

original

SCARECROW AND MRS. KING

"Ring of Deceit"

*The Arthur Dodger*

Written by

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WARNER BROS. TELEVISION  
4000 Warner Boulevard  
Burbank, California 91522

FINAL DRAFT

February 10, 1984  
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SCARECROW AND MRS. KING

"Ring of Deceit"

CAST LIST

AMANDA KING

LEE STETSON

DOTTY WEST

BILLY MELROSE

FRANCINE DESMOND

ALAN SQUIRES

GENERAL TITUS MORGAN

COLONEL STANLEY SYKES

SERGEANT

CLAUDE

GEORGE

J.C. GRANGER

DRIVER

GENERAL PHIL DEARDORF

SCARECROW AND MRS. KING

"Ring of Deceit"

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

POTOMAC WEAPONS & ARMAMENTS  
CENTER

Vault Room Safe  
Corridor  
Another Corridor  
Custodian's Closet  
Main Guard Desk  
Microfilm Room

AMANDA'S HOUSE  
Foyer

ELEGANT WASHINGTON RESTAURANT

AGENCY  
Billy's Office  
Conference Room  
Bullpen

GREENHOUSE

WASHINGTON APARTMENT HOUSE  
Corridor  
Granger's Apartment

LUXURIOUS WASHINGTON HOTEL  
Suite

FORT BELVEDERE  
Corridor  
Vault Room

ABANDONED BUILDING

EXTERIORS:

ELEGANT WASHINGTON RESTAURANT

AGENCY

GREENHOUSE

POTOMAC WEAPONS & ARMAMENTS  
CENTER  
Sign  
Hedge  
Entrance

WASHINGTON APARTMENT HOUSE

LUXURIOUS WASHINGTON HOTEL

FORT BELVEDERE

FIRST WASHINGTON STREET

A WASHINGTON STREET

WASHINGTON ALLEY

ABANDONED BUILDING

VEHICLES:

LEE'S PORSCHE  
ALAN'S ROLLS CORNICHE  
GARBAGE TRUCK  
CATERING TRUCK  
AGENCY SEDANS  
GIANT CARGO PLANE

SCARECROW AND MRS. KING

"Ring of Deceit"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. POTOMAC WEAPONS AND ARMAMENTS CENTER (PWAC) - VAULT 1  
ROOM SAFE - OPENING ON BLACK - NIGHT

The darkness abruptly gives way to an eerie blue, as the safe door, a thick, slab-steel panel, opens. Our VIEW is THROUGH a warren of deep, round, blueprint slots TO a man's face. It should startle us -- because the handsome features are smudged with a commando's camouflage blacking; across the cheekbones and brow, down the bridge of the nose. The man is ALAN SQUIRES; his eyes are singularly penetrating, chill, as they scan the myriad slots before him briefly, then fix quickly on a lower space. CAMERA CRANES DOWN SWIFTLY, HOLDS ON a particular slot and its contents, a tightly rolled sheet of plastic. A black-gloved hand darts to it, slips it out.

2 WIDER - IN VAULT "A"

2

As Alan, dressed entirely in black; black turtleneck sweater, black slacks and running shoes, shrugs what appears to be an archer's quiver from his back, slides the plastic sheet into the tube, caps it, replaces it across his back and out of his way. Alan is armed with a Ruger .22 automatic, with Maxim silencer, which is tied down to his upper thigh, gunfighter style, encased in a quick-draw holster. On his other thigh he wears a scuba diver's double-edged knife, also sheathed. The source of the little room's eerie light is established as a single, blue bulb, ceiling hung. With the plastic sheet snugly in his back-slung case, Alan steps to the door, cracks it open slightly, snaps a look out. His movement is athletic, economical.

3 HIS POV - TO CORRIDOR

3

Just outside and the main guard station which is situated here. A young SERGEANT has moved away from his desk, is confronting J.C. GRANGER, casually dressed civilian, who is protesting loudly:

GRANGER

Dammit, I'm a'ready late clockin'  
in! You got any idea how far it  
is back t'parkin' lot 'S'?!  
:

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

SERGEANT

Sorry, Mr. Granger, you know the rules. I gotta see the security badge.

GRANGER

Ever'body knows I work here... I been workin' here eighteen years! I a'ready...

4 BACK TO SCENE

4

Where Alan eases the door silently wider.

5 INT. PWAC CORRIDOR - AT MAIN DESK - NIGHT

5

SERGEANT

(over; tolerantly)  
Mr. Granger...

GRANGER

... I a'ready told yo, the damn pass's on my other jacket. I left the...

SERGEANT

(over; wearily)  
Mr. Granger, I know...

GRANGER

(irately)  
Stop 'Mr. Granger'n' me, will you... y'a'ready know my name, why all the fuss over some dinky piece've plastic, anyhow?!

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS BACK TO the vault room door. It is again closed. The sign bears the warning: "VAULT ROOM 'A' -- ADMITTANCE BY CODE CARD ONLY."

GRANGER (O.S.)

Then can I at least punch-in first ... then go the hell an' gone back t'lot 'S'?!

6 ANOTHER CORRIDOR - AT CUSTODIAN'S CLOSET - NIGHT

6

Where we find the door closing almost all the way. Again, the door is identified by a plastic plate: "CUSTODIAN." CAMERA PANS OFF, FINDS an approaching building guard. He is uniformed, carries a weapon. The guard limps a few steps, glances down at a painful foot, comes on.

## 7            INSIDE CUSTODIAN'S CLOSET            7

Where light barely seeps in from the hallway, allows us to see Alan. He waits, consults his red-dial chronograph. Now, sure he is clear of the guard-round, he eases the door open, reacts.

## 8            HIS POV - TO BUILDING GUARD            8

who is leaning against the opposite corridor wall, one shoe off, massaging his aching arch. He looks up, jaw sagging at sight of the black-clad apparition.

## 9            ALAN            9

is the first to move, his hand flashes to the holstered, SILENCED AUTOMATIC raises it, FIRES -- all in a split-second. He whips OUT OF FRAME.

## 10           OVER BUILDING GUARD            10

Who is just slumping to the floor. Beyond him, Alan is racing silently for a side door, ducking through it. The guard, as a last reflexive act, fumbles at his belt, where we see an electronic alarm relay. His stiffening fingers barely manage to reach the device, then prod the button on it. Instantly we hear the WAIL of a complex-wide ALARM BELL.

## 11           INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT            11

We LAP the ALARM sound with the DOORBELL as it RINGS.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Coming...!

(then, hushedly)

You sure it looks all right?

DOTTY (O.S.)

You look divine, dear... divine.

AMANDA, beautifully dressed, hurries INTO VIEW, goes to the door, gives her hair a last pat, nervously wets her lips, smiles, opens the door.

AMANDA

Hi, Alan...

12 OVER AMANDA - TO A MAN

12

who, for an instant, is turned away, but now turns back, smiles in return and we recognize -- Alan Squires. He wears an elegantly cut, dark suit, appears composed, relaxed, in total control.

ALAN

'Divine' is not a word I tend to  
over-use, Amanda... but your  
mother's absolutely right.

He moves forward, into the house.

13 WIDER - FOYER

13

As Amanda swallows hard. We notice a prominently displayed bouquet of spring flowers.

AMANDA

(mortified)

You... heard.

ALAN

I did... and I'm happy to second  
the motion.

(easily)

Sorry, I'm late.

AMANDA

That's okay... at least you called.  
That's two brownie points right  
there... and two more for the  
flowers, thank you.

ALAN

You're welcome...

(in thought)

... Four brownie points...

(then, lightly)

... Ah, the advantages of dating a  
den mother.

Amanda has moved to the closet, takes out a wrap. Alan moves quickly to assist her, as Dotty's voice tinkles from O.S.

DOTTY (O.S.)

Oh, is it Alan, dear?

AMANDA

(an amused look to  
Alan; calling)

Yes, Mother.

(CONTINUED)

ALAN

(to O.S.)

You're coming in to say hello,  
aren't you, Mrs. West?

DOTTY (O.S.)

Well... I hadn't planned to...

She promptly appears from the stairs.

DOTTY

I really didn't want to interrupt,  
but...

As she sweeps INTO VIEW, we see that she is beautifully  
dressed, well coiffed, the works. She offers Alan her  
hand:

DOTTY

(continuing)

How are you, Alan?

ALAN

(taking her hand)

Never better, Mrs. West.

(admiringly)

No need to ask about your health.  
You look lovely. You're obviously  
planning an evening out, too.

Dotty fingers the dress with elaborate modesty.

DOTTY

Oh, this... yes... well, it's Big  
Band night at the Elks... and  
Gerald's on his way with the  
sitter...

(she executes a neat  
dance step)

... But you wouldn't remember  
that...

ALAN

(amusedly)

Of course not... I'm much too  
young to remember Artie Shaw...  
or Basie... or Harry James.

DOTTY

(ecstatic)

You do!

ALAN

In Paris, in my apartment, I happen  
to have an original Ellington score  
of...



14

AMANDA

14

shifts uncomfortably.

AMANDA

(over; low)

Uhm... Alan...

She glances, self-consciously, to Alan, to her watch.

15

BACK TO SCENE

15

Where Dotty continues chattily to Alan.

DOTTY

Now it's all Video Rock or whatever they call it... no romance.

ALAN

I... wouldn't say... no romance, Mrs. West... but I'm afraid if I keep on postponing it...

He looks to Amanda, smiles. Dotty picks up on it.

DOTTY

Now you two run along, don't let me keep you... but next time, try to come a little early... tell me all about your records and your lovely art collection. I'd love to hear about that.

(a beat; sudden thought)

It's... not etchings... or anything like... that...

ALAN

(amusedly)

Nothing like that, Mrs. West.

AMANDA

Alan doesn't collect art, Mother... he sells it... paintings, sculpture...

DOTTY

Oh... that's much better than collecting... more... active, sort of.

(then)

Now hurry off... I don't want to make you any later.

AMANDA

'Night, Mother.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

DOTTY

'Night, dear.

ALAN

(a nod; smile)

Mrs. West... have a nice evening.

DOTTY

(brightly)

I certainly will. You, too.

Amanda and Alan exit. Dotty hands in the open doorway, momentarily, closes the door, smiling.

16 INT. POTOMAC WEAPONS AND ARMAMENTS CENTER - CORRIDOR - 16  
EXTREME CLOSEUP - FEET - NIGHT

The feet belong to the slain building guard, and we see one shoe on, the other off, the stockinged foot skewed slightly. CAMERA TILTS UP, FINDS LEE and BILLY staring down.

BILLY

And y'say the security was in place... sentries, television scanners...

17 WIDER ANGLE

17

To include GENERAL TITUS MORGAN, his adjutant, COLONEL STANLEY SYKES, and two or three members of the sentry staff. A coroner's team stands nearby, waiting.

MORGAN

(over; brusquely)

Of course. It was all by the book.

(pointedly)

And you people wrote that book.

SYKES

(bitingly)

It was your security plan, Melrose.

BILLY

(wearily)

Sure... I know.

LEE

Look, we designed your security, but we don't run it. There's never been a breakdown before... not at Landover... or the Chesapeake installation, or...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MORGAN

(over; sharply)

Well, you damn sure had a breakdown here. You got a man killed, Stetson.

SYKES

Right... we have a man dead, because've you people.

MORGAN

Somebody walked in here...

(pointedly)

... through your security... and trotted out with one-third of the MAB system, gentlemen.

SYKES

One-third, Stetson.

LEE

(steamed; low)

Y'get your birdseed wholesale, Colonel?

Morgan and Sykes stiffen. Billy cuts in hastily, hisses:

BILLY

Lee... ease up. We've gotta work with these people.

(to Morgan)

MAB System... what's a MAB?

MORGAN

Mobile Anti-Ballistic System... our umbrella defense against enemy missiles. The total MAB System is on three large pieces of special plastic. It...

LEE

(over; in surprise)

Three pieces've... plastic?

18 INT. PWAC - IN VAULT "A" - PLASTIC SHEET - NIGHT

18

The sheet has colored dots, intricate letters and numbers, which form a semi-circle on the transparent surface. It rests on a light table.

MORGAN (O.S.)

This isn't MAB... but it's similar enough.

To include the four men, the small vault, the open safe.

MORGAN

The entire plan is too sensitive to put in any single package... so we have it under three separate covers. This was Cover One.

Lee examines the plastic sheet.

LEE

So, what happens here... this lays over another piece've plastic ... which lays over another? That gives the whole picture... the three sheets, read together?

SYKES

(instantly)

Who leaked that to you, Stetson?

LEE

(a look)

It's really not that tough t'figure out, Colonel... when you consider what we do for a living.

BILLY

(to Morgan)

Where're the other two pieces?

MORGAN

Cover Two is a Fort Belvedere, Cover Three's at Morrison Missile Depot. Cover One will give the Russians a fairly specific area to photograph from their satellites. Covers Two and Three pinpoint exactly where our anti-ballistic missiles will be at any given time.

SYKES

They could knock out our entire anti-missile unbrella.

MORGAN

To relocate the entire system would take... eighteen months... and we'd be vulnerable the whole time to a first strike...

(CONTINUED)

SYKES

Thanks to your... foul-up in security.

Lee holds his temper, turns to the safe, the myriad cubbyholes. He points to the empty one.

LEE

You told us nothing else in this safe had been disturbed, right?

MORGAN

What's that have to do with it?

BILLY

What Lee's saying is it means someone had very specific information. He went directly to Cover One... he wasn't searching.

MORGAN

Of course he went right to it. God knows how many times he's waltzed in here before.

LEE

Or... it could've been an inside thing all along.

SYKES

Are you saying it's an Army screw-up?!

LEE

So, you're layin' it on us?  
(a beat)

The main guard desk is right outside this vault... who was on duty when this went down?

General Morgan looks to Sykes. Sykes is clearly at a loss to answer.

SYKES

I... don't have the man's name, right off, General...

MORGAN

Then, get it, Sykes! These men will want to talk to him.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

LEE

(cooly)

Yeah, why don't you just do that,  
Sykes.

SYKES

(glaring at Lee)

Yessir, General... right away.

He speeds out.

MORGAN

(to Billy)

All right, Melrose, conduct your  
investigation, but get into it...  
and get it done. I want answers.

BILLY

We'll do our best.

MORGAN

I've seen your best. Now I want  
to see results.

A steamed Lee cuts a look to Billy. Billy sighs, shrugs.

20 EXT. ELEGANT WASHINGTON RESTAURANT - NIGHT (NPS)

20

Uniformed valets hurry to meet an obviously expensive  
sedan, as we hear:

ALAN (V.O.)

Amanda King... where have I gone  
wrong? I've been trying like the  
devil to dazzle you...

21 INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT - AMANDA AND ALAN - NIGHT

21

They are seated in a banquette, their privacy guaranteed  
by lush sprays of flowers, plants. A waiter is removing  
dessert dishes and a captain waits with a gleaming silver  
drink tray. He will glide forward smoothly as the last  
dish is cleared, serve Amanda an after dinner drink,  
then Alan, both with practiced flourishes. Both already  
have coffee before them. Alan leans to her, intimately  
personalizing his clear interest in Amanda.

ALAN

... And you simply won't dazzle.  
(a nice smile)  
Are you... undazzleable?

(CONTINUED)

Amanda, feeling crowded, pressed, fidgets, offers a warm but wry smile.

AMANDA

Un... dazzle... able? Is that a real word?

ALAN

(easily)

It is now.

(then)

Another word, then... invulnerable, that's a good one... or... bulletproof?

(a moment)

Who is he?

AMANDA

(blankly)

Who is... who?

ALAN

The man... there has to be one. A man more attentive, better looking... and with deadlier after-shave, than I. What's his name?

AMANDA

There's... no... man, Alan.

ALAN

(inflecting)

Uh-huh... there's no-no on your lips... but there's 'could be' in your voice. This calls for Plan 'B'...

He reaches into his jacket pocket, withdraws something wrapped in jeweler's tissue.

AMANDA

(protesting)

Really... I don't have any attachments. Besides, I don't know anyone more attentive... or...

Struggling with the words.

ALAN

(breezily)

Better looking... wealthier... more neatly dressed... with whiter teeth... check one...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

ALAN (CONT'D)

(a grin)

... And check this...

He puts the tissue-wrapped object before her, waits, the smile in place. Amanda slowly opens the tissue, reacts, takes out a stunning ring.

AMANDA

(rocked)

Oh, my... gosh.

ALAN

Impressive?

(a beat)

Moderately impressive? So-so?

AMANDA

(a slow nod)

Impressive. Very.

ALAN

It's yours. I had it made for you. Sorry for the jeweler's tissue, but we couldn't find a suitable box.

AMANDA

(stunned)

For me...

(then)

... Uh... no. No... thank you.

(quickly; babbling)

Y'see... I'm strictly a candy, books, or flowers girl... uhm, maybe perfume... but no, not... this... uhn uhnnn. This is... it's well, it's too... much. Too much. This is definitely not candy, books or flowers... it's more like being handed uhm... one've the seven Western states.

ALAN

(a shrug)

Afraid not, Amanda... It's a copy. What they call in the clothing trade a knock-off. The original is in the Topkapi Museum. You want to know what it is?

(CONTINUED)



AMANDA

(eyes wide, fixed  
on the ring)

Uhm... sure.

ALAN

Some call it a harem ring, others,  
a concubine ring... but it is...

AMANDA

(whoa!)

Concubine... ring?! Y'mean,  
concubine... like in...

(her mouth working  
silently, until)

... concubine?

ALAN

(evenly)

Now, don't read anything into it,  
Amanda...

AMANDA

Don't read anything into it?!  
Look, Alan... Boy Scout rings  
are for Boy Scouts, right?  
Graduation rings are for uh,  
graduates, right? Concubine  
rings are...

ALAN

(over; smoothly)

Wrong.

(a hand raised to  
still her)

I've known you what... two weeks?  
(to a dim nod)

Two weeks... of hand-holding, one  
non-incriminating kiss at the door...  
can you, for any earthly reason,  
think I'd consider you in the  
concubine department?

(earnestly)

I chose it because it was beautiful  
... and I deal in beauty, remember  
... and because it's a 'little' bit  
impressive, and you'll tend to  
notice it... and if you notice it,  
you'll tend to think of me.

(a smile)

And I do want you to think of me.

(CONTINUED)

Amanda stares glassily at him, searches for an answer, can't find one, swallows hard. Ohhhhboyyy.

AMANDA

Alan... I... I... I think I'd like some coffee, now.

ALAN

(a small smile)

You... have coffee, Amanda.

Amanda glances down -- and directly at her untouched coffee.

AMANDA

Oh... what d'you know?

(a weak smile)

It was... right there... all the time... coffee... yeah...

She hurriedly sips, lowers the cup to reply, thinks better of it, quickly raises the cup again.

ALAN

Look at it this way... are we friends?

AMANDA

(a gulp)

Friends, uhm hmmm, yes. Friends.

ALANDA

Good, then because we're friends... and I hope to be much more... please accept it for what it is... a gesture of friendship. A friendship ring.

AMANDA

(dazedly)

A... friendship... ring.

ALAN

Exactly... and only that. No strings.

AMANDA

(slowly)

No... strings...

ALAN

Zero... strings.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (5)

21

Amanda weighs the idea, looks at the ring. Alan reaches to her, takes her hand, gently puts it on her right hand.

AMANDA

It... fits.

ALAN

It's supposed to, Amanda.

AMANDA

Yeah... right.

(then)

Well... okay... I guess.

ALAN

Good!

AMANDA

(hastily)

On one condition...

(a beat)

... You have to... uh... explain it to my mother.

On Alan's laughter, CAMERA TIGHTENS ON Amanda's right hand, the handsome ring, the lights shimmering from the gold-set stones.

22 EXT. AGENCY - ESTABLISHING - DAY (NPS)

22

23 INT. BILLY'S OFFICE - BILLY'S DESK

23

An electronic bug-finder is hovering over the usual desk articles, carefully monitoring. CAMERA FOLLOWS its precise, sweeping path, as:

LEE (O.S.)

It... just... doesn't... figure...

The perimeter sentries are on fifty yard turn-arounds, there are sixteen TV scanners on overlap rotation...

The bug-finder skims over the last section of Billy's desk, and, CAMERA PANNING, moves to the easel on which a detailed blueprint is displayed. It begins the same sweeping path as before, as ANGLE WIDENS to include an irritated Lee, who has been standing at the print, pointing, explaining. Billy and FRANCINE look on. The security specialist, GEORGE, blithely continues with his bug detector.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

... We've got coded key-card boxes  
at every...

(steamed)

... George... look, d'you mind?

GEORGE

Nope. You're not botherin' me,  
Lee.

LEE

When was the last time you found  
a bug in a blueprint?

BILLY

Go on, Scarecrow... what's your  
point?

Lee shafts a scalding look at George, who is now moving  
off slightly, checking other furniture, any picture  
frames, whatever else might conceal a listening device.

LEE

My point is, nothing, nobody could  
get past that system... it has t'be  
an inside number, not a security  
breakdown. The Army's try'n t'dump  
it on us.

BILLY

(glumly)

Tell that t'Colonel Sykes.

LEE

(a slow smile)

Maybe I can do better than that...  
maybe I can prove it.

(then)

Le'me have Francine tonight... and...

FRANCINE

Negative. I'm on the Kerensky thing.

LEE

(a shrug)

Okay, Jeannie Chang, then... or  
Morel... Leftwich... it doesn't  
matter... I need a warm body with  
some smarts, who can run a stopwatch  
and a microfilm machine.

George has completed his sweep.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

GEORGE

All clear, Mr. Melrose.

BILLY

(after him)

Thanks, George...

(to Lee)

... Forget Chang and Morel.

(a beat)

You sure you don't want Fred  
Fielder?

LEE

Y'sure you want me to answer that  
in, front've a lady?

There is a light TAPPING at the door.

24 NEW ANGLE

24

Featuring Amanda. She smiles in, holds up a printed form, mouths something which might be interpreted as "I need you to sign this, Mr. Melrose." Billy signals her to wait a second.

BILLY

(to Lee)

A... warm body... with some smarts,  
y'say?

Lee instantly intuits Billy's intent, shakes his head.

LEE

No... uhn uhnn... I was talking  
agents... not civilians.

BILLY

But, y'do need somebody to run  
security backgrounds on civilian  
employees, right? Isn't that why  
we're talking microfilm machine?

FRANCINE

(a wry smile)

They say Fred's dynamite on a  
microfilm machine, Lee.

Lee snaps a look to her, glances to Billy, strides to the door, opens it, faces a smiling Amanda.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

(apologetically)

Oh, listen, if you're right in the middle of some... uh, mission, or something, I don't want to...

She holds up the form.

LEE

What's... that?

AMANDA

It's from payroll. My hours last week... Mr. Melrose has to sign it, so they can send it to General Accounting... and General Accounting can...

BILLY

(over, hastily)

Amanda... just bring it here.

She carries the form in her right hand and just below eye level. Her new ring glints under the flourescents.

AMANDA

Thank you, thank you very much, sir...

(at his desk)

... It only comes to eleven hours and fifteen...

BILLY

(over)

Fine, fine... whatever.

Billy nods, scribbles his signature as:

BILLY

(continuing)

Scarecrow's got something he can use you on tonight.

AMANDA

(reacting)

Tonight?

(a beat)

Well, I... uh, tonight I was... um, kind've, supposed to go... someplace.

Francine has, of course, spotted the ring, moved closer, studying it.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

(quickly)

Look, if you're busy...

FRANCINE

(of the ring)

Is... that... why you're busy?

AMANDA

(uneasily)

Uhh, yeah.

FRANCINE

(knowingly, archly)

Very busy... apparently.

LEE

(scowling at it)

You know what that is, Amanda?

AMANDA

Sure, a sort've... ah... friendship ring.

LEE

It's a concubine ring.

AMANDA

I suppose they... unn, do call them...  
that... but, uh, it was, you know...  
given in a ... well, a sort've...  
friendship gesture. That's why I  
call it a... ummm... friendship  
ring.

FRANCINE

Ooookay, sure... 'friendship'...

She turns, goes out.

AMANDA

Maybe... maybe I can change things  
around... y'know, for tonight?

LEE

(dourly)

Listen, y'got yourself a heavy date,  
forget it, I can...

AMANDA

(over)

It's not like that... I mean a...  
um... heavy... date.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

(edgily)

No, 'course it isn't... you won  
that ring at the carnival... for  
throwin' baseballs at those little  
tin duckies in the arcade...

AMANDA

(flaring)

Lee, you don't have to turn this  
into some kind've personal... uhm...

LEE

(over, instantly)

Personal?! I said personal?! I  
didn't say personal...

BILLY

(over, wearily)

Scarecrow...

(as Lee turns)

... I've only got two words for you...  
Fred... Fielder.

LEE

(to Amanda, promptly)

Seven-thirty.

BILLY

Good, so stop blind-sidin' one  
another and start gettin' some  
solid evidence that this PWAC  
thing wasn't our...

AMANDA

(over)

P-WAC? What's a...

LEE

(crisply)

PWAC... Potomac Weapons an' Armaments  
Center... PWAC, okay?

(to Billy)

I'll handle it, Billy. I've a'ready  
got some ideas.

BILLY

You better have some. If this business  
turns out t'be our mess-up... and it  
gets kicked upstairs... you know  
what that means.

(CONTINUED)



24 CONTINUED: (4)

24

LEE

(slowly)

I know... I know... National  
Security goes right down the pipe...

(then, drily)

... And the two of us draw... what...  
Iceland?

BILLY

(grimly)

Iceland... if we're lucky.

Amanda stares from one grim face to the other as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

25 INT. GREENHOUSE - THROUGH ORCHID SPRAY - DAY

25

Just beyond a curtain of brilliantly colored orchids, we see Alan Squires.

ALAN

Seven-thirty. We're on a curfew,  
are we? All right, we'll be sure  
to have you home.

He moves along the aisle, joins Amanda, who seems somehow  
subdued.

AMANDA

Sorry, Alan... you should've mentioned  
you were going to Rome.

ALAN

Amanda, I didn't know there was  
another authentic Ghiberti in all  
of Italy, until Claude called.

(abruptly)

Is... it a man... this... seven-  
thirty appointment?

AMANDA

No, it's not really... well, I  
mean, yes, it's a man, but... uh,  
it's not... well, it's not...

ALAN

(helpfully)

A... 'thing'!

AMANDA

(an earnest nod)

A 'thing'... that's what it's not,  
yeah.

26 NEW ANGLE - CAMERA TRACKING

26

as Amanda and Alan walk slowly toward the entrance, past  
banks of flowers, tropical plants.

ALAN

Business, then...

(quickly)

... I'm sorry... none've my concern,  
is it?

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

Sure, sure it is... but right...  
you could say... business.

She works at her new ring, gets it off, offers it to him.

AMANDA

(continuing)

Alan... if you're... leaving, maybe  
I ought to uhm... give this back...

ALAN

(firmly)

Nope, no, not possible. That... is  
to be a constant reminder... until I  
come back. The ring... it isn't too  
subtle, is it?

AMANDA

(reacting)

Too subtle? This?

ALAN

(a put-on frown)

The other alternative was a single,  
big rock... with tiny lights, like  
that Times Square sign... with 'Alan'  
flashing across it, day and night...

He grins down at her, tucks the ring back into her hand,  
opens the greenhouse door.

Amanda and Alan stroll to the nearby parking lot, where  
a Rolls Corniche is slotted. It carries French plates  
and is parked directly before a no parking sign.

ALAN

I'm almost sorry my business in  
Washington is going so smoothly.  
I'd have liked to be with you more  
often.

They reach the front of the Corniche, Amanda glances at  
the license plate.

AMANDA

I... enjoy being with you, too.

(then)

That's, uh, not an embassy license,  
is it?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

ALAN

Just a run of the mill French one,  
I'm afraid. She spends most of her  
time either in Paris or Deauville.

As they start around the front end of the car, Alan  
reaches inside the wheelwell, takes out a set of keys.

27A AMANDA

27A

watches this.

ALAN (V.O.)

Will you do something for me while  
I'm away?

27B BACK TO SCENE

27B

Alan opens the passenger door. Amanda gets in. Alan  
closes the door, leans on it, ANGLE TIGHTENING.

AMANDA

If I can, sure.

ALAN

Wear the ring. And think of me  
now and then till I get back?

(adding)

And... one more thing: This fellow  
you're seeing tonight...

(a smile)

... keep it business.

AMANDA

Don't worry about that. Believe me,  
it's strictly impersonal -- that's  
all it is...

She nods firmly. A little too firmly.

28 EXT. PWAC - ON SIGN - NIGHT

28

We note its legend: U.S. ARMY - POTOMAC WEAPONS AND  
ARMAMENTS CENTER - POSITIVELY NO ADMITTANCE. Suddenly,  
a figure blurs THROUGH FRAME, is instantly gone.

29 BEHIND HEDGE

29

a man thuds INTO FRAME, peers off toward the buildings --  
Lee.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

LEE

(low)

Okay... the two guards crossing...  
and the scanner has to be already  
past this hedge... Give me a count.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Sure. Seven... six... five...

30 NEW ANGLE

30

To include Lee, stretched out behind the hedge, and  
Amanda standing over him with a stopwatch, penlight.

AMANDA

... Four... three... two... one...  
and go!

Lee spurts away, CAMERA FOLLOWING, and scoots into a  
protected, recessed niche.

31 INT. PWAC - AT MAIN GUARD DESK - ON MONITOR - NIGHT

31

The screen shows us Amanda loping toward the scanner.  
Lee is not in view.

32 OVER MONITOR - SYKES, THE YOUNG SERGEANT

32

Where Sykes smiles thinly.

SYKES

We see the woman... but, we don't  
see Stetson... marvelous.

33 EXT. PWAC BUILDING ENTRANCE - ON KEY CARD SLOT - NIGHT

33

The main building door is opened only by a magnetized  
plastic card. The rectangular receptacle bears a sign  
cautioning: INSERT ONLY ARROW END OF SECURITY CARD. A  
hand is just doing this, to the accompanying sound of  
a quick BUZZ. ANGLE WIDENS as a civilian employee with-  
draws his card, pulls the door wide, enters. As the door  
swings closed, CAMERA TIGHTENS on the lower door. A foot  
catches the door, keeps it open slightly. CAMERA WHIPS  
UP, FINDS Lee, now holding the door with one hand, peer-  
ing in. In a quick move, he jerks the door wider, darts  
through. As the door swings back, Amanda catches it,  
follows.

34

INT. PWAC CORRIDOR - TO MAIN GUARD STATION - NIGHT

34

We see Sykes and the Sergeant behind the desk, watch a civilian employee flash his security card, be allowed past. A man's head appears in CLOSE CAMERA, and we RACK FOCUS, disclosing Lee, who is flat to the wall, peering around the corner.

LEE

(sotto)

The guard desk is right next to the vault door... They can see any move I make.

Amanda's head pokes INTO FRAME alongside Lee's.

AMANDA

(also low)

Yeah... it looks like you were right, Lee... nobody could do it.

LEE

Nope...

(a thought)

... unless... Listen, Amanda, I want you t'do something...

35

AT GUARD DESK

35

Where another civilian lumbers past Sykes and the Sergeant. The Sergeant sees the proper pass pinned to the man's jacket, logs him in.

SERGEANT

Newton...

Sykes, meanwhile, constantly scans the monitors, glances frequently toward the entrance, the intersecting corridor. Amanda now strolls into view, approaches.

AMANDA

Hi, Colonel, uhm, sir. Could I ask a question?

We notice that Amanda wears one of the admittance badges. Sykes smiles, straightens slightly, runs a hand reflectively through thinning hair.

SYKES

Of course, Mrs. King.

AMANDA

Is there a drinking fountain anywhere around here?

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

SERGEANT

(promptly)

Yes, ma'am... you go right down...

SYKES

(over, firmly)

Sergeant... the question was addressed to me.

(smiling, pointing)

You go right down this corridor to the first intersecting hallway. It's about halfway down.

Amanda has drifted just past the desk, to just about the point where we earlier saw Granger. Both men, for a moment, focus on her.

AMANDA

Thank you very much.

SYKES

And... Mr. Stetson... he's inside the building?

LEE (O.S.)

Right here, Colonel.

Both men turn and CAMERA WHIP PANS to the vault room door. Lee lounges here, the door already open, a rolled blueprint in hand. Despite his success, he seems anything but triumphant.

36

NEW ANGLE

36

As Lee walks toward the guard desk. He, too, wears the distinctive entry badge. He plops the blueprint onto desk in front of Sykes.

LEE

It's from the vault... slot thirty-six, if you want t'put it back.

SYKES

(gloating)

Then... you did get in.

LEE

(low)

I got in, yeah.

AMANDA

(proudly)

He was very good... just like a... a cat burglar.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

SYKES

It looks very much like you just  
disproved your own lovely theory,  
Stetson.

LEE

The hell I did...

He pulls a much-folded sheet from his pocket, opens it.

LEE

(continuing)

... I had this to go on... the security  
plan of the entire complex. Did  
he have the same thing?... Your  
night visitor?

(a beat)

And if he did have it... where did  
he get it?

SYKES

(uneasily)

How should I know? You're the  
expert.

LEE

Then maybe you can answer this...  
it's a lot easier... where's your  
microfilm room?

37 INT. MICROFILM ROOM - ON VIEWER - NIGHT

37

The greenish screen features a solid page of names, all  
alphabetized. It instantly flicks to another page,  
another, during:

AMANDA (O.S.)

Granger... Granger...

38 AMANDA AND LEE - OVER VIEWER

38

Who stare at the screen intently. Amanda is operating  
the machine.

AMANDA

(as she reads)

Finnegan... to Gorlick... then  
Gorsham to...

(alerting)

... Granger... J.C. Granger...  
there he is, Lee.

(CONTINUED)



LEE

(leaning closer)

Good. Le'see... prior employment,  
U.S. Navy... crypto clearance...  
umm... then... yeah... business  
machine operator... came  
t'PWAC in '66... that checks...

AMANDA

Why are we checking him? Didn't  
you say he seemed to have... um,  
a perfect alibi for not wearing  
his badge?

LEE

(as he scans)

'Seemed'... that's the word, 'seemed.'  
Truth is, when I talked to him, he  
had too slick an alibi and too many  
reasons... his parking place, his  
car, his wife... personal problems,  
how d'you check personal problems...

AMANDA

(from viewer)

See File 1667-R... Employment  
History and Work Record...

She gets up, crosses to a cabinet, murmuring:

AMANDA

(continuing)

One-six-six-seven-R... one-six-six-  
seven-R...

She will find the microfilm folder, return, as:

LEE

(from viewer)

Nothing in his background that  
looks hinky... honorable discharge,  
computer certification...

(a sign, sitting back)

... Zero... but how else did somebody  
get past that guard desk, if the  
Sergeant wasn't distracted? I  
couldn't. Granger had t'be part've  
the operation. I know it was a  
tap-dance... but how do we prove  
it?

Amanda has removed the first film, inserted the second,  
cranks page after page through the machine, abruptly  
stops, points.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

AMANDA

There... Granger, J.C.

39 ON VIEWER SCREEN

39

Where, for a brief time, we see the Granger name, a long list of information.

LEE (V.O.)

More've the same... departmental citation in '80...

40 BACK TO SCENE

40

AMANDA

(reading)

Medical leaves in '67, '71, '74 and '79... heart condition.

(a slow beat)

Heart... condition...

LEE

(breezily)

Forget it... look for somethin' really interesting, like 'spy school,' Moscow, '79 and '80...

AMANDA

But, if he had a heart condition, doesn't that give us a kind've... clue, Lee?...

(a beat)

... what I'm saying is, my ex-father-in-law had that... and they kept telling him, 'exercise... exercise, Frank... walk... nice long walks, brisk walks...'

(a smile, shrug)

... Exercise.

LEE

Thanks for the family history...

(drily)

... So he was supposed to walk... briskly... so?

AMANDA

(working away)

I'm just... okay... but, you did say he was awfully mad about his parking place... because it was so far?

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

LEE

(nettled)

Amanda... for pete's sake...

AMANDA

(over, a hand up)

Wait a minute... hold it.. please...

(quickly)

... If he was so unhappy about being  
in lot S, how come he requested it?

LEE

(altering)

Requested it? When? Where's it  
say that?

AMANDA

In... '79... right here. Wouldn't  
that sort've tie in with his last  
medical leave?

LEE

(slowly)

What it does is blow his little alibi.

He dives for the phone, jabs three numbers, waits.

LEE

(continuing; to phone)

Sergeant, this's Stetson... would  
you ask Mr. J.C. Granger to step  
in here for a minute?

He glances to Amanda.

LEE

(continuing)

He's calling Granger's department...

(abruptly, to phone)

... He isn't? He didn't?! Thanks.

(cradling phone)

He didn't show tonight. Grab an  
address off one've those things!He crosses the room, pulls his jacket from a peg, begins  
to shrug into it.

41

EXT. WASHINGTON APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

41

The building is solidly middle class, a multi-story  
brick structure. Lee's Porsche zips INTO FRAME, stops.

42

OMITTED

42

43

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - AT DOOR - NIGHT

43

The door is indeed 301. Lee and Amanda appear, Lee knocks briskly. The door gives slightly, is unlocked, already ajar. They exchange a look. Lee starts to push open the door.

AMANDA

(a low hiss)

Lee... you can't just go in.

LEE

Sure, I can. It's open...

(a shrug)

... Or almost... open.

AMANDA

But... it's somebody's apartment.

LEE

Yeah, J.C. Granger's.

He again reaches for the door.

AMANDA

(spookily)

I... don't like this. In the movies there's always someone in a closet, or dangling from a shower rod, or something.

(then quickly)

Besides... isn't it breaking and entering?

LEE

(coolly)

Not breaking... just entering. Besides, this guy's probably not even here. He's probably in Rio, with a suitcase full've cash.

He pushes open the door, cautiously enters, with Amanda even more cautious, behind him.

44

INT. GRANGER'S APARTMENT - LEE AND AMANDA - NIGHT

44

With CAMERA TRACKING, they move into the dimly lit living room. Lee and Amanda both spot a greenish light. A stereo tuner. A large, La-Z-Boy-like chair is next to it and a man lies quietly in the chair, wearing a pair of stereo headphones. He appears to be sound asleep. Lee looks to Amanda.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

(dryly)

So much for movies.

He crosses to Granger, taps his shoulder.

LEE

(continuing)

Mr. Granger...? Mr. Granger?!

He is unable to wake him. Lee shrugs, removes the headphones -- and a BLAST OF MUSIC, a symphony, issues from the 'phones. Amanda hastily turns off the stereo, looks to Lee, gulps.

AMANDA

He's not asleep, is he?

Lee grimly shakes his head, crosses to a phone, mutters:

LEE

(to Amanda)

Next time, if you've already seen the picture... don't tip the ending, okay?

AMANDA

(soberly)

Lee... this isn't good, is it?

(wincing)

I mean, uhm... I know this poor man is... uh... dead and everything... so that isn't what I mean... but it isn't good for your case, is it?

LEE

(dryly)

Not good? You kiddin'? Come on... He was our only lead to who's ripping off out entire missile defense capability, that's all. The only person who could prove this wasn't an Agency four-up...

(beat)

... And the only guy who could keep Billy and me from a lifetime assignment in Iceland... or Antarctica...

AMANDA

(nodding sympathetically)

Bad.

LEE

(an earnest nod)

Real... bad.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

45 EXT. AGENCY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

45

BILLY (V.O.)  
How long had he been dead?

46 INT. AGENCY CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

46

Billy is seated at the long table, a pair of phones beside him. One is gray. Amanda sits on one side of him, General Morgan on the other. Lee paces. Sykes paces. They circle the room restlessly, threatening to collide from time to time, stabbing hostile glances at one another.

LEE  
Coroner said around ten, right,  
Amanda?

AMANDA  
(from a note pad)  
Uhm, between nine and ten-thirty.  
He said that from the degree of...  
uh, rigidity of...  
(in distaste)  
... Ugh... Here's where it kind've  
gets... um... yukky.

She hands it to Lee.

LEE  
Forget it, Amanda... close enough.  
(to Billy)  
You know where this is pointing,  
don't you, Billy?

BILLY  
(a dour nod)  
The Dodger.

LEE  
You got it.

AMANDA  
The... Dodger?

SYKES  
What Dodger?

(CONTINUED)

LEE

(to Morgan)

He used to be a cat burglar, working Monaco, the Costa del Sol, places like that. When the jet set started wearing paste jewelry, he switched... started t'specialize in military secrets.

BILLY

The murder fits his MO. He uses informants, offers 'em a ton've money... and kills them.

MORGAN

Then if it was this... Dodger...

AMANDA

(over, perplexedly)

Dodger, that's his name?

LEE

(a scowl)

Artful Dodger, that's how Interpol catalogs him... okay? Now, d'you mind?

AMANDA

Sorry.

BILLY

(to Morgan)

General, you called the CO's at Fort Belvedere and...

MORGAN

(over, impatiently)

And Morrison... Sykes talked to both of them, right, Sykes?

SYKES

Oh, yes, sir... I told them about our theft and about your suggestion that they change the security setup.

BILLY

To what, Colonel?

SYKES

To Alpha System.

LEE

Change it again.

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED: (2)

46

SYKES

(bristling)

I will not! Alpha's a perfectly good...

LEE

(over)

Yeah, perfectly good... and a day old. If the Dodger had Granger at PWAC, he's got people at Belvedere and Morrison.

SYKES

(icily)

One day. One day hardly gives anyone time to...

MORGAN

(over, testily)

Colonel Sykes...

(getting immediate silence; to Billy now)

... What do you say, Melrose?

BILLY

Scarecrow's right. If it's Dodger, he got somebody in both places.

MORGAN

(a nod)

We have a secure phone line?

Billy hands him the gray phone. Morgan dials quickly.

MORGAN

(continuing; into phone)

This is General Morgan, PWAC. Put me through to General Deardorf...

47

EXT. LUXURY WASHINGTON HOTEL - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT  
(NPS)

47

MORGAN (V.O.)

Phil... Titus Morgan here.

48

INT. LUXURIOUS HOTEL SUITE - ON PHOTOGRAPH - NIGHT

48

The photo is of Amanda and Lee as they walk on a busy street. It is a telephoto blow-up.

(CONTINUED)



48 CONTINUED:

48

MORGAN (V.O.)

I'm with Melrose and Stetson, over here in the Agency... and we're pretty concerned about your security at Belvedere...

49 ON SMALL RECEIVER

49

As it transmits Morgan's voice.

MORGAN (V.O.)

These fellows think it's a prudent move to revise your security again.

ANGLE SLOWLY WIDENS to include Alan Squires. He wears a Sulka dressing gown over black turtleneck, black slacks.

MORGAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

Sure, I know it's only been a day, Phil... but it's beginning to look like our thief had an inside man... and Melrose feels if we had one, you do, too. Right... right, Phil...

Alan slowly sifts through the photos as he listens.

50 CLOSE ON PHOTOS

50

All of which include Amanda -- Amanda with Lee outside a building, Amanda and Lee getting into Lee's Porsche, Amanda alone on a city street, a large headshot of Amanda with an ND city background.

MORGAN (V.O.)

Well, if I were you, I'd go to Code Whiskey Zebra pronto... and double my guard shifts starting at oh-eight hundred.

51 BACK TO SCENE

51

As Alan puts aside all the photos except the headshot of Amanda, picks up a small code book, leafs through it, as:

MORGAN (V.O.)

Good, it sounds good to me, too. I'm going to call Red over at Morrison, suggest the same thing, same code...

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

Alan switches off the receiver, picks up the photos, except for Amanda's, flicks a lighter, sets them aflame over a beautiful brass wastebasket. He drops them into it, crosses, lays Amanda's picture aside, begins to take off the robe. ANGLE TIGHTENS OVER the DISTANT sound of a SIREN.

52 EXT. FORT BELVEDERE - ESTABLISHING - DAY (NPS)

52

The SIREN sound is OVER.

53 INT. FORT BELVEDERE CORRIDOR - LOW ANGLE - DAY

53

Running feet, in military boots, speed past. CAMERA TILTS SHARPLY PAST sprinting soldiers, HOLDS ON the wall SIREN.

54 INT. BELVEDERE VAULT ROOM - GENERAL DEARDORF - DAY

54

The grizzled face of GENERAL PHIL DEARDORF stares off, irritated at the SIREN, frowns.

DEARDORF

Somebody, turn off that damn siren!

ANGLE WIDENS to disclose a vault almost identical to the one at PWAC. The safe door is open, two officers stand nearby. They are not happy.

DEARDORF

(continuing; a rasp)

All right... now, somebody, tell me just when it turned up missing!

CAMERA PANS TO the safe, the grid-work of cubicles, TIGHTENS ON one particular, empty slot.

A54 INT. LUXURIOUS HOTEL SUITE - ON CHESSBOARD - DAY

A54

A man's hand moves a chess piece. We are in mid-game here, with the move having been made by "white." Almost immediately, Alan's hand ENTERS FRAME, makes a decisive counter with a black piece during:

CLAUDE (O.S.)

No trouble then?

B54 ANGLE

B54

will WIDEN GRADUALLY to reveal a slight, older, bearded man, CLAUDE. He is well-dressed, intellectual, 50's. Alan, on his feet, moving between the game and the closet, the dresser, apparently has been changing his clothing. He buttons a fresh, crisp shirt, begins putting in his cufflinks, will cross again to select a tie, all the while continuing a conversation, playing chess.

ALAN

(easily)

Another day, another dollar.

CLAUDE

This... woman, how did you happen...

ALAN

(over)

She has a name, Claude.

Claude aims a quick, assessing look to Alan, then:

CLAUDE

Mrs. King, then. I don't quite understand how you happened upon her... how you knew she could be so valuable.

He makes another move on the board. Alan has crossed back, working at his cufflinks, now briefly studies the chessboard, smiles, indicates the board with:

ALAN

The Melnikov Defense...

(a beat)

The Prague Championships, 1936... now, if I remember Yanichuk's reply...

(moving a piece)

Curious about Mrs. King, are we?

CLAUDE

No... interested.

ALAN

Actually... you're responsible.

(off Claude's look)

Umm-hmm... your people gave me the agent responsible for security at the first installation... Stetson. So I did a little surveillance... and Mrs. King happened to be associated with him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

B54 CONTINUED:

B54

ALAN (CONT'D)

She seemed my best link to him...

(a gesture)

... So, I... arranged things.

CLAUDE

(a frown)

She's not an agent?

ALAN

She's an innocent, Claude.

Claude makes a countering move. Alan takes a tie from the closet.

CLAUDE

(crudely)

She was... useful?

Alan eyes him icily as he slips on the tie and returns to the chess table.

ALAN

Don't clutter your mind, Claude.

He makes a move with his bishop, capturing Claude's queen.

ALAN

(continuing)

It's bad for the concentration.

CLAUDE

(winces)

What about the pliofilms?

ALAN

You'll get them at the airport.

All three together, as we agreed.

(indicating board)

As you can see, four moves to mate

... and now, if you'll excuse me,

Claude... I have a little more

eavesdropping to do.

He heads for the bedroom as Claude glumly contemplates the board.

55

INT. AGENCY BULLPEN - FRANCINE - DAY

55

Francine studies the screen of a computer in front of her.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

FRANCINE

(sotto)

Cairo...

(then, puzzled)

... Cairo... then... Iran?

An electronic bug detector abruptly waves across her field of vision.

FRANCINE

(continuing)

George... will you please get that thing out've my face?!

George leans INTO FRAME, smiles.

GEORGE

Just your friendly neighborhood exterminator, doin' his job.

FRANCINE

(dryly)

Some of us just don't have bugs, dear.

56 WIDER

56

As Amanda and Lee hurry toward Billy's office.

FRANCINE

(calling)

Lee... the latest intel I've got has the Artful Dodger in Cairo... or maybe Iran.

LEE

(as he moves)

Then your latest intel doesn't know what it's talking about...

Amanda and Lee zoom into Billy's office.

57 IN BILLY'S OFFICE

57

Billy is on the phone as Amanda and Lee enter.

BILLY

No, sir, I agree... if he hit PWAC and Belvedere, we've gotta come up with something else. Right, General... talk t'you later.

He hangs up, faces Lee and Amanda.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

(continuing)

That was Deardorf... and before  
that was Morgan. The whole Army's  
after my hide.

(dryly)

Y'didn't pass any tanks outside in  
the street, did you?

LEE

(a tired grin)

Nope... but we checked out Belvedere.

BILLY

Same deal?

LEE

Close enough. It's our old friend.

AMANDA

Except he hadn't killed anybody.

LEE

Not for a whole day... what do you  
know...

BILLY

Okay... here's the plan, as of five  
minutes ago...

George now enters, begins his sweep routine.

BILLY

(continuing)

... They're moving Cover Three.

LEE

Good. To where?

BILLY

Fort Keneally. They've got a  
twenty truck convoy pullin' out  
about right now...  
t'Fredricksburgh.

AMANDA

But... won't that just tell that...  
uhm, Dodger right where it's going?  
All he has to do is, well... follow  
it.

BILLY

Good... that's just what we want.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

LEE

(a smile)

So Cover Three won't be in the  
convoy, right?

BILLY

It's goin' out the back gate in a  
mail truck.

A57 INT. LUXURIOUS HOTEL SUITE - ON RECEIVER - DAY

A57

The receiver we saw earlier, spitting out the critical  
information.

AMANDA (V.O.)

A... what?

BILLY (V.O.)

A regular, ordinary, mail truck.

B57 ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE ALAN

B57

hurriedly packing up his suitcase. He spots Amanda's  
picture on the dresser, grabs it, and puts it in the  
suitcase.

57A INT. BILLY'S OFFICE - WIDE SHOT

57A

As before, with the group showing relief for the first  
time in days.

AMANDA

A... what?

BILLY

A regular, ordinary mail truck.

AMANDA

With... letters, postcards?

BILLY

(a smile)

With two paratroopers, armed t'the  
teeth, wearin' post office issue  
clothes.

LEE

(grinning)

A-right. Let our boy go figure  
that.

(CONTINUED)

57A CONTINUED:

57A

George, moving routinely, sweeping his wand across Billy's desk. Again we hear the low HUM of the DETONATOR.

BILLY

They'll be taking regular city streets, probably sixteenth... traveling at normal speed.

LEE

And while it's going t'Keneally, the convoy'll be heading off into the toolies, somewhere...

As George moves from the desk, he passes a curious Amanda -- and we hear a sound, something close to the RATTLE of a DIAMONDBACK. George stops dead.

GEORGE

(low, warningly)  
Gettin' somethin' here...

AMANDA

(brightly)  
What is that thing he's...

LEE

(over, sharply)  
Amanda...!

He motions her to quiet. George is checking Amanda's chair, her purse -- and finally her right hand. Here, the MACHINE RATTLES ominously. George switches OFF his DETECTOR, points to the ring.

58 LEE AND BILLY

58

stare.

59 AMANDA

59

looks down at her ring, slowly raises it, the truth beginning to be clear. The ring.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

60 INT. BILLY'S OFFICE - ON BOX - DAY

60

The box is an electrical device, plugged into the wall.  
The concubine ring rests in it.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Uhm... that... box...

BILLY (O.S.)

How do you know this guy?

LEE (O.S.)

(over this)

What's his name? How'd you meet  
him?

BILLY (O.S.)

You got a location on him? A  
phone?

The CAMERA SLOWLY TILTS UP, to find a badly jarred Amanda,  
being hovered over by Lee and Billy.

AMANDA

(rattled, looking  
from Lee to  
Billy)

I've... uhm, known him... ah, his  
name... location? I don't have a  
phone number, no.

(then, mournfully)

I knew it... I knew I shouldn't've  
taken the ring. Mother always  
said candy, books or flowers...  
maybe perfume.

(a beat)

Mother was so right.

BILLY

Okay... okay.

Lee straightens, his face taut, begins to prowl the  
office, during:

LEE

Terrific... the guy uses a civilian  
t'get our info! He knows  
everything we know, for God's sake!

AMANDA

(a small voice)

I'm sorry, Lee...

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Sorry? Good, great... that helps  
a whole lot.

BILLY

(sharply over)

Lee... stow it. Amanda, nobody's  
blaming you... this is a very  
sharp operator. Now, how'd he  
arrange to meet you?

AMANDA

(close to tears)

I... didn't... umm, know it was...  
ahh, arranged. I thought... I  
thought... it was... just by...um,  
accident.

LEE

Accident? What kind've accident?!

AMANDA

(shakily)

That tone've voice doesn't help,  
y'know, Lee.

(then)

What... is that... machine?

She indicates the box in which the ring rests.

BILLY

It's white noise... it blots out  
any signal. Nobody can hear us now.  
(quietly)

What kind've accident, Amanda?

AMANDA

His car... uh, sort've... stalled  
behind mine... when I was shopping.

LEE

I don't believe this... I do not  
believe it.

AMANDA

(to Billy)

While we were waiting for the car  
club to come to... uhm, fix it...  
he... well, he was just... uh,  
friendly, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Terrific... he just picked you up,  
that's what happened.

BILLY

Lee... the clock's runnin' on us.  
If we're gonna stop the guy we  
better get with it.

(to Amanda)

Do you know where we might find  
him? Did he give you a phone  
number?

AMANDA

No. No... phone number. He always  
called me.

LEE

And that didn't tip you off?  
Married guys an' weirdos... they  
never give phone numbers.

BILLY

What kind've car did he drive?

LEE

What's that got t'do with it?

BILLY

(edgily)

Maybe it was a rental. We can get  
a phone or address from a rental  
outfit.

AMANDA

It wasn't a rental... it was... um  
... a Rolls convertible... with a  
French license plate.

LEE

Wonderful... a slick guy in a  
Rolls convertible, who hands out  
rings and a great line... and you  
go for it.

AMANDA

(eyes brimming)

He had... manners.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(a beat)

All right... I was dumb. I was really dumb to think a... a nice-looking man, with manners... and uhm... a nice car... could... ah, be... um... attracted to... me. I'm sorry... I'm really... sorry.

She buries her head in her hands. Billy looks at a shocked Lee.

BILLY

Nice goin'.

LEE

(now contrite)

Amanda...

AMANDA

(muffled)

I don't want to say anything more. I want an... uh... attorney.

LEE

(startled)

Attorney?!

BILLY

C'mon, Lee... let's get out an APB on the Rolls an' hit the street.

(to Amanda)

Let's go, Amanda.

AMANDA

(muffled)

I don't want to go.

LEE

Good... you stay here...

BILLY

Lee... nobody else knows what he looks like. She has to come.

Amanda slowly gets up, her lip still quivering.

AMANDA

(low)

Okay...

BILLY

Now we at least know what he'll be driving...

They tear out.

61 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - ON GARBAGE TRUCK - DAY 61

The truck blocks an alley, its driver, in coveralls, idly watching traffic. CAMERA ZOOMS us CLOSER -- and we recognize Alan Squires. He waits, watches.

62 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - TO MAIL TRUCK - DAY 62

The truck moves along with traffic.

63 INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY 63

The DRIVER and his passenger are extremely capable-looking men, rugged, alert. They wear postal uniforms. CAMERA TILTS DOWN, REVEALS the automatic weapons easily reachable by either man.

64 EXT. FIRST WASHINGTON STREET - DAY 64

Alan, in his coveralls, steps into the street, carrying a pair of construction saw-horses, places them around a manhole cover, goes back toward the garbage truck. Traffic immediately begins to back up on the partially blocked street.

65 INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY 65

The Driver slows, squints forward.

DRIVER

Some kind've tie-up ahead...  
accident or somethin'.

66 INT. AGENCY SEDAN - LEE, BILLY, AMANDA - DAY 66

Lee drives, Billy beside him. Amanda huddles in the rear seat.

LEE

I'm gonna try Vermont... cut across.  
What'd the General say?

BILLY

They're not wired... no radio, no  
walkie-talkie.

LEE

You're kiddin'... why?

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

66

BILLY

Security... and I didn't talk t'the  
General, I talked t'Sykes.

LEE

That figures. It's okay if a  
couple've guys in a mail truck  
carry machine guns... as long as  
they don't have a walkie-talkie.  
Sharp.

Billy turns to glance at Amanda.

BILLY

You're quiet back there, Amanda.

AMANDA

(low)

I was just wondering if a letter  
of resignation had to be in  
triplicate.

67

EXT. FIRST WASHINGTON STREET - OVER ROAD BLOCK - DAY

67

We see the mail truck slowly approaching the partially  
blocked street and the alley.

68

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK - ALAN - DAY

68

Alan, too, sees the truck. He STARTS the ENGINE, pushes  
the lift lever release.

69

EXT. ALLEY. - ON TRUCK - DAY

69

Where we see the two steel prongs, designed for lifting  
heavy dumpsters, slowly extend.

70

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

70

The Driver inches the truck ahead.

DRIVER

We get past that road-work, it  
looks clear.

(alerting)

Where the hell's that garbage  
truck think it's goin'?

71

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK - ALAN - DAY

71

He calmly rolls slowly forward.

72 INT. TRUCK - DAY

72

DRIVER

That sucker thinks he's...

(abruptly)

... He's gonna hit us... !!

Both men reach for their guns.

73 EXT. FIRST WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

73

Where we see the garbage TRUCK GRIND forward, lifting spikes extended. Before the two soldiers can react, the bigger TRUCK THUDS broadside into their vehicle.

74 INT. GARBAGE TRUCK - OVER ALAN - DAY

74

He slowly pulls the lift lever. We see the mail truck start to rise, see the surprise in the soldiers' faces.

75 EXT. FIRST WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

75

As the garbage trucks, its giant prongs solidly under the little mail truck, lifts it effortlessly, continues forward, trundles straight across the street -- and into the alley, the mail truck being raised higher, higher.

76 INT. WASHINGTON ALLEY - ON TRUCKS - DAY

76

The big truck rolls directly TOWARD CAMERA. The smaller vehicle has been raised almost directly over the cavernous maw of the garbage truck. Suddenly the little truck disappears, dropping into the vast load space within the garbage truck. Alan, gun in hand, is already out of the truck cab, and climbing onto the upper section of the big rig.

77 WITH ALAN

77

As he looks down into the truck bed. The two soldiers are spilled out, just scrambling to their feet. Alan aims his weapon, snaps:

ALAN

Both of you... ! Right where you are!

(a jab of the gun)

Now, you... pick up the tube you were carrying... and hand it to me... !

We see the Driver, hands up, slowly reach down, pick up the tube.

78 INT. AGENCY SEDAN - DAY

78

Lee drives swiftly. Billy speaks into a large walkie-talkie. Amanda glumly stares out the window.

BILLY

(to walkie-talkie)

Home plate... Lancer here... any traffic for me on the mail delivery?

He gets a BLAST of STATIC, then a VOICE.

VOICE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Home plate to Lancer... nothing holding here.

As they pass an alley, Amanda suddenly tenses.

AMANDA

Wait! Stop!

Lee brakes.

AMANDA

(continuing)

Alan! I just saw him in that alley.

Lee throws it in reverse, backs up to the alley.

79 THEIR POV

79

Alan is just stepping out of his coveralls, which he tosses into a dumpster. Under the coveralls he's wearing a suit and tie. He has the tube in his hand. He reacts to the sound of SCREECHING TIRES.

80 EXT. ROOF OF BUILDING IN ALLEY - HIGH-DOWN - DAY

80

From this lofty ANGLE we watch the agency sedan barrel down the alley, as Alan disappears inside the building beneath us. The SEDAN SKIDS to a stop. Lee and Billy get out, sprint across the alley.

LEE (O.S.)

(to Amanda)

Stay there!

As Lee and Billy enter the building, Amanda gets out, stands beside the sedan. CAMERA PANS ALONG the alley, AROUND the corner of the building -- HOLDS ON Alan's Corniche parked there.



81 INT. BUILDING - DAY

81

An abandoned, four-story, industrial building, with concrete floors and fifteen-foot ceilings. The first floor, and all subsequent floors, are littered with glass, beer cans and the remnants of whatever product was manufactured here.

Lee and Billy, guns drawn, move across the floor swiftly but with caution. Steel support columns around them could hide a man. Stealth is out of the question. Every step they take seems to land on broken glass or metal filings. Since the room is large and the hiding places many, it takes Lee and Billy a little while to cross the room to a door marked: STAIRS. Lee positions himself in front of the door, takes aim. Billy grabs the door handle, looks at Lee, who nods. Billy jerks the door open, revealing nothing. Lee bolts toward the door.

82 INT. STAIRWELL - TOP OF STAIRS - DAY

82

Several barrels are jammed together at the landing. Alan is crouched behind them, his gun next to him. He strips off his tie, fashions it into a sling, fastens it across his back. He hears Lee's FOOTSTEPS, stands up, FIRES.

82A LEE

82A

vaults past the stairs to the stairwell leading down to the basement, as THREE SLUGS dig into the wall behind him. He flattens himself against the adjoining wall.

82B ALAN

82B

kicks the barrels down the stairs and races up the next flight.

82C LEE

82C

hurtles over the onrushing barrels, starts up the steps. Billy follows.

83 AT THIRD FLOOR LANDING

83

Alan takes the steps by threes, at the same time trying to jam a fresh clip of bullets into his automatic. He drops the clip, has no time to retrieve it because Lee and Billy are right behind him. He churns toward the fourth floor.

83A      LEE      83A

charges up the third-floor stairs, Billy behind him.  
Lee pauses long enough to notice the --

83B      BULLET CLIP      83B

on a step.

83C      RESUME LEE      83C

wearing a slight smile of triumph.

84      EXT. ROOF - ACCESS DOOR - DAY      84

The door flies open, revealing Alan, whose eyes dart  
several directions, stop at --

84A      A STANDPIPE      84A

snaking over the edge of the building. Alan rushes up  
to it, sheds his jacket, straddles the edge of the roof  
as he wraps his jacket around the pipe, tests its  
stability quickly. The brackets connecting the pipe to  
the building are loose, but Alan can't hesitate. Using  
the jacket to protect his hands, he starts sliding down  
the standpipe.

84B      AT ACCESS DOOR      84B

Lee bursts through it, looks around. Billy arrives a  
beat behind him. Billy goes to one side of the roof,  
Lee the other.

84C      ALAN      84C

is twenty-five feet from the street. The standpipe sways  
dangerously under Alan's weight.

84D      NEW ANGLE - SHOOTING UP FROM STREET      84D

Alan is now just above us. Beyond him, over the roof's  
edge, Lee's head appears.

85      EXT. ROOF - DAY      85

Billy arrives at Lee's position. Both of them aim at  
Alan.

85A ALAN 85A  
 sees Lee and Billy aiming their weapons at him. Although high above the street, Alan lets go of the pipe. CAMERA TRACKS his flight to the pavement, which he hits in a crouch, lands running.

85B LEE AND BILLY 85B  
 FIRE a COUPLE OF SHOTS, then run back to the access door.

85C ALAN 85C  
 sprints around the corner of the building, stops dead when he sees --

85D AMANDA 85D  
 waiting at the Corniche, the keys dangling from her fingers.

85E WIDER 85E  
 Alan moves cautiously toward Amanda.

ALAN  
 Amanda...

AMANDA  
 You... uhm... left these on your tire.

ALAN  
 (carefully)  
 And now... I'm going to need them.

Instead, Amanda tosses them into --

85F A STEEL-GRATED STORM DRAIN 85F  
 The keys dangle momentarily, then drop through.

85G BACK TO SCENE 85G  
 Alan stares numbly at the drain.

LEE (O.S.)  
 Hold it!

(CONTINUED)

85G CONTINUED:

85G

Alan jerks his pistol from the waistband of his slacks, whirls to confront Lee coming up.

LEE

(continuing)

Uh-uh. I saw the clip on the stairs.

Lee keeps Alan covered, reaches for the empty weapon. Alan offers it, butt-first. As Lee moves close, Alan drops the tube in his other hand, fires a clean left hook to Lee's jaw. Lee staggers back, his AUTOMATIC CLATTERING on the pavement. Alan dives for the weapon. Lee dives for Alan, getting to him a millisecond before Alan can get to the gun. Lee bounces two straight lefts off Alan's jaw, then doubles him over with a body shot. Alan sags, gropes at Lee for support. Lee steps aside, letting a groggy Alan drop. Billy huffs INTO SCENE, picks up the blueprint tube, while Lee jerks Alan to his feet, drags him over to Amanda.

LEE

(continuing; to Alan)

You owe the lady an apology.

ALAN

I'm sorry, Amanda. I want you to know something... I was coming back. That's the truth.

AMANDA

It wouldn't've made any difference. It would never have made any difference. And that is the truth.

(to Lee, a plea)

Lee... please...

BILLY

I got'm...

Billy cuffs Alan, leads him away. Lee feels his jaw, winces.

AMANDA

Are you okay?

LEE

(carefully)

Uh-huh... just... great.

AMANDA

Good... Will it... his picture... will it be in the papers?

(CONTINUED)

85G CONTINUED: (2)

85G

LEE

I suppose... sure.

AMANDA

(down)

Oh boy.

LEE

(it hurts to talk)

You disappointed?

AMANDA

No... no, not me... but my mother...  
boy... she sure is gonna be.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

86 EXT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (NPS) 86

AMANDA (V.O.)

Your poor jaw... I feel terrible.  
We didn't have to come tonight...

87 INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT - AMANDA AND LEE - NIGHT 87

This is another banquet at the same restaurant where we saw Amanda and Alan. Amanda has a small steak, Lee is carefully spooning broth into a jaw which only opens one and one-half centimeters. He is nobly trying not to express the pain he feels.

AMANDA

And we certainly didn't have to come here.

(hushedly)

This is very expensive.

LEE

(very carefully)

Expense... is the least of my... problems.

His almost immobilized jaw makes his speech difficult to understand.

AMANDA

Mr. Melrose said that... uh... Alan told you about the man he was... working for... how you got the plans back. I'm certainly glad I didn't ruin national security... or anything...

(solicitously)

... Would you like a straw?

LEE

(barely intelligible)

No, thanks... no straw... wouldn't look right... with... soup.

AMANDA

I can't sit here and eat a steak... and watch you... in pain.

LEE

(doggedly)

Not... in pain... feel... fine.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

Is this... uhm... supposed t'be...  
an apology, Lee... for uh... well,  
what you said? Is that why you're  
taking me to dinner?

LEE

(are you kidding)  
Apology... no... nothing... like  
that. I eat... here all... the  
time.

AMANDA

(a smile)  
Sure, you do... that's why the  
maitre d' called you Mr. Shushon?

LEE

(carefully)  
That... was... my... diction.  
We're... like... brothers.

AMANDA

(a tender smile)  
You didn't have to do this. I  
know you didn't mean what you said.  
You were mad... and uhm... you just  
... well, said things. I know.

(then)

You were mad that I almost made a  
lot of trouble for you with the  
Army... I know you didn't bring  
me here because you were... well,  
jealous of...

LEE

(over, flaring)  
Jealous?! I... certainly... am not  
jealous! What you do on... on...  
your own... uh... time... is none  
of my business.

(then, offendedly)

Jealous...! That's ridiculoushh...  
uhm... ridiculous.

AMANDA

That isn't, um... what I said... or  
what I meant, anyway... I only meant  
jealous of Alan's money... that he  
could afford to bring me here.

(a little steamed)

I certainly didn't mean... to, uhm...  
say it had anything to do with any...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

... Ah, well... relationship  
between us, I didn't mean that.  
I certainly didn't. Never. No.

LEE

Good.

AMANDA

Right.

LEE

For sure.

AMANDA

Naturally.

(a look)

Ready for your Jell-O?

On his look, we --

FADE OUT.

THE END



THIS SCRIPT WAS PREPARED  
BY WARNER BROS. INC.  
SCRIPT PROCESSING DEPARTMENT  
(818) 954-4632

