

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Three, Episode #16: "b&w"

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tony garcia
1629 S. Mole Street
Philadelphia, PA 19145
(215) 908-9152
tonyg030652@gmail.com

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Episode #16: "b&w"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BUCHAREST, ROMANIAN PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC - DAY

INSERT: "Bucharest, Romanian People's Republic"

Higher wages have made Bucharest a jewel of the USSR. Stock footage of Old Town and its cafés, Cismigiu Gardens, Domnita Balasa, and the city's mix of architectural styles.

CAMPUS OF THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE OF BUCHAREST

INSERT: "The Polytechnic Institute of Bucharest"

This 19th-century campus augurs the modern era of purpose-built buildings and commons. Inscribed on the main building: "Bucharestor Universitatea Politehnica din Bucuresti(PUB)."

INT. CLASSROOM

Spacious, with a high ceiling, huge windows and 40 chairs with flat armrests on with to rest a notepad. Packed with male and female students. A PROFESSOR gives a lecture (in Romanian).

PROFESSOR

Exista trasaturi distincte de caracter ?i tipare de comportament care motiveaza un membru al statului sa spioneze pentru Occident. Acestea sunt cele care stârnesc interesul Departamentului Securitatii Statului.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "There are distinguishing traits of character and behavior patterns that motivate a member of the State to spy for the West. These are what stir the interest of the Department of State Security."

The windows begin to RATTLE, followed by the SCREECH of jets racing overhead. One of the male students, GEORGE RADU, 24, rolls his eyes and shakes his head. The exasperated Professor interrupts his lecture to complain.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Al naibii de jet! Mi-as dori ca ru?ii sa nu mai trimita avioanele peste oras, încercând sa rupa bariera sonora. Este atât de al naibii de enervant.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Those damn jets! I wish the Russians would stop sending their jets over the city, trying to break the sound barrier. It so damn annoying."

The MURMUR from the STUDENTS shows they are also annoyed.

CORRIDOR - LATER

The Students leave the classroom. Radu, a knapsack on his back, and the Professor are the last two out. They walk to...

THE PROFESSOR'S OFFICE

Typical: a file cabinet sits in the corner; shelves are crammed with books. On a small desk are In- and Out trays and family photos. A doorlock CLICKS; the door opens and the Professor and Radu enter. The Professor shuts the door.

Radu slides the knapsack off his back and sets it on the desk. The Professor goes to the file cabinet and unlocks it. He takes a book from the shelf and locks the file cabinet. He hands the book to Radu, who puts it in his knapsack, hoists it on his back and leaves.

EXT. CAMPUS - FACULTY OF ENGINEERING UPB - DAY (DUSK)

Radu leaves the building and walks to...

BOULEVARD GENERAL VASILE MILEA

Where he boards a trolleybus.

I/E. TROLLEYBUS

Passes a cinema where the film "Tradatorul contrafacut" (The Counterfeit Traitor) with William Holden is playing.

EXT. SFANTUL GHEORGHE SQUARE, OLD BUCHAREST

The trolleybus stops near a shabby, four-story rooming house for servants. Radu alights and enters it.

RADU

Walks down the hallway and into the communal kitchen. On the opposite wall is a door. He unlocks it and enters a...

SMALL ROOM

Ambient light filters in through the tiny window. Radu locks the door and turns on the light, pulling the string from a socket hanging from the ceiling. This is his home, a room of exposed brick made smaller by a single mattress, a small, three-drawer dresser with a wind-up clock and a radio sitting on top, and a table with a lamp. A garment rack abuts the dresser, holding a wool coat, two pairs of pants and shirts.

A clothesline with dangling clothespins runs from the garment rack to a knob on the dresser. Radu takes off his knapsack and lays it on the dresser, then hangs up his jacket. Across the room is another door. Radu gathers a newspaper from the table, crosses the room and opens that door. It leads outside the rear of the building to an...

ALLEY

Where Radu dumps the newspaper into a trashcan. He discreetly looks about. Seeing no one, he heads back inside.

RADU

Closes the shutters on the lone window and pulls down the shade. He pulls open the bottom dresser drawer, revealing an RS-11 radio transceiver, a black film-changing bag and a strong-box. He takes out the film-changing bag and strong-box, and sets them on the table. He takes a key from his pocket, unlocks the strong box and opens it.

Inside are a Minox B camera, a box marked "Bile de Bumbac" (Cotton Balls), string, scissors, a magnifying glass, a cup, a film developing tank, a church-key bottle opener, and bottles labeled "amestec de dezvoltator" (developer mixture), "alcool" (alcohol), and "acetona" (acetone). He takes out the camera, sets it on the table and puts the strong-box on the floor.

Radu opens his knapsack and takes out the book given to him by his Professor. He opens it - its pages have been hollowed out. Inside the cavity is a package. He takes it out and unwraps it, revealing several folded sheets of paper. All are typed in either French and marked "SECRÈTE," or in German and marked "GEHEIMNIS" (SECRET).

On the table he arranges the first four pages into a square and photographs the square. As he repeats this with the next four pages, FOOTSTEPS in the hallway grow louder. Radu freezes; he's terrified. The footsteps stop. A door CREAKS, followed by a SHUFFLE of footsteps then the BANG of the door slamming shut. A muffled voice from that room responds. (Everyone speaks Romanian).

MAN (O.S.)

Care este problema ta, tâmpitule?!
M-ai speriat pe jumatate de moarte
trântind usa!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "What's your problem, asshole?! You scared me half to death slamming that door!"

Radu sighs then resumes photographing the documents.

EXT. THE ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

Taciturn pedestrians walk, or stagger, past the front door.

INT. SMALL ROOM

Radu takes the developing tank and bottle opener from the strong-box and puts them inside the film-changing bag. He unloads the roll of film from the camera and puts it, and both hands, into the changing bag. Now starts the process. He opens the film cannister with the bottle opener, loads the film onto the reel, puts the reel into the developing tank and closes it. Finally, he removes the tank from the bag.

RADU

Takes the cup and the bottle marked "amestec de dezvoltator" from the strong-box and wraps them and the developing tank in a towel. He puts the strong-box and film-changing bag back in the bottom dresser drawer then grabs a roll of toilet paper from the top drawer. He tucks the towel under his arm and crosses to the hallway door, leaves and locks the door.

HALLWAY

Radu walks to the communal bathroom. A sign on its door has an arrow pointing to "Neocupat." Radu slides the arrow to "Ocupat" and enters the...

COMMUNAL BATHROOM

He turns on the hot and cold water taps, filling the cup with both while stirring the water with his finger. He turns off the taps, pours the water from the cup into the developing tank, agitates the film, then pours out the water into the sink - then repeats the process.

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM DOOR

Another RESIDENT in a shabby robe and shoes, and carrying a roll of toilet paper and a girlie magazine, SHUFFLES up to the door. He stares at the arrow in frustration and waits.

COMMUNAL BATHROOM

Radu pours the amestec de dezvoltator into the tank. As he agitates the film, he occasionally TAPS the tank with his fingers to pop any bubbles that have formed.

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM DOOR

Impatient, the Resident KNOCKS on the door.

RESIDENT

Grabeste-te, omule! Am nevoie la
toaleta. Ai fost acolo pentru
totdeauna.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Hurry up, man! I need to use the toilet. You've been in there forever."

The door opens. Radu leaves, his towel balled up and tucked under an arm, the roll of toilet paper in his hand.

RESIDENT (CONT'D)
Ce-ai facut, se încadreaza în?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "What did you do, fall in?"

RADU
Pur si simplu du-te sa te
masturbezi asa cum faci de obicei.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Just go jerk off like you usually do."

The Resident gives Radu the finger then enters the bathroom while Radu walks down the hallway.

SMALL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

The clock reads 3:35. The film negative strip hangs from a clothespin; two more clothespins are clipped onto the bottom of the film strip to keep it from curling. The strong-box is on the floor by the table. The radio is on. The music ends and the BROADCASTER comes on (in Romanian).

BROADCASTER (O.S.)
Acesta este Radio Europa Libera. ?i
acum, The Drifters cânta cel mai
recent hit, "Salvati ultimul dans
pentru mine."

INSERT TRANSLATION: "This is Radio Free Europe. And now, The Drifters sing their latest hit, 'Save The Last Dance For Me.'"

RADU

Takes a sheet of plate glass from behind the dresser and lays it on the table. From the strong box he takes out the bottle labeled alcool and the box, Bile de Bumbac. He takes a "minge de bumbac" (cotton ball) from the box, pours alcool on it and wipes clean the glass pane.

He grabs the magnifying glass and takes down the film strip. Radu holds it up to the light and examines each frame with the magnifying glass. He cuts the film into strips of six negatives each, laying them on the glass, emulsion side down. Taking the bottle of acetona from the strong box, he pours some onto a minge de bumbac and wipes down each strip. He cuts the strips into individual frames, separating the few negatives to be sent out from copies to be kept in reserve.

Radu puts the reserve negatives into a matchbox, wraps it in cellophane, ties a string around the tiny package and seals it all with tape. Pulling a loose brick from the wall, Radu suspends the package in the hole and tapes the loose end of the string to a brick in place, then replaces the loose brick.

He cuts the remaining negative frames into four parts - each part a single page of the original document. He stacks the parts together in sequence, wraps the stack in cellophane, then places the package inside a matchbook which he puts in his knapsack. He places the bottles of chemicals, box of cotton balls, string and Minox B camera back in the strong box, locks it, and stows it back in the dresser drawer.

Lastly, Radu takes out the RS-11 transceiver, a notepad and pencil from his knapsack, and sets them on the table. He attaches the code key, puts on the headphones and turns on the set. He checks his watch: 4:00. He TAPS a short message on the code key, flips the SEND switch, then waits...

Several CHIRPS come through the headphones. Radu writes the coded message in Romanian on the notepad. He switches off the set, detached the code key, and returns it to the dresser drawer. He tears off the top page of his notepad which, along with the pencil, he stows in his knapsack.

He gathers the original paper documents, notepad sheet, a disposable aluminum baking pan, can of stew from the middle dresser drawer, cooking pot and text book and takes them to...

THE COMMUNAL KITCHEN

Radu opens the window. He puts all the paper in the baking pan, lights a match to the paper, then puts the pan in the oven. On the stovetop he opens the can of stew, pours it in the pot and turns on the burner. He grabs a bowl and spoon from the cupboard, sits at the table and reads his text book.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the National Mall and Lincoln Memorial.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

CIA employees enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD and STEWART KENSINGTON listen as PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY brings them up to date.

BAZZO

His name's George Radu.

KENSINGTON

And he wants to quit. Why?

BAZZO

Didn't say - but the Securitate in Bucharest has been cracking down, could be he's twitched. Or maybe he's just had enough and wants out.

BERARD

What's his motivation for working for us?

BAZZO

Money.

Kensington GROANS his disgust.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

They're usually the most reliable.

BERARD

How long have you been running him?

BAZZO

Five years. For the past year he's been sending his material to Bogdan Albescu, the consul at Romania's embassy in Philadelphia. He now runs the ring. They collect material from various sources. Radu prepares the package and passes it onto Albescu, who delivers it to us. We also share some of the material with the FBI.

KENSINGTON

You've partnered with the FBI?!

BAZZO

It keeps them from complaining about us to Congress.

KENSINGTON

Hardly a fair trade, wouldn't you say? They have no Intel, and they're only mandate is to arrest someone to appease Hoover.

BERARD

The last agent they arrested was a low-level discard. While they were gloating over it, the rest of the ring had gone to ground.

BAZZO

That's why Mr. Latham only feeds them low-hanging fruit.

BERARD

Well, if it tones down the rancor...

He shrugs. Kensington concedes, reluctantly, and nods.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Anyone else see this material?

BAZZO

D-Int. He says it's been gold.

BERARD

But without knowing why this George Radu wants out, we have to wonder if the Ring's been compromised.

BAZZO

That's why with Mr. Latham in Paris, I brought it you. We're on the clock to deliver payment to Albescu.

BERARD

Hmm, I think any decision on this is best made by Mr. Latham himself.

KENSINGTON

I agree. I'll call him at his hotel. Though I'd probably do better calling the Élysée Palace.

BERARD

What?

KENSINGTON

President Kennedy's also in Paris. He's probably introducing Latham to de Gaulle right as we speak.

BERARD

Um, on second thought, I think Paul should call Mr. Latham. He does have all the background and such. Call him now, Paul. Right now.

Kensington broods as Bazzo gets up and leaves.

EXT. PARIS - PASSY STATION - ELEVATED SUBWAY LINE - DAY

The Eiffel Tower looms in the background. Elegant apartment buildings surround the station.

RUE CHERNOVIZ - ECOLE DE GARCONS (SCHOOL FOR BOYS)

The SQUEALS of boys at play at this elementary school is the sound of recess.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA

There are rows of empty tables - long ones with eight wooden chairs - and smaller ones seating only four. Cafeteria staff put away the food. The only other people there sit at a small table: ten-year-old MINH DE, his teacher NOËLLE LAVIGNE, FIONA JEFFRIES and WARREN LATHAM. Minh is distracted by the boys playing dodgeball. (Everyone speaks French.)

LATHAM

Vous aimeriez être dehors?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You wish you were outside?"

MINH

Ils jouent au ballon chasseur.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "They're playing dodgeball."

NOËLLE

Le ballon chasseur est le jeu
préfér  de Minh.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Dodgeball is Minh's favorite game."

She smiles and tousles Minh's hair. He sports a wide grin.

LATHAM

Je ne te garderai pas ici trop
longtemps, fiston.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I won't keep you here too long, son."

A sense of sadness overcomes Minh.

MINH

Tu y vas? Je ne voulais pas dire...

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You're going? I didn't mean to say..."

FIONA

Non, non, nous ne partons pas. Nous
sommes venus ici pour te voir.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No, no, we're not leaving. We came here
to see you."

She gives Minh a warm, motherly hug. He leans against her.

LATHAM

Tu te souviens que j'avais promis
de venir te voir?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Remember I promised I'd come see you?"

MINH

Tu as dit que rien ne m'arriverait.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You said nothing would happen to me."

NOËLLE

Et il avait raison.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "And he was right."

LATHAM

Je tiens à toi, fiston. Mademoiselle
Jeffries et moi nous soucions tous
les deux à toi.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I care about you, son. Miss Jeffries and I both care about you."

MINH

Parce que tu es mon père, c'est
pourquoi tu m'appelles fiston, non?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Because you're my dad; that's why you call me son, right?"

Latham nods. He kneels before Minh and holds open his arms. Minh hesitates. Slowly, he goes to Latham who hugs Minh.

LATHAM

Allez, je veux te voir jouer au
ballon chasseur.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Come on, I wanna see you play dodgeball."

Latham stands and takes Minh's hand. Fiona and Noëlle get up. Minh also takes Fiona's hand, pleasantly surprising Noëlle, who leads them out the cafeteria. At that moment a school clerk, MONIQUE, late 20s, enters.

MONIQUE

Monsieur Latham, il y a un appel
téléphonique pour vous au bureau.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Mr. Latham, there's a call for you in the office."

LATHAM

Je te retrouve dans la cour d'école.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I'll meet you in the schoolyard."

He follows Monique out the cafeteria.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - LATER

Fiona and Noëlle watch Minh play dodgeball with the other boys. Latham returns. He whispers to Fiona then they turn to Noëlle.

LATHAM

Je suis désolé mais quelque chose
est arrivé. Nous devons partir tout
de suite.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I'm sorry but something's come up. We have to leave right away."

Noëlle CLAPS to get Minh's attention.

NOELLE

Minh, viens ici s'il te plaît.

Minh scurries over to Latham, Fiona and Noëlle. He's excited.

MINH

Tu m'avez vu jouer? Il a lancé la balle mais n'a pas pu me toucher.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Did you see me play? He threw the ball but couldn't hit me."

LATHAM

J'ai vu ça. Mon bureau a appelé; nous devons partir.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I saw. My office called; we have to go."

MINH

Non!

He starts to cry.

LATHAM

Nous reviendrons pour les vacances. Promets.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "We'll be back for the holidays. Promise."

He reaches for Minh but the boy recoils and clings to Noëlle.

NOELLE

Minh, il tient toujours ses promesses.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Minh, he always keeps his promises."

Latham again kneels before Minh. He takes the boy's hands.

LATHAM

S'il te plaît, fiston, crois-moi. Nous reviendrons et nous resterons beaucoup plus longtemps.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Please, son, believe me. We'll be back and we'll stay much longer."

Minh peeks at Latham who gently pulls the boy closer and hugs him. Latham stands. Fiona tousles Minh's hair and kisses him on the forehead.

NOELLE

Sortez avec les autres garçons et jouez.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Go out with the other boys and play."

Noëlle gently wipes Minh's eyes. He slowly rejoins his friends. Latham turns to Noëlle and smiles.

LATHAM

Merci.

Noëlle nods. They shake hands, as do Noëlle and Fiona, then Latham and Fiona leave.

EXT. 31 AVENUE GEORGE V - HOTEL GEORGE V - DAY

A white stone, art deco façade with minimal architectural ornamentation establishes a theme of simplicity and elegance throughout the hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

This large guest room on a high floor overlooks the Seine. On the table is a newspaper, *Le Figaro*. It's headline reads "Kennedy lors d'une rencontre inopinée avec de Gaulle." Latham and Fiona are packing their suitcases when the phone RINGS; Latham answers in French, then continues in English.

LATHAM

Allô?... What's up?... Where are you?... Alright, be right down.
(hangs up; to Fiona)
François Bisset, Kennedy's press secretary, is in the lobby.

FIONA

Our plane leaves at 09:00 tomorrow.

LATHAM

I know. Look, I don't know how long I'm gonna be, so...

FIONA

That's alright, I'll order room service. Now we'll see just how deep your pockets really are.

Latham rolls his eyes and hangs up the phone then leaves.

I/E. CITROËN DS SEDAN - DAY

The Citroën DS glides along the Avenue des Champs-Élysées. PRESIDENT KENNEDY, wearing a fedora as a disguise, and Latham ride in back; the driver is FRANCIS MARROUX, President Charles de Gaulle's personal chauffeur.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

My wife's being escorted on a tour of the Louvre by André Malraux.

LATHAM
France's Minister of Culture.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
She's quite taken with him - his ideas on culture, humanity, social justice... Personally, I think she's attracted to his receding hairline.

LATHAM
No accounting for taste, is there?
How'd you know I was here?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Your P.A., Miss Dowd.

LATHAM
I'm surprised she didn't call me.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
I said I had a question for you but it wasn't urgent; it could keep 'til you got back. That last part was for your phone monitors. I understand they record all incoming calls.

LATHAM
So, why do want to see me, sir?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
My mother-in-law, Janet Bouvier... She received two phone calls threatening Jackie's life.

LATHAM
Did you tell the Secret Service?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
They don't have the manpower for this; the FBI investigates for them. If they told Hoover, he'd keep the results to himself on the pretense of sparing me the gory details.

LATHAM
One more thing to use as leverage against you.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Yes. I'd like you to look into it.

LATHAM
Oh, wait a second. I don't have the resources for this either.

President Kennedy appears deeply worried.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Warren, I've received death threats
for years. But this is the first
time they've gone after my family.

Latham sighs sympathetically; he has a change of heart.

LATHAM
Does Mrs. Kennedy know about this?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
No, and I don't want her to know.

LATHAM
Your mother-in-law... Did the calls
come to her on her home phone?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Yes. She said they were very short.

LATHAM
Is her number in the White Pages?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
No, it's unpublished and unlisted.

LATHAM
That narrows it down quite a bit.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
What do you mean?

LATHAM
The caller either has access to
Mrs. Bouvier's house, or knows
someone who does.

President Kennedy FLINCHES ever so slightly. Latham's words
have struck a nerve.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
When were the calls made?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Two days ago, I believe.

Latham pulls a pocket notepad and ballpoint pen from his
sport coat pocket and hands it to President Kennedy.

LATHAM
Your, uh, mother-in-law's number
and address, please.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
I'd prefer you don't bother her.
She's quite upset as it is.

LATHAM

I won't.

The Citroën motors on the ring road around l'Arc de triomphe de l'étoile (the Triumphal Arch of the Star).

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the cityscape and the Department of Justice building.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS

The door bears the SEAL OF THE FBI. Clean-shaven agents are at their desks manning phones and typing reports.

FBI OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Stenciled in reverse on the door glass is the titular position of CARL DURANG. As he reads through a file, his ire noticeably rises. The intercom BUZZES; Durang answers it.

DURANG

Yes, Mabel.

MABEL (O.S.)

Bogdan Albescu from the Romanian Consulate in Philadelphia is on line one.

DURANG

Really. I'm reading his file right now. Little bastard feeds us scraps while he gives the CIA gold dust.

MABEL (O.S.)

I'll tell him you're out.

DURANG

No, don't. I'll talk to him.
(hangs up the intercom and
answers the phone)

This is Assistant Director Durang.

INT. ROMANIAN CONSULATE, PHILADELPHIA - OFFICE

Small, though comfortably appointed. BOGDAN ALBESCU - 45, short, squat, balding and imperious - is on the phone.

ALBESCU

This morning I was approached by the KGB.

CROSSCUT DURANG WITH ALBESCU

DURANG
Special Agent Taylor's your contact.

ALBESCU
He was out when I called. Besides,
this matter deserves more attention
than he usually affords me.

DURANG
Alright. So, what happened exactly?

ALBESCU
A car hit mine in the rear as I left
my apartment. It was not serious but
I still asked to see her license to
report it to the insurance company.

DURANG
A woman hit your car?

ALBESCU
That's what I said. The name on her
driver's license was Diana Kinski.

DURANG
I don't recognize it.

ALBESCU
She said she works for a magazine
that publishes the experiences of
émigrés here. And it pays well.

DURANG
And what did you say?

ALBESCU
That I would think about it. Then
she asked me to meet her for brunch
tomorrow at the Bellevue-Stratford
Hotel.

DURANG
Hmm... Who else knows about this?

ALBESCU
I was about to tell the CIA.

DURANG
No. Hold off on that.

ALBESCU
Why?

DURANG
They're responsible for what
happens abroad.

(MORE)

DURANG (CONT'D)

Our focus is here in the U.S. But I'll let them know. Meantime, I'll call you at the consulate later today and let you know what to do.

ALBESCU

Don't take too long. I'm quite busy.

DURANG

Yes. No doubt the KGB are watching you now, so keep to your routine.

ALBESCU

I had every intention to. Goodbye.

BACK TO SCENE

CLICK - Albescu has hung up. Durang does the same and stews. After a moment he grows pensive, his eyes roam to the file. Durang opens it, TAPPING his fingers on his lips as he re-reads it. He curls a half smile and presses the intercom.

MABEL (O.S.)

Yes, sir?

DURANG

Get Gerald Walters' office on the line. He's Chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee.

MABEL

May I know what this is about?

DURANG

Testimony, Mabel. Testimony.

ACT TWO

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A view of south façade of Building C.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 13:45. COLLETTE DOWD is at her desk editing a memo. A congressional hearing is on the portable television set. Latham enters.

COLLETTE

Sorry you had to cut short your trip.

LATHAM

Good thing you did. Every meal there was a month's rent.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I'd have to take out a loan to stay another night.

COLLETTE

(amused)

How was Minh?

LATHAM

He's great. You should have seen the way he took Fiona.

As he hangs up his trench coat on the coat rack, he nods towards the television.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What's on?

COLLETTE

The House Un-American Activities Committee is looking into how the Communists distribute propaganda here. Who aides and abets them.

LATHAM

Hmm. So, Albescu passed the word along that George Radu wants out.

COLLETTE

No.

LATHAM

No?

COLLETTE

No. I was here when Paul called. He just said Radu wanted out.

LATHAM

Albescu's his controller. If it didn't come from him, then who?

COLLETTE

A SIGINT ship in the Black Sea picked up a burst message from Radu.

Latham is taken aback.

LATHAM

He didn't want Albescu to know...

COLLETTE

I guess not. Maybe Bogdan Albescu's the reason Radu wants out.

LATHAM

Did we collect Radu's last drop?

COLLETTE

Yes, and Albescu called twice already asking for payment. Paul wants to send him Green Stamps.

LATHAM

Where are the mandarins?

COLLETTE

In The Hole eating lunch.

Latham starts for the door to the corridor then pauses.

LATHAM

Get me an appointment with Carl Durang today. Say it's urgent.

Collette nods. Latham leaves as she picks up the Gray phone.

THE HOLE

Latham sits across from Bazzo and CARLA DILAURIA, who are in the middle of their brown-bagged lunch.

LATHAM

Before we get to George Radu, President Kennedy told me someone called his mother-in-law and threatened to kill Jackie.

BAZZO

Wanna bet it's those same right-wingers who messed up three times before? Now they go after his wife. Bunch of cowards.

LATHAM

I don't know... It's his policies they hate. Killing Mrs. Kennedy isn't going to change his mind.

DILAURIA

It's an easy way to hurt him though.

LATHAM

It is. But I doubt even those bastards would kill a woman.

DILAURIA

Who else then? The Mob?

BAZZO

No, they'd target brother Bobby.

LATHAM

You think so?

BAZZO

You see how he's gone after them?
350 indictments this year alone.
Eisenhower's last year it was less
than 50.

LATHAM

I doubt the Mob would go after him.

BAZZO

Why? Hoover will look the other
way. He hates the Kennedys.

LATHAM

If they did, the president would
expose Hoover as their puppet.

DILAURIA

I disagree, boss. The president's in
bed with the Mob as well. If Kennedy
went after them, Hoover would expose
him as a sex degenerate. Plus, he'd
dredge up that election mess in
Illinois. Next thing you know,
Kennedy would be impeached.

LATHAM

If Hoover hates him so much, why
hasn't he done any of that already?

He waits for an answer that isn't forthcoming.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Because having the world's most
powerful leader in his pocket makes
Hoover even more powerful - and more
valuable to the Mob. Look, I don't
doubt they feel they've been double-
crossed by the Kennedys. But going
after Bobby or Jackie? No. Even for
the Mob that's out of bounds.

DILAURIA

Until they decide otherwise.

A throwaway remark, but it gives Latham pause.

BAZZO

Fine. So, what's that leave us with -
a deranged Republican?

LATHAM

I'm hoping Durang can help us there.

BAZZO

Hm, good luck with that.

Latham shrugs. He gets up and meanders about.

LATHAM

Let's move onto George Radu.
Anything telling in his material?

DILAURIA

We're still waiting on the prints.

BAZZO

Remember when Albescu took over the Ring last year? They all wanted out. One of them even offered to throw his pompous ass off a roof.

LATHAM

You think Radu's had it with him?

Bazzo shrugs indecisively.

DILAURIA

That'd be enough for me to want out.

LATHAM

He could be nervous and thinks he's under surveillance. Agents get that way when there's a crackdown.

DILAURIA

If the Securitate's watching him, then the entire Ring's compromised.

LATHAM

Which could mean a leak, or that someone's been turned.

DILAURIA

Radu did avoid telling Albescu.

LATHAM

But we don't know why. So release the funds. I want everyone to think it's business as usual here.

BAZZO

I'll call Jessup in Philly.

LATHAM

Meanwhile, I'll put eyes on Albescu.

BAZZO

So you do think it's him!

LATHAM

I think we need to rule out as many possibilities as we can.

DILAURIA

Boss, the Philadelphia base doesn't have that kind of manpower.

LATHAM

And Albescu probably knows all our people there. So I'll have New York put eyes on him. Paul, send a burst message to Radu. Tell him to go to ground after he's been paid.

He sees DiLauria frown.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What - you don't agree with that?

DILAURIA

I read the protocols for Operation MOONGLOW. Agents who go to ground are to contact one of our people under light cover at the embassy, who'd then help to lift them.

LATHAM

And that's a problem?

DILAURIA

Boss, that was written in '56! A hell of a lot's changed since then. Yet, there've been no updates to the protocols to reflect this.

LATHAM

That part - the lift - was turned over to the East European Desk in '58, before you signed on here.

DILAURIA

Given the turnover in Bucharest, I wonder if anyone there knows what they're supposed to do.

LATHAM

All we do is pass along the word.

DILAURIA

And to hell with the poor man who's been risking his life for us.

BAZZO

That's all we can do, Carla.

DILAURIA

Great. Leave him to fend for himself, like you did me in Berlin.

She gets up and STORMS out the room.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - THE CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Stock footage of this familiar landmark.

INT. OFFICE OF CONGRESSMAN GERALD WALTERS

Plush, as are all offices for members of Congress. A nameplate on the desk reads "The Honorable Gerald Walters/Congressman - Pennsylvania." Sitting on the Chesterfield sofa is GERALD WALTERS, mid-60s. Durang sits in a chair. Both men sip coffee.

WALTERS

So, who's this valuable witness you have for me?

DURANG

Bogdan Albescu.

Walters shrugs; he doesn't recognize the name.

DURANG (CONT'D)

Look, these hearings you're holding are on Outlets for the Distribution of Communist Propaganda in the U.S. Did I get that right?

WALTERS

Close enough.

DURANG

Well, Romania has an embassy here and a consulate in your home state, in Philadelphia. What if I told you I could get Albescu, who's their consul, to testify at your hearing?

Walters looks skeptically at Durang.

WALTERS

I'd say Consul Albescu either plans to defect immediately, or you're about to get him recalled to Bucharest where he'll be shot.

DURANG

(grins)

We're running him, Gerry.

WALTERS

Carl, witnesses who give testimony are cooperative; that means they're aware their names will be in the public record. Some of them even have their faces in print or on TV.

DURANG

So we'll put him in disguise or behind a partition. Plus, we'll give him a cover name and a legend.

Walters is incredulous; he smiles sardonically.

WALTERS

What am I missing here? Why would your man risk his life to do this?

DURANG

Greed.

WALTERS

Hm, there isn't enough money in the world that would make me do it.

DURANG

You're not under the impression we'll protect you.

WALTERS

Geezus! You people deal from the bottom of the deck, don't you?

DURANG

Look, can you use him or not?

WALTERS

Yes! Poor guy... He's about to spend the rest of his short life looking over his shoulder.

DURANG

He's doing that now.

WALTERS

I understand the Romanians can be as ruthless as the KGB.

Durang shrugs; he could care less. Walter is stunned.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

Wow, you're a cold man, Carl.

EXT. THE NATIONAL MALL - DAY (DUSK)

Durang and Latham walk along the Reflecting Pool.

LATHAM

I'm a stone's throw away, yet I rarely come here.

DURANG

Better here than in my office.

LATHAM

I know you people keep surveillance
on the Kennedys.

DURANG

Whatever for?

LATHAM

To keep in practice. I want to know
if that extends to the president's
mother-in-law, Janet Bouvier.

DURANG

Why? What's she done?

LATHAM

Come on... Do you monitor her calls?

DURANG

No.

LATHAM

Not even under COINTELPRO?

DURANG

She's not part of that operation -
not as far as I know anyway. Why?

LATHAM

Just curious.

DURANG

You didn't urgently ask to meet me
just to satisfy your curiosity.

LATHAM

No, you're right. I missed you.

DURANG

Uh huh. You're not in any of those
mind-control experiments, are you?

Latham grins. They continue their stroll.

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT (EVENING)

CIA personnel trickle out the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 19:55. Bazzo waits holding a
folder. Latham enters. Collette puts on her overcoat.

LATHAM

(archly)
It's early yet.

COLLETTE

Try and stop me.

BAZZO

The lady has an appointment, boss.

LATHAM

Oh? Hairdresser open late tonight?

Collette sticks out her tongue at Latham who grins.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow.

Collette smiles back and leaves. Bazzo follows Latham into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Bazzo sits while Latham hangs up his coat and sits.

BAZZO

How'd it go with Durang?

LATHAM

They weren't watching Mrs. Bouvier but they soon will be. I put the bug in his ear.

BAZZO

Good. If they call now they'll be on tape. Oh, I didn't get to ask you - how's your son?

LATHAM

He's good. What's in the folder?

BAZZO

Radu's prints. Also, Kensington's looking for you.

Just then Kensington enters in a huff wearing his trench coat. He checks his watch and nods at Bazzo.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Bazzo gets up and leaves.

KENSINGTON

Where are you on this George Radu business?

LATHAM

We sent him a message telling him that after he receives his funds, he should go to ground.

KENSINGTON

Without knowing why he wants out?
You realize we'll lose the Ring.

LATHAM

If they've been compromised, they're
useless to us anyway.

KENSINGTON

Not necessarily. You just shift
your focus. Use them to feed
disinformation to their contacts.

LATHAM

Sir, since the Cuban missile crisis
ended, there's been a significant
shift in Romanian policy - a
campaign for nuclear disarmament,
confidence-building measures within
the Warsaw Pact...

Kensington dismissively waves off Latham.

KENSINGTON

Yes, yes, yes. I know all that. But
the Communists are still in charge
there. That hasn't changed.

LATHAM

No, but our approach with regard to
Intel collection should.

KENSINGTON

That's within D-Int's purview.

LATHAM

We run the Ring, not D-Int.

KENSINGTON

Without consulting me, I might add.

LATHAM

So, that's what this is about.

Kensington takes offense at this.

KENSINGTON

No! Not at all! But had you bothered
to ask me, we could have approached
D-Int together for his suggestions.
As it stands, there's nothing more
you can do on Operation MOONGLOW.

LATHAM

We can make the protocols more fluid
to account for their policy shift.

KENSINGTON

What did you do - consult with your pal President Kennedy for that?

LATHAM

I don't run my division as a beard for the president.

Kensington's back is up. The two glare at other.

KENSINGTON

It's time you handed this over to the East European Desk and focused more on your domestic priorities. I'll expect a copy of your brief to them by close of play tomorrow.

He leaves. Latham fights the urge to curse as Bazzo re-enters.

BAZZO

Who won?

LATHAM

He thinks he did. And I left being with my son for this.

BAZZO

C'mon, let's look at the prints.

Bazzo sits at the table. Latham gets up and joins him. Bazzo opens the folder. Latham looks at the prints. Bazzo lays his hand on the print Latham is looking at to get his attention.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Look at these two.

He hands the last two prints to Latham who does a double take.

LATHAM

They're double exposures.

BAZZO

There were two rolls of film. Each one's the last frame on the roll.

LATHAM

(scrutinizes the prints)
Different typefaces... Had to come from different sources.

BAZZO

Carla's having them separate the images.

LATHAM

She still upset?

BAZZO

Berlin's an open wound with her.

Latham nods regrettably.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

What I don't get is why Radu did a double exposure on both rolls.

LATHAM

Hmm... Maybe he wanted to show us it was done intentionally.

(looks at the prints)

Someone wrote 'Black Jack' on this one.

BAZZO

Yeah, I saw that too.

LATHAM

I hope this isn't about Radu losing his shirt at the casino.

BAZZO

The other print has 'Murat Reis, the Younger,' whoever that is.

LATHAM

Yeah, I see it here. Why would Radu want us to see this?

Both men are puzzled.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY (MORNING)

The sun rises over the National Mall. In the neighborhoods, people line up at street corners waiting for the buses.

SAMUEL GOMPERS MEMORIAL PARK

With satchels in hand, Latham and LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) stroll. Federal employees on their way to work - some of whom munch on pastries - hurry past the two spies.

JONES

How was Paris?

LATHAM

Good. Minh was really taken with Fiona.

JONES

No surprise there.

LATHAM

No... I want to do so much for him.

JONES
But for Grandpa Kao-Ly...

Latham nods.

JONES (CONT'D)
That isn't a suggestion, Warren.

LATHAM
Don't worry. That's not the legacy
I want to leave my son.

JONES
Good. So, what else is on your mind?

LATHAM
I thought I'd give you another
chance to show off your public
school education.

JONES
Why, you have an exam coming up?

LATHAM
You wish. Does 'Murat Reis, the
Younger' ring any bells with you?

JONES
He's a drummer, right?

LATHAM
Larry...

JONES
Okay. As I remember, he was a 17th-
century Dutch pirate. His real name
was Jan Janszoon. He breached the
terms of the license to steal he had
with the Dutch government and had to
relocate to North Africa. He was
married to a Dutch woman, but he
abandoned her and took up with a
local girl. They had two sons.

LATHAM
Hmm, he sounds broad-minded.

JONES
Or horny. He founded the Republic of
Salé, a short-lived Moroccan state.

LATHAM
Anything else notable about him?

JONES
He liked to dress in black.

LATHAM

So do you.

JONES

Yes, but he did so because he was a convert to Islam.

LATHAM

What?

JONES

He was captured in the Canary Islands by Barbary pirates and taken to Algiers. That's where he became a Muslim. Why the interest in him of all people?

LATHAM

I received some Intel that referred to Murat Reis, the Younger.

JONES

Anything else? Any context?

LATHAM

No, just 'Murat Reis, the Younger.' I'm not sure why it was sent to me.

JONES

Maybe it's one of your high school teachers come back to haunt you.

LATHAM

You know, I think that's it.

JONES

I do remember his sons took the surname Van Salee when they emigrated here. It means from Salé. They were probably your first mulatto Muslim immigrants.

Jones and Latham continue on their stroll.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the cityscape, featuring the statue of William Penn at City Hall.

WALNUT STREET AND BROAD STREET - BELLEVUE-STRATFORD HOTEL

This elegant, French Renaissance-style jewel on the corner of Walnut and Broad Streets in Center City was once described as "the most luxurious hotel in America." Albescu walks up Walnut Street toward Broad Street and the hotel.

Across Broad Street, TWO MEN in gray overcoats and felt hats (pinched in the front with a center dent) are ostensibly engaged in conversation but with their eyes on the hotel. Parked a few yards from them is a taxi; its roof light is off. The HACK, wearing a herringbone Driver's cap, appears to read The Daily News but his eyes never lose sight of the hotel.

Albescu turns onto Broad Street and heads to the hotel's main entrance. There, a UNIFORMED DOORMAN opens the door and tips his hat as Albescu enters the hotel. The two MEN in trench coats but no hats walking behind Albescu also enter the hotel.

INT. TOP FLOOR - XIX (NINETEEN) CAFE

The XIX Café features a high-domed ceiling, center rotunda, and floor-to-ceiling windows with views of the cityscape. The café has that soft PURL of people speaking in measured tones, sprinkled with an occasional GIGGLE as they enjoy brunch.

At a far table and facing the window is Albescu; seated opposite but obscured by him is his companion, DIANA KINSKI. They toast and sip Mimosas. Albescu turns around to signal the waiter, revealing Diana Kinski's face - it is actually DINA ORLOV, Yuri Gvozdev's KGB Number Two.

On the opposite side of the café, A MAN and a WOMAN go over a tourist brochure. Their table is situated so that both of them have Albescu and Dina in sight.

The Two Men who followed Albescu into the hotel sit by a window, several tables behind him.

In the rotunda, a MAN in a gray business suit sips a Virgin Mimosa, occasionally glancing about the café. Amidst the well-heeled and bejeweled patrons, he is nondescript but his face is familiar: it's DAVIS from CIA's New York station.

EXT. SPRUCE STREET - DAY

Albescu exits out a back door to the hotel and heads toward the townhouse of the Honorary Consulate General of Romania. He pauses at a store window to see if anyone is following him. As he nears the consulate, one of the Two Men across from the hotel, FBI SPECIAL AGENT TAYLOR, leans out the driver's side window of a double-parked black sedan.

SPECIAL AGENT TAYLOR
Consul Albescu.

Albescu stops by the sedan.

ALBESCU
Agent Taylor.

SPECIAL AGENT TAYLOR
Got a minute for me?

ALBESCU
I already spoke to your superior.

SPECIAL AGENT TAYLOR
And he asked me to speak with you.

Albescu looks around.

SPECIAL AGENT TAYLOR (CONT'D)
You're alone, I checked. Get in.
I'll take you for a ride.

Albescu gets into the sedan alongside Taylor.

I/E. BLACK SEDAN

Cruises west on Interstate 76.

TAYLOR
You'll be in disguise or behind a screen. We'll also supply you with a background to mislead your people in Bucharest. After you testify, we'll resettle you here under a new name. You'll work with us as a consultant on communist activities here.

ALBESCU
The CIA would be quite displeased if they knew you were stealing one of its assets.

TAYLOR
Think of it as a transfer to a more stable environment.

ALBESCU
You can put a bow-tie on a pig, Agent Taylor, but in the end it still grunts.

TAYLOR
Then consider this, Albescu. Your usefulness to the CIA depends on whether they believe the product you give them is genuine.

ALBESCU
Which it is, Taylor.

TAYLOR
Not if we say we have a source who casts serious doubt on it.

ALBESCU
You bastards!

TAYLOR

Do you know what they call agents who've outlived their usefulness? A discard - an agent whose value is something less than worthless. Someone who can be sacrificed.

ALBESCU

It is oxymoronic.

TAYLOR

What is?

ALBESCU

That the FBI should be headquartered in the Department of Justice.

The sedan continues heading west.

ACT THREE

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

Pedestrians glance curiously at the compound as they pass.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters carrying a folder. Collette looks up.

COLLETTE

Carla said she'll have the separated prints for you later today.

LATHAM

Good. How'd she seem to you?

COLLETTE

Fine. Davis is on his way over here.

LATHAM

The New York Number One?

COLLETTE

(perplexed)
You didn't ask for him?

LATHAM

No.

He is as perplexed as Collette as he enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham puts the folder in his desk. The intercom BUZZES; he answers it.

LATHAM

Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Davis is here.

LATHAM

Send him in.

He hangs up. The door opens. Davis enters; Collette shuts the door behind him. Latham and Davis shake hands.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Sit down.

They both sit at the table.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What are you doing in Washington?

DAVIS

I wanted to speak to you privately, sir. Peterson's covering for me. That, um, surveillance job of Bogdan Albescu.

LATHAM

You didn't lose him, did you?

DAVIS

No, sir. Nor did the FBI or the KGB.

LATHAM

What?

DAVIS

I didn't think you knew. They were watching him too. Across the street from the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, at that café on the top floor...

LATHAM

(stunned)

Café? What, did he meet someone there?

DAVIS

A woman. They had brunch.

LATHAM

You recognize her?

DAVIS

No. I could barely hear them but it was clear they weren't speaking English.

(MORE)

DAVIS (CONT'D)

When they were done, they both must have slipped out the back 'cause no one saw them leave the hotel.

LATHAM

So you didn't get a picture of her.

DAVIS

(embarrassed)

No, sir.

LATHAM

Hm, all that damn surveillance, they probably spotted everyone.

DAVIS

One of my people did see Albescu get in a car with Taylor, the FBI's Agent in Charge there in Philly.

LATHAM

(sighs)

So what the hell's going on here?

DAVIS

I know. Why would the FBI and the KGB both be watching Albescu?

LATHAM

Assuming they weren't watching his date.

DAVIS

We weren't. I was going to talk to the Bureau's field office about it - you know, since we're supposed to be running a joint operation. But I didn't want to tip off whoever ordered their surveillance that we were onto them.

Latham nods and thinks aloud.

LATHAM

The FBI's running an Op, independent of us. Did the KGB get wind of it? Were they running an Op on Albescu by coincidence? Could they have been watching the woman to see whom she met? What if she's KGB? Does it mean her masters don't trust her?

DAVIS

Want me to keep up the surveillance?

Latham is deep in thought.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Sir? Do you want me to keep up the surveillance on Albescu?

LATHAM
Huh? Yes. Thanks for coming in, Davis.

He stands; Davis follows suit. They shake hands and Davis leaves. The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)
Mr. Berard wants to see you.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard is at his desk. Latham enters. Berard motions for him to sit, which Latham does.

BERARD
Where are you with MOONGLOW?

LATHAM
We're going over the material Radu sent us. He purposely made double exposures of two prints. We're trying to figure out why. Meanwhile, we've told him to go to ground. We're also surveilling Albescu.

BERARD
Radu's controller. Why?

LATHAM
To rule him out as being redoubled.

BERARD
I see. Did Stewart speak with you?

LATHAM
Yes. He told me to hand MOONGLOW over to the East European Desk, where it'll suffer case-death, and focus more on domestic issues.

BERARD
Not very tactful but to the point.

LATHAM
You think I'm neglecting my work?

BERARD
No, I don't. But as I've told you before, part of your brief is to work with Stewart. He feels you've left him out of the picture.

LATHAM

I wonder if he'd feel that way had the Romanians approached him first.

BERARD

Probably not. But that does bring up a point I wanted to discuss with you; something Paul said to Stewart.

Latham offers a curious shrug, waiting to be told the point.

BERARD (CONT'D)

He said money was George Radu's motivation for spying for us. I know that's often the case, but I haven't found that to be entirely true for agents in the satellites.

LATHAM

Paul probably said that because he knew Kensington would accept it. But you're right about that.

BERARD

Then what is Radu's motivation?

LATHAM

His father was part of Romania's elite; he was a landowner. In '49, he was judged an enemy of the people and sent to Pitesti Prison where he was 're-educated' by the Securitate.

INT. PITESTI PRISON - DAY - PAST

In a dank cell, several Romanian prisoners, heads shaved and wearing gray pajamas, are forced by armed GUARDS to watch a prisoner in a priestly robe administer a "holy communion" of fecal matter to RADU'S FATHER.

LATHAM (V.O.)

The Russian gulags could learn a thing or two about barbarism from the Romanians. On Easter Night, Radu's father was forced to accept a 'holy communion' of fecal matter.

LATER

Under prodding by armed Guards, prisoners force Radu's father to plunge his head into an urn filled with urine.

LATHAM (V.O.)

Other times his torturers would force his head into these chamber-pots filled with urine.

PITESTI PRISON - CORRIDOR

Under guard, prisoners drag Radu's father to a room at the far end and shove him inside. As the prisoners are led back to their cell, the first SCREAMS and SHRIEKS of pain, faint as they are, can be heard.

LATHAM (V.O.)

That was considered psychological torture. The physical part went beyond beatings to disfigurement.

BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT

Berard is so distressed by this that he looks ill. He gets up and goes to the window. He opens the blinds and gazes down the hill at Foggy Bottom.

BERARD

I was there when we liberated Nordhausen. The Nazis were building the V-2 and other weapons there with all the forced labor. When we first arrived, we didn't see anyone. We thought all the prisoners had been transferred out. Eventually we found them all congregated west of the main gate; that's where they had roll call each morning before being sent off to work in the tunnels. Where we had entered was on the east side, where the crematoria were. I guess I wouldn't want to wait around there either.

He turns around and faces Latham.

BERARD (CONT'D)

MOONGLOW remains with you, Warren.
Do what you can for George Radu.

Latham nods, at a loss for words. He gets up and leaves.

EXT. BUCHAREST - FACULTY OF ENGINEERING UPB - DAY (DUSK)

Stock footage of the building, "FACULTATEA DE INGINERIE UPB."

INT. CORRIDOR

Students with their coats on lug their books down the corridor. A door with the silhouette of a man and the sign "Camera Barbatilor" (Men's Room) opens. With his knapsack slung over one shoulder, Radu steps out and pauses. FOUR MEN with stern faces and wearing black leather waist coats (from the Securitate) enter the office of Radu's Professor/contact. Radu turns away and walks out the nearest exit door.

EXT. BOULEVARD GENERAL VASILE MILEA

Radu nears the street and slows his pace. Two black Moskvitch 402 sedans are parked there. One is empty, the other has a MAN tapping the steering wheel to while away the time. Radu joins a queue waiting for the trolley bus.

SFANTUL GHEORGHE SQUARE, OLD BUCHAREST

Radu alights from the trolley bus and walks past his rooming house. He eyes the cars and the doorways. At the corner he waits while a seemingly endless parade of people returning from work walk past him. Finally, Radu turns back and enters the rooming house.

INT. SMALL ROOM

Radu lays his knapsack on the dresser. He pulls the loose brick from the wall and draws up the string attached to the package. He puts it in his pocket and replaces the brick.

Radu takes out the bottom dresser drawer with all its contents. He opens his back door and looks about. Seeing no one, he hurries across the alley carrying the dresser drawer, shuffling through the muck. He enters the back door of a...

TENEMENT BUILDING

He heads to the building's huge furnace. He grabs a poker used to open the furnace's cast-iron door and swings it open. Radu dumps the transceiver and the rest of the drawer's contents, plus the package in his pocket, into the building's roaring furnace. Using the poker he closes the heavy door, leans the poker against the furnace, and leaves with the empty drawer.

RADU

Returns to his room and places the drawer back into the dresser. He takes some clothes from the garment rack and the dresser and shoves them into his knapsack. He looks about for a moment, appearing both wistful and hopeful. He grabs the knapsack and a jacket then leaves through the alley door.

EXT. BUCHAREST - LIPSCANI (THE OLD TOWN)

Typical of what happens when management by City Hall is delayed. Degraded buildings fill the neighborhood; streets are dug up for repairs that were never completed - or in some instance, never begun. Gypsies now occupy an area that appears desolate. Police patrols are non-existent.

SMÂRDAN STREET

Small shops are open, though few people are on the street. Radu walks along a temporary wooden sidewalk. He comes to a hotel that would be rated one star at best, Hostel Bucharest.

INT. HOSTEL BUCHAREST - FRONT DESK

Radu enters the shabby lobby where the clock on the desk reads 7:50. He approaches the DESK CLERK, who look up from his girlie magazine. (They speak Romanian.)

DESK CLERK

Da?

RADU

Este un Thomas Jamison înregistrat aici?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Is a Thomas Jamison registered here?"

DESK CLERK

Care e numele din nou?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "What's the name again?"

RADU

Jamison. Thomas Jamison.

The Desk Clerk looks curiously at Radu then checks the registry.

DESK CLERK

Jamison, ai spus?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Jamison, did you say?"

Radu nods.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

El nu este în carte.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "He's not in the book."

Radu is confused - and worried. He reins in his emotions.

RADU

Bine, um, pot sa am o camera?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Okay, um, can I have a room?"

The Desk Clerk hands Radu a registration card.

DESK CLERK

Completati cardul.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Fill in the card."

As Radu fills in his information...

RADU

Ai un telefon?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You have a phone?"

The Desk Clerk points down the hall.

DESK CLERK
Asta va fi 25 de lei, în fata.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "That'll be 25 lei, up front."

Radu gives the Desk Clerk three ten-lei banknotes and gets five lei and the room key in return.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)
Camera 12, etajul al doilea.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Room 12, second floor."

RADU

Heads down the hall to a payphone. He puts a coin in the slot; it CLANKS into the collection box then he dials. On the other end the phone RINGS.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Embassy of the United States.

RADU
May I speak to Thomas Jamison?

OPERATOR (O.S.)
I'm sorry. What was that name again?

RADU
Thomas Jamison.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Mr. Jamison... No, there's no one here by that name.

RADU
(very worried)
Are you sure? Thomas Jamison.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Perhaps he's new. If you leave your name and number, I can have one of the consular officials call you back tomorrow morning.

RADU
No, not my name! I'm staying at the Hostel Bucharest. Ask for room 12. The telephone number is 213-674-912.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
I'll have someone call you tomorrow.

RADU

Tell them it is urgent, please.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Yes. Goodbye.

CLICK. Radu hangs up the phone and heads towards the stairs.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

A panorama from the National Mall to Foggy Bottom.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

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

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 15:20. There is the usual PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones. New regional maps of the United States feature RED, GREEN, YELLOW and WHITE stickpins in the major coastal cities.

DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS. Bazzo speaks with Stokes. Latham enters.

LATHAM

What have you got, Jared?

STOKES

The embassy in Bucharest got a call asking for Thomas Jamison.

LATHAM

Geezus, that's an old password.

STOKES

It expired about four months ago.

BAZZO

I was shocked when I heard it too.

STOKES

The caller didn't leave a name, but he just told the operator he was staying at the Hostel Bucharest in room 12.

LATHAM

That's one of our safehouses there.

BAZZO

Has to be Radu; probably too scared to give his name. That's why I told Jared to call you.

LATHAM

Who notified you, Jared?

STOKES

The Night Duty Clerk at the embassy, Gary Rollins. He's an old hand, been there since '56. I think he and the operator are the only ones who've been there that long.

LATHAM

The desk clerk at the hotel should have called Rollins.

STOKES

If he's new, he may not even be on the payroll.

BAZZO

Rollins knew right away the password was old; he just didn't know how old. So he checked the book. It hadn't been updated in months.

LATHAM

Geezus. The password still changes every three months?

STOKES

Yes, sir. I checked our book here, make sure we're up to date. We sent them a new one a little over three months ago, and another one just last week. We've got confirmation both were received.

Latham is frustrated as he turns toward Bazzo.

LATHAM

Carla was right. With all the turnover there, no one knows what the hell they're supposed to do.

BAZZO

Meanwhile, all the older operations slip by the wayside. When Langley hears about this, heads are gonna roll.

LATHAM

Yeah, well, before that happens, let's see if we can get Radu out. Jared, get the East European Desk on the phone.

Stokes picks up the Red phone and dials.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

While Collette types, DiLauria waits, TAPPING a folder she holds against the palm of her hand. Latham and Bazzo enter.

LATHAM
Those the prints?

DILAURIA
Yes.

She and Bazzo follow Latham into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

As the Three sit at the table...

LATHAM
Looks like Radu called the Bucharest station asking for Thomas Jamison.

DILAURIA
A little out of date, isn't he?

LATHAM
You were right about the station. Their password book hasn't been updated in months. Radu followed protocol and went to the Hostel Bucharest. Either the desk clerk was new and hadn't been briefed, or he wasn't one of ours because he didn't notify the station.

DILAURIA
If he were one of ours, he should have called the station regardless.

LATHAM
In any event, Radu must have gotten worried and called himself. He didn't leave a name, but he told the operator where to find him.

DILAURIA
So, what now?

LATHAM
I spoke to the East European Desk. I reminded them they have 24 hours to effect a lift.

BAZZO
And if they don't get off their ass and get their act together, they can explain why to the Director.

DILAURIA

You wouldn't consider sending one of us out there.

LATHAM

That'd mean a bust-out instead of a lift. Mission Planning would have to establish a bolt-hole, plan a route out, get you to Bucharest...

DILAURIA

Not enough time, huh?

LATHAM

No.

DiLauria sighs resignedly. She lays open the folder before them, revealing four photographic prints.

DILAURIA

These first two are minutes from Party meetings. They offer nuclear disarmament proposals and request they be forwarded to the Presidium for Premier Khrushchev's attention.

She pushes the last two prints before Latham and Bazzo, and points to one of them.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

This one's a document from the Dutch Genealogical Society on someone named Anthony Van Salee.

LATHAM

Van Salee...

DILAURIA

You've heard of him?

LATHAM

Yes. He's the son of Jan Janszoon, AKA Murat Reis, the Younger.

DiLauria and Bazzo are both surprised and at sea.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Sorry, I forgot to tell you. I met with SMOTH. He told me Janszoon was a Dutch pirate who later lived in North Africa. He had two sons, Anthony and Abraham, who emigrated here around 1640.

DILAURIA

Some of that's in the document.

BAZZO

How is any of this relevant?

Latham shrugs.

DILAURIA

It says in there that Anthony Van Salee was described as a Turk.

LATHAM

Back then, anyone with brown or black skin was called a Turk.

DILAURIA

And 'Black Jack' is scribbled in the margin.

LATHAM

I see it. Gotta be someone's nickname, but who?

DILAURIA

The other print shows what looks to me like an entry in a journal.

Latham slides it closer and reads it aloud.

LATHAM

'She has a Negroid appearance.' Who the hell's he talking about?

DiLauria shrugs; she doesn't know.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Someone else wrote 'Cyril Blaine.'

BAZZO

Yeah, different handwriting.

LATHAM

His name ring a bell?

Bazzo and DiLauria shake their heads no.

BAZZO

Why would Radu bring this to our attention?

LATHAM

Maybe he's telling us that someone we know is interested in this.

BAZZO

I'd like to know how he came by these two documents.

DILAURIA

Who else gets this material?

BAZZO

D-Int, and the FBI gets a taste.

DILAURIA

This doesn't look like something
the Bureau would be interested in.

LATHAM

Hang on. There is someone else who
sees this.

BAZZO

Who?

LATHAM

Bogdan Albescu.

ACT FOUR

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

Stock footage of the National Mall, Reflecting Pool, and...

THE WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING

More stock footage of this familiar landmark.

THE ROSE GARDEN

President Kennedy and Latham stroll among the clipped privet
hedges and Tom Thumb roses.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I suspect this has become a familiar
jaunt for you.

LATHAM

It is the only the garden path I've
been down recently.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

(affronted)
Meaning what?

Latham points with a sweep of his hand to the environs.

LATHAM

Meaning it's all very charming, sir.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I guess that's one possible version
of the expression.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)
Tell me, have you, uh, learned
anything about my mother-in-law's
caller?

LATHAM
Not so far. I asked Bell Telephone
to put a trace on incoming calls.
The caller will here your mother-in-
law's phone ring, but there'll be a
delay before she actually hears it.
That's the phone company's tap
locking onto the call.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
I see.

LATHAM
I've ruled out extreme right-wingers
like the John Birch Society and the
Klan. Fact is, they usually don't
target women.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Then who does?

LATHAM
Someone with a grudge against you.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
(jocularly)
Like 'Landslide Lyndon' maybe?

Latham finds the remark troubling. The president sees this.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)
I'm just kidding. We'll keep that
between ourselves.

LATHAM
You have my vote.

Now it's President Kennedy's turn to don a curious face.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
You, uh, haven't heard of anyone
targeting my wife for any other
reason, have you?

LATHAM
No. Why?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
I was thinking whoever threatened to
kill her might talk to his friends
about it; justify their reasons for
going after her rather than me.

LATHAM

If they have, no one's reported it to the Secret Service.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

But you'd let me know.

LATHAM

Yes, of course.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

You never know what stirs an unsound mind to violence.

EXT. CHINATOWN - I STREET - NIGHT (EVENING)

Stock footage of the crush of restaurants, shops and patrons.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT

Fiona and Latham are at a table in the corner sharing plates. Latham is in a distant, wistful reverie.

FIONA

I'll give you two cents for them.

LATHAM

You'd be overpaying.

FIONA

You thinking about Minh?

Latham nods.

FIONA (CONT'D)

He's such a sweet boy.

LATHAM

(sighs, changes the subject)

I met with the president again.

FIONA

About those threats to Mrs. Kennedy?

LATHAM

Uh huh. I get that someone angry enough might want to get to him through his wife, but I can't see any of his enemies going that route.

FIONA

Maybe you're not up to date on their level of anger with him.

This strikes a chord with Latham.

LATHAM

Could be... Anyway, I let the FBI in on it without telling them I wanted them to investigate.

FIONA

Why, you devious bloke, you.

Latham arches an eyebrow and grins. Fiona studies him.

FIONA (CONT'D)

But that's not everything, is it?

LATHAM

Geezus, am I that easy to read?

FIONA

No, TV Guide's easy to read. You've got worry written all over you.

LATHAM

I can't shake the feeling the president was trying to pump me.

FIONA

About what?

LATHAM

What I knew about Mrs. Kennedy.

FIONA

Maybe he's worried her eyes might wander as much as his.

LATHAM

Hmm...

FIONA

Wait and see what the FBI turn up.

Latham pauses between bites, swirling his tongue in his cheek.

FIONA (CONT'D)

You get a sesame seed caught in your teeth again?

LATHAM

Huh? No, no... This is kind of a shot in the dark. I received some Intel with the name 'Cyril Blaine.' Ring any bells?

FIONA

The Queen's photographer?

Latham is taken aback.

LATHAM

Say again.

FIONA

Cyril Blaine. He photographs the royal family and their guests during receptions at Buckingham Palace. What's your interest in him?

LATHAM

I'm not sure - but I'd like to know more about him.

FIONA

Talk to Larry. He knows him.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - DAY (DAWN)

Bluish sunlight creeps up on the cityscape.

HONORARY ROMANIAN CONSULATE

The townhouse bears Romania's national coat of arms, a heraldic sign dating back to the 19th century. Albescu uses his key to enter the building.

ALLEY - REAR ENTRANCE TO THE HONORARY ROMANIAN CONSULATE

Albescu exits the townhouse and hurries along the alley to...

DELANCEY STREET

Where a gray sedan waits with Special Agent Taylor behind the wheel. A second FBI AGENT, HANSON, jumps out the sedan. He pushes Albescu down on the rear seat and throws a blanket over him. Hanson gets into the front seat and Taylor drives away.

NORTHEAST PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT

The sedan pulls onto the tarmac by a waiting private turboprop plane. Taylor quickly escorts Albescu onto the plane, while Hanson drives the sedan off the tarmac.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN

Taylor and Albescu fasten their seatbelts.

ALBESCU

Six A.M. in the morning. Ridiculous!

TAYLOR

You left word with your secretary that you weren't feeling well?

ALBESCU

Yes.

TAYLOR

And she understands you need to rest undisturbed.

ALBESCU

Again, yes.

TAYLOR

Your second-in-command... He won't be so concerned about you that he calls you at home, will he?

ALBESCU

No! He's anxious to succeed me. The last thing he would do is check on my health or ask for my opinion.

He puts his heavy overcoat over his head, leans against the window and shuts his eyes. Taylor mutters to himself...

TAYLOR

I can see why.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - VOLTA PARK - DAY (MORNING)

An urban oasis of lush gardens, a playground and a basketball court. Latham and Jones stroll along one of its paths.

JONES

Blaine's been the royal photographer for as long as I can remember. Why?

LATHAM

That Intel I told you about...

JONES

Murat Reis, the Younger?

LATHAM

Yeah. There's also an apparent entry in a personal journal that reads, 'She has a Negroid appearance.' Then someone else wrote, 'Cyril Blaine.'

JONES

Hmm, probably describing someone he just met, maybe from the Caribbean.

LATHAM

Met at a reception, you mean.

JONES

Yes. It's like a twit to make a remark about someone who wasn't pale White and sickly-looking.

LATHAM

Most of the world isn't.

JONES

Don't expect too much introspection from a narrow-minded git, Warren. His type don't approve of Blacks and Whites getting together.

LATHAM

He'd have hated Murat Reis, the Younger.

JONES

And you.

Latham smiles sardonically.

JONES (CONT'D)

Speaking of old Murat Reis, you know his sons had children here. Given the period, they would have married White women. But under that stupid, one-drop rule of yours, any blond-haired, blue-eyed offspring would be considered Black. It might as well have read 'second-class citizen' with all the racists you have here.

LATHAM

The UK's no better, Larry.

JONES

I'm not claiming it is. But we have several White foreign ministers from the Caribbean colonies who married local women. When you see them on the BBC, they don't need to mention the obvious - that they're an interracial couple. How many White senators or congressmen with Black wives have you seen on television?

LATHAM

(nods, chagrined)

Any chance I can speak to Blaine?

JONES

I'll call him and set something up.

Latham nods, then he and Jones walk their separate ways.

3219 O STREET, NW - ANTHONY ADDISON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Latham walks by and sees children play in the yard. A school bell RINGS. The kids form lines before their teacher.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

CIA employees pass the Guard Shack and enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 08:30. Collette is at her desk separating files into three piles. The portable TV set is on, showing a hearing set to commence on Capitol Hill. Staffers mill about, handing notes to Committee members. At the bottom of the screen are the words "Hearings of the House Un-American Activities Committee." Latham enters, wistful once again, and smiling. Collette looks up at him and smiles.

LATHAM

What?

COLLETTE

You smiled at me so I smiled back.

Latham looks at the TV set as he hangs up his coat.

LATHAM

They're starting early.

COLLETTE

They're calling witnesses from the Eastern Bloc. They're starting now.

Latham joins Collette to watch the proceedings.

ON TELEVISION

The Chairman, MR. CLAYBURN, BANGS his gavel.

CHAIRMAN

We will come to order. The Committee will come to order.

The MURMURING in the Hearing Room subsides.

CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)

This hearing today is conducted in response to the duties imposed upon us by the Congress of the United States, to make a continuing study of Communist activities in this country. This is a necessary and vital inquiry, for the onslaught of the enemies of freedom grows more vocal and impressive in all parts of the world with each passing day. We must be kept informed if we are to cope effectively with the aggressive falsehoods of Communist propaganda.

(MORE)

CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)

Only the truth shall make and keep
us free. Call your witness, Mr.
Walters.

WALTERS

(coughs, sniffles)

Mr. Chairman, I'd like to announce
that the interpreter, Mr. Schilders,
won't be needed. Mr. Albescu - um,
uh - I mean, Mr. Alin Dalca speaks
English well enough to continue.

Sitting beside Walters, wearing a wig and a Stalinesque false
moustache, Albescu drops his chin to his chest and squirms in
his seat - the result of his identity being revealed.

CROSSCUT LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE WITH THE TELEVISED HEARING

Latham and Collette outraged.

LATHAM

You idiot!

COLLETTE

I can't believe he called him
Albescu!

LATHAM

What the hell's Albescu doing there
testifying in the first place?!

WALTERS

The witness's appearance has been
altered to protect him from reprisal
by Communist agents.

CHAIRMAN

Mr. Walters, is the witness's name
Albescu or Dalca?

LATHAM

Oh, great! In case anyone missed it!

WALTERS

It's Dalca, Mr. Chairman. I
apologize. I'm taking medication
for the flu. I got confused.

CHAIRMAN

Mr. Dalca, will you raise your
right hand, please.

Still shaken by Walters' gaffe, Albescu hesitates.

CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)

Raise your right hand, Mr. Dalca.

Reluctantly, Albescu complies.

CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)

Do you swear the testimony you are about to give will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM

Behind the TV cameras, spectators and reporters take in the proceedings. Among them is Dina, studiously taking notes.

ALBESCU

I do.

CHAIRMAN

Please state your full name and your age.

ALBESCU

Alin Dalca, 42.

CHAIRMAN

You may continue, Mr. Walters.

WALTERS

Mr. Dalca, I understand you are a citizen of Romania?

ALBESCU

(softly)

Yes.

WALTERS

Could you speak louder, please?

ALBESCU

That's correct!

WALTERS

Are you at this time a member of the Communist party of Romania, or a believer in the Communist ideology?

ALBESCU

No.

AMONG THE SPECTATORS

On her notes (written in English), Dina circles the word 'No.'

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY (MORNING)

More stock footage of this expansive monolith.

INT. FBI OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

On the table a portable TV is tuned to the congressional hearings. Durang watches while leaning back in his desk chair, a look of conceit - even victory - lights up his face.

DURANG
Goodbye, you little prick.

He presses the intercom.

MABEL (O.S.)
Yes, sir?

DURANG
I'm going out for my constitutional.

MABEL (O.S.)
You don't wanna wait 'til lunchtime?

DURANG
Nope, not today.

He hangs up. Durang then stands, turns off the TV and leaves.

EXT. TUNLAW ROAD NW - RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY (MORNING)

The sign on the gate of the compound reads "Embassy of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics" in English and Cyrillic."

INT. OFFICE OF THE SECOND SECRETARY (KGB)

YURI GVOZDEV is at his desk and on the phone. Dina enters.

GVOZDEV
Da spasibo. Do svidaniya.

He hangs up and looks at Dina, who sits across from him.

DINA
Eto byl Al'besku.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "It was Albescu."

Gvozdev seethes.

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

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

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Bazzo and DiLauria are enraged but Latham's mind is elsewhere.

BAZZO
Why the hell did Albescu testify?

DILAURIA

The FBI's running an Op independent of us, right? So maybe it was to lift Albescu. If he and his date spotted the surveillance, he might have been worried about a KGB snatch. He could have called Agent Taylor from the hotel and said, now's the time.

BAZZO

No. If Albescu spotted all three surveillance teams, he'd know there was no way the KGB would touch him.

DILAURIA

But why were the KGB sitting in?

LATHAM

Albescu, Radu, the president... I should be back in Paris. Instead I deal with this nonsense!

He gets up and meanders about. Bazzo and DiLauria are stunned. Latham sees this and is embarrassed.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Sorry, I shouldn't have said that.

BAZZO

Oh, forget it.

LATHAM

Look, I don't believe the FBI was there to lift Albescu. I think he was surprised to see Taylor. He was only a block or so away from the consulate. He didn't need any FBI heroics. All he had to do was just duck inside the building.

DILAURIA

Then Taylor must have been ordered to intercept Albescu.

LATHAM

And those orders came from Durang.

BAZZO

Come on... Why would he have Albescu testify before those clowns?

LATHAM

No one else would have compelled him to do it!

BAZZO

Yeah, and now his cover's blown. I doubt even Durang wanted that.

LATHAM

Who was the last person seen with Albescu? Special Agent Taylor.

BAZZO

They could've been discussing anything.

LATHAM

Then why didn't Albescu tell us he was going before the Committee?

BAZZO

Maybe he was tired of doubling. He knew if he told us, we'd try to convince him to stay in place.

LATHAM

I don't buy it. The guy's living the Life of Riley here. Going before the committee put an end to all that. And for what? Why do it?

BAZZO

If it is the FBI, they'd have offered him a job, a new identity...

LATHAM

He'd still have to go into hiding for a while. And the FBI isn't going to protect him forever. If the Securitate don't get to him here, they'll go after his wife and son back in Bucharest. No way in hell they let them emigrate.

DILAURIA

Why would Durang do it? MOONGLOW's a joint operation. And Hoover's hot for any tidbit that'll prove the Communists are behind everything from the civil rights movement to fluoride in the drinking water.

Latham shrugs; he has no answer. He leans against the door.

BAZZO

Are you gonna confront Durang?

LATHAM

I don't know... Radu wants out but won't tell Albescu...

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Did he learn something else about Albescu, something that frightened him?

BAZZO

Like what?

LATHAM

Like Albescu was tripling? It would explain why the KGB were sitting in.

BAZZO

It would help if we knew who his date was.

DILAURIA

You think it's worth a look in his apartment?

BAZZO

Might end up being a crowd in there with us, the FBI and the KGB.

LATHAM

The hearing's a local feed on the city's educational channel. The only way anyone in Philly would know what that idiot congressman said is if someone here told them.

BAZZO

Let's hope the FBI and the KGB were watching Captain Kangaroo.

LATHAM

Carla, have Mission Planning get you a pool car, then drive up to Albescu's place. Paul, call Jessup. Have him meet her there.

BAZZO

Right.

He reaches for the Red phone as Latham and DiLauria get up to leave.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is on the Gray phone.

COLLETTE

He should be back here soon. Can I have him return your call?

(writes on her notepad)

Yes, I have the country code...

(smiles)

(MORE)

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Right, double four. I'll tell him.
Goodbye.

Latham enters just as Collette hangs up.

LATHAM
(hopefully)
Was that Durang?

COLLETTE
No. Were you expecting a call from
him?

LATHAM
More like wishful thinking. I was
hoping they'd ID'ed whoever phoned
in those threats to the president's
mother-in-law.

COLLETTE
Sorry, that was Cyril Blaine. He
left a callback number.

She tears off the top sheet of her notepad and hands it to
Latham.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
By the way, the country code for
England is 'double four.'

Latham rolls his eyes as Collette pops a stick of Doublemint
chewing gum in her mouth. He eyes her curiously.

LATHAM
I thought you liked Juicy Fruit?

COLLETTE
I do. I just thought I'd try
Doublemint. You know, 'Double your
pleasure, double your fun...'

LATHAM
Excuse me. I have to go and dial
'double four.'

Collette grins as Latham heads into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham sits at his desk and mouths the phone number on the
notepad sheet, "44 20 7946 0800."

EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY

Stock footage of Westminster Abbey and...

KING'S ROAD

Along a row of traditional shops - a post office, Sketchleys Cleaners, Clark's Shoes and Victoria Wine - are newly opened restaurants and boutiques like Buzzy's Bistro and Salon 33. In a townhouse is a photographic studio, Blaine's Portraits.

INT. BLAINE'S PORTRAITS - PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO

RUTH, 35, assistant to Cyril Blaine, positions MRS. FORSBY and her four-year-old, LIZ, on a peacock chair. Liz fidgets about on her mother's lap.

MRS. FORSBY
Sit still, Liz!

LIZ
I want Cisco!

Ruth is at sea. Mrs. Forsby looks at her patronizingly.

MRS. FORSBY
That's her cat.

Ruth forces a smile. Waiting patiently behind the camera is CYRIL BLAINE, 50. The phone RINGS. Ruth checks her watch.

RUTH
Oh, that should be Mr. Fujiyama!

BLAINE
Who?

RUTH
Japan's finance minister? He said he'd call you at this time to see if his prints were ready.

BLAINE
Oh, right! Excuse me one moment, Mrs. Forsby.

He hurries over to the phone and answers it ingratiatingly by saying 'Hello' as the Japanese do when answering the phone.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
Moshi-moshi.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH BLAINE

LATHAM
Huh? Geezus, I must have the wrong number.

BLAINE
This isn't Mr. Fujiyama?

LATHAM

No, it's Warren Latham.

BLAINE

Oh, yes! Larry told me about you. I just tried to call you. Sorry about the mix-up.

LATHAM

It's alright. Did Larry tell you why I wanted to speak to you?

BLAINE

Yes. You want to know about someone I met at a reception - a White woman whose features resembled those of a Negro.

LATHAM

Of a Black person, yes.

BLAINE

How'd you come to know about that?

LATHAM

Someone made reference to it.

BLAINE

That's odd because I never mentioned it to anyone.

LATHAM

No, I believe you wrote it. Someone else must have read it.

BLAINE

It's, um, quite disturbing to hear that someone was reading my private journal, Mr. Latham.

LATHAM

Maybe it was done by mistake. The point is, I'd like to know whom you were referring to.

BLAINE

(defiantly)

And I'd like to know why you're interested.

This gets Latham's back up.

LATHAM

Mr. Blaine, did Larry tell you who I am?

BLAINE

He said you were a close friend of his. I assumed that meant one of our American cousins.

LATHAM

Yes. If that sort of cheeky remark you wrote were made public, it would embarrass the royal family and likely cost you a lucrative part of your business.

BLAINE

(snidely)

You sound an awful lot like Larry.

LATHAM

(firmly)

Good. Then let's stop pussy-footing around here. Answer my question.

BLAINE

A head of state and his wife were invited to Buckingham Palace. I've photographed many ministers and their wives from the colonies, so I was taken by how the lady's facial features resembled those of Negroes.

LATHAM

A name, Mr. Blaine. What was her name?

BLAINE

Jacqueline Kennedy.

LATHAM

(taken aback)

When was this?

BLAINE

Last year, when the Kennedys made a state visit.

Ruth waves at Blaine to get his attention.

RUTH

We're ready over here.

BLAINE

I have to get back to my work, Mr. Latham. I trust you'll exercise discretion and not reveal the source of this information?

BACK TO SCENE

LATHAM

My lips are sealed. Goodbye, Mr.
Blaine.

Latham hangs up, still stunned by what he has just heard.

ACT FIVE

EXT. BUCHAREST - LIPSCANI (THE OLD TOWN) - NIGHT

The few working streetlamps throw deep shadows, hiding the urban blight, but heightening the sense of foreboding.

STRADA SMÂRDAN (SMARDAN STREET) - HOSTEL BUCHAREST

The neon sign BLINKS and HISSES its state of disrepair.

INT. FRONT DESK

A portable radio tuned to Radio Free Europe plays tunes from the decadent West. The Desk Clerk reads his girlie magazine. The phone RINGS; he answers it. (Everyone speaks Romanian.)

DESK CLERK
(lazily)
Hostelul Bucuresti.

CIA OFFICER RAMSEY (O.S.)
(in poor Romanian)
Camera doispnezece, va rog.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Room twelve, please."

DESK CLERK
Nu exista telefon în camera.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "There's no telephone in the room."

CIA OFFICER RAMSEY (O.S.)
Ce? Nu inteleg...

INSERT TRANSLATION: "What? I don't understand..."

DESK CLERK
Vrei sa vorbesti cu tipul? Coboara
aici ii bate la uta.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You want to talk to the guy? Get down here and knock on his door."

CIA OFFICER RAMSEY (O.S.)
Asteapta un minut, asteapta un
minut. Acesta este Hostelul
Bucuresti, nu?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Wait a minute, wait a minute. This is the Hostel Bucharest, right?"

DESK CLERK

Uite, prietene, îi poti exersa
bietul român pe el când ajungi
aici. Chiar acum, sunt ocupat.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Look, pal, you can practice your poor Romanian on him when you get here. Right now, I'm busy."

He hangs up and sneers as he returns to his magazine.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

Tâmpit american.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Dumb-ass American."

INT. HOSTEL BUCHAREST - GUEST ROOM

Chipped paint on the walls; a water-stained sink with separate taps; a dresser on which lie Radu's knapsack and jacket; a bedside table with a lamp and coin-operated radio, both of which are on; a single bed with a wool blanket pockmarked with holes burnt by cigarettes - in this way station Radu lies on the bed nervously flicking cigarette ash to the floor.

Radu sits up and checks his wristwatch. He turns off the lamp. Ambient light from a streetlamp fills the room. He goes to the window and peers outside from behind shredded curtains. Maybe it's a stray dog or a cat, but something moves in a doorway. Quickly, Radu slides away from the window. He grabs his jacket and knapsack and leaves the room with the radio still on.

FRONT DESK

Radu hurries down the steps. The Desk Clerk looks up.

DESK CLERK

Cineva a sunat pentru tine, un
american care încearca sa sune ca
un localnic.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Someone called for you, an American trying to sound like a local."

RADU

Vine aici?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Is he coming here?"

DESK CLERK

Cum naiba sa stiu?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "How the hell should I know?"

RADU

Daca apare, spune-i ca ma întorc
imediat.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "If he shows up, tell him I'll be right
back."

As he heads down the corridor, the Desk Clerk rolls his eyes.

DESK CLERK

Da, sigur.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Yeah, right."

CORRIDOR

Radu sees a sign marked "LESIRE" by the payphone and opens it.
The slim path of an alley appears in the moonlight. Radu runs
outside while the door slowly closes behind him.

STRADA SFÂNTUL DUMITRU - NIGHT

A Skoda Oktavia sedan stops at the corner of Strada Smârdan,
an impassable rubble. CIA OFFICER KEVIN RAMSEY, 26, grips the
steering wheel. He peers down Strada Smârdan and mutters...

RAMSEY

Damnit!

Ramsey checks his wristwatch and looks about. Anxious, he gets
out of his car and walks down the temporary wooden sidewalk on
Strada Smârdan, toward the Hostel Bucharest.

INT. HOSTEL BUCHAREST - FRONT DESK

Ramsey approaches the Desk Clerk. (Everyone speaks Romanian.)

RAMSEY

Pe ce etaj este camera doisprezece?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "What floor is room twelve on?"

Just then THREE MEN IN LEATHER WAISTCOATS enter. As SECURITATE
AGENT #1 walks up to Ramsey...

DESK CLERK

Cred ca ar trebui sa te gândesti la
ce camera vei ajunge.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I guess you should be thinking about
which room you'll end up in."

SECURITATE AGENT #1

Ce faci aici atât de târziu?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "What are you doing here so late?"

(Ramsey and Securitate Agent #1 now speak English.)

RAMSEY

Sorry, I don't speak Romanian.

SECURITATE AGENT #1

You mean, you don't speak it well, Mr. Ramsey. The streets are not safe at night. Come with us. We'll see that you return home safely.

RAMSEY

Um, that's okay, my car's outside.

SECURITATE AGENT #1

We'll take care of that for you.

SECURITATE AGENTS #2 and #2 grab hold of Ramsey's arms and strongarm him out the hotel, followed by Securitate Agent #1.

EXT. CORNER OF STRADA LIPSCANI AND STRADA SMARDAN

From a dark, apartment house vestibule, Radu watches the Securitate Agents escort Ramsey out Hostel Bucharest, down Strada Smârdan and into the backseat of a black Moskvitch 402 sedan. Two Agents get in on either side of Ramsey while Securitate Agent #1 gets behind the wheel and drives away.

RADU

Is crestfallen. Finally, he walks away, along Strada Lipsani.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - RAWLINS PARK - DAY

Latham and Jones stroll and munch on soggy hamburgers.

JONES

I thought you gave up these hamburgers for Lent?

LATHAM

Come on, you miss the taste.

JONES

What taste?

LATHAM

I spoke with Cyril Blaine. How well do you know him?

JONES

Well enough. I met him through Stephen Ward.

LATHAM

The one they call The Fixer.

JONES

He has a lot of influential friends, and he's a pretty cool himself. We use him to get information on his contacts. MI5 does too.

LATHAM

Through his stable of 'It' girls?

JONES

Yes. Ward uses Blaine to photograph them with his famous friends.

LATHAM

And in return - what? - Ward gets a license to steal?

JONES

Just about. Blaine does too, though he's a bit of a berk, come to think of it.

LATHAM

Why do you say that?

JONES

Because he'll do anything for money.

LATHAM

Hmm. Did you know that line he wrote was in reference to Mrs. Kennedy?

JONES

Stupid git must have had one pint too many.

LATHAM

I read somewhere that Kennedy complained about the maid when he and his wife were in London. Said she was going through his things.

JONES

Maybe it was Mrs. Kennedy, hiding all his condoms.

LATHAM

(amused)

She did say nothing was taken. Can you see what other dignitaries were at that reception? I'm curious if any of them had the same complaint.

JONES

Sure.

LATHAM

Oh, one more thing - Bogdan Albescu.

JONES

Your Honorary Romanian Consul.

LATHAM

That might not be for long.

JONES

Why?

LATHAM

He's gone missing. Seems the FBI's made him a better offer.

JONES

Knowing them, Albescu's next job will be mopping floors somewhere.

LATHAM

Yeah. He was posted to the UK before he came here. I'd like to see whatever you have on him.

JONES

That will cost you lunch at a restaurant where we can sit inside.

LATHAM

Sure. Joe and Nemo's has seats.

He winks at Jones as they continue on their stroll.

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

An occasional CIA Officer crosses the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters, trench coat on. Collette jumps up, distressed.

COLLETTE

You need to get to the Ops Room. There's a flap on in Bucharest.

Latham is halfway way out the door as Collette calls to him...

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

And Berard wants an update on MOONGLOW.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Stokes is on the Red phone, a finger to his free ear to hear better. Bazzo is there. Latham enters.

STOKES

How the hell should I know?! You're
Mission Planning!

He SLAMS down the Red phone.

LATHAM

What's going on?

BAZZO

Bucharest station botched the lift.

STOKES

According to their Night Duty
Officer, the station Number Three,
Kevin Ramsey, called the Hostel
Bucharest last night but there was
no phone in Radu's room.

BAZZO

(angrily)

All this time and no one bothered to
run a routine check on the safehouse
to see if everything's in order.

STOKES

When Ramsey couldn't reach Radu, he
went to the hotel. That's where the
Securitate arrested him.

LATHAM

What about Radu?

BAZZO

Looks like he's in the wind.

STOKES

We monitor state broadcasts. The
Securitate like to boast publicly
when they detain an embassy staffer.
They've been going on about Ramsey
but so far nothing about Radu.

LATHAM

You were in a beef with Mission
Planning when I came in.

STOKES

The East European Desk. They were
asking me what to do next. Seems no
one there was prepared for this.

PERCY

Poor George Radu.

Latham nods and mulls it over. He turns to Bazzo.

LATHAM

Okay, you're George Radu. Your LEGMAN's been arrested and you're in the wind. What do you do next?

BAZZO

I'd head south to the Danube. Try to get a ride on a trawler or whatever to the Black Sea.

LATHAM

And from there?

BAZZO

I'd make my way south along the coast to Turkey.

LATHAM

You wouldn't go over land and head due east to the coast?

NICHOLS

Radu could hitchhike there.

STOKES

No! It snows there this time of year. It could be too treacherous on the roads to stop for a hitchhiker.

PERCY

What about a night march?

BAZZO

Radu isn't trained for that. He's not a field officer.

This strikes a chord with Latham.

LATHAM

No, but he is a student. Acts like one, dresses like one. The national police just might ignore him... Nichols, what's that large port on the coast at the Black Sea?

NICHOLS

Constanta.

LATHAM

(to Bazzo)

Is that where you'd go?

BAZZO

Yes, but we don't even know where to look for him there.

STOKES

You know, he could take the train there. Students get discounted tickets, even behind The Curtain.

LATHAM

Hmm... What's Radu's codename?

Percy looks it up.

PERCY

Max. Max von Steppan.

LATHAM

What time do the trains leave Bucharest for Constanta?

Nichols shuffles through a binder with train schedules.

NICHOLS

There's only one. It leaves at 22:30, and arrives at 01:45.

PERCY

Hm, I guess the Communists don't go to the beach much in the winter.

LATHAM

Alright. Paul, have Istanbul get someone there to meet the train. When it arrives, have the stationmaster page Max von Steppan.

BAZZO

What if Radu isn't on the train?

LATHAM

Then good luck to him getting out.

Bazzo is shocked. He sits with Nichols as Latham leaves.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Latham brings Berard and Kensington up to date.

LATHAM

Bucharest blew the lift. The Station Number Three, Kevin Ramsey, was arrested at the safehouse. George Radu evaded capture and is in the wind.

KENSINGTON

This wouldn't have happened if we'd turned MOONGLOW over to the East European Desk!

BERARD

Do we know the details?

KENSINGTON

What else do we need to know? The Securitate were onto Radu. They were waiting for our man.

LATHAM

If that were true, they would have arrested Radu when then took Ramsey into custody!

BERARD

It does look like the surveillance was only on Ramsey.

Kensington broods.

LATHAM

He tried to call Radu at the hotel, but there was no phone in the room. The East European Desk would have known that had they bothered to run a routine check. Ramsey went to the hotel trying to salvage the lift.

BERARD

As the station Number Three, Ramsey has limited diplomatic immunity. The Romanians don't have to deport him. They could just put him on trial.

LATHAM

If they do, it'll be a show trial.

Berard nods despondently.

KENSINGTON

We have to hope they see it's in their best interests to deport him, knowing we'd do the same for their agents.

LATHAM

That may not happen.

KENSINGTON

And why not?

LATHAM

Bogdan Albescu testified at the HUAC hearings this morning.

KENSINGTON

He what?!

BERARD

We've been in meetings all morning.
This is the first we've heard of it.

LATHAM

He was Congressman Walters' surprise
witness from the Eastern Bloc.

BERARD

Why would he do that?

LATHAM

The FBI somehow coerced him to. He
was in disguise with a phony name,
but Walters let his real name slip.

Berard and Kensington are aghast.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

He blamed it on his flu medication.

BERARD

So, assessing the damage - we have
Radu in the wind. Ramsey's lost to
the Securitate, and Albescu to the
FBI - though we're supposed to be
running a joint operation. Plus, the
Ring's very likely been compromised.

LATHAM

That's about as bad as it gets, sir.

BERARD

I doubt things can get any worse.
You're still looking into it though.

LATHAM

Yes, sir.

BERARD

Then get back to it. I want answers.

Latham nods, gets up and leaves.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - 2045 SPRUCE STREET - DAY

A four-story, Italian marble townhome converted to apartments.

INT. APARTMENT

DiLauria and JESSUP - 30s, glasses - search the apartment.

MAIN BEDROOM

DiLauria opens a closet door and finds suits still hanging
there.

She pulls open dresser drawers and sees underwear, undershirts and socks. Jessup joins her.

JESSUP
Nothing in the living room.

DILAURIA
Look at this. Albescu must've left
in a hurry.

JESSUP
Or he's coming back.

DILAURIA
After HUAC blew his cover? I'm
gonna check the other bedroom.

JESSUP
I'll look in the bathroom.

She leaves with Jessup in tow.

THE SPARE BEDROOM

Has a double bed, chest of drawers, and a writing desk. A waste basket lies beside the desk. DiLauria dumps its contents on the desktop - mostly balled-up slips of paper. She smooths one out. A number is written on it: "44 20 7946 0924."

DILAURIA
Jessup...

He enters and shakes his head in mock disgust.

JESSUP
Man, what a slovenly housekeeper.

DILAURIA
Never mind that. Look here.
(shows him the paper)
Forty-four's the country code for
England.

As she puts the paper in her pocket, there is the faint SLAM of the building's front door closing. FOOTSTEPS on the CREAKY stairway grow louder then stop at the apartment door. There is a SCRATCH of metal entering the door lock, searching out pin tumblers. Jessup grows nervous. DiLauria signals to him to stay calm. CLICK. The doorknob turns, then the door opens.

FRONT HALLWAY ENTRANCE

In step Two Men in trench coats and felt hats pinched in the front with a center dent - FBI Agents. One is a familiar face, Agent Hanson; the other man is AGENT GREELEY.

LIVING ROOM

Hanson and Greeley enter.

HANSON
I'll look in here.

GREELEY
I'll check out the kitchen.

DILAURIA (O.S.)
Make me some tea while you're at it.

Both FBI Agents practically JUMP out of their shoes.

GREELEY
Shit!

DiLauria and Jessup move under the hallway arch to the living room.

HANSON
Who are you?!

DILAURIA
Who are you?

Hanson pulls out his .38 revolver and brandishes his ID.

JESSUP
Oh, man...

DiLauria looks closely at the ID.

DILAURIA
Don't worry. He's not gonna use it.

HANSON
You mean, you hope not.

DILAURIA
You're right. Could be you are that stupid, Agent Hanson.

HANSON
I want to know who you are and what you're doing here.

DiLauria shrugs.

HANSON (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna ask you again.

DILAURIA
That's good, 'cause you'd get the same result.

GREELEY

Hey, smart-ass, just answer him!

DILAURIA

No. I want to know what the FBI's doing picking the locks on a private citizen's home. You have a warrant? Or are you just trespassing?

GREELEY

This isn't your place.

DILAURIA

It isn't yours either, numbnuts.

There is another SCRATCH at the front door lock. DiLauria grins. Hanson, Greeley and Jessup are stunned. They hear the apartment door open and close. Then TWO MORE MEN emerge from the front hallway. They stop, mouths agape.

GREELEY

I don't fucking believe this.

Hanson points his gun at the Two VISITORS.

HANSON

Get in here!

The Visitors step into the living room.

HANSON (CONT'D)

Let's see some ID - all of you!

VISITOR #1

(Russian accent)

I don't have to show you anything! This apartment belongs to a consular official of Romania. I am assisting the Consul and I am staying here as his guest.

HANSON

You always pick the locks of your consular officials?

VISITOR #1

I forgot my key.

DiLauria fights to keep a straight face.

DILAURIA

Et tu, Agent Hanson?

HANSON

Alright, we'll settle this down at the field office. Let's go!

VISITOR #1

No! You do not have any right to be in here. Call your State Department. This address is registered as the residence of the Honorary Consul of Romania. It is sovereign soil, the same as our consulate here. You have no legal right to be in here. That makes you subject to arrest.

DILAURIA

He's got you there.

HANSON

Knock it off!

VISITOR #1

And who are you, Miss?

DILAURIA

Neighborhood Watch.

VISITOR #2

(befuddled)

Who?

DILAURIA

Let's cut the bullshit, alright? I make one call and you two are on an Aeroflot flight back to Moscow.

Hanson is stunned. The Two KGB Agents are caught off guard.

VISITOR #1

I don't know what you are talk-

DiLauria interrupts him by putting her fingers to her lips to shush him.

DILAURIA

Uh uh, boys. Your masters in Dzerzhinsky Square will be pleased to hear how easily your cover was blown. The Bureau here is working to the same brief as you guys. They'll be sent to Hoover's version of Siberia: Omaha, Nebraska.

HANSON

And what about you?

DILAURIA

Me? I'm the little girl with a curl. When she was good, she was very, very good. But when she was bad, she was horrid - and very talkative.

Hanson gets the point. He nods and holsters his revolver.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

I say we all leave here right now.
And boys, the less said, the better.

She heads to the front hallway and waits. Jessup joins her.
Hanson sighs. He, Greeley and the two KGB Agents follow suit.

EXT. 2045 SPRUCE STREET

The Six Trespassers leave the apartment house. Oddly enough,
they assemble at the front steps, each eyeing the other.

HANSON

I wouldn't be surprised if we ran
into each other again.

DILAURIA

I would.

Hanson grins and extends his hand to DiLauria. She shakes it.

HANSON

Anyway, I know where to find you.

She and Jessup leave. The other four leave in pairs in the
opposite direction, keeping each other in sight.

DILAURIA AND JESSUP

Turn north onto 20th Street. Jessup looks at her admiringly.

JESSUP

Man, you've got balls, I'll tell
ya' that much.

DILAURIA

I wonder which one of them will
sneak back into the apartment first.

ACT SIX

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

Late afternoon. Shadows begin to creep across the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is on the Red phone. Bazzo waits anxiously.

LATHAM

Alright, Carla. I'll see you when
you get back.

(hangs up)

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

She found a UK phone number in Albescu's place. She called it and guess who answered? Cyril Blaine.

BAZZO

So what the hell's going on here?

The intercom BUZZES; Latham answers it.

LATHAM

Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

SMOTH is on his way up.

Latham hangs up.

BAZZO

This more background on Albescu?

LATHAM

And Kennedy and Cyril Blaine.

BAZZO

Blaine sounds a lot like those racist pricks who hate Kennedy.

LATHAM

Yeah, and he doesn't even live here.

Bazzo grins sardonically. There is a KNOCK on the door. It opens and Collette ushers Jones inside. He sneaks a smile at her as she shuts the door behind him. Jones nods to Bazzo then takes a seat.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You come bearing gifts, I hope.

JONES

And an appetite.

He pulls a pocket notepad from his suit jacket.

JONES (CONT'D)

I'll start with Bogdan Albescu. In 1960 and '61, he was with the Romanian Cultural Institute over in Belgrave Square. Ever been there?

LATHAM

No.

JONES

Half the embassies and cultural institutes in London are there.

LATHAM

Really...

JONES

They're very clubby, attending each other's events. Albescu would have hobnobbed with heads of state from both sides of The Curtain.

BAZZO

Did you and MI5 keep tabs on him?

JONES

Same as we would other low-level diplomats from the Eastern Bloc.

LATHAM

How often were these events?

JONES

Every week.

LATHAM

Hmm. I had Carla search Albescu's place in Philadelphia. She found Cyril Blaine's home phone number there, with the country code.

Jones is surprised.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Albescu must have known Blaine in London and was still calling him after he was transferred here - thus the country code... Is Albescu your joe, Larry?

JONES

No.

Latham eyes him skeptically.

JONES (CONT'D)

If he is, I'm not privy to it.

LATHAM

Maybe he just likes the pictures Blaine takes. Can you get me a list of all those embassies and cultural institutes in Belgrave Square?

Jones nods, but Latham's skepticism has left him wounded.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You find out who was at the Queen's reception besides the Kennedys?

JONES

They were the only dignitaries. The only other guests were some Romanian Beat-music group. They went back to Bucharest the next day.

LATHAM

Don't these groups usually stay and tour the continent?

JONES

Some do; they didn't.

The Red phone RINGS; Latham answers it.

LATHAM

2-3-6-2... Yes... Okay, thanks.

(hangs up; grimly)

That was the Ops Room. Albescu's wife and son were arrested at their apartment in Bucharest.

EXT. TUNLAW ROAD, NW - RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY

The sign on the gate of the compound reads "Embassy of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics" in English and Cyrillic."

INT. OFFICE OF THE SECOND SECRETARY (KGB)

Gvozdev writes at his desk. There is a KNOCK on the door.

GVOZDEV

Zakhodi.

It opens. Dina enters holding wire service copy. She puts the yellow sheet of paper on Gvozdev's desk. (They speak Russian.)

DINA

Iz komnaty svyazi. Reyter podkhvatil istoriyu o zhene i syne Albesku. K nastoyashchemu vremeni on dolzhen byt' u vsekh zapadnykh novostnykh sluzhb.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "From the Communications Room. Reuters picked up the story of Albescu's wife and son. By now, all the Western news services should have it."

She sits at her desk. Gvozdev barely glances at the copy.

GVOZDEV

Khoroshiy.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Good."

He continues writing without the slightest hint of emotion.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY

Stock footage of the building.

INT. FBI OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Durang is at his desk reading The Daily News. Without knocking MABEL enters, taciturn and morose, holding a yellow sheet of wire service copy. She offers it to Durang and waits. Without looking up from his newspaper...

DURANG

Just leave it on the desk.

MABEL

I think you outta read it.

Annoyed, Durang lays down the newspaper. He takes the wire service copy from her and reads it. He is aghast.

MABEL (CONT'D)

They'll end up in some gulag; not that it matters to anyone.

She leaves before Durang can respond. He sits there, stunned. After a moment, the intercom BUZZES.

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

Warren Latham is on line one.

Durang presses the "TALK" button.

DURANG

No, I can't talk to him now. Anyone else calls, I'm out. Take a message.

He hangs up. He gets up, grabs his coat and leaves.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - THE CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY (DUSK)

Stock footage of this familiar landmark.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM

The Committee is still in session. Everyone is weary from the long day. Albescu - still in disguise - leans forward as he gives his testimony, his lips almost touching the microphone.

ALBESCU

...Whatever copies I was able to make I turned over to the FBI.

WALTERS

Thank you, Mr. Dalca.

He beams while Albescu slumps in his chair.

CHAIRMAN

I think it's time for another break.
I'd like to remind everyone that
this hearing will continue into the
evening hours. The Committee will
now recess for two hours.

He BANGS his gavel. Reporters and spectators get up and leave. Walters looks up and is surprised to see Durang approaching. Durang leans over and whispers into Walters' ear. Walters is incredulous. He glances at Albescu who is exhausted, his chin on his chest. Walters subtly shakes his head to Durang, who turns and leaves. Albescu sees this and turns to Walters.

ALBESCU

What is going on?

WALTERS

He, um, just said the Bureau's
monitoring the hearings.

ALBESCU

And he couldn't acknowledge me?

WALTERS

He doesn't know you, Mr. Dalca.

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

Shadows fill the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 18:05. The office door is open; the outer office is empty. Latham sits at the table, writing notes on a legal pad. A mug with a teabag is off to the side.

INSERT LEGAL PAD:

- Why did Radu bring Murat Reis, the Younger and Blaine's "Negroid" remark to our attention?
- How did Radu get this material?
- Was Albescu MI5's and/or MI6's joe in England?
- SMOTH met Blaine through Stephen Ward. Did Albescu meet Blaine through Ward?
- Had Albescu been re-doubled? Was he tripling?
- Why would the FBI coerce him to testify to HUAC?

BACK TO SCENE

Latham TAPS his pencil on the legal pad as he pores over his notes. There is a KNOCK on his door; it opens. Bazzo enters and joins Latham at the table.

LATHAM

Where's Carla?

BAZZO

In the Ops Room waiting on word about Radu.

LATHAM

Why? That won't be for a while.

BAZZO

She knows that. It's something she has to do. I'd let her stay there.

Latham nods. He turns his attention back to his notes.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Can I see?

Latham slides the legal pad over to Bazzo.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Hmm, I can't answer all of these, but I can think of one that fits.

LATHAM

Go on.

BAZZO

Radu found out Albescu was twitched and was going to defect to the FBI. Knowing they prefer arrests to Intel, Radu worried they'd blow the Ring, which is what it looks like has happened. That's why the Securitate were waiting for Ramsey.

LATHAM

Hmm... We know the FBI's clumsy, but how would Radu know that?

BAZZO

Word gets around. Look, it's probably like you said, Albescu's tripling - us, the FBI, and MI6.

LATHAM

Six?

BAZZO

I think London didn't let SMOTH in on it because he'd tell you.

LATHAM

Why wouldn't Albescu ask MI6 for asylum?

BAZZO

He's here, the FBI's here... They probably swooped in with a deal too good to pass up. And they didn't tell us so they could claim Albescu for their own. Gives them the headlines Hoover wants.

LATHAM

Doesn't answer why did Radu brought Murat Reis, the Younger and Blaine's 'Negroid' remark to our attention.

BAZZO

Maybe it was just to focus our attention on Albescu.

Latham isn't convinced. He takes sip a of his tea. It's cold and harsh, and his screwed-up face reflects this.

LATHAM

Who gave Radu that material? Where did they get it? What was Albescu's relationship with Cyril Blaine?

BAZZO

I don't know. At this point, does it matter? We have an answer that satisfies management. Do you really want to spend more time on an operation that's already dead?

Though frustrated, Latham reluctantly nods in agreement.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Albescu was turned by the FBI. The rest is a result of that.

LATHAM

Yeah. Hell, we have enough to do without trying to read Albescu's mind. I'll write this up for Berard.

BAZZO

Then all you'll have to worry about are those idiots after Mrs. Kennedy.

EXT. CONSTANTA, ROMANIA - NIGHT

A fierce blizzard obscures coastal landmarks like the Mosque, the lighthouse, and the Casino.

EXT. CONSTANTA CENTRAL STATION

A Trabant taxi pulls up. Someone in an overcoat and hidden beneath an umbrella alights and hurries into the station. The taxi pulls into the parking lot and shuts off its lights.

INT. PASSENGER RAILWAY CAR

Mostly empty. Radu has a window seat. Snow pelts the window in the darkness, transforming it into a mirror where Radu appears to be trapped inside a snow globe. The CONDUCTOR comes down the aisle (speaking Romanian, as does everyone).

CONDUCTOR

Urmatoarea si ultima oprire,
Constanta. Aceasta este ultima
oprire, Constanta.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Next and last stop, Constanta. This is the last stop, Constanta."

Radu gets up and grabs his knapsack from the overhead luggage rack.

EXT. CONSTANTA CENTRAL STATION - TRAIN PLATFORM

The diesel-engine train rolls in through the rail yard on Track One. It passes a steam locomotive from 1911 parked on a spur, it's red undercarriage still visible in the blizzard. The passenger train slows to a stop; its doors open. Perhaps two dozen passengers alight, stepping gingerly onto the platform, Radu among them.

He follows them toward the terminal, passing several people boarding another train on Track Four.

INT. GRAND LOBBY

Radu and the passengers walk past the large schedule board and its clock that reads 1:49.

STATIONMASTER (O.S.)

Pasagerul Max von Steppan va veni
la biroul de informatii din Lobby.
Pasager Max von Steppan, va rugam
sa veniti la Biroul de informatii
din Lobby.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Will passenger Max von Steppan please come to the Information Desk in the Lobby. Passenger Max von Steppan, please come to the Information Desk in the Lobby."

RADU

Crosses the expanse of the Grand Lobby toward a desk sign that reads "BIROU DE INFORMATII" (INFORMATION DESK).

He looks around as he approaches the desk. No one is loitering about.

INFORMATION DESK

Behind the desk is the CLERK, a man in his 40s wearing an official red sport jacket a size too large. He is surprisingly alert at this early hour and smiles obsequiously at Radu.

RADU

Sunt Max von Steppan.

The Clerk pulls a 3x5 card from a cubby hole and reads it.

CLERK

Unchiul tau, Günther, te asteapta
într-un taxi gri. Este afara în
parcare ii luminile sunt stinse.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Your uncle, Günther, waits for you in a gray taxi. It's in the parking lot and its lights are off."

RADU

Multumesc.

The Clerk offers the card to Radu, who takes it and leaves.

BY THE SCHEDULE BOARD

Radu heads toward the main entrance when a WOMAN, 40, in a woolen coat, cigarette in hand, stops and asks him for a light.

EXT. CONSTANTA CENTRAL STATION

The snow whips sideways, making it difficult to see. Some folks brave the weather and wait for their rides; others pile into Renault Dauphines or clunky Trabants and drive off.

RADU

Shields his eyes. He sees the Trabant taxi in the parking lot. It's headlamps BLINK twice. Radu backs away. He turns around and heads inside the train station and races across the lobby.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Securitate Agents #1 and #2 jump out a black Moskvitch 402 sedan parked in the shadows near the taxi. They race to the station. In the Trabant taxi, TWO MORE SECURITATE AGENTS have the DRIVER in a chokehold.

INT. GRAND LOBBY

Securitate Agent #1 races toward the train platforms while his partner heads toward a set of side exit doors.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORMS

Securitate Agent #1 runs onto the platforms and stops. He frantically looks about. The only person there is a RAILWAY BRAKEMAN inspecting the air hoses on the just-arrived train. On Track Four, however, a train is pulling away.

SECURITATE AGENT #1

La naiba!

He takes off his leather cap and SLAPS it against his thigh, then he turns around and runs back inside the station.

INT. GRAND LOBBY

Securitate Agent #1 meets his comrade by the schedule board. He points towards the platforms as he talks then runs out the station. Securitate Agent #2 races over to the Information Desk. He pushes the Clerk aside and grabs the phone.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT (EVENING)

Tourists stroll along the National Mall.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

The last day-shift officers leave the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 19:55. Latham writes at his desk. The Red phone RINGS; he answers it.

LATHAM

2-3-6-2... This is Latham... Yes,
just knock on the door and come in.

He hangs up and starts cleaning up his desk. There is a KNOCK on the corridor door; it opens. A uniformed U.S. MARINE SERGEANT escorts Fiona into Latham's office. Fiona has a leather satchel under her arm and carries a brown paper bag.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I'll see her out, Sergeant.

The Marine Sergeant leaves. Latham and Fiona kiss then sit at the table. Fiona brandishes the paper bag.

FIONA

Joe and Nemo's.

Latham slides his legal pad aside. Fiona takes two bottles of Diet Right Cola and four soggy hamburgers from the paper bag,

FIONA (CONT'D)

Oh, Larry said you asked for this.

She takes a manila envelope from her satchel and hands it to him.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Embassies and cultural institutes
in Belgrave Square, London.

Latham pulls the list from the envelope.

LATHAM
Hm, you've got most of Europe and
Africa over there.

Fiona sees the legal pad and slides it toward her.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
That... Paul's come up with a
solution. He feels it's all due to
the FBI luring Albescu to defect.

FIONA
Larry says you connected Albescu
with Cyril Blaine.

LATHAM
Uh huh.

FIONA
I was thinking about that on the
way over. All these embassies and
cultural institutes in one place,
from both sides of The Curtain;
that's fertile hunting grounds for
any Intel service. Albescu could
have decided to copy Stephen Ward
or take advantage of his set-up.

LATHAM
Explains how he has so many sources.

FIONA
And Cyril Blaine's phone number.

LATHAM
Hmm... Larry said Blaine would do
anything for money. So maybe he
sold some photos to Albescu who
used them to earn from his fellow
diplomats. He's not stupid; he'd
use cut-outs between himself and
his marks.

FIONA
Those performers at the Romanian
Cultural Institute?

LATHAM

I'll bet you were an 'A' student.

Fiona beams.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Albescu could give them a package with the prints. They'd pass it onto a confederate - most likely someone in the Ring - who'd then deliver it to the mark.

FIONA

Could someone not involved in the scheme photograph the material then pass it along to George Radu believing it's Intel? They wouldn't know it originated with Albescu.

Her words resonate with Latham. He stops eating.

LATHAM

Yes... As far Radu as knows, it's Intel to be prepared for collection.

FIONA

Until he started reading it.

LATHAM

Hm, that little bastard... Albescu is doubling or tripling; he's an independent, selling to everyone.

FIONA

Wow, you go that route you end up with no friends and no future.

LATHAM

That's why he defected to the FBI.

FIONA

Sure you're not underestimating the FBI's level of anger here?

LATHAM

What, with me?

FIONA

With Albescu. You said Agent Durang hates him.

LATHAM

Yeah, 'cause the Intel he gets from our joint operation makes Popular Mechanics look like gold dust.

FIONA

Durang could've threatened Albescu into defecting just to get back at him. What's he got to lose?

Latham nods, admiring Fiona's insight.

FIONA (CONT'D)

All this because Radu wanted out.

LATHAM

Yeah. That's when he sent us the Intel about Murat Reis, the Younger and Blaine's 'Negroid' remark.

FIONA

No pictures of President Kennedy 'en flagrante delicto.'

Latham shakes his head no, leaving Fiona puzzled.

LATHAM

But someone did go through his things in London. What if they found something more damaging than photos?

FIONA

What - like that 'Negroid' remark? Hardly anyone even knows about it, much less believes it.

LATHAM

There's the other doc, the one from the Dutch Genealogical Society. It had 'Black Jack' written on it.

FIONA

Hmm... Wasn't that John Bouvier's nickname, Jackie Kennedy's father?

LATHAM

Yes... He had them look into his family's background. They found Jan Janszoon, AKA Murat Reis, the Younger, and his sons who took the surname Van Salee, meaning from Salé, a colony his father founded in North Africa. When they arrived here they were called Turks, another word for Blacks. That's it! The Bouviers have Black ancestors. And Albescu's using it to blackmail the president.

FIONA

And the phone calls to Kennedy's mother-in-law, threatening his wife?

LATHAM

All bullshit. I think Albescu called the White House but couldn't get past Mrs. Lincoln, the president's personal secretary.

FIONA

So, Kennedy used you to learn what Albescu had and who else knew it.

Latham nods, his anger growing.

FIONA (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do?

LATHAM

Wait - until I need a favor.

EXT. CONSTANTA CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

A National Policeman stands shivering at the entrance.

INT. GRAND LOBBY

Another National policeman stands by the main entrance. A Securitate Agent questions the Clerk; two more Security Agents mill about and speak to station employees. But the people simply shake their heads to the questions posed. Frustrated, the Securitate Agents dismiss them.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT (EVENING)

Tourists stroll along the National Mall.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

Floodlamps light the compound.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 20:50. NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY now man the Duty Desk. DiLauria sits across from the Duty Desk. For everyone but DiLauria it is business as usual. For her, this is a long, tense wait. Owens turns to her.

OWENS

Why don't you go to the Infirmary and catch some Zs, Carla.

DILAURIA

I'm alright. Can you go over the logistics again, Bradley?

BRADLEY

Yeah.

He leans forward to speak to DiLauria.

EXT. CONSTANTA CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT - PAST

A Trabant taxi pulls up in the snow. Someone in an overcoat, hidden by an umbrella, alights and hurries into the station. The taxi pulls into the parking lot and shuts off its lights.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

The Istanbul Number Two was sent to
Constanta to meet Radu.

INT. INFORMATION DESK

The Woman in the woolen overcoat, carrying an umbrella, speaks to the Clerk.

EXT. STATION PLATFORM - TRACK ONE

On the spur in the distance is the steam locomotive. The snow whips about. Radu walks with the passengers who have alighted from the train. They pass a group of people waiting to board another train on Track Four.

INT. GRAND LOBBY

As Radu walks with passengers, the page for Max von Steppan comes over the P.A. system.

STATIONMASTER (O.S.)

Pasagerul Max von Steppan va veni
la biroul de informatii din Lobby.
Pasager Max von Steppan, va rugam
sa veniti la Biroul de informatii
din Lobby.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

When Radu's train pulled in he was
paged by his codename, Max von
Steppan. That let him know we were
there.

Radu goes to the Information Desk and speaks to the Clerk, who hands him the card. As Radu heads back across the lobby, the Woman with the umbrella walks up to him and holds up her cigarette.

GÜNTHER

(coos softly)

Pardon me, do you have a light?

Radu is mildly surprised to hear English, but understands the universal signal of holding up an unlit cigarette.

As he reaches into his jacket pocket...

GÜNTHER (CONT'D)

(smiling)

When the taxi blinks its lights,
come back and meet me on the
platform by Track One. And hurry.

Radu lights her cigarette, then both go their separate ways.

EXT. CONSTANTA CENTRAL STATION

Radu exits the station. He walks up to the curb where the
other passengers are piling into cars or waiting. He sees the
lights on the Trabant taxi BLINK.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

When he saw the taxi lights blink,
he went back inside the station.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Securitate Agents #1 and #2 jump out a black Moskvitch 402
sedan and race to the station. In the Trabant taxi, TWO MORE
SECURITATE AGENTS have the DRIVER in a chokehold.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

The Hack had been told to blink his
lights twice for Radu. But we went
on the assumption that the Ring had
been blown. We wanted the Securitate
to think Radu was following protocol
to keep them relaxed.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM

Günther waits by Track One. Radu races out the station.
Günther hurries to meet him, then they both run alongside
Track One to the spur where the steam locomotive is parked.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

They wouldn't expect him to run.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - PRESENT

Bradley leans on his desk as he speaks to DiLauria.

BRADLEY

The station Number Three would have
to make a snap decision on what to
do next. The first we'll hear
anything is when they clear the
bolthole - if they weren't arrested.

DILAURIA

That's in Burgas, Bulgaria.

BRADLEY

Right.

OWENS

If they get that far, it means their papers are holding up. They'll make it to Turkey. Go on and take a nap. I'll wake you when there's word.

DILAURIA

No, I'll stay here. I need to know that they've made it.

EXT. CONSTANTA CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

No one is in front of the station, save for that National Policeman now huddled in his patrol car parked at the curb.

THE STATION PARKING LOT

Is almost empty; neither the Securitate's black Moskvitch 402 sedan nor the Trabant taxi are there. Only an official-looking Skoda and a Volkswagen Beetle, both half-buried in snow.

TRAIN PLATFORM

Empty - no trains, no people. Just an overhead clock that reads 4:06.

RAIL YARD - SPUR (SIDE TRACK)

Snow piles up on the old steam locomotive.

INT. STEAM LOCOMOTIVE - ENGINEER'S CABIN

Crouched by the footplate controls are Radu and her "uncle," GÜNTHER, the Woman in the woolen overcoat. An umbrella lies by her feet. She checks her watch. (They speak English.)

GÜNTHER

It'll be daylight soon. Time for us to go.

From an inside coat pocket she takes out a manila envelope wrapped in plastic wrap and hands it to Radu.

GÜNTHER (CONT'D)

Passport, travel authorization, and some facial hair.

Radu gives Günther a curious look.

GÜNTHER (CONT'D)

We didn't have time to get your photo, but your description came close to one we had.

Radu nods. He puts the envelope in his knapsack.

GÜNTHER (CONT'D)
My car's parked about a mile from here. It'll be slow driving in this weather.

RADU
How long?

GÜNTHER
Nine hours or so to Istanbul.

RADU
Nine hours...

GÜNTHER
I've got some petrol cannisters in the trunk in case the service stations are closed. And we'll stop along the way in Bulgaria to rest.

Radu looks very worried.

GÜNTHER (CONT'D)
Don't worry, they're friends.

RADU
Thank you, Miss...

GÜNTHER
Uh uh. Uncle Günther, remember?

She winks at Radu then stands and peeks out the side window. Visibility is limited to the hands in front of one's face.

GÜNTHER (CONT'D)
Okay, let's go.

EXT. RAIL YARD

Günther and Radu climb down off the old locomotive and disappear into woods abutting the rail yard.

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

The lights are on in Building 'C.'

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 03:35. DiLauria sips coffee. The Red phone RINGS; Owens answers it.

OWENS
0-4-3-3... Duty Officer Owens here... Yes...
(MORE)

OWENS (CONT'D)

What time was that?... Okay.

(hangs up)

Radu and the Istanbul station
Number Two cleared the bolthole
thirty minutes ago.

There's a palpable sigh of relief all around. DiLauria gets up.

DILAURIA

I'll be in the Infirmary.

Owens nods. DiLauria gets up and leaves.

END