

FIRST DRAFT

OCTOBER 10, 1966

# "MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE"

"THE SHORT TAIL SPY"

by

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Prod. #6161-14

To EU  
best wishes  
from  
Eric Braeden

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PRODUCER: JOSEPH GANTMAN

EXEC. PRODUCER: BRUCE GELLER

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE

"THE SHORT TAIL SPY"

NOTE NAME CHANGE:

TEXAS MAN to SHTEMENKO

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE

"THE SHORT TAIL SPY"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. THEATRE - DAY 1\*

As Briggs drives up and goes in the theatre - it is not open until evening as indicated by a sign.

2 INT. THEATRE VESTIBULE 2\*

A knock on the door. A MAN enters from the projector booth, opens the door, sees Briggs.

MAN

First show's not till 7:00 o'clock,  
Sir.

BRIGGS

Where's Red?

MAN

Red's not here during the day.

BRIGGS

Then can you show me any publicity  
stills?

The man looks at Briggs, indicates to go into the theatre. Briggs EXITS frame. CAMERA PANS MAN into the projection booth.

3 INT. THEATRE - (STOCK) 3\*

As Briggs goes down the aisle. The house lights go out.

4 CLOSER ANGLE - BRIGGS - (STOCK) 4\*

He is still standing. He reaches over and pushes the starter button on a tape recorder, one seat in from the aisle.

5 ANGLE TOWARDS SCREEN - (OPTICAL MATTE) 5\*

Still shots project themselves. They are the four people mentioned in the following tape narration, Professor Napolsky, Andrei Fetyukov, Colonel Shtemenko, and Suverin.

6 CLOSE SHOT - BRIGGS - (STOCK)

6\*

Watching the film.

7 CLOSE SHOT - TAPE RECORDER

7\*

VOICE

Good afternoon, Mr. Briggs. Two espionage groups from an enemy country are engaged in a power struggle - which has focused on the problem of which one will assassinate this man, Professor Napolsky, who recently defected to us.

Our information is that the murder assignment has been taken away from the old line military intelligence service, and given to Andrei Fetyukov, the Number One assassin for a newer and younger civilian apparatus -- which the Secretary considers far more dangerous. We would much rather deal with the veteran Colonel Shtemenko, who has operated for many years as Thomas Kincaid, a Tulsa oil man. Both Shtemenko and Fetyukov are controlled by this man, the local attache, Suverin, who appears to favor Fetyukov...

Mr. Briggs, your assignment should you decide to accept it, would be to stop the assassination in such a way, as to totally discredit Fetyukov and his organization, so that the old group, which we find easier to handle will remain in power. In six days the Professor must appear at a scientific conference where he will be an open target. -- This tape will decompose five seconds after it runs out.

8 CLOSE SHOT - BRIGGS - (STOCK)

8\*

9 CLOSE SHOT - TAPE RECORDER

9\*

As the take-up reel immolates itself.

CUT:

10- OMITTED  
11.

10\*-  
11\*

12 INT. BRIGGS APARTMENT - NIGHT

12

Briggs sits at his desk, going through IMF dossiers. He goes through several - rejecting some - dropping Barney's to one side - ultimately dropping Cinnamon's and then picks up both their dossiers, weighs them for a moment in his hand, puts them down again, satisfied, puts the rest back inside the file.

Then he closes the top of the file. ANGLE TOWARDS THE IMF FILES, ZOOMING IN across the corner of the file and we SEE THE LETTERING:

IMPOSSIBLE MISSIONS FORCE

GO TO BLACK:

13 INT. BRIGGS' APARTMENT - DAY

13\*

Briggs and Cinnamon are there. Cinnamon is looking at a picture of Andrei.

CINNAMON

Andrei Fetyukov.

BRIGGS

Yes. And your job, Cinnamon, is to convince the man within six days that you've fallen in love with him.

CINNAMON

That shouldn't be too hard -- He's very, very attractive. And looks like he knows it.

BRIGGS

He does. He also knows you're an agent whose job is to protect the professor.

CINNAMON

(startled)

How did he learn that?

BRIGGS

-- Because I made sure he learned it -- And that you know who and what he is.

CINNAMON

Why, Dan?

BRIGGS

Because I don't underestimate him, and don't you. The man is good; too clever for me to be certain I can control whatever assassination plan he evolves. The only plan of his I'm sure we can handle is the one we provide him.

CINNAMON

(slowly)

And I'm that plan?

14 NEW ANGLE

14\*

BRIGGS

Yes. You have to convince him that you're his best way to the Professor.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14\*

CINNAMON

If he's that clever, Dan -- why wouldn't he smell a trap, avoid me, ignore me -- ?

BRIGGS

Because there's one more thing he knows -- his own cleverness, his own attractiveness. I read the man as a show-off, an enormous egotist. I'm betting he can't turn down a challenge; especially one from a beautiful woman.

CINNAMON

It's an interesting challenge for me, too.

BRIGGS

It is a lot more than that. Fetyukov has left quite a trail behind him... about thirty people dead. Many of them agents -- most of them women... still want the job?

CINNAMON

... Where will you and Barney be?

BRIGGS

Not close. We'll have our hands full with the old-timer, Shtemenko.

Cinnamon looks at Shtemenko's picture, then up at Dan and nods, indicating her acceptance of the assignment.

CINNAMON

At least my spy is better looking than your spy.

BRIGGS

... And much more difficult to handle. But these two are arch rivals. Sooner or later the good Colonel will start getting in the way. My job will be to take him out of the picture.

CINNAMON

And Barney?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14\*

BRIGGS

He'll stay with the Professor in the hotel room. I'll be there in time for the kill.

CINNAMON

(after a moment)

I see -- you two are the trap.

BRIGGS

Yes -- Why?

15 CLOSE SHOT - CINNAMON

15\*

CINNAMON

I was thinking of myself as the trap -- but I'm not -- I'm the cheese --

CUT TO:

15A INT. CONSULATE LIBRARY - DAY

15A\*

CLOSE SHOT - ANDREI tying his tie, looking in the mirror. He looks down, smiles a little, picks up a diplomatic folder with a large picture in it.

15B INSERT

15B\*

The picture is of Cinnamon.

15C BACK TO SCENE

15C\*

As Andrei puts the folder down and looks up;

16 INT. CONSULATE - THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

16\*

CLOSE SHOT - Cinnamon entering. As CAMERA PULLS BACK WE REVEAL Briggs as her escort. A party in progress, dancers, musicians - people from many countries. CAMERA PANS to see Andrei. He moves around the edge of the dancers, starting for Cinnamon. As he passes COLONEL SHTEMENKO, CAMERA MOVES IN ON the Colonel.

17 TWO SHOT - CINNAMON AND BRIGGS

17\*

moving into the room. CAMERA PUSHES INTO A CLOSEUP of Cinnamon.



- 18 HER POV 18\*  
Andrei moving towards her. He stops, momentarily.
- 19 - INTERCUT CLOSEUPS 19\*-  
20 Cinnamon and Andrei watching each other. 20\*
- 21 NEW ANGLE 21\*  
As Andrei finds his way up to Cinnamon and Briggs.
- ANDREI  
(to Briggs)  
May I -- ?
- Without waiting for any answer, he pulls Cinnamon onto the dance floor.
- 22 ANGLE TOWARDS BRIGGS 22\*  
Playing irritation till he turns towards the bar, then we see a small smile on his face.
- 23 ANGLE TOWARDS CINNAMON AND ANDREI 23\*  
As he pulls her close to dance, she has a pack of cigarettes in her hand.
- CINNAMON  
My cigarettes --
- Andrei simply takes the cigarettes from her and puts them in his pocket. They begin to dance.
- 24 INTERCUT - TIGHT TWO SHOT 24\*  
Andrei and Cinnamon dancing.
- 25 CLOSE SHOT 25\*  
Briggs at the bar, watching.
- 26 ANGLE TOWARDS SHTEMENKO 26\*  
watching. Something catches his attention in another direction. He looks off --

- 27 HIS POV - THE DOOR OF THE LIBRARY 27\*  
SUVERIN stands and beckons to Shtemenko, then turns and goes inside.
- 28 BACK TO SHTEMENKO 28\*  
who moves off towards the library.
- 29 EXTREME TIGHT TWO SHOT 29\*  
Andrei and Cinnamon dancing. Silent for quite a while.

CINNAMON

(finally)

What did you say your name was?

ANDREI

I didn't. But it is Andrei.

CINNAMON

Mine's Cinnamon.

ANDREI

Cinnamon? That's a medicine, isn't it?

CINNAMON

No... it's a spice.

They continue dancing silently.

- 29A INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 29A

Barney with earphones. We faintly HEAR the MUSIC. After a while the music ends, applause begins.

- 30 INT. CONSULATE - NIGHT 30\*

People around Cinnamon and Andrei clap. Cinnamon and Andrei just look at each other. Then Andrei turns and looks towards the bar where in the b.g., we SEE Briggs drinking, angry, staring back.

- 31 CLOSER ANGLE 31\*

Andrei and Cinnamon look at each other, move slowly towards Briggs, speak softly.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31\*

ANDREI

Can you get rid of him?

CINNAMON

Oh, no - I couldn't do that.

ANDREI

Of course you could. Be nice to a foreigner.

They arrive at the bar where Briggs stands.

ANDREI

Well - here we are. Thank you for lending me this exquisite creature.

BRIGGS

(pettish)

It seems more of a gift than a loan, comrade.

CINNAMON

Henry!

ANDREI

(kissing her hand)

Enchante.

He gives Briggs a smile and walks off through the crowd. Briggs turns and begins to eat some caviar.

BRIGGS

(under his breath)

Heading for the library?

CINNAMON

(the same)

Yes.

BRIGGS

Give him a few minutes. Here.

He pops a cracker full of caviar into her mouth.

CUT TO:

32 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

32\*

Barney, not wearing earphones, is taking some thin, color-coded electrical cables out of a carton as PROFESSOR KRASNOPOLSKY, dressed in an old flannel bathrobe, looks on. He seems highly intrigued by Barney's doings.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32\*

PROFESSOR

Are you sure I cannot be of some help?

BARNEY

No sir - not just at the moment.

PROFESSOR

There must be something I can do. I assure you, young man, that it's rather boring to just stand about waiting for someone to come and try to assassinate you.

BARNEY

(stops - laughs)

All right, sir. You ever wired photoelectric equipment?

PROFESSOR

No, but I think I could learn.

BARNEY

(handing him  
the cables)

Fine. Hold these a moment... I think I'll enjoy teaching a Professor.

He puts the earphones back on.

CUT TO:

33 INT. CONSULATE LIBRARY - NIGHT

33\*

Music and party noises intrude from the next room as an argument rages around a desk and Mr. Suverin who stands behind the desk raps for order.

SHEMENKO

... and I don't care what your orders are or who you claim gave them to you... the fact is...

ANDREI

... because you can scream and yell all night long, Colonel, but you cannot alter the fact that...

MR. SUVERIN

... enough... enough... gentlemen! Keep quiet! There are guests inside this Consulate!

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33\*

ANDREI

Forgive me, Gregori, but this old fool here has a way of...

SHTEMENKO

You hear how he addresses me? I will not take such abuse from a civilian... one who...

ANDREI

(overlap)

The military mind...

MR. SUVERIN

Andrei, be silent! Colonel Shtemenko - sit down and calm down. Your face is as red as a beet and you are only going to have another heart attack for no good reason.

SHTEMENKO

The job of assassinating the Professor was originally assigned to my group when he defected...

ANDREI

(interrupting)

The orders were revoked.

SHTEMENKO

(riding over)

And we have an excellent plan.

ANDREI

Old fashioned. Heavy handed. Out of World War One.

SHTEMENKO

Perhaps we are 'old-fashioned' and 'heavy-handed' as Comrad Fetyukov has called us. But at least we do not go around with unlimited expense accounts -- spending fantastic sums on elaborate plots and...

34 ANOTHER ANGLE

34\*

as Andrei rises and approaches the desk to plead his case.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34\*

ANDREI

And you bore me! Gregori - do I have to listen to this?

SHEMENKO

And we do not indulge ourselves in disgusting, revisionistic acts.

ANDREI

What?

SHEMENKO

That 'romantic' little dance exhibition just now - with a woman who I can assure you is an American Agent...

ANDREI

(all innocence)

Oh? Do you really think so?

MR. SUVERIN

(he knows)

Andrei! ... You do get to be too much.

ANDREI

(with a sigh)

Gregori, please. Look - there are two ways to approach this assassination. Either one waits and does it during the Conference which is crude and leads to jail and international repercussions - or one finds the man beforehand, and quietly...

SHEMENKO

Impossible. They would never divulge -

ANDREI

Well, let's see how impossible. Of course this woman is an agent. Since she is, let's see where she leads me... or who she leads me to.

SHEMENKO

A farce. Now, Comrade Suverin. I appeal to your age and your experience. We have a simple though unspectacular plan... involving one inexpensive bullet...

35 ANOTHER ANGLE

35\*

as Andrei comes bounding out of his chair - convulsed, snorting.

ANDREI

'Unspectacular' is an understatement. Why don't you just lurk by the entrance to the conference hall, and when he arrives you can throw an inexpensive brick at his head?

MR. SUVERIN

All right - I've had enough - from both of you. Colonel Shtemenko, the facts are clear. Andrei's orders supersede yours, and until I hear to the contrary, I order you to keep your nose out of this matter.

35A INT. HOTEL ROOM

35A

Barney with earphones.

35B INT. LIBRARY

35B

Shtemenko is about to protest, but they all freeze at the SOUND of a knock on the door. Shtemenko rushes to take down a few books and Mr. Suverin joins him as he says:

MR. SUVERIN

Come in...?

36 ANOTHER ANGLE - DOORS

36\*

Cinnamon enters.

CINNAMON

Oh - sorry - I ah ...

ANDREI

(going to her)

- Anything wrong?

CINNAMON

Well - ah - I didn't mean to interrupt anything...

She looks over towards the desk.

37 HER POV - DESK

37\*

Mr. Suverin and Shtemenko look up from their rare volumes and smile at her as though butter wouldn't melt.

MR. SUVERIN

Quite all right, my dear.

38 BACK TO SCENE

38\*

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Andrei pulls her over into a quiet corner. They speak in whispers.

CINNAMON

Listen... my escort has had a few too many... and he's starting to get a little obnoxious about my dancing with you...

ANDREI

And you want me to give him a bloody nose.

CINNAMON

Not quite. But - well, you seemed...

She trails off.

ANDREI

You like me?

CINNAMON

You don't have to be so blunt. May I have my cigarettes, please?

ANDREI

Excuse me?

CINNAMON

I gave you my cigarettes to hold. When we started dancing.

38A CLOSE SHOT - ANDREI

38A\*

As he remembers, pulls out the pack of cigarettes, which he weighs momentarily in his hand, looks at.

38B INSERT

38B\*

The "bug" in a filter tip.



38c BACK TO SCENE

38c\*

As Andrei hands the cigarettes back, looks at Cinnamon. Their eyes meet. She turns, smiles and walks back to the doors.

CINNAMON

Lovely reception.

39 ANGLE ON DESK

39\*

Shtemenko and Mr. Suverin smile at her.

40 BACK TO SCENE

40\*

She goes, shutting the door behind her.

41 ANOTHER ANGLE

41\*

as they break their poses. Andrei starts to laugh

SHTEMENKO

Insanity. Simple insanity. To play games with enemy agents just because you have a reputation as a lady killer.

He goes to the door; disgusted.

MR. SUVERIN

Colonel. Remember what I said. Stay out of this.

SHTEMENKO

Well -- we'll see. Power is as power does.

He goes out, slamming the doors angrily.

42 ANOTHER ANGLE

42\*

MR. SUVERIN

Andrei. Why do you complicate matters for yourself? I am trying to be impartial, in your favor, but you make it hard for me. Don't antagonize him. Leave him to me and go about your business. I have faith in you -- you have always done what you said you would do - but don't...

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42\*

ANDREI

Oh, I'm not worried about him. It's her that has me perplexed at the moment.

MR. SUVERIN

Well - she's obvious enough.

ANDREI

Too obvious. And far too clever to have done something like that -- without a reason.

(he smiles)

Well - I think she's going to turn out to be rather fun.

MR. SUVERIN

Fun? You may have to kill her.

ANDREI

I know.

He walks out of the library.

43 INT. CONSULATE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

43\*

The party still in progress as Andrei emerges from the library and moves to where Cinnamon stands quietly watching the activity.

ANDREI

You waited for me - ?

CINNAMON

Yes.

ANDREI

If it is to be the two of us, can it be just the two of us?

After a moment Cinnamon smiles, nods, hands Andrei the pack of cigarettes. Andrei takes it and escorts Cinnamon towards the exit, drops the pack of cigarettes in a basket as he passes.

44 INT. HOTEL ROOM

44\*

Barney with earphones reacts to the sharp sound.

45 INT. CONSULATE

45\*

As Andrei and Cinnamon exit - PAN BACK to where Shtemenko stands watching them. He turns as someone moves up alongside him. It is Briggs, also watching and looking after Andrei and Cinnamon. When Shtemenko speaks it is with a Southern Midwestern accent.

SHTEMENKO

(to Briggs)

Lose something, son?

BRIGGS

Yes, a girl.

SHTEMENKO

Where I come from they say there is a new one along every minute.

BRIGGS

They don't make them like this one where you come from - Colonel.

He moves away, leaving Shtemenko startled, wondering, apprehensive - CAMERA MOVES into a CLOSE SHOT.

CUT TO BLACK.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

45A INT. HOTEL ROOM - DARKENED - DAY

45A\*

The Professor's head is barely visible as he lies asleep in the adjoining room. CAMERA MOVES DOWN THE BED AND PANS ACROSS THE ROOM... ZOOMING IN ON HANDLE OF HOTEL ROOM DOOR.

The SOUND of a lock being slipped. The handle turns slowly and the door opens quietly. A Man slips inside, in one hand a gun with a silencer attached. As he takes a step or two inside the door CAMERA PANS DOWN TO HIS FEET.

He closes the door slowly and quietly and turns in the direction of the bed. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he takes a step or two in the direction of the bed. After a few steps a photo electric eye comes INTO SHOT - another step and...

45B CLOSE SHOT - FLASHBULB

45B\*

goes off.

45C CLOSE SHOT - BRIGGS

45C\*

As blinding flash bulbs seem to go off from all over the room and he is forced to put his hands up in front of his face. FREEZE FRAME.

46 PREVIOUS SHOT IN STOP MOTION (TILTED)

46\*

FOLLOWING SERIES OF SHOTS INTERSPERSED WITH FLASHBULB SHOTS - (SEE 45B)

47 MED. SHOT IN STOP MOTION - BRIGGS HAVING GUN KNOCKED OUT OF HIS HAND BY BARNEY.

47

48 MED. SHOT IN STOP MOTION - BRIGGS BEING PUSHED INTO CHAIR IN NEXT ROOM BY BARNEY.

48

49 MED. SHOT IN STOP MOTION - BRIGGS BEING HANDCUFFED BY BARNEY.

49

50 MED. SHOT IN STOP MOTION - BRIGGS BEING PUSHED OUT OF HOTEL ROOM DOOR BY BARNEY.

50

DISSOLVE TO:

51 LAST SHOT - SEEM AS 8 x 10 PHOTOGRAPH - LYING ON TOP OF OTHERS ON HOTEL ROOM DESK - DAY 51\*

CAMERA PULLS BACK from desk to REVEAL Briggs and Barney standing over the desk. Briggs drops another 8 x 10 on top of the last photograph.

BRIGGS

Very good, Barney - for an amateur.

BARNEY

(mock surprise)

I thought they showed a definite eye for composition.

BRIGGS

If you're thinking of taking up photography as a profession -- don't.

52 ANOTHER ANGLE - DOOR TO ADJOINING ROOM 52

As the Professor enters from the other room and joins them by the desk, picking up the photos to look at them.

PROFESSOR

Very impressive.

BARNEY

(to Briggs)

See!

CAMERA FOLLOWS as the Professor drops the pictures and then walks to a wall adjoining the rooms and peers into a two-way mirror which is recessed in the wall just over a dresser.

53 HIS POV - THE ADJOINING ROOM 53\*

CAMERA PANS THE ROOM: The bed, the floor, the door.

54 BACK TO SCENE 54\*

As the Professor turns back to them and shakes his head.

PROFESSOR

All this... simply because one old man wishes to attend an International Conference.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54\*

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

(he sits - shaking  
his head)

But why all this... elaborate  
nonsense. Isn't it enough these  
days simply to catch a man with  
a gun in his hand?

BRIGGS

Yes, but aside from the fact that  
we want to protect you - we want  
to make this man look as bad as  
we can; and pictures of a spy  
walking right into a trap can be  
terribly condemning.

PROFESSOR

Very American. Public Relations.

BRIGGS

Yes, sir... But you seem to have  
grasped the P.R. concept yourself.  
Isn't it your intention to  
demonstrate something to other  
Iron Curtain Scientists... by  
walking safely and unafraid into  
that Conference? Isn't that why  
you insisted on doing so in the  
first place?

PROFESSOR

(smiles)

Yes.

BARNEY

We'll get you there to do it.

PROFESSOR

Tell me -- I am mildly curious -  
What are both my assassins doing?

BRIGGS

Fetyukov is with Miss Carter.

PROFESSOR

Is she safe?

BRIGGS

No.

The Professor is silent a moment.

PROFESSOR

And the other? The old terrorist?

BRIGGS

Let's see.

55 ANOTHER ANGLE

55\*

As Briggs goes for the phone on the desk, dials. He holds his finger to his lips and picks up the phone. There is the SOUND of a phone ringing and then being picked up. Shtemenko answers in his Southwestern accent.

SHTEMENKO'S VOICE  
(cautiously)  
Hello?

BRIGGS  
Hello... Colonel Shtemenko?

There is a heavy pause, then:

SHTEMENKO'S VOICE  
Well now - you must have the wrong room, son... there ain't no Colonels here... all the Colonels are down Kentucky way.  
(he manages a semi-hearty laugh)

BRIGGS  
I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Kincaid.  
I understand completely. Goodnight.

Briggs hangs up.

55A INT. SHTEMENKO'S ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - SHTEMENKO

55A\*

Left with a dead phone - very unhappy, and apprehensive.

55B INT. HOTEL ROOM

55B\*

Briggs turns to Barney.

BARNEY  
That should shake him up.

BRIGGS  
It'll do for a start.

56 EXT. PARK - DAY

56\*

Sunlight pours over Cinnamon and Andrei as they lie back in the sun on a blanket. There are a few beer cans and sandwich wrappings; a portable radio playing softly. Both of them are smoking lazily - the fingers of their free hands barely touching. (NOTE: Following sequence should be played as one continuous scene although it jumps around in time.)

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56\*

Neither speaks for a moment until he rolls over suddenly and tries to kiss her. She moves her head away to the side.

CINNAMON

Please... don't.

ANDREI

(laughs - shakes  
his head and lies back)

What a discredit you are to your nation.

CINNAMON

No politics. We agreed.

ANDREI

No. I mean it. I shall have to go back home after the Conference and tell all my journalist comrades the truth about those beautiful... and glacial American Fashion Models.

CINNAMON

Of course. You can write it up as The Ice Age In North America.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

57\*

ANDREI

Exactly!

Cinnamon yells, jumps out of the way to avoid a smash. Andrei lobs one gently into her back - jumps the net.

ANDREI

My first victory!

CINNAMON

You could try to lose like a gentleman.

ANDREI

Oh, but I just won -- like a gentleman.

He leans to collect a kiss.

(CONTINUED)



57 CONTINUED:

57\*

CINNAMON

(ducks)  
You did not win.

ANDREI

What?

CINNAMON

We're playing American rules --  
Two out of three.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. CAR - DAY

58\*

Riding, sightseeing.

ANDREI

It's cheating. Two days now that  
we have been seeing each other...  
day and night... and not one  
simple - friendly kiss.

CINNAMON

Outrageous.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. HOT DOG STAND - DAY

59\*

Andrei smears two with mustard.

ANDREI

But look. I know I'm not a  
repulsive male. Is it simply...  
because I'm the "enemy?"

CINNAMON

Oh, come on now.

ANDREI

Perhaps you mistrust journalists.

CINNAMON

Well, I didn't want to say it,  
but...

ANDREI

Then I defect! From journalism.

60 EXT. CAR - NIGHT

60\*

Andrei's arm around Cinnamon.

CINNAMON

You want to know the truth about me?

ANDREI

I am only interested in the truth.

CINNAMON

I don't want to get 'hung up'... not right now... on anyone... or - well - that really says it.

61 INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

61\*

Not crowded. The movie ends.

ANDREI

'Hung up' I take it is a substitute phrase for being in love.

CINNAMON

It's one of them.

ANDREI

An ugly one at that.

CINNAMON

Well, it tells the story.

CUT TO:

61A EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

61A\*

As they exit.

ANDREI

So. You were in love once and you got hurt. Well, I know that feeling.

CINNAMON

I doubt it.

ANDREI

Why? It can happen to the most clever of us.

CINNAMON

I suppose.

CUT TO:

61B EXT. BIKE RIDING - DAY

61B\*

ANDREI

What was the man like?

CINNAMON

He was a very charming - louse.  
Rather like you.

ANDREI

Really...?

CUT TO:

61C INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

61C\*

An intimate supper.

CINNAMON

But it's hard to describe him --  
impossible in fact. You had to  
be there.

ANDREI

Do you know... I graduated with  
honors in English... and I cannot  
understand half of what you say!

CINNAMON

Yes. It means... it isn't quite  
enough to tell you about it...  
you - well, you just had to be there.

ANDREI

Well, could you use your limited  
vocabulary and attempt to communicate  
something of the situation to a  
poor tourist?

CINNAMON

Just that... when I was around  
him... near him... for no rational  
reason... I could hear my heart  
beat.

ANDREI

Ah... bravo!

CINNAMON

So, the reason why I can't let  
myself start playing kissing games  
right now...

(she turns and looks  
him in the eye)

... is that... suddenly I find my  
hearing is very keen. Comprenez?

CUT TO:

61D EXT. PARK - DAY

61D\*

ANDREI

Yes. I think I do.

CINNAMON

And there's a plane leaving in about two weeks... and I know you'll have to be on it...

ANDREI

We stipulated no mention of assignments... or...

CINNAMON

Sorry. Anyway this time -- hating myself for a coward -- I have to pass.

ANDREI

What a shame --

CINNAMON

Why? Did you see us growing old and grey together?

ANDREI

No. Still - one mustn't spend one's old age wondering about 'what might have been.'

She bursts out laughing and jumps to her feet, extending her hand to pull him up.

CINNAMON

- You never give up, do you?

ANDREI

How insulted you would be if I did.

CINNAMON

True.

She pulls him to his feet. They are face to face. He gives another try, but she ducks out and leans over and tosses an empty beer can at him.

ANDREI

And what am I to do with this?

CINNAMON

(folding the blanket)  
Toss it in that trashcan. You can help keep America clean.

(CONTINUED)

61D CONTINUED:

61D\*

He sets, pivots, tosses it in with great skill and turns to her - smiling - full of self-adoration.

ANDREI

Two points!

CUT TO:

61E INT. CINNAMON'S APT. - NIGHT

61E\*

Andrei and Cinnamon dancing on the terrace.

CINNAMON

- Andrei -

•ANDREI

Sh. You talk much too much.

CINNAMON

We both do.

They stop dancing to kiss.

CUT TO:

62 INT. CONSULATE - LIBRARY - ANGLE ON DESK - DAY

62\*

A small tape recorder is running as Mr. Suverin sits behind his desk listening and Shtemenko sits across from him, smiling and drumming his little fingers. There is the SOUND of a public place under the dialogue.

CINNAMON'S VOICE

Andrei!

ANDREI'S VOICE

Only one more, just to get the taste fixed in my mind.

(silence a moment)

Ah. Is that what is called American knowhow?

CINNAMON'S VOICE

(laughs)

I suppose so.

ANDREI'S VOICE

With a little help I could learn to like America.

Shtemenko leans forward and turns it off. He looks directly across at Mr. Suverin.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62\*

SUVERIN

How did you obtain this recording?

SHTEMENKO

By being 'crude' and 'old-fashioned.'

SUVERIN

Shtemenko - !

SHTEMENKO

... World War One...

63 ANOTHER ANGLE

63\*

as Mr. Suverin rises angrily and turns on the Texas Man.

SUVERIN

I have told you to keep your nose out of this, Colonel. Stop following him - stop making recordings...

SHTEMENKO

Do you know how I interpret that tape?

SUVERIN

Yes, and you deliberately misinterpret it. He's doing exactly what he said he would do -- let her work her little game... he knows he's being set up for a trap...

SHTEMENKO

The man is preparing to defect. All the signs are there.

Suverin marches angrily to the desk and puts his hand on his telephone.

SUVERIN

I am sending a letter home by courier. You are no longer simply a pest, Colonel. Now you are getting dangerous to the success of this assignment.

SHTEMENKO

And I will go further than that. I also believe Fetyukov has pointed me out to the Americans in his desperation and his fear that he might fail and I might succeed.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63\*

SUVERIN

Paranoid. You're acting... paranoid.

SHTEMENKO

No. No, no. No! I have been  
in this business thirty years.  
Right now something is very wrong.  
Someone is calling me, watching  
me...

SUVERIN

Colonel Shtemenko...

JUMP CUT (AND  
DIALOGUE SEGUE) TO:

64 INT. BRIGGS' APARTMENT - DAY

64\*

Briggs and Cinnamon on the sofa.

BRIGGS

(a continuation)  
... must be getting pretty tired.  
He's not that young -- and the  
three of you keep late hours.

CINNAMON

The three of us?

BRIGGS

Haven't you seen Shtemenko following  
you?

CINNAMON

-- No.

Briggs is disturbed by Cinnamon's unawareness.

BRIGGS

Well, he has been.

CINNAMON

How do you know?

BRIGGS

I've been following him. We're  
doing fine with the good Colonel --  
He's pretty agitated -- by the  
two of you -- and the fact his  
cover's blown -- I'll make my move  
tonight --

CINNAMON

-- I see. The honeymoon is over.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64\*

BRIGGS

Yes... You set to turn the corner  
with Fetyukov?

CINNAMON

Of course.

BRIGGS

You're sure -- ?

CINNAMON

(nettled)

I said so -- What's the matter  
with you?

BRIGGS

Nothing -- with me. But you  
wouldn't be by any chance, be --  
getting caught up in your own  
performance?

CINNAMON

You mean falling for him?

BRIGGS

Yes.

CINNAMON

No.

BRIGGS

Because if it slipped your mind,  
he's killed thirty people -- I  
wouldn't want you number thirty-one.

64A CLOSEUP - CINNAMON

64A\*

Disturbed.

64B CLOSEUP - BRIGGS

64B\*

Watching her.

MATCH CUT:

65 INT. TERRACE - CINNAMON'S APARTMENT - CLOSEUP - CINNAMON - 65\*  
NIGHT

Dressed differently -- the expression on her face is also  
quite different. In a moment Andrei STEPS INTO FRAME.  
They kiss.



66 CLOSER SHOT - THE KISS - ANGLE ON CINNAMON

66

It is a long kiss. Whereas she at least has had the decency to shut her eyes, CAMERA MOVES AROUND to Andrei whose eyes are wide open. His eyes move downward suddenly and he tenses perceptibly and they break the kiss.

67 TWO SHOT

67\*

as they break the kiss.

CINNAMON

Andrei -- what's wrong?

ANDREI

Nothing... It's just a bit chilly.  
Let's go inside.

He takes her by the hand and pulls her from the terrace. As she goes she throws a fast look down and over the railing.

68 HER POV - THE STREET BELOW

68\*

Shtemenko stands near a street lamp, smoking a big cigar, writing down the address of the apartment house.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

69

as Shtemenko folds up the paper on which he has been writing and walks around the corner - practically into Briggs.

BRIGGS

Good evening.

Shtemenko nods and starts to walk away. Briggs takes a few steps after him.

BRIGGS

Hey - don't you remember me?

SHTEMENKO

(Southwestern accent)

Mister, I sure don't know what you're after, but you been following me for days now and I sure wish you'd cut it out.

BRIGGS

I will. If we can talk. I have a business proposition for you.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69\*

SHTEMENKO

Look, I don't know who you think  
I am, but...

BRIGGS

I know who you are, Colonel  
Shtemenko. So you can drop the  
accent; it's not too good anyway.  
I also know what you are, and  
what you want. As a matter of  
fact I'll kill the Professor for  
you.

Shtemenko stares at Briggs --

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

70 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

70\*

Briggs and Shtemenko walking. Shtemenko eyes Briggs for awhile.

SHTEMENKO

(finally, scornfully)

What makes you think I could afford to believe any of this. Any solution that arrives so neatly and conveniently is an obvious trap.

BRIGGS

What possible trap? I'm not going to tell you where the Professor is hidden. I do the killing - getting away with it is my problem - you need know nothing and do nothing - except pay.

Shtemenko stops Briggs.

SHTEMENKO

Who are you?

BRIGGS

Oh, Mr. Jones will do.

SHTEMENKO

(impatiently)

Of course, Mr. Jones. I mean, where do you fit in? You escort an American agent to my Consulate: I might infer you're one yourself --

BRIGGS

Infer whatever you want.

SHTEMENKO

Perhaps you even have the assignment of protecting the Professor.

BRIGGS

Suppose I said that was true.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70\*

SHTEMENKO

(hard)

Then why. Why offer to kill him.

BRIGGS

(shrugging)

For a pure and simple motive --  
profit -- a very sizable one.

Shtemenko stares at him.

SHTEMENKO

... No. ... There has to be  
more of a reason.

BRIGGS

(after a moment)

If I told you I wanted out, just  
wanted out -- from this lousy  
ungrateful business, would you  
believe that?

Shtemenko smiles grimly.

SHTEMENKO

... Yes -- that I would believe.

BRIGGS

The money...

SHTEMENKO

Alright -- let's come to that --

BRIGGS

I want \$50,000.

SHTEMENKO

Nonsense. I can buy ten killings  
for that.

BRIGGS

Certainly. But I know where  
they are hiding the Professor  
and you don't.

Shtemenko makes up his mind.

SHTEMENKO

Five thousand --

BRIGGS

Stop it.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70\*

SHTEMENKO

Ten thousand --

Briggs shakes his head and starts to walk away.

BRIGGS

I'll meet you tomorrow at 6:00  
at the Carousel in the Park.  
Fifty thousand, or nothing.

SHTEMENKO

I can't raise fifty thousand --

But Briggs is gone. CAMERA CLOSES ON Shtemenko's face.

CUT TO:

70A INT. CINNAMON'S APARTMENT - DAY

70A\*

Cinnamon alone, wanders around in her apartment, indecisive,  
goes to the phone, dials, hangs up before finishing -  
sits and bites her lip.

71 INT. CONSULATE - LIBRARY - DAY

71\*

Suverin hands Shtemenko an envelope.

SHTEMENKO

Thank you.

SUVERIN

I'm sorry, twenty-two thousand  
is all we credit you with,  
Colonel... are you serious  
about retiring?

SHTEMENKO

Yes. Why not while I can. I  
have six grandchildren I have  
never seen. What am I doing  
here where everyone thinks I'm  
an old fool.

SUVERIN

That's not true.

SHTEMENKO

It doesn't matter

(rises)

Oh, may I have a list of the  
guests for the reception the  
other night.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71\*

SUVERIN

Certainly.

He opens a door.

72 NEW ANGLE

72\*

As Andrei comes in the door.

73 BACK TO SCENE

73\*

Suverin hands Shtemenko the list.

SUVERIN

Good bye, Colonel.

They shake hands, Shtemenko turns to leave.

ANDREI

Hello, again. I've missed you --  
You haven't followed me since  
last night.

SUVERIN

Leave well enough alone, Andrei.  
Colonel Shtemenko just finished  
telling me he's - leaving the  
firm.

ANDREI

... Oh?

SHTEMENKO

Yes. Some day Comrade Fetyukov,  
when you are my age and you see  
younger men taking over, you'll  
understand.

(ofering his  
hand to Andrei)

At any rate, good luck. I wish  
you success with all of your  
operations. But just bear in  
mind, the old saying that "Before  
the Gods destroy a man... they first  
make him vain."

Shtemenko goes out.

73A ANOTHER ANGLE

73A\*

As Andrei turns to Suverin.

ANDREI

You wanted to see me?

SUVERIN

(nods)

What is going on, Andrei?

ANDREI

Ask Shtemenko. He's been watching.

SUVERIN

(sharply)

Yes, and he's not any kind of a fool, no matter what you think. Andrei, it has been five days - are you by any chance, stalling -- because you like the woman - perhaps more than "like."

73B CLOSE SHOT - ANDREI

73B\*

he reacts.

74\* EXT. CAROUSEL - DAY

74\*

PANNING FROM THE Merry Go Round to Briggs and Shtemenko, stand arguing.

BRIGGS

No. Twenty thousand is not what I said, Colonel. I said fifty thousand --

SHTEMENKO

I can raise twenty-two --

BRIGGS

No.

SHTEMENKO

Look, Mr. Jones -- Twenty-two thousand is a great deal of money.

BRIGGS

Not enough.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74\*

SHTEMENKO  
(desperately)  
I'd pay more, but I can't get it.

BRIGGS  
It's not enough! Even if I didn't  
get caught, I'd be canned for  
negligence... and twenty-two  
thousand is not enough money to  
start me in a new career.

SHTEMENKO  
... I can't raise more.

Briggs turns on his heel and goes, as in the b.g.,  
Barney approaches with a child in tow.

BRIGGS  
(over his  
shoulder)  
Forget it.

BARNEY  
Hank? Hank Clarke?

Briggs brushes past him.

BRIGGS  
No. You've got the wrong man,  
Mister.

74A ANGLE TOWARDS BARNEY

74A\*

Looks after Briggs a moment, shrugs, and continues on to  
the Carousel with the child. CAMERA PANS to Shtemenko,  
who has heard. He pulls the reception list out of his  
pocket and takes out a pencil... starts to go down the  
list.

75 CLOSE SHOT - THE LIST (INSERT)

75\*

Shtemenko's pencil moves quickly down a list of names and  
addresses ;that are under the heading "AMERICAN  
DELEGATION" until it comes to the name HENRY CLARKE,  
HOTEL SHELDON. His pencil circles the name.

CUT TO:

76 OMITTED

76\*



77 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MAIL AND INFORMATION WINDOW

77\*

A CLERK behind the window turns to Shtemenko.

HOTEL CLERK

Yes sir... Mr. Clarke is in rooms  
304 and 305.

SHTEMENKO

304 and 305 -- ? Thank you, son.

He rushes to a nearby elevator and pushes the button.

WIPE (UP) TO:

78 HOTEL CORRIDOR

78\*

Shtemenko moves cautiously down the hall until he comes to #304 and #305. He is nervous and breathing heavily. He puts his ear to the door of #305 in that there is the SOUND of a television set from within. He stiffens as he hears:

BRIGGS VOICE

Turn it down a little -- you'll  
wake him up.

BARNEY'S VOICE

Relax. He's sound asleep in  
there.

Shtemenko looks quickly to right and left and then pulls a gun out of his pocket, affixes a silencer. Then from another pocket he produces a master key and slowly starts to slip the lock of #304. He gets the door open just a crack and is satisfied to see that there is no light coming from inside the room. He slips inside the door.

CUT TO:

79 CLOSE SHOT - SHTEMENKO

79\*

as blinding flashbulbs seem to go off from all over the room and he is forced to put his hands up in front of his face.

80 SHOT FREEZES AND GOES INTO STOP MOTION

80

81 MED. SHOT IN STOP MOTION - SHTEMENKO HAVING GUN KNOCKED  
OUT OF HIS HAND BY BARNEY

81\*

- 82 MED. SHOT IN STOP MOTION - SHTEMENKO BEING SHOVED  
ROUGHLY INTO CHAIR IN NEXT ROOM BY BRIGGS 82\*
- 83 MED. SHOT IN STOP MOTION - SHTEMENKO SITTING IN CHAIR  
WITH HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS. SHOT GOES INTO MOTION AND  
CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL: 83\*

Briggs and Barney standing over Shtemenko. Shtemenko is shaking his head as he holds it in his hands.

SHTEMENKO

... And I am the one who talks of  
the gods... making a man vain.

BRIGGS

It might not be as bad as it looks,  
Colonel, if...

SHTEMENKO

No, no... no more deals.. Not with  
you, my friend. I know when I am  
finished.

BRIGGS

(turns)

... All right, Barney --

SHTEMENKO

Wait. What are you proposing?

BRIGGS

(turns back)

It's simple. We would never have  
bothered about you at all but for  
the fact that you were getting in  
the way of the man we really want  
to catch.

SHTEMENKO

Ah, I'm not even important enough  
to catch any more.

BRIGGS

Be that as it may; the point is  
now I've got these pictures of  
you and I could ruin you with  
them. But I don't want to if I  
don't have to. It's Fetyukov I  
want --

SHTEMENKO

Go on...

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83\*

BRIGGS

So... here's an airline ticket and a free ride out of here - compliments of Uncle Sam. Some friends of mine expect to see you board the plane. If they call and say they saw you go... I'll tear up the negatives.

BARNEY

... Do it. A man your age has no business running around doing this kind of work.

84 ANOTHER ANGLE

84\*

as Shtemenko rises. He thinks for a moment.

SHTEMENKO

Then I'd be free to go... just like that?

BRIGGS

Yes. I wouldn't waste any time getting to the airport if I were you.

SHTEMENKO

And I have your word that you will destroy those negatives.

BRIGGS

Yes. If you don't come back to America, why should we bother? Retire!

SHTEMENKO

(with a ironic  
laugh)

I will... what a filthy way this is -- for a man to spend his life.

He goes. The Professor emerges from the other room.

PROFESSOR

You were pretty transparent.

BRIGGS

Let's hope I was transparent enough.

CUT TO:

85 INT. CINNAMON'S APARTMENT - ANGLE ON DOOR - NIGHT

85\*

The door opens and Cinnamon switches on the light. She and Andrei enter. She moves sadly into the room - removing a corsage from her evening gown. They are both silent for a while.

ANDREI

Why so sad? You've hardly said a word all night. Is anything... bothering you?

CINNAMON

Yes...

ANDREI

Would you care to tell me what it is.

CINNAMON

I'm afraid it's too complicated.

ANDREI

I think I know what you want to say.

CINNAMON

Of course you do, but we agreed not to talk about that.

ANDREI

Sooner or later you knew we would.

There is a sudden KNOCK at the door. They both turn.

ANDREI

Are you expecting anyone?

CINNAMON

... No...

Another KNOCK.

ANDREI

Well, you had better see who it is.

86 ANOTHER ANGLE

86\*

as she goes to the door and he follows at a discreet distance. She calls through the door softly.

CINNAMON

Yes... who is it?

SHEMENKO

Telegram.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86\*

She turns to Andrei in disbelief. He shakes his head to indicate this is none of his doing. She opens the door a bit - cautiously. Shtemenko bursts in on them. He carries a Luger and pushes past her going directly for Andrei.

SHTEMENKO

How stupid do you think I am?

CINNAMON

... Andrei... ?

SHTEMENKO

That I'm not even clever enough to figure out who set me up.

ANDREI

Shtemenko...

SHTEMENKO

(indignant)

The kindly Americans --

(mock)

Go home. We like you, we let you go. What contempt for me you must have to be so obvious.

ANDREI

I don't know what you're talking about.

SHTEMENKO

Back up to that terrace out there.

ANDREI

Colonel, I have no intention of being pushed off a terrace by a senile old fool who thinks I turned him in.

SHTEMENKO

(raising the gun)

Fine.

As Shtemenko continues to move on Andrei, Cinnamon begins to circle around to his side. Andrei sees her doing it and begins to stall for time.

ANDREI

All right then... shoot. You seem to adore melodrama and I happen to loathe it -- so shoot and get it over with, but I warn you, Colonel... that...

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

86\*

Cinnamon lunges for Shtemenko; batting down the gun, giving Andrei time enough to deliver the coup de grace as he chops him to the ground, delivers a few rather ugly kicks to the body and picks up the gun as Shtemenko lies doubled up on the floor in pain.

ANDREI

Now. You want to play games with me? Get out of here you useless old slob. Go back home and tell them how you made a complete jackass out of yourself.

He pulls Shtemenko to his feet and slaps him across the room to the doorway, opening it and giving Shtemenko one final push out into the hall with his foot, slamming the door.

87 ANOTHER ANGLE

87\*

as Andrei closes the door, the gun still in his hand. He and Cinnamon stare at each other for a good, long while. He moves slowly in her direction, but diverts his course and then drops the gun down on the desk.

ANDREI

We make a wonderful team... you and I. Thank you for what you did.

CINNAMON

Well. The nice thing about scenes like that... they help clear the air.

ANDREI

Indeed they do.

CINNAMON

And where does that leave us?

ANDREI

That depends -- upon where we really were --

CINNAMON

And where do you think we were?

ANDREI

Working each other, darling, right?

(CONTINUED)

CINNAMON

Right.

ANDREI

And your job was to what? To lead me into a trap... correct?

(she does not respond)

And you failed. Not your fault, of course. He's ruined it for both of us. But that really isn't the crucial matter any more.

CINNAMON

Really? What is?

ANDREI

The crucial matter is: What made you risk your life like that just now?

CINNAMON

Figure it out, Andrei. How can you set a trap for a man who's a corpse?

ANDREI

Inventive - but not accurate. No. What you did was instinctive - to protect - pure feminine instinct. Now - why?

CINNAMON

I wish I knew.

ANDREI

Come here and I'll show you why.

CINNAMON

... No...

ANDREI

Come here.

She moves to him. He puts his hands on her shoulders.

ANDREI

They say -- if you tell a lie often enough - convincingly enough... you begin to live that lie and it becomes the truth.

(CONTINUED)

CINNAMON

Stop it, Andrei. It's over. I failed, you failed, we all failed.

ANDREI

You saved my life. Why?

CINNAMON

I told you why.

ANDREI

(he holds her tighter)

I don't believe you.

CINNAMON

Andrei, have you really killed so many people?

ANDREI

How many did they tell you - ?

CINNAMON

... Thirty.

ANDREI

Yes. They were enemies of my country. Agents... like you.

CINNAMON

But were most of them women? Like me.

ANDREI

(a pause)

Women, yes... but not like you.

He kisses her neck, moves to her mouth. She tries to stop herself but she cannot.

GO TO BLACK:

END ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

88 INT. BRIGGS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

88\*

Briggs hangs up the phone as Barney steps out of the adjoining room, a flashlight in his hand. He turns the flashlight off and puts it down on a table.

BARNEY  
(quietly)  
He's sound asleep.

BRIGGS  
(quietly as well)  
Good. Well... Shtemenko's problem is solved. The reason he didn't get on that plane was because he's dead.

BARNEY  
Killed himself?

BRIGGS  
(shakes his head no)  
Heart attack... Barney, there's another problem. I have a feeling that something may have gone wrong with Cinnamon. Do you think it's possible that...

BARNEY  
Not a chance. She'll pull it off.

BRIGGS  
(a smile)  
Of course she will.

Barney goes back to his vigil at the recessed mirror, sipping a cup of coffee and looking through:

CUT TO:

89 EXT. CINNAMON'S APARTMENT - TERRACE - SUNRISE

89\*

Andrei and Cinnamon sit out there as it barely begins to get light. She is now in another dress. He is without jacket, tie, etc. They are sipping cups of coffee - holding their cups from under - as though for warmth - staring out at the grey buildings.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89\*

CINNAMON

(a short laugh)

What would you like to do now?

ANDREI

We could have a suicide pact.  
Jump off this terrace.

CINNAMON

You first.

ANDREI

Ladies first.

CINNAMON

What am I doing? Why don't I  
just call my people and have them  
get you out of here?

ANDREI

Go right ahead.

CINNAMON

... sure...

ANDREI

I mean it.

CINNAMON

I mean it, too. It's been  
charming, Andrei -- I loved  
every minute of it... I wish it  
hadn't happened... I wish I'd  
never met you... what, after all,  
am I doing... sitting out on a  
terrace at five a.m. with an  
enemy agent - looking at the  
sunrise.

ANDREI

I want to say something. And I  
know you won't believe me, but...

CINNAMON

No, I wouldn't. You were too  
convincing a liar, all week  
long.

ANDREI

Well, you weren't so unconvincing  
yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CINNAMON

But at least I wasn't lying...  
last night.

ANDREI

And neither was I.

CINNAMON

-- Sure --

ANDREI

Let me finish. But now I come  
here - and I see your country...

CINNAMON

May I stop you? You're about to  
do your act... don't waste time  
telling me you want to defect.

ANDREI

Why shouldn't I want to?

(a pause)

You know - I am what they refer  
to nervously at home as... a  
spy with a short tail.

CINNAMON

A what?

ANDREI

No wife. No children. No parents.  
No living relatives at all. No one  
for them to threaten me with. Don't  
you understand? All I have to do  
is 'cross the line' and I'm a free  
man. Why should I stick my neck  
out? What for?

CINNAMON

For your country.

ANDREI

No. I never did it for my country.  
I never did anything for anyone  
but Andrei.

CINNAMON

I don't expect that'll change.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREI

I won't pretend it will. But look at it from a purely objective point of view -- how much better -- with my talents -- I could do here. If I got bored I'm sure I could become a double agent. You know how that would appeal to me.

CINNAMON

Right up your alley.

ANDREI

Well. At least I am trying to be honest. I know that you are probably much too bitter and cynical to believe that I do love you.

He rises and goes behind her chair, his hands on her shoulders. She touches his hands with her own.

CINNAMON

Oh, I am.

ANDREI

So - there you are.

CINNAMON

Sad. Isn't it?

He turns suddenly, on impulse and goes into the living room. She turns and rises.

90 INT. BRIGGS APARTMENT - ANGLE ON TERRACE - DAY

90\*

as Cinnamon comes in off the terrace.

CINNAMON

Andrei! Don't go near that Conference Hall. If you so much as sneeze and reach for a handkerchief, three people will put a bullet through you.

Andrei throws his jacket on and goes to a mirror to tie his tie.

ANDREI

I have no intention of going near the place. As far as I am concerned a man who defects to this country is no longer to be considered a traitor. He is simply using his head.

He turns and kisses her on the forehead like a husband who is late for work.

ANDREI

I'm sorry you don't want me, darling - but I can guarantee that your government will.

CINNAMON

Where are you going?

ANDREI

I am going to seek refuge in the Austrian Embassy. They serve those wonderfully tasty little cakes for breakfast.

He goes for the door.

ANDREI

You'll hear from me. I hope then you'll let me tell you a few things I really feel about you.

CINNAMON

(rushes to him)

Andrei. You don't have to go. I'll arrange it. You stay here.

ANDREI

Why should I stay here?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90\*

CINNAMON

Because... I don't think you should walk around... that Colonel walked out of here with murder in his eyes.

ANDREI

(indicating)

Relax. His gun is here.

CINNAMON

Please.

ANDREI

All right. Whatever you say.

CINNAMON

Stay here and lock the door. I'll have someone come and get you.

She goes to the desk and picks up her purse.

ANDREI

Why this sudden trust in me?

CINNAMON

Well... let's just say that... someone has to have faith and jump off the terrace first.

They kiss. She goes to the door - turns.

ANDREI

Thank you for that. I love you, Cinnamon.

CINNAMON

Thank you. I love you, too.

She walks out of the apartment. He stands still for a moment... listening. Then he rushes and picks up the gun - goes back to the door - listens - then opens it and moves swiftly out into the hall.

CUT TO:

91 INT. BRIGGS HOTEL ROOM - DAYLIGHT (SHADES DRAWN)

91

Barney is still at his vigil. Briggs is on the phone but puts it down as he gets a 'no answer.'

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

BARNEY  
(whispered)  
Anything?

BRIGGS  
Nothing. No answer. Something  
must have gone wrong.

They turn as there is a sudden KNOCK on the door.

92 ANOTHER ANGLE

92\*

as Briggs moves swiftly but silently to the door.

CINNAMON'S VOICE  
Dan... it's me... open up...

He opens the door. She enters quickly. He shuts the door.

CINNAMON  
I'm sorry, but there was a foul-up,  
and I couldn't...

BRIGGS  
Shh... keep your voice down.

CINNAMON  
There's no need. Now listen to  
me, Dan. I know that you'll  
think I'm crazy, but...

BRIGGS  
Okay, but shhh...

CINNAMON  
I tell you there's no need. Now  
he's at the apartment, Dan, and  
he wants to come over -- to our  
side, and...

BRIGGS  
What? What? Did he follow you  
here...?

CINNAMON  
No -- of course he didn't. Now...

BRIGGS  
I just called there. No answer.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92\*

CINNAMON

Dan, will you understand! Please!  
Now, there's no need for any more...

BARNEY

Dan - watch it!

CAMERA SWINGS OVER TO THE DOOR OF BRIGGS' HOTEL ROOM  
as Andrei enters, Shtemenko's gun in his hand.

ANDREI

Don't move, please. Just put  
your hands up. All of you.

93 CLOSE SHOT - CINNAMON

93

as she turns towards CAMERA slowly and puts her hands  
up - glaring at Andrei.

94 ANOTHER ANGLE - ADJOINING DOOR

94\*

as Professor comes sleepily out of the adjoining room  
- tying his bathrobe.

PROFESSOR

... What...?

He stops as he sees Andrei - who motions for him to  
join the others.

CINNAMON

... Andrei....

She starts slowly in his direction.

ANDREI

Don't try me. I warn you.

BRIGGS

Get back, Cinnamon.

She keeps walking towards Andrei - slowly.

ANDREI

I will pull this trigger without  
so much as blinking.

94A TWO SHOT

94A\*

CINNAMON

I know...

(CONTINUED)



94A CONTINUED:

94A\*

He pulls the trigger as she is just about on top of him. It clicks. He pulls it again. It clicks again. He breaks it open, then slowly drops the gun to his side - looking down at her - then smiling as he says, softly:

ANDREI

Bravo. The pin is broken off.  
And when did you do that?

CINNAMON

Between kisses...

She brings her hand up so swiftly and so hard that what should ordinarily have been a simple smack on the face -- sends him reeling back a step or two.

As a flashbulb goes off.

CUT TO:

- |     |   |      |
|-----|---|------|
| 95  | MED. SHOT - STOP MOTION - CINNAMON HOLDING A GUN ON ANDREI WITH HER LEFT HAND AS SHE SMACKS HIS FACE WITH HER RIGHT | 95   |
| 96  | MED. SHOT - STOP MOTION - BARNEY PUTTING HANDCUFFS ON ANDREI AS SHE HOLDS GUN ON HIM                                | 96   |
| 97  | MED. SHOT - STOP MOTION - CINNAMON PUSHING HIM INTO CHAIR   | 97   |
| 98  | MED. SHOT - STOP MOTION - BRIGGS AND CINNAMON STANDING OVER ANDREI, LAUGHING  | 98   |
| 99  | MED. SHOT - STOP MOTION - BRIGGS PULLING HIM UP OUT OF THE CHAIR WITHOUT TOO MUCH CEREMONY                          | 99   |
| 100 | MED. SHOT - STOP MOTION - PROFESSOR SHAKING AN ANGRY FINGER IN ANDREI'S FACE  | 100  |
| 101 | MED. SHOT - STOP MOTION - BARNEY PULLING ANDREI TO THE DOOR ROUGHLY. SHOT GOES INTO ACTION                          | 101* |

CINNAMON'S VOICE

Hold it, Barney.

102 ANOTHER ANGLE

102\*

as she walks to Andrei, holding photos in her hand.

CINNAMON

Andrei, I just want to say - that I hope they print five-hundred of these and scatter them across the lawns of every Embassy from here to Peking.

Andrei smiles - turns to Barney and winks.

ANDREI

What is it... that hath no fury like a woman scorned?

BARNEY

Come on!

Barney yanks him out the door.

103 ANOTHER ANGLE

103\*

as the Professor walks to Cinnamon.

PROFESSOR

I want to thank you, Miss Carter. Had I known - two years ago - when I defected - that American woman were so self-sufficient and clever - I might never have come here at all.

CINNAMON

You're very welcome, sir. I hope you enjoy your Conference.

The Professor nods and moves to Briggs.

PROFESSOR

And thank you, Mr. Briggs. I must admit... I didn't always believe you knew what you were doing.

BRIGGS

You're not the only one, sir.

The Professor goes into the adjoining room.

104 ANOTHER ANGLE

104\*

as Briggs moves to Cinnamon, lighting a cigarette and handing it to her. He doesn't quite know how to ask:

BRIGGS

Tell me. You knew he was going to follow you here, didn't you?

CINNAMON

Sure.

BRIGGS

Then all that... wild talk... when you came in here...?

CINNAMON

(smiles)

Was for his benefit... It was the only way to let him know what room we were in. I couldn't tell him.

BRIGGS

Well - if I never told you before, I want to tell you now. You're a pretty talented liar.

CINNAMON

... The best.

Briggs goes to the door. Turns to her.

BRIGGS

Cinnamon. I owe you an apology. I lost confidence for a moment or two -- I really thought Fetyukov might have gotten to you.

CINNAMON

(smiles again)

I broke the firing pin, didn't I?

BRIGGS

Yes, you did.

He goes into the adjoining room. Cinnamon turns away, no longer smiling.

105 ANGLE ON CINNAMON

105

CAMERA MOVES IN ON HER SLOWLY AS SHE SITS, exhausted - moving to VERY CLOSE.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

CINNAMON

(to herself)

... besides - you can't explain  
it anyway...

(she is crying)

... you just had to be there...

(more)

... that's all...

GO TO BLACK.

THE END