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The Falcon and the Snowman

By Robert Lindsey

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills
From whence cometh my help
My help cometh even from the Lord
Who hath made heaven and earth
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved
He that keepeth thee will not slumber
Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber
Nor sleep
The Lord is thy keeper
The Lord is thy shade
Upon thy right hand
The sun shall not smite thee by day
Nor the moon by night
The Lord shall preserve thee
From all evil
He shall preserve thy soul
The Lord shall preserve thy
Going out
And thy coming in
From this time forth
And even
For evermore
Chris.
Chris!
Easy, now. Easy.
Easy.
Easy. Hey, hey, OK!
All right, climb up there, girl!
There you go! Climb on up now!
There you go! There you go!
Get up there now! Get up there!
OK!
Come on, let's go for it now!
Go for it! Yeah!
Go get 'em, Fawkes! There you go!
There you go! OK! Yeah!
Go get 'em, Fawkes! Go get 'em!
Go get 'em!
Count it and make sure.
-You a resident in the United States?
-Yes, sir.
-Are you a resident?
-Yes, I am.

-Any fruits or vegetables?
-No, sir.
-OK. Thank you.
-Thank you.
Hello there. How are you today?
I'm doing fine.
Would you pull over
to the inspection area, please?
-What are these?
-Prescription Lomotil.
-How long have you been in Mexico?
-Just for the summer.
-Hi.
-How you doing?
-It's 82nd Airborne. Pleiku.
-2nd Division Marines. Korea.
Yeah? All right!
-Thanks a lot.
-All right.
Where is it? Where is it?
Good boy! Good boy!
Attaboy!
Go get 'em!
That's it! Good boy! Good boy!
Where is it?
You can't walk with the ball!
You gotta dribble it!
Hey, Carmen!
-Hi, Chris. Long time no see!
-He up yet?
What do you think?
Daulton Lee, we've got you surrounded!
Who's there? Don't move!
It's me! It's me! Don't shoot!
Chris? Chris, stay down!
-They got us surrounded!
-No! I was joking!
I was just kidding! Just kidding.
Hey!
-How are you?
-All right. You're looking well.
Yes, I'm looking very well. So are you.
Sorry about that.
Plop! Little does it know!

You write a friend a letter,
you expect a response.
-That's the way it works.
-Good to see you.
Good to see you, but I'm serious.
I take it very personally.
-I write very few letters.
-I wanted to surprise you.
This isn't a visit. I'm back for good.
Changed my mind. No seminary.
Just couldn't go through with it.
What have you been up to?
Pass the cantaloupe.
Is this a bad joke?
I thought you'd congratulate me
for coming to my senses.
You're wrong! How many guys do you
know whose best friend is also his priest?
I mean, I could've gone to confession
and told the truth!
-I'm disappointed.
-When did you last go to confession?
That's irrelevant.
-Did you tell your folks?
-They don't know I'm back yet.
That'll be interesting!
The committee recommended
the impeachment
of President Nixon, charging that
he acted in a manner contrary to
his trust as President and subversive...
I don't care what these people say.
The man is innocent!
-Right, Dad?
-Keep it up.
Maggie, the garbage.
You gotta give me this moment!
I may never be right about anything again!
You find this amusing?
Hardly.
Dad, it's for you!
-Mr. Waldie.
-Aye.
-Mr. Flowers.

-Aye.
-Mr. Mann.
-Aye.
-Mr. Sarbanes.
-Aye.
Mr. Wiggins.
-No.
-No.
-Mr. Moorhead.
-No.
It's unbelievable.
You'll call Father Glenn today?
-It won't hurt to talk to him.
-Ma, it's not gonna accomplish anything.
You don't know that.
You remember Tony Owens' son Gary?
-Careful, Dad. Careful.
-I'm sorry.
I hired him last summer. I let his old man
know the time had come to reciprocate.
Well?
If you have a better idea,
I'd love to hear it.
I don't think you have
the faintest clue what to do.
-Well, you could ask!
-I'm asking.
Here.
You're to report 9 o'clock
Monday morning.
Here is \$10.
Get yourself a haircut.
I don't know what this is, Coach,
but... I'm sure it's great!
You're welcome, son.
RTX Credit. Authorization code, please.
Yes, we show derogatories,
credit and criminal.
-You're early.
-You're late.
Chris.
Chris Boyce, Larry Rogers.
-How's it going?
-OK. Pretty good. How are you doing?

I've been saying to Larry that we'd better make things more interesting for you or we'll lose you.

-Going back to school?

-Yes, sir. I plan to next year.

-Medicine.

-Law.

Yeah, that's right. Right. That's excellent.

That's excellent?

I don't know your father.

He's Director of Security over at Strata Research.

-Retired FBI.

-Yeah, I know.

Good.

That's good.

-Debra.

-Hi!

-Hi. You got a minute?

-Sure.

Get out my personal file, please.

-Chris, you know I can't do that.

-I won't tell anyone, I promise. Please?

-Come on...

-I don't have your access code.

I owe you one.

Wait a second.

"File closed. Under review."

We've been checking into your background for some time, Mr. Boyce.

You're quite an impressive young man.

Do you ever hear anybody talking about birds here?

Birds?

No, sir.

The Black World?

At lunch? Or in the men's room?

You never overheard anybody mentioning Black World projects?

-Just gossip.

-No, sir.

Know why that is?

They don't exist.

At least, not as far as anyone without

government clearance is concerned.

Do you want to do me a favor
and sign this piece of paper for me?

It's backwards.

The Black World is a codename for
a family of covert surveillance satellites.

Conceived by the Defense Department,
manufactured and maintained by RTX,
and used primarily by a company
you may have heard of

-in Langley, Virginia.

-Central Intelligence.

Circling the earth with their cameras,
heat sensors, microwave antennas,
they've significantly lightened
the workload of human spies.

When Brezhnev chats with his mistress
over his supposedly clean phone,
the birds listen in.

When he walks his dog in the park,
the birds take a picture of it
pissing on the shrubbery.

When he tests his latest warhead
underground somewhere in Siberia
and claims he hasn't,
the birds know he's lying.

You'll be working
in the system's nerve center.

A communications vault linking RTX
and our associates in Virginia
with tracking stations
all around the world.

Alaska, Guam, Iceland, Australia,
to name a few.

You'll be dealing with correspondence
that relates to the activities
of the satellites.

Correspondence that you will find
designated top secret.

It's protected by sophisticated
cryptographic equipment
developed by

the National Security Agency.

You're not to discuss

any aspect of your job
with non-cleared RTX employees.
This is as far as I can go.
Not with your girlfriend.
Not with your parents.
Not with your dog.
Not in the men's room, not over lunch.
Not in your sleep. Nowhere.
Are we clear so far?
Miss.
I'm not the secretary.
There is no secretary.
I think somebody might've made
a mistake. Is this the black vault?
No, but you're getting warm.
The vault's over there.
-Fuck!
-Excuse me.
-Mr. Norman?
-Who the hell are you?
Boyce. Supposed to start working here.
Who says you're supposed
to start working here exactly?
Well, I was briefed by Larry Rogers.
He didn't tell you?
You were supposed to show me
how to work the machines, I guess.
Larry, this is Gene. I got this kid,
supposed to be working here?
Don't get excited, Gene. I sent him over.
Sure, but nobody tells me anything.
-I'm telling you now.
-Yeah, OK. Yeah.
-We're working together.
-Yeah.
Well, you didn't tell me that, did you?
I thought maybe I was...
-So, you want a margarita?
-Pardon me?
You want a margarita?
That'll be your desk over there...
What was your name?
-Chris.
-Gene.

-Gene.
-You're gonna love it here, Chris.
Nobody can mess with you here.
Nobody's got clearance to get in.
Not even Security.
Can you turn that thing off for me?
Giving me a fuckin' headache!
Thanks.
Yeah! Just the three of us.
You and me and Laurie.
-Hi, Laurie.
-Hi.
-Want a margarita?
-No. Maybe later.
Good. There's not enough anyway.
Ran out of salt. Cheers.
I'm surrounded by junkie partners who
turn me in the minute they get in trouble.
I don't trust any of them. I'm all alone.
Would you stop that? This is serious!
How much are they paying you
or is that a big secret?
\$140 a week, before taxes.
Do you know what I'm offering you?
Do you know what I make?
-Ten times that.
-Easy. It's about to double.
I'm this far away
from a truly amazing connection.
I'll split it with you 50-50,
down the middle.
Jesus! Nine iron.
-We'll be rich!
-We're already rich.
No. I mean rich.
Hey, he who dies with the most toys wins.
That way is the green.
I can't believe you're not interested.
I'm flattered I'm the only one you trust,
but I'm really not interested.
Fore!
That's the Average White Band,
"Pick Up The Pieces".
I'm your host Johnny Crystal.

"Allow union infiltrators
sufficient lead time."

Union infiltrators?

"Though CIA exposure seems unlikely,
standard programme of denial
"is recommended."

Standard programme of denial
recommended.

Happens all the time.

We're all in the same system.

They screw up, we get their cables.

We screw up, they get ours.

You haven't heard anything about this?

No. I really wouldn't worry about it.

-Eddie would know. Want me to ask him?

-No.

Why not?

Eddie. Eddie! What do you know about
a covert operation in Australia?

-Chris wants to know.

-Which one?

-Something about labor unions.

-Air-traffic controllers.

It's nothing. They're threatening to strike.

If they do, it'd stop our personnel
and equipment into Pine Gap.

Don't worry. It's under control.

Like Whitlam! They've been saying
he's under control for two years!

-Who's Whitlam?

-Prime Minister.

I don't know why somebody doesn't
just blow up his fuckin' car.

That's why you're just a clerk.

I'm serious, man! You make it obvious!

You fuck with us,

you accept the consequences.

Anything less than that is a waste
of time and the taxpayers' money!

College boys running things...

Princeton boys!

Faggots afraid to get their hands wet!

-Getting that look.

-Fuck you!

Anytime, anywhere.

The man is a communist!

We're letting him walk all over us!

You know, I killed 14 of 'em myself!

Personally!

-That right? College boys?

-Communists!

Special Ops. Laos.

Close range, right between the eyes!

-All right.

-You don't believe me, do you?

-I believe you.

-You don't.

-Lighten up, Gene.

-The war's over, Gene. Spare us.

Believe it, college boy.

Wasn't done.

Why didn't you tell me

your old man was FBI?

Well, 'cause he isn't any more.

Once FBI, always FBI. He's all right.

Larry Rogers, this is Charlie Boyce.

This is Chris's dad.

-Good to meet you. My wife Barbara.

-Hello, Barbara.

What are you doing up?

Having a brandy. Want one?

What are you doing up?

Come, sit.

Come. Come on.

Jeffrey's been given an assignment

at school to memorize a poem.

He asked me to suggest one to him.

Sound familiar?

Yeah.

"Half a league, half a league,

Half a league onward..."

I can't remember it.

-I don't believe you.

-Give me the book...

I can't remember it. I'm sorry.

Do you really resent me as much as

you want me to think you do?

Imagine what that must feel like. You say

more with a look than you realize.
Whatever else you think about me,
I am not blind...
-I gotta get up early.
-Sit down!
-I don't wanna fight with you!
-Just talk to me!
I'm getting an apartment 'cause...
-Yeah?
-All right with you?
You're an adult.
You do what you have to do.
Yeah.
It used to be easy, didn't it?
"Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,"
"All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Charge! ' was the captain's cry,
"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
"And into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred."
I'll sweep across into Southern Europe.
You come from England and Africa.
Hit his north and west borders.
What do I get out of it?
-What do you want?
-I wanna keep North America.
Let's go, Chris!
You're being attacked!
Yeah, I'll be right there.
Chris, I'm attacking you from Egypt.
I'm coming into Southern Europe.
-Want me to roll for you?
-Yeah. How many armies do I have?
Three.
And you've just lost two more.
Now I'm hitting you from Britain.
I'm coming into Northern Europe.
I'm going into the Ukraine.
You're gonna be wiped out soon.
There goes the Ukraine.
Every day I get these misrouted cables.

The CIA's secret mail.
Details of covert action that have
nothing to do with national security.
Manipulations of foreign press,
political parties, whole economies.
It's incredible.
I had no idea the extent of the lie,
the level of deception.
Australia's not our only ally
being deceived.
I've got a house to show.
Lock up if you leave.
Know what I think? You really wanna
hurt 'em, really do some damage?
-Make it public. New York Times.
-No, no, no.
-I'm talking about a big expos.
-It's already public!
What happened in Chile was public.
People still don't believe
we engineered that!
-Allende was a socialist.
-He was elected.
People see what they want to see.
-It's unbelievable.
-Well...
I don't know what's going on with you,
but this is insane. It's wrong.
It took a lot of trust
to come to you with this.
If you can't see this is wrong,
then you're further gone than I thought.
You're a drug dealer! How can you
tell me what's right and wrong?
You wanna say that louder?
I don't think the neighbors heard you.
You wanted to be partners.
I'm offering you a partnership.
Look at it as one of
your business transactions
and you won't have any trouble with it,
I promise you.
Did it ever occur to you that maybe
you're seeing what you want to see?

It's worth significant money.
I don't want anything to do with it.
-What are you smiling at?
-A patriot?
And proud of it.
Come on in!
Matt, this is Clay.
This is Daulton. Dale!
I got a room upstairs.
Excuse me. Nothing personal.
He's just gotta check you out, OK?
Sure.
Go ahead.
Don't mind if I do!
Accuracy. I didn't come here to party.
Nothing personal.
-Where are you from exactly?
-Orange County.
-Where exactly?
-Irvine.
Not bad!
Not bad.
What's that?
What's that?
-What's that noise, Ike?
-I don't know.
-Police officers!
-Fuckin' cop!
-Hands up where I can see them!
-Hold it right there!
Just meet with him
wearing a concealed microphone.
Have a drink, record the transaction.
That's it. That's all we need.
-What protection can he expect?
-Your client can't expect anything!
If this prick opens his mouth again,
this conversation is over. You got that?
Now, what kind of protection
can my client expect?
At no time while you're wired are you
out of reach of armed assistance, OK?
If I can't guarantee your safety,
I don't let you wear it.

I would like to discuss this
with my attorney in private.

Jesus!

I work for them and I am a dead man!

I set up one buy and that's it!

I won't last...

They are not talking about six months
in some minimum-security work camp.

-They are talking about San Quentin.

-I understand.

I am not an informer, all right?

That is against my principles
and I am not going to prison!

-That's the only two choices you got!

-The only two choices I've got?

You tell them anything you want,
but get me outta here on bail tonight.

They'll know what this stuff is?

I'm not gonna have to...

They'll know exactly what it is.

They'll know exactly what it is
and this... This is if you get that far.

-There you go.

-All right.

What's it worth?

How should I know how much it's worth?

Get whatever you can. Haggle with them.

What?

I just walk in there?

Yeah. I mean,

what are they gonna do? Shoot you?

They might. You don't know.

You don't even know the address.

Hey, there's one thing.

Look at me. Whatever you do,
don't tell them my name.

All right? That's for your own protection.

As soon as you tell them my name,
they won't need you anymore.

It's not too late to back out.

Just tell me.

This is interesting. What is it?

-I'm the courier.

-The courier?

American spy satellites. I can get you
all the information you wanna know.

-Sputniks.

-Yes?

-Maybe I'm talking to the wrong guy.

-Who would be the right guy?

-KGB.

-This is an embassy. No KGB here.

Well,

whatever you say.

One moment, please.

The card has something

to do with satellites, yes?

-That's right.

-So you're a spy.

That's right.

Do you have some identification?

-Thank you.

-You're welcome.

Testing. One, two, three. Testing.

Just looking for an ashtray here.

-That's not a candy dish?

-No.

It's an ashtray.

You got a nice office here.

I like the rug. I'm kind of an expert
on rugs. Pakistani, right?

I wouldn't know.

My associates are not so sure about
the authenticity of your calling card.

Really? Here's the deal.

Got your notebook handy?

Good.

I got a friend in LA

who works for the government.

He's not real crazy about the CIA.

The deal is he gets the stuff out,
gets it to me. I get it to you.

I gotta warn you, this information
is quality merchandise, high priority.

I expect to be paid premium prices.

That's it. Long and short of it.

-What's your friend's name?

-He wishes to remain anonymous.

Naturally.
And you... What do you do?
I'm a fugitive from the law
on a trumped-up charge.
Currently residing here in Mexico.
FBI says I killed a border patrolman
in Laredo, Texas.
You said, "I expect to be paid."
-Correct. Premium prices.
-But you said "I".
-Not "we".
-We expect to be paid.
-Hello.
-This is the operator.
-I have a call for Mr. Philippe.
-Speaking.
-Go ahead.
-Gracias, seora.
Buenas tardes, Seor Philippe.
Seor Gmez, how is Seora Gmez?
Mucho gusto. Guess what?
You were right. My uncle says hi.
Hello?
Hello, Seor Philippe? Hello?
I'm still here.
It was beautiful! They were
dying for the stuff! I just walked in...
"For your new place!"
"Hasta maana,
"Gene."
-Hello?
-Hi, Mom.
-Chris! How are you?
-Pretty good.
-How's the apartment? Shaping up?
-Yeah, it's coming along.
-How are you?
-Fine, just fine.
-How's Dad?
-Great. I'll go get him...
No, no. Don't bother him.
Just tell him I called and...
I'll call him later or something.
Yeah, everything...

Better get off. Your father's
about to break his neck. I love you.

-I love you, too.

-I'll call you back.

Do you know the restaurant
in San Francisco?

No, but I know the restaurant
in Los Angeles.

I'd like you to get into the habit
of calling me Pedro.

-OK.

-And I'll call you...

Luis.

Luis. Very good.

There's an interesting article
in my newspaper, Luis. Any in yours?

-Several.

-Wonderful.

Maybe I should read them now.

-First rate!

-It was a pleasure to meet you.

-Enjoy the rest of your vacation.

-You too, Pedro. Adis.

If I don't show up within 30 minutes,
something went wrong
and we'll try again next month.

Now, Luis, I must stress this.

Never come to the embassy again.

It's watched by you know who.

First time you had to. I understand that.

From now on, it can't happen.

-You know Oswald?

-Lee Harvey Oswald?

He visited the embassy here. The CIA
has a picture of him on the grounds.

-They photograph everybody. Promise.

-Cross my heart.

Good. So you understand.

When you've got something for me,
make an X

at the junction of Jurez and Peralta.

First Monday of the month.

We'll be in touch.

-Tuesday.

-Did I say Monday? I meant Tuesday.
Now, I need to know some things
and I have a list.
The money, Pedro.
It's all right. I've got it.
Safe and sound. I didn't forget.
So...
On what frequencies and bandwidths
are the messages broadcasted?
I don't know.
-What are the orbits of the satellites?
-Don't know.
Go ahead, look. Get it over with.
Right, Luis, please, the frequencies.
I don't know that stuff.
There's no reason to continue
pretending there's a friend.
-There is a friend.
-It serves no purpose.
You can believe whatever you want
to believe. There's a friend.
OK, this will be very tedious for me.
I'll copy the questions out in English.
-You can give them to your friend.
-Fine.
For \$6,000, please sign.
-Hey, Irvey!
-Hi. How are you doing?
-All right. You?
-OK.
-Put them on the account, all right?
-OK.
They're cute, aren't they?
-You look good with her.
-Thanks.
-What's his name?
-This is Fawkes.
Named after Guy Fawkes.
-Yeah.
-You heard of him?
No.
He was in 17th-century England.
He tried to blow up Parliament,
but failed.

She'll go crazy if she sees me
preparing her food.
There you go.
Hey, Fawkes, you hungry?
What do you eat?
-You're kidding!
-You may not wanna watch this.
I have to do a little Henry VIII.
It's painless but it's gruesome.
Get rid of her. Meet me at your place
at 2300 hours. That's 11 o'clock. OK?
-Hi!
-Hi.
OK?
Lana, this is a friend of mine.
Tradecraft.
I don't really look like this. OK?
\$5,000. Two for you, two for me
and one for my expenses.
-I can't believe you did it.
-I did it.
And I didn't even give them your name,
though they tried everything
short of the rack!
You son of a bitch!
It's a sweet deal, Chris. Really perfecto.
This girl's cute.
Where did she come from?
You know, there's a felony warrant
out on you.
I know. I wish them a lot of luck.
Check this out.
"Theodore Lovelance."
-Do you like that?
-Yes!
-Lousy picture.
-Lousy?
Oh, yeah.
They want to know some stuff,
some details.
I accidentally washed it,
but I think you can still read it.
It's for real.
Jesus!

Don't answer.
Chris!
Chris! Chris, open up! It's us!
-Shit!
-Open the door, son!
Just stay there. OK?
Yeah.
-Hi.
-Hi.
We woke you?
We brought the TV for you.
Where do you want to put it?
On the desk, over to the desk.
It's not bad. It's not bad at all.
Yeah, that's great.
Hello, Mrs. Boyce. Hello, sir.
Take these to your mom.
I remember that TV.
Here, I'll give you a hand.
My, you're all up early, huh?
Yeah. 11.45.
Just straightening up.
He just dropped by last night.
What was I supposed to do?
It's a tight group down there.
They like you.
They're impressed with your work.
-Don't mess it up.
-I don't hang out with him anymore.
I was just as surprised to see him
as you were.
Mom, leave the dishes.
So they haven't locked you up yet,
huh, Daulton?
No. Too fast for 'em, sir.
Yeah, all the way! All the way!
Keep going! All the way!
You got nine minutes, then you're gone!
-No problem. It's on the house.
-Really? Thanks.
...in Australia today with the ouster
of Prime Minister Gough Whitlam.
The action, unprecedented in its
75-year history as a federation,

was taken by the Governor General,
exercising an obscure but inherent
privilege to fire a prime minister.
The business community
applauded the action.
Labor unions protested it
by immediately calling strikes.
Do you know the restaurant
in San Francisco?
That's all right. I'll get it.
-What's the story?
-Change of plans. Get in.
Come on, get in.
Sit down.
Don't be afraid.
I have heard much about you,
Comrade Lee. Now we meet.
-How are you?
-Fine.
-Who are you?
-Fine, thank you.
No. Who are you?
A fellow comrade in the service of peace.
Karpov.
This is good for them.
Tomorrow, leave Camino Real
and check inside this hotel.
-What's he talking about?
-Camino Real's too conspicuous.
Too many people can see you.
This place is less visible.
-I never heard of it.
-This why it is good.
You'll like it.
Does it have a swimming pool?
Hey! Hey!
What about a ride?
First of all, I don't like to be
kidnapped against my will!
I went to the Obelisque in good faith.
Next thing, I'm in an automobile
with this gentleman, almost getting killed!
Secondly, that fuckin' park!
How did you expect me to get home?

I'm out on the street for two and a half
hours waiting for a fuckin' taxi!
Excuse me. Thirdly,
nobody tells me where I can stay
and where I can't stay!
I went to that fleabag of yours!
I'll tell you something! I am insulted!
I don't care who you are!
I stay where I wanna stay!
So tell us about this mysterious
friend of yours, Comrade Lee.
You have some money for me or what?
Karpov...
Is the Negro your friend?
-Is my friend Negro?
-Yes.
Maybe.
Do you know what this is?
Let me guess.
-Camera?
-Camera Minox-B.
Very accurate and very exact.
It's very dangerous for your friend to...
He's been making Xerox cop...
He's been making Xerox copies,
probably on a machine where he works.
The counters on those machines
are more than likely checked.
So you want us to photograph them
from now on.
-Decent idea. Give me the camera.
-No, this one's mine.
I had an idea that might be
of interest to you, OK?
I know a gentleman in Lima, Peru.
You have an embassy or something.
This guy can get his hands on heroin.
Large amounts of heroin, dirt cheap.
It's a fine product. Here's the problem.
It's difficult to get this stuff
out of South America these days.
My idea is this. I arrange a buy.
All right? Say 5 kilos to start.
Your people bring it up

in their diplomatic pouches.
I wouldn't think there'd be any risk
in that. We split it 50-50.
I get my end into the States.
You do what you want with your half.
What do you say?
Think about it.
This is the Bellas Artes. The Ballet
Folklorico performs here twice a week.
And the Polyforum designed by
famous Mexican muralist Siqueiros.
The Camino Real!
This is my home away from home.
It's the finest hotel in all of Mexico City.
-And you stay there?
-Every time I go down.
-Are you kidding?
-How did this get here?
I call this "Lee and Boyce,
the before picture".
What is this? The after picture?
Annie called me and I rushed home and
he's back. The insanity's going on again.
-See if he'll come over.
-Could you come over, Ken?
All right, here. Take the torch.
Just put it right by your face.
Let's get this thing set.
What's up?
Nothing.
I'll be right back.
Just get yourself a drink or something.
I've been playing the stock market
down there in Mexico.
-Have you?
-Yeah.
-Been doing very well, too.
-That's good.
Actually, if you wanna know the truth,
the stock market thing is just a cover-up.
I'm really selling government secrets
to the Soviet Union down there.
That's what the camera's for,
to photograph documents.

You really oughta come down there
with me sometime. What do you think?
I think that'd be great.
-Hi, Clay. How are you doing?
-That's for you.
-Daulton, take a picture of us.
-Daulton!
Hi, Dad.
How are you?
Well, I'm fine.
It's good to have you home.
-Thanks. What's up?
-I just had a call from Kenny.
He's managed to reschedule
your court date.
-Terrific!
-Yeah.
Now is the time for you to realize
that your situation is serious.
The party, Brad.
The thing to do is get those people
outta here
and for you to come back to reality
with a better mental attitude.
What do you say?
I know what you're saying.
I found \$900 on your dresser
this morning.
Do you think it's still there?
I took care of it. I put it in the safe.
Honey, don't leave
that kind of money just lying...
I want all those people outta here now!
-Give me the camera!
-What's wrong?
-You crazy? "Government secrets?"
-She didn't...
I don't care if she didn't believe you!
Give me the camera!
\$189 plus tax. I think we should split it.
What's this?
-Just coke.
-When did this start?
-It's just coke.

-Don't lie. When did this start?
-Are you my mother?
-Don't lie! It's heroin!
I don't even shoot it up! I just snort it, OK?
How much?
Maybe a couple of hundred dollars
a week. So what?
Courier is undependable.
Seek independent channel
of communication.
-Near the harbor.
-Near the harbor, yes. In Tokyo.
Well, I don't speak very much.
First of all...
Hello. Daulton Lee, American Embassy.
OK. Hello.
Daulton Lee, American Embassy.
-De la Guine.
-New Guinea? Terrific.
Let me ask. Would this be considered
formal clothing for your country
-or is this the average garb?
-This... Garbage.
Excuse me. Excuse me.
-Come to visit our country.
-Excuse me. Excuse me.
I want to show you something.
-Why wasn't I invited here?
-Just don't say a word.
-What did I tell you?
-I waited for you...
What did I tell you?
You never come to the embassy! Never!
How can I make it clearer to you?
If nobody shows up, what do you do?
-Leave.
-Leave!
-Where did you put the X?
-Where do you think?
-There was no X.
-There sure was! You screwed up!
Don't try to put the blame on me!
The X was there!
-Which corner?

-Jurez and Marroqu.
Peralta, Daulton. Jurez and Peralta.
Need I write it down for you?
Could I have another drink, please?
Relax, Mikhael. Here.
Have another drink.
About time, Mr. Karpov!
Now, remember our figure. 30,000.
What's the matter? Too dark? Too light?
-You took these?
-These were sent from the source.
I had no prior knowledge of this.
I have no idea how this happened,
but I'm gonna find out, OK?
-This is outrageous!
-Karpov...
Wait a minute, Mr. Karpov.
You want to know his name, right, Alex?
Christopher. Just like the saint.
That oughta be worth something.
These are good, right? Good?
\$500 apiece. Yes or no?
OK, I swear to God!
No money, then that's it.
You'll never see me again.
All right, from now on
I do my business with the Chinese.
They'll pay.
Do you carry a pistol?
No.
Maybe you should.
Let's see how this works.
How does that fit?
-It's from Chris.
-By George!
Listen, thanks so much!
My golly! Will you look at this!
Where did you get this?
You can't buy these in the United States.
-Peking!
-Come on!
-I sent away for it from England.
-This is so neat!
I taught you how to use one of these.

You'd learn real fast.
Took him three years to get the nerve
to take the fish off the hook!
I'll get it, I'll get it!
Chris, it's for you. It's Daulton.
Real bright calling me here.
Pardon me!
Imagine you were drunk!
Thought we'd get a kick out of it!
Remember who runs things
and I won't have to remind you.
Runs what?
I've been up most of yesterday and today!
I don't have much patience!
I had them hooked
and you would've lost 'em...
-Bob.
-Hey, hi.
-This is for you and your wife.
-Really?
There's another in the car.
Can you get it for me?
No problem. Thanks a lot for this.
She'll really like it.
D-4. Wilke.
-Now the knee.
-All right!
Perfect! Just perfect!
That's great!
Yeah. Document Control.
-NSA guy on his way up to see you.
-What? Now?
-Just issued him a pass, so...
-Oh, God!
An NSA inspector's on his way over!
An NSA inspector's on his way over
right now! Laurie!
Right behind you!
Come on, Chris! Let's go!
Come on! Move!
-Laurie, get the broom!
-What broom?
-We don't have a broom?
-I don't see one!

Where did you put the dope?
Behind something?
No, right out in the open!
Of course behind something!
We're never gonna make it!
We're dead! We're fucked!
-Is this your desk?
-Yes, sir.
-What's this doing out?
-I don't know.
-Chris, what's that doing out?
-I don't know, sir. What is it?
-Who's the security custodian this week?
-He is, sir.
-Secure it.
-Yes, sir.
Christmas.
-Open it, please.
-Yes, sir.
-Combination?
-Yeah.
Open it.
That's fine, gentlemen. Thank you.
What can you tell me
about the Pyramider Project?
Thanks. Thanks, Eddie.
-Well?
-It's a dead project.
It's abandoned. It didn't even
reach the blueprint stage.
It's worthless garbage. It's bait.
You didn't bring it in, I didn't.
None of us saw anybody bring it in.
It didn't get in here by itself.
Those bastards don't trust us.
OK.
OK, fine. Somebody wanna play games?
-That's fine with me!
-Come on, Gene.
Darling, what on earth?
I'm building us a house. It's in Costa Rica.
It's not started yet.
It's in the architectural stage.
-But I bought the property.

-Costa Rica?

The most beautiful stretch of beach
you've ever seen!

4200 square feet, split-level,
5 bedrooms,

four baths, sauna, Jacuzzi, aviary
and an elevator down to the beach!

What's anyone gonna do in Costa Rica?

Fish, take long strolls on the beach,
collect shells, relax.

Take it easy for once in your lives.

You deserve it.

-They do that here.

-David.

-Yeah?

-Daulton, this is Clay.

Let me get on the other phone, OK?

David, can you hang this up?

-Hello there.

-I got a buyer.

-Five ounces, \$8500.

-Wait a minute, Clay. Five ounces?

-That's what you said. All set.

-Four ounces, I said, not five.

You go back to the bargaining table.

You tell them it's their mistake...

Something else about this house.

It's solar heated.

When in God's name is it gonna stop?

What?

I will not have dope deals
made in this house!

-What dope deals?

-When is it gonna stop?

I'm not dealing dope any more.

I'm out of it.

You jumped bail, you disappeared!

Probation people call us!

-The cops watch our house!

-They do not!

-You missed Christmas by a week!

-Wanna know what I was doing?

-You're not here an hour...

-Want to know what I was doing?

-I was doing top secret!
-Brad, please!
-I'm sick and tired...
-Working for the government, CIA!
I was working for the CIA!
Me!
I don't know what I'm doin' any more.
I'm trying!
-Don't worry. They'll get over it.
-You've gotta make up for me.
You've gotta make them happy,
make them proud!
Do you want me to drive?
-No drugs. That's the main thing.
-You just ran a stop sign.
Don't break their hearts the way I have.
You do and I find out, I'll kill you, I swear!
Promise me.
I promise.
Do you love me?
Oh, shit!
I gotta lose these guys!
Get out, David! It's my problem. Run!
OK! Yeah!
Did he call yet?
Well, when he does,
tell him it's over.
I want out. It's gotta stop.
I've been thinking, too.
I think it's time we diversify.
-Get a few subcontractors...
-What did I just say?
I heard you. I agree with you.
I think we should retire.
Get somebody else to do the roadwork.
Pull the strings. Ike could be interested.
-Clay. Think Perry could handle it?
-What about your little brother?
-David?
-You'd do that to him! Drag him into it!
-This is a business! We gotta expand!
-You're sick!
It's been nickels and dimes
compared to the possibilities!

-Where are you going?
-It's over, delivery boy!
-Hey, wait a minute...
-Get outta the way! Outta the way!
-Get outta the way!
-I Xeroxed everything!
Every cipher, every document!
Yeah! Make you nervous?
Don't worry. I'm not gonna do anything
with them as long as you're reasonable.
You don't believe me? Go! Go ahead!
That's the quickest way to find out!
-Where are they?
-In a safe place. In a safe place.
You're lying.
How about I give 'em to your father?
How would that be?
Give 'em to the great FBI man!
How would he feel?
A Soviet spy for a son!
This is my livelihood now!
You can't just take this away from me!
Yes?
-Do you have the merchandise?
-Yes, I do.
Is it better quality this time?
-My associate assures me it is.
-Is he there with you?
No.
-You still there, Alex?
-You'll be delivering it, then?
That is correct.
-The first Tuesday.
-Monday.
Monday.
I know it's a lot to ask
to work in silence for once!
Fuck! Fuck it!
Let's go out.
-What's wrong?
-You tell me!
What's happening?
Tell me. Please tell me.
Come here.

I...

It's just the maid. Later, seora!

Tell her to come back later.

Hello.

Well, hello there.

Hello there. Come in.

Are you well?

I took a few days off.

Called in sick. Need a vacation.

Well, great! Great!

Raul,

my best friend from California, Chris.

Chris, Raul.

-Raul.

-Hi.

-We're finished, yes?

-Yes.

OK. I'll be right back, all right?

-Trouble?

-No.

Look, just relax. I'm not trying
to cut you out of the picture.

Really?

Secret little messages
behind my back. Yeah!

Nice try, Judas.

-Well, you put me in that position.

-Christopher.

Or should I call you Falcon?

-My name...

-Alex.

-This your first time in Mexico?

-Mexico City.

Daulton is showing you
the more inspiring landmarks?

Yes.

You make a good tour guide, Daulton.

I always knew it.

You know, you're not what I expected.

And you're not black.

-Pardon me?

-It's a long story.

-Where are we going?

-To dinner.

They'll ask about the frequencies,
so don't trip me up.
I told him he'd get them next month.
The operation goes fine.
Unfortunately, one serious problem
remains. Do you know what it is?
-The frequencies.
-Exactamente.
For anything to be worth anything,
we must, as you know,
have the daily transmitting frequencies.
Well, that's not entirely true, as you know.
The fact is I can't get them.
I don't have access to them.
He assured me that he could get them.
-No, I didn't.
-Yes, you did!
They're not even kept at RTX.
Only Western Union and the NSA
have the daily list.
Now, I never said I could get them
and I can't.
You know these people, I assume.
-Most of them.
-Good.
What I would like is that you write
a little something about each one.
Their exact job titles to begin with.
-Where are you going?
-Can I talk to you?
Sit down and shut up!
Also physical descriptions of each.
Height, weight and so on.
Their home addresses if you know them.
And maybe some details
about their families.
Drinking habits, religious habits.
Sexual deviations and so on.
None of those people will help you
the way I've helped you.
-Are you trying to get me killed?
-You shouldn't have promised.
You should've lied!
They're not gonna stand for this!

Give these people what they want!
They're watching us through this!
There's wires all over this place!
It's all bugged!
I'm sick of this fucking hocus-pocus shit!
\$10,000 right now or we're gone!
Basura. Just like everything else.
Yeah? How would you know?
I'm sick of talking to a goddamn clerk!
Get me an expert!
Get me somebody who knows!
-You go back on every promise!
-I go back?
-Where's the infrared data?
-Where's the heroin?
-Where are the frequencies?
-Fuck the frequencies!
-Sit down and shut up!
-You sit down and shut up!
Karpov!
Call the great Karpov every time
you can't handle something! Call him!
Where's the bathroom
in this fucking joint?
I am so curious about something,
I have to ask.
How is it that you and Daulton...
I mean, where do you know him from?
We were altar boys together.
Daulton doesn't know it yet,
but I'm quitting RTX.
I've already given notice.
I felt it only fair to tell you in person.
-That's why I'm down here.
-What will you do?
Going back to school.
Well, he's pretty sick.
I'd better get him home.
No, no, don't go yet. He'll survive.
He always does. Sit down. Please.
Leaving RTX and going to college
is a very good idea.
You should consider
majoring in Russian Studies.

History, language, politics,
and then think very seriously
about applying for a job
in the State Department or the CIA.
Absolutely not!

You know, Christopher,
we're not unlike, you and I.
I, too, have had my doubts.
I know what it does to a person.
I know what you're feeling.
What are you talking about?
I'm not a professional like you.
This isn't a career for me.
It was impulsive.
I never expected it to go on
as long as it has.
I'm not like you.
You have no idea what I'm feeling.
You want a mole in the CIA,
you find somebody else.
I have a life apart from all this, unlike you.
You know, we waited
a very long time to meet you.
We have put up with more than
anyone should ever have to!
-You owe us.
-Owe you?
Owe you?
Christopher, you remember one thing.
Impulsively or not,
you came to us. We didn't come to you.
And, whether you realize it or not,
you are a professional.
The moment you accepted money,
you became a professional.
You can't leave here tonight
free of it all any more than I can.
Did you really think you could?
It's not over, Christopher.
It's just beginning.
I cross the border a million times
and I don't get caught!
Get busted on a felony
and they let me go!

Everything you give me looks good,
but it isn't. It is basura!
It is garbage!
I'm not stupid, Chris. I read books.
-What are you talking about?
-It's called disinformation.
-Counterespionage.
-What?
You're backed by the Company.
You're one of them!
The CIA's got a picture of Oswald
and they've got one of me, too!
That's all part of the plan,
so it's OK! It's OK!
So what happens next?
-You throw me to the wolves?
-Look what that shit's doing to you!
-It's all that's keeping me sane!
-It's killing you!
I don't know who my friends are!
I don't know who to trust!
I don't know who to trust!
Don't throw me to the wolves!
Listen! Leave your bags behind!
We'll get on the plane and get outta here.
We'll go home.
Come on, come on.
I'm OK.
I'm OK.
Chris? Chris!
-What's going on?
-I think I got everything.
You'd better double-check
just to make sure.
-What are you doing?
-I don't love you anymore.
I want your things outta here tonight.
Chris.
It's been fun.
It's about time!
You gotta promise to come and see me
the day after you graduate.
I want to make you the first offer.
No offense, Larry,

but the pay's not too hot!
Come and see us. We'll take care of you.
The Agency can't afford
to let a guy like you get away.
Chris! Hold still!
It's about time!
I've been stuck for the last time, Alex.
From now on, I set up the deals!
What's this? What's this?
Wanna play this game?
-Alex, tell this guy to let go!
-Shut up.
Tell him to let go of my arm!
Fuck!
I don't need this shit. There's
a lot easier ways of making a living.
I wanna make one last delivery.
What do you think? Do you think
I'm making this up as I go along?
I'm not going down there anymore.
I'm not asking you to. I'm gonna do it.
What?
They were just waiting the whole time.
Stringing you along to get to me.
They don't need you or want you
anymore. They want me.
I'm through with running.
I mean, the thrill is gone.
I'm gonna go to court,
face the music, do time, whatever.
I'll just get a new start.
I'm sick of this shit. I'm tired of it.
I'm tired, too.
So tired I can hardly stand it.
I'm gonna be looking over my shoulder
the rest of my life.
And for what? There's never
gonna be any reconciliation.
They're just as paranoid
and dangerous as we are.
I can't imagine why I thought
they'd be any different.
Well, fuck them!
I'm gonna get something

out of this nightmare.
They're gonna want this
and they are gonna pay!
-The frequencies?
-Satellite.
Pyramider.
-How much are you gonna ask for it?
-100,000.
It's too dangerous.
I'm not gonna let you go down there.
Alex!
Alex! Hey!
Tell these guys to put their guns away!
Don't point that gun at me! Hey, come on!
-I'm an American tourist!
-Tell me what's happening.
-I'm American!
-Yes. Calm down. Slowly...
-I'm coming down the street, OK?
-I'm with the American Embassy.
-You happened to be coming by?
-Yes.
I got separated from my girlfriend.
-She's gone in this museum...
-It's not a museum.
Leave this to me. Let me deal with
the officials. Calm down.
Take your gun out of my ribs!
Are you the head guy? There's \$500.
It's yours. Forget the whole thing!
An American's been arrested.
Get over to police HQ. I'll meet you there.
Like to know what I'm charged with,
if you don't mind.
Christ!
I appreciate you coming down.
It's just a stupid mistake...
-This is Walt Hamilton, Vice Consul.
-Don't worry. We'll get you out of here.
Occupation?
Photographer.
I work for an advertising agency.
That's a communications satellite.
My firm's doing promotional films

for General Electric
to interest investors.
-Documentos.
-Olympics, World Series.
That sort of thing.
-It's a postcard.
-Bellas Artes.
You carry it as a trophy?
-You like to look at it?
-It's a postcard.
Look, this is foolish.
If they're not gonna charge me,
I'd like to get outta here.
-What's he saying?
-They're charging you with murder.
You're kidding.
You've gotta be kidding!
-Cop killer.
-I am not!
-Comunista.
-I am not!
-Terrorista!
-No, I am a tourist.
I am a businessman. I am a Republican.
I have my rights! I am an American!
This is not America.
Hotel Camino Real. Buenas tardes.
I have a person-to-person call
from the US for a Mr. Theodore Lovelance.
Mr. Lovelance? Yes, he is in Room 122.
I'll ring. Please hold the line.
-Hello?
-Mr. Lovelance?
-Who's calling, please?
-Is Mr. Lovelance there?
No, he isn't, operator.
Who's placing this call, please?
Sir? Would you like to leave a message?
Mr. Lovelance doesn't seem to be in.
Would you like to leave a message
or try back later?
I'm sorry, sir. That London flight
is booked. Try stand-by or I can book...
No. Try Buenos Aires at 4 o'clock.

-Buenos Aires?

-Right.

Checking, sir.

Final boarding call for Pan Am flight 551
to Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires.

Pan Am flight 551 to Rio de Janeiro
and Buenos Aires
now boarding.

Who gave you the assignment
to kill the policeman?

I didn't kill anybody.

-Who do you work for?

-The United States government.

Fuck off!

-Who do you work for?

-The CIA.

-I can't read this. I don't speak Spanish.

-Your confession.

Sign it.

I'm not a communist!

I'm telling you the truth!

You got the wrong guy! Stop!

I'm not an assassin! I'm just a spy!

You fuck with us,

you accept the consequences!

College boys running things...

Never!

Listening! Listening!

Where are the wires?

We're deporting you.

You have your choice of destination.

-Costa Rica.

-The Soviet Union or the United States?

America.

Lana.

The FBI's gonna come around
asking questions.

There'll be all kinds of stories being told.

They'll try to implicate you.

There'll be stories, lies.

You won't know who to believe.

And that's the look that'll tell 'em
you had nothing to do with it.

With what?

I love you and I always did.

Now, you get out. You just go.

You're free.

-Up, shit-heels! Get up!

-Lose the bag!

-Lose the bag!

-Put your hands up!

Put your hands up

or I'll blow your head off!

You fuckin' traitor!

All right, let's get him outta here.

July 29th 1974, you signed a security agreement that you would not transmit classified information

to any unauthorized person or agency.

Correct.

You were told that such a violation could be punishable

under Federal Criminal Statutes.

Correct.

Have you, in fact,

violated that agreement?

You bet.

Did you remove NSA ciphers from the communications room?

Ciphers, Pilot TWXs,

Argus, Rhyolite data,

ground resolution studies,

performance sheets.

Pyramider, useless and obsolete.

Whatever happened

to be lying around that day.

-Keystone Kops.

-What?

Security at RTX. Keystone Kops.

How long have you been

an agent for the KGB?

I've never been an agent for the KGB.

I work for no one but myself.

I'm in no political organizations

other than the Democratic Party.

How much money did you receive?

Personally, or...

About \$20,000. Money's never been

real important to me.
You referred to CIA activities
unrelated to the satellites.
Could you be more specific?
I haven't mentioned a word
about the CIA,
but I could be very specific.
What was your control agent's name?
What? I'm sorry. What?
We can continue later if you're too tired.
No, I'm fine.
I just didn't hear your question.
Who did you receive
your instructions from?
My conscience.
I know a few things
about predatory behavior.
What was once a legitimate
intelligence-gathering agency
is now being misused
to prey on weaker governments.
We ran out.
I appreciate fear.
The chance to face it.
There's nothing more exhilarating
than confronting your fears.
What are you afraid of?
Of people who can imagine and create
sophisticated weaponry
and a government
that can't be trusted with it.
We're the only nation that ever used
atomic weapons on other human beings.
We are capable of it.
By turning over US secrets
to the Soviet Union
you're putting every man, woman
and child here in jeopardy.
They're already in jeopardy.
There are other forms of protest.
Are you sorry you didn't choose
one of them?
Chris?
Chris?

What?

You don't feel you hurt anybody?

The government's worried, Charlie.

This case could cause
serious political damage.

There's debate now
whether prosecution is worth
the disclosures that might arise in a trial.
So Chris holds the kind of cards
that could save himself.

-Daddy...

-Eric! Eric, I'll fix that for you.

Charlie, all of us realize that this situation
could just as easily have happened to us,
with one of our boys.

And we all want you to know
that, with your OK,
we'll do whatever we can to see that
this case never reaches a courtroom.

Two of my boys came home today
from school bloody.

Teacher just stood around
and watched some kids beat 'em up.

Do you know what they called them?

Do you know what they called my sons?

Communists.

Charlie, do you understand
what I'm trying to tell you?

I don't think anybody
should do anything
to influence this case in any way.

Let him be judged.

Christopher! Christopher!

What do you think of your sentence?

-Do you plan to appeal?

-Do you think you got a fair trial?

Stand back!

Do you feel any remorse?

You guys still talk to each other?

This is not America

Sha la la la la

A little piece of you

The little peace in me

-Will die

-This is not a miracle
For this is not America
Blossom fails to bloom this season
Promise not to stare too long
This is not America
For this is not the miracle
There was a time
A storm that blew so pure
For this could be the biggest sky
And I could have the faintest idea
For this is not America
Sha la la la la
Sha la la la la
Sha la la la la
This is not America

-No

-This is not
Sha la la la la
Snowman melting from the inside
Falcon spirals to the ground...
This could be the biggest sky
So bloody red, tomorrow's clouds
A little piece of you
The little peace in me

-Will die

-This could be a miracle
For this is not America
There was a time
A wind that blew so young
For this could be the biggest sky
And I could have the faintest idea
For this is not America
Sha la la la la
Sha la la la la
Sha la la la la
This is not America

-No

-This is not
Sha la la la
This is not America

-No

-This is not
This is not America

-No

-This is not
Sha la la la