

COOL GRAY DAWN

Season One, Episode #7: "Everybody Wins"

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Cool Gray Dawn
"Everybody Wins"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - DAY

INSERT: "BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS"

On a crisp morning, a panorama sweeps from the State House to the elegant townhouses of Beacon Hill.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE

The front door opens revealing MATHIEU JARDINE, 35, a Black Franco-American, and his Caucasian French wife, SOPHIE, 30.

SOPHIE

Matt, take the subway. It's faster.

MATHIEU

But they're letting me park in the faculty lot, hon.

SOPHIE

Cul paresseux.

(translation: "Lazy ass")

Don't forget, we're having lunch at Le Vin Maison.

They kiss. Mathieu jaunts down the steps. Sophie smiles as he gets into his Renault Dauphine and drives off.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

The Capitol Dome looms in the background cityscape.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

CIA PERSONNEL walk past the guard shack, through Gate #1.

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

WARREN LATHAM is frustrated as he tries to get the attention of STEWART KENSINGTON who is busy watering his plants.

KENSINGTON

He never showed up at the symposium?

LATHAM

No. No one's seen Jardine since he left his in-laws' place in Boston.

KENSINGTON

No word of an accident or anything?

LATHAM

(repeating himself)

No. His wife went to meet him for lunch but he never turned up.

Kensington pauses to finally allow things to sink in.

KENSINGTON

Matthew Jardine... He's a project leader or something, isn't he?

LATHAM

Yes, he's working on ICBMs under contract to the Air Force.

KENSINGTON

So why isn't the FBI handling it?

LATHAM

They passed it on to the local police who alerted the station.

KENSINGTON

Hm, not really our concern, is it?

Anxious to leave, Latham inches towards the door.

LATHAM

No, but a top missile engineer has gone missing.

KENSINGTON

What - you're thinking a KGB snatch?

LATHAM

It's possible.

KENSINGTON

It's also possible he's holed up somewhere with some little chippie.

LATHAM

Sir, I'm just reporting a fact. I'm not advocating we intervene here.

KENSINGTON

Well, if it is a snatch, it'll be the Bureau's problem, not ours.

LATHAM

Suits me.

The Red phone RINGS. Kensington answers it as Latham leaves.

KENSINGTON

3-8-5-3... He just left... Right.
(hangs up)
Warren!

LATHAM (O.S.)

Yes?

Kensington crosses to the door and leans out.

KENSINGTON

You're wanted in the Ops Room.

OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of teletype machines, chatter and ringing phones. JARED STOKES hangs up his Red phone. TOM PERCY is engrossed writing notes. Latham enters.

LATHAM

Problems, Jared?

STOKES

Could be. There's a rumor about that a Polish technical advisor named Lev Kuklinski has gone missing from that science symposium at MIT.

LATHAM

We know what Kuklinski advises on?

STOKES

Missile telemetry.

LATHAM

Hmm... And Jardine's specialty is missile propulsion systems.

STOKES

So, if you can make it fly and you can aim it...

PERCY

All you need is a little high explosive at the sharp end.

They all look at each other, acknowledging the worst.

LATHAM

I want a list of everyone invited to that symposium. And get me some more background on Jardine.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD hands a folder to CARLA DILAURIA.

DILAURIA

You sure Mr. Latham doesn't need it?

COLLETTE

Believe me, he'll scream like a banshee if he does.

Latham enters. The women grin puckishly at each other.

LATHAM

What?

COLLETTE

Nothing.

DiLauria shrugs and shakes her head, agreeing with Collette.

LATHAM

Like being back in high school.

The two women giggle. As DiLauria leaves, Latham enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Collette follows him in, carrying her notepad.

COLLETTE

You got a call from an Anne De.

Latham stops; he can scarcely believe it. She tears off a page and hands it to him.

LATHAM

What did she say?

COLLETTE

She just asked for you and said she'd be at that number for a bit.

Collette sees that he is wistful and leaves. Latham takes a GREEN piece of paper from his desk. As he unfolds it...

SAIGON, 1956 - DAY (FLASHBACK)

INSERT: "SAIGON, 1956"

- Resembling Pathe-type newsreel footage, a pageant-style float carries an effigy of KAO-LY DE, 55, through the streets: bags of money are slung across his shoulders, a deck of cards is in one hand, scantily-clad women nestle in his arms. On the side of the float are Chinese characters.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Kao-Ly De, Emperor For Sale."

Latham stands among the crowd; beside him is ANNE DE, then 22. Upset and humiliated, she can stand no more and leaves.

- Posters showing Kao-Ly De and a pig lie strewn in doorways.
- At a Polling Station are a ballot box and piles of RED and GREEN BALLOTS. The Red ones show NGO DINH DIEM in modern clothes, surrounded by smiling young people; the Green ones show a grim Kao-Ly, alone and dressed in traditional robes.
- YOUNG THUGS approach voters who select the Green Ballots; they threaten some, chase down and beat others.

END FLASHBACK.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham lays down the Green Ballot and dials the Gray phone.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette edits a paper. Latham opens his office door; he's wearing his trench coat. He looks anxious as he heads out.

COLLETTE

In case I have to reach you...

LATHAM

The Oyster Bar at the Harrington.

Collette is concerned as she watches him leave.

EXT. HOTEL HARRINGTON - DAY

Stock footage of this Washington, D.C. landmark.

INT. "OYSTER BAR" RESTAURANT

Anne sits at a table, nursing an aperitif. Stunningly elegant with the countenance of Vietnamese society, she checks her watch. Disappointed, she grabs her purse and coat and stands - just as Latham walks up. She smiles.

ANNE

Warren...

LATHAM

Hi, Anne.

They embrace warmly and sit. A Waiter quickly approaches.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Diet Rite Cola, please.

The Waiter nods and leaves.

ANNE

I thought you weren't coming. I'm supposed to meet my father now.

LATHAM
Kao-Ly's here?

ANNE
Yes, on business.

LATHAM
Is that why you're here?

ANNE
No, I just came along for the trip.

LATHAM
Where are you staying?

ANNE
Here, in the hotel.

LATHAM
So, how'd you get my work number?

ANNE
A mutual friend, Claude Moreau. He helped us resettle in Paris. So how are you?

LATHAM
Okay. You look beautiful.

She's embarrassed. The Waiter returns with Latham's soda and leaves. As Latham takes a sip, he espies Anne's WEDDING RING.

ANNE
He passed away in February.

LATHAM
Sorry. How long were you married?

ANNE
Only three months. I never got to tell you; I have a little boy. He's in Paris.

She takes a snapshot from her purse: It's a photo of herself and her four-year-old EURASIAN SON who closely resembles Latham. She hands it to him. Latham is taken aback.

ANNE (CONT'D)
His name is Minh.

LATHAM
Oh, my God... Anne, I didn't know. Why didn't you tell me?

ANNE
How? You had already gone.

Latham agonizes; he struggles to find the right words.

ANNE (CONT'D)
It's alright. I'm very lucky.

LATHAM
(painfully)
I'm glad one of us was.

ANNE
You know I couldn't go with you. My father needed me.

LATHAM
Yeah, I seem to remember you saying that.

ANNE
It wasn't the right time, Warren.

LATHAM
Never is, is it?

ANNE
Please, I don't want to fight now.

LATHAM
Right... You didn't ask if I had any children.

ANNE
I know you don't. Claude told me.

LATHAM
Damn French never could keep a secret.

An awkward silence ensues. The two look everywhere but at each other. Finally, Anne checks her watch.

ANNE
I have to go meet my father.

Latham nods resignedly. They stand. He offers her back the photo. Instead, she cups his hands around it.

ANNE (CONT'D)
It was nice to see you again.

Latham watches her leave, then gazes ruefully at the photo.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

A CIA OFFICER pushes a WHITE STICKPIN into "Boston" on the wall map. Latham enters, his trench coat unbuttoned.

LATHAM

Anything on Jardine?

Stokes and Percy look up. Stokes opens a folder on his desk.

STOKES

Mathieu Jardine, 35, born New York City. Father's a Caucasian French national; his mother's Black, born in Boston. Speaks French. Has dual U.S.-French citizenship. Works for the Western Development Division of the Air Force as a civilian engineer on something called ion propulsion.

PERCY

I saw something about that on TV - on Science Fiction Theater.

LATHAM

The FBI come up with anything?

STOKES

Nada. Knowing them, they probably think Jardine's the janitor there.

LATHAM

What about Kuklinski?

PERCY

He's gone alright. Must be a second snatch 'cause the Russians are looking all over for him.

LATHAM

Any word the KGB know about Jardine?

PERCY

Not so far. I think we're a lap ahead of them on that.

STOKES

Fat lotta good it does us. Jardine and Kuklinski could be anywhere in the world by now.

LATHAM

You get that list of attendees?

Percy hands him the list - three pages' worth.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Have both mandarins meet me in my office.

Percy picks up the Red phone as Latham leaves.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY, CARLA DILAURIA and Latham brainstorm.

BAZZO

If they felt Jardine had anything to offer, we could expect a KGB snatch.

DILAURIA

Or his voluntary defection.

BAZZO

Except Kuklinski's been snatched, too. Has to be a 3rd party involved.

LATHAM

And my guess is it's someone there.

He points to the list Bazzo holds as DiLauria looks on.

DILAURIA

Makes sense. The invitees would be expected to roam around and mingle.

LATHAM

And they'd have advance knowledge of who's there and where to find them.

BAZZO

So, who do we start with?

DILAURIA

An emergent nation with the means to build missiles but not the know-how.

Latham shakes his head; he's unconvinced and meanders about.

LATHAM

Why snatch these two when you can buy all the missiles you want from NATO or the Warsaw Pact?

DILAURIA

Could be it's someone who doesn't want Brussels or Moscow to know what they're up to.

This stops Latham in his tracks.

LATHAM

Hmm... Someone tired of being at the mercy of their defense group.

BAZZO

Right... They just might take steps to defend themselves.

DILAURIA

In a way that wouldn't antagonize
their defense partners.

LATHAM

(nods in agreement)

Now all we have to do is convince
them upstairs. We've no evidence.

BAZZO

If I were in that position, I'd have
already complained, long and loud.

LATHAM

Hmm... Get on to the Intelligence
Desk. Ask if they've heard any
grumblings in the Warsaw Pact. Do
the same for NATO.

EXT. BOSTON - DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

PETER SANDERS leaves a deli with a take-out order. He's about
to cross a quiet, narrow street when two men in a RAMBLER
SEDAN pull up. Sanders stops at the curb to let the car pass.

I/E. RAMBLER SEDAN

The PASSENGER aims a SILENCED PISTOL at Sanders and FIRES
several shots point blank. Sanders COLLAPSES. The Rambler
takes off, tires SCREECHING as it rounds the corner.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

WILSON BERARD and Kensington listen somberly to Latham.

BERARD

The Boston Number Two?

LATHAM

Yes, Peter Sanders; shot four times.

BERARD

What was he doing?

LATHAM

Getting his lunch.

Kensington is particularly distressed by this.

KENSINGTON

Did he have any leads on Jardine?

LATHAM

None, as far as I know.

Berard throws up his hands in frustration.

BERARD

Then why kill him? If anything, it points to Jardine and Kuklinski still being held there in Boston.

LATHAM

I know. It seems like a crazy thing to do, but they've gone and done it.

BERARD

You're sending Barry up to Boston?

LATHAM

Yes.

BERARD

You realize you'll have to get a replacement for Sanders.

LATHAM

Not easy, he was a polyglot; that's how he recruited foreign academics. I've got no one here like that.

KENSINGTON

Have to be someone from The Farm.

BERARD

Baptism by fire... Let's hope mandarin One can watch over him.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Bazzo and Latham are having a heated discussion.

BAZZO

You can't be serious!

LATHAM

The Farm is sending a woman as Sanders' replacement. So what?

BAZZO

I don't have time to nursemaid some newbie. Let Carla go with me.

LATHAM

No! Whoever goes with you has to stay put as the new Station #2.

Frustrated, Bazzo storms about the room.

BAZZO

But I need someone I can trust. They've already killed Sanders.

LATHAM

That's just a theory! What if I get another Special Op? Who do I send? Look - why the hell would they kill Sanders unless they wanted us to send someone to Boston.

BAZZO

Instead of where?

LATHAM

I don't know! But if it is a diversion, I'll need Carla here.

Bazzo relents and sighs.

BAZZO

Fine. I'll go get briefed.

LATHAM

Draw arms when you get on station.

BAZZO

You know how I feel about guns.

LATHAM

They're playing it rough.

BAZZO

Whoever 'they' are.

Bazzo leaves. As Latham broods, Collette brings him coffee.

COLLETTE

Berard called. He wants to see you.

LATHAM

Huh? I just spoke with him.

Collette shrugs. Latham sighs and looks away, preoccupied.

COLLETTE

Penny for them...

LATHAM

Why should whoever gun down Sanders and invite us up to Boston?

COLLETTE

Maybe Sanders saw or heard something, didn't recognize what it was but they thought he did.

Latham considers this and takes a sip of coffee. He sets down his cup, takes some cash from his pocket and hands it to her.

LATHAM

Call Palace Florists. Have them send a single flower over to The Harrington, room 312.

COLLETTE

Should I send a rose, or...

LATHAM

See if they have a purple hyacinth.

Collette is befuddled. Latham tries to hide his embarrassment.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

It means forgiveness.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Latham enters. Berard looks up from his reading; he's grim.

BERARD

Sit down, Warren.

Latham sits; he looks concerned.

BERARD (CONT'D)

I understand you helped depose Kao-Ly De back when you were in Saigon.

LATHAM

Yes. In fact, I met with his daughter Anne a bit earlier.

BERARD

Oh? Are they the subject of an ongoing operation?

LATHAM

No, no. Just doing some catching up.

BERARD

She knows you're with the Agency?

LATHAM

It was part of my legend. I was their supposed link to Congress.

BERARD

Well your legend's about to unravel. The Asia Desk reports Kao-Ly's here to gauge whether there's any interest in returning him to power.

LATHAM

What?!

Berard hands him the Asia Desk report. As Latham reads...

BERARD

Hanoi is sending an envoy to Paris next week to meet with him. Apparently, they want Kao-Ly to join a coalition government seeking reunification of the two Vietnams.

LATHAM

That would mean ousting Diem.

BERARD

A policy disaster for us, Warren.

He stands and walks to the window.

LATHAM

When Kao-Ly learns he's been duped all this time about his U.S. support-

BERARD

He'll jump at Hanoi's offer. We can't let that happen.

Latham is suddenly aghast at what he reads.

LATHAM

No, not his daughter...

BERARD

Assassinating Kao-Ly would only make him a martyr and coalesce public opinion against the United States.

LATHAM

But Anne's not a public figure.

BERARD

No, but as the Asia Desk points out, killing her sends Kao-Ly an indelible message: Stay out of politics.

LATHAM

And that's our only way to send him a message? Kill someone who's only crime is having him for a father?

BERARD

A poignant reminder for a man with three other children, Warren.

He sits.

LATHAM

I thought we prided ourselves on
being too clever to stoop to murder.

BERARD

I don't recall pride stopping you
from making equally abhorrent
recommendations in the past.

Latham is humbled. Berard studies him.

BERARD (CONT'D)

And I think you'd probably agree
with this one - if you weren't
still in love with her.

Latham's face betrays the truth of Berard's words.

LATHAM

Sir, this can't be our only option.

BERARD

Kao-Ly has booked a flight on a red-
eye for Paris day after tomorrow.
That gives you 36 hours - no more.

ACT TWO

EXT. BOSTON - LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

Stock footage of a road sign identifying the airport.

INT. EASTERN AIRLINES ARRIVALS LOUNGE

Bazzo is on a payphone. He's frustrated, anxiously checking
his watch as deplaning passengers pass by him. An attractive
blonde, KAREN GLASS, 30, approaches Bazzo as he hangs up.

KAREN

Paul Barry?

BAZZO

Uh huh.

KAREN

Karen Glass.

She smiles and THRUSTS her hand out. Bazzo is a bit taken
aback at first, then he shakes her hand.

BAZZO

I was getting worried.

KAREN

...I was on the range, qualifying.

BAZZO

So, how'd you recognize me?

KAREN

...Your photo's on file at The Farm.

BAZZO

You mean my mug shot. Come on.

He takes her bags and they leave.

EXT. EAST BOSTON - SUMNER TUNNEL - DAY

Traffic enters the tunnel, passing a sign that reads "Boston."

INT. SUMNER TUNNEL - TAXI

Karen and Bazzo are in back. Bazzo looks out the rear window.

KAREN

Something?

Bazzo looks unsure. He gives the HACK a five-dollar bill.

BAZZO

When you leave the tunnel, take the first right and slow down.

HACK

That's the North End. The Parker House is downtown.

BAZZO

I know. I just wanna see something.

EXT. SUMNER TUNNEL - NORTH END (BOSTON)

The Taxi leaves the tunnel, turns right and slows.

INT. TAXI

Bazzo and Karen peer out the rear window.

BAZZO AND KAREN'S P.O.V. - THE TUNNEL'S EXIT

A GRAY FORD SEDAN emerges. It SWERVES to avoid hitting a car, then turns right, heading towards them. It quickly slows down.

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo nods to Karen. She jots down the license plate number.

EXT. LOCAL STREET

The Taxi resumes speed; the Gray Ford Sedan follows.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - THE HOLE - DAY

DiLauria assembles several documents and notes on her desk into one pile. She spies a folder in her in-tray: "Proposed Disposition of Kao-Ly De."

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Collette enters, FUMING. She hands Latham Kao-Ly De's folder, opens it and points where he needs to sign. As Latham signs...

COLLETTE

Really helps to be a cold-hearted bastard for this job.

LATHAM

I told you, I didn't know Anne was the target until I met with Berard.

COLLETTE

Uh huh. All that purple hyacinth nonsense... Just setting her up, making her feel at ease before you-

LATHAM

Enough! I've got less than 36 hours to work this out. Get this actioned and see when Bill Nealy's free.

Collette takes the folder and leaves in a huff, just as DiLauria enters.

DILAURIA

I have a line on who snatched those two scientists: SDECE.

Latham is shocked; he sits.

LATHAM

Go on.

DILAURIA

(refers to her notes)

In March, France withdrew its fleet from the Mediterranean after a dispute over her role in NATO's 3rd Strategic Concept. That's where ships armed with Polaris nuclear missiles would have NATO crews rather than France basing their nuclear arsenal in their own navy. Later, France hinted it might withdraw from the Defense Planning Committee, saying they doubted any U.S. president would sacrifice an American city for a European one.

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

And that maybe it was time to seek
an independent nuclear deterrent.

LATHAM

Jardine and Kuklinski could really
jump start that effort... Get a
signal off to Boston.

DILAURIA

Yes, sir. I, um, also read the
brief on Kao-Ly De.

Latham stands and fiddles with the papers on his desk.

LATHAM

Yeah, I was just about to call you.
I want you to coordinate with
Operations. Have Kao-Ly followed;
pick him up at his hotel. I want to
know where he goes and who he meets.

DILAURIA

What about his daughter, Anne?

LATHAM

The job's not going to you.

DILAURIA

You're not giving it to the Mob.

LATHAM

No, no. Killing women is about the
only thing they won't do.

DILAURIA

You mean you're taking it?

LATHAM

Yes. Why not?

DILAURIA

I was just wondering if you'd be
able to do it, sir.

LATHAM

Wasn't that long ago since I was a
mandarin.

DILAURIA

No, what I meant was I'd heard you
and Kao-Ly's daughter were...

Latham becomes indignant and glares at her.

LATHAM

What you heard was supposition,
which you're now repeating as fact.

DILAURIA

Sorry, sir. I'll get started on the
surveillance.

She leaves. Latham picks up the Red phone and dials.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard is weary. His AIDE-DE-CAMP brings in tea and leaves.
Berard motions for Latham to serve himself, which he does.

BERARD

We thought France might pursue an
independent nuclear policy when
they withdrew from the Med. Never
imagined that meant kidnapping...
So where does that leave us with
regards to Operation Spellbound?

LATHAM

I've put a new #2 on station and
mandarin One is up there now.

BERARD

You need to handle this quietly,
Warren. Last thing we need is more
acrimony with the French, especially
with the Administration pressing
them to leave North Africa.

LATHAM

Well, Bazzo is probably the best
field officer we have going.

BERARD

Which will reflect nicely on his
annual review, but less so when I'm
asked for a status by the White
House.

LATHAM

We're doing everything we can, sir.

BERARD

And where are you with Kao-Ly De?

LATHAM

I hope to have his daughter persuade
him to remain in exile. If she
can't... I'll do the job myself.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - BASEMENT GUN VAULT

Padlocked weapons lockers filled with assorted rifles about a glass-topped counter displaying a variety of handguns.

50-ish WEAPONS OFFICER JAMES TOLSON - his ID badge clipped to his suit coat pocket - places an ACP 1911, a SIG P210, a 9mm Welrod Mark I and their silencers on the countertop.

Latham, his ID badge clipped to his lapel, rolls his eyes and picks up the Welrod.

LATHAM

Where the hell did you get this?
War surplus?

TOLSON

Hey, you asked my opinion. These
are the best ones for the job.

Latham puts the Welrod aside and picks up the ACP M1911.

TOLSON (CONT'D)

You're going for a head shot up
close, right?

LATHAM

Most likely.

TOLSON

Then don't use that cannon. Here.
(holds up the SIG P210)
The bullet does all its damage in
the brain and stays there.
(points to the M1911)
That thing will go right through
the skull and probably end up
hitting some poor bastard innocent
bystander. I wouldn't use it -
unless I wanna send a message.

INDOOR FIRING RANGE

On a human-silhouetted target sheet, 8 MUFFLED SHOTS quickly pierce the FOREHEAD in a tight, two-inch grouping. Wearing impact earmuffs, Latham lowers his silenced ACP M1911.

THIRD-FLOOR CORRIDOR

Latham waits for the elevator; he's carrying a handgun case.

ELEVATOR

The doors open. Nealy is there; he nods as Latham gets on. The doors close. Nealy eyes Latham's gun case.

NEALY

Getting in a little target practice?

LATHAM

Did the Asia Desk ask for your input on the Kao-Ly brief?

NEALY

What?

LATHAM

Did your people recommend we hit Kao-Ly De's daughter, Anne?

NEALY

We provided the intelligence aspect.

LATHAM

(angrily)

Don't pussy-foot around, Bill.

The elevator doors open. They both step out into the...

FIRST-FLOOR CORRIDOR

Latham and Nealy walk past fellow CIA Officers.

NEALY

(sotto voce)

We did the Intel assessment. That business about killing his daughter came strictly from the Asia Desk.

LATHAM

How'd you learn he was coming to Washington?

NEALY

From an interview in 'L'Humanité.'

Latham shrugs - he doesn't recognize the name.

NEALY (CONT'D)

It's a French Communist Party rag.

LATHAM

And they wanted to interview Kao-Ly?

Nealy pulls Latham off to the side.

NEALY

No. He approached them.

LATHAM

(sighs)

Then he is serious about going back.

NEALY

Hanoi's probably betting Kao-Ly won't have forgotten how Truman turned his back on his old ally Chiang Kai-Shek after The War.

LATHAM

But why would Kao-Ly trust the Communists? He knows they'll move against the South.

NEALY

Yes, but not right away.

LATHAM

Then what the hell does he want?

NEALY

I don't know - a severance package? He'll need it the way he's blowing through the family fortune. Look, none of this will mean a damn thing once he learns we undermined him. He'll side with Ho Chi Minh just to get back at us.

Disconsolate, Latham starts to walk away.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Warren, I'm really sorry.

Latham does not acknowledge this and continues on his way.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - HOTEL HARRINGTON - DAY

Kao-Ly leaves the hotel and gets into a taxi. Across the street in a Chevrolet Sedan, DiLauria follows him.

FURTHER UP THE STREET

In a Plymouth Sedan, taking pictures of Kao-Ly and DiLauria, is CHINESE INTELLIGENCE AGENT KWONG LEW, 35.

EXT. BOSTON - PARKER HOUSE HOTEL - DAY (DUSK)

Well-heeled couples in mink stoles and hats enter taxis queued outside this venerable Boston landmark.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Very Plush. Karen sits on the edge of the bed, watching TV. Bazzo exits the bathroom.

KAREN

Will you keep Kuklinski or let him go?

BAZZO

Keep him. He might have trade
value; might even defect to us.

There's a KNOCK on the door. Karen sidles against the wall.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Yes?

MAN (O.S.)

Collins.

Bazzo cracks open the door. Recognizing the face, he lets in
CLAY COLLINS, 45, short and pudgy. He's carrying a briefcase.

BAZZO

Clay Collins, meet your new #2,
Karen Glass.

KAREN

Mr. Collins.

She thrusts out her hand to Collins, who shakes it.

COLLINS

It's Clay. How was your ride in?

BAZZO

We were followed from the airport.

COLLINS

Good. Means the word's got out,
like you wanted.

(lays his briefcase on the
bed)

We could've done this at the station.

BAZZO

No. It's enough they know we're
here. Until this is over, I don't
want any more station personnel
exposed.

Collins flips open his briefcase revealing four pistols - a Hi
Power, a Beretta 1951, a Walther PPK, and an ACP M1911 - plus
two shoulder holsters, silencers, magazines and ammunition.

COLLINS

Latham said you hate six-shooters.

BAZZO

Guns period. I'll take the Hi Power.

COLLINS

(to Karen)

I guess you'll want the Beretta.

KAREN

No, the 1911's fine.

Collins shrugs and takes the pistols and their accessories and lays them on the bed. Bazzo puts on a holster and secures the Hi Power while Karen puts her M1911 and all their materiale into her shoulder bag.

COLLINS

We've got no arrangement with the police, so careful how you use them.

BAZZO

We know that. What about a car?

COLLINS

You can use Pete's. Come on, I'll drop you at his place.

Bazzo glares at him. Collins quickly changes his tune.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

I'll give you the directions.
(hands Bazzo a key)
To get into his house.

Bazzo and Karen grab their coats.

BAZZO

Where's his wife?

COLLINS

With my wife at our place.

KAREN

Anything I can do to help?

BAZZO

You just keep your mind on the job.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - LAFAYETTE SQUARE PARK - DAY (DUSK)

LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) and Latham stroll.

JONES

The name Gregor Zhukov ring a bell?

LATHAM

Heads a KGB wet squad in New York.

JONES

See what I mean? You're about as current as last week's TV Guide.

LATHAM

Am I?

JONES
Zhukov's dead.

Latham is surprised to hear this.

JONES (CONT'D)
Killed yesterday in Boston. Probably
went there looking for Kuklinski.

LATHAM
What do you know about Kuklinski?

JONES
Oh, same as I know about Mathieu
Jardine.

LATHAM
You're only 24 hours out of date.

JONES
Those bugs I planted in your office
must need new batteries.

The two grin at each other.

LATHAM
So, who do you think snatched them?

JONES
If it were just Jardine, my guess
would be the same as yours. But
with Kuklinski missing, I'd be
looking at a Friendly, like SDECE.

LATHAM
You think like mandarin Two. But
why not look behind The Curtain?

Jones stops, Latham along with him.

JONES
All Eastern bloc intelligence
services have a KGB agent on staff.
Once Dzerzhinsky Street heard a
snatch for Jardine was in the
works, they'd have banned all their
own scientists from going abroad.

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT (EVENING)

Latham is annoyed with Kensington, who continually fusses
with his topcoat and hat, and repeatedly checks his watch.

KENSINGTON
The French... I still find that
hard to believe.

LATHAM

We sent a signal on it to Boston.

KENSINGTON

I have to start leaving here at a decent hour one of these days.

LATHAM

Before Bazzo left, I called the Head of Station there.

KENSINGTON

Clay... Collins?

LATHAM

I told him to spread the word around the symposium that Bazzo was coming.

KENSINGTON

Why did you do that?

LATHAM

Bazzo suggested it. Sanders had gone there hoping to recruit Kuklinski.

KENSINGTON

NATO ally or not, if it is SDECE, Barry could get himself killed.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. NORTH OF BOSTON - COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Dark and empty. A late-1950's CHEVROLET SEDAN cruises along.

INT. CHEVROLET SEDAN

Karen is driving. Bazzo leans against the passenger door.

BAZZO

You don't mind driving at night?

KAREN

No. It's quiet, the road's empty...

(checks her inside mirror)

And it makes it easier to see when you're being followed - like now.

Bazzo quickly looks back and sees a pair of headlights.

BAZZO

The police?

KAREN

I'm not sure... When I slowed down earlier, he kept his distance.

BAZZO

Hmm... Let's make sure. Speed up.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The Chevrolet Sedan ROARS ahead.

I/E. CHEVROLET SEDAN

The speedometer needle climbs to 70 mph. Karen checks her inside mirror. A Ford Sedan catches up.

KAREN

Still there.

BAZZO

(glances back)

No lights and no siren. Take the next right. We'll bail out there.

The Chevrolet SKIDS into a right turn onto a...

DIRT ROAD

And stops. Bazzo JUMPS OUT and hides in the brier. Karen pulls off the road. The HEADLIGHTS go out. Karen slides out the passenger side and crouches behind the door. She draws her gun.

The Ford Sedan turns the corner. Slowly, it rolls up to them. Suddenly the Ford's tires SCREECH and it SPEEDS away.

AT THE ROADSIDE

Bazzo joins Karen. They watch the Ford's taillights fade.

BAZZO

What the hell was that all about?

Karen shrugs. Behind them, HEADLIGHTS appear at the corner. Karen and Bazzo turn around. A SECOND CAR quickly approaches; its spotlight FLICKS on, blinding them.

Bazzo moves Karen behind him. Suddenly, she YANKS him down, behind the Chevrolet's open passenger door.

FROM THE SECOND CAR

A GUNMAN with an automatic rifle OPENS FIRE.

AT THE ROADSIDE

Shots PING off the open door; they SHATTER its window. Bazzo shields his eyes. Karen CRAWLS to the front of the car. The BARRAGE quickly ends. As the Second Car PEELS away...

KAREN

Aims and FIRES. The Second Car's rear window SHATTERS as she empties her weapon.

FURTHER DOWN THE DIRT ROAD

The Second Car CAREENS headlong into a tree. Its horn BLARES.

KAREN AND BAZZO

Wipe glass shards from the seat and drive up to the wreck and get out. The Second Cars' windshield is shattered. Thrown from the car, the GUNMAN lies motionless. The DRIVER is slumped over the wheel with a GAPING HEAD WOUND.

BAZZO
(sniffing the air)
Gas. Come on!

I/E. CHEVROLET SEDAN - NIGHT

They jump in and quickly drive away. Bazzo briefly glances in bewilderment at Karen. Seconds later, the Second Car EXPLODES.

INT. PARKER HOUSE HOTEL - HOTEL SUITE - DAY (MORNING)

Karen and Collins sit at the table. Bazzo paces, agitated.

COLLINS
At least we know they're still here.

BAZZO
Well, they won't be here long if we don't get a lead soon.

KAREN
They must've thought we were close.

COLLINS
Close to what? The French don't own anything up there. I checked.

KAREN
In a foreign country you don't buy a safehouse, you rent it.

Collins is red-faced; Bazzo is losing patience.

BAZZO
(to Collins)
Get a list of all rentals there for the past 2 years. I'll go with you and run countersurveillance.

The Men get up. Karen starts to, but Bazzo stares her down.

KAREN

I know - keep my mind on the job?

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham is on the Red phone.

LATHAM

What have you got?

INT. BOSTON CIA STATION - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

A tape recorder runs as Bazzo speaks into a Red phone.

BAZZO

Collins is getting off a cable to you, but I wanted to speak to you privately about our new Number Two.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH BAZZO

LATHAM

Look, I'm sorry I had to saddle you with someone so inexperienced.

BAZZO

On the contrary, she's excellent - even better than the little girl I left behind.

LATHAM

What? Are you sure?

BAZZO

We were knee-deep in it last night, and Annie Oakley knew exactly what to do, every time. She's no virgin.

LATHAM

Hmm... It's all starting to make sense now. But I want to double-check here first. What's she look like?

BAZZO

Like Miss Wisconsin: late 20's, maybe 30; about five-eight; blonde; blue eyes.

LATHAM

So what do you want to do about her?

BAZZO

Nothing - I mean, at least not until the honeymoon's over.

LATHAM

Alright. But be careful.

He hangs up.

KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

Kensington blithely sips tea when Latham KNOCKS and enters.

LATHAM

You know the new Boston Number Two?

KENSINGTON

Karen - what's-her-name - Glass?

LATHAM

No. According to Bazzo she's a highly-trained agent.

KENSINGTON

What?

LATHAM

And given that this is a job to find an American and a Pole...

Kensington is still clueless.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

We're running a joint operation with the KGB.

THE HOLE

Latham explains to a shocked DiLauria.

DILAURIA

Has Bazzo lost his mind?

LATHAM

He should know. You did placement interviews at The Farm last month. Was a Karen Glass on your list?

DILAURIA

(remembers)

Yes, she wanted New York Central.

LATHAM

Describe her.

DILAURIA

Early 20's, five-one, brunette.

Latham pours himself coffee.

LATHAM

Right, different person. We thought the KGB hadn't made the connection between Jardine and Kuklinski but they had. And sent their man Zhukov to Boston ahead of us.

He meanders about the office, sipping his coffee.

DILAURIA

He got close and got killed.

LATHAM

So the KGB had to assign another agent. But then some bright boy in Moscow got an idea: Why not get CIA to do all the heavy lifting?

DiLauria nods; she gets it.

DILAURIA

The KGB gunned down Sanders.

LATHAM

To make sure we'd get involved.

DILAURIA

But they had to wait to see who our new Boston #2 was. And they sure as hell weren't expecting a girl. They must have had a helluva time finding someone.

Latham leans against his desk.

LATHAM

Must have... No wonder she was late.

DILAURIA

And the real Karen Glass?

LATHAM

Taken out en route. But that's Security's problem, not mine.

DILAURIA

Wow, they really must be desperate to get Kuklinski back.

LATHAM

No more than we are to get Jardine.

DILAURIA

Yeah, but they've gone to an awful lot of trouble.

LATHAM

To make things easier for them. A lot of benefits working with us: Bazzo on the job, they've got no one better; backup on station; and firsthand knowledge on everything we're doing.

DILAURIA

So what do we do?

Latham puts down his cup and puts on his coat.

LATHAM

Let them work together. Seems like the best possible option for Bazzo.

DILAURIA

'Till the moment of truth comes.

LATHAM

Then we take Jardine and Kuklinski.

DILAURIA

If Bazzo's still alive, you mean.

ACT THREE

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - HOTEL HARRINGTON - DAY

Stock footage of another view of the hotel.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Posh. KAO-LY DE sits on the couch wearing his smoking jacket and watching television. Anne is on the phone; she's thrilled.

ANNE

I'll be right down.
(she hangs up)
Do you have a meeting today, Ba?

KAO-LY

Yes, in an hour.

ANNE

Good luck. I'll see you tonight.

She grabs her coat, kisses Kao-Ly's cheek and leaves.

EXT. HOTEL HARRINGTON - ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

Lew photographs Anne and Latham leaving the hotel.

FARTHER UP THE STREET

DiLauria takes pictures of Latham, Anne and Lew.

EXT. GEORGETOWN (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - "COTE D'AZUR" RESTAURANT

A small bistro nestled inside a townhouse.

INT. "COTE D'AZUR" RESTAURANT

On the wall is a summer mural of the French Riviera. Latham and Anne sit at a corner table eating lunch. He looks around.

LATHAM

(embarrassed)

I know - you live in Paris and I take you to a French restaurant.

ANNE

No, it's fine. Really. This food is from southern France. It's a treat for me - maybe not so much for my father.

LATHAM

Why is that?

ANNE

He spends a lot of time there, gambling and playing bridge.

LATHAM

Ever the playboy.

ANNE

For now, anyway.

LATHAM

He's not canceling his membership in the Affluent Society, is he?

ANNE

(excitedly)

John Kenneth Galbraith, right? Come on, tell me. Am I right?

Latham nods and smiles. Anne is pleased with herself.

ANNE (CONT'D)

See! I read a lot, too... My father is talking to people about opening bridge clubs in the United States.

LATHAM

Really... Has he ever mentioned going back to Saigon?

ANNE

Maybe to visit.

LATHAM

I'd have thought he'd be anxious to go back, considering what he lost.

ANNE

Warren... An emperor in Vietnam? Now? I don't think so.

INT. PARKER HOUSE HOTEL - HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Bazzo, Karen and Collins pore over a map of Cambridge, Mass. spread out on the table, pointing to specific sites.

BAZZO

Here's MIT and here's where the symposium is being held.

COLLINS

No.

BAZZO

No?

COLLINS

They had a sewage leak there, so they moved it to the main building, across Mass. Ave.

Collins points to it.

BAZZO

Okay, so that's going east... What sort of street is Mass. Ave.?

COLLINS

Multi-lane. Lots of cars, buses, trackless trolleys, 10,000 students.

KAREN

And the quickest way to the airport?

COLLINS

Oh, okay... You go south on Mass. Ave., then east on Memorial Drive, across the Longfellow Bridge-

As he speaks, Bazzo and Karen look at each other with concern.

BAZZO

Wait - you said south on Mass. Ave.?

COLLINS

Yeah, south.

BAZZO

But the symposium's here. Karen,
look - no way they could do it.

Karen leans on Bazzo's shoulder and nods. Collins is at sea.

KAREN

That last-minute change of venue
really messed them up.

COLLINS

What are you guys talking about?

KAREN

In a kidnap, your best egress is to
immediately break right. They're on
the east side of the street; turning
right means they'd be heading north.
To go south, they'd need to be on
the west side of the street.

BAZZO

Where the conference was originally
supposed to be.

COLLINS

Why couldn't they just turn left?

KAREN

Because they'd have to cut across
Mass. Ave. and risk getting held up
in traffic - or worse, getting into
an accident and getting caught.

BAZZO

So, we have two teams here at the
school, one for each scientist, and
a third one waiting at a transfer
point somewhere south of here to
take them to the airport, probably
in a trunk. But the sewage break
ruins everything.

KAREN

Don't forget - they're on the clock.

BAZZO

Which means they're running late.

KAREN

So, Team Three follows procedure and
disperses. Teams One and Two scrap
Plan A and go to Plan B, a
safehouse.

Bazzo goes over the map, tracing a route with his finger.

BAZZO

So we break right here and head
north where we get held up... Here.

Bazzo points it out on the map. Collins leans over.

COLLINS

Harvard Square. Real congested. Plus
you've got campus cops there and a
police precinct a half mile north.

KAREN

Then reverse track there and break
right at the next major road - here.

She points to a main thoroughfare. Bazzo gets a broader map.

BAZZO

So now they're heading northwest
toward Lincoln, where it goes from
suburbs to rural in a heartbeat.
Only a few houses, no prying eyes.

KAREN

And right where we were last night,
here on Trapelo Road.

She smiles. Collins is amazed. Bazzo turns to him, annoyed.

BAZZO

Well get out the rental list, man!

Collins pulls it from his pocket.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Anything in that area?

COLLINS

Um... #320-25 Silver Hill Road.

Bazzo searches for it on the map.

BAZZO

Here it is, right off Trapelo. And
Sanders' house is over here. When we
left his place we were traveling
southeast on Trapelo Road, right
toward Silver Hill Road.

KAREN

They must have thought we were
heading right for them.

Bazzo nods. He stands and folds the maps.

BAZZO

Switch cars with us, Clay. We'll
stay in touch with you by radio.

Clay and Karen swap keys.

EXT. NORTH OF BOSTON - SILVER HILL ROAD - DAY

A DODGE SEDAN cruises past the occasional house.

I/E. DODGE SEDAN

Bazzo peers through binoculars as Karen drives.

BAZZO

I see it. Slow down; don't speed.

BAZZO'S P.O.V. - HOUSE - BINOCULARS MATTE

"320-25" is stamped on the mailbox. A station wagon is parked
in front of the Colonial-style home.

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo lowers his binoculars.

BAZZO

Turn right at this dirt road and
park.

Karen turns right and pulls off the road, hiding among some
large Noble Firs.

INT. DODGE SEDAN

Bazzo pulls out a pocket compass.

KAREN

Checking which way the sun sets?

BAZZO

I don't want it to reflect off the
windshield and give us away.

He stows the compass and briefly peers through the binoculars.

KAREN

Can you see the house?

BAZZO

Yeah. I hope we're right, otherwise
Latham's gonna think we've been on
a honeymoon all this time.

KAREN

Now there's a thought.

Bazzo arches an eyebrow. Karen takes sandwiches and bottles of Coca Cola from a paper bag and shares them with Bazzo.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Why aren't you married, Paul?

BAZZO
What makes you think I'm not?

KAREN
You don't strike me as the type who
wouldn't wear his wedding ring.

Embarrassed by the compliment, Bazzo shrugs.

BAZZO
No one's ever asked me.

KAREN
Would you like to be?

BAZZO
I think about it. But after last
night...

KAREN
It bothered me, too.

BAZZO
Wasn't too long ago resorting to
violence like that would've been
like admitting defeat.

KAREN
We'll make it - in tact.

She and Bazzo salute each other with Coca Cola, then she caresses his hand - they're falling for each other.

EXT. "MARKET INN" RESTAURANT - DAY

A taxi pulls up. Kao-Ly gets out and enters the restaurant.

INT. "MARKET INN" RESTAURANT

Noisy and crowded. Kao-Ly has joined JAMESON, a dapper man in his late 60's, at a booth for lunch.

At a small table within earshot of the Two Men, DiLauria nurses a salad and hears snippets of their conversation.

JAMESON
Yeah, what the hell. I'm in.

KAO-LY
Good. See you at my hotel at seven.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Collette brings Latham coffee. He writes on a legal pad: "Kao-Ly > Viet Minh. Is Joker North Vietnamese? Chinese?" Collette leaves as DiLauria barges in.

LATHAM

I thought you were watching Kao-Ly?

DILAURIA

Plans is on it. You have a shadow.

LATHAM

Oriental guy? Gray Plymouth rental?

DILAURIA

You saw him.

Latham sets down his legal pad.

LATHAM

I'm trying to figure out who he is. Anne De says her father has no interest in politics. Yet he asks a communist rag to interview him where he states just the opposite.

DILAURIA

Maybe he just wanted a forum to air his views.

Latham is frustrated; he gets up and paces then scoffs.

LATHAM

Politics... The guy spends all his time on the Riviera playing bridge.

DILAURIA

If he had no political ambitions, why'd he reach out to the North?

LATHAM

I don't know. Maybe it's like D-Int says, he needs the cash.

DILAURIA

But why pay him at all when the communists can just throw him in jail the next day?

Latham stops and thinks about it.

LATHAM

Hmm, that's true... He hasn't met with anyone on the Hill. So does he already know he was duped by us?

DILAURIA

If he does and he's playing dumb, the North Vietnamese may not trust him either. Maybe your shadow's one of theirs, sent here to keep an eye on him.

LATHAM

But the Chinese have a vested interest in him, too. They really-
(stops, suddenly realizes)
Wait... Remember the argument in the brief against killing Kao-Ly?

DILAURIA

It would unite the two Vietnams in a shared hatred of the U.S.

LATHAM

The North relies on Red China for its Intel; that's how they heard about Kao-Ly's interview. Now what if the Chinese came to the same conclusion as the Asia Desk? They'd have the North make an overture to Kao-Ly, while all along planning to assassinate him on U.S. soil.

DiLauria realizes where Latham is going with this.

DILAURIA

And make it look like CIA did it.

LATHAM

Exactly.

DILAURIA

But if Kao-Ly doesn't know he was duped, and he isn't here to gauge support for a return to power, then why did he bother to come here?

LATHAM

Because he's already been paid.
(realizes its importance)
The North's already paid him.

DILAURIA

Then he really is here to promote his stupid bridge club business.

Latham nods.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

How do you think they'd do the hit?

LATHAM

Probably the same way I would - make it public so Anne can find the body.

DILAURIA

He's got someone coming over at 7:00.

LATHAM

And I'm meeting her at six.

They both realize time is of the essence. Latham grabs some small paperclips from his desk, then the two hurry out.

EXT. NORTH OF BOSTON - SILVER HILL ROAD - DAY

A Gray Ford Sedan pulls into the driveway of #320-25.

INT. DODGE SEDAN

Karen watches the Gray Ford Sedan through binoculars.

KAREN

Remember that car that followed us from the airport?

(hands Bazzo the binoculars)

That's it - same cheap Ford rental.

BAZZO'S P.O.V. - GRAY FORD SEDAN - BINOCULARS MATTE

A MAN, a SDECE AGENT, exits the car and enters the house.

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo speaks into his walkie-talkie.

BAZZO

Fox One to Fox Two.

COLLINS (O.S.)

Fox Two here.

BAZZO

Call my parents.

COLLINS (O.S.)

Roger.

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

More stock footage of the hotel.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

The doorbell BUZZES; Kao-Ly answers the door; he's pleasantly surprised.

KAO-LY
Warren! It's been a long time.

Latham enters. They shake hands warmly.

LATHAM
Too long. How are you, sir?

KAO-LY
A little tired. I was just going to
lie down.

Anne enters from the bedroom wearing her coat. She smiles.

LATHAM
Go on, we'll talk later. It's good
to see you again, Kao-Ly.

KAO-LY
You, too. Have a good time.

ANNE
See you later, Ba.

She kisses Kao-Ly's cheek. He nods and goes into the bedroom.

LATHAM

Opens the door for Anne. As she steps out and walks along the
corridor, Latham surreptitiously pushes a straightened
PAPERCLIP flush into the KEYHOLE of the door-knob lock.

Anne pauses and curiously looks back.

ANNE
Warren...

LATHAM
Just making sure the door's locked.

He shuts the door - #312 - and joins her.

I/E. PLYMOUTH SEDAN

Lew watches Anne and Latham leave the hotel and take a taxi.
He puts a SILENCED PISTOL into an airline bag and zips it.

A second Chinese Agent, SHEN, walks up to the car. He reaches
into the open passenger window, takes the airline bag, then
crosses to the Hotel Harrington.

SHEN

Walks along the third-floor Corridor and stops at Suite #312.
He tries to insert a "BUMP" KEY into the Door Knob Lock, but
it won't go in. He tries again, to no avail.

Frustrated, he squats to get a closer look at the lock.

ACROSS THE CORRIDOR

A middle-aged COUPLE leaving Suite #313 warily eye him. The WOMAN WHISPERS to her MALE COMPANION. Then...

 KAO-LY (O.S.)
 Anne, is that you, dear?

The Man nods to the Woman. She DARTS back into their room.

 WOMAN (O.S.)
 Front Desk? There's this little
 Oriental guy trying to break into
 room 312.

Shen tenses. He rises and heads for the EXIT sign.

LOBBY - FRONT DESK

DiLauria is seated nearby. The DESK CLERK is on the phone.

 DESK CLERK
 312?... I'll send someone right up.

The Desk Clerk hangs up. He TAPS a bell on the counter. A HOTEL SECURITY MAN walks up to the Desk Clerk.

DILAURIA

Watches them briefly speak. The Hotel Security Man hurries to the elevators. As he steps inside one, DiLauria sees Shen scurrying down the lobby stairs.

She gets up and crosses in front of Shen. She grins slyly at him as he shuffles past her.

EXT. NORTH OF BOSTON - OFF SILVER HILL ROAD - NIGHT (EVENING)

Bazzo and Karen wait in their car; both now wear gloves.

I/E. DODGE SEDAN

Bazzo's walkie-talkie CRACKLES.

 COLLINS (O.S.)
 Fox One, your dad is two clicks
 away. Mom's right behind him.

 BAZZO
 Roger.

Karen starts the car and pulls onto the road. Bazzo takes a butane lighter from his pocket.

#320-25 SILVER HILL ROAD

The Dodge Sedan pulls into the driveway. In an upstairs window, curtains part.

BAZZO

Lights a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL SODA BOTTLE and hurls it through the living room window. He lights the other and throws it against the front door. He then SHOOTs out several tires on the Gray Ford Sedan and the Station Wagon.

AT THE HOUSE

The drapes quickly catch FIRE; FLAMES engulf the front door. The Dodge Sedan's tires KICK UP DIRT as it tears away. Indistinct YELLING comes from the house. Moments later a POLICE CAR arrives, followed by a FIRE ENGINE.

THE DODGE SEDAN

Makes a U-turn and pulls off the road near the house. Karen jumps out but Bazzo stays behind.

#320-25 SILVER HILL ROAD

FIREFIGHTERS combat the flames. Karen runs toward the house but is stopped by the POLICEMAN.

POLICEMAN

Whoa! Where're you going?

KAREN

My friend's in there!

POLICEMAN

Oh, no. You wait back here.

As he struggles to restrain Karen, Bazzo runs past them.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Hey, come back here!

Bazzo runs into FOUR MEN stumbling from around back - SDECE AGENTS #1 and #2, LEV KUKLINSKI and Mathieu.

KAREN

Sees Bazzo look back at her. She WAVES excitedly.

KAREN

Mathieu! Mathieu!

IN THE DRIVEWAY

Mathieu is bewildered. Bazzo gets his attention.

BAZZO

Mathieu, take off! Get going!

Mathieu BREAKS FREE from SDECE AGENT #1. Before the Agent can start after Mathieu, Bazzo jumps in front of him.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I wouldn't.

He points toward the Policeman. SDECE Agent #1 seethes. Bazzo sees SDECE AGENT #2 grab Kuklinski's arm.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Lev!... Lev!

Kuklinski shakes off his captor and RUNS. Bazzo joins him and leads Kuklinski up the driveway. They stop by the Policeman. Bazzo points toward the two SDECE Agents.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I think those two need help.
They're disoriented.

The Policeman nods and waves to the now worried SDECE Agents. Bazzo and Karen lead the two Scientists to the...

DODGE SEDAN

The former hostages jump in back. Karen slides into the front passenger seat. Bazzo gets behind the wheel and drives off.

I/E. DODGE SEDAN

The Scientists are lost in their reverie. Suddenly, Karen pulls her ACP M1911 from her pocketbook and aims it at Bazzo.

KAREN

(grimly)

Pull over.

Mathieu and Kuklinski are bewildered. The Dodge Sedan pulls onto the shoulder and stops. Bazzo turns towards her.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Keep your hands on the wheel.

Bazzo sits back, his hands gripping the steering wheel.

BAZZO

Whatever you say, comrade.

KAREN

How long have you known?

BAZZO

Almost from the beginning.

KAREN
You're not taking Kuklinski.

BAZZO
You're the one with the gun.

KAREN
He wasn't abducted like Jardine; he
sold his services to the West.

MATHIEU
I dunno... He was still a prisoner.

BAZZO
Like us.

Karen looks at Bazzo; her grim demeanor cracks.

KAREN
They wouldn't understand, Paul.

BAZZO
No, they wouldn't.

KAREN
(reins in her emotions)
And I have my orders.

She aims her pistol at Kuklinski; he curls up and SOBS. Karen pulls the trigger - the gun CLICKS but doesn't fire. Bazzo pulls a fully-loaded magazine from his jacket pocket.

BAZZO
I swapped yours for an empty one
after you got out of the car.

Karen is mortified. Bazzo holds out his hand. She gives him her gun then slumps back in her seat.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
Moscow won't be too happy with you.
But we can talk about that later.

He starts the engine and pulls back onto the road.

I/E. DODGE SEDAN - NIGHT

Karen stares out the window. Stealthily, she pulls a white button off her sleeve and slips it into her mouth - cyanide.

Bazzo sees this and SKIDS to a stop off the road. He tries to pry her jaw open. Karen grabs Bazzo's arms to stop him.

BAZZO
Spit it out! Spit it out! Karen,
spit the goddamn thing out!

Suddenly Karen's face CONTORTS. Spittle OOZES from her mouth. Karen's grip loosens; her body slumps. Bazzo SHAKES her.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
Karen... Karen!

She's dead. Bazzo takes a napkin from the glove box and gently wipes her mouth, then he sits her upright.

EXT. RURAL ROAD

The Dodge Sedan pulls back onto the road and drives away.

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

Latham shows his ID badge at the Guard Shack and enters through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters and is surprised to find Collette in tears.

LATHAM
What's the matter?

COLLETTE
Anne De is dead.

Latham is shocked.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard, Kensington and Latham are there, all somber.

BERARD
Kao-Ly went to the front desk to sign for a telegram. When he got back, he found his daughter shot twice through the head.

Kensington hands Latham the surveillance photos taken by Lew.

KENSINGTON
Those were found near her body.

BERARD
He told the police he then got a call from a North Vietnamese Agent.

LATHAM
North Vietnamese?

KENSINGTON
He's not stupid enough to implicate the Red Chinese. He knows they can get to him anywhere in the world.

BERARD

Apparently, the Chinese believed Kao-Ly had made a separate deal with CIA, using his daughter because of her prior relationship with you. Those photos were supposedly the proof.

Wracked with guilt, Latham looks away.

KENSINGTON

And being the profligate gambler that he is, you can see how they jumped to that conclusion.

BERARD

Warren, you theorized correctly that Red China had come to the same conclusion we had on assassinating Kao-Ly. Unfortunately, we didn't realize they'd also reached that same conclusion regarding his daughter.

KENSINGTON

Since they'd already paid him off, I guess they decided to send him a message.

LATHAM

(barely audible)
They must have had a two-way bet.

KENSINGTON

Sorry?

LATHAM

(louder, his voice cracking)
The Chinese must have had a two-way bet. Kill Kao-Ly and unify Vietnam in their hatred against the U.S., or kill his daughter and make it look like CIA did it.

BERARD

Achieving the same thing.

LATHAM

I should've known this would happen.

BERARD

(empathetically)
How could anyone know?

KENSINGTON

Sir, it's possible the Red Chinese could leak the snaps and identify Warren as a CIA officer.

BERARD

If they do, we can quash them on this end. But there's very little we can do about the foreign press.

Bereft, Latham's head sags. Oddly, Kensington brightens.

KENSINGTON

If you think about it, there is some good that's come out of this.

Berard is stunned. Latham does not react.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

Diem is safe and Kao-Ly's going back into exile where he belongs. It's a situation, really, where everybody wins.

Berard is so offended that he grits his teeth. He gets up and puts a reassuring hand on Latham's shoulder.

BERARD

If you want to take some time off, Warren...

LATHAM

No... Excuse me.

He gets up and leaves.

LATHAM

Is numb as he walks along the Corridor to the Elevator. The doors open. He gets in and takes the photo of Anne De and Minh from his pocket. His eyes well with tears. As the elevator doors close, Latham breaks down.

END