

FADE IN:

EXT. THE COAST OF FRANCE - DAWN

It's the first hint of dawn, the beachfront peaceful in the early glimmer of light. Birds are just beginning to stir in the stunted shrubs clinging to life in the dunes.

SUPERIMPOSE:

The Coast of France - March, 1946

EXT. WOODEN PIER - DAWN

A tiny motorboat is tied to the remains of a splintered pier. Three women and five children sit jammed together on the rough wooden beams that serve as seats, clutching the sides of the boat as it fights the surf.

They're terrified and shivering with cold, the women doing their best to comfort the children, eyes flashing repeatedly up to the dunes, their look a mixture of hope and desperation.

EXT. DUNES - DAWN

MICHAEL SMITH, twenty-four, hunkers behind a thicket of scrub brush, a cigarette cupped in his hand. He's dressed in warm clothing meant for traveling, a military-issue rifle well within reach beside him.

His glance shifts from the frightened group in the boat to the horizon at sea, then to his wristwatch. Craning his neck over the brush he risks a glance at a winding footpath that heads to the beach from the cliffs beyond.

Michael takes another frustrated puff on his cigarette, checks his watch again...the boat...the horizon.

MICHAEL

Shit.

Michael lifts his head, listening intently. He quickly field strips his cigarette, grabs his rifle and squats behind the bush.

Taking a deep breath, rifle at the ready, Michael straightens up long enough to get a clear look at the path, then quickly squats behind the bush again.

He lets out a soft whistle, then another, then sinks to a sitting position when he hears a similar whistle in response.

EXT. FOOTPATH TO DUNES - DAWN

COLE REED, twenty-six, dressed warmly and also carrying a military rifle, trudges along the footpath at the heels of an older, scrawnier man, keeping him moving at a good clip.

Cole issues another whistle, and hearing the response, abruptly takes the arm of the older man and steers him off the path.

The two slide in the sand and grab at the scrub plants to halt themselves near Michael.

The older man lies back in the sand breathing heavily as Michael and Cole speak in hurried whispers.

MICHAEL

Where the hell is Rankin?

COLE

He missed the rendezvous.

Michael's glance falls on the boat.

MICHAEL

Shit.

The older man, seeing the direction of Michael's gaze, sits up. Spotting the women and children in the boat he's on his feet in an instant and before the two younger men can stop him he's running toward the boat calling out in German.

EXT. WOODEN PIER - DAWN

One of the women stands up from the boat, clambering onto the splintered pier, also calling out in German.

The German couple crash together on the sandy beach, weeping and embracing.

The eyes of the two women remaining on the boat meet, their fear mounting in the face of the good fortune of their companion. They turn hopeful and expectant eyes to Michael and Cole.

EXT. DUNES - DAWN

Michael and Cole burn under the gaze of the German women, Michael checking his watch again.

COLE

There it is.

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CONTINUED:

Michael follows Cole's look, and from out on the horizon comes a signal from a ship barely visible in the gathering light.

Their eyes meet, silent communication running between them.

MICHAEL

They won't want to go.

Cole is already shaking his head. They have no choice.

COLE

I'll wait awhile for Rankin.

Michael looks around, as if for an alternative.

MICHAEL

You're a sitting duck.

Cole shrugs.

COLE

We all are.

Michael purses his lips, then makes his decision. He stands with his rifle and looks down at the boat.

EXT. WOODEN PIER - DAWN

The German couple has joined the others on the boat, all eyes on Michael and Cole.

At the sight of Michael preparing to leave the two less fortunate women shake their heads "no" already beginning to wail, crying and pleading in German to wait a little longer.

EXT. DUNES - DAWN

Michael and Cole shake hands. Cole rests his other hand on Michael's shoulder and gives it an affectionate pat, knowing this could be the last they see of one another.

COLE

See you at home.

Michael nods, not trusting his voice.

Michael slings his rifle over his shoulder and lopes down to the boat without a backward glance.

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Cole watches his friend for several moments, sees the next signal from the ship, then turns and hops back onto the footpath walking quickly in the direction from which he came.

EXT. WOODEN PIER - DAWN

Michael unties the boat, starts the sputtering motor and heads out to the ship with his weeping passengers.

EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE 2004 - AFTERNOON

A rambling wooden cottage in rural Connecticut sits nestled among greenery, some wild, some tamed into landscaped "elements" meant for reading or visiting or silent contemplation.

SUPERIMPOSE:

Rural Connecticut - 2004

A generous wrap-around porch circles the entire home, enclosed with a tight-meshed screen to keep out bugs and small, determined wild-life.

The front door is wide, the entire top half a window with lace curtains, pulled back to offer a clear view of the comfort inside.

INT. GRACE'S ENTRY HALL - AFTERNOON

Late afternoon sun spills into the entry. A quarter of the way up a switch-back staircase, dappled sunlight crosses a few of the wood-framed photos lining the staircase wall.

Dark-stained wood moldings and wainscoting meld with the rich door casings that lead to the promise of charm in the rooms beyond.

INT. GRACE'S PARLOUR - CONTINUING

GRACE ACKERMAN SMITH, eighty-one and feeling every year of it, sits at a baby grand piano playing softly. The music is classical, but jazz chords sneak their way in creating an eclectic sound, sophisticated and daring at once.

She wears silk pajamas and a dressing gown, a soft terry turban wrapped around her bald head. Plastic tubing extrudes from a glass shunt buried in her arm, extended to receive needles passing cancer medications.

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Even the slight pressure from her soft playing causes an occasional wince of pain from the pressure of the keys under her fragile fingers, but she plays on, determined.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

Grace's bedroom is opulent with heavy wooden furniture, beautiful beveled mirrors and large windows open to the beauty of the landscaping outside her room.

On a dressing table among trays of medications and nursing accoutrements lie precious mementos from Grace's life, a silver cigarette case, some silver-framed black and white photos and what appears to be the mouth piece from a trumpet.

ANNABELLE SCOTT looks ten years younger than her 57 years. She's comfortably proportioned, her shoulder-length, salt-and-pepper hair secured in a pony tail.

She leans over Grace's bed to smooth fresh bed linens, then checks her watch and moves out of the room to retrieve her charge.

INT. GRACE'S PARLOUR - CONTINUING

Annabelle leans in the doorway, arms folded, reluctant to interrupt whatever moment of pleasure Grace has managed to find for herself.

It's only a moment before tiredness and pain take their toll and Grace lowers her hands onto her lap.

ANNABELLE

Mark should be here any minute.

Annabelle crosses the room and helps Grace to stand, supporting her as they turn toward the doorway.

ANNABELLE

(continuing)

You played for a good long time.

Grace's face shows no sign of self pity and she smiles up at Annabelle as they head out of the room. She speaks with a British accent.

GRACE

I had kind of a new thing going there. Did you hear it?

Annabelle smiles.

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CONTINUED:

ANNABELLE

I did. It sounded great.

Grace nods. It did sound great.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - 2004 - AFTERNOON

Annabelle fluffs pillows and tucks at bedding in an attempt to make Grace more comfortable.

The two women glance up at a sound from the entry.

MARK (O.S.)

Knock, knock...

A moment later MARK HERON appears in the bedroom doorway. Mark has just turned fifty though the only indication is the graying at his temple. He wears jeans and a cotton sweatshirt and carries a leather bag.

MARK

Did somebody call for some voodoo?

Grace and Annabelle smile at the little joke.

Annabelle rounds the bed to leave the room touching Mark's arm in a gesture of gratitude as she passes him on her way out the door.

ANNABELLE

I'll leave you to it.

Mark perches on the edge of Grace's bed and reaches for her arm to take a pulse.

MARK

How's the pain today?

Grace's gaze rests on his fingers searching gently for feathery indicators inside her arm.

GRACE

A little hard to ignore.

Mark stands and opens his bag removing the tools of his acupuncture trade.

Grace lies back closing her eyes in anticipation of his ministrations.

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GRACE

(continuing)

When you're done with the pin-cushion routine, there's something I'd like you to do for me.

Mark pulls the covers back to reveal Grace's legs and tenderly removes the cotton socks from her feet. He peels the protective packaging from one of his acupuncture needles and inserts it deftly into the top of Grace's foot.

Grace gives no indication that she felt a thing.

MARK

Anything you need.

Grace smiles, eyes still closed.

INT. GRACE'S KITCHEN - 2004 - DUSK

Annabelle sits on a tall stool at the island in the center of the kitchen sipping tea as she talks quietly on the phone.

ANNABELLE

It probably won't be long now. I'd say days, not weeks...Okay, Mom. I will...I love you, too. 'Bye.

Annabelle stands and crosses the floor to set the phone in its base on the counter, taking her last sip of tea as she does. She rinses out her cup and turns it upside down in the dish drainer on the counter, then heads out of the kitchen.

INT. ANNABELLE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

Annabelle pushes the door to enter her bedroom and gasps in alarm to find Mark reaching for the door knob from inside.

Mark is instantly sheepish and pulls the door open wider as he gestures toward her bed in explanation.

MARK

I'm sorry. Grace asked me to - she wanted me to leave these things on your bed. They were in her closet.

Annabelle, mystified, glances at her bed where he's pointing.

There are three leather-bound journals tied together with a brightly colored strap, a note card tucked under the strap at the top.

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ANNABELLE

What are they?

Mark glances at the stack.

MARK

Journals, I guess. She didn't say what they were about. I don't know, they look old. Heirlooms or something?

Annabelle moves to have a closer look.

ANNABELLE

I doubt it. You know she's not really my aunt. I call her Aunt Grace, but we're not related. She's just always been a close friend of the family and well...sort of my second mother.

MARK

Does she have any kids?

Annabelle shakes her head "no" as she slides the card from the stack of journals.

She turns a questioning gaze to Mark who just shrugs.

Annabelle opens the card and reads it aloud.

ANNABELLE

"A promise broken, but somebody has to know this stuff. Love, Aunt Grace." Huh.

Mark shrugs again.

MARK

Maybe it'll make sense when you read them.

Annabelle bends and picks up the books, feeling their weight.

ANNABELLE

Let's hope.

MARK

Well, she's asleep. I'll see you tomorrow.

Mark pauses, staring at his feet as he arrives at a decision.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Annabelle pulls her attention from the journals.

MARK

(continuing)

I think we should call hospice.
Probably request some morphine.

Annabelle lowers the journal as the reality of what that action means sinks in.

ANNABELLE

I'll call them. Thank you, Mark,
as always.

They both sigh, then switch internal gears, not allowing themselves to sink into sadness.

Annabelle sets the journals on the bed intending to see Mark to the door.

MARK

No, go ahead. I'll let myself out.
You'd better start reading if
you're going to tell me what's in
there.

His expression is hopeful that she will share.

Annabelle smiles. Of course she will.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GRACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Annabelle, holding a journal in one hand, opens the door to Graces's room with the other and peeks inside making sure she's okay, then gently closes the door and heads out to the parlour to read.

INT. GRACE'S PARLOUR - CONTINUING

Annabelle pulls the chain to turn on the reading lamp and makes herself comfortable in an overstuffed chair.

Annabelle removes the card where she had tucked it just inside the leather cover, gives it a quick read, then sticks it further back in the journal to use as a bookmark later.

She turns to the first page.

INSERT FIRST JOURNAL PAGE

Grace's voice begins to read the first page and part way through the narrative her eighty-one-year-old voice is replaced with the voice of young Grace, age twenty-two.

GRACE (V.O.)

August 19, 1946. I bought this journal for "something new" so I could write about my glorious new life as Mrs. Michael Smith, which incidentally, starts today. Here comes the bride.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY COURTHOUSE - 1946 - DAY

Young Grace, looking elegant in her street-length wedding dress, Michael and Cole stand on the steps of the courthouse, Grace holding a bouquet of flowers in one hand, the other resting in the crook of Michael's arm.

COLE

Well, that's done.

Michael smiles into the eyes of his new bride.

MICHAEL

Sort of. We'll invite you to the fancy wedding in the spring, too.

GRACE

Trust me, you didn't want to go to a winter wedding in London.

The three exchange glances, a bit at a loss.

COLE

Well...let the celebration begin.
Who wants a drink?

INT. HOTEL COCKTAIL LOUNGE - DAY

Grace and Michael share a love-seat in the hotel lounge, Cole in a leather chair to one side. A bucket of champagne chills on a coffee table between them.

The three lift their glasses in a toast.

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COLE

Here's to it, and whatever comes next.

They drink.

MICHAEL

I'm reassigned, you know.
Communications. A desk job.

Cole glances at Grace.

Grace takes a sip of champagne eyeing the men over the rim.

GRACE

I'll give you five minutes to talk shop because I know you haven't seen each other for a while. But only five minutes, then back to indulging the bride.

Cole lifts his glass to her.

COLE

I'm afraid there's not much shop to talk. I'm on forced leave.

Michael asks a question with his eyes, but it's obviously too much to go into here.

COLE

(continuing)

I was actually thinking I might stay in New York for a few months, until they let me back in action.

Michael sets his champagne on the table, excited by the prospect.

MICHAEL

You can ride out the lease on my old apartment. It'll be great. I won't have to figure out what to do with the rest of my stuff.

Grace shifts in her chair, apparently a little uncomfortable with the prospect of sharing her new husband so soon.

COLE

The music scene here is jumping. I might do some playing around.

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CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

You still dragging around that trumpet? God, that thing was a pain.

Michael then points to his new wife with his glass.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Grace is a musician.

Cole's eyebrows raise in interest.

GRACE

I teach piano at a conservatory for young women in mid-town. It's not exactly boogie-woogie.

Cole lifts his glass to Grace once more.

COLE

To the classically trained.

All three sip champagne. There's a moment of awkward silence.

COLE

(continuing)

Where's the honeymoon?

Grace sets her drink on the table.

GRACE

We're going to Italy after the wedding with my family.

Grace glances at her husband.

Michael notices Cole's drink is gone though he and Grace have barely drunk any. He reaches to refill Cole's glass.

MICHAEL

Here's to the Company. Their timing, as always, is perfect. I'm off to South America for three weeks. Starting Monday.

COLE

I thought it was a desk job.

Michael's demeanor changes slightly, seeming reluctant to give any more information.

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MICHAEL

Communication runs two ways.
Anyway it does if both ends have
the equipment.

COLE

Where in South America?

Michael hesitates, lowers his eyes and takes a sip of his
drink. He doesn't want to say.

Grace sets down her champagne glass and leans into her new
husband.

GRACE

Okay, I have to share him soon
enough, so let me at least
monopolize his attention while he's
here.

Cole smiles broadly at his friend.

COLE

Well, Michael, it seems you've
found yourself the perfect wife.

INT. GRACE'S PARLOUR - 2004 - NIGHT

Annabelle looks up at the black and white photos on the side
table.

INSERT WEDDING PHOTO

Grace, Michael and Cole stand outside the Warwick Hotel.

Annabelle studies the photo from her chair for a moment, then
shifts in her seat and turns a page.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MICHAEL'S OLD APARTMENT - 1946 - DAY

Grace carries a grocery bag, the leaves of a house plant
sticking out the top. She shifts the bag to her other arm
and gives the door buzzer a good long press.

Moments later the door is opened by Cole who seems surprised
by her appearance there.

Grace extends the bag in offering.

GRACE

Housewarming.

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Cole opens the door wide so she can enter.

COLE

Thank you. As if you two need to do more. This place is great.

INT. MICHAEL'S OLD APARTMENT - CONTINUING

Cole takes the bag from Grace as she enters. She looks around the familiar surroundings as she removes her coat.

GRACE

It still smells the same.

Cole carries the bag into the other room, answering her from the kitchen.

COLE (O.S.)

I'm going to take that as a compliment. Want a drink?

Grace's glance falls on the mantle clock.

It reads 5:40.

GRACE

Sure.

Grace removes her coat, draping it over the arm of a chair, then perches on the edge of the sofa. Looking around the room, she spots a Western Union telegram on top of some other mail on the coffee table.

Glancing over her shoulder, she tilts her head to read the message.

INSERT TELEGRAM:

Talked to Mother. Everyone is safe in bed. Love, Anya.

Cole speaks as he enters the room carrying drinks and Grace turns her head quickly from the telegram, not wanting to be caught reading his mail.

COLE

What do you hear from Michael?

Grace reaches for the offered cocktail.

GRACE

Nothing. But I never really expect to.

(MORE)

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GRACE (CONT'D)

I don't pretend to know anything about your O.S.S., but one thing is sure; they love their secrets.

Cole takes the chair across from her, sets his drink on the coffee table, glances at the telegram, then clears the stack of mail from the surface, depositing it on the floor.

COLE

You have no idea.

Cole retrieves his drink, using it to point in the direction of the papers he just put on the floor.

COLE

(continuing)

Sorry. I wasn't expecting company.

Grace waves her hand dismissively.

GRACE

Don't be silly. I didn't even ring first.

They lift their glasses in an air-toast from their respective seats and for the first time really look at each other.

Eyes linger longer than intended on both sides, curiosity mingled with appreciation. Grace finally lowers her eyes and takes a sip of her drink.

GRACE

(continuing)

There's a symphony Friday evening and the Conservatory has given me two tickets. I know it's not your type of music-

COLE

I'd love to.

Grace smiles, takes a sip, then sets her unfinished drink on the coffee table. She stands to leave.

GRACE

Then I'll see you Friday. I have a car coming at 7:30.

Cole rises and lifts Grace's coat from the chair. He holds it as she slips her arms inside, then watches in appreciation as she pulls it close around her body.

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CONTINUED: (2)

His eyes slide up to her face to find she was watching him watch her. Her gaze does not flinch.

Cole's voice is a bit husky when he speaks.

COLE

I'll look forward to it.

Grace's look says she will too.

They both become business-like, flustered at finding themselves flirting. Cole holds the door and Grace beats her retreat.

INT. GRACE'S PARLOUR - 2004 - NIGHT

Annabelle removes her reading glasses, squeezes her eyes shut and pinches the bridge of her nose.

She rests her glasses on the top of her head, then stands and stretches, the journal still clutched in one hand, a finger marking her place.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GRACE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

Annabelle peeks in at the sleeping Grace, then quietly pulls the bedroom door shut and heads down the hall.

INT. ANNABELLE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

Annabelle, now in her flannel jammies, reaches to turn off the light. She looks at the journal resting on the nightstand, then glances at the alarm clock. It's 11:35.

With a shrug she reaches for the journal instead, propping herself up on her pillows to read.

INT. NEW YORK SYMPHONY HALL - 1946 - NIGHT

Young Grace is stunning in her evening dress. She listens intently to the music, almost as if studying, or memorizing.

Cole lets the sound wash over him, his enjoyment apparent, though he can't stop himself from glancing repeatedly at his seat-mate.

Nor can she.

Only once, however, do they look at the same moment, and both look away instantly, caught.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE GRACE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Grace stands at the bottom of the stairs that lead up to her apartment building.

Cole leans down to the car window to ask the driver to wait.

He approaches Grace who is staring up at the winking stars.

COLE
Will I see you up?

Grace shakes her head "no".

GRACE
It's a beautiful night.

Cole glances momentarily at the stars, then back to Grace who shows no sign of heading for the stairs.

COLE
It is.

Grace turns to face Cole, her expression suddenly impish.

GRACE
Take me to a jazz club.

Cole is taken aback.

COLE
Now?

Grace looks around her.

GRACE
Of course now. Aren't they just beginning to "jump"?

Cole smiles at her terminology. He hesitates, unsure.

GRACE
(continuing)
Please. I've never been and Michael couldn't care less about music.

Cole's brow furrows. This seems a bid dodgy.

GRACE
(continuing)
Just for a little while.

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COLE

Well, you can't go dressed like that.

Grace's face lights up.

COLE

(continuing)

And I'll want to go get my trumpet.

GRACE

Give me 5 minutes.

She hurries up the stairs and disappears into the building. Cole glances at his watch, then heaves a sigh, resigned.

EXT. HARLEM SUBWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Grace and Cole step up onto the street, Grace now dressed in wool slacks, a sweater and a long wool coat.

Cole carries a trumpet case.

Grace has never been to Harlem before. She gapes, wide-eyed at her surroundings.

They are far from being the only white couple on the street, but there is a clear sense that it's not their turf.

Grace eyes the black people as they walk along the street completely unconscious of their more confident bearing.

Intimidated, Grace takes Cole's arm.

Cole points to a club, it's neon sign flashing above the entrance awning.

COLE

They'll tolerate me in there.
You'll like Willie. He's the piano player.

Grace takes a breath, exhilarated, eyes twinkling. They head for the night club.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Grace and Cole are escorted to a small table in the smoky club on one side of the band.

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The club manager spots Cole being seated, then approaches the stage and signals for the attention of WILLIE, the piano player, a silver haired black man of about sixty.

Willie watches Cole as he orders drinks from a hovering waiter. His gaze moves back to the manager and Willie gives him a barely perceptible nod.

Grace settles back to observe.

Cole studies her as she listens.

The music is smooth but with a driving bass. Grace is mesmerized. She holds her hand over her chest.

GRACE
I can feel the bass.

A slow smile creeps onto Cole's face.

COLE
Yeah.

Grace closes her eyes.

GRACE
It's great.

Cole forces his eyes from his companion to the bandstand.

COLE
Yeah.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - SOME TIME LATER

The band is taking a break.

Willie crosses the dance floor from the bandstand to Cole and Grace's table. He and Cole institute a stylized handshake.

COLE
This is...my...the...uh, this is -
Grace. Smith. Grace Smith, my -

Grace interrupts, saving him.

GRACE
- friend. You're Willie.

Willie kisses the back of Grace's hand.

(CONTINUED)

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COLE

Grace is a piano player.

Willie raises his eyebrows.

WILLIE

You gonna sit in, too?

Grace blushes.

GRACE

Me? Oh, no. Unless you've got some Mozart on that song list.

WILLIE

Well, we might surprise you.

Willie bends to pick up Cole's trumpet case and Cole follows him back to the stage.

DISSOLVE TO:

Cole is not so much being tolerated by the band as made their centerpiece. He's good, and the music is smouldery and sexy.

Grace is lost in the sound, eyes closed, swaying a bit as the waiter clears four empty glasses for her and leaves another drink for her and Cole.

As the waiter is about to leave Grace reaches up to stop him, then slides her fingers into his jacket pocket and pulls out a cigarette, her eyes asking the question.

The waiter bows, lights the lady's cigarette and moves on to the next table.

Grace smokes luxuriously as she listens to the music.

EXT. GRACE AND MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A taxi waits at the curb as Grace teeters up the stairs to her apartment, Cole with a firm grip on her arm. She giggles from the alcohol.

COLE

I think you've had too much to drink, Mrs. Smith.

Grace faces Cole, finger to her lips as she speaks in a loud whisper.

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GRACE

You better not see me up, Mr. Reed.
It might look bad.

Grace teeters and Cole grips her arm to steady her, his face close to hers. He glances over his shoulder.

COLE

I assure you, Mrs. Smith, it
already looks bad.

Grace giggles again.

COLE

(continuing)
Can you make it up?

Grace moves in closer to Cole, whispering in his ear.

GRACE

I can take care of myself, Mr.
Reed. You'd be amazed.

She turns away from him and sways to the front door of the building. Cole watches her go, brow deeply furrowed.

INT. GRACE'S KITCHEN - 2004 - DAY

Annabelle and Mark are having sandwiches at the kitchen island, eating as Annabelle brings him up-to-date on the journal.

ANNABELLE

If I didn't know better I'd swear
she was contemplating an affair
with Cole.

Mark swallows a bite of his sandwich.

MARK

What ever happened to him?

Annabelle shrugs.

ANNABELLE

I never really heard them talk
about him. There's a couple of
pictures with him when they were
young...I don't know. Uncle Mike
didn't talk much about the old
days.

(MORE)

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ANNABELLE (CONT'D)

I knew he worked for the O.S.S.
when he was very young, but it was
just a desk job.

Annabelle stands, clearing their lunch dishes from the island
counter.

ANNABELLE

(continuing)

I don't really know what he did
later. He just seemed like one of
those guys that had money.

Mark watches her, thinking.

MARK

I love it. Can't you just see her
hanging out in Harlem in the
forties? She must have been wild.

INT. MICHAEL'S OLD APARTMENT - 1946 - AFTERNOON

Cole sits at the window talking on the phone.

COLE

I don't know. She said three weeks
so he should be home any time...If
I can...I said if I can...Yeah.
Me, too.

Cole no sooner sets the receiver in its cradle than the phone
rings, causing him to jump. He obviously thinks it's the same
caller, his voice sounding irritable.

COLE

What?

GRACE (V.O.)

...Cole? It's Grace.

Cole softens his tone, but is reserved.

COLE

Oh - I'm sorry. I thought you were
someone else. Hello.

There's a pause, each waiting for the other to speak.

GRACE (V.O.)

Cole, have I done something to make
you angry? The other evening...did
I -

(CONTINUED)

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COLE
Of course not.

Grace sighs in relief.

GRACE (V.O.)
Good, because I want to ask you if
you'll take me to Harlem again.

Cole traces a pattern on his table using the sweat from his
suddenly clammy hand.

COLE
I don't know if it's such a good
idea. You know, with Michael gone.

GRACE (V.O.)
Michael would hate Harlem.

Now it's Cole's turn to sigh.

COLE
I know.

GRACE (V.O.)
I'll be a good girl. I won't even
drink.

Cole purses his lips, thinking. He decides to stick to his
guns.

COLE
Michael is my best friend, Grace.
I'll take you both to Harlem as
soon as he gets back.

There's silence on the other end of the line.

COLE
(continuing)
Grace...I'm sorry.

GRACE (V.O.)
There's no reason to apologize. I
think I can understand why you're
afraid to see me again. I'll have
Michael call you when he gets home.

COLE
Grace...I'm not -

Click.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cole lowers the receiver into the cradle.

COLE
(continuing)
- afraid.

INT. GRACE AND MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Grace sits at the upright piano in the living room. She's playing a classical piece, sheet music open in front of her. She pauses in her playing and looks at the keyboard for a moment, hands hovering.

Grace lowers her hands into position and slips into some jazz chords, feeling her way uncertainly. Experimenting.

The telephone rings.

Grace glances at the phone on the end table by the sofa, but it is silent. The sound of the ringing phone is coming from another room.

Grace stands up from the piano and heads out of the room.

INT. GRACE AND MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

Grace leans in the doorway looking at the phone ringing on the nightstand.

She smiles and does not answer.

INT. MICHAEL'S OLD APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Cole lets the phone ring once more, then gently hangs up the receiver.

EXT. HARLEM - NIGHT

Michael, Cole and Grace all emerge from the subway entrance, this time Michael looking around with the same amazement Grace had earlier.

Grace takes the arm of both men, sauntering between them toward the nightclub.

MICHAEL
I don't know about this.

GRACE
Oh, Michael, it'll be fun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Michael rolls his eyes, then meets Cole's look over the top of his wife's head.

Cole just shrugs, feeling caught in the middle.

INT. HARLEM NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUING

Grace, Michael and Cole sit at one of the cocktail tables.

Michael is drumming his fingers, looking around at the crowd with increasing uneasiness. The lights dim and he becomes even more nervous, startled at the first sounds of the band.

GRACE

Sweetheart, why don't you have a drink? Why don't we all have a drink?

Cole signals the waiter and places the order.

Michael looks at the band for a few moments, then his eye begins to wander the room. The music holds no fascination for him.

Grace and Cole accidentally share a glance.

Michael turns his back on the band and leans in to talk to Cole over the sound of the music.

MICHAEL

When are they canceling your leave?

Cole glances at Grace, reluctant to talk shop in her presence.

Grace is watching Willie, paying the men at her table no mind.

COLE

I don't know. Soon. Thanksgiving no doubt when people with families want time off.

Michael studies his friend for a moment, chewing the inside of his cheek, considering whether he will say more. Finally, he leans in closer.

MICHAEL

Your personnel records are purged.

Cole gazes evenly across the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLE
How do you know?

MICHAEL
I looked.

Michael waits for an explanation, gaze unwavering.

Cole glances at Grace again, then lowers his voice even more.

COLE
Technically it looks like a
discharge, but it's not. That's
all I can say.

Michael nods slowly, his eyes suggesting he may not be convinced.

Cole turns his attention to the music, and after a few moments, Michael pretends to as well.

INT. GRACE'S PARLOUR - 2004 - NIGHT

Annabelle places the notecard into the book as a bookmark then stands and leans to turn off the light.

The photos across the room catch her eye and she moves over to them instead, picking them up to study more closely now that the people are becoming real to her.

There's Michael and Cole together, Cole seeming much more flamboyant, Michael stiff and ill at ease.

They're sitting on the stairs in front of Grace and Michael's apartment, each holding a beer. The photo is a little dark.

EXT. GRACE AND MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - 1946 - DUSK

Grace lowers the Brownie camera, then saunters over to where Michael and Cole sit drinking beers on the steps.

GRACE
It's getting cold. Let's go inside
and you guys can make me something
to eat.

Michael sets his almost-full beer on the top step.

Cole tips his head back and guzzles the rest of his beer before setting the empty bottle next to Michael's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLE

I'm going home. You don't need me hanging around on the night before you leave.

Michael looks at his wife.

MICHAEL

True.

Grace smiles at her husband.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Take care of her for me. I'll be back in a couple of weeks to drag you two back from Harlem.

They laugh, but Grace meets Cole's eyes on that one. It's probably true.

INT. MICHAEL'S OLD APARTMENT - NIGHT

Grace sits on the sofa as before, Cole retrieving drinks from the kitchen. Also as before, a telegram rests on the coffee table. The message is obscured but Grace can see the closing; Love, Anya.

Cole enters with the drinks.

GRACE

Who's Anya?

Cole appears stunned as he hands Grace her drink.

COLE

Excuse me?

Grace points to the telegram.

GRACE

Anya.

Cole moves to his side of the coffee table, scooping up the pile of mail as he sits, depositing it on the floor.

COLE

She's my sister-in-law.

GRACE

Really. You have a brother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cole shifts uncomfortably.

COLE
Half. A half-brother. They live
in Europe. I hardly ever see them.

Grace nods, wondering at his discomfort.

COLE
(continuing)
How about you? Any siblings?

GRACE
None. I'm an only child. Over-
indulged I'm afraid.

Cole stands, picking up Grace's coat from the back of the
couch.

COLE
Shall we?

Grace shakes the ice in her drink.

GRACE
May I finish this first?

Cole sits back down.

COLE
Of course, I'm sorry. Take your
time.

Grace watches Cole over the top of her glass. Whatever could
be wrong?

EXT. GRACE'S PORCH - 2004 - EVENING

Annabelle and Mark sit on rocking chairs, their feet propped
on a wooden table, sipping wine.

MARK
How about you? Do you have any
siblings?

ANNABELLE
Two sisters and a brother. We were
all adopted though.

Mark takes a sip of wine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK

Do you know who your biological
parents were?

Annabelle stares into the night, thoughtful.

ANNABELLE

No. I tried to find out once.
They were European. I couldn't
find them, but I didn't really look
that hard.

MARK

What about Grace? How did she fit
into the picture?

Annabelle considers the question for a moment.

ANNABELLE

I'm not really sure. She was a
friend of my parents' I guess, and
she just seemed to take an interest
in me. She paid my college
tuition.

MARK

A college graduate.

ANNABELLE

I'm a librarian. She got me a job,
too. I've worked at the New York
Historical Society forever. I'll
go back there when...

Neither one bothers to finish the thought. They sip their
wine in silence for a moment.

ANNABELLE

(continuing)

She sleeps almost all the time now.

Mark nods. He knows.

EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Through the parlour window, Annabelle can be seen in her
overstuffed chair absorbed in the leather journal

EXT. JAZZ CLUB - 1946 NIGHT

It appears to be closing time as the patrons leave the club.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cole steps off the curb heading in the direction of the subway, then stops and turns when he becomes aware Grace is not beside him.

Grace has stopped on the sidewalk in front of the club and is attempting to light a cigarette. She's pretty buzzed.

Cole moves back to her.

GRACE

I want to go to Willie's.

Cole shakes his head as he steps up onto the curb.

COLE

No.

Grace's cigarette lighter is not working.

Cole takes it from her.

GRACE

Why not?

Cole lights her cigarette.

COLE

Does Michael know you smoke?

Grace exhales slowly filling the space between them with cigarette smoke.

GRACE

I don't smoke.

Cole turns away, again heading for the subway.

GRACE

(continuing)

Why can't I go to Willie's?

Cole turns to face her.

COLE

Jam sessions are not for good
little white girls. Why are you
acting so wild?

She looks around her at the emptying sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRACE

Wild? I haven't even done anything...yet.

Cole steps up onto the curb again and takes her arm.

COLE

That's what I'm talking about. That "yet". Michael is my best friend and what a best friend would do right now is make sure his best friend's wife was safe at home.

Grace sighs, drops her cigarette onto the pavement and looks up at Cole.

GRACE

Fine. I just wanted to go to a jam session. I guess it's MY problem that you can't trust yourself.

Cole, his grip still on Grace's arm, pulls her around to face him. Their faces are inches apart.

COLE

I trust myself. It's you I'm not sure about.

Grace does not pull away from him. They're close enough to kiss. It would just take...one...little...millimeter -

Cole pulls himself away, letting go of her arm and stepping off of the curb.

COLE

(continuing)

You're going home. And I'm not bringing you back.

Grace shrugs and smiles, then follows after him.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - 2004 - MORNING

Annabelle sits on the edge of Grace's bed near a tray of uneaten food. She moves the morphine drip line carefully and takes Grace's hand.

Grace stirs, but keeps her eyes closed.

ANNABELLE

Do you want to sit in a chair for awhile?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace rolls her head just slightly from side to side. Her voice is barely audible.

GRACE
I'm too tired.

Annabelle looks out the window for a moment, thinking.

ANNABELLE
Aunt Grace, I want to ask you some things about the journals.

Grace doesn't respond for several moments appearing as if she's sleeping. Then her hand moves just slightly in a patting gesture on Annabelle's hand.

GRACE
Maybe later.

Annabelle nods, frustrated. She sighs and stands picking up the tray. She smooths the bedding where she had been sitting and looks with affection at Grace, then heads from the room.

INT. MICHAEL'S OLD APARTMENT - 1946 - NIGHT

Cole has fallen asleep on the couch, a drink in his hand. The ringing telephone startles him awake.

He growls into the telephone.

COLE
Hello.

WILLIE (O.S.)
You'd better get down here, brother-man. That little doe you been bringin' in is here without you - and the jackals are startin' to circle.

Cole sits up.

COLE
Grace is there?

WILLIE (O.S.)
She's holdin' her own but they're wearin' her down.

COLE
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cole hangs up the phone and stands in one motion.

COLE
(continuing)
Shit.

INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Grace sits in one of the booths on the perimeter of the dance floor.

There are four black men at her table, two seated, two standing. They are smiling and talking, not threatening in any way, but there are four of them.

Grace laughs and talks with them, but her eyes dart around the room seeking escape. She's getting worn out from being brave.

Willie keeps an eye on things from the band stand.

Cole enters and stands inside the entrance for a moment, eyes sweeping the room.

Spotting Grace, he strides across the dance floor in her direction.

The other men see her reaction to something behind them and turn to see Cole approaching.

Cole's manner is friendly. He greets the other men, shaking hands with one of the guys standing.

They recognize him as the trumpet player and ask if he'll be sitting in.

As Cole responds he eases over to Grace's side of the booth.

Grace scoots over to make room for him to sit down.

Alpha status established, Cole dismisses the other men by turning toward Grace. They drift away into the nightclub.

COLE
Are you out of your God-damned
mind?

Grace reaches for her drink, hand shaking.

GRACE
I'm sorry. It was foolish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She takes a big gulp of her drink.

Cole looks up at Willie.

Willie acknowledges the unspoken gratitude with a nod.

COLE

What were you thinking?

Grace removes the cocktail napkin from under her drink and swipes quickly at an escaping tear.

GRACE

I didn't know. I thought it would
be okay because I had been here
before.

She dabs at her eyes again.

COLE

Let's get out of here.

Dutifully, Grace slides out of the booth after Cole.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Cole and Grace sit across from one another in the window seat booth.

Grace holds a cup of coffee in her hand but stares out at the sidewalk, not drinking.

Cole studies her face.

COLE

Why did you marry Michael?

Grace answers without changing position.

GRACE

He loves me.

COLE

Do you love him?

Grace continues to stare out the window, cup in hand.

GRACE

Yes.

Cole shakes his head, not sure he believes her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace sets her cup in its saucer and keeps her eyes fixed on the table.

GRACE
(continuing)
I'm a better person with him. I
don't know. I can't explain it.

Cole leans back in his seat.

Grace finally meets his look.

COLE
He's rock solid.

They recognize understanding in each other's eyes.

GRACE
So you know what I mean.

Cole nods slowly, and they sit together in silence.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MICHAEL AND GRACE'S APARTMENT -
AFTERNOON

Cole shifts a brown paper bag holding some booze to his other hand and knocks on the apartment door.

Several moments pass and he's just about to knock again when Michael opens the door.

INT. GRACE AND MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Michael's demeanor seems overly-jovial as he greets his friend and takes the bag, pulling out a bottle of bourbon.

Michael takes the bottle over to the wet bar and mixes drinks while he makes small talk.

Cole's eyes search for Grace. Something's amiss.

Cole takes off his coat and lays it over the back of the sofa. He hears a door closing softly down the hallway then turns to see Grace enter the room.

Grace has obviously been crying and she's pulling on an overcoat.

GRACE
Hello, Cole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Something is definitely up between Grace and Michael. They don't look at each other and the vibe is excruciating.

Michael walks over to Cole with a drink, then turns to his wife.

MICHAEL

Do you want one?

Grace retrieves her pocketbook from the coffee table as she responds.

GRACE

No, you two catch up. I feel like an afternoon movie.

She crosses to Michael and gives him a dutiful peck on the cheek.

GRACE

(continuing)

I won't be late.

Grace turns to Cole.

GRACE

(continuing)

Maybe you'll still be here when I get back. If not -

She gives him a little hug, then heads out the door.

As soon as she's gone Michael sets his drink on the coffee table and lets out a long breath.

Cole takes a seat opposite him.

COLE

That was...tense.

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL

I just told her I'll be gone for Christmas. She didn't take it very well.

Cole takes a sip of his drink.

COLE

Some desk job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Michael stares at the coffee table for a few moments, then looks up at Cole.

MICHAEL

Since you were there at the beginning I'm going to tell you. Remember the botched rendezvous? Those Germans?

Cole looks guarded.

COLE

Of course.

MICHAEL

Well someone has the other scientists. MI5 wants the wives to ID whatever was sent as proof.

Cole whistles under his breath.

COLE

Where are the wives?

MICHAEL

Hidden.

COLE

What do the kidnappers want?

Michael can't keep the disgust out of his voice.

MICHAEL

Money.

COLE

So why are they sending you? Why not give it to Ops?

Michael shrugs.

MICHAEL

Who knows why they do anything? Maybe because I was there in the beginning. Maybe because they're "communicating" so they think they need "communications".

Cole leans back in his chair.

COLE

Do they have any idea who it is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL

Not really. They think Rankin might have turned. The contact was female though. Possibly Russian.

Cole nods.

COLE

So Grace didn't take this one so well.

Michael sighs.

MICHAEL

I think she's lonely. And bored. Christ, you're practically her only friend here. Well, I'll be home for a couple of weeks anyway.

Cole finishes off his drink.

Michael stands to make him another.

COLE

And wouldn't you know. I'm leaving for England the day after tomorrow.

Michael makes the drink, not looking at his friend.

MICHAEL

Wouldn't you know.

COLE

Well, it sounds like you and your wife need some time alone anyway.

Michael hands Cole the drink.

MICHAEL

You're probably right.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEW YORK - DUSK

Grace moves slowly down the sidewalk away from the movie theater, then turns, as if she forgot something and heads back the other way.

Across the street Cole rounds a corner and strides into a Western Union office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace's gaze shifts quickly as if making sure Cole did not see her. Then she turns once more and heads in the direction of home.

INT. GRACE'S KITCHEN - 2004 - DAY

Annabelle slices some sandwiches in half, then carries them over to the island where placemats are laid out for lunch.

Mark comes into the kitchen and sets his leather bag on the counter.

Annabelle motions to Mark to take a seat at the island as she retrieves some bottled waters from the refrigerator.

Mark stares at his sandwich, apparently not hungry.

Annabelle sits beside him and rests a hand on his arm.

GRACE

It's close, isn't it?

Mark nods.

MARK

I don't think she'll regain consciousness. I'd like to stay the night.

ANNABELLE

The guest room is already made up.

They search each other's eyes.

ANNABELLE

(continuing)

I'm scaring myself. I don't feel like crying.

Mark smiles.

MARK

You don't have to wish for grief. It will come when it comes.

Annabelle sighs.

ANNABELLE

I'm never gonna know.

Mark tips his head, not understanding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNABELLE

(continuing)

I'm never gonna know about the journals.

MARK

Are you done?

ANNABELLE

Not even, but I have so many questions.

EXT. LONDON UNDERGROUND EXIT - 1946 - NIGHT

Cole steps onto the sidewalk from an Underground terminal. He glances up and down the street.

A cab pulls up next to him.

Bending to look inside the cab, he sees a dark-eyed beauty in the back seat. He pulls the door open and climbs inside.

INT. LONDON CAB - CONTINUING

ANYA, early thirties and exotic looking, slides across the seat and into Cole's arms.

They kiss heatedly as the cab pulls into traffic.

COLE

Where are they?

ANYA

Wycombe.

She reaches for him again, but he needs to talk.

COLE

Who's with them?

Anya scoots away from Cole, rejected.

ANYA

Rankin.

She glances at her watch.

ANYA

(continuing)

He's probably leaving now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cole looks out the window, but sees only his own reflection looking back at him.

EXT. LONDON UNDERGROUND EXIT - NIGHT

A man emerges from the same Underground exit and strides quickly to a waiting car. As he hurries to the passenger door he checks the street.

It's Michael.

EXT. FARMHOUSE IN WYCOMBE - NIGHT

Another cab, different from the one that picked up Cole, pulls off the highway onto a rural lane that winds past some out-buildings, stopping in front of a charming cottage.

The driver retrieves some bags from the trunk, then drives away once Cole and Anya are on the porch.

INT. FARMHOUSE IN WYCOMBE - CONTINUING

As soon as Cole and Anya are in the house they fall on one another, undressing hurriedly as Cole walks Anya backwards toward the living room.

Cole separates from her long enough to ask a question.

COLE
Where are they?

Anya pulls him to her and sinks onto the couch.

ANYA
Workman's cabin.

The sex is urgent, noisy and rough.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cole sits at the table wearing only his undershorts.

Anya stands at the stove making tea wearing his unbuttoned shirt and nothing else. She's quite generously proportioned.

Cole appraises her body appreciatively, but a sideways glance reveals his mind is not only on Anya.

She carries the steaming cups to the table and drapes an arm around Cole's neck, her breast lightly touching the side of his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANYA

I'm so bored. I can't take any more of this baby sitting.

Cole wraps his hands around her waist and gently pushes her back so he can stand. He picks up his cup and takes her hand leading her back to the living room.

COLE

Things'll liven up when you get to Moscow.

Anya pouts, tugging Cole's hand so he'll face her.

ANYA

You could come.

Cole sets both of their cups on the counter and wraps his arms around Anya. She rests her cheek on his chest.

ANYA

(continuing)

I know...you can't.

COLE

You'll have to stay at least two weeks or they'll flag your passport.

Anya sighs.

ANYA

It will take that long to set up the payoff anyway.

Anya pouts a moment longer, then leans back for Cole to kiss her.

He obliges willingly.

EXT. WORKMAN'S CABIN - MORNING

Cole and Anya close the door to the cottage, their breath visible in the cold morning air. They head down a leaf-strewn path to the workman's cabin.

The cabin is a miniature cottage. The windows however are covered with wrought iron grating over tightly closed wooden shutters. The front door is a fortress.

INT. WORKMAN'S CABIN - CONTINUING

The interior of the cabin has been modified. It's basically a prison cell, a cage of iron made into a studio apartment.

The German scientists seem healthy and well, though their eyes are clouded with suppressed anger.

Anya speaks to them in German, telling them it won't be long now that contact has been made with their families. Time together has bred a certain camaraderie.

The men clamor for more information, but Anya tells them she doesn't know any detail. She refers to them by name: Schulmann and Klein.

Cole watches the exchange, irritated that he doesn't understand German.

One of the Germans takes a list from his front pocket, extending it to Anya.

COLE
What's that?

Anya stuffs the list in her coat pocket.

ANYA
Nothing. They want books. Always books.

Cole stuffs his hand in her pocket to snatch the list.

COLE
What kind of books?

Anya is miffed at his implication of her incompetence.

ANYA
Science books.

Cole is more than alarmed.

COLE
SCIENCE books. Don't you think someone might wonder why a girl like you would buy science books?

Anya's eyes flash.

The Germans seem amused with the little spat though they don't understand what's being said.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANYA
A girl like ME?

Anya glares at Cole, incensed, then turns and slams out the door.

Cole is hot after her.

EXT. WORKMAN'S CABIN - CONTINUING

Anya stomps toward the cottage.

Cole catches up to her and spins her around by the shoulder.

COLE
Don't get stupid on me Anya. Not
this close to the end.

Anya slaps his face.

ANYA
You think I'm stupid? I am stupid.
I have your stupid baby in my
stupid body. We'll all just be one
big stupid family.

Cole is stunned - knifed is more like it - by the information.

Anya turns away from him again.

ANYA
(continuing)
You're the stupid one. You can't
even see how fat I am.

She continues to mutter under her breath as she resumes stomping back to the cottage. There she turns for one last comment.

ANYA
(continuing)
I have a college student who buys
the books. He thinks they're for
my uncle.

She slams into the cottage.

Cole can't breathe. He walks zombie-like to the cottage and lowers himself onto the porch steps where he sits head in hands.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Cole enters the noisy pub. It's stiflingly hot compared with the cold London night and he removes his hat, coat and muffler as his eyes search the room.

Seated at the bar is RANKIN, a young man about Cole's age. His face is pock marked, hair a bit greasy.

Cole moves over to the seat beside him that has been saved with the young man's case.

COLE

Rankin.

RANKIN

Reed.

Rankin removes his case and Cole takes a seat. The bartender approaches Cole and he orders a pint.

Rankin pushes his empty glass forward indicating he'll have another pint as well.

RANKIN

(continuing)

Where do we stand?

Cole accepts his pint, then turns to face inside the room, eyes darting about.

COLE

They suspect you, as planned.

RANKIN

Good. Maybe I'll lead them down to Algiers. I could use some sun.

Cole empties his pint in one go, then stares into the empty glass.

COLE

Smith is onto something. No one in communications travels as much as he does.

RANKIN

Where does he go?

Cole motions the bartender for another pint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLE

I don't know.

RANKIN

What about his wife?

Cole takes the beverage and fishes money out of his pocket from his seated position. He holds his response until the bartender moves away.

COLE

I don't think he tells her anything.

Rankin sneers.

RANKIN

Wives always know.

Rankin instructs Cole with a look - find out what Grace knows.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - 2004 - DAY

Annabelle reaches under the bedding and takes hold of Grace's foot.

ANNABELLE

Oh, honey. Your feet are like ice.

Annabelle talks to Grace as if she were conscious. Grabbing an afghan from the back of a chair, she folds it and lays it across Grace's feet.

ANNABELLE

(continuing)

My goodness, Aunt Grace, the secrets you kept. I had no idea you were so...I don't know what.

Annabelle perches on the side of the bed and strokes Grace's brow feeling her face with the back of her hand to gauge her temperature.

ANNABELLE

(continuing)

How did you know what went on in London?

She smooths Grace's comforter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNABELLE
(continuing)
What happened to Cole?

Annabelle stares at Grace as if waiting for a response.

Grace sleeps on, undisturbed.

MONTAGE OF SCENES

Grace and Cole immerse themselves in the wonder of the New York jazz scene in 1946:

Cole plays his trumpet with Willie's band as Grace takes some dance instruction from one of the black men seen earlier in the lounge.

Grace sits with Willie at the piano at a jam session in an apartment in Harlem. She's covering the bottom end of the keyboard as Willie tackles the upper registers.

Cole shares the piano bench back to back with Grace playing his trumpet as dozens of people - mostly black - sing, dance and generally party into the wee hours.

Grace and Cole share a table at another club, Grace smoking and rocking as she enjoys the music.

Grace and Cole walk arm-in-arm down the streets of Harlem and duck into another brightly lit nightclub.

Grace and Cole dance, the sides of their faces lightly touching, both looking straight ahead - knowing they're in trouble.

END MONTAGE

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MICHAEL AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Grace and Cole approach the door to Grace's apartment. Grace fishes in her coat pocket for her keys. They stop in front of the door as Grace attempts to pull her hand from her pocket, but the keys are caught on a thread.

Cole reaches to help her, and suddenly the proximity is just too much for both of them.

Before they can stop themselves they're necking heatedly in the hallway, Grace still trying to free her hand from her pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally she pulls her hand free, jangling the keys. She whispers to Cole urgently.

GRACE
Come inside.

The apartment door swings open and Cole reaches for Grace once more in the doorway kissing her desperately.

INT. GRACE AND MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUING

Just beyond where Grace and Cole stand kissing are a pair of suitcases next to the sofa, an overcoat draped over them.

From down the hallway comes a voice.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Honey? Is that you?

Grace and Cole separate instantly, both wiping at their mouths guiltily.

Grace touches her hair.

GRACE
Yes, Cole is here. We've been -

Michael enters the room in his bath robe and moves over toward his wife.

MICHAEL
Surprise.

Grace is beginning to regain her composure. She wraps her arms around Michael and kisses him on the cheek.

Cole shifts uncomfortably on his feet, anxious to flee.

COLE
Guess I'll clear out.

Michael lets go of his wife.

MICHAEL
Stay for a drink. I've got to unwind from my flight.

Cole takes a deep breath, trying to decide what looks the least suspicious.

COLE
Okay. One drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

Excuse me for a moment. I'll be right back.

Grace and Cole keep their eyes away from one another.

Michael heads over to the wet bar and Cole takes a seat on the edge of a chair.

COLE

So...you're back from - where are you back from?

Michael makes the drinks, his back to Cole.

MICHAEL

Points west.

Cole nods, now fully in control of himself.

COLE

I thought you were gone through Christmas.

Michael turns and extends a high ball to Cole.

MICHAEL

I leave again day after tomorrow.

The men touch glasses in a belated toast of greeting.

COLE

Maybe you should get back into Ops so you can log some down time.

Michael nods ruefully, then checks the hall doorway to be sure Grace is still occupied.

MICHAEL

I never left Operations. But this is the last one. I told them I'd quit if they don't honor my transfer.

COLE

The scientists.

Michael takes a drink.

MICHAEL

They want me to see this one through. They want them here.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Schulmann especially. It looks like the bad guys are playing two ends, trying to get the U.S. and Russia in a bidding war over these guys.

Cole tries to keep his face passive.

COLE
Who's winning?

Michael takes a sip of his drink, choosing not to answer.

MICHAEL
What about you, Cole?

It's obvious the question is about Cole's present assignment, whatever it may be.

COLE
I'm leaving myself for London in another week.

Michael nods, then moves over to his brief case to retrieve some calling cards. He takes a pen from the end table and scribbles a number on the back of one of the cards.

MICHAEL
I'm sending Grace to her mother's for the holiday.

Michael extends the card to Cole.

MICHAEL
(continuing)
Maybe you could call her there in London at some point. Just check on her for me.

Cole looks at the card.

COLE
Sure. No problem.

INT. MICHAEL'S OLD APARTMENT - 1946 - NIGHT

Cole is awakened by the telephone. He checks the clock.

He swears under his breath and jerks the phone out of its cradle to shut it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLE

Hello.

ANYA (V.O.)

We have to move them. Rankin
thinks he was followed.

Cole sits bolt upright.

COLE

To the cottage?

ANYA (V.O.)

He's not sure.

Cole rubs his eyes, trying to think.

ANYA (V.O.)

Get back here.

Cole hangs up the phone and swings his legs over the bed.

EXT. LONDON PARK - DAY

Cole and Anya walk along a low bridge over a pond tossing
bread crumbs to the ducks like many other couples in view.

Cole is now completely aware of Anya's stomach. How had he
not noticed it before?

Anya sees his gaze and she takes his hand, placing it on the
mound of her stomach.

Cole jerks his hand away as if burned.

Anya, hurt and angry turns away from him and leans over the
rail looking at the water.

ANYA

We move them tonight. Then I leave
for Moscow in the morning.

Cole leans his elbows on the rail and looks at the water with
her.

COLE

It's starting to feel out of
control. I think we should cut it
short. Deliver them to the U.S.,
take their money and run.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Anya turns to face him, pointing at him with her swollen abdomen, her tone mocking.

ANYA
Afraid?

Cole stands straight facing her.

COLE
You should be, too. It's not a clean operation anymore. If you want to still deal with Moscow you can do it from here.

ANYA
It's already set up. I'm not afraid of Moscow. I was born there.

Cole leans over the rail again resting his head in his hands.

ANYA
(continuing)
You've been spending too much time with your good citizen friend.

COLE
You don't know anything about him.

Anya doesn't want to fight. She sidles up closer to Cole.

ANYA
I know he wasn't smart enough to see the profit in our Germans. Come home with me. You can give me a proper send off.

Anya tries to kiss Cole but he pushes her away.

ANYA
(continuing)
You find me ugly now that I'm fat with your bastard. That's it isn't it? You find me disgusting.

Cole closes his eyes, searching for strength. He takes Anya into his arms.

COLE
I have things to do. I'll see you at the cottage. 10:00.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Anya leans her head on his chest, satisfied for the moment.

EXT. NEWSTAND IN LONDON UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Cole pretends to peruse magazines, his gaze shifting right and left.

Finally Rankin approaches and moves over to the newspaper rack, leaning over to study a subway schedule posted on the wall.

COLE

Rankin.

RANKIN

Reed.

Rankin turns to speak to Cole, gesturing as if he's asking for directions. As he does so, he shows Cole a piece of paper containing a name and address.

RANKIN

(continuing)

His name is Punam. He's Indian. He has a print shop with a room in the back.

Cole takes the paper and studies it, as if considering the best logistic advice to give the traveller.

RANKIN

(continuing)

Anya has a van, but you need some wheelchairs to move them while they're drugged.

COLE

Where are you going?

RANKIN

Away.

COLE

How will I contact you?

Rankin moves his finger in a circular motion, instructing Cole to turn the piece of paper over.

There's a phone number there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANKIN

You can use it once. And someone better be dying.

Cole sighs, feeling the full weight of responsibility.

Rankin shrugs.

RANKIN

You wanted to be Inside Man.

Rankin turns and heads for the loading area.

EXT. HOSPITAL WALKWAY - NIGHT

Cole holds a cigarette in his hand in the outside waiting area with other pensive smokers. He's keeping an eye on the wheelchairs as nurses and orderlies move patients around.

It seems patients are typically wheeled to or from the end of the sidewalk where they are picked up or deposited by their family cars.

Unaccustomed to smoking, Cole allows his cigarette to burn too close to his finger and he jumps, startled by pain. He looks around sheepishly and lights another.

As he does he notices a patient wheeling himself to his own car in the short term parking area.

The patient stands and gets into the car leaving the chair at the parking spot like an abandoned shopping cart.

Cole quickly stabs his new cigarette into the sand of the standing ashtray and strides over to the abandoned chair.

Assuming an air of business-as-usual he pushes the wheelchair to the far end of the lot. As he goes he becomes aware of a gentleman in a white lab coat motioning to him from across the way.

Cole ignores him at first, then thinks better of it and cups his hand around his ear indicating he can't hear what the doctor is saying.

HOSPITAL DOCTOR

I say, there's another one in the side parking lot.

The doctor points to the side of the building indicating that Cole should retrieve the other chair as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cole nods and waves. Oh, happy day.

EXT. PRINT SHOP - NIGHT

A white van with a Speedy Delivery insignia painted on its side backs into the parking lot behind the print shop.

PUNAM opens the side door to the block masonry storage room, then stands using one fingernail to attempt to clean ink from under another in a nervous habit.

Cole gets out of the van and opens the side door.

The drugged scientists are visible inside, sleeping like babies in their wheelchairs.

Anya gets out of the driver's side and they set about the task of moving their captives into the storage room.

INT. PRINT SHOP HIDEAWAY - CONTINUING

There are two army cots side by side in the small room which is mostly filled with boxes of paper, ink and other supplies.

There's a small bathroom with a sink and toilet and a counter littered with a coffee maker and years of mess of making coffee.

Punam hands a key to Cole.

PUNAM

They are your responsibility.

Cole pockets the key.

PUNAM

(continuing)

If you come here during the day
bring some paper or something.

ANYA

Don't worry about us. Just make
sure no one sees them.

COLE

Is there a heater in here?

PUNAM

Bring one if you want - but you pay
the electricity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANYA
We're paying plenty.

The Indian is immediately defensive.

PUNAM
It doesn't include electricity.

COLE
Don't worry about it. I'll be back
with some blankets and some food.

Punam heads for the door, throwing one last suggestion over his shoulder.

PUNAM
You better find some clean pants.
And something to wash them up with.

Cole's glance slides over to his charges, this time noticing the wet stain in the lap of one.

COLE
Shit.

INT. LONDON CAB - MORNING

Anya is leaving. She sits sullenly on one side of the cab, Cole staring out the window on the other.

ANYA
When this is over we will part
ways, no?

Cole turns to face her, then pulls her toward him.

COLE
No.

They sit eye to eye, unblinking.

ANYA
One thing at a time. First we get
the money, then we worry about the
bastard.

Cole nods.

COLE
One thing at a time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cole presses Anya's face to his chest and holds her for a long moment.

ANYA

You have the number to call me
Sunday. Eight o'clock.

COLE

I have the number.

Then Anya straightens and taps on the sliding glass window to let the driver know she's ready to go.

Climbing out of the car, she turns and gives Cole a last look, but neither one can muster a smile.

EXT. COLE'S FLAT IN LONDON - NIGHT

Cole enters the lobby of a four story walk-up in a dingy neighborhood.

INT. COLE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUING

The apartment is miniscule. It has the look of someone who is rarely home. The small kitchen unit appears to have never been used. There's nothing on the walls...no knick knacks.

The "living room" is nothing more than an overstuffed chair next to an end table containing a telephone and a lamp.

The chair faces a large radio situated under the lone window, Cole's trumpet case beside it.

A door leads off to a small bedroom.

Cole enters the apartment, slides the deadbolt and leans against the door allowing himself a moment of rest, his now-familiar brown paper bag of bourbon tucked under his arm.

With a little push off the door he gets himself moving again. He removes his jacket, tossing it on the back of the chair and takes the two steps into the "kitchen" to retrieve a glass from the cupboard.

He pours a healthy serving of whiskey into a glass, then flops into the chair. He leans his head back and closes his eyes.

Reaching sightlessly into his pants pocket, Cole retrieves something and holds it in his hand for several moments, not looking at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally Cole opens his eyes and looks at the three telephone numbers in his hand: Rankin, Anya in Moscow and Grace at her mother's.

He allows Rankin and Anya's numbers to fall to his lap and stares at Grace's number for several moments, then drops his hand over the side of the chair to rest on the telephone sitting on the end table beside him.

After a few moments he stuffs all the numbers back in his pocket. He sets his drink on the end table and leans across the tiny room for his trumpet.

He pulls it from its case, holding it, fingering it, but not playing. His gaze falls on the phone again.

With a sigh, he stands his trumpet on top of the case, then leans back and takes another drink.

EXT. GRACE'S PORCH - 2004

Mark and Annabelle sit on the rockers drinking wine and listen to the cacophony of insects.

ANNABELLE

Thank God for the screen.

Mark nods.

MARK

It's definitely alive out there.

They rock in silence.

ANNABELLE

She knows all this stuff that happened to Cole. It's like she was with him, knowing what he was thinking.

MARK

He had to have told her at some point.

ANNABELLE

She hasn't even talked to him in weeks.

Mark drinks the last of his wine and stands, stretching.

MARK

Go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Annabelle looks up at him, unclear.

MARK
(continuing)
Go on and read. I want to know
just as much as you do.

Annabelle smiles and sets her wine glass down. She leans to grab the journal off the floor beside her chair.

Mark ruffles her hair as he walks around her to the door.

MARK
(continuing)
See you in the morning.

INT. PRINT SHOP HIDEAWAY - 1946 - MORNING

Cole closes the door to the storage room and turns to examine his charges.

The Germans are limp, still in a drugged sleep laid out on the army cots.

COLE
How long are you boys going to
sleep, eh? You're starting to
worry me.

Cole sniffs, then pulls back the blanket on one of the men and sniffs again.

It's cold and Cole rubs his hands together as he heads into the bathroom to wet some washcloths.

COLE
(continuing)
What the hell drug did he give you?

Wrinkling his nose to the task, he moves to the first scientist and throws back the blanket. Having dispensed with trousers for both men, Cole removes the soiled towel lying under the man and wipes at his nether regions.

Once he has positioned a new towel he covers the man and reaches up to feel his forehead. He seems hot.

COLE
(continuing)
How'm I gonna get you to drink some
water, eh Dr. Schulmann?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cole looks around the room, at a loss. He heads into the bathroom, grabs a plastic coffee cup and fills it with water from the tap in the bathroom.

Returning to the unconscious scientist, Cole kneels beside the man and tries to elevate his torso so he can pour some water into his mouth.

The water just trickles back out.

COLE

Shit.

INT. LONDON LIBRARY - NIGHT

Cole sits at a desk surrounded by a stack of medical reference books. Seeming to find what he is looking for, he looks around to be certain he is unobserved, then tucks one of the books into his case.

Cole gathers the remaining stack of books and returns them to the front desk, thanking the attendant.

INT. LONDON HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Cole watches the room from the waiting area, an open magazine in his lap.

It's a busy night in emergency, doctors, nurses, orderlies and patients in continuous motion.

At last the moment he's been watching for. An unattended patient off to the side, a saline drip hanging from a portable mount by his gurney.

Cole moves swiftly, pulling the needle gently from the unconscious man's hand. Then he removes the saline bag and walks calmly out the door.

INT. PRINT SHOP HIDEAWAY - NIGHT

Cole refers to the stolen reference book as he connects one of the comatose scientists to the bag.

He glances over at the other man lying limp on the neighboring army cot.

COLE

Hold on Doctor Klein. I'll save some for you.

INT. GRACE'S LIVING ROOM IN LONDON - NIGHT

Grace sits reading on the sofa. A Christmas tree and holiday accoutrements decorate the room.

At the sound of the doorbell, Grace marks her place in her book with her finger.

Grace listens to a muffled exchange at the door then looks up at a young woman dressed as a maid who enters the living room carrying a package.

MAID

A package for you.

Grace sets her book aside and takes the package. She turns it over in her hands as the maid leaves the room.

Looking around she tears open the paper.

It's a silver cigarette case. She opens it.

It's filled with cigarettes and a note containing an address.

With a sigh of relief she stands to leave.

EXT. LONDON NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Grace checks the address in her hand and the one on the door of the club, then goes inside.

INT. LONDON NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUING

Grace stands inside the door waiting for her eyes to adjust to the dim light. There's a jazz trio playing. She moves to where she can see the tables in the lounge.

Cole is there waiting. There are many empty glasses in front of him. He watches her approach.

Grace slides into the booth facing him.

GRACE

I was beginning to think I wouldn't hear from you.

COLE

Drink?

Grace seems unsure. Cole is obviously in a mood. She looks up at the waiter now by the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

I'll have what he's having.

Cole lets out a derisive snort as the waiter moves to get her drink.

COLE

You don't want what I've got.

Grace gauges his mood. Grim.

COLE

Let's dance.

Grace's brow furrows.

GRACE

I don't feel like dancing.

Cole stands and holds out his hand to her, wobbling just slightly, then reaches to pull her up.

COLE

Well, I want to dance.

INT. LONDON NIGHTCLUB DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUING

Grace and Cole dance, but it feels stiff and constrained. Grace leans back so she can see Cole's face.

GRACE

This is fun.

Cole stops moving.

COLE

You're right. I shouldn't have sent for you. I was just...

He finally looks into her eyes.

She understands that he's been missing her.

Cole sighs and pulls her closer as he begins to dance again.

GRACE

Cole...are you in some kind of trouble?

Cole stops dancing again. Just stands there holding Grace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally he leads her by the hand back to the table. Their drinks have arrived.

Grace slides into her seat and takes a drink, Cole continuing to stand by the table.

COLE
It's just - work.

Grace's face suddenly clears with understanding.

GRACE
Aah...The Company.

Cole finally sits.

COLE
So you know I can't talk about it.

Grace shrugs.

GRACE
If you say so.

COLE
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have...

He trails off, having already expressed the sentiment once.

GRACE
Don't be silly. You obviously need
a break.

She pulls out the silver cigarette case and lights a cigarette, then they both turn their attention to the band.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE GRACE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Grace and Cole saunter down the cold street in a wealthy neighborhood in London.

Grace stops in front of an opulent townhouse decorated cheerily for Christmas.

GRACE
This is it.

Cole appraises the dwelling.

COLE
Nice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

I won't ask you in. My mother
thinks I'm with a girlfriend.

Cole nods, seeming reluctant to leave.

GRACE

(continuing)
Will you call me?

COLE

Yes. Soon. I promise I'll be more
my old self.

Grace gives him a hug.

GRACE

You don't have to entertain me.

Another quick embrace and Cole heads down the lane. When he
turns the corner out of sight Grace walks up the stairs to
the house.

The door is opened from the inside and it appears to be
Michael greeting her at the door.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM IN LONDON - NIGHT

Grace and Michael are locked in intense conversation, Grace
perched on the edge of the bed, Michael pacing around her in
agitation.

GRACE

He didn't offer any explanation and
I didn't ask.

MICHAEL

But he was upset?

GRACE

Oh, for Christ's sake, why don't
you just call him yourself? He's
YOUR friend more than mine.

Michael stops his pacing abruptly, interest heightened.

MICHAEL

Did he give you a number?

GRACE

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace watches Michael resume his pacing.

GRACE

(continuing)

Michael, this is no good. It can't work this way, you popping in and out of things when I least expect it. I can't keep my bearings.

Michael sinks onto the bed beside Grace and takes her hand.

MICHAEL

No, you're right, Grace. You're right. This is no good. Maybe I should just go back to New York for awhile.

Grace looks into her husband's eyes. Maybe he should.

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Cole rolls over in his bed and flops his arm over his eyes to protect them from the sunlight streaming in his window.

He looks like hell, a mostly empty bottle of bourbon on the nightstand a testament as to why.

With a moan Cole uncovers his eyes and peeks at the alarm clock on the nightstand.

COLE

Oh, shit.

He tries to leap up, but is far too hung over. He draws his knees up and presses his fingers against his temples for a few moments.

Leaning out of the bed, Cole snags his pants from the floor and fishes the piece of paper with Anya's number out of the pocket, then reaches for the telephone.

He dials zero. It takes his vocal chords a few tries to form actual words for the operator.

COLE

Operator, I need to make an international call. Of course.

There's a pause and Cole looks around, desperate for something to drink. There's nothing but the whiskey - forget that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cole refers to the paper in his hand.

COLE

Four, four, two...seven, two,
seven, seven, three, seven, seven.
That's right, Moscow. Thank you,
Operator. Yes, I can wait.

Cole sets the phone on the bed and scoots from under the covers in his underwear making for the bathroom.

He drinks water directly from the faucet, then hurries back to bed and picks up the phone receiver.

Moments later there's a ring.

ANYA (O.S.)

Cole?

COLE

Hi.

ANYA (O.S.)

Damn it, what took you so long? I
almost left.

COLE

I'm sorry. I - I'm sorry.

ANYA (O.S.)

How are my boys?

Cole flops back on his pillow and covers his eyes again.

COLE

Not good. What the hell did Rankin
give them? They're still
unconscious.

ANYA (O.S.)

Sodium amytal. There's no way they
should be unconscious. This is
bad.

COLE

I know it's bad, but maybe now that
I know what they had I can do
something more. I need a doctor.
Never mind. There's nothing you
can do now. What's happening
there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

There's a pause on the other end of the line.

COLE
(continuing)
Anya?

ANYA (O.S.)
It's even better than I hoped.
What would you say if I got payment
before we deliver?

COLE
I'd say that's not the plan and we
should stick to the plan.

ANYA (O.S.)
But don't you see? We could take
the Russian money, then deliver
them to the U.S. and get paid from
both sides.

Cole's head is splitting.

COLE
Stick to the plan, Anya.

Another long pause from Anya's end.

ANYA (O.S.)
We'll see. Don't be late with the
call next time. You make me
nervous.

COLE
Yeah, well you make me nervous.

ANYA (O.S.)
I'll talk to you in a week. I love
you.

Cole opens his mouth but no words escape before there's a
click and a dial tone from the other end.

INT. PRINT SHOP HIDEAWAY - DAY

Cole and Punam stand over the unconscious scientists.
Several drained saline bags now litter the floor.

PUNAM
I don't know a doctor that would
come here. I'm not a criminal.
All I did is rent my back room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cole wipes his mouth, trying to think.

COLE
You're a criminal if one of these
guys dies. Ask a judge.

Punam begins to pace the room, upset.

PUNAM
I needed the money.

COLE
Yeah. We all need the money.

Punam wipes his face, trying to keep from freaking.

PUNAM
I don't know any doctors. I swear
I don't.

COLE
Maybe a nurse. Where can I find a
nurse?

Punam shrugs.

PUNAM
The hospital?

EXT. BUS STOP NEAR THE HOSPITAL - DUSK

Cole leans against the building out of sight from the bus stop, watching the hospital workers as they wait for the bus.

He has his eye on one young woman wearing a nurse's cap, her tell-tale white shoes visible beneath her warm coat.

She's smoking a cigarette as she waits for the bus, standing a little apart from the rest of the workers. She's surly and the others give her plenty of room.

The bus comes and they all board, the angry young woman last.

Cole watches as she walks to the back of the bus and sits by herself. She keeps her gaze on her own lap.

MONTAGE OF SCENES

Cole watches the young nurse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stands across from her shabby apartment, keeping an eye on her as she walks up the stairs. Several moments later a light goes on in a corner apartment on the third floor.

Cole waits at the bus stop with the other hospital workers. When the young nurse approaches he asks her for a cigarette. She cuts him off in an unfriendly manner.

Cole watches the entrance to a small neighborhood market, the young nurse visible inside. She glances up, noticing Cole across the street and hurries up her purchase, looking uncomfortable.

END MONTAGE

EXT. NURSE'S FRONT STEPS - DUSK

Cole sits waiting on the young nurse's front steps.

Seeing her approach from the corner, he stands.

The nurse's steps slow when she sees Cole. She's uncertain whether to run or try to get past him.

NURSE

Who are you?

COLE

Can I talk to you for a minute?

The nurse stands firm.

NURSE

Who are you?

Cole sighs, then sits back down so he seems less intimidating.

COLE

I need your help.

The nurse looks around her, as if to see if he could be referring to someone else.

NURSE

Help.

COLE

I'll pay.

The nurse's gaze flicks around again. She's suspicious, but interested.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NURSE

For what?

Cole gestures toward her flat.

COLE

Can we talk?

The nurse looks around again, this time as if to seek advice from any available on-looker, but there are none.

NURSE

Why me?

Cole stands and shoves his hands into his pockets.

COLE

I have a talent for spotting
ruthlessness.

The nurse thinks this over as her eyes sweep Cole. She shrugs.

NURSE

Come inside.

Cole opens the door letting her pass by him.

INT. PRINT SHOP HIDEAWAY - NIGHT

The young nurse is tending to the scientists, still dressed in her overcoat, having rushed immediately to the unconscious men.

Cole leans against the door with his hat in his hand.

The nurse shakes her head as she inspects the men.

NURSE

What did you give them?

Cole stands straight, suddenly defensive.

COLE

I didn't give them anything.

The nurse slides a narrowed look at Cole.

NURSE

What did someone else give them?

Cole leans against the door again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLE
Sodium amytal.

The nurse turns her attention to her ministrations.

NURSE
How long ago?

COLE
Almost a week.

The nurse stands up from the cot and removes her overcoat.

NURSE
Not good.

Cole watches, anxious.

NURSE
(continuing)
I don't have any supplies. They
need IVs. They need nutrition.
Tests.

COLE
No tests.

The nurse stops her movement and looks at the unconscious men. After a moment she looks up at Cole.

NURSE
How much are you willing to pay me.

COLE
Two hundred pounds.

The nurse looks at the ground.

NURSE
I want a thousand.

COLE
What!?

The nurse raises her gaze and looks Cole eye to eye.

NURSE
One thousand pounds.

EXT. LONDON PARK - DAY

Cole and Grace lean over the the same bridge that Cole and Anya visited earlier.

Grace is throwing food for the ducks from a small paper bag. She glances over at Cole who stares morosely into the shallow water.

GRACE

I know it's bad form to ask about your work. You probably won't tell me anything anyway, but I can't help it. You seem so...wretched.

Cole straightens slowly.

COLE

Wretched. Yes, that describes it perfectly.

GRACE

Can you tell me?

Cole shakes his head. He stares at Grace a long moment, contemplating.

Grace stands under his gaze for several moments, then tosses some more food for the ducks, suddenly uncomfortable.

COLE

I need money.

Grace keeps her focus on the birds.

GRACE

Why?

COLE

I can't tell you.

Grace nods, now just staring at the water.

GRACE

How much?

Cole jams his hands into his pockets.

COLE

One thousand pounds.

Grace thinks about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE
Why can't you get it from The
Company?

COLE
I can't tell you.

GRACE
Of course.

Grace leans over the rail and up-ends her bag of crumbs, all of the food falling into the water. The ducks skirmish to get to it.

GRACE
(continuing)
I would have to check with Michael.

Cole shakes his head.

COLE
You can't.

Grace turns to study Cole.

GRACE
Will I get it back?

COLE
Probably. Maybe. Eventually.

Grace considers. Finally she turns away from Cole and watches the scrambling ducks.

GRACE
All right. Now can we be a bit
more cheerful for the rest of the
afternoon?

Cole smiles thinly.

COLE
I'll try.

EXT. PRINT SHOP HIDEAWAY - NIGHT

Cole rounds the corner to the print shop parking lot to see a small van backed up to the door of the storage room. He breaks into a run.

INT. PRINT SHOP HIDEAWAY - CONTINUING

The nurse is there with a teen-aged boy. The two are transferring Dr. Klein onto a rolling pallet used by mechanics.

The scientist is much larger than the platform, so the boy uses the unconscious man's legs to steer, tucking them under his own arms.

The other cot is empty.

COLE

What the hell are you doing?

He jerks his thumb in the direction of the kid.

COLE

(continuing)

Who is that?

The nurse replies as she grabs at her coat and purse.

NURSE

No one you need to worry about.
There's no way to do this here. I
thought I could, but I can't. I'm
going to save this one if I can.

The nurse starts to push past Cole, but he grabs her arm, jerking her back harshly.

COLE

This one.

The nurse stops, the full venom of her glare burning into Cole's face.

NURSE

The other one is dead. There was
nothing I could do.

She pulls her arm away from Cole.

Cole is shattered by the news. He reels, sinking down onto the cot, his head in his hands.

COLE

Where is Schulmann?

The nurse raises her eyebrows, not understanding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLE
(continuing)
The body. Where's the body?

NURSE
In the car. I can deal with a
body.

Cole runs his hands through his hair.

COLE
Don't you get this? You can't take
them anywhere. You're a part of
this now.

NURSE
Oh, I get it. It's going to cost
you another five thousand pounds.

Cole looks up at the nurse, incredulous. A disgusted sneer
creeps onto his face.

COLE
How did you arrive at that figure?

The nurse stands her ground, not intimidated in the
slightest.

NURSE
It's how much I want.

Cole stands, now towering over the nurse.

COLE
What makes you think I'll pay it?

The nurse leans forward, delivering the information directly
into Cole's ear.

NURSE
Because I'm not telling you where
I'm taking him. It's that or I let
him die here and now. And it won't
take long.

Cole is stunned. She's beat him.

NURSE
(continuing)
You know where to find me when
you've got the money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She pushes past Cole and he lets her go.

INT. COLE'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Cole sits in his chair, the Moscow number in his hand, telephone receiver to his ear.

The phone on the other end of line rings on, unanswered.

Cole checks his watch, then slams the receiver down. He reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out another slip of paper. The one with Rankin's number.

Cole stares at the paper for a moment, then swears under his breath and stuffs it back into his pocket.

INT. LONDON NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Grace and Cole sit in the booth as before.

Cole is drunk, staring sullenly at the table top, face resting heavily on his hand.

GRACE

Why do you ask to see me and then
treat me as if I'm not here?

COLE

I'm sorry.

Cole sits up straight, then takes a long pull on his drink.

Grace can't keep the hurt and disappointment out of her voice.

GRACE

What, do you need more money? Is
that it?

Cole draws circles with the condensation on the bottom of his glass. Finally he speaks to Grace without looking up.

COLE

Do you ever really think about
money, Mrs. Smith?

GRACE

Think about it?

COLE

Worry about it. Want it. The
freedom of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace reaches out to touch his arm.

GRACE

Cole, what on earth is the matter with you? What's happened?

COLE

Never mind. It doesn't matter.

Cole takes a drink.

COLE

(continuing)

In fact, in the end nothing really matters, does it? There you are, worm food. All your hard won wisdom - out the window.

Grace studies his face, concern showing on hers.

GRACE

Well, you certainly don't act like nothing matters, whether you believe it or not.

Cole looks up at Grace through the fog of alcohol.

COLE

How's Michael?

Grace squirms a little, taking a sip of her own drink.

GRACE

You've been so preoccupied it never seemed the time to tell you. He's in New York. We're...taking some time to think about things.

Cole nods as the words work their way in. He shakes a finger in Grace's direction.

COLE

He's a tough one. I know. It's hard to be with someone who always does the right thing. It's exhausting really.

Grace's looks down at the table, then takes a sip of her drink. Cole does not seem at all in control, it's making her nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COLE

(continuing)

Well you don't have to worry about that with me, Mrs. Smith - if I can still call you that - because I never, ever, ever, never do the right thing.

Grace looks across the table.

Cole is crying!

Grace reaches out to touch his cheek, but Cole pulls away from her and slides hurriedly out of the booth and moves away from her, cutting across the dance floor.

Grace follows him, excusing herself through a maze of dancing couples, then spots Cole passing through a doorway.

INT. NIGHT CLUB STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Grace and Cole find themselves in the storage room for the nightclub, cases of liquor and condiments stacked around them.

Cole pulls Grace to him and kisses her - hard. It gets hot fast, both of their hands searching, breath coming hard.

GRACE

Cole, wait.

He covers her mouth with his again, then leans her back against the cases of liquor, his hand reaching under her skirt.

Grace moans. She's half sitting on the stair-stepped cases, one leg on the floor. She spreads her legs wider as she leans back against the cardboard cases.

Cole's mouth finds her neck as his fingers stoke the flame between her legs.

Moments later Grace is gasping, her body taken over by waves of orgasm. Cole kisses her again as the contractions subside. She leans her head against the cases of liquor and opens her eyes.

GRACE

(continuing)

My God.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At last Cole removes his hand. He smooths Grace's hair from her face.

Grace takes a deep if shaky breath and steps down from her half-seated position on the cases and turns away from Cole.

GRACE
(continuing)
If you don't say something soon I'm
going to start feeling embarrassed.

Cole touches her arm, turns her gently and kisses her again. This time sweet and soft.

COLE
Come home with me.

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Grace is asleep in Cole's bed.

INT. COLE'S FLAT IN LONDON - CONTINUING

Cole, dressed in his undershorts, closes the door to the bedroom, then moves quietly to the telephone.

He's got Rankin's number.

After several rings he hears Rankin pick up the line.

RANKIN (V.O.)
Yeah.

COLE
There's trouble.

RANKIN (V.O.)
What do you need?

Cole's mouth is dry.

COLE
Money. Five thousand pounds.

RANKIN (V.O.)
Shit.

COLE
There's something else.

Cole pauses, not sure whether to tell about Schulmann.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANKIN

What?

COLE

Never mind. There's nothing you can do about it.

RANKIN

Can you get to Paris?

Cole glances over his shoulder, making certain Grace is still sleeping.

COLE

When?

RANKIN

Hotel Monceau, Tuesday. Someone will find you.

Click.

Cole hangs up the phone with his finger, then dials the operator.

COLE

Get me Poplar Hospital. No, it's not an emergency.

Cole glances at the bedroom door again.

COLE

(continuing)

Yes, may I speak to...uh, there's a nurse there...she's, uh -

He doesn't know her name.

COLE

Never mind. Thank you.

Cole hangs up the phone.

COLE

Shit.

INT. HOSPITAL NURSE'S STATION - MORNING

Cole sits in a straight backed chair in the hallway facing the nurse's station. To his great relief, the one he needs steps from the elevator and heads toward the nurse's station.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sees Cole as she approaches, her steps slowing.

Cole rises to meet her, checking over his shoulder to see if anyone is watching.

NURSE
What are you doing here?

COLE
I tried to call.

Cole's eyes flick to her name badge.

Corinne.

COLE
(continuing)
I have to go to Paris to get - what
you asked for. It may take awhile.

The nurse, Corinne, shrugs.

NURSE
Fine. If I don't hear from you in
three days I'll turn him over to
the police.

Cole clenches his jaw. He really does not like this woman.

COLE
A week.

The nurse shrugs again, then glances at the nurse's station where her supervisor is beginning to notice her.

NURSE
All right. A week.

She heads down the hall away from Cole.

Cole moves into the elevator. When he turns to face the doors he catches sight of the nurse at her station and his lip curls in distaste. He punches the ground floor button.

INT. COLE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cole enters his flat to find Grace sitting in the chair, one towel wrapped around her body while she dries her freshly washed hair with another.

It's just too enticing and without even a word he's got both towels on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bedroom door closes, Grace's laughter trickling under the door.

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grace and Cole lie comfortably together, dim light filtering in from a streetlight.

COLE
Come to Paris with me.

GRACE
Paris.

She thinks about it lazily, nearly drifting off.

GRACE
(continuing)
I thought you were broke, Mr. Reed.

Cole heaves a long weary sigh.

COLE
I am, Mrs. Smith, but not for long.

INT. PARIS HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

Grace and Cole check into the Hotel Royal Monceau in downtown Paris.

As Cole finishes at the counter, Grace examines the lobby. Stopping before a notice posted outside the lounge, Grace breaks into a huge grin.

Cole joins her and she points to the name of the band.

It's Willie's band.

MONTAGE OF SCENES

Grace and Cole have a perfect lover's week in Paris.

They dance at the club.

Cole sits in with his trumpet.

They party with the band and jam after the show.

They admire the beauty of the city.

They make ample use of the hotel room.

END MONTAGE

INT. PARIS HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Grace and Cole eat at the breakfast table overlooking the Paris street below them.

COLE

Grace...I wonder if you could do some shopping on your own today. I have to meet someone.

Grace lowers her coffee cup to the saucer. She seems hurt. Disappointed.

GRACE

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize you were working.

COLE

No, I'm not. I haven't been. I just have to...meet someone today.

Grace nods.

GRACE

Fine. I can shop.

COLE

I'm sorry. It won't take long.

Grace's tone tells him not to belabor the point.

GRACE

I can shop.

EXT. PARK IN PARIS - DAY

Cole loiters in the park near a particular telephone stand. He checks his watch, looks around...waits.

EXT. PARK IN PARIS - SOME TIME LATER

Cole finally leaves the spot, his face clouded.

INT. PARIS HOTEL LOUNGE - NIGHT

Grace and Cole sip drinks. They're a bit ill at ease, not quite recovered from the awkwardness of the morning.

GRACE

Did you get what you came for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cole swirls his wine, shaking his head.

GRACE
(continuing)
So...What does that mean? Do we
have to go? Do we have to stay?

Cole wants to change the subject.

COLE
It doesn't mean anything. We'll
stay because we want to stay.

Grace nods, unconvinced. She looks at Cole, the magic and
romance gone.

GRACE
Would you mind if I just have an
early night to myself? I'd like to
take a bath.

COLE
No, of course not. Fine.

Grace looks up at the bandstand where Willie and the rest are
playing.

GRACE
Do you want your trumpet?

He doesn't really have the heart for it.

COLE
No.

Grace slides out of the booth and trails her hand lightly on
Cole's shoulder as she leaves.

Cole orders a drink and stares sulkily into it, barely
noticing the band announce a break.

Willie joins him, sliding in where Grace had just been. He
sets a guitar case on the floor beside him and slides it over
to Cole's side of table with his foot.

WILLIE
What've you got yourself into now
little brother?

Cole glances down at the guitar case, then back to Willie,
his look questioning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Willie nods at the case.

WILLIE
(continuing)
That's a Rankin guitar. Worth
about five grand.

Cole gapes at Willie. It won't sink in.

COLE
What do you know about Rankin?

Willie shakes his head at Cole's thickness.

WILLIE
I'm just payin' the bills brother,
like everybody else.

EXT. BOAT DOCK IN CALAIS - DAY

Cole and Grace prepare to board the transport back to Dover.

Grace gathers her handbag, jacket and hat from the wooden bench where they had been waiting and realizes Cole has left his trumpet.

She picks it up and hurries to catch up with him, lugging the substantial case.

When Grace catches up to Cole, she tugs at his sleeve and extends the instrument case toward him.

Cole looks at the trumpet case, his love of it evaporated. He takes it from Grace only to relieve her of her burden.

Grace is mystified, and slides her increasingly concerned gaze to the side of his face.

GRACE
Cole, have you had a falling out
with Willie?

Cole keeps his eyes in front of him.

COLE
Something like that.

He transfers the trumpet case to his other hand so he can hurry Grace along, clearly not wanting to say more.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

Cole drinks a cup of coffee, waiting for the nurse Corinne.

Finally she appears and rubber-shoes it over to Cole. She takes the chair across from him.

NURSE

How much longer? He's awake now
and I don't know anyone that speaks
German.

COLE

Not long.

NURSE

Well it might end up costing more.

Cole's look tells her he's had enough of that. It's a dangerous look.

She backs off it immediately.

NURSE

(continuing)

I don't want this to go on forever,
you know?

COLE

I know.

She nods. Yeah, sure. He knows.

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Grace is making the bed, the radio playing softly in the background. She stands, tilting her head to listen, thinking she heard the front door.

INT. COLE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUING

Grace steps into the living room and is brought up short at the sight of a raven-haired pregnant woman removing her key from the front door.

The two women gape at one another, neither able to speak.

ANYA

I'm sorry. I must have the wrong
apartment.

But they both know better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Long silence.

GRACE
He'll be back later.

Anya stares at the floor for a second, then levels her gaze at Grace.

ANYA
Never mind.

The women study each other for another moment, then Anya leaves.

Grace turns to face the bedroom and her abandoned task, her eyes welling with tears.

EXT. CORNER NEAR COLE'S FLAT - DUSK

Anya waits for Cole in the cold, her pregnant belly visible even under her heavy coat.

Cole approaches from the bus stop, stopping in his tracks at the sight of Anya.

They do not embrace.

COLE
When did you -

ANYA
I've got the money.

Cole takes a moment to breathe.

COLE
Where?

ANYA
I've got it. I have twenty-four hours to deliver.

Cole shifts uncomfortably.

COLE
Schulmann is dead. I tried to call you.

Anya is horrified, her lips forming the dead man's name. Then realization dawns, and her horror turns to terror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANYA
They'll kill me.

Her legs turn to rubber and she nearly collapses.

Cole reaches out to catch her. He looks around desperately for a place for her to sit. Finally he helps her over to the curb.

Anya sticks her legs straight out in front of her and leans over as far as her belly will allow and draws in some long deep breaths.

Cole rests his hand gently on her head.

COLE
They can't kill you for that. You
didn't do it. You didn't know.
We'll give the money back.

Anya's voice gets a little shrieky.

ANYA
It won't make any difference.

She draws in some more breaths, alternating them with panicky-hyperventilation.

ANYA
(continuing)
We have to go.

Cole looks up at his apartment.

Anya follows his gaze, then her attention is drawn suddenly inward and she winces in pain, her hand flying to her abdomen.

COLE
Are you all right?

Anya rocks, then glares at Cole.

ANYA
Go and tell her good-bye. Then we
leave.

Cole stares at his shoes, then slowly nods.

Trapped.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He turns and heads for his apartment leaving Anya sitting uncomfortably on the curb.

INT. COLE'S FLAT IN LONDON - CONTINUING

Cole opens the door to his flat to find Grace sitting in the chair facing him squarely.

GRACE

You don't have to do this, Cole.
It's not too late to make things
right.

Cole pockets his key and slowly lowers his hand. His preservation instincts kick in faster than shock over Grace.

GRACE

(continuing)

I don't think you've killed anyone
yet, and as long as that's true you
can still come in. Give up Anya
and save yourself.

Cole circles around Grace, moving to the window. He glances outside, checking on Anya.

GRACE

(continuing)

Don't do this. I can help you. I
have influence.

Cole moves behind Grace and opens the bedroom door, checking quickly inside.

Grace stands to face him.

COLE

Influence where?

Grace's shoulders droop just a bit when she answers.

GRACE

MI6.

Cole nods slowly.

COLE

Influence as an on-looker, or a
participant?

Grace doesn't answer that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

She'd turn you over in a heartbeat.

Cole finishes his circuit of the room and comes to a halt, keeping the chair between them.

Grace stands by the door.

COLE

She came all the way back to London for me. She already has the money.

Grace is caught off guard.

GRACE

What money? We haven't -

There's a sound in the hallway and Anya appears in the doorway. Her face is deathly pale.

ANYA

I think - I think I need -

Cole leaps to Anya's side helping her over to the chair.

Anya is nearly doubled over in pain.

All three are watching each other, the tension unbearable.

Grace reaches for the phone.

GRACE

We should call an ambulance.

Cole steps between Grace and the phone, his look telling her they will do no such thing.

Anya moans.

COLE

Tell me where the money is, Anya. You can't get it now.

Anya looks up at Grace in alarm.

COLE

(continuing)

Don't worry about Mrs. Smith. She knows everything. Oh - but maybe not. Did you hear? Dr. Schulmann is dead. It's true. So much for coming in then, eh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Grace's expression turns to one of pleading.

GRACE

You'll never get out of England.

COLE

They can't be everywhere. Tell me
where the money is, Anya.

Anya makes a funny noise and the other two go to her side.

Her lap is soaked in blood.

GRACE

Oh, my God. Get her into the
bedroom.

Cole carries Anya into the bedroom and lays her on the bed.

Grace stares at the telephone.

Cole quickly returns to the living room, making sure Grace
doesn't reach for the phone.

Grace can't stop tears.

Cole looks at her, his face tortured.

COLE

So nothing was real.

A sob catches in Grace's throat as she speaks, reaching out
to him.

GRACE

Everything was real.

Their eyes are locked, silent communication flowing between
them, each making unspoken choices at lightning speed.

Grace's face clears as she reaches the final decision.

GRACE

(continuing)

Anya. Tell Cole where the money is
so he can get out of here.

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

Grace hurries into the bedroom and stands at the foot of the
bed, Cole moving to stand beside Anya.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

Tell him, Anya or I swear I won't
call anybody.

Cole sinks down onto the bed taking Anya's hand.

COLE

You need a doctor. I don't want
you to die.

Anya looks into his face.

ANYA

I don't want you to die.

Cole's response is barely more than a whisper.

COLE

Then tell me.

Anya is wracked with pain again. When she catches her breath
she gives the information.

ANYA

The Western Union office at Kings
Cross.

Cole brushes the hair from Anya's sweating brow, squeezes her
hand, then stands to leave.

Grace follows Cole out to the living room.

INT. COLE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUING

Cole spins around the room gathering belongings.

Grace speaks quickly.

GRACE

Stay to the north, through Scotland
if you can.

Cole stops and looks at his trumpet standing on top of its
case. No use for that.

GRACE

(continuing)

Stay away from the river. And the
subway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cole dumps his coat and satchel on the chair and grabs Grace for an urgent and desperate kiss good-bye. They can't quite separate.

COLE

It doesn't matter. I forgive you.

Grace is weeping.

GRACE

I love you.

COLE

If it's a boy, tell her to name him Michael.

Grace swipes at a tear.

GRACE

What if it's a girl?

Cole picks up his stuff and opens the door.

COLE

Annabelle, for my mother.

He pauses one moment in thought.

COLE

(continuing)

Promise me, if there is a child,
he'll never know about his parents.

And he's gone.

Grace's response is whispered to the closed door.

GRACE

I promise.

Grace moves over to the window to watch him on the street.

Cole's trumpet sits on its case before her. Her fingers touch the keys then trail along the curve of the brass. She pops off the mouthpiece and holds it to her lips, then wiping at tears, slips it into her pocket.

At the sound of a moan from the other room, she reaches for the telephone.

INT. GRACE'S PARLOUR - 2004 - NIGHT

Annabelle's face is streaked with tears, her hands shaking. She stands up from the reading chair and moves over to the photos on the mantle.

She picks up the picture of Cole and Michael on the stoop. She reaches out with her finger to touch Cole's face. Her father's face.

Returning to the reading chair, Annabelle picks up the last of the journals. Flipping the pages she sees that only the first few pages have writing. The rest is empty.

She settles back down to finish.

EXT. RURAL ROAD IN ENGLAND - NIGHT

A rental car speeds down the highway. Traffic is sparse.

INT. RENTED CAR - CONTINUING

Cole is driving fast, his whole being tense.

Beside him on the seat are his few belongings and the case of money.

Cole checks his rearview mirror repeatedly, until finally his eyes just stay there and he's looking at the reflection of his own eyes in the mirror.

He jerks his eyes back to the road, swerving just slightly in an over-correction, but soon his look drifts back to the mirror.

Cole forces his gaze back to the highway, but his foot eases on the gas pedal.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUING

The rental car slows substantially, then finally pulls over to the side, idling with the lights on.

INT. RENTED CAR - CONTINUING

Cole stares in front of him.

He's completely numb, devoid of feeling, and hating it. He glances at the case of money, then turns the wheel sharply and guns the engine.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUING

The rental car spins onto the road, fishtailing as it skids onto the road - back the way it came.

INT. POPLAR HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAWN

Grace whispers with a doctor in the hallway outside one of the hospital rooms.

The room is guarded by two uniformed officers on either side of the door.

Grace reaches into her handbag and takes out a card, handing it to the doctor.

Turning to leave, Grace passes the open door of the room and Anya can be seen inside, unconscious but alive.

INT. HOSPITAL NURSERY - CONTINUING

Grace watches through thick glass as nurses hover and tend to a shrivelled premature infant.

Grace lifts her hand to the glass, praying Cole's baby will live.

EXT. ROADSIDE NEAR TOWER BRIDGE - DAWN

Cole's rented car is parked at the side of the road near a telephone booth.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - CONTINUING

Cole's stares at his feet as he talks into the phone.

COLE
Tower Bridge. Thirty minutes.

He hangs up the phone and continues to study his feet for a moment, then resolved, pulls open the phone booth door.

INT. RENTED CAR - A SHORT TIME LATER

Cole sits in his rented car, eyes on the Tower of London bridge.

The case of money is no longer on the seat; a gun is.

EXT. ROADSIDE NEAR TOWER BRIDGE - CONTINUING

Cole steps out of the car and heads in the direction of the bridge.

INT. RENTED CAR - CONTINUING

The handgun still rests on the car seat.

EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - MORNING

An operative posted on one end of the bridge keeps his eyes peeled on the water, the docks, the shore.

EXT. RIVER THAMES NEAR TOWER BRIDGE - CONTINUING

A second agent watches from the shore, Michael visible in his gun sight pacing on the bridge.

EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - CONTINUING

Michael is in the center of the bridge, watching...waiting.

Cole silently appears at the end of the bridge and moves toward Michael. He's got his hands in his pockets.

Michael turns to face him, a pistol in his hand.

COLE

How are things in communications?

MICHAEL

Where are they?

COLE

"Where is he". There's only one now. Schulmann died.

Michael fingers his pistol.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry to hear that.

Cole starts to walk toward Michael.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Stay.

Cole stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Stay.

The two men study one another.

COLE

Things ran amok. It wasn't a clean operation. My own fault, really.

Cole looks down at the river far below. He looks back at Michael, then nods in the direction of the river.

COLE

(continuing)

I suppose I'm going in, one way or the other.

Michael glances off the water.

MICHAEL

Where is he?

COLE

Poplar Hospital. See Nurse Corinne.

EXT. HIGHER LEVEL OF THE TOWER BRIDGE - CONTINUING

Yet another agent takes careful aim at Cole, waiting as Michael moves in and out of his shot.

EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - CONTINUING

Cole turns toward the water again. He seems to be trying to muster the courage to jump.

Michael watches, on the alert.

MICHAEL

Why?

Cole shrugs.

COLE

I thought I could buy my way out of it. I wanted the money, that's all. Just the money. It just...I don't know - got away from me.

Cole turns back to the water, eyes brimming with tears, then looks desperately into the face of his former friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLE (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Give us a little push, would you?
I can't...

Michael grips his gun, torn.

Both men jump at the sound of rifle fire and an odd squishing sound.

Cole looks down to see his shirt rapidly soaking in blood.

EXT. HIGHER LEVEL OF THE TOWER BRIDGE - CONTINUING

The sniper removes his eye from his sight, also shocked at the blood on Cole's shirt.

EXT. RIVER THAMES NEAR TOWER BRIDGE - CONTINUING

The agent on the river bank reacts, clearly not having made the shot.

EXT. FAR END OF TOWER BRIDGE - CONTINUING

A black sedan squeals up to a large man who tosses a rifle into the back seat and rips open the passenger door.

RUSSIAN
(in Russian)
Go. Now.

The Russian drops into the passenger seat and grabs at the door as the sedan speeds away.

EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - CONTINUING

Michael spins to face Cole, his expression tragic.

Cole's legs buckle and he sinks to his knees. He looks up at Michael and shakes his head, smiling.

COLE
It doesn't matter.

Cole collapses against the rail, dead.

Michael stands looking down at his friend as operatives begin to swirl around them.

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Grace takes a last look around the room. The bed has been stripped, but there's still an ugly blood stain where Anya had lain.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE COLE'S FLAT - CONTINUING

Grace closes the door gently behind her, then looks down to see a black case sitting on the floor by the door.

Grace looks around to be certain she's alone, then kneels in front of the case and snaps the latch open.

It's filled with money - and a note.

Grace takes the note and stands to read it, closing the case.

INSERT NOTE

Use it for retirement. This is no
life. I love you too. Cole

Grace holds the note, head bowed.

EXT. STREET AT TOWER BRIDGE - NIGHT

Grace makes her way through the crowd of policemen and curious onlookers, searching for Michael.

Michael spots her first and makes his way over to Grace.

Grace cranes her neck, trying to see as a gurney carrying Cole's body is wheeled to an ambulance. Michael wraps his arm around her protectively...sympathetically, and turns her away from the ambulance.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - 2004

Annabelle sits next to Aunt Grace's empty bed looking through the window at the beautiful landscaping.

Finally she gets to her feet and moves over to the dresser.

Her fingers trail over the mementos. She picks up the cigarette case. Opening it she finds the note from Cole written so many years before. It's so precious now.

She closes the case and slides it into her pocket, along with the mouthpiece. She looks into the mirror before her, then glances down at the picture of Cole, Michael and Grace at the Warwick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carrying the picture with her, Annabelle gives the room one last look, then leaves, flicking off the light and gently closing the door.

FADE OUT: