We're against the odds now. It's no good. If you were there - if it was you -

DAULTON

It was a close call, I can appreciate that. But what happened? Nothing happened. You're here, you're safe, you're not in jail. Tomorrow you'll wake up, feeling great, you'll forget the whole thing.

CHRIS

No. I'm getting out of there. I'm giving notice. One of us has got to have the sense to quit before it's too late.

(indicating the film)

That's it. That's your last delivery.

Chris climbs behind the wheel of his V-W. and starts it up. Daulton hurries over.

DAULTON

Wait a minute. Hold it -

CHRIS

It's over, Daulton.

DAULTON

Let's talk.

Chris puts the car in gear. Daulton hurries around in front of it, tries to stop it as it inches forward.

DAULTON

You can't quit! This is my living!

Chris waves at him to move.

DAULTON

You're a fucking coward! I'm the one who takes all the risks!

He's losing the battle with the car.

DAULTON

I've Xeroxed everything. I'm not kidding!
I've got evidence on you! You don't believe me?

Chris doesn't believe him and accelerates to a point that forces Daulton to jump aside. As the car is driving off, Daulton screams at it -

How about I give them to your father! How'd that be!

The car slows, stops. Chris studies the little blackmailer in his mirror. Daulton's voice booms and echoes off the cement walls -

DAULTON

What do you think the great FBI man would say about that! Huh? A Soviet spy for a son - huh? You don't think I'm serious - just try me!

Just try me - try me - me. The echo fades.

DAULTON

Nothing's over!

EXT. DEATH VALLEY - SUNSET

The hypnotic whir of a lure. A falcon - Fawkes - gliding against a red sky. A huge wild hawk, perched in a twisted manzanita, staring up. Chris, swinging the lure, aware of the danger to his falcon.

The hawk slaps from the tree. Like a bullet, Fawkes dives from the sky. The hawk banks sharply, wraps around Fawkes' wake and chases him. Furiously beating his wings, Fawkes flees for his life. The hawk swoops in for the kill - misses - declines a second attack - sails off. Alive but unnerved, Fawkes glides down to earth, caroms off the lure and clamps his talons into the flesh of Chris' face. As he falls, blood pours from his cheek, staining the desert sand.

DEATH VALLEY - NIGHT

A blanket of stars. One falls from the black sky, leaving behind a ghostly trail. Chris pours some whiskey onto the dry red wound on his cheek and grimaces. Fawkes watches him, then glances up to another falling star. This one, though, doesn't burn out. It keeps falling. It's either an airplane or a UFO. Or a satellite. Or Chris' drunken hallucination. He closes his eyes.

INT. HOTEL DIANA - EVENING

Daulton has converted the bathroom into a darkroom. Film strips, recently developed, hang from the shower door. He pulls a third roll from a developing tank and holds it to the light with a magnifying glass. He seems pleased - it's good stuff - not naked girls. But then he pauses at one particular frame. Chris' coded message. Not knowing what it is, but not taking any chances, Daulton snips it out, sticks it into his pocket and hangs the rest of the negative up to dry.

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - NIGHT

The Russians are hosting some kind of cocktail party - some kind of international goodwill gathering. Guests from every conceivable country - America included - fill the embassy ballroom - chatting, drinking and dancing.

EXT. EMBASSY GROUNDS - NIGHT

Like a cat burglar, Daulton moves through the bushes. Once he's safely past the guardhouse, he sizes up the next obstacle - the footman at the front en-

trance helping foreign ambassadors and spouses from their limos. With expert timing, Daulton falls in among a formally-attired bunch of Scandinavians and passes unmolested into the embassy.

INT. EMBASSY BALLROOM - NIGHT

Wearing corduroys and a Hawaiian shirt, Daulton plucks hor d'oeuvres and champagne off passing trays, then wanders up to a group of African dignitaries and begins shaking their hands -

DAULTON

How you doing? Daulton Lee - American Embassy. Where you guys from?

Across the room, Misha and Okana, both in tuxedos and good moods, nibble on buffet-style food as they survey the scene. Simultaneously, their eyes fall upon the little creature with the Africans. They quickly abandon their plates, hurry over, pull Daulton away and hustle him across the dance floor.

DAULTON

You're not gonna believe what I brought this time. It's gonna make up for everything - Chris really came through for us this -

OKANA

Shhhh.

Daulton pulls out the film and gives it to Okana as they reach Karpov who's sitting alone like a wall flower. Misha whispers something to him. He takes the spy by the arm and heads off with him. Just before disappearing down a hallway, they pass a couple of American diplomats marvelling at an urn on a pedestal. One of them glances up.

EMBASSY SUBLEVEL

Karpov leads Daulton down three dark flights of stairs. They come to a door. Karpov pushes him inside, closes it, locks it.

EMBASSY FALLOUT SHELTER - LATER

It's like a dungeon - cold cement walls, a light bulb dangling from a cord, no furniture except for a table and four chairs, a TV set - off - and a suit of armor. Daulton is alone, waiting, doing some junk when the door opens. The three Russians enter, sit, are mute. Daulton pockets his heroin.

DAULTON

Well?

OKANA

Well what?

DAULTON

You looked at the stuff?

OKANA

Yes.

DAULTON

Well, then, let's see some money here, I don't got all night. Fifty thousand, come on, cough it up.

OKANA

It's not worth anywhere near fifty thousand.
More like - five.

DAULTON

Five! Don't con me - I checked it out myself.
A month's supply of advanced ciphers. Chicon
data. Argus one and two capabilities. Recon-
naissance communiques - who do you think you're
dealing with here? Five thousand -

OKANA

Where are the frequencies?

DAULTON

Oh, fuck the frequencies.

OKANA

Ten thousand.

DAULTON

You want to haggle? I'll see you later. I'm
taking everything to the Chinese from now on.
They'll pay.

As soon as he says it, he knows it's a mistake. The room seems to grow icy. Misha pulls a 9mm Makarov automatic pistol from his tuxedo and sets it on the table with a metallic clunk. Okana produces a .38 Saturday Night Special - clunk. A .357 magnum appears in Karpov's huge paw - clunk.

MISHA

You don't carry a pistol?

Staring at all the hardware, Daulton shakes his head.

MISHA

Maybe you should. China?

DAULTON

I'll never mention China again. I swear.

MISHA

You have no idea how very, very wise that is,
Comrade Lee.

INT. HOTEL DIANA - DAY

Droplets of rain snake down the veranda window. Raul - Daulton's Mexican Mafia buddy - counts out several thousand dollars. Daulton, humming to a Frank Sinatra song, carefully weighs out packets of heroin on a scale.

INT. HOTEL DIANA ELEVATOR - DAY

The lobby disappears behind closing elevator doors. A finger presses the 3rd Floor button. Alone in the elevator, Chris transfers a .45 automatic from his raincoat pocket to his jacket pocket.

INT. DIANA HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A knock at the door. Raul pulls out a revolver -

DAULTON

The maid. Later, señora, gracias!

Another light tap.

DAULTON

Tell her to come back in an hour

RAUL

(in Spanish)

Do the rest of the floor, please.

Another light tap.

DAULTON

Goddamn it -

He sticks the scale and heroin into a drawer, goes to the door, cracks it an inch - and sees Chris standing there soaked - a suitcase at his feet -

DAULTON

I don't believe it.

CHRIS

Took a few days off. Called in sick.

DAULTON

Great. What happened to your face?

CHRIS

Nothing - great weather -

Daulton embraces Chris warmly, then brings him inside. Raul sticks his gun back into his coat.

DAULTON

Raul - this is my best friend from California.
Chris - Raul.

CHRIS

Hi, Raul.

RAUL

So -

DAULTON

So - we're finished, right?

Daulton sees Raul out into the hall. As they pause to whisper, Chris browses around the room. On the dresser are countless paperback spy thrillers, all read and reread as evidenced by the cracks down their binding. And in the bathroom - darkroom equipment.

EXT. TEOTIHUACAN - DAY

The rain has let up, but dark clouds still hang in the sky threatening to burst at any moment. Regardless, the brave turistas are out in force exploring the mysteries of the ancient Toltec holy city.

Street of the Dead. His Nikon to his face, Daulton waves at Chris to move slightly closer to some butchered lambs hanging from hooks. Both wear yellow

slickers and floppy hats, the kind that schoolboys wear. Daulton clicks the shutter and they move on. Neither notice Karpov as he steps from a doorway and follows them.

EXT. TEMPLE OF INSCRIPTIONS - DAY

As they climb the steps of the huge pyramid, a slow rolling cloud throws a shadowy blanket over them. Rain begins to splatter their hats.

DAULTON

The Mayans knew what they were doing. Always had a finer architectural eye. The Toltecs - they'd just keep building these things bigger and bigger, like God was impressed with size not quality -

They reach the crown of the pyramid - an enclosed temple-like structure - and pause to catch their breath. An electrical storm lights up the sky. Daulton moves through a narrow stone corridor, reaches its mouth and appreciates the magnificent view of the distant holy city. Chris hangs back in the main chamber and waits for the few remaining tourists to leave. When they do, he takes the gun from his coat.

Quietly he approaches the corridor Daulton took. He stops. His friend is at the end, framed by the stone walls, his back to Chris. Chris raises the gun, aims it at the back of Daulton's head. Wind whistles through the temple. Thunder rumbles, echoes, fades. Chris steadies the gun with both hands. Daulton shifts from one foot to the other. Chris eases back the hammer. Daulton yawns. Chris' finger tugs at the trigger ...

He can't do it. He brings the gun back down and returns it inside his yellow slicker.

EXT. TLALOC FOUNTAIN - LATE AFTERNOON

An American production company is filming a commercial, using the gigantic Nahua god sculpture as a backdrop. The sky is still overcast. Chris and Daulton share a bench.

DAULTON

- You don't know how tough it's been. I've gone to lengths you wouldn't believe to protect your identity, to protect you.

CHRIS

I've changed my mind.

DAULTON

It's a bad idea. Trust me. They're killers. I know how they think. They get their hooks in you and you can forget it. Really - remain an enigma, it's the - put your head down -

The cameraman is panning around the park, his lens about to cross over the spies. Daulton pulls his hat low over his face. So does Chris. Suddenly a cloud bursts and the production company hurriedly begins covering their equipment with tarps.

CHRIS

If you could set up a meeting tomorrow -

DAULTON

No.

CHRIS

I just want to meet them - I want to see what they're like -

DAULTON

No.

CHRIS

Daulton, I'm not trying to cut you out of the picture - relax.

DAULTON

Oh really? Well, I'd appreciate it, then, if you'd stop trying to send them secret messages behind my back.

Daulton pulls out the frame of microfilm with Chris' coded message on it.

DAULTON

This is stupid and not all that clever and I don't like it.

Before Chris can defend himself, a shadow falls over him. Standing behind the bench, holding an umbrella, is Okana.

OKANA

Falcon.

The boys glance back. Okana smiles.

OKANA

Would you like to share my umbrella?

PARK PATH - LATER

As they stroll along, Okana holds the umbrella over himself and Chris. Daulton - the odd man out - slops through puddles, covering his own head with newspaper.

OKANA

This is your first time in Mexico?

CHRIS

Mexico City.

OKANA

Daulton has shown you some of the more inspiring landmarks?

DAULTON

(irritated)

Yes.

OKANA

You make a good tour guide, Daulton. I always knew it.

He grins at Daulton. Daulton doesn't grin back; he's feeling snubbed. And wet.

OKANA

You're not black after all.

What's that supposed to mean? Chris checks with Daulton.

DAULTON

It's a long story - don't worry about it.

They come to the embassy limosine. As Daulton and Chris climb in back, Daulton whispers to Chris quickly:

DAULTON

They're gonna ask about the frequencies. Don't trip me up. Our stories got to be the same - you can get them - next month - next month -

Okana and Karpov slide into the front seat.

OKANA

Anybody hungry?

DAULTON

Starving - but no Mexican food, all right?

OKANA

You're growing tired of Mexican food?

DAULTON

Aren't you?

OKANA

Let's do something special tonight - this being such a special occasion.

He smiles at Chris as the limo pulls away.

INT. EMBASSY DUNGEON - NIGHT

Boiled beef, potatoes, carrots, cabbage, Georgian wine, lots of vodka.

DAULTON

Don't worry, it's not poison, it's just bad.

They sit alone at the table - Chris and Daulton. The only other person in the horribly grim room is Karpov. He's pounding the side of the TV, trying to clear the screen of electronic snow. Daulton downs a shot of vodka and watches the chauffeur flip the channel selector, fiddle with the horizontal hold knob and fool with the rabbit ears. Nothing works.

Okana comes in and Karpov stiffens as he turns off the set. His boss sits, fills a shot glass and raises it.

OKANA

To peace.

DAULTON

To capital gains.

They throw back the liquor in single gulps. Chris sips his own without toasting to anything.

OKANA

The operation goes well. Unfortunately, though, one problem remains. Do you know what it is?

CHRIS

The frequencies.

OKANA

Exactamente. For anything to be worth anything, we must, as you know, have the daily list of transmitting frequencies.

Daulton looks to Chris with concern. Please, Chris - say the right thing.

CHRIS

That's not entirely true, as you know, that nothing's worth nothing without them, but regardless, the fact of the matter is that I can't get them. I don't have access to them.

Can't get them? No access? The Russian is coldly amazed and studies Daulton for a long critical moment. Then he gets angry -

OKANA

You assured us -

DAULTON

I don't know what he's talking about. He -

OKANA

- and you've been well paid for that assurance.

DAULTON

I was assured he could get them.

CHRIS

I never said that.

DAULTON

Yes, you did.

CHRIS

No, I didn't. The frequencies aren't even kept at TRW. Only Western Union and the NSA have the daily list. I never said I could get them, and I can't.

Okana quickly sinks to the depths of despair, drowns his sorrow with more vodka, then gets up and lumbers out of the room to break the bad news to his associates who are probably crouched just behind the keyhole. As soon as he is gone, Karpov switches on the TV set again. Vehemently, Daulton whispers to Chris -

DAULTON

Trying to get me killed?

CHRIS

It's the truth. I don't have the -

DAULTON

I don't care. You want to kill me, why don't you just shoot me?

Karpov pounds on the top of the TV and scolds it in Russian. He notices the Americans watching him.

KARPOV

No time, me, to watch TV. I like TV.

DAULTON

You should get them to buy you a new one.

Karpov switches it off again when the door opens. Okana comes in, sits, gulps another shot, then hands Chris his famous little notebook and a pen.

OKANA

You know all these people, I assume.

Chris sees a list of names - all TRW employees. Larry Rodgers, Ray Slack, Burt Owens, Laurie Vicker, Gene Norman and many others.

CHRIS

Most of them.

OKANA

You know them well?

CHRIS

Some of them.

OKANA

What I would like is that you write a little something about each one. Whatever you know. Their job titles to begin with.

As Chris begins to write job titles under each name, Daulton and Okana continue to drink.

DAULTON

(to Okana)

I want to talk to you about something.

OKANA

Not now.

Snubbed again. Daulton fights back an urge to get tough.

OKANA

And physical descriptions of each. Height and weight and age and so on. Their home addresses if you know them. Maybe some details of their families. And drinking habits, religious habits, sexual habits ...

Chris gives him a cold condescending stare, closes the notebook without answering any of the questions, and slides it back across the table. Okana shrugs and leaves the room for another conference. This time Karpov goes with him.

DAULTON

You're blowing it. Why are you doing this?
They won't stand for it - give them what they
want.

Chris calmly lights a cigarette and ignores his partner. Snubbed yet again -
ire rising - Daulton scans the bare room, gets up and stumbles over to the TV.

DAULTON

They're watching us through this thing, I'll
bet you money.

He tries to unplug it, but the cord doesn't lead to a socket; it disappears through
a small hole in the cement wall. With one swift kick, Daulton shatters the pic-
ture tube and begins checking under the furniture for the listening device he is
certain must be somewhere.

CHRIS

You're not gonna find anything.

Daulton ignores him, keeps searching, comes to the suit of armor, frisks it as though
it's a real person, lifts the silver face guard and sticks his arm deep inside.

DAULTON

Ah-hah!

Unbelievably, he pulls out a tiny microphone connected to a long cord. He tugs
on it, meets resistance, and yanks it free. The suit of armor crashes to the
floor.

DAULTON

I've had it with this fucking hocus-pocus!

Okana returns. The place is a complete wreck. To Chris' surprise, Daulton
pulls two rolls of microfilm from a pocket - film he should have long before
delivered.

DAULTON

Twenty thousand! Ten thousand apiece - right
this second or we're leaving.

Okana holds the strips to the light, considers them a moment, then tosses them
onto the rubble.

OKANA

Brasura.

DAULTON

(indignantly)
Brasura?

OKANA

Brasura!

DAULTON

Yeah? How would you know? Get somebody in
here who knows what they're talking about
for a change -

OKANA

Just like everything else - all garbage!

DAULTON
Get me an expert! I'm sick of talking to a
clerk!

Okana shouts something back in Russian.

DAULTON
Yeah? The problem is you can't deliver!

OKANA
You can't deliver!

DAULTON
(to Chris)
Come on, we're getting out of here.

Chris doesn't budge. Okana guzzles more vodka straight from the bottle.

DAULTON
Every promise you make, you go back on!

OKANA
I go back?!

DAULTON
Every goddamn one!

Daulton guzzles more vodka, too. Chris just watches them. They're oblivious to his presence now, shouting at each other like merchants in a Moroccan bazaar:

OKANA
Where's the infrared data?

DAULTON
Where's the heroin?

OKANA
Where's the frequencies?! The mythical fre -

DAULTON
I want that dope on a plane and out of Peru tonight! I want action! Get somebody on it! I'm not waiting another -

OKANA
Sit down and shut up!

DAULTON
You shut up!

OKANA
Karpov!

DAULTON
Right - call Karpov - call the great Karpov every time something doesn't go right. You can't handle anything yourself.

Karpov comes in.

DAULTON

Where's the bathroom in this stupid place?

Daulton strides out. Karpov follows. Okana rights a chair, slumps into it and buries his head in his hands. Chris can't help laughing to himself; the whole thing is so ludicrous - the shambles, the Russians, Daulton, everything. Okana peeks out through his fingers.

OKANA

You find something amusing.

CHRIS

No.

OKANA

What is it? Daulton? Me?

Chris gets up from the table and heads for the door.

CHRIS

Thanks for dinner.

OKANA

Excuse me - we're not finished yet.

CHRIS

Yes, we are. We're completely finished.

OKANA

I'm sorry to disagree, but you're wrong.

CHRIS

I'm going home. I'm taking him with me.

Okana indicates a huge figure who has appeared behind Chris. Misha.

OKANA

You owe us. In your heart you must know it's true. How can I put this? It would be the - smart thing to do - to keep the promises you have made. Believe me. The smart thing.

MISHA

The safe thing.

Okana pours a drink for himself and another for Chris.

OKANA

Come drink with me. Come on. Come on.

INT. TAXI, MEXICO CITY - NIGHT

They drive along the street leading to the airport. Chris' suitcase is in the backseat with them.

DAULTON

Cheap bastards - look what we got here - five thousand bucks. I don't know why I bother.

He gives Chris approximately half the money and takes out a vial of heroin and a spoon.

DAULTON

I'm gonna have to get tough with them. No more mickey mouse. This is ridiculous.

CHRIS

I know you've been cheating me.

DAULTON

Cheating you. Never. Did they - what did they tell you?

CHRIS

It doesn't matter, don't worry about it.

DAULTON

No, I want to know.

Chris pockets his share, but doesn't answer.

DAULTON

Lying cutthroats. I've always been straight with you - right down the middle - right down to the penny. I swear to God. They're trying to drive a wedge between us. Divide and conquer. What'd they say?

CHRIS

You really don't see it, do you? We are in so deep, Daulton, we're never gonna get out.

The cab pulls up to the loading/unloading dock and Chris climbs out with his case. He leans back in and takes hold of one of Daulton's hands which is shaking badly.

CHRIS

Look what it's doing to you. Get off of it before it kills you.

Chris heads into the airport. Daulton watches him disappear, looks at his hands, tries to will them to stop shaking, fails, and snorts the heroin.

DAULTON

Hotel Diana.

INT. BENIHANA RESTAURANT, L.A. - NIGHT

The Japanese chef gives a kung fu yell as he flings some shrimps into the air. They land on a hot grill and sizzle. He pulls out a huge knife, does a little dance with it for the amusement of his customers - Chris and Alana - then attacks an onion. Alana crosses something off a list.

ALANA

The soonest the phone people will come out is Thursday, and I couldn't get them to keep our same number. They will, but it means -

(cont.)

ALANA

- that every time we make a local Riverside call, it'll be a toll call, so I told them to forget it. Okay?

She crosses "phone" off her list.

ALANA

I couldn't find anybody with a truck. A van I can get - but with both our stuff I really think we need one of those long-bed things or we'll have to make two trips and it's just not worth it. So we gotta rent one - unless there's someone you haven't thought of.

She waits for some kind of response, but Chris doesn't seem to be listening. He just slowly drinks his sake.

ALANA

No one?

CHRIS

Gene's got a van.

ALANA

I can get a van. What I'm saying is it won't be big enough. Are you saying two vans? We get two vans? That'll work.

CHRIS

You're not coming with me.

The news comes so far out from left field that it catches her completely off-guard.

CHRIS

I'm moving to Riverside alone.

CHEF

Hite!

The chef tosses up some mushrooms, catches them, and chops them up.

CHRIS

I don't love you.

Alana searches his face. The chef juggles some plates, puts the food on them, presents them to the young couple and bows. Alana gets up and walks away. Chris plays with his food with chopsticks.

INT. TRW BLACK VAULT - EVENING

A Hallmark greeting card - WE'LL MISS YOU. DON'T FORGET US. LOVE, LAURIE AND GENE. Crumpled wrapping paper beside a gift - a sweater. Chris sits alone - drinking - looking the vault over for the last time. He switches off all of the humming machines but one of the cryptos, and on its keyboard types -

4 SEP 19:45 TRW/LANGLEY - DOWN FOR THE COUNT.
SAYONARA ...

He gathers up his gift and card and briefcase and is about to lock up when the machine starts clattering -

4 SEP 22:45 LANGLEY/TRW - THAT YOU, CHRIS?

He puts down everything and types -

4 SEP 19:45 TRW/LANGLEY - SURE IS.

There's a long lull. Then -

4 SEP 22:46 LANGELY/TRW - FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW, FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW, FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD F-E-L-L-O-W, WHICH NOBODY CAN DENY. ... GOOD LUCK ...

Chris smiles at the machine, gathers up his stuff again, pauses at the vault door, returns, puts everything down, and moves - as if by a magnet - to the PYRAMIDER PAPERS which are still beside the shredder, right where the NSA inspector set them. The phone rings. Chris ignores it, takes out his Minox-B spy camera and begins photographing PYRAMIDER.

INT. TRW SECURITY ROOM - EVENING

A bank of surveillance video screens displays a maze of empty corridors. Chris - briefcase in hand, sweater tied around his neck - enters the field of the first screen, moves out of it, appears in the second, throws a glance over his shoulder, moves out of it, appears in the third, nods goodnight to the guard, and exits Building M-4.

INT. CHRIS' CAR, TRW PARKING LOT - EVENING

He climbs into his V.W., fires up the engine and drives from the lot. The TRW buildings fade back and disappear in his mirror.

EXT. VENICE - NIGHT

He crosses the street to his apartment building, climbs the few steps to the front door and goes inside. He doesn't notice the dark figure standing behind the third floor apartment curtain - his apartment curtain.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

He gets his key into the lock, turns it -- hesitates. He thinks he hears something scrape inside. His imagination. Has to be. He opens the door -

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pitch black. He moves toward the lamp he can't see but knows is there. It isn't.

GENE

Well - it's about time.

Gene switches on the lights. Everybody screams -

EVERYBODY

Surprise!

Everybody includes Gene, Laurie, Chris' mother and father, Larry Rodgers, Ray

Slack, Burt Owens and a dozen more TRW employees. Almost everybody he knows is there. Except Daulton. Except Alana. Someone turns on the stereo.

GENE

You didn't think you were gonna get off that easy.

Gene unties the sweater from Chris' neck and adds it to a pile of presents on the bed.

LAURIE

Where you been?

GENE

We're drunk already waiting forever in the dark. Bashed my knee.

Before reaching his parents, Chris is patted on the back by his colleagues who all say stuff like, "sorry to see you go," and "gonna miss you," and "you're the best of the best," and so on. His mother throws her arms around him. His father shakes his hand.

MRS. BOYCE

Surprised? I think you made a few friends.

MR. BOYCE

(a whisper)

Rodgers told me if it doesn't work out, don't worry, you can always come back - he'll find you something. What do you think of that?

Mr. Boyce beams, takes his son's briefcase and sets it aside.

MR. BOYCE

Good people, or what? Congratulations, son.

The lights go out. Something flickers from the kitchen. Candles on a cake. It floats into the living room. Chris sees that the icing has been done in the design of a gavel and the scales of justice. He blows out the candles and everyone applauds. The lights come back on and Gene pulls Chris close to whisper.

GENE

I wanted to put a jail cell on it, but nobody would listen to me.

Chris can't help glancing over to the stuffed owl that Gene gave him months ago.

GENE

Law school, huh Big Shot? Yeah, well, we'll see about that. You'll be back.

Gene grins.

INT. HOTEL DIANA - DAY

Daulton is strung out and hurting - desperately searching his room for one of two things: heroin or money. There doesn't seem to be any of either anywhere.

INT. TRAIN STATION, MEXICO CITY - DAY

99

He can't remember which key on his chain corresponds to the locker and fumbles through several before getting the right one in. Inside are the Xeroxes and an envelope of emergency dope. Tearing it open too fast, he spills the powder to the floor, tries to scoop it up, grabs the Xeroxes and slams the locker shut.

EXT. POLYFORUM - DAY

He paces. Fucking Russians are standing him up again and he is getting irate. He checks his watch, gives up, pushes past a bunch of tourists and hurries away.

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY

Daulton sits in the lobby on the same bench he sat that first day last year when he met Ivan Okana. Only this time, one of those guards from the guardhouse is pointing an Uzi at him. Okana and Misha and Karpov descend the staircase and cross the lobby. Daulton stands and takes out the worthless merchandise.

DAULTON

I been stood up for the last time. From now
on -

Karpov grabs the little American spy and yanks his jacket up over his head. Unable to see anything, Daulton feels himself being roughly hustled out of the embassy.

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY

They throw him into the backseat of the limosine. Misha climbs in with him and pushes him to the floorboard. Okana takes the shotgun seat and Karpov the wheel. Daulton tries to protest, but then stops when he feels a heavy shoe press against his jacket-covered face. The limo screeches off.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MEXICO CITY - DAY

The limo pulls off a paved road and onto a dirt one. Claptrap houses and storefronts line the road. Donkeys and beat-up Ramblers and kids and dogs and chickens are everywhere.

The limo is doing a good 35mph when Misha opens the door, pulls Daulton up off the floorboard and pushes him out. He rolls across the dirty street. When he comes to a stop, some kids surround him. The Xeroxes flutter in the breeze. The kids gather them up and stuff them into their pockets. Daulton manages to get free of the "straight jacket," checks for broken bones, and watches the limosine disappearing into a cloud of rising dust.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

The place is empty except for a few boxes and a couple of hawks. Having just recalled the disastrous encounter with the Russians, Daulton stares at his shoes and plays with the laces. Chris watches him. Then -

CHRIS

I got one last thing for them.

DAULTON

What do you think I'm doing? You think I'm making this up? It's over - forget it - I'm out - I'm not going down there again.

CHRIS

I'm not asking you to. I'm going down there.

Chris slides his briefcase over and snaps it open. One by one he takes out rolls of microfilm - thirteen in all.

CHRIS

They're gonna want it, and they're gonna pay. I'm gonna make them. I'm gonna get something out of this fucking nightmare. You were right. All along. It's all about money. It's all they're good for.

Daulton stares at his friend. Very strange words for him to be saying. Maybe he, Daulton, had been a bit hasty dissolving the business.

DAULTON

What is it? Is it really good?

CHRIS

A hundred thousand dollars.

A hundred thousand dollars? Suddenly Daulton's injuries don't hurt him so much. He picks up the microfilm; it feels like gold dust to him.

DAULTON

The frequencies?

CHRIS

A satellite.

DAULTON

Really?

Chris nods. Daulton studies him.

DAULTON

Look me straight in the eye. A hundred thousand dollars. Say it.

CHRIS

A hundred thousand dollars.

INT. MARINELAND - DAY

The water is full of sharks - literally - gliding silently around one of Marineland's massive underground aquariums. Clay and Carole appear around one of the dark corridors, spot Daulton by a group of chaperoned parochial school children, and join him.

DAULTON

Alone.

Carole wanders off. Daulton hands Clay a plane ticket.

DAULTON

I want you to meet me in Peru a week from today. I'll have a car for you. There'll be twenty-two kilos in it. Bring it back, cut it, get rid of it.

Daulton gives him a postcard that is already stamped and addressed to a P.O. Box in Mazatlan.

DAULTON

When it's done, drop it in the mail. Keep a hundred and fifty thousand for yourself and bring me the rest to Ensenada the 20th of next month. Hussong's.

There's no sparkle in Daulton's eyes, no merriment in his voice. He waits for a nod that doesn't come.

DAULTON

I don't have time, Clay. Yes or no. You don't want it, I'll do it myself.

CLAY

Kilos? Where you gonna get that kind of capital?

DAULTON

Yes or no?

Clay examines the postcard and ticket, weighs the proposal - and nods.

INT. LEE GUEST HOUSE - DAY

David watches as his brother takes down the Costa Rica blueprints from a wall and rolls them up.

DAULTON

Stay in school, that's the main thing. Plus no drugs, no trouble - you break their hearts, I hear about it, I'll kill you, I swear to God. So, you know - be good.

David shakes his head incredulously.

DAULTON

What?

DAVID

Nothing.

DAULTON

What?

DAVID

What - you sound like somebody's gonna die.

DAULTON

I'm serious - I don't know when I'm coming back.

He throws the blueprints into one of two overflowing suitcases, gets it latched, sits beside David and searches for something more to say.

DAULTON

I apologize for a lot of things. Sometimes I been a lousy brother I know -

DAVID

Oh, Jesus -

DAULTON

I'm serious ... and I'm sorry.

The brothers study each other. Then Daulton hugs David.

DAULTON

You love me?

DAVID

Of course.

Daulton hangs on tight.

EXT. CALZADA DE TACUBAYA, MEXICO CITY - EVENING

El Dia de los Muertos. The Day of the Dead. Mexico's Halloween. The streets and parks are jammed - festive - with clans of children costumed as ghouls, vendors hawking pastries shaped like skulls and bones, teenagers getting drunk, and cops just standing around. Some firecrackers explode.

Daulton pays little attention to the unusual sights and sounds. Dressed in normal clothes, he prowls outside the Russian Embassy, watches the traffic along the boulevard.

A limo emerges. As it stops at the gates, Daulton sees Okana in the backseat. He tries the door; it's locked. He taps on the window; Okana ignores him. The limo pulls onto the grounds and the gates shut in Daulton's face.

He wanders away. Then stops. He starts back. He scribbles KGB on the cover of his Spanish/English pocket dictionary, tears it off, balls it up, shoots a glance around, tosses the note over the gates to the guardhouse, and keeps on walking -

Tires squeal. Beacons of light flash. Mexican police cars converge on the American. Guns drawn, carabineros leap out and throw Daulton up against the wall. They bark at him in Spanish.

DAULTON

No habla Español! No comprende! What're you doing? This is a mistake - uno - mistake -

They shout him down and begin to frisk him. A crowd quickly gathers, a weird nightmarish crowd. His hands up, Daulton glances to the top floor of the embassy. There, at a window, someone is watching.

Another car screeches up. A Mexican corporal climbs out, discusses something in Spanish with an officer, then approaches the American.

Another cop is trying to get the Soviet guards to open the gates so he can search for the evidence he saw the American toss over the fence. The Soviets refuse.

DAULTON

- got separated from my girlfriend and thought maybe she went into this museum here, but it's closed, so I keep looking and these guys jump out with guns.

The corporal walks away. Daulton shouts at him -

103

DAULTON

It's ridiculous! It's an outrage! I'm an American tourist -

The corporal gives a sergeant Daulton's wallet, explains something in Spanish, and is excused. The sergeant approaches Daulton who whispers to him -

DAULTON

You're the head guy? There's five hundred dollars in there. You forget about this - it's all yours.

The sergeant doesn't seem to understand.

DAULTON

Cinco cento dolares Americanos. Por usted. Mordida. Mordida por -

The sergeant grabs him, hollers to another cop who comes rushing over, slaps handcuffs on Daulton and roughly throws him into a police car. The figure in the embassy window watches the car speed away - then closes the curtain.

INT. POLICE STATION, MEXICO CITY - NIGHT

Drunks and junkies and tourists and prostitutes and cops and thieves and vandals ... and Daulton. As the carabineros hustle him through the crowded booking room, he complains loudly -

DAULTON

I want to call somebody! I want to talk to somebody! I'm not gonna take this -

A man who seems to be assisting a couple of depressed tourists glances up.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Naked except for underwear, Daulton sits guarded in a chair watching Inspector Malvaez tear the pockets from his clothes and dump onto a desk his belongings: passport, wallet, postcards, book, cigarettes, matches, comb, manila envelope.

DAULTON

I'd like to know what I'm being charged with if you don't mind.

Malvaez ignores him, sifts through the stuff, examines the passport and wallet I.D. Another cop comes in, whispers something to him, and Malvaez nods. The cop escorts Daulton out into the -

HALLWAY

The man from the booking room - Ferguson - is there.

FERGUSON

What happened?

DAULTON

An American - thank God. I don't know what happened. Nothing happened. They just -

DAULTON

- they're crazy - they arrested me for no reason. You're not a lawyer by any chance.

FERGUSON

Thomas Ferguson. I'm with the embassy.

Daulton senses danger.

DAULTON

The embassy?

FERGUSON

They just arrested you.

DAULTON

It's nothing. It's some mistake. Whatever it is, I'm sure I can handle it.

Ferguson takes off his coat and tries to wrap it around Daulton's shoulders.

DAULTON

No, that's all right. Really -

FERGUSON

I'll talk to them.

DAULTON

It's okay, it's no big deal, I can handle it. Thanks.

Daulton starts back into the room. Ferguson follows, approaches the desk, exchanges some words with Malvaez in Spanish.

FERGUSON

He wants to know your occupation.

DAULTON .

I'm a photographer. I work for an advertising agency.

Malvaez opens the envelope, pulls out the Pyramider film and holds it to the light.

DAULTON

And that's a satellite. Those are for a promo film my firm's making for G.E. You know, to interest clients in investing?

MALVAEZ

(to Ferguson)

Documentos.

DAULTON

Cable TV? That sort of thing? Football? The Olympics? Come on now, this is foolish. If you're not gonna charge me with anything, I'd like to get out of here.

Malvaez holds up one of the postcards as if to ask Daulton for an explanation.

DAULTON

That's right - a postcard.

MALVAEZ

Asesinato.

Misunderstanding, Daulton stands. A guard pushes him back down. Ferguson seems surprised.

MALVAEZ

Asesinato.

Again Daulton stands; again he's pushed down.

DAULTON

What's he saying?

FERGUSON

Murder.

INT. MEXICAN JAIL - NIGHT

Dark, damp, crowded and noisy. Handcuffed, clothed, Daulton is led to an empty cell and pushed inside. He loses his balance, stumbles and falls, grazing his head on the bars of a cot. The door clangs shut. Murder?

INT. OFFICE, AMERICAN EMBASSY, MEXICO CITY - NIGHT

A Xerox of Daulton's "Lovelance" passport lays on Ferguson's desk. Scribbled on it is the word PYRAMIDER. As he waits on the phone, Ferguson draws stars around the word. His assistant comes in with a computer printout. Into phone -

FERGUSON

- uh-huh - uh-huh -

He scribbles TRW beside PYRAMIDER, then REDONDO BEACH. He looks at the print-out: the real Theodore Lovelance's dossier - ending with his death in 1972. He cups the phone and says to his assistant -

FERGUSON

Of course.

EXT. STREET, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

A closed gas station. A pay phone. Sitting in his car, Chris stares at it, tries to make it ring by sheer will. It won't.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, MEXICAN POLICE STATION - DAY

A guard swings a telephone book at Daulton's head. The blow almost knocks him out of the chair.

MALVAEZ

Who?

DAULTON

Who what?

MALVAEZ

Paid you.

For what?

The phone book cracks against his skull again.

DAULTON

Nobody paid me for anything. I didn't do anything.

MALVAEZ

You are one of Veintitres de Septiembre or hired?

DAULTON

Venti de - of what? I don't know what that is.

MALVAEZ

Comunista - terrorista.

DAULTON

I am not! I'm a tourist. I'm a businessman. I'm a Republican.

MALVAEZ

Assassin.

DAULTON

Assassin?!

The phone book smacks him again. Malvaez waves the postcard at him.

MALVAEZ

You carry it as a trophy?

DAULTON

I never killed anybody in my life. I have no idea what you're talking about.

MALVAEZ

You like to look at it?

DAULTON

It's a postcard! It's just a post -

The phone book again. Malvaez shoves a police photo at him. It shows the exact same intersection as the postcard, only there's a dead policeman laying in a pool of blood.

DAULTON

No, no - you've made a terrible mistake. Really. I don't know anything about this.

MALVAEZ

Cop killer.

DAULTON

No - it's a terrible coincidence - I -

The phone book crashes again, knocking him to the floor.

EXT. POLICE STATION, MEXICO CITY - NIGHT

107

Daulton is led handcuffed and blindfolded out the back door and into a car.

DAULTON

I have rights. I'm an American.

COP

This is not America.

The car screeches off into the night.

INT. DEPT. OF MOTOR VEHICLES, REDONDO BEACH - DAY

Jammed with citizens taking tests, getting their pictures taken and their fingers printed. Two agents, each with a Xerox of "Lovelance," are cross-referencing the photo with those of driver's license applications. Somewhere in the middle of a stack, one of the agents stops, pulls out Daulton Lee's sheet, sets it beside the Xerox. The photos match.

INT. LAW SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Chris can't focus on the lecture. He's suspicious of a student two rows back who, everytime Chris glances back, averts his eyes. Chris tips his wristwatch in such a way that allows him to see the student reflected in the crystal.

INT. COLLEGE CAFETERIA - DAY

Chris is on the phone - waiting. A pyramid of change lays on his books. In the phone he hears -

DESK CLERK

Hotel Diana.

OPERATOR

I have a person to person call for a guest of the hotel. Señor Theodore Lovelance.

DESK CLERK

Yes, I'll ring.

Chris listens to it ring, then connect. A male voice -

VOICE

Hello.

OPERATOR

Mr. Lovelance?

VOICE

No. Who's calling, please?

OPERATOR

Is Mr. Lovelance there?

VOICE

Who's calling, please?

OPERATOR

Sir?

Chris doesn't answer. His heart starts pounding.

108

VOICE

Who's calling, please?

OPERATOR

Sir, would you like to leave a message?

Chris hangs up.

INT LAX AIRPORT - KLM DESK - DAY

Flight information flashes across a reservations video screen. Nervously, Chris keeps glancing over his shoulder at all the faces.

CLERK

The Stockholm flight is completely full. All I can say is - try stand-by - or I could make you a reser -

CHRIS

Zurich.

CLERK

Zurich?

The clerk is somewhat taken aback by the sudden change in destinations, shrugs, and punches in a new sequence.

INT. AIRPORT - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Paranoia grips him. Ticket in hand, he stands in the boarding line. Everyone seems to be watching him. Everyone seems to be an agent. The line stops. A passenger at the front - someone Chris saw at the KLM desk - has some boarding pass problem. The attendant pulls him aside. The line starts to move again. A security guard wanders over to the desk. Chris' sweaty hands mangle his ticket. He'll never get on that plane. He's almost there - the guard glances up - glances away - the man glances up - glances away. Chris bolts ...

INT. TRW - DAY

The computer is printing out a list of fifty employees' names - all the employees who possess Top Level Security Clearance. Among the names are Gene Norman, Laurie Vicker and Christopher Boyce. Ray Slack and two other agents watch the list lengthen. Slack then glances to the Xerox he holds in his hands - Daulton's D.M.V. photo. The computer stops.

AGENT

Where do we start?

SLACK

I'll tell you where we start.

He points to a name - Gene Norman.

INT. CELL, MEXICAN SECRET POLICE - NIGHT

Blindfolded, Daulton lays on the floor. His right hand is cuffed to his left foot, and his left hand is cuffed to his right foot. A guard boots him in the

head.

109

GUARD

(in Spanish)

Wake up.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, MEXICAN SECRET POLICE - NIGHT

Daulton seems delirious. Several Mexican men in suits stare at him grim-faced.

AGENT

Who gave you the assignment to kill the policeman?

DAULTON

I didn't kill anybody.

AGENT

Stand up. Who do you work for?

DAULTON

The United States Government.

Wrong answer. A guard punches him in the kidneys and he slumps back into the chair.

AGENT

Stand up. Who do you work for?

DAULTON

The CIA.

Again, he's socked in the kidneys and slumps back down. The head guy puts a document and a pen in his lap. It's in Spanish.

DAULTON

I can't read this. I don't read Spanish -
I don't speak Spanish -

AGENT

Your confession. Sign it.

Daulton lets it fall to the floor and stands again before being ordered to. The guard lets him have it again.

INT. BATHROOM, MEXICAN SECRET POLICE - NIGHT

Agents hold him upside down by the ankles and force his head into the stinking toilet bowl. They raise him back up. Coughing -

DAULTON

I'm not a Communist - you gotta believe -

They dunk him again, pull him up again. Choking -

DAULTON

- telling the truth - you got the wrong
guy -

Down into the bowl again. Up again.

- I never heard of the 23rd of September -

Down again. Up.

DAULTON

I'm just a spy.

INT. ST. JOHN FISHER SCHOOL - DAY

Chris' steps echo through the deserted corridor. He moves past a long row of lockers that's intermittently divided by open classroom doors. Inside the drab rooms, boys - all wearing parochial school outfits - sit at desks facing front. There, nuns scrawl lessons on chalk boards.

INT. ST. JOHN FISHER CHAPEL - DAY

He's alone in the church, in a pew near the back. He doesn't seem to be praying; he seems to be relaxing - like this is a comfortable place. A priest enters up by the altar, removes a notebook from the pulpit, and is heading off when he notices Chris sitting in the back. He squints over his reading glasses. Chris gets up to leave.

PRIEST

Chris?

Chris ignores him and disappears out the church's rear door.

INT. FBI OFFICES, L.A. - DAY

An agent crosses a large and noisy room to join a clerk who sits in front of a computer screen.

AGENT

What do you got?

CLERK

Lee's yearbook - Palos Verdes High.

The screen shows Daulton's photo and those of several other students. The clerk commands the machine to another page - one that shows Chris' photo. The clerk underlines the name CHRISTOPHER BOYCE on the TRW printout.

CLERK

Want to see something else?

He makes another yearbook page appear - a "candid shots" page. There, one of the many pictures is of Chris and Daulton, arms around each other, each holding a falcon.

INT. OFFICE, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

A meeting of the minds. Several CIA men, lawyers, Pentagon people and government representatives sitting around perplexed. They've been there for hours. One of them seems angry -

CIA MAN

- everything is classified - everything he touched. What're we gonna enter as evidence? My shoes?

You're saying we shouldn't arrest him?

CIA MAN

I'm saying - it's a political minefield. We arrest Boyce, we prosecute him, any of that stuff comes out in court, to the press, to the Australians, we may as well kiss Alice Springs goodbye. They think that installation is there for looking at the fucking stars, not them.

The all nod, stare at each other, at their shoes, out the window, up to God. One of the lawyers, a timid-looking young man, asks softly -

LAWYER

What about Pyramider?

CIA MAN

What about it?

LAWYER

We could prosecute him on the Pyramider Papers alone - pretend nothing else exists.

The CIA man looks at the young lawyer as if he's retarded.

CIA MAN

Pyramider's not classified. What - we accuse him of selling non-classified junk to the Russians? I wish us a lot of luck.

LAWYER

It is classified.

CIA MAN

I'm sorry. It isn't.

LAWYER

It is. They abandoned the project - it is junk - but they didn't declassify it. They don't bother to declassify stuff at TRW - they just shred it when they're done with it.

CIA MAN

You're kidding. Really?

LAWYER

Really.

Everybody waits for the CIA man to smile. When he does, the rest smile, too.

INT. CELL, MEXICAN SECRET POLICE - DAY

Daulton feels as though he might die. A guard enters and sets down a cup of water. Daulton takes hold of it but, handcuffed like a pretzel, has lots of trouble reaching it to his parched lips. When he finally does, the guard points a gun against his head and pulls back the hammer. "Drink and you die," seems to be the message. Daulton drinks anyway and the guard smiles, holsters the gun and unlocks the cuffs.

Embassy Vice Counsel Ferguson glances up from a magazine. Down a long dim cement corridor he sees the guard ushering Daulton into an office.

INT. OFFICE, MEXICAN SECRET POLICE - DAY

The agent who led the torture sessions sits calmly at his desk. Inspector Malvaez and a few other Mexicans are there, too.

AGENT

We're deporting you.

That's the best news Daulton has ever heard, but he's too beat-up to really show much pleasure.

AGENT

You have a choice -

DAULTON

Costa Rica.

AGENT

The Soviet Union or the United States.

A wave of patriotism washes over him. Or maybe he pictures Siberia.

DAULTON

America.

EXT. GAS STATION, L.A. - NIGHT

Alana's Toyota pulls up to one of the self-service islands. Chris' V.W. pulls up to another. Alana emerges from her car and begins filling the tank. Chris moves toward her. She sees him. Her surprise registers as emotional confusion. He holds her long and tight.

CHRIS

The FBI will come around asking questions. They'll probably try to implicate you. It's not gonna be much fun for you. There'll be all kinds of stories. Contradictions. Everyone will be lying. You won't know what to believe.

She, of course, has no idea what he's talking about. All she know is that it's serious. Grave. But then Chris smiles.

CHRIS

That's the look. That's the one that'll convince them you had nothing to do with it.

ALANA

With what?

CHRIS

I love you, Alana. I always did.

They choose to let the admission resonate as they stand there in a still embrace under the neon glow.

EXT. MEXICAN NORTHEAST - NIGHT

A deserted two-lane highway snakes across the moon-lit desert. Sagebrush and cactus plants line the road like faceless black sentries at attention. Headlights appear over a low rise -

INT. MEXICAN POLICE CAR - NIGHT

In the backseat, Daulton is sandwiched between two sleeping carabineros. Secretly he fools with the cuff of his pant-leg. His hand comes up with a tiny envelope-like piece of paper. Inside it is a pinch of heroin. Feigning a deep breath of slumber, he spreads the powder across his gums.

EXT. LAREDO/NUEVO LAREDO - DAWN

On one side of the Rio Grande flies the Red, White and Blue; on the other, Mexico's Green, White and Red. A bridge links the two mist-shrouded countries. The police car pulls to a stop. Daulton climbs out with his two heavy suitcases. The blueprints stick out of one of them.

CARABINERO

Adios, amigo.

Daulton limps alone across the bridge. The cases and the thought of what new horrors lay ahead weigh heavy on him. On the U.S. side of the border he can see in the mist four unmarked cars and, around them, a dozen FBI agents with automatic rifles.

EXT. VERANDA, BOYCE HOME - MORNING

Mr Boyce, two FBI agents and Burt Owens are out on the veranda. Judging from Boyce's expression, the news has just been broken to him.

OWENS

- I didn't want you reading it in the papers.
Or hearing about it on the radio -

Owens falls silent. Mr. Boyce glances back and forth between the men as his mind ping-pongs disbelief and horror.

MR. BOYCE

It is a mistake. I guarantee you. Somehow, someone has made a mistake. There's just no way. There's -

He trails off. He glances in through the closed sliding glass door at his wife who is readying breakfast for their eight kids. Somehow - it's tough - he manages to hold back the tears. One of the agents produces a search warrant.

AGENT

We have to check his room.

Mr. Boyce accepts the warrant and somberly nods his head at it. He's handed a pen. After a long silence:

MR. BOYCE

Wait till the kids are out of the house?

AGENT

Of course - sure.

The tears escape as Mr. Boyce signs the warrant.

EXT. PALOS VERDES HILLS - DAY

One by one, Chris unties the tresses and bells from the ankles of his and Daulton's hawks, owls and falcons. They're atop the foggy cliffs of the peninsula. He's wearing the sweater given to him by his co-workers.

Through a high-powered infrared scope, an FBI agent watches him. Several more agents with rifles and shotguns slung over their shoulders stand beside cars hidden behind trees.

Chris scatters the birds. They rise high into the air and circle. Without the lure they won't return. Except Fawkes. Fawkes sails around hunting for prey, then descends again and lands on Chris' ungloved hand. Chris lets the talons dig into his flesh.

The cars race across the field - angling in from every direction like spokes to a hub. Chris is not surprised to see them and doesn't run. The agents throw open the doors as the cars slide to stops. Some shield themselves behind them, leveling their rifles at the spy; others approach. Chris raises his hands over his head. Blood streams down the one that Fawkes clings to.

AGENT

Fucking traitor! Let go of that thing!

Chris jerks his arm, but Fawkes beats his wings for balance, keeps his perch, and glares at everybody.

AGENT

Where are the documents, you mother fucking traitor?

(CONTINUED)

As one of the agents sticks a shotgun to Chris' ear, another tries unsuccessfully to brush the falcon away with the barrel of a rifle.

AGENT

Release that weapon!

Chris jerks the arm again and this time Fawkes takes off, glides to a nearby tree, lands and watches. The agents fling Chris to the ground, kick his legs apart, cuff him, frisk him several times and keep screaming - "fucking traitor - where are the documents?"

INT. FBI OFFICE (1st Floor) - DAY

The reels of a tape recorder revolve slowly. Daulton is signing his name to a waiver of his rights to remain silent.

DAULTON

I just want to get this whole thing straightened out. Only someone with a deep love for their country could serve the way I have ...
... or thought I was ...

INT. FBI OFFICE (2nd Floor) - DAY

Another tape recorder in plain view. Chris watches the reels as he speaks:

CHRIS

- informed Lee that part of my job was to continue this deception against the Australians, and that I wanted to make it known somehow, make it public. He said his father knew a lot of influential people who would know the best way ...

INT. FBI OFFICE (1st Floor) - DAY

DAULTON

- I was hired as a subcontractor courier by the CIA through Boyce and served in that capacity since February of last year when he recruited me. It was a high priority clandestine project sanctioned by the U.S. Government to disseminate false and misleading information to our enemies. Send the Russians and the Chinese on wild goose chases, as it were ...

INT. FBI OFFICE (2nd Floor) - DAY

CHRIS

- smuggled the information out of TRW and gave it to him, but instead of passing it on through the channels we'd discussed, he took it down to Mexico, sold it to the Soviets and came back demanding more. When I refused, he threatened to blackmail me.

AGENT

You never willfully transmitted any information relating to the national defense to anybody at all with the belief it could be used to the advantage of a foreign nation?

CHRIS

No, sir - not willingly.

INT. FBI OFFICE (1st Floor) - DAY

DAULTON

- I always worked on a commission basis, a percentage. Whatever I received from the Russians I was instructed to keep fifty percent for myself, which I did, and turn the rest over to my employer - Boyce - who I can only assume turned it in to the Agency since he worked for them on straight salary ...

AGENT

Do you have receipts?

DAULTON

Receipts. Operatives are not in the habit of using receipts, sir. It's not the garment business ...

INT. FBI OFFICE (2nd Floor) - NIGHT

AGENT

Did you ever tell Lee or anyone else that you were involved in a project to furnish false information to the Soviet Union?

CHRIS

He said that? He's lying.

AGENT

You're absolutely certain that Lee understood that this was not the case, that the material was not disinformation?

CHRIS

Absolutely.

INT. FBI OFFICE (1st Floor) - NIGHT

AGENT

How would you describe Boyce?

DAULTON

Clever. Cunning. Manipulative. Diabolical ...

INT. FBI OFFICE (2nd Floor) - NIGHT

CHRIS

- fearless. A hoodlum. A junkie . .

INT. JAIL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Manacled to a guard, Chris is led one way down a long corridor. Daulton, also manacled, is being brought the other way. Their taped dialog continues:

DAULTON

... wishy-washy socialist. A bleeding heart ...

CHRIS

... a salesman. Someone who could sell anything to anybody, anytime, anywhere ...

DAULTON

Me? I guess you could call me ... a patriot ...

The sound of the tape being rewound. Then - the overlapping voices of their families, friends, teachers, neighbors -

... quiet, polite, respectful, shy, I guess ...

... everybody knew it. His parents knew it. I think he knew it. One way or the other he was gonna end up in prison ...

... encouraged him not to see Daulton anymore ...

... loved to tell stories that cloaked him in mystery and intrigue. Nobody believed a word ...

... none of them worked, had any ambition to ...

... bragging all the time, walking with a swagger.

... Chris was the exception. He was interested in things, always asking questions ...

... small-man's complex I'd guess you'd call it ...

... he had the brightest future of all of them ...

As the two friends pass, neither meets the others' eyes. The image freezes, then slowly dissolves into the photo of them as altar boys. A legend appears:

ANDREW DAULTON LEE WAS CONVICTED ON EIGHT COUNTS OF ESPIONAGE
AND SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT..

CHRISTOPHER BOYCE WAS CONVICTED ON THREE COUNTS OF ESPIONAGE
AND SENTENCED TO FORTY YEARS IMPRISONMENT.

JANUARY 21, 1980,
HE ESCAPED FROM LOMPOC FEDERAL PENITENTIARY
AND FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS ELUDED AN
INTERNATIONAL FBI MANHUNT.

HE WAS FINALLY RECAPTURED IN PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON,
ONE OF THE FEW AREAS IN NORTH AMERICA WHERE
PEREGRINE FALCONS STILL EXIST.
