

GERALD Side 1

~~A smile crosses Hans's face.~~

HANS

~~Is that what Colander told you?~~

FROST

~~A bird told me. Shall we start again?~~

HANS

~~Okay.~~

FROST

~~Hans, I've received word that the Russians gave Thomas Shaw's courier safe passage through Crimea. Can you look into it?~~

HANS

~~Absolutely, Steven. Anything for our American friends.~~

~~INT. WOVSVILLE CAFE -- DAY~~

~~Daniel and Gerald are in a hip, grungy cafe with scattered YOUNG PEOPLE and rough wooden walls covered in chalk writing.~~

START ~~PUNK MUSIC.~~

They're with JSJOKER (LANA VOGEL (20s)). Huge eyes, cheekbones, long, frantic fingers. Maybe too thin, anxious, and wild, but beautiful -- even now, when she's furious.

LANA

(in German; subtitled)

Fucking men. Hand you off. Chattel.

(in English)

What do you think I am? I give myself to you. Years. And now this?

(pointing at Daniel)

This?! Why didn't you tell me?

GERALD

I did tell you, Lana. I warned you from the beginning. We move around.

LANA

But so soon? You never cared.

GERALD

You know that I love all my people.

ON DANIEL: He's surprised by the word "love."

Lana wipes at her nose. Gerald gives her a handkerchief.

LANA

I saw that poor man on TV. Did his controller love him, too?

GERALD

That was different. I've always protected you.

Gerald's embarrassed, saying this in front of Daniel. Daniel, on the other hand, is impatient.

LANA

You will increase my rate by a hundred Euro.

GERALD

I'll have to clear that first.

DANIEL

No.

Both Lana and Gerald look at him. Daniel's serious.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

From this moment, Lana, you and I are strangers. There's no trust, not yet.

Lana turns to Gerald, begging with her eyes.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Don't look at him. Look at me.

She does so.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You don't negotiate a raise before you've shown what you're selling. Do you have anything?

Lana's speechless. Gerald's angry, but doesn't interrupt. Lana looks to Gerald.

LANA

Timi.

Gerald stiffens, leans closer.

GERALD

What about him?

LANA
He was in town.

GERALD
Did he touch you?

She shakes her head, but there are tears in her eyes. Daniel doesn't know if they're crocodile tears or not.

GERALD (CONT'D)
(to Daniel)
Wait for me in the car.

DANIEL
What?

GERALD
Please.

END

~~Daniel, confused and suspicious, gets up. At the door he looks back -- Gerald rubs Lana's back and whispers to her.~~

~~INT. CIA STATION / US EMBASSY, BERLIN -- MOMENTS LATER~~

~~Hector's at his desk, emails on his screen. He's leaning back, speaking to Clare Ingersoll at a nearby desk.~~

~~HECTOR
You don't know what he's after.~~

~~CLARE
Oh, I know what he's after.~~

~~BLEEP! Chat window opens up on Hector's computer -- a juvenile social network application. As he looks...~~

~~HECTOR
Then use it, baby...~~

~~He sees it's a message from "KIKI": "HALLES TOR 17"~~

~~Hector sits up. Types "HALLES TOR" into a decrypting application. It spits out an address -- "POTSDAMER STRASSE 53, BERLIN/TELTOW."~~

~~CLARE
He's probably into bestiality.~~

~~Hector copy/pastes the address into browser: HOTELTOW, a cheap hotel on the outskirts.~~

~~CLARE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hector?~~

GERALD Side 2

~~ON HECTOR: He doesn't know exactly how to feel...~~

~~HECTOR~~

~~Send him to Moscow.~~

START

I/E. GERALD'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Daniel's alone in the passenger seat, outside the Wovsville Cafe, looking through Gerald's glove compartment. Receipts, Hungarian/English dictionary, and a sticker: "EIN BETT FÜR SHAW."

Looks up -- Gerald's heading to the car, stony-faced. Daniel closes the glove compartment as Gerald gets in. Gerald notices but says nothing. Starts the car and begins to drive.

I/E. GERALD'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

As he looks out the window...

DANIEL

Who's Timi?

GERALD

Not your business.

DANIEL

Everything about that woman is my business now.

Gerald looks at him, wondering about Daniel's overreach.

GERALD

When I met Lana, she was a sex worker. I found her through another agent: Timi Neuhaus.

DANIEL

Pimp?

GERALD

Sex workers are unionized in Berlin, but for someone like Timi there are ways around it. She was young. He treated her horribly. Once Timi finally left Berlin, I helped Lana find other work. She's a flight attendant now. Regular paycheck. And the only thing she wants is to show the world that she can get along without having to take off her clothes.

DANIEL
She needs to prove herself.

GERALD
Just like you.

Daniel turns back to the window, a flash of defiance in his face, as if he's the only person who doesn't have to prove himself.

END

~~EXT. HOTELTOW -- AFTERNOON~~

~~Hector drives into the Hoteltow's underground garage...~~

~~INT. HOTELTOW GARAGE -- MOMENTS LATER~~

~~...and parks in an empty space. Takes a breath and gets out.~~

~~INT. HOTELTOW ELEVATOR -- MOMENTS LATER~~

~~The elevator DINGS each passing floor...~~

~~INT. HOTELTOW CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS~~

~~Exits the elevator and walks, almost hesitantly, looking at numbers on the doors. Stops at 515. Knocks.~~

~~Nothing. Begins to turn away when the door opens and Amir stands looking at him. Dressed casually, t-shirt and jeans. Barefoot.~~

~~Amir nods into the room and retreats. Hector follows.~~

~~INT. HOTELTOW ROOM -- CONTINUOUS~~

~~It's fiercely economy: bed on a wooden slab, a tiny table and plastic chairs. No TV. On the table, a bottle of Johnny Walker and two glasses. Amir opens the bottle and pours. Hector notices it's already part empty.~~

~~Amir hands him a glass, then lifts his own.~~

AMIR
~~Drink.~~

~~Amir clinks his glass and pours the shot down his throat. Hector sips his, looks around the room.~~

GERALD Side 3

40.

~~FROST (CONT'D)
Time difference.~~

~~As if only just remembering, Frost goes over and kisses her briefly on the lips, then leaves for work. She watches the empty doorway.~~

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

~~Daniel wakes, gets out of bed, and goes to the living room. The blanket he put over Hector last night is crumpled on the floor. Hector is gone.~~

~~INT. ELECTRONICS STORE -- LATER~~

~~Daniel goes through a rack of phone-connection cables. Picks one out. Takes it to the counter.~~

~~EXT. US EMBASSY, BERLIN -- LATER~~

~~Daniel approaches the embassy, but has to work his way through a CROWD of demonstrators -- a couple dozen -- with signs. On some: The "Ein Bett fur Shaw" logo. Anarchists. Greens. On one shirt: "112."~~

~~DEMONSTRATOR (V.O.)
(in German)
Capitalist bastards!~~

~~Daniel ignores them and heads inside.~~

START

INT. FROST'S OFFICE - MORNING

Gerald enters to find Frost reading emails. Frost looks up, nods him to a chair, but Gerald closes the door and remains standing.

GERALD
Tell me about Daniel.

Frost looks at him.

GERALD (CONT'D)
Who sent him here? Who sent him here now?

FROST
(curious)
H.Q. Why?

Beat, as Gerald thinks through his next words.

GERALD
Last night someone followed me.

FROST
Daniel?

GERALD
(shakes head)
Couldn't see him.

FROST
Then why Daniel?

Gerald takes a seat finally.

GERALD
Put him on something. Alharbi
surveillance. I've introduced him
to enough agents.

FROST
Has he met J.S. Swingset?

Gerald doesn't answer. Long beat.

GERALD
Am I being investigated?

FROST
(shocked)
No one's investigating you, Gerald.

GERALD
You wouldn't tell me.

FROST
I would.

GERALD
Are you sure they'd tell you?

FROST
If Daniel were from CIC, then I
would know. Listen to me, OK? Come
Monday, you, Agota and the boys
will be in Budapest. No one's going
after you.

END

On Gerald: Wondering if this is true.