"THE FIFTH COLUMN"

by

Matthew Allen
FADE IN:

INT. BROTHEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Whiskey swirls between blocks of ice. The glass sits atop a black-velveteen-covered nightstand, refracting the room through its faux-crystal pattern.

The place resembles a playboy's lair - the walls plastered with Toulouse-Lautrec posters of French cancan dancers, swatches of African fabric, and textile hangings (decadent fifties chic in competition with a decor of fin de siecle).

SUPER: "105 E. 13th Street - October 15th, 1962"

A black HOOKER, 23, Supremes' flip hairstyle, hands the glass to a white JOHN, 36, unsuccessful combover. She screws the bottle tight, fingering a wad of cash.

JOHN
  (downs whiskey)
  So, what does fifty bucks get me?

HOOKER
  (loosens his tie)
  Anything you want, sugar.

JOHN
  I don't know what I want.

HOOKER
  I do.

LATER

The Hooker gives the John more than he paid for - the John relaxing into the deluxe treatment.

As his eyes wander the room, patterns appear in the blood-red curtains and flowery wallpaper. Strange, moving patterns. Faces staring at him. The John wipes his eyes.

He turns to the Hooker as she takes his place on the bed - her legs stretched wide-open. The John's head descends into the dark heaven between her thighs.

He jolts -- something before the John makes him jump back in terror. A fanged mouth slowly emerges from her crotch -- lunges at him -- its venomous teeth slick with saliva -- snapping at him -- again and again --
The John backs across the room -- the serpentine creature's jet black, oil-slick skin stretching out from inside her -- to follow him --

Two female hands grab the John from behind --

He turns to see it's a CANCAN DANCER in one of the posters, come to life in post-impressionist lines. The John tears himself from her grip.

    CANCAN DANCER
    There's a gun in her bag.

The John's eyes snap to the handbag at the foot of the bed. He dives for it --

As the Hooker does the same --

Getting there first, the John comes out with a semiautomatic Ruger .22 -- POP. POP. POP. Shoots the Hooker before he knows what he's done.

The John looks down, the phallic creature from the black lagoon is nowhere to be seen. Turns to the cancan posters -- the dancers now kicking their legs high.

    CANCAN DANCERS
    (singing)
    Now do yourself/Do yourself/Do yourself.

The John looks to the gun in his hands, the dead Hooker at his feet. Turns to stare at his own reflection in a large mirror on the far wall.

The walls start melting -- like in a Dali. The very dimensions of the place become like a funhouse.

The ceiling comes down on him. The walls get closer -- the cancan dancers' razor-sharp heels snapping out with each kick -- nicking his face again and again.

The John brings the .22 pistol to his temple -- screams -- POP.

The room returns to normal. Just flecks of grey matter streaking down one of the cancan posters. The John's inanimate form -- a marionette with its strings cut -- slumps to the floor beside the Hooker.
The cancan dancers' voices are still there - but they're playing on a loop from a small speaker hidden behind a light fixture:

    CANCAN DANCERS (V.O.)
    (singing)
    Do it/Do it/Do it.

The mirror is actually a two-way mirror. Behind it, is a...

LISTENING POST

A finger presses "STOP" on an F-301 reel-to-reel audio tape recorder, cutting the loop of chanting cancan dancers.

The man's hand hits rewind, then play again:

    CANCAN DANCER (V.O.)
    There's a gun in her bag.

The dark, tight space behind the mirror is crammed with a 16mm film camera, control box with various switches, rotary telephone, 16mm projector, stacks of film cans, small refrigerator, and TV set - almost cozy.

COL. WILLIAM HUNTER BLACK, 56, shaved head, built like a 1950s wrestler - more fat than muscle - sits atop a portable toilet, a glass of gin in his hand. His hand switches off the tape recorder.

A black-and-white photograph on the wall behind him is of a mangled body lying in the mud; the face in the photo has been beaten beyond recognition.

Col. Black hands a clipboard with a form to skinny, all-American, THOMAS EASTBROOK, 22, pocket protector, horn-rimmed glasses. Eastbrook trembles at what he's just seen.

Black rattles off mundane details:

    BLACK
    Now what you do next is just write the date, the substance and dosage, which in this case is good ol' Stormy: Lysergsaure-diethylamid twenty-five, one thousand micrograms. And then this here's for the result.

    EASTBROOK
    Which is he's dead. They're -- They're both dead.
Eastbrook stares through the two-way mirror at the blood and gore -- then throws up -- on the floor. Black shakes his head, chuckling. Grabs the phone's receiver, dials:

BLACK
Yeah, this is Bill Black. The pad needs a cleanup.

INT. LISTENING POST - LATER

Eastbrook wipes up his vomit with paper towels. Black watches through the two-way mirror as NYPD officers take crime scene photos and zip the John and Hooker into body bags, collect the murder weapon.

The brothel bedroom is soundproof - the cops' voices only come through when Black flicks a switch on a speaker.

EASTBROOK
You're sure they can't see us?

BLACK
Don't worry, rookie.

On the other side of the two-way mirror, the LEAD DETECTIVE, 50, crisp fedora, lights a cigarette. Not even glancing at the bodies. He grabs the photographer's camera, rips out the film.

EASTBROOK
This can't be in keeping with the charter.

BLACK
Excuse me?

EASTBROOK
C.I.A.'s charter.

BLACK
I was told you wouldn't be a problem.

EASTBROOK
I won't.

BLACK
I was told you knew how things go in the real world.

EASTBROOK
I do.
I was told you didn't want to grow old behind some desk at Langley.

Eastbrook opens his mouth - but hesitates.

Good. Look - we're at war, kid.

Murder-suicide. Write it up.

As the police leave, the Lead Detective tips his hat to the two-way mirror.

EASTBROOK
He can see us.

BLACK
No, he just knows we're here.

Black gets up, creaks over to the 16mm film projector.

I'm going to show you something.

Black plays it on the wall. The film appears to be a porno - wild sex. But it was shot in the same brothel room. A snuff film? Black hurries to shut it off.

Sorry, wrong one.

He loads another reel. This one plays black-and-white footage - JOSEPH CARDINAL MINDSZENTY, 57, drooping features in red scull cap and Holy Roman vestments. The Cardinal looks like a zombie, reciting his confession.

1949 show trial. Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty confesses to treason against the commie government in Hungary. See his eyes? That's how we knew.

This is like brainwashing, right? Manchurian Candidate stuff?
Not like, it is. Our job is to bridge the mind-control gap.

Black staggers back to the desk, picks up a small bottle of solution: "LSD-25". Hands it to Eastbrook.

We have no idea what the Ruskies want with this stuff. But we do know that as little as a suitcase-full could induce temporary insanity in a population the size of the continental United States.

Eastbrook unscrews the bottle.

Careful! You touch that and it'll go transdermal.

Black snatches the bottle, a drop falling from the eyedropper in the process...

Falls.
And falls.
Onto the desk.

Fuck! Where'd it drop?

They can't see the drop in the poorly lit space.

I don't...

Fuck!

Black slips the bottle into a black-velvet pouch. His hand slams down on a big, red button on the control box.

A blacklight illuminates the dark room - the UV rays make Black and Eastbrook's short-sleeved white shirts glow in the dark. Black looks down to where the drop glows blue-white under the blacklight:

Ultraviolet light neutralizes it.

He wipes the drop up with his finger. Licks it clean.
BLACK
Moscow just bought fifty million doses.

Eastbrook's eyes glaze over in fear.

The song "Duck and Cover" (from that '50s social guidance film) runs over the following:

FLASHBACK MONTAGE - STOCK FOOTAGE FROM EASTBROOK’S CHILDHOOD

- The Honorable Representative RICHARD NIXON, 35, holds a piece of microfilm up to camera:

  NIXON
  These documents were fed out of the State Department over ten years ago by communists.

- Film of Army jeeps driving past a sign which reads: "IF YOU WOULDN’T TELL STALIN, DON'T TELL ANYONE."

- Black-and-white animation of Soviet soldiers marching across Europe. Their long shadows become...

- Nosferatu's shadow stalking up a staircase toward his prey.

- Propaganda dramatization: Gestapo-like thugs take over an electric power plant.

  NARRATOR (V.O.)
  Next, public utilities are seized by fifth columnists.

- Shot of a BOY riding his bike down a suburban street. There's a flash of bright white light. The Boy dives for cover.

  NARRATOR (V.O.)
  Duck and cover! Atta' boy, Tony. That flash means, "act fast"!

- Stylized animation of Soviet bombers attacking America.

  NARRATOR (V.O.)
  Fighters will account for some of the enemy, but some will get through... to your home.

- Ivy Mike, the first H-bomb's mushroom cloud balloons over the Pacific Proving Grounds.
PRESENTER (V.O.)
And by the way, do you know exactly
what your family would do if an
attack came?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)
The PRESENTER is on a TV that sits before a plastic-covered
sofa.

PRESENTER
Say, at ten o'clock tomorrow
morning?

YOUNG THOMAS EASTBROOK, 12, is huddled on the floor under the
steel-legged couch. Thomas's eyes tremble behind the gas
mask he wears.

PRESENTER
It's a good question, isn't it?

In comes FRANK EASTBROOK, 43, dinner jacket suit, gold belt
buckle. Lighting a long, European cigarette, Frank tucks the
gold cigarette case it came from into his tux.

FRANK
Thomas? Thomas?

Frank looks around, until he finally finds Thomas under the
sofa. In addition to the gas mask, Thomas wears a Hitler-
Youth-esque Boy Scout uniform.

FRANK
Oh, son!

Frank pulls Thomas out from under the couch. But Thomas
pushes him back, violently.

THOMAS
Let go of me, you commie!

FRANK
Thomas!

Frank turns to look at a SILHOUETTED FIGURE standing in the
doorway, smoking.

FRANK
Kids, huh?

Young Thomas follows his father's eyes to the Figure, calls
out:
THOMAS
He's a commie spy, Mister Schneider! My father's part of a fifth column!

Frank looks up nervously to the Figure watching him. The shadowy Figure throws his cigarette down and walks away.

FRANK
(hiding fear)
Don't say things like that, Thomas. People could take you seriously.

Frank sees a mushroom cloud reflected in the circular, Perspex eye windows of Thomas's gas mask. He turns to see footage of the nuclear test on the TV screen. Changes channels.

Frank pulls Thomas's mask off - to reveal tears streaming down a twelve-year-old face. Thomas crumples into his dad's arms, needing the hug.

FRANK
I'll try to be home more, Thomas. I promise.

From the black-and-white TV, the laugh track from a comedy.

INT. LISTENING POST - NIGHT (END FLASHBACK)

The same canned laughter. Thomas Eastbrook's grown-up eyes glazed in memory.

Eastbrook sits watching a mind-numbingly wholesome sixties sitcom - full volume. The place now looks like Eastbrook lives here - empty cartons of milk, take away Chinese containers, toiletries...

SUPER: "October 16th"

The TV's laugh track disguises the entry, behind him, of someone brandishing an M1911 .45 semiautomatic.

As he watches TV, Eastbrook cleans a handgun by rote - the integral sound suppressor and other pieces of a disassembled High Standard HDM in his hands.

The assailant sneaks right up on Eastbrook, presses the .45's barrel to his head -- Eastbrook drops the HDM -- pieces scatter on the floor --
BLACK (O.S.)
Gotcha!

Black puts his .45 away.

BLACK
C'mon, kid. We gotta get ready.
New girl comin' right now.
Romanian I.R.S. bait - only had to pay her a hundred.

Eastbrook turns down the TV, hurries to gather the barrel, silencer, and grip from the floor.

IN THE BROTHEL BEDROOM

The woman who slinks in is ILEANA CALDARARU, 25, long black hair cascading down a voluptuous form. Ileana has the allure of a silent screen vamp - beautiful yet ghostly pale.

She leads a FAT JOHN, 52, sweaty jowls, into the room. His hands all over her, she swats him away. In the sexiest of Eastern European accents:

ILEANA
Drink first.

FAT JOHN
(drunk)
I've had plenty to eat, honey.
Plenty to drink. Daddy wants dessert.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

Black and Eastbrook look on.

EASTBROOK
He's not going to drink. What do we do?

BLACK
Relax, rookie. This is her test.

IN THE BEDROOM

Ileana unscrews a bottle of straight bourbon - pours a glass - as the Fat John attacks her from behind. Rips her shirt up, slacks down - slips chubby digits into her panties.

His attention on her body, the Fat John doesn't notice Ileana plop a small, football-shaped, clear-plastic ampule into the glass.
BEHIND THE MIRROR

BLACK
She's good.

IN THE BEDROOM

Ileana downs the glass of whiskey. But doesn't swallow. She turns and kisses the Fat John — hard, the bourbon filling his mouth and dribbling down his cherubby cheeks. The Fat John gulps down the mouthful.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

BLACK
(impressed)
My God.

Black clicks an old, analogue stopwatch going.

BLACK
It takes about thirty minutes to take effect.

EASTBROOK
We've got to get her out of there.

Black scribbles down notes.

BLACK
She'll be okay. She couldn't have gotten much.

Servicing the John, on her knees before him, Ileana looks back over her shoulder. Stares at the mirror.

EASTBROOK
She can see us.

BLACK
That's impossible.

EASTBROOK
Alright, she knows we're here.

IN THE BEDROOM

Ileana gets up, walks back to the mirror.

FAT JOHN
Where you think you're going?
BEHIND THE MIRROR

EASTBROOK
She's seen us!

BLACK
Quiet!

Ileana places her hands on either side of the mirror, bends over ninety degrees. Her voice plays from the speaker next to Eastbrook:

ILEANA (V.O.)
Come to me.

The Fat John does - comes up behind Ileana, thrusts into her from behind.

BLACK
Oh, baby.

Eastbrook's eyes fixate on Ileana's body jolting right up close to the mirror.

BLACK
Quite a rack, huh?

Eastbrook catches himself staring. Looks up. Ileana's eyes meet Eastbrook's. She winks at him.

EASTBROOK
Did you see that?

Black did. He gets up close to the two-way glass, inches from Ileana's face.

BLACK
The only way she could see us is if we lit a cigarette next to the glass.

EASTBROOK
But she has seen us.

The Fat John pumps harder, moaning.

BLACK
No smoking.

EASTBROOK
I don't.
BLACK
What?

EASTBROOK
I don't smoke.

A CIGARETTE
lights up. Ileana sits up in bed with the Fat John, post coitus.

FAT JOHN
Just give me a second to get my breath.

ILEANA
You do not have to leave.

FAT JOHN
I don't?

BEHIND THE MIRROR
Black stares at his stopwatch as it counts down the last few seconds. CLICK.

BLACK
And that's thirty minutes. See, what she's doing now is what this is all about.
(gesturing wildly)
Used to be there was only one way to get information. If it was a girl, you put her tits in a drawer and slammed the drawer. If it was a guy, you took his cock and you hit it with a hammer. And they would talk. Now, with this L.S.D. twenty-five, we can get information without having to abuse people.
(turns back to mirror)
The theory is, he'll be so tickled a whore wants to spend time with him, he'll get chatty. Under the influence of a psychoactive, he should be an open book. And what's he going to talk about, his family? He inevitably gets to talking shop. Get your pen ready.
EASTBROOK
What if he realizes he's been drugged?

BLACK
Who's he going to tell, the cops? His wife?

EASTBROOK
And the women?

BLACK
"Women"? You mean hookers. Who's gonna listen to a whore?

FAT JOHN (V.O.)
(on speaker)
Not much to tell. I just sell furniture.

BLACK
Turn that up.

EASTBROOK
We're spying on furniture salesmen?

BLACK
It's a dry run.

Black reaches for the knob on the speaker, turns it up himself.

IN THE BEDROOM

FAT JOHN
My boss, Mister Johnson, he's got this scam going where he changes the labels on the mattresses. Cheaper ones for more expensive ones. But enough about me. Where are you from?

ILEANA
Romania.

FAT JOHN
Any family there?

ILEANA
My father tried to get out. But he could not.
BEHIND THE MIRROR

Eastbrook pricks his ears up at this.

IN THE BEDROOM

FAT JOHN

I'm sorry.

He looks around.

FAT JOHN

The walls are melting. Why are the walls melting?

FAT JOHN'S POV

The walls are, indeed, melting - that same Dali effect.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

Black and Eastbrook look on as the Fat John's voice plays from the speaker:

FAT JOHN (V.O.)

Jesus liked whores. Am I Jesus?

BLACK

See this random shit is what you get in the hundreds of micrograms. But get industrial with the dosage, and you've got 'em being chased by the kid they bullied in middle school.

Eastbrook isn't listening. Just stares at Ileana.

EASTBROOK

Colonel Black, don't you think it's a tad inappropriate for a representative of the Agency to be blackmailing a subject over their immigration status? I mean, she didn't volunteer, did she?

BLACK

What the hell do you do for the Company? Give ethics sermons in the chapel?

EASTBROOK

BLACK
Lie detectors!? I had to do a test when I first became a cutout for you fucks. Lied my ass off and it didn't register a flicker.

EASTBROOK
It all depends on the talent of the examiner.

Black turns back to Ileana and the Fat John:

BLACK
Think you're ready to try one on your lonesome?

EASTBROOK
Frankly, I'm not.

BLACK
"Frankly"?
(shakes his head)
Eastbrook, I want you to do one with this new girl. Tomorrow night. You'll accidentally lock the door from the outside. And there'll just happen to be a firearm in the room.

EASTBROOK
Lock her in with an armed subject?

BLACK
You got a problem, preppy?

EASTBROOK
Excuse me?

BLACK
You Ivy-League pricks crack me up. You create these fraternity pranks and then aren't ready to get your hands dirty. I mean, "Operation Midnight Climax"?

EASTBROOK
I didn't have a hand in naming this operation.

BLACK
"I didn't have a hand in..."
Listen to yourself, Princeton.
EASTBROOK
My name is Eastbrook.
(taking a jab)
Where did you go to school, Colonel Black?

BLACK
Fuck you, preppy. This ol' Joe was raping and pillaging for Uncle Sam before there even was an Agency. You follow fuckin' orders. Like I have to. Or you'll be fucked before you started. End up like your daddy.

Eastbrook looks down.

BLACK
You think you know better than Doctor Greenwald?

EASTBROOK
No, I wouldn't presume to...

BLACK
Then shut the fuck up.

Black gets up, throws the clip board at Eastbrook. Eastbrook sees Black making for the door to the hall.

EASTBROOK
Colonel Black! What do I do if...

BLACK
If what?
(smiles)
Just write it all down, kid.
You'll be fine.

The door clicks shut behind him. Eastbrook's left alone - looks at the docile, Fat John with Ileana.

FAT JOHN (V.O.)
Could you tell those flying rabbits to be quiet?

LATER
Ileana shows the Fat John to the door - now both fully dressed.

FAT JOHN
My eyes are open. I've seen God.
ILEANA
Thank you. Come again.

Closing the door behind the Fat John, Ileana turns to the mirror.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

Eastbrook watches TV. News with footage of NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV, 68, vodka-wrinkles, plays in black & white.

He turns to see - Ileana's face right next to him! She's standing up against the mirror, cupping her hands to block out the light on her side and try to see through.

Eastbrook looks around frantically, quickly shuts off the TV. Keeps absolutely still in the dark.

Ileana looks back to the lamp on the nightstand. She heads back over to the door. Flicks out the overhead light.

DARKNESS

The only light is that seeping under the door from the hall.

Eastbrook looks around - can't see anything beyond the mirror. Presses his face against the glass.

A PIERCING LIGHT

blinds Eastbrook. He stumbles back from the mirror.

IN THE BEDROOM

A cord leads from a plug in the wall under the mirror... up to the lamp in Ileana's hands. Ileana holds the bedside lamp against the mirror - so she can see through to Eastbrook.

ILEANA
Hello, my name is Ileana. Nice to meet you.

Eastbrook is like the proverbial Bambi in the headlights.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Eastbrook cracks the door, steps out of the listening post, into the grimy, damp, dark, wooden corridor of a Lower East Side tenement --

And there's Ileana -- right in front of him --
Eastbrook nearly jumps out of his skin. Ileana looks to the many identical doors receding down the corridor:

ILEANA
Do all doors lead to rooms like this?

Ileana tries to look around Eastbrook - see inside the listening post.

Eastbrook quickly shuts the door behind him.

EASTBROOK
That's classified.

ILEANA
Who do you work for?

EASTBROOK
That's classified.

ILEANA
What is not classified?

EASTBROOK
My name?

ILEANA
Yes?

EASTBROOK
Eastbrook.

ILEANA
Your first name?

EASTBROOK
Thomas Eastbrook.

ILEANA
Ileana Caldararu.

EASTBROOK
How did you know the mirror...

Ileana pulls out a small card, shows it to Eastbrook.

ILEANA
Anyone who gives girl a chit is not a regular pimp.
INSERT - THE CARD, a chit which reads:

"To Whom It May Concern:

Please excuse the bearer, Ileana Caldararu, any misdemeanors related to solicitation.

- Col. William Hunter Black"

BACK TO SCENE

ILEANA
Colonel Black told me show the chit to cops if I have trouble. What is he colonel of?

EASTBROOK
I can't...

ILEANA
That is classified also?

EASTBROOK
Miss Caldararu, I know you must...

ILEANA
Please, no one called me that. Ever. Call me Ileana.

EASTBROOK
Are you alright, Ileana?

ILEANA
What meaning do you have?

EASTBROOK
You're not seeing anything? Anything strange?

ILEANA
Do not worry.

EASTBROOK
Colonel Black wants you to do this again tomorrow night.

ILEANA
I will be here.
EASTBROOK
The oldest profession isn't exactly the safest.

ILEANA
I have escape the Eastern Bloc. I can handle self.

EASTBROOK
What you saw tonight - you can't tell anyone. You do realize that, right?

ILEANA
I love this country. I hate communism. You may trust me.

Eastbrook is taken aback by this.

EASTBROOK
Your father died trying to escape communism, right? He was a brave man.

ILEANA
I guess I am your kind of girl.

EASTBROOK
What do you mean?

ILEANA
Slutty and patriotic.

INT. BROTHEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eastbrook putters around like June Cleaver preparing for a house guest. He straightens the seltzer bottle and hard liquor on the nightstand, makes the bed, coats a swizzle stick with drops from the bottle of solution.

SUPER: "October 17th"

There's a knock at the door. Eastbrook answers - Ileana stands there - sexed up in tight-fitting clothes.

ILEANA
May I enter?

EASTBROOK
Of course.

Ileana sashays in, her hips swaying like Norma Jean's.
EASTBROOK
(hands her swizzle stick)
This is what you mix the subject's beverage with.

Eastbrook pulls out a Ruger .22, the same model used in the "murder-suicide."

EASTBROOK
Colonel Black wants me to put this in your bag. For your protection.

ILEANA
I do not need it.

EASTBROOK
No, I know you don't. Look, I'll be right in the next room if you run into trouble.

ILEANA
Watching me?

EASTBROOK
Yes -- No! I mean, I'll be... I'll be there.

ILEANA
You are kind, Thomas.

EASTBROOK
Look, I think it's best if we keep this a professional relationship. I'm not being kind. I'm just doing my job.

ILEANA
Thank you. Anyway.

Eastbrook avoids eye contact as he leaves.

INT. LISTENING POST - NIGHT

Eastbrook stares at the rotary phone on the desk, pacing. He reaches for it - then stops.

Turns around, paces. Rehearses what he would say:

EASTBROOK
Doctor Greenwald, this is Tom Eastbrook.

(MORE)
Hi, Thomas Eastbrook here.

I think Colonel Black is out of control. He's operating without...

Eastbrook looks up to see Ileana enter the bedroom with a SKINNY JOHN, 41, not bad looking, nicely dressed.

Eastbrook fumbles into his chair, swivels over to sit at the controls.

ILEANA (V.O.)
(on speaker)
Would you drink?

SKINNY JOHN (V.O.)
(on speaker)
Please.

Eastbrook lets out a sigh of relief. Gets up.

IN THE BEDROOM

Ileana mixes a drink with soda water – using the swizzle stick Eastbrook gave her. Gives the laced gin and tonic to the Skinny John.

ILEANA
Where are my roses?

The Skinny John takes a sip from the glass, pulls out his wallet.

SKINNY JOHN
What's the donation?

ILEANA
Fifty.

IN THE HALLWAY

Eastbrook creeps out of the listening post, and down to the door to the bedroom. He pulls out a key – locks the door – CLICK.

IN THE BEDROOM

The Skinny John turns at the sound:

SKINNY JOHN
What was that?
Ileana slips up to the Skinny John - undoes his pants. The Skinny John smiles.

IN THE HALLWAY

Eastbrook tiptoes back toward the listening post.

IN THE BEDROOM

Ileana slips out of her clothes.

ILEANA
On the bed.

SKINNY JOHN
Yes, ma'am.

The Skinny John takes off his jacket, revealing an NYPD detective badge and .38 special in a shoulder holster.

Ileana's eyes widen:

ILEANA
Your job is a cop?

SKINNY JOHN
Don't worry. I ain't gonna arrest you.
(pulls out some handcuffs)
But I might just use these.

The Skinny John smiles.

ILEANA
Look, I think there is been a mistake.

He reaches for the drink. Ileana looks to the mirror, places her hand on his.

ILEANA
You had enough.

SKINNY JOHN
(shoves her hand away)
I thought you Corlaer's Hook girls liked your marks liquored up.

He downs half of it. Sees the fear in her eyes.

SKINNY JOHN
I'll put this stuff away, okay?
He places the cuffs, holster, and badge under his jacket - on the bed - just as...

BEHIND THE MIRROR

...Eastbrook comes back in from the hall, sits down at the control box.

Eastbrook shields his eyes as Ileana and the Skinny John go at it. The Skinny John grabs for the gin and tonic. Ileana stops moving, tries to stop him.

ILEANA (V.O.)
(on speaker)
Bad manners.

SKINNY JOHN (V.O.)
(on speaker)
Yeah, yeah. "Sorry."

He downs the rest of the drink. Throws it on the floor, rolls her over to keep going.

Eastbrook snaps his eyes away - grabs the stopwatch. Clicks it going. Adjusts the focus on the film camera. Starts it rolling. Presses "RECORD" on the reel-to-reel. Makes notes on his clipboard. All very professional.

As their moans play on the speaker, however, Eastbrook can't help but take the occasional glimpse.

THE SKINNY JOHN

gets dressed, pulls a sock on as Ileana smokes in bed behind him, in her lingerie.

ILEANA
Your work is dangerous?

SKINNY JOHN
Can be. Seen more than I care to share.

The Skinny John pulls on a second sock -- two child-sized, AFRICAN-AMERICAN HANDS lurch out from under the bed -- grab his leg. The Skinny John freaks out -- grabs for his .38 --

BEHIND THE MIRROR

Eastbrook looks up from his notes, sees the gun.
IN THE BEDROOM

The Skinny John, prone on the sheets - gun in hand - leans down to look for the bogeyman under the bed.

ILEANA
What is wrong?

SKINNY JOHN
Shut up.

Nothing there. He turns back to Ileana, an embarrassed smile:

SKINNY JOHN
Sorry.

But then he sees him -- behind Ileana -- a young black BOY, 9, staring back with ghostly eyes --

SKINNY JOHN
No...

Ileana turns to see what he’s looking at. To her, she and the Skinny John are alone in the room.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

Eastbrook can't see the Boy either. He watches as the Skinny John waves his gun around the room.

Eastbrook checks the stopwatch. Still ten minutes to go. Does a double take.

SKINNY JOHN (V.O.)
(on speaker)
No! It was an accident!

Eastbrook reaches into his briefcase, comes out with his HDM pistol.

IN THE BEDROOM

The Skinny John stands, atop the bed, surrounded by ten clones of the Boy.

SKINNY JOHN
It was a clean shoot!

THE CLONES

slowly close on him -- like zombies -- the Skinny John fires off rounds to no effect.
BEHIND THE MIRROR

Eastbrook cocks the silenced pistol - a .22 LR hollow point in the breach.

IN THE BEDROOM

The Skinny John runs for the door, shielding his face as he powers through the apparitions.

He pulls at the locked door -- rattles it frantically. Tries to kick it down -- no good.

IN THE HALLWAY

Eastbrook rushes up beside the heavy door, assassin's pistol at the ready. He reaches for the door handle.

THE SKINNY JOHN

fires at the handle -- blows it off his side of the door.

EASTBROOK

ducks back as more bullets dent the metal hidden within the door, cracking its wooden exterior.

But it's eerily silent - Eastbrook can only barely hear the shots from the soundproofed room.

THE SKINNY JOHN

still can't get the door open. Turns back to the clones -- They're gone: he just sees Ileana hiding behind the bed.

SKINNY JOHN

What kind of brothel is this?

He follows her eyes to the swizzle stick.

SKINNY JOHN

You drugged me? You slipped me a fucking mickey! You little fucking slut!

Ileana's shaking hands hold up the card she showed Eastbrook.

SKINNY JOHN

'The fuck is that?

He snatches the chit. Reads.
SKINNY JOHN
You're one of Bill's girls?
(levels the gun at her)
Maybe this'll teach him not to fuck
with the Sixth Precinct.

The Skinny John turns as the door snaps open behind him --
sees Eastbrook coming at him.

But, as soon as the Skinny John's brought the .38 round to
fire, Eastbrook has caught his hand.

Eastbrook twists the Skinny John's wrist -- disarms and pins
him to the floor -- the silenced pistol in his ear -- kicks
the .38 away --

SKINNY JOHN
'The fuck are you?

EASTBROOK
(to Ileana)
Take his wallet.
(she doesn't)
Do it!
(she does)
Give me the driver's license.
(reads)
One-three-four West Fourth Street?
That's you?
(points)
There's a camera behind that
mirror.
(points to John's wedding
band)
I'll do my best to make sure no one
sees the film. No one who doesn't
have to.

The Skinny John's just crying - staring at the little black
Boy, who turns away, revealing a bullet wound in the back.

EASTBROOK
Do you understand what I'm telling
you?

The Boy vanishes.

SKINNY JOHN
(crying)
Yes.

Eastbrook lets him up.
EASTBROOK
Now get out of here.

SKINNY JOHN
(wiping his eyes)
Can I have my gun?

EASTBROOK
No.

The Skinny John leaves, taking his jacket, badge, and cuffs.

Eastbrook sees the badge - the first time for him - turns to Ileana as the door closes behind the guy.

Ileana stares at Eastbrook in shock:

ILEANA
What exactly do you do?

EASTBROOK
I'm a polygraph examiner.

Eastbrook rushes over to a panel low in the wall - where a DD4 microphone is disguised as an electrical outlet.

EASTBROOK
And I don't like doing things like that.

ILEANA
Well, you do not get freebie. If that was what you expect.

EASTBROOK
"Freebie"?!
(shakes his head)
I told you. This isn't about you.

He cracks the panel open - revealing a hollowed-out space with an F-301 tape recorder.

ILEANA
What do you attempt?

He pulls out the reels of tape, closes the panel.

EASTBROOK
This is where the backups are kept. I have to cover up what you made me do. If you do want to show your gratitude, you can turn the other one off.

(MORE)
EASTBROOK (cont'd)
(points)
It's over there.

ILEANA
"Show my gratitude?"

Eastbrook goes over to the outlet near the bed and opens the panel for himself.

EASTBROOK
It means: Say "thank you."

ILEANA
(cutting him off)
I know the meaning. You lock me in here! You leave me to die and then expect "thank you?"

EASTBROOK
You're the one who solicited a police officer. Do you realize what you've done to me? My career? And this is the thanks I get for putting my neck on the line for a...

Eastbrook turns to see Ileana is gone, the door to the hall wide open. He jumps up, takes off after her, spilling the tape all over the floor. Stops to pick it up.

Eastbrook gives up on the mess, runs out into THE HALLWAY

where he sees the door to the listening post is slightly ajar. Eastbrook gets his pistol ready --

Sneaks up to the door --

Kicks it wide open --

For the briefest second, Eastbrook sees Ileana with a SUBMINIATURE CAMERA

snapping pictures of documents. But then the door he kicked swings back his way, obscuring his vision.

By the time he slams the door back, out of his line of sight - the camera is gone. Eastbrook darts into the
LISTENING POST

and puts the HDM pistol on Ileana. Locks the door behind him, searches her handbag - nothing.

ILEANA
What do you look for?

Keeping the gun on Ileana, Eastbrook searches the floor, the crevasses between equipment.

He finds the document she was looking at: "Potential New Agent For Unconventional Warfare."

Eastbrook takes aim between her eyes.

EASTBROOK
Where did you put it?

ILEANA
Put what? You are crazy!

EASTBROOK
The camera!

Ileana starts shaking. Crying. She's either a brilliant actor or completely innocent.

Eastbrook lowers his gun, wipes his eyes.

EASTBROOK
Look, just sit down.

ILEANA
(crying)
I not want to sit down! I want to go home!

Eastbrook frantically searches the drawers, kicks the desk.

EASTBROOK
Where is it?

ILEANA
You imagine this!

Eastbrook looks at the bottle of solution, checks the rim under the light.

EASTBROOK
I didn't touch any.
(checks his fingers)
(MORE)
EASTBROOK (cont'd)
I'm going to have to turn you over to Colonel Black.

ILEANA
You will?

EASTBROOK
Yes.

Ileana suddenly straightens up - tears gone. Eerily calm:

ILEANA
Then I shall tell Colonel you broke orders. Tell him you cover up saving me.

EASTBROOK
You'll what!? He wouldn't believe you.

ILEANA
Are you certain?

Ileana slips out of the room, closing the door behind her. Eastbrook thinks for a second. Then rushes out into

THE HALLWAY

after her. But she's nowhere to be seen. Turning, Eastbrook accidentally kicks something. Looks down.

A MANILA ENVELOPE

rests at his feet. Eastbrook reaches down, opens it: inside, are black-and-white surveillance stills of him talking to Ileana in front of the open door to the listening post.

They're pictures of when he first spoke to her, after her session with the Fat John. The high-contrast images of the two look conspiratorial, them close in the empty corridor.

Eastbrook looks around. Like he's being watched. Rushes back into the

LISTENING POST

to search desperately... for a book of matches. Lights the photos and watches them burn.

IN THE HALLWAY

A dark, limping FIGURE with a club foot staggers toward the door to the
LISTENING POST

which fills with smoke from the slowly burning pictures.

IN THE HALLWAY

A hand with a key reaches for the listening post's door.

AT THE LISTENING POST

Eastbrook twitches around, frantic, as the flames work their way across the photos.

He separates the pictures so that they'll burn quicker, singeing his fingers in the process. The last of the fibre-based paper curls and melts. Eastbrook's eyes snap back as

THE DOOR


EASTBROOK

Doctor Greenwald --

Dr. Greenwald looks around at the wisps of smoke creeping in columns under the listening post's lights.

GREENWALD

I did not know you were a smoker, Thomas.

EASTBROOK

I'm not. I just --

Greenwald looks at the ashes of photos on the desk. Meets Eastbrook's eyes. The doctor dumps a new photograph face down on the desk in front of Eastbrook.

EASTBROOK

What's this?

GREENWALD

See for yourself.

Eastbrook cautiously turns it over: the grainy, black-and-white image is of an R-12 Dvina missile surrounded by Soviet officers, both men and women.

GREENWALD

A U-two just detected six of those on a certain unfriendly island in the Caribbean.
EASTBROOK
Medium-Range?

The doctor speaks with the careful diction of someone suppressing a childhood stutter:

GREENWALD
Our Communist-in-Chief is trying to work out what to do about them now; we just have to work out what to do about him.

EASTBROOK
Castro?

GREENWALD
Kennedy.

Greenwald takes the photo back. In the uncomfortable silence that follows, Greenwald goes back to the door - picks up his big, black leather bag.

EASTBROOK
Doctor Greenwald, I wanted to speak to you about Colonel Black. He...

Not listening, Greenwald sets the bag on the desk:

GREENWALD
My bag of dirty tricks.

He sits down and opens it. It folds out like a salesman's display case. Inside, are all manner of drugs, weapons, and tools.

GREENWALD
A collection of gadgets, from the Workshop.

Greenwald pulls out a long, European cigarette. Hands it to Eastbrook.

EASTBROOK
I don't smoke.

GREENWALD
This is no ordinary cigarette; camouflaged twenty-two caliber, single shot. Maximum range: Ten feet.

(demonstrates as he speaks)

(MORE)
GREENWALD (cont'd)
Pull the safety pin out with your teeth. Rotate the end counterclockwise as far as it will go. It is now armed. Push forward with your thumb and forefinger to fire. Be sure, however, not to place your thumb over the end or have the device in line with your body: it has quite a kick.

Sliding the safety pin back into place, Greenwald hands the cigarette to Eastbrook. Eastbrook examines it closely.

EASTBROOK
I'm not a spy, Doctor Greenwald. I just do polygraph exams.

GREENWALD
There is another reason this cigarette is special. It belonged to your father.

Eastbrook immediately drops the cigarette onto the desk.

GREENWALD
You should not feel guilty about what happened: you were only a child, and we already had our suspicions about him.

EASTBROOK
I don't feel guilty.

Greenwald pulls out a gold belt buckle.

GREENWALD
This was his, too. The latch pin is hollow; you open it like this.

Greenwald demonstrates, exposing a piece of paper rolled up inside the tubular pin.

GREENWALD
It can be used to store maps or microfilm.

Greenwald unrolls the slip of paper: It's blank.

GREENWALD
I suppose your father never got around to writing on this one.

EASTBROOK
Thanks, "Q".
Frank was a fan of Fleming's work. Unfortunately, in the real world, things don't always work out the way they do for Mister Bond.

(off in his own world)

Dulles did some masterful propaganda work in creating the public image of an omnipotent C.I.A. The unfortunate truth is, our competence extends only as far as concealing our incessant failures, barely.

Doctor, about Colonel Black...

Greenwald's suppressed stutter breaks through:

H--how are y--you liking operations?

That's something else I wanted to ask you - they don't usually assign us operational exams until we've had at least five years' experience. Why choose me?

(cuts him off)

Everyone knows I.R.B. is where careers go to die.

I like it there.

At the Farm, you had so much potential. You could have been a station chief.

With polygraph, trust is no longer a guessing game. It's a science.

Well, I owe it to your father to make sure you do not throw your career away entirely.
EASTBROOK
Sir, excuse me, but why do you owe him?

Greenwald places the belt buckle next to the cigarette, amid the clutter on the desk - physically changing the subject.

GREENWALD
Black is no more than muscle; he is not one of us. He and cutouts like him are the gloves that keep Agency hands spotless: men who allow us to play Bond by proxy. Black lacks the background to cognize what is transpiring; he does not know what to look for. That is why I need you here, Thomas.

EASTBROOK
I worry you don't know the extent of what's been going on. Black instructed me to...

The door clicks open.

In steps Black's massive form. It's very crowded in here with the three of them.

BLACK
Doc?

GREENWALD
Colonel Black.

BLACK
To what do we owe the pleasure?

Greenwald looks to Eastbrook. Eastbrook feels Black's intense stare.

BLACK
You went over my head?

GREENWALD
Now go easy, William.

Greenwald examines the bottles of gin lying around.

GREENWALD
Thomas is just worried about things getting out of control.

Black cleans up the bottles.
BLACK
I only do what you order, Doc.

EASTBROOK
You approved putting a weapon in a test room?

GREENWALD
National security is very complicated, Thomas. Some--sometimes, unsavory things are nec--necessitated by...

Greenwald clears his throat.

GREENWALD
...by extraordinary circumstances.

Eastbrook turns away, in shock.

BLACK
Oh, poor little Pollyanna's just found out the kinda folks he works for.

Greenwald stands to leave, turns to Eastbrook.

GREENWALD
You must understand, Thomas: the charter you think we are violating was no more than a smoke screen when it was written, a facade for what we really do.

EASTBROOK
And what's that?

BLACK
Anything we damn well want.

Thomas looks away in disgust.

GREENWALD
When you requested this assignment, you assured me that you could stomach what occurs in operations. Is that no longer the case?

EASTBROOK
No, sir. I truly do appreciate the chance you've...
GREENWALD
(cuts him off)
I want you to run some charts on
the new lady in a few days, to
establish her bona fides. You have
your polygraph with you, yes?

EASTBROOK
Yes, sir. But wouldn't it be
easier to find a more trustworthy
subject? I mean, Ileana's from...

BLACK
(teasing)
Oh - "Ileana", is it?

Black joins Greenwald at the door. Black's eyes turn to the
door in the bedroom - where the handle is missing.

GREENWALD
This is as much a test of you as it
is of the subjects. Make her -
make yourself - worthy of my trust.

The two older men leave, Black giving Eastbrook a self-
satisfied grin while Greenwald's not looking.

INT. BROTHEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eastbrook sits across from Ileana, both on folding chairs - a
card table set up between them.

SUPER: "October 20th"

Atop the table, are manila folders full of files, a clip
board with checklist attached, a stethoscope, and a stainless
steel Stoelting Deceptograph Model 22500.

After making some notes, Eastbrook looks up.

EASTBROOK
Thank you. We can now begin the
test.

Eastbrook stands and attaches an inflatable cardiovascular
cuff to Ileana's arm - uses the Deceptograph's blood pressure
meter to blow it up as he places the stethoscope on her back.

EASTBROOK
Breathe deeply.

She does.
EASTBROOK

Again.

Another breath. Eastbrook looks at the stethoscope.

Tries it on her chest.

Taps it.

ILEANA

Cannot find pulse?

Eastbrook tries again - placing the stethoscope lower on the cleavage exposed by her low-cut top.

ILEANA

Would you like me to take off shirt?

EASTBROOK

No, it must be broken. I'll just go for respiration and skin conductivity.

He takes wires from the polygraph - attaches two metal electrodermal plates to her ring and index fingers. Wraps a rubber pneumograph tube around her abdomen and another...

EASTBROOK

Could you put this across your chest?

ILEANA

I do not know how. Perhaps you could do it?

Ileana pulls her top tighter, so Eastbrook can see through the thin fabric.

Eastbrook snaps his eyes away.

EASTBROOK

I think you can work it out.

Ileana takes the tube. Pulls it tight across her chest.

She smiles as Eastbrook clumsily sits back down, trying to focus. He switches the polygraph on. The little needles start scratching, paper spooling past.

With each answer to a question, Eastbrook makes notes on the chart slowly feeding past:
EASTBROOK
Is your name Ileana Caldararu?

ILEANA
Yes.

EASTBROOK
Are you from Romania?

ILEANA
Yes.

EASTBROOK
Are we in Romania now?

ILEANA
No, we are at New York.

EASTBROOK
Just "yes" or "no", please.

ILEANA
Sorry.

EASTBROOK
Have you ever done anything that would embarrass you if your parents found out?

ILEANA
No.

The polygraph needle jumps.

EASTBROOK
That's just a control question. Don't worry - everyone lies about that.

Ileana shifts in her chair, uneasy.

EASTBROOK
Are you a virgin?

Ileana gives him a blank look.

EASTBROOK
Sorry, it's a standard question.

ILEANA
No, I am not a virgin.
EASTBROOK
Do you masturbate?

ILEANA
What kind of test is this?

EASTBROOK
Please answer the question.

ILEANA
Yes.

Eastbrook observes the flatline for that answer.

EASTBROOK
Have you ever had sex with another woman?

ILEANA
No.

The needle jumps. Eastbrook looks at her, scribbles down some notes.

EASTBROOK
Are you now, or have you ever been, a member of the Communist Party?

ILEANA
No.

The needle spikes. Ileana sees his reaction to the lines on the chart.

ILEANA
I was, but everyone was - in the village which I was grown up. I am just nervous. You answering questions, you nervous, too. Why are you not married?

EASTBROOK
Do you speak Russian?

ILEANA
Yes.

Flatline.

EASTBROOK
Are you now, or have you ever been, an operative of the Komitet Gosudarstvennoy Bezopasnosti?
ILEANA

No.

Another spike.

EASTBROOK

Is today the twentieth of October, 1962?

ILEANA

What is the purpose of test?

Eastbrook looks to the grip of his HDM pistol, which juts out from under a manila folder on the desk.

EASTBROOK

Have you been tasked with infiltrating Operation Midnight Climax?

ILEANA

My family is Romani, Kalderash clan.

As they speak, Ileana's vital signs go all over the place on the chart:

EASTBROOK

Ileana, you have to...

ILEANA

(cuts him off)

They call my people "gypsies." I and my father. We ran from Carpathian Mountains to the Yugoslav border. I crossed. He did not.

EASTBROOK

You realize I have to tell Colonel Black what I've found?

ILEANA

And what is that?

EASTBROOK

Ileana, you're K.G.B.!

Ileana gets up, ripping the tubes and wires from her body.

ILEANA

Do not say anything to Colonel you shall regret.
EASTBROOK
Ileana, how can you blackmail me?
I saved you!

ILEANA
Same way Colonel is blackmailing
over my immigration status. That
is capitalism, no?

EASTBROOK
I don't care if you show him those
photos. This has gone too far.

ILEANA
What photos?

EASTBROOK
Don't, Ileana. Don't.

ILEANA
I do not know of photos.

Ileana snatches her bag up, paces out.

ILEANA
Why do not you ask me about my
family? Why do not you ask if I am
strigoi?

EASTBROOK
"Strigoi"?

Ileana stops at the door, stares into him:

ILEANA
My home is Transylvania, Mister
Eastbrook.
(re: mirror)
Why do not you see if I have a
reflection?

EASTBROOK
Don't be ridiculous.

Ileana leaves.

Eastbrook can't resist - turns to the mirror, just misses
seeing whether she had a reflection or not. Only sees the
reflection of the last of the door shutting.

He sinks his head into his hands.
LATER

Eastbrook packs up the Deceptograph, charts and files, stacks as much as he can carry at one time into his arms, and heads out the door - into the

HALLWAY

where Greenwald is limping toward him.

EASTBROOK
Doctor Greenwald? What are you...

GREENWALD
How did it go?

EASTBROOK
I haven't quite finished my analysis yet. Did you come to observe the session?

GREENWALD
The results, Thomas.

Greenwald stares at the charts atop the Deceptograph. Eastbrook shifts his hands to cover the spikes in reactions.

EASTBROOK
N.D.I.: No Deception Indicated. I think...

Greenwald holds up a finger at a sound - cutting Eastbrook off.

A STRANGER, 40, balding, mustard-stained wife-beater, comes down the hallway - nods "hello" as he heads down the stairs.

Greenwald eyes the Stranger suspiciously until he's gone.

EASTBROOK
(whispers)
A neighbor? Should we go into the listening post?

GREENWALD
Polygraphs are all about knock-ins, Thomas.

EASTBROOK
That's true. But we only do an interrogation in cases of Deception Indicated. Which this is not.
GREENWALD
You still have to shake the trees; spies are trained to beat the polygraph.

EASTBROOK
I wasn't beaten.

Greenwald stares at Eastbrook for a long, hard moment.

GREENWALD
I want you to run this one as your own asset. There is a Russian ship coming into Newark Bay the day after tomorrow. Arrange for her to meet it, to procure a subject.
(hands note)
Her telephone number.

EASTBROOK
But why her?

GREENWALD
She speaks Russian, does she not?

EASTBROOK
(looks to listening post door)
How did you...

GREENWALD
We shall start at six p.m. Bring her charts once you have written your report.

EASTBROOK
At I.R.B., we don't usually have our calls reviewed.

GREENWALD
This is an operational test, Thomas, not some employee review. Is there some reason you cannot provide me with the charts?

EASTBROOK
No, sir. It's just, I don't think Ileana will want to come back.

GREENWALD
It would be a pity if were to end up regretting the opportunity I granted you.
(MORE)
GREENWALD (cont'd)
(turns to leave)
Make it happen, Thomas.

Eastbrook closes his eyes.

INT. LISTENING POST - NIGHT

Eastbrook slowly reaches for the phone, dials. It rings. And rings. Eastbrook's about to hang up - when Ileana's sleepy voice crackles in:

ILEANA (V.O.)
Hello?

EASTBROOK
Ah, Miss Caldararu, this is Thomas Eastbrook.

ILEANA (V.O.)
Ileana, Thomas. Ileana.

EASTBROOK
(a million miles a minute)
Look, they want you to meet a ship full of Russians arriving at Port Newark on Monday. I know you don't want to come back here. I just need you to call Black and tell him I tried to get you to go there but you're not coming back ever again. I'll make sure he doesn't screw with your immigration status. You can trust me.

ILEANA (V.O.)
Trust you? We live in cold world of fear.

EASTBROOK
I saved you from that cop! I covered up evidence for you!

ILEANA (V.O.)
You tell them I will meet ship.

EASTBROOK
Ileana, I've decided: If you come back here, I'm telling them who you are.

ILEANA (V.O.)
Who you think I am.
There's a CLICK on her end.

EASTBROOK
Hello? Look, Ileana, they wouldn't believe anything you said - with or without those negatives...

Eastbrook hears an audio tape rewinding on Ileana's end of the phone. CLICK. His own voice is played back to him, a recording:

RECORDING
(Eastbrook's voice)
I saved you from that cop! I covered up evidence for you!
(rewinds and plays again)
I saved you from that cop! I covered up evidence for you!

CLICK. Dial tone.

EASTBROOK
Ileana? Hello?

The phone receiver slips from Eastbrook's grip. His face sinks.

Eastbrook looks down at the erratic charts from the polygraph.

INT. BROTHEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eastbrook sits with the wires, tubes, and inflated cuff on himself - alone. The Deceptograph scratches away.

EASTBROOK
Is your name Thomas Eastbrook?
Yes. Have you ever done anything that would embarrass you if your parents found out? No.

Eastbrook's heart's going a million miles a minute. He looks down at the chaotic lines on the chart.

Eastbrook rips the chart out, sets a new one in place. Takes a deep breath. His pulse and respiration reasonably stable, he starts again:

EASTBROOK
Is your name Thomas Eastbrook?
Yes.
Flatline.

INT. LISTENING POST - NIGHT

Greenwald and Black watch through the two-way mirror as Ileana speaks in Russian to a SAILOR, 34, Cyrillic tatoos, broken teeth.

SUPER: "October 22nd"

The card table is now covered in glasses, bottles of blood-red wine, cigarettes, and an ashtray; the Sailor's heavy coat draped over a folding chair.

IN THE BEDROOM

Ileana and the Russian slow dance - to the accompaniment of a record player with a 10" jazz LP.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

Eastbrook comes in panting, carrying the polygraph charts.

    GREENWALD
    You are late, Thomas.

    EASTBROOK
    Sorry, sir.

He hands the fresh, flatlined charts to Greenwald. Greenwald leafs through them as Eastbrook does his best to distract him:

    EASTBROOK
    What's a Russian sailor doing in New York?

    GREENWALD
    He is not Navy, just a civilian sailor; the merchant marine, if you will.

Eastbrook watches nervously as Greenwald stares at the charts.

    BLACK
    So what exactly happened the other night? Why was the door riddled with bullets?
EASTBROOK
The subject exited the room in an addled state, without having done anything.

BLACK
The subject "exited" the room? How could the subject "exit" the room? You forgot to lock the fucking door?

EASTBROOK
No, it was only that the experiment had gone on long enough without incident. I determined it was fruitless to continue.

BLACK
You're the fucking fruit.

GREENWALD
What say you cue up the tape of that session, Thomas?

Eastbrook's eye twitches.

BLACK
You got a problem with that, Eastbrook?

EASTBROOK
No.

Eastbrook busies himself, pretending to search through the audio tapes stacked atop the desk.

GREENWALD
Better yet, play me the film.

EASTBROOK
I -- haven't had it developed yet.

BLACK
(points to a reel)
I did it for you.

Eastbrook's eyes don't blink. For too long. He goes over to the film projector, starts messing around with it, trying to get the film lined up.

GREENWALD
You have to give these experiments time, Thomas.

(MORE)
GREENWALD (cont'd)
I once administered this substance
to colored addicts for seventy-
seven days straight, in deprivation
chambers; by the end of it, they
were beyond schizophrenic, had to
be lobotomized.

Eastbrook's fingers run thick with sweat. He can't get the
film onto the sprockets.

GREENWALD
The reason I asked you to perform a
polygraph examination, Thomas,
was...

Black catches on, joins in:

BLACK
We think the new broad might be
batting for the other team.

THE FRAMES

running between Eastbrook's fingers show himself in the
bedroom with his gun on the Skinny John.

GREENWALD
We believe her to be part of a
fifth column.

BLACK
I was with Franco's boys before
they won. Their army had four
columns. The fifth one was me and
agents inside commie Madrid. Those
were good days. See this picture?

Greenwald and Eastbrook turn to the picture on the wall - of
the mangled body:

BLACK
Commie spic. I killed him with my
bare knuckles. But imagine it:
The traitor within. Pinko fellow
travelers right under our noses.
An army of Manchurian candidates
that don't even know they're spies.

Greenwald looks up at the projector.

GREENWALD
Having a little trouble there,
Thomas? William, would you be so
good as to assist him?
EASTBROOK
No, I'm fine. Just a second.

Eastbrook searches through the film - running it through his fingers quickly, in front of the light of the TV. But all the frames show him in the room, accosting the Skinny John.

Black gets up, comes closer.

BLACK
Would the master projectionist accept a little advice? You just pull this...

Eastbrook purposefully rips the film on the sprockets. He turns and holds it up to Greenwald.

EASTBROOK
Sorry.

Black looks at the frames in Eastbrook's hand - in the TV light. He just sees Ileana in bed with the Skinny John.

Black eyes Eastbrook skeptically. Searches through more of the frames, getting closer and closer to the ones of Eastbrook defending Ileana.

MOANING
from the speaker makes the three of them turn - they look at Ileana's slow dance with the Sailor getting hotter.

GREENWALD
That is enough, William.

Greenwald pulls a new bottle from his black leather bag. Shows it to Eastbrook.

GREENWALD
Colonel Black gave the Romanian lady something new to administer in combination with the L.S.D.

EASTBROOK
What is it?

GREENWALD
Papaverine.

A chance to explain his passion, Black drops the strand of film:
BLACK
Back at Narcotics, we used to call it a "sextender."

EAST BROOK
I take it it's not over-the-counter.

BLACK
Under. Very under.

GREENWALD
It balances the effect of the L.S.D. on the subject's libido.

BLACK
Look what the Doc gave me.

Black holds up an ultra-fine hypodermic syringe.

BLACK
Used it to inject straight through the cork into the vino. No trace.

GREENWALD
I do think your choice of dosage excessive, William.

BLACK
(grins)
Your girl's gonna get her brains balled out.

IN THE BEDROOM

Ileana strips for the Sailor - to the jazz from the LP. The Sailor drinks, leaning back on a folding chair.

From the Sailor's POV, the room warps - pulses with her movements.

He looks at his drink, squinting.

LISTENING POST

Dr. Greenwald, Col. Black, and Eastbrook watch as the Sailor gets restless - whipping off his belt.

He gets up, paws at Ileana - impatient with the strip tease. Ileana playfully pushes him back to his chair, waving a scolding finger at him.
The Sailor pushes her away, yells something in Russian - Ileana yells back.

The Sailor smacks Ileana, sending her back across the room.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

Eastbrook flinches at the strike.

Greenwald squirms in his seat, uneasy as the Sailor comes up behind Ileana, hikes her pants down, grinds her delicate face into the carpet.

GREENWALD
Yes, well - I th--think I have seen enough.

He gets up to leave as Ileana struggles with her attacker.

BLACK
Hold on, Doc! You don't wanna miss the power of suggestion.

Black presses "PLAY" on a tape recorder.

IN THE BEDROOM

The Soviet national anthem (circa 1944) blares from the hidden speaker. The Sailor look up, bewildered.

From the Sailor's point of view, his chest becomes more muscular, more manly - his body morphs into a heroic socialist-realist sculpture. His face transforms, too: the bushy mustache and powerful eyebrows of Stalin.

In the Russian Sailor's mind, the cancan posters become communist propaganda ones. The walls pulse with the music. The Sailor sings along with the Soviet anthem, slapping Ileana to the rhythm:

SAILOR
(in Russian)
United forever in friendship and labour/Our mighty republics will ever endure.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

The door clicks shut as Greenwald makes his exit.

BLACK
(under his breath)
Fuckin' kike, "Schneider."
Eastbrook does a double take.

EASTBROOK
What did you call him?

BLACK
That's his real name. The hypocritical fuck. "Sidney Schneider." Greenwald's just a crypt.

EASTBROOK
I thought you respected Doctor Greenwald.

BLACK
He's fucking nuts! All of you spooks are. I mean, you're the guys running our intelligence?

EASTBROOK
Then why work for us?

BLACK
Because it's fun, fun, fun. Where else could a red-blooded American boy lie, kill, cheat, steal, rape, and pillage with the sanction and blessing of the All-Highest?

IN THE BEDROOM

SAILOR
(in Russian)
The great Soviet Union will live through the ages/The dream of a people/Their fortress secure.

Ileana wrenches herself free from the hallucinating Sailor, snatches an empty bottle of wine - brings it up, over his head, about to strike.

The Sailor spins around, smashing the bottle into the wall. He grabs Ileana, pins her to the bed, using the broken bottle to cut her underwear off - one seam at a time.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

Eastbrook paces, keeping his eyes away from the assault.
BLACK
You crazy fuckers order shit like this and then don't have the balls to watch.

Eastbrook heads for the door.

BLACK
At least I can watch.

EASTBROOK
I can't.

BLACK
(lets him go)
Fine. Give me some privacy then, fruitcake.

As Eastbrook leaves, Black pulls a bottle of gin from under the desk – unzips his pants.

IN THE HALLWAY

Eastbrook walks back and forth. Kicks the wall in frustration.

AT THE LISTENING POST

Black jerks off under the desk – sounds of muffled choking and struggle beyond the two-way mirror suppressed by the music and singing coming from the speaker:

SAILOR (V.O.)
(in Russian)
And Stalin, our leader, with faith in the People/Inspired us to build up the land that we love.

Then, a piercing scream echoes from the speaker. Black's hand stops moving. He looks through the mirror in shock:

BLACK
What the fuck?

IN THE HALLWAY

Eastbrook turns at the continuing screams – male, not female – and rushes to unlock the bedroom door. He's immediately splattered in the face with a squirt of blood.

Eastbrook looks through the open doorway to see Ileana hunched over the Sailor – like a lion over a zebra.
Blood pumps from an open wound in the unconscious sailor's neck, sprays across the walls.

Ileana turns to stare at Eastbrook with demonic eyes – her mouth covered in blood. She comes toward him, wiping the blood from her mouth.

**ILEANA**

What is wrong, Thomas?

As she speaks, Eastbrook sees elongated incisors: Ileana's canine teeth are unnaturally long. Eastbrook backs off – back to the listening post.

**AT THE LISTENING POST**

Black's on the phone.

**BLACK**

(into phone)

Pad needs a clean up.

Black hangs up. Zips up his pants, filling a glass with gin as Eastbrook stumbles in.

**EASTBROOK**

What happened?

**BLACK**

Your broad killed the pinko fuck.  
(impressed)

Shooting people's easy. Takes real balls to bite someone's neck open.

Black turns to Eastbrook -- sees a malevolent HOUSEWIFE, 43, 1920s hair and apron, behind him -- shudders --

**BLACK**

(to Eastbrook)

Ah, Eastbrook. Do you see someone behind you?

Eastbrook looks. No one's there.

**EASTBROOK**

No.

**BLACK**

Ah, good.

Black still sees the Housewife, though, her hands on her hips.
HOUSEWIFE
You been spankin' it again, Willy?

EASTBROOK
(looks to bottle of LSD)
Have you...

BLACK
Rasputin used to take strychnine
daily, to build up a resistance.
No telling when the commies are
gonna crop-dust these five
boroughs.
(remembers something)
Shit, what's the time?

EASTBROOK
(checks his watch)
Five past seven.

Black clicks on the TV. The glowing NTSC lines sharpen into
a face...

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY, 45, silver-spoon good looks. It's a
presidential address:

JFK
(on screen)
...regard any nuclear missile
launched from Cuba against any
nation in the Western Hemisphere as
an attack by the Soviet Union on
the United States, requiring a full
retaliatory response upon...

EASTBROOK
How did you know?

Black taps his nose. He drinks his gin - offers:

BLACK
Want some?

EASTBROOK
I don't drink.

BLACK
Figures.

EASTBROOK
Colonel Black, what exactly was the
scientific benefit of tonight's
"experiment"?
BLACK
Mind control. If we could make a lone gunman half as vicious as these johns...
(stops himself)
National security, son.

JFK
(on screen)
The cost of freedom is always high and Americans have always paid it.

BLACK
(stares at JFK)
National fuckin' security.

EASTBROOK
How's that?

BLACK
We're goddamn free, aren't we?

Eastbrook just looks on, mouth agape.

INT. LISTENING POST - NIGHT

Eastbrook sits poring over a heavily dog-eared book on "EASTERN EUROPEAN FOLKLORE."

SUPER: "October 25th"

Beyond the two-way mirror, a black PRO, 17, slim-junky figure, is at work on a HAIRY JOHN, 43, a man who's incontrovertible evidence of evolutionary theory.

Eastbrook switches off the speaker playing the sound of skin SLAPPING against skin, concentrates on his library book.

There's a knock at the door. Eastbrook gets up, slowly approaches the peephole. He looks through:

It's Ileana. Standing there, dressed in a black one-piece, she looks not unlike the '50s icon, Vampira.

Eastbrook backs off, quietly - his eyes darting about.

Ileana knocks again.

ILEANA (O.S.)
I know you are inside.
EASTBROOK
(calls out)
I can't let you in.

ILEANA (O.S.)
What do you hide? I have already
gone in there.

Eastbrook relents, cracks the door.

EASTBROOK
What did you do to that man,
Ileana?

ILEANA
I told you I could handle self.

Ileana pushes past him, into the tiny room. She sees the
library book open to a woodblock print of Vlad the Impaler.

ILEANA
Light reading?

She picks up a bottle of "LSD-25" solution from the desk.

ILEANA
Catholics who drink too much Jesus
blood see virgin.

EASTBROOK
(snatches the bottle)
I'm not Catholic.

Ileana spots a crucifix under Eastbrook's open collar.

ILEANA
Really?

Eastbrook covers up his collar, hiding the cross.

ILEANA
What smell is this?

She reaches into Eastbrook's pocket - pulls out a clove of
garlic, bursts out laughing.

ILEANA
When your propagandists say
communism is monsters, it is not
literal. You really should take
less of drug - it is making you
paranoia.
EASTBROOK
I haven't taken any.

ILEANA
Perhaps you should. Today is forty-fifth anniversary of October revolution. Let us celebrate.

Ileana gently pries the bottle from Eastbrook's hands - her long, slender fingers making him shake.

ILEANA
If Russians use this thing, if you are a target... If they drug you, do not you think you want to be ready? Do not you want to know what it feels like? So you do not think you are crazy when time comes?

She unscrews the bottle, pulls out the eyedropper.

EASTBROOK
Be careful - Just one drop, okay?

She cranes her head back - her lips ajar - drips a single drop onto her tongue.

She smiles at Eastbrook - then drips a second drop.

And a third.

EASTBROOK
No!

Ileana grabs Eastbrook's head, pulls his mouth to hers. Eastbrook resists at first, but is putty in her lips.

Ileana moves her tongue around his - their saliva mixing.

Eastbrook panics, pushes Ileana away - grabs the stopwatch - resets it, starts it going.

ILEANA
What is that?

EASTBROOK
It takes thirty minutes.

He clicks on the TV to WALTER CRONKITE, 46, fresh new face of CBS:
CRONKITE
(on screen)
The blockade goes into effect in a little under one hour.

Ileana takes a seat - looks out through the mirror to the black Pro atop the Hairy John. They both watch the Pro's naked form. The clock marks the passing minutes.

Ileana and Eastbrook sneak glimpses of one another, Eastbrook crossing his legs furtively.

EASTBROOK
I'm - I'm sorry I didn't do anything. When you were with that sailor.

ILEANA
I do not need savior.

EASTBROOK
How can you ruin your life like this?

ILEANA
I like life like this. I like balling.

EASTBROOK
What would your father think?

Ileana looks away.

ILEANA
And your father? How does he think of your "work"?

EASTBROOK
I don't care what my father would think.

Ileana turns back - has control of the conversation once more:

ILEANA
(a la shrink)
To talk about him makes you upset?

As he talks, Eastbrook fingers the long cigarette and belt buckle that Greenwald left.
EASTBROOK
I had to report my father for un-American beliefs. I still remember the man's voice on the phone - saying he had killed himself.

ILEANA
Was he communist?

EASTBROOK
(looks deep into her eyes)
I don't know.

Eastbrook slides the blank piece of paper out of the hollow latch pin.

EASTBROOK
How can you trust anyone if you can't trust your own father?

ILEANA
How much time more?

Eastbrook checks the expired stopwatch.

EASTBROOK
It should've started by now. Maybe it was too diluted.

The Pro stops moving atop the Hairy John, speaks to him.

ILEANA
See what she does now? That is upsell.

Eastbrook switches on the speaker.

PRO (V.O.)
(on speaker)
How you like to try my special service?

ILEANA
Offers more. After already agreed on a price and menu.

The Hairy John eagerly reaches for his wallet on the nightstand.

HAIRY JOHN (V.O.)
(on speaker)
Can you teach me to fly like you?
Eastbrook flicks the speaker off.

EASTBROOK
Would you do the same to me?

ILEANA
You do not have to pay for me.

EASTBROOK
(takes off glasses)
I'm not exactly Marlon Brando, Ileana. You're just using me.

ILEANA
If I using you, then you like it.

Ileana grabs him. She rips his shirt off - one popped button at a time.

As their hands explore each other's body, their eyes stay on the Pro's slender form.

EASTBROOK'S POV

The tacky colors of the bedroom become even gaudier - blues, reds, and greens vibrate with brilliant intensity.

Eastbrook turns to the desk his hand is touching - the previously flat surface is rippling. Waves of energy course through the black wood with each breath Ileana blows in his ear.

Ileana's half-naked torso takes on a hand-painted outline. She has the idealized proportions of a forties-era Vargas pin-up.

Then, as their foreplay heats up, things get really weird. Eastbrook sees psychedelic imagery behind Ileana's face:

MONTAGE - COLLAGE OF OVERLAPPING ICONS

-- Stalin twirling his moustache.

-- Uncle Sam, horny as hell:

    UNCLE SAM
    I want you.

-- Mao doing calisthenics before millions of Chinese.

-- Kennedy and Khrushchev playing chess with little missile and H-bomb pieces.
-- "Tailgunner" Joe McCarthy at a hearing.

MCCARTHY
Are you now, or have you ever been, a whore?

EASTBROOK
looks down - sees that his own member is an ICBM marked "USA".

Ileana's left and right breasts - an onion dome and capitol dome, respectively.

ILEANA
sees Eastbrook as an old man in peasants' clothes. The lines in the walls and door frame behind him morph into a surreal exterior:

EXT. YUGOSLAV BORDER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)
Barbed wire and guard towers. Dogs barking beyond wooden fences.

Ileana's FATHER, 46, mud-stained features, runs toward Ileana. He's caught in the spotlight of a guard tower - cut down by a trail of automatic fire.

Ileana's Father looks up to her point of view:

FATHER
(in Romanian)
Whore! Whore! Whore!

His furious face becomes...

EXT. NEW YORK STATLER HOTEL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)
...the crazed eyes of Frank Eastbrook. Frank stands on a tenth-floor window ledge - stars and stripes curtains in the window behind him.

FRANK
I'm not a traitor. Sidney Schneider, Thomas. It was Sidney Schneider.

Frank jumps -- to 7th Avenue below --
INT. LISTENING POST - NIGHT (END FLASHBACK)

Eastbrook's face screams in ecstasy as Ileana slides on top of him.

A PSYCHEDELIC KALEIDOSCOPE

of stars, stripes, hammers, and sickles spins behind Ileana's face.

THEIR BODIES

melt together into a cast-iron statue of idealized proletariat bodies - Worker and Kolkhoz Woman.

But the iron has not solidified - its molten metal moving as Eastbrook thrusts into her. Faster and faster. As he approaches climax...

TIME SLOWS

for Eastbrook. The hands of the clock on the wall wilt and fall off like petals.

Eastbrook's final thrust lasts forever. The epiphany of sensation opens a

RIFT

in the wall behind Ileana. The room opens up - a multi-dimensional universe unto itself - expanding around curves of space-time in Escher-like staircase designs.

Eastbrook's consciousness coasts down a hallway of

IONIC COLUMNS

marked with Roman numerals: "I", "II", "III", "IV"... The column marked "V" bears the inscription: "CIA".

A FLASH OF UV LIGHT

Everything returns to normal. Eastbrook looks back to see he is sitting on the red emergency button.

The blank slip of paper lies next to the belt buckle and its pin. Only the paper's not blank: under the blacklight, invisible ink can be seen.

Tiny, luminescent, red writing: "SIDNEY SCHNEIDER DID THIS."
He looks back at the two-way mirror. In the glass on this side, he can see his own luminescent shirt reflected under the blacklight.

But Ileana has no reflection. As she takes his ICBM into her mouth -- Eastbrook sees her

CONICAL CANINE TEETH

about to strike --

EASTBROOK

kicks Ileana back, retreats across the room.

THE RED BUTTON

no longer depressed by Eastbrook's backside, the UV light cuts out - the red writing on the slip of paper disappears.

EASTBROOK

crumple's into the corner of the now very cramped space - holding up his crucifix.

ILEANA

comes at him, her teeth bared - hissing. But her cat's eyes are suddenly blinded by the early morning light coming in through the window in the bedroom.

THE RAYS OF SUNRISE

strike Ileana's face -- her cheek boils -- flesh hisses, bubbles, pops --

She retreats from the room, leaving in a steaming flash.

Huddled in the corner, Eastbrook holds his legs and shakes.

INT. LISTENING POST - NIGHT

An unshaven Eastbrook sits barefoot on a floor littered with take away food containers, reading a newspaper. The headline: "SOVIET SHIPS ATTEMPT TO RUN BLOCKADE".

SUPER: "October 28th"

The writing in the front-page article becomes a maze of code under Eastbrook's glare - the letters jump out and rearrange themselves to form the words: "THE END".
He turns from the paper, stares at the seemingly blank slip of paper on the desk. Slowly rolls and slides it into the latch pin. Hesitates, then --

Affixes the buckle to his belt. Eastbrook turns to the long cigarette. Reaches for it. Stops. Closes his eyes. Slips the device into his shirt pocket, not able to look at it.

Eastbrook's ears turn at a sound. He slips over to the door, looks through the peep hole. No one there. Opens it. Is about to step out...

Stops dead in his tracks: spots a new anonymous package in front of the door. This one bigger, bulkier...

SERIES OF SHOTS - EASTBROOK INVESTIGATES BLACKMAIL

A) Inside the listening post, Eastbrook tears the large envelope open. Enclosed, is a roll of developed 16mm film.

B) Eastbrook threads the roll onto the projector.

C) He watches the film: It's footage of him having sex with Ileana - seemingly shot with a wide-angle lens from inside the listening post, from the wall opposite the two-way mirror.

D) Eastbrook burns the film in a waste can as he feels the dark wall of the listening post, searching for something -- anything -- on the featureless surface --

E) Eastbrook tears the room apart -- in a rabid panic -- throwing everything to the floor --

INT. LISTENING POST - NIGHT

Eastbrook sits alone, amidst the debris of his rampage, a Hughes-esque madman. Reads files stamped "TOP SECRET."

A shaft of light pierces his darkened space.

The door opens, revealing Greenwald's silhouette - his club foot and cane.

EASTBROOK
Doctor Greenwald?

GREENWALD
Yes, Thomas. I am here.
EASTBROOK
The world's going to end soon, isn't it?

GREENWALD
It may well do, Thomas. It may indeed.

EASTBROOK
I've been reading through what some of the subjects said.

GREENWALD
Yes?

EASTBROOK
About learning the meaning of life. Or seeing God.

GREENWALD
The hallucinations.

EASTBROOK
But are they? I mean, isn't it possible that what appears to be a hallucination could actually be a revelation. That, instead of creating an illusion, this drug actually unlocks the full potential of the human mind to see other things - other dimensions.

GREENWALD
You took some, didn't you Thomas?

Eastbrook just hangs his head.

GREENWALD
That which you have been seeing is not real.

EASTBROOK
But it started before I even took any!

GREENWALD
(shaking his head)
Listen to yourself, Thomas.
(turns to leave)
I must go now; I suggest you pray.

EASTBROOK
Pray?
GREENWALD
The world may end.

Greenwald exits.

Eastbrook turns at a sound behind him --

An eye -- peeking through a peephole in the heretofore featureless wall, inches from his face -- staring at him --

Eastbrook retreats across the room -- up against the two-way mirror.

A BRIGHT FLASH

As white light fades, Eastbrook turns to see, through the window in the bedroom --

BOOM -- the two-way mirror shatters -- explodes into shards --

The shards cut into Eastbrook's face -- as a shock wave rattles the building -- out the window -- a massive MUSHROOM CLOUD

rises over an abstract, silhouetted Manhattan skyline -- a wall of fire cascades across the city -- toward Eastbrook --

The walls collapse on him -- Eastbrook goes down under the red-brick rubble -- eyes wide open --

DARKNESS

INT. OBSERVATION BOOTH - NIGHT

Eastbrook's eyes slowly open -- look up --

He's under an interrogation lamp -- sees the silhouette of a Nosferatu-like figure looming over him. It's Greenwald as the bald, hook-nosed, anti-Semitic image of Count Orlok.

Eastbrook scampers away, on his hands and knees, across the floor.

His jittery eyes recon the room he's in: It's almost exactly like the listening post, but a different room - without a two-way mirror.

Greenwald's long, talon-like nails reach out for Eastbrook:

GREENWALD
Relax, Thomas.
EASTBROOK
Get away from me!

GREENWALD
I have been watching you.

EASTBROOK
Where is this?

GREENWALD
I know you were hiding your suspicions; I just do not know why.

Dr. Greenwald steps forward, into the light - he's back to normal now, no longer the silent-screen monster. The doctor stammers:

GREENWALD
Th--there is something you should know. About how your f--father died. Before Midnight Climax, we wanted to see what effect the drug would have in interrogation. After you denounced him. But it became beyond our control. Your f--father...

EASTBROOK
You killed him?

GREENWALD
"I" did n--not do anything. You still fail to understand? I am as much a slave to orders as you are.

Greenwald wins the battle against his stutter, holding the emotion in:

GREENWALD
I am honestly sorry I had to choose you for this.

EASTBROOK
What are you saying?

GREENWALD
We still needed to test this on an active-duty officer.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE - GREENWALD EXPERIMENTS ON EASTBROOK

-- Greenwald, alone at the listening post, uses a cotton swab to lace the film camera's reel with LSD solution.
EASTBROOK (V.O.)
You were drugging me?

-- Eastbrook works the camera, his fingers touching the reel.

GREENWALD (V.O.)
Creating fear among one's own is an unfortunate necessity in maintaining a state of war.

-- Greenwald, hidden at the other end of the dark hallway, snaps photos of Ileana and Eastbrook talking in front of the open door to the listening post.

GREENWALD (V.O.)
It was a test.

-- Greenwald slips the manila envelope in front of the listening post's door.

GREENWALD (V.O.)
To see if you could be trusted.

-- Greenwald coats the tape recorder's buttons with the solution.

GREENWALD (V.O.)
Under extreme conditions.

-- Eastbrook's finger presses "RECORD".

GREENWALD (V.O.)
Unfortunately, you failed that test.

END MONTAGE

Eastbrook gets to his feet, his fear and confusion replaced with rage:

EASTBROOK
You were drugging me!

GREENWALD
I know you did not mean to betray me; it simply sort of occurred, correct?

Eastbrook backs away, holding his head to steady the spinning room.
GREENWALD
There is a way for you to make this all go away. I just need you to conduct one more experiment. For me, Thomas.

Greenwald turns to a film camera set up against the wall, pulls it away from a glass peephole.

GREENWALD
Look through here.

Eastbrook leans over to the peephole - looks through:

He sees the listening post -- Col. Black sitting on the portable toilet -- the room they're in now must be right behind it. This is the angle the film of Eastbrook and Ileana was taken from.

Beyond that, through the two-way mirror, Eastbrook sees the bedroom.

And Ileana -- in her underwear -- her wrists and ankles handcuffed to the four bed posts --

Eastbrook pulls back from the peephole -- sees Greenwald filling a small syringe with a minute quantity of solution.

GREENWALD
I have never had a chance to test a lethal dose before. I estimate one to be about three-hundred and twenty thousand micrograms.

Eastbrook pulls back from the syringe.

GREENWALD
It is not for you. I would never hurt you, Thomas.

EASTBROOK
How can you do this, Doctor? She's innocent.

GREENWALD
Is she?

EASTBROOK
You said yourself. I was just hallucinating.

Greenwald hands Eastbrook a photo.
It's the same photo he showed him before - the one of the R-12 Dvina missile surrounded by Russians.

EASTBROOK
What's this?

GREENWALD
Look closely.

EASTBROOK
You already showed me this.

GREENWALD
Look at the faces. Whom do you see?

Staring intently at the faces in the crowd around the missile, male and female, Eastbrook sees her --

It's Ileana. Dressed in a Soviet uniform.

EASTBROOK
Why didn't I see this before?

Greenwald holds the door to the hallway open.

GREENWALD
You did not look closely enough.
(heads out)
Are you coming?

Eastbrook follows, in a daze, into the HALLWAY and down one door to the LISTENING POST where Black hides a bottle of gin as they come in.

BLACK
Ah, Doctor Greenwald. I brought the subject here like you said.

GREENWALD
Yes, thank you.

They all turn to the two-way mirror - to Ileana a prisoner on the bed.

EASTBROOK
Please, Doctor - I can't do this.
GREENWALD
Do you honestly think I enjoy this, Thomas? If the Soviet is willing to do something, we must be too, or we shall fall behind.

BLACK
I'll do it, Doc.

GREENWALD
No, Thomas must. You may do what you will with her after it takes effect.

BLACK
Oh, I just like to watch.

Greenwald hands the syringe to Eastbrook.

IN THE HALLWAY
The syringe coasts down toward the bedroom door -- held firm in Eastbrook's grip.

His other hand reaches for the door knob. He enters

THE BEDROOM
and locks eyes with Ileana. She looks away.

Eastbrook looks to the mirror. Ileana still isn't there. From Ileana's point of view, though, she does have a reflection.

ILEANA
I know what you think, Thomas. But is untrue.

He slowly approaches her, his back to the mirror.

BEHIND THE MIRROR
Greenwald cranes his neck to see around Eastbrook.

GREENWALD
What is he doing?

IN THE BEDROOM
Eastbrook brings the syringe up to Ileana's chest.

He pulls her bra back.
ILEANA
What are you doing?
He pushes the syringe into her breast, under the bra. The syringe nicks her skin, drawing blood --
Ileana winces --
Eastbrook's thumb's on the plunger --
About to depress --
BEHIND THE MIRROR
Greenwald can't see what's going on -- slams his hand on the desk --

GREENWALD
Get in there! See what he is doing.

BLACK
You got it.

Black rises from his seat, the portable toilet.

IN THE BEDROOM
Ileana looks up to Eastbrook -- her eyes pleading --

ILEANA
Do not do it. I am not like you think I am.
(breaks down)
I need savior.

Eastbrook looks back to the mirror -- Ileana still isn't there --

IN THE HALLWAY
Black's massive form thunders toward the bedroom door --

IN THE BEDROOM
Eastbrook's finger depresses the plunger --
The door bursts open - Black rumbles over.

BLACK
What you doin', fruitcake?
EASTBROOK
It's done.

BLACK
Show me.

Eastbrook hands the empty syringe to Black. Black shrugs his shoulders to the mirror.

He leads Eastbrook out of the room, back to the LISTENING POST where they join Greenwald.

Black hands the syringe to Greenwald, clicks the stopwatch into action.

BLACK
He did it.

GREENWALD
Did you see the injection point?

BLACK
Ah, well...

GREENWALD
He could have sprayed it anywhere!

EASTBROOK
It's in the left breast.

Greenwald hobbles past Black and Eastbrook, into the hall.

EASTBROOK
How long have you known?

BLACK
Known what?

EASTBROOK
That he was watching us.

BLACK
What are you talkin' about?

IN THE HALLWAY

Greenwald limps up on his cane - to the bedroom door. He pauses outside, collecting himself.
BEHIND THE MIRROR

Eastbrook searches the wall, shows Black the tiny peephole behind them.

BLACK
That fuckin' yid!

Beyond the mirror, Greenwald hobbles over to Ileana.

IN THE BEDROOM

Greenwald avoids eye contact with his sweaty, nervous subject.

ILEANA
Who are you?

The doctor reaches over for Ileana's bra, pulls it back like a new dad changing a diaper.

He sees the blood on her breast. Lets the cuff flip back. Greenwald looks down at the sweat on his fingers - her flesh is covered in it - wipes his hands together.

Looks away, limping off - back to the

LISTENING POST

where Black stands waiting for him.

BLACK
You were spying on me, Doc?

Greenwald looks to Eastbrook.

GREENWALD
Not on you, on him.

BLACK
What's this all about, Doc?

GREENWALD
I require you to enter the test room and perform intercourse, while Eastbrook watches.

BLACK
Hey, Doc - I like to watch. I don't like to be watched, you know?
GREENWALD
I have always believed in the
primacy of discipline.

BLACK
Look, I'll do anything. Just not
that, okay?

GREENWALD
I do not know how the Inspector
General would respond to the
expense reports you have been
submitting.

BLACK
What are you talking about?

GREENWALD
Forty-four dollars for a telescope,
one thousand for an alcohol bill
for just a few days... Thirty-one
dollars to "pay off" a local lady
your car rammed?

BLACK
You'd go down, too.

GREENWALD
There are many cases of assets
operating outside Agency mandate;
this is what deniability is for.

Black heads out, into the hallway, a rage stewing behind his
eyes.

IN THE BEDROOM

Black approaches Ileana, undoing his pants. He's sweating
profusely. Looks even more nervous than she does.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

Greenwald and Eastbrook watch.

EASTBROOK
What's the point of this, Doctor?

GREENWALD
It is obvious the substance
effected an emotional connection
between you and the subject. The
question is whether that can be
reversed.
Greenwald sees Black standing with his back to the mirror, in front of Ileana. It looks like he's jerking off - unsuccessfully.

GREENWALD
What is he doing?

IN THE BEDROOM

Black stands over Ileana, desperately yanking away. Over his shoulder, the demonic Housewife watches.

HOUSEWIFE
Stop spanking, Willy!

BEHIND THE MIRROR

Greenwald and Eastbrook listen as Black's voice comes over the speaker:

BLACK (V.O.)
Shut up, Mom!

Greenwald slams his hand on the desk.

GREENWALD
Damn it!
(thumbs the speaker's mic)
That's enough, William.

LATER

Black and Eastbrook sit watching TV. Cronkite speaks to camera:

CRONKITE
That news again - a peaceful resolution to this crisis. We have confirmation: all of the Soviet ships have turned back.

Black and Eastbrook share an awkward smile, bonded by relief. Through the two-way mirror, the two can see...

IN THE BEDROOM

Greenwald hovering over Ileana - making notes on a clipboard.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

Eastbrook picks up the photo that Greenwald gave him. Shows it to Black, points to Ileana.
EASTBROOK
Who does this look like to you?

BLACK
(looks)
Ileana?

EASTBROOK
So you see her?

BLACK
Well, it looks like her. But it ain't her.

From Black's point of view, it is most certainly a different woman.

IN THE BEDROOM

Dr. Greenwald looks into Ileana's eyes - she looks away.
He grabs her head - she closes her eyes.
The doctor uses his pen to pry one of her eyes open. Makes a note on his clipboard. His eyes glide down her semi-naked, shackled flesh with cold detachment.

Greenwald checks his watch, makes a couple of more notes on the clipboard. Then heads out into

THE HALLWAY

where he locks the door behind him.

AT THE LISTENING POST

Eastbrook and Black look up as Greenwald comes back in.

GREENWALD
It is taking too long.

EASTBROOK
Some people take longer than others.

GREENWALD
I need your expert opinion, Thomas: If a polygraph subject still had feelings for a woman, would you believe him when he said he did not simply nick her skin and spray the contents on the floor?
A long silence.

Eastbrook doesn’t have an answer for this one.

But then, over the speaker, they hear: Ileana moaning.

GREENWALD
Turn that up.

Black does. Ileana’s voice comes through. She’s mumbling in Romanian.

GREENWALD
I should like to observe this up close.

He pulls a white lab coat from his bag of tricks, dons the sterile fabric.

GREENWALD
This could get messy.

Black follows Greenwald back out.

GREENWALD
You can stay here, William.

Greenwald looks back to Eastbrook.

GREENWALD
I cannot do this without you, Thomas; Colonel Black is not quite up to it.

Black looks away, hiding shame.

Eastbrook reaches under the desk, comes up with his HDM pistol.

GREENWALD
You will not be needing that, Thomas.

Eastbrook pauses - his hand on the gun. Greenwald uses his cane to press the HDM from his grip.

IN THE BEDROOM

Sans firearm, Eastbrook follows Greenwald in, closing the door.

GREENWALD
Lock it.
I can't.
(points to where the door handle is missing)
It only locks from the outside.

Ileana thrashes about, like she's possessed. Eastbrook looks into the mirror - sees that she still doesn't have a reflection.

EASTBROOK
I think we should uncuff her.

GREENWALD
Do you, now?

EASTBROOK
To observe her behavior.

Greenwald hands Eastbrook the keys, pulling out a Beretta 950 Jetfire mini-pistol.

Then Greenwald notices something -- out of the corner of his eye --

A CANCAN DANCER
in one of the posters winks at him.

Eastbrook undoes Ileana's cuffs, one by one. Doing so, with Greenwald behind him, Eastbrook nods to Ileana.

Greenwald turns to the mirror, calls out:

GREENWALD
William!

BEHIND THE MIRROR
Greenwald's voice comes over the speaker:

GREENWALD (V.O.)
Turn the b--blacklight on!

Col. Black looks over to the big, red button on the control box. Presses it. The lights in the bedroom switch off as

ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT
comes on. Black looks through to see the blue-white glow of minute traces of a
LIQUID

beaded on Ileana's bra - like rain on a car window.

IN THE BEDROOM

Eastbrook hurries to unlock the last handcuffs under the UV light. The luminescent liquid on Ileana's bra has

FINGERPRINTS

in it. Greenwald looks down at his hands - the same blue-white glow on his fingers.

GREENWALD

No...

As soon as Ileana is free, Eastbrook turns and whips the

LONG CIGARETTE

from his shirt pocket, ripping the pin out with his teeth -- twisting the filter to cock it -- levels the device at Greenwald.

GREENWALD

I thought you were not a smoker.

EASTBROOK

Let's go, Ileana.

Ileana hesitates, looks to the gun in Greenwald's hand. It hangs by his side - whereas Eastbrook's got his cigarette trained on the doctor.

EASTBROOK

C'mon!

Ileana joins Eastbrook - together, they slowly make for the door. Just before they make it out - Eastbrook stops. He sees Ileana's reflection in the mirror.

EASTBROOK

You're there.

ILEANA

I'm here.

Greenwald takes the opportunity to bring his Beretta up to fire at Eastbrook -- but misses. Eastbrook discharges the cigarette gun -- striking Greenwald in the abdomen. The doctor goes down.
BEHIND THE MIRROR

Black watches intently, smiling. Greenwald's voice comes over the speaker:

GREENWALD (V.O.)
Stop them! Black, d--do you...

Black switches off the speaker - making Greenwald's irate face silent. He picks up the phone receiver, dials:

BLACK
Hey Mike, I'm gonna need another clean up.

IN THE HALLWAY

Ileana and Eastbrook slip out of the room. Eastbrook locks the door behind them, but leaves the key in it as they rush off.

IN THE BEDROOM

Greenwald feels the wound in his side.

GREENWALD
Colonel Black!

BEHIND THE MIRROR

GREENWALD (V.O.)
(on speaker)
Wh--what are you doing!

Black just smiles. He thumbs the speaker's mic...

IN THE BEDROOM

Black's voice comes from the light fixture:

BLACK (V.O.)
Deniability, Doc. Deniability.

From Greenwald's POV, the blood oozing out of his wound covers the floor -- there's too much of it -- it's not natural.

Greenwald turns to see phantoms emerging from the walls.

THE FIGURES

are young black men with lobotomy scars - in hospital gowns. They mumble inaudible accusations against him.
GREENWALD
You are n--not real.

Greenwald struggles away from the phantoms, nonetheless -
getting to his feet.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

Black doesn't see the phantoms. All he sees is Greenwald
pointing his gun at the walls:

GREENWALD (V.O.)
(on speaker)
Y--you volunteered!

POP. POP. POP.

IN THE BEDROOM

Greenwald fires off shots at the phantoms closing on him --
To no effect.

IN THE HALLWAY

Eastbrook stops half-way down the flight of stairs. Ileana
turns back to him.

ILEANA
We go!

EASTBROOK
People have to know.
(turns)
People have to know what they're
doing. You just get out of here.

Ileana grabs him.

ILEANA
Come with me, Thomas. Forget them.

Eastbrook shrugs her off. Heads back up the stairs.

AT THE LISTENING POST

Black kicks his feet up on the desk. Watches the bizarre
spectacle of a man shooting up the room.

GREENWALD (V.O.)
(on speaker)
It w--was not me! I was j--just
following orders!
Just then, the door opens – Eastbrook steps in.

BLACK
What are you doin' kid? I gave you two your chance.

IN THE BEDROOM

Greenwald's Beretta clicks empty. He expels the clip, slams a new one home.

The blood pool that only the doctor can see rises. The thick, red-slick surface crests the Greenwald's kneecaps.

The doctor sloshes toward the exit -- creating waves in the knee-high blood -- slams his weight against the door -- no use --

GREENWALD
William!

IN THE HALLWAY

Ileana paces on the stairs – looking back at the door to the listening post.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

Eastbrook pushes past Black – grabs a small cardboard box, sets to packing up the reels of tape, rolls of film as Black watches.

BLACK
What you think you're doin'?

EASTBROOK
I have to, Colonel.

BLACK
You have to what?

Black pulls out his .45 semiautomatic, levels it on Eastbrook.

BLACK
I don't wanna be in no report.

Eastbrook looks to the HDM pistol – just out of his reach.
IN THE HALLWAY

Ileana heads down the stairs, then stops. Turns back. Decision made, she heads back up toward the listening post door.

AT THE LISTENING POST

Eastbrook puts the package of evidence down.

    EASTBROOK
    I'll leave you out of it. Please, trust me.

    BLACK
    Nah, I'd rather not.

Black raises his gun to fire -- just as

    ILEANA
    bursts in behind --

    BLACK
    who spins to face her --

    EASTBROOK
    snatches up his silenced HDM -- fires -- blowing out the back of Black's head. Dead.

    EASTBROOK
    Close the door.

Ileana does -- and she grabs Black's coat to cover her underwear.

They both look to the two-way mirror, and Greenwald huddled on the floor, sobbing -- his gun by his side. Eastbrook reaches for the mic button on the speaker. Ileana's hand stops him.

    ILEANA
    No, I want to watch. For little while.

Eastbrook finishes packing his box -- tapes it shut, fishes out stamps, scribbles an address. Ileana sees what he's doing, speaks without taking her eyes off Greenwald:

    ILEANA
    Who do you send it to?
EASTBROOK
Someone who doesn't know exactly what's been going on here.

INSERT - THE LABEL, which reads:
"Office of the Inspector General
HQ Building
McLean, Virginia"

BACK TO SCENE

ILEANA
But your people order this. You think really they will care?

EASTBROOK
(affixes postage)
I don't know.

Staring at Greenwald on the floor, Ileana keys the mic on the speaker:

ILEANA
How do you like it, sick bastard!

Greenwald looks up, rises slowly...

GREENWALD (V.O.)
(on speaker)
Eastbrook? You trust this spy?

Eastbrook and Ileana look into one another's eyes.

EASTBROOK
(keys mic)
She's not a spy.

GREENWALD (V.O.)
(on speaker)
You trust her?

EASTBROOK
In a world of fear, trust is all you've got.

Ileana smiles. Eastbrook speaks into the mic again:

EASTBROOK
I saw something. You can call it an illusion, but this thing opened my mind.
IN THE BEDROOM

Greenwald looks up to Eastbrook's voice coming from the lights. From the doctor's POV, his head is just above a five-foot-deep, wall-to-wall pool of blood.

EASTBROOK (V.O.)
An ineffable truth I can only begin to understand: The real fifth column is us. The real traitor within - is C.I.A.

Listening to Eastbrook's words, the blood disappears for Greenwald...

GREENWALD
That is the eternal question, is it not? "Can a secret intelligence service exist within a democracy?"
The answer is simple, Thomas: this nation is anything but a democracy.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

Eastbrook speaks into the mic, staring at Greenwald, through the two-way mirror:

EASTBROOK
Fiat justitia ruat caelum.

GREENWALD (V.O.)
(on speaker)
But the heavens won't fall, Thomas. And justice won't be done. There will be no blowback: no one will ever know what happened here.

Greenwald reaches for his Beretta mini-pistol. Eastbrook sees this, pushes Ileana away from the mirror.

EASTBROOK
Get back!

Using his cane, Greenwald limps toward the two-way mirror, firing of rounds.

EASTBROOK AND ILEANA

duck back. But the glass is bullet-resistant -- cracking but stopping the .25 ACP rounds. As Greenwald reloads and gets closer, however,
THE BULLETS

start to come through. Eastbrook ducks under the window to get his package -- just as the next shot shatters the glass, it raining down on him. From where he stands,

GREENWALD
can't see Eastbrook or Ileana: Ileana's in the corner and Eastbrook's crouching just below the desk.

Eastbrook grips his HDM tightly. Is just about to make his move...

...when the door behind Greenwald is kicked wide open -- Greenwald turns to see who it is --

The man stepping into the room is -- Frank Eastbrook -- Thomas's father --

GREENWALD
Frank?

And then there's a clone of Frank behind him -- And another --

GREENWALD
I killed you! Y--you're dead!

Greenwald turns his gun on the

CLONES OF FRANK
advancing on him -- each of them holds a .38 --

GREENWALD
fires wildly --

IN THE HALLWAY

Eastbrook and Ileana sneak out of the listening post, him carrying the package. They slip down the stairs as the sound and light of a firefight erupts from the open door to the

BROTHEL BEDROOM

where the clones pepper the cripple with bullets -- more than dead.

What Greenwald saw as clones of Eastbrook's father are actually uniformed NYPD police officers. They secure the scene.
EXT. 105 E. 13TH STREET - NIGHT

Eastbrook and Ileana come out of the tenement building, and walk arm-in-arm past '60s NYPD cars with flashing lights.

Eastbrook stops at a big old post box and shoves the package inside.

Together, Ileana and Eastbrook walk down an empty alley, hand-in-hand.

SUPER: "From its beginning in the early 1950s until its termination in 1963, the program of surreptitious administration of LSD to unwitting, non-volunteer, human subjects demonstrates a failure of the CIA's leadership to pay adequate attention to the rights of individuals and to provide effective guidance to CIA employees. Though it was known that the testing was dangerous, the lives of subjects were placed in jeopardy and were ignored ... Although it was clear that the laws of the United States were being violated, the testing continued.

- Senate Church Committee, 1975"

FADE OUT.