

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Two, Episode #7: "A Perfect Failure"

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"A Perfect Failure"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Stock footage of the White House.

INT. OUTSIDE THE EAST ROOM

The door opens. PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY, VICE-PRESIDENT LYNDON JOHNSON, SECRETARY OF STATE DEAN RUSK, and SECRETARY OF DEFENSE ROBERT MCNAMARA, all in white tie and tails; LT. COL. EASTON, GENERAL STANS and ADMIRAL CLIFTON in dress uniforms with medals; and JOHN MIDDLETON (MOTHER) leave a meeting with members of Congress. Rusk checks his watch.

RUSK

That was long. It's past one.

JOHNSON

C'mon, y'all. We'll reconvene in the Oval Office for some victuals.

Rusk looks warily to Kennedy who sighs and shrugs.

EXT. WEST COLONNADE - NIGHT

President Kennedy and company head toward the Oval Office.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

CARL BETHUNE, STEWART KENSINGTON and KEVIN MOYLAND are already there, looking grim. The president and guests enter. WHITE HOUSE STAFF serve hors d'oeuvres and drinks.

JOHNSON

(to MOTHER)

Your people look like death warmed over, Middleton.

KENNEDY

I assume you're here to give us another update.

MOYLAND

More like a last-ditch plea, sir.

BETHUNE

Mr. President, I won't lie; the situation is dire.

(MORE)

BETHUNE (CONT'D)

But it could still take a favorable turn if you'd authorize sending in aircraft from the carrier.

There's indistinct murmuring. Rusk is tired and frustrated.

RUSK

I made our position very clear to you people.

MOYLAND

You did, Mr. Secretary; and that's why we enlisted the aid of our top man in Plans Division.

CLIFTON

You mean Warren Latham, right?

Surprised at Clifton's indiscretion, Moyland forces his reply.

MOYLAND

Yes.

MOTHER

He is quite good, Dean.

Kensington cannot restrain his conceit.

KENSINGTON

He reports to me, Mr. Secretary.

CLIFTON

If I could interrupt here? I agree with the CIA. You let me send up just two of my jets and we can shoot down all of Castro's planes.

KENNEDY

No! I've said this over and over: I will not commit U.S. forces to combat in Cuba.

CLIFTON

How 'bout sending in one destroyer?

KENNEDY

Damnit, Clifton! I don't want the United States involved in this!

CLIFTON

Well that's too bad, sir. 'Cause like it or not, we are involved.

INT. STATLER-HILTON HOTEL - LOBBY

INSERT: "Statler-Hilton Hotel, the following night"

A sign outside the Ballroom doors reads: "American Society of Newspaper Editors." The Secret Service stand guard there.

BALLROOM

Stock footage from President Kennedy's address to the Society's members. (His speech has been excerpted.)

KENNEDY

The President of a great democracy such as ours, and the editors of great newspapers such as yours, owe a common obligation to the people... To present the facts, to present them with candor, and to present them in perspective. It is with that obligation in mind that I have decided in the last 24 hours to discuss briefly at this time the recent events in Cuba. On that unhappy island, news has grown worse instead of better. I have emphasized before that this was a struggle of Cuban patriots against a Cuban dictator. While we could not be expected to hide our sympathies, we made it repeatedly clear that the armed forces of this country would not intervene in any way. But let the record show that our restraint is not inexhaustible. I want it clearly understood that this Government will not hesitate in meeting its primary obligations which are to the security of our Nation. Cuba must not be abandoned to the Communists! And we do not intend to abandon it either.

The Editors applaud.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - TURTLE BAY - DAY

The U.N. compound sits on the east end of this tony Midtown-East Manhattan neighborhood. Rush hour has ended.

45TH STREET

On the ground floor of a tenement sits the TAILOR SHOP where Cuban delegate Raul Roa met his unseen CIA controller, Elian.

INT. TAILOR SHOP

A wall clock reads 10:13. A sewing machine HUMS as a SEAMSTRESS hems a skirt. The steam press HISSES as a SWEATY MAN irons a shirt. The CLERK searches among cleaned clothes.

IN THE BACK

The TAILOR ambles to the restroom. He moves the plastic arrow on the door from "Dolls" to "Guys" and enters.

AT THE COUNTER

The Clerk hands a dress covered in protective plastic to a CUSTOMER. The Clock's minute hand TICKS to 10:15.

EXT. TAILOR SHOP

An EXPLOSION blows out the front window. Black smoke billows out the gaping hole.

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

A view of the compound through the chain links of Gate #1.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of ringing phones, teletype machines and chatter. DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS. Latham enters.

LATHAM

What have you got, Jared?

STOKES

FLASH cable from New York Central:  
there was an explosion at the  
Tailor Shop safehouse near the U.N.

LATHAM

What's the damage level?

STOKES

Complete. All three of our assets  
were killed, plus a civilian.

LATHAM

Was it deliberate?

STOKES

New York isn't sure. Con Ed says  
they got a call complaining of a  
funny smell prior to the explosion.

LATHAM

Hm, you'd think their phones would  
be ringing off the hook.

NICHOLS

(to Stokes)

You sure it was only one call?

STOKES  
(defensively)  
Hey, Con Ed said 'a call.' I  
learned from Mrs. Bemis back in  
third grade that means one call.

LATHAM  
Alright. Make sure New York sends  
someone over there in case there's  
anything that links them to us.

STOKES  
Did that, sir.

LATHAM  
Good, man. Did Bethune and  
Kensington leave?

STOKES  
Right after they finished their  
SITREPS. Same for Mr. Moyland.

Latham starts to leave, then pauses.

LATHAM  
Oh, Jared... Send your Mrs. Bemis a  
'Thank You' card.

Stokes grins. As Latham leaves, Nichols turns to Percy.

NICHOLS  
I can't find my car keys and he  
remembers third grade.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - COLUMBIA HEIGHTS - DAY

Familiar rowhouses line the empty street. It seems everyone is  
away at work - save for one MAN. He wears a trench coat and a  
PORKPIE HAT. WE SEE him from the back only as he stands across  
the street from one of the rowhouses and looks up.

ROWHOUSE - SECOND-FLOOR WINDOW

The VENETIAN BLINDS are pulled halfway up.

THE MAN

Crosses the street to the rowhouse.

INT. ROWHOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Elderly MR. ROSE watches "I Love Lucy" on TV. He clearly  
knows the Man and pays him no mind as he climbs the stairs.

SECOND-FLOOR - ROOM

Ambient light streams in. The Porkpie Hat lies on a table next to a banker's lamp. Beside the lamp is the R-350M Burst Transmitter/Receiver, its Message Puncher and numeric keypad. A roll of 35mm film advances through the Message Puncher as the Man's LONG BONY FINGERS press the numeric keys, stopping to lift a lit cigarette from an ashtray.

EXT. RESTON, VIRGINIA - TUDOR HOUSE - DAY

INSERT: "Reston, Virginia"

Typical, with a two-car garage.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Comfortably middle-class, with a fireplace. On the mantleshelf are photos of Moyland, his wife, Mimi, and Kofi, their 13-year-old adopted son from Ethiopia.

One photo has just Mimi and a woman, their arms around each other, standing outside a bed and breakfast with a sign in French: "Chambre calme quartier Libération."

Moyland enters in his robe and slippers - sleepy-eyed, hair tousled. He shuffles into the...

KITCHEN

A black, Felix-The-Cat wall clock sways its large eyes and bushy tail; the time is 11:40. Next to the clock is a small chalkboard with a message: "Went to Fulton's market."

A clear-glass coffee pot half-full of water sits on the unlit stove. A can of instant Nescafé coffee is on the counter alongside two mugs labeled "His" and "Hers."

MOYLAND

Crosses to the stove and turns on the flame under the coffee pot. He is about to reach for "His" mug when he absently glances through the glass panel of the adjoining side door to the Garage. A Cadillac and a Ford Thunderbird are parked there. MIMI is behind the wheel of the Thunderbird. This strikes Moyland as odd. He opens the door and leans into the Garage.

MOYLAND

You just get back?

No response.

MOYLAND (CONT'D)

Mimi... Mimi?

She does not move. Worried, Moyland enters the...

GARAGE

He walks up to the driver-side door and opens it. MIMI falls out, unconscious; he catches her.

MOYLAND (CONT'D)

Geezus!

An empty prescription pill container and a fifth of vermouth lie on the passenger seat. Moyland is beside himself.

MOYLAND (CONT'D)

Oh God, no. No...

He puts a finger to the carotid artery in Mimi's neck, then picks her up and hurries into the Kitchen.

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

An occasional CIA Officer walks across the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 16:35. Latham is at his desk, an open file lies before him. His television set is on, showing FIDEL CASTRO giving an angry speech with accompanying, simultaneous translation.

CASTRO

El presidente Kennedy dijo su paciencia se está agotando. Su paciencia se está acabando! Y cuánta paciencia hemos tenido que soportar para resistir la agresión económica, el bloqueo económico, la suspensión de las cuotas azucareras, los ataques aéreos, los ataques mercenarios, el bombardeo de nuestros pueblos, la destrucción de nuestros ingenios azucareros, plantaciones y tiendas de caña de azúcar, simplemente porque ese gobierno, un matón internacional, ha reclamado el derecho a asesinar, bombardear, atacar y preparar invasiones

TRANSLATOR (O.S.)

President Kennedy said his patience is running out. His patience is running out! And how much patience have we had to have?

(MORE)



TRANSLATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Economic aggression, economic blockade, suspension of sugar quotas, air attacks, mercenary attacks, bombardment of our towns, destruction of our mills, sugar cane plantations and shops - simply because that government, an international bully, has taken on itself the right to murder, bomb, attack and prepare invasions!

COLLETTE DOWD enters carrying two files. She looks at the TV.

LATHAM

You watching this?

COLLETTE

Uh huh.

LATHAM

Castro's fighting to preserve an ideal; we're in it to make a few millionaires richer.

Collette puts the two files on his desk.

COLLETTE

I was reading Kensington's SITREP. I don't understand why Radio Swan is still sending cryptic battle orders to the dissidents. If they do anything, they'll be arrested.

Latham shrugs gloomily. His Red phone RINGS. Collette lowers the volume on the TV and answers the phone.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

2-3-6-2... Yes, sir, I'll tell him.  
(hangs up)  
Berard wants to see you.

BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD is distressed. Latham enters.

BERARD

Have a seat, Warren.

Latham sits. Berard pours himself a glass of water.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Kevin Moyland's wife, Mimi, attempted suicide.

Latham is shocked.

BERARD (CONT'D)

There was an empty prescription bottle - for Miltown, I believe - and a fifth of vermouth on the seat of her car.

LATHAM

Miltown?

BERARD

It's for anxiety. She's been seeing one of our approved doctors. It's all in Moyland's 201 file.

He points to the 201 file on his desk then takes a pill from his pill box and swallows it with a glass of water.

LATHAM

Where is she now?

BERARD

St. Elizabeths, West Campus. Moyland's there with her.

LATHAM

So, she's with our people... When did this happen?

BERARD

Before noon.

LATHAM

And Moyland called it in?

BERARD

No, the police did. They had him in for questioning.

Latham looks worried.

BERARD (CONT'D)

They must have asked him where he worked, so he followed protocol and gave them the number to the Panic Line.

LATHAM

Did you talk to him?

BERARD

Briefly. Warren, the police chief in Reston is a newbie - and he's very ambitious. So I'd like you to get over to Moyland's house and make sure there's no smoke there.

LATHAM  
Shouldn't Security do that?

BERARD  
I'd rather you went.

LATHAM  
Any reason why, sir?

BERARD  
Moyland had been reporting to me  
alone until JMATE, yet I barely  
know the man.

LATHAM  
Who else is he reporting to?

BERARD  
MOTHER.

Latham rolls his eyes.

BERARD (CONT'D)  
Yes... You worked with him in '59.

LATHAM  
For a few months.

BERARD  
So you know him pretty well then.

LATHAM  
Not really. I only remember him  
talking about his family once, when  
they adopted Kofi.  
(suddenly realizes)  
Geezus, does the boy know?

BERARD  
No, he's still up at Phillips  
Exeter. Moyland didn't want to  
upset him. Better to wait and see  
how his mother gets through this.

Latham nods.

BERARD (CONT'D)  
If Moyland were to stumble onto  
someone searching his home, I'd  
rather it were a familiar face.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY (DUSK)

Latham is behind the wheel of a GRAY SEDAN idling outside the  
compound. FIONA JEFFRIES hurries out and gets in the car.

I/E. SEDAN

Latham leans over and kisses Fiona, then drives away.

FIONA

You keep calling for me like this  
and Mr. Jones is going to think  
we're dating.

Latham is taken aback.

LATHAM

Huh? So what the hell's he think  
we're doing?

FIONA

Sleeping together.

Latham gets the joke, finally and mugs at her. Fiona grins.

LATHAM

I figure if the neighbors see a  
couple wandering around Moyland's  
place, they'll be less inclined to  
report a burglar.

FIONA

Carla's not around?

LATHAM

She and Bazzo are out on a job.

FIONA

(worriedly)

And if someone asks why I'm there?

LATHAM

I'll tell them you're my mother.

Fiona grins. The Sedan motors along Route 267, through the first hints of suburban sprawl.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Speaking of mothers, you think  
Mimi's problems figured into  
Moyland telling that fib to  
Kennedy?

FIONA

The one about him and MOTHER?

LATHAM

Yes.

FIONA

Maybe, but lying is part of the job.

LATHAM

I know, but that's not Moyland's way. He's one of the few of us with a moral compass - like you have.

Fiona caresses his hand.

FIONA

What did you two work on, or is that classified?

INSERT SCENES (use stock footage where available):

- LUKA ARTYOMOV, in his Soviet naval uniform, paces along the pier at the submarine pens in Vladivostok.
- A tape recorder runs as CIA OFFICERS debrief Artyomov.
- At her desk, Fiona reads a TOP SECRET report on Artyomov.
- Artyomov flirts with married women at a formal reception.
- The Kremlin; at a meeting of unsmiling KGB OFFICERS, a surly COLONEL pounds his fist on the table.
- Igor meets with Latham at a safehouse.
- Igor gets into a car; the driver shows his FBI credentials.
- The Capitol building; a session of Congress.
- Moyland shakes hands with Artyomov in a safehouse; they review a TOP SECRET document.
- Igor and Artyomov meet in a multi-story parking lot.
- In a taxi Artyomov passes the Eiffel Tower; he leaves a package at a dead drop in a park; Igor services the dead drop.
- Vienna, Austria; men and women skulk around back alleys, make a brush pass amid a crowd of holiday shoppers.
- A heavily-guarded crossing at the Austrian-Hungarian border.
- Moyland argues with his CIA superiors but is rebuffed.
- Latham argues with the FBI but is dismissively waved off.
- Vienna, decorated for the Christmas holiday; Votivpark, the Votive church, and the adjacent office building.
- Moyland and Artyomov eat dinner in a fine restaurant.
- In an office, Moyland SLAMS down the telephone receiver and leaves.

- A KGB AGENT waits on the steps of the Votive church. As Artyomov approaches him, FOUR KGB AGENTS converge on Artyomov from the church and the park; one RAPS Artyomov on the head with a blackjack. A van and a sedan pull up - Artyomov is thrown into the van and joined there by two KGB Agents; the other Three get into the sedan. Both vehicles drive away.
- Moyland hurries to the office window; he seethes as he stares at the empty steps of the church.
- At his desk in Cockroach Alley, Moyland receives a manila envelope - inside are photos of Artyomov, severely tortured.
- Budapest, the Danube River divides the towns Buda and Pest.
- Moyland sees Igor leave a cafe and follows him.
- IGOR hangs upside-down, suspended by chains attached to the ceiling; he's handcuffed, bloodied and nude. On a table are hammers, pliers, rubber truncheons and a cattle prod. On the floor are a barrel filled with water and a battery with alligator clips.
- Lubyanka; in his office the KGB Colonel opens an envelope and pulls out photos of IGOR, horribly tortured, and a note.

SUIT WORDS TO SCENES

LATHAM

We had a defector, Luka Artyomov.

FIONA

The Soviet submarine commander?

LATHAM

You know him.

FIONA

From a FIVE EYES report. He advised the West on Soviet naval strategy.

LATHAM

Yeah. Artyomov was good; hell of an ego, though. The Soviets wanted him back in the worst way... We'd also had an offer of service from a KGB agent we code-named Igor. He claimed he could enhance his value to the KGB and gain access to more sensitive material if he could recruit a double agent for them.

FIONA

Let me guess, Luka Artyomov.

LATHAM

I was convinced Igor was being dangled, but I was overruled. Turns out he'd also contacted the FBI. But they couldn't supply him with cooked information the KGB would accept as genuine. So they asked if they could partner with us.

FIONA

I thought you two hated each other?

LATHAM

Still do. But Congress is worried our back-and-forth is giving the KGB free rein here. The Director saw the Op as a way to placate Capitol Hill. So, the domestic side was given to the FBI and we handled everything overseas. Moyland was Artyomov's European controller. Everything went well for a while; Artyomov was fearless. Then the KGB asked to meet with him in Vienna.

FIONA

Great - Europe's gateway for spies. And the Hungarian border's only an hour's drive from the city.

LATHAM

Hey, the FBI was calling the shots. By then Artyomov was hooked on playing at spies - and the FBI had been hooked by the KGB. Two weeks before Artyomov left for Vienna, Igor disappears.

FIONA

Redefection?

LATHAM

Or a snatch. Either way, Moyland and I knew it was time to pull out. But the Bureau wanted Artyomov to continue. So the week before Christmas he and Moyland met for dinner in Vienna. Afterwards, Artyomov went to meet his KGB contact at the Votive Church.

FIONA

You have a consulate in that office building right across from the church, don't you?

LATHAM

Yes. Moyland planned to watch them from there. But he got a call from the consulate's Deputy Chief of Mission, asking to meet with him.

FIONA

They pulled him away?!

LATHAM

By the time he got back, Artyomov and his KGB contact were gone.

FIONA

Artyomov was set up.

LATHAM

He may have been a bargaining counter for one of ours that they had. Or it could be the KGB just outsmarted us. Either way, it didn't matter to Moyland. He felt personally responsible for what happened. He refused to drop it and began doing his own digging.

FIONA

Lucky he wasn't sacked.

LATHAM

Yeah. A month later someone sent him an envelope. Inside were a note and some photos of a man who'd been tortured. If it weren't for the note, Moyland never would have known the man was Artyomov.

FIONA

What about Igor? You ever find out what happened to him?

LATHAM

Back in January Moyland went to Budapest. While he was there he crossed paths with Igor. A few weeks later a KGB colonel at Lubyanka got an envelope with some photos and a note.

FIONA

Nice of Moyland to include a note.

LATHAM

He always said, We can't afford to be less ruthless than our enemies.



EXT. RESTON, VIRGINIA - TUDOR HOUSE - NIGHT (EVENING)

The Gray Sedan pulls into the driveway.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Fiona heads into the kitchen. Latham walks by the mantleshelf. He sees the photos of Moyland, Mimi and Kofi, and the one of Mimi and a woman.

BEDROOM

Latham searches the dresser drawers and finds nothing.

BATHROOM

Fiona opens the medicine cabinet and finds a prescription pill container. The label reads "Miltown, 200 mg, April 20, 1961."

FIONA

Warren...

Latham enters. Fiona hands him the pill container.

LATHAM

Miltown - same pills she OD'd on.

He opens the pill container; it's half-filled with pills.

FIONA

Moyland found an empty pill bottle in his wife's car, right?

LATHAM

Yes, along with a fifth of vermouth.

FIONA

My mum can only get one prescription filled at a time. So, if she were taking pills from this bottle...

Latham face reflects the worry Fiona has left unsaid.

EXT. ST. ELIZABETHS HOSPITAL, WEST CAMPUS - NIGHT

A foreboding, mid-19th century collection of buildings.

INT. PATIENT ROOM

Mimi lies in bed. Is she asleep or unconscious? WE can't tell. Her vital signs are monitored by a cardiotoscope; an intravenous tube runs from a serum bag into her arm.

Moyland sits in a chair by the bed. He is very deep in thought and looks grim. A NURSE enters.

NURSE

Dinner's almost over, Mr. Moyland. I can still get you a plate, if you like.

Moyland doesn't respond.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Mr. Moyland?

MOYLAND

Huh? Oh... No, no thank you.

The Nurse leaves. Moyland looks at Mimi and caresses her hand.

ACT TWO

EXT. HAVANA, CUBA - LA CABANA PRISON - DAY

INSERT: "LA CABANA PRISON - HAVANA, CUBA"

Members of LA GUARDA, Fidel Castro's ragtag revolutionary guard, stroll the grounds.

INT. JAIL CELL

Light streams through the barred window. Cockroaches and rats scurry about. Several BRIGADE MEMBERS sit on the crowded floor of the cell. Some dip their hands into a bowl of cornmeal and cooked maggots then shovel the "meal" into their mouths. Others lie on the four-layer wooden bunks with no mattress.

On a bottom bunk lies the BRIGADE COMMANDER nursing a shoulder wound. He gets up and crosses to the corner of the cell, stands over a hole in the floor and urinates.

Two LA GUARDA MEMBERS approach the cell. One stands with his rifle at the ready; the other opens the cell door and points at the Brigade Commander.

LA GUARDA MEMBER #1

Vamonos!

The Brigade Commander leaves the cell and is escorted away by the La Guarda tandem.

INTERROGATION CELL

The Brigade Commander is led inside and forced onto a chair. The cell door opens. In walks Fidel Castro with two of his top AIDES. Several grim La Guarda members stand by the door. Castro pulls up a folding chair and sits before the Brigade Commander. Castro turns to one of his Aides and holds out his hand. The Aide hands him a manila envelope.

CASTRO

Sabes por qué te pedí verte y no a ninguno de tus compañeros de armas?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Do you know why I asked to see you?"

BRIGADE COMMANDER

Puedo adivinar.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I can guess."

CASTRO

En cuanto a eso, estarías equivocado. Pedí verte porque eres el comandante de brigada y puedes leer en inglés... Tan tonto ... Sabíamos que su brigada venía, y sabíamos que los atraparíamos, a todos ustedes.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "As for that, you'd be wrong. I asked to see you because you are the brigade commander and you can read English... So foolish... We knew your brigade was coming, and we knew we would catch you - all of you."

He opens the envelope and pulls out photocopies of TOP SECRET CIA documents.

CASTRO (CONT'D)

Sabías que tu misión nunca tuvo la intención de tener éxito? Su fracaso pretendía presionar al presidente Kennedy para que enviara tropas de Estados Unidos a Cuba.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Did you know your mission was never intended to succeed? It's failure was intended to push President Kennedy into sending U.S. troops into Cuba."

The Brigade Commander looks skeptically at Castro who hands him one of the documents.

CASTRO (CONT'D)

Sigue, léelo.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Go on, read it."

The Brigade Commander is aghast at what he reads. Castro takes back the document and signals to the La Guardia members.

CASTRO (CONT'D)

Llévalo de regreso a su celda.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Take him back to his cell."

The Brigade Commander is escorted out.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the White House, Capitol Hill and...

SAMUEL GOMPERS PARK

Latham and LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) stroll.

LATHAM

If you'd called earlier I would  
have gotten us lunch.

JONES

You see? Good things do come to  
those who wait.

Latham throws him a sidelong glance.

JONES (CONT'D)

Castro invited the Deputy Head of  
our Cuban embassy to La Cabana.

LATHAM

Sir Peter Spencer?

Jones nods.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Why?

JONES

To see how the brigade was being  
treated.

LATHAM

Giving them two rations of fried  
maggots instead of one?

JONES

Something a bit closer to the vest.  
Sir Peter was allowed to speak to  
the brigade commander. He told him  
Castro had several Top Secret CIA  
documents. One of them revealed the  
invasion was intended to fail to  
force Kennedy into a war with Cuba.

Latham stops; he's shocked. Jones pauses along with him.

JONES (CONT'D)

We thought this was a soft coup by  
the military and arms magnates. But  
that memo puts JMATE at the table.

LATHAM

And that would implicate Kensington.

JONES

Because he met with them?

Latham nods. Jones sighs.

JONES (CONT'D)

I'd always thought he was too homespun for this sort of intrigue.

LATHAM

He is; that's what worries me.

JONES

You think he's more savvy than we give him credit for?

LATHAM

No, I think he's being set up as the mole the KGB are protecting. He has no idea what's ahead for him.

JONES

So what are you going to do?

LATHAM

Mount a soft coup of my own maybe.

EXT. 2201 C STREET NW, - U.S. DEPARTMENT OF STATE - DAY

Stock footage of the building including its sign on the lawn.

INT. AUDITORIUM

Reporters enter and take their seats. FRANÇOIS BISSET and his ASSISTANT are alone on the podium. An AIDE comes up to Bisset and whispers to him. Bisset speaks sotto voce to his Assistant then leaves, leather portfolio in hand, with the Aide.

OFFICE

The door opens. Bisset enters. The Aide points to a telephone with a BLINKING button then leaves. Bisset answers the phone.

BISSET

Bisset here.

MALE CALLER (O.S.)

Yes, thank you for taking my call.

BISSET

Sir, I was waiting for a press conference to begin. Is this urgent?

MALE CALLER (O.S.)

Very. I spoke with the brigade commander of the Cuban Project.

BISSET

How'd you manage that?

MALE CALLER (O.S.)

I was invited to see him in prison. Castro was there to interrogate the brigade. When he summoned their commander, he let him read a Top Secret CIA memo that, in effect, said the Bay of Pigs invasion was intended to fail.

BISSET

What?!

MALE CALLER (O.S.)

Its purpose being to force Kennedy into a war against Cuba.

BISSET

Christ... Who wrote it?

MALE CALLER (O.S.)

Start at the top, Bisset.

BISSET

Will you go on the record with this and tell the president?

MALE CALLER (O.S.)

You should live so long. I, however, fully intend to. Goodbye.

CLICK. The MALE CALLER has hung up, so does Bisset. He quickly opens his leather portfolio and starts writing notes.

EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY

A view of the Union Jack flying atop the consulate.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE

Fiona types a report while Jones stuffs memos into his satchel. The phone RINGS; Fiona answers it.

FIONA

Jeffries... Yes, he is, Sir. Hold on, please.

(puts the caller on hold)

Deputy Head of the Cuban Embassy.

Jones picks up his phone.

JONES

Jones... Oh, thank you very much, Sir Peter. I'm very grateful...

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)  
Yes, sir, I'll make the call  
straight away... Goodbye, sir.

He hangs up.

FIONA  
He called Bisset?

JONES  
Yep. And now I have to call Lady  
Anne Davis, who's here visiting her  
cousin. I'm to let her know Pete  
will be in town over the weekend.

FIONA  
I take it Lord Davis didn't make  
the trip again?

JONES  
I believe he's tied up in Barbados.

FIONA  
Into S&M, is he?

Jones grins as he dials the phone.

2201 C STREET, NW - HARRY S TRUMAN BUILDING - DAY (DUSK)

Stock footage of the building.

INT. SECRETARY OF STATE'S OFFICE

Bethune and Kensington sit and wait like students summoned to  
the principal's office. Bethune is annoyed and checks his  
watch. Finally, Rusk enters holding a file and sits.

RUSK  
Sorry to keep you waiting. I was  
watching TV - Cuban television.

Bethune HUFFS. Kensington haughtily folds his arms while Rusk  
refers to notes in the file.

RUSK (CONT'D)  
Castro was on for four hours. I  
watched him with your Counter-  
intelligence Chief, John Middleton.

BETHUNE  
Castro probably cut into Radio  
Swan's audience.

RUSK  
I'm sure he did. As you might  
expect, we were his target.

(MORE)

RUSK (CONT'D)

He talked about imperialism, how it examines geography and analyzes the number of arms - cannons, planes, tanks - and their positions. But the revolutionary examines the social composition of the population. Imperialists don't give a damn about what people think or feel. Sums up your failed efforts at the Bay of Pigs, wouldn't you say?

BETHUNE

Since you're keeping score, add the president's unwillingness to see the invasion through.

RUSK

Canceling the second air strike? One that would undeniably implicate the United States, after the president told you repeatedly that the military must not be involved.

KENSINGTON

There were no markings on those planes identifying them as ours.

RUSK

Yes, even our own people couldn't tell they were ours. That's why they shot down one of them!

He SLAMS the file on the desk. Kensington is chagrined.

RUSK (CONT'D)

What ever made you think there'd be this mass uprising in Cuba?

KENSINGTON

We felt the invasion would produce a shock, like a deus ex machina.

RUSK

Yes, well that's not the only contrived piece of business here.

BETHUNE

Meaning what?

RUSK

Exactly what did your analysts base their findings on?

KENSINGTON

Information gleaned from exiles and confidential sources.



RUSK

So, you based a delicate operation on the wishful thinking of a bunch of reactionaries and liars.

BETHUNE

That's not fair.

RUSK

No? Ask Middleton. All your assets turned out to be informers, every one of them! Yet you went ahead anyway. You misled the president about your chances for success, and now you have the gall to blame him for your hubris.

KENSINGTON

Mr. Secretary-

RUSK

Save it, Stewart!

Kensington is startled and affronted. Rusk muses...

RUSK (CONT'D)

That was your plan all along, wasn't it?

BETHUNE

What are you talking about?

RUSK

For the invasion to fail.

KENSINGTON

What?!

RUSK

The CIA and the JCS, running a shadow government...

BETHUNE

What are you - insane?!

RUSK

Insane to trust you.

BETHUNE

That's it. I don't have to listen to this shit.

He brusquely stands. Kensington gets up, albeit slowly. Bethune starts for the door, with Kensington reluctantly trailing him.

RUSK

You know, if this were England, Mr. Kennedy would have to resign. And your little cabal, being civil servants, would get to stay on. But this isn't England - and this president will keep his job.

Bethune and Kensington pause at the door.

BETHUNE

If you're hinting for me to resign, you can forget it.

RUSK

Fine - but you're going to wish you had.

INT. HARRY S TRUMAN BUILDING - GARAGE

Bethune still seethes as he gets behind the wheel; Kensington frets in the passenger seat.

INT. SEDAN

KENSINGTON

You really think we'll be fired?

BETHUNE

Right now, I don't care.

KENSINGTON

I do. I'd prefer to retire with my pension in tact.

BETHUNE

I never saw any memo stating we intended the invasion to fail.

KENSINGTON

(sighs)  
I'd better tell Moyland.

He picks up the handset to the car's radiotelephone.

BETHUNE

I'd like to kill whoever wrote that shit.

He starts the car and pulls out of the garage.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. RENWICK GALLERY - NIGHT (EVENING)

Stock footage of this historic, landmark building.

LATHAM AND BISSET

Stroll from the gallery toward Lafayette Square Park.

BISSET

You know, that memo Castro showed  
the brigade commander could collapse  
your entire house.

LATHAM

It's the first I've heard of it.

BISSET

The president's asked to meet with  
your director tomorrow. Then he  
wants to see Middleton and Berard.

LATHAM

Come on, François - to hear what?

BISSET

Look, he's not stupid. He knows  
it's part of your job to lie. He  
just wants to see who does it to  
his face.

Latham is concerned and quickly changes the subject.

LATHAM

Berard's in Plans, I get it. But why  
Middleton? He's counterintelligence.

BISSET

Because the president realizes  
he'll need advice on how to deal  
with whoever's behind this.

LATHAM

Yeah, MOTHER is good at that.

BISSET

We know you were brought into the  
Cuban Project at the last minute.

LATHAM

So, I'm not on your dartboard?

BISSET

No - but we'd like to know your  
thoughts on who should be.

They stop on H Street; in the distance is the White House.

LATHAM

Tell your boss this isn't Berard's  
doing, or any of his people.

BISSET

Then who?

LATHAM

I'll get back to you.

Latham walks across H Street. Bisset heads in the opposite direction, through the park toward the White House.

EXT. 3RD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING #704 - NIGHT

Most of the apartment windows are dark.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Latham and Fiona are asleep. The phone RINGS. Latham opens his eyes and looks at the clock - 3:05. He GROANS and gets up.

LIVING ROOM

Latham enters. The Red Light on the phone is not blinking.

EXT. RESTON, VIRGINIA - NORTH HILLS PICNIC PAVILION - DAWN

In a glade, a wooden canopy overhangs several picnic tables. Latham trudges from his gray sedan in the adjacent parking area to the empty pavilion. From the shadows of the trees and brier someone emerges. Latham pauses warily - it's Moyland.

LATHAM

I almost hung up on you - 3:00 in the morning...

MOYLAND

I want to be sure I'm at the hospital when Mimi wakes up.  
(looks around warily)  
You weren't followed?

LATHAM

No.

MOYLAND

Come on, walk the trail with me.

LATHAM

There'd better not be any snakes.

LATHAM AND MOYLAND

Walk the densely-wooded trail.

LATHAM

How's Mimi doing?

MOYLAND

Better.

LATHAM

I'm glad to hear it. So, why are we here, Kevin?

MOYLAND

I know you've had some questions about me.

LATHAM

Have I?

MOYLAND

You should, unless I misjudged you. There's a rotten apple in the Agency, Warren; right near the top.

LATHAM

The Russians have been floating that rumor for years.

MOYLAND

It's no rumor; I was there when he slipped up.

LATHAM

Who slipped up?

Moyland quickly grows reluctant - and frightened.

MOYLAND

I can't go into it that far with you - not at this point.

LATHAM

Why not?

MOYLAND

Can you just trust me on this?

LATHAM

You know better than that. Rumors get repeated without a shred of evidence. How many times have you seen MOTHER ruin someone's career over a rumor?

MOYLAND

(fighting with himself)  
Look, I'll point you in the right direction.

LATHAM

Forget it.

He turns, about to walk back when Moyland grabs his arm.

MOYLAND

Damnit, man, I almost lost my wife!  
I don't want to lose my son.

Latham now realizes Moyland's situation. They resume walking the end of the short trail.

LATHAM

Why didn't you go to Security?

MOYLAND

I told you, he's senior management.  
Security will look at everything  
under his name. Word will get out;  
it always does. When that happens  
he'll cover his tracks. There'll be  
a limited hangout for some poor sap.

LATHAM

So, what do you expect me to do?

MOYLAND

You're good at winnowing out the  
truth.

LATHAM

I'm even better when I start with a  
name.

MOYLAND

I gave you your starting point last  
week. Go with that.

LATHAM

Go with what?!

There's a RUSTLE in the woods. The Men stop and look around -  
the Picnic Pavilion is nearby. There's the SNAP of a twig.

The Men DASH into the underbrush and kneel. Moyland pulls a  
Beretta M1951 pistol from his coat pocket. Latham is shocked  
to see this. Just as Moyland looks up, an ANTLERED ELK LEAPS  
over them. Startled, Moyland FIRES.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Geezus!

The Elk disappears into the forest. The Two Men stand.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Did you hit it?

MOYLAND

I don't know. I think so.

LATHAM

What the hell are you doing with a gun anyway?!

Before Moyland can answer, the ROAR of a V8 engine grows.

MOYLAND

Park rangers?

LATHAM

Well don't shoot them!

Moyland quickly pockets the Beretta.

MOYLAND

C'mon, we don't wanna answer any questions.

He starts to run to the parking area. As Latham follows...

LATHAM

At least it wasn't a snake.

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY (MORNING)

CIA employees enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is busy transcribing from a Dictaphone as Latham enters. She looks up. He nods at her and enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham doffs his trench coat. Collette follows him in, looking at Latham then down at the floor; her face crinkles.

LATHAM

What - I step in something?

COLLETTE

Or you were playing around in the mud.

Latham looks at his footprints on the floor.

LATHAM

Oh... I was in the woods earlier.

COLLETTE

I can't imagine why. Anyway, the Ops Room called. Jared asked to see you as soon as you get in. While you're there I'll see about getting someone to come in here with a mop.

Latham rolls his eyes and leaves.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Stokes, Percy and Nichols man the Duty Desk while munching on breakfast pastries. Latham enters. Stokes looks up.

STOKES

RYBAT cable from New York Central, sir. They got a report from the Fire Marshall's office - the tailor shop explosion was no accident. They found remains of an incendiary device.

NICHOLS

Confirms your suspicions, sir.

Crumbs from his coffee cake spill from his mouth onto his pants. Percy shakes his head.

PERCY

Slob.

LATHAM

We still don't know why though.

PERCY

Could be Castro wanted to send a message to all would-be defectors. The Bulgarians did it just last year.

STOKES

The KGB's offspring do tend to copy their parents.

PERCY

Raines probably passed the location on to the KGB, who passed it on to the Cubans.

STOKES

Or he just got lazy and was followed. Either way, the tailor shop would have been compromised.

Latham nods as he mulls over what's been said.

NICHOLS

I think someone probably came in dark. That way the Soviets and Castro could honestly deny knowing anything about it.



LATHAM

Not if Castro was sending a message; that would defeat the whole purpose. And why would the Soviets bomb the safehouse? We don't kill in Moscow and they don't kill here in D.C. - that's the agreement.

NICHOLS

An unwritten one.

LATHAM

Without it we'd be shooting each other on Pennsylvania Avenue. Come on, people - think! If we have to change venue and commo, they're forced to start over from scratch. They'd have to learn where we've moved to and whom we're meeting with. So no, it's not the Soviets or the Cubans. Most likely it's someone who saw this as an opportunity.

PERCY

An opportunity for what?

STOKES

(suddenly realizes)

Damage control.

All eyes turns to Stokes.

STOKES (CONT'D)

I'll get a facsimile of that Fire Marshall's report here right away.

EXT. SCULPTURE GARDEN - DAY

Latham and Jones munch on soggy hamburgers as they stroll past the objets d'art.

JONES

Damage control...

LATHAM

Stokes figured that one out.

JONES

He's smart. He should work for a real intelligence service, like MI6.

LATHAM

Then he'd have to put up with you.

JONES

About the bomb... You were saying?

LATHAM

Management would have to approve it,  
but I doubt our people set the bomb.

JONES

They didn't go through the Yellow  
Pages, Warren.

LATHAM

I have the Fire Marshall's report.  
There were cleaning fluids and rags  
stored in the basement. Someone  
tampered with the gas pilot light  
on the heater so it could throw a  
flame at them like a blow torch.

JONES

Sounds like a professional.

LATHAM

The Fire Marshall compared the set-  
up to one in New York. A restaurant  
there was sold to a Mobster. Two  
weeks later the place blew up and  
he collected on the insurance. But  
investigators found that the pilot  
light assembly had been altered.

JONES

Like the one at your tailor shop?

LATHAM

Uh huh. But the hoodlum brought in  
his own experts who said the unit  
was faulty. According to them it  
was only a matter of time before it  
blew. He won the case.

JONES

You realize people are going to  
look at your Cuban Op as the most  
likely culprit - and that puts  
Kensington back on the map. Face  
it, he's perfect for the role.

LATHAM

Patsies usually are.

### ACT THREE

EXT. 3RD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING #704 - NIGHT

The light from TV sets flickers in most of the windows.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - DINETTE

"Chega de Saudade," the great Brazilian bossa nova standard sung and played by Joao Gilberto plays on the tape recorder. It's followed by "Improvise em Bossa Nova" by Baden Powell.

Latham and Fiona sit at the table. While Fiona eats her dinner, Latham is distressed and plays with his food.

FIONA

Not hungry?

Latham shakes his head no. Fiona stops eating. She reaches over and caresses his hand.

LATHAM

You were right... Moyland's wife - she didn't try to kill herself.

FIONA

Who did?

LATHAM

Moyland believes it was the mole.

FIONA

Why?

LATHAM

He wouldn't say.

FIONA

(upset)

Then why say anything? And why go to you instead of Security?

LATHAM

If he went to them he'd have to give up a name. A search for anything related to it would also alert the mole - and put his son in jeopardy.

FIONA

Oh, God... So where do you start?

LATHAM

To hear him tell it, he already gave me a starting point, last week.

FIONA

Really?

(gets up, puts her plate  
in the sink)

So, what did he say?

LATHAM

That's just it - he didn't say anything. We didn't even see each other. He was holed up in Building 'C' while I was in the Ops Room.

FIONA

All this cryptic nonsense...

LATHAM

He's afraid for his family.

Fiona comes back to the dinette table.

FIONA

He's also hiding something.

As Latham mulls this over, Fiona reaches for his plate.

LATHAM

No, no, I'll get to it.

FIONA

It's just a thought, but what if Moyland's referring to something that happened last week?

LATHAM

Like the Cuban Op?

FIONA

Or the KGB sending Raines to a better world to save their mole; or someone bombing the tailor shop...

LATHAM

No, I still think it's something he said... 'You should, unless I misjudged you.'

FIONA

I hope this is you thinking out loud and not the onset of senility.

Latham throws her a sidelong glance.

LATHAM

Moyland said he knew I had questions about him, and if I didn't then he must have misjudged me.

FIONA

Wait - what about that lie he told, where he and MOTHER are on the Mafia's hit list? You questioned why he'd say something like that.

Still pensive, Latham nods in agreement.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
Maybe he wanted to draw your  
attention without letting on to  
anyone what he was doing?

Latham smiles at her, marveling at her reasoning. He takes  
Fiona's hand and pulls her close for a warm kiss.

LATHAM  
I need to make some notes. I'll  
clean up afterwards.

FIONA  
Okay. I'm going to take a shower.

She goes into the bedroom. Latham gets up and goes into the...

LIVING ROOM

On the end table by the phone are a legal pad and a pencil.  
Latham grabs them and sits on the couch. He starts writing  
then gazes off into the distance...

INT. TUDOR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Latham looks at the family photos on the mantleshelf. He  
lingers by the one of Mimi and a woman, arms around each  
other, outside a bed and breakfast with a sign in French.

BERARD (O.S.)  
She's been seeing one of our  
approved doctors. It's all in  
Moyland's 201 file.

END FLASHBACK.

LIVING ROOM

Latham finishes writing the last question.

INSERT ON LEGAL PAD:

**Connections: Dean, Raines, Tailor Shop, Kensington, Moyland**  
**Dean - lotus eater**

**Cleanup:**

**Raines - boyevaya gruppa? Yes**

**Tailor shop - boyevaya gruppa? Maybe**

**Kensington - patsy**

**Moyland - the mole? If no, how is he involved?**

**Mimi - ?? Why was she being treated for depression?**

Latham picks up the phone and dials. It RINGS, then...

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Hello?

LATHAM

Collette, it's Warren. You alone?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Why? Is this going to be an obscene phone call?

LATHAM

Collette...

COLLETTE (O.S.)

I'm alone, I'm alone.

LATHAM

I need you to do me a favor.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Right now?

LATHAM

No, when you get in tomorrow. I'd like you to go to the third floor and collect the files for Security.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Janice isn't coming in?

LATHAM

Far as I know she is.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Oh... In case anyone asks why...

LATHAM

She just had the baby and you're helping her out. Have her come by the office later to get them.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Right.

LATHAM

Make sure you go to Berard's office. He has Moyland's 201 file.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Okay. Is that it?

LATHAM

Yes, see you in the morning.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

'Bye.

CLICK. She hangs up, as does Latham.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - COLUMBIA HEIGHTS - NIGHT

Again, everyone is either watching television or asleep.

ROWHOUSE - SECOND-FLOOR WINDOW

The room light is on. The VENETIAN BLINDS are pulled halfway up.

STREET

Once again from behind WE SEE the Man in the Trench Coat and Porkpie Hat as he crosses the street to the rowhouse.

INT. SECOND-FLOOR - ROOM

The banker's lamp is on. The Porkpie Hat lies beside the R-350M Burst Transmitter/ Receiver. The Man's Long Bony Fingers press the numeric keys, pausing a moment to lift a lit cigarette from an ashtray.

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY (MORNING)

CIA personnel enter Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is at her desk. Several files sits on a nearby cart. On her desk is a legal notepad. Latham enters. He looks at the files on the cart and grins.

LATHAM

Moyland's 201 file in there?

She nods, tears the top sheet off the notepad and hands it to him. She grabs her notepad and pencil and follows him into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham sets the note paper and his briefcase on his desk. Collette stands before him. As Latham doffs his coat...

COLLETTE

Janice was happy she didn't have to trudge all over the compound.

LATHAM

But she's coming here to pick up the files, right? I don't want you dropping them off at Security. That was okay when she was expecting.

COLLETTE

No, no, she knows to come here.

Latham sits and reads her notes. He's surprised.

LATHAM

Moyland's wife was having an affair?

COLLETTE

With a woman, an old roommate from Vassar.

LATHAM

Hm, I wonder if she's the one in that picture at Moyland's house.

COLLETTE

I give them credit for trying to work things out. It's gotta be new territory for everyone.

LATHAM

Some people would still call Moyland a security risk, susceptible to blackmail to keep the affair quiet.

COLLETTE

Like Berard?

LATHAM

Maybe, but I was thinking of MOTHER.

COLLETTE

Oh, God...

LATHAM

He'd use Mimi's trysts to cast aspersions on Moyland's sexuality. Before you know it, Moyland would be drummed right out of the Agency.

Suddenly, something worries Collette.

COLLETTE

Wait.

She scurries out. Latham is taken aback. Collette returns with a file and hands it to Latham.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Moyland's 201. Check the Routing Sheet, below Berard's name.

LATHAM

Mimi's psychiatrist had it. So? He'd need it to record his notes.



COLLETTE

I know; he asked for the file about eight times. Look after the second or third time he had it.

On line 12 of the sheet: "John Middleton, CIC, 08 Mar 1961."  
Latham stares at it, almost in disbelief.

LATHAM

MOTHER... Why would he be looking at Moyland's 201 file?

COLLETTE

Something must've caused him to go to school on Moyland.

LATHAM

Yeah, but-  
(this strikes a chord)  
Say that again.

COLLETTE

What - about MOTHER going to school on Moyland?

LATHAM

Yes... Berard said, 'he's still up at Phillips Exeter.'

COLLETTE

Who?

LATHAM

Kofi, Moyland's son.

Collette shrugs. Latham gets up and grabs his coat.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

If anyone asks, I stepped out - but I didn't tell you where.

COLLETTE

Are you going to tell me?

LATHAM

St. Elizabeths, West Campus.

EXT. ST. ELIZABETHS HOSPITAL, WEST CAMPUS - DAY

Nurses push male patients in wheelchairs about the grounds.

INT. PATIENT ROOM

Mimi lies in bed, awake. Moyland holds a glass of ice water for her as she sips through a straw. The room door opens. Latham stands there holding a vase filled with daisies.

HOSPITAL CAFETERIA

Typical. The STAFF prepare lunch; two NURSES sit at a table, chatting and sipping coffee. Latham and Moyland sip coffee at a table off in the corner.

LATHAM

Kofi attends Phillips Exeter, same school as MOTHER's kid. That's how he learned Mimi was seeing one our witch doctors; his son told him.

MOYLAND

I knew I hadn't misjudged you.

LATHAM

When MOTHER pulled your 201 file he saw that Mimi was having a lesbian affair. Now, what I want to know is, why was he looking at you in the first place?

MOYLAND

MOTHER's been on a witch hunt for moles ever since Burgess and Maclean defected to Moscow.

LATHAM

And he suspects you?

MOYLAND

Do you?

LATHAM

I'm keeping an open mind.

MOYLAND

There was a memo MOTHER wrote about Kim Philby - he was best friends with Burgess and Maclean.

LATHAM

And MOTHER is best friends with Philby. So what's your point?

MOYLAND

Philby came under suspicion after those two had defected. I was in the Soviet Division then. Bill Harvey showed me the memo. MOTHER was acting as Philby's apologist, saying he'd been duped by their brilliance. But everyone knew the two were queer; Burgess didn't even try to hide it. MOTHER wrote that Philby was embarrassed by his behavior.

(MORE)

MOYLAND (CONT'D)

But Harvey wrote on the memo,  
'Where's the rest of the story?'

LATHAM

There's always been rumors about  
MOTHER's relationship with Philby.

MOYLAND

MOTHER seizes on homosexual behavior  
as a way of controlling people.

LATHAM

Is he using Mimi's affair to control  
you?

MOYLAND

There's more to it than that. There  
was a meeting earlier this year...

INT. OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Well appointed. Dean, Easton, Stans, Clifton, Moyland and  
MOTHER lounge about. Ashtrays overflow with cigar butts; open  
whiskey bottles abound. The inebriation grows, as does the  
loose talk. MOTHER in particular drinks heavily.

MOYLAND (V.O.)

Some of the Joint Chiefs were  
there; so was Dean, that shill for  
the arms manufacturers - and MOTHER  
and me. A lot of drinking going on,  
especially MOTHER. I'd been asked  
to analyze the Castro regime.

STANS

Castro's gonna fall. Mark my words.

MOYLAND

I don't think so. Barring his death  
or a sea-change in Soviet policy  
towards Cuba, his regime is likely  
to become more firmly established  
as the years pass.

STANS

That's bullshit!

DEAN

We shoulda dropped The Bomb on his  
ass a year ago.

STANS

I'm with Dean. All you people do is  
sit around thinking up mind games  
to play with the Russians.

MOYLAND  
And avoid World War III.

MOTHER  
'My house is a decayed house...'

CLIFTON  
(chuckles)  
You loaded, John?

STANS  
Not all your people feel that way.

MOYLAND  
What are you talking about?

MOTHER  
He's talking about a plan to launch  
a nuclear first strike in case  
Khrushchev makes good on his threat  
to take over West Berlin.

He finishes his glass of whiskey, picks up a full bottle of  
scotch and pours himself a tall one. Moyland is shocked.

MOYLAND (V.O.)  
I couldn't believe what I was  
hearing.

MOTHER  
It would wipe out their nuclear  
arsenal. No chance of retaliation.

EASTON  
We're already talking about what  
flight paths our bombers should  
take, what altitudes they should  
fly, which targets they should hit  
and what kinds of nuclear bombs  
they should carry.

MOYLAND  
And Kennedy approved this?

CLIFTON  
Don't be stupid! We bypassed him  
and sent a copy to Max Taylor.

MOYLAND  
You're talking about killing  
millions of innocent people and I'm  
the one who's stupid?

MOTHER  
Look, Moyland, lives will be lost;  
that's a fact of war.

(MORE)

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Just so long as it's for a purpose,  
one that's sustainable for  
generations. Besides, we'll all  
benefit from it.

STANS

You got that right.

Stans, Clifton and Easton grin. Moyland is perplexed.

DEAN

We still have to convince our  
allies to buy our product.

MOYLAND

What the hell are you talking about?

CLIFTON

Arms, dumb-ass!

MOTHER

When Castro takes out the brigade,  
they'll have all the incentive they  
need to forestall a Soviet attack.

MOYLAND

What? Who's they?

There's sardonic chuckling in the room.

EASTON

NATO. As long as they're ready to  
believe the worst, we're fine.

MOYLAND

But that's not the Cuban scenario.

MOTHER

Relax, Moyland! The brigade won't  
make it out the swamp - trust me.  
NATO will be begging us to increase  
our defense umbrella.

MOYLAND (V.O.)

That's when I learned the invasion  
was a sham. They knew it wouldn't  
succeed; they'd planned it that way.

MOTHER checks his watch and stands, albeit unsteadily.

MOTHER

Time for me to go, gentlemen.

CLIFTON

You sure you can walk?

STANS

I'll have my aide call you a cab,  
John. You going to Reston?

MOTHER

As usual.

He shuffles across the room and grabs his coat.

EASTON

Hold on, John. Moyland, you live in  
Reston, don't you?

MOYLAND

Yes.

EASTON

So, give John a ride home.

MOTHER

No! Forget it!

STANS

Geezus, man, he's going that way.

MOTHER

No way! I don't need him to drive  
me home. Just get the goddamn cab!

STANS

Alright, alright. Geezus...

EXT. NORTH ROTARY ROAD - THE PENTAGON - NIGHT

On one side of the street is a face of the Pentagon; across  
the street, a...

PARKING LOT

Moyland waits in his Cadillac. A cab pulls up. MOTHER gets in.

MOYLAND (V.O.)

I knew something was up. He was  
being way too obstinate. So I  
followed him.

I/E. CADILLAC

Moyland follows the cab across the Potomac River to the  
Lincoln Memorial. MOTHER gets out and hails another cab.

MOYLAND (V.O.)

He switched cabs at the Mall. This  
one he took up to Columbia Heights.

COLUMBIA HEIGHTS

The cab pulls to the side of the road. MOTHER gets out but this time the cab waits there.

MOYLAND (V.O.)

He must have told the driver to wait for him. He went into this rowhouse; he had a key! He was there for 15 minutes or so. Then he came back out and took the cab all the way to Reston. The next day we were on our way to a meeting at the White House.

I/E. LIMOUSINE

Moyland and MOTHER sit in the back. The limo edges through the heavy Washington, D.C. traffic. Moyland stares out his window. MOTHER glances at him then scoffs.

MOTHER

Surprised by last night?

Moyland shrugs.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Yeah, I guessed you would be. You know, there's an adage I learned years ago: 'The surest way of making a dupe is to let your victim suppose you are with him.'

MOYLAND

Words you live by?

MOTHER

I'm talking about you people in Plans.

MOYLAND

We don't go round subverting the government.

MOTHER

I do what's best for the country. Deceit's the name of the game.

MOYLAND

With our enemies, Middleton.

MOTHER

And our friends. Take that trip to France your wife took with that lesbian lover of hers...

(MORE)

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Did you keep that from your  
friends, or your enemies?

Moyland is horrified.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
You do your job and you won't have  
to worry about how I do mine.

END FLASHBACK.

HOSPITAL CAFETERIA

Moyland stares out the window at the grounds. Latham is more sympathetic now.

MOYLAND  
I tried to stay focused on JMATE,  
see the Op through - but I kept  
wondering when MOTHER would be on  
the move. Then Raines was killed;  
the Cuban Op began falling apart;  
and he went after Mimi.

LATHAM  
It seems as long as you're with the  
Agency, you aren't safe.

MOYLAND  
What do you expect me to do? Move  
to Timbuktu?

LATHAM  
In a manner of speaking, yes.

MOYLAND  
Come on, Warren...

LATHAM  
A change of scenery and employment  
might do you a world of good.

MOYLAND  
What - work on the Beltway as a  
shill for one of MOTHER's  
playmates? Dean did that and look  
what happened to him. He might be  
in Timbuktu now for all I know.

LATHAM  
I think you can find work without  
having to compromise. I can help  
you with that.

Moyland is surprised to hear this.



LATHAM (CONT'D)  
But first I need something from you.

MOYLAND  
What?

LATHAM  
The address of that rowhouse in  
Columbia Heights.

COLUMBIA HEIGHTS - NIGHT

A gray sedan parks near the rowhouse. A light flickers in a first-floor window.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Mr. Rose watches "Dr. Kildare" on TV. The doorbell BUZZES. He GROANS and gets up from his chair.

FRONT DOOR

Mr. Rose opens it to see Fiona and Latham, both of them wearing gloves. They barge inside. Latham shuts the door.

ROSE  
Hey!

Fiona goes into the kitchen.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Where the hell you goin'? What is  
this?

Latham flashes an FBI ID.

LATHAM  
This is about you spending the next  
ten years in a federal prison.

SECOND-FLOOR ROOM

The door opens. Mr. Rose leads Fiona and Latham inside. The room is virtually empty, save for a wingtip chair and a table.

ROSE  
They came this morning and moved  
all their stuff outta here. Honest,  
I thought they was workin' for you.

Fiona looks knowingly at Latham. She walks to a closet and looks inside.

LATHAM  
Who paid you to use your place?

ROSE

They paid off my mortgage and put a few extra in the bank for me.

LATHAM

(resignedly)

Okay, Mr. Rose. Could you wait downstairs, please?

ROSE

I don't wanna end up on the news.

LATHAM

Downstairs, Mr. Rose.

Mr. Rose leaves. Fiona leaves the closet and joins Latham at the table.

FIONA

It's dusty, except one shelf has a 12 by 18-inch spot that's clean. A transmitter or photo equipment?

LATHAM

Except we have no proof it was either one of those.

Fiona sits in the wingtip chair.

FIONA

I doubt the old boy was paid to let them lounge around up here. Though this chair is surprisingly comfortable.

As she squishes in the seat something rolls out from under the chair and stops against one of its legs. Latham walks up to Fiona. She smiles.

FIONA (CONT'D)

You going to join me?

Latham bends down.

FIONA (CONT'D)

(kittenishly)

Not here, Warren.

He reaches by the leg of the chair and grasps something. He stands and brandishes a small, tin film cannister.

FIONA (CONT'D)

For 35mm film?

Latham smiles and nods.

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY (MORNING)

CIA personnel pass through Gate #1 onto the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is at his desk. Collette enters carrying three thick, heavy folders. She PLOPS them on the desk next to three more.

COLLETTE

That's all of Kevin Moyland's notes on JMATE.

LATHAM

Thanks.

COLLETTE

The FBI must have made one heck of an offer.

LATHAM

Head of their legat office in Bridgetown, Barbados; sun and fun by the sea... How could he turn it down?

COLLETTE

I'm surprised we didn't try harder to keep him. Anyway, I hope it works out for him and his family.

She is about to leave when...

LATHAM

Oh, call OD-ENVY.

COLLETTE

You gonna yell at Carl Durang for stealing Moyland?

LATHAM

No. Tell him I'll meet him for lunch at Savarin's. I'm buying.

COLLETTE

Mending fences?

LATHAM

Something like that.

Collette smiles and leaves. Latham sits back in his chair.

EXT. RESTON, VIRGINIA - MANOR HOUSE - DAY (DUSK)

A gray, chauffeur-driven sedan pulls into the driveway. MOTHER alights; the car pulls away.

FRONT DOOR

MOTHER pulls the mail from the mailbox; it includes a manila envelope with a postmark but no return address.

INT. LIVING ROOM

MOTHER has doffed his coat and porkpie hat. He sits in a wingtip chair and places the letters on an end table, save for the manila envelope, which he opens. He pulls out a note and two format-sized photographs.

The first photograph is of a titled painting, "Benedict Arnold" by Thomas Hart. The second one is Vincent van Gogh's "Skull of a Skeleton with Burning Cigarette." The note reads:

Gerontion

Thou hast nor youth nor age  
But as it were an after dinner sleep  
Dreaming of both...

Bitten by flies, fought.  
My house is a decayed house...

Think now

History has many cunning passages, contrived corridors  
And issues, deceives with whispering ambitions,  
Guides us by vanities.

Think now...

IN A WILDERNESS OF MIRRORS. What will the spider do,  
Suspend its operation...?

Hands off, MOTHER, or I go public.

With his Bony Fingers MOTHER sets everything on the end table. Fear overwhelms his face and body, causing him to tremble.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL - NIGHT

Stock footage of this beautiful landmark building.

INT. WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL - BALLROOM

President Kennedy addresses a formal gathering.

KENNEDY

The very word 'secrecy' is repugnant  
in a free and open society; and we  
are as a people inherently and  
historically opposed to secret  
societies, to secret oaths and to  
secret proceedings.

(MORE)

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

We decided long ago that the dangers of excessive and unwarranted concealment of pertinent facts far outweighed the dangers which are cited to justify it... And there is very grave danger that an announced need for increased security will be seized upon by those anxious to expand its meaning to the very limits of official censorship and concealment. That I do not intend to permit to the extent that it is in my control. And no official of my Administration, whether his rank is high or low, civilian or military, should interpret my words here tonight as an excuse to censor the news, to stifle dissent, to cover up our mistakes or to withhold from the press and the public the facts they deserve to know.

BACK OF THE BALLROOM

At a table with others listening to the president's address are Easton, Stans and Clifton, incognito in their tuxedos.

END