

ALL THE OLD KNIVES

Screenplay by
Olen Steinhauer

Based on the book by
Olen Steinhauer

© 2020 AMAZON CONTENT SERVICES LLC OR ITS AFFILIATES. All Rights Reserved
This material is the exclusive property of AMAZON CONTENT SERVICES LLC OR ITS
AFFILIATES and is intended solely for the use of its personnel. No portion of
this script may be performed, or reproduced by any means, or quoted, or
published in any medium without prior written consent of AMAZON CONTENT
SERVICES LLC.

March 22, 2021

1 INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT, VIENNA - DAY 1

HENRY PELHAM (mid-40s, disheveled) closes a small carry-on suitcase on a chair and locks it. From a shelf he takes and pockets an old phone.

He pauses by his window to take a final look at the expanse of Vienna, the fog coming in...

PRELAP: CHILDREN CRYING --

He grabs his suitcase and heads out.

SULEIMAN (V.O.)
We are Da'irat Al-Salihoon...

2 INT. FLIGHT 127 - DAY (2012 - EIGHT YEARS AGO) 2

CELL PHONE CAMERA SHOT: CLOSE ON a swarthy, thin face -- SULEIMAN WAHED (32), Saudi. He's INTENSE, EDGY, but smiling, rejoicing, speaking to his phone as he paces.

SULEIMAN
We are here because of your country's arrogant foreign policy towards our brothers in Afghanistan, Iraq, Chechnya and Somalia. We are here because of your evil alliance with the Americans and their insistence on continuous bombings and killings, despite our serious warnings.

The plane around him looks empty, but as he turns we find NINE CHILDREN (5-12) in business-class seats. Terrified.

SULEIMAN
We want you to back off and leave our people alone. We are fighting for the prestige of Islam. For our brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers...

Behind him, OMAR SAMATAR ALI (25) RUSHES by on his way to coach, gripping a pistol.

SULEIMAN
...For the fallen -- First General Emir, Osama Bin Laden, peace be upon him...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns to smile at the children. Most aren't even looking at him. Three CRY out loud. The others are paralyzed.

PULL BACK to find we're watching this on a flat-screen TV in...

3

INT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA / VICK'S OFFICE - MORNING

3

...the modern, clean office of CIA Station Chief VICTOR (VICK) WALLINGER (late 40s).

Vick's not looking at the TV -- he's looking, dead serious, at his people -- SIX CIA EMPLOYEES, sitting and standing, watching in shellshocked silence.

SULEIMAN (V.O.)

...For those tortured by the brothers of Satan in Egypt, Jordan and Saudi Arabia...

ERNST PUL (40s), stands by the door, arms crossed over his chest, staring hard.

LEILA MALOOF (30s), an otherwise tough woman, sits with her hands on her knees, head down, WEEPING openly.

BILL COMPTON (50s), a Cold War veteran, rubs his temples, a headache coming on.

SULEIMAN (V.O.)

...For the martyrs. For the Caliphate. We have broken into the infidel's house to save our brothers. And we will burn down this house when our honor demands it...

In a chair, OWEN LASSITER (30s), a glum-looking man, covers his mouth with a hand beneath his bleak eyes.

Our two primaries stand on opposite sides of the room -- CELIA HARRISON (30s) and Henry Pelham (30s).

Celia, face gloomy and eyes swollen from too little sleep, is unable to tear her gaze from the TV.

Henry, unlike the others, doesn't look like an office drone, because he's not: He works the street, chasing down sources.

SULEIMAN (V.O.)

(from television)

We are the soldiers of Islam, and this is our war on terror. *Allahu Akbar.*

Henry looks from the TV to Celia. He tries to catch her eye, but she's transfixed painfully by the video.

Then she leaves the room without a word.

4 INT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA / CIA STATION - CONTINUOUS 4

Celia walks briskly through the embassy's CIA station, a hub of cubicles and computers and CIA EMPLOYEES at quiet work. She grabs her coat and heads straight to the elevators.

5 EXT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA - MOMENTS LATER 5

She exits the neoclassical building on Boltzmanngasse, almost breaking into a run as she makes her way down the pavement away from the embassy. She passes VIENNESE...heads for the next street.

Henry BURSTS from the embassy, running after her -- confused. He spots her disappearing around the corner.

HENRY

Celia!

He reaches the corner, then STOPS, HUFFING. VIENNESE FACES, but not hers. The city has swallowed her.

ON HENRY: He looks LOST.

6 INT. UNITED AIRLINES, JUMBO JET - NIGHT 6

Henry's in a business class, window seat -- darkness outside the window, lights low, as the plane traverses the Atlantic. Around him PASSENGERS doze chin-deep in blankets, but Henry can't sleep.

A UNITED AIRLINES STEWARDESS, noticing him, leans close and whispers.

UNITED AIRLINES STEWARDESS

Can I get you anything?

Henry shakes his head. Smiles.

She nods at that, and as she walks away...

HENRY (V.O.)

It's been eight years Vick.

7 INT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA / VICK'S OFFICE - DAY (WEEKS AGO) 7

Henry, in an office chair, upset by what he's just heard.

HENRY

No one wants to open that can of worms...

VICK

Headquarters feels differently.

HENRY

We did this already. What went wrong? What could we have done better? We've been blaming ourselves ever since.

Vick looks at Henry for a long beat. Both men pained by the memory of that terrible past.

VICK

They caught Ilyas Shishani.

Henry stiffens.

HENRY

What? ...When?

VICK

Afghanistan. 3 weeks ago.

(beat)

He said we were compromised back then. The hijackers had help from inside our station. Here in Vienna.

HENRY

(incredulous)

And we believe him?

VICK

Langley believes him. That's the only thing that matters.

Henry, unwilling to believe --

HENRY

Send me. If anyone can get the truth out of Ilyas --

VICK

(raises hand)

He's dead, Henry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICK (CONT'D)

Wasn't in any shape to be
interrogated -- someone made a
mistake.

(CONTINUED)

Henry's taken aback by this.

HENRY

Did they at least get a name out
of him?

Vick shakes his head. Henry reflects on this and what it means.

VICK

We need to close the books on
flight one twenty seven once and
for all... get headquarters off
our case.

(beat)

I'd like you to wrap this up.

HENRY

Why me?

Vick sighs and opens a folder on his desk. Passes over a sheet of paper -- embassy phone logs from December 6, 2012. One call, at "21:03," to a number beginning "+9821" is circled with marker. Henry finds "EXTENSION 4952" and "COMPTON WILLIAM." Henry furrows his brow.

HENRY

That's a Tehran number, isn't it?

VICK

(nod)

And Bill wasn't the only one to
use the extension. You know that.

Henry looks back at the paper, takes it all in.

HENRY

Okay. I'll do it.

VICK

(hesitates)

And if it's her?

(off Henry)

You still holding a torch for
Celia Harrison?

HENRY

It's Celia Favreau now. A husband
and two kids...

8 INT. SAFEWAY, CARMEL, CA - DAY (PRESENT) 8

We're UP HIGH, LOOKING DOWN on the frozen food section of Carmel's huge, upscale grocery store. Celia walks slowly, distracted, as if there's nothing here for her.

HENRY (V.O.)
Besides, no torch burns eight years. Not without oxygen.

A YOUNG MAN with long hipster sideburns opens a freezer. This is FREDDY. He speaks to her without looking at her, then drops a pint of ice cream into his basket. Walks away.

VICK (V.O.)
You think she'll even talk to you?
We could send Mack to California.

9 EXT. CROSSROADS SHOPPING CENTER, CARMEL - CONTINUOUS 9

She leaves Safeway and crosses the parking lot toward other stores. It's a genteel, manicured shopping plaza, full of overpriced cars and SUVs and the aging RETIRED.

HENRY (V.O.)
He won't be able to tell if she's lying.

FOLLOW Celia past storefronts to a bench outside, where sits KARL STEIN (60). Genial-looking, he eats from a bag of nuts. In the background, Freddy arrives, carrying a plastic bag with his ice cream. He takes his place, watching over the meeting.

VICK (V.O.)
Will you?

Karl smiles as Celia approaches.

10 INT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA / VICK'S OFFICE - DAY (WEEKS AGO) 10

Henry gives Vick a pointed look.

HENRY
Isn't that why you're sending me?

Vick holds Henry's look. A silent acknowledgement.

HENRY
Bill's in London now, right?

(CONTINUED)

VICK

Correct.

HENRY

I'll talk to him first.

(beat)

Then I'll see about California.

Henry pushes the phone log back to Vick.

HENRY

You almost sound like you want someone to be guilty.

VICK

What I want is to chalk up flight one twenty seven to bad luck. What I need is to know that the man I send can do what's necessary.

HENRY

And if this turns out to be true, what are your orders?

Vick looks pained, as if the weight of the world's on his shoulders.

VICK

We can't afford the embarrassment of a prosecution. Not these days.

Henry tries to lock eyes, but Vick's evasive.

HENRY

You gonna say it?

Feeling as if he's being pushed into a corner, Vick straightens and looks Henry straight in the eyes.

VICK

No, Henry. I'm not.

Off Henry --

TITLE SEQUENCE STARTS:

EXT. UNITED AIRLINES, JUMBO JET, SAN FRANCISCO INT. AIRPORT - DAY (PRESENT)

Tires screech as Henry's plane touches down on the landing strip of San Francisco International Airport.

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

11

PILOT (V.O.)

Welcome to San Francisco...

12

INT. JUMBO JET 2 - DAY

12

Henry stifles a yawn and looks out the window at SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT as they taxi toward the gate.

PILOT (V.O.)

The local time is one twenty-eight, and it's a comfortable sixty-six degrees fahrenheit, nineteen celcius.

He takes out some caffeine pills and dry-swallows one as, around him, passengers begin to get up, reaching for their bags.

PILOT (V.O.)

On behalf of Star Alliance we thank you for flying with us.

13

I/E. HENRY'S VOLVO - AFTERNOON

13

Top down, Henry drives Highway 1 from San Francisco, south toward Carmel-by-the-Sea. He's taking it easy, the roof down on his rented convertible, listening to MUSIC on the radio. Thick foliage hangs over the breakdown lane, and in the distance mountains loom. Breathtaking.

Up ahead, he spots the turn-off for Carmel-by-the-Sea on the right. He passes a golf course with a scenic view of the ocean. On the left, a high school with backed-up traffic: sports cars helmed by insolent TEENS.

He takes the exit for Carmel and slows down. A speed-limit SIGN: "20 MPH."

More trees, lush, with cottages peeking through. Eventually he reaches the pretty little downtown. English-village themed. Older RICH PEOPLE walking past art galleries and adorable stores, dogs on leashes. SHOPKEEPERS close up stores.

He continues through the downtown to reach the white-sand beach.

He parks and kills the engine. Stares out at the pristine beach and the setting sun. WAVES CRASH.

(CONTINUED)

TITLE SEQUENCE ENDS:

His phone does a BLEEP-BLEEP.

Message from CELIA: "YOU'LL BE THERE, RIGHT?"

He texts back a single letter: "Y"

14 EXT. BEACH, CARMEL - AFTERNOON (PRESENT)

14

Henry steps out of the car and walk down on the beach.

He takes a phone from his pocket. The one he pocketed in scene 1. As he waits for it to power up, he gazes out over the sea, a distant look in his eye.

He comes out of his reverie and, from memory, types a number.

THREE RINGS.

HENRY

Treble?

TREBLE (V.O.)

(male voice, jovial)

Piccolo, how are you?

HENRY

We're still on?

TREBLE (V.O.)

Small roadster, very feminine.
Carmel-by-the-Sea.

HENRY

Exactly.

TREBLE (V.O.)

You said there were a couple mopeds and an old Chevy, right?

HENRY

But they won't need any work.

TREBLE (V.O.)

Yes, yes.

HENRY

There's a chance it won't be necessary.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

TREBLE (V.O.)

You told me this before.

HENRY

In that case, I cover travel and half your fee.

TREBLE (V.O.)

It's fair.

HENRY

Good. I'll call you again soon.

The phone goes dead.

15

EXT. LONDON PUB - DAY

15

Henry waits across from a LONDON PUB, casual, hands in his pockets. He watches as a man we recognize from Vick's office in 2012 -- BILL COMPTON (60s now) -- approaches the door, looks around, and enters.

Through the windows, Henry watches Bill find a booth.

Bill looks NERVOUS.

16

INT. LONDON PUB - MOMENTS LATER

16

Bill's sitting at his window table, clutching a pint of beer, drinking alone. The pub is full of DRINKERS -- BUSINESSPEOPLE on long lunches.

HENRY

Bill.

Bill looks up, blinking, seeming out of his element. He dredges up a smile as Henry sits across from him.

BILL

So what are you doing in London, Henry?

17

EXT. VIN DE VIE - LATE AFTERNOON

17

Henry parks his convertible in a small lot just outside of town. He gets out and walks a narrow trail toward a restaurant...

18

INT. VIN DE VIE - LATE AFTERNOON

18

He enters the sleek restaurant. Modern to a fault. Origami ceiling lamps, white tables and apple-green chairs. A minimalist bar of pounded iron -- no shelves behind it -- with a BARTENDER (30s), texting.

There's one OLD COUPLE here, eating slowly in silence. The beach and ocean fill the windows, late afternoon light burning shafts into the restaurant.

A tall, pretty WAITRESS (20s) in black approaches, smiling, clutching an iPad. She's wearing her hair in a ponytail atop her skull.

WAITRESS

Reservation?

HENRY

(nod)

I'm early though.

WAITRESS

Name?

HENRY

(beat)

Favreau.

WAITRESS

(finding it on the iPad)

Here we are. I can seat you now, if you'd like.

HENRY

I'll wait at the bar.

She watches him cross the restaurant and climb onto a stool. The Bartender sidles over. He, too, is in black. It's their uniform. George Michael-style beard, as if it's been painted on.

HENRY

Vodka martini. You got Tito's?

BARTENDER

Sorry. We only have wine.

HENRY

Really?

The Bartender smiles and hands him a laminated pamphlet: an epic list of regional, national, and foreign wines.

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

Wine country, you know.

Henry shuts the menu.

HENRY

Let's try something very cold.

BARTENDER

White or rosé?

HENRY

Dry.

As the Bartender crouches to search a hidden refrigerator, there's a COUGHING, HACKING. Henry turns to see the Old Couple at their table. The OLD MAN is COUGHING. The OLD WOMAN eats steadily, seemingly unaware of his presence.

Celia and Henry are alone, he's sitting in a chair, she's leaning against Bill's desk. There's something deep and sad between them -- they've just come out of a heavy conversation that's left both of them mute.

She comes over and squats in front of him. Celia's face is full of not just sympathy for Henry's pain, whatever it is.

From outside the office, someone COUGHS.

HENRY

I've been thinking.

CELIA

(warning, smile)

You know how I feel about thinking.

He holds her look. He wants to make sure she understands the gravity of what he is going to ask her...

Henry's glass is up high; he empties Chardonnay into his mouth. Places the glass on the table and looks at the Bartender.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Bathroom?

BARTENDER

(motioning)

First door on the left.

Henry slowly slides off the stool, GRUNTING.

CELIA (V.O.)

Henry...

He turns, surprised.

HENRY

Celia.

CELIA is a different person than in 2012: a suburban mother. But of course she's not only that; she could never be just that. Not to Henry.

CELIA

It's been a while.

HENRY

Too long.

He leans in to kiss her cheeks. She accepts him with her hands on his shoulders. Almost a lover's embrace. Almost. She, too, seems stunned by his presence. When they separate, her hand's still on his shoulder. Glassy smile.

CELIA

Shall we?

She nods to the tables and the waitress waiting.

HENRY

Absolutely.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

The Waitress leads them past the Old Couple to a table. Celia looks over her shoulder, back at him, smiles.

21 INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT, VIENNA - NIGHT (2012)

21

Henry and Celia, both younger, are in his bed, naked, fucking themselves blind. She's pulling him deeper.

CLOSER, we SEE that she's crying. Henry sees this, too, and begins to back out, but she pulls him in again. He cradles her, concerned, as they make love...

22 INT. VIN DE VIE - EARLY EVENING (PRESENT)

22

They're settling at the table, face-to-face, the Waitress taking Celia's drink order. What we HEAR are the SOUNDS OF SEX from 2012.

We WANDER with HENRY'S GAZE: Celia's ear, her shoulder, mouth, eyes, fingers...

WAITRESS

(to Henry)

And did you want something else to drink?

HENRY

What I had up there.

The Waitress smiles and withdraws.

CELIA

You got grey. It looks good.

HENRY

You look exactly the same.

Celia takes that in.

CELIA

How's the conference?

HENRY

What?

CELIA

The conference. Santa Clara?

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

(remembering his lie)

It's all cybersecurity now -
Trojan Horses, clickjacking, zero
day vulnerabilities - lots of
wonderful buzzwords.

(CONTINUED)

CELIA

Interesting?

HENRY

Not really.

CELIA

Anyone there I know?

Henry shakes his head, wanting to change the subject. He looks around the mostly empty restaurant.

HENRY

This is a nice spot.

CELIA

Weekends, with the tourists, you can't get a table. Middle of the week, it's dependably dead.

HENRY

And Carmel-by-the-Sea?

(beat)

Indulging your love of the elderly?

She arches a brow.

HENRY

How's Drew?

CELIA

Don't do that.

They both take a beat, looking into each other's eyes, both touching on a shared memory.

HENRY

You've really done it.

(off her raised
eyebrow)

You've left everything behind.

She thinks about this, serious.

(CONTINUED)

CELIA

That stuff -- Vienna, the Agency,
the things we did there -- that's
not here. It's an entirely
different universe.

HENRY

I've noticed.

She smiles at him, enigmatically.

CELIA

And then, here you are.

THROUGH A WINDOW we see a bright winter sky.

Celia's waking, looking out the window, then her gaze
DRAWS BACK to Henry, dozing beside her.

For a while she STARES at his features -- he's vulnerable
now, the most vulnerable he'll ever be. She feels good
looking at this man.

Then he OPENS his eyes.

CELIA

Hey.

They kiss, then she wraps herself in one of Henry's
shirts and walks to the kitchen, a little chilly, and
fills a coffee pot with water. Pours it into the machine.
Adds grounds.

She returns to the bedroom with two cups and hands him
one as he sits up, using pillows to support himself.

HENRY

Thanks.

CELIA

You're almost out of coffee.

HENRY

That's not good.

Henry sips, then grimaces.

HENRY

This isn't your soy milk, is it?
Tastes funny.

CELIA

Arsenic.
(winks)
Busy today?

HENRY

Vick's got me looking into money-
laundering stuff.

CELIA

(snore)
Bankers.

HENRY

(smile)
Yeah. Right?

CELIA

Breakfast?

HENRY

I wish. Bankers get up early.

Celia gets up.

CELIA

Which means I have to go, too.

She walks off, and he watches her disappear into the
bathroom. He's HYPNOTIZED by the sight of her.

WAITRESS (V.O.)

Your wine.

Henry and Celia lean back as the Waitress places their
glasses on the table, Henry's Chardonnay sweating cold.
She leaves menus and exits.

CELIA

(raising glass)
To what?

HENRY

To old friends.

CELIA
(shakes head)
You can do better than that.

HENRY
(thinks, then:)
To old lovers.

CELIA
Old?

But she smiles, approving, and drinks --

Henry FOCUSES ON Celia's sensual first sip, the way she purses her lips and moves her tongue around her mouth, spreading the wine over her buds.

A GLANCE -- she SEES him noticing. She seems to like it. And he, of course, notices this.

CELIA
How's the office?

HENRY
Vick runs it like a fiefdom.
Nothing changes.

CELIA
You're still on the street?

HENRY
Entirely air-conditioned now.

Celia looks at him, surprised.

CELIA
Who'd have thought? Henry Pelham,
office drone.

HENRY
(shrugging)
Not a very good one. Too many
paper cuts.
(carefully)
Vick has me looking into Flight
one-twenty-seven.

Celia's expression darkens.

Henry and Bill are sitting across from each other.

BILL

But that's ancient history. It's done.

HENRY

It was, and then it wasn't.

BILL

This Vick's big idea?

HENRY

Headquarters.

BILL

Of course. Some desk jockey trying to find a short cut to promotion.

Henry shakes his head "no".

HENRY

They caught Ilyas Shishani.

ON BILL'S FACE: Stunned.

BILL

Well, that's a good thing isn't it. We should order champagne.

Henry can't help smiling at that.

BILL

Was he hiding in a cave somewhere?

HENRY

In Afghanistan. He lasted long enough to tell them he had help from inside the station.

Bill stiffens.

BILL

Our station?
(off Henry's nod)
He's lying.

HENRY

Of course.

CELIA

Of course.

(beat)

And who does he say helped him?

HENRY

Died before they could get a name.

Celia frowns.

HENRY

Now there's an analyst at
Headquarters who wants to ride the
lie until it bears fruit. Thinks
we have some soul-searching to do.

Celia thinks long and hard.

CELIA

I'd say we did some pretty serious
soul-searching back then.

HENRY

He's looking for inconsistencies.

CELIA

History is full of
inconsistencies.

Henry nods, acknowledging the truth of this.

HENRY

Here's the plan, Cee: I write a
fat report, a rococo analysis of
failures and successes. Full of
perspectives. Make the fucker's
head spin.

(beat)

That should get him off our back.

CELIA

So this is an interview?

HENRY

I was in Santa Clara. Driving down
to see you was an opportunity I
didn't want to miss.

(beat)

But I'm also trying to close the
book on this.

Celia blinks at him, serious, then gives a shrug with
open hands. A coy smile.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED: (2)

27

CELIA

I thought you were here to see if
we still had that old spark.

HENRY

I can walk and chew gum.

Celia smiles at that.

The Waitress approaches to take their orders.

28

EXT. VIN DE VIE, EVENING

28

Through the window we see, Henry and Celia placing their
orders with the waitress. Two ex-lovers in an empty
restaurant.

The waves break on the beach, reminiscent of time gone
by. It's almost like a Hopper painting.

29

DREAM - INT. FLIGHT 127 - DAY

29

EVAN (6) and GINNY (3) are looking out the window of the
plane which has just landed in Vienna. Celia is in the
aisle seat next to them.

EVAN

Is daddy picking us up?

CELIA

He'll be inside. Ginny, relax
honey.

Ginny's grinning, now squirming with real effort.

SOUND: CELL PHONE VIBRATING.

CELIA

Wait until the plane --

She stops, for out of the corner of her eye she SEES
Suleiman Wahed, the hijacker, a few rows up, getting to
his feet.

CELL PHONE VIBRATING...

TURKISH ALLIANCE STEWARDESS unbuckles her own belt and
gets up, walking toward him.

TURKISH ALLIANCE STEWARDESS

Please, sir. Remain seated until --

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

BOOM!

With a pistol, Suleiman SHOTS the Stewardess through the chest.

CELL PHONE VIBRATING...

30

INT. CELIA'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

30

Celia WAKES to her phone VIBRATING on the bedside table. Beside her, DREW FAVREAU (60s) sleeps heavily. She snatches the phone, rising and walking out of the room. Glances at the number, but doesn't know it.

31

INT. CELIA'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

31

She enters the kitchen, phone to her ear.

CELIA
(quietly)
Yes?

BILL (V.O.)
Cee?

CELIA
Who is this?

BILL (V.O.)
Cee...
(beat)
It's me. It's Bill.

CELIA
Bill. Jesus, is everything ok?

INTERCUT WITH:

32

EXT. LONDON STREET 2 - DAY

32

Bill stuffs the packaging for a PREPAID PHONE into a wastebasket, the new untraceable phone to his ear. He looks old and weary.

BILL
Fine, Cee. Fine. You sound good.

CELIA (V.O.)
I sound confused.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

You haven't been confused a day in
your life.

Bill walks past COMMUTERS and SHOPPERS and crosses the
street, glancing quickly around for shadows.

CELIA (V.O.)

Where are you?

BILL

London. We moved last year.

CELIA (V.O.)

But you hate London.

BILL

Tell me about it.

(beat)

It was important to Sally.

CELIA (V.O.)

(pitifully)

Oh, Bill.

Bill pauses in front of a STORE WINDOW, checking the
reflection.

BILL

You have a minute?

CELIA (V.O.)

Of course.

BILL

I've got...

Bill now walks in the opposite direction, alert...

BILL

Listen, I've been out of the game
a while now, and maybe I'm just
getting paranoid. But I thought I
should call you.

CELIA (V.O.)

Talk to me.

BILL

It's Henry. Henry Pelham.

CELIA (V.O.)

(flatly)

Go on.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

He was here, putting me through
the wringer.

CELIA (V.O.)

You? Why?

BILL

Flight one-twenty-seven.

ON CELIA'S FACE: Drinking, she watches Henry. She knows
something, but isn't showing it.

CELIA

Well?

HENRY

Well, what?

CELIA

If you're going to ask me about
One-twenty-seven, then you better
do it before I pass out.

Henry leans back.

HENRY

Basic stuff. Chronology, mostly.
What happened that day...What you
remember about the station back
then... We'll work our way up to
One-twenty-seven.

Celia plants her forearms on the table.

CELIA

I'm all yours.

He smiles. She straightens.

Then he stands.

HENRY

Let me give you a moment to come
up with a suitable cover story.

He winks and turns to go, finally, to the bathroom. She
watches him with an impenetrable expression.

34 INT. VIN DE VIE / BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

34

Henry is at a urinal and SIGHS as the LOUD STREAM exits his body.

ON HIS FACE: Eyes damp, thinking hard.

Finishes and FLUSHES.

As he washes his hands he looks into the mirror. Heavy lids, bloodshot eyes.

Then he reaches into his pocket and takes out the phone he used to talk to "Treble."

Starts a recording app with a meter that JUMPS as he speaks:

HENRY

Celia Favreau.

(checks watch)

Eighteen thirty-six, Pacific time.

Leaving the recording app running, he pockets the phone.

35 INT. VIN DE VIE - MOMENTS LATER

35

Henry falls in behind the Waitress, who's carrying a tray of appetizers. She realizes he's behind her and moves to the side so he can get by.

Celia watches him sit, his game face on, as the Waitress delivers their appetizers.

WAITRESS

For the lady, grilled goat cheese with bitter leaves, miso, ginger and pumpkin puree, and pickled candy beets.

(beat)

For the gentleman, burrata with cilantro oil, blood orange, miso and maple glaze, and free range bacon.

Henry SMIRKS: Welcome to California.

HENRY

Fields of bacon running free.

The waitress smiles.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS

It's a beautiful sight. More wine?

HENRY

Please.

Celia nods.

Henry watches the Waitress depart. He notices a new customer at the bar, an odd-looking MAN -- late 50s, heavy, sandpaper scalp -- who angrily wipes at his nose as he reads the wine menu.

CELIA

Yes, she's very pretty. How long were you planning to stay?

Henry's gaze flicks away from the Man to the Waitress's rather beautiful legs.

HENRY

(smiles)

You are the only girl in town for me.

She smiles. Henry drinks in that smile.

CELIA

Your bacon smells divine.

He spears some burrata and bacon and holds it out. She thinks about it, as if it really requires thought.

HENRY

Live a little.

She lives a little, taking it into her mouth, and once her tongue touches the bacon her eyes close, lips purse, and she sucks everything off the fork.

Henry's HYPNOTIZED.

CELIA

Mmm.

(beat)

What was that place? With the shellfish?

HENRY

Morskoi.

CELIA

Right -- so good. You still go there?

HENRY

They closed. About a year after you left.

CELIA

Oh.

Celia nods.

CELIA

You haven't been home in a while, have you? The States.

HENRY

Been a few years.

Celia thinks for a second.

CELIA

It's not easy coming home...

HENRY

But are you happy here?

CELIA

I stay busy. Ask anyone with kids.

Henry takes that as a "no."

CELIA

People tend to misinterpret the pursuit of happiness as the right to be happy...at least in this part of the world.

She gestures at "California" outside the restaurant.

HENRY

Keeps a lot of pharmaceuticals in business.

CELIA

Just after we moved, I saw the doctor. He asked me if I'd been upset. Of course. I got married.

(off Henry's half-grin)

You know what I mean...

(now serious)

The nightmares.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CELIA (CONT'D)

(beat)

You get them?

HENRY

Sure.

Celia hesitates, then:

CELIA

As I'm telling him this, he's
writing on his pad. Then he rips
it off and hands me a prescription
for Xanax.

(SNAPS fingers)

Just like that. Like they're M&Ms.

HENRY

Did they work?

CELIA

Of course they worked. I went off
of them for both
pregnancies...worst eighteen
months of my life.

HENRY

Really?

CELIA

I'm exaggerating. We do that here.
We also use the word "love" for
things we're only fond of.

(whisper)

Welcome to California. Don't take
any of us at face-value.

The Waitress appears with two wine bottles. They lean
back. She refills both glasses.

WAITRESS

Everything to your liking?

Both nod and GRUNT their pleasure.

CELIA

I shouldn't keep drinking. The
kids'll probably still be up.

HENRY

Can't Drew take care of it?

CELIA

He's amazing with them. I
sometimes think that if I
disappeared, they wouldn't miss a
thing.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Try it out then.

CELIA

What?

HENRY

Disappear.

He watches her. He doesn't have to add "with me" -- she knows exactly what he means.

She gives him a smile, reflecting on this possible future, then CLEARS HER THROAT.

35

CONTINUED: (6)

35

CELIA

December 2012.

HENRY

December 2012. Draw me a picture.

CELIA

You sound like my son asking for a story.

36

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT, VIENNA - MORNING (2012)

36

The SAME MORNING we saw earlier, both Henry and Celia now dressed, leaving together. Walking down the stairs from his apartment.

CELIA (V.O.)

How far back?

(beat)

Vienna was my second posting with the agency.

37

EXT. HENRY'S APARTMENT, VIENNA - MOMENTS LATER

37

They leave the building, kiss on the sidewalk, and he heads to his car while she continues on foot.

CELIA (V.O.)

I'd come off some tough years in Dublin...

38

EXT. VIENNA STREET - MOMENTS LATER

38

Celia, bundled against the cold, walks happily down a busy street toward the nearby...

CELIA (V.O.)

Many tough years actually...

HENRY (V.O.)

Why were they tough?

CELIA (V.O.)

It's irrelevant.

HENRY (V.O.)

Humor me.

39 EXT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA - MOMENTS LATER

39

She shows her ID to a GUARD outside the embassy, and is let through.

CELIA (V.O.)

Well, as you know, I lost my parents in a car accident while I was in college. I fought to get through Grad. School. Then the Farm.

(beat)

Dublin was too slow, too much time to think.

40 INT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA - MOMENTS LATER

40

SEQUENCE:

- Celia enters through the front door, giving her bag to SECURITY for x-raying (note a portrait of President Obama);

HENRY (V.O.)

What was Vienna?

CELIA (V.O.)

I loved it there. The pace. The adrenaline.

- She takes an ELEVATOR to the fifth floor;

CELIA (V.O.)

Vienna Station was on the fifth floor of the U.S. embassy.

- Then she enters the CIA STATION in Vienna, a windowless floor full of cubicles and CASE OFFICERS and subdued activity.

41 INT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA / CIA STATION - MORNING

41

SINGLE SHOT: We SEE each of the people she describes as they do their work: talking on phones, joking, reading papers, conferencing with subordinates, etc. These are the faces we saw in the opening scenes.

Vick walks with papers in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CELIA (V.O.)

Chief of station then, as now, was Victor Wallinger. He'd survived three administrations with excellent marks, but I think his greatest talent was knowing who to bring on to the team.

HENRY (V.O.)

Take me through the team.

Leila laughs at someone's joke, turns and smiles at Celia, who's entering the station and heading to her desk.

CELIA (V.O.)

LEILA MAROOF, collection management. Vick had been blown away by a paper she'd written on the future of Arab-European relations, then found out her skills were being wasted in Lebanon. He flew down and offered her a job on the spot. She grew up in a war zone and brought a life experience none of us had.

Celia puts her bag on her desk...

CELIA (V.O.)

There were two operations officers:

...and continues to--

She smiles at Bill, who beams at her as if she's his daughter, then hands her a prepared coffee, his ritualistic morning gift.

CELIA (V.O.)

My dear boss, Bill Compton -- veteran of every secret war of the last thirty years. Scarred by old skirmishes in Southeast Asia, but he probably suffered more at the hands of his wife, Sally.

HENRY (V.O.)

Probably? That's generous.

As they speak, Ernst, exuding arrogance, leans into the doorway, saying something to Bill and Celia.

CELIA (V.O.)

The other was ERNST PUL, who worked liaison with Austrian intelligence.

HENRY (V.O.)

Captain Uptight.

CELIA (V.O.)

Imagine being raised by European intellectuals in suburban Atlanta.

HENRY (V.O.)

The other kids must've teased him relentlessly.

As Ernst backs out of the office, we follow him as he passes Owen.

CELIA (V.O.)

And then, you'll remember...

FOLLOW Owen, small and in need of sun, as he reads sheets of paper, weaving through cubicles toward Vick's office.

CELIA (V.O.)

...there was OWEN LASSITER.

HENRY (V.O.)

Poor Owen.

CELIA (V.O.)

...ran a team of code breakers and analysts. Only lasted a couple of months before he found himself a pistol from the storeroom and smuggled it home...

PUSH IN: A sad-looking Viennese living room. An old comfy chair and, on the wall behind it, a splash of blood and brains. In front of the chair, half covered by a small table, lies Owen's dead body.

Henry nods, remembering.

CELIA

Owen was minor American royalty, wasn't he?

HENRY

Yeah. Related to that Wyoming
senator.

They both take a beat remembering Owen's death.

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

HENRY

And that particular day?

Celia gives him an arched brow.

CELIA

What about my number-one?

Henry frowns, curious.

CELIA

Henry Pelham...

45 INT. VIENNA CAFE - MORNING (2012)

45

The camera tracks along the tables in a shiny, busy Vienna café in the financial district of the city. Morning guests having coffee and croissants before work.

CELIA (V.O.)

...clandestine case officer
extraordinaire.

We find Henry across from a BANKER (40s) with a leather satchel by his chair. Espressos in front of them.

CELIA (V.O.)

As the brightest talent out of the
Farm in years, they sent you
directly to Moscow.

Henry gets a phone call. It's from VICK. He excuses himself, gets up and leaves as he picks up the call and walks back out the restaurant.

We hear;

HENRY

Vick...

VICK (V.O.)

Change of plans...

46 EXT. VIENNA BACK STREETS - LATER

46

Henry walks through back alleys on his way to another meeting.

CELIA (V.O.)

There was a rumor that it shaped
you?

(CONTINUED)

HENRY (V.O.)

Okay. You painted your picture.

CELIA (V.O.)

You witnessed the Nord-Ost
siege...

Henry doesn't answer.

CELIA (V.O.)

Chechen militants took over the
Dubrovka Theater during a
performance of the musical "Nord-
Ost." The Russians pumped gas into
the theater and went in. Killed
nearly all the terrorists. Well
over a hundred hostages too.

CLOSE ON HENRY: She's touching a still-raw nerve, even
after two decades. Henry moves his fork on the now empty
plate, recovering...

CELIA

That kind of thing never leaves
you, does it?

HENRY

Moscow was brutal but I loved my
job.

Celia recognizes the truth in that.

HENRY

How about you? Did you like it?

CELIA

The job?

Henry nods.

CELIA

It was a high.
(beat)
We collected secrets...sometimes
from the top echelons of
government.

HENRY

So you were happy there?

CELIA

It was my dream job. I knew I was
making a difference...I had a boss
I adored...and I had you...

Celia looks him in the eye.

HENRY

And then you left.

Celia stares a beat, then nods slowly.

CELIA

Then flight "one twenty seven"
happened.

(NOTE: Continues scenes above, Celia entering embassy.)

Celia's sitting in Vick's office with the other major
players: Ernst, Bill, Leila, Owen. Not Henry.

CELIA (V.O.)

It started with a cable from
Headquarters at morning briefing.
You were out in the streets.

We GLIMPSE the page she's reading: a copy of a TOP SECRET
CABLE FROM DAMASCUS forwarded from CIA Headquarters in
Langley.

VICK

Do the honors, Leila?

LEILA

(reading)
"Source TRIPWIRE: Expect within
next 72 hours an airline-related
event on flight heading to Austria
or Germany.

(MORE)

LEILA (CONT'D)

Departure port uncertain --
Damascus, Beirut, Istanbul
possibilities. Group: Da'irat Al-
Salihoon, though primary actors
likely recruits from outside
Somalia. Likelihood: HIGH."

She finishes and looks up.

CELIA

Al-Da'irat -- didn't they split
from Al-Shabaab a couple years
ago?

BILL

(mild sarcasm)

Shabaab wasn't devout enough for
them.

Celia grins at this.

LEILA

(sharp)

It had nothing to do with
devotion. Power. That's all it
ever is.

VICK

Somali terrorists in our backyard.
What's our take?

ERNST

(with confidence)

Not here. Germany, maybe. But not
Austria.

(beat)

What do they want? Troops out of
Afghanistan? The Austrians only
have a handful. The Germans have
the third-largest presence in
NATO's Security Force.

(beat)

Maybe they want to free some
comrades from jail? Again,
Germany's the one holding more
than its fair share.

CELIA

We're talking E.U. You pick the
softest target. They don't need to
land in Frankfurt or Berlin to
speak to the Germans.

Vick nods, agreeing. Ernst shrugs, unwilling to admit
that Celia's right.

VICK

What about money?

LEILA

Not with Tehran bankrolling them.

Celia looks around the table.

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED: (3)

48

HENRY (V.O.)

Did the team consider it solid?

49

INT. VIN DE VIE - EVENING (PRESENT)

49

Celia and Henry across from each other, empty plates in front of them.

CELIA

You know how it is. Intelligence comes and goes, a lot of it's just smoke. But then we got the message from Europol, about Ilyas Shishani. One of his aliases had arrived in Barcelona two days earlier, from Tehran.

A moment of silence as the waitress clears out their empty plates from the starters.

HENRY

What did you know about Ilyas at this point?

CELIA

He was a Chechen extremist. You ran him as a source in Moscow.

(beat)

Then he'd joined a group in Iran that was already working with Al-Da'irat. It wasn't much of a leap to wonder if Ilyas had arrived for TRIPWIRE's "airline-related event."

HENRY

But you didn't know for sure.

CELIA

None of us knew anything. It could have just been bad intel. But then we were called back from lunch.

50

INT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA / CIA STATION - DAY (2012)

50

Celia leaves the elevator with Bill. The station's a HIVE OF ACTIVITY. TVs flash images of a plane on tarmac, HEADSHOTS of TERRORISTS, among them TURKISH ALLIANCE STEWARDESS (who we recognize from CELIA'S DREAM).

Vick joins them on the way to his office.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

What's the situation?

VICK

Plane landed, and then they took it over. Six Americans are on board.

GENE WILCOX (40s, mustached) hands Vick a file as Vick continues on...

VICK

Thanks, Gene.

(to Bill)

The ambassador's meeting with the minister of foreign affairs, we're scrambling a task force and the White House is asking for options.

(re: Stewardess)

They've already killed a stewardess.

Owen, Leila and Ernst are waiting, Ernst whispering into his phone.

Vick enters with Celia and Bill, still conversing.

CELIA

Who's talking to them?

ERNST

No one.

(off Celia)

They issued their demands by calling a local TV station, closed the blinds, and cut off all communication.

Leila is passing documents around with files and pictures of the hijackers.

BILL

But we know who they are?

VICK

Leila?

LEILA

The Turks have I.D'd four. SULEIMAN WAHED, Saudi; BESLAN ABDULAYEV, Chechen; OMAR SAMATAR ALI, Somali; and NADIF DALMAR GULEED, also Somali.

(MORE)

LEILA (CONT'D)

We've got their passport photos
but not a lot more.

OWEN

They've separated the children.

Everyone looks at him.

OWEN

Nine children, between ages five
and twelve. They're in the front
as human shields.

CELIA

That's smart.

LEILA

It's inhuman.

Bill's rubbing his face.

BILL

So much for the Arab spring.

Ernst stares at an open folder in his lap, then raises
his head but says nothing.

BILL

What are their demands?

VICK

(reading from paper)
Five prisoner releases -- two in
Austria, three in Germany. In
twenty-four hours.

CELIA

Twenty-four? Jesus.

BILL

Likelihood that the Germans and
Austrians will give in?

VICK

We're still waiting to hear from
Merkel's people, but the
assessment is that she'll fold.
The Austrians are a different
story. The right's been beating
Fischer for being weak on
immigration, and this will play
into their hands.

BILL

Which means we don't know.
(scornful)
Politicians.

LEILA

What we do know is that Ilyas Shishani is in Europe, and may be coordinating this.

VICK

Henry's sniffing leads as we speak.

CELIA

The Austrians are in the loop?

ERNST

They will be.

A moment of silence. Vick goes into delegation mode:

VICK

Let's shake up our networks. Bill and Celia -- that's you. Ernst, it's time to pull in favors with the Austrians. Owen. Talk to our geeks in the Middle East. Comb through the chatter. Tell us who we're dealing with, and what they're planning next. And Leila...

(he turns to her)

...dig deeper into each of those assholes.

He gestures to the photos of the hijackers.

VICK

Maybe we can get Headquarters to kidnap their relatives. Turn the fucking tables.

We're in a dark, claustrophobic tea house, and in a corner, Henry is talking to QAMAR AYAD, a source. We can tell from Henry's face that he's feeling the pressure of the clock: He's impatient. They speak in Austrian German:

QAMAR

I told you. I don't know anything about it.

HENRY

*Never said you did. I just want to
find out what the community's
thinking right now.*

Qamar looks around, uncomfortable.

QAMAR

*We tell people until we're blue
that Islam is a religion of
peace...then something like this
happens. We're back to square one.*

HENRY

Conversation at the mosque?

QAMAR

*You want to hear that people are
taking sides? Of course they are.
But mostly they're afraid.*

Henry leaves the cafe, irritation all over his face. Dead ends everywhere.

QAMAR (V.O.)

*We remember what it was like after
9/11. You couldn't walk down the
street without feeling the hatred.*

He checks his watch and hurries on...

Henry is with a another source, of Somali descent, Yasir.

YASIR

(Austrian German)

*A few of the young ones are
packing their bags. They're headed
for Syria.*

HENRY

(Austrian German)

*So Al-Da'irat is talking to people
here in Vienna?*

YASIR

(Austrian German)

*Directly? I don't know. But some
people think they are an
inspiration.*

HENRY

(Austrian German)

Can you give me names?

YASIR looks at Henry, of course he can't.

Henry is frustrated. He takes an envelope of money from his jacket and offers it to Yasir. He accepts but shakes his head.

YASIR
(Austrian German)
It's too dangerous.

Henry is getting nowhere.

Henry's sitting in his car, and in the passenger seat another source, female this time. TAHAR. Both look out over the dark basement.

HENRY
(Austrian German)
Your family is connected. What are they saying? Is there another cell operating right now? Can we expect more hijackings? What are their capabilities?

TAHAR
(Austrian German)
I don't have the answers you're looking for.

Henry takes out a photo of Ilyas Shishani.

HENRY
(Austrian German)
His name is Ilyas Shishani.

TAHAR
(Austrian German)
I don't know this man.

HENRY
(Austrian German)
We think he might be here in Vienna...

Tahar shakes her head.

HENRY

(Austrian German)

*Is there anyone else I can talk
to?*

TAHAR

(Austrian German)

I'm sorry.

Henry sighs. Tahar gets out of the car as Henry gets a text. He looks down, frowns. Doesn't know who sent it. Then he drives off.

Looking defeated, Henry steps out of the elevator into the station. Vick, bent over a cubicle, conferring with CIA EMPLOYEES, notices him and comes over.

VICK

What's the word?

HENRY

I'm getting nothing. They're
slamming doors shut in my face.

VICK

Any leads on Ilyas Shishani?

HENRY

Either they don't know, or they're
not telling me.

VICK

Maybe we should ask the Austrians
to break down some doors.

HENRY

We gotta do something.

Vick heads back to his office, but Henry stays by the elevator, looking at a TV on the station wall: Flight 127 sitting on the tarmac.

His roaming eyes find Celia working at her desk in the bullpen, head down.

As if sensing him, she raises her head to see him weave around desks toward her. She smiles wearily.

Reaching her desk, his impulse is to kiss her, and she feels the same. But they're exposed to the rest of the station.

CELIA

How are you?

HENRY

Better now.

CELIA

Any luck?

HENRY

I've talked to eight people in the last three hours. No one's telling me anything.

CELIA

They don't know who to trust.

HENRY

People seem scared. Even my regulars aren't talking.

Celia acknowledges this.

CELIA

I'm in touch with the Muslim Women's Foundation downtown. I'll see where that leads.

Henry smiles at her, leans in...

HENRY

(whispers)

How do you manage to stay so
pretty when the world's falling
apart?

They look up and see Bill approaching from his office.
Excited. He waves for them to follow him to the SCIF
room, gestures at Owen too, while we see Ernst and Leila
making their way through the office as well:

BILL

We have contact with the plane.

It's the same crew: Ernst, Leila, Owen, Bill and Celia
enter the SCIF room. Now, though, Henry is with them.

They know something serious is up, because they've been called to the SCIF -- a soundproof, secure room with a single monitor on the wall playing muted Austrian news.

Vick enters, closes the door behind him and starts distributing files.

VICK

Ten minutes ago Headquarters got a message on the emergency line from AHMED NAJJAR, one of our Middle Eastern couriers. He's on the plane.

Everyone's stunned by this incredible coincidence. Leila hands out manila folders with Ahmed's file.

CELIA

We have an agent on Flight one-twenty-seven?

VICK

He's one of the passengers.

ERNST

We've verified his identity?

VICK

Headquarters did the vetting.
(beat)

He sent this message: "Four attackers, two guns. Children in first class. Rest in econ - Muslims starboard, rest opposite. Am with Muslims, aft. Two women critical. No power equals no cameras. Suggest rear-undercarriage attack."

Everyone's still processing this unexpected turn of luck.

OWEN

I'd say we have the upper hand.

CELIA

(reading the file)
Don't be too sure. For the last six years Ahmed hasn't done more than spike dead drops. He's fifty-eight, working the clock to retirement, and he's not trained in any counterinsurgency.

ERNST

It's too dangerous to storm the
plane. We have to negotiate.

Henry raises an eyebrow. This is not normally his place
to speak but he does it.

HENRY

Negotiate? Have you read Al-
Da'irat's manifesto?

Uncomfortable silence -- no one has read their manifesto - except, of course, Leila.

LEILA

I have. March 2006. Lays out everything they will and will not do. They will never accept anything less than their demands.

HENRY

Never. They will kill themselves before negotiating. They did that in Kinshasa. Remember? Burned everyone alive inside the central police station, including themselves. These guys do what they say, and they never go back on their word.

VICK

Almost sounds like you admire them, Henry.

HENRY

(shrugs, defiant)
They don't suffer from ambiguity. I sometimes wish we could say that about ourselves.

Brief silence.

BILL

(to Vick)
What did the Germans say?

VICK

That they'll ship their prisoners to Vienna as a show of goodwill, but Merkel won't let them go. Thinks it's political suicide.

BILL

(to Ernst)
And the Austrians?

ERNST

(apologetic)
They are gonna play tough. Particularly now that the Germans aren't bending.

Silence, as all absorb this information.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

So if the Germans and Austrians don't want to bow to the demands, our only option is to storm the plane.

BILL

We're not storming anything. This isn't American soil. All we can do is sit back and advise the Austrians. Hope that they'll get their fucking act together.

OWEN

(looks at Vick)

How do we advise to the Austrians that this be accomplished?

VICK

(to Leila)

What do you think?

LEILA

If we don't get inside that plane in the next 20 hours, it's going to be a bloodbath.

VICK

Henry, you have field experience with these people. What's your take on this?

HENRY

The undercarriage. Just like Ahmed suggested. It's been done before. Some passengers will be killed, but that's better than all of them dying.

Everyone is trying to come to terms with the bleakness of the situation.

CELIA

You're forgetting something.

Everyone looks at her.

CELIA

(nods at TV screen)

They didn't call the media on a lark -- they wanted eyes on the outside of the plane.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

So the Austrians will cordon them
off. Get the broadcasters to play
a loop.

(CONTINUED)

CELIA

(shakes head)

The major broadcasters might play along, but that plane's sitting at the end of a runway surrounded by open field. Someone with a telephoto lens is probably live-streaming on YouTube right now. We have no idea what they're watching in there.

A beat as everyone realizes that she is right.

Celia checks the wall clock. She gets to her feet.

CELIA

I'm terribly sorry, I've got an important meet.

Vick's question is on his face.

CELIA

Muslim Women's Association, maybe there's a lead.

VICK

(to everyone)

Let's keep this quiet. I don't want anyone knowing about our friend Ahmed.

(re: busy bullpen)

Not even our people out there.

Everyone nods.

A moment of silence as the Waitress arrives with more wine. Celia leans back, watching Henry, reflecting.

The old couple having paid their cheque, is getting up to leave. The man coughs again. The woman seems to not even notice.

HENRY

Why here?

(off Celia)

Carmel. I'm guessing you could have moved anywhere.

CELIA

Good schools.

Henry frowns, not buying this.

HENRY

Drew's idea?

CELIA

It was as far from the Agency as I
could get.

Henry nods -- this is a reason he can understand.

HENRY
You got out clean.

CELIA
No one got out clean after one
twenty seven.

Henry recognizes that his comment was insensitive.

HENRY
No. You're right.

Celia looks at him a moment, then decides to tell him something.

CELIA
Two weeks after arriving here, I
get a visit from a guy named Karl.
With a K. Actually it was at this
restaurant...

Same restaurant, but FULL OF PEOPLE and WAIT STAFF. Note that the staff are all different from tonight's crew.

Celia's with a genial-looking older man, KARL STEIN (60), who's talking with quiet intensity. Celia looks ANGRY.

CELIA (V.O.)
He tells me that Bill...my Bill...
the one I've devoted a chunk of my
life to, has been selling secrets
to the highest bidder. Not to
France, not to China or Russia,
but to the Islamist extremists.

Celia gets up to leave. Karl rises, too.

CELIA (V.O.)
Karl wants me to help bring him
down. He wants me to fly to Vienna
and entrap him. One-twenty-seven,
he tells me, is still very fresh
for the Austrians, and they're
demanding answers.

Karl writes on a business card and hands it over. Just a phone number, and he's written "KARL STEIN" above it.

60

INT. VIN DE VIE - EVENING (PRESENT)

60

Henry blinks -- this is news to him.

HENRY

Any evidence?

Celia shakes her head.

CELIA

They were looking for a scapegoat.

HENRY

What did you do?

CELIA

I told him to go fuck himself.

Henry nods in approval. She takes a beat.

CELIA

My point though, is that Karl ruined me. After his visit I started feeling like a ghost... and the nightmares... That's when I saw the doctor.

HENRY

You seem better now.

CELIA

Evan cured me. When I had him, my life wasn't just about me anymore.

HENRY

Maybe I should have a kid.

CELIA

It's not for the faint of heart.

HENRY

You think I'm too selfish?

CELIA

Definitely.

Henry doesn't quite know what to make of this.

HENRY

I remember you left the station to meet someone...from the Muslim Women's Foundation?

(CONTINUED)

CELIA

It turned out to be useless.

HENRY

Who did you meet?

CELIA

One of my regular contacts,
Sabina. She couldn't stay, though -
- because of the hijacking, they
were deluged by women scared that
Austrian boys would attack them on
the street. But Sabina had brought
a friend -- TAHAR.

CLOSE ON HENRY: He's there. He needs to know...

HENRY

Go on.

CELIA

It was a bust. Really. Amateur
hour. This woman, Tahar, said she
could introduce me to someone who
could answer my questions.

Celia's following a small, hijabed woman -- TAHAR. (NOTE:
THIS IS THE SAME WOMAN THAT HENRY TALKED TO PREVIOUSLY IN
SC. 55).

They're in a poor immigrant neighborhood, nothing like
the pristine, tourist center of Vienna.

They stop in front of a run-down building. Tahar talks to
her, serious, holding out her hand.

CELIA (V.O.)

She insisted I give her my phone,
because whoever we were meeting
wouldn't stand for it.

Hesitantly, Celia takes out her phone, checks to see that
it's pass-code locked.

CELIA (V.O.)

I should've taken that as a
warning. But I was cocky back
then.

61 CONTINUED:

61

Celia hands over the phone. Tahar pockets it and leads her inside...

62 INT. RUN-DOWN BUILDING, VIENNA - CONTINUOUS

62

Dark, lit by a weak bulb up on the second floor. They climb narrow stairs to reach a soiled door.

Tahar pauses at the door, KNOCKS. Distantly, a MUMBLE. She opens the door, and they enter a dilapidated, water-damaged room. A single chair and small card table sit in the center. On the table, cigarettes and a half-full ashtray. Tahar closes the door.

TAHAR

(in German)

Wait.

Celia doesn't like this. She checks the exits -- a high window, door to the stairwell, and a cracked door leading to another room.

She sits.

Tahar disappears through the cracked door, which CREAKS. We focus on Celia, waiting, listening:

- MUTED CONVERSATION from the other room, man and woman;

- BEGINNING OF A CELL PHONE HUM that's cut short. (This is Celia's phone, but neither she nor we can be sure of it.);

- MURMUR OF MALE VOICE.

The door CREAKS, and large, tough-looking MOHAMMED DUDAYEV steps through. He's dressed casually -- jeans, sweater, beard. Head shaved bald. His voice is THICK WITH ACCENT (Chechen).

MOHAMMED

Celia Harrison. *As-salamu alaykum.*

CELIA

Who are you?

MOHAMMED

(Pause)

Can I offer you some tea? A cigarette?

CELIA

I don't have time.

(CONTINUED)

MOHAMMED

I see.

He walks casually around her. Not threatening, just wandering. She turns her head to keep track of him.

CELIA

I was told you had information.
About Flight one-twenty-seven.

MOHAMMED

(Pause)

What we need to settle first is
the question of compensation.

CELIA

You're asking to be paid?

MOHAMMED

We need power. Power comes from
money. If a man cannot get money-
power, then he will reach for
violent power. You agree?

CELIA

Do you have any information or
not?

MOHAMMED

(mock surprise)
You do not trust me?

CELIA

That depends.

MOHAMMED

As a representative of the least
trusted nation on Earth, you
should recognize sincerity when it
stands before you.

Celia blinks, not sure what to make of this.

CELIA

I meant no offence.

Celia hesitates, finally recognizing how vulnerable she
is.

The door CREAKS again. Mohammed looks up to see Tahar
standing there, just looking at him.

(CONTINUED)

MOHAMMED

(to Celia)

Moment, please.

He heads into the other room, while Tahar remains in the doorway, silent, watching Celia.

Then Mohammed returns, shaking his head, holding Celia's phone. He's removed the battery, and hands both parts over.

MOHAMMED

You are right -- do not trust me.

You can find your way out.

Unsure, she nods, then stands, pocketing the pieces of phone.

He opens the door for her.

MOHAMMED

Go, then. *As-salamu alaykum*.

Celia looks at him, then at the impenetrable Tahar, and leaves. She RUSHES down the stairs.

CELIA (V.O.)

I don't think he had anything.

She's frowning, still puzzling over that strange memory.

CELIA

It was just an attempt at easy money.

ON HENRY: Dead serious. All this means something to him, more than it means to her.

Celia arrives, stepping out of the elevator, still shaken by her experience with Mohammed Dudayev.

She heads toward her desk, but before she reaches it she's blindsided by Henry. All decorum gone, he embraces her and kisses her fully on the lips. Passionate.

A few CIA EMPLOYEES look up from their desks, grinning.

CELIA
(Smiles, a little
embarrassed)
Hello.

Henry's hand is in her hair.

HENRY
Are you alright?

He looks closely, as if examining her for damage. Relief swells in him.

CELIA
Strange night...but yeah.

HENRY
I want to take you home. Can I
take you home?

Before Celia can answer, Bill approaches, frowning deeply. But not about them.

BILL
Come with me. We got another
message.

Henry closes the door. Bill's at his desk, Celia between them.

BILL
Ahmed tells us that a hijacker
spoke Russian on a cell phone.

Henry nods; he knows why this is important. We also catch a grimace -- something more. Something bad.

CELIA
(looking at Henry)
Ilyas Shishani speaks Russian.

BILL
Look, it means something, or it
doesn't.
(to Henry)
Ilyas was your source in Moscow.
You wanna tell us what happened? I
heard you got transferred out back
then.

Henry on guard.

65 CONTINUED:

65

HENRY
It didn't end well.

Bill frowns.

BILL
Who was Ilyas handed off to?

HENRY
He wasn't handed off to anyone.

Bill's question is on his face.

66 INT. MOSCOW BAKERY - DUSK (2002)

66

A thin, morose-looking Chechen, flour-spattered ILYAS SHISHANI (late-20s), towel over his shoulder, enters the back room after a long day's work. His daughter ASET (4) is on his hip. He tenses, noticing the DOOR TO THE STORAGE ROOM is cracked open.

HENRY (V.O.)
Ilyas was only the second agent
I'd turned.

He puts Aset down and tells her to go to her mother.

HENRY (V.O.)
He'd escaped Grozny in the
nineties and eventually put
together his own shop in Moscow.

FOLLOW Aset to the front counter, where her mother ELMIRA (20s, in a smock) flattens and counts cash, making notes in a ledger. The place is empty.

HENRY (V.O.)
Hard worker. Loyal husband. He
gave me an ear into the Chechen
community.

FOLLOW ILYAS into the storage room -- metal shelves, boxes and...

HENRY (V.O.)
I had built a relationship with
him based on trust. I liked him.

... a younger HENRY in a plastic chair, clutching a Coca-Cola.

HENRY (V.O.)
We liked each other.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

Ilyas relaxes and approaches.

67 INT. CIA STATION, US EMBASSY, MOSCOW - DAY

67

We're in the office of Moscow's STATION CHIEF -- their Vick. He's an efficient little bureaucrat, talking calmly from behind his desk. Rationally. Patiently. Explaining how the world works.

HENRY (V.O.)

Putin had dressed up the Nord-Ost siege as the Russian 9/11. Extremism wasn't only our problem anymore. And that's when they told us they had compelling evidence of an imminent attack on our embassy in Tblisi. But they wouldn't give it to us without a trade-off. My C.O.S. walked me through it -- the brass wasn't happy, but giving up a source was our only play. They landed on Ilyas -- low level enough not to be damaging.

CAMERA MOVES to the other side of the desk, where Younger Henry, standing, takes the news badly. This feels very wrong.

68 INT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA / BILL'S OFFICE - EVENING (2012)

68

Celia and Bill are both shocked to hear this story.

BILL

You're saying we gave up a source?

CELIA

And Tblisi?

HENRY

Never materialized. The Russians fucked us.

BILL

Christ.

(shakes head)

I didn't know.

(a kind smile)

I thought that you'd fucked up in Moscow.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

HENRY

I was removed in case the Russians
used Ilyas to get to me.

69 INT. MOSCOW BAKERY - NIGHT (2002)

69

The shop is DARK. A crack of light as Younger Henry,
clearly breaking in, enters.

He wanders through the place -- some shelves knocked
over, old bread and flour on the floor, as after a
scuffle.

HENRY (V.O.)

Later, I heard he had ended up in
Tehran. But he wasn't radical when
I knew him.

(CONTINUED)

Henry is grim -- he's beginning to understand.

HENRY (V.O.)

His life was there. His wife and daughter... He was a baker for Christ's sake. He loved his job. He didn't know anything...nothing useful anyway.

Celia stares, sympathetic, but Henry doesn't want their sympathy.

HENRY

He trusted me and we gave his name to the Russians.

BILL

You think you can find him?

Henry looks like it's hopeless.

HENRY

We're wasting our time. We need to get inside that plane or give them what they want.

Bill gets up to leave and heads for the door.

BILL

Let me talk to Vick.

HENRY

These guys don't fuck around. We don't want them to lose their patience.

CELIA

Henry...

Bill turns around and looks at Henry, equally frustrated with the politics of the situation.

BILL

There's a process! Let me find out where the fucking politicians are.

He leaves.

Celia and Henry are left alone. Henry's story still reverberating in the room.

HENRY

None of this matters.

Celia's question is on her face.

HENRY

A hundred and twenty people on a plane. A hundred and thirty-one in a theater... They're people, and people have intrinsic value, but to us, to you and me they have to stay numbers. It's the only way we survive.

(beat)

When you cut through all the lies and double-speak, and peel away all this...

(motions to the embassy around them)

It's simple. We take care of our own. Everything out there, all those strangers...It's not ours...This...

(points to her, at himself)

I only ever want to be responsible for you.

Silence. Celia comes over and squats in front of him. Her face is full of appreciation for the pain Henry must have gone through.

HENRY

I've been thinking.

CELIA

(warning, smile)

You know how I feel about thinking.

He holds her look. He wants to make sure she understands the gravity of what he is going to ask her.

HENRY

Move in with me.

Celia's a little stunned. Then she leans closer, smiling.

HENRY

I know what kind of people we are.
We hold off. We're careful. We
wall ourselves off. But I can't
lose this. I won't lose this.

She takes his hand in hers. She's happy -- as if he's asked her hand in marriage.

Henry, full of memories, deflates just a little.

HENRY

By the next morning you'd walked
out on me.

Celia takes a beat. Drinks from her wine.

CELIA

We were talking about "one twenty
seven."

Henry doesn't answer.

CELIA

We are aren't we?

Henry sits quietly with that for a beat. Then nods.

VICK (V.O.)

There's been another message...

72

INT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA / SCIF - EVENING (2012)

72

Vick's talking to the whole crowd -- Ernst, Bill, Owen, Leila, Celia and Henry, who is on his feet, leaning against the wall.

VICK

...from Ahmed...and it's not upbeat.

(reads from computer screen)

"Cancel the attack plan. They have a camera on the undercarriage. I do not know how, but it is clear they know what they are doing. Very serious. I suggest we give them what they are asking for, or everyone will end up dead."

Henry wipes his mouth. He looks a little off.

CELIA

How did they get a camera on the outside of the plane?

OWEN

They could have done it in Istanbul. All it takes is a baggage loader to attach it to the hull.

LEILA

I've been suspicious about Atatürk Airport for a while.

BILL

Has anyone seen this camera? The Austrians have had eyes on the plane all day long -- and no one noticed anything out of the ordinary?

ERNST

Just because we don't see it doesn't mean it's not there.

CELIA

Have we shared this last message with the Austrians?

Ernst shakes his head, ashamed. There's a noticeable hesitation in the room.

(CONTINUED)

VICK

The Austrians don't know about
Ahmed. We're trying to keep it
quiet.

(CONTINUED)

The SURPRISE is etched into Celia's face.

CELIA

There's an airplane full of people whose lives are at risk on that runway...and we haven't told the Austrians about Ahmed! Maybe it's time to start sharing, if we want to get anyone out of that plane alive.

VICK

It's Headquarters' call. They're not sure we can trust the Interior Ministry.

Celia glares at Vick, then at Ernst, who's chewing the inside of his cheek. They all know that this is pure idiocy and there's no time for idiocy.

CELIA

Ernst?

ERNST

You know how it is. We didn't vet the Austrians.

In the silence, Henry crosses to the door and exits. Celia watches him go.

BILL

Celia is right. We have to start sharing our intel. We've taken this as far as we can on our own.

They all agree, but silently. Owen and Ernst nod.

VICK

Let me see what else I can do to pressure Headquarters.

We're with Suleiman's PHONE CAMERA again. The SHOT is of the coach section of the plane, about a HUNDRED PASSENGERS, now prisoners, filling the chairs. TWO TERRORISTS pace the aisles, holding pistols.

The Passengers are in a state. They've been on this dead plane for half a day now. The older Passengers are sweating, ties undone, fanning themselves. Men in undershirts help women. Somewhere a WOMAN CRIES QUIETLY, MOANING.

(CONTINUED)

Though we don't see Suleiman, he's holding the phone, and then we HEAR:

SULEIMAN (V.O.)

This will be over soon. Once our brothers have their freedom, you will be given yours!

No one is encouraged by his words.

CAMERA TURNS to starboard, where the Muslims are collected but treated no better than the rest.

SULEIMAN (V.O.)
(Arabic)
*Brothers, sisters -- You are
taking part in a great struggle!
This is for love. Love of Allah.
Love of our parents and children.*

FOCUS ON a grayed BEARDED MAN who resembles a cleric.

SULEIMAN (V.O.)
(Arabic)
*Grandfather, I know you
understand.*

BEAT on the Bearded Man, who only STARES, trying unsuccessfully to hide his disgust and resentment.

The Waitress arrives holding aloft a tray of California delicacies.

WAITRESS
Pan-seared cod with a cilantro and
lime crumb, and soy glazed garden
vegetables, for the lady.
(she sets it down)
And for the gentleman, glazed
Californian grass-fed short rib,
with lotus root chips and rainbow
slaw.

As she sets his down, Henry leans back.

HENRY
Thanks.

WAITRESS
Can I get you more wine?

Henry nods, but Celia shakes her head no.

HENRY
I'll change to red, thanks.

WAITRESS
Certainly, would you like to see
the wine menu?

Henry remembering the long list.

HENRY

I'll take whatever you recommend.

WAITRESS

I'll see what I can find.

As the Waitress departs, she REVEALS behind her the Man -- he's staring directly at Henry over the rim of his glass as Celia takes a bite of her fish.

CELIA

Mmm. You should try this.

When Henry turns back, Celia's holding out a bite of cod. He tastes. Approves.

CELIA

Say what you like about California, the fish is fresh.

He relaxes again, then cuts a bite of beef for Celia. Holds it out.

She shakes her head.

CELIA

I don't touch land animals anymore.

HENRY

You enjoyed that bacon, didn't you?

CELIA

You told me to live a little.

HENRY

Then live a little more.

CELIA

I've lived plenty.

He pops the beef in his mouth. He's going to say something, but then the Waitress returns with the bottle of Henry's wine. He leans back and smiles at her, but she won't meet his gaze, staring only at his glass.

Despite her focus, the wine GLUG-GLUGS, spilling a few drops on the tablecloth. She colors -- seemingly horrified.

WAITRESS

(flustered)

I'm so sorry.

HENRY

No problem.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS

Excuse me.

As she turns and exits, Henry reaches for his wine and glances back at her, making a face.

CELIA

She's nervous from all your ogling.

HENRY

I'm not ogling.

Celia smiles a sad smile. Henry takes a sip of the wine. Celia looks as if she wants to say something, but then she pauses for a second, changing the subject.

CELIA

You said you talked to Bill?

HENRY

A week ago.

CELIA

How is he?

HENRY

Old. Retired.

CELIA

Did you put him through all this, too? The detailed regurgitation?

Henry shrugs.

At the same window table, Bill's upset -- and angry.

BILL

They're chasing ghosts.

HENRY

Maybe so. But they're not gonna stop asking questions. I'm not gonna stop asking questions. Too many things don't add up.

BILL

What are you getting at, Henry? Are you trying to accuse me of something?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BILL (CONT'D)

Do you know how many years of my
life I've given to my country? The
lies -- the duplicity?

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

Do you know how much abuse I've taken for the fucking Agency?

HENRY

We all gave. Nobody forced you.

Bill opens his hands to display the worn man who looks older than he should.

BILL

Take a gander at your future. This is what you end up with.

Henry shakes his head.

HENRY

My balls are still firmly attached. How's Sally?

Bill, shocked and offended, points at Henry.

BILL

You have no idea what it means to walk in my shoes. You come here. You accuse me --

HENRY

(cuts in, hard)

Bill, when I accuse you of collaborating with America's enemies, you'll know it. I won't be alone. There'll be two big guys behind you holding on to your arms. And we won't be in a pub. We'll be in a Romanian basement.

A long pause as Bill, shrinking back, collects himself.

BILL

I'm just -- it still hurts, thinking about those days. I get tremors. I'm not a well man.

Bill comes out of his office, pulling on his coat, and stops by Celia's cubicle.

HENRY (V.O.)

I remember Bill left the office that evening, shortly after we got Ahmed's third message. Do you know why?

As he speaks with her, he puts a comforting hand on her shoulder -- he's asking how she's holding up, giving her words of support. But we HEAR:

CELIA (V.O.)

Sally had come down with one of her passive-aggressive illnesses.

HENRY (V.O.)

Sally was always his perfect excuse.

FOLLOW Bill: He nods to CIA EMPLOYEES on his way to the elevator, though he's clearly distracted by something serious.

CELIA (V.O.)

No -- he made excuses for her. He'd tried to leave her the night before --

On Celia:

CELIA

-- No, you didn't know that did you? She went on a rampage, smashing things. Then got a shooting pain in her arm. He tried to take her to the hospital, but she refused. Next morning she collapsed and started bleeding from her nose.

Henry frowns, not having known the full story.

HENRY

So Bill left the office to deal with Sally -- when was that?

CELIA

Around nine, nine-thirty.

77 CONTINUED:

77

HENRY

And you used his office after that.

(beat)

What was everyone else doing?

78 INT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA / CIA STATION - NIGHT (2012)

78

Celia's carrying a cup of coffee and clutching a stack of files.

CELIA (V.O.)

We were all trying to stay on top of the situation, but we had to wait for the Austrians and the Germans. Owen was doing his cyber work. Ernst and Leila were talking to their contacts. Vick was briefing Washington --

She passes mustached Gene Wilcox, who's going through online Austrian newspapers.

CELIA (V.O.)

-- and GENE.. I guess he was scouring media coverage for anything that might help.

He gives her a lascivious glance as she, balancing her coffee, opens the door to Bill's office and enters...

79 INT. VIN DE VIE, NIGHT

79

CELIA

There was a weird disconnect, remember?

HENRY

I was out trying to get a lead on Ilyas.

Celia takes that in.

CELIA

I've sometimes wondered if he chose Vienna because of you.

HENRY

Why would he do that?

(CONTINUED)

CELIA

I don't know. To goad you? To try
and get your help? Maybe to give
himself up to you.

Henry grins.

HENRY

I don't think he chose Vienna out
of a personal vendetta.

Celia sets down her mug and drops the files onto Bill's
desk, then settles into his comfy chair.

She arranges files on the large, empty desktop.

SIGHING, she opens and begins to read.

We SEE:

- A file on ILYAS SHISHANI -- with pictures of daughter
ASET (age 6) and wife ELMIRA (40);
- a file on AHMED NAJJAR, courier;
- and print-outs of the TWO TEXT MESSAGES from Ahmed.

Celia looks at Aset Shishani -- notes an entry under her
picture: "DECEASED -- February 2004 -- Haemophilia." She
sighs, then puts the file away.

FOCUS ON THE MESSAGES FROM AHMED. We READ them with her.
In fact, we HEAR HER READING ALOUD, but in a WHISPER, and
only FRAGMENTS:

"4 attackers 2 guns. Children in 1st cl. Rest in econ -
Muslims starboard, rest opposite. Am with Muslims aft.

2 women critical. No power=no cameras. Suggest rear undercarriage attack."

"Lead hijacker on phone. Speaks Russian. Don't know to translate."

"Cancel the attack plan. They have a camera on the undercarriage. I do not know how, but it is clear they know what they are doing. Very serious. I suggest we give them what they are asking for, or everyone will end up dead."

ON CELIA: She NOTICES something. Frowns.

Goes through the notes again. With her finger, touches fragments:

"...don't"

Then: "...do not."

"1st cl. Rest in econ"

Then: "...it is clear they know what they are doing."

"No power=no cameras."

Then: "I suggest we give them what they are asking for..."

ON CELIA: BLINKING. She's put something together. Something very wrong.

Bill speaks, exasperated, to Henry.

BILL

Of course we noticed the difference between Ahmed's second message and the first one. Complete sentences. As if he suddenly had all the time in the world for good grammar. We all noticed -- we just knew better than to say it aloud.

HENRY

No one did anything?

BILL

Before I left that night Vick called me in to discuss the elephant in the room.

HENRY

Just you?

BILL

Yes. We had to deal with the possibility that it wasn't Ahmed talking to us anymore. And if he'd been discovered, who blew his cover? We'd kept his identity under lock and key. Not even the Austrians knew he was in there.

(beat)

Of course there was the possibility that we were wrong. Maybe this was Ahmed, alive and well, and he'd just decided to waste a lot of time with articles and prepositions. Or maybe it wasn't Ahmed, but he'd simply given himself away -- stupidity and bad luck run international affairs as much as anything else.

(beat)

We didn't know anything, not really. We were clutching at straws

HENRY

Did you discuss this with Celia?

Bill shakes his head.

BILL

She had to be considered a suspect. Everyone was. I'm not sure why Vick decided to trust me -
- Maybe he was trying to gauge my reaction. Maybe he wanted to see what I was going to do next. For all I know he sat down with others for the same conversation.

HENRY

Afterward, when Headquarters sent those guys from the counter espionage group, how did you explain all of it to them?

Bill grows tense.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

I didn't.

HENRY

No?

BILL

Well, there was no point anymore,
was there?

HENRY

How's that?

BILL

It was done. We'd failed. If we'd started shouting about a mole, it would've been the end of all of us.

HENRY

You were covering your ass.

BILL

Yes. We all did. And don't tell me you wouldn't have done the same.

HENRY

(sharp)

I'm not the one who lied to counter espionage.

Henry leans in close as if he is onto something important.

CELIA

There was an anomaly. Ahmed told us the layout of the hostages and suggested an attack plan. Then suddenly his tone changed. He was telling us to cooperate.

HENRY

Maybe he realized his attack plan wasn't going to work.

CELIA

But it wasn't just that. Why did he suddenly sound like a different person?

A long pause as they both refuse to answer the question. Celia sips her wine and watches him coolly.

HENRY

You're saying he was discovered earlier than we thought?

CELIA

It's obvious.

HENRY

Is it?

Again, silence. She stares him down.

HENRY

Did you suspect that someone in our station had betrayed Ahmed?

CELIA

Well, the Austrians couldn't have -
- they didn't know he existed.

Beat.

HENRY

Is this why you asked for the phone logs?

Celia tilts her head, slight surprise, but she holds Henry's look for a beat, knows where this is coming from.

CELIA

You talked to Gene.
(acidic)
How is he these days?

HENRY

Making a fortune with military contractors in Dallas.

CELIA

Good for him.

HENRY

So it seemed reasonable to you that this traitor would use an embassy phone to call the terrorists and blow Ahmed's cover?

CELIA

Intuition isn't always reasonable.

HENRY

Did you find anything?

Beat on Celia.

CELIA

Well, you looked over those logs yourself. Didn't you?

83 INT. LONDON PUB - DAY (FLASHBACK)

83

HENRY

Why was Celia looking at the phone logs?

BILL

I didn't know she was.

HENRY

That night, right after you left the office.

84 INT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA / BILL'S OFFICE - NIGHT (2012)

84

Celia's looking through the phone records, when her finger pauses on one number from "EXTENSION 4952" to a long number that begins: "+9821..." A "27 SECOND" call.

HENRY (V.O.)

What do you think she found?

BILL (V.O.)

Why don't you tell me, Henry.

HENRY (V.O.)

What would she do if she discovered the boss she adored had placed some questionable calls from his phone? Calls to Iran.

BILL (V.O.)

What?!

She frowns, then looks at Bill's phone. The extension is listed below the keypad: "4952."

HENRY (V.O.)

You see, Bill, I went through the logs myself, a week ago. There was a direct call, from your line, to a number in Tehran. Half a minute long, nine oh-three P.M.

Now Celia is really scared.

She stands BOLT UPRIGHT.

Then sits.

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED:

84

HENRY (V.O.)

It boggles the mind that someone
so immersed in clandestine affairs
would make that call from his own
office phone. You said it
yourself, though -- stupidity runs
international relations as much as
anything else.

Celia steadies her breaths.

Writes the phone number on a slip of paper, pockets it.

Gets up again, and leaves.

85

INT. LONDON PUB - DAY

85

Bill lays his trembling hands on the tabletop.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

What are you saying? Christ, Henry. Are you looking for a scapegoat? Anyone could have used my phone. You, Celia, Vick, Owen, Leila, Ernst...Are you interrogating Ernst? You should. He's the one who kept walking off to call his Austrians.

HENRY

Let's not play the name game, Bill. We don't do that. We look at the evidence. We follow the facts...Only two people had access to your office, so don't fuck around with me...This whole life you've built for yourself -- your cute Hampstead house and pubs and dinner clubs -- it can disappear like that.

Henry SNAPS his fingers. Bill FLINCHES.

HENRY

Now talk to me about Celia.

Bill, wet-eyed, is desperate.

85A

INT. FLIGHT 127

85A*

Seen through Suleiman's Camera (Beslan is holding it). *

Sleiman's got a good grip on Ahmed's shirt, while pointing his pistol right into the side of Ahmed's face. There's a bruise on Ahmed's right cheekbone from where he has probably been pistol whipped. *

Suleiman talks directly to the camera. *

SULEIMAN *

You have not listened to our demands. Instead you went behind our backs and put a spy on our plane. *

There's a long beat. Ahmed looks down. He has no hope left. Knows these people only too well. *

Then Suleiman continues. *

85A

CONTINUED:

85A

SULEIMAN

Now this man will die for what you
have done. This will be our last
warning. *Allahu Akbar.*

*
*
*
*

The camera gets unsteady as Beslan reaches out to open
the plane door.

*
*

When he points the camera back up, we see that Suleiman
has marched Ahmed into the latch pointing his gun to the
back of his head.

*
*
*

Then he shoots, and Ahmed drops from the plane like a
rag. Suleiman shouts out the door 'Take away your spy'.

*
*

86

EXT. VIENNA STREET 3 - MOMENTS LATER

86

Under a cold drizzle, Celia walks down a dark sidewalk,
looks over her shoulder.

She finds a quiet alley and takes out a BURNER PHONE,
types in the number from the note and waits.

The CLICKING of the connection being made; TWO RINGS.
CLICK as someone answers.

RUSSIAN VOICE (V.O.)

(in Russian)

Who is it?

ON CELIA'S FACE: What to do?

RUSSIAN VOICE (V.O.)

(in Russian)

Who is speaking?

Silence.

The phone goes DEAD. She hangs up, a horror growing in her...

87

INT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA / CIA STATION - NIGHT (2012)

87

The elevator doors OPEN, and Celia walks in, stunned by the call she just made. Her hair's damp.

Gene Wilcox looks at her over the rim of his computer.

GENE

Did you see it?

CELIA

See what?

He motions her over with a concerned look and shows her his computer. It's a video from ORF, the German news channel. Flight 127 sitting on the runway lit up by spotlights.

GENE

They killed a passenger.

In the side of the plane we SEE movement: a dark hole appears. The hatch opens.

A FIGURE, hazy and unclear, but male, is PUSHED INTO the open doorway by one of the terrorists.

He stands there, terrified, then POP!

He's shot in the back of the head. His body tumbles out.

The CAMERA JERKS DOWN to find the corpse crumpled on the tarmac. Then it MOVES UP to where Suleiman stands shouting out at the camera.

SULEIMAN

TAKE AWAY YOUR SPY!

He PULLS the hatch SHUT.

ON CELIA: She's about to BREAK.

88

INT. VIN DE VIE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

88

Henry and Celia locked into the memory of Ahmed's death.

Henry takes a sip of his wine. Celia looks at him with a sad expression, while A NEW WAITER, dressed in black, arrives with two bottles of wine -- a young man with hipster sideburns named FREDDY (Eagle-eyed viewers may recognise him from outside the UPS STORE.)

As he refills their glasses...

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Is the waitress alright?

FREDDY

Sir?

HENRY

She seemed...I don't know.
Distraught.

FREDDY

Oh, she's fine. Actually...
(lowers voice)
...she's two months pregnant.
Morning sickness all day long.
She's heading home early. But I'll
take care of you from here.

HENRY

Wish her well, then.

FREDDY

I'll do that.

Freddy withdraws, and Henry and Celia watch each other in
silence a moment.

CELIA

Why don't you pin it on Owen
Lassiter?

(beat)

He killed himself, after all.
Three months later. No one ever
explained it, not really.

(MORE)

CELIA (CONT'D)

There was a love affair gone bad,
but it went bad after One-twenty-
seven.

(beat)

Guilt destroys his relationship,
then guilt and loneliness destroy
him. It's a perfect little
narrative, and he's not around to
defend himself.

Henry nods -- this isn't a new idea.

HENRY

His uncle sits on the Homeland
Security and Governmental Affairs
Committee. I'll need more than a
perfect little narrative to make
that stick.

CELIA

How about Ernst?

HENRY

(re:Deputy Director
for Operations)
Ernst is advising the DDO. Beyond
my reach.

Celia smiles a small, sad smile.

CELIA

There's an easier patsy.

They share a look.

CELIA

She was a regular at the mosque.

Henry smirks.

HENRY

Leila's a White House liaison --
harder to get at than Ernst.

CELIA

She cried so much at the end.
Remember? I think it was harder on
her than anyone else.

Both reflect on Leila's tears a moment -

CELIA

And you?
(off Henry)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CELIA (CONT'D)

You're as much a suspect as anyone.

HENRY

Vick cleared me.

CELIA

Really? How?

Henry sighs.

HENRY

Look. I don't want to do this any more than you do.

CELIA

(coolly)
But it's your job.

He almost nods, but doesn't. Celia looks at him a beat.

(CONTINUED)

CELIA

It's the things we don't know that get to me -- and what happened inside that plane. I can't let it go.

(beat)

What would I have done if I'd been one of the passengers? Would I have fought back? With Ginny and Evan, the nightmares have become unbearable.

DREAM - INT. FLIGHT 127 - DAY

In the corridor of the full airplane, SULEIMAN WAHED, the hijacker, walks past the camera to REVEAL Celia in her seat with Evan and Ginny. They're in shock -- looking at -

-- TURKISH ALLIANCE STEWARDESS, just shot by Suleiman, dying quickly in the corridor. Suleiman crouches beside her.

CELIA (V.O.)

In my dream I'm paralyzed...

Hijacker BESLAN ABDULAYEV (Chechen), rangy and wild, appears by Celia, pointing a gun at her, demanding the children.

CELIA (V.O.)

...I sit there. I grasp at the hope that if I do what they say everything will turn out all right...

Ginny's RIGID with fear. Evan shakes his head no.

Celia nods at Abdulayev. She unbuckles their belts. She tells Ginny and Evan to go with him.

Abdulayev leans down to grab Ginny. She's crying as he pulls her into the aisle. Celia, eyes wet, looks at Evan -
- somberly, he follows Ginny.

CELIA (V.O.)

I'm too scared to do anything...
I just cling on to that hope...

The kids stand in the aisle, their backs to Celia. Behind them, Abdulayev looks back at Celia, smiling, raising his pistol to the backs of their heads.

No! She tries to launch at him, but --

ANGLE ON: Her seatbelt -- she's trying to undo it, to get out, to reach them. But there's no buckle to unlatch.

CLOSE ON CELIA.

CELIA

I never save them.

Henry looks at her. He nods. His eyes are WET. She looks small and deflated.

HENRY

One thing I still can't figure out about that night.

CELIA

Yeah?

HENRY

We're at the station. We're gonna move in together. You look into phone records, Ahmed dies... Then you come home to me. I hope you remember that.

91 EXT. VIENNA STREET - MOMENTS LATER 91

Celia, frantic and anxious, is hurrying down the dark street. Really freaked out.

SOUND: PHONE RINGING. CLICK.

HENRY (V.O.)

Hey. You okay?

CELIA

(tight)

Where are you?

HENRY (V.O.)

Home. Changing.

92 EXT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 92

She heads inside.

CELIA

Wait for me.

93 INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT, VIENNA - MOMENTS LATER 93

Henry opens his apartment door, and Celia RUSHES IN.

She closes the door behind her, stands there for a long moment, tears in her eyes, frozen in her tracks.

HENRY

(confused)

What is it?

She can't say it, any of it. He takes her head in his hands, looks in her eyes, questioning. But she can't take gentleness now, and she attacks him, trying to consume him with her kiss, to be consumed.

They stumble deeper into his bachelor pad, pulling at each other's clothes, passion growing, desperately kissing as if they can't get enough.

94 INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT, VIENNA - MOMENTS LATER 94

They're in bed, naked, fucking.

(CONTINUED)

Celia's out of it, hardly there, trying to screw the suspicion out of her head: Her boss's phone was used to call a terrorist, and maybe by calling the same number herself she got Ahmed killed.

(NOTE: We pick up Scene 21 here.)

CLOSER, we SEE that she's crying. Henry sees this too, and begins to pull away, but she pulls him in again. He cradles her as they're making love.

HENRY (V.O.)

The next morning you left me.

Henry looks at Celia. She's saddened by the memory.

CELIA

I got scared.

Henry takes her in. This woman he's dreamed about ever since she walked out of his life.

HENRY

I was scared too.

He waits, looking for a reflection of his feelings...but finds only sadness in her.

HENRY

We were real, weren't we?

CELIA

I thought so.

HENRY

Why did you run?

She looks at him. A deep sadness in her eyes.

CELIA

I think I preferred this being an interrogation.

Henry can't hide his disappointment.

Celia shakes her head slowly.

CELIA

What have you been doing Henry,
for these past eight years, while
the rest of us have been trying to
go on living our lives?

Henry withdraws in his seat, feeling her rejection.

HENRY

Well you've convinced me.

CELIA

About what?

HENRY

That you are very convincing.

Henry starts rubbing his temples. He let's out a small
COUGH. He is not feeling well. Too distraught by the
whole thing. He needs a break. It's not heading in the
direction he'd hoped.

CELIA

Are you all right?

He gets up, maybe a little too fast. Swoons. Pats the air
with his hand.

HENRY

Okay. Be right back.

He heads to the bathroom. Celia watches him go.

At the sink, Henry SPLASHES water on his burning face. He
is not feeling well.

MAN (V.O.)

You all right?

It's the Man, coming in to relieve himself.

Henry doesn't answer him.

As the Man pees, Henry turns off the water and reaches for a towel.

MAN

Everything going to plan, Piccolo?

Henry looks at Man shaking himself off at the urinal.

HENRY

Treble?

He smiles, nodding. FLUSHES and joins Henry at the sinks.

HENRY

What are you doing here?

MAN / TREBLE

Scouting the territory.

(beat)

Oh! You mean, how did I know who you were? Vienna. You look older up close.

HENRY

I didn't expect to run into you.

MAN / TREBLE

They nearly didn't let me in.
Guess I'm not dressed well enough.
I almost had to make a scene.

Henry looks over at Treble's wrinkled suit.

Treble shuts off the faucet.

TREBLE

So?

(off Henry)

We still on?

HENRY

I don't know.

TREBLE

I'll clear it with you beforehand.
All you have to do is say yes or
no.

Treble claps a hand on Henry's shoulder, leaving him with a WET HANDPRINT.

97 INT. VIN DE VIE - MOMENTS LATER

97

Henry joins Celia as she hangs up her cell phone. The plates from the main course have been cleared out while he was in the bathroom.

CELIA
(pointing)
You take a shower?

Henry brushes at the spot on his shoulder, realizing it's Treble's handprint.

HENRY
Threw a towel over my shoulder.

He SEES Treble at his table, pulling on his jacket, leaving the restaurant.

HENRY
(re: phone)
Was that Drew?

CELIA
The kids are still up.

Henry's had enough of her children. But he pushes the feeling down.

HENRY
Tell me about the investigators
from counter espionage.

She looks at him, as if searching for something. Then:

CELIA
They were dicks.

HENRY
What did they say about the phone
logs?

CELIA
They didn't say anything.

HENRY
When you told them about the logs,
I mean.

CELIA
I didn't tell them about the logs.

Henry is stopped in his tracks.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

You suspected Ahmed had been betrayed. You found a suspicious phone call. Why didn't you tell Headquarters?

Celia looks at him defiantly.

CELIA

Do you really have to ask that question?

HENRY

Yes I do.

(beat)

Two people had access to Bill's phone.

A long pause between them. This feels like a stand-off. A moment of truth.

CELIA

You know what I thought when I found it in the logs? I thought Bill had been selling us out. I didn't understand why, or how he'd ended up roped into this mess. Then Ahmed was killed and I ran -- straight to you.

She holds his eyes. A deep defiant, sadness in her look.

CELIA

We both know that Bill didn't make that call.

HENRY

So if Bill didn't do it, what then?

CELIA

All this diversion, do you really think it makes a difference?

98

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT, VIENNA - NIGHT (2012)

98

Celia and Henry are intertwined, naked, exhausted from their long bout of intense sex. He kisses her forehead, strokes her hair.

They're staring at the ceiling, and Henry's thinking happily about their future together.

CELIA

They killed Ahmed.

Henry sits up.

HENRY

What?

CELIA

They shot him in the head.

He's shocked, holding something back.

HENRY

Shit.

(beat)

Shit.

ON HENRY'S FACE: Hard, impenetrable.

Celia wants to say more -- about Bill -- but Henry's already getting up, naked, and heading toward the bathroom.

She watches him go, then wraps a shirt around herself.

FOLLOW CELIA to the kitchenette, where she drinks a glass of water. We HEAR THE SHOWER RUNNING.

CELL PHONE HUM

She turns, frowning, to look at the rack by the front door, full of coats.

(CONTINUED)

She goes to the coats and finds in one of them an older phone (which we recognize -- it's in his pocket in the Vin de Vie) that QUILTS RINGING as soon as she pulls it out.

But for a couple seconds the display remains lit. It says:

"MISSED CALL / +9821..."

She puts it back and turns away.

Celia HALTS, frowning.

Turns back, takes out the phone and looks at the number again: "+9821"

The SHOWER SOUNDS STOP.

She thrusts the phone back into his coat and hurries back to the bedroom, starts picking up her clothes. CONFUSION IN HER FACE.

Henry exits the bathroom in a towel, damp. He notices her standing stiffly by the bed.

HENRY

You okay?

She looks at him, speechless.

He comes over.

HENRY

(quietly)

There's a clock on this, right?
It's going to end. We just do the
best we can.

Fully dressed, Henry takes Celia's hand and puts a set of keys in it. Closes her fingers over them.

HENRY

I'll meet you at the station.

Half-dressed, Celia pushes the door closed as Henry, wearing his coat now, exits.

She locks the door, holds her breath until she hears him descend the stairs. Her hand starts to shake.

99

CONTINUED: (2)

99

Then she runs to the bathroom and throws up.

CELIA (V.O.)

You were the only one who knew
Ilyas from before....

100

INT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA / SCIF - EVENING (2012)

100

(NOTE: Taken from Scene 72)

Vick talks to Ernst, Bill, Owen, Leila, Celia. Henry's
leaning against the wall...

CELIA (V.O.)

...The only one with a connection.

Henry crosses to the door and exits. Celia watches him
go, then turns back to the others. This time we notice
her subtle ponder...

101

INT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA / BILL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

101

Bill's phone on his desk. The office is empty. Through
the windows we see the station's half-empty.

Henry approaches, checks that no one sees him. He swiftly
enters and sits at Bill's desk. Looks around to be sure
no one's watching.

CELIA (V.O.)

You knew this left you vulnerable,
so you planted disinformation in
case someone investigated.

Henry picks up Bill's phone.

102

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT, VIENNA - DAWN (2012)

102

Quick CUTS:

- Celia taking her toothbrush;
- Emptying drawers of her spare clothes;
- Stuffing things into her purse;
- Rushing out.

103 INT. VIN DE VIE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

103

Henry STARES, hollow-eyed.

CELIA

I saw the number on your phone!
The last morning when you were in
the shower.

Celia's eyes are tearing up. She grabs Henry's hands.

CELIA

A hundred and twenty
people...children.
(beat)
You had no right.

Henry looks at her for a long moment. It's as if the
weight of the whole world has fallen on him.

CELIA

The fucking lies...even between
lovers.

The tears are now streaking down Celia's cheeks.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

103

BILL (V.O.)
I'm calling to warn you.

104 INT. CELIA'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

104

(NOTE: Continuation of Scene 31/32.)

Celia's in the kitchen, phone to her ear. Listening intently.

GINNY (V.O.)
(crying)
Mommy!

Instinctively, she HAULS ASS to Ginny's bedroom.

CELIA
(into phone)
Thanks, Bill. I'll call you back,
okay?

BILL (V.O.)
Okay, Cee --

She hangs up and MOVES INTO...

105 INT. CELIA'S HOUSE / GINNY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

105

Ginny's standing, red-faced, in her PJs, crying in the crib. Full of anxiety, Celia scoops her up, checks her forehead for fever, then COOS.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

CELIA
Just a dream, baby.

106 INT. CELIA'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - LATER

106

Celia's scrambling eggs. Evan plays MINECRAFT on an iPad, while Ginny, in a high chair, works messily on toast.

Drew walks in with the newspaper, shaking his head.

DREW
You seen this? Powell's running
the Fed into the ground. I mean,
how long can this nonsense go on?

But Celia's not listening. She serves a plate of eggs to Evan, who doesn't look up from his game.

STACATTO PHONE VIBRATION...A MESSAGE.

As she returns to the stove, Celia takes her phone from her slacks and SEES an EMAIL FROM HENRY PELHAM. PIECES OF TEXT:

"...GOING TO BE IN YOUR NECK OF THE WOODS..."

"...LOVE TO BUY YOU DINNER..."

"...MUCH LOVE..."

ON CELIA: Head spinning.

DREW
What is it?

She looks up, smiles.

CELIA
Ballet class is running late
today.

107 INT. CARMEL ACADEMY OF PERFORMING ARTS - DAY

107

Evan, the sole boy in black leggings and a white shirt, dances with LITTLE BALLERINAS, all directed by a TEACHER.

Celia watches, her mind racing.

Then she walks off to a corridor and takes out her phone. Takes a business card from her bag -- it's the one Karl Stein gave her back in 2013, his name handwritten on it. She dials the number. Waits, then --

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

CELIA

Karl Stein?

(beat)

Hi, this is Celia Favreau.

KARL (V.O.)

Celia. Cee to her friends. Still
living in paradise?

108 EXT. CROSSROADS SHOPPING CENTER, CARMEL - DAY (PRESENT)

108

(NOTE: Continues scene 9)

Outside the UPS Store, Celia's with KARL STEIN on a bench. They stare across the shopping center, not at each other. Celia sits somewhere between sadness and controlled fury.

Nearby, FREDDY, checks his phone, but he keeps an eye on the parking lot, watching over everything.

KARL

We got the restaurant...a waitress
and a bartender from D.C. -- A
couple of guests too...

CELIA

I want to know how.

Karl takes a long beat.

KARL

Freddy will put something in the
wine... Don't touch his glass.
(alt: Freddy will take care of
it...stick to the white.)

She looks out at some trees in the distance.

CELIA

I don't know if I can do this.

KARL

You came to us Celia. You knew
what it meant...

They go quiet as a PAIR OF LOVERS pass

KARL (CONT'D)

Is there anything you haven't told
us?

(CONTINUED)

CELIA

You still don't trust me.

KARL

Why didn't you say anything when I visited you before?

Celia shakes her head slowly.

CELIA

I didn't have enough information back then.

Karl nods.

CELIA (CONT'D)

How will I know I'm out of this for good.

KARL

Two Independent sources, same story. Good enough for me.

CELIA

After this, I don't want to hear from you ever again.

108 CONTINUED: (2)

108

KARL

You have my word.

CELIA

You can keep your word. Just leave
my family alone.

Then she leaves.

109 INT. FLIGHT 127 - DAWN (2012)

109

Suleiman's PHONE CAMERA. We're in the cockpit, where TWO PILOTS, stripped to their undershirts, are gazing hollow-eyed out the window. We're a day into the hijacking. Slowly:

SULEIMAN (V.O.)

Now is the time we send our
message.

The CAMERA TURNS to Suleiman's face. He's hollow-eyed too, the day in that hot plane taking its toll on him as well.

SULEIMAN

We speak for all the victims
around the world. We speak in the
language of the powerless. Just as
your missiles continue to strike
our people...we will strike back.

He LOOKS past the phone, out the cockpit windows, at the night. He's nervous and afraid, but resolved. We can SEE it in his vacant eyes. He's already dead.

SULEIMAN

(quietly)
Allahu akbar.

110 INT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA / CIA STATION - DAWN

110

Celia, straight from fleeing Henry's with her stuffed purse, enters the embassy, which is busier now.

Vick is in his office, talking on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ernst is yawning in his office.

Gene's at his terminal.

Bill's not around.

Leila, glancing at Celia, heads to Gene's desk.

Celia finds Owen in the break room with a coffee and a sweet bun. She goes to pour coffee.

CELIA

Anything?

OWEN

The attack's off. The Austrians got scared when Ahmed was killed.

CELIA

Are they going to give in?

OWEN

Merkel flew her prisoners here, so now they're collected. Some prison outside town.

(but)

They're just buying time.

LONG BEAT on Celia. She could say something right now.

Both LOOK UP at SOUNDS from the main room. They get up.

LEILA (V.O.)

Ask them! Don't go on hearsay!

Leila's leaning over Gene, shouting. He lifts his phone.

LEILA

Ask them if it's true!

Owen's intercepted by a young CODE-BREAKER, and they whisper to each other and head off.

Celia goes to Leila.

CELIA

What's going on?

Leila ignores her -- no time to explain...

LEILA

(to Gene)

Follow up with Headquarters! Now!

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (3)

110

Celia hurries to Vick's office. Leila fighting to hold back her frustration in the background.

LEILA

FUCK!

111 INT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA / VICK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

111

Ernst, pacing, talking loudly to Vick, who's leaning back at his desk.

ERNST

I told you. I told you all that
this --

He stops, noticing Celia.

VICK

The Austrians think they're dead.
(off Celia)
Everyone. The passengers, the
hijackers. The crew. Everyone.

She looks to the TV on the wall, but it's regular news.

CELIA

How do they know?

VICK

They don't know for sure. But
about five minutes ago --

ERNST

Ten.

VICK

Ten. They started up the engine.
The Austrians got a message. "Al-
Da'irat does not negotiate."

(beat)

Engine's still running. They've
got high-res cameras focused on
the cockpit. The pilots died. Both
of them, sitting right in their
seats.

CELIA

Shot?

Vick shakes his head.

VICK

We believe they suffocated.

(CONTINUED)

ERNST

(impatient)

Sarin. It's sarin gas! They need to bring in doses of atropine and pralidoxime. Now!

VICK

We can't go in if we don't know.

ERNST

We can't just let them die!

In that same moment, Leila comes in, pale face. Behind her the whole office has gone deadly silent. A video from inside the plane playing on a terminal. *(NOTE: this is Suleiman's recordings that we have seen in glimpses throughout the film.)*

LEILA

They posted a video from inside the plane.

Beyond Leila and Gene, Henry rushes into the station -- halts when he sees everyone's faces.

Celia and Henry meet eyes.

CELIA (V.O.)

(quietly now)

When they were all killed...I didn't know what to do.

(NOTE: Replay of part of scene 3)

The whole crew is watching Suleiman's video -- all dejected -- they've failed.

CELIA (V.O.)

Maybe you were innocent.

Focus on Celia, transfixed painfully by the video. Henry, in BG, is looking intently at her but she's not going to turn to him.

CELIA (V.O.)

Maybe that phone number wasn't connected to Ilyas. I can't say I believed this, but I wanted to.

(MORE)

112 CONTINUED:

112

CELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I loved you... So I buried
everything.

Then she leaves the room without a word.

113 INT. VIN DE VIE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

113

CLOSE ON CELIA.

CELIA

Then eight years later, you come
after Bill...and me.

(beat)

Were you gonna tell them I did it?
Or Bill?

She looks at him for a long beat, both of them fighting
back the tears.

Henry looks really sick now.

CELIA

You'd destroy my life...our lives
to save your own. After
everything... who are you?

HENRY

You know who I am Cee...

CELIA

I just don't understand why?

Then finally --

HENRY

Because I love you. I have always
loved you. I did it for you.

Celia can't process his words.

113 CONTINUED:

113

CELIA

I don't understand what you're saying.

ON HENRY: A deep sadness etched into his face.

CELIA (V.O.)

You're almost out of coffee.

114 INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT, VIENNA - MORNING (2012)

114

(NOTE: This is repeated from scene 24.)

Celia and Henry are sitting in bed, both with cups of coffee. Henry sips, then grimaces.

HENRY

This isn't your soy milk, is it?
Tastes funny.

CELIA

Arsenic.
(winks)
Busy today?

HENRY

Vick's got me looking into money-
laundering stuff.

CELIA

(snore)
Bankers.

HENRY

(smile)
Yeah. Right?

CELIA

Breakfast?

HENRY

I wish. Bankers get up early.

Celia gets up.

CELIA

Which means I have to go, too.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

She walks off, and he watches her disappear into the bathroom. He's HYPNOTIZED by the sight of her.

115 I/E. HENRY'S CAR, PARKING BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

115

NOTE: This is a repetition of sc.55

Henry's sitting in his car, and in the passenger seat we see Tahar.

HENRY

(Austrian German)

Is there anyone else I can talk to?

She shakes her head. Henry sighs. Tahar gets out of the car --

TAHAR (V.O.)

(Austrian German)

I'm sorry.

-- and as Henry starts the car he gets a text. Looks down, frowns.

ANGLE ON MESSAGE: "SCHLOSS SCHÖNBRUNN - GLORIETTE - 17.00" He has no idea who sent it.

116 EXT. SCHÖNBRUNN PALACE GARDEN, VIENNA - AFTERNOON

116

Henry walks through the big empty park. A lonely figure between the well-kept trees.

He checks his watch and continues to the Gloriette café off to the side of the park.

It's closed, but to his surprise he finds it's unlocked and enters.

117 INT. GLORIETTE - CONTINUOUS

117

It's dark. During the season it's a busy cafe. Now, chairs are stacked in corners and the counter is empty.

(CONTINUED)

There's a single table unfolded with two plastic chairs around it. On the table are two bottles of Coca-Cola.

He frowns, then looks up at the SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS.

From the gloom emerges ILYAS SHISHANI (40s), who we met briefly in his Moscow bakery in 2002. A decade older. Scarred face, a limp. Thinner, intense.

HENRY

(Russian)

Ilyas?

ILYAS

(Russian)

Henry. It's been a long time.

HENRY

(Russian)

What are you doing here?

Smiling, Ilyas approaches, hand out to shake. They do so, then Ilyas embraces Henry and kisses his cheeks.

Henry's stunned.

ILYAS

(Russian)

Come.

Ilyas takes him to the table, sits him down in front of a Coke. Henry's unsure, scared, but he goes along with it.

ILYAS

You still drink this?

Politely, Henry opens the bottle. HISS.

HENRY

(Russian)

Are you behind it? The hijacking?

ILYAS

You look so good, Henry. Imperial cities become you.

Ilyas smiles toothily and takes out a package of Marlboro Reds. Offers one to Henry, who shakes his head.

Ilyas lights one for himself.

ILYAS

Remember Moscow, Henry? You always spoke about trust. So much that I almost believed you.

The guilt swells in Henry.

HENRY

I tried to protect you... After
Nord-Ost I...

ILYAS

(interrupts)

You gave my name to the Russians.... They broke down my door. Spetznaz. Tough men. For two months I didn't see the sun. I was tortured. My leg...

(taps his knee)

...broken and reset badly. They called me a terrorist. Timid Ilyas, who bakes bread and gives secrets to the Americans... Perhaps you told them I was one?

Henry looks at him, the guilt silencing him. He has no excuses.

ILYAS

What do you think this did to my daughter? She saw her father beaten to a pulp. Taken away. She did not know if I was dead or alive...two months... And my wife? No... there was no choice for me...

(beat)

We fled. To Iran. My daughter died there...only six... because they did not have the medicines. Why? American sanctions.

Ilyas pulls himself together again, as the DING of a phone message sounds. Ilyas takes a phone out of his pocket, reads the message, and pockets it again.

ILYAS

Look at me, Henry.

Henry does so.

ILYAS

You know me as Ilyas the baker. I am no longer that. I am more. I am part of a global network of the disenfranchised. We defend ourselves against attack every day. You understand? In Afghanistan, your drones turn weddings into bloodbaths. In Syria we are butchered by a man you helped build up. And in Moscow, our friends hand us to the Spetznaz. You see? This is our war on terror.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ILYAS (CONT'D)

Our bodies, Henry, are the only
weapons we have left. And we are
everywhere.

(beat)

Tell me: Do you think I am lying?

Henry hesitates, paralyzed.

ILYAS

Now take out your phone and call
your lover, Celia Harrison.

Henry looks at Ilyas.

ILYAS (V.O.)

Do it.

Slowly, Henry takes out his phone, eyes on Ilyas. Scrolls to her name and calls. Puts it to his ear.

RING...CLICK:

MOHAMMED (V.O.)

(in Russian)

*Henry Pelham. She is with me.
Listen.*

NOISE as the man drops the phone into his pocket and walks into the room with Celia.

Ilyas looks calmly at Henry, who is glued to his phone as the reality of the situation becomes clear. An expression of horror grows.

Ilyas nods slowly.

MOHAMMED (V.O.)

Celia Harrison. *As-salmu alaykum.*

CELIA (V.O.)

Who are you?

MOHAMMED (V.O.)

(Pause)

Can I offer you some tea? A cigarette?

CELIA (V.O.)

I don't have time.

Henry's panic grows, but Ilyas gestures for him to keep calm.

ILYAS

Calm down, Henry. I just want to be sure you'll answer my question.

CELIA (V.O.)

I was told you had information. About Flight one-twenty-seven.

ILYAS

You will tell me what the Americans and Austrians know. You will tell me what they're planning.

MOHAMMED (V.O.)

(Pause)

What we need to settle first is the question of compensation.

CLOSE ON HENRY'S FACE: He's lost.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (7)

117

ILYAS

We have her in a room, Henry. Show me with your information how much she is worth.

HENRY

Direct attack. Undercarriage. Let her go.

ILYAS

I know there's more Henry.

ON HENRY'S FACE: Panic...a decision is near.

118 INT. VIN DE VIE - NIGHT

118

CLOSE ON CELIA. She's crying.

Henry looks so weak now. He is feeling sick. A drop of BLOOD forms on the tip of his nose.

HENRY

I had to give him something...
Ahmed's identity...I kept hoping
they'd storm the plane...release
the prisoners.

The drop of blood hits the table and spreads like a red flower.

HENRY

I had to make a choice. I chose
you.

Now, another drop of blood falls from Henry's nose. He sees it. He wipes the blood from his nose and stares at his hand.

118A INT. GLORIETTE, NIGHT

118A

Ilyas turns to go as Henry sits back in his chair, defeated.

ILYAS

Life is precious, Henry.

Ilyas leaves Henry alone with his guilt.

119 INT. US EMBASSY, VIENNA - EVENING (2012)

119

(NOTE: This repeats scene 64.)

Celia arrives, stepping out of the elevator, still shaken by her experience with Mohammed Dudayev.

She heads toward her desk, but before she reaches it she's blindsided by Henry. All decorum gone, he embraces her and kisses her fully on the lips. Passionate. Now we know why.

 CELIA
 (Smiles, a little
 embarrassed)
Hello.

(CONTINUED)

119

CONTINUED:

119

Henry's hand is in her hair. He looks closely, examining her for damage. Relief swells in him.

HENRY

I want to take you home. Can I
take you home?

120

INT. VIN DE VIE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

120

Tears streak down Celia's cheeks.

Outside, KARL approaches the restaurant's front door with a set of keys. He NOISILY UNLOCKS the door, but doesn't come in.

HENRY

Who is that?

CELIA

It doesn't matter.

Henry has already put it together.

HENRY

Karl with a K.

He looks down at the blood.

Freddy stands near the entrance to the kitchen, observing them. Bartender and Waitress are long gone.

Again, Henry looks over to Freddy by the kitchen door. Then he turns back to her, a smear of blood on his upper lip.

CELIA

Henry, listen to me. They'll say
it was suicide.

(beat)

You don't have much longer.

Tears streak down Celia's cheeks. Henry's face is a mess of conflicting emotions.

He drops back into his chair. Closes eyes. Opens them. Trying to focus.

(CONTINUED)

She looks at him, covering her mouth with her hands, barely holding it together.

HENRY

Don't go.

She reaches out to hold his hand. Shaking with tears.

CELIA

They already had your name, Henry.
Ilyas told them. I was just
confirmation.

He lets out a shivering exhale. Shakes his head.

HENRY

I really thought I had a chance.

He smiles an ironic smile to himself.

HENRY

That maybe we had a chance...

Celia doesn't know what to do. She still holds onto him, tenderly. There's nothing she can say.

HENRY

All these years...Running toward
you...I'm so tired.

He looks around the dark restaurant, then again at her. A kind of peace has come upon him.

HENRY

It's okay.

He looks at her with wet eyes. A long beat. Closes his eyes, opens them. Nods.

HENRY

It's okay. You should go.

Celis is nailed to the chair, unable to move.

HENRY

You have to go now.

Slowly she stands, steadying herself with a hand on the table. Then she turns and leaves.

121 EXT. VIN DE VIE - CONTINUOUS

121

As she gets out the door, she takes a couple steps until her legs start to give out. Steadying herself against the wall, she convulses.

In the darkness we hear WAVES CRASH against the beach.

She stands like that for a moment until she realizes Karl is standing next to her.

He offers her a supporting arm, but she shies away.

CELIA

Don't touch me.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

Karl, understanding, withdraws.

Celia turns and walks away.

In the background, through the windows of the restaurant, Henry is still sitting there.

122 INT. VIN DE VIE - NIGHT

122

Henry closes his red-veined eyes and opens them again. He tries to get Freddy in focus who, either sickened or bored, goes into the kitchen and leaves him to die. Henry TWITCHES -- a small spasm.

With his bloodstained hand he places his secret phone on the table. It's STILL RECORDING.

He WHEEZES as breathing becomes more difficult.

SOUND: PHONE VIBRATING.

He opens his eyes and sees the phone trembling on the tabletop. Picks it up. Puts it to his ear.

TREBLE (V.O.)

Piccolo?

HENRY

(croaking)

Treble.

TREBLE (V.O.)

(breathing hard)

I've got her. Right here in front of me.

CLOSE ON HENRY: His face is very red now -- his blood pressure rising precipitously. A shiver goes through him. He doesn't have long.

TREBLE (V.O.)

It's up to you, Piccolo. I can do this clean. But it has to happen now.

Henry takes a short WHEEZING breath. Christ, but he's weak.

TREBLE (V.O.)

Just say the word.

Another breath. He needs the air just to stay conscious. He's summoning all his energy to put into this one word.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

TREBLE (V.O.)

Piccolo?

Henry opens his mouth. He can hardly speak.

123 INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT, VIENNA - MORNING (2012)

123

(NOTE: References Scene 23)

HENRY'S POV: Celia looking at him as he wakes up from a long dream.

CELIA

Hey.

She leans in to give him a kiss.

124 EXT. CARMEL STREET - NIGHT

124

TREBLE'S WALKING POV: We watch Celia from behind as she walks the sidewalk toward home, slowly, crying quietly. Wild tree branches twist darkly overhead. The street is silent but for the CLICK of her heels and Treble's BREATHING.

125 EXT. VIN DE VIE - NIGHT

125

Karl, dead serious, looks through the window -- Henry's slumped in his chair, almost falling off. From the kitchen, Freddy enters the dining room, pulling on gloves.

Karl puts out his cigarette against the wall, blows off the tip, and pockets the butt.

He dials a number on his phone. Puts it to his ear.

KARL

It's done.

126 INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT, VIENNA - DAY (PRESENT)

126

Vick Wallinger, listening somberly to his phone, stands by Henry's window looking out over the city. Through the window, a cold white mist engulfs the rooftops.

VICK

Okay. Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

126

CONTINUED:

126

He hangs up. Covers his mouth with his hand, holding back his emotion. Around him, MOVERS pack Henry's possessions into cardboard boxes.

127

INT. CELIA'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

127

Drew's on the sofa, watching CNN. Report of an IED explosion in Afghanistan that killed three American soldiers.

CLICK as the front door opens. He looks up.

Celia walks in, at first surprised to see him, then she gets hold of herself. Shuts the door. Locks it.

CELIA
(coming to him)
Still up?

DREW
When your wife goes to meet her
old lover...

CELIA
Don't be ridiculous.

She kisses him lightly on the lips.

DREW
How was it?

CELIA
I got through it.

SOUND OF DOOR SQUEAKING UPSTAIRS.

DREW
Someone's up.

CELIA
I'll get 'em.

We follow her upstairs to the bedroom. Close up on her face. Determined, locked into her shell. She has to be.

As she gets to the second floor, she finds Evan standing in his pajamas, half asleep.

CELIA
It's late, sweetheart. Time to
sleep.

(CONTINUED)

She picks him up and carries him back to his room. Hugs him hard.

127 CONTINUED: (2)

106.
127

THE END