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Chuck Spencer A real American Spymaster

By Wayne Cothron

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FADE IN

SCENE ONE

INT. WALLACE SHEPPARD'S OFFICE - MORNING

Wallace Sheppard is sitting at his desk. There is a knock at the office door.

WALLACE

Come in.

Charles Spencer walks into the office. He closes the office door. Wallace stands up from his desk. Charles walks over to the desk.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Charles Spencer.

CHARLES

That's me.

Charles and Wallace shake hands.

WALLACE

My name is Wallace Spencer. I will be handling your debriefing.

CHARLES

Fine.

WALLACE

Have a seat.

CHARLES

Thanks.

Charles sits down in a small chair, in front of Wallace's desk. Wallace sits back down, behind his desk.

WALLACE

Allow me to thank you for your service to the C.I.A.

CHARLES

You're welcome.

WALLACE

You've been retired since 2016, and now you've decided to turn your career into a book.

CHARLES

That's correct.

WALLACE

Why did you decide to write a book now?

CHARLES

The truth is, because I watched a movie about a certain British spy, in like the fifth reboot, and I literally screamed bullshit, at the T.V. screen.

WALLACE

I've been doing that, in my head for years.

CHARLES

Anyway, my wife reminded me that I've been complaining about every damn spy movie, and T.V. show. That has come down the pike, for the last forty years, so I should get off my ass, and write my own damn book.

WALLACE

So, you've decided to write a book about your career, just to shut your wife up, now as a married man. I can certainly understand that.

CHARLES

That I can possibly make a few bucks to supplement my government pension.

WALLACE

According to your file, you began your career, as a case officer back in 1975.

CHARLES

That's correct sir.

WALLACE

How can you remember such a long career?

CHARLES

I started carrying around a tape recorder, so whenever I get a flashback. All I had to do was ramble on, into the thing.

WALLACE

That's a good idea.

CHARLES

I offered just to just send you my tapes, so I wouldn't have to come all of the way back to Langley, to be debriefed.

WALLACE

It's agency policy for a former agent to be debriefed in person.

CHARLES

Now do you think I'll have any trouble from the agency, in writing this book?

WALLACE

That's the purpose of this meeting, but given the fact that most of your sources, are dead. I don't see a problem.

CHARLES

That's a nice age to get to.

WALLACE

I also read in your file that you're a Harvard graduate.

CHARLES

That's true, believe it or not.

WALLACE

Wow.

CHARLES

I'm glad you're impressed, because my blue collar Texas family, just acted like. I was a freak, of nature.

WALLACE

Your file also says. You worked your way up to case agent quicker than anybody in C.I.A. history.

CHARLES

Once again your file on me is accurate.

WALLACE

Good, now let's get this debriefing started.

CHARLES

My hero's journey, as the kids say, began at the American Embassy, in Pakistan.

FADE OUT

Chuck Spencer walks into a reception area, and over to a Receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST

Good afternoon.

CHUCK

Hello, my name is Charles Spencer, and I have an appointment, with Station Chief Olson.

RECEPTIONIST

Wait a second please.

The Receptionist presses a button on an intercom receiver.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Mr. Olson.

STEVEN

(Through the intercom receiver)

Yeah.

RECEPTIONIST

There is a Chuck Spencer, here to see you sir.

STEVEN

Fine, send the young man in.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes sir.

The Receptionist looks over to Chuck.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Mr. Olson's office, is right around the corner.

CHUCK

Thanks.

Chuck turns, walks away from the Receptionist, down a small hallway, and over to an office door. Chuck knocks, on the door.

STEVEN

(From inside the office)

Come in.

Chuck opens the door, and walks into the office. Station Chief Olson is sitting, behind his desk.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Are you Spencer?

Chuck closes the office door.

CHUCK

I am sir.

STEVEN

Well, come over here, and sit down.

Chuck walks over to a chair, in front of Steven's desk, and sits down.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Welcome to Pakistan.

CHUCK

I'm glad to be here sir.

STEVEN

You look young.

CHUCK

That's because I am sir.

STEVEN

I've read your file, and you're some kind of wonder kid. Your test scores at Langley, were off the charts.

CHUCK

Thank you.

STEVEN

In fact you seemed to just skip, a lot of important steps to become a case agent, because of these high scores of yours.

CHUCK

Well, I skipped a lot of grades, when I was a kid, so I'm kind of used to it sir.

STEVEN

I don't think anyone, should be allowed to skip ahead. This work is too important.

CHUCK

I agree, but it wasn't my decision.

STEVEN

That damn peanut farmer president of ours.

CHUCK

I've been too busy learning Pakistani politics, these days.

STEVEN

Really, why don't you tell me, what you know?

CHUCK

Fine, the government is a Democracy, in name only. The government is in fact run, by the military.

STEVEN

How can you say that? Prime Minister Bhutto was elected, by popular demand.

CHUCK

Yes, because the military allowed it, but when they get tired of Prime Minister Bhutto. They will remove him from office, one way or another.

STEVEN

I disagree, and I've lived in this country for over ten years.

CHUCK

That's your prerogative sir, and I wish to learn more, while I'm in this country.

STEVEN

I see your Harvard tie there.

CHUCK

Yes sir, I graduated at the top, of my class.

STEVEN

Impressive, your parents must also be geniuses.

CHUCK

No sir. My father is a truck driver from Texas.

STEVEN

That explains that thick Texas accent.

CHARLES

(V.O.)

I have not now or ever had a thick Texas accent, now I do have a slight accent, but that's all.

STEVEN

Now, why did a highly educated young man, want to work, for the agency?

CHUCK

I have just always found intelligence work fascinating.

STEVEN

Well, that's enough getting to know you. Let's start talking about business.

CHUCK

Yes sir.

STEVEN

You have requested to be an undeclared agent.

CHUCK

I have.

STEVEN

Are you fully aware, of what that means?

CHUCK

Yes, it means, if I'm caught spying. I'll be at the mercy of the Pakistani government.

STEVEN

Trust me young man, mercy is one of the many things the Pakistani Government doesn't have.



CHUCK  
I understand sir.

STEVEN  
Well, being an undeclared case agent will put you, on the fast track for promotions.

CHARLES  
(V.O.)  
I didn't give a shit about promotions. I just wanted to work, and be left the hell alone.

CHUCK  
Do you have my cover I.D. prepared?

STEVEN  
Yes, you will be working, in our agricultural department.

CHUCK  
Fine, what is our current mission here, in Pakistan?

STEVEN  
That's simple enough. We just keep an eye, on the Soviets.

CHUCK  
I was reading about the Soviet situation, in Afghanistan, on the plane.

STEVEN  
Oh that, well the Russians have been close to Afghanistan, since the days, of the Czar, so I guess we're going to let that country become part of the Soviet sphere of influence.

CHUCK  
I understand that sir, but shouldn't America be challenging Soviet power, at every opportunity.

STEVEN  
I bet congress is happy you're not the head of the agency, because can you imagine the blood, and treasure. That sort of foreign policy would cost America.

CHUCK  
You have a point.

STEVEN

Thank you, now I'm sure you would like to freshen up.

CHUCK

Where will I be living?

STEVEN

There's a small apartment building, on the east corner, of the embassy grounds.

CHUCK

Fine.

STEVEN

Now, after you unpack, and get some sleep. You're to report to the head, of the embassy Agricultural Department.

CHUCK

Yes sir.

CHARLES

(V.O.)

I bet you've never seen that damn English spy, work two jobs, at a time.

CUT TO CHUCK'S APARTMENT

Chuck walks into the apartment, carrying a suitcase. He looks around the small apartment.

CHUCK

Home sweet home.

Chuck puts the suitcase down, and closes the apartment door. He picks up, his suitcase, walks through the living room, down a small hallway, and into the bedroom.

CHARLES

(V.O.)

I'm amazed that I didn't break the window, in that bedroom, with a good fart.

Chuck puts the suitcase on a bed. There is a knock, at the apartment door.

CHUCK

Who could that be?

Chuck walks out of the bedroom, down the hall, through the living room, and back to the front door. He then opens the door. Renee Clark is standing, on the other side, of the door.

RENEE  
Howdy neighbor.

CHUCK  
Hey.

RENEE  
You must be the new analyst, for the agricultural department.

CHUCK  
That's me.

RENEE  
What's your name?

CHUCK  
Chuck Spencer, and you?

RENEE  
I'm Renee Clark, may I come in?

CHUCK  
Sure.

Chuck moves out of the doorway, and Renee walks into the apartment.

RENEE  
I'm on a break.

Chuck closes the apartment door.

CHUCK  
I would offer you something to drink, but...

RENEE  
I understand. You just got in country. Where are you from?

CHUCK  
I'm from Texas, as you can probably tell, from my accent.

RENEE  
You don't have that thick of accent.

CHUCK

That's the best news. I've heard  
all day.

RENEE

I'm from Fish Creek, Wisconsin, as  
you can probably tell, from my  
Midwestern friendliness.

CHUCK

It does.

RENEE

May I sit down?

CHUCK

Oh sure, we can both sit down.

Chuck and Renee both walk over to a small dining room table,  
and sit down, across from each other.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

So, what do you do here, at the  
embassy?

RENEE

I'm a secretary for the Agricultural  
Department. That's how I knew about  
you. Well, that, and I live across  
the hall.

CHUCK

Should I be worried, that you're  
stalking me?

RENEE

(Laughing)  
Certainly not.

The lights in the apartment building, begin to dim.

CHUCK

What's wrong with the lights?

RENEE

The electrical system, here in  
Pakistan, is not the best.

CHUCK

What's the T.V. like?

RENEE

It's pretty good, they have sitcoms,  
and dramas.

CHUCK

I'm guessing they don't get a lot,  
of Cowboys games.

RENEE

The only sports on T.V. here are  
soccer, and cricket.

CHUCK

I don't think I've ever seen cricket.

RENEE

Well, you're not missing much.  
Although, I find it strange that  
Pakistan plays cricket against India,  
once a year.

CHUCK

You know it may have something to do  
with their independence deal with  
England.

RENEE

Oh, I can definitely see that  
happening, some stuffy English lord  
comes into Deli.

Chuck chuckles.

RENEE (CONT'D)

(English accent)

Her majesty Queen Victoria will gladly  
give your brown people your  
independence, but you must have at  
least have one cricket match a year.  
No matter how much you hate each  
other.

CHUCK

(Laughing)

You're funny.

RENEE

I know, it's amazing I'm still single,  
or that's what my mother says anyway.

CHUCK

How does your family feel about you,  
working in Pakistan?

RENEE

They like the idea of me serving my  
country, but they're scared to death.

(MORE)

RENEE (CONT'D)

That I will be taken hostage, by what my mother calls. Those godless heathens.

CHUCK

My father told me, to be careful, because them people, will cut your throat. The second you get off the damn plane.

RENEE

Wow, it's a wonder our parents, never joined the Diplomatic Corps.

CHUCK

Yeah.

RENEE

Oh, I just remembered. There is one American sport on T.V., here in Pakistan.

CHUCK

What is it?

RENEE

There's a professional wrestling show, on Tuesday afternoons.

CHUCK

Do you know the name, of the show?

RENEE

I want to say The World's best Wrestling.

CHUCK

Do you mean World Class Championship Wrestling?

RENEE

That's it.

CHUCK

That is my dad's, and my favorite show.

RENEE

Well, the show is very popular even though, I suspect the signal is pirated.

CHUCK

What makes you think that?

RENEE

The screen has a slightly green tint to it.

CHUCK

I don't care as long as I get to see the Von Erics.

Chuck yawns loudly.

RENEE

Well, on that note. I'm going to let you get some sleep.

CHUCK

I certainly appreciate it.

Chuck and Renee both stand up, from the table. They both walk over to the apartment door.

RENEE

Now, I'm right across the hall, so don't be a stranger.

CHUCK

Okay.

Chuck opens the apartment door, and Renee walks out, of the apartment.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

She seems nice.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

SCENE TWO

INT. THE EMBASSY COMMISSARY - AFTERNOON

Chuck is sitting at a table. There is a thick file folder, on the table, beside Chuck's tray. Renee walks over to the table, carrying a tray.

RENEE

May I sit down Chuck?

CHUCK

(Eating)

Sure.

Renee sets her tray down, on the table. She sits down, across from Chuck.

RENEE

(Eating)

So, how is your first day at work going, so far?

CHUCK

I've been writing a report on Pakistan's possible cotton crop, in 1984.

RENEE

Hey, I'm more than likely going to have to proof read that report.

CHUCK

I'll try, and make it interesting, but I'm not a wizard.

RENEE

Just do the best you can.

Chuck yawns loudly.

CHUCK

Excuse me.

RENEE

Did you get any sleep last night?

CHUCK

I stayed up, watching the local news.

CHARLES

(V.O.)

That's something else those guys in the movie, or on T.V. don't do. I mean how in the hell else are you going on, inside the country you're in?

RENEE

Why did you watch the news?

CHUCK

I like to know, what's going on, in the world.

RENEE

Let me save you some time. All hail Prime Minister Bhutto, everything is fine, keep paying your taxes.

CHUCK

You're not that far off Renee.



Chuck's wrist watch, begins to beep.

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
My lunch break is over.

Chuck presses a button, on his watch, and the beeping stops.

RENEE  
You set your watch to remind you,  
when your lunch hour is over.

CHUCK  
I have a very tight schedule.

RENEE  
Do you find time to shit?

CHUCK  
(Chuckling)  
Barely, but yeah.

Chuck stands up, from the table, and picks up his tray.

RENEE  
Well, have a good rest of your day.

CHUCK  
You too.

Chuck turns, and walks away, from the table.

FADE OUT

Chuck is walking through the streets of Karachi.

CHARLES  
(V.O.)  
Another spy rule, dress as  
inconspicuously, as possible, so no  
suits, from Savile Row.

Chuck arrives at a cafe, outside the Bulgarian Embassy. A  
Waiter walks over to the table.

WAITER  
What do you want?

CHUCK  
I'll take the strongest cup of coffee,  
you have.

WAITER  
We don't serve coffee.

CHUCK

Fine, I'll have the strongest cup of tea, you have.

WAITER

Fine.

The Waiter walks away, from the table.

CHUCK

I bet that guy doesn't work, on tips.

Chuck begins to watch the gate of the embassy.

CHARLES

(V.O.)

Now when most spies started work. They made a B line, for the Soviet Embassy. I'm shocked they never tripped, over each other, so I decided to look for sources, at the Bulgarian Embassy.

The Waiter returns to the table, carrying a cup of tea.

WAITER

Here is your tea.

The Waiter puts the tea down, on the table, in front of Chuck. He then turns, and walks away, from the table.

CHUCK

Thank you, I guess.

CHARLES

(V.O.)

Why did I choose the Bulgarians, because in those days the Soviets liked taking a shit, on Bulgaria.

Chuck suddenly sees a Bulgarian Minder walking out, of the embassy, and making his way over to the cafe.

CHUCK

(Under his breath)

Oh shit, something is going down already.

The Bulgarian Minder walks over to a table, a few feet away, from Chuck, and sits down.

BULGARIAN MINDER

(Speaking Bulgarian)

Boris had better not keep me waiting here, all fucking day.

Boris Levski walks out of the embassy, and over to Boris' table.

BORIS  
(Speaking Bulgarian)  
Thanks for meeting me.

BULGARIAN MINDER  
(Speaking Bulgarian)  
Well, sit down, and let's get this over with.

Boris sits down, at the table, in front of the Bulgarian Minder. Boris looks around, and sees Chuck.

BORIS  
There's an American over there.

BULGARIAN MINDER  
Oh don't worry. He doesn't speak Bulgarian.

CHARLES  
(V.O.)  
I learned to speak Bulgarian, when I decided to target the Bulgarian Embassy. Otherwise I wouldn't be able to eavesdrop on their conversation.

BORIS  
You know more about this black bag shit, then I do.

BULGARIAN MINDER  
Why are we meeting here, in the middle of the day?

BORIS  
I want to meet Hajra, this weekend.

BULGARIAN MINDER  
Fine, you know I don't work weekends for free.

Boris removes a small stack of bills, from his pants pocket, and puts them down, on the table. The Bulgarian Minder picks the bills, up from the table, and begins to count it.

BULGARIAN MINDER (CONT'D)  
I'm going to need more money.

BORIS  
Must you be such a prick.

BULGARIAN MINDER

Look, You pay me to be your minder,  
because I cover for you.

BORIS

Yes.

BULGARIAN MINDER

Well, I have pay people, who cover  
for me, and somebody higher up than  
me, wants more money, so we all have  
to pay more.

BORIS

Fuck, how much?

BULGARIAN MINDER

I'm going to need another 2000 Rupees  
a week.

BORIS

I can't afford that shit.

BULGARIAN MINDER

Don't you come from a wealthy family,  
back home.

BORIS

Please, my father an assistant to a  
low level party member, who owed him  
a favor.

BULGARIAN MINDER

Look, I've got a family to feed in  
Bulgaria.

BORIS

Fine, I'll do what I can to get  
another two grand.

BULGARIAN MINDER

You must really like this woman.

BORIS

I do like her, but it's mostly because  
I'm a young man, who likes sex.

BULGARIAN MINDER

There are women, who work at the  
embassy.

BORIS

Name one, who is under 300 pounds?

BULGARIAN MINDER

(Chuckling)

You do have a point.

BORIS

I've got to get back to work, if you want your money.

BULGARIAN MINDER

I've got to go to.

Boris, and Bulgarian Minder both stand up, from the table, and walk back to the embassy.

CHARLES

(V.O.)

Getting close to a source this fast, doesn't usually happen.

CUT TO A PARK

Chuck sees Steven sitting, on a park bench, reading a newspaper.

CHUCK

Oh for god's sake. This isn't World War II.

Chuck walks over to the park bench.

STEVEN

Welcome to your first meeting Mr. Spencer. Please sit down.

Chuck sits down, on the park bench, near Steven.

CHUCK

Good evening Mr. Olson

STEVEN

We've got to do something about that accent.

CHUCK

I'll try to do something about it sir.

STEVEN

So boy genius, what have you been up to?

CHUCK

I'm already close to a source.

STEVEN

Wow, it's about time you started living up to your reputation.

CHUCK

Well, in my defense sir. I've only been here, for a little over a week.

STEVEN

Just tell me about your source.

CHUCK

It's a guy named Boris Levski, who works at the Bulgarian Embassy.

STEVEN

Not to rain on your parade, but he could, just be the damn janitor.

CHUCK

I don't think Bulgarian janitors wear a suit to work.

STEVEN

Have you looked this guy up, in our fancy new database.

CHUCK

I certainly did sir.

STEVEN

Mark my words, computers will destroy the espionage business.

CHUCK

Yes sir.

STEVEN

So, what did our lord god computer say about your new Bulgarian friend?

CHUCK

Boris works as an assistant to some embassy official.

STEVEN

Could he be an agent?

CHUCK

He's undeclared, if he is.

STEVEN

Well, be careful.

CHUCK

I will sir.

STEVEN

Anything else?

CHUCK

Oh, did you know that. We don't have a source within the local police.

STEVEN

I knew that, and the reason is, getting close to the local police, is dangerous.

CHUCK

How could having a source in the police department be dangerous?

STEVEN

The reason is, because everybody who's anyone, in this country, has a connection, to someone, in the government, and blood is thicker than anything. We can give them.

CHUCK

I would like to see if I can cultivate a police source.

STEVEN

Okay wonder kid, it's your career, if this blows up, in your face.

CHARLES

(V.O.)

That's another reason I'm an undeclared agent, dumb ass.

Steven looks at his watch.

STEVEN

I've got to get back to my office Mr. Spencer.

Steven stands up, and walks away, from the park bench.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

## SCENE THREE

INT. DOST'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Dost Mohammed Alvi is asleep, in his bed. The sound of Mehreen, and the children, yelling, and screaming, can be heard, inside the bedroom. The noise awakens Dost.

DOST  
 (Speaking Urdu, in a  
 groggy voice)  
 What the fuck?

Dost gets out of bed, and walks out, of the bedroom, down a small hallway, and into the kitchen. Mehreen Alvi is standing, inside the kitchen, with three children.

DOST (CONT'D)  
 What the hell, is going on here  
 Mehreen?

MEHREEN  
 (Speaking Urdu)  
 I'm feeding your spoiled brat  
 children.

DOST  
 And, you couldn't do that quietly,  
 so that I could sleep.

MEHREEN  
 How in the fucking hell am I supposed  
 to do that?

DOST  
 Kids, get the hell out of here, now!

All of the children do quiet. Azhar Alvi looks at Dost.

AZHAR  
 (Speaking Urdu)  
 Where are we supposed to go father?

DOST  
 I don't fucking care, just come back  
 here, in three hours.

Azhar and the other kids, stand up from the table, and run, out of the kitchen.

DOST (CONT'D)  
 Problem solved.



MEHREEN

What happens when they're kidnapped,  
and murdered?

DOST

My parents told me the same thing,  
when I was a kid, and I'm still alive.

MEHREEN

Dost, it's a different fucking time.  
This country is dangerous now.

DOST

Everybody in this damn neighborhood  
knows who I am, and they know what  
will happen to them, if they fuck,  
with my kids.

MEHREEN

Fuck you.

Dost walks over to the kitchen table, and sits down.

DOST

What's for breakfast?

MEHREEN

You will have to eat cereal.

DOST

You've been cooking cereal, all damn  
morning.

MEHREEN

No. I've been cooking qeema, but I  
ran out of beef.

DOST

And, you couldn't save any qeema for  
me.

MEHREEN

I just thought out children should  
have a decent meal.

DOST

We should have plenty of fucking  
food, in this house.

MEHREEN

We should, but you've been spending  
money, on your whores.

DOST

I don't spend money on whores. I collect money from them.

MEHREEN

Funny, I never see any of this damn money.

DOST

Yes you do. You just spend it on the stupid shit. Your sister who is married to a low life local politician buys.

MEHREEN

God forbid, I should own decent clothes.

The sound of someone knocking, on the front door, can be heard, inside the kitchen.

DOST

Come in!

MEHREEN

Who in the hell could that be?

DOST

Despite your best efforts Mehreen, people still visit our home.

MEHREEN

Do you want any damn cereal?

DOST

Yeah, if that's all I'm going to get.

Mehreen begins to make a bowl of cereal. Jamshid Bandy walks into the kitchen.

JAMSHID

(Speaking Urdu)

Good morning everybody.

DOST

Good morning Jamshid.

MEHREEN

(Under her breath)

Good morning.

Dost looks at his watch.

DOST

Damn in!

Dost pounds his fist, on the table.

JAMSHID

What's wrong partner?

MEHREEN

Oh he's been a pain in the ass all morning.

DOST

I'm fucking late for work.

Dost stands up from the table.

MEHREEN

Are you going to work without breakfast?

DOST

I have no choice.

Dost and Jamshid both walk out of the kitchen, and out of the apartment.

MEHREEN

I don't know why I bother to cook for that man.

Mehreen slams the bowl of cereal, down on the table.

MEHREEN (CONT'D)

At least it will be quiet around here, until the kids come home.

FADE OUT

Dost is driving a police car, down a street. Jamshid is sitting, the passenger seat, of the car.

JAMSHID

(Speaking Urdu)

I'm afraid your wife knows about your affair.

DOST

(Speaking Urdu)

She doesn't know shit. That woman was accusing me of cheating two days, after we were married.

JAMSHID

You know maybe our country should look into making divorce legal.

DOST

No. We would end up getting divorced every thirty seconds, like the damn Americans.

JAMSHID

I have a cousin, who lives in America.

DOST

Has he been divorced yet?

JAMSHID

No. He's saving money to bring the woman. He is betrothed to marry to America.

DOST

That's his first fucking mistake. The longer a woman lives in America. The more of a whore, she will become.

JAMSHID

I'm certainly in no hurry to move to that country. America has no morals.

DOST

The entire Western Hemisphere has gone to hell, and I don't want Pakistan to do the same.

JAMSHID

I see.

DOST

I'm still pissed off, at damn Mehreen.

Jamshid puts his hand, on Dost's left hand.

JAMSHID

Would you like to get together tonight?

DOST

Maybe, after I'm finished with my business at the bar.

JAMSHID

Why do you spend your evenings shaking down whores, and drug dealers.

DOST

First, I need money, and secondly I can.

JAMSHID

I'll make you something special for dinner.

DOST

I'm lucky to have you, in my life.

CUT TO AN UNDERGROUND BAR

Dost walks into the building, and over to the bar. A Bartender walks over to Dost.

BARTENDER

(Speaking Urdu)

Here's your money.

The Bartender removes an envelope, from under the bar, and gives it to Dost.

DOST

(Speaking Urdu)

I hope your envelope, isn't light this time, because I would hate to read this place, and put you in jail.

BARTENDER

Count it, if you don't believe me.

DOST

I'll count it later. Now, I want a beer, but I want the European or American beer, not the local homemade shit.

BARTENDER

I've got some fresh bottled beer, from England.

DOST

I'll have it.

The Bartender removes a bottle of beer, from under the bar, and gives it to Dost.

DOST (CONT'D)

I'll be having my meetings, at my usual table.

Dost turns, and walks over to a table, in a corner, of the main room. He sits down, in a chair, at the table, and takes a sip of beer.

DOST (CONT'D)

This shit is still better than the  
local shit.

A Pakistani Hooker walks over to the table, and sits down,  
in front of Dost.

PAKISTANI HOOKER

(Speaking Urdu)

Hey baby.

DOST

(Drinking beer, and  
speaking Urdu)

Don't try to fucking work me, just  
give me the damn money.

PAKISTANI HOOKER

Why do you need to act like an  
asshole?

DOST

Oh, I haven't even started to act,  
like an asshole yet. That won't  
happen, unless you don't fucking pay  
me.

PAKISTANI HOOKER

Look, I am a little short this week.

DOST

Let me see, what you do have.

The Pakistani Hooker removes a stack of bills, from her skirt,  
and gives it to Dost. Dost counts the money.

DOST (CONT'D)

This is shit. Are you holding out  
on me, because I'll search your ass,  
and pussy right here.

PAKISTANI HOOKER

It's all I've got. I swear.

DOST

Maybe you're too fat, for this  
business.

PAKISTANI HOOKER

Fuck you!

Dost suddenly punches the Pakistani Hooker, in the face, and  
she falls to the floor. The Pakistani Hooker begins moaning,  
in pain.

DOST

Don't for one minute think, we're done here.

The Pakistani Hooker slowly, and painfully stand up, from the floor, and sits back down, in the chair.

PAKISTANI HOOKER

(Slightly pain ridden voice)

Maybe we can work something out.

DOST

You don't have anything I want, other than money.

PAKISTANI HOOKER

Are you sure about that?

DOST

I'm a happily married man, who doesn't need a whore. Now, if you don't make up, next week. I'll beat you, until you're even more ugly, than you are now.

PAKISTANI HOOKER

Fuck you, and your cunt wife!

The Pakistani Hooker turns, and storms away, from Dost.

DOST

Bitch.

Dost puts the money, into his pants pocket. Chuck walks over to the table.

CHUCK

Excuse me officer.

DOST

(Speaking English)

I don't speak to tourists, especially Americans.

Chuck removes a one thousand Rupee bill, from his pants pocket.

CHUCK

What about now?

DOST

Fine, but if I have to stand up, it will cost you more.

CHUCK  
Fine, may I sit down?

DOST  
Whatever.

Chuck sits down at the table, in front of Dost. He gives the bill to Dost.

CHUCK  
You seem to be the neighborhood kingpin Officer Alvi.

DOST  
How do you know my name?

CHUCK  
That doesn't matter officer. The fact is I know it.

CHARLES  
(V.O.)  
I found out his name, by hiring a proustite, and letting her vent to me, and Officer Alvi's name came up. I also got a blow job, from her. I had to keep up my cover.

DOST  
Who are you?

CHUCK  
My name is Chuck Randolph, and I'm a freelance reporter looking for a story, and I'm close to a source.

CHARLES  
(V.O.)  
I always use being a reporter, as a cover I.D., because journalists, are basically spies, who tell every damn body, what they know.

DOST  
So, what would an American reporter, what with me?

CHUCK  
I'm close to a story involving a Bulgarian Embassy employee.

DOST  
I'm not going to fuck with those embassy people.

(MORE)



DOST (CONT'D)

Those assholes have the political clout, to be a pain, in my ass.

CHUCK

I understand, and you won't have to go near the embassy, or anyone who works there.

DOST

What the hell do you want me to do?

CHUCK

This embassy likes hookers, and what I would like you to do, is find the hooker, in question, and get any useful information from her.

DOST

What sort of information, are you looking for?

CHUCK

Well, just anything involving the Russians.

Dost lunges at Chuck.

DOST

Are you C.I.A.?

CHUCK

Hey calm down, I'm not C.I.A. Do you think the agency, would hire a short skinny shit, with a thick Texas accent like me.

Dost settles back into his chair, and begins to laugh.

DOST

You have a point. Now, do you just want to find this girl, so you can talk to her.

CHUCK

No. I would like you to talk to her.

DOST

You Americans are so fucking lazy.

CHUCK

Hey, if I talk to her. She would just lie to me, but your a cop, and a fellow countryman.

DOST

How much?

CHUCK

I'll pay you 2000 Rupees, for each story you give me. That turns out to be something.

DOST

I want five thousand Rupees a story.

CHUCK

I'll pay you 2500 no more.

DOST

Fuck you.

CHUCK

Do you want me to tell some of the more conservative leaders, in the police department to know, about the younger man. You, let's just say spend your evenings with.

DOST

Who in the hell have you been talking to?

Dost lunges at Chuck. Chuck suddenly punches Dost, in the face. Dost falls to the floor.

CHARLES

(V.O.)

Apparently Officer Alvi liked to use male prostitutes, before he met his current boyfriend, and they like to talk too. No blow jobs were involved, in that one.

CHUCK

How does it feel to be the one knocked, on your ass, in public?

Dost stands up from the floor, and sits back down, in front of Chuck. His mouth is cut, and bleeding.

DOST

Okay, I'll take 2000 Rupees.

CHUCK

That offer has expired. The new offer is five hundred Rupees.

DOST

Okay fine, how am I supposed to tell you anything?

CHUCK

We will meet here every week.

Dost wipes his lips, discovers blood.

DOST

You did this to me.

Chuck stands up, from the chair.

CHUCK

Just remember that, when you think about fucking with me.

Chuck turns, and walks away from Dost.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

SCENE FOUR

INT. AN APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Lulwa Nuri walks into the apartment building, and down a hallway. She stops at an apartment door, and knocks, on the door. The door opens, and Ghanem Nuri is standing, in the doorway.

LULWA

(Speaking Urdu)

You did not lock the door.

GHANEM

(Speaking Urdu)

I locked the door mama.

LULWA

Well, why didn't I hear the door unlock?

Ghanem hangs his head.

LULWA (CONT'D)

Just let me in.

Ghanem moves out, of the doorway, and Lulwa walks into the apartment, closing the apartment. They both walk over to a couch, and sits down.

GHANEM

How was work?

LULWA

Good.

GHANEM

What do you do mama?

LULWA

I work, what's on T.V.?

GHANEM

Bugs Bunny.

LULWA

Oh.

There is a knock at the door.

GHANEM

Who can that be?

LULWA

I'll see. You stay here.

GHANEM

Yes mama.

Lulwa stands up, from the couch, and walks to the front door.

LULWA

Who is it?

DOST

(Speaking Urdu, on  
the other side, of  
the door)

This is the police.

Lulwa opens the door, and sees Dost, showing his badge.

LULWA

What do you want with me?

Dost puts his badge into his pants pocket.

DOST

I just want to talk to you.

LULWA

Let's talk in the hall. My kid is,  
in the living room.

DOST  
Whatever you want.

Lulwa walks into the hall, with Dost, and closes the apartment door.

LULWA  
(Speaking English)  
I want to speak English, so my son  
won't understand, if he hears  
anything.

DOST  
(Speaking English)  
Okay.

LULWA  
What do you want?

DOST  
I hear that you have a client who  
works, in the Bulgarian Embassy.

LULWA  
I didn't think you cops would give a  
shit, about me fucking a white man.

DOST  
I just want to know what you two  
talk about.

LULWA  
Nothing.

DOST  
Don't you fuck with me. This is  
serious business.

LULWA  
How serious could it be? A whore  
had sex, with a white man.

DOST  
Yes, but that white man, is a  
Bulgarian spy.

LULWA  
That whinny bastard, is not a spy.  
He just works for the Bulgarian  
Embassy.

DOST  
Well, I can't take that chance, it's  
a matter of national security.

LULWA  
Why would a local cop give a shit  
about spies?

DOST  
I'm a very patriotic Pakistani  
citizen.

LULWA  
Bullshit, what do you want?

DOST  
I want to know what you and your  
Bulgarian talk about.

LULWA  
All he does is complain about how  
under appreciated at work, even the  
sex he have, is nothing to talk about.

DOST  
I don't want to know about that. I  
want to know anything he might say  
about the Russians.

LULWA  
Why don't I just go to the I.S.I.?

DOST  
You could, but I could arrest your  
ass, and you would be in jail, and  
your son will be left alone, for  
several days at least.

LULWA  
Okay, I'll spy for you. I'll be  
seeing him tomorrow night, as a  
matter of fact.

DOST  
Excellent, I'll be back soon, for  
your report.

LULWA  
Whatever.

Dost walks down the hallway, away from Lulwa.

LULWA (CONT'D)  
Asshole.

Lulwa walks back into her apartment.

FADE OUT

Lulwa is standing at a stove, inside her kitchen, making dinner. Ghanem, is sitting at the kitchen table.

GHANEM  
(Speaking Urdu)  
What are we having for dinner mama?

LULWA  
I'm making you Chicken Karachi.

GHANEM  
Are you eating dinner with me tonight?

LULWA  
No. I've got to work again tonight.

GHANEM  
Okay.

Lulwa stops cooking dinner, and quickly makes a plate.

LULWA  
You must understand, why I work so long.

Lulwa walks over to the table, carrying the plate.

GHANEM  
Why?

Lulwa puts the plate down, on the table, in front of Ghanem. She then sits down beside Ghanem.

LULWA  
I work so we will have the money to live. Now, if I could make money, and not leave you. I would do that, without a second thought.

GHANEM  
(Eating)  
I know, and it's okay.

LULWA  
No, it's not okay. I should be smart enough to find anyway to provide a better life, for you.

GHANEM  
Are you sad mama?

LULWA

Yes, but don't worry. I'll get over it.

GHANEM

Will you ever tell me, what you do for work?

LULWA

Maybe one day, I'll tell you when you're older.

GHANEM

Will that be the same day, you tell me, about my father?

LULWA

(Chuckling)

Man, have I screwed you up.

GHANEM

So, what happened to my father?

LULWA

He left the house to buy cigarettes, before you were born, and never came back.

GHANEM

Why did he do that?

LULWA

(Sniffling)

I don't know baby.

GHANEM

I'm sorry I made you sad mama.

LULWA

My being sad is all my fault.

GHANEM

Are you sure, you're going to be okay?

LULWA

Yes, I have to go now.

Lulwa stands up, from the table.

GHANEM

Have a good night at work.

LULWA

You too baby.



Lulwa turns, and walks out of the kitchen.

CUT TO A RESTAURANT

Boris is sitting at a table. A Waitress walks over to the table.

WAITRESS  
(Speaking English)  
Good evening.

BORIS  
(Speaking English)  
Hello.

WAITRESS  
What do you wish to eat?

BORIS  
Yes, I will have this evening's  
special.

WAITRESS  
Fine, anything to drink?

BORIS  
Yes, I will have a Coke.

WAITRESS  
Fine, I'll be right back.

The Waitress turns, and walks away, from the table. Lulwa walks up to the table.

LULWA  
(Speaking English)  
I'm sorry, I'm late.

BORIS  
That's fine, I just got here.

Lulwa sits down at the table, in front of Boris.

LULWA  
Have you ordered already?

BORIS  
Yes.

The Waitress returns to the table, carrying a tray of food, and a can of Coke.

WAITRESS  
Here's your meal.

The Waitress removes the plate of food from her tray, and puts it down, on the table, in front of Boris.

BORIS

Thank you.

The Waitress takes the can of Coke, off of the tray, and puts it down, in front of Boris. She then turns to look at Lulwa.

WAITRESS

Would you like anything?

BORIS

The lady will have the same thing.

WAITRESS

Fine, I'll be back soon.

LULWA

I wanted something a little more adult than Coke.

BORIS

(Eating)

Sorry.

LULWA

Why do you always order Coke?

BORIS

I like it.

LULWA

Yes, but you order it every time. We meet here, and nothing can taste that good.

BORIS

Yes, but I can't buy Coke at home, in Bulgaria, because the government thinks, it's a tool of the imperialists.

LULWA

Wow, don't they know, it's just a drink?

BORIS

Why do you think, I joined the Foreign Service, so I could get the hell out of there, for most of the year anyway.

The Waitress walks back over to the table, carrying another tray of food, and a second can of Coke.

She quickly puts the food, and drink, down on the table, in front of Lulwa.

LULWA

Thank you.

WAITRESS

You're welcome.

The Waitress walks away, from the table.

LULWA

(Eating)

So, how have you been?

BORIS

My work still sucks. I just keep reading the same boring fucking reports over and over.

LULWA

How long have you been working at the embassy?

BORIS

For almost four years, doing the same damn job.

LULWA

Do you get to read spy reports?

BORIS

Yeah, but those are few, and far between.

LULWA

Tell me, about something interesting you got a chance to read.

BORIS

It's a part of national security, and if it got out, that I told you.

LULWA

That's okay, I don't want you to get into trouble.

Boris and Lulwa finish their meals.

LULWA (CONT'D)

I guess it's off to our hotel.

BORIS

There is something I have to tell you, before we go.

LULWA

What is it?

BORIS

I'm going to have to start meeting you every other week.

LULWA

Why?

BORIS

Well, the man who is supposed to follow me around, when I'm not at the embassy wants more money from me, so I'll only be able to afford to meet you, every other week.

LULWA

That's the problem with bribing some asshole. They always want more money.

BORIS

Well, I can't leave the embassy without a minder. Otherwise my superiors, will think I'm a spy.

LULWA

That's not good.

BORIS

No, it's not.

LULWA

Will you still be able to fuck me tonight?

BORIS

Oh of course.

Boris and Lulwa stand up, from the table, and walk away together.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

#### SCENE FIVE

INT. CHUCK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Chuck walks into the living room, dressed in a suit. Renee begins knocking, on the door.

CHUCK

I wonder who that could be.

Chuck walks over to his apartment door, and opens it, to see Renee.

RENEE  
Good morning Chuck.

CHUCK  
Good morning, I hate to be an asshole,  
but I've got a meeting, to get to.

RENEE  
I understand, but your mother has  
been harassing the embassy  
switchboard, for the last week.

CHUCK  
Oh damn, I forgot to call her, when  
I first got here to Pakistan.

RENEE  
I know how that is.

CHUCK  
Where's the nearest phone, where I  
can make a long distance call?

RENEE  
There is a pay phone, at the end, of  
the hallway.

CHUCK  
Thanks again.

RENEE  
Well, you're not the only one, with  
a busy morning ahead.

CHUCK  
I'll see you later then.

Renee turns and walks away from Chuck. Chuck walks out of his apartment, down the hall, and over to a pay phone. He removes a coin, from his pants pocket, and puts it into the pay phone.

CHARLES  
(V.O.)  
I didn't know what I would have done  
without my mother, but I damn sure  
would have liked to have tried it  
one day.

A phone inside a small house, in the state of Texas, begins to ring.

ELMA

Who would be calling me, this late  
at night?

Elma walks down a small flight of stairs, into the living  
room, and over to the still ringing phone. She than answers  
the phone.

ELMA (CONT'D)

(On the phone)  
Who in the hell died?

CHUCK

(On the pay phone)  
Nobody has died.

ELMA

Who is this?

CHUCK

It's your son Chuck.

ELMA

You're name is Charles son, not Chuck.

CHUCK

Oh come on mother, everybody has a  
nickname, look at Buzz Aldrin.

ELMA

Well, if Buzz Aldrin, were my son.  
He would be referred by his proper  
name, especially, when speaking in  
public.

CHUCK

I'm sure Mr. Aldrin, is happy about  
that, given his proper name is Edwin.

ELMA

Now, why in the hell are you calling  
me at four, in the damn morning.

CHUCK

I'm sorry mother, I've been so busy.  
I just forgot. Would you like me to  
call back another time?

ELMA

No, because if I let you go. I may  
never here from you again.

CHUCK

Don't be so dramatic mother.

ELMA

Don't tell me what to do Charles  
Spencer.

CHUCK

I'm sorry mother.

ELMA

So, what have you been doing?

CHUCK

I'm working with the Agricultural  
Department.

Elma laughs.

ELMA

What the hell do you know about  
agriculture? I remember when you  
were little and we were helping your  
grandfather, picking cotton, and you  
spent the whole day tracking Beau  
weevils.

CHUCK

I wanted to track them to their nest,  
so we could wipe them out, and grandpa  
wouldn't have to worry about his  
crop.

ELMA

Well anyway, have you been eating?

CHUCK

Yes mother, they have food at the  
embassy.

ELMA

You're not eating the local food are  
you?

CHUCK

No mother.

ELMA

Good, and don't forget what I told  
you, before you left home, if an  
American doesn't cook it, don't eat  
it.

CHARLES

(V.O.)

In those days, I ate whatever I could  
find, but I never told my mother  
that.

ELMA

I will never know why you had to work, in a foreign country anyway.

CHUCK

Well mother, when you join the Foreign Service...

ELMA

Must you be such a smart ass. You get that, from your father.

CHUCK

Is dad around?

ELMA

No. He's asleep like any other normal person.

CHUCK

I've got a meeting, in a few short minutes.

ELMA

Well, why are you wasting time talking to me, instead of going to your meeting?

CHUCK

I'm talking to you, so you will stop bothering the embassy switch board.

ELMA

I'm a damn tax payer.

CHUCK

What does that have to do with anything?

ELMA

Just stop gabbing with me, and go to your meeting.

CHUCK

Yes mother.

ELMA

Call me back next keep.

CHUCK

I will.

ELMA

Fine.



Elma hangs up her phone.

CHUCK  
She must be done.

Chuck hangs up the pay phone.

CHARLES  
(V.O.)  
I never saw that damn British spy,  
have to call his mother.

FADE OUT

Chuck is standing on the corner of a Pakistani Street. A large sedan pulls up, in front of Chuck.

CHUCK  
Am I being kidnapped?

The back seat window, is rolled down.

STEVEN  
(Inside the car)  
You're late.

CHUCK  
I know, sorry.

STEVEN  
Just get in the car.

Chuck walks over to the sedan, and gets into the car, with Steven.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
I don't tolerate tardiness among my agents.

The car begins to ride, down the street.

CHUCK  
I understand sir, it won't happen again. I do have something great to report.

STEVEN  
That's surprising, tell me about it.

CHUCK  
We now have a source within the local Pakistani police.

STEVEN  
I told you how dangerous that is.

CHUCK

Yes, but he knows me as a journalist,  
so it shouldn't come back to the  
agency.

STEVEN

So, your cover I.D. is a reporter.

CHUCK

Yes sir.

STEVEN

Smart, did you check this guy out?

CHUCK

Yes, and he is who he says he is.

STEVEN

How do you know you can trust him?

CHUCK

I'm paying him.

STEVEN

Okay, what happens when he robs you  
blind?

CHUCK

I know he's a homosexual, so if he  
gets to greedy. I can use that  
against him.

STEVEN

What about your Bulgarian?

CHUCK

I've gotten an asset close to him.

STEVEN

How?

CHUCK

Well, it seems Boris likes hookers.

STEVEN

That doesn't surprise me. I've seen  
Bulgarian women.

CHUCK

Anyway, Officer Alvi has access, to  
several ladies of the evening.

STEVEN

Does he work vice?

CHUCK

No. He shakes them down, for extra income.

STEVEN

I see.

CHUCK

Officer Alvi has just made contact with Boris' favorite woman.

STEVEN

Now, are you going to have to sleep with this woman?

CHUCK

I don't think so sir. I'm one person removed from her.

STEVEN

Good, I don't like my agents dealing directly with prostitutes.

CHUCK

I didn't know there was a regulations against that.

STEVEN

There is if your under me, because agents who work with whores, soon sleep with them, and that kind of behavior is immoral behavior, and I won't tolerate it.

CHARLES

(V.O.)

I never did tell Mr. Olson, about the blow job. I had to get to protect my cover.

STEVEN

Now, there is another issue that concerns me about this Bulgarian.

CHUCK

What is it sir?

STEVEN

What in the blue hell do the Bulgarians know. That we need to know. The K.G.B. shit on the Bulgarian intelligence service. Hell, most people can't find Bulgaria, on a map.

CHUCK  
All the better Mr. Olson.

STEVEN  
What are you saying wonder kid?

CHUCK  
Well, if the K.G.B. shits on the Bulgaria. Than the Bulgarians won't protect K.G.B. intelligence as aggressively.

STEVEN  
We're finished here. Let's get back to the embassy.

CHARLES  
(V.O.)  
That's when I learned that when Mr. Olson said, we're finished here, it meant I won the argument, so just shut up, nod, and smile to yourself.

CUT TO CHUCK'S APARTMENT

Chuck is sitting on his couch, watching television. There is a knock on the door.

CHUCK  
(Drinking beer)  
Come in.

Renee opens the door, and walks into the apartment.

RENEE  
Hey.

Renee closes the apartment door.

CHUCK  
Hello.

Renee walks into the living room.

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
Please have a seat.

Renee walks over to a chair, near the couch, and sits down. She looks at the television.

RENEE  
What's this?

CHUCK  
This my dear Renee is World Class  
Championship Wrestling.

RENEE  
Wow, who is that barefoot guy?

CHUCK  
That's Kevin Von Eric.

RENEE  
He's cute.

CHUCK  
Fine, I'll take your word on that.

RENEE  
Jealous?

CHUCK  
Certainly not.

RENEE  
Okay play it cool Chuck.

CHUCK  
What are you talking about?

RENEE  
Nothing, I read your report.

CHUCK  
Did you enjoy it?

RENEE  
Could anybody enjoy reading a report  
about cotton. That hasn't even  
grown yet.

CHUCK  
Well, I have a few cousins.

RENEE  
So, how have you enjoyed your first  
few days in Pakistan?

CHUCK  
Now, that I'm watching wrestling and  
drinking beer. I'm enjoying it fine.

RENEE  
Kevin isn't on the screen, so I'm  
going to leave you to it.

Renee stands up, from the chair.

CHUCK  
Okay see you later.

Renee walks out of the apartment.

CHARLES  
(V.O.)  
She wants to have sex with you.  
Even I was stupid, in my youth.

FADE TO BLACK