

SCARECROW

— and —

Mrs. King



**WARNER BROS.
TELEVISION**

"SCARECROW AND MRS. KING"

"THE MOLE"

Written by
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"The Mole"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. ELEGANT CONDO - NIGHT

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.

INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - OVER CHESSBOARD - NIGHT

Two men silently hover over a beautifully 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 IGNATIVA. 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 are coming! The code!
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...

Victor 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)

CONTINUED:

VIKTOR

Quickly! First the code and the cables... they must not be found. You are 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.

CLOSE ON KILN

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.

EXT. ELEGANT CONDO - NIGHT

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 is closely followed by two n.d. 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 goodlooking 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.

INT. CONDO HALLWAY AT ELEVATORS - NIGHT

The doors glide open, Lee and David move out of it, immediately sight the unit they are looking for. As they move CLOSER TO CAMERA, we HEAR:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANCINE'S VOICE

(filtered)

Scarecrow... ? Nightlight?

The VOICE issues from Lee's walkie-talkie. He quickly raises it, speaks quietly:

LEE

(into handset)

Scarecrow.

FRANCINE'S VOICE

Stairwell secured.

LEE

(into handset)

Check. 'Go', are you reading?

RONNIE'S VOICE

(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

(a small smile)

Not... a... clue.

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

INT. CONDO LOWER STAIRWELL - FRANCINE - NIGHT

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

INT. CONDO GARAGE - RONNIE - NIGHT

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

INT. CONDO - KRIKA - NIGHT

The Bulgarian is crouched at the kiln, feverishly feeding paper sheets into the high temperature burner. Suddenly, there is the CRASH of the DOOR SPLINTERING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Krika's head swivels in shock. His hand goes to his shoulder holster.

WIDER

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.

DAVID

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

LEE

reacts, slowly lowers his weapon, his voice hushed.

LEE

(almost a whisper)

Davey... that's the wrong guy.
That's not... Viktor.

EXT. ELEGANT CONDO - ON LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

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. David summons a smile, claps a friendly hand on Lee's shoulder.

DAVID

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

(a shrug)

A busted play. It happens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANCINE

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

RONNIE

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

LEE

(over, tersely)

..Not in our Section. Not like this.

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.

INT. LEE'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

Lee's edginess is evident as he flicks on the car radio, punches button after button, gets nothing, not a sound.

LEE

(a growl)

Terrific, that's just terr...

A RADIO VOICE cuts OVER, stopping him cold.

BLUE LEADER'S VOICE

(filtered)

Scarecrow?

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

BLUE LEADER'S VOICE

(continuing)

Scarecrow, this is Blue Leader.

LEE

(sotto voce)

Suuuure it is...

BLUE LEADER'S VOICE

You may respond, we are on a secure frequency, Scarecrow. What happened to Viktor Ignativa? I gather the mission was once again a failure?

Lee cranes slightly to peer under the dash, toward the stereo speakers. Disbelief is clearly stenciled across his features. He speaks carefully:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

Uhm, sir... Blue Leader... no disrespect meant, but nobody I know has ever even spoken to you... and as far as I can tell I'm just ... talking to a steering wheel here, so...

BLUE LEADER'S VOICE

(over, evenly)

You need some authentication. A proper precaution...

INT. DARK LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

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. He reaches up, snaps ON a tiny PIN SPOT, which ILLUMINATES his lap, on which is a thick file folder. He opens it, leafs idly through the pages with a manicured forefinger.

BLUE LEADER

Shall we begin with Morocco, 1981?

LEE'S VOICE

(slowly)

Morocco... ?

BLUE LEADER

Of course, Scarecrow, Morocco ... and that wonderfully attractive young woman agent. British MI-6. Her name, I see, was... Elspeth.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LEE'S PORSCHE - LEE - NIGHT

Lee's expression tells us that he does indeed remember Elspeth. He smiles wanly.

LEE

Oh, right...

(lamely)

Elspeth... but I didn't think...

BLUE LEADER

(amusedly, over)

You didn't think you were observed? I assure you you were, Scarecrow, and I can provide you with any

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE LEADER (CONT'D)

details of that liason you might wish... the maitre'd's name in that little cafe... the Europa. Or I can provide you with her husband's name and occupation, or...

LEE

(over, stunned)
Husband?! She was married?
(quickly, covering)
Umn, never mind, sir... uh, Blue Leader, what can I do for you?

Still trying to locate the source of the mysterious voice, Lee focuses on the rear-view mirror.

TIGHT ON MIRROR

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.

BACK TO SCENE

BLUE LEADER

And the answer to my original question? The matter of Viktor Ignativa?

LEE

(a wry shug)
He was... gone.
(adding)
Sir.

BLUE LEADER

(not pleased)
Again...
(then)
.. for the third time. The man comes in and out of the country... illegally... seemingly at will. He secretly briefs his agents, collects information... and is gone again.
(a beat)
This goes beyond embarrassment, Scarecrow, the man is a peril to national security. You realize his best information goes directly to the Politburo, of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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
leak, a traitor... a mole.

(to silence)

We must find that person, you agree?

Lee shifts uneasily in the Porsche seat.

LEE

(carefully)

Sir, I think I know where this is
heading... and...

BLUE LEADER

(over, pressing)

Scarecrow, you are the only member
of Field Section who was not privy
to the two prior attempts to stop
the man... 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

Nonsense... and if I were you, I
would take an especially close
look at Humbug. He isn't taking
compulsory retirement at all well.

LEE

(in disbelief)

Humbug?! He was my training
officer, sir...

BLUE LEADER

(over, crisply)

Scarecrow, listen to me... you
consider this informing on
friends...

LEE

(over)

You got that right, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE LEADER

But a traitor is no friend. A mole has no friends, remember that.

(a beat)

I expect you to do what has to be done.

LEE

(miserably)

Yes, sir.

(then)

Blue Leader, sir... where do I get in contact with you if I...

The CAR RADIO suddenly BLARES rock and roll. Lee dives to snap it OFF, instantly snaps a look in his mirror.

TIGHT ON REAR-VIEW MIRROR

and an empty street behind Lee.

LEE

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

EXT. AMANDA'S HOME - AT STATION WAGON - DAY

Our ANGLE is OVER AMANDA and JAMIE. PHILIP 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 bookbag.

DOTTY

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

AMANDA

(concernedly to Jamie)

Where, exactly, does it hurt?

JAMIE

(open-mouthed, a gargle)

Gjkl;ljkf v jkflalkd!

AMANDA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHILIP

(the know-it-all)

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

JAMIE

(furious, strangely
clear-voiced)

Did not!

PHILIP

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

AMANDA

(aghast)

Philip!

DOTTY

(simultaneously)

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

PHILIP

The kids at school all say 'butt'.

AMANDA

(wincing)

But... but...

PHILIP

(triumphantly, over)

See?

DOTTY

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

(a beat)

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

Philip displays the 'thing', a roll of film.

PHILIP

It's just film, or somethin',
Gramma. 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...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(then covering)

Uhm... film... sure, it must be the
roll that... that... Mr. Brant lost.

(a bright smile
to Dotty)

You remember Mr. Brant... the Great
Dane that won't eat his kibbles...
that Mr. Brant?

DOTTY

(blankly)

I thought Mr. Brant was the Labrador
Retriever.

AMANDA

Oh, no, mother... Great Dane...

(hand so high)

... small... Great Dane.

(very chipper)

I'll just drop it in his mailbox on
the way back from school. Let's go,
boys.

She removes it from Philip's hand, pockets it swiftly,
turns to get into the wagon. Jamie mutters plaintively:

JAMIE

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

AMANDA

(smothering a smile)

Something that serious we'd better
ask the school nurse about, Jamie.
Adenoids... heavy duty affliction
there.

(as Jamie's face
falls)

But they say ice cream's really good
for adenoids...

(a nice smile)

.. we'll stop on the way home this
afternoon at Lennox's and stoke up
on that peppermint macadamia marbel,
what do you say?

PHILIP

(sagely)

Ice cream's not gonna help when
Mrs. Kilmer boots his... uh... 'you
know what' for not drawing his map
of Equador.

The doors slam, the wagon pulls out of the drive, with
Dotty waving after them.

INT. NEDLINDGER'S WASHINGTON BAR - NIGHT

Lee sits at the bar, his expression morose. Francine, David and Ronnie sit or stand around him, attempt to cheer him.

FRANCINE

(a shrug)

All right, so Billy was a little ticked this morning... it isn't as if...

DAVID

(over, drily)

C'mon, Francie... you know it was a lousy session because we told you it was a lousy session. You kissed it off, remember?

RONNIE

(a grin)

Yeah, Francine, where were you when the flak was flyin'?

FRANCINE

(offendedly)

I wasn't ducking that meeting... I had all those cables from Cuba Station to get up to Crypto.

DAVID

(amusedly)

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...

Ronnie recoils in pretended fear, palms extended, attempts a placating smile, overlaps:

RONNIE

Hey... we're friendlies, okay? Just came by t'cheer up a buddy, a'right? Y'know, Lee, you're takin' all this too personally.

DAVID

And who's Viktor, anyway... a second-rate spook from a potchky country. We'll nail him next time, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lee spins on David, stabs a forefinger into his friend's chest, as he growls warningly:

LEE

'Kay, Dave, that cuts it...

DAVID

(retreating, grinning)
Okay, okay... 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?

DAVID

(leaving, crooning)
"Or maybe Tuesday will be your good
newwws dayyyy... " Ciao, pal.

The three go off toward a booth across the room. Lee turns slightly to watch them. After a beat, he squares back to the bar, stares morosely at the barely touched beer before him.

AT THE ENTRANCE

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

AT A CORNER BOOTH

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. Maybe once in a
while you might slide somethin' past
Billy Melrose...

DAVID

follows Amanda's path toward the bar.

RONNIE'S VOICE

... But no way, when it's a full-on
chew-out like today... He knew you
blew-off the meeting...

HIS POV

TO Amanda, now approaching Lee at the bar.

RONNIE'S VOICE

..An' your aliby better be good... I
mean air-tight, kid. Right, Dave?

BACK TO DAVID

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

AT THE BAR

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.

(a slight wince)

I hope you're not in too much
trouble.

During this, Lee has reacted, startled, at her unex-
pected appearance, frowns at her mention of 'trouble'.

LEE

Trouble? What do you mean?

AMANDA

(a glance around,
hushedly)

The... film.

LEE

(blankly)

Film?

(then)

Look, I'm not up to this tonight.
It's been one've those really rotten
days and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

(over, conspiratorially)

The film you left in my car, Lee. Philip found it this morning, and I rescued it just in time. You know how little boys like to open things, take things apart... well, he...

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 a vague nod)

Well, you left your film in it.

She leans closer, slips the film to him as surreptitiously 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.

(drily)

It's not exactly top secret, since it's mostly shots've my office wall.

AMANDA

(slowly)

Oh.

LEE

But thanks, anyway, okay?

(a polite smile)

Now... I have kind've a lot on my mind right now, so...

DAVID'S VOICE

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

(continuing)

...or was it Athens, '82... we met
in the agora, you were wearing a
bright red dress and had a...
noooo...

(a head-wag)

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

(a smile)

Mrs. King, I do believe.

(an outthrust 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 wag his head in disbelief, returns his attention to
the glass before him on the bar.

AMANDA

(enchanted)

What a sweet thing to say.

LEE

(to David)

David...

(gesturing toward
the glass in David's
hand)

..isn't your ice melting?

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

DAVID

(affecting surprise)

Oops, sorry, I didn't know you two
had... uhm, anything... personal
going.

(retreating)

Anyway, no harm, no foul, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

LEE

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

(a brittle smile)

Got that? So you can cut the routine.

AMANDA

(a tiny shrug, smile)

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

DAVID

Y'sure about that?

(to two simultaneous
nods)

Well, a-right, then...

(to Amanda)

I'll let you talk business... but I
expect equal time. Fairness
doctrine, and all that. Why don't
we make it dinner tomorrow night...
about seven-thirty? My treat?

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

Terrific. Dress, okay? Black'd be
nice, strapless. Maybe pearls.

AMANDA

(nodding)

Black... pearls... seven-thirty...
got it.

LEE

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

DAVID

You mean the Viktor thing? Listen,
le'me tell you my slant on Viktor...

At the mention of Viktor, Lee has turned warningly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

Dave... look, Amanda's not involved in that.

(low, pointedly)

Let's not 'bother' her with it, a'right?

DAVID

(catching on)

Ahhh, gotcha.

(now, to Lee)

But it's my hunch we haven't heard the last've it, buddy. I figure there's going to be an 'Internal' on this one. Someone... someone near and dear to all us us is going to draw the short straw... and the duty.

(with distaste)

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

(to silence)

I said... finking on friends has t'be the lowest... right, buddy?

CLOSE ON LEE

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

LEE

(low, tautly)

Yeah... right... the lowest.

(abruptly signalling off, calling)

Uhhh, Jimmy... another beer here, okay?

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:

EXT. THE AGENCY (STOCK)

INT. BILLY'S OFFICE - DAY

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 hangdog silence, listen to the tirade. Lee will intently study the face surrounding him. Francine, in particular, seems oddly nervous.

BILLY

..And what we should be concerned about is that everything that man 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... 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 from day one... 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. Keep that in mind, unless you've got a deal on snow tires.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

BILLY

(continuing)

Now I want logged reports, times, dates, personnel present, the whole nine yards. I want 'em typed so I can read 'em... and I want 'em fast.

(warningly)

You've got two days.

ANGLE FAVORING WALTER DAVIS REILLY

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

WALTER

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

(from a pocket watch)

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

(adding)

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

(acidly)

..despite the fact that our mutual physician has given me full field clearance. May I consider myself exempt from your little essay?

LEE

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

BILLY'S VOICE

Do me a favor, Walter... force yourself.

WIDER

REILLY

(a shrug)

Fine, fine, if my advanced age and questionable competence don't bother you...

BILLY

Good. I'll live with it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REILLY

It 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.

(then)

Okay, that's it for now, people. The sooner we get those reports in, the sooner we can get back to nailing down Viktor Ignativa.

(to Lee)

Stetson... hang in for a minute.

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

BILLY

Lee, 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...

BILLY

(a wave-off)

Forget it... 'course you don't know, you've never had contact with him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY (CONT'D)

(a shrug)

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

LEE

(stunned)

One?! One day?!

BILLY

(a wry nod)

And since I've seen you type...

(a small smile)

..I'd look for some help, if I were
you.

LEE

(drily)

Help? I'd need a 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?

EXT. ROLLS ROYCE DEALER'S SHOWROOM - DAY

We ESTABLISH the posh building, a gleaming CORNICHE in
the window, then SLOWLY PAN to Lee's little Porsche at
the curb, several car lengths away from the entrance.

LEE'S VOICE

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

INT. ROLLS ROYCE DEALER'S SHOWROOM - DAY

Lee sits behind the wheel of the convertible, with the
door open. Amanda, with frequent glances at the three
salesmen who eye them suspiciously from across the
showroom, nods nervously.

AMANDA

I umn... sure, right... ninety words
a minute if you don't count
errors... eighty-eight if you count.

(then)

And it was... Billy's idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

(a smile)
Billy's idea all the way, umm hmm.

AMANDA

(a wistful smile)
Well, that's... um... just fine.
Thank Billy for me.

Lee sits back in the plush, leather seat, handles the wheel, studies the long hood before him.

LEE

What do you think, Amanda, this fit the image?

AMANDA

(another wary look
off)
Oh, it fits it just fine... but what about those men over there? What if they come over here and ask what we're doing? Wouldn't that sort of... mess up the secret agent image?

LEE

They won't. I was in a couple've days ago... sat in this car, tooled the wheel around a little and went VROOM-VROOM a lot.

(a grin)

Then I told them I had a chopped and channeled '57 V.W. with a hundred and sixty-nine thousand miles on it for a trade-in. They haven't bothered me since.

(then soberly)

This isn't just a typing job, Amanda, I haven't told you the rest yet.

AMANDA

(brightening)
Really?

LEE

Really.
(getting out)
C'mon, let's look at the sedan over there.

With Amanda tagging along, Lee strides to a gorgeous sedan, opens the rear door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

(continuing)

Climb in, the carpet's real lamb's wool.

Amanda snaps a look at the three salesmen, hurriedly ducks inside. Lee glances at the men, waves cheerily.

THE THREE MEN

glare back, remain where they were. Their disdain is palpable. The head SALESMAN wears a bright carnation in his lapel.

INT. ROLLS SEDAN - AMANDA, LEE - DAY

They settle into the deep, leather seats, Lee closes the door, points to the lustrous woodwork.

LEE

Burled walnut, all matched.

AMANDA

We always had Nashs.

LEE

(slowly)

Amanda... we have a mole in the Agency.

AMANDA

(sympathetically)

That's really awful, Lee.

(then)

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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 the third time he skipped out just before we were all set to nail him... and our boss, Blue Leader, dumped the whole investigation in my lap.

AMANDA

(impressed)

That's putting a lot of responsibility on you, Lee.

LEE

On us, Amanda.

(confidentially)

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 security clearance.

(CONTINUED)

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

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

LEE

You got it.

AMANDA

(low, shocked)

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

(abruptly)

What do I do, Lee? I mean he's
taking me out to dinner tonight.
There I'll be in my black strapless,
with pearls... or maybe my little
garnet drop, or my...

(a gulp)

Ohboyyy... what do I tell him? What
do I say? How do I get out of it?

LEE

(easily)

You don't. You go.

AMANDA

(in misery)

With a... a mole?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

(evenly)

We don't know whether he's a 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 Ferrari... we...

He stares straight into the steel grey eyes of the Rolls salesman, who glares at them through the car window.

LEE

(continuing, low)

Oh-oh... I've got a feeling our lease is up.

He presses the window button, the glass slides down, the Rolls Salesman peers in. Lee manages a pale smile, as:

LEE

(continuing)

Oh... hi.

SALESMAN

Sorry to bother you, sir, but we were concerned. If you plan to spend more time in our motorcar, we thought perhaps we could move in a few plants, an end table... a lamp, make it a bit more... homey.

AMANDA

That's sweet.

LEE

That's hostile.

AMANDA

It is?

LEE

Definitely hostile...

(affecting anger)

..in fact... we're leaving.

The two of them slide out of the plush interior. Amanda indignantly faces the salesman.

AMANDA

Sir... I... umn...

(blurting)

I hope your carnation... wilts.

(then)

Excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lee nods, they sweep OFF, arm in arm. The salesman stares after them dazedly, then withdraws a pocket handkerchief, carefully wipes the fingerprints from the gleaming automobile.

EXT. AMANDA'S HOME - OVER BLACK FERRARI - NIGHT

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

AMANDA

What a beautiful car. Is it new, David?

DAVID

About... a year, year and a half old, just after the divorce.

(a grin)

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

AMANDA

(amusedly)

Oh, that kind of divorce.

DAVID

(ala W.C. Fields)

Ah, yes. I had the first hint of her truly darling nature when she gave me that do-it-yourself hari-kari kit for Christmas.

He whips open the passenger door for her, as:

DAVID

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 in mind, when you told me to dress for dinner...

DAVID

(easily)

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

He closes the door.

CLOSE ON AMANDA - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

as she reacts, wets her lips nervously, thoughts of 'mole' suddenly stronger in her active mind. David climbs into the Ferrari, smiles, starts the car as CAMERA PULLS BACK, UP, HOLDS as the sportscar VROOMS OFF down the quiet street.

EXT. WASHINGTON MANSION - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT

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

DAVID'S VOICE

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

INT. WASHINGTON MANSION - OVER DESSERT TABLE - NIGHT

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

(impressed)

My goodness, a senator... and he smiled at you. Do you know him very well?

DAVID

Never met him. You pick these things up... you smile... they smile back... everybody thinks you belong. No dessert? Sure?

AMANDA

I just couldn't... the oysters...

DAVID

Blue points.

AMANDA

.. And the salad...

DAVID

Limestone lettuce.

AMANDA

.. And the tournedos... I couldn't.

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

DAVID

Evening, sir, lovely party.

(back to Amanda,
smoothly)

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 P.T.A. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

(quizzically)

Zapped?

DAVID

(stopping, unsmilingly)

Zapped.

AMANDA

(oh!)

Oh!

(quickly, shaken)

Well... I umn...

(moving again)

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

(slowly)

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

DAVID

Me? I'm a spy, Amanda, spies 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...

(a grin)

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

AMANDA

(astonished)

And... they always let you in?

DAVID

Always... but you have know what you're doing.

(an encompassing gesture)

Take tonight. The host is a lobbyist from Texas who's interested in off-shore drilling leases...

Me, I'm supposed to be on staff with one of our esteemed senators from Oregon who, as fate would have it, is off in the wilds of Paris.

(a grin)

That I get from the confidential travel files in the Agency..

(a flip gesture)

Then... voila, we're here.

AMANDA

(in amazement)

For free. Do you do this every night?

CONTINUED:

DAVID

You kidding? I'd weigh more than the battleship New Jersey. Heck no, a couple've nights I catch something at the Steak o'Bob down on 14th, or sock a t.v. 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

(relievedly)

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

DAVID

Good, then since we've done about all the damage we can, in the food department, what say we hit the bricks? You like flowers?

AMANDA

Sure... but they're expensive, and as you say, I know what an agent makes.

DAVID

You want some nickle philosophy, Amanda... stop ordering from the right side of the menu in life, okay? It's lots more fun.

(a grin)

Flowers... a little present. What could they cost... ?

He motions her to remain, then strides to one of the tables, picks up a HUGE floral display, carries it back to her. Amanda, seeing him boldly rip-off the mass of flowers, congeals, swings apprehensive looks to her right and left, certain they will be caught. David brings the bouquet directly to her, grins.

AMANDA

David... you can't.

DAVID

Amanda... I did.

(then)

So, c'mon... we'll see if they fit in a Ferrari.

(a wave off)

Evening, sir. 'Night, ma'm.

(indicating flowers)

For her mother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He nods to a man on his left, a woman on his right, they nod back vaguely, apparently accepting his rationale. A flustered Amanda is led off, almost concealed by the enormous bouquet. Her VOICE carries to us.

AMANDA

I don't believe I'm doing this...

INT. AGENCY BULLPEN - DAY

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...

REILLY

(helpfully)

Without adding grist to the mill.

BILLY

.. without adding grist to the mill, yeah. Let me make it very clear... nobody is being transferred to Nome, Alaska, nobody's being fired... and as far as I know there is no internal investigation from outside. Now, I want this... this...

REILLY

Paranoia.

BILLY

Right, paranoia... I want it stopped.

(a beat)

Any questions?

(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, as Billy bears down on her, scowling.

AMANDA

(cautiously)

Hi.

BILLY

(snapping)

You doing Scarecrow's report?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

I'm... working on it.

BILLY

Good. On my desk. Five o'clock.
Got that?

AMANDA

Oh, yes... five o'clock. On your
desk, yes sir.

He slams into his office. Amanda moves hesitantly
toward Lee's desk, smiles nervously.

AMANDA

Lee?

LEE

(looking up)

Oh, hi, Amanda.

(a quick look about
him, a hiss)

Amanda... what're you doing here?
Why didn't you just phone?

AMANDA

(jarred)

I... thought this might be too
important. If I'm wrong, I'll leave
right away.

She surreptitiously slides a sheaf of bank records
across his desk. Lee winces, picks them up with
exaggerated nonchalance, speaks more loudly.

LEE

Oh, my typing. Thanks, Amanda...
(low, warningly)

Don't act so doggone... mysterious,
will you?!

(more loudly)

Nice copy, no strikeovers.

(the hiss)

What is this?

AMANDA

(loudly)

Thank you, Lee, I tried to make it
clean and neat.

(under)

Bank statements. The man you call
'go'...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

(low)

Ronnie. Ronnie Quan.

Amanda leans over the desk, open 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?! Holy smo...

(then, continuing)

Holy smokes, Amanda... this is... a
... thousand times better than the
last copy. Clean, very clean.

(hushedly again)

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

He jolts to his feet, tears toward the elevator/closet, leaving Amanda standing. Walter Davis Reilly saunters INTO VIEW from his nearby desk, plants a hand on Amanda's shoulder in an avuncular manner, intones:

REILLY

I wonder if you two could decide simply to just whisper all the time, or talk too loudly all the time... very distracting. Remember, please, there are spies trying to work here.

He winks, ambles off, with Amanda left staring after him.

INT. INDOOR RIDING ARENA - CLOSE ON HORSE - DAY

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.

CLOSER ON RONNIE

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

AT UPPER LEVEL

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.

CLOSE ON RONNIE

as he glances across the seats below him, then follows girl and horse with a bored gaze.

HIS POV

TO the horse and rider approaching a colorful Swedish oxer. The horse catches the cross-rail sends it crashing down.

VIKTOR'S VOICE

Please don't turn around, Mr. Quan.

CLOSE OVER RONNIE

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

RONNIE

(slowly)

Janos, it doesn't sound like you.

VIKTOR

It isn't, Mr. Quan.

Ronnie's hand flashes out of his jacket, a snubbed .38 in it, already being cocked. 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 remaining, OVER.

INT. JUDGES BOOTH - ON GLOVED HAND - DAY

The hand rests momentarily under a low, shielded lamp. 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:

EXT. AMANDA'S HOME - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT

INT. AMANDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amanda is crosslegged on her bed, a mound of tax forms, bank statements, phone company billings spread around her. She is diligently categorizing them, putting them into small piles, perhaps corresponding to the agents to which they pertain. After a long moment, there is a KNOCK at the DOOR. Amanda freezes.

DOTTY'S VOICE

Amanda, honey? Are you awake?

In a blaze of busyness, Amanda grabs the bed spread, pulls it down over the stack of papers, pounds the pillow into shapelessness, chirps:

AMANDA

Yes, mother?

The door opens, Dotty ENTERS, gazes at the wrecked bed-clothing.

DOTTY

(a frown)

Are you feeling all right?

AMANDA

Oh, fine... feeling fine.

DOTTY

But you were sleeping with your clothes on, dear.

AMANDA

My... clothes... oh...

(in dismissal)

A nap... just... a ... nap, mother.

In fact, I was just about to...

(a wry smile)

..get up and change.

DOTTY

(reassured)

Well, good... because Philip is still wide awake. It's that baseball game tomorrow, I think he's worried.

AMANDA

(getting up)

I'll just peek in and reassure him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOTTY

That would be nice... and I'll tidy up your bed for you.

AMANDA

Oh, no... I mean, I just got the pillow squished down the way I like it.

(taking Dotty's arm)

We'll both go in, shall we? We'll tell him to dream of all those home runs he's going to hit.

Amanda guides her out, sneaks a look back over her shoulder at the bed. The door closes after them.

INT. AGENCY BULLPEN - NIGHT

It is late, the area is DIMLY LIT, the mood somber, as Lee sits glumly at his desk, surrounded by Francine, David and Walter Davis 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

No thanks, Humbug.

(rubbing tired eyes)

What got him there... a riding arena? Who called him?

(simmering anger)

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

FRANCINE

But why would he 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 smile)

Present company excepted, of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Why?

(a beat, grin)

Well, you haven't been around,
Francie... what's fella to think?

FRANCINE

(steamed)

David Benson... you think I did it?

LEE

He didn't mean it, Francine.

FRANCINE

Well, he said it... and you know
what Freud says. You don't say
something unless you mean it.

DAVID

Maybe we better check out Freud,
while we're at it.

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

DAVID

(continuing)

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

(as Lee looks up)

.. look, it could've been you, it
could've been me, this whole Viktor
business' been a nightmare.

(a hand on Lee's
shoulder)

Don't take on the whole load, okay?
The rest've us feel the same way you
do. We'll get Viktor, I know we
will.

(a wave)

Manana, people...

He ambles off. Francine, too, gets up.

FRANCINE

Just in case there's any lingering
doubt left by joy-boy, 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)

Sure, Francine... no problem. Go
home and get some sleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANCINE

(edgily)

Oh, sure... lot's of luck. See you both tomorrow.

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 forty-some years. I've seen moles before... hell, I've caught moles before... I know the drill. The Agency can't afford the kind've egg on its face it's been getting from that Bulgarian. So, how'd it go?

LEE

Walter, I've never met Blue Leader.

REILLY

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.

(a small smile)

You caught that.

REILLY

'Course I caught it... I'm going on sixty-five, not a hundred and forty!

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

REILLY (CONT'D)

(easily)

Nope, you'd be Blue Leader's boy.
Has to be you... who else is
 absolutely clean in this outfit?
 He mention me?

(to silence)

He might've, you know. He knows
 this business' my whole life...
 that I can still cut it. He might
 worry a bit about my loyalty.

LEE

(standing)

Walter, I've got some things to do.

REILLY

I'm not through, yet.

LEE

Sorry, I have to cut out.
 (moving away)

REILLY

(snapping, rising)

Now hold on! You were my rookie...
 I taught you this business, you owe
 me this much.

LEE

Not when it's the booze talking,
 Walter.

REILLY

Maybe it is... and maybe it's a
 confession, how'll you know 'til you
 hear me out?

Lee walks toward the entrance, Walter Davis Reilly on
 his heels, CAMERA TRACKING. Reilly turns Lee around.
 OUR ANGLE TIGHTENS on the two.

LEE

One minute, Walter... then I'm
 walking out've here.

REILLY

(slowly)

I'm going to tell you something even
 Blue Leader doesn't know...

(a beat)

I got feelers from three East-bloc
 countries, good ones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

And you didn't report them?

(to silence)

That could've bought you a quick
ticket out've here... and cost
you your pension. Why?

REILLY

I was mad, doggone mad. I was being
set down in my prime... sent home to
grow my flowers and read the papers.

(slowly)

It was the flowers that made my mind
up... my favorite's always been the
rose...

(soberly)

The American Beauty Rose...

(a head wag)

.. pretty mushy stuff, isn't it.

LEE

Nothing wrong with patriotism.

REILLY

Blue Leader's not to hear about
any've this now, understand?

LEE

Don't sweat it. Like I said, I've
never met Blue Leader.

REILLY

You as much as admitted you did.

LEE

Nossir, I didn't.

Lee reaches into his pants pocket, removes a small tape recorder, takes out the micro-tape, tosses it to the older man.

LEE

(continuing)

Play back the tape, listen for
yourself...

(adding)

Oh... and burn it when you're
through. We never had this
conversation.

REILLY

(exploding)

You... you taped me?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

(a slight smile)

'Night, Humbug.

He steps into the closet/elevator. Reilly shouts after him:

REILLY

A rotten thing to do to a friend,
Scarecrow!!

(a grumble to
himself)

Trained the boy too doggone well...

He turns away, hesitates, smiles, wags his head.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE BALL PARK - NEAR DUGOUT - DAY

Philip 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.

PHILIP

(blankly)

Huh?

AMANDA

(a smile)

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

DOTTY

(slowly)

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

JAMIE

They have a coach, gran'ma.

DOTTY

(to Philip)

Good... you mind your coach, then.

PHILIP

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

They watch Philip 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

Save me a seat in the bleachers,
mother... I'll be right back.

JAMIE

Hurry up, mom, Philip bats cleanup.

Amanda nods, trots off.

DOTTY

(to Jamie)

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

INT. AGENCY - AT BILLY'S DOORWAY - DAY

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)

Spies... does everything have to
mean something?

(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. I figure that if Blue
Leader...

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

BILLY

(continuing, to her)

You want something, Francine?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANCINE

(tautly)

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

BILLY

(dazedly)

About... you? No.

FRANCINE

I can tell by your expression you
were, Billy. 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, no kidding, nobody is
talking about you. Right, Billy?

BILLY

Right. Sure.

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 p-phone call.

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

BILLY

Weird... It's gettin' weirder and
weirder...

(a thumb motion)

Go take your call.

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

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE PARK - THROUGH PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Amanda waits, rummages in her voluminous handbag, digs
out several documents.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

(into phone)

Hello?

AMANDA

(into phone)

Oh, hi. I wasn't sure if you wanted me to go ahead with this after you told me about the awful thing that happened to Ronnie, but...

LEE

(over)

Sure, I want you to go ahead.
What've you got?

AMANDA

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... Amanda, please... what've you got?

AMANDA

Well... I was doing what you told me to do, going over bank statements, tax returns, that sort of thing...

LEE

(nodding)

Right... right, so?

AMANDA

I found something strange.

LEE

Strange... how?

AMANDA

(statement in hand)

About a year or year and a half ago, David was making out checks to a Monica Benson...

LEE

His ex. So?

The CAMERA BEGINS SLOWLY CIRCLING the phone booth, allowing us to SEE the ball field. Our distance is such that we do not clearly recognize the young players.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

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 Philip's number, perhaps not, but it is he, although Amanda will not realize it yet.

LEE

(over, in frustration)

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

AMANDA

So, anyway, he made the first payment on... let's see... June first... and the second one...

(turning a page)

.. July sixth, the third was... right here, 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 comes streaking toward the booth, arms waving.

DOTTY

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

AMANDA

(to Dotty)

He did?!

(into phone, a shriek)

Philip got a single!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

(wincing)

What is that... some kind've code?
And why are you screaming?

DOTTY

Tell them you'll call back. Come
on, Amanda.

AMANDA

(to Dotty)

In just a minute, mother. Go cheer
for both of us.

DOTTY

Who are you talking to, dear?

AMANDA

(to Dotty, promptly)

Lee.

(then, realizing)

Uhm... Lee Anne... the lady with the
cute Siamese... with the six toes?

DOTTY

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

Amanda nods, smiles, waves bye-bye. Dotty scoots back.
During this, Lee's expression has taken on a kind of
shell-shock.

AMANDA

(to phone)

I'm back.

LEE

Good. Who is cute and has six toes?

AMANDA

I don't have time to explain now,
okay?

(then)

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

LEE

(slowly)

No... but...

AMANDA

(over)

Of course I've never asked for
alimony... I get child support...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA (CONT'D)

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 in cash, why? And where's it coming from?

AMANDA

(bubbling)

Exactly.

On the ball field, Philip, on first, suddenly takes off for second. Amanda almost drops the phone, yells:

AMANDA

(continuing)

Go! Go, Philip!

(then, screaming)

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

Lee rips the phone from his ear, shakes his head, changes the phone to his other, undamaged, ear.

AMANDA

(continuing to phone)

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

LEE

(a pained nod)

Wonderful.

AMANDA

So, I had a thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

(drily)

Now why did I think you might have a thought?

AMANDA

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

We END INTERCUT, STAY with Lee, as he puzzles this.

LEE

(into phone)

Badge... thingee.... ?

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - DAY

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. 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.

CLOSER AT TOWNHOUSE DOOR - AMANDA - DAY

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?

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 a couple've years
ago...

(suspiciously)

What're you selling?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

(clinging to her
poise)

Nothing... not anything... at all.

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

That's true...

(improvising)

.. 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 righty... and you are married,
single or divorced?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

EXT. WASHINGTON CITY GARDEN (THE ARBORETUM) - DAY

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.

DAVID

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

VIKTOR'S VOICE

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

David's pacing CARRIES CAMERA to where Viktor Ignativa 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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIKTOR

And just what am I to do about it?

DAVID

(snapping)

What? You're asking me what to do?

(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 friend 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.

(a gesture of dismissal)

I have no sportscar, no hair stylist.

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.

VIKTOR

You are... certain it is Scarecrow?

DAVID

Has t'be... he's the only Field Agent who's totally clean on this one.

(in thought, then)

Yeah... yeah, I'm sure.

VIKTOR

(tranquilly)

Then you have your answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

(stunned)

Me?!

VIKTOR

(standing)

Not I, David. I will not 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:

INT. AGENCY - AT ELEVATOR/CLOSET - DAY

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.

AT BILLY'S OPEN DOOR

Billy emerges with an exotically beautiful Chinese woman. She carries a teletype 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. Have you seen Lee?

BILLY

Downstairs at Nedlinger's... why, is the report done?

AMANDA

Ri... um, sure. Almost. I just wanted him to see it, check it over.

BILLY

(hand out)

That's all right, I'll check it for him.

AMANDA

(a nervous smile)

I... don't... think he'd want me to... uhm, do that, Mr. Melrose...

(ad-libbing)

For instance, uh, is it Viktor with a 'c' or a 'k'?

BILLY

K.

AMANDA

(pained)

Oh, gee....

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(a naive shrug)

.. see what I mean? I better find him, don't you think? He's going to be soooo mad. A 'k', wouldn't you know...

(backing away)

Sorry to bother you. Bye... thanks.

INT. NEDLINGER'S WASHINGTON BAR - DAY

Lee sits at the bar, his usual unfinished beer 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANCINE

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

(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 appologize.

(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, smart-face, if I didn't feel so terrific, I'd give you such a shot.

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

DAVID

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

FRANCINE

(grinning)

Just as good.

(a wink to Lee)

See you around campus, guys.

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)

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, during:

LEE

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

(now facing David)

What's... this? What's up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

EXT. NEDLINGER'S WASHINGTON BAR - DAY

The stroll continues toward an n.d. sedan parked part-
way down the block, our CAMERA TRUCKING.

DAVID

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

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 beer, drive your 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.

ANOTHER ANGLE AT NEDLINGER'S EXTERIOR

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 melds with traffic, leaves Amanda behind. She stops dead, then wheels, gallops back in the direction from which she came.

INT. AGENCY SEDAN - DAY

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?

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?

(CONTINUED)

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...

(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?

EXT. SUBURBS - TO THE SEDAN - DAY

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.

INT. AMANDA'S STATION WAGON - AMANDA - DAY

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 voce)

Easy, Amanda, don't speed.

(a beat, slow smile)

Why not speed?

She snatches up Philip'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.

OVER AMANDA - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

as the wagon picks up speed, passes one car, then two. 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 down into the towel, hopes to obscure her features.

INT. AGENCY SEDAN - LEE AND DAVID - DAY

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 rear-view 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)

D.C. license... the guy's never been through Fairfax County. He'll get his.

Lee relaxes just a little, almost smiles.

EXT. RURAL INTERSECTION - DAY

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

INT. AMANDA'S STATION WAGON - AMANDA - DAY

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...

EXT. SMALL ROADSIDE COFFEE SHOP - TOWARD HIGHWAY - DAY

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.

INT. AGENCY SEDAN - OVER LEE AND DAVID - DAY

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.

EXT. QUIET SIDE ROAD - DAY

The sedan bumps over the unpaved lane, slows.

(CONTINUED)

INT. AGENCY SEDAN - LEE AND DAVID - DAY

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... we'll get 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 slews to a stop just ahead. David, stunned, finds Lee all over him. He fights Lee off, scrambles out of the car.

EXT. QUIET SIDE ROAD - DAY

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.

CLOSE IN WOODED AREA

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

AMANDA

Sure, I do, Lee.

She digs in a sweater pocket, pulls out an official
looking i.d. 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:

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - LEE'S PORSCHE - DAY

The little sportscar vrooms neatly along, Lee at the wheel, Amanda talking, as it PASSES CAMERA.

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

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'S VOICE

Scarecrow?

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

BLUE LEADER'S VOICE

Scarecrow, this is Blue Leader...

AMANDA

(slowly, low)

Where? Where's Blue Leader?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLUE LEADER'S VOICE

Here, Mrs. King, where I can hear
you and you can hear me.

(as Amanda gulps)

I want to thank you, Scarecrow, and
you, Mrs. King...

INT. DARK WINDOWED LIMOUSINE - DAY

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...

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

BLUE LEADER'S VOICE

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

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