

SCARECROW AND MRS. KING

"The Mole"

Written by
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SCARECROW AND MRS. KING

"The Mole"

CAST LIST

AMANDA KING

LEE STETSON

DOTTY WEST

BILLY MELROSE

FRANCINE DESMOND

PHILLIP KING

JAMIE KING

WALTER DAVIS REILLY

VIKTOR IGNATIEV

BLUE LEADER

RONNIE QUAN

NED

KRIKA

MONICA BENSON

DEPUTY



SCARECROW AND MRS. KING

"The Mole"

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

ELEGANT CONDO

Penthouse
Hallway at Elevators
Lower Stairwell
Garage

NEDLINDGER'S WASHINGTON PUB

Bar
Entrance
Corner Booth

THE AGENCY

Billy's Office
Bullpen
Billy's Doorway
Elevator/Closet

Townhouse Door HISTORY

WASHINGTON MANSION

Dessert Table

EXTERIORS:

ELEGANT CONDO

AMANDA'S HOUSE

THE AGENCY

WASHINGTON MUSEUM OF NATURAL
HISTORY

WASHINGTON MANSION

LITTLE LEAGUE BALL PARK

Dugout
Canvas Booth

GEORGETOWN

Street WASHINGTON MUSEUM OF NAT

WASHINGTON CITY GARDEN

NEDLINDGER'S WASHINGTON PUB

WASHINGTON SUBURBS

RURAL INTERSECTION

SMALL ROADSIDE COFFEE SHOP

QUIET SIDE ROAD

WOODED AREA

WASHINGTON STREET

INDOOR RIDING ARENA

Judges' Booth
Ring

VEHICLES:

LEE'S PORSCHE

AMANDA'S STATION WAGON MERCEDES SEDAN ND SEDAN #1 ND SEDAN #2 DARK
LIMOUSINE AMBULANCE TWO POLICE UNITS BLACK CORVETTE AGENCY SEDAN
SHERIFF'S CAR

(

(

(

SCARECROW AND MRS. KING

"The Mole"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ELEGANT CONDO - NIGHT 1

We ESTABLISH the stylish building, document a sleek, grey Mercedes sedan as it blurs INTO VIEW, dives out of sight into the underground parking area. CAMERA SLOWLY TILTS UP, disclosing floor after floor of balconies, then RESTS finally ON the penthouse level. MUSIC, soft, faintly foreign, Eastern European, HAS BEGUN.

2 INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - OVER CHESSBOARD - NIGHT 2

Two men silently hover over a beautiful inlaid board, distinctive chess pieces. One of them, KRIKA, darkly rugged, leans back to reveal a shoulder holster under his Italian silk suit jacket. It jars us momentarily in the tranquil setting. OVER, we discover the music source, a handsome unit of stacked STEREO COMPONENTS. The apartment decor is a soft off-white, smoothly complementing the mix of antiques and modern furnishings. The mood, for a split second, is serene, unhurried -- until the apartment door blasts open to reveal VIKTOR IGNATIEV. Viktor is Bulgarian, polished, 50. He rockets into the room, neglecting, in his headlong rush, even to close the door. He bores straight for a Louis XV "bureau plat," already giving abrupt directions to the two startled men.

VIKTOR

(softly accented;
rushed)

Hurry... they're coming! Burn
the papers!

The men spurt across the room to join him, as he hauls sheaves of letters, cables, from the antique piece, hands them off to Krika. Krika quickly finds a thin tract, offers it.

KRIKA

The code, Viktor...

Viktor snatches it from him, lopes to a nearby Marie Antoinette cupboard, flings open the doors. Inside we see a small, squat, kiln-like device with a sliding metal disc on its top. He gestures toward it, snaps:

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

VIKTOR

Quickly! First the code and the cables... they must not be found. You're armed?

KRIKA

(a solemn nod)

I am, Viktor.

VIKTOR

Then you know what to do.

He gestures to the other man, they hurry out. Krika, now alone, kneels at the cupboard, reaches inside.

3 CLOSE ON KILN

3

as Krika lights it, we hear the PHOOOM of IGNITING GAS, see flames blossom within the steel chamber. Krika hastily begins feeding the paper sheets through the tiny aperture in the kiln-top.

4 EXT. ELEGANT CONDO - NIGHT

4

The grey Mercedes zooms up from the underground garage, headlights blazing as it digs PAST CAMERA. ANGLE ALTERS SLIGHTLY to find Lee Stetson's Porsche racing toward the building. It's closely followed by two ND sedans. The Porsche swoops to the curb, LEE pops out, waves urgently to the closest sedan, shouts:

LEE

Block the driveway! Ronnie, take the garage and elevator! Francine... stairwell! Davey... with me.

FRANCINE has slid out of the second sedan, with DAVID BENSON, a good-looking young man of Lee's age. RONNIE QUAN, attractive, lithe, plants his sedan neatly across the garage driveway, bails out, darts down the ramp, revolver already drawn. Francine, galloping after Lee and David, dredges a pistol from her handbag, rummages for a tiny walkie-talkie. The three disappear into the building. After a beat, CAMERA PANS BACK TO the street, HOLDS ON a dark limousine which rolls to a silent halt half a block away. Its smoked-glass windows offer no hint as to its occupants.

5 INT. CONDO HALLWAY AT ELEVATORS - NIGHT

5

The doors glide open, Lee and David move out of it, immediately sight the unit they are looking for.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

As they move CLOSER TO CAMERA, we hear:

FRANCINE (V.O.)
(filtered)
Scarecrow...? Nightlight?

The voice issues from Lee's WALKIE-TALKIE. He quickly raises it, speaks quietly:

LEE
(into handset)
Scarecrow.

FRANCINE (V.O.)
Stairwell secured.

LEE
Check. 'Go,' are you reading?

RONNIE (V.O.)
(filtered)
Go here, Scarecrow. Garage secure.

LEE
(into handset)
Check. Scarecrow and Nightlight moving in.
(to David; drily)
Any idea how t'say 'freeze' in Bulgarian?

DAVID
(small smile)
Not a clue.

The two men approach the polished double doors, revolvers drawn, at shoulder position, moving slowly, deliberately.

6

INT. CONDO LOWER STAIRWELL - FRANCINE - NIGHT

6

She waits tautly, her snub-nose revolver held coolly, professionally. The walkie-talkie is in her other hand.

7

INT. CONDO GARAGE - RONNIE - NIGHT

7

Ronnie, code name "Go," is equally unruffled, his gaze sharply sweeping the garage interior.

8

INT. CONDO - KRIKA - NIGHT

8

The Bulgarian is crouched at the kiln, feverishly feeding paper sheets into the high temperature burner.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 8

Suddenly, there is the CRASH of the DOOR SPLINTERING. Krika's head swivels in shock. His hand goes to his shoulder holster.

9 WIDER ANGLE 9

as Lee and David sprint inside, instantly crouching low, fanning out, revolver muzzles reflexively sighting.

LEE
(snapping)
Arretez-vous!! Don't try it!!

DAVID
(simultaneously)
Das ist gefahrliche, mein herr!!
Bad idea, bud!!

The Bulgarian freezes for an instant. Lee's gaze takes in the kitchen area abutting the room, he snaps a split-second glance into the adjoining bedroom. Krika, eyes wide, fearful, suddenly recovers from his momentary shock, wheels, jams the last papers into the little oven, simultaneously veers to train his weapon at Lee.

10 DAVID 10

FIRES! Then he stays in his crouch another moment, gazes steadily down the snubbed barrel of his gun.

11 LEE 11

reacts, slowly lowers his weapon, his voice hushed.

LEE
(almost a whisper)
Davey... that's the wrong guy.
That's not... Viktor.

12 EXT. ELEGANT CONDO - ON LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 12

It waits. CAMERA SLOWLY PANS BACK TO the building to find an ambulance, two police units, all with roof-flashers blinking. CAMERA ZOOMS us CLOSER TO the entrance, as Lee, Francine, David and Ronnie emerge. They are not happy, as they cluster momentarily. Ronnie summons a smile, claps a friendly hand on Lee's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

RONNIE

So, all I'm saying is, it's not the total end've the world.

(shrug)

A busted play. It happens.

FRANCINE

It's more than that, Ronnie, and we all know it.

DAVID

Yeah, maybe it happens... but not...

LEE

(over; tersely)

... Not in our section. Not three times!

Lee strides to the Porsche, climbs in. The others get into the unmarked sedans. The PORSCHE GUNS away from the curb, speeds down the avenue. The two sedans pull out, head in the opposite direction. After a moment, the dark-windowed limousine arcs from its spot, purrs after Lee's Porsche.

13

INT. LEE'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

13

Lee's edginess is evident as he flicks on the car radio, punches button after button, gets nothing, not a sound. A radio voice cuts over, stopping him cold.

BLUE LEADER (V.O.)

(filtered)

Scarecrow, this is Blue Leader.

Lee blinks, stares at the radio, then sneaks a look about the small car interior.

BLUE LEADER (V.O.)

(continuing)

You may respond, we are on a secure frequency, Scarecrow. What happened to Viktor Ignatiev?

Still trying to locate the source of the mysterious voice, Lee focuses on the rearview mirror.

13A

TIGHT ON MIRROR

13A

THROUGH which we see traffic behind the Porsche. For a moment, and only a moment, a dark limousine is disclosed, perhaps two cars behind him.

13B BACK TO SCENE

13B

BLUE LEADER (V.O.)

I gather by your silence the mission
was once again a failure?

LEE

(uneasily)

Um... yessir, he was... gone.

INTERCUT WITH:

14 INT. DARK LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

14

CAMERA is ANGLING FORWARD, ACROSS the form of the man in
the limo's rear seat, not allowing us to see his face.
BLUE LEADER appears to be grey haired, distinguished,
but otherwise unidentifiable.

BLUE LEADER

(not pleased)

Again...

(then)

... For the third time. The man
comes in and out of the country...
illegally... seemingly at will.
The first time we missed him, he
was leaving with the Godiva Papers.
Then, last year... when he got by
us atain... it was the Danzig
Formula...

(a beat)

... The man is a peril to natinal
security. You realize his best
information goes directly to the
Politburo.

LEE

(uneasily)

Yessir... but nailing him is like
catching a handful of smoke.

BLUE LEADER

Scarecrow, what we have here is not
a series of accidents. We have a
traitor... a mole.

(to silence)

We must find that person... more
specifically, you must find that
person.

Lee shifts uneasily in the Porsche seat.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Pardon me, sir, but I think short-circuiting Billy Melrose would be a...

BLUE LEADER

(over; pressing)

Let me make it clear... everyone in Field Section in suspect. Scarecrow, you are the only one who was not party to the two earlier attempts to stop Viktor... You were in the Mid-East in '81, Norway in '83...

LEE

(over; miserably)

Blue Leader... excuse me, but I don't think I'm your man. Internal Investigation isn't my thing.

BLUE LEADER

(sharply)

It is precisely your 'thing.' You were leader of a failed mission tonight. I expect you to redeem yourself.

(abruptly)

Blue Leader... out.

The CAR RADIO suddenly BLARES ROCK AND ROLL. Lee dives to SNAP it OFF, instantly snaps a look in his mirror.

15
thru
17

OMITTED

15
thru
17

18

TIGHT ON REARVIEW MIRROR

18

and an empty street behind Lee.

19

LEE

19

swallows hard, slams the heel of his hand against the steering wheel.

Our ANGLE is OVER AMANDA and JAMIE. PHILLIP is already in the car, waiting impatiently, then studying something he finds on the car floor. Jamie has his mouth wide open, Amanda is peering in. DOTTY joins them, hands Jamie a book-bag.

DOTTY

You forgot it again, honey. Why is it you always forget your book-bag... never your lunch?

AMANDA

(concernedly;
to Jamie)

Where, exactly, does it hurt?

JAMIE

(open-mouthed;
a gargle)

Gjkla;lkjf v jkflalkd!

AMANDA

(hands to his
forehead)

Tonsils? Adenoids? Why didn't you mention it earlier, Jamie, when I could take your temperature?

PHILLIP

(the know-it-all)

Because he just now thought've it, that's why.

JAMIE

(furious; strangely
clear-voiced)

Did not!

PHILLIP

Did so! Mrs. Kilmer's gonna boot your butt for not doing your homework.

AMANDA

(aghast)

Phillip!

DOTTY

(simultaneously)

Phillip... we don't use that language.

PHILLIP

The kids at school all say 'butt.'

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

(wincing)

But... but...

PHILLIP

(triumphantly; over)

See?

DOTTY

Your mother was not using... 'that word,' Phillip. She was just...

(a beat)

... What's that? That... thing in your hand?

Phillip displays the "thing," a roll of film.

PHILLIP

It's just film, or somethin', Gran'ma. I just found it on the floor here.

Amanda glances up, unruffled.

AMANDA

Sure, that's all it is, a roll of...

(abruptly reacting)

... Film...! Ohmigosh, I...

(then covering)

Umm, Phillip... let me have it, please.

DOTTY

(immediately)

Amanda... I'll bet it's from Mary Ellen's baby shower... or the pictures we took at the picnic. It could even be...

Amanda takes the film from Phillip, scrutinizes it momentarily before turning to get into the wagon.

DOTTY

(continuing)

... No, no... not the school play...

(then, brightly)

I know... I could take it to the camera shop...

(adding)

... and see what develops.

AMANDA

(a brief smile)

'What develops'... sure...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(pocketing the film)

But don't bother, I'll take care of it.

(gesture)

Let's go, boys, we'll be late.

JAMIE

(plaintively)

But... but what about my tonsils... my glands... my temperature?

AMANDA

Jamie, your skin temperature is normal, your color is just fine... and your glands are definitely not swollen...

(nice smile)

Now, would you like to try for smallpox... or just get in the car...

Jamie, defeated, reluctantly clambers in.

PHILLIP

(sagely)

Smallpox won't help when Mrs. Kilmer boots his... uh... 'you know what' for not drawing his map of Ecuador.

Doors slam, the wagon pulls out of the driveway, with Dotty waving after them.

20A EXT. NEDLINGER'S WASHINGTON PUB - TO ESTABLISH - DAY 20A

21 NEDLINDGER'S WASHINGTON PUB - DAY 21

Lee sits at the bar, his expression morose. A bowl of chili and cup of coffee before him. Francine, David and Ronnie sit or stand around him, attempt to cheer him. Francine is in edgy mid-speech:

FRANCINE

(defensively)

All right. You say Billy was a little ticked this morning... but I wasn't ducking that meeting... I had all those cables from Cuba Station to get up to Crypto.

(CONTI'

DAVID

(drily)

Oh, right... and I'm Pope Leo.

Lee has been slowly simmering, scanning each one of them in turn, with more than usual interest -- but the bickering is getting to him. Finally:

LEE

Look, I've really had it with this whole Bulgarian number, okay?! Now, the next guy who mentions Viktor, or what Billy said... is gonna be wearing this bowl of chili!

Ronnie recoils in pretended fear, palms extended, attempts a placating smile. Backs off, with:

RONNIE

Hey... your way, babe...

DAVID

(retreating; grinning)

Right, you got it... just leaving. Watch my feet, see... definite movement there...

FRANCINE

(pointing, over)

A booth just opened up in the back. It's not an 'A' table, but who are we to quibble?

RONNIE

(to Lee; cheerfully)

So you catch the check, we'll settle up later.

(adding)

After payday, a'right?

The three go off toward a booth across the room, carrying half eaten sandwiches, cups of coffee or tea. Lee turns slightly to watch them. After a beat, he squares back to the bar, stares grimly at the barely touched coffee before him.

Amanda peers into the dimly lit interior, sees Lee at the bar, smiles relievedly, starts across the room.

23 AT CORNER BOOTH 23

Francine, David and Ronnie are settling themselves.
David is facing the bar entrance. He alerts, during:

RONNIE
(to Francine)
... I mean we're talkin' big trouble
here, Francine...

24 DAVID 24

follows Amanda's path toward the bar.

RONNIE (O.S.)
... Billy Melrose knew you blew off
the meeting...

25 HIS POV - TO AMANDA 25

now approaching Lee at the bar.

RONNIE (V.O.)
... An' your alibi better be good...
I mean air-tight, kid. Right, Dave?

26 BACK TO DAVID 26

who hears not a word, his attention riveted on Amanda.

27 AT BAR 27

Amanda settles on the stool next to Lee, smiles brightly.

AMANDA
I've been calling the Agency all
morning, trying to find you. Billy
finally said you might be here.
(slight wince)
I've got the... film.

LEE
(blankly)
Film?

NED, the Pub owner, slides INTO VIEW, drawls:

JACK
An' what'll your lady have tonight,
Lee?

<CONTI'

LEE

How about a coffee, a small chili...
and a verrry large fire extinguisher,
Ned?

NED beams, points a forefinger toward Lee, chortles:

NED

Fire extinguisher... I like that.

LEE

(to Amanda; shrug)
Ned's kind've easy t'please.
(beat)
Now... what about... film?

AMANDA

(over;
conspiratorially)
The film you left in my car, Lee.
Phillip found it this morning, and...

LEE

(over; bugged)
Amanda, I don't know what the heck
you're talking about.

AMANDA

(patiently)
Remember the surveillance thing
you had to do in such a rush...
and you borrowed my station wagon
because your car was so conspicuous?
(to vague nod)
Well, you left your film in it.

She leans closer, slips the film to him as surreptiti-
ously as she can possibly manage. Lee frowns, accepts
it, glances at it, then wags his head in disbelief, idly
flips the film roll in the air, catches it.

LEE

(with great
tolerance)
Amanda... this 'film'... is a roll
of test stuff I ran through the
camera to see if the take-up reel
was working okay after they fixed
it.

AMANDA

(slowly)
Oh.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID (O.S.)

Now, no prompting... it was Paris,
the spring of '81...

David eases INTO FRAME, his eyes on Amanda, a drink in
his hand.

DAVID

(continuing)

... Or was it Athens, '82... you
were wearing a bright red dress and
had a... nooo.

(head-wag)

... It must've been last week at
the plain ol' Agency, standing next
to plain ol' Lee's desk.

(smile)

Mrs. King, I do believe.

(an out-thrust
hand)

David Benson, your eternal servant.

Clearly, Amanda does remember, is very pleased at David's
interest.

AMANDA

Oh, yes. Hi. You have a very
good memory.

Lee has observed his friend's florid and, to him, too
obvious line, shakes his head, mutters, low:

LEE

No, just great taste.

DAVID

(to Amanda)

No, just great taste.

Lee wags his head in disbelief, returns his attention to
the coffee before him on the bar.

AMANDA

(enchanted)

What a sweet thing to say.

LEE

(to David)

David...

(gesturing toward
glass in David's
hand)

... isn't your ice melting?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

David's glance flicks from Lee to Amanda, back again.

DAVID

(affecting surprise)

Oh-oh, sorry, I didn't know you two had... uhm, anything... personal going.

(retreating)

Anyway, no harm, no foul, okay?

Lee puts out a hand, nabs David in mid-stride.

LEE

Hold it... there is nothing personal 'going' between Amanda and me.

AMANDA

It's... business, just... business.

DAVID

(to two simultaneous nods)

Well, a-right, then...

(to Amanda; smoothly)

So... since I don't want t' rush things. What d'you say to a little lunch... where we can talk about dinner tonight?

Amanda's gaze wavers between the two men. She seems uncertain, as she looks to Lee questioningly. Lee merely shrugs. Perhaps we see the slightest flicker of irritation in Amanda's expression at Lee's "could care less" attitude. She promptly flashes a big smile at David.

AMANDA

(to David)

All right, I'd love to.

DAVID

I'll flag down a nice quiet booth...

(indicating Lee)

... where the Grinch can't glare at us, and I can tell you about this dynamite party tonight.

LEE

I'm not sure any've us ought to make plans just now, Dave.

DAVID

You mean the Viktor thing? Listen, you want t'hear my slant on Viktor...

(CONTIN

27 CONTINUED: (4)

27

At the mention of Viktor, Lee has turned warningly.

LEE

Dave, let's not 'bother' her with it, a'right?

(then pointedly)

Look, Amanda's not involved in that.

DAVID

(catching on)

Ahhh, gotcha.

(now to Lee)

But it's my hunch there's going to be an 'Internal' on this one.

Someone... someone near and dear to all of us is going to draw the short straw... and the duty...

(with distaste)

... 'Informer'... that has to be crumb-job of all time, right?

28 CLOSE ON LEE

28

who has heard, wishes he hadn't. His features have gone stony, his gaze holds on the unfinished coffee before him. Now he slowly nods.

LEE

(low; tautly)

Yeah... right... crumb-job...

His look still holds forward, he seems unwilling or unable to face Amanda and David, as we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

29 EXT. AGENCY (STOCK) 29

30 INT. BILLY'S OFFICE - DAY 30

BILLY MELROSE prowls behind his desk, his face set, stern-appearing. Behind him, on a chalkboard, a single name is printed: VIKTOR. Clotted about his desk are the members of Field Section: Lee, Francine, David, Ronnie, WALTER DAVIS REILLY, and a number of others. They sit or stand dejectedly, in hang-dog silence, listen to the tirade. Lee will intently study the faces surrounding him. Francine, in particular, seems oddly nervous.

BILLY

... And what we should be concerned about is, that everything Viktor learns is pipe-lined right to Moscow...

FRANCINE

(contritely)

We know, Billy.

DAVID

(a shrug)

What can we say after we say we're sorry, Billy? We're as shook up as you are.

BILLY

Well, you're about to be a little more shook up...

(an ominous beat)

... I want reports on the Viktor Operation. Not the kind've garbage you people hand in that're supposed to pass for expense vouchers... I mean 'report' reports.

(to a low groan)

I want 'em all the way back to '81 ... and I want 'em complete...

DAVID

(asiding)

Neatness and originality to count for fifty percent...

BILLY

(irritably)

Benson... stow it... I've got a slot open in Finland next December.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

BILLY (CONT'D)

Keep that in mind, unless you've
got a deal on snow tires.

David shifts uneasily, as Billy's gaze pins him for a
long moment, then:

BILLY

(continuing)

I want 'em typed so I can read 'em
... and I want 'em fast.

(warningly)

You've got two days.

31 ANGLE FAVORING WALTER DAVIS REILLY

31

who is a man in his middle 60's, rumped, professional,
a pipe smoker with a sharp tongue. He raises an index
finger, wags it, as:

REILLY

Mis-ter Melrose... I don't believe
I have to remind you that I have
only nine days, six hours and...

(from a pocket
watch)

... twenty minutes... remaining on
my service to this agency.

(adding)

Plus which I have not been asked
to move from my desk for the last
six months...

(a dry smile)

... May I consider myself exempt
from your little essay?

32 LEE

32

focuses intently on Reilly, his gaze sharp, assessing,
as we hear MUTED LAUGHTER from the others.

BILLY (O.S.)

No one's exempt, Humbug.

33 WIDER ANGLE

33

REILLY.

(a shrug)

Fine, fine...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REILLY (CONT'D)

Mine may be a bit long and rambling...
senility does that, you know...
but it nevertheless will be a
sharp and penetrating look at this
whole business... a view from
behind the desk, so to speak...
and toward the water cooler and
men's room.

David cracks up, the others grin, suppress laughter.
Billy, long used to the acid humor, tolerates it. Lee's
expression remains locked in thought. Reilly notices,
but says nothing. Billy reacts to the laughter, crosses
to the door, opens it, stands in the opening.

BILLY

(grimly)

Swell, just keep up the laughing,
'cause that's exactly what a lot've
East-bloc countries are doing
right now... at you.

(to Lee)

Hang in for a minute.

The others silently channel out. Lee remains. Billy
closes the door.

BILLY

(continuing)

Scarecrow, I'm particularly
interested in your report. You're
new on this one and maybe you'll
have a different perspective. It
could be important.

(a beat)

To tell the truth, I think I'm
about... that far...

(indicating with
thumb and
forefinger)

... from a phone call from Blue
Leader.

(grimly)

And we know how heavy that can be,
don't we?

LEE

(carefully)

Blue... Leader... well...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

BILLY

(a wave-off)

Forget it... since when would the top guy talk t'field agents...

(a shrug)

... Anyway, you heard me give the others two days to get their reports in... I'm giving you one.

LEE

(stunned)

One?! One day!

BILLY

(a wry nod)

One mission, one day... and since I've seen you type...

(a small smile)

... I'd look for some help, if I were you... and not out've the steno pool... If we need someone with a grade ten security certification.

LEE

(drily)

Oh, sure... and a small miracle.

BILLY

(a knowing grin)

So happens I, just might have one for you. How's ninety words a minute and a security clearance, for openers?

34 EXT. WASHINGTON MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY (NPS) - DAY
TO ESTABLISH.

34

LEE (O.S.)

... So, Billy suggested you. You do type ninety words a minute, right?

35 INT. WASHINGTON MUSEUM - ON HUGE SKELETON - DAY

35

The skeleton is of Tyrannosaurus Rex or Tyrannosaurus Irving, or whatever, but huge. CAMERA SCANS DOWN its massive height and FINDS Amanda and Lee, mere molecules in comparison.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

I... um... sure... ninety words,
if you don't count errors.

(a small frown)

And this was... Billy's idea.

LEE

(lightly)

Billy's idea all the way, um-hum.

AMANDA

(a wry smile)

Well, that's... just... fine.

Fine. Thank Billy for me.

LEE

(absently)

Will do.

(then)

Amanda, there's something I want to
tell you, that's...

He is scanning the towering skeleton.

LEE

(continuing)

Y'know, this guy looks like he
came in second in a Godzilla movie..

AMANDA

(a nod)

Or they had a very poor school
lunch program in those days.

Lee grins appreciatively, as together, CAMERA TRACKING,
they move toward another display, a nearby sabre-tooth
tiger display.

AMANDA

(continuing)

This one's interesting...

(reading from sign)

... 'Sabre-tooth cat, so called
because of the two formidable tusk-
like teeth. They preyed chiefly
on...'

LEE

(over)

Amanda... could we skip the tour...
and...

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

(over)

You don't like sabre-tooth tigers?

LEE

T'tell the truth... not a lot.
I'm not into over-bite... But that
isn't why I brought you here...

AMANDA

No. Not the dinosaurs.

LEE

Not the dinosaurs... no. The
Mole. Amanda, it looks like we
have...

AMANDA

(over, nodding)

Oh, I know what they look like,
Lee... we had one in our garden
once... it ate all the carrots.

LEE

(patiently)

Amanda...

AMANDA

(continuing
blissfully)

... Just the part under the ground,
of course...

LEE

Uhhh, I don't think you understand...

AMANDA

No, no, I do, really. The tops of
the carrots would look just fine,
but when you went to pull them
up...

LEE

(over, tautly)

Amanda... whoa! This is a whole
other kind've mole, a'right? This
kind is a traitor, someone who
works from inside... a spy in the
Agency.

AMANDA

Ohboy, that's a lot worse.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

A lot, yeah. Someone has been tipping off this Bulgarian agent named Viktor every time we were about t'drop the net on him... Night before last was the third time... and our boss, Blue Leader, dumped the whole investigation in my lap.

AMANDA

(impressed)

That's a lot of responsibility, isn't it... He must have a great deal of confidence in you.

LEE

(wryly)

Yeah. It's a real honor.

(confidentially)

So, since I'm going to have to dig into the personal lives of everyone in the Field Unit, I'll need all the help I can get. To do it, I need someone I can absolutely trust.

AMANDA

(thrilled)

And that's... me?

LEE

That's you.

AMANDA

(slowly)

Was this Billy's idea, too?

LEE

Nope, mine.

AMANDA

(brightening)

Oh.

LEE

Yeah, you're the only one with a grade ten security clearance, outside the Agency.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

(flatly)

Oh.

(then)

But... aren't these agents...
friends of yours?

LEE

(a wry nod)

Until they find out we're going
through their bank statements,
telephone bills, income tax
filings, doctor's reports, credit
ratings, all that good stuff.

(suddenly

remembering)

Oh... and we can't tell anybody
about this, okay?

AMANDA

We can't? Why?

LEE

Because everyone is a suspect.

AMANDA

You mean... Billy?

LEE

For one, yeah... He's been going
to that pay phone around the corner
kind've a lot... calls to somebody...

(a shrug)

... And Francine's been cutting
meetings and acting weird. Humbug
hates the retirement business.

AMANDA

(over, low)

And... David Benson is a suspect,
too?

LEE

You got it.

AMANDA

(low, shocked)

Omigosh... I've got a date with a...
... a... suspect.

(then)

No, Lee, that can't be true. He
seems so nice, so... sweet...

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Sweet. Goody.

AMANDA

He was a perfect gentleman at lunch
and...

LEE

He buy?

AMANDA

Of course... And now I'm supposed
to go to dinner with him. How do
I get out've it?

LEE

(easily)

You don't. You go.

AMANDA

(in misery)

With a... a mole?!

LEE

(evenly)

We don't know whether he's the mole
or not, Amanda. I've known David
for five years. We play squash
together, we've paced the waiting
room together when they were
operating on his sports car... we're
buddies.

36 EXT. AMANDA'S HOME - OVER LOTUS - NIGHT

36

The front door opens, Amanda and David exit the house,
start toward the car. Amanda wears her black, strapless
gown, pearls, a stole. David has on a dinner jacket.
Amanda stares at the sleek sports car.

AMANDA

What a beautiful car. Is it new,
David?

DAVID

About... six, eight months old,
just after the divorce.

(a grin)

Any sooner, it would now be parked
outside 221 Orchard Street, Apartment
Two, Arlington, Virginia.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

AMANDA

(amusedly)

Oh, that kind of divorce.

DAVID

Ah, yes...

He whips open the passenger door for her, as:

DAVID

(continuing)

But leave us not cry over spilt marriage... what kind've food do you like...? Polynesian, French, Italian, Afghan, Swedish, name it.

AMANDA

(as she sits)

I... thought you had someplace particular in mind, when you told me to dress for dinner...

DAVID

(easily)

Nope... and leave us not consider expense... because expense is no problem to the truly creative.

He closes the door.

37

CLOSE ON AMANDA - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

37

as she reacts, wets her lips nervously, thoughts of "mole" suddenly stronger in her active mind. David climbs into the Corvette, smiles, STARTS the CAR as CAMERA PULLS BACK, UP, HOLDS as the low-slung CAR VROOMS OFF down the quiet street.

38

EXT. WASHINGTON MANSION - NIGHT

38

TO ESTABLISH. The stone building is enormously impressive, porticoed, pillared, with a number of Cadillacs, Mercedes in evidence, as is David's Lotus. Several parking valets idle near the entrance.

DAVID (V.O.)

... Or chocolate mousse cake, or lemon souffle, maybe? I can recommend the Baked Alaska, Amanda...

The display is a gastronome's delight; exotic custards, tortes, cakes, plates of Amaretto cookies spread the length of the dessert table. Amanda and David move slowly along, he with his arm looped possessively across her shoulders, pointing knowledgeably, grinning.

DAVID

... I can even get Marcel to whip up crepes, if you like.

Amanda, her eyes wide, allows herself to be towed along, her gaze on the wondrous display. Beyond them, in the glittering chamber, we see beautifully gowned women, men in dinner jackets. A STRING QUARTET PLAYS somewhere O.S. David deftly steers Amanda around an older couple who hesitate over the mousse cake and David exchanges a smile of easy familiarity with the man. CAMERA TRACKS WITH Amanda and David; as they move on, he murmurs:

DAVID

(continuing)
Recognize the senator?

AMANDA

(craning)
Senator? Where, David?

DAVID

(a grin)
You just passed him.

AMANDA

(impressed)
My goodness, a senator... and he smiled at you.

DAVID

You smile... they smile back... everybody thinks you belong. No dessert? Sure?

AMANDA

I just couldn't.

David waves at a distinguished couple passing nearby, gets a warm wave, smile in return, calls:

DAVID

Evening, sir, lovely party.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAVID (CONT'D)

(back to Amanda,
smoothly)

Then, why don't we just wander
over there, to the bar... have a
little after-dinner drink?

(as they move)

Not used to the fast track, eh?

He guides her through the elite gathering with great expertise, makes straight for the bar. CAMERA TRACKS WITH them, during:

AMANDA

Not this fast. I'm more your PTA
luncheon, pot-luck at the church
type.

(a grin)

I warned you.

DAVID

Yes, you warned me... but a little
late, Amanda...

(direct, warmly)

... I was already zapped.

AMANDA

(quizzically)

Zapped?

DAVID

(stopping,
unsmilingly)

Zapped.

AMANDA

(oh!)

Oh!

(quickly, shaken)

Well... I, uhm...

(moving again)

... You said something about smiling
at people and they'd think you
belonged...

(slowly)

... You... don't... belong?

DAVID

Me? Amanda, I'm an Agency-type...
we don't get invited to these things.
What I do is check the caterers...
I know most've them... I find out
what parties are going that night,
where they are, who's hosting...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAVID (CONT'D)

(a grin)

... then I pick one. Can't beat the price.

AMANDA

(astonished)

And... they always let you in?

DAVID

Always...

AMANDA

(in amazement)

For free. Do you do this every night?

DAVID

You kidding? A couple've nights a week I catch something at the Steak o'Bob, or throw a TV dinner in the ol' microwave. You know what an agent knocks down in salary every month... you kind've learn to live on the cheap.

(amusedly)

There, you know all my secrets... hope I didn't blow my image, Amanda.

AMANDA

(visibly relaxes,
relievedly shakes
her head)

No, no... not at all, really.

Amanda smiles, David smiles back. They suddenly seem very close.

Billy is stabbing the air with an index finger, lecturing the assembled agents, including Lee and Walter Davis Reilly. Neither David nor Ronnie is present.

BILLY

... So I want it stopped. There are enough rumors around here as it is, without... without...

(CONTINUED)

REILLY

(helpfully)

Without adding grist to the mill.

BILLY

... Without adding grist to the mill. Nobody is being transferred, nobody's being fired... And, far as I know, nobody's being investigated, so let's stop this ... this...

REILLY

Paranoia.

BILLY

Right, paranoia...

(then)

Okay, get back to those reports.

He turns, stomps back toward his office, CAMERA FOLLOWING and FINDING Amanda, who has just entered, now waits by the entrance, ill-at-ease, a sheaf of papers in her hand. Billy bears down on her, scowling.

AMANDA

(cautiously)

Hi.

BILLY

(snapping)

You doing Scarecrow's report?

AMANDA

Oh... uhm... well...

BILLY

Good. On my desk. Five o'clock.

He slams into his office. Lee spots Amanda, moves quickly toward her, his voice deliberately pitched so that others can hear. He takes the papers from her, smiles, tows her to his desk, with:

LEE

Oh, my typing. Thanks, Amanda...

(low, warningly)

... Don't act so... mysterious, okay?

(more loudly)

Nice copy, no strikovers.

(hiss)

What is this?

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED: (2)

40

AMANDA

(under)

Those bank statements you got...
the ones I'm supposed to check.

(beat)

The man you call 'Go'...

LEE

(low)

Ronnie. Ronnie Quan.

Amanda leans over the desk, opens the papers to a dog-eared leaf, indicates a red-circled entry. Lee looks, reacts, whispers:

LEE

(continuing)

One deposit... forty-two thousand...

(forgetting,

louder)

... Thousand?

(a quick glance

around, then

hushedly again)

I've got t'get to Ronnie right
away.

He jolts to his feet, starts off, leaving Amanda.

41

EXT. RIDING ARENA - CLOSE ON HORSE - DAY

41

The horse, ridden by a young woman, is on course, jumping a series of oxers, verticals, one-strides, in a figure eight pattern. The young woman wears breeches, boots, rat-catcher, hunt cap. Our CAMERA, IN LOW ANGLE, DOCUMENTS the hunt-round, then SLOWLY TILTS TO a row of seats about mid-way up in the otherwise empty arena, HOLDS ON Ronnie Quan.

42

CLOSER ON RONNIE

42

who watches horse and rider with no real interest, glances at his wristwatch, restlessly shifts in his seat.

43

AT TREE LINE

43

a man comes out of the shadows, moves into light. We recognize Viktor. He scans the seats with great caution, focuses on Ronnie. He moves OUT OF FRAME, down the steps, a briefcase in one hand.

44 CLOSE ON RONNIE

44

as he follows girl and horse with a bored gaze.

45 HIS POV

45

The horse and rider approaching a colorful Swedish oxer.
The horse catches the CROSS-RAIL, sends it CRASHING down.

VIKTOR (O.S.)

Please don't turn around, Mr.
Quan.

46 CLOSE OVER RONNIE

46

who freezes. Now, behind him, Viktor slides into a seat,
the briefcase in his lap.

RONNIE

(slowly)

You the guy who phoned with the
tip on the Bulgarian thing?

VIKTOR

Even better...

Ronnie's hand flashes out of his jacket, a snubbed .38 in
it. Viktor doesn't move, but we hear the DISTINCT PHHHT!
of a SILENCED AUTOMATIC. Ronnie slumps OUT OF FRAME,
revealing a smoking perforation in Viktor's briefcase.
Slowly, Viktor removes his hand from the leather case,
stands, moves out, the sound of GALLOPING HOOVES REMAIN-
ING, OVER.

47 AT JUDGES' BOOTH - ON GLOVED HAND

47

The hand rests momentarily on the corner post. Male or
female, old or young, we can't tell. What is clear is
that someone has been observing. The hand WITHDRAWS.
CAMERA RACKS FOCUS, HOLDS ON the handsome horse, its
absorbed rider.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

48 EXT. AGENCY - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT (NPS) 48

LEE (V.O.)

So what the hell was Ronnie doing
in a riding arena...?

49 INT. AGENCY BULLPEN - NIGHT 49

It is late, the area is dimly lit, the mood somber, as Lee sits glumly at his desk, surrounded by Francine, David and Walter David Reilly. It is shirt-sleeve and bottle-on-the-desk time. Somewhere, distantly, we hear the CLACKING of a wire service MACHINE. Reilly pours himself another drink, offers the bottle to Lee. Lee shakes his head.

LEE

What got him there? Who called
him?

(simmering anger)

It had t'be Viktor... had t'be.

FRANCINE

But why would Ronnie go alone? I
mean, that's basic, isn't it? You
learn not to do that your first
week on service.

REILLY

(a little smashed)

And break it regularly thereafter.

DAVID

Had t'be somebody he trusted...
'Go' wouldn't put himself on a limb
that way, unless he trusted the guy.

REILLY

Or... the girl.

(a moment)

Present company excepted, of course.

DAVID

Why?

(off Francine's
look)

Well, you haven't been around much
lately, Francine... what's a fella
to think?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

FRANCINE

(steamed)

You think I did it? You actually
think I killed Ronnie Quan?!

50 ANOTHER ANGLE

50

Lee watching her carefully.

REILLY (V.O.)

He didn't mean it, Francine.

51 BACK TO SCENE

51

FRANCINE

Well, he said it! You don't say
something unless you mean it.

David stands, pulls on his jacket, gazes at Lee.

DAVID

I've gotta split... and Lee...

(as Lee looks up)

... Look, this hits pretty close...

'Go' was my partner... and it
could've been me. Let's stop
taking shots at each other.

(a hand on Lee's
shoulder)

Just remember, the rest've us feel
the same way you do. We'll get
Viktor, I know we will.

He moves off. Francine, too, gets up.

FRANCINE

I really was busy when Billy had
the meetings. They dropped a whole
load've cable traffic on me from
Rio Station.

LEE

(reacts ever so
slightly, nods)

Why don't you go home and get
some sleep?

FRANCINE

(edgily)

Oh, sure... lots of luck. See you
both tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

REILLY

Him you'll see tomorrow... the government would like you to know that among the aged, there are no guarantees.

Francine smiles tautly, walks away.

LEE

The retirement thing's really getting to you, isn't it?

REILLY

(a snort)

Compulsory retirement! It ranks right up there with compulsory suicide.

(then)

Lee... how'd your meeting go with Blue Leader?

LEE

(rocked)

My... what?

REILLY

Son, I've been in intelligence for over forty years. I've seen moles before... hell, I've caught moles before... I know the drill.

(a moment)

I watched you when Francine mentioned the cable traffic from Rio Station... you picked up on the same thing I picked up on.

LEE

Rio Station instead of Cuba. You caught that.

REILLY

'Course I caught it... I'm going on sixty-five, not a hundred and forty! Nope, you'd be Blue Leader's boy... who else in this outfit is absolutely clean on this Viktor business?

(knowingly)

Blue Leader mention me, did he?

(CONTINUED)

LEE
 (shoving to his feet)
 Walter, I've got things to do.

REILLY
 (jumping up)
 I'm not through talking yet!

LEE
 It's the booze talking, Walter.

REILLY
 (angrily)
 Now hold on! I trained you, Lee,
 taught you the business! You owe
 me an answer!

Lee keeps moving toward the elevator, with Walter glued doggedly to his shoulder, as CAMERA TRACKS WITH THEM.

LEE
 Right, Walter, you taught me...
 you taught me pretty good. And
 if I were working for Blue Leader
 how do you think you'd come out?
 (a sidelong look)
 You're a pretty hot prospect,
 y'know? A top candidate
 for an approach by one've the
 East-bloc countries.
 (wryly)
 You're mad as hell... and you
 don't care who knows it. Your
 code name's Humbug... an' believe
 me, you earned it... you do nothing
 but grouse and gripe.

They reach the elevator, Lee jabs the button, turns to Reilly.

LEE
 (continuing)
 ... What's burning you is that now
 you'll be home growing your roses
 and reading the news... not making
 the news anymore.
 (a slight smile)
 Why wouldn't Blue Leader have you
 right up there with the contenders
 for 'mole of the month,' Walter?

REILLY
 Do I get to answer that?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

51

LEE

(on a roll)

No, I'll answer it... He wouldn't figure it because if ol' Humbug, the griping gardner, has one favorite flower... it's the American Beauty Rose.

The elevator door opens, Lee holds it, as:

LEE

(continuing)

You're a patriot, Walter... simple as that. And if you taught me one thing, it was loyalty to the Agency.

(a wider smile)

No, sorry, Humbug... as a mole you just wouldn't cut it.

(the barest of waves)

'Night.

The elevator door closes. Reilly yells at the blank, closed doors:

REILLY

Think you're pretty smart, don't you, Scarecrow!!

(then, a miniscule grin)

Taught y'too damned well...

He turns away.

52 EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE BALL PARK - NEAR DUGOUT - DAY

52

Phillip is in his Bomber's uniform, with Amanda, Dotty and Jamie surrounding him. Dotty is encouraging him.

DOTTY

Remember now, head down, keep that left elbow straight.

PHILLIP

(blankly)

Huh?

AMANDA

(a smile)

I think that's... golf, Mother.

DOTTY

(slowly)

Oh... maybe so... let me think now...

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE

They have a coach, Gran'ma.

DOTTY

(to Phillip)

Good... you mind your coach then.

PHILLIP

'Kay, Gran'ma... I gotta go now.

They watch Phillip trot off to a team huddle at the dugout. Amanda's attention drifts off, she stares about her, spots what she is looking for. We will notice that she carries a bulky shoulder bag. Perhaps we, too, see the phone booth in the near distance.

AMANDA

Save me a seat in the bleachers, Mother... I'd better check the Mothers' Bake Booth... see if they need a hand.

JAMIE

Hurry up, Mom, Phillip bats cleanup.

Amanda nods, trots off.

DOTTY

(to Jamie)

Cleanup... they have them batting according to neatness and cleanliness? How nice.

Lee and Billy stand in the open doorway.

BILLY

(in mid-speech)

My phone? Nothing's wrong with my phone, why?

LEE

(easily)

I happened to see you downstairs when I came in...

(a smile, shrug)

... you were on the pay phone and...

BILLY

(over, wearily)

Agnets... does everything have to mean something?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BILLY (CONT'D)

(a cagey look about,
then, low)

You want t'know the truth, Lee, I've
been talking to a buddy who's pretty
well connected upstairs. He's
trying to find out for me if there's
going to be an Internal on this
Viktor thing...

He glances off to see Francine, who is only a few steps
away -- and listening.

BILLY

(continuing, to her)
... You want something, Francine?

FRANCINE

(tautly)
You were saying something about me,
weren't you?

BILLY

(dazedly)
About... you?

FRANCINE

Please don't lie to me. I know
there's been talk, I hear the
whispers...
(starting to cry)
... nobody has to draw me pictures...
you... you don't... trust me...

LEE

(quickly)
Francine, nobody was talking about
you.

FRANCINE

(sobbing harder)
Wh... why aren't y-you men enough
to come r-right out and s-say it...
... I'm a... a... suspect!
(more sobbing)
S-so, I'm going ho-home... I h-hate
doing this in p-public!
(remembering)
Oh... Lee, you have a ph-phone call.

She trots toward the closet-elevator. Lee and Billy
exchange a glance.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

BILLY

Weird... It's getting weirder and weirder...

(a thumb motion)

... Go take your call.

Lee moves to his desk, CAMERA PANNING, picks up the phone.

54 EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE BALL PARK - AT CANVAS BOOTH - DAY

54

The booth is striped canvas, well-used, with a hand painted sign affixed above it: MOTHERS' BAKE BOOTH. Amanda, IN CLOSE ANGLE, gazes forward, speaks conspiratorially:

AMANDA

I wasn't... sure if you wanted me to go ahead... after the awful thing that happened to Ronnie... but...

55 WIDER ANGLE

55

To include Lee, who slants occasional glances about him.

LEE

Sure I want you to go ahead.
That's why I came when you phoned.

AMANDA

(relievedly)

Oh, good.

(then)

Take off your jacket, would you, please?

(adding)

And put this on?

Frowning, Lee slowly removes his handsome suit jacket, eyes the baseball cap which Amanda thrusts at him.

LEE

That's... a baseball cap.

AMANDA

I know it's a baseball cap... all the fathers wear them...

(carefully)

... They don't usually wear suits to the games.

(a winning smile)

Sorry...

(CONTINUED)

LEE

(a grudging nod)
Okay... then what was it you...

AMANDA

(over, quickly)
... And... you'd better be eating
something... how about a nice
brownie... Mrs. Scott made them.

Lee finds himself holding a large and rock-like brownie.

AMANDA

(continuing)
That'll be seventy-five cents,
please.

LEE

(digging out change)
So... this's why you brought me
here... to chip a tooth on Mrs.
Scott's brownie?

Amanda accepts the money, grins her gratitude. Beyond them we see the ball field, hear the sounds of GAME.

AMANDA

Oh, no...
(a raised forefinger)
... Now, I don't want you to think
I don't trust David... not even
for a minute, because I'm sure he...

LEE

(over, impatiently)
Amanda... c'mon... what've you got?

AMANDA

Well, I was doing what you told me
to do, going over bank statements,
tax returns, and...

LEE

(over, prodding)
Right... so?

AMANDA

I found something strange.

LEE

Strange... How?

(CONTINUED)

Amanda eases her purse from under the little counter, slides a sheet of paper to him, as:

AMANDA

About six or eight months ago, David was making out checks to Monica Benson. So they must have been alimony payments, because he told me they didn't have children.

(sadly)

That's too bad, isn't it... because children really...

A boy lofts a Texas Leaguer into left field. Perhaps we recognize Phillip's number, perhaps not, but it is he, although Amanda will not realize it yet. Lee has put down his solid cement brownie, studies the paper.

LEE

(over, in frustration)

Go ahead, checks... you were mentioning checks.

AMANDA

So, anyway, he made the first payment on... right there... June first... and the second one... July sixth, the third was... right there, somewhere... August fourteenth... Do you see the pattern here, Lee?

LEE

(wearily)

I see it, I see it, and?

AMANDA

And then there are no more payments.

(to silence)

Did you hear me? I said...

LEE

I heard you... so, no more payments... so what?

DOTTY (V.O.)

Amanda, did you see it?

Dotty streaks INTO VIEW toward the booth, arms waving. Amanda shoves the brownie at Lee, who hurriedly accepts it, tugs down the too-small baseball cap, ducks around the booth.

(CONTINUED)

DOTTY

(continuing)

Amanda... Amanda... he got a hit!
Phillip got a single! Come on, you
have to watch!

AMANDA

(to Dotty)

He did?! That's wonderful!

DOTTY

You don't have to watch the booth
every second. Come on, Amanda...!

AMANDA

In a minute, Mother.

DOTTY

Well, hurry along then. We're
sitting at that end, up near the
top.

Amanda nods, smiles, waves bye-bye. Dotty scoots back.
Amanda peers around the corner of the canvas, can't find
Lee.

AMANDA

(stage whisper)

Lee -- Lee...?

Lee pops up from under the rear flap.

LEE

(with brownie)

Does anybody actually eat these
things?

AMANDA

Of course they do... now...

(then)

... Lee, have you ever heard of
anyone being required to make
alimony payments for only three
months?

Her attention strays to the baseball field.

LEE

(slowly)

No... but...

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

(over)

Of course I've never asked for alimony... I get child support... but it seemed strange to me... so I looked up his 1040, his tax return, and guess what?

LEE

(warningly)

Amanda...

AMANDA

Okay, okay... listen to this... he's been taking tax credit for all that alimony ever since. Why would he do that, if he's not paying her the alimony? That's pretty strange, don't you think?

LEE

(a slow nod)

Yeah... pretty strange...

(then)

... unless... unless he's paying her in cash.

(in thought)

And... if he's paying cash, why? And where's it coming from?

AMANDA

(bubbling)

Exactly.

On the ball field, Phillip, on first, suddenly takes off for second. Amanda leaps in the air, yells:

AMANDA

(continuing)

Go! Go, Phillip!

(then, screaming)

Slide... slide....!!!! Good boy!!!

Lee winces, drops the brownie, gropes for it under the counter.

AMANDA

(continuing)

That was terrific, Lee... he made it!

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (5)

55

LEE

(a pained nod)

Wonderful. I stepped on my brownie.
I think my toe's broken... but the
brownie's just fine.

He raps the brownie on the wood counter -- CLUNK!

AMANDA

Ohhh... I'm sorry. Is there anything
I can do?

LEE

(drily)

Funny you should ask.

(a nod)

Yeah, there is something...

(in thought)

... But you'll need some
identification... one've those
little badge things that people
wear when they come to your door...

CAMERA TIGHTENS ON a surprised Amanda.

AMANDA

(slowly)

Badge... things... ?

56 EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - DAY

56

Amanda's station wagon prowls slowly along a row of attractive apartment houses and condominiums, abruptly brakes in front of an especially handsome townhouse condo. (NOTE: Address should correspond to David's dialogue in Corvette scene.) Amanda gets out of the wagon, adjusts a button prominently placed on the lapel of her tailored suit, brings along an official sort of clipboard, marches to the townhouse doorway, jabs the bell.

57 CLOSE AT TOWNHOUSE DOOR - AMANDA - DAY

57

She waits, gnaws momentarily at her lower lip, recoils only slightly as the door whips open, discloses a woman about her own age, MONICA BENSON. Monica is pretty, slightly hard-edged, bitchily direct. She wears tennis clothing.

MONICA

(brusquely)

Yes, what do you want?

(CONTINUED)

57. CONTINUED:

57

AMANDA

(momentarily taken
aback)

I... umn... I'm from the United
States Bureau of the Census and...

MONICA

(over, no nonsense)

They did all that in 1980...

Monica has been peering at Amanda's badge.

MONICA

What's that say? Department of...
what?

AMANDA

(reciting)

United States Bureau of the Census,
Department... uh... of Marital
Relations.

MONICA

They've got another department?

AMANDA

(a light shrug)

That's government for you.

(screwing up courage)

Well, now... your name is... Monica
Benson, is that right?

MONICA

I don't have to answer any
questions.

AMANDA

They're not my questions... They're
from the U.S. Government. You can
refuse, of course...

(a cool smile)

... but you'll just get a call from
my supervisor... and then his
supervisor... and...

MONICA

(over, promptly)

Monica Benson.

AMANDA

(noting it on pad)

All right... and you are married,
single or divorced?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

MONICA

Divorced, definitely divorced.

(then)

Look, I just came off the courts...
is this going to take long...
because I think I have compound
fractures of both arches.

AMANDA

Not long... ten minutes, maybe?

MONICA

Ten minutes is long, c'mon inside.
If I'm going to be interrogated, it
might as well be under my own lamp.

58 EXT. WASHINGTON CITY GARDEN - DAY

58

David Benson prowls near a display of plants, trees,
indigenous to the East Coast, his features reflecting
his acute worry. He flicks numerous furtive looks
about him, as he moves tautly back and forth in MEDIUM
CLOSE SHOT.

DAVID

She called about two minutes before
I phoned you. She was steamed,
lemme tell you.

VIKTOR (O.S.)

Then let's be calm about it, shall
we? How do you know the woman was
with the Agency?

David pacing CARRIES CAMERA to where Viktor Ignatiev sits,
sheltered in a cove of leafy plants, on a concrete bench.
He, too, casts frequent glances about him.

DAVID

Because I damn well checked. There
is no Department of Marital
Relations! She's an agent!

(sharp gesture)

Monica bought the whole story...
told her everything.

VIKTOR

(calmly)

If she believed the woman, why did
she call you?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Because the woman got her in some idiot conversation about taxes... the difference between getting alimony and child support... and who pays taxes on what.

(a brusque shrug)

Monica called to chew me out for not telling her she owed a ton've back taxes... and that's when I found out about that woman.

VIKTOR

And just what am I to do about it?

DAVID

(snapping)

What? You're asking me what to do?

DAVID

(angrily)

There's an Internal Investigation going on, Viktor. The Agency is about t'drop the net on me... and you're asking what I expect you to do?!

VIKTOR

I asked because I hope you don't expect me to take care of anyone else, David. Your Oriental partner was the last. You came to me, told me he was beginning to put pieces together... I did you a favor...

(emphatically)

... No more. I have carried you, helped you support your ridiculous life style, but you have become too expensive, even for us.

David wheels on Viktor imploringly.

DAVID

Look, somebody's got t'get him off my back... if it's not you, get one've your heavies... but do it!

VIKTOR

He? Who is... he?

DAVID

Lee Stetson. Scarecrow.

(CONTINUED)

VIKTOR

You are... certain it is Scarecrow?

DAVID

(in thought, then)

Yeah... yeah, I'm sure.

VIKTOR

(tranquilly)

Then you have your answer.

DAVID

(stunned)

Me?!

VIKTOR

(standing)

I won't be here. I have the information I came for. I will be on the eight o'clock flight for Paris. I am afraid it is your problem now.

Viktor smiles coolly, turns, strolls away. David is left alone. After a long moment, he seems to make a decision, reaches into a jacket pocket, pulls out a pair of driving gloves -- the same ones we saw briefly in the judge's booth in the riding arena. He tugs them on with something in the sudden, hard set of his mouth, that chills us.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

59 INT. AGENCY - AT ELEVATOR/CLOSET - DAY 59

The door opens, Amanda hurries out of the elevator, CAMERA PANNING her TO the bullpen. Here Amanda stops, gazes at Lee's empty desk, looks toward Billy's office. She has a handful of papers.

60 AT BILLY'S OPEN DOOR 60

Billy emerges with an exotically beautiful Chinese woman. She carries a teleprint tear-sheet.

BILLY

... And as soon as you get it translated and typed, shoot it right back to me.

The woman nods, moves swiftly off, as Amanda steps INTO VIEW.

AMANDA

Oh, hi, Mr. Melrose. Is Lee here?

BILLY

(spotting her papers)
Is that his report? It's due at 5 o'clock.

AMANDA

... Uhm... I think he'd like to check it first.

BILLY

(hand out)
That's all right, I'll check it for him.

AMANDA

(a nervous smile)
He'd... well, he'd really be mad at me, if I gave it to you. He told me...

BILLY

(over, impatiently)
Fine, fine... he's down at Ned's... get him to check it... and get it up here.

AMANDA

(backing away)
I certainly will... Yes, sir... I'll do that.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

She scoots out

61

INT. NEDLINDGER'S WASHINGTON PUB - DAY

61

Lee sits at the bar, his usual cup of coffee before him. Francine is perched beside him, but looks as if she is just stopping by, has no drink, faces Lee, not the bar. She is in mid-speech:

FRANCINE

But I never cry... never... and I thought you ought to know why.

LEE

How come? It's none've my business.

FRANCINE

How come? Because you're a friend, dummy! I should've said something before but... but I was kind've... scared.

(off Lee's reaction)

Yeah, me... would you believe? I was actually shook.

(a beat)

I had a biopsy, Lee.

LEE

Whoa, that's serious stuff.

FRANCINE

Serious... you want to hear 'serious'? The first report was bad... the pits, so they did another one...

She tugs a folded report from her handbag, whips it open, shows it to Lee, beams at him.

FRANCINE

(continuing)

Clear... see right there? Benign!

LEE

(reading)

Yeah, benign... a'right! That's just great.

FRANCINE

Isn't it just. I may have this gorgeous little piece've paper framed... or petit-pointed on a pillow...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANCINE (CONT'D)

(wryly)

... Except I don't do those domestic things, do I?

(another grin)

Isn't that just the best? The last few days've been a total disaster and I acted just like any other woman, for which I apologize.

(getting up)

Tomorrow night, drinks are on me... tonight I have to phone my mother.

LEE

(in pretended shock)

Mother? You have a mother?!

FRANCINE

(a fist under his nose)

Lee Stetson, if I didn't feel so terrific, I'd...

David Benson ambles INTO FRAME, loops a friendly arm over Francine's shoulder, OVERLAPS:

DAVID

What's all this about feeling terrific? You get a promotion? Y'pull Paris Station or somethin' hot?

FRANCINE

(grinning)

Just as good.

She neatly slips David's arm, walks off on air. David stares after her.

DAVID

Some fella, it's gotta be a fella.

LEE

(a small smile)

Right again, Nightlight.

DAVID

(a glance around)

So, where's Amanda?

(CONTINUED)

LEE

(a shrug)

Amanda...? Beats me.

DAVID

I thought you two were workin' together.

LEE

She's typing my report on the other night... when we scrubbed the wrong Bulgarian.

DAVID

(a knowing grin)

Makes a pretty good cover, anyway, doesn't it?

LEE

Cover for what?

DAVID

(a playful nudge)

For what you're really up to, Bunkie.

(a beat, smiling)

You're doin' the Internal, aren't you? Blue Leader's got you turning over all the little, private rocks, right?

LEE

(amusedly)

Y'know, when you're wrong, you are wrong from here to Sri Lanka, Davey.

DAVID

(sobering)

Nope, I'm not.

(then)

We've put in almost four years now, Lee... and I can read you like a paperback. You're Jack the Mole-Killer, big Blue Leader's white knight.

He slips a hand into a jacket pocket, the smile gone now. Lee will slowly turn to him, smiling, not seeing, at first, David's hand on the gun-butt in its shoulder holster.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (3)

61

LEE

You want some advice, Dave... dump whatever it is you're drinking and try coffee... you can...

(now facing David)

... What's... this?

DAVID

(low, deadly)

Keep your hands where I can see them, Lee.

(a head motion)

Let's take it outside... there's an Agency sedan parked right out front.

LEE

(quietly)

Dumb move, Davey...

DAVID

Not so dumb. You had me made, I'm just doin' you before you do me.

(tersely)

On your feet. Walk.

LEE

(as he gets up)

I didn't have you made, not yet. My money was on Ronnie, before he bought it.

DAVID

(low, meaning it)

Walk.

Lee strolls to the door, David just far enough behind him to react to either an attack, or sudden flight. They exit.

62 EXT. NEDLINDGER'S WASHINGTON PUB - DAY

62

The stroll continues toward an ND sedan parked partway down the block, our CAMERA TRUCKING.

DAVID

So, tell me... why Ronnie? Why'd you pick him?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

LEE

Bank account. He was dumb enough to put his piece've the action right into his bank... in his own name and social security number.

DAVID

You're puttin' me on. Ronnie wasn't in on this.

LEE

Then how would a guy like Go come by forty thousand dollars?

They reach the sedan. David indicates the door.

DAVID

It's unlocked. Get in, you're driving.

LEE

(drily)

I have to do ev-rything... leave my coffee, drive the car, get shot?

Nevertheless, he gets in, slides slowly across the seat. David sits warily, eases the gun onto his lap as he is closing the door.

63 ANOTHER ANGLE

63

where Amanda is just approaching, just seeing the two men get into the car. She bolts forward, calls:

AMANDA

Lee...! Wait...! Leeee...!!!!

The sedan swoops out, melts with traffic, leaves Amanda behind. She stops dead, then wheels, gallops back in the direction from which she came.

64 INT. AGENCY SEDAN - DAY

64

Lee tools the car along, staying with traffic. David watches him carefully.

LEE

What's the drill... someplace along the river... the freight yard...

(a dim smile)

... Florida?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Just keep steering, don't speed,
don't jump lights.

(then)

You want to know where that forty
thousand came from?

(a thin smile)

The Irish Sweeps.

LEE

Bull.

DAVID

No bull. Isn't that a kick... a
Chinese spy raking in twelfth place,
or whatever, in the Irish Sweepstakes?

LEE

I don't buy it.

DAVID

You don't have to, pal... besides,
you were in Tangiers, or someplace.
He threw a helluva party, sorry you
missed it.

(then)

Who was the woman working with you
on this? Amanda?

LEE

No woman.

DAVID

(slowly)

It wasn't Francie, or Connie, or
Greta... they don't fit the
description. It's Amanda.

LEE

Wrong.

DAVID

(studying Lee)

You really didn't have me pegged,
did you?

(a hand motion)

Hang a right, next corner.

(another moment)

Your little lady from the sticks
had it, though... thanks to Monica.
Now Amanda knows all about the
alimony coming in in cash...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

DAVID (CONT'D)

(a long look)

Guess she never had time t'lay it
all out for you, right?

(watching Lee)

So now she's gonna have to take the
same boat ride as you.

(to silence)

You understand what I'm saying, Lee?

(to no answer,

a dry smile)

Cool, very cool, pardner... not a
blink, a twitch... zero reaction.
The perfect secret agent... a credit
to your country and flag.

LEE

You, too, David.

(a slight frown)

Now which country did you say that
was, again?

65 EXT. SUBURBS - SEDAN - DAY

65

It blurs PAST CAMERA on its way out of Washington. As
it CLEARS CAMERA, we HOLD, as another pair of cars
zooms by, then we FOCUS ON Amanda's station wagon, which
whips PAST.

66 INT. AMANDA'S STATION WAGON - AMANDA - DAY

66

She concentrates furiously, keeping the sedan in sight,
trying to use the cars ahead as buffers -- just like the
Agency manual says. Her gaze flicks from the cars ahead,
to the speedometer, she winces.

AMANDA

(sotto voice)

Easy, Amanda, don't speed. Don't...

(a beat, slow smile)

... Why not speed?

She snatches up Phillip's baseball cap from the seat,
jams it on, pushes her hair up inside it, seizes a
towel, wraps it around her throat to partially conceal
her face, puts the pedal to the metal.

67 OVER AMANDA - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

67

as the wagon picks up speed, passes one car, then two.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 67

The Agency sedan is now in clear view. Amanda keeps the accelerator down, swings out, begins to pass. As she does, she presses her chin into the towel, hopes to obscure her features.

68 INT. AGENCY SEDAN - LEE AND DAVID - DAY 68

The silence is a palpable thing in the sedan, as Lee's look slides from the gun leveled on him, to the road, to the rearview mirror. He abruptly alerts, reacts ever so slightly as he recognizes the STATION WAGON ROARING up alongside. CAMERA ALTERS ANGLE to permit us to glimpse the wagon driver. It would appear to be a youngish man, with baseball cap. Lee snaps a look to David -- did he recognize Amanda? The station wagon?

DAVID

(a head-wag)

Virginia plates... the guy oughtta know better... hot-dogging through Fairfax County.

Lee relaxes just a little, almost smiles.

69 EXT. RURAL INTERSECTION - DAY 69

Amanda's station wagon rockets TOWARD CAMERA. As it passes, we WHIP PAN, HOLD briefly ON the metal road sign: FAIRFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

70 INT. AMANDA'S STATION WAGON - AMANDA - DAY 70

She studies every oncoming intersection, every possible police hiding place ahead, makes a face.

AMANDA

There is just never one around when you need one...

71 EXT. SMALL ROADSIDE COFFEE SHOP - TOWARD HIGHWAY - DAY 71

Amanda's little WAGON ROARS THROUGH ANGLE, keeps going, as we PAN SLIGHTLY, FIND a Fairfax County Sheriff's car parked in the lot. It is empty. We HOLD. In a moment, we hear BRAKES SQUEAL, a CAR ENGINE REV. CAMERA PANS BACK, where we see the station wagon returning. Amanda slows only slightly, swoops into the parking lot, BRAKES SHRIEKING, gravel flying, barely misses the sheriff's vehicle, veers back onto the road again, GUNS off. A moment later, two deputies careen out of the cafe, scramble to the police unit, take out after the speeding wagon.

72 INT. AGENCY SEDAN - OVER LEE AND DAVID - DAY

72

As the sedan rounds a curve, we see the station wagon pulled over, the sheriff's unit, with roof flashers blinking, parked just behind it. The deputies are warily approaching the vehicle.

DAVID

What'd I tell you.

(then, warningly)

Don't slow down, don't speed up,
nice and easy, now...

Lee permits himself a quick look back over his shoulder, as he passes Amanda, keeps on driving.

DAVID

(continuing)

There's a side road up ahead... take
a right.

73 EXT. QUIET SIDE ROAD - DAY

73

The sedan bumps over the unpaved lane, slows.

74 INT. AGENCY SEDAN - LEE AND DAVID - DAY

74

Lee brings the sedan to a slow halt.

LEE

(a deep breath)

I guess we're... here.

(then)

You can't go back, David... you
can't run, you can't hide.

DAVID

I can run... just as long as there's
an eight o'clock flight out've Dulles.

LEE

To where?

DAVID

Paris... then Bulgaria. Viktor'll
take me with him.

(then, crisply)

C'mon... out my side.

He pushes the door open wide, begins to get out -- when the ROAR of a CAR, the RUSH of TIRES ON GRAVEL rackets OVER -- and the car DOOR is SHEARED off! Amanda's station wagon slows to a stop just ahead. David, stunned, finds Lee all over him. He fights Lee off, scrambles out of the car.

75 EXT. QUIET SIDE ROAD - DAY

75

The sheriff's car bucks to a stop just behind the sedan, the two deputies bail out, as David sprints away, Lee right behind him.

76 CLOSE IN WOODED AREA

76

as Lee closes on David, brings him down. They land in a tangle, with Lee quickly coming out on top, flattening the struggling David. He kneels over David, seizes his shirt-front, growls:

LEE

That... was for Ronnie... your partner! And my friend!

(then, hard)

Was that on the level about the eight o'clock flight?

(to a dazed nod)

And Viktor's booked on it?

Amanda and the two deputies come pounding up. One DEPUTY holds his service revolver on Lee, the other covers David.

DEPUTY

I'd like to see some identification, sir...

LEE

(as he digs for it)

You got it. Thanks a lot, fellas. Keep an eye on my friend, there.

AMANDA

(beaming at Lee)

You're all right. I was really worried.

LEE

Same here.

(then)

How'd you get them to believe you... to follow you here?

AMANDA

(brightly)

My government identification.

LEE

(a low hiss)

Amanda... you don't have government identification.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

Sure, I do, Lee. Remember?

She digs in a sweater pocket, pulls out an official-looking ID. We read: UNITED STATES BUREAU OF THE CENSUS, DEPARTMENT OF MARITAL RELATIONS. Lee absolutely cracks up, Amanda grins back, as we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

77 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - LEE'S PORSCHE - DAY 77

The little SPORTS CAR VROOMS neatly along, Lee at the wheel, Amanda talking, as it PASSES CAMERA.

78 INT. LEE'S PORSCHE - AMANDA AND LEE - DAY 78

It is a beautiful day, almost like California, as Lee guides the Porsche along the avenue. The CAR RADIO PLAYS quietly. Amanda is in determined mid-speech.

AMANDA

But how can I be sure?

LEE

Amanda, the body shop man said you'd have it back in three days. Until then, you'll have an Agency car for a loaner.

AMANDA

And the Agency will pay for my damage, right? It's practically the whole side of my station wagon.

LEE

(patiently)

The Agency will pay. No problem.

AMANDA

But I haven't even been able to get reimbursed for my good blue pumps... and they were a whole lot less.

LEE

Look, Amanda...

Suddenly the RADIO MUSIC is CUT OFF -- and Blue Leader's voice intones over.

BLUE LEADER (V.O.)

Scarecrow?

Amanda wheels in her seat, looks for the source of the voice. Lee is surprised, not startled.

BLUE LEADER (V.O.)

(continuing)

Scarecrow, this is Blue Leader...

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

AMANDA
 (slowly, low)
 Where? Where's Blue Leader?

BLUE LEADER (V.O.)
 (as Amanda gulps)
 I want to thank you, Scarecrow, and
 you, Mrs. King...

79 INT. DARK WINDOWED LIMOUSINE - DAY

79

Again, we see only a glimpse of the mysterious Blue
 Leader.

BLUE LEADER
 Viktor Ignativa was taken off
 flight 707 last evening... and
 is comfortably in custody.
 Nightlight was arraigned earlier
 this morning and sends you both
 his best...

80 INT. LEE'S PORSCHE - AMANDA AND LEE - DAY

80

BLUE LEADER (V.O.)
 You can be sure the Agency is
 proud of both of you.

LEE
 (crisply)
 Thank you, sir.

AMANDA
 Thank... you.
 (adding)
 Uh, sir.
 (to Lee)
 What do I talk into?

LEE
 I don't know about you... I usually
 aim for the steering wheel.

Amanda promptly leans closer to Lee, speaks into the
 steering wheel.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

Blue Leader? Sir? May I ask a question, while I've got you on the line? It's about my car, my station wagon... I sort've wrecked it yesterday when we were...

The RADIO BLASTS BACK ON. Amanda reacts.

AMANDA

(continuing)

Lee, I think we were cut off...
(into the steering wheel)
... Hello? Hello?

Lee snaps a look over his shoulder at the street behind them, wags his head, smothers a smile.

LEE

He's gone, Amanda.

AMANDA

(determinedly)

I'm not so sure... maybe we're just on hold.

(calling again)

Sir??? Mr. Leader, sir...?

Lee begins to grin, grins wider and wider, as we --

FADE OUT.

THE END