

START

DANIEL
Yeah?

HECTOR (V.O.)
Got a drink, Danny?

DANIEL
It's Daniel.

Daniel buzzes him in, puts the bag into a cabinet, opens the door.

Hector climbs the stairs, emerging from the gloom. Daniel's mildly surprised by the drunken slob in front of him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
You stink.

Stumbling, Hector wanders around the apartment.

HECTOR
I walked by the La Belle plaque.
You visit it?

DANIEL
What's the point?

Hector creeps over to the sofa and spreads out on it.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
You did this last week, too.

HECTOR
I'm predictable.

DANIEL
(concerned)
Want to talk about it?

Hector opens his eyes. Focuses on Daniel.

HECTOR
How's Gerald?

DANIEL
Bad.

HECTOR
(grunts)
Ran J.S. Colander for three years.
Now this, just as he's leaving.

DANIEL
Why's he leaving?

HECTOR
Hungarian wife who wants to get to
Budapest yesterday.

Daniel goes to his wardrobe and takes out a blanket.

DANIEL
How did Colander's name get out?
Was Gerald sloppy?

Hector gives him a cross look, thinks.

HECTOR
Maybe you can't see it from
Langley, Danny, but in the field
you can't forget: We're just men
and women in cheap suits, dying
badly in Kabul and Islamabad.

DANIEL
So you think Gerald screwed up?

HECTOR
Everybody had access to J.S.
Colander's 201 file. Me. You.

Daniel lays the blanket over Hector, paternally, but Hector's following a thought as he fades out...

HECTOR (CONT'D)
And CIA screwed you over ten years
ago.

END

~~INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - LATER~~

~~Hector's asleep on the couch, almost falling off. Daniel opens his cabinet and removes the bag with the encrypted phone. Takes it to the bedroom.~~

~~HECTOR (V.O.)
Shipped you back to H.Q. Stuck you
behind a desk for ten years? Ten
years is a long time.~~

~~With effort, he pushes his bed so the top legs shift half a foot. He squats and pulls open a loose floorboard. Dusty space holding a bundle of euro bills and a couple flash drives. And a passport photo of a HEAVYSET MAN (50) in a suit and thick glasses. Daniel places the bag and phone inside, replaces the floorboard, and pushes the bed back into place.~~

DANIEL Side 2

On Sandra: Wondering about the limits of their relationship.

~~EXT. BERLIN STREET - NIGHT~~

~~Daniel's walking slowly down a dark street. From behind, a black SUV approaches. He stops and turns, the lights drenching him. But he's not afraid.~~

~~He walks to the SUV, pulls open the rear door, and climbs inside. Shuts the door. The SUV takes off.~~

START INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

He's sitting next to Deputy Director Jemma Moore. The window between them and the DRIVER is closed.

JEMMA

I'm on a plane in an hour, so we don't have much time.

DANIEL

Why are you here?

JEMMA

What I said. Making friendly with the natives. Any progress?

DANIEL

Germans know that the Russians let Karl Unsfeld go through Crimea. But they don't know his name yet. Just that he's Shaw's courier.

JEMMA

At least we're ahead of the Germans. Anything else?

DANIEL

It's slow. These investigations always are.

JEMMA

We don't have that much time.

DANIEL

Then make time.

(off Jemma's look)

We don't have as much as you think we have.

JEMMA

When you brought me the intel, you thought it was enough. And you were right -- you did amazing things uncovering that.

DANIEL

I said it was enough to get started. Six deposits from Thomas Shaw, via a courier named Karl Unsfeld, to bank accounts under the names of six Berlin station employees. We still don't know what the deposits mean.

JEMMA

That's where we agree to disagree.

Daniel's frustrated -- they've disagreed on this before.

DANIEL

There are three possibilities: One: Shaw is paying six people in Berlin in exchange for classified files. Two: He's paying six people in order to cover up one source. Or, three: He's covering up nothing.

JEMMA

Nothing?

DANIEL

He's paying six people in order to get us to pick ourselves apart, piece by piece.

Jemma opens her purse and takes out a photograph. Hands it over. It's the face of KARL UNSFELD (50), a heavyset German, at a bank counter. Suit, glasses. Same man we saw in Daniel's hiding spot.

JEMMA

Two days ago, in Munich. Making a bank deposit.

DANIEL

He's here?

JEMMA

Maybe.

Daniel nods, very serious, looking at the photo.

DANIEL
I need full access to Gerald
Ellis's phone.

JEMMA
Ellis? You think so?

DANIEL
Once he's gone I won't be able to
do anything about him. So that's
where I start.

JEMMA
But do you have anything?

DANIEL
He admires Shaw.

JEMMA
Even after his agent got blown?

Daniel thinks on that.

DANIEL
I followed him tonight. He used
counter surveillance to lose me.

Jemma's interested.

JEMMA
You think he was meeting Unsfeld?

DANIEL
Tap his phone for me, and I'll know
for sure.

JEMMA
As soon as I tap a case officer's
phone my own phone will be ringing
off the hook. I know you'll figure
it out.

DANIEL
Wish I could bring in Frost.

JEMMA
He's on the list, too.

She gives him a sympathetic look.

JEMMA (CONT'D)
It's not easy, lying to all your
colleagues.

(MORE)

JEMMA (CONT'D)
Especially here, in Berlin. You
have a history. This city ruined
your childhood.

DANIEL
That's all it is -- history.

Jemma looks at him -- she doesn't believe this.

JEMMA
I know you'll overcome it...

INT. DANIEL'S HOME / FOYER - LATER

Daniel pushes his way in and climbs the stairs to the fourth
floor where...

JEMMA (V.O.)
...because you're not like the rest
of them. You come from something.
You have a reason to make this
work. You have a need to make this
work.

...he finds Hector sitting, against his door, in drunken
sleep. Daniel looks at him a moment. Sighs. Squats and helps
him to his feet. Uses a key to open his door.

DANIEL (V.O.)
Believe what you want.

Daniel walks Hector inside and kicks the door closed behind
himself.

END

~~INT. FROST'S HOUSE - MORNING~~

~~Steven Frost is in his kitchen, searching the Thomas Shaw
data file. He finds something under "HENRY PELHAM." His wife,
KELLY FROST (50s), comes in with a fresh roll of paper towels
for the holder by the sink. He closes the computer.~~

~~KELLY
Anything interesting?~~

~~FROST
Remember Henry Pelham?~~

~~KELLY
Vienna?
(off his expression)
Bad?~~

~~HECTOR (CONT'D)
He wants evidence that he's
important, and he wants it from me.~~

~~ROBERT
He is valuable.~~

~~HECTOR
My best source.~~

~~They think.~~

~~HECTOR (CONT'D)
I'm almost considering it.~~

~~ROBERT
Not an option. Forget about
protocol. Where does it go
afterward?~~

~~HECTOR
It only gets worse.~~

~~ROBERT
Do we have any other Iranians on
the hook?~~

~~HECTOR
It took six months to recruit him.~~

~~They both think.~~

~~HECTOR (CONT'D)
Shit.~~

START

INT. VALERIE'S OFFICE / US EMBASSY, BERLIN - DAY

Daniel is sitting across from Valerie, who looks irritated.

~~VALERIE
Childhood in Berlin.~~

Daniel nods.

~~VALERIE (CONT'D)
Father in military intelligence.~~

~~DANIEL
Yes.~~

~~VALERIE
Gives a boy something to live up
to, no?~~

DANIEL
I suppose it does.

VALERIE
In 1986 a bomb goes off in the La Belle discotheque. Your mother's there. Then your first posting, in Ukraine, ends after six months with...what? Two dead bodies?

Daniel's getting upset, doesn't trust himself to speak.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
Your file's like a Dickens novel.

DANIEL
That's all a very long time ago.

Valerie considers that statement.

VALERIE
Back at Langley you were a minor celeb, weren't you? Now you're in Berlin -- a coveted posting. Computer skills won't get you anywhere here. A case officer has one job: develop, recruit, and run agents. It requires this...
(waves hand between them)
Interpersonal skills. It requires subtlety. Care. Trust. If your agents don't trust you, then you're useless here. If your colleagues don't trust you, then you're dead.

Daniel opens his mouth, but there's nothing to say.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
I need you to tell me: Is your past going to get in the way here?

DANIEL
No.

She nods her dismissal. He gets up. And exits...

END

~~INT. CIA STATION / US EMBASSY, BERLIN - DAY~~

~~Daniel's upset by the dressing-down. He spies Gerald at his cubicle, speaking on his cell phone. Gerald hangs up and puts the phone on his desk. Daniel sits in his adjacent cubicle.~~