

BERLIN STATION

Episode 101

"The Absence of Something is Something"

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TEASER

INT. BAR GAGARIN - BERLIN - EVENING

CLOSE ON the smiling face of YURI GAGARIN, Soviet cosmonaut.

DAVID BOWIE'S "SOUL LOVE" (FROM "ZIGGY STARDUST") PLAYS OVER SPEAKERS.

PULL BACK on a hip Berlin cafe. Communist-chic photos adorn the walls, customers a mix of young and middle-aged HIPSTERS.

SUPER: "BERLIN" (LARGE LETTERS FILL SCREEN)

At a table, HECTOR DEJEAN (AKA "Jake Lawrence") (37), a rugged, unshaven man, frowns at AMIR GHASEMI (45), a handsome Persian in a suit with hands on the edge of the table. Empty coffee cups and, beside Hector, an empty shot glass.

HECTOR

You're sure? Wednesday?

AMIR

(heavy Iranian accent)

I have seen the travel manifest.

HECTOR

But why? Why would he come personally?

AMIR

Jafar says it is to do with the visit. In two months. By your president.

HECTOR

(leaning back, shocked)

What?

AMIR

The visit by --

HECTOR

I heard.

(whispering)

Jafar thinks the President is coming here? To Berlin? Who told him that?

AMIR

I don't know.

(beat)

Is this not true?

As a GAGARIN WAITRESS collects their cups, Hector gazes PAST Amir, thinking. Amir watches him.

GAGARIN WAITRESS
(in German)
Do you want something else?

HECTOR
Just the bill, please.

As she heads off Hector SEES the anxiety in Amir's face.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Listen, Amir. Far as I know, the President isn't coming. But I wouldn't be the first to be told.

AMIR
But...
(hesitant)
But you are worried now.

HECTOR
(smiling)
Do I look worried?

AMIR
You're asking yourself questions. Starting with the coarse ones: Does the Iranian government want to assassinate your president? I could tell you the answer is no, but you already know that. Yes?

Hector's smile is more authentic now.

AMIR (CONT'D)
Of course. You're more nuanced than that. You wonder: Why does Amir's superior think your president is coming here? Does he have a source? And if he does, you know it must be a source that knows things not even you, Jake, are told. Someone higher up in your embassy, or someone back in Washington. Yes?

Hector neither nods nor shakes his head. He only listens.

AMIR (CONT'D)
(grinning)
You've got me making speeches, Jake!
(serious now)
(MORE)

AMIR (CONT'D)

No matter. For you have more questions, some rooted in fear: Why have you not been told what even the head of security at the Iranian embassy knows? After all, with the scandals it must be tense at the office, and we are all of us insecure children at heart. Yes?

(not waiting for him)

Your fear pushes you on: Has your trusted Amir, whom you have listened to and paid for two years, been turned? Is he now speaking in Jafar's voice? Planting seeds of doubt to grow inside your embassy?

(beat)

Or is this sad little man from Isfahan now playing at the adults' table and making a game of his own?

HECTOR

(deadly serious)

Stop.

Amir pretends complete innocence. Hector slides his hand across the table, but Amir's hands move to his lap.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Give me your hand.

Amir knits his brows, unsure, then places one hand on the table. Hector reaches over and holds it tenderly.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

This is you and me, Amir. Just the two of us, like always. I told you from the start that I was with you. That hasn't changed.

He's hit a nerve. Amir looks down at their hands.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

This is about information, yes. Always. But people are too rich and too full of life for just that. Two years, Amir. For two years we've connected. I know about your wife and son back in Isfahan. You know about my exes back in Madison. We do not judge each other. That's always been our way.

Amir's eyes are wet. Hector squeezes his hand.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Nothing has changed.

Amir's choked up, and Hector looks as if he meant every word. Perhaps he did. Amir takes his hand back and wipes his face.

AMIR
 Something has changed, Jake.

HECTOR
 Are you scared?

AMIR
 I'm always scared. That never changes.

HECTOR
 Do you think Jafar suspects?

Amir shakes his head no, then Hector examines his face closely. Amir threads his fingers, cheeks flushing, and gazes at Hector with....

Hector knows now, but he knows better than to say it himself.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
 Tell me what's changed, Amir.

AMIR
 I think that after two years you know. After two years even the most stupid man would know that the person he drinks coffee with has fallen in love with him.

There. It's out. Hector has to handle this, or lose Amir.

HECTOR
 I --
 (beat, frowning)
 Do you think you're the only one with feelings?

Hector gives him a sad, convincing smile.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
 Yes, Amir. I have them, too. I --
 (beat)
 Maybe I've wrestled with them longer than you have. Maybe they're stronger than yours. But we know who we are. You're a diplomatic attache, respected, with a family back home. I...
 (MORE)

HECTOR (CONT'D)

(beat)

Well, you know what I am. We live
on opposite sides of a glass wall.

A tear runs down Amir's cheek, but he's smiling. He takes
Hector's hand in both of his. Hector's eyes are wet, too.

AMIR

Is this true? Or manipulation?

HECTOR

Look into my face. You tell me.

Hector's face says it all: longing, desire, perhaps love, and
the tragedy of it never being consummated.

The moment's cut short when the Gagarin Waitress slaps the
bill on the table and remains, waiting for her money.

INT. U2 SUBWAY - BERLIN - MOMENTS LATER

Amir sits among Germans in a crowded car, RUMBLING south
toward the Iranian embassy. He's happy. Really happy. His
feelings, in some small way, have been reciprocated.

We SEE: a dark-skinned TURKISH MAN (49) watching him.

EXT. PRENZLAUER ALLEE - BERLIN - LATER

Hector's marching down a broad avenue, cut down the middle by
streetcar tracks, part of the crowd, cell phone to his ear.

HECTOR

(into phone)

You think I wanted that, Bob? I
don't need the bullshit. But in the
long run it's to our advantage.

(beat, hesitant because
he's lying)

No, that's it. See you in an hour.

Hector hangs up and continues forward, then wipes away a tear
with the heel of his hand. Sniffs. Then he makes another
call.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Sir? Can you spare me a private
chat?

(beat)

We may have a problem.

INT. WITTENBERGPLATZ SUBWAY STATION - BERLIN - LATER

Amir follows signs to the U3 train. The Turkish Man follows, a phone to his ear.

Amir reaches the platform and stops, hands joined behind his back, HUMMING "SOUL LOVE."

Three more SHADOWS emerge from the crowd, making eye contact with the Turkish Man: BLACK WOMAN (30), BEARDED MAN (40), and BLOND MAN (35). All zeroing in on Amir.

WHINE OF THE APPROACHING TRAIN. ANNOUNCEMENTS IN GERMAN.

Though others push forward, Amir is in no hurry to get back to the embassy. He waits in front of a column.

The train enters the station -- WIND, NOISE.

Amir doesn't notice the Black Woman and Bearded Man on either side of him.

Train stops. Doors open. Passengers disembark. Amir's stuck in his thoughts.

Commuters press. He steps forward, away from the column, but the Turkish Man is in front of him, letting others enter first. Just a polite man.

Amir tries to step around the Turkish Man, but is blocked by the Black Woman. Other side, the Bearded Man. Backwards -- the Blond Man.

ON HIS FACE: The beginning of panic.

ANNOUNCEMENT IN GERMAN. WARNING TONES OF CLOSING DOORS.

The train is at the platform's edge, just fifteen feet away.

The shadows are facing Amir now, holding him still. He fights, but weakly, for his flaw is that he's too proper. To fight tooth and nail would be humiliating.

The Turkish Man smiles comfortingly.

TURKISH MAN
(in German; subtitled)
Nothing to worry about, Amir.

The train doors CLOSE.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. DIE ES S-BAHN - AFTERNOON

We're in a narrow street car outfitted with wooden tables and booths full of GERMANS eating sausages (currywurst) and fries from paper plates. Through the windows, concrete floor and steel columns -- we could be in a train station.

At one end, a counter with a dour-looking female CASHIER and, deeper, a small kitchen where a COOK works tirelessly.

CASHIER
(in German; subtitled)
Ten euro sixty.

A MAN (35) at the counter -- casual, in his element -- lays down a fresh 20-euro bill beside a beer and a plate overflowing with currywurst. The Cashier takes the money.

MAN
Where's your mustard?

CASHIER
We ran out.

MAN
How do you run out of mustard?

CASHIER
(shrugging)
Happens all the time.

She gives him his change and looks at the NEXT CUSTOMER.

SOUND OF A PLANE FLYING LOW OVERHEAD.

Nonchalant, the Man takes his food to an empty table.

He sits and uses a toothpick to take his first bite. Closes his eyes. This is a taste he's been waiting for. Sips beer.

Now begins a conversation we HEAR but do NOT SEE. Between DANIEL MEYER (35) and JEMMA MOORE (48).

DANIEL (V.O.)
He should be taken out.

We PULL BACK to take in the entire restaurant. The Man -- this is DANIEL -- is just one of thirty people packed in here, enjoying an afternoon snack.

JEMMA (V.O.)
Think so, Daniel?

As he eats, Daniel examines people closely but unobtrusively. We CUT TO his gaze, focusing on the people he watches: REGULAR PEOPLE, eating, joking, talking on cell phones...

DANIEL (V.O.)
(exasperated)
Fifty-thousand classified e-mails.
Twelve classified internal memos --
originals, not copies. What do you
think that deserves?

...and one WOMAN crying beside her young SON as they eat.

JEMMA (V.O.)
Were it that easy, we wouldn't be
having this conversation. We don't
know where Shaw is or what he looks
like. Or, frankly, who he is. Talks
to journalists through
intermediaries. Doesn't trust email
or the postal service. Just blind
couriers and manila envelopes.

We can tell from his face that Daniel would like to approach the crying Woman. But he doesn't. His mood sours.

DANIEL (V.O.)
He's good.

Daniel leaves the plate half finished and cleans his lips with a paper napkin. Rises and...

JEMMA (V.O.)
Is that a moral "good"?

...grabs a wheeled suitcase from beneath the table, walking it out with him. From its outside pocket we SEE a folded newspaper.

DANIEL (V.O.)
Technical good.

EXT. DIE ES S-BAHN - CONTINUOUS

Dumps the plate in a large trash can and continues forward. Watching people.

JEMMA (V.O.)
Good.

As he proceeds, our VIEW EXPANDS. This is neither a train station nor a regular street. It's...

EXT. TEGEL AIRPORT - BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

Daniel walks to the curb, joining a TAXI QUEUE.

DANIEL (V.O.)
But you do have something. Correct?

He waits patiently.

I/E. BERLIN TAXI - MOMENTS LATER

A gruff-looking BERLIN CABBIE drives him toward the airport's exit, past a sign: "WELCOME TO BERLIN."

Daniel takes the newspaper from his bag. HEADLINE: "PRESIDENT DEFENDS CIA DIRECTORS'S POSITION."

We READ: "SINCE LAST WEEK'S LEAK OF MEMOS BY WHISTLEBLOWER THOMAS SHAW, CIA DIRECTOR RUSSELL BENNETT HAS FACED ATTACK FOR ILLEGALLY AUTHORIZING SURVEILLANCE INSIDE U.S. BORDERS."

JEMMA (V.O.)
Even Thomas Shaw needs people.
Someone has to carry those envelopes for him, and they don't do it for free. He can't pay said people without exposing himself.

They're entering the city now. A MONTAGE OF STREETS -- upscale, grandiose, and derelict. PEDESTRIANS: all races. BICYCLES: everywhere.

DANIEL (V.O.)
He needs an intermediary.

PICTURE OF KARL UNSFELD

We SEE KARL UNSFELD (45), a plump man in a suit.

JEMMA (V.O.)
Karl Unsfeld, German. Fixer, courier, hood...

EXT. PARISER PLATZ, BERLIN - LATER

Daniel's taxi arrives at the square, stopping in the shadow of the Brandenburg Gate.

Daniel gets out, tugging his bag.

JEMMA (V.O.)
 ...Bit of everything. He's the key.

He turns, taking in the square full of TOURISTS. He faces the modern, ugly building of the US Embassy. Steps forward.

An EMBASSY GUARD asks for his papers.

INT. ENTRY / US EMBASSY, BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

At security, he opens his bag: clothes, laptop.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 So point me at him. Where's
 Unsfeld?

As the bag rides through the x-ray, he empties his pockets and walks through a metal detector.

A stoic MARINE watches Daniel squat to zip up his bag.

JEMMA (V.O.)
 That's for you to --

HECTOR (V.O.)
 When did this become a fucking
 hotel?

Daniel turns to find Hector DeJean grinning at him.

DANIEL
 What the hell are you doing here?

HECTOR
 I run this place -- hadn't you
 heard?

DANIEL
 Broken, is it?

They embrace like old friends.

HECTOR
 No one picked you up?
 (OFF Daniel's expression)
 So much for the human touch. C'mon.

Daniel follows Hector to the elevators, rolling his bag.

INT. US EMBASSY ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Hector waves a key card, presses 5, and the doors close.

HECTOR
Your apartment?

DANIEL
Somewhere on...
(beat)
...Friedrichstrasse?

HECTOR
Friedrichstrasse?
(shakes head)
Hazing. Must be hazing.

The doors open, revealing...

INT. CIA STATION / US EMBASSY, BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

Like a quiet, upscale news office -- cubicles, computers, men with shirtsleeves pulled up, women with low-maintenance hair. Slick computers made ugly by Post-Its. Back-friendly chairs.

Against the far wall: three enclosed offices with windows overlooking the floor. These belong to the Chief of Station and his two Section Heads.

While these three administrators run the fifth floor, it's the cubicled CASE OFFICERS who get the work done, personally running agents throughout Berlin.

From one office, Section Head ROBERT KOVAC (43) -- a bitter man who wears his authority conspicuously -- locks up.

Daniel follows Hector around cubicles. Robert approaches.

HECTOR
Robert Kovac. Daniel Meyer.

Robert eyes Daniel with contempt.

DANIEL
Sir.

ROBERT
Twenty-thousand employees, and this is the best they could give us?

DANIEL
I was the twenty-thousandth one they asked. The first to say yes.

Hector grins. Robert doesn't.

ROBERT

Smart-ass.

(beat)

Promising.

With no hint of a smile, Robert continues to the elevator.

HECTOR

Relax. He's not your section head.

You'll meet the ice queen tomorrow.

Hector and Daniel continue to a cubicle where bespectacled GERALD ELLIS (58) drinks coffee and reads the BERLINER ZEITUNG newspaper. Unlike his younger colleagues, he has a reserved, almost gentle air.

On the cover of the newspaper is a victorious-looking 50-something politician, HANNA KLEIN, with the headline (in German): "PHOENIX FROM THE FLAMES."

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Gerald, meet the new you.

Gerald takes off his glasses and stands, smiling congenially.

GERALD

So you made it, Daniel.

DANIEL

I thought you'd be in Budapest by now.

A BEAT, as Gerald eyes him, something on his mind.

GERALD

This week, introductions. Then I'll be out of your hair.

DANIEL

Appreciate it.

Hector leads him toward a rear office: "STEVEN FROST."

INT. FROST'S OFFICE / US EMBASSY, BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

Hector TAPS on the door and brings Daniel in to meet Chief of Station STEVEN FROST (55), lord of the fifth floor. A tired but elegant man, he comes around to shake Daniel's hand.

FROST

Hector says you were at the Farm together.

DANIEL

Yes, sir.

FROST

Ten years an analyst. Why change now?

DANIEL

Fluorescent lamps got to me.

Theatrically, Daniel's gaze MOVES UP to the ceiling, where fluorescent lights BUZZ.

Grins. Frost shakes Daniel's hand, then grabs his jacket.

FROST

The wife's demanding my presence, so I'll have to wait to be disappointed by you.

He starts to leave, then pauses next to Hector.

FROST (CONT'D)

(to Hector)

You're meeting CHECKPOINT?

HECTOR

At the fallback.

FROST

Let me know.

Frost leaves.

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

Daniel's accepting a manila envelope from SANDRA GILLIAM (40), the station's attractive pool secretary.

SANDRA

Documents for signing, keys, credit card. Do not use that unless absolutely necessary. You'll be expected to spend ten hours a week on your cover. Most of the time you'll be too busy. Try, though.

Hector arrives, a glimmer in his eye.

HECTOR
(to Sandra)
Laying on the speech?

SANDRA
Only one rule, Daniel, and it's
etched in stone: Stay away from
Hector DeJean.

Daniel smiles benignly; Hector pulls him away.

HECTOR
She's been trying to sleep with me
from the moment I arrived.

SANDRA (V.O.)
I heard that!

HECTOR
See you at your place in a few
hours.

Daniel watches Hector weave around cubicles toward the
elevator as Sandra, holding files, passes.

SANDRA
I wasn't joking.

EXT. FRIEDRICHSTRASSE - EVENING

Daniel walks down the busy street, rolling his bag.
Residences rise up above cafes and convenience stores. At a
flat-faced box of a building, he stops.

INT. DANIEL'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Using keys, he reaches the dusty entryway, full of mailboxes.
He notices a sticker on one: "EIN BETT FÜR SHAW" with an
abstracted bed symbol. Shakes head, then opens his box, #8:
empty. Faces a steep well of stairs. Lifts his bag and begins
to climb to the fourth floor.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Daniel steps inside. We know what it looks like from his
expression, then we see it: a depressing one-bedroom with a
decade-old sofa and crumbling kitchen with a pint-sized
refrigerator. Filthy windows. Dust everywhere. Bleak.

Hazing, indeed.

INT. GAGARIN CAFE - EVENING

Same table as a week ago: Hector waits with an empty cup. The front door opens, but it's not Amir, aka CHECKPOINT.

He glances at his phone -- no messages.

HECTOR

Shit.

He raises his hand to catch the Gagarin Waitress's eye.

INT. DINING ROOM / FROST'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frost is at dinner with his wife KELLY (52) and their diplomatic guests: MELANIE CAUL, the British Consul, her husband NIGEL, the PORTUGUESE ASSISTANT AMBASSADOR (male), and a SWEDISH DIPLOMAT (female).

FOCUS on Frost's face. He's bored. Distracted. Melanie Caul looks and sounds like a stuffed shirt.

MELANIE

...It's a matter of reinvigorating Brussels. How to do that? Reconstruction? A new approach to public relations?

PORTUGUESE ASSISTANT AMBASSADOR

You know it's pointless now. Your own Prime Minister --

MELANIE

Who does not speak for me.

PORTUGUESE ASSISTANT AMBASSADOR

You should listen to him. He knows the European Experiment is a failure. He...

PHONE RINGING.

Frost gets to his feet and, with an apologetic expression, hurries to the...

INT. LIVING ROOM / FROST'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Grabs his cell phone from a bookshelf, glances at the caller ID, and answers it.

FROST
 (into phone)
 Hector?

HECTOR (V.O.)
 Got a minute?

FROST
 Many as you want.

EXT. PRENZLAUER ALLEE - BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

Again, Hector is marching down the street. He's upset.

HECTOR
 No show.

FROST (V.O.)
 He's missed before, hasn't he?

HECTOR
 Never. Two years, and he's always
 at least made the fallback. After
 what happened last week...

FROST (V.O.)
 Did you call Robert?

HECTOR
 You said you wanted to know.

INT. LIVING ROOM / FROST'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Frost thinks about this.

FROST
 Tell him, but just that he didn't
 show. And don't do anything stupid.
Don't go running out to Dahlem.
 He'll get in touch.

HECTOR (V.O.)
 And if he doesn't?

FROST
 Then his people got him. He knows
 the risks. It's why we pay him.

EXT. PRENZLAUER ALLEE - BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

Hector's expression is pained, but he controls his voice.

HECTOR
Understood.

INT. LIVING ROOM / FROST'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Frost looks at the dead phone, then at the door to the dining room. He HEARS pompous diplomatic tones, and the thought of returning makes him sick.

He looks back at the phone, then makes a call.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daniel's on the dusty sofa, laptop open, reading an encrypted file. We SEE a PHOTOGRAPH OF KARL UNSFELD. We READ:

- "CHAIN OF PAYMENTS TO COURIERS LEAD BACK TO UNSFELD."

- "CONNECTION BETWEEN UNSFELD AND THOMAS SHAW NOT YET APPARENT."

- "LOCATION OF KARL UNSFELD FIRST PRIORITY."

DOORBELL: BZZZZ!

Daniel logs out of his computer and goes to the intercom.

DANIEL
Ja?

HECTOR (V.O.)
(silly German accent)
Zis iz zee police!

Daniel BUZZES him in, then unlocks his door. He puts the computer on a shelf beside two framed PHOTOGRAPHS from the 80s. In one, an upright Army officer, DANIEL'S FATHER (30s); in the other, DANIEL'S MOTHER (20s), delicately beautiful.

Hector enters, then stops in his tracks. He WHISTLES.

HECTOR
Worse than I remembered.
(OFF Daniel's expression)
A drink, yeah?

DANIEL
Oh, yes.

INT. TRAIL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Daniel and Hector enter TRAIL, a kitschy, popular Tex-Mex restaurant/bar. This is the go-to spot for a lot of embassy staff. It's full tonight, a mix of expats and Germans. Waiters weave around tables with trays of food.

MARIACHI MUSIC PLAYS.

Hector quickly spots a table in the back with THREE FRIENDS and a pitcher of beer. He pulls Daniel along.

HECTOR

Chuck, Rebecca and Kashif. Chuck thinks he knows what we do, but we stick with our covers, OK?

At the table, Hector grabs the pitcher and fills a glass.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Meet Daniel Meyer, the embassy's newest victim.

He begins to drink, while REBECCA COHEN (29), CHUCK PEARSON (33), and KASHIF TARKANI (42) grin. Rebecca offers a hand.

REBECCA

Rebecca. The little boys are Chuck and Kashif. *Wilkommen in Berlin.*

The two men shake Daniel's hand, but don't get up.

CHUCK

(to Rebecca, play whisper)
And what does he do at the embassy?

REBECCA

Spies, of course.

DANIEL

Commercial liaison.

KASHIF

Do we have to start with job descriptions? Ask his favorite color. Does he likes puppies?

REBECCA

Sit a while.

DANIEL

Cats don't have abandonment issues.

Hector puts down his glass. It's empty.

HECTOR
That, I needed.

Daniel SEES that Rebecca looks worried.

INT. DINING ROOM / FROST'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Without Frost, Kelly talks with Nigel.

KELLY
Laura's twenty-two now. Yale.

NIGEL
You must miss her.

KELLY
I think Steven misses her more.
Daddy's girl.

Frost returns looking concerned.

SWEDISH DIPLOMAT
Anything wrong, Steven?

FROST
Not really. I'm afraid something
does require my attention, though.

MELANIE
Shall I call Ed?

Frost shakes his head, touches Kelly's shoulder. She's upset.

FROST
Please -- enjoy the food. I'll be
back as soon as possible.

They begin to voice disappointment, but he's already gone.

INT. TRAIL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Rebecca, Chuck, Kashif, and Daniel are drinking. At the bar, Hector, drunk, has his arm around a pretty BRUNETTE.

KASHIF
(to Daniel)
Fifteen years. Sent over to join my
uncle's real estate firm. Passed
away a few years ago, so it's up to
me to run it into the ground.

DANIEL
So it works for you. Berlin.

KASHIF
Put an ocean between me and my
family, and it's easy to love them.
Never send me back.

DANIEL
To?

KASHIF
The Bronx.
(beat)
Berlin is it. Nightclubs. Parties.
Women.

REBECCA
Kashif's the only one here with the
money to really enjoy the
decadence. He owns this place, too.

KASHIF
Investor. Gets me free drinks.

REBECCA
Yet he never picks up the tab.
Weird, huh?

KASHIF
Shall I tell him your nickname?

REBECCA
No, Kash.

CHUCK
I think it's sweet.

KASHIF
Princess Die. As in D-I-E.

CHUCK
She's obsessed with the Holocaust.
It's all she writes about.

REBECCA
I'm not obsessed.

Chuck and Kashif give her a "come on" look.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
It's a serious subject.

Silence, then Chuck and Kashif LAUGH. Rebecca punches Chuck.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
You're sleeping alone, buster.

Daniel SEES the BRUNETTE'S BOYFRIEND approach the bar and pull Hector away from her. An argument ensues.

DANIEL
(looking at the bar)
He always like this?

KASHIF
(heading to the bar)
Not again.

REBECCA
Hector's our resident drunk. Every
expat circle needs one.

They WATCH as Kashif intervenes and encourages Hector to retreat. They don't return to the table, but go outside.

EXT. SANDRA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Quiet street, light rain. Frost gets out of his car and hurries to the building intercom. Types a code, and it RINGS.

SANDRA (V.O.)
Ja?

FROST
It's me.

SANDRA (V.O.)
And your wife's party...?

FROST
Jesus Christ, just let me in!

BZZZZ! He pushes through the unlocked door.

INT. SANDRA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Hair damp, he's hurrying up the stairs as Sandra Gilliam opens her door. She's wearing a sexy nightgown, prepared.

SANDRA
Yes, boss?

Frost LEAPS at her, mouth to her mouth, and she wraps her arms around him. He pushes her into...

INT. SANDRA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Grapples at her thin nightgown. A RIP. She's feeling it, too. They stumble to the sofa.

EXT. TRAIL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kashif and Hector smoke outside the front door, watching passersby. Rain dribbles down.

KASHIF

You're a fucking mess. You know that, right?

HECTOR

And you, Kash? Model of assimilation?

KASHIF

When I make an ass of myself, I expect you to take me outside, too.

An African-American man, BENJAMIN TAYLOR (47), steps out of the restaurant and, noticing, heads toward them. This is Kashif's business partner, part-owner and manager of Trail.

HECTOR

There are people I'll take advice from, but none are in slapping distance.

Hector walks off, bitter. Kashif watches.

BENJAMIN

What's wrong with him?

KASHIF

(throwing down cigarette)
I'm not sure I care anymore.

He walks off in the opposite direction. Benjamin's alone.

EXT. BERLIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Hector, meandering through a CROWD, tosses his smoke, lights another. Close behind, a PERSIAN MAN (38) has his eye on him.

Hector STOPS at a store window full of electronics. Watches the reflection, EYEING all. The spy's anxious sixth sense.

Then he's there, right behind Hector: the Persian Man.

PERSIAN MAN
Hector DeJean.

HECTOR
Yes.

PERSIAN MAN
What have you done with Amir
Ghasemi?

HECTOR
Who?

PERSIAN MAN
You've known him for two years, Mr.
DeJean. What have you done with
him?

HECTOR
I don't know where he is.

PERSIAN MAN
Who else could make poor Amir
vanish from the earth? American
rendition is magic. The Iranian
government demands his return.

Hector turns to look at the Persian's face: dead serious.

HECTOR
Really. I don't know.

PERSIAN MAN
The next step, you understand, is
to go to your ambassador, Ms.
Wainright. Then to the press.

The Persian Man turns and walks away, melting into the crowd.

INT. DANIEL'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Brushing rain off his hair, Daniel enters the foyer and opens his mailbox. Inside: a paper bag with something weighty.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Daniel fills a glass from the kitchen sink. On the counter, beside the paper bag, an encrypted phone.

He drinks deeply, then takes the phone to the living room window. Wet streets, the occasional car, bicycles.

The phone: he types "LANDED. ALL SECURE." SEND.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

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

Daniel's sitting across from VALERIE EDWARDS (43), a severe-looking woman, all business. She seldom smiles.

VALERIE

I know you've trained extensively, Daniel, but field work is new to you. So let's clarify one thing now: Information moves in a direct line here. That which begins with your agents goes to you, to me -- your Section Head -- and only then to Station Chief Frost. Sometimes newcomers find it amusing to move laterally, or make great leaps. It's not amusing. Do you understand?

DANIEL

Perfectly.

VALERIE

(nodding, relaxing)

To tell the truth, I'm glad to have an analyst here. You understand, maybe a little better than some of these gung-ho hotshots, what we're supposed to be doing.

DANIEL

The accumulation and analysis of information.

VALERIE

Gold star.

(beat)

I see you learned your German the best way -- you grew up here.

DANIEL

My father was stationed at Tempelhof until eighty-nine.

VALERIE

So you were around for the La Belle bombing.

DANIEL
And for our retaliation against
Libya.

Valerie reflects on this, serious.

VALERIE
Jemma Moore chose you, yes?

DANIEL
She approached me. I don't know who
made the decision.

VALERIE
(nodding, thinking)
How long have you known her?

DANIEL
I don't. I know of her from around
the office.

VALERIE
What do you know of her?

DANIEL
Upwardly mobile. Doesn't always get
along with the Director. Has
contempt for sloppy thinking.

Valerie nods, seeming to want to ask more, but holds back.
This is neither the place nor the time.

Through the window she SEES Gerald Ellis hovering.

VALERIE
I believe Gerald has some ropes he
needs to show you.
(beat)
Let's try and have lunch this week.

Daniel nods and gets up.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
Welcome to Berlin Station.

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

As Daniel joins Gerald at Gerald's desk, we SEE Hector and
Robert head into Frost's office. They close the door behind
themselves and remain standing as they talk.

INT. FROST'S OFFICE / US EMBASSY, BERLIN - MOMENTS LATER

Frost rubs his eyes, tired from his late night with Sandra.

FROST

So they're claiming we took him.

ROBERT

Based on zero evidence.

HECTOR

Have we taken him?

Frost and Robert look askance at him. Through the window we SEE Daniel and Gerald heading for the elevator.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

It's a legitimate question.

FROST

Not that I've heard, Hector. And I'd like to think that if Langley wanted him taken, I'd be notified.

ROBERT

Of course we haven't. There's no point removing him from the one place he's useful to us.

HECTOR

Then who? The Germans?

FROST

I'll ask Hans to make some inquiries.

I/E. GERALD'S CAR - LATER

Gerald's driving carefully through the Wedding neighborhood, as if afraid of a sudden crash.

GERALD

I've got seven regulars, and I'm not going to let you surprise them. So we do this together.

DANIEL

Okay.

GERALD

We have two meets planned today, but I'm not betting on the second.

(MORE)

GERALD (CONT'D)

(beat)

Damn.

Gerald brakes in traffic. A few cars ahead, we SEE the street is FULL OF PEOPLE, many with signs, bordered by UNIFORMED POLICE. A demonstration.

One POLICEMAN directs traffic to the left, a detour.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Should've remembered.

DANIEL

(interested)

What's it about?

GERALD

(following detour)

African squatters won't leave their building. Demanding asylum. A mess.

DANIEL

Will they get it?

Gerald shrugs.

GERALD

You're in Berlin now -- a place with history. Revolutionary Cells, Tupamaros West-Berlin, the kidnapping of Peter Lorenz, and suspected home of the *Hundertzwolf*. Get used to demonstrations.

(irritated)

The left-wing owns this city.

ON DANIEL: Thinking about this.

INT. CAFE EINSTEIN - DAY

After a short walk down Unter den Linden, Frost enters an upscale cafe where politicians, film stars, and government officials meet for some classic cafe culture.

He pauses to look around -- moderately busy -- and NOTICES by the back wall a well-dressed, old-world spy. This is HANS RICHTER (57), of German Intelligence (BND). Hans rises to shake hands as Frost reaches him.

FROST

How's Ulrich?

HANS
(German accent)
Irritable. Irritating. He wants a
child.

FROST
Since when?

HANS
He's been charting social
advancement across the globe. He
thinks now is the time.

FROST
And you?

HANS
Me? A father?

FROST
I didn't think I could do it, but
Laura ended up all right.

HANS
(ignoring this)
I ordered your regular.

A WAITER delivers Frost's cappuccino, then leaves.

HANS (CONT'D)
Do you have someone to put on
ALHARBI tomorrow? The flu has
brought down ERNST and BERNARD.

FROST
I've got a new guy who could use
the experience.

HANS
Daniel Meyer.

FROST
Well-informed Hans.
(beat)
Can you look up a name for me?

HANS
Depends on the name.

FROST
Amir Ghasemi. Works out of the
Iranian embassy.

HANS
G-H-A-S-E-M-I?

FROST
Exactly.

HANS
What's his position?

FROST
Reports to Jafar Shirazi.

Hans looks impressed.

FROST (CONT'D)
Hector's been working with him a long time. He's disappeared.

HANS
The Iranians?

FROST
They want to know where he is, too. They imagine we've renditioned him.

HANS
I wonder how they got such an idea.

FROST
You're a funny man.

INT. MECHANIC'S SHOP - DAY

Gerald's car RISES OUT OF THE FRAME, hoisted by a two-post lift inside a small garage. Gerald and Daniel stand watching with a MECHANIC (30s).

MECHANIC
(in German; subtitled)
Twenty minutes. We've got coffee over there.

He nods at an windowed waiting area decorated with auto calendars and centerfolds, equipped with a makeshift kitchenette. Gerald and Daniel head over to it, as the Mechanic returns to change Gerald's oil.

Inside now, Gerald starts pouring coffee into paper cups.

GERALD
SWINGSET's usually on time, so you have to be early. He's an excellent asset. Family man.

DANIEL
Expensive?

GERALD
The most.
(beat)
No, not literally. He's one of the few I don't pay. Came to me in twenty-twelve, after Mohammed Merah shot up that Jewish school in France. He runs the show. Brings me things he thinks are important.

DANIEL
And?

GERALD
(handing over a coffee)
And that's it. Won't accept payment. Won't take orders. I like him.

Daniel tastes the coffee, grimaces, puts it down.

DANIEL
Does Frost like him?

GERALD
Frost? Frost tried a honey trap on SWINGSET. SWINGSET! The last person who'd fall for that.
(beat)
Steven Frost doesn't trust anyone he can't blackmail.

DANIEL
Textbook.

GERALD
(nodding at window)
Here we go.

Through the window, they watch SWINGSET, or BORA OSMAN (58), hand his keys to the Mechanic, who, like with them, points him toward the waiting area.

(NOTE: Another controller-agent scene with aliases. Daniel is "Kevin Lange," Gerald is "John Manor.")

Bora comes in, stops in his tracks.

BORA
(strong accent, to Gerald)
This is him?

Gerald nods.

BORA (CONT'D)
They replace you with a child?

GERALD
Kevin, this is Bora Osman, my good friend. Bora, meet Kevin Lange, a newcomer who could use some guidance.

Bora stares a long moment. Daniel sticks out a hand.

DANIEL
(in Turkish; subtitled)
Pleased to meet you.

Surprised, Bora shakes his hand.

BORA
You speak Turkish?

DANIEL
Just a few words. Summer exchange, long ago.
(in English)
I loved Istanbul.

BORA
You didn't spend long there, then.
(beat)
I just hope you have half of John's subtlety and tact.

DANIEL
I'll expect you to draw attention to any deficiencies.

BORA
I'll do more than that, Mr. Lange. At the very moment I decide that you are no longer to be trusted, all you will receive from me is silence. I don't risk my family, or myself, so casually.
(beat)
Are we clear?

I/E. GERALD'S CAR - LATER

Driving to their second meet, in Kreuzberg.

DANIEL
(flatly)
That was fun.

GERALD
Last time I introduced him to
someone new, it was a woman who
tried to lure him into bed. We're
lucky he talks to us at all.

Kreuzberg passes: a mix of immigrant and hipster life. Bikes.

GERALD (CONT'D)
This next meet will be entirely
different.

DANIEL
JOKER?

GERALD
It's an appropriate code name.

DANIEL
She accepts money?

GERALD
(laughing)
Oh yes. And claims to be a radical
environmentalist.

DANIEL
Is she?

GERALD
Who knows? I'm not sure she knows.

INT. GAY BAR - AFTERNOON

Hector enters the dark club, where TECHNO MUSIC POUNDS. But
it's empty at this hour, just a BARTENDER and a COUPLE
REGULARS drinking beer and reading newspapers.

The Regulars look up at him, make a quick judgement, and
return to their reading.

Hector approaches the Bartender and talks in low tones, then
produces a photo of Amir. The Bartender shakes his head no.

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

Valerie's at her desk, with Robert. It's one of their semi-regular meetings to be sure they're on the same page. He's referring to a note pad, while she refers to her computer.

VALERIE

What about Alharbi?

ROBERT

Same. Langley pressures Steven.
Steven fends them off.

VALERIE

It's going to reach crisis point
soon.

ROBERT

The Germans might pull in Alharbi
before Steven folds.

VALERIE

(shaking head)

Hans will drag this out for months,
waiting for evidence. You know
that. Langley needs to ease off.

ROBERT

Can you apply pressure with your
people? Jemma Moore?

VALERIE

She's not the one trying to capture
him. That would be Russell.

ROBERT

You think he answers my calls? He's
too busy trying to keep his job.

Robert looks at his note pad.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You heard about Amir Ghasemi?

VALERIE

Steven mentioned it.

ROBERT

Did he tell you about Hector's last
meet?

VALERIE

Well, Hector is irresistible, isn't
he?

INT. TAJIK TEA HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Hector's in a cafe that, with its rugs, pillows and low tables, resembles the inside of a sheik's desert tent. He's talking to a PERSIAN WAITER, who's shaking his head no.

No, Amir isn't here, either.

INT. WOVSVILLE CAFE - AFTERNOON

Daniel and Gerald are in a hip, grungy cafe with scattered young people and rough wooden walls covered in chalk writing.

They're sitting with JOKER, aka LANA VOGEL (32), who is gorgeous. Huge eyes, cheekbones, long fingers that dance around. Maybe too thin, too anxious, too wild, but beautiful - even when, as now, she's furious, eyes full of tears.

LANA

(in German; subtitled)

Fucking men. Hand you off. Chattel.

(in English)

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

(pointing at Daniel)

This?!

GERALD

You knew it would happen eventually, Lana. I warned you from the beginning. We move around.

LANA

But so soon?

(mawkish)

You never cared.

GERALD

Of course I did. I do.

He reaches across the table to hold her hand.

GERALD (CONT'D)

You know this. You know that I love all my people.

ON DANIEL -- shocked by the use of "love."

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

LANA
 (in German; subtitled)
Liars. Surrounded by liars.
 (in English)
 So? What are the new terms?

GERALD
 There are no new terms. Same
 contact procedure. Same rate.

LANA
 After this?
 (shaking head)
 No, John Manor -- if that is your
 name -- I will not be passed around
 like a whore. I'm not a whore.

Gerald doesn't bother to fill the silence. Daniel's paying
 close attention, the gears in his head working.

LANA (CONT'D)
 For the insult, you will increase
 my rate by another hundred Euro.

GERALD
 I'll have to clear that first.

DANIEL
 No.

Both Lana and Gerald LOOK AT HIM. Daniel's serious.

LANA
 What?

DANIEL
 From this moment, Lana, you and I
 are forging our relationship. We're
 like two strangers at a party.
 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)
 This is how it works: I'm not going
 to suggest a raise until I know
 what you're selling. So it's up to
 you to prove your worth. I see you
 have charm. You have experience.
 (MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You're a stewardess -- this could be useful to us. What I don't see is the material. Show me the material, and we'll revisit the subject of payment.

Lana leans back, crossing her arms. The tempestuous role she's played with Gerald won't work now, so that woman disappears. She thinks. What role will work on this man?

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Do you understand?

LANA

(a Mona Lisa smile)
Perfectly, Mr. Lange.

INT. GERALD'S CAR - LATER

Driving again. Daniel stares out the window.

GERALD

Good move.

Daniel looks at him, shrugs.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Whose idea was it to send you here?

DANIEL

What do you mean?

BEAT, as Gerald looks at the road.

GERALD

My wife's Hungarian. It's hard on her, living outside Hungary. So I've been requesting a transfer to Budapest for more than a year.

DANIEL

Then you got what you wanted.

GERALD

Suddenly. Two weeks' notice.
(beat)
Why now?

DANIEL

Someone finally listened?

GERALD

Maybe.

(beat)

Anyway, you'll do fine here.

(beat)

Just remember that the carrot works, too.

INT. BARBIE DEINHOFF'S - EVENING

A famous Kreuzberg nightclub full of DRAG QUEENS and QUEERS in studded jockstraps. Burly Hector looks out of place there as he drinks, talking with a very made-up drag queen named SHIRLEY PIMPLE.

SHIRLEY PIMPLE

(in German; subtitled)

So you don't find your man. What are you gonna do? The world's unfair.

HECTOR

You can always do something.

SHIRLEY PIMPLE

You can get yourself killed, darling. That's the only real power we have.

HECTOR

Smile, princess. It makes your face light up.

SHIRLEY PIMPLE

(smiling)

What I don't get, Hector, is why the gloom? You have money in your pocket. You still have your looks. You've got Shirley Pimple as your confidante. You should be dancing.

Hector looks to the dance floor, where freaks of all types and ages have converged. He takes another drink, but his glass is empty. Raises his hand to the DEINHOFF BARTENDER.

HECTOR

What are you drinking, Shirley?

GOING HOME MONTAGE:

- CIA STATION: Daniel says goodbye to Gerald, heads to the elevator.

- GROCERY STORE: Daniel fills a cart with vodka, milk, frozen dinners, apples, and lots of cleaning supplies.

- FRIEDRICHSTRASSE: Struggling with the heavy bags, he reaches his building.

- DANIEL'S APARTMENT: Drops the bags in the center of the living room, takes a breath, and reaches for the vodka. Pours himself a small glass. Thinks. Takes out the cleaning supplies and leaves the glass untouched.

- DANIEL'S APARTMENT - LATER: Removes a frozen dinner from the oven, burning his fingers. The place is looking better now. Not great, but better. As he grabs a clean fork from the drying rack beside the sink, he glances at the encrypted phone on the counter, which is silent.

EXT. BARBIE DEINHOFF'S - NIGHT

Hector staggers out, drunk, cutting through a crowd of smokers, chilly half-naked men in leather.

He, too, is smoking, pulling so hard at it that the cherry has grown long. Drunk, angry, and guilty -- a dangerous mix.

He turns onto the next street and spots THREE YOUNG TURKS drinking beer on a stoop. They look tough. Like trouble.

ON HECTOR'S FACE: Something primal and self-destructive is taking over.

He reaches the Turks, and stops.

HECTOR
(in German; subtitled)
Hey, cocksuckers.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daniel's on the sofa, a deserved vodka close by, reading a novel: "THE POWER AND THE GLORY" by GRAHAM GREENE.

DOORBELL BUZZES.

Startled, he heads to the intercom beside the front door.

DANIEL
Yeah?

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

Daniel buzzes him up, unlocks his door, then hides the encrypted phone behind a radiator in the bedroom. HEARS Hector entering, so he comes out.

He's shocked by the beaten-up mess in front of him. Hector's black and blue, the spit around his swollen lips cherry red.

DANIEL

This how you run Berlin, Hector?

HECTOR

This is how Berlin runs me.

(pointing)

That couch?

Hector creeps toward it. Daniel watches.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Daniel WAKES in the dark. He's in bed, alone. Sits up. From the living room there's SPEAKING.

HECTOR (V.O.)

Yeah...motherfucker. Cow?

Daniel pads into the living room. Hector's thrashing in his sleep. Daniel sits on the edge of the coffee table. He watches. Then:

DANIEL

Shut your goddam mouth.

Hector falls into deeper sleep, silent. Daniel stands and watches him a moment more, then goes back to the bedroom.

He takes the encrypted phone from the hiding place and sits on the bed. Types: "H DEJEAN MAY BE IN TROUBLE."

Looks at it, then changes his mind. Deletes the message.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. MOABIT HOTEL - MORNING

We MOVE down the corridor of a sketchy-looking place -- not quite an hourly motel, but not much better. We follow an immigrant HOUSEKEEPER pushing a vacuum door to door.

She stops at #17 and its "DO NOT DISTURB" sign. Considers knocking, then changes her mind and is ready to move on, when -- SNIFF, SNIFF. Something stinks. She knocks.

HOUSEKEEPER
(in German)
Housekeeping.

No answer.

She reaches into her pocket and takes out a ring of keys. Finds the right one and fits it into the lock.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The TV is on: a CNN debate show. Hector's holding a coffee and looking at the photo of Daniel's Mother. His face is swollen and blue, a band-aid across a cut on his temple.

On the screen, a taped interview with MITCHELL EVANS (60), his name in CHYRON.

EVANS
...What I'm saying is that crippling the CIA now, with the threats of terrorism, of a reenergized Russia, and with China biting at our heels -- well, it's foolhardy.

We CUT TO the CNN studio, THREE PEOPLE around a table.

CNN MODERATOR / JAMES
That was Harvard professor of foreign relations Mitchell Evans. Certainly no slouch.
(laughs)
So what do we think? Ten seconds or less -- is this the end of CIA Director Bennett?

Daniel enters with his own coffee. SEES Hector with the photo. A LOOK.

RIGHT-WING DEBATER / BILL
 How can it not be? Look. Congress made it clear: the CIA doesn't snoop inside our borders. Full stop! The man's a criminal, and if this administration wants to haul out a bunch of bent constitutional lawyers to argue otherwise, it'll only remind the American people how bent this administration actually is. You know I have no love for whistleblowers, but Thomas Shaw -- whoever he is -- has done this country a great service.

Hector puts back the photo and comes to join Daniel on the sofa.

CNN MODERATOR / JAMES
 Linda?

LEFT-WING DEBATER / LINDA
 If that was Bill's candidate in the White House, he'd be singing another tune. It was Bill's war on terror that changed the rules in this country. The fact, James, is that this is a memo. A memo. We don't know if it was acted on or just floated as an idea. Director Bennett hasn't even had a chance to defend himself to Congress. Can we please stop shouting uninformed opinions? Professor Evans is right - - this is not the time to wildly attack the CIA.

HECTOR
 (banging on the remote)
 How the hell do I turn this thing off?

Daniel walks to the TV and presses the power button. It goes black.

DANIEL
 You going to tell me what happened last night?

HECTOR
 (nodding at shelf)
 Who's the looker?

DANIEL
My mother.

HECTOR
(uncomfortable)
You put up pictures of your folks?

DANIEL
Tell me about your face.

HECTOR
Does it matter?

Daniel decides it doesn't. He heads back to the kitchen and refills his coffee. Hector follows, holding out his cup. Daniel fills it, too.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
What do you think so far?

DANIEL
Of Berlin?

HECTOR
Of the station. Of Frost.

Daniel shrugs, noncommittal.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
He's a stand-up guy. You'll see.

DANIEL
Looks tired. Is he up to the job?

HECTOR
Of course he is. Langley's
harassing him. Wearing him down.

DANIEL
What's it about?

HECTOR
We're surveilling some mullah
alongside the Germans. The BND
wants him in a German court.
Langley wants him shipped off to
Saudi with a bag over his head.

Daniel frowns at this.

DANIEL
Then pack him up.

HECTOR

We're not in Virginia, Danny. We're here at the pleasure of the German government. They don't just let us keep an embassy here; they let us poke our noses all through their country. You think they don't know what we're doing behind their backs, right here in Berlin? They're not idiots.

DANIEL

And we're not weak, Hector. If we want to make a soul magically vanish, then that's what we do.

His words -- "magically," particularly -- upset Hector, but Daniel has no way of knowing why.

INT. CAFE EINSTEIN - MORNING

Hans and Frost are at their rear table again. It's a busy morning, and at one point we SEE Hans nod across the restaurant at a POLITICIAN he knows.

FROST

Two days in a row. I'll start to think you like me.

HANS

(unamused)

Have you spoken to Mr. DeJean this morning?

FROST

Hector? Not yet.

HANS

Well, last night he put two boys in the hospital.

FROST

How are they?

HANS

They'll survive. But if it happens again, I'm going to kick Hector out of my country.

FROST

I'll talk to him.

HANS
Now for the bad news.
(beat)
I'm afraid Amir Ghasemi's body has
turned up in Moabit.

FROST
(frowning)
Body?

Hans nods.

FROST (CONT'D)
How?

HANS
Pills, actually. Took a room in a
dirty little hotel four days ago.
They honored the "do not disturb"
sign until the smell became too
much.

Frost looks into the distance, disappointed.

FROST
You're sure it's suicide?

Hans reaches down to an open briefcase and removes a single
sheet. He hands it over.

HANS
The coroner's preliminary report.

Frost takes a moment to read.

HANS (CONT'D)
I also suspected foul play. It's
not.

FROST
(still reading)
Any idea why?

When there's no answer, Frost looks up. Hans is holding out a
small envelope with "JAKE" -- the name Amir knew Hector by --
written on the outside.

Hesitantly, Frost takes it and opens it up.

HANS
It's not an explanation.

Frost reads, coloring, embarrassed despite himself, then
hands back the coroner's report and pockets the letter.

FROST
Can we look at him?

HANS
I was obliged to get in touch with
the Iranian Embassy. They'll be
taking the body about now.
(beat)
They do not, however, know about
the letter.

FROST
Thank you, Hans.

INT. CIA STATION / US EMBASSY, BERLIN - LATER

Daniel and Hector enter, each heading to his desk. Everyone notices Hector's bruises. Gerald looks up at Daniel.

GERALD
Your lucky day.

Daniel frowns, suspicious, as Gerald hands over a thick file. The label says "ALHARBI, MOHAMMED."

IN THE BACKGROUND, Frost stops by Hector's cubicle.

GERALD (CONT'D)
MOHAMMED ALHARBI, a radical cleric
from Saudi. Very nasty. For the
last four months we've been running
a joint operation with the Germans
to collect evidence for trial.

DANIEL
Hector mentioned this.

GERALD
Just simple surveillance. Keep
track of his whereabouts,
photograph his contacts. Most
locations are wired, so you don't
need to listen to anything. It's
boring, really.

IN THE BACKGROUND, Frost and Hector head to Frost's office.

DANIEL
So the new guy gets it.

GERALD
It'll give you a better feel for
the streets.

(MORE)

GERALD (CONT'D)
(looks at his watch)
You'll relieve BND officer MATTIAS
STEIN at one o'clock. In the
meantime, familiarize yourself with
the case.

INT. FROST'S OFFICE / US EMBASSY, BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

Frost moves to his desk as Hector closes the door.

FROST
Did you need to put them in the
hospital?

HECTOR
It was a judgement call.

FROST
Well, Hans has drawn a line. I
suggest you respect it.

Hector rolls his eyes as he sits in a chair.

FROST (CONT'D)
More importantly, CHECKPOINT has
been found. In a hotel.

Hector perks up.

FROST (CONT'D)
Suicide.

The news hits Hector in the gut. He has to stand up again to
keep his equilibrium.

HECTOR
He wouldn't have. Not after...
(beat)
I handled it.

FROST
I saw the report. He did kill
himself.

Hector paces, shaking out his anxiety.

HECTOR
The Iranians did it.

FROST
Sleeping pills. Not a bullet to the
head. Not strangulation. No sign of
struggle.

(MORE)

FROST (CONT'D)

Four days ago he took a room over in Moabit, a cheap little place. No visitors, just him.

(beat)

And it's not your fault, Hector.

HECTOR

I know it's not my fucking fault!

(beat)

But it is somebody's.

FROST

It's CHECKPOINT's fault. Couldn't take the stress. It happens.

HECTOR

This isn't right. It doesn't fit.

FROST

Sometimes it doesn't. Here.

Frost takes the envelope from his pocket and holds it out.

Gripped by fear, Hector reaches for it. He doesn't want to touch it, but can't help himself.

Frost waits as Hector opens the envelope, takes out the letter, and begins to read.

FROST (CONT'D)

Does that sound like him?

In shock now, Hector nods.

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

Hector storms out of Frost's office and across the field of cubicles to the elevator. Along the way he passes, but does not notice, Daniel sitting at a spare cubicle with the file on MOHAMMED ALHARBI (62) -- bearded, robed, intense.

Daniel reads a bit. We SEE: "INCITEMENT TO VIOLENCE AGAINST AMERICA AND ITS ALLIES."

VALERIE (V.O.)

Daniel?

Daniel looks up to find Valerie Edwards peering down at him.

DANIEL

Ms. Edwards.

VALERIE

Valerie.

(beat)

Steven says you're on Mohammed Alharbi this afternoon. Want to do that lunch beforehand?

EXT. IRANIAN EMBASSY - DAHLEM, BERLIN - DAY

Hector approaches the wrought iron gate of the embassy, where a stiff GUARD stands staring at him.

AMIR (V.O.)

My Dear Jake.

(beat)

You are a strong man, and you will see this as weakness. You will be correct. When I have too many people demanding things of me, I break. It has always been this way.

Hector ignores the Guard and finds the surveillance camera over his head. He gives it a long look, then walks away.

EXT. KAISER-WILHELM PLATZ PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Hector enters the park, which is a block away from the embassy, and finds a bench to settle on. The park is moderately busy with PRESCHOOL CHILDREN, NANNIES and MOTHERS.

AMIR (V.O.)

Unlike you, I believe in something afterward. No, not forty virgins, but something better. Something more holy. Know that I do not regret a word I have said to you, nor do I regret the decisions I have made with my life. Not even this one.

Hector looks up as the Persian Man from earlier hurries across the grass toward him.

AMIR (V.O.)

I only hope you do not despise me for my easy escape. Do not carry it on your shoulders. Much love, Amir.

Hector doesn't bother to stand. The Persian Man stops a few feet away.

PERSIAN MAN
(looking at Hector's face)
Looks like you made someone angry.

HECTOR
You should see them.

PERSIAN MAN
I am guessing you wanted to speak?

HECTOR
I wanted to ask.

PERSIAN MAN
Then ask.

HECTOR
Did you stuff Amir Ghasemi with
pills in that shitty little Moabit
hotel?

PERSIAN MAN
That sounds like a CIA ploy to me.

Hector thinks a moment, then pats the bench beside himself.
The Persian Man hesitates, then sits down.

HECTOR
How long did you know he'd been
speaking with me?

PERSIAN MAN
Does it matter?

HECTOR
Yes.

PERSIAN MAN
I don't think I can say.

HECTOR
Months? Weeks? Just a few days?

PERSIAN MAN
Not long.

HECTOR
Who told you?

PERSIAN MAN
He did.

HECTOR

No, he didn't. Amir was better than that.

PERSIAN MAN

Better? A faggot who gave away his country's secrets?

HECTOR

Yes. Better.

PERSIAN MAN

He called our chief and confessed everything.

HECTOR

You're telling me he called Jafar Shirazi and admitted his whole relationship with me? Then he went off and killed himself?

PERSIAN MAN

I've told you no such thing.

HECTOR

(frowning)

But why? You didn't know anything. Our arrangement had been running smoothly for two years. Why now?

PERSIAN MAN

Ask your satellites, Lord of the Sky. They always have the answer.

HECTOR

Going to lecture me about drones next? Fuck you and your friends who strap bombs on little kids.

The Persian Man, face dripping with bitterness, gets up and walks away. Hector watches him with interest, an idea coming.

EXT. PARISER PLATZ, BERLIN - LATER

Daniel and Valerie cross the large square, heading through the Brandenburg Gate. Valerie leads slightly.

EXT. UNTER DEN LINDEN - CONTINUOUS

They continue down the broad avenue, thick with pedestrians and high-end shops. A glittering tourist stretch.

VALERIE
 (pointing to the right)
 British embassy's over there.

We get a SHOT of its facade on Wilhelmstrasse. Then, back on Unter den Linden:

VALERIE (CONT'D)
 Russian embassy. God bless 'em.

Valerie takes him across the street to the "BERLIN MOSCOW" Restaurant. A DOORMAN lets them in.

INT. BERLIN MOSCOW RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

A self-consciously modern place. The MAITRE'D takes them up white sweeping stairs to a table by the window, overlooking Unter den Linden.

Daniel's impressed.

VALERIE
 Wine?

DANIEL
 If you don't report me.

A waiter approaches.

VALERIE
 (in German; subtitled)
A bottle of the Chianti Superiore.
 (thinking)
Blinis, and a mixed grill for two.

WAITER
Thank you.

He departs.

VALERIE
 I hope you don't mind. I just know
 what's good here.
 (beat)
 Not a vegetarian, are you?

Daniel shakes his head no.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
 Thank God.

INT. BERLIN MOSCOW RESTAURANT - LATER

The Waiter brings a platter of tasty-looking grilled meats, then leaves. They begin to plate the food.

VALERIE
(pointing at ribs)
Try that.

Daniel obliges. Admits with his eyes that it's delicious.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
How are things with Gerald?

DANIEL
His agents aren't really taking to me.

VALERIE
They wouldn't. A controller-agent relationship is full of confidences and emotional outbursts. In an age of satellites and digital everything we forget that. But this is how real information is collected: face-to-face.

DANIEL
How long until I gain their trust?

VALERIE
You'll never have it. Gerald never had it, no matter what he believes. At the core of these relationships is money. Which makes them not so different from all the other relationships in our lives.

Daniel considers this, unsure, but nodding to keep her happy.

DANIEL
It's not that way with SWINGSET, though, is it?

VALERIE
SWINGSET? Well, all agents believe they're special. With SWINGSET this might actually true. He's going to require special handling.

DANIEL
Trust.

VALERIE
 Some measure of it, yes.
 (beat)
 I heard you met JOKER.

DANIEL
 She's a handful.

VALERIE
 And manipulative. Word of advice?

DANIEL
 Shoot.

VALERIE
 Do not ever sleep with her.

She forks a slice of bacon and takes a bite.

EXT. TIERGARTEN - DAY

Hector walks quickly through the lush, expansive park in the center of Berlin, across from Pariser Platz, passing MOTHERS and CHILDREN and BUSINESSMEN on lunch break.

He reaches a bench where MI-6 Station Chief EDWARD FRANZEN (43) sits. He's a trim Englishman in thick-rimmed glasses, smoking and GLOWERING across the park at TWO ENGLISH BANKERS laughing and drinking coffee by a tree.

Hector reaches Franzen and waits to be recognized. But Franzen's mesmerized by the Bankers.

HECTOR
 Ed?

EDWARD
 (Working-class British
 accent, still staring)
 Look at those flash bastards.

Hector does so. He sees nothing remarkable.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
 Spoon-fed manna from the moment
 they broke free of their mothers'
 gashes.

HECTOR
 (sitting down)
 You've been waiting all day to say
 that, haven't you?

EDWARD

Walked past them. They were talking interest rates. Eton. Hampstead cunts whose fathers' fox hunting friends put them on the fast track at Lloyd's. Heard the parties in Berlin weren't to be missed. Now here they are.

HECTOR

All that from their accents?

EDWARD

And more.
(looking at Hector's face)
Looks like the defense of the free world isn't going very well.

HECTOR

You tell me.

EDWARD

I'm more interested in your latest scandal. Russell Bennett on the way out?

HECTOR

Above my pay grade.

EDWARD

Steven says the same thing. Above your president's, too, I'll wager.

Hector smiles. Both men turn to watch the Bankers wandering off. We SEE that Hector, too, has contempt for them.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

So what is it, Hector? I've got my own station to run.

HECTOR

An Iranian. Amir Ghasemi.

Edward continues to stare at the dwindling Bankers, thinking.

EDWARD

Works for Jafar Shirazi?

HECTOR

That's the one.

EDWARD

What about him?

HECTOR
He's dead.

EDWARD
(unmoved)
A shame.

HECTOR
Did you ever make contact with him?

EDWARD
Never.

HECTOR
Sure?

EDWARD
(nodding)
Why?

Hector says nothing.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
We are allies, Hector.

HECTOR
Of course we are, Ed.
(getting up)
See you around.

Hector walks off. Edward WATCHES him go, suspicious.

I/E. EMBASSY CAR - AFTERNOON

Daniel's driving to his surveillance spot, but checks the time in the car's dash -- 12:30 PM. He's got time.

He moves into another lane and makes a sharp turn.

EXT. HAUPTSTRASSE - MOMENTS LATER

He parks and gets out. Looks across the street at a long brick building, the ROXY-PALAST (Roxy Palace), housing an art-deco cinema. The LA BELLE DISCO stood here until a Libyan bomb ripped through it in 1986. The sidewalk is busy.

He checks for traffic and jaywalks across the street. Halts in front of the building, looking all along the wall...

There: Daniel reaches a plaque in the wall: (in German, subtitled): "ON THE 5TH OF APRIL, 1986, YOUNG PEOPLE WERE KILLED INSIDE THIS BUILDING BY A CRIMINAL BOMBING."

For a LONG MOMENT, Daniel stares, oblivious to people around him. This means something to him.

I/E. EMBASSY CAR - LATER

Better now, Daniel parks outside an apartment block in Kreuzberg, alongside a BMW. At the wheel of the BMW is BND agent MATTIAS STEIN (45). Stein takes a good look at Daniel, then winks, starts his car and drives away.

Daniel watches a weedy courtyard with TEENAGERS passing through, kicking a soccer ball back and forth. Pulls a note pad from his pocket. Writes: "1300 -- BEGIN."

Turns on the radio: POP MUSIC. Settles in for a long shift.

INT. CIA STATION / US EMBASSY, BERLIN - AFTERNOON

Hector enters the station but greets no one. He makes a bee line to Robert's office in the back. We SEE Robert hanging up his phone as Hector enters. Hector holds up his hands -- don't send me out; listen -- and speaks. Robert listens.

Together, they leave the office and, Robert taking the lead, enter Frost's office. Frost stands.

INT. FROST'S OFFICE / US EMBASSY, BERLIN - MOMENTS LATER

All three men are on their feet.

ROBERT

I think he's right. It's the only thing that makes sense.

FROST

So during the three days between your last meeting with CHECKPOINT and him checking into that hotel, someone approached him and threatened exposure. Yes?

Hector nods. This is exactly what he means. Robert is less eager to commit himself.

HECTOR

And it wasn't the Brits.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM / LANGLEY - DAY

Gray walls. Table and two chairs. Daniel, in a suit, sits opposite JEMMA MOORE (48), who is clearly the superior. Even without knowing that she's a CIA Deputy Director, she comes across as formidable. A political creature who, as Daniel put it, has "contempt for sloppy thinking."

Between them on the table is a file, and beside it the portrait of Karl Unsfeld we saw earlier. This is the same conversation we heard at the beginning of the episode.

DANIEL

Why me?

JEMMA

Don't you want it?

DANIEL

You know I do. I've been asking to get into the field for years.

Jemma pauses before speaking.

JEMMA

First of all, I'm not letting the Germans within a mile of Karl Unsfeld. Might as well hand them all of Thomas Shaw's documents.

DANIEL

And the embassy?

From her file, Jemma hands over a sheet of paper.

We SEE a printed spreadsheet. Lists: banks, names, dollar amounts, and dates. Names we recognize: STEVEN FROST, VALERIE EDWARDS, ROBERT KOVAC, HECTOR DEJEAN, etc.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You're telling me that Karl Unsfeld, working for Thomas Shaw, is paying off half of Berlin Station?

She says nothing. She waits.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Of course he isn't. Rather than hide the payments, he's exploding them. Open a dozen accounts under a dozen names and make transfers.

JEMMA

Now you're getting the picture. We simply don't know if he's covering up one transfer, or twelve.

DANIEL

Or none. All this may just be a distraction.

(thinking)

But a whistleblower? With this kind of pull? It doesn't add up.

INT. "LJUBAV" NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

Lights, lasers and YOUNG REVELERS.

MUSIC: "LA CENTRALE" BY ELECTRIC ELECTRIC (French band) -- jarring, kinetic loops of sound.

KARL UNSFELD drinks at the bar, talking up a German BLONDE who's far too young for him. He's happy, throwing euros everywhere. He thinks he's going to get lucky tonight.

JEMMA (V.O.)

You find Karl Unsfeld, and we might get our answers.

We SEE the Blonde slip a hand into his jacket pocket.

I/E. EMBASSY CAR - EVENING

RADIO: NANCY SINATRA "BANG BANG (MY BABY SHOT ME DOWN)"

It's dark out, and Daniel's still in the same parking space, irritable and tired.

A CAR pulls up beside him and parks. He looks over -- it's Mattias Stein again, smiling. Stein mimes yawning.

Daniel writes: "1846 -- RELIEVED." Starts the car.

A door in the building OPENS, and MOHAMMED ALHARBI steps out, fully robed. Tall, intense, with TWO BODYGUARDS.

Daniel looks at Mattias Stein, who's starting his own car.

OFF DANIEL'S LOOK, Stein waves him away -- Go home, your shift is over.

But Daniel waits. He FOCUSES ON Alharbi.

DANIEL
(singing)
Bang bang...

INT. "LJUBAV" NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

The Blonde kisses Karl's cheek and heads off to the bathroom. She's holding his phone, which is OFF. It's a nice phone, would get an excellent price on the black market.

In the bathroom, she POWERS UP the phone to be sure it's working. It LIGHTS UP. Connects to the network.

COMPUTER SCREEN

CLOSE UP: A map appears. Berlin. The "Ljubav" nightclub, and a marker: "UNSFELD, KARL."

INT. "LJUBAV" NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

The Blonde POWERS OFF the phone and slips it into her purse, then returns to the dance floor.

She SEES Karl waiting by the bar, but edges her way out of the club.

EXT. HANS RICHTER'S HOME - NIGHT

Hector stands in the street, smoking, watching through the window of an elegant townhouse. Through the parted curtains we SEE Hans Richter with his partner, ULRICH (38). They're preparing dinner.

VIOLENCE all over Hector's face. He steps forward.

INT. TRAIL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Daniel's with Chuck and Kashif, drinking beers and picking at chips & salsa.

KASHIF
Ingrid?

CHUCK
No way. She'd eat him alive.

DANIEL
I like the sound of that.

KASHIF
Francine.

CHUCK
Terri.

KASHIF
Terri?
(beat)
Terri.

DANIEL
Who's Terri?

KASHIF
Very nice.

CHUCK
Embassy. Visa section.

DANIEL
Not very exotic.

CHUCK
But nice.

KASHIF
Very nice.
(taking out phone)
I'm calling her.

EXT. HANS RICHTER'S HOME - NIGHT

Hans and Hector are sitting on the front stoop. Through a window, Ulrich looks out, worried. About twenty feet away, a tense BODYGUARD watches over them.

HANS
So that's what you think?

HECTOR
It's what I think. Would you like
to tell me I'm wrong?

HANS

Why would we blackmail an Iranian bureaucrat, when he's already your source?

HECTOR

Because you don't trust us. You probably shouldn't. But I knew Amir. I knew how to handle him. I never threatened him with exposure.

HANS

You only flirted.

HECTOR

Yes. Because with a man like Amir, pressure only breaks him.

HANS

Americans are excellent actors. You can make a man think you love him without ever touching skin to skin.

HECTOR

It's rich, you know -- you, threatening him with his homosexuality.

A heavy silence.

HANS

And this conversation? What good does it do?

HECTOR

It tells you that I know. And it tells you that, from now on, I'll remember what you've done.

HANS

Don't forget where you are, Herr DeJean.

HECTOR

Don't forget who you're sitting next to, Herr Richter.

Hans gives him a sly look. He's not intimidated by this junior officer.

HANS

What's that about throwing stones? Neither of us can afford the luxury of anger.

(MORE)

HANS (CONT'D)

As soon as we succumb to it, we might as well be put out to pasture.

HECTOR

If that makes you feel better.

HANS

It doesn't, Hector.
 (motioning toward his apartment)
 It helps me face up to the rest of my life. But you don't have anything other than this, do you?

Hector doesn't answer.

HANS (CONT'D)

No girlfriends -- or boyfriends. No family. Just...this.
 (beat)
 You're in the wrong business, Hector DeJean. It's made you half a man.

Hector stands, ready to leave.

HANS (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll bring up your retirement to Steven. Or to your president.

HECTOR

(turning back)
 What?

HANS

I expect I'll be able to get an audience with him. Maybe I'm fooling myself. Then again, fooling yourself is also required for a full life. Don't you agree?

CLOSE ON Hector's face. Stunned -- the President really is coming. Without another word, he walks away.

INT. "LJUBAV" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

MUSIC: "EXOTICA TODAY" by ELECTRIC ELECTRIC

Karl, realizing he's been stood up, is drinking heavily. But he still has hope. He speaks into the ear of a young WOMAN WITH NOSE RING. She rolls her eyes and moves on.

INT. TRAIL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kashif hangs up his phone as Daniel sets down three beers.

KASHIF
We'll see her on the weekend.

CHUCK
Decent ladies don't drink the
working week away.

KASHIF
Don't worry, Daniel. She's not all
that decent.

DANIEL
Where's Rebecca?

CHUCK
Writing.
(beat)
She's really very good, you know.

KASHIF
It's true.

CHUCK
I love that woman.

Silence.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
What?

INT. "LJUBAV" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

From behind, Karl's BUMPED by a gaunt but muscular man. Let's call him the THIN WHITE DUKE, for he looks a lot like David Bowie, circa 1979. He's carrying a medium-sized SPORTS BAG.

Karl glances back, but it's not a face he knows, so he returns to a NEW GIRL. Karl leans close to kiss her, but she demurs.

He's disappointed, but not undeterred.

The Thin White Duke is nowhere to be seen.

INT. SANDRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frost and Sandra are in bed, naked, Frost on the phone.

FROST
 (into phone)
Why, Hector?

HECTOR (V.O.)
 Because I don't want him to think
 he can do this to us next week,
 too.

FROST
 It's not your place.

HECTOR (V.O.)
 Were you going to do it?

FROST
 It's not your place.

HECTOR (V.O.)
 And you heard about the visit?

FROST
 Got the call a few hours ago.

HECTOR (V.O.)
 You know what this means?

FROST
 It means we have something to talk
 about tomorrow.

HECTOR (V.O.)
 Jesus Christ --

FROST
Tomorrow, Hector.

Frost hangs up, frustrated. Sandra watches him, amused.

SANDRA
 Hector fucking DeJean?

He looks at her.

EXT. "LJUBAV" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Silence for a moment, streets dark, PEDESTRIANS milling.

BOOM!

The nightclub EXPLODES, a cloud of glass and mortar.

CAR ALARMS.

SCREAMS.

MOANS.

CUT TO BLACK.

PHONE RINGING.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Daniel wakes, grabbing at his phone.

DANIEL

Hello?

VALERIE (V.O.)

We need you in right now, Daniel...

INT. DANIEL'S BUILDING - LATER

Daniel passes his mailbox on his way out. We again see the sticker: "EIN BETT FÜR SHAW"

VALERIE (V.O.)

...There's been an incident.

INT. CIA STATION / US EMBASSY, BERLIN - LATER

Daniel exits the elevator. The station is a hive of activity. Phone calls, shouting, throwing paper. Standing at her desk, a woman, CLARE (39), is shouting across the room.

CLARE

ERIC, get me everything we have on the ILF!

Hector catches Daniel's eye, and waves him over.

HECTOR

A bomb. Nightclub. Seventeen dead.

DANIEL

Americans?

HECTOR

Two. Mostly Germans, a Dutch and French. We've got a preliminary casualty list on the wall. Everyone needs to look at it.

Daniel SEES, against the far wall, a sheet of paper with a list of names. He heads toward it, but Valerie steps up.

VALERIE

The Germans are requesting our assistance, so you're going with Gerald to shake down your agents. Shoot wide and see what falls.

DANIEL

Anyone claiming it?

Valerie shakes her head no and continues on. Daniel starts to read the list. A couple are marked with scribbles as they've been identified. WE MOVE DOWN the list of names until...

"UNSFELD, KARL"

Daniel steps back, running into Gerald, who's pulling on his jacket.

GERALD

Coming?

I/E. EMBASSY CAR - MORNING

Gerald's driving, while Daniel stares out the window at Berlin passing by.

We HEAR the phone call he'll make later that night. RINGING.

JEMMA (V.O.)

Hello?

DANIEL (V.O.)

I'm looking for Mrs. Kreeley. Is she in?

JEMMA (V.O.)

Mrs. Kreeley no longer lives here.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Do you know where I could find her?

JEMMA (V.O.)

She's on vacation in the Pacific.

INT. METZER ECK PUB - MORNING

Daniel and Gerald speak with a HEAVYSET RUSSIAN (52) in a traditional beer cellar. The Russian seems to know nothing. (NOTE: This is VITALY DUBOV, aka "GREENFIELD.")

DANIEL (V.O.)
He was in there. Unsfeld.

JEMMA (V.O.)
I know.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

Now they're with an ARAB WOMAN in a hotel housekeeper's uniform, between cars. She's shaking her head no.

DANIEL (V.O.)
It was an assassination. Who the hell does that?

INT. WOVSVILLE CAFE - DAY

They're with JOKER now, and she's getting hysterical.

JEMMA (V.O.)
Someone who's scared. He's cleaning up loose ends.

DANIEL (V.O.)
Whistleblowers don't do housekeeping with bombs.

EXT. BERLIN STREET - DAY

They're entering an apartment building.

JEMMA (V.O.)
They do now.

INT. BERLIN APARTMENT 2 - DAY

Sitting with a MAN IN HIS TWENTIES, who talks emotively, using his hands.

JEMMA (V.O.)
Look, I understand that this is difficult.

DANIEL (V.O.)
You understand nothing.

CLOSE ON Daniel's face -- this guy's got nothing.

INT. CIA STATION / US EMBASSY, BERLIN - DAY

The elevator doors open, and Daniel enters with Gerald.
Daniel's looking at FACES, all suspect.

JEMMA (V.O.)

Of course.

BEAT.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Point is, we've got nothing to go
on now.

There's Sandra, giving him a guilty smile. Gerald splits off
to go to his desk.

Robert and Valerie, standing, discuss something in a file
just outside of Frost's office. They both look up as Daniel
approaches.

JEMMA (V.O.)

The absence of something is
something.

DANIEL (V.O.)

What?

Sudden SHAKE as Hector slaps him on the back and says some
lewd joke. Together, they continue toward Frost's office.

JEMMA (V.O.)

We've touched a nerve, Daniel.
Someone found out we were looking
for Unsfeld, and they reacted.
Reaction is a lead.

Hector pushes open Frost's door.

INT. FROST'S OFFICE / US EMBASSY, BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

Frost is standing by the window overlooking the Brandenburg
Gate. He turns to frown at Daniel.

DANIEL (V.O.)

But we're where we started. It
could be anybody.

JEMMA (V.O.)

It was always that way.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Then I hope you've got some advice.

From outside Frost's office, we SEE Hector closing the door.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

START ON the picture of Daniel's Mother, then PULL BACK.

Daniel's on the sofa, encrypted phone to his ear. This is the conversation we've been listening to.

CAMERA PULLS BACK, out through the window.

JEMMA (V.O.)
Just be careful, Daniel.

EXT. DANIEL'S BUILDING - DAY

We PULL BACK from Daniel's window, across Friedrichstrasse, to the residential building opposite, and into a window where, between curtains, a parabolic microphone sits on a stand, pointing at Daniel's window.

An overweight man, the LISTENER, sits on a recliner wearing headphones. On a coffee table, beside a full ashtray and pack of Marlboro Reds, a digital device records everything.

DANIEL (V.O.)
(through headphones)
That's some pretty lousy advice.

FADE OUT.

THE END