

LENIN'S SON

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. VIENNA AUSTRIA - DAY (1966)

A middle-aged chauffeur races the shiny new black Mercedes 190E up the mountain road, taking the turns aggressively. Suddenly, the car slows and negotiates a narrow-gated entrance to a large house perched on a hill. When they arrive at the front entrance, the chauffeur gets out and opens the door for his passenger. He motions for the would-be-spy to follow him.

INT. LARGE STUDY OF KGB RESIDENCE - DAY

The chauffeur escorts JONATHAN ABBOTT into the study and motions for him to take a seat. Several Seconds later, a tall, thin, man enters the room. The stern look on his face and imposing demeanor suggests YURI KONAKOV is ready to talk business.

KONAKOV

My name is Yuri Konakov. Do you wish to have tea? Or coffee perhaps.

ABBOTT

No thank you.

Konakov goes over and pours tea into a large cup, sits down and stares at Abbott for several seconds, takes a sip of his tea, and starts the interrogation.

KONAKOV

So, you are Jonathan Abbott and you want to sell secrets to the Soviet Union.

ABBOTT

Yes.

KONAKOV

And what do you think you will gain by doing so?

ABBOTT

Satisfaction, I suppose. I recently lost a promotion I should have received, but I have access to classified information.

KONAKOV

And where do you work, Mister Abbott?

ABBOTT

I work for a company called Dynamic Research Incorporated. We work very closely with the Central Intelligence Agency.

Konakov's demeanor suggests he's happy with Abbott's response.

KONAKOV

Very good. Do you expect us to pay you for this information?

ABBOTT

I would like to reap the benefits of your good fortune.

KONAKOV

Why did you first go to the New York Soviet Consulate? Why not the embassy in Washington?

ABBOTT

I was in New York on a business trip and figured it was as good a time as any to make my feelings known.

Konakov smiles, as he straightens his tie.

KONAKOV

What if I tell you I don't believe you?

ABBOTT

That would be unfortunate.

Konakov sips his tea and smiles slightly.

KONAKOV

Who were you visiting in New York?

ABBOTT

I was visiting another company, trying to market business for our engineering department.

KONAKOV

What do you know about engineering? Are you an engineer by trade?

He again sips his tea and smirks.

ABBOTT

No, but I understand enough to make decisions about what information is important and what is not.

KONAKOV

What information can you provide us that will make a difference to the Soviet Union?

ABBOTT

I have data I'm sure you need.

KONAKOV

Divulging the secrets of one's country could have disastrous consequences, should the person get caught.

ABBOTT

I understand the risk. But I won't get caught.

Konakov's voice gets a little louder.

KONAKOV

Do you think I'm a fool, Mister Abbott?

ABBOTT

What do you mean?

KONAKOV

Do you think I'm as foolish as to believe you could never get caught? You are not the first, Mister Abbott.

ABBOTT

If you don't want what I'm willing to offer, or don't trust me, I can just as easily go back home.

Konakov hesitates; stares at Abbott.

KONAKOV

Trust is a funny thing. It is an emotion you must feel right in here.

(clutches chest)

It is pure instinct and nothing else.

ABBOTT

I certainly understand.

KONAKOV

As far as money is concerned, we will pay you 2,000 American dollars a month to start. I believe that will be sufficient.

ABBOTT

I would say that is very generous.

The chauffeur enters the room and whispers in Konakov's ear. He stands and follows the chauffeur out the door. Abbott casually looks around the room.

**INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM IN THE BOWELS OF THE KREMLIN -
MOSCOW - DAY**

DIMITRI PETROV, the Deputy Director of the First Chief Directorate of the KGB is discussing the American resolve in the Cold War with a senior agent, VICTOR POGDANOV.

POGDANOV

The American government is bolstering their military forces and aiming their sights at us.

PETROV

Sooner or later, the Americans will defeat themselves.

POGDANOV

The CIA appears to be working around the clock to assess what we are doing.

Petrov looks down at correspondence on his desk.

PETROV

We have uncovered someone who works for the CIA who wants to share information with us.

POGDANOV

Who?

PETROV

Comrade Konakov is meeting with him today in Vienna.

POGDANOV

Who is this traitor?

PETROV
You will know soon enough.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - KREMLIN - DAY

Petrov carefully opens a manila folder and skims through the paperwork he finds inside. He looks over the crowd and focuses in on a SENIOR MEMBER.

PETROV
Comrades, I have good news that is important to the Soviet State.

The senior member speaks rather loudly.

SENIOR MEMBER
What can be so important we cannot talk of other pending issues?

PETROV
Because we have confirmed without a doubt, an agent for the United States CIA is the flesh and blood of one of our revered leaders, the founder of our glorious state.

The senior member looks around at fellow colleagues.

SENIOR MEMBER
How can that be? It's simply not possible.

PETROV
It is not only possible, it is a monumental triumph.

SENIOR MEMBER
How can we harness the abilities of such a man?

The senior member hesitates and again glances at his colleagues.

SENIOR MEMBER (CONT'D)
A man who shares the celebrated genes and blood of our great leader.

PETROV
I have just the man to bring Lenin's son into the fold. And I can assure you, he will not fail.

INT. LARGE STUDY OF KGB RESIDENCE - DAY

Konakov reenters the study after talking with the chauffeur.

KONAKOV

Now I believe it's time to talk about particulars, Mister Abbott. You must be prepared to follow precise directions. We have important requirements: information being requested from the highest levels of the KGB. Any questions so far?

Abbott shakes his head no.

KONAKOV (CONT'D)

I have a team of men who operate in the United States and they will be your points of contact.

Konakov pulls a map out of his sports jacket and hands it to Abbott.

KONAKOV (CONT'D)

There is one designated location in the Washington area that serves as a communication point, and is the only means through which to send or retrieve information. Instructions are at the bottom of the map.

ABBOTT

What if someone sees me when I'm in the area?

KONAKOV

Never, and I repeat never, stop at an exchange point if you feel you are being observed. Is that understood?

ABBOTT

Yes.

KONAKOV

Now, if you're hungry, I have a luncheon to be served. We can eat on the balcony. The view is breathtaking. Will you join me?

ABBOTT

Of course.

EXT. BALCONY - BACK OF KGB RESIDENCE - DAY

Konakov motions for Abbott to have a seat at a table. A young lady brings out a small tray of food and drink and sets it on the table.

KONAKOV

Please indulge yourself. The food is exquisite. Only the best for our allies.

ABBOTT

If you don't mind me asking, does this house belong to your organization?

KONAKOV

Yes, we have several in the Vienna area. Why do you ask?

ABBOTT

Curiosity, I suppose. How long have you worked for the KGB?

Konakov takes a sip of vodka and looks at Abbott with a slight grin.

KONAKOV

I will only tell you it has been quite awhile, but some things should be left unsaid.

Konakov stares at Abbott.

KONAKOV (CONT'D)

Do you have a passport, Mister Abbott?

ABBOTT

Yes, I do.

KONAKOV

May I see it?

ABBOTT

Of course.

Abbott manages to find it straight away. He quickly hands it to Konakov.

KONAKOV

A brand new passport. It appears the photo is current. How nice. Allow me see your driver's license.

Abbott fumbles around trying to find his license.

ABBOTT

One moment.

KONAKOV

What is the matter?

ABBOTT

I don't know if I brought my license. Let me look again.

Abbott retrieves it from his wallet.

ABBOTT (CONT'D)

Here it is.

KONAKOV

It is nice to know you can drive, or otherwise we would have a problem.

Konakov hands Abbott his license and a glass of vodka and makes a toast.

KONAKOV (CONT'D)

Wonderful, Mister Abbott. Cheers, as you Americans often say.

Konakov puts down his glass and offers Abbott a Cuban cigar, as he slaps him on the back and smiles.

INT. BATHROOM - HOTEL ROOM IN VIENNA - NIGHT

Abbott stands in the bathroom while he applies a fake beard and puts on a wig. He goes into the bedroom and puts on a sports jacket and round tortoise shell glasses. He hears a knock at the door. A young man comes in the room and picks up his luggage and leaves.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOTEL - NIGHT

Several people are walking along the sidewalk as cars pass by. Abbott walks to a side street and gets into a waiting car. It immediately takes off. Suddenly as they turn at an intersection, another car cuts them off. Two men get out. Konakov steps forward, as Abbott gets out of the car.

KONAKOV

May I ask where you are going? I mean there is really no need to put on a disguise now. Is there?

ABBOTT

I think I'm being watched by my own people.

KONAKOV

Who else is in the limo?

ABBOTT

He's just a driver I paid to get me out of town.

Konakov walks over to the limo and opens the driver's door and sees the young man sitting there. He pokes his head into the limo and then looks at Abbott.

KONAKOV

You seem to have all the answers, Mister Abbott. Don't think for one moment I won't be keeping my eye on you. That would be a very dangerous assumption.

Konakov and his bodyguard get into his car and speed away. Abbott watches as they turn the corner.

INT. J. EDGAR HOOVER'S OFFICE - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

J. EDGAR HOOVER sits with agents DENTON and WILSON while they watch a videotape of a program aired in 1962 concerning Senator McCarthy's congressional hearings aimed at Hollywood producers believed to have Communist ties.

DENTON

You know, McCarthy had it right. Who in the hell do these Hollywood types think they are?

WILSON

They just think they're privileged. I say throw them all in jail.

HOOVER

(laughs)

Senator McCarthy is a hero in my book. We're fighting a Cold War for Christ's sake. We don't need Americans born right here in the good old United States acting as spies.

DENTON

Yes sir, I agree, those liberal bastards need to have their asses kicked.

WILSON

Okay, we need to conduct a thorough investigation of everyone in the entertainment industry that seems suspicious.

Hoover pushes his chair back and leans forward.

HOOVER

Gentlemen, Hollywood may be the least of our worries. We have men in government who I believe are Communists. We must weed them out. As I live and breathe, I will hunt those traitors down. No one, and I repeat no one in a position of authority will be there for long if we find out they are communist sympathizers. Agreed?

The agents look at each other and shake their heads yes. They continue to listen to the videotape.

INT. DYNAMIC RESEARCH INCORPORATED - ARLINGTON VIRGINIA - DAY

Abbott, now going by his real name, FRED MUELLER, walks down a long corridor to the coffee bar. When he arrives, Fred, tall with movie star looks, sees his supervisor, DUNCAN WEATHERINGTON, getting coffee.

DUNCAN

So, Fred, what did you think of your Soviet handler? I hear he's very charming.

FRED

Yeah, he's a great human being.

DUNCAN

Did Konakov ask to see your passport?

FRED

Yeah, how'd you know?

DUNCAN

He wanted to see how you would react more than he wanted to see your passport. They're all the same. They like to intimidate, and they do it well.

FRED

Konakov threw me a few curves, but I didn't flinch. He gave explicit instructions on how to make and pick up the drops.

DUNCAN

That's a start.

Duncan motions for them to go to his office. They walk around the corner with their coffee.

INT. OFFICE OF DUNCAN WEATHERINGTON - DAY

When they arrive, they have a seat.

DUNCAN

The Soviets have a long history of harassing their informants to keep them on the defensive.

Duncan sips his coffee, and smiles as he talks.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

They'll turn up the heat if they need to.

FRED

Sounds like they have it down to a science.

DUNCAN

Your Soviet handler will be difficult. He has quite a reputation.

Duncan slowly sips his coffee.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

That's the bad news. The good news is he'll wine and dine you like it is going out of style.

FRED

How often will I have to meet face to face with him?

DUNCAN

It's up to him, but most handlers
keep it to a minimum.

Fred savors his coffee and sits back in his chair.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

So, how did your wife take your
travel this time?

FRED

Nancy's getting tired of being both
a mother and a father to the kids.

DUNCAN

Did you try explaining you can't do
your job as an analyst unless you
travel and collect facts?

FRED

It doesn't matter.

Fred notices a tall, gorgeous, blond walk by the office.

FRED (CONT'D)

Duncan, who's the new girl?

DUNCAN

What?

FRED

The new girl. The one that just
walked past the door.

DUNCAN

Her name is Phyllis Hamilton. She
used to work over at the main
building, but she's now assigned to
us. Why do you want to know?

FRED

Just curious, that's all.

Duncan hesitates for a moment and rearranges paperwork on his
desk.

DUNCAN

Listen, it's imperative you
understand the consequences of
making mistakes when dealing with a
well-oiled machine like the KGB.
Nothing can go wrong.

FRED

If Yuri Konakov is any indication of what we are up against, it's going to be a rough ride.

DUNCAN

We're going to run the operation out of Donnie's place.

FRED

Where?

DUNCAN

The safe house over in Vint Hill, west of Manassas.

Fred thinks for a moment.

FRED

Oh, yeah right. When do I need to be there?

DUNCAN

Monday morning. Don't be late. By the way, did Konakov explain where the drops would occur or give you a map?

FRED

He gave me a map, but I left it at the house.

DUNCAN

I trust it's secure.

FRED

Yeah, it's out of reach. Don't worry.

DUNCAN

If we do this thing the right way, we should be able to catch our mole before it's too late.

Fred smiles and walks out of the room.

EXT. FLINT HILL MANASSAS - SMALL ROAD LEADING TO SAFFIRE'S SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Monday morning, Fred Mueller negotiates the small road, driving in pouring rain. He parks the car in front of the house and goes in the back entrance.

INT. BASEMENT OF DONNIE SAFFIRE'S SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Fred walks down the stairs to the basement. He knocks on the door of the back office in the far end of the basement. DONNIE SAFFIRE opens the door. Behind him, sitting on a chair, is MARTHA BENSONHEARST.

DONNIE
Fred Mueller.

Donnie slaps Fred on the shoulder.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
It's been awhile.

FRED
You look like you just woke up.

DONNIE
Hey, I didn't think you were going to be here so early.

FRED
With the rain, I decided to leave sooner to beat the traffic.

Donnie motions for Fred to enter the back office.

INT. BASEMENT BACK OFFICE - DONNIE SAFFIRE'S SAFE HOUSE - DAY

DONNIE
We've got coffee. Duncan probably won't get here for awhile. You've met Martha Bensonhearst? Right?

Fred goes over to shake hands.

FRED
No. How are you?

MARTHA
Fine, nice to meet you.

FRED
(looks over at Donnie)
Where's your wife?

DONNIE
Brenda works over at the main building. She's gone already.

Fred sees a map on a table in the middle of the room. It looks familiar. He pulls out the map Konakov gave him, sits down and compares.

FRED

This is the map Konakov gave me for the drop. It's obviously a different scale from yours, but it looks like the same area.

DONNIE

Can I see it?

Donnie examines it carefully.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

This is an old Sunoco road map. You can tell by the light blue border around the edges. You can see the new highway isn't even finished near the drop area.

FRED

It's the same area? Right?

DONNIE

If my calculations are correct, his designation point should be somewhere on here.

Donnie points to an area on the map.

FRED

Okay.

DONNIE

The Soviets have certain areas they use. At least that's what we have determined after years of watching their operations. The pattern always seems the same. They tend to rely on areas that in their minds are proven from previous experiences.

FRED

Who generally makes these drops?

MARTHA

It can vary, but normally Embassy personnel who are working directly undercover for the KGB.

There is a tap at the door. Donnie lets Duncan in. Duncan sits at the table and takes a pad of paper and a pencil out of his attaché case. He motions for Fred to sit on the other side of the table directly across from him. He studies Konakov's map and turns his attention to the CIA map on the table.

DUNCAN

Okay, by the looks of Konakov's map, the small X designating the dead drop area is right off a small dirt road. It's next to the river in an area called Seneca Creek State Park. What did Konakov tell you about the method of delivery or when to look?

FRED

The instructions are at the bottom of the map.

DUNCAN

You should make an attempt tomorrow morning. Drive slowly by the spot, even if you see the object. Turn around, come back, stop the car, and casually get out and retrieve the drop.

FRED

Those assholes better not be playing games with me.

DUNCAN

Not likely. They just want to see if you understand their instructions.

FRED

Tomorrow morning. Right?

Duncan nods his head.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - WOODED AREA - MARYLAND PARK AREA - DAY

In the early morning, Fred drives slowly along the narrow road, looking for the drop. He goes by what appears to be a milk carton propped up against a tree. He continues down the road, turns around and stops. Suddenly, he sees a YOUNG MAN walking along the road; stopping and picking up the milk carton. Fred jumps out of his car and runs up to the intruder.

FRED

What are you doing here?

YOUNG MAN

I'm taking a walk. I come out here all the time. I only live down the street. What's the matter?

FRED

Just curious. It's hard to believe people would throw garbage around everywhere. I'll take the milk carton and throw it away.

YOUNG MAN

You know, I saw a man out here about two weeks ago who got out of his car and picked up a soda bottle that was lying on the ground. He put it in his car and left. Don't you think that's weird?

FRED

I don't know; probably someone else who hates litter being thrown all over the place like I do.

The young man holds the milk carton tightly in his hands.

YOUNG MAN

I'll save you the trouble. I'll throw it away.

FRED

No, no.

Fred walks closer to the young man.

FRED (CONT'D)

I mean I really don't have a problem with it. Please just give it to me.

The young man appears reluctant; glares at Fred, but hands the milk carton to him.

YOUNG MAN

If you say so, man.

Fred watches as the young man ambles down the road.

INT. BASEMENT BACK OFFICE - SAFFIRE'S SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Duncan lets Fred in. They sit at the table. Fred hands Duncan the milk carton.

DUNCAN

How did it go?

Duncan opens the milk carton with a knife and retrieves a folded piece of paper wrapped in cellophane.

FRED

I'm not sure. There was someone else out there.

DUNCAN

What did he look like?

FRED

I don't know. He was probably five foot eight. He had brown hair and a scar on his face. He was wearing a dark madras shirt and hush puppies.

DUNCAN

Did he give any indication of why he was there? Maybe he wasn't so innocent. We'll have to check it out.

FRED

Yeah, he said he was taking a walk. But, it seems to me he was just too interested in this milk carton.

Duncan opens the letter, reads it and hands it to Fred.

DUNCAN

Looks like he they want you to go to Richmond Virginia in two days.

FRED

They want information already? How the hell am I going to pull that off?

DUNCAN

I suspect they'll tell you when you get there. Go to the hotel and wait for their phone call. They'll tell where to meet.

FRED

I certainly hope it's not Konakov.

DUNCAN

It'll probably be one of his henchmen.

FRED

Thanks, that makes me feel better.

INT. MUELLER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fred walks into the living room and is confronted by NANCY, his wife. They stand face-to-face.

NANCY

When are you going to get a day off so we can spend some time together?

FRED

I don't know. Work has been hectic lately.

NANCY

I mean you're gone a lot: weeks at a time. I can't take it anymore. The kids are getting on my nerves.

Fred paces as he talks.

FRED

I'm sorry. Okay? I have a demanding job. Besides, I have a lot of potential to move up through the ranks.

NANCY

So, that's what this is about. You care more about your job than you do our children or me.

FRED

That's simply not true. I want the best for my family. There's nothing wrong with wanting to get ahead in life.

Nancy turns away for a moment.

NANCY

But you're neglecting your family whether you admit it or not. I mean you can't even come home for dinner some nights.

FRED

(louder voice)

I told you. My job requires a lot of my time. If I play my cards right, I know I can become the Director of Central Intelligence.

NANCY

I've heard it before. I'm warning you. If things don't change around here, you'll be living by yourself.

His son, SCOTT, and daughter, CHRISTINE, come into the living room on their way out the door.

CHRISTINE

Hi, Daddy. You're home early today.

FRED

Where are you two going?

SCOTT

A friend's picking me up. We're dropping Christine off at her friend's house.

FRED

Have a good time and be safe.

Scott and Christine walk out the front door.

NANCY

Maybe they would stay around the house if you were home more.

FRED

I don't have time for this. I'm going upstairs to change.

INT. SEEDY TAVERN IN DOWNTOWN RICHMOND - NIGHT

Fred, now in character, sits at the bar drinking while waiting for his contact. Not knowing whom to expect, he drinks heavily. A woman sits next to him and introduces herself as DANIELLE.

DANIELLE

Hi, my name is Danielle. What's yours?

ABBOTT

Jonathan. Nice to meet you.

DANIELLE

I haven't seen you around here. Are you from this area?

ABBOTT

No, I'm here on business. What about you?

DANIELLE

I came here to relax. I see you like good beer.

Abbott glances around the tavern.

ABBOTT

I think so. I'm actually waiting for a colleague to show up.

DANIELLE

Really? Is he a regular? What's his name?

ABBOTT

It's not important.

DANIELLE

I think you're looking for some action.

ABBOTT

No, really, I'm waiting for someone.

DANIELLE

You don't sound convincing to me.

Danielle musses her hair and gives Abbott a sexy smile.

ABBOTT

Maybe it's you.

DANIELLE

You'll never know unless you come with me and have a good time.

Abbott hesitates; drinks down his beer.

ABBOTT

Let's go to my place.

He pays the tab and they leave the bar, his hormones raging.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DOWNTOWN RICHMOND - NIGHT

They enter a room with shabby furniture and glare from a neon light shining in the window. Fred goes to the bathroom while Danielle starts to take off her clothes.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Fred looks in the mirror, pushes his hair back, leans against the wall, and takes a deep breath.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

When he comes out, Danielle is nowhere to be found. Rather, a large gentleman named BRONSKI is standing at the end of the bed.

ABBOTT

Where the hell is Danielle? And who the hell are you?

BRONSKI

Ah, comrade, I see you have a way with women. That is an interesting trait for a married man.

ABBOTT

I just think I had too much to drink. I don't make it a habit to screw anyone I meet in a bar.

Bronski begins to smirk and walks a little closer to Fred.

BRONSKI

I certainly hope not, but it is water below the damn now. My name is Bronski. I want to know your government's plans for nuclear weapons. It would be nice to know the launch codes, don't you think, Mister Abbott?

ABBOTT

I really don't have access to that kind of information. Even if I knew some of it, I certainly can't remember such facts.

BRONSKI

Mister Abbott, you did come all the way to Vienna to offer your services. Is that not correct?

Abbott takes a moment to answer, as not to show his nervousness.

ABBOTT

Yes, of course, but I can only provide certain types of information.

BRONSKI

I understand through good sources the United States can take pictures from outer space and has the ability to spy on nations like the Soviet Union.

ABBOTT

I don't know that kind of stuff.

BRONSKI

We understand it will take time to get what we want. Do not be discouraged. Besides, we are paying you good money. We are patient men.

He hands Abbott an envelope.

BRONSKI (CONT'D)

Open it.

ABBOTT

What is this?

BRONSKI

It is your first two months pay with a little bonus added in.

ABBOTT

But I haven't done anything.

BRONSKI

We are expecting great things from you, Mister Abbott. Oh, by the way, Comrade Konakov asked me to tell you the next time you pick up a drop, make damn sure no one else is in the area. Have a good night.

Bronski departs; slamming the door behind him.

INT. BASEMENT BACK OFFICE - SAFFIRE'S SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Fred frantically knocks on the basement door. Duncan answers and lets him in. They both take a seat.

DUNCAN
What's the matter?

FRED
Those bastards were watching me when I went to the drop site. The guy I met in Richmond told me.

DUNCAN
It's not unusual for the Soviets to watch a pick up or drop. What else did your contact say?

Fred's demeanor suggests he's unnerved.

FRED
They're pressing me for nuclear weapon's codes and details on spy satellites. Here, they gave me money already. My contact said they were expecting great things from me so they were giving me a bonus.

DUNCAN
Did your contact say when they wanted the initial information?

FRED
No, he never said.

Duncan appears to be in thought.

DUNCAN
I think we need to develop a list of information we can tailor for Konakov that looks credible.

FRED
What kind of time period are we talking about?

DUNCAN
We should make the first drop in the middle or end of August.

FRED
That's two months away. Can we wait that long?

Duncan smiles and pats Fred on the shoulder.

DUNCAN
We need to make them understand you're in total control.

INT. VICTOR POGDANOV'S KREMLIN OFFICE - DAY

Victor Pogdanov and Konakov sit and talk.

POGDANOV

What do we really know about this Mueller fellow?

KONAKOV

Only that he is the son of Vladimir Lenin, and he works for the CIA even though he claims to work for a government contractor.

POGDANOV

How do we know he is really Lenin's son?

Konakov pulls out a piece of paper from his pocket and looks at it.

KONAKOV

It is well documented. His mother is Anna Zworski, Austrian by birth, who had an affair with Lenin in Switzerland; producing a child, Frederick Mueller.

POGDANOV

Splendid and you have met with him already, I understand.

KONAKOV

Yes, of course. We are fortunate Mueller is acting as a double agent. He seems to be vulnerable.

POGDANOV

Mueller must have access to highly classified documents, and will not want to be exposed as being the son of the founder of the Communist state.

Konakov garners a wide smile.

KONAKOV

It does seem foolproof. I must admit.

POGDANOV

When will the operation begin?

KONAKOV

It has begun. He has been asked to provide information to us.

POGDANOV

The initial information will be suspect.

KONAKOV

Understandable, but over time he will be forced to come around.

Petrov comes into the office and pulls up a chair.

POGDANOV

Perhaps we will only get insufficient information on the first drop.

Petrov leans forward and looks directly at Konakov.

PETROV

We must expect only the best. This is a high profile case, sanctioned by our president. Or have you not been informed of that fact?

KONAKOV

Yes, we are well aware.

PETROV

Mueller is not just an agent; he is postured to move up the ladder at the CIA. We must never forget that.

POGDANOV

Then that makes this a top priority.

Petrov points his finger at Konakov.

PETROV

You will not fail, comrade. I can attest you will have a place in history when you finally break the will of the American.

INT. BASEMENT BACK OFFICE - SAFFIRE'S SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Several weeks later, Duncan, Martha, Donnie, and Fred are sitting around the table discussing the Russians.

DUNCAN

The Soviets didn't like the information we gave them. They want Fred to travel to Moscow to meet with Konakov and his superiors.

Duncan's demeanor suggests he's bothered by the request.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

This isn't a good sign.

FRED

What the hell?

DUNCAN

I'm really not too surprised with Konakov's reaction.

FRED

Are we going to honor his request? I mean, come on, Duncan, this guy could be a lunatic.

DONNIE

If we don't do what he says, we might as well shut down the operation.

MARTHA

You know it might be smart to send Fred with another agent.

DUNCAN

Strength in numbers. Right?

Martha sits back and adjusts her skirt.

MARTHA

Not really. Send a female along with Fred as his mistress. They will see a side of Fred they think they can exploit.

DUNCAN

What do we gain by doing so?

MARTHA

It could show a vulnerable side to Fred. No agent in his or her right mind would act so irresponsibly, especially in the Soviet's backyard.

Duncan looks over at Donnie.

DUNCAN
Does this make sense?

DONNIE
I don't know. It could easily
backfire.

Fred speaks in a very distinct voice.

FRED
Are you at all concerned with what
I think? I mean I'm not sure the
Russians will be happy with it.

DUNCAN
We have to do what's in the best
interest for the operation.

MARTHA
Would it be appropriate for me to
accompany Fred to Moscow? I have
the experience and certainly can
take care of myself in an
emergency.

DUNCAN
It's been some time since your last
assignment. Let me think about it.
(smiles)
Besides, where the hell are you two
going to sleep?

MARTHA
Fred can sleep on the floor and
I'll have the bed, of course.
There's nothing to it.

Fred grins, but doesn't say anything.

DUNCAN
Let's take a breather and discuss
this in a few days.

FRED
By the way, where has Phyllis
Hamilton been? I haven't seen her
lately.

DUNCAN
She's on assignment. Let's adjourn
for the day.

INT. MUELLER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tired, Fred comes in and plops down on the sofa with a beer. Nancy walks in and sits in a chair.

NANCY
Glad you could make it home for
dinner.

He sips his beer.

FRED
(smiles)
A rare occasion.

NANCY
It's not funny.

FRED
Sorry, I just have a lot on my
mind.

NANCY
What is it?

He sips more beer.

FRED
An operation we're working on. You
know I can't discuss it.

NANCY
Maybe you should take some time
off.

FRED
Not possible.

She gets off her chair, and starts to walk to the kitchen.

NANCY
Dinner will be ready in ten.

Fred leans back and finishes his beer.

INT. BASEMENT BACK OFFICE - SAFFIRE'S SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Two days later, the team gathers around the table and discusses business. Phyllis is not present.

DUNCAN
We need to prepare for Moscow.

FRED
What if I don't go at all?

DUNCAN
I don't follow.

FRED
I don't relish being alone on
Soviet turf where I could get
killed if things go wrong.

DONNIE
(smirks)
Welcome to the world of espionage.

FRED
Wouldn't it be smart to send
someone with me that can't be
readily identified by the Soviets?
How about Phyllis?

MARTHA
You have a point, but I don't think
the operations I was involved in
would have any bearing on this
current situation.

DUNCAN
You know, Martha, Fred may be
right; sending someone like Phyllis
would definitely minimize the
possibility of the plan blowing up
in our faces.

Martha voice reflects she's upset.

MARTHA
I think you need to send someone
with experience; someone who won't
make inexcusable mistakes.

DONNIE
I guess we have to conclude that
would be you.

DUNCAN
Enough, I'm inclined to believe if
we send anyone else, it should be
Phyllis. I think it's probably the
right thing to do.

FRED
So, it's a done deal?

DUNCAN

Not quite, I'll let you know in a few days.

INT. RADISSON HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The next afternoon, Fred opens the suite door and lets Phyllis in. They sit in chairs adjacent to the bed for a private liaison.

FRED

Where were you yesterday?

PHYLLIS

I had an assignment.

FRED

Has Duncan mentioned anything to you about the operation I'm currently working?

PHYLLIS

I have no idea what you're talking about.

Fred appears apprehensive, but tells her anyway.

FRED

I probably shouldn't tell you this, but he wants you to go with me when I travel to Moscow.

PHYLLIS

Why?

FRED

I'm meeting with my Soviet handler. Duncan wants to pass me off as a womanizer by taking someone the Soviets will perceive to be my lover.

Phyllis runs her hand up and down her leg.

PHYLLIS

(smiles)

Why does Duncan want me to fill that role, and, more important, what sense does it make?

FRED

Duncan doesn't want to have the operation appear by the book.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

Another agent was suggested, but her past association with the Soviets could get us both killed.

PHYLLIS

You mean Martha.

FRED

Very perceptive.

PHYLLIS

Please never underestimate me.

FRED

I suggested to Duncan that you go instead.

Phyllis gets up and goes over to Fred.

PHYLLIS

And why would you do that?

FRED

I find you attractive.

Phyllis grabs Fred and pulls him on top of her on the bed.

PHYLLIS

I don't want to talk anymore.

INT. BASEMENT BACK OFFICE - SAFFIRE'S SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Several weeks later, the team again congregates around the table to discuss current developments. Phyllis sits in the corner.

DUNCAN

The Russians want to meet in February of next year. Konakov's letter is explicit. He's looking forward to all the information we agreed to provide him.

Fred reviews a piece of paper he retrieves from a manila folder.

FRED

I obtained a psychological profile of Yuri Konakov.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

In short, we are dealing with a man who prides himself on the fact he has never failed at any challenge he has ever been given. He's uncompromising and can't easily be fooled.

Fred looks over at Duncan.

FRED (CONT'D)

So, have you decided who will accompany me to Moscow?

DUNCAN

I have to believe sending Phyllis is the best course of action.

Martha speaks with an authoritative voice.

MARTHA

Must I remind you this is a very important operation: one I can do in my sleep.

DUNCAN

You have made valuable contributions over the years. It's time to make a change here.

DONNIE

(contrived smile)

I agree. Phyllis should be able to pull this off.

DUNCAN

Our goal as a team over the next month or so is to get both Fred and Phyllis prepared for this extremely difficult operation. I want everyone's full attention.

(looks at Martha)

Is that understood?

MARTHA

(smirks)

Whatever you think is best.

DUNCAN

We're done for today. Fred, I want to talk to you alone.

Fred and Duncan remain in the basement office.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Phyllis is a good agent, but she's
lacking in experience. You must
take that into consideration.

FRED
Then why didn't you pick Martha?

DUNCAN
Let's just say she has more
baggage.

Duncan just smiles as Fred departs.

EXT. MOSCOW - RED SQUARE - KREMLIN IN BACKGROUND - DAY (1967)

On a cold February afternoon, Fred and Phyllis walk the
length of Red Square en route to an early dinner at a well-
known tourist restaurant.

INT. STANLINGRAD'S - DAY

Fred and Phyllis sit at a corner table. They are finishing
the sparse meals that were given.

PHYLLIS
I didn't think it would be this
crowded.

FRED
(whispers)
Looks like it's probably a place
for party members.

PHYLLIS
There are a lot of men in dark
suites.

FRED
We need to remain anonymous. Eat
our food and leave.

PHYLLIS
We're tourists, remember.

Fred glances around the restaurant.

FRED
Yes, I know. We don't exactly fit
in. See that guy over there. He's
been staring at us since we
arrived.

PHYLLIS

I noticed. When do you meet your contact?

FRED

I'm not sure. He said he would let me know, but I'm not positive how.

PHYLLIS

Maybe it's the man staring at us. I think we need to finish our meal and leave quietly.

FRED

Let's take a walk around Red Square. They say it's romantic when the snow falls against the Kremlin lights.

EXT. RED SQUARE - DAY

Fred and Phyllis walk along a side street toward Red Square. As they enter the square, a MAN with a briefcase approaches them.

MAN

Do you speak English? German or French perhaps?

FRED

Can I help you?

MAN

I'm prepared to pay good money for the suede coats you and your wife are wearing.

FRED

They're not for sale. Now, you must excuse us.

MAN

I think you should reconsider.

Fred looks behind him. He sees several other men pointing toward his position. He tells Phyllis to follow his lead. They bolt and Fred motions for Phyllis to go in a different direction. Fred runs into the GUM department building adjacent to Red Square.

INT. GUM DEPARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Several men pursue him. He runs into the interior of a store and hides. One of the men comes into the store and looks around, not seeing Fred, and then departs. When he thinks it's clear, Fred exits the building.

INT. INTOURIST HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Fred enters and shuts the door. Fred and Phyllis, both unnerved, engage in conversation.

FRED

What happened after we split?

PHYLLIS

I managed to blend into a crowd standing in front of Lenin's tomb.

FRED

Was someone chasing you?

PHYLLIS

Yes, I saw a man running toward me. I maneuvered around the crowd until he passed by.

FRED

Are you all right?

PHYLLIS

I suppose. After I knew he was gone, I came directly back here.

Fred notices an envelope that had been placed on the sideboard. He opens it.

FRED

Did you notice this? I wonder what it is.

PHYLLIS

What does it say?

Fred rips the envelope open and scans the brief note.

FRED

Konakov wants to meet this evening. These are the instructions where to meet.

PHYLLIS

Are you prepared?

FRED
I don't know.

EXT. RED SQUARE - NIGHT

In the lightly falling snow, Fred walks the length of the square and when he reaches Saint Basil's, he goes around to the back. He looks around and sees two parked buses about 100 feet from where he was told to stand. The square is fairly crowded. He doesn't want to look conspicuous, so he walks short distances up and down the length of Saint Basil's. He's standing near a lamppost when he sees a PEDESTRIAN walking toward him from the side closest to the GUM department store. The man is holding a cigarette. He walks up to Fred.

PEDESTRIAN
(broken English)
Do you have light?

FRED
No, I'm sorry.

Suddenly, a light green Zhiguli sedan drives up and stops. Two men jump out and grab Fred. He resists but is shoved into the car. It races away.

INT. SMALL ROOM - CONCRETE WALLS - NIGHT

Fred, desperately trying to be in character, wakes up and looks around at what appears to be some kind of prison cell.

Suddenly two men come in and grab him.

INT. LARGE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The two men place Abbott in the chair and they depart, closing the door behind them. Seconds later, Yuri Konakov comes in.

KONAKOV
Please, Mister Abbott, relax. Do you have the information we requested?

ABBOTT
No, but I can explain.

KONAKOV
(scowl on face)
I knew you would come empty handed.

ABBOTT

I said I can explain. I thought we could just discuss important issues. What's this all about?

KONAKOV

I should ask you the same, Mister Abbott.

Abbott doesn't respond; looks around trying to get his bearings.

Konakov stands directly in front of Abbott.

KONAKOV (CONT'D)

Do you think we're running a brothel? What the hell are you doing here in Moscow with an escort? What is her name?

ABBOTT

Her name is Phyllis and she's my girlfriend. She thinks I brought her here on vacation.

KONAKOV

Your girlfriend? What does your wife say about that? Who paid for her to come? Is this how you are spending the money we pay you?

Abbott's demeanor suggests he's angry.

ABBOTT

Look, I'm unhappy in my marriage. I didn't mean to jeopardize the operation by bringing her along.

KONAKOV

So, let me get this straight. You think you can spend the money we give you on lavish expenses, such as this woman, and not give us the information we asked you for? Does this make sense to you, Mister Abbott?

ABBOTT

I know it looks bad, but-

KONAKOV

Enough. I think we need to give you something to think about.

Two men come in the room and begin to beat Abbott unmercifully.

KONAKOV (CONT'D)

That's enough. Now, have you come to your senses, comrade?

Fred is hardly able to speak, but manages to get a few words out.

ABBOTT

Why are you doing this?

KONAKOV

Come now, I'm a reasonable man, but there are, of course, limits.

ABBOTT

(winces)

I'll try to do better.

KONAKOV

I knew you would see it our way. We pay you good money. I expect return on my investment. This is no different than any other business.

ABBOTT

How long have I been here?

KONAKOV

Three days.

ABBOTT

What? I need to get to the airport.

Konakov stares at his spy.

KONAKOV

Don't worry, Mister Abbott. We are planning on taking you back to the city soon. But remember, we are counting on you.

INT. SHERMETYEVO AIRPORT - DEPARTURE TERMINAL - DAY

Fred wonders aimlessly looking for Phyllis. He sees her sitting reading a book.

FRED

I'm glad I found you.

PHYLLIS

How did you get here? I thought I would never see you again.

FRED

It's a long story.

PHYLLIS

What happened to you? You look terrible and smell horrible.

FRED

I'll tell you later. Do you have my passport?

PHYLLIS

Yes, it's right here.

FRED

Good. Let's go home.

INT. BASEMENT BACK OFFICE - SAFFIRE'S SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Several days later, Fred meets with Duncan, Donnie, Martha, and Phyllis while they discuss the Moscow operation.

DUNCAN

I guess you had quite a time with Konakov.

FRED

Most of the pain has gone away.

DONNIE

What the hell happened to you?

FRED

When I showed up at the rendezvous location, two thugs shoved me in a car and the next thing I knew I was sitting in a filthy dungeon.

MARTHA

I wonder why Konakov would be so aggressive.

Fred practically yells.

FRED

I'll tell you why. He was pissed off I brought my supposed lover with me to Moscow.

DONNIE
 (slight smile)
 So the plan backfired.

FRED
 Hell yeah.

MARTHA
 Well, I thought we agreed to create
 that sort of persona.

Fred points his finger at Martha.

FRED
 No, you agreed to do that. I guess
 it wasn't such a good idea, now was
 it?

Fred hesitates.

FRED (CONT'D)
 So you sent me to Moscow knowing
 this could happen?

MARTHA
 It's a fact of life for anyone
 crazy enough to conduct covert
 operations. They just wanted to get
 your attention.

FRED
 Really, those bastards beat the
 hell out of me.

MARTHA
 What were you and Phyllis doing to
 while away the time before you met
 with Konakov?

PHYLLIS
 Sightseeing. What else?

MARTHA
 I mean you and Phyllis weren't
 doing things to draw attention to
 yourselves. Were you?

FRED
 Hell no, we were just doing the
 tourist thing for Christ's sake.

The room goes quiet. They all just glance at each other.

FRED (CONT'D)
You know what I think about all
this, don't you?

DUNCAN
No, what?

FRED
The only good commie is a dead
commie.

INT. MUELLER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fred and Nancy sit on the sofa discussing family matters.

NANCY
You seem to be working normal
hours. You still work for the
agency, Right?

FRED
Yes, what else would I be doing?

NANCY
I'm not sure. All I know is it's
better for our kids, and me.

FRED
I'm glad you approve. My job isn't
easy. You know that.

NANCY
I suppose. I meant to tell you
yesterday, your mother called and
said she wants to talk to you.

FRED
What did she say?

NANCY
Nothing much. You should call. You
haven't talked to her lately.

FRED
I will when I get a chance.

Nancy goes in the other room.

INT. BASEMENT BACK OFFICE - SAFFIRE'S SAFE HOUSE - DAY

In the early morning, Fred, Donnie and Duncan engage in
conversation. Donnie is reviewing paperwork.

DONNIE

It took some time to gather this data, but I'm confident the Soviets will buy it.

DUNCAN

(looks at Fred)

You should make an attempt this morning to leave the data at the drop site.

FRED

Wouldn't it be better at night?

DUNCAN

We need to get this stuff out there.

DONNIE

If you think it's not safe to make the drop, just come back here.

The phone in the corner of the room rings. Duncan goes over to answer it.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Remember, this has to go as planned.

FRED

Yeah, I know.

Seconds later Duncan comes back appearing confused.

FRED (CONT'D)

Who was that?

Duncan appears to be shaken.

DUNCAN

You've been compromised.

FRED

What?

DUNCAN

Konakov knows you work for the CIA.

FRED

How in the hell did he find that out?

DUNCAN
Phyllis Hamilton. She apparently
confided in someone she thought was
a collaborator and blew it.

Fred's jaws get tight.

FRED
What the hell was she thinking?

DONNIE
Well, your cover is blown, so
you're going to have to back off.

FRED
And do what?

DUNCAN
It's hard to tell.

DONNIE
Can we reassign Fred to do other
undercover work.

DUNCAN
Maybe.

FRED
I think I need protection.

DUNCAN
We'll figure out a way to get you
off Konakov's radar.

**INT. WAITING ROOM - OFFICE OF THE DUPUTY DIRECTOR OF
OPERATIONS - CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

The next day, Duncan sits in a chair in a waiting room
anticipating Fred's arrival to meet with FLETCHER TANNER, the
Deputy Director of Operations. Fred arrives.

DUNCAN
I see you made it. Right on time.

FRED
Of course. Did you ever doubt me?

DUNCAN
(smiles)
Tanner is anxious to meet you.

FRED
I'm not sure what to say.

DUNCAN

You'll be all right. He just wants to chat.

Tanner stands at the door to his office.

TANNER

Fred, please come in.

**INT. OFFICE OF THE DUPLY DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS - CIA
HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Fred and Tanner sit down at a small conference table.

TANNER

I know you somehow want to blame yourself. But you must put that aside and go on with your life.

FRED

I intend to, sir.

TANNER

Phyllis Hamilton made a bad mistake and we're trying to get to the bottom of it.

FRED

I don't understand it. I just worked with her and she seems to be on top of her game.

TANNER

You never know about these things. My guess is she inadvertently divulged information.

Fred appears to be reluctant to reply.

TANNER (CONT'D)

My assistant just got promoted. I need someone to fill in temporarily until I can find a replacement. I think you will do just fine.

Fred appears speechless.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Report to work tomorrow. I'm sure Konakov will lose track of you.

FRED

I just want to get him off my back.

TANNER
That's certainly understandable.

INT. DUNCAN WEATHERINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

The next day, Fred bursts in the office and takes a seat.

FRED
I got your phone call. What's so important?

DUNCAN
There's been a change in plans.

FRED
What do you mean?

DUNCAN
Tanner wants you to run another operation.

FRED
I thought I was going to be his second in command.

Duncan looks at a memo he has on his desk.

DUNCAN
That will have to wait. Che Guevara is in Bolivia. We need to know exactly where he's located. There's a guy in Miami we believe can tell us that information.

FRED
Isn't Guevara the guy who helped Castro overthrow the Cuban government?

DUNCAN
Yes, the plan is to find and capture him.

FRED
Who is this guy in Miami?

DUNCAN
His name is Félix Rodríguez. He apparently has a past with Guevara.

Fred stands and paces.

FRED

That's great, but as you recall,
Jonathan Abbott is dead.

DUNCAN

Forget Abbott. Today you'll assume
the identity of Bennie Daniels, a
member of an anti-Cuba group
looking for former Cuban leaders
who have disappeared. Rodríguez
knows you're coming.

FRED

This better be the end of it. I
don't want to look over my shoulder
any more.

DUNCAN

(grins)

Once this is done, you'll be
working for Tanner.

EXT. COVERED PAVILION - MIAMI - DAY

DANIELS waits on a bench for RODRÍGUEZ to show. Daniels sees
someone approaching.

RODRÍGUEZ

Are you Mister Daniels?

DANIELS

Yes, you must be Félix.

Rodríguez sits next to Daniels.

RODRÍGUEZ

My friend told me about your
crusade, but I'm not sure it's
feasible to find rebels these days.
They're in different parts of the
world and incognito.

DANIELS

I'm looking for specific
individuals who were involved in
Cuba's takeover of the Batista
regime.

RODRÍGUEZ

Why?

Daniels looks around the area, making sure they're alone.

DANIELS

The group I represent wants to embarrass Cuba by tracking down these individuals and making them answer for their past activities.

RODRÍGUEZ

I think it will be difficult.

DANIELS

Did you know Che Guevara?

RODRÍGUEZ

I knew him.

He gets a grin on his face.

RODRÍGUEZ (CONT'D)

What do you want to know?

DANIELS

What was he like?

RODRÍGUEZ

He's a medical doctor, you know. Not a lot of people know that. He's a very smart man. I saw him many years ago in Mexico City.

DANIELS

I know he became a rebel and joined the Castro brothers. Did you think they were actually going to pull off a revolution?

RODRÍGUEZ

No, not in a million years. I was wrong.

DANIELS

Did you ever see him again?

RODRÍGUEZ

No.

DANIELS

Do you know where he is now?

Rodríguez hesitates, squints his eyes.

RODRÍGUEZ

What do I get out of all this?

DANIELS
What do you want?

RODRÍGUEZ
Money, perhaps.

Daniels pulls out an envelope and sets it on his lap.

DANIELS
I really want to know where Guevara
is. I will make it worth your
while.

RODRÍGUEZ
What are you offering?

Daniels points to the envelope.

DANIELS
Half a million.

Rodríguez smiles and then stares at Daniels for a second.

RODRÍGUEZ
He's in Bolivia. He's in the remote
Ñancahuazú region.

DANIELS
Is it assessable?

RODRÍGUEZ
Yes, but it will be difficult to
find him. He moves around quite a
bit. I must tell you to be careful.
The Soviets are protecting him. A
female agent in La Paz is providing
assistance to him.

DANIELS
How do you know that?

RODRÍGUEZ
I have my sources. She works for a
despicable man. I first met this
agent when I was in Moscow in 1964.
His name is Yuri Konakov.

Daniels abruptly stands, appearing upset.

DANIELS
Who?

RODRÍGUEZ
Konakov. He's a senior KGB
operative and someone you really
don't want to meet.

DANIELS
You've met this man?

RODRÍGUEZ
Yes, why?

DANIELS
It's not important. Thank you for
the information.

Daniels hands Rodríguez the envelope and departs.

INT. DUNCAN WEATHERINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Fred walks in the office and sits next to Duncan.

FRED
Damn it Duncan, Rodríguez told me
Guevara is being protected by a
female Soviet agent who apparently
works for Yuri Konakov.

Fred squirms a bit.

FRED (CONT'D)
What the hell?

DUNCAN
Is that what he said?

FRED
Yes, I told you this wasn't a good
idea.

DUNCAN
Does he know where Guevara is?

FRED
I have all the information and I
gave him the money.

DUNCAN
Good, I knew you were the man for
the job. I believe this assignment
will pay off.

FRED
I certainly hope so.

DUNCAN

Tanner abruptly announced his retirement. No one knows why, but the position must be filled immediately.

FRED

When?

DUNCAN

I don't know, but I suspect very soon.

**INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM IN THE BOWELS OF THE KREMLIN - DAY
(1968)**

Konakov waits for the arrival of PETER GALANSKI, a senior aide to President Brezhnev. He arrives on time and takes a seat.

GALANSKI

How is your father these days?

KONAKOV

Enjoying his retirement.

GALANSKI

One would hope so. He was revered as head of the KGB.

KONAKOV

He hunts mostly now, but he still has his wits about him.

Galanski adjusts his tie, sits straight up in his chair.

GALANSKI

Our president wants to know why we cannot locate Lenin's son. It has been some time. Do you know where he is?

KONAKOV

No, but we are working on it.

GALANSKI

You will find him. That is an order.

KONAKOV

It's just taking longer than I thought.

(MORE)

KONAKOV (CONT'D)

When the CIA pulled him from agent duty, he disappeared into the woodwork as the Americans say.

Galanski speaks in no uncertain terms.

GALANSKI

You will find him. You have everything to gain. You also have everything to lose. It is your choice.

KONAKOV

I will do my best.

Galanski departs. Pogdanov comes in immediately after Galanski is gone.

POGDANOV

We must talk. Now!

KONAKOV

What is so important?

Pogdanov takes a piece of paper out of a manila folder.

POGDANOV

We now know where Mueller is working. He's recently been promoted to the Deputy Director of Operations.

KONAKOV

Do you know what that means?

POGDANOV

Yes, he has unprecedented access to classified information.

KONAKOV

Correct, but your timing is terrible. Galanski was just here asking if we knew his location.

POGDANOV

You must inform him immediately.

INT. GALANSKI'S OFFICE - DAY

Two days later, Konakov is having breakfast with Galanski.

GALANSKI

Now that Mueller has been found,
what are your intentions to exploit
the American?

KONAKOV

It has yet to be determined.

Galanski takes a sip of his tea.

GALANSKI

Comrade, I must remind you
President Brezhnev does not have
time for procrastinators.

KONAKOV

We tracked down Alexander Kerensky
in New York and explained Lenin's
son has been found. He was
ecstatic.

GALANSKI

It might not such a good idea to
burden Mueller with this kind of
visit. It may be too soon.

KONAKOV

I want to place Mueller on the
defensive as soon as possible.
(smiles)
I will only say we are now ready to
bring honor to the Kremlin.

INT. FRED'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Fred opens his front door and notices a light emanating from the study, one that hadn't been on when he left for work. He becomes anxious and slowly walks along the hallway. When he looks around the corner of the door, he sees the outline of a figure sitting at the far end of the dining room. Cigar smoke clouds the figure. Fred can't see the face of ALEXANDER KERENSKY until he gets closer.

FRED

Who are you and how did you get in here?

KERENSKY

Please, sit down. I have been
waiting for you. My name is
Kerensky, Alexander Kerensky, and I
must talk to you.

FRED

Who? What do you want with me? You know, I'll call the police if you don't leave.

KERENSKY

I don't think so, comrade. Please, have a seat and listen to what I have to say. Do you know who I am?

Fred reluctantly takes a seat.

FRED

No, I don't. I've never seen you before.

KERENSKY

I knew your father. I knew him well.

FRED

(raised voice)

My father? What the hell are you talking about?

KERENSKY

Your father was the heart and soul of the revolution of 1917. He was the leader of the Bolshevik party. Your father was Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov. Perhaps you would know him better as Lenin.

FRED

I want you to leave.

Kerensky stares at Fred for a moment.

KERENSKY

He told me about you, but nothing about your mother or where you were born. It has taken time, comrade, but I have found you.

FRED

My father was killed in a train accident in Basel Switzerland in 1917. I know nothing about Vladimir Lenin. Nothing! And don't call me comrade.

KERENSKY

I think it interesting you bear a resemblance to your late father.

(MORE)

KERENSKY (CONT'D)

I know you work for the CIA, and furthermore I know you are a spy.

FRED

You must be mistaken. My mother never even knew a Russian, let alone Lenin.

KERENSKY

It is sad your mother never told you about him. You have the right to know the truth.

FRED

You obviously have the wrong man. Now if you will excuse me, I have better things to do.

Kerensky stands and starts to walk out of the dining room, but stops.

KERENSKY

You must believe me, he is your father and you should be proud.

FRED

Listen, Mister Kerenksy, I don't know who put you up to this, but I know who I am and it isn't the son of Vladimir Lenin. I would like you to leave. Now!

KERENSKY

I understand, comrade, but I assure you it has been a privilege to meet Lenin's son.

Kerensky departs out the front door.

Fred rushes into his home office.

INT. FRED'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Fred grabs a book on Communism, opens the pages to a picture of Lenin and runs over to a old mirror on the wall and compares the photo to his image in the mirror. The slight resemblance is eerie. He cringes at the sight.

EXT. THE CAPITAL BUILDING - DAY

Fred meets Duncan on the steps of the Capital Building and they begin to walk down the mall.

FRED
Thanks for coming.

Duncan pulls the lapel of his coat up over his ears.

DUNCAN
It's colder than hell out here.
What's up?

FRED
I need to talk to you.

DUNCAN
What about?

FRED
I recently had a visitor. His name
is Alexander Kerensky. Do you know
who I'm talking about?

DUNCAN
No, not really.

FRED
Kerensky was involved in the 1917
Russian Revolution. He told me he
knew my father.

Duncan appears confused.

DUNCAN
Didn't your father die in some sort
of accident?

FRED
That's what my mother told me. But
Kerensky was adamant my father
really was Vladimir Lenin, the
founder of the Communist Party.

Duncan stops and grabs Fred's arm. They face one another.

DUNCAN
What?

FRED
I know it sounds bazaar, but that's
what he told me.

DUNCAN
And you believe him?

FRED

Of course not, but I'm worried. I can't have people thinking I'm related to a communist.

They stare at one another for a moment and begin walking.

DUNCAN

Have you talked to your mother about this?

FRED

Not yet, but she did say she had something to tell me when I talked to her on the phone.

DUNCAN

How did this Kerensky fellow find you?

FRED

I don't know.

DUNCAN

That's what bothers me.

Fred stops and faces Duncan.

FRED

What do you mean?

DUNCAN

If other Russians know where you live and probably who you are; then it's safe to assume Yuri Konakov knows as well.

FRED

Perhaps, but he hasn't contacted me yet.

DUNCAN

This could become a major problem. I don't know what else to say.

They shake hands and go their separate ways.

INT. THE OFFICE OF THE DEPUTY DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS - DAY

Fred is sitting at his desk when JOYCE, his new secretary, comes in.

JOYCE

Excuse me, sir. I'm your new secretary. My name is Joyce Miller.

FRED

Nice to meet you, I'm new at this, so you'll have to bear with me.

JOYCE

I understand, sir. Perhaps we can sit down at some point and discuss how you want to run the office.

FRED

Sounds good. By the way, you can call me Fred.

JOYCE

Yes sir.

FRED

One thing for sure, I need you to keep me abreast of the director's schedule at all times.

JOYCE

I certainly will.

The phone rings. Joyce goes into her office.

FRED

(into phone)
Hello.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RADISSON HOTEL - DAY

Fred, looking out the window, waits for Phyllis to arrive. There is a knock at the door and he answers it.

FRED

Come in. You look wet.

PHYLLIS

Excuse me while I dry off.

Phyllis disappears for a few moments and comes back in the room. She immediately approaches Fred.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

Fred, I'm so sorry for what happened. You must believe me.

Fred pushes her away. She eases down on the bed.

FRED
What the hell were you thinking?

PHYLLIS
I don't know. I guess I should have kept my mouth shut.

Fred begins to pace.

FRED
Yes, it would have been nice.

PHYLLIS
I really didn't mean to expose you. Please believe me.

FRED
So, were you having an affair with this guy?

PHYLLIS
No, of course I wasn't.

Fred stands over her.

FRED
Yes you were. Admit it. You were screwing the hell out of him, weren't you?

PHYLLIS
No!

FRED
Yes you were. Don't lie to me.

Phyllis appears like she's about to cry.

PHYLLIS
Yes. Yes, is that what you wanted to hear?

FRED
Damn you, Phyllis, that guy set you up. He didn't want to have sex with you. He wanted information.

PHYLLIS
Don't you think I know that now?

FRED
I mean I could have been killed. You know I'm the new director of operations.

PHYLLIS

I know.

FRED

I don't want the Soviets to know what I'm doing.

PHYLLIS

You know my clearance was temporarily suspended and I've been put on waivers.

FRED

That's the way the system works.

Phyllis stands and approaches Fred.

PHYLLIS

I want my job back.

FRED

I'm not sure that's possible.

PHYLLIS

Well, I think that's interesting coming from you. I mean you are the director of operations now. It'll be left up to you to decide.

FRED

What do you expect me to do?

PHYLLIS

You know what I want.

FRED

And if I don't.

PHYLLIS

Let's just say you won't like the consequences. My lawyer will be in touch.

Phyllis turns and walks out the door.

INT. MUELLER DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Fred and Nancy are sitting at their kitchen table. She hands him a piece of paper.

NANCY

(livid)

I found this piece of paper in one of your suit pants. It says Phyllis H, room 224. What the hell is this?

FRED

Phyllis Hamilton is a colleague and that's her office room number.

Nancy's face gets rigid.

NANCY

You know I'm not as stupid as you think. This isn't the first time I've found little pieces of paper with other women's names on them.

FRED

That's bullshit and you know it.

NANCY

I've had it. All you do is work, ignore me when you're home, and manage to socialize with any other woman you can find.

FRED

Of course I don't. What the hell is wrong with you?

The phone rings in the home office. Fred goes to answer it.

FRED (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello.

KONAKOV (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Comrade, I hope you didn't think your good news and great fortune wouldn't be shared with me? May I be the first to congratulate you on becoming the Deputy Director of Operations. I am humbled by this news.

Fred closes the door. His anger peaks.

FRED

(into phone)

How did you find me?

INTERCUT - KONAKOV'S OFFICE

Smoke lingers in the air from Konakov's cigar.

KONAKOV

(into phone)

It wasn't easy. I will tell you that, but nevertheless we are reunited once again.

FRED (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

I don't want any trouble.

KONAKOV

(into phone)

I must say, pretending to be an angry businessman willing to give secrets away wasn't your style. You have more integrity than that. How was your visit with Comrade Kerensky?

FRED (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Look, let's just play like this never happened. I'm not a threat to you or your superiors.

Konakov blows takes a long puff of his cigar and blows smoke in the air.

KONAKOV

(into phone)

Of course not, but I would like to welcome you to our way of life. We expect the son of the most revered man in Russian history to honor his memory. Please don't disappoint us.

FRED (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

You're mistaken. I'm not related to Lenin any more than you are.

KONAKOV

(into phone)

At nine o'clock tonight, you will be at the Haven Motel in Silver Spring Maryland and wait in the parking lot. We have much to discuss.

INTERCUT - FRED'S OFFICE DEN

Fred responds quickly.

FRED
(into phone)
Tell me now. It's not a problem.

KONAKOV (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Be sure you're not late, comrade. I
will be in touch.

EXT. HAVEN MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Fred drives into the parking and gets out of the car. He walks only a few steps before he is hit from behind, knocking him out.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

In the morning, Fred is lying in bed, practically naked, disoriented, woozy and with a terrible headache. He hears a noise in the bathroom. Suddenly a PROSTITUTE comes out of the bathroom, partially clothed.

FRED
Who the hell are you?

PROSTITUTE
We had a real good time last night,
honey, but I have to leave.

The woman finishes getting dressed.

FRED
I asked you a question.

Leaving, she blows Fred a kiss and shuts the door firmly behind her. While Fred tries to get his bearings, he stands to get dressed. The door is opened and in comes Bronski looking very unpleasant.

FRED (CONT'D)
What the hell's going on here?

BRONSKI
Ah, comrade. You seem very upset.
You must calm down.

FRED

I want you to tell me what this is all about. Right now.

BRONSKI

You tell me. You were supposed to meet with Comrade Konakov, but you chose to carouse with a prostitute.

FRED

What? That's ridiculous.

Bronski reaches into his coat pocket, takes out several Polaroid snapshots, and throws them on the bed.

BRONSKI

Looks like a man having a good time to me.

FRED

Jesus. Who took these? You?

BRONSKI

Of course not, but I have them now and I don't think your wife would enjoy looking at them.

FRED

You bastard. Give them to me.

BRONSKI

Here, you can have them. I have more.

Fred's adrenalin elevates. He tackles the man and they fight on the floor. Fred knocks the man out, grabs the photos and runs out the door.

EXT. HAVEN MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Fred can hear someone behind him. He runs through the parking lot and out to the street. The person behind him is getting closer. He runs in front of a car to get it to stop, opens the door and gets in. The car races down the street.

INT. MUELLER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

In the late morning, Fred is sitting at the kitchen table reading a magazine when Nancy walks in.

NANCY

So, where were you last night?

FRED
We're running an important
operation and I had to be at work.

NANCY
Do you think I really believe that?

FRED
Why would I lie to you?

NANCY
I'm leaving.

Fred stands and faces Nancy.

FRED
What?

NANCY
You heard me. I'm taking the kids
and we're going to my mother's
house for a while.

FRED
Look Nancy, I'm telling you the
truth. You don't have to do this.

NANCY
I've made up my mind. By the way,
this letter came in the mail the
other day. It's from your mother.

Nancy hands Fred the letter and walks out of the kitchen.
Fred opens the envelope, pulls out the letter and begins to
read it.

INT. BASEMENT BACK OFFICE - SAFFIRE'S SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Two days later, Fred meets with Duncan and they discuss
various matters.

DUNCAN
You seem out of sorts today.

FRED
My wife left me.

Fred doesn't respond.

FRED (CONT'D)
That's not all. Konakov found me.

DUNCAN

How?

FRED

I don't know, but he called me at home.

DUNCAN

How in the hell can this get any worse?

FRED

My father was Vladimir Lenin.

DUNCAN

That's what the Soviets want you to think.

FRED

I just received a letter from my mother. She had an affair with Lenin in Switzerland.

Duncan sits back in his chair.

DUNCAN

If the media gets hold of this, your days at the CIA are numbered.

FRED

I don't want this to ruin my chances.

DUNCAN

Do you really think you can become the director of the CIA?

FRED

Why not?

DUNCAN

There are several men who could be in line to take Jamerson's place when he retires.

FRED

When is he retiring?

DUNCAN

In three months. He just announced it the other day.

FRED

I guess I need to impress the boss.

Duncan hesitates, looking up at the ceiling.

DUNCAN

Do you think Konakov is just going to sit back and watch you become the director of the CIA without wanting you to provide him with the holy grail of intelligence?

FRED

Don't you think I know that?

DUNCAN

What are you going to do about it? You can only hold him off for so long.

FRED

Let me worry about it.

DUNCAN

Just remember, the Soviets don't mess around with this kind of stuff.

INT. OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE CIA - DAY

The next day, FRED is sitting at the conference table with Director Jamerson and a senator, BEN KEATING.

JAMERSON

Fred, I want to introduce you to Senator Ben Keating. He's a former CIA operative who decided to defect and join the senate.

Keating smiles but doesn't say anything.

JAMERSON (CONT'D)

Because of Ben's work on the Senate Intelligence Committee along with his exemplary service while at the CIA, I believe he merits consideration to replace me when I depart.

FRED

(looks at Keating)

Good to meet you.

(addresses Jamerson)

I understand you are retiring in several months.

JAMERSON

I've served my time. I want to spend more time with my wife.

FRED

Not to change the subject, but I met with Phyllis Hamilton recently. She wants to be reinstated.

JAMERSON

What did you tell her?

FRED

I didn't give her an answer. She threatened to make a legal issue out of this if I don't comply.

Jamerson appears to be in thought.

JAMERSON

Do you think she's a mole or just incompetent?

FRED

I'm not sure. What do you think?

JAMERSON

I don't know either, but she bears watching.

KEATING

I would be careful if I were you. When I worked here, we uncovered several moles.

Fred's smile is sarcastic.

FRED

Perhaps I should call her in and try to figure out her motives.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE - DAY

Fred is sitting at his desk reading a memo about current operations when Joyce walks in.

FRED

Good morning.

JOYCE

Have you heard from Duncan lately?

FRED
Two days ago. Why?

JOYCE
His secretary says she hasn't seen him.

FRED
He could be feeling under the weather. I'll try to give him a call.

JOYCE
She told me it's very unusual for him not to check in.

FRED
I'm sure he's all right.

The phone rings.

FRED (CONT'D)
If you'll excuse me.

Joyce goes back in her office.

FRED (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello.

KONAKOV (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
I expect you are well this morning, comrade.

FRED
(into phone)
I was fine until I heard your voice.

KONAKOV (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Please, I only want to help you with your worldly ambitions.

FRED
(into phone)
It's hard to talk on this line. You should call me at home.

INTERCUT - KONAKOV'S OFFICE

There is a shadow of another person sitting next to Konakov while he smokes a cigar.

KONAKOV
(into phone)
This is a matter of utmost
importance.

FRED (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
What is it?

KONAKOV
(into phone)
I'm currently in possession of
something you will consider
personal.

FRED (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
What do you mean?

KONAKOV
(into phone)
Your friend Duncan Weatherington
sends his regards.

Konakov blows smoke in the air toward Weatherington and
grins.

FRED (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
What?

KONAKOV
(into phone)
You heard me, comrade. As you
Americans would say, it's an
insurance policy.

FRED (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Damn you, Konakov. Let him go. Do
you hear me?

KONAKOV
(into phone)
You will give us the information we
want or you will pay the
consequences.

FRED (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 Where can we meet?

KONAKOV
 (into phone)
 This afternoon at two o'clock, you
 will proceed to Fisherman's Wharf
 in Washington. I will meet you
 there and we can discuss what you
 wish.

INTERCUT - FRED'S OFFICE

FRED
 (into phone)
 I warn you, if you harm Duncan,
 I'll make it hell for you. Do you
 understand?

KONAKOV (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 Of course, I wouldn't expect
 anything less.

Fred is nervously fidgeting at his desk, glancing at his
 watch, getting ready to go to Fisherman's Wharf. Joyce comes
 in the office.

JOYCE
 Sir, the director wants to see you
 in his office now.

Fred looks at his watch.

FRED
 But I have appointment off site in
 a few minutes.

JOYCE
 I would cancel. Jamerson really
 needs to talk to you.

Fred departs his office.

INT. OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE CIA - DAY

Jamerson is standing at his desk when Fred walks in.

JAMERSON

What can you tell me about Duncan Weatherington? Apparently, no one knows his whereabouts.

FRED

I saw him two days ago. Honestly, I don't know where he is.

JAMERSON

I want to make sure he hasn't met with foul play. I want you to look into this.

FRED

Yes sir, I'll take care of it.

JAMERSON

We all know too much to be compromised. You need to find him.

Fred departs the office quickly, knowing he is late for his meeting with Konakov.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - DAY

Fred walks around back of the buildings and looks for Konakov. He zigs zags back and forth trying to see in front of him because of the crowd of people. Finally, he sees someone he believes to be Konakov. He races toward the individual, only to realize it isn't him. He doesn't see Duncan either. He waits for a few minutes, knowing they aren't there.

INT. MUELLER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fred is sitting on the sofa when he hears the front door open.

FRED

I'm glad you're home.

He hugs his wife.

NANCY

I wasn't sure I would come back, but here I am.

FRED

Look, I promise things will be different.

Nancy stairs at Fred.

FRED (CONT'D)

Let's go away on a vacation. Just the two of us.

NANCY

Are you sure you can get away from your hectic schedule?

FRED

(grins)

I'll make it happen.

NANCY

Good, I'm going up stairs to change. We can talk some more.

She goes upstairs. The phone rings in the home office and Fred goes in to answer. Seconds later he comes out with the keys to his car. He yells up stairs.

FRED

(yells)

I'm going to the store. I'll be back in a few minutes.

EXT. THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL - NIGHT

Fred walks around the interior of the memorial like he's looking for someone. He doesn't see any tourists, but he hears a noise. As he walks around the statue, he sees a figure standing in the shadows. As Fred starts to walk forward, a shot rings out, and it nicks Fred in the arm and he falls. The assailant disappears. Fred gets up and darts for his car.

INT. MUELLER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fred comes in the front door. Nancy, in a nightgown, is standing there watching him.

NANCY

What the hell happened to you?

FRED

Someone tried to rob me.

NANCY

I thought you were just going to the store.

FRED

I did, but a guy approached me and asked for money, and when I refused he pulled out a gun.

NANCY

Let me see that. You need to see a doctor.

FRED

It's not that bad. Antiseptic and a bandage will do.

NANCY

I guess the vacation's on hold.

Nancy grabs Fred and they go upstairs.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE - DAY

Two days later, Fred is reading the newspaper when he looks up and sees Phyllis standing at his door.

FRED

I didn't expect you until later.

PHYLLIS

Early bird gets the worm.

Phyllis causally takes a seat.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

(grins)

Or something like that.

FRED

You should be happy. We reinstated your clearance. I assume that's what you wanted.

PHYLLIS

Getting my clearance back is wonderful, except I no longer have access to covert operations.

FRED

That's correct.

Phyllis gets a terrible look on her face.

PHYLLIS

Why?

FRED

You must know why. We can't afford another slip up. We have other things for you to do.

PHYLLIS

Like what?

FRED

A few administrative matters. I'll let you know when I'm ready.

PHYLLIS

You'll have to do better than that.

FRED

Don't worry. I'll take care of you.

PHYLLIS

You better.

Phyllis departs quickly.

INT. DOWNTOWN RESTAURANT - DAY

Fred and Joyce sit at a small table at the rear of the restaurant.

FRED

I want to thank you for the support you've given me since I took over.

Fred raises his glass of wine in way of appreciation.

JOYCE

I'm only too happy to help, but thank you.

FRED

It's the least I could do.

JOYCE

I'm sorry to hear about Duncan. Does anyone know where he is? I mean what happened to him?

FRED

No one knows. Believe me, we're looking for him.

JOYCE

I hope he's not a victim of a crime.

FRED
I certainly hope not.

JOYCE
I know Director Jamerson wants him found.

FRED
Believe me, I'm doing everything in my power to get to the bottom of this. I'm not giving up yet. He could still be alive.

Joyce gets a look of confusion on her face.

JOYCE
Why do you say that? Do you know something no one else knows?

FRED
No, of course not. Bad choice of words.

Joyce smiles and sips her wine.

FRED (CONT'D)
I want you to know I'm working on a special project and I need your help.

JOYCE
What do you want me to do?

FRED
I'll explain this better back at the office, but I need you to gather quite a bit of intelligence information.

JOYCE
What kind of information?

FRED
I'll tell you later. Suffice it to say, it's important we get this done quickly.

Joyce picks up her glass of wine and takes a sip before she speaks.

JOYCE
I found your photos.

FRED
What photos?

JOYCE
The ones in your desk. They're very provocative.

FRED
What the hell were you doing going through my desk?

JOYCE
It wasn't intentional, I assure you. I was looking for paperwork I gave you some time ago.

Fred's demeanor shows he's a bit embarrassed.

FRED
I'm sorry you saw those. It's not what it appears. What did you do with them?

JOYCE
I left them in your desk.

FRED
Let's pretend you never saw them. Agreed?

JOYCE
Okay.
(smiles)
I honestly don't know what photos you're talking about.

Fred lifts his glass and lightly taps Joyce's glass and smiles.

INT. MUELLER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Later, the same day, Fred walks in the front door confronted by an irate wife.

FRED
What the hell's the matter?

NANCY
These came in the mail today.

Nancy throws the Polaroids on the floor. Fred goes over and picks them up.

FRED
What the hell?

NANCY
Who is she?

FRED
Look, this isn't what you think.

NANCY
(face contorting)
Don't lie to me. Who is she?

FRED
I'm telling you, someone doctored
these photos.

NANCY
How can I believe you with all
that's gone on?

FRED
It's hard to understand, but yes,
you have to believe me.

NANCY
You can go to hell. I'm leaving
with the kids and this time, I'm
not coming back.

FRED
Please, let me explain.

Nancy walks out the front door.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE - DAY

The next morning, Fred meets with Martha at his small
conference table.

FRED
It's good to see you again. How
have you been?

MARTHA
(smiles)
I've been told you're looking for
an operative for a new mission.

FRED
I think you are perfect for the
job. I know you have the technical
expertise.

MARTHA

Are there others as qualified as I am?

FRED

I think you are probably the one to take this on. But, let me warn you this is a very dangerous assignment.

Martha garners a broad grin.

MARTHA

I'm no stranger to hazardous duty. Who will be my contact?

FRED

His name is Alexei Podgorny.

MARTHA

Ah, Colonel Podgorny.

FRED

Yes, do you know him?

MARTHA

I don't know him personally.

Martha throws Fred a coy look.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

So, have I convinced you? I do like a good challenge.

FRED

You should be prepared to leave within the week.

MARTHA

Thank you. You won't be disappointed.

Fred sits back in his chair.

FRED

By the way, have you heard from Phyllis lately?

MARTHA

No. Why?

FRED

What's your opinion of her?

MARTHA

She's a novice. What can I say?

FRED

You don't think she's a mole, do you?

MARTHA

I guess anything's possible.

FRED

Her behavior is strange. I'm beginning not to trust her.

MARTHA

I would watch your back if that's the case.

Martha departs as the phone rings. Fred answers it. It's a CALLER he doesn't recognize.

FRED

(into phone)
Hello.

CALLER (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)
Come to the Iwo Jima memorial now.
Someone will meet you there.

FRED

(into phone)
Who is this?

The phone goes dead. Fred looks at his watch. It's late morning. He grabs his suit jacket and runs out the door.

EXT. IWO JIMA MEMORIAL - DAY

Fred approaches the Iwo Jima statue. He sees someone standing there, but can't make out who it is. When he gets there, the person turns around and faces him.

KONAKOV

I see you could make it on such short notice.

FRED

Where the hell is Duncan?

KONAKOV

Let me just say he is being detained.

FRED
What the hell for?

KONAKOV
I would calm down if I were you,
comrade.

FRED
That doesn't answer my question.
Where is he?

KONAKOV
You will see your friend when I get
what I want.

FRED
Stop playing games, Konakov.

They begin walking side by side.

KONAKOV
Let me be clear. There is certain
information I need from you. If you
don't provide it to me, you may
never see your friend again.

Fred stops and grabs Konakov's arm.

FRED
You won't get away with this.

Konakov pushes Fred's hand away.

KONAKOV
Are you willing to take the risk?

FRED
If you do anything to Duncan, I'll
kill you.

KONAKOV
You must not take this so
personally, comrade. Did anyone
ever tell you that you have a
temper just like your father?

FRED
Look, I'll do what you want, but I
want Duncan released.

Konakov smiles and adjusts his coat.

KONAKOV

Very well, I want data on satellites and missiles. You gather this data for me, and I will ensure your friend meets no harm.

FRED

It will take time. This information is extremely hard to get.

KONAKOV

I know you come from noble lineage and therefore will do everything in your power to comply with my wishes.

FRED

Demands you mean.

Konakov pulls out a piece of paper from his pocket.

KONAKOV

You can reach me at this number. Ask for Mitchell. I will come to the phone immediately and tell you where to deliver the goods.

Konakov hands Fred the piece of paper, turns and walks toward the tree line and disappears through it.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE - DAY

A day later, Fred is pacing as Joyce walks in.

FRED

I need your help. Please shut the door.

JOYCE

What do you need?

FRED

I need you to get information on highly classified information.

Fred hands a written note he just penned to Joyce.

JOYCE

I'll see what I can do. This is not easy to get.

FRED

I know, but I'm counting on you.

Joyce walks out of Fred's office. Fred stares at the wall.

EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - OUTSIDE WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

A car pulls up to the warehouse. Two men get out and drag Duncan out of the back seat. They escort him into the building.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

The two men place Duncan who is blindfolded in a chair and secure his arms. The boiler room is dark and damp with water falling from several pipes. Konakov walks in and faces Duncan. He takes the blindfold off.

KONAKOV

Your colleague is not cooperating.

DUNCAN

Why should he?

KONAKOV

He agreed to give us important information we do not have.

DUNCAN

He won't betray his country.

Konakov steps forward and slaps Duncan across the face. He doesn't flinch.

KONAKOV

You will make sure he does.

DUNCAN

You need to leave me go.

KONAKOV

Not until you agree to cooperate.

DUNCAN

I can't help you. You know that.

Konakov puts the blindfold back on and motions for his two henchmen to take Duncan away. They drag him out the door.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE - DAY

Two days later, Joyce enters Fred's office, and she's very distraught.

JOYCE

Sir, I have extremely bad news.

FRED

What's the matter?

JOYCE

Duncan Weatherington was found yesterday near a riverbank in Northern Virginia.

FRED

What?

JOYCE

All appearances are he was murdered. The police say he was strangled.

FRED

That can't be true.

JOYCE

I'm afraid it is, sir.

FRED

Does Jamerson know?

JOYCE

Yes, he wants to see you.

FRED

When?

JOYCE

He's waiting.

INT. JAMERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Jamerson is sitting at his desk when Fred walks in.

JAMERSON

Please Fred, have a seat. I'm sorry about Duncan. I know you two were very close.

FRED

It's hard to believe.

JAMERSON

The police said it looks like homicide, but they haven't ruled out suicide.

Duncan sits with a stern face.

FRED

Duncan would never have killed himself.

JAMERSON

Can you shed any light on this?

FRED

Not really.

JAMERSON

He was working high-level cases. Perhaps he angered someone enough to take his life.

FRED

The Soviets have been difficult to deal with, but I can't think of why someone would want him dead.

JAMERSON

I want you to head up an investigation.

FRED

Yes, sir, I'll do my best.

Jamerson smiles and sits back in his chair.

JAMERSON

Good. Now, I suppose this isn't the time to bring this up, but I've been watching you. When I retire, the CIA will need someone like you to take over.

FRED

I thought you wanted Senator Keating to be the next director.

JAMERSON

Well, it's not up to me. All I can do is make suggestions, but yes Keating is still a candidate.

FRED

I would be honored to be considered.

JAMERSON

I'm really sorry about Duncan. Men of his caliber don't come around very often. We'll all miss him.

FRED

He taught me everything I needed to know to be a good agent. He can rest in peace knowing that.

INT. FRED'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Lights off and the door shut, Fred is deep in thought when the phone rings. He answers.

FRED

(into phone)
Hello.

KONAKOV (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)
We need to talk, comrade.

FRED

(into phone)
You bastard, what the hell did you do?

KONAKOV (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)
You must calm down, it was an accident.

FRED

(into phone)
It wasn't a damn accident. Duncan was brutally strangled.

KONAKOV (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)
You have my condolences. What else do you expect me to say?

Fred pounds his fist on his desk.

FRED

(into phone)
You didn't have to kill Duncan. I told you I would give you the information.

KONAKOV (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

I will tell you this; your friend's death was very unlucky, but if you don't give me what I need soon, you will be the subject of a scandal revealed to millions of people in every newspaper in the country.

FRED

(into phone)

Damn it, it takes time, Konakov. You know that. But you'll get the data.

KONAKOV (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

I knew you would come to your senses, comrade. Promotions are hard to come by in the CIA.

FRED

(into phone)

I can never forget what you're done.

KONAKOV (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Duncan can't help you now. You better do as I say or else.

Fred slams the phone down and sits back, totally spent.

EXT. MUELLER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fred is on the couch when Nancy walks in. He gets up and walks over to his wife, and she initially keeps her distance.

FRED

I'm so glad you came back. I didn't even think you'd answer the phone when I called.

NANCY

I only came back because I know you were devastated by your boss' death. We'll have to take it one day at a time.

Fred hesitates, appears upset.

FRED

It's hard to except his death.

NANCY
Have they found the killer?

FRED
No, but the police are still
looking.

NANCY
You must assure me things are going
to be different this time. You know
what I mean.

Fred puts his arm around Nancy gives her a kiss.

EXT. MUELLER'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Two days later, Nancy and Christine walk out of the house to their car and suddenly it blows up sending the both of them against the side of the garage.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE - DAY

Fred is reading the Washington Post when Joyce walks in.

JOYCE
Sir, you'll want to take this call.

FRED
Who is it?

JOYCE
I think it's your son. I can't make
out the words very well.

Fred picks up the phone and connects on the line.

FRED
(into phone)
Scott, what is it?

SCOTT (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Dad, please come quickly.

FRED
(into phone)
Where are you?

SCOTT (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
At Fairfax hospital. Please hurry.

Fred hangs up.

JOYCE
What's the matter?

FRED
I don't know. There must have been
an accident. I've got to go.

INT. LOBBY - FAIRFAX HOSPITAL - DAY

Fred runs up to the reception desk of the emergency room and approaches a NURSE.

FRED
I'm Fred Mueller. My son told me to
come here. Can you tell what's
wrong?

NURSE
Your wife and daughter were in an
accident. Please follow me.

Fred follows the nurse past a series of medical rooms until they reach a large room at the end of the hallway. The nurse points to a room and motions for him to go in.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Fred immediately sees Scott standing there next to Nancy.

FRED
What happened?

SCOTT
Mom's car blew up in the driveway
just before she and Christine got
in.

FRED
What the hell?

NANCY
I guess we need a new car.

Fred looks at his son and shakes his head; then looks at Nancy.

FRED
We could have just traded it in,
but I'm glad you're all right.

Nancy is not amused.

NANCY

Who would do such a thing?

FRED

I don't know, but I'm going to find out. They won't get away with it.

SCOTT

Why did this happen? I mean we don't have any enemies.

FRED

Where's your sister?

SCOTT

She's in another room, but she's heavily medicated and sleeping. They don't want her to be disturbed.

INT. FRED'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Fred sits alone staring into space thinking of his visit with his wife just hours ago. The phone rings and he gets up and answers it.

FRED

(into phone)

Who's this?

KONAKOV (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Comrade, you seem to have forgotten your manners.

FRED

(into phone)

What have you done you deranged barbarian? My wife and daughter could have been killed.

KONAKOV (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

It was only meant to get your attention. Why would I want to kill your beautiful wife and daughter?

FRED

(into phone)

I don't know, but you almost did. What the hell do you want with me?

KONAKOV (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
I want what you have repeatedly
said you would give me. It's now
time to deliver.

FRED
(into phone)
Just tell me when and where.

Fred takes out a pad and pencil and listens.

KONAKOV (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
On Friday, you will go to Norfolk,
Virginia. You will check into the
Beach Mariner Motel and wait for my
phone call. When you come, you
better have the data, or believe me
it will not be pleasant for you,
and you can expect more of what you
saw today.

FRED
(into phone)
You'll get what you want, but you
better lay off. Do you understand?

Fred abruptly puts the phone down and goes into the living
room.

INT. J. EDGAR HOOVER'S OFFICE - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Hoover is at his desk when agent Denton abruptly arrives and
pulls up a chair.

DENTON
Sir, it has been brought to my
attention the Deputy Director of
Operations at the CIA, Frederick
Mueller, could have communist ties.

HOOVER
Who gave you this information?

DENTON
One of my sources at the CIA.

HOOVER
Is Mueller a communist sympathizer?

DENTON

Not sure, but supposedly he's related to a former communist leader.

HOOVER

Who?

DENTON

Vladimir Lenin.

HOOVER

What's the relationship?

DENTON

Lenin's his father.

Hoover sits forward with a look of disbelief.

HOOVER

What? Where did your source get this information?

DENTON

I'm not sure, sir.

HOOVER

Stay on this. If it is true, I want to be told immediately.

Denton shakes his head.

EXT. BEACH MARINER MOTEL - NORFOLK VIRGINIA - DAY

In the pouring rain, Fred pulls up and parks. He grabs his satchel and runs toward the front door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Fred dries himself off and takes a seat, taps his fingers on the small desk and waits for Konakov to arrive. He looks around at sparse and delapidated furniture and cracked walls. Moments later, there is a knock at the door. Fred opens it. A large man, who Fred has never seen, barges in, tackles Fred and starts beating him up.

FRED

Hey, what are you doing?

After a few moments, the man gets up and departs. Fred lies on the floor in pain. The door is opened and in walks Konakov.

KONAKOV

It's time to get off the floor.

FRED

Who was that Neanderthal? I mean,
was that necessary?

KONAKOV

I trust you have what we want.

Fred opens his satchel and pulls out the document.

FRED

It's all there.

KONAKOV

Where are the files? I also don't
see any blueprints.

FRED

What files? I copied down all the
important information you need.
Blueprints are hard to get.

KONAKOV

I'm not sure this will be enough,
but I'm willing to have it
analyzed.

Without notice, Petrov enters the room.

PETROV

Did he bring the data?

KONAKOV

Yes, it's in this pad of paper.

Petrov thumbs through the pad.

PETROV

What is this?

FRED

Like I told your comrade, it's the
information you requested.

Petrov points his finger at Fred.

PETROV

Is it? An imbecile could have made
this up. Why didn't you copy the
files themselves? What are you
trying to pull?

FRED

Look, I just couldn't copy the files. Security was too great.

PETROV

You expect me to believe that?

FRED

Yes, I do.

KONAKOV

(smirks)

Perhaps we should give Comrade Mueller the benefit of the doubt and go off and analyze the data. I mean why would he lie to us?

PETROV

I warn you, if this information is false or not at all what we want, you will answer to me. Have I made myself clear?

FRED

Yes.

Konakov and Petrov depart slamming the door behind them.

EXT. FAIRFAX HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM PARKING LOT - DAY

Two days later, Fred and Nancy abruptly park their car, get out and rush into the emergency room.

INT. LOBBY - FAIRFAX HOSPITAL - DAY

Fred sees an ORDERLY and grabs her.

FRED

My son, Scott Mueller was just brought in here. We want to see him.

ORDERLY

Let me get the doctor.

They sit and wait for DR. WALSH to arrive.

DR. WALSH

Mr. and Mrs. Mueller, your son has been shot and he's in serious condition.

FRED

What! Where did this happen?

DR. WALSH

I'm not totally sure. He was shot in the back and has a spine injury. The police have more information.

FRED

Can we see him?

DR. WALSH

Yes, but I have to tell you he's in a coma. I'm sorry. There's no other way to say it.

The doctor takes them back to Scott's room and stands to the rear while they stare at their son in disbelief.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE - DAY

A few days later, Fred is in thought sitting at his desk. Joyce comes in and disturbs his train of thought.

JOYCE

Sorry to interrupt, sir. I know this is a terrible time for you, but the director wants to see you when you're ready.

FRED

Tell him I'll be there in a few minutes.

Fred eases back in his chair and closes his eyes.

INT. JAMERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Fred enters the office. Jamerson is standing near his conference table reading a piece of paper.

JAMERSON

Have a seat. How is your son?

FRED

Considering he was in a coma a few days ago, he's doing fine. He's home recuperating.

JAMERSON

That's good to hear.

FRED

I've made provisions for my family to go to our cabin in Montana. It'll be safer there for the time being.

JAMERSON

Any indications who targeted your family?

FRED

No, but I'll find out. It's been a nightmare.

JAMERSON

I have some bad news. Martha Bensonhearst is missing: nowhere to be found. It's believed she met with foul play.

FRED

I was afraid of that.

Jamerson looks away for a moment.

JAMERSON

That's not all. Before she went missing, she indicated to a colleague Phyllis Hamilton is working for the Soviets.

FRED

Is that a credible assessment?

JAMERSON

I don't know, but we're checking it out and if it is, she'll be arrested.

FRED

I guess she had everyone fooled.

JAMERSON

I suppose.

Jamerson picks up a folder on his desk and opens it.

JAMERSON (CONT'D)

Now I have some good news. I know it comes at a bad time for you, but you have been nominated to be the next CIA director. How does that sound?

FRED
 (trying to smile)
 I don't know what to say.

JAMERSON
 I'm not leaving for a few months so
 you will have time to get ready.

FRED
 I really thought Ben Keating was on
 the right track.

JAMERSON
 My guess is you had the advantage
 since you're currently working in a
 high-level management position at
 the agency.

FRED
 I'll do my best not let the agency
 down.

JAMERSON
 Good, now, if you'll excuse me, I
 have a private phone call to make.

Fred gets up and departs.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE - DAY

Fred sits at his desk with the door closed, lights turned
 off, and stares at the phone. He picks up the receiver and
 makes a call.

FRED
 (into phone)
 Is Mitchell there?

KONAKOV (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 I'm disappointed, comrade. You once
 again failed to deliver what we
 wanted.

FRED
 (into phone)
 Trying to kill my son was the last
 straw, you asshole.

KONAKOV (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 Unfortunately, we had to get your
 attention somehow. Are you going to
 provide what we want or not?

FRED
 (into phone)
 And if I don't?

KONAKOV (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 We will expose you to the world and
 more important, the FBI.

Fred face shows his anger, but he remains silent for a moment.

FRED
 (into phone)
 I hear you loud and clear.

KONAKOV (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 This is your last chance. Leave the
 documents at the drop site in
 Maryland tonight after dark. We
 will be waiting.

FRED
 (into phone)
 After that, I never want to hear
 from you again.

Fred slams the phone down. He pulls out a piece of paper and writes a scathing response to the Soviets. It reads: FOR ALL YOUR EVIL AND WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY FAMILY, YOU CAN GO STRAIGHT TO HELL. In a move that will surely infuriate Konakov, he signs the note Lenin's Son. He puts the letter in a yellow folder.

Joyce comes into his office.

JOYCE
 I understand congratulations are in
 order.

FRED
 I suppose.

JOYCE
 I thought you would be ecstatic. I
 mean you wanted Jamerson's job.
 Right?

FRED
 I don't know. I guess I'm just
 overwhelmed. That's all.

JOYCE

Look, I know you still blame yourself for Duncan's death. It's not your fault.

Fred doesn't say anything; just glares at Joyce.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

You have to let it go.

FRED

You're right. I need to stay focused.

JOYCE

That's the spirit. I have to leave early today for an appointment. See you tomorrow morning.

FRED

Yeah, see you tomorrow.

Fred watches as Joyce walks out of his office. He seals the yellow folder and puts it in his briefcase.

EXT. DROP SITE IN MARYLAND - NIGHT

Fred drives down a small road to the area he had been before. He gets out of the car and puts the sealed yellow folder encompassing his letter up against a tree. He gets back in his car and departs for home.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MUELLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Fred paces back and forth. He starts to call his wife, but decides not to. He goes over and opens a closet and pulls out an old box. He takes out a fake beard and a pair of black-rimmed glasses and puts them on. He goes through the house ransacking it to make it look as if someone broke in. The idea is to make it appear he could have been kidnapped. He leaves through the back door.

EXT. WOODED AREA LEADING TO HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Fred runs through the woods as fast as he can. He sees lights on the highway and hears the roar of the traffic. Fred flags down a six wheeler. He gets in and the truck drives off.

EXT. BUTTE MONTANA - MUELLER CABIN PORCH - DAY

With several inches of snow on the ground, Fred walks along a road and can see his cabin in a small valley. As he gets closer, he sees his family sitting on the front porch. He waves to them. He walks up the path to the porch and they all hug.

SCOTT

The guy on the news says you're dead.

CHRISTINE

I thought I would never see you again.

FRED

It's all right, I'm here now.

Nancy's voice gets louder while she paces a bit.

NANCY

Why did you put us through hell, leaving us to wonder whether you were dead or alive?

FRED

You don't understand, Nancy.

NANCY

Then explain it to me.

FRED

I've been doing undercover work for the CIA for years.

Scott walks up to his father.

SCOTT

So you're a spy.

FRED

That's not important now. What is important is what I recently learned. The Soviets believe I'm the son of Vladimir Lenin.

NANCY

How can that be?

FRED

Believe it or not, my mother had an affair with him when he spent time in Switzerland.

NANCY

The Soviets can say what they want.
They can't prove it.

Fred appears apprehensive, but then responds.

FRED

My mother confirmed it in a letter.

NANCY

So the Soviets were trying to
blackmail you.

FRED

Yes, those bastards did everything
they could to ruin me.

SCOTT

What did they do?

FRED

They threatened to expose me if I
ever became the CIA director. That
would have been a total disaster,
to me and to all of you.

Nancy grabs Fred's arm.

NANCY

So you faked your death to get away
from them.

FRED

I had no other choice. What could I
do?

NANCY

There are going to be questions. If
they can't find your body, they'll
assume you were kidnapped and look
for you.

FRED

(laughs)

Well, you won't be able to say I'm
not around anymore.

NANCY

What if the Soviets find you again?

FRED

They'll never find me here.

NANCY

(smiles)

You can take your fake beard off now, but I would think about growing a real one.

INT. MUELLER CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Two weeks later, the family has settled in. Nancy decides to take the kids to a movie. Fred is on the sofa reading a book.

NANCY

We're going to see Midnight Cowboy. Do you want to come?

FRED

No, I don't think so. I'm reading The Godfather. It's pretty good.

NANCY

Okay. We'll see you later.

They walk out the front door and Fred gets up to watch them leave. He sits back down to read his book. While Fred is reading, he hears noises, and goes over and looks out the front window. He sits in his chair again. All of a sudden, he hears what sounds like the cocking of the hammer of a gun behind him. He turns around and stands.

KONAKOV

So, you think you can fool me, comrade.

FRED

How the hell did you find me?

KONAKOV

You've always underestimated me.

FRED

Listen to me, Konakov, I can't betray my country. Not for you. Not for anybody. So you want to shoot me. Go right ahead. Everyone in Washington thinks I'm dead anyway.

Konakov begins to shake like rabid dog.

KONAKOV

You must explain why the son of the most revered man in Russia wouldn't want to honor his father's memory.

FRED
Why should I?

KONAKOV
You are his flesh and blood,
comrade.

FRED
You must be mad. I have nothing to
do with Lenin.

KONAKOV
Your mother told me all about her
affair.

FRED
You talked to my mother?

KONAKOV
Yes, she is a sweet lady.

FRED
What do you really want?

Fred moves closer to Konakov.

KONAKOV
(yells)
Redemption, comrade. You not only
betrayed your father, you betrayed
me as well.

FRED
It's all over. I'm not going to
give you what you want.

KONAKOV
I stood up for you to my superiors.
I told them you would honor your
heritage. Now I have to answer to
very angry men.

Konakov drops his guard for a second. When he does, Fred leaps forward and tackles him to the floor. As they fight, the gun comes out of Konakov's hand and careens across the wood floor and lands against the wall. They both get up and scurry for the automatic. Fred kicks it against the door. Yuri lunges for it and misses. Fred picks it up and points it at Konakov.

KONAKOV (CONT'D)
So, comrade, the tables are turned.

FRED

You bastard, you killed my best friend. You tried to kill my wife and daughter, and then my son. That's when I decided being Director of Central Intelligence wasn't worth it. I should give you the benefit of the doubt, but my mother once told me a mad dog must be put to sleep.

KONAKOV

Remember, Russia knows the truth. You will never be able to hide.

Fred thinks for a moment and raises the gun, cocks the trigger, and fires into Konakov's chest. The Russian falls immediately. Fred lowers the gun and checks Konakov's pulse. He grabs his lifeless body and drags it out the back door.

EXT. FLINT HILL MANASSAS - SMALL ROAD LEADING TO SAFFIRE'S DRIVEWAY AT THE SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Fred drives down the small road into the driveway of the safe house. He notices a limousine parked there with the chauffeur sitting inside. He gets out of his car and enters through the back of the house.

INT. BASEMENT - SAFFIRE'S SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Fred rounds the corner from the stairs and sees the new CIA director standing there.

KEATING

So, you are alive.

FRED

Yeah, I guess even deputy directors can come back from the dead.

KEATING

You know, your disappearance and presumed death had a big affect on a lot of people.

FRED

I'm sure it did, but I had no other choice.

Keating motions for them to take a seat on the chairs positioned there.

KEATING

I really thought the Soviets would eventually back off. I guess they were too caught up in their own madness.

FRED

Konakov took it upon himself to wage a crusade against me because he thought I was the son of a man who apparently was his hero.

KEATING

It's too bad you ever got involved with him.

FRED

I thought he was just another Soviet handler.

KEATING

There's nothing we can do about it now.

FRED

I almost blew it, Ben. I almost gave those bastards our secrets about missiles, satellites, and you name it.

KEATING

What happened to Konakov?

FRED

He's dead.

Keating doesn't appear happy to hear that news.

KEATING

What?

FRED

I killed him. He tracked me down and broke into my cabin.

KEATING

Damn it, Fred, the Soviets are going to be all over this.

FRED

I'm sure he tracked me down on his own.

KEATING

What did you do with the body?

FRED

I buried him on my property.

KEATING

Let's just hope the Soviets didn't know he was there.

FRED

I need a change of identity.

KEATING

We'll work something out. You know, I got a call from J. Edgar Hoover. He wanted to know if you were a communist sympathizer.

Keating laughs.

KEATING (CONT'D)

I told him of course not.

FRED

(grins)

Has there been any word on Martha Bensonhearst?

KEATING

No, she's presumed dead.

FRED

What about Phyllis Hamilton?

Keating smiles, and pats Fred on the back.

KEATING

I think we got our mole. She's being investigated for espionage. I'm sorry, Fred, I have to meet with the President, but I'll be in touch.

FRED

I understand. I'll tell you one thing, I'll be damned if I'll ever let anyone call me comrade again.

They shake hands and Keating slowly walks up the stairs.

INT. KREMLIN CANTEEN - DAY (EARLY 1969)

Victor Pogdanov sits at a small table in the far corner of a large canteen reading a newspaper. Demitri Petrov joins Victor, engaging him in conversation.

PETROV

How did the Mueller operation go so wrong?

POGDANOV

It is regrettable, but we must accept what fate has dealt us.

PETROV

We must now answer to Brezhnev for what has occurred. He doesn't share your view about our failures.

POGDANOV

But what can we do? Mueller has disappeared, and further more we cannot locate Konakov.

PETROV

Konakov is either dead or has decided it is better to seek asylum on the other side.

Pogdanov's voice booms.

POGDANOV

He would never do that.

PETROV

It's not for you to say.

POGDANOV

So what are we to do now?

PETROV

Perhaps you are ready to serve your country in a way that will bring you great honor.

POGDANOV

I'm not prepared to commit the same mistakes as Comrade Konakov.

PETROV

Do not fear, you will have help.

Petrov points to a table across the room. Sitting there are a decorated ARMY COLONEL and an attractive redhead having a conversation.

ARMY COLONEL

Yuri Konakov's disappearance is very unfortunate. It's now time to act.

MARTHA

When is our next assignment?

ARMY COLONEL

Soon enough, comrade.

Petrov and Pogdanov continue their conversation.

POGDANOV

I'm still angry Mueller's secretary couldn't tell us where he went. It would make things much easier.

PETROV

Yes, of course.

An official looking gentleman comes up to the colonel's table. He hands a hand-written note to the redhead. Reading it quickly, she picks up her purse and silently excuses herself, leaving the note on the table for the Colonel to read.

Pogdanov approaches the Army colonel.

POGDANOV

Where has Comrade Bensonhearst gone? I wanted to ask her a question.

ARMY COLONEL

She has been summoned by Comrade Galanski to get her new orders, I believe.

Pogdanov stands a little straighter.

POGDANOV

(smiles)

I will talk to her later. The Kremlin's star shines brightly once again.

Pogdanov puts his coat on, tucks his newspaper under his arm and confidently walks out of the canteen.

EXT. KREMLIN GROUNDS - DAY

Pognanov steadfastly walks down the street on the Kremlin grounds in the glistening snow.

FADE OUT.

THE END