



THE LONE GUNMEN

Episode #1AEB02

Story #EO1057

"Eine Kleine Frohike"

Written By

John Shiban

Directed By

David Jackson

| | | |
|-------------|---------------------------------------|------------------|
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Pink - November 1, 2000

CAST LIST

Melvin Frohike/German Officer
Richard Langly
John Byers

Yves Adele Harlow
Jimmy Bond

Mrs. Haag
Michael Wilhelm
Mrs. Everage

Narrator (V.O.)
Two EMTs (Non-speaking)
Paperboy (Non-speaking)
Mrs. Allsop (Non-speaking)
Two FBI Agents (Non-speaking) (X)

No Changes - Blue - October 27, 2000

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

LONE GUNMAN OFFICE (X)
VILLAGE
WOODED ROAD
MRS. HAAG'S HOUSE - ELWOOD, NEW JERSEY
ELWOOD NEIGHBORHOOD
MRS. EVERAGE'S HOUSE (X)
VW BUS
SUBURBAN PARK
HOTEL BELMONT - DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON, D.C.
/ENTRANCE

INTERIORS

LONE GUNMAN OFFICE
VW BUS
MRS. HAAG'S HOUSE
/FOYER/PARLOR
/BATHROOM
/SHOWER
/KITCHEN
/LAUNDRY ROOM
/BEDROOM
/HALLWAY

DINING ROOM
HOTEL BELMONT
/CORRIDOR
/WILHELM'S ROOM
/LOBBY/ELEVATOR BANK

TEASER

1 BLACKNESS

1

We hear the FLUTTER of an old film projector. Up comes...

... A black & white NEWSREEL. "FOX MOVIE TONE NEWS" appears, accompanied by its familiar FANFARE. Then, deep and dramatic:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The year, 1944. D-Day.
After a successful landing on
the beaches of Normandy...

2 VARIOUS SHOTS (STOCK)

2

ALLIED TROOP CARRIERS crash through the waves. AMERICAN TROOPS
hump across the barbed wire sand under heavy fire.

(X)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

... Allied troops battle their
way through the French
countryside. On to Paris... and
the liberation of France.

PARISIANS CHEER as American TANKS rumble up the Champs Elysee.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But for some, liberation
comes... too late.

3 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY (1944)

3.

In HANDHELD black & white (which we will shoot and age in post):
a rotund Alsatian PREFECT sits rigid in his chair. A plate of
PASTRIES is before him -- one rests half-eaten in his hand.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A brave member of the French
Resistance... murdered by a
traitor. By the dreaded
Poisoner of Alsace.

4 CLOSE - A SIMPLIFIED MAP OF EUROPE

4

Alsace-Lorraine LIGHTENS to make it easy to pick out. France
and Germany border the province on either side.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Alsace-Lorraine. Historic
frontier province long claimed
by both France and Germany.

We PUSH IN on Alsace. "VERZENAY" appears in white letters.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED:

4

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The village of Verzenay. Here
the Poisoner of Alsace lays
claim to some twenty victims.
All members of the Resistance.

(beat)

But what of this shadowy
Poisoner? Who is he -- or she?

CUT TO:

5 CLOSE - A BLACK & WHITE STILL

5

Of a smiling young ALSATIAN WOMAN. We PULL BACK to see she
holds a tray of PASTRIES iced with FLEURS-DE-LIS. The familiar
PREFECT of the village presents her with a RIBBON.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Suspected is this woman, Madame
Davôs. Before the Occupation,
she was well known as the best
baker in Verzenay. But few saw
her true face.

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

6 EXT. VILLAGE - DAY (1944)

6

We PAN a row of a half-dozen ALLIED SOLDIERS -- six-footers,
all. Coming upon a GERMAN OFFICER in an S.S. uniform, we only
see the TOP OF HIS HAT due to his compact stature.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Heroic Marines capture a high-
ranking Nazi officer, believed
to be the man behind Madame
Davôs' treachery.

(X)

(X)

RE-FRAMING, we realize this German bears a remarkable
resemblance to... FROHIKE. Aside from his Hitler MOUSTACHE,
we'd swear it was our hero. He glowers at us, flanked by his
tall captors, who have posed him for the newsreel camera.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But why did she do it? There
are rumors among the townsfolk:
hushed talk of illicit
rendezvous. Romance. What the
French call... "tête-à-tête."

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED:

6

JUMP-CUT to a later piece of footage: the Frohike-ish OFFICER addresses the camera. He speaks GERMAN, his voice quickly fading to b.g. as the Narrator translates:

(X)
(X)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(X)

"I will tell you NOTHING!

(X)

You'll never find her! You will
never learn her secret!"

(X)

He snaps his heels and gives a Nazi salute -- heil Hitler.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Prophetic words. For the Madame disappeared, and has not been seen since.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. WOODED ROAD - DAY (1944)

7

Pine trees go from black & white... to SEPIA... to COLOR. We're still in 1944, but we're clearly no longer watching the newsreel. We TILT DOWN to find...

... MADAME DAVÔS standing in this deserted stretch of woods. We recognize her from her photo. She's not smiling now, however. She looks like her heart is breaking.

She stands at the back of a bicycle. A young GERMAN SOLDIER is astride it, ready to ride off. Madame Davôs stares down into a BASKET mounted on the back fender. The NARRATOR continues.

(X)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Will she be found? What is her
mysterious secret?

CLOSE - THE BASKET

An INFANT lies inside. We PUSH IN on this smiling cherub.

MADAME DAVÔS

Gently closes the lid. The Soldier pedals away, taking the child out of her life. Off the young woman, staring forlornly...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

We may never know.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

8 INT. LONE GUNMAN OFFICE - DAY - A FILE FOLDER

8

Lies on the floor. We TRACK along a haphazard trail of them. SLAP! Another one smacks into frame, then another. SLAP! SLAP!

FROHIKE (O.S.)

Son of a...

We find... FROHIKE at a row of file cabinets, kneeling before an open drawer marked "T." He's yanking out files, tossing them..

BYERS (O.S.)

Frohike.

BYERS sits before a large monitor. He works a mouse, his eyes glued to the "LONE GUNMAN" LAYOUT he's finishing. On page one, FROHIKE'S PHOTO sits atop an empty column. Another o.s. SLAP!

BYERS

Frohike. We've got a deadline here. I need your column -- ten minutes ago.

FROHIKE

I know, I know -- I need our file on the Warren Commission before I can finish it.

LANGLY pops his head around a stack of ELECTRONICS. Wires in hand, he's busy hooking up a CPU to a keyboard and peripherals.

LANGLY

So look under "W."

Frohike finds what he's looking for, growls under his breath.

FROHIKE

Oh, you moron.

(X)

(to Langly)

He files the Warren Commission under "T" -- "THE Warren Commission!

LANGLY

Ah, cut the guy some slack.

FROHIKE

Here's "THE Teapot Dome Scandal," "THE Grassy Knoll..."
(more)

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED:

8

FROHIKE
(disgusted)
I say we fire his ass.

LANGLY
You gotta know how to handle
him. Keep it simple. Like, I
asked him to clean my keyboard.

Langly lifts the keyboard... and a stream of WATER dribbles out.
Langly's charitable demeanor evaporates.

LANGLY
Byers. Pink-slip the patoot!

(X)

BYERS
You're both forgetting it's his
life savings keeping us in print.

FROHIKE
I don't care! He's a menace!

LANGLY
Yeah!

BYERS
He believes in our mission.
He's got a good heart. And he's
so happy to be here! If we let
him go, it'll crush him.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Crush who?

The Gunmen turn to find... JIMMY BOND. He just got here.

JIMMY
Who's gonna be crushed?

He's smiling, asking innocently. The Gunmen look a bit sheepish.

FROHIKE
Buddy --

Byers interrupts, afraid of how Frohike will break it to him.

BYERS
Jimmy, we uh... we've been
talking. And the thing of it
is... w-we're not sure this is
the right place for you.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

JIMMY

The right place for me? What,
are you kidding? Working with
guys like you? It's a dream.

BYERS

Jimmy...

JIMMY

I've been looking my whole life
for something like this. To
feel like I make a difference.
To work with men of integrity
and courage who fight to make
this a better country.

BYERS

The thing of it is...

JIMMY

You three -- you're heroes.
Heroes. I am so proud to be a
part of this team. I mean, just
talking about it...

He trails off, sincerely touched. He looks down at his forearm. (X)

JIMMY

... Look at that. Goosebumps.

He holds up his arm to the Gunmen. They look on, silent. Then: (X)

FROHIKE

You are so fired.

BYERS

Frohike...

FROHIKE

I swear to God, Byers, I'll buy
us a dancing monkey! I'll teach
it how to file!

(to Jimmy)

We'll pay you back your money!
Just get outta here!

Byers and Langly look warily to Jimmy, who is taken aback. Then:

JIMMY

I get it. I get what you're
trying to say. "Old Yeller."

The Gunmen look to each other. What the hell's he talking about?

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

JIMMY

In "Old Yeller," the kid yells
at the dog to make him leave.
He loves that dog. He doesn't
want him to go.

(off their stares)

Guys, don't feel weird taking my
money. It's my honor.

(X)

The front door BUZZER interrupts. Jimmy goes to answer it.

JIMMY

We're gonna keep the dream alive!

Frohike shakes his head -- he's in hell. Langly mutters to them.

LANGLY

In "Old Yeller," the kid shoots
the dog 'cause he's rabid.

FROHIKE

Yeah. Thanks for the idea.

Jimmy checks the CLOSED-CIRCUIT MONITOR, then pulls open the
front door. A WELL-DRESSED MAN, 50s, stands at the entrance.

JIMMY

Can I help you?

The man, MICHAEL WILHELM, speaks with a mild French accent.

WILHELM

I need to see this man.
He writes for this newspaper.

He shows Jimmy a folded copy of "The Lone Gunman" newspaper --
folded to show the familiar page-one photo of FROHIKE.

Jimmy looks to Frohike, Langly and Byers -- they approach,
wondering what's up. Seeing Frohike, Wilhelm points to him.

WILHELM

Him. He's the only one who can
help me catch a killer.

(X)

(X)

Frohike looks to the others -- huh? Off him:

CUT TO:

9 A VINTAGE BLACK & WHITE PHOTO

9

Fills frame. Taken in 1944, it shows Madame Davôs on a shell-pocked street. She's hurrying away, glancing back at us.

WILHELM (V.O.)

This is the last known photo of Madame Davôs. She disappeared shortly after it was taken.

10 INT. LONE GUNMAN OFFICE - LATER

10

The three Gunmen gaze at the photo. Jimmy looms behind them.

BYERS

The Poisoner of Alsace.

Langly nods knowingly. Frohike keeps a wary eye on the man.

JIMMY

I don't mean to sound stupid...
(off Frohike's look)
Should I know who that is?

FROHIKE

Check the files. Under "T" for
"THE Poisoner."

Jimmy nods and starts to head off. Byers stops him with a hand.

BYERS

She murdered 20 members of the French Resistance during World War II.

LANGLY

Served pastry iced with arsenic.
She was a Nazi collaborator.

Jimmy shakes his head, thoroughly disgusted.

(X)

JIMMY

Nazis. I hate those guys.

(X)

(X)

Frohike looks to Wilhelm.

(X)

FROHIKE

So why come to me?

WILHELM

Last month, this personal
appeared in several newspapers
in Europe.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED:

10

Wilhelm offers a French-language CLIPPING -- a classified ad.

WILHELM

It's from a mother looking for
her long-lost son.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED:

10

Byers scans the personal, reading:

(X)

BYERS

(X)

A Mrs. Anna Haag of Elwood, New
Jersey.

(X)

(X)

WILHELM

(nods)

(X)

The OSS believed Madame Davôs
bore a child out of wedlock to
a German officer. That she sent
her infant son to Berlin with
the retreating army during the
liberation of Alsace. It's
likely the child ended up an
orphan of war.

(X)

(X)

(X)

BYERS

You're thinking the Poisoner of
Alsace placed this ad? That
she's alive somewhere, looking
for her lost child?

LANGLY

(X)

How do you know Mrs. Haag is
this Davôs lady?

(X)

(X)

WILHELM

The ad mentions Verzenay, the
village where the Poisoner
lived. The dates are correct.
(touches his chest)
... In my heart, gentlemen.
I know that it's her.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Quiet passion. The Gunmen and Jimmy trade looks.

FROHIKE

I still don't get what this has
to do with me.

WILHELM

The child's father was this man.

He pulls another photo from his briefcase. It's a black & white
of the S.S. OFFICER -- the one who looks just like Frohike.

Langly, Byers and Jimmy instantly see the amazing resemblance.
Frohike doesn't, however. He notices all eyes are on him.

FROHIKE

What?

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

BYERS

You're thinking Frohike could
pass himself off as the long
lost son...

WILHELM

... And bring the Poisoner of
Alsace to justice.

FROHIKE

Whoa, whoa. First things first.
I look nothing like that guy.
(off their looks)
I'm taller, for one thing! And
we're not Nazi hunters. You
should try the FBI or Interpol.

WILHELM

I've tried. No interest. They
all tell me they need more
evidence before they can act.

Wilhelm's eyes well with tears. His voice gets quiet with
emotion.

(X)

WILHELM

When I saw your face... I had
such hope.

(beat)

You see, I'm named after my
father, Michael Wilhelm. He was
Prefect of Verzenay. He was
also a Resistance leader.

He slides one last photo from his briefcase. It's an image
familiar to us from the Teaser -- the dead Alsatian Prefect.

WILHELM

He was poisoned the day the
Allies marched in.

Now even Frohike feels bad. Wilhelm sets down a BUSINESS CARD.

WILHELM

This is the hotel where I'm
staying. Please call if you
change your mind.

He gathers his briefcase and exits. Jimmy sees him to the door.
Guilt hangs heavy over the room. Frohike rationalizes.

FROHIKE

Seriously. It would never work.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

BYERS

Why not? We've pulled off far
more difficult undercover ops.

FROHIKE

And... and I don't care how old
she is, that lady's dangerous.

LANGLY

You've never been afraid before.
What the hell's the problem?

Jimmy seems hurt. He looks at Frohike like he were a fallen
idol. Frohike finds this particularly obnoxious.

FROHIKE

Oh, for God's sake.

(reluctantly)

I just... c'mon. I can't pass
for a fifty-six-year-old man!

This is the problem. He looks at them, hoping they'll agree.
They clearly don't. Off them, looking askance at one another...

We PRELAP the Faces' Bad 'n' Ruin, Rod Stewart kicking in with:
"Mother, don't you recognize your son?"

CUT TO:

11 MUSIC MONTAGE - VARIOUS SHOTS

11

MACRO-CLOSE ON AN EYEBALL as a BLUE CONTACT LENS is slipped in.
WIDER as Jimmy hands Frohike the second lens and accidentally
DROPS IT. As Jimmy and Byers scan the floor...

CLOSE ON a man's scalp as a SKULL CAP is slipped over his
hairline. We PULL BACK to reveal Frohike grimacing as Jimmy
muscles the cap down tight... right over Frohike's eyes.
Whoops. As Frohike flails about...

CLOSE as a heart monitor SENSOR PAD is stuck to a man's chest,
then YANKED OFF and repositioned -- OUCH! A bunch of HAIR comes
off with it. WE PULL BACK to see a bare-chested Frohike glaring
at Langly, who is wiring him.

CLOSE ON a conservative TIE being tied in a Windsor knot. It's
BYERS tying the tie around Frohike's neck. As he snugs it a bit
too tight, Frohike's eyes bugging wide... THE MUSIC ENDS.

12 INT. LONE GUNMAN OFFICE - LATE

12

Jimmy stands by the work table, anticipation on his face. Byers sits nearby, prepping three wireless MEDICAL MONITORS. Langly is hacking on a computer. Hearing FOOTSTEPS, all three look up.

JIMMY

Check it out.

Frohiike steps into view... a different man. His hair BLONDE (a toupee), his eyes BLUE, he's dressed in a natty suit and tie. The guys are impressed -- it's quite a transformation.

FROHIKE

You three ever stop to think I don't speak French or German?

BYERS

You're an orphan of war.

LANGLY

Say you were raised in America.

FROHIKE

Okay. So what if she plays along... then poisons me?

BYERS

That's why we'll be monitoring your vitals remotely.

Byers taps the medical monitors.

FROHIKE

Great. So you'll have ten seconds' notice before I croak!

LANGLY

You won't be there long enough to do lunch. Just ID the woman then high-tail it outta there.

FROHIKE

And just how am I suppose to prove that she's the Poisoner?

Byers and Jimmy are stumped -- good question. But Langly smiles.

LANGLY

I've been waiting for you to ask me that. I ran a search on the Davôs family. It seems they all share one interesting physical trait.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED:

12

Langly points to his computer screen, doing his best to hide a shit-eating grin that's spreading across his face. Byers and Jimmy step close, peer over Langly's shoulder at the screen.

BYERS

A birthmark. Shaped,
ironically, like Germany.

(X)

(X)

Just like Langly, Jimmy begins to grin. Frohike wonders at this.

FROHIKE

So? A birthmark. So what?

BYERS

Well. It, uh... appears to be...

Jimmy can't contain himself any longer.

JIMMY

... On her butt!

LANGLY

Eine tuchus, as the Germans say.

Frohike stares at them, dismayed. Byers looks uncomfortable, but Langly and Jimmy struggle to hold in their laughter.

FROHIKE

Uh uh. No freakin' way.

BYERS

It seems to be the only means of
making a positive identification.

Oh, crap. Frohike squeezes shut his eyes, considers.

FROHIKE

The whole family has it, huh?

Byers and Langly nod. Frohike grabs a MAGIC MARKER, tosses it to them. He turns his back to them, unbuckles his BELT.

LANGLY

What are you doing?

FROHIKE

Covering my ass.

(off their looks)

You're gonna give me a birthmark
too. Prepare to get mooned.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

Frohike DROPS HIS PANTS and BENDS OVER. Off Langly, Byers and Jimmy, definitely unprepared, despite the warning:

CUT TO:

13 EXT. MRS. HAAG'S HOUSE - DAY, - AN AMERICAN FLAG

13

Hangs from a porch column. LEGEND: ELWOOD, NEW JERSEY. We're in a quaint neighborhood of older houses and big, leafy trees.

We find Frohike, spiffed up and doing his best Erwin Rommel. He climbs the steps to this modest cottage. He hesitates, then KNOCKS on the front door. A beat. Under his breath:

FROHIKE

Guess nobody's home.

We RACK to see the Gunmen's VW BUS parked up the street.

LANGLY'S VOICE

Hold your position.

We RACK BACK to Frohike -- he pushes on his left ear, making sure his tiny ear canal RADIO RECEIVER is seated properly.

INTERCUT WITH:

14 INT. VW BUS - DAY

14

Langly sits at the electronics console, headset mic in place. A monitor shows a TELEPHOTO VIEW of Frohike on the porch.

LANGLY

And don't be a wuss. You're the Master Race, remember?

BYERS

Relax, Frohike. Your heart rate's rising rapidly.

Byers eyes the MEDICAL MONITORS displaying Frohike's VITAL SIGNS.

FROHIKE

Yours would be too if you were facing certain death.

(to himself)

Or some withered old keister...
I don't know which is worse.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED:

14

LANGLY

Knock again. Maybe Mommy didn't
hear you.

Frohike shoots a look toward the bus as he reaches up to knock.
He FREEZES, his hand suspended in the air, as the DOOR OPENS.
An ELDERLY WOMAN peers out at him.

FROHIKE

Ahh... good afternoon.
I believe you placed this ad?

He holds up a copy of Wilhelm's NEWSPAPER CLIPPING. The woman
gazes blankly at Frohike -- did she hear him? He continues.

FROHIKE

You're looking for your long
lost son.
(off her blank stare)
I believe... I believe I'm him.

Nothing. Frohike sighs. Playing his part, he steps forward and
HUGS the woman -- who stands, immobile. Not hugging back.

Frohike pulls back awkwardly, forces a smile. The woman opens
the door wider, allowing him entry.

LANGLY

You're in! Now pants her!

Panic spreads across Frohike's face as he steps into:

15 INT. MRS. HAAG'S HOUSE - FOYER - FROHIKE

15

Lets the door close behind him. The room, like the rest of the
house, reflects its owner: dark wood, antiques, oppressively
neat and tidy. A cuckoo clock TICKS in the stifling quiet.

Frohike steels himself for the task at hand. He looks to the
woman, who leads him in slow, arthritic steps toward the parlor.

Frohike steps closer... closer... reaching for...

HIS POV - THE BACK OF THE WOMAN'S SKIRT

His fingertips gingerly approach the wide waistband.

CLOSE - FROHIKE

GRABS IT with both hands. The woman shuffles on, making the
elastic waistband of her skirt STRETCH like a slingshot.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

15

As Frohike holds tight, craning his neck and trying to get a look down the woman's skirt... he's startled by a STERN VOICE.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Vat are you doing?

Frohike -- waistband in hand -- whips his head around to find:

A SECOND ELDERLY WOMAN

Standing on the staircase. A steely, Teutonic woman in her late seventies, she glares at him with piercing eyes.

Frohike is a deer in headlights. He RELEASES the waistband, which SNAPS the first elderly woman in the ass. She keeps shuffling off toward the parlor, oblivious of this violation.

FROHIKE

(fumbling)

Uh... I thought I saw a mouse.

MRS. HAAG

Vat do you vant here?

She approaches. This woman could kill you with her stare alone.

FROHIKE

I'm... here to see Mrs. Haag?

MRS. HAAG

I am Mrs. Haag.

(off his confusion)

That's my maid, Mrs. Allsop.

Who are you? --

(X)

Frohike turns back to her. Takes a deep breath.

FROHIKE

I'm... I'm your son. Dolph.

Mrs. Haag steps closer, towering over Frohike. Squinting down at him as if she were giving an x-ray. He stands motionless, as:

CLOSE - HIS HEART MONITOR

BEEPS faster, his heart rate RISING.

BYERS AND LANGLEY

Share a concerned look.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

MRS. HAAG

Wells with emotion. She GRABS Frohike and HUGS HIM TIGHT to her bosom.

BYERS AND LANGLEY

Cringe as their headsets SQUEAL. The vitals monitors get WIGGY. They both jump into action, fiddling with the equipment.

BYERS

We're losing com! --

They listen super-closely. Their eyes widen as we hear a loud sound like TWO BALLOONS BEING RUBBED TOGETHER. PTH-HHBBBBBT!

LANGLY

My God, what's she doing to him?

(into mic)

Frohike! Frohike! Do you read?

No answer. Now, just STATIC. Suddenly... a RAP-RAP on the outside of the bus makes them jump. They share a nervous look.

Another RAP-RAP and Byers, who's nearest, reaches for the back door handle. He cracks it open just enough to reveal...

HIS POV - YET ANOTHER ELDERLY WOMAN

This one wears a scowl on her face. Her name is MRS. EVERAGE. (X)

MRS. EVERAGE

Have you got a girl in there?

BYERS

P-Pardon me? No.

The door opens a bit wider -- Langly's head appears. Mrs. Everage squints at his long blond hair, her suspicions confirmed.

MRS. EVERAGE

You do have a girl in there!
You can't just park in front of
my house and play slap and
tickle all day!

BYERS

I assure you, we're neither
slapping nor tickling.

MRS. EVERAGE

Then what are you doing?

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

Byers hems and haws -- nobody expected this, and he has no alibi.

BYERS

Well, you see... we are...

Mrs. Everage suddenly GASPS and points past them into the bus.

MRS. EVERAGE

Is that Mrs. Haag's house?

Oh my Lord...

She's seeing Langly's MONITOR, which is telephoto on the HOUSE.

MRS. EVERAGE

You're spying on Mrs. Haag!

BYERS

No! We're not spying, per se,
we're, uh... surveilling.

LANGLY

(helping out)

We're surveilling her maid!

MRS. EVERAGE

Her maid? Mrs. Allsop?

Whatever for?

Byers looks to Langly -- now what? Langly goes for it.

LANGLY

INS, ma'am. We have reason to
believe she's... not American.

MRS. EVERAGE

Of course she's not American.
She's from France.

BYERS

Precisely.

Mrs. Everage squints at him, disgusted.

MRS. EVERAGE

Mrs. Haag is a friend of mine.
I don't care who you are, you
can't just watch her house day
and night.

BYERS

Ah... this is a federal matter,
ma'am. I'll have to ask you not
to reveal our presence here.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (4)

15

LANGLY
... or you'll go to jail too,
along with the other old bags!

Mrs. Everage looks shocked as Langly SLIDES the door shut in her face. As Byers wipes his brow:

CUT TO:

16 CLOSE - ONE OF FROHIKE'S ANKLE

(X) 16

His pants fall to the floor, revealing a LONG WIRE running down his leg, attached to a SENSOR PAD on his calf. As he steps out of his pants, his hand unhooking the wire...

(X)
(X)
(X)

INT. MRS. HAAG'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - FROHIKE

(X)

Stands beside the antique bed, down to his undershirt and boxers, monitor wires stripped from his body. His clothes lie in a pile nearby. On the bed is the TRANSMITTER, a home-built unit the size of a cigarette pack. His earwig lies with it.

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

Frohiike is trying to repair the broken unit. He fiddles with various wires. Behind him, the door is SHUT. He slips the earpiece into his ear. We hear a tiny CRACKLE.

(X)
(X)

INTERCUT WITH:

17 INT. VW BUS - LANGLY

17

Hears it, too. He sits up, quickly donning his headset.

LANGLY
We've got com!

FROHIKE
Without any help from you two.

Byers grabs his headset mic, joining the conversation.

BYERS
Frohiike, where are you?

FROHIKE
In my keen new bedroom. She insists I stay the night.

LANGLY
That's not the plan! Go take a look at her caboose, then get the hell outta there!

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED:

17

FROHIKE

It's not that easy! My
eyesight's only just now coming
back from seeing the maid's!

As he talks... we ADJUST to find the door behind him now OPEN.
MRS. HAAG stands across the room in b.g., staring at Frohike.

MRS. HAAG

Dolph? Vat are you doing?

Frohike JUMPS, yanking the wire and POPPING the earpiece from
his ear. He jams the transmitter into his nearby pile of
clothes. He rises to face Mrs. Haag, who eyes him suspiciously.

MRS. HAAG

Who vere you talking to?

FROHIKE

I was, ah... saying my prayers.
Thanking the Lord above that
we've found each other.

He forces a smile. She gives a tiny nod, buying this... maybe.
She crosses to him, offers him a pile of folded CLOTHES.

MRS. HAAG

These belonged to my second
husband. They should fit you.
He vas a tiny man, too.

(X)

FROHIKE

Gee, thanks. Ma.

Frohike takes the clothes. He DROPS THEM as Mrs. Haag reaches
for Frohike's pants and shirt -- where the transmitter is hidden!

FROHIKE

No! Don't! --

She grabs the entire pile. Frohike tenses, fearing discovery.

MRS. HAAG

These need to be laundered.

(X)

FROHIKE

No they don't! Ah... I was
going to wear those tomorrow!

She smiles askance at him, not surrendering the clothes.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

MRS. HAAG

Is that how you were brought up?
To be filthy? Go to sleep.

(X)

She turns and leaves, closing the door behind her. Off Frohike,
his radio lifeline in the hands of the Poisoner of Alsace:

CUT TO:

18 INT. MRS. HAAG'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

18

ANGLE ON THE WASHING MACHINE as Frohike's clothes are set down.
We ADJUST to Mrs. Haag, who exits into the kitchen. She closes
the door, sending us into darkness. The only light comes from
beneath the kitchen door.

Now we hear her muffled voice. She speaks in GERMAN, SUBTITLED.

MRS. HAAG

He says he's my son. But there
is something strange about him.

As WE CREEP toward the door...

MRS. HAAG

I'd better do some baking.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

19 EXT. MRS. HAAG'S HOUSE - MORNING

19

It's early. A PAPER BOY tosses a paper onto Mrs. Haag's grass.
As he rides on... we find the VW BUS still parked up the street.

20 INT./EXT. VW BUS - LANGLEY

20

Slouches at his monitor, watching the Haag house. Byers sleeps
in his seat nearby -- they've been taking turns all night.

A RUMBLE pierces the quiet -- Langly's STOMACH. Byers awakes.

BYERS

What was that? --

LANGLY

Nothing. As in nothing in my
stomach. I gotta eat something.

BYERS

Let's just hope Frohike hasn't.

Langly nods, grim. Byers shakes off sleep, resumes his station
behind the medical monitors. He fiddles with them.

BYERS

Still no telemetry. I wish we
knew what was going on in there.

Langly perks up as he notices something on his monitor. A DARK
SHAPE momentarily blocks our view of the Haag house.

LANGLY

We got movement.

He adjusts the roof-mounted periscope camera for a better view.

CLOSE - MONITOR

Seen from behind, MRS. EVERAGE makes her way up Mrs. Haag's
walk. She seems to be carrying something, though we're not sure.

LANGLY

It's her. The neighbor lady.
My God, old people get up early.

They watch as Mrs. Haag appears at the door. She greets Mrs.
Everage -- clearly these women are friends. We can't see much,
but their conversation is brief. Mrs. Everage turns to leave.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED:

20

The boys lean close to the monitor as Mrs. Everage toddles back toward CAMERA. She looks right at us, knowing we're watching... and promptly gives us the old Bronx "UP YOURS" with her forearm.

Byers and Langly share a look. Nice.

LANGLY

You think she exposed us?

A RADIO CRACKLE draws their attention. They tap their headsets.

LANGLY

Frohike?! Do you read? --

INTERCUT WITH:

21 INT. MRS. HAAG'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM

21

Langly's TINY VOICE can be heard inside Frohike's DIRTY CLOTHES. Mrs. Allsop is sorting through them, dropping them in the washer.

LANGLY

Frohike? --

CLOSE - FROHIKE'S SHIRT

Gets pulled away, revealing the TRANSMITTER lying on top of his slacks. Now we hear Langly and Byers clearer, though squeezed.

LANGLY

Maybe... he's been poisoned.

BYERS

Scans his vitals monitors, which show only SNOW.

BYERS

We've got static, not flatlines.

(X)

MRS. ALLSOP

Reaches for the slacks... and sees the transmitter sitting there. She looks at it for a long moment, her expression blank as always. Then she picks it up, carrying the device into...

... THE KITCHEN. She drops it into a TRASH CAN as she exits.

LANGLY & BYERS

Yank off their headphones as a SCREECH of FEEDBACK is heard. They look to each other -- what the hell's going on?

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED:

21

BACK IN THE KITCHEN - FROHIKE

Pads into the room, dressed in... GREEN LEDERHOSEN. He looks like a refugee from Oktoberfest. Miserable, he glances around. Thank God no one's here. He finds the laundry room and rifles it for his transmitter and clothes.

MRS. HAAG appears behind him, eyeing him quizzically.

MRS. HAAG

Dolph! --

Frohike JUMPS, then takes a second to re-start his heart.

FROHIKE

Right. I just need my clothes.

(indicates lederhosen)

No offense, but these aren't doing it for me.

Mrs. Haag frowns, appraising his attire. She TURNS HIM AROUND and YANKS UP on his waistband, checking the fit. His eyes bulge.

MRS. HAAG

What? They fit beautifully!

(ushering him out)

Come. For you something special.

(X)

(X)

At the kitchen counter, she lifts the cover off a porcelain serving platter, revealing a lone PASTRY. It is iced with the familiar FLEUR-DE-LIS decoration we remember from the Teaser.

Frohike stares down at this. Oh shit.

FROHIKE

Ah... no thanks. Not hungry.

MRS. HAAG

You have not eaten a thing since you got here. This is special.

Made just for you.

(X)

(X)

She holds the plate up right under his nose.

MRS. HAAG

Eat.

There's no arguing it. Frohike picks up the pastry like it's made of uranium. Satisfied, Mrs. Haag goes about her business. As soon as her back is turned, Frohike makes LIP-SMACKING NOISES, feigns talking with his mouth full.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

FROHIKE
Mmmm. Delicious.

Mrs. Haag nods and smiles. She's preoccupied with squeezing herself an orange juice using a medieval-looking JUICE PRESS. Frohike drops the pastry in the trash, DOUBLE-TAKING as he sees:

FROHIKE'S POV - THE TRANSMITTER

Lies in the trash right beside the discarded pastry.

FROHIKE grabs the device, relieved. He eases out of the room.

22 INT. PARLOR - CONTINUOUS - FROHIKE

22

Slips his earwig into place, moves to a front window and peers out at the VW bus. He whispers so Mrs. Haag won't hear.

FROHIKE
Guys! Guys! Do you read?

INTERCUT WITH:

23 INT. VW BUS - THE VIDEO MONITOR

23

The image WHIP-PANS to find Frohike waving out at us through the window, looking trapped -- and of course, wearing LEDERHOSEN.

LANGLY AND BYERS

Frown to one another, then back to this odd sight.

BYERS
Frohike..?

LANGLY
Damn, man -- where's your tuba?
(grinning)
You look like the little dude in
one of those cuckoo clocks.

FROHIKE
Oh yeah? How 'bout I pop out of
my little house and ring your
bell?!

(X)
(X)

BYERS
What is going on in there? --

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED:

23

FROHIKE

This whacked-out broad just
tried to poison me, that's what!
She gave me one of her pastries!

BYERS

It's evidence! Get it to us so
we can have it analyzed.

Frohike nods -- good idea. As he turns to head back into the
kitchen, Mrs. Haag appears in the doorway. She's inscrutable.

MRS. HAAG

Dolph. How you feel today?
(off his hesitation)
You look weak. You come viz me.

24 INT. KITCHEN - THE TRASH CAN

24

Sits big in f.g. In b.g., Frohike glances around Mrs. Haag at
it, wanting to get at the evidence it contains. But Mrs. Haag
ushers him away, through the parlor and out of sight.

We ARC AROUND the trash can, find Mrs. Allsop shuffling in
through another door. She gathers the orange rinds Mrs. Haag
left, meaning to toss them. But now, something catches her eye.

She reaches into the trash can and pulls out the PASTRY. She
looks it over closely, gives it a sniff. Seems perfectly good.
She takes a BITE. As she shuffles out of frame, snack in hand:

CUT TO:

25 EXT. LONE GUNMAN OFFICE - DAY

25

We establish the boys' familiar warehouse-district headquarters.
The area is deserted, as always. Except for... a JAGUAR XKR (X)
CONVERTIBLE that RUMBLES into view. As it pulls to a stop... (X)

LOW ANGLE - A FIGURE (X)

Steps out of the driver's seat and into f.g. frame, closing the (X)
car door. We STEADICAM behind a pair of hips clad in black (X)
leather pants. They take us down the steps to the basement
entrance. We reveal this is...

... YVES ADELE HARLOW. She glances back over her shoulder past
us. Perfect, no one's around. She pulls out a high-tech unit
about the size of a TV remote. It has three wires hanging off
it, each one terminating with a tiny, motorized KEY PICK.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED:

25

Yves plugs the key picks into the top three deadbolts. LIGHTS FLICKER on the unit. CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK! The locks UNLOCK.

26 INT. LONE GUNMAN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - THE DOOR

26

We ARM DOWN the three deadbolts securing the front door. Now... (X)
CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK! The three UNLOCK. (X)

The door eases open and Yves enters. It seems no one's home -- which is exactly what she counted on. She moves directly to Langly's computer, goes to work cracking the password. When...

DAH-NUH-NUH-NUH DAHDAHDAH! Yves' attention snaps around at the LOUD first seven bars of "Old Time Rock and Roll." Who the hell's playing Bob Seger? Who's here?

DAH-NUH-NUH-NUH DAHDAHDAH! Around some shelving slides... JIMMY. Ala Tom Cruise in "Risky Business," he's in socks, jockey shorts, Oxford shirt and shades. Seeing Yves, he freezes.

JIMMY

Whoops. Uh...

He tries to run back the way he came, his slippery socks pedalling the floor like a cartoon character. He lurches back behind the shelving with a CRASH and kills the MUSIC.

Yves stares after him, not at all sure what she just witnessed. Giving a shake of her head, she turns back to the computer.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Wait a minute, you're uh...
Hey, wait a minute! What are
you doing in here?

Yves ignores him. BEEP! She cracks into Langly's files. Jimmy reappears from behind the shelving, zipping up his pants.

JIMMY

I know you. You're that lady
whose name is the same backwards
as forwards.

YVES

No it's not.

JIMMY

Yeah it is.

YVES

"Yves Adele Harlow" is an
anagram, not a palindrome.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED:

26

JIMMY

Yeah, exactly. Backwards it's
"Lee Harvey Oswald."

YVES

No. Backwards, it's nothing.
Backwards....

(catches herself)

Why am I talking to you?

She shoves a disk into the disk drive, makes a quick copy of
Langly's files. Retrieving it, she heads for the door.

YVES

By all means, continue dancing.

JIMMY

(intercepting her)

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Where you
think you're going with that?
Give me that.

Staring coolly at him, she tucks the disk down her sweater.

YVES

This? You're not gonna try and
take it from me, are you?

Jimmy considers his options. A gentleman, he shakes his head.

YVES

Smart boy.

She starts to open the door -- he slaps a hand on it, stops her.

JIMMY

But you're not leaving, either.
Not until I know what's going on.

YVES

Is that even possible?
For you to know what's going on?

He's not moving. Yves considers a dozen quick and easy ways to
incapacitate him. Finally, she sighs -- does it the hard way.

YVES

Fine. Your Three Stooges --
they're investigating a woman
named Madame Davôs.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

JIMMY
(careful)
Maybe. Maybe not.

YVES
(impatient)
They are. And as usual, they're
in completely over their heads.

JIMMY
Oh, yeah? And why's that?

YVES
What do you know about the man
who brought them the story?

JIMMY
He's some poor old French guy
named Michael Wilhelm.

Yves shakes her head no.

JIMMY
Yeah. He's named after his
father, who was the Pre,
Pre-something of some French
town. Versh, uh... Version...
Anyway, he got poisoned to death.

YVES
Michael Wilhelm, the Prefect of
Verzenay, was indeed murdered by
the Poisoner of Alsace. Only,
he died childless.

Jimmy mulls this over, confused.

JIMMY
So, who's the guy who was here?

Off Yves, who knows the answer... we again PRELAP Bad 'n' Ruin.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. SUBURBAN PARK - DAY - MUSIC MONTAGE

27

FROHIKE'S MOVING POV of Mrs. Haag: CLOSE to her face, then
AWAY, arcing back and forth as she counts in German.

MRS. HAAG
Eins... zwei... eins... zwei...

(X)

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED:

27

It's a red-faced FROHIKE doing SIT-UPS, wearing Mrs. Haag's 2nd husband's sweats. Mrs. Haag kneels, holding his feet down.

28 EXT. SUBURBAN PARK - DAY - MUSIC CONTINUES

28

Now Mrs. Haag stands, SNAPPING her fingers and keeping a beat.

MRS. HAAG

Strong. Strong, not weak.

Be strong! --

We find FROHIKE doing JUMPING JACKS in time to Mrs. Haag's snapping. He looks like he's about to have a coronary. We RACK from him to... the VW BUS parked inconspicuously in b.g.

29 INT. VW BUS - DAY - MUSIC CONTINUES

29

On the VIDEO MONITOR, Frohike is seen in TELEPHOTO CLOSE UP, bobbing up and down through frame, the SWEAT flying off him.

Byers and Langly cringe as they watch this, expecting him to drop dead at any second. Byers turns to the MEDICAL MONITORS, which are peaking off their scales.

30 EXT. SUBURBAN PARK - DAY - MUSIC CONTINUES

30

We MOVE LOW along the pavement as a pair of women's SNEAKERS appears, SPEED-WALKING along. After a beat...

A pair of MEN'S SNEAKERS appears. They try to keep up in what looks more like SPEED-STUMBLING.

MRS. HAAG (O.S.)

Faster... faster! Move those
little legs!

(X)

WE ARM UP to Frohike. Huffing and puffing along, he suddenly... PITCHES FORWARD out of frame. CRASH! The MUSIC ENDS.

CUT TO:

31 INT. MRS. HAAG'S HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY - AN ICE PACK

31

Is placed on Frohike's ANKLE. WE PULL BACK to reveal... FROHIKE propped up in a chair, his foot on an ottoman. Mrs. Haag tends to his injury, looking concerned for him.

MRS. HAAG

I push too hard. My fault.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED:

31

FROHIKE

Yeah, whatever. I'll live.

(under his breath)

Hopefully...

MRS. HAAG

You must live. Now that we've
found each other. We must both
make up for the time we missed...

(X)

(X)

A beat. Quiet emotion starts to show in this iron lady's face.

MRS. HAAG

Ven I lost you in the war, all
those years ago... All those
years...

(X)

(X)

(misting up)

The world then was very hard on
little things.

(X)

Frohike listens respectfully, surprised by this show of feeling.

MRS. HAAG

It robbed me. Robbed me of my
treasure. But today... I have
my treasure back.

Frohike can't help but be a little touched by this. Mrs. Haag
wipes her eyes. Self-conscious, she gets back to business.

MRS. HAAG

Now. You must eat something.
I am very worried about you.

(X)

(X)

Frohike considers, then smiles -- brainstorm.

FROHIKE

What say we order a pizza?

MRS. HAAG

Gut. I go call.

Mrs. Haag heads up the stairs, out of sight.

INTERCUT WITH:

32 INT. VW BUS - DAY

32

Langly's stomach GROWLS. Hungry and miserable, he looks to
Byers -- both of them listening in to all this on their headsets.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED:

32

LANGLY

Oh, man... he gets pizza?
Byers, can we order a pizza?

BYERS

Oh sure, Langly -- that wouldn't
look suspicious.
(into his headset)
Frohike? Has she left the room?

FROHIKE cranes his neck to see. He WHISPERS throughout this.

FROHIKE

Yeah. She's gone.

BYERS

Think you can make it into the
kitchen? We still need that
pastry she gave you as evidence.

FROHIKE

I'll try. But I don't know,
guys. I'm starting to have
second thoughts about this.

LANGLY

What do you mean?

Frohike winces as he struggles to his feet. Keeping an eye on
the staircase above, he hops on his good foot as quietly as he
can -- making his way to the kitchen door.

FROHIKE

I mean, did you hear what she
said to me just now?

33 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - THE DOOR

33

Swings open and Frohike hobbles in. He catches the door so it
doesn't swing back -- he silently eases it shut behind him.

FROHIKE

She actually sounded like she
had a heart. Not like some
rabid Nazi murderer.

(beat)

I don't know. Maybe I'm trying
to see the wrong old lady's butt.

BYERS and LANGLY consider this evenly.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED:

33

FROHIKE makes his way to the trash can. He pushes open the flip-top, peers down inside. Puzzled, he reaches in and roots around.

FROHIKE

It's gone.

BYERS

What's gone?

FROHIKE

The pastry.

Frohike looks all around, trying to figure this out. He sees:

FROHIKE'S POV - THE LAUNDRY ROOM

The door to the room is half-closed. From here, we glimpse the edge of the washer... and the half-eaten PASTRY sitting atop it.

Frohike hobbles forward, fearing what he's about to find.

FROHIKE

Hello..? Mrs. Allsop..?

No answer. He eases the door open with a slow CRE-EEEEAK. He peeks his head in, sees...

... MRS. ALLSOP standing as still as a statue behind the door. Her eyes are open and staring. As always, there's that blank expression on her face -- only this time is different.

Cringing, Frohike gingerly reaches out a finger... and POKES Mrs. Allsop on the shoulder. That's all it takes for -- TIMBER!

The old maid's lifeless body CRASHES to the floor.

FROHIKE

Oh, crap.

(taps his earpiece)

Byers? Langly? I think I spoke too soon.

BYERS and LANGLEY look to one another, concerned.

WE ARC OVER to the washing machine so that...

... The deadly, half-eaten PASTRY sits big in f.g. atop it. Off Frohike, staring down at it, having lost his appetite:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

34 INT. MRS. HAAG'S HOUSE - DAY - MRS. HAAG

34

Stands in the foyer. Hankie in hand, she's crying softly as two UNIFORMED COPS speak to her in hushed tones. Mrs. Everage hovers respectfully nearby. WE RACK to...

... FROHIKE across the parlor, seated on a hassock and favoring his ankle. Disgusted, he turns away, whispers into his earwig:

FROHIKE

She's putting on quite a show.

INTERCUT WITH:

35 INT. VW BUS - DAY - LANGLEY

35

Who listens in on his headset. His monitor shows an AMBULANCE and a POLICE CRUISER parked before Mrs. Haag's house.

LANGLEY

That's cold, man. That's how
your hard-core Nazi works.

He glances to Byers, who finishes up talking on a CELL PHONE.

FROHIKE

Watches grimly as TWO EMTs wheel out Mrs. Allsop's sheet-covered body. Mrs. Haag wipes a tear as they pass. Mrs. Everage takes her arm, gently leads her upstairs. Now Frohike rises, limping his way across the parlor, toward the front door. (X)
(X)

FROHIKE

I've seen enough. I'm gonna go
talk to the cops -- tell 'em
this wasn't a heart attack.

BYERS

Don't. We still need proof.

FROHIKE

What do you want, Byers, a
signed confession? She's the
Poisoner of Alsace, and that
death cruller was meant for me!
I'm outta here! --

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED:

35

BYERS

I just got off the phone with Michael Wilhelm. He says if you leave now, it will only arouse her suspicion. She may try to slip out of the country.

LANGLY

We could lose her forever.

Frohike reluctantly sees their point. He stops at the door.
The VW Bus is just visible up the street, obscured by trees.

(X)

(X)

BYERS

Wilhelm will urge the local coroner to perform an autopsy. In the meantime, we have to stick to Plan A. I'm sorry, Frohike, but...

LANGLY

You still gotta glimpse the ham.

Before he can protest, Frohike sees Mrs. Everage approaching from behind. He forces a smile.

(X)

(X)

MRS. EVERAGE

You're the son, aren't you?
It's so wonderful you two found each other after all these years.
(off his nod)
I'm Louella Everage, from across the street.

She takes his hand, holding it tight in both of hers.

FROHIKE

Dolph. Nice to meet you.

MRS. EVERAGE

Your mother wants to have a few friends over this evening. You know, a little schnapps...

FROHIKE

Oh sure, like a wake.

Mrs. Everage nods, SQUEEZES Frohike's hand tight. Looking intently into his eyes:

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

MRS. EVERAGE

It must be a great comfort to
her to have her son back.
Especially at this time of need.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

Frohike just keeps smiling his fake smile, growing more and more uncomfortable. This lady is intense. (X)

MRS. HAAG

Dolph?

Frohike turns to Mrs. Haag, who has descended partway down the stairs. Her eyes are red, but she's pulling herself together..

MRS. HAAG

Answer the phone if it rings.
I'm going to take a shower.

Frohike nods. Mrs. Everage smiles at him, pats his hand and toddles off. We CREEP IN on Frohike as it dawns on him...

FROHIKE

(into his earwig)

Boys. Opportunity knocks. (X)

OFF BYERS AND LANGLEY

Sharing a look. The import of this dawning on them:

CUT TO:

36 EXT. DOWNTOWN HOTEL - DAY

36

Upscale and venerable. LEGEND: HOTEL BELMONT, WASHINGTON, D.C.

37 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY - WILHELM

37

Emerges from a room, closing the door behind him. Overcoat on, wearing leather gloves, he looks like he'll be gone awhile. WE LEAD HIM up the hall to the elevator. He pushes the button.

Soon, the elevator arrives with a DING. Wilhelm steps inside.. As the doors close, we RACK to the adjoining hallway... where YVES, then JIMMY appear, peeking around the corner.

YVES

Come on.

We LEAD THEM as Yves makes for Wilhelm's door. Jimmy keeps pace.

JIMMY

Alright, I told you where to
find him. Now tell me who he is.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED:

37

YVES

You've heard of Stasi -- the
East German Secret Police?

Jimmy gives the kind of "oh sure" nod that tells us he hasn't.
Yves rolls her eyes, but continues.

YVES

Not good guys. God knows how
many defectors they tortured and
killed. I believe this man who
now calls himself "Michael
Wilhelm" gave them their orders.

Standing at Wilhelm's door, Yves shoots a glance down the hall
in both directions, then withdraws her electronic KEY PICK UNIT.

YVES

He's a cold-blooded murderer.
There's a sizable bounty for his
arrest -- provided I can prove
that it is indeed him.

Before Yves can pick the lock, a BELLMAN appears from around the
corner, walking their way. Yves pulls Jimmy close.

YVES

Pretend that you like me.

Jimmy's eyebrows rise -- far out. Behind, the Bellhop steps up (X)
to a rolling luggage rack parked before another room. As the (X)
Bellhop wheels the luggage rack away, with barely a glance at (X)
the "lovers"... (X)

... Jimmy shuts his eyes and puckers up to kiss her open- (X)
mouthed. She perfunctorily pushes him away. (X)

YVES

That's enough.

JIMMY

Oh. Hey, uh... so yeah. What
does any of this have to do with
the Lone Gunmen investigating
Madame Davôs?

YVES

Have you seen Mr. Wilhelm's left
buttock?

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

JIMMY

(a concerned beat)

Baby, I don't swing that way.
Especially not with old guys.

Yves stares at him flatly, shakes her head and works on the lock.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

JIMMY

Wait a minute. You're saying
he's her son?!

(X)

(confused)

That doesn't make any sense.
Why doesn't he just go to her
• himself?

YVES

Because he knows he has a bounty
on his head. Better to send
three stalking horses to learn
whether or not it's a trap.

Jimmy mulls this over, worried.

JIMMY

We need to tell the guys. If
what you say is true...

YVES

... Then they're right where
they should be, keeping an eye
on that woman.

CLUNK! The lock UNLATCHES. Yves pushes open the door.

YVES

You're my lookout. Think you
can handle that?

JIMMY

(snorts)

Please.

She studies him, not sure he can. She disappears into the room,
pulls the door shut. Off Jimmy, nodding to himself and waiting:

CUT TO:

38 EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY - WILHELM

(X) 38

Rounds a corner, stepping into the spacious lobby. As he heads
for the front doors, he slows and reaches into his overcoat for
something.

(X)

(X)

(X)

He stops. He pats his pockets, not finding what he's looking
for. He turns and heads back the way he came.

(X)

39 INT. HOTEL BELMONT - WILHELM'S ROOM - A CELL PHONE

(X) 39

Sit on the vanity -- this is what he left behind. WE RACK off it... YVES making her way through this darkened room.

(X)

Yves scans the place. She beelines for a room service cart, pulls a small FINGERPRINTING KIT from a pocket. As she pulls on a latex glove, dusts a used WINE GLASS for fingerprints...

CUT TO:

40 INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - ELEVATOR BANK - DAY

40

Wilhelm waits for the next elevator. He pushes the button again, checks his watch. Impatient, he heads for the STAIRWELL.

41 INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY - JIMMY

41

Keeps close watch on the elevator landing. He's a model of concentration, his eyes scanning the corridor ahead...

... And ignoring the corridor behind. In deep b.g., we see a STAIRWELL DOOR open and WILHELM emerge. Wilhelm crosses to his room and unlocks the door.

Jimmy turns at the sound -- in time to see the man disappear into his room and shut the door behind him. We PUSH IN on Jimmy, his anxiety building as he realizes he's screwed up big.

42 INT. HOTEL - WILHELM'S ROOM - A JUICY THUMBPRINT

42

Gets yanked off the wine glass onto a piece of clear tape. Yves grabs her stuff, looks around desperately for an escape route. She BLOWS the excess powder away, leaves the glass WOBBLE-WOBBLE-WOBBLING as she exits frame. It almost falls, but doesn't.

WILHELM

Rounds the dogleg into this suite, looks about for his missing cell phone. He crosses to the vanity. As we PAN over with him, (X) we're wondering where the hell Yves went.

Now we see... she's standing flat against the wall alongside the bed. Wilhelm picks up his cell. In one second, when he turns (X) to leave, he'll see her. But just before he does...

... The HOTEL PHONE before him RINGS. He picks it up. In b.g., (X) Yves shuts her eyes, relieved -- saved by the bell.

WILHELM

Hello?

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED:

42

We hear a deep male VOICE on the other end, speaking GERMAN.
Wilhelm answers in kind.

WILHELM

Ich hätte Ihren Ruf verpaßt, hat
ich nicht vergessen meine Brille
gehabt...

43 INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - JIMMY

43

Presses an ear to the closed door, listening to muffled GERMAN
being spoken inside. Wondering what it means and what to do.

44 INT. HOTEL - WILHELM'S ROOM - WILHELM

44

Continues to speak German to someone he clearly knows (mit out
subtitles). As he speaks, he slowly TURNS and we PIVOT ON HIM...

... REVEALING Yves silently sliding against the wall behind him.
As he moves, she moves, staying just out of his line of sight.

WILHELM

... die Dummköpfe haben es auf
die falsche Frau abgesehen...

(X)

(X)

(X)

Just as she's about to clear the wall -- which would let her
make a run for the door... Wilhelm begins to TURN BACK.

... YVES FOLLOWS, keeping out of sight. Then we LOSE YVES
behind his head (or whatever works best -- this should be an
elaborately staged series of near-misses a la "Austin Powers.")

WILHELM keeps plotting in German. But now, he SENSES something.

WILHELM

Eine moment bitte...

He looks over his shoulder -- Yves should be clearly visible to
him now. Strangely, he returns to his phone call. WE ADJUST to
see that YVES is GONE.

As Wilhelm talks on... WE CONTINUE TO ADJUST to see an OPEN
WINDOW, where a curtain WAFTS in the breeze.

CUT TO:

45 INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - AT THE DOOR

45

Jimmy looks conflicted, unsure what to do. Muffled GERMAN
continues o.s. Jimmy raises a fist to knock --

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED:

45

-- When a TAP on his shoulder makes him JUMP. He spins to find YVES standing behind him. She's pissed.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED:

45

YVES

Thank you. Wonderful job.

JIMMY

Hey, he's a sneaky son of a gun,
I'll tell you what. I, uh...

(off her glare)

Sorry. What now?

YVES

Now we warn your three friends
that he plans to kill them.

Yves heads for the exit. Off Jimmy, wide-eyed, then following:

CUT TO:

46 INT. MRS. HAAG'S HOUSE - SHOWER - DAY

46

HOT WATER cascades from above. We TILT DOWN from the "Psycho"
style shower head to find MRS. HAAG in her shower cap.

47 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - FROHIKE

47

Steps into view, peering down the hall at the closed bathroom
door. WE HEAR the SHOWER RUNNING.

FROHIKE

T-minus ten and counting.

INTERCUT WITH:

48 INT. VW BUS - DAY - BYERS AND LANGLEY

48

Are appropriately tense as they listen in on Frohike's progress.

LANGLY

Copy that, Eagle. May God have
mercy on your soul.

BYERS

Camera ready?

Frohike lifts a small DIGITAL CAMERA into frame.

FROHIKE

Camera ready.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED:

48

LOW ANGLE - ON THE DECK

We're shooting past Frohike's legs. Favoring his bad ankle, he limps his way toward the bathroom. Step... BUMP. Step... BUMP.

FROHIKE

I'm about to breach the inner sanctum.

AS BYERS AND LANGLEY hold their breath...

FROHIKE takes hold of the knob, turns it slowly. As he eases the door open, light and steam leak out.

FROHIKE

One small step for man...

LANGLY

... One giant moon for mankind.

Byers glances to Langly, shakes his head.

49 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - CLOSE ON FROHIKE

49

His face appears in the widening crack of the door. The running water is LOUD. Frohike peers through the steam, seeing:

HIS POV - THE BATHROOM

This is a good-sized tiled room, with separate tub and shower. Through the fogged glass of the shower door we can see the vaguest hint of a WOMAN.

Frohike knows his duty. As he HOP... HOP... HOPS on his good foot across the tile, he raises the digital camera to his eye.

HIS HOPPING POV - THROUGH THE LENS

We're looking through the crosshairs of the VIEWFINDER. The steam-obscured figure of MRS. HAAG grows closer with every HOP.

Frohike's hand reaches out into frame, grasping toward the HANDLE of the shower door. Almost there. Almost...

CLOSE ON THE DECK - A PUDDLE OF WATER

SHINES atop the tile. Frohike's good foot HOPS into it and --

-- ZIP! He goes AIRBORNE -- SLIPS and FALLS with a BOOM!

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED:

49

ANGLE - THE BATHROOM FLOOR

The DIGITAL CAMERA skitters behind the pink shag-covered toilet.

FROHIKE

Lies face-down on the tile, stunned. We hear the CLICK! of the shower door opening, then two bare ANKLES step into f.g.

MRS. HAAG (O.S.)

Wat are you doing? --

Frohike sits up, holds a hand to his injured nose. Mrs. Haag towers over him, wrapped from calves to armpits in a huge towel.

FROHIKE

I didn't know you were in here.

I-I was, uh...

(struggling for a lie)

I'm dirty. Very, very dirty.

Off Mrs. Haag, squinting down at him:

50 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - DAY (LATER) - FROHIKE

50

Eases down into a steaming BATHTUB. He does not look happy.

Mrs. Haag walks into the bathroom unannounced, carrying a big LOOFAH. Frohike grabs for a washcloth to cover himself.

MRS. HAAG

Is that too hot for you?

(X)

FROHIKE

Uh... no, it's fine. Could you give me a little privacy here?

Mrs. Haag makes a face.

MRS. HAAG

I've never seen a grown man so shy about his body. Like I never seen you naked before.

(X)

(X)

Something occurs to Frohike. He puts on a sheepish look.

FROHIKE

I'm uh, embarrassed. Because of my birthmark.

MRS. HAAG

Birthmark?

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED:

50

FROHIKE

Yeah, ah... you know. On my
backside.

She gives a look that could mean she's being cagey... or that
she doesn't know what he's talking about. She shrugs.

MRS. HAAG

We're all as God made us.

(X)

FROHIKE

Yeah, I guess. Anyway, maybe
they run in the family, huh?

Mrs. Haag doesn't seem to be paying attention. She kneels
beside the tub and starts LOOFAH-ING her way down Frohike's back.

FROHIKE

Whoa! Hold on there.

Mrs. Haag smiles and shakes her head to herself, ignoring him.
Then, as she reaches across for the soap... Frohike sees
something that makes his heart stop.

CLOSE - THE LOOFAH

On it is a BIG, BLACK SMUDGE. His "birthmark" has COME OFF.

Frohike YANKS the loofah away -- jams it underwater out of sight.

FROHIKE

I'll take it from here, Ma.

Mrs. Haag raises an eyebrow at him. Whatever. Frohike relaxes
a short beat as if he dodged a bullet...

... then TENSES again as Mrs. Haag grabs a SHAMPOO BOTTLE from
a shelf. She squirts shampoo into the palm of her hand.

MRS. HAAG

So, ve vash your hair instead.

Frohike touches his BLONDE TOUPEE, fearing discovery.

FROHIKE

That's not my brand of shampoo.
I use the high-dollar stuff.
It's gotta have sheep placenta.
Sorry.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

MRS. HAAG
Stop talking silly. (X)
(off his hesitation)
And take off that wig. (X)

Huh? She knows? Frohike looks surprised. Mrs. Haag sees his reaction, takes it as further embarrassment.

MRS. HAAG
So you gotta toupee. So vat? (X)

She reaches up to her own hair and PULLS IT OFF. We shouldn't have known before that this was a wig, though we know it now. Frohike stares up at her, stunned. She smiles at him tenderly.

MRS. HAAG
I love you just the way you are.
Always.

Frohike can't help but be touched by this. As he reaches for his own toupee, pulls it off (it stays off from here on out):

CUT TO:

51 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - WE'RE HIGH AND WIDE

51

Over the quiet street. A pair of HEADLIGHTS appear, turning a distant corner and RACING toward us. WE CRANE DOWN to meet... Yves' Jaguar XKR. As it makes for the VW BUS, WE MATCH CUT TO: (X)

CLOSE ANGLE ON -- MRS. EVERAGE'S HOUSE

The Jag wipes frame, revealing... MRS. EVERAGE watching out her front window. There's something unsettling about the cold look in her eyes -- gone is the neighborhood busybody. She turns away from the window, walks out of sight. (X)

The Jag roars to a stop. Yves and Jimmy jump out, rushing to the VW. As Jimmy BANGS on the side door... (X)

BYERS opens it, surprised to see them. Alone, he's manning both posts. The interior behind him is bathed in night-vision BLUE. (X)

BYERS
What are you doing here?
Jimmy, why did you bring her?

JIMMY
I know she's person non grata,
but just hear her out, boss.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED:

51

YVES

Where's Langly?

BYERS

Nature's call. What's happening?

YVES

You've been set up. You need to
get Frohike out of that house --

LANGLY (O.S.)

Not you again!

Langly appears, a PAPER BAG in one hand, a large MUFFIN in the (X)
other. He talks through a mouthful of it as he glares at Yves. (X)

LANGLY

Why don't you find your own Nazi
to hunt down? --

JIMMY

Guys, listen. The guy we
thought was the son of the guy
who died wasn't the son of the
guy at all. He was the son of
the lady who killed the guy!

Byers and Langly share a guarded look.

LANGLY

You're not gonna start talking
about "Old Yeller" again, are
you Jimmy?

YVES

The real son of the Poisoner of
Alsace is on his way here now.
He means to retrieve his mother
and flee the country. Leaving
no witnesses behind.

Langly takes another bite of his muffin, not satisfied.

LANGLY

The real son. And who's that?

YVES

The man who put you on this case.

BYERS

(incredulous)

Michael Wilhelm? You're saying
Wilhelm is Mrs. Haag's son.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

YVES

No. Not your Mrs. Haag.

(off their looks)

I overheard Wilhelm say "die (X)

Dummköpfe haben es auf die (X)

falsche Frau abgesehen." (X)

Three blank stares at her perfect German. She translates:

YVES

"The fools are spying on the
wrong woman."

BYERS

What does that mean? "The wrong
woman?"

YVES

Someone close to Mrs. Haag.
Someone who used her as a decoy.

LANGLY

A decoy? For what?

Byers puts it all together.

BYERS

To allow her to find her long-
lost son without exposing her
true identity.

(looks to Langly)

It's the neighbor. Mrs.
Everage. She's Madame Davôs.

LANGLY

C'mon. That nice old lady?

Langly shakes his head, not buying it. He takes another bite.

LANGLY

I mean sure, I thought she was
a bat and all. But she caught
me peeing in her hedges just
now? She didn't yell at me or
anything. She even gave me
these muffins. Good, too.Langly swallows... then considers the half-eaten muffin in his
hand. He frowns. He looks up to see everyone staring at him.

LANGLY

Ah. Poisoned. Gotcha.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED: (3)

51

He promptly... COLLAPSES.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

52 WE'RE CLOSE ON A MAN'S DRESS SHIRT

52

As a NECKTIE is held up against it by an elderly woman's hand..
The color of the tie clearly CLASHES with the shirt.

MRS. HAAG (O.S.)

That's no good...

INT. MRS. HAAG'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - FROHIKE

Stands before a full-length MIRROR near the window, half-dressed
in a suit appropriate for a wake. Mrs. Haag shakes her head at
the color-clash, then takes the tie with her, exiting.

MRS. HAAG

I get a better one...

FROHIKE

You know... I've been dressing
myself since I turned forty...

She leaves, ignoring his comment. As he waits, he evaluates
himself in the mirror. Not bad. Then he sees something out of
the corner of his eye. He moves to the window, peering down at:

HIS POV - THE YARD BELOW

There's MOVEMENT in the hedge that surrounds the property...
then JIMMY APPEARS, punching his way through the greenery. He
looks up at us, WAVING frantically in the moonlight.

FROHIKE looks nervously at the bedroom door, then back to:

JIMMY who begins to PANTOMIME like he's playing Charades. He
'cradles a baby,' 'drags a knife across his throat,' then POINTS
urgently up at the window.

FROHIKE mouths to him through the window.

FROHIKE

What is it, you idiot?!

(X)

MRS. HAAG (O.S.)

Here... try this one...

FrohiKE SPINS at the voice. Resuming position before the
mirror... just as Haag appears with a new tie. She holds it up
to his shirt, evaluating the color match.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED:

52

As Frohike side-glances to the window... WE ADJUST to see... JIMMY'S HEAD bobbing up and down outside. He's jumping up and down trying and see where Frohike went.

Mrs. Haag shakes her head. This tie won't do, either. Just as Jimmy DISAPPEARS from view... Mrs. Haag RAISES her head.

MRS. HAAG

Nein...

As she exits... Frohike rushes to the window. His frustration growing as he sees:

JIMMY trying Charades below -- he 'hangs himself, 'commits hari-kari.' FROHIKE waves him off -- get the hell outta here! JIMMY misinterprets -- he WAVES BACK.

FROHIKE

Oh for crying out loud...

Then Frohike RUSHES back into position as Mrs. Haag's FOOTSTEPS approach. She appears with yet another TIE. A quick look... and she shakes her head -- this one won't do.

She exits again... and Frohike rushes back to the window. Surprised to find... JIMMY IS GONE.

Hmmm... then Frohike JUMPS as JIMMY'S FACE APPEARS. He's climbed up a PIPE that backs the house. Frohike slides open the (X) window, speaks in harsh whispers.

FROHIKE

The hell's the matter with you?!

JIMMY

I'm trying to give you a message!

FROHIKE

What message?!

JIMMY

Mrs. Haag! She's not the one!

Frohike is confused. Jimmy's eyes drift off-screen, an oh-shit look appearing on his face. Frohike turns to... MRS. HAAG, who's standing behind them. Staring at Jimmy.

MRS. HAAG

Who's this man? And vat's this?

She holds up Frohike's EARWIG TRANSMITTER. Frohike stares at her, caught with his pants down -- literally and figuratively.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

As is Jimmy. When... CREE-EAK... the pipe begins to GIVE. As (X)
Jimmy ARCS away, falling from view... Frohike WINCES at the o.s.
CRASH. He looks to Mrs. Haag, who still waits for an answer. (X)

FROHIKE (X)
Ah... we gotta talk. (X)

CUT TO:

53 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - HEADLIGHTS RAKE

53

Across the VW Bus, which sits alone on the quiet street. Yves'
Jag is gone. WE MOVE TO MEET an N.D. SEDAN pulling to a stop..

WILHELM steps out of the sedan, making for the VW. He steps up
to the side door, pulling his PISTOL from an inside pocket.

Wilhelm checks the clip, then KNOCKS loudly on the van. Getting
no answer, he eases open the door to reveal...

54 INT. VW BUS - NIGHT - LOW ANGLE ON WILHELM

54

Over LANGLEY'S DEAD BODY, which is splayed out on the floor,
bathed in blue light. The BROWN BAG and a HALF-EATEN MUFFIN are
visible nearby. Wilhelm steps in, leaning over:

LANGLY, who looks quite dead... until HIS EYES POP OPEN.

LANGLY
Guten Tag, sucka! --

Before Wilhelm can react... WE HEAR a loud PHTTT! He COLLAPSES
like a rag doll, revealing YVES in b.g., AUTO-INJECTOR in hand.

YVES
He'll be out for an hour or so.
Barely enough time.

Langly worms out from beneath the unconscious man's body.
Climbing out of the van to join Yves. Byers and Jimmy appear
from the darkness, Byers troubled by the violence he's witnessed.

BYERS
Okay. Now what?

LANGLY
Now, you get me to a hospital!

JIMMY
You're gonna be a-okay, buddy.
Come on, let's puke you again.

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED:

54

Jimmy grabs Langly about the middle, trying to bend him over to induce vomiting. Langly protests.

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

LANGLY

Easy, I hardly know you...

YVES

(to Jimmy)

It's your turn. I need you to
get undressed.Jimmy lets Langly go... wondering what this means. Off him....
WE PRELAP a DOOR BELL RINGING.

CUT TO:

55 INT. MRS. HAAG'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

55

As the DOOR BELL rings again... MRS. EVERAGE appears from the
parlor, making for the door.Behind her, we see Mrs. Haag surrounded by her friends -- the
eight or so ELDERLY WOMEN who've come for the wake. They sit
about a rolling tea cart, drinking schnapps, their CHATTER
subdued, befitting the occasion.Everage pulls open the door to find... WILHELM on the porch. He
backs up a step, as if he didn't expect her.

MRS. EVERAGE

Yes? Can I help you?

Before Wilhelm can answer...

FROHIKE (O.S.)

Mr. Wilhelm...Frohike appears, limping toward the door. As he passes the
parlor, he shoots a glance at... Mrs. Haag, who returns the gaze
evenly. Then she turns back to her guests.

AT THE DOOR

Frohike takes Wilhelm's elbow, leading him through the foyer.
His manner grim as he explains:

FROHIKE

This man's a friend of mine,
Mrs. Everage...Wilhelm steps in. Frohike then leads him toward the back of the (X)
house. Leaving... (X)MRS. EVERAGE behind. She watches them go, her expression hard
to read. She glances to the parlor... then follows the men.

56 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

56

Mrs. Everage steps quietly up the hall. Slowing as she reaches the kitchen. She leans an ear toward the closed DOOR, hearing the muffled voice of FROHIKE.

FROHIKE (O.S.)

There's no doubt now. It's Mrs.
Haag! She's the Poisoner of
Alsace!

The slightest smile appears on Mrs. Everage's face.

WILHELM (O.S.)

How do you know?

INTERCUT WITH:

57 INT. KITCHEN - WE PULL BACK

57

FROM THE CLOSED DOOR to find Frohike and Wilhelm amidst a covert conference. Frohike is distraught.

FROHIKE

How do I know? She killed my
friend, the crazy old bat!
Poisoned him!

(X)

(X)

He leans close -- there's fear in his eyes.

FROHIKE

And I think she's on to me! She
knows I'm not her son and she'll
try to poison me next! --

Before Wilhelm can even react to this... we hear a SCREAM from the parlor.

58 INT. PARLOR - WILHELM AND FROHIKE

58

Rush in through the kitchen door. Wilhelm shocked to see...

... MRS. HAAG standing over one of the ELDERLY LADIES. Who lies limp on the recliner, half-eaten PASTRY in hand. The other BLUE HAIRS stand about, concern on their faces.

MRS. HAAG

She's dead...

Before anyone can really react... ANOTHER LADY FALLS. A PASTRY falling from her hand. Then... ANOTHER ONE DROPS. Then TWO MORE, one hitting the sofa, the other crumpling to the floor.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED:

58

The last lady standing SWOONS... then BUCKLES into the rolling TEA CART... which rolls away, CRASHING into a wall.

Mrs. Haag is the only one left standing. Frohike lays into her.

FROHIKE

You killed them all! You..*.
Nazi! I'm calling the police!

He turns to find... WILHELM'S PISTOL leveled at him.

WILHELM

Thank you for a job well done...

He looks to Mrs. Haag, keeping the gun trained on Frohike.

WILHELM

You are Madame Davôs, are you
not? That is your true identity?

Haag evaluates him with a look.

WILHELM

I, too, am an imposter. My real
name is also Davôs. I am your
son...

Mrs. Haag stares at him, wide-eyed... until we hear:

MRS. EVERAGE (O.S.)

Wait.

MRS. EVERAGE appears from the foyer. Wilhelm eyes her
suspiciously. She speaks to him in GERMAN, SUBTITLED:

MRS. EVERAGE

Ich bin deine Mutter.

(X)

"I am your mother." Wilhelm looks from Everage to Haag, then
back to Everage, growing confused. Everage returns to English.

MRS. EVERAGE

I met this woman through an
Alsatian friendship society --
(indicates Haag)
I was looking for someone who's
story matched mine, someone who
was from the same village, who'd
also lost a son...

FROHIKE

What?! She's crazy, too --

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

Wilhelm quiets him with a wave of his gun. Mrs. Everage continues her explanation.

MRS. EVERAGE

Don't you see -- I moved to this neighborhood, I befriended her, I encouraged her to seek her child -- so I could find you...

Wilhelm chews on this for a beat... then:

WILHELM

There is a way to prove this.
A family trait...

Mrs. Everage nods. She turns her back to Wilhelm and Frohike. (X)
As she takes hold of her skirt, WE MATCH CUT TO: (X)

LOW ANGLE - THROUGH MRS. EVERAGE'S LEGS (X)

As her falling SKIRT wipes frame to reveal... Wilhelm and (X)
Frohike in b.g. Frohike looks disgusted... and amazed, too. (X)

FROHIKE (X)

By God... it is shaped like (X)
Germany... (X)

WILHELM nods slowly. Seeing the confirmation he seeks. As Mrs. (X)
Everage lifts her skirt: (X)

WILHELM

You are the Poisoner of Alsace.

A SMILE breaks across his face. Then he reaches into his mouth, pulling out a tiny RF UNIT, like the one we saw in Episode One.

Then he speaks in a FAMILIAR VOICE that's not his own:

WILHELM

Then... your ass is grass, lady!

Everage is unsure how to take this. She looks on, shocked as...

WILHELM reaches for his forehead... and GRABS HIS OWN SKIN. He pulls at his hairline, TEARING A SWATH from one side of his face... to reveal an eye, cheek and half the mouth of... JIMMY BOND (SPFX)!

Jimmy's been outfitted with latex prosthetics, ala Rick Baker's "Klumps". And he's enjoying himself. As he pulls off bits of latex... except for his NOSE PIECE, which won't come off.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED: (3)

58

JIMMY/WILHELM

Man. You were so fooled...

Mrs. Everage was fooled. She turns from Jimmy, who continues struggling with Wilhelm's nose, surprised to see...

... the DEAD WOMEN RISE. Each with an equally cold look toward Everage. As approaching SIRENS break the silence.

Mrs. Haag steps up to her friend and neighbor. Looking at her, (X)
horrified. (X)

MRS. HAAG

That pastry you gave me... You (X)
told me it was special for him. (X)
(indicates Frohike) (X)
You poisoned my maid. (X)

Mrs. Everage feels no remorse -- she would do it all over again. (X)
She glances over as the door bursts open behind her. Yves and (X)
Byers appear, leading two UNIFORMED COPS. (X)

MRS. HAAG

I trusted you. You're a liar. (X)

MRS. EVERAGE

I'm not the only one.

She indicates... Frohike. Mrs. Haag turns, looking sadly at him, the realization of her loss hitting her finally.

Frohike is struck by this. Off him:

59 INT. PARLOR - NIGHT - A UNIFORM WIPES FRAME

59

Revealing... MRS. HAAG. Sitting alone on the settee. A sad sight, she looks a bit shell-shocked from all this activity.

REVERSE ANGLE - FROHIKE

Watches her through the room busy with FBI agents, cops and blue-haired ladies. Frohike's looking like himself again, wig and contacts gone. He also looks troubled by the sight of Mrs. Haag.

After a beat, he limps across the crowded room, sits down beside her. She avoids his gaze. WE MOVE IN for a private moment, the (X)
activity around the room falling away. After a beat: (X)

FROHIKE

Listen, I'm... I'm sorry I tried (X)
to see your butt. (X)

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED:

59

She stares off, still avoiding contact with him. After an uncomfortable beat:

FROHIKE

I had to do it... I mean, I had
to lie to you. But I'm sorry
you got hurt...

(beat)

And I'm sorry you haven't found
your son yet.

Now she looks to him, a deep sadness in her eyes. Frohike feels terrible -- he's broken this woman's heart.

She looks him over with the same piercing gaze she had the first time they met. Then a slight smile breaks across her face.

MRS. HAAG

I did find him. For a day or so.

Frohike is touched by this. Off Mrs. Haag, looking back at him tenderly...

60 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - WILHELM AND EVERAGE

(X) 60

Are led by two FBI AGENTS toward an unmarked sedan. Both are handcuffed. Two BEATERS, lights flashing, are parked beside. OTHER AGENTS mill about, a local TV REMOTE broadcasts nearby -- this is a big deal for this quiet neighborhood.

AS SEEN THROUGH NEWS CAMERA (VIDEO FEED)

(X)

We PAN with Wilhelm and Everage, bringing into view...

(X)

... JIMMY, happily taunting them as they're put into the car.

(X)

JIMMY

(X)

That's right! God bless the US
of A! From sea to shining
sea! --

(X)

(X)

(X)

He notices the camera, gives it a thumbs-up. Langly stalks into frame, taking Jimmy by the arm and pulling him out of view.

(X)

(X)

BY THE VW BUS

(X)

Langly pulls Jimmy to the VW, where they join Byers.

(X)

JIMMY

Man, was that exciting! That
was the most satisfying
experience I've had since...

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED:

60

He thinks for a beat. Finally:

JIMMY

... Ever! We rock!

(X)

LANGLY

Time for me to puke again.

(X)

FROHIKE appears from the house, joining his compadres.

(X)

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

JIMMY

And there he is -- the man
himself! Secret Agent Man!

(X)

(X)

Frohike shrugs and nods, modest.

(X)

JIMMY

We make one heck of a team, huh?

(X)

(X)

Jimmy opens his arms, ready to embrace everybody simultaneously. (X)

FROHIKE

We don't hug.

(X)

They turn at the sound of... a wicked ENGINE REV from nearby.
IT'S YVES, behind the wheel of her Jaguar. An FBI AGENT stands
by her driver's window, talking to her. She signs something.

(X)

(X)

(X)

BYERS

I spoke to the FBI. Yves is
already filing for the million-
dollar bounty on Michael Wilhelm.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Langly and Frohike shake their heads in disgust.

LANGLY

Utterly typical...

(X)

FROHIKE

No surprise there. She's only
ever out for herself.

(X)

(X)

Jimmy mulls this over.

(X)

JIMMY

Then why'd she stick around
after she knocked out Wilhelm?
And do this cool makeup job?

(X)

(X)

(X)

He pulls at a bit of LATEX still glued to his ear. It SNAPS
BACK like a rubber band.

(X)

(X)

JIMMY

Ow. She did save our butts.
Maybe... she's not the person
you think she is.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Byers and Langly share a look -- good point. They turn to
Frohike, who snorts and doesn't want to hear it. To Jimmy:

(X)

(X)

FROHIKE

You can still be fired.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED: (3)

60

Frohike, Langly and Jimmy climb into the VW, ready to go home.
Byers lingers behind a beat, watching as...

(X)
(X)

... Yves ROARS off into the night. Off Byers, wondering if Yves
is indeed someone who's not what she seems:

(X)
(X)

FADE OUT.

THE END