

SAFE HOUSE

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"The beautiful thing about espionage is that when someone steals your secrets, you don't know they're missing."

Unidentified CIA Officer

FADE IN: TITLES

INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - DAWN

A RINGING PHONE wakes PAUL MAHAFFREY, 24, a handsome North Carolinian. Eyes closed, he grabs the phone, lays it on the pillow next to his ear.

PAUL

Yeah?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(ON PHONE)

We're expecting the brief inside the hour. Come right away.

INT. PAUL'S KITCHEN - DAWN

In a kitchen cluttered with unwashed dishes, Paul pours a cup of coffee while putting on his tie.

EXT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Paul opens his front door to a wasteland: giant piles of bricks and rubble reveal a city still devastated from the carpet bombing of World War II. He climbs into an army jeep parked in the street of his working class neighborhood.

SUPER TITLE: **BERLIN, 1948 - AMERICAN SECTOR**

EXT. ARMY JEEP (MOVING) - DAY

As Paul drives through the streets of Berlin, he sees DESTITUTE REFUGEES begin to stir from their tin and cardboard shelters, building small fires to warm their hands.

He passes a DOZEN WOMEN salvaging bricks from a bombed-out building.

At a stoplight, he sees PEOPLE lined up along the sidewalk to get food from AMERICAN GIs distributing from the back of a truck.

MAN'S VOICE

(ON SPEAKER)

We can provide food and a secure future for your families. Freedom and democracy can feed millions.

ONE WOMAN catches his eye, pantomimes smoking -- he gives her a cigarette as the light changes.

EXT. WEST BERLIN STREET - DAY

In a quiet residential neighborhood, Paul walks up to an unassuming 3-story house. He opens the door with a key.

INT. BERLIN OPERATIONS BASE/RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - DAY

Paul enters the foyer where he nods to an ARMY MP guarding the door. He hurries down a flight of stairs.

SUPER TITLE: **CIA'S BERLIN OPERATIONS BASE**

INT. BERLIN OPERATIONS BASE/BASEMENT ROOM - DAY

Drinking coffee with a bored expression, Paul hovers near a CLATTERING TELETYPE MACHINE with SIX COLLEAGUES, other well-dressed Ivy League types in their 20s and 30s. As the teletype spews paper, SIGRID, 20s, the office secretary, distributes sheets to the men.

PAUL

Four pages?

SECRETARY

And we need it in twenty minutes.

PAUL

Oh, God -- I came to Berlin for this?

CUT TO:

Hunched over their desks in the dark, smoky room, Paul and colleagues translate the daily briefing on their cipher machines, all focused on the mundane paperwork of espionage.

CUT TO:

Perched on the upper landing, DAVID TANNER, 45, the tough silver-haired Berlin CIA Base chief, handsome, well-tailored, and ALEXANDER PLATT, 30s, a no-nonsense former Army intelligence officer, surveil their drones.

TANNER

Give it to Walker. And Mahaffrey.

PLATT

Are you sure? Mahaffrey's very good with code.

TANNER
He's replaceable.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE - NIGHT

A VW Bug is parked on a street adjacent to a park. In the car, Paul Mahaffrey watches a park bench through binoculars while DAVID WALKER, 26, native New Yorker, smokes nervously behind the wheel.

WALKER
We're lucky -- some guys have waited three months to get a mission.

PAUL
Yeah? Well three months in the basement is more than I could stomach -- I was ready to put in for Vienna, Timbuktu, anywhere ...
(his voice trails off)
Here we go -- mail man.

PARK BENCH - PAUL'S BINOCULAR POV

ANDREI SIKORSKY, 30s, slips behind the bench, crouches beside an oak tree, then leaves a folded newspaper on the bench and slips away.

PAUL (O.S.)
Drop is loaded. He's clear.

BACK TO:

PAUL/WALKER

Walker starts to get out, but Paul grabs his arm.

PAUL
Uh-uh, buddy -- this is my pick-up.

Walker starts to protest, but Paul's already out the door.

EXT. WEST BERLIN PARK - NIGHT

Paul walks into the park. He goes behind the bench, crouches to reach into a crevice at the base of the tree, pulls out an envelope. A hand taps his shoulder -- Paul spins around: it's Sikorsky, who speaks English with a Russian accent.

SIKORSKY
You must take me with you.

Paul takes a couple breaths to recover his composure.

PAUL
What are you talking about?

SIKORSKY
KGB watching me, they know.

PAUL
Then get the hell out of here.

He starts away, but Sikorsky grabs his arm with a desperate grip.

SIKORSKY
You listen to me! I can no go
back, you get me to safe house,
now.

PAUL
I can't help you.

He pushes him away -- Sikorsky grabs the envelope out of his hand.

SIKORSKY
Then go fuck yourself!

Paul unleashes a lightning fast right hand, decking him, then swipes the envelope and departs hurriedly, almost running.

SIKORSKY (cont'd)
You shit!

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Paul jumps in the Bug -- Walker's anxious.

WALKER
What the hell was that?

PAUL
I'll tell you later, let's go,
drive!

Walker accelerates away, turns onto a narrow street, speeds down a residential block. He brakes behind a taxi stopped in the middle of the block, honks impatiently -- there's no room to get around. The TAXI DRIVER, ignoring the HONKING, opens the cab's trunk as a BURLY MAN gets out of the back seat. Walker starts to back up, but a PEUGOT pulls up behind.

PAUL (cont'd)
We're going to get hit.

He takes out his knife, slits the leather under the seat, slides the envelope inside just before the taxi men grab shotguns from the trunk. Barking in RUSSIAN, they order the Americans out of the car, confiscate their concealed .38s, jam canvas hoods over their heads, then force them into the trunk. The Peugeot backs up at high speed.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The 'burly man' douses Walker and Paul with a bucket of ice water -- they shiver. At 4:00am, both men are going on 6 hours tied up side-by-side in straight-back chairs, naked, exhausted. The 'taxi-driver' looms over Walker.

DRIVER
(thick Russian accent)
Okay -- I don't think businessman carry .38 in holster. Tell me who you work for.

WALKER
I keep telling you -- I'm a consultant for Fabrizio Chemicals, in Rome. I'm in Berlin looking for business.

DRIVER
And I keep telling you your stupid story is for shit -- try again.

PAUL
He's telling the truth.

The driver smacks Paul across the face.

DRIVER
I didn't ask you.

PAUL
I don't know who you people are, but ...

DRIVER
You know who we are.

PAUL
No, I don't -- you're making a serious mistake, I'm an American citizen ...

DRIVER
So what, I hate Americans.

PAUL
I want to call my embassy.

DRIVER
You have no embassy -- we're in
East Berlin and I'll do with you
whatever I fucking want.

The driver walks to a door, BARKS an order IN RUSSIAN -- TWO OPERATIVES enter with a hooded PRISONER, his hands manacled behind him. They shove him in front of the Americans, then the driver yanks off his hood: it's Sikorsky, his face bloody and bruised.

DRIVER (cont'd)
(to Sikorsky)
All right, traitor -- who is your
contact?

Sikorsky stares at Walker, then at Paul -- both are shivering from the ice water and the terror. The driver pulls a .38 out of his pocket, makes a show of loading it.

DRIVER (cont'd)
Tell me, traitor, or soon you make
your last breath.
(no response)
This is too sad. Too fucking sad.

He puts the gun to Sikorsky's head, cocks it.

DRIVER (cont'd)
This is the part of my job I don't
like -- three, two seconds, who is
your contact?!, one ...

SIKORSKY
(pointing at Paul)
Him. He's CIA.

DRIVER
Okay. Now we get somewhere.

He jams the hood back on Sikorsky, nods to the burly man who takes him away.

DRIVER (cont'd)
So, Mr. CIA -- you are the best
they have to offer?

PAUL
He's a liar.

A GUNSHOT is heard in the next room.

DRIVER
No. He's dead. Tell me -- where
is the envelope?

PAUL
What envelope?

The burly man returns a bloodied hood, gives them to the driver.

DRIVER
Okay, whatever -- more sad time?

He tosses the bloody hood on Walker's lap -- Walker closes his eyes, nauseous.

DRIVER (cont'd)
(to Paul)
Confess, or I kill Mr. Chemical
Consultant. Where is the envelope?

PAUL
I don't know what you're talking
about -- I'm a post-grad student
from Princeton, it's a school in
New Jersey ...

The driver puts the .38 against Walker's temple.

PAUL (cont'd)
I'm researching immigration policy
for the U.S. State Department ...

The driver cocks the pistol.

WALKER
Goddamnit!

DRIVER
Three second ... two second ...

PAUL
My name is Ted Robertson, I ...

WALKER
No, no! His name is Paul
Mahaffrey, he's CIA, both of us, we
(more)

WALKER (cont'd)
 both are, he hid the envelope in
 the car, under the ...

He suddenly falls silent as Base chief Tanner walks into the room.

TANNER
 That's it, gentlemen, I've heard
 enough -- let's shut it down.

WALKER
 Son of a bitch!

He looks away, ashamed, angry. Paul shuts his eyes, exhales a sigh of relief, but he's still shivering.

EXT. WEST BERLIN WAREHOUSE - DAY

At morning's first light, the 'driver' walks Paul and Walker out of the warehouse. As they walk past a Mercedes parked at the curb, the rear door opens to reveal Tanner.

TANNER
 Mahaffrey.

Paul and Walker share a parting look before Paul slips into the back next to Tanner.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Paul, still shell-shocked, is wary of Tanner, a former OSS commander with a ruthless reputation; a DRIVER and ANOTHER MAN are in the front seat.

TANNER
 I guess you've met Schonfeld.

The man in the front passenger seat, HANS SCHONFELD, 30s, all cleaned up from his role as the Russian Sikorsky, his blond hair slicked back, turns around.

TANNER (cont'd)
 Hans is our top native operative in
 East Berlin.

Paul extends his hand.

PAUL
 Sorry about that punch.

SCHONFELD
 (shaking hands)
 You're good -- usually I get the
 envelope.

Paul grins proudly as Tanner motions for Schonfeld to turn back around.

TANNER

Try to contain your celebration,
Princeton -- next time the gun may
very well be pointed at your head.

He waits for a response, but Paul doesn't reply, holding eye contact with his boss.

TANNER (cont'd)

I understand you've been
complaining.

PAUL

Sir?

TANNER

Translating ciphers not to your
liking?

PAUL

It just seemed there might be more
effective ways to use me.

TANNER

I'll be the judge of that.

PAUL

Sir, what you did in there -- it
was lousy.

Tanner drills him with a penetrating stare.

TANNER

Do you believe in democracy?

PAUL

Of course.

Tanner gesture to the outside.

TANNER

Then you should know this is a
battleground -- we're belly to
belly with the fucking Reds in a
war that we could very well lose,
so you best follow orders,
Mahaffrey, and count your goddamn
blessings you're still here on the
front line.

PAUL

Mr. Tanner, I'm here to do whatever
is needed, that's why I joined,
it's a duty ...

TANNER

Save it for the non-believers.

He motions for Paul to get out -- he does.

TANNER (cont'd)

Be at Base at 0700 tomorrow. You
have a new assignment.

He shuts the door. Paul, adrift on the sidewalk with his
head spinning, watches the Mercedes speed away.

INT. EAST BERLIN COURTROOM - DAY

The RED HAMMER AND SICKLE SOVIET FLAG looms over the
courtroom. The JUDGE enters -- ATTORNEYS, CLAIMANTS and
SPECTATORS all stand.

SUPER TITLE: BERLIN - RUSSIAN SECTOR

When the judge takes his seat on the bench, they sit.

JUDGE

This court will come to order.
First case.

A CLERK stands in the docket.

CLERK

Delbruck versus Delbruck.

He collects an affidavit from the claimant's table where
INGRID DELBRUCK, late 20s, her striking blue-eyed beauty
concealed by a sad demeanor, sits alone. At the adjacent
table, staring at his wife, is THEODORE DELBRUCK, 35, a
fierce looking man in the uniform of the Volkspolizei, the
police force of East Germany. The clerk delivers the
affidavit to the judge.

JUDGE

Mr. Theodore Delbruck -- is it your
desire to grant your wife's
petition?

Theodore stands respectfully -- he's tall, well-built.

THEODORE

It is not.

JUDGE
Mrs. Ingrid Delbruck.

Ingrid, intimidated by the proximity of her husband, remains in her chair with eyes on the table. Watching her intently from the front row of the public gallery is agent Schonfeld, dressed in suit and tie.

JUDGE (cont'd)
Stand when the court addresses you.
(she stands)
You've been married three years?
(she nods)
Are there children by this
marriage?

INGRID
No.

JUDGE
What is your complaint?

INGRID
I have tried to be a good wife but
... I am unhappy.

JUDGE
Has your husband harmed you in any
way?

INGRID
(barely audible)
I have been harmed.

JUDGE
Speak up.

INGRID
Yes.

JUDGE
Physically harmed?

She steals a glance at Theodore.

INGRID
He has no respect.

JUDGE
Is that all you have to say?

She hesitates, before nodding.

JUDGE (cont'd)
Mrs. Delbruck -- do you believe
it's in the interest of this court
to weaken the legal contract
between husband and wife?

INGRID
It's not my concern.

JUDGE
Then neither is your unhappiness
mine. The petitioner's request for
divorce is not granted.

Schonfeld positions his body so that his necktie camera can photograph covert pictures of a stony-faced Ingrid as Theodore takes his wife by the arm and leads her up the aisle. The JUDGE CALLS for the next case.

EXT. EAST BERLIN MUNICIPAL BUILDING - DAY

Theodore forces Ingrid briskly down the public steps. When he suddenly stops, she awaits his wrath.

THEODORE
I forgive you.

She feels a surge of anger -- he's the one who needs to be forgiven!

THEODORE (cont'd)
Come home.

She yanks out of his grasp and hurries away. As Theodore helplessly watches her go, Schonfeld walks past with his eye on Ingrid turning the corner.

INT. EAST BERLIN/TAFEL APARTMENT - NIGHT

In a bleak two-room apartment in an East Berlin housing project, Ingrid eats a meager supper with her friends LOTTE and PETER TAFEL, early 30s, and their TWO DAUGHTERS, 6 and 8. Suddenly there's a POUNDING on the door. Peter gets up to answer it, but Ingrid catches his arm.

INGRID
No.

THEODORE (O.S.)
Ingrid. Ingrid.

Peter returns to his chair, shares a look of dread with his wife. More POUNDING accompanied by SOBS. The youngest

daughter clutches her mother, starts to cry. Peter looks to Ingrid, his expression resolute.

PETER

You can stay tonight. But you'll have to leave in the morning.

Ingrid's on the verge of crying herself.

EXT. TAFEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Theodore pounds on the door with drunken fervor.

THEODORE

Ingrid -- you come home!

He punches the door with all his might, splintering the frame, then staggers away cursing the NEIGHBOR who peeks out her door.

INT. BERLIN OPERATIONS BASE/KARLSHORST ROOM - DAY

Alexander Platt, Hans Schonfeld plus rookie case officers Paul Mahaffrey, BRISTOL and CRAWFORD -- two other 'basement' graduates -- are seated around a conference table. Tanner enters, steps briskly to the head of the table.

TANNER

Just a few miles from where we congregate this morning is Karlshorst, the stronghold of Soviet intelligence. To my knowledge, it's never been penetrated.

He picks up a pointer, runs it along the perimeter of a THREE-DIMENSIONAL KARLSHORST MODEL which dominates the center of the table.

TANNER (cont'd)

Inside these five square miles is everything I want to know, of which now I know nothing.

Bristol and Crawford share a look but Paul, mesmerized by Tanner's intensity, keeps his eyes fixed on his chief.

TANNER (cont'd)

Gentlemen -- KGB's been in business thirty-some years, our agency's been up and running for six months. At the moment, we're outnumbered and a little bit overmatched -- but I have faith this will change.

INT. BERLIN OPERATIONS BASE/PHOTO ROOM - DAY

In the darkroom's red light, Schonfeld pulls four photographs from a line of drying prints.

SCHONFELD

We built a list of ninety potential targets. Of that group I recommend we focus on these.

He provides Paul with a magnifying glass to study four photos: an OLDER WOMAN at a tram stop, a YOUNG WOMAN (Ingrid) in court, a YOUNG MAN and a MIDDLE-AGED MAN in a line of people entering Karlshorst.

SCHONFELD (cont'd)

This lady ...

(older woman)

... is a tough old bird with good party credentials -- I think we could position her for a secretarial post. This one ...

(re Ingrid)

... was inside Karlshorst about a year ago, did housekeeping for a German general involved with military intelligence. These guys are both former maintenance workers, which limits access to the offices, but they both still have clearance. Who do you like?

PAUL

Any more pictures of this one?

Schonfeld slides another photo under Paul's magnifier: an image of Ingrid salvaging bricks.

PAUL (cont'd)

She's the one.

(taps photo)

I could definitely manipulate her.

CU on INGRID'S PHOTO, which DISSOLVES to ...

EXT. EAST BERLIN RUINS - DAY

Ingrid, wearing a ragged coat and a babushka to protect her hair, toils among a CREW OF 'RUBBLE' WOMEN salvaging bricks from a bombed-out building. The women pass the bricks hand-to-hand to the street where others load them onto rickety pullcarts.

EXT. EAST BERLIN STREET - NIGHT

Ingrid, carrying a duffel, reaches the front of a WELFARE LINE where she receives a crust of bread and some broth.

EXT. EAST BERLIN PUBLIC SQUARE - DAWN

As first light trickles across the rooftops, Ingrid sleeps shivering on a bench, using her duffel as a pillow and her coat as a blanket. TWO SOVIET SOLDIERS stagger across the square after an all-night drunk. They spot the lone woman, snake up behind her. The first soldier tilts his bottle so vodka splashes into her mouth -- she jolts awake.

FIRST SOLDIER

Yes, lady, look what Ivan brings --
drink, gorgeous drink.

SECOND SOLDIER

Too much drink.

He plops down, pats her leg. Concealing her terror, she sits up, pulls her hair back from her face, almost as if primping for the men.

SECOND SOLDIER (cont'd)

Pretty girl, what's your name?

Smiling, she grabs the bottle, takes a good swig, then hurls the bottle straight up in the air. While the men dance underneath hoping to catch it, she bolts. When the bottle smashes on the cobblestones, their INEBRIATED CURSES fuel her escape from the empty square.

INT. EAST BERLIN/DELBRUCK APARTMENT - DAY

In a bleak two-room apartment with a kitchen area and tiny bedroom, Theodore is eating his breakfast when there's a QUIET KNOCK at the door. He opens it, shocked to see his wife with downcast eyes. Finally she meets his gaze, steps inside with her duffel. He closes the door behind her.

EXT. PUBLIC HOUSING COMPLEX - DAY

A POSTMAN, his letter bag slung over his shoulder, walks past dreary two-story buildings in a public housing complex.

EXT. PUBLIC HOUSING HALLWAY - DAY

The postman enters a dark hall, checks the numbers on the doors. He finds Ingrid sweeping the threshold in front of her apartment.

POSTMAN
 Mrs. Ingrid Delbruck?
 (she nods)
 You have a registered letter. Sign
 here.

She signs his clipboard. He gives her the letter, departs.

INT. DELBRUCK APARTMENT - DAY

Ingrid silently reads the letter at the kitchen table while Theodore looks over her shoulder.

INGRID
 Oh, my God.

He grabs the letter out of her hand, reads it.

EXT. SECTOR CHECKPOINT - DAY

Ingrid, dressed in her best clothes and carrying a shopping bag, walks past ARMED SOVIET GUARDS with GERMAN SHEPHERDS.

SUPER TITLE: SECTOR CHECKPOINT - THE BORDER DIVIDING EAST AND WEST BERLIN

On the other side, an AMERICAN MP checks Ingrid's papers, then motions her on. She passes a sign, 'YOU ARE ENTERING THE AMERICAN SECTOR.'

INT. WEST BERLIN/BIEHN'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

Ingrid waits nervously as German attorney MICHAEL BIEHN, 30s, searches through his file cabinet. He pulls out a folder and swivels around -- he's polite but business-like.

BIEHN
 This inheritance represents quite a large amount of money, I'm sure you understand.

INGRID
 Yes, of course.

She reaches into her shopping bag, takes out a scrapbook tied in red ribbon.

INGRID (cont'd)
 My family name was Perels. We owned a large dairy farm in the north, in Pomerania ... near Stettin.

She unties the ribbon, then hands over her prized family heirloom.

INGRID (cont'd)
It has pictures of our farm, my grandparents, my mother and father.

He flips disinterestedly through the pages.

BIEHN
This is all very fine, but I'll need to see a title to establish ownership of the property.

INGRID
Everything was lost. The bombing.

BIEHN
The deceased's name is Erich Perels.

INT. CIA SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Seated in front of a two-way mirror, three men watch and listen to INGRID'S INTERVIEW: Base chief Tanner, senior case officer Platt and Paul Mahaffrey.

TANNER
This is the best you could do?

PAUL
Of all the individuals we looked at, she was by far the most vulnerable -- no job, shitty marriage ...

TANNER
She's an unemployed housekeeper without portfolio and no skills. Not to mention her behavior in court -- totally passive.

Platt shuffles through photographs from Ingrid's divorce trial.

PLATT
Wounded soul.

TANNER
We're not in the business of fixing souls.

PLATT

Her passivity could be an asset --
run her no hands, just ears.

TANNER

Why don't we just send in my
Doberman with a transmitter on his
collar -- all we'd have to do is
edit out the barks.

This elicits a smile from Platt. Tanner closes her file,
slides it across the table to Paul.

TANNER (cont'd)

Too damn soft. Try again, and next
time I strongly urge you not to
waste my time.

INT. BIEHN'S LAW OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Biehn returns the scrapbook, closes the 'Perels' file.

INGRID

My father told me about this Erich
Perels, when I was little.

BIEHN

I'm afraid you're not the person
I'm looking for.

INGRID

He was a cousin, by marriage.

BIEHN

I'm sorry, but you're mistaken.

He checks his watch, indicating the meeting's over, but
Ingrid's not leaving without the inheritance money.

INGRID

No -- you're the one mistaken. I
have a letter which can prove what
I'm saying, I'll bring it tomorrow.

Biehn sighs -- this woman is tough.

INT. CIA SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tanner gathers his things, preparing to leave.

PAUL

Can I comment?

TANNER
(impatiently)
Go ahead, Princeton, what?

PAUL
Sir, she seems very determined to
connect herself to a man who
doesn't exist -- that should count
for something, shouldn't it?

Tanner looks from Ingrid to Platt, who shrugs noncommittally.

PLATT
She can lie. That's a plus.

Tanner gruffly passes a phone to Paul.

TANNER
All right, cue it up -- but only
because it's a low priority target.

Paul dials the phone, his excitement obvious to all.

TANNER (cont'd)
Code name -- Frau K.

INT. BIEHN'S LAW OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ingrid remains anchored to her chair as Biehn gets up,
retrieves her coat from the rack.

BIEHN
I thank you for coming in today,
Mrs. Delbruck, but I do have other
appointments.

The PHONE RINGS -- he answers, listens, then hangs up.

BIEHN (cont'd)
Apparently this is your lucky day --
I've just spoken to someone who
might be able to help with your
current ... situation.

INT. WEST BERLIN CAFE - DAY

Ingrid nurses a glass of water in a cafe often used by CIA
for clandestine meetings. Paul enters, approaches her table.

PAUL
Hello. I'm McCoy. Philip McCoy.

Ingrid stares -- his youth, good looks and gentlemanly demeanor all surprise her expectations. He sits with a warm smile.

PAUL (cont'd)
Mind if I join you? Hope you
haven't been waiting long. Been
here before?

She shakes her head, intimidated, while he's a natural, enjoying his role to the hilt.

PAUL (cont'd)
People say that apart from the
Adlon Hotel this was the premier
bar in all of Germany, before the
war that is. You from Berlin?

INGRID
I'm from the north, near Stettin.

PAUL
I heard what the Russian army did
up there. Terrible, unforgivable.

He waits for her reaction, but there's none.

INGRID
Mr. McCoy -- I was told you might
be of some help, with my situation.

Paul's surprised -- he was expecting to lead the conversation.

PAUL
That's right, Mrs. Delbruck.

He opens his briefcase, pulls some photographs out of a manila envelope, slides one across the table: it's an IMAGE OF INGRID BEING ESCORTED FROM THE COURTROOM BY HER HUSBAND. She feels a jolt of terror.

PAUL (cont'd)
Things didn't exactly work out for
you, did they?

He hands her another photo: an IMAGE OF INGRID IN A BREAD LINE.

PAUL (cont'd)
I've been advised you may be in
need of a job.

Her fear is cut with indignation.

INGRID

Who gave you the right to take
these picture, what for?

PAUL

It's all for the good, I assure
you.

She makes a derisive sound and gesture to indicate how much she believes that.

INGRID

And my inheritance -- that was
something somebody just made up?
Some joke?

PAUL

Inheritance? I'm not familiar with
that.

She shoots him an 'I wasn't born yesterday' look -- she's from a proud Prussian lineage and isn't afraid to show her spirit.

INGRID

What's the job?

PAUL

A housekeeper position. Decent
money, with lunches included, I'm
sure.

INGRID

Where?

PAUL

The Russian compound in East Berlin
-- Karlshorst.

She stiffens, distressed even by the word 'Karlshorst.' He gives another photo: an IMAGE OF INGRID STANDING IN A LINE OF GERMAN WORKERS ENTERING KARLSHORST IN WINTER 1947.

PAUL (cont'd)

You have clearance to work there,
which not many Germans do.

She rips the photo in half, returns the pieces as if they were a contagious disease.

INGRID
Good-bye, Philip McCoy.

She grabs her shopping bag and hurries away -- he's too surprised to stop her.

PAUL
(to himself)
Shit.

EXT. SECTOR CHECKPOINT - DAY

TWO U.S. MILITARY POLICEMEN intercept Ingrid as she approaches the border crossing. One MP checks her papers while the other inspects her bag.

MP
You'll need to come with us.

They briskly escort her away -- she's intimidated.

INT. U.S. MILITARY OFFICE - DAY

Paul enters the office where the MP stands guard over Ingrid. At Paul's gesture, the guard leaves. Ingrid stares daggers as Paul returns her papers.

INGRID
You bastard.

PAUL
Sorry for the inconvenience, but you didn't give me time to finish -- did you?

INGRID
Have you ever been to Karlshorst?

PAUL
Does it matter?

INGRID
It's a stinking sewer of blood-thirsty Russian pigs.

PAUL
That may be, but I'm presenting an opportunity ...

INGRID
I don't want it.

She heads for the door -- he blocks her path.

INGRID (cont'd)
Get out of my way.

PAUL
You'd get paid in U.S. dollars -- not bad, right -- while acquiring the things you'll need to get out of East Germany -- travel papers, a guaranteed job, not to mention a chance to get clear of your husband. Interested?

She hovers, compelled by the carrot but still hating what he's asking her to do.

INGRID
Who are you?

PAUL
Let's just say I'm a friend of your father's. He asked me to help you.

INGRID
I knew my father's friends.

PAUL
I'm one you didn't know. From America.

Her stare is tough, unrelenting, proud.

INT. EAST BERLIN TRAM (MOVING) - DAY

Ingrid rides the crowded tram with other East Berliners returning home after a day's work -- TWO VOLKSPOLIZEI OFFICERS come through the car checking identity papers. The NATURAL SOUNDS ARE MUTED AS WE HEAR Paul'S VOICE.

PAUL (V.O.)
I'm investigating a German communist, a Colonel Thielemann, we think may have committed war crimes against his own people. What I need is someone inside his house, to be my eyes and ears, if you know what I mean. I assume, Mrs. Delbruck, you do hate communists?

EXT. PUBLIC HOUSING COMPLEX - TWILIGHT

At twilight, Ingrid trudges past POVERTY-STRICKEN KIDS improvising games in a decrepit park at the center of the complex.

PAUL (V.O.)

All you have to do is keep his house clean. Every so often you come over, tell me what you've seen, what you've heard, that's it.

She enters her building, walks the dark hallway to her apartment door -- she hesitates, as if gathering her resolve.

PAUL (V.O.) (cont'd) (cont'd)

I promise you won't be exposed to any danger. Sound good?

INT. DELBRUCK APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ingrid enters the apartment to find Theodore in his chair by the window listening to AMERICAN JAZZ MUSIC on the RADIO. Ignoring his expectant look, she hangs up her coat.

THEODORE

Well?

Shaking her head, she goes to the kitchen.

INGRID

They were looking for somebody else.

She puts a kettle on the stove -- he's right behind her with an ominous frown.

THEODORE

What are you saying -- no money, no inheritance?! They wrote that goddamn letter for nothing?!

INGRID

Don't shout! I said everything I could think of to get it.

He grips her by the arms, hard.

THEODORE

You're gone the whole fucking day, to get nothing?!

INGRID

Don't you listen -- it was a mistake, what could I do?!

She yanks out of his clutch, grabs a tea tin from the cupboard, slams it on the counter.

THEODORE

I should never have let you go by yourself.

He swats the tin off the counter, storms away.

THEODORE (cont'd) (cont'd)

God, I hate this fucking country.

She calmly picks up the tin, spoons tea into a pot.

INGRID

Tea?

He grabs his coat and leaves. Ingrid furtively retrieves an envelope from her purse and counts out a wad of U.S. dollars. She pulls out the bottom drawer of a bureau, reaches under sheets and towels to uncover her jewelry box. She opens it, removes a tray -- there she hides her money.

EXT. KARLSHORST GATE - DAY

Ingrid joins a line of GERMAN DAY WORKERS (plumbers, gardeners, electricians, housekeepers, etc.) shuffling along the perimeter wall toward the heavily guarded Karlshorst gate. Plain-clothed SOVIET THUGS scrutinize the workers.

SUPER TITLE: KARLSHORST COMPOUND - RUSSIAN SECTOR

At the front of the line, a YOUNG MAN shows his papers to the OFFICER, who gives them a glance before ordering the thugs to yank him from the line. Frightened, Ingrid tries not to watch as they manhandle the youth into the back seat of a waiting car. It speeds away as she reaches the officer.

INGRID

My name is Ingrid Delbruck. I'm here to interview for a housekeeper position, with Colonel Thielemann.

He searches her bag.