

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Two, Episode #1: "Fly By Night"

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Cool Gray Dawn

"Fly By Night"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. HAVANA, CUBA - NIGHT

INSERT: "Havana, Cuba"

Stock footage of the cityscape.

INT. DOWNTOWN - SANDWICH SHOP - NIGHT

Business is light. At a table, GUS ANDERSON, ARNOLD WELLS and WALTER LETZ nurse their sandwiches. BRENT AMBROSE enters, buys a Coke and asks for a glass. He sits alone at a table, pours some soda into the glass and drinks it. He leaves the empty glass on the table, grabs the Coke bottle and walks out.

After a moment, Anderson, Wells and Letz get up and leave.

EXT. 23RD AND N STREETS - "EL SEGURO MEDICO" BUILDING

A 19-story tower occupied by businesses on the lower floors and a mix of business and residential apartments in the tower.

INT. CORRIDOR

Anderson, Wells and Letz carry black bags to apartment #8. Anderson takes out a key and opens the door. The Men enter.

BEDROOM

The Three Men enter from the Living Room. They pull on surgical gloves. Anderson takes a walkie-talkie from his bag, puts in the earpiece and turns it on.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - APARTMENT BUILDING

Stock footage of a typical working-class residence.

ON THE ROOF

Ambrose sits near the building's edge, watching the front of the Seguro Medico building through binoculars. Beside him a walkie-talkie CRACKLES. He checks his watch: 8:01.

ANDERSON (O.S.)  
Echo-1, starting.

AMBROSE  
Acknowledge.

INT. BEDROOM

It's hot and humid. The Men sweat profusely and take off their shirts. Letz goes into the Bathroom. Wells takes a drop cloth from his bag and lays it on the floor.

Wells slips on goggles, takes a drill from his bag and inserts a diamond-tipped drill bit. He plugs the drill into the wall socket, sets the speed to low and starts drilling into the floor. It's NOISY; concrete residue SPITS UP into his face.

BATHROOM

Letz removes the medicine cabinet from the wall and starts digging out a cavity in the plaster.

ON THE ROOF

The drill's WHINE comes over Ambrose's walkie-talkie; he lowers the volume. There's a SHUFFLE OF FEET on the gravelly tar behind him. He looks back - it's a TEENAGE COUPLE looking for privacy. Annoyed, they head back to the stairwell. Ambrose turns his attention back to El Seguro Medico.

BEDROOM

Everyone has stripped down to his skivvies. Wells continues to drill. Anderson checks his watch: 21:35. There's a LOUD KNOCK on the door. He taps Wells on the shoulder to stop drilling. Wells is anxious. Another LOUD KNOCK on the door.

LIVING ROOM

Anderson enters and cautiously cracks opens the door. Five unshaven LA GUARDA MEN in fatigues BURST IN.

ON THE ROOF

Ambrose sips his Coke. A voice comes over the walkie-talkie.

LA GUARDA MAN #1 (O.S.)  
Levanta tus manos!

Startled, Ambrose reaches for his binoculars when...

LA GUARDA MAN #2 (O.S.)  
No te muevas!

Ambrose freezes. LA GUARDA MAN #2 walks up from behind and puts his .45 pistol to Anderson's ear.

BEDROOM

Anderson, Wells and Letz are on their knees, handcuffed. La Guarda Man #1 goes through Anderson's bag. He pulls out two tiny SRT-3 transmitters and brandishes them to his cohorts.

EXT. HAVANA, CUBA - U.S. EMBASSY - NIGHT

A sign reads "EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

INT. HAVANA CIA STATION

Replete with ceiling fan, rattan furniture, the American flag draped around a pole, and a picture of President Eisenhower on the wall. The station #2, AL SINDEN, waits anxiously at his desk. A walkie-talkie lies there. He checks his watch, 22:35, then dials the Red phone.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of teletype machines, ringing phones and chatter. NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL man the Duty Desk. The Red phone RINGS; Owens answers it.

OWENS

0-4-3-3... Say again?

CROSSCUT SINDEN WITH OWENS

SINDEN

Moonlight missed the 22:00 time check. I think the Operation's been rolled up.

OWENS

You don't know that for certain. If they're in custody, Castro will announce it on radio later tomorrow.

SINDEN

What do I do until then?

OWENS

Stay near the phone. I'll get on to the Cuban Desk and get back to you.

SINDEN

Are you gonna notify Latham?

OWENS

No, it's not his operation.

SINDEN

But what if they need a bust-out?

OWENS

Then that's up to the Cuban Desk.  
(hangs up, to Farrell)  
Moonlight may have been rolled up.

FARRELL

Oh, boy...

Owens picks up the Red phone and dials.

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

The light flickers in several windows; people are watching TV. In one high-floor window the light is soft and steady.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - KITCHENETTE

The wall clock reads 10:45. Half-dressed in his suit, Latham fries bacon and eggs. "Coisa Mais Linda" by João Gilberto plays on the hi-fi. As Latham puts the food on a plate, the phone RINGS. He sets the plate aside and enters the...

LIVING ROOM

The Red light on the phone is not blinking. Latham lowers the volume on the hi-fi then answers the phone.

LATHAM

Hello?

A MAN on the other end clears his throat.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Hello.

CLICK, the caller hangs up. Latham does too. He turns off the lamp, hurries to the window and peeks from behind the curtain.

LATHAM'S P.O.V. - STREET

Quiet - no vehicles double-parked, no one scurrying about.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham crosses the room and turns on the lamp. He reaches into the hi-fi cabinet and pulls out a BERETTA 70 PISTOL. He slips it into his pants pocket then heads back into the Kitchenette.

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

CIA PERSONNEL walk through Gate #1 onto the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD is at her desk. Latham enters.

LATHAM

Morning.

COLLETTE

Morning. Mr. Berard called. He wants you in his office, right away. You in the woodshed again?

LATHAM

Not that I know of.

COLLETTE

Also, the president-elect's office called for you.

LATHAM

Why's everyone up so early today?

COLLETTE

(grins)

You're invited to dinner Friday at one of his family's closest friends.

(hands him a memo)

It's in Great Falls; ritzy area.

LATHAM

I may have to buy a new suit.

COLLETTE

Or you could do what my mother used to tell us kids before we left the house.

LATHAM

(pockets the note)

What's that?

COLLETTE

Change our underwear in case we were in an accident. Wouldn't want anyone to see our dirty drawers.

LATHAM

I doubt it's that kind of dinner.

BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD, STEWART KENSINGTON and TRUMAN BURNS, 60, are there. Latham enters and takes a seat.

BERARD

This is Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, Truman Burns. My Director of Domestic Operations, Warren Latham.

Burns and Latham nod to each other.

BERARD (CONT'D)

The White House has asked CIA to mount an operation to overthrow Fidel Castro. It's been assigned the cryptonym 'JMARC.'

LATHAM

Already? That's quick.

BURNS

We feel popular discontent within Castro's regime could be galvanized into active resistance.

LATHAM

What 'popular discontent'?

KENSINGTON

You obviously haven't read that Cuba's drought has had an adverse effect on sugar production. You couple that with a steep decline in living conditions, and that makes this an opportune time for action.

LATHAM

Yeah, well I guess you haven't read the Havana station's latest report which states that Castro remains a charismatic figure.

BERARD

Alright...

Latham and Kensington brood like admonished schoolboys.

BERARD (CONT'D)

The theory is that an external shock will spark an uprising.

LATHAM

Meaning an invasion.

BURNS

That's correct.

Latham scoffs.

BURNS (CONT'D)

The Agency will train a brigade of exiles who'll land on the southern coast at la Bahía de Cochinos.

LATHAM

The Bay of Pigs. And then what?

BURNS

After they gain control of the beachhead, emigre leaders from the Bender-Carr group will return to the island and offer the populace a democratic alternative to Castro.

LATHAM

Forgive me for saying so, but your plan sounds like it was written on a cocktail napkin.

KENSINGTON

Warren...

BURNS

No, I appreciate his skepticism. I think you'll find a bit more effort has gone into it, Latham.

BERARD

How large is the landing party?

KENSINGTON

Right now, about 430. But we have 1000 more names to recruit from.

LATHAM

We?

BERARD

In addition to Mr. Burns, CI has recommended JMARC have one senior counterintelligence officer and four from operations. Stewart was selected as an operations officer.

Kensington beams haughtily.

BURNS

Your Deputy Director of Plans has said that Castro is too weak to crush an invading force. We agree.

LATHAM

I see. Have either of you ever been to the Bay of Pigs?

KENSINGTON

I don't see how that enters into it.

LATHAM

Once you get past the beach it's all swamp. And the whole place is infested with mosquitoes. Castro's got 20,000 troops he can draw on, plus an air force supplied by the Soviets. Your brigade will never make it off the beach.

BURNS

They will - with the air strike we have planned.



Latham is incredulous.

KENSINGTON

A squadron of B-26's will bomb  
Castro's planes while they're still  
on the ground. That should be  
enough to change the mood of  
Castro's army and rally the exiles.

LATHAM

Geezus, everyone in Cuba will know  
those planes came from Uncle Sam.

KENSINGTON

They'll be unmarked, for God's  
sake! Sir, Warren's not involved  
beyond this point. Can we just get  
to why he's here?

Shocked and affronted, Latham looks at Berard who's reticent.

BERARD

Stewart alone will represent  
Domestic Operations on JMARC. What  
I need from you is to cease your  
operations targeting Cuba.

LATHAM

Won't that send a clear signal to  
Castro that something's underway?

BURNS

No, the White House plans to engage  
him in diplomatic talks as cover.

Latham looks away, disgusted.

EXT. SCULPTURE GARDEN - DAY

Latham hands LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) a hotdog as they stroll  
past the objets d'art.

JONES

First you cancel on me, now we're  
on again for lunch, or whatever you  
call this. Mother warned me about  
fickle dates like you.

LATHAM

I thought I was being given a major  
role in an operation this morning.

JONES

Oh? Can you give me a general idea  
without giving away the plot?

LATHAM

The White House wants to invade Cuba.

JONES

Some secret. How's that different from what you've been doing?

LATHAM

Domestic Ops' sole representative on this is the Deputy Director of the Western Hemisphere Division.

JONES

Stewart Kensington?!

LATHAM

Yep. I'm not involved in any of it.

JONES

That doesn't make sense! You've got contacts in the exile community; you know the terrain.

LATHAM

They're more worried there may be informers in the groups I deal with.

JONES

I don't see why. With Kensington on board there's no chance their plan will succeed.

Latham has the faint smile of gallows humor.

JONES (CONT'D)

Putting all that aside, I have a question for you. Does 'la marca jay' mean anything to you?

LATHAM

La marca jay?

JONES

It's Spanish for 'the jay brand.'

LATHAM

No, why?

JONES

Remember when you sent Paul to take out Che Guevara last year?

LATHAM

Don't tell me I forgot to thank you for getting him out of Cuba?

JONES

I'm still waiting on those cigars  
you promised.

LATHAM

We've got some exploding ones we're  
sending to Castro for his birthday.  
I can send you a box.

JONES

You know, I can't imagine why some  
people think you can't be trusted.

They exchange sly grins.

JONES (CONT'D)

Remember that barbershop in Havana  
where Paul went for a haircut?  
Well, the bloke there is now  
Castro's personal barber. He also  
picks up a few extra quid telling  
us anything he overhears. 'La marca  
jay' was something he heard Raul  
say to his brother, Fidel.

LATHAM

Hm, does 'la marca' mean anything  
else in English, besides brand?

JONES

'Trademark' or 'make,' maybe.

LATHAM

Like the make or model of a car?

JONES

Yes, but in the U.K. we say 'mark.'

LATHAM

Mark... The jay mark.  
(suddenly realizes)  
Geezus, JMARC.

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham is insistent while Kensington is dismissive.

LATHAM

I'm telling you, JMARC's been  
compromised! You have an informer.

KENSINGTON

Sounds more like jealousy to me.  
Your way of exacting revenge for  
being bypassed.

LATHAM

Oh, please... I could care less  
about your little march to glory.

KENSINGTON

Don't be impertinent, Warren.

LATHAM

I'm worried about what'll happen to  
the exiles when your plan blows up.

KENSINGTON

PBSUCCESS worked quite well in  
Guatemala. And we intend to follow  
that same blueprint in Cuba.

NEALY'S OFFICE

Latham and BILL NEALY are sitting there, drinking coffee.

NEALY

PBSUCCESS... One thing we learned  
from that is that coups can be very  
chaotic. The only reason we  
succeeded in Guatemala was because  
we'd had face-to-face meetings with  
the Army's leadership. Turns out  
they were already worried General  
Arbenz was leaning too far to the  
left.

LATHAM

You know if JMARC has a K-program  
like the one in Guatemala?

NEALY

I doubt it. Far as I know, no one's  
met with anyone from Castro's Army.

LATHAM

Geezus. Were you consulted on this?

NEALY

Early on I was.

LATHAM

What happened?

NEALY

I told them the possibility of  
turning the Army against Castro  
looked too remote to consider.

LATHAM

Yet they decided to go ahead.

NEALY

I guess they know something I don't.

Latham shakes his head in disgust.

NEALY (CONT'D)

I can bring your concerns about JMARC being compromised to the DDP. But I have to tell you, it'll probably sound like sour grapes.

LATHAM

If it doesn't, I'm sure Kensington will convince him otherwise.

NEALY

You could try the president-elect?

LATHAM

No, he can't risk looking soft on communism.

NEALY

(shrugs, checks his watch)  
Gotta go. Jenny's family is coming over and I'm helping her with the turkey. Why don't you come over?

LATHAM

Thanks, but I think I'll just spend some quiet time at home.

NEALY

Okay. But if you change your mind...

Latham nods. He stands and leaves ahead of Nealy.

CORRIDOR

As Latham approaches his Outer Office, he sees a SECURITY OFFICER standing by the door. The Security Officer nods at Latham who enters...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham is surprised to see Burns standing near COLLETTE DOWD, who's seated at her desk.

BURNS

Ah, there you are, Latham.

LATHAM

Can I help you with something?

BURNS

Yes, um...

He points to Latham's Office. Latham leads him into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham gestures to Burns to sit. Latham sits at his desk.

BURNS

You weren't too pleased earlier.

LATHAM

I gave my opinion. Beyond that, I'm just an employee here.

BURNS

Aren't we all. My job is to follow orders coming from the Oval Office.

LATHAM

And mine is to make sure the Oval Office doesn't end up looking like a damn fool.

BURNS

And you feel this operation will.

LATHAM

I'm certain of it.

Burns folds his arms.

BURNS

I understand the president-elect thinks very highly of you.

LATHAM

Does he?

BURNS

That's what I hear. You know, there's still a couple of months before that Irish Mob moves in. I'd hate to have a plan to remove that communist puppet canceled because someone whispered into the new president's ear.

Latham stares intently at Burns who stands.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Well, nice talking to you, Latham.

He leaves without waiting for a response. Latham sighs angrily. Collette enters, holding her notepad.

COLLETTE

I hope you were playing nice.

LATHAM

Burns sold snake oil to the DDP. So now we're going to invade Cuba. I got the bum's rush in favor of Kensington. That was a friendly reminder to stay out of it.

COLLETTE

Well, Security called while you were with D-Int. Some fellow phoned into the Exchange asking for you. He said he was a friend of someone named Damon Woodley.

LATHAM

Who?

COLLETTE

Damon Woodley. Security said there's no one by that name on the compound. I spoke with the Duty Desk; no one's using Damon Woodley as a working name either. Since he called on the trunk line, the Operator followed protocol and told him there was no one here named Warren Latham.

LATHAM

Where was the call placed?

COLLETTE

A payphone at Washington National. Probably a crank call; someone got careless and let your name slip.

LATHAM

Or it could be someone who knew he wouldn't get through, but knew the content of his call would.

COLLETTE

Do you know a Damon Woodley?

LATHAM

I knew a James Cook over in Plans - his working name was Damon Woodley. But he died a few years ago.

COLLETTE

On the job?

LATHAM

Yeah, a boating accident.

Collette just stands there, waiting.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Something else?

COLLETTE  
I wondered if I might leave early?

LATHAM  
Don't tell me you're cooking  
Thanksgiving dinner.

COLLETTE  
Actually, yes.

LATHAM  
What, for what's-his-name?

COLLETTE  
Jerry McClain. You and your  
perennial amnesia.

LATHAM  
I wish...

Collette is struck by the melancholy in his voice.

COLLETTE  
Um, Jerry's bringing his family  
over, including his sister.

LATHAM  
Don't. Don't try and hook me up.

COLLETTE  
She's only eleven, Warren.

LATHAM  
Oh... Wait - he's 50, right?

COLLETTE  
No, 42. His parents adopted her.

LATHAM  
That was nice of them.

COLLETTE  
(entreatingly)  
She's very well read for her age.

LATHAM  
Fine. Send me her next book report.  
Where are the mandarins?

COLLETTE  
In The Hole. They're both on duty  
tomorrow. I left a reminder on your  
desk.



LATHAM

Alright, go. See you on Monday.

COLLETTE

Thanks. Happy Thanksgiving. And don't forget your dinner Friday in Great Falls.

Latham nods. Collette smiles pityingly and leaves. After a moment, Latham picks up the Gray phone and dials.

INT. MI6 OFFICE

The Gray phone RINGS. The Station #2, FIONA JEFFRIES, answers.

FIONA

M.O.D.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH FIONA

LATHAM

Hi, Fiona, it's Warren Latham.

FIONA

Oh, hi, Mr. Latham. Are you looking for Mr. Jones?

LATHAM

Yes, is he around?

FIONA

No, he and the ambassador are at a State dinner celebrating Thanksgiving.

LATHAM

He never could pass up a free meal.

FIONA

You know him too well. Do you want me to page him?

LATHAM

No, no, it's not an emergency.

FIONA

How about you? Any plans?

LATHAM

For what?

FIONA

Thanksgiving.

LATHAM

Oh. No, I'm just gonna relax.

FIONA

You deserve it. Mr. Jones says they chain you to your desk there.

LATHAM

Not anymore.

FIONA

That's good. Well, I'll let him know you called.

LATHAM

Thanks. Take care, Fiona.

FIONA

You, too, Mr. Latham. Bye-bye.

Latham hangs up, disappointed. He sighs and looks away. Finally, he grabs his coat and briefcase and leaves.

KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

Burns stands at the window watching Latham leave the compound while Kensington busily thumbs through a folder on his desk.

KENSINGTON

I have that list of B-26's we can purchase in here, Truman. Truman?

Burns nods and turns his attention to Kensington.

## ACT TWO

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

A view of the nearly-deserted compound.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

A worried group of middle-aged men has gathered around a table: CARL BETHUNE, DEPUTY DIRECTOR OF PLANS, Burns, Kensington, Nealy and SHELDON GODFREY, Technical Services Division who is in a wheelchair.

BETHUNE

Havana radio just reported that four Agency staff were arrested early this morning at...

(refers to his folder)

Edificio del Seguro Medico, a commercial and residential tower in Havana. TSD confirms Moonlight was the operation they were mounting against the New China News Agency when they were arrested.

NEALY

Exactly who are we talking about here?

BETHUNE

The Havana station #2, Brent Ambrose, and TSD's Gordon Wells, Walter Letz and Gus Anderson.

Nealy GROANS, mortified.

BURNS

Can someone here tell me how this affects JMARC?

NEALY

Anderson's a senior officer at TSD.

BURNS

What's TSD?

GODFREY

(speaks with a lisp)  
Technical Services Division.

BETHUNE

If Anderson's stretched, the Cubans could gain Intel on just about every Operation mounted over the past ten years, including JMARC.

KENSINGTON

(horrified)  
Oh, Christ... So what now?

GODFREY

There's a lawyer I know in Havana who's been trying cases involving Americans detained there. He's a very good hypnotist. In fact, one of our contacts in the Cuban Air Force saw him hypnotizing a judge at a party. Apparently, it worked because the judge was very amenable to suggestions of leniency at the trial. We could get word to him through my associate, Klein, and ask him to hypnotize the judge.

Nealy and Bethune can barely conceal their incredulity.

BURNS

Why couldn't you meet with him?

GODFREY

I don't travel well, Mr. Burns.

NEALY

Before we consider going that route, why not consult Latham?

KENSINGTON

Why?

NEALY

Well, for one thing, his mandarins have experience exfiltrating people from hostile areas. You know that better than anyone.

Kensington smarts from hearing this truth.

NEALY (CONT'D)

For another, he suggested there might be an informer with knowledge of JMARC.

KENSINGTON

That's only supposition, Bill.

NEALY

Yes, but it would explain how the Cubans knew about Operation Moonlight.

KENSINGTON

(changes the subject)

Look, why not a prisoner swap?

NEALY

Time is as much of an enemy as the DGI, Stewart. Maybe more.

BURNS

Why, what'll happen?

NEALY

They'll be at a local police station now. In a week or so they'll be moved to La Cabana Prison. That's when the real torture begins.

KENSINGTON

All the more reason to start negotiations for their release immediately.

(turns to Bethune)

A bust-out would only alert Castro to their importance and bring attention on JMARC.

BURNS

I agree with Stewart.

BETHUNE

If that's the consensus, then let's  
get started on it.

Burns nods appreciatively to Kensington.

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT (EVENING)

The sidewalks are crowded, as usual, mostly with locals.

LATHAM

Enters a noisy restaurant where roast duck, pork and chicken  
hang in the window. He orders a meal to go and waits,  
watching mothers help their young children eat dinner.

EXT. H STREET

Latham leaves the restaurant, carrying his take-out order in  
a paper shopping bag. A White MAN, mid-40s, sandy-haired and  
fit - almost hidden in the crowd - bumps into Latham.

SANDY-HAIRED MAN

Sorry.

He continues on his way.

LATHAM

Walks to the curb, turns around and watches the Sandy-haired  
Man hop into a taxi and leave.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The shopping bag sits on the coffee table; Latham sits on the  
couch. He reaches into the bag and pulls out containers of  
food and rice. A white coin envelope slides off a food  
container onto the table.

LATHAM

Eyes the envelope warily for a moment then gets up.

LIVING ROOM

Latham heads into the Kitchenette. After some CLINKING and a  
SNAP of rubber, he returns wearing rubber surgical gloves and  
carrying a paper towel sheet and an X-Acto knife.

LATHAM

Lays the paper towel on the table then picks up the envelope.  
He feels the envelope for its contents. He then slips the  
blade of the knife under the flap sealing the envelope and  
carefully lifts it. He lays down the X-Acto knife and empties  
the envelope's contents onto the...

PAPER TOWEL

A locker key embedded with the number "295" and a folded slip of paper lie there.

LATHAM

Picks up the slip of paper and unfolds it. Printed on it is the word "GREYHOUND." He lays the slip of paper next to the locker key and sits back. He checks his watch: 7:16.

LIVING ROOM

Latham gets up, turns on the TV and sits back on the couch. He opens the containers and settles down to dinner while NBC's "The Huntley-Brinkley Report," already in progress, appears on the TV screen.

EXT. NEW YORK AVENUE - GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL - NIGHT

Stock footage of this downtown, art-deco masterpiece. Behind it loom high-rise public housing units. (The original building still exists as an entrance pavilion to an office building at 1100 New York Avenue.)

INT. GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL

A wall clock reads 11:05. Plastic seats hold servicemen and other travellers. Others try to avoid the wave of pimps, pickpockets, winos, whores, cross-dressers, junkies and pushers that ebb and flow throughout the terminal.

LATHAM

Enters, making his way past several amorous and pharmaceutical propositions, while squinching his nose at offensive odors.

AT A ROW OF LOCKERS

Latham searches for #295. He finds it - a half-sized locker - inserts the key and opens it.

LATHAM

Pulls out a medium-sized manila envelope that clearly contains a disk of some kind.

BUS TERMINAL

Latham shuts the locker door and leaves.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Latham sits on the couch. He opens the envelope and dumps its contents on the coffee table: a 2 1/2 inch tape reel with audiotape for about 100 seconds of running time.

LATHAM

Goes to the hi-fi cabinet, pulls out a portable, reel-to-reel tape recorder (an Aiwa TP-60 or an Electra Model TP-500), and brings it back to the couch.

He sets the machine on the coffee table, threads the audiotape and turns the knob to "Play."

INSERT: Latham's expression ranges from outright dismissal to Disbelief... Comical skepticism... Suspension of disbelief... And finally, Contemplation, Sadness and Longing.

SUIT WORDS TO LATHAM'S REACTIONS

MAN (O.S.)

What if you could start over, but with all the knowledge you've accumulated up to now. Nonsense, right? The stuff of fantasy TV shows. But what if you could? You'd have a clean slate. You could avoid all the mistakes you've made and have a new life, a new job, a family. Or no family at all - just you, setting off on your own again. That's the fantasy, isn't it? Especially when you've reached the point where the past is all you have, and the future is just a countdown to the end. You've lived a good life but you ended up here, alone. You're not rich but you've prepared for later. Along with your pension, that should carry you into retirement... That's a dirty word for people like you - retirement. A life less lived now becomes doomed to even less of a life. It doesn't have to be this way. If I told you that it's possible to start again, with a new face, a new look about you and a new past, would you take the chance? It could happen; it has happened. This isn't some pipe dream only for the Rockefellers and the J. Paul Gettys of the world. This could be you. Think about it.

BACK TO SCENE

The tape ends. Its tail glides past the tape heads and FLAPS loose as the take-up reel spins. Latham sits there, pensive.

MID-SHOW BREAK

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

The compound looks like a ghost town.

INT. TECHNICAL SERVICES DIVISION - AUDIO LABORATORY

Stock footage of (as much as practicable) analog fixed power supply units, amplitude and frequency modulation equipment, Ampex PR 260 instrumentation/data reel tape recorders, Niagra audio tape recorders, oscillators, and audio amplifiers.

CUBICLE

Latham shares a desk with HENRY PERCIVAL, a pixieish, balding 40-year-old. On the desk is a folder labeled "Analysis of 'Greyhound' 2 1/2 inch Audiotape."

PERCIVAL

Probably recorded on a three-transistor tape recorder using a pizeoelectric crystal microphone.

LATHAM

A what?

Percival holds up a cheap, crystal microphone, popular with portable Japanese tape recorders. Latham rolls his eyes.

PERCIVAL

On these cheap tape recorders, the speed of the tape past the heads can vary. That's why the sound quality is so poor. I think whoever recorded this tweaked the bias resistor to give the impression it was done in a studio.

LATHAM

Why would they do that?

PERCIVAL

To fool a cursory analysis. Not everyone's gonna have access to this kind of equipment.

LATHAM

Maybe the KGB recorded it that way so we wouldn't think it was them.

PERCIVAL

You sure it's the Russians?

LATHAM

Who else would do this?

Percival is reticent and shrugs helplessly.



LATHAM (CONT'D)

What about the voice?

PERCIVAL

It's been altered electronically.

LATHAM

Can you tell where it was done?

PERCIVAL

In someone's home, late at night. When I brought up the background noise levels, there was some reverb like you'd find in a room with wood floors. But no traffic or appliance noises - except for this.

He reaches for a Niagra and plays a tape - three seconds of a FAINT, TINNY, MECHANICAL BUZZING that quickly fades.

LATHAM

An electric razor maybe?

PERCIVAL

Most shavers sound like a chainsaw, around 90 decibels. You could go deaf from that. Though, if you think about it, someone who used one over time might become inured to a sound at a lower decibel level.

LATHAM

So what do you think it is?

PERCIVAL

Well, using the inverse-square law and the fact that it fades instead of ending abruptly, my guess is it's some sort of an alarm.

LATHAM

Hmm... Play it again, Henry.

PERCIVAL

Yes, Mr. Rick.

Latham smiles sardonically as Percival reruns the tape.

LATHAM

It's so faint though... Is it in the same room?

PERCIVAL

I'm still working on that.

LATHAM

Come on, I brought it in last night!

PERCIVAL

Yeah, on a holiday! Look around -  
you got two people working here.

LATHAM

Alright. Just let me know if you  
identify it.

Percival nods and hands Latham a bulging envelope.

PERCIVAL

That's a copy of your tape, along  
with the enhanced background noise.

LATHAM

Thanks.

As he gets up...

PERCIVAL

Be something if it was real though.

Latham pauses. Percival adopts a more sober tack.

PERCIVAL (CONT'D)

I mean, yeah, there's questions  
like, what do you live on, or what  
if the process goes wrong? Then  
what? But then I think of how  
refugees make it in a new country  
and, hey, who knows?

LATHAM

Talk to you later, Henry.

Latham leaves while Percival muses over the idea.

THE HOLE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 1:10. PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY and  
CARLA DILAURIA enjoy a full turkey dinner. Latham enters.

BAZZO

Why are you in today?

LATHAM

I'm finishing up some work. Where'd  
you get the food? Everything's  
closed.

BAZZO

My mom dropped it off last night.  
You want some?

LATHAM

No, you guys enjoy it. Anything going on?

BAZZO

Nope. For once the world seems to be behaving itself.

Latham's eyes are on the food, but his mind is elsewhere.

DILAURIA

Sure you don't want some? Really, there's plenty here.

Latham shakes his head no; he's melancholy.

BAZZO

Everything alright?

LATHAM

(irritated)

Huh? Yeah, of course... I'll be home if you need me.

DILAURIA

Happy Thanksgiving, boss.

Latham nods and leaves. DiLauria looks knowingly at Bazzo.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Hope I never end up alone.

EXT. FOGGY BOTTOM (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - DAY

The streets are virtually empty. Latham wanders past federal offices, George Washington University's academic buildings, and the occasional coffee shop and cafe - all closed.

FIONA (O.S.)

Mr. Latham!

Latham looks about. Across the street a woman waves at him.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Mr. Latham!

Latham waves back. Fiona jogs up to him.

LATHAM

You just out for some air?

FIONA

No, a late lunch - except nothing's open. What about you? Just out for a stroll?

LATHAM

Yeah. I like it when it's quiet  
like this.

FIONA

Me, too.

Her response pleasantly surprises Latham.

LATHAM

How, um, hungry are you?

FIONA

Famished. I missed breakfast.

LATHAM

Well, I know one place that's open.

MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE - "JOE AND NEMO'S HAMBURGER STAND"

A couple of winos sway as they wait by the take-out window.

INT. DINING AREA

Tiny. Fiona and Latham munch on their hamburgers and fries and sip fountain drinks. Fiona looks around, reminiscing.

FIONA

Reminds me of a fish-and-chips  
place back home.

LATHAM

(pleased)

Not everyone likes the food here.

FIONA

I know. Mr. Jones says anyone not  
on life support should run right  
past this place.

Latham chuckles.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Any chance I could get a lager here?

LATHAM

No, but there's a bar where you can  
go that's not too far.

FIONA

No, no, not alone. Men see a woman  
alone in a bar and right away they  
assume she's there to be groped.  
When it's a Black woman, they  
figure she must be a whore.

This has a sobering effect on Latham.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
Sorry. I didn't describe you, did I?

LATHAM  
God, I hope not... Do I come across  
that way?

FIONA  
No, no, no. Not at all.

LATHAM  
No, tell me. I want to know.

FIONA  
You don't, Mr. Latham. I mean that.

LATHAM  
I just never thought about it like  
that before.

FIONA  
You don't drink, do you?

LATHAM  
I do - just not when I'm working.  
You get loaded, you make mistakes.  
Then people get hurt.

FIONA  
And that's happened to you?

Latham is surprised. Fiona is quickly regretful.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
I've overstepped my bounds.

LATHAM  
No, no, it's alright.

FIONA  
No, I should mind my own business.  
I apologize, Mr. Latham.

LATHAM  
You didn't say anything wrong,  
Fiona. I'm telling you the truth.  
And it's Warren, okay?

Fiona half smiles and nods.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
I wasn't upset, really. It's just  
no one's ever asked me that before.

INSERT SCENES OF SINGAPORE:

- Sampons in the Singapore River; multinational faces on the streets; Malay-Chinese riots; Parliament, with opposition seats empty; a brush pass on a crowded street; in Chinatown, a Malay Man slips an envelope to a Chinese Woman.

- Late in the day, Latham, paunchy JAMES COOK and his 'joe' - a MALAY MAN - drink at an 'al fresco' bar. Behind them is Bedok Jetty, jammed with adults and children line fishing.

- Night. Latham wakes up groggy in his hotel room. He checks the clock. Angry, he stumbles to his feet and hurries out.

- Locals line fish off the long jetty by moonlight. Latham races to its end; no boat, just a quiet, endless black sea.

- Midday. Singapore's Police Marine Patrol board a lone wooden, inboard runabout bobbing lazily in slack water. Empty bourbon bottles roll about.

- A line fisherman hooks a leather wallet; inside, a Diners Club card and driver's licence in the name of Damon Woodley.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

LATHAM

Ever been to Singapore?

FIONA

No.

LATHAM

Let me tell you, after Hong Kong, it's a great place to be a spook. Different factions going at each other; fighting within the government... And best of all, their intelligence unit's understaffed.

Fiona grins.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I was there with a colleague. We were in a bar drinking along with his 'joe' who worked at the Ministry of Security. He had something for us and said to meet him later on his boat at Bedok Jetty - it's a popular spot for fishing. I don't know, I guess I drank too much 'cause I fell asleep back at the hotel. When I woke up and saw the time... I was so angry at myself. Knowing I had to be there and I wasn't...

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Anyway, I ran down to the jetty but there was no boat, just the locals fishing - like they hadn't even moved. Later on the Marine Patrol found the boat about a mile out. No trace of my colleague or his 'joe' - just some empty bottles of bourbon. They figured the two got drunk and fell overboard. A few weeks later someone fishing off the jetty hooked my colleague's wallet. It still had all his pocket litter.

BACK TO SCENE

FIONA

Were they ever found?

Latham shakes his head no. Fiona looks at him sympathetically.

EXT. 704 3RD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY (DUSK)

Children run around and play. Latham enters the building.

INT. THIRD-FLOOR CORRIDOR

Latham takes out his key and opens his apartment door.

LATHAM'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY

He enters and shuts the door. Something catches Latham's eye. On the floor is a postcard. He picks it up: a picture of the Department of Justice Building, Washington, D.C. It has no postmark and is addressed simply "Warren Latham." On the back it reads: "Nathan Hale, 6 PM - Damon W."

LATHAM

Checks his watch, 5:05. He puts the postcard in his overcoat pocket and goes into the Living Room. He doffs his overcoat and sport coat, tossing them on the couch. He heads into the Bedroom. He pulls open a drawer, takes out a shoulder holster and slips it on.

LIVING ROOM

Latham crosses to the hi-fi. He pulls the Beretta 70 from the cabinet and tucks it into his holster. He goes to the couch, dons his sport coat and overcoat and leaves.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE BUILDING - NIGHT (EVENING)

Latham walks along Constitution Avenue until he comes to the statue of Nathan Hale. He checks its plinth for marks then looks at his watch: 5:59.

A few yards away, a Man gets up from a bench and approaches Latham - it's the Sandy-haired Man. Latham takes the postcard out of his overcoat pocket and shows it to him.

LATHAM

Yours?

SANDY-HAIRED MAN

Yep.

LATHAM

Damon W. Is that your name?

SANDY-HAIRED MAN

It's a name you know.

LATHAM

I know a lot of names, one of which you're about to hear if you don't start explaining.

SANDY-HAIRED MAN

Not here, Mr. Latham.

LATHAM

Uh uh. I'm not going anywhere with you.

SANDY-HAIRED MAN

I'd be wary, too. But the Arranger does want to speak to you. And he promises it'll be worth your while.

LATHAM

The Arranger... Well, tell him I'm not for sale.

He's about to leave when...

SANDY-HAIRED MAN

No one's buying your loyalty here.

LATHAM

I'm also not a science fiction fan.

SANDY-HAIRED MAN

Neither was James Cook.

This gets Latham's attention. The Sandy-haired Man points to a black limousine parked at the curb. Latham mulls it over and nods. They walk to the limousine.

SANDY-HAIRED MAN (CONT'D)

I can't say where we're going, so obviously I can't let you see how we get there either.



LATHAM

I get carsick when I wear a hood.

SANDY-HAIRED MAN

You won't need one. The windows and the partition are frosted. Let me have your watch.

As Latham unstraps his Bulova and hands it to him...

LATHAM

You know, they sell fake Rolexes down at the bus depot.

SANDY-HAIRED MAN

I don't want you timing the trip.  
(changes the time)  
You'll get it back later.

He pockets the watch and opens the rear door. Latham gets in.

INT. BACKSEAT OF THE LIMOUSINE

The Sandy-haired Man shuts the door. The front passenger-side door OPENS and SHUTS. The partition slides open.

SANDY-HAIRED MAN

There's ginger ale in the bar. Oh, and the license plates don't belong to the car, but feel free to memorize them anyway. I'm gonna play the radio for a little bit. FM - no time checks after sundown.

He closes the partition. Cole Porter's "In The Still Of The Night" sung by Frank Sinatra comes over the rear speakers.

EXT. CONSTITUTION AVENUE - LIMOUSINE

The UNIFORMED CHAUFFEUR drives away as the song continues O.S.

### ACT THREE

EXT. HAVANA, CUBA - LA CABANA PRISON - NIGHT

Floodlights shine harshly on a small section of the outer wall. A MAN dressed in shirt and pants, hands tied behind his back, is lined up against the wall by a LA GUARDA MAN. He SOBS and shakes uncontrollably, then URINATES on himself.

SIX LA GUARDA MEN take aim at the Man with their U.S.-made, M1 rifles. The SQUAD LEADER raises and drops his arm. The Men FIRE; their .30-06 rounds RIP through the Man and PING against the wall behind him. The Man sinks to the ground. Splotches of blood and flesh are left embedded in the wall by the bullets.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

JULIO, 30 and bruised, lies awake on an upper bunk. FOOTSTEPS - he grows anxious. THREE LA GUARDA MEN appear at the cell door escorting Anderson. The YOUNGEST opens the door, pushes Anderson inside and locks the door. Then they leave.

Anderson sits on the lower bunk. He has not been beaten but he looks spent. Julio extends his hand down to Anderson.

JULIO

Soy Julio.

Anderson shakes Julio's hand.

ANDERSON

Gus.

JULIO

Gus? You're American.

ANDERSON

Yes.

JULIO

Did you work in the casinos?

ANDERSON

No, I'm a tourist.

JULIO

You mean a spy.

ANDERSON

No, a tourist. I wanted to see Havana before the travel ban. Then I get arrested. But I didn't do anything.

JULIO

Me either. So, when did they arrest you?

ANDERSON

Yesterday.

JULIO

And they took you to a local jail, yes?

ANDERSON

Uh huh. Why, is that unusual?

JULIO

No, that's where they talk to Americans.

(MORE)

JULIO (CONT'D)

If you work at the Mission, they just deport you. But you say you're a tourist; someone else must have said no. So there is no talk. Instead, they transfer you here, where there is only torture.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Quiet, no music. Latham finishes sipping a can of Ginger Ale and places it back in the bar. The Limo BOBS then comes to a stop. The front passenger-side door OPENS and SHUTS again. Now Latham's door opens. It's pitch black, save for a penlight held by the Sandy-haired Man.

SANDY-HAIRED MAN

Stay right behind me.

Latham follows the narrow beam of light as they walk up a ramp to a landing.

SANDY-HAIRED MAN (CONT'D)

Wait here.

He slowly raises the light up the wall until he sees a doorknob. He pushes it. CLICK - the door pops slightly ajar. He pulls it open. Whatever this is, it too is pitch black.

SANDY-HAIRED MAN (CONT'D)

Stand over there.

He aims the light inside to a spot on the floor.

LATHAM

Walks to the spot and waits. The penlight goes out; the door shuts behind him with a BANG. Another door slides open; its well-oiled rollers give off a HUM. Dim, indirect floor lighting illuminates a hallway leading to a door.

MAN (O.S.)

This way, Mr. Latham.

It is the same voice as on the tape. Latham walks toward the door. As he does each section of light behind him goes out.

When Latham reaches the door, the remaining light goes out. The door opens, revealing a classic, English-style LIBRARY with a wood floor, floor-to-ceiling bookshelves, chandelier and a pitcher and tumbler sitting on a Louis IV table.

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

Come in and have a seat.

LIBRARY

Latham enters. He's impressed. He takes off his overcoat and sits in one of the chairs.

LATHAM

Are you going to join me?

MAN (O.S.)

I prefer not to hog the space. This way I can speak to you without any fear of reprisal on your part.

LATHAM

Uh huh. I take it you prefer to observe rather than interact.

MAN (O.S.)

Well, now... Since we're indulging in ten-cent psychoanalysis, I'd say you lead a fairly solitary life. You don't gamble and you don't pursue any momentary satisfactions, like acting out any perverse fantasies.

LATHAM

How would you know?

MAN (O.S.)

(chuckles softly)

No, your life is your work. Beyond that, you have no life.

LATHAM

You can describe me in any terms you want. It still doesn't make me gullible enough to believe you.

MAN (O.S.)

You're a serious man, Mr. Latham. You appreciate complexity. You filter out the noise and isolate what's germane and what isn't. That's what's made you so successful in your career - and me.

LATHAM

I thought you were offering a service, not self-aggrandizement.

MAN (O.S.)

I'm offering a second chance to those who are smart enough not to leave a trail of bread crumbs.

Latham tugs at his collar. He stares at the pitcher.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Thirsty?

LATHAM  
It's getting warm in here.

MAN (O.S.)  
I'll adjust the temperature. I'd offer you something to drink, but I suspect you'd believe it was tainted. Besides, you've already had a ginger ale.

LATHAM  
If you expect me to believe any of this, you're going to have to show me some proof.

MAN (O.S.)  
Oh, I agree. So I'll ask you, What happened to James Cook?

LATHAM  
Who's that?

MAN (O.S.)  
Your friend and colleague. He was a lot like you. CIA has a fondness for clever stoics with no family ties.

LATHAM  
CIA? You've got the wrong man.

MAN (O.S.)  
Mr. Latham, you came here of your own accord. You were curious, professionally or personally, it really doesn't matter which; it was your choice. No one's inveigled you into doing anything to jeopardize your career - or your health, for that matter. But don't underestimate me. You can leave here with a choice to go ahead or not, just as others have. Or you can leave here knowing you're finished. There are many ways to ruin a man, Mr. Latham. Keep that in mind.

There's a faint, tinny, mechanical BUZZING that quickly fades. Latham does not betray that he is aware of the sound.

LATHAM  
Fine. So what about Cook?

His eyelids begin to grow heavy.

MAN (O.S.)

Perhaps he's enjoying life the way it was meant to be enjoyed. It takes a lot of discipline to abandon your old life and hide in plain sight, to resist the temptation to reacquire all the things that can so easily identify you. Equal parts discipline and humility - that's why people like you make such good candidates.

Latham shakes his head to try and focus.

LATHAM

In exchange for what?

MAN (O.S.)

He isn't doubling, Mr. Latham. It's all done for a fee.

LATHAM

What's involved in this fee?

MAN (O.S.)

For that, you'll have to commit. And you're not ready yet.

Latham tries to stand but slumps back onto the chair.

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

We'll be in touch.

Latham loses consciousness. A column of book shelves slides open. The Sandy-haired Man and the Uniformed Chauffeur enter wearing gas masks. The Two pick up Latham's limp body.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Latham lies on the couch, his overcoat hangs over the arm by his feet. He wakes up a bit groggy and sits up. On the coffee table are the postcard, his house keys and his watch.

LATHAM

Picks up his watch and checks the time: 5:05. He straps it on, gets up and goes into the Kitchenette. He turns on the tap and splashes water on his face. He grabs the dish towel and dries himself then looks at the wall clock: 12:20. He's about to adjust his watch when he stops and thinks it over.

LIVING ROOM

Latham enters and sits by the phone. He shakes his head to focus, then picks up the phone and dials.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

At the tone the time will be...  
11:01 and 10 seconds.

There's a loud BEEP. Latham hangs up. He grins and nods to himself, then adjusts the time on his watch. The Red light on the phone BLINKS, then the phone RINGS. Latham answers it.

LATHAM

Latham.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM

Owens is on the Red phone while Farrell reviews a list on a clipboard with a CIA OFFICER.

OWENS

It's Owens at the Duty Desk, sir.  
Havana station reports Gus Anderson  
from Operation Moonlight was  
transferred earlier from local  
police custody to La Cabana Prison.  
I've notified D-Int and the Cuban  
Desk.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH OWENS

LATHAM

Okay, but why are you calling me?  
I'm just a spectator; the Cuban  
Desk is running Moonlight.

OWENS

This was at D-Int's request, sir.

LATHAM

Did he give a reason?

OWENS

Yes. The other two techs arrested  
with Anderson are still in police  
custody. D-Int believes moving  
Anderson to the Old Fort confirms a  
theory you have on JMARC.

LATHAM

Hmm... Anderson's been with the  
Agency almost from the beginning.  
Stretching him would open a lot of  
old wounds.

OWENS

It certainly would.

LATHAM

Who else have you told?

OWENS

Just you three. It was a BIGOT list  
of two until D-Int said to call you.

LATHAM

That's fine. Look, call him back.  
Ask him to meet me in my office  
first thing tomorrow.

OWENS

Right.

LATHAM

Good night.

OWENS

Good night, sir.

Latham hangs up, concerned. He heads into the Kitchenette.

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

CIA PERSONNEL flash their ID badges at the Guard Shack then  
enter through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham and Nealy are there.

LATHAM

Someone knew who Anderson was;  
that's why he was separated from  
the other two.

NEALY

I agree.

LATHAM

You think that information could  
have come from inside the Havana  
station?

NEALY

It's possible. But then why not  
interrogate all three at DGI  
headquarters? Why keep two of them  
at the police station? That's what  
you do if you believe they're  
embassy staff and you planned to  
deport them at the end of the day.

Latham grows more concerned.

LATHAM

Then that would mean the informer  
didn't know the team's cover story.



NEALY

Which the station would know.

LATHAM

Geezus... Who was at that meeting where they announced Moonlight had been rolled up?

NEALY

Myself, Bethune, Kensington, Burns and that nut, Godfrey. Why?

LATHAM

That's a short list of people who'd know about JMARC and Anderson.

NEALY

Hold on a minute, Warren. That doesn't mean there's a mole. Let's not give the IG a reason to turn this place inside out. It could be we have a leak - maybe someone who isn't even aware what he's doing. And that could just as well come from TSD or the White House.

Latham sighs resignedly.

EXT. SCULPTURE GARDEN - DAY

Latham and Jones stroll. Jones looks under the weather.

JONES

This couldn't have waited until my aspirin took effect?

LATHAM

I thought you went to a dinner celebrating Thanksgiving?

JONES

I did. When they said they were also serving Wild Turkey, I thought they meant the entree.

Latham chuckles.

LATHAM

Look, I need you to do me a favor. I'd like this note passed along to the barber of Havana.

He hands Jones an envelope.

JONES

Can I ask what it's about?

LATHAM

Read it - not that you needed my permission anyway.

Jones opens the envelope and reads the note. He's shocked.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Can you see he gets it no later than close of play today?

JONES

I'll put an IMMEDIATE tag on it and have Fiona send a facsimile to Havana soon as I get back.

LATHAM

Thanks.

JONES

By the way, what did you do to my #2 at lunch yesterday?

LATHAM

What are you talking about?

JONES

When I told Fiona I was coming here to meet you, she looked like she'd won the Irish Sweepstakes.

LATHAM

Did she...

They continue strolling.

INT. THE HOLE

A reel tape recorder is on Bazzo's desk. Latham, Bazzo and DiLauria listen as the 'Greyhound' audiotape ends.

MAN (O.S.)

...This isn't some pipe dream only for the Rockefellers and the J. Paul Gettys of the world. This could be you. Think about it.

Latham stops the tape and rewinds it.

BAZZO

And you met with this 'Arranger' yesterday?

LATHAM

Uh huh. The library was supposed to make me think I was in some country manor, but it had no windows.

DILAURIA

Hmm... Could have been staged in a warehouse.

LATHAM

That's what I was thinking. We had to walk up a ramp or incline after I got out of the car.

DILAURIA

What I find interesting is how he stresses his service isn't just for the wealthy. Myself, I can imagine anyone looking to escape could be a client - someone owing money to shylocks, even a woman trying to get out of an abusive marriage. They don't all have to be loners or facing a mid-life crisis.

Latham gives her a sidelong glance.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Present company excluded, of course.

LATHAM

Neither of you think it's the KGB?

DILAURIA

No, it could still be a trap.

BAZZO

If the part about Cook is true, we know how this Arranger found you. The question is, now what? I mean, if it is what it purports to be, it's not like he's broken any laws.

DILAURIA

I wonder if anyone really could keep up the masquerade for very long.

BAZZO

Why not? If you have the discipline and you're that desperate to escape the past... The logistics aren't all that hard to work out - especially if you resurface in a city like New York or L.A. or Toronto. Hell, you could even make a go of it in London or Hong Kong.

DILAURIA

What do you think, boss?

LATHAM  
(shrugs)  
I don't know...

He takes the reel off the tape recorder.

BAZZO  
We're gonna grab a beer afterwards.  
You wanna join us?

LATHAM  
(abstracted)  
Huh? No, I can't. I have to go to  
Great Falls later.

BAZZO  
Dinner with that wealthy friend of  
our new president?

LATHAM  
(not thrilled at this)  
I see word gets around.

BAZZO  
Collette had asked us to remind you.

LATHAM  
In case I forgot?

Bazzo nods ashamedly. Latham leaves. Bazzo and DiLauria look at each other.

DILAURIA  
What do you think?

BAZZO  
I think he won't be home for  
Christmas.

LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

The Gray phone is RINGING. Latham hurries in and answers it.

LATHAM  
Yes?... Put her through... Fiona.

INT. MI6 OFFICE

Fiona is on the Gray phone.

FIONA  
Hi, Mr. Latham.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH FIONA

LATHAM  
(pleased)  
Hi, Fiona.

FIONA  
I just wanted you to know I sent the  
facsimile to our Havana station.

LATHAM  
Thanks. Where's Larry?

FIONA  
In the ambassador's office, taking  
a nap.

Latham chuckles.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
Um, I wondered if I could ask a  
favor.

LATHAM  
Sure, what do you need?

FIONA  
Would you go with me to that place  
you mentioned and have a lager?

LATHAM  
Tonight?

FIONA  
Is that a bad idea? Tell me.

LATHAM  
No, it's fine. I'd like that. But I  
have a previous appointment.

FIONA  
(sadly)  
Oh.

LATHAM  
No, it's a dinner with some wealthy  
patron of our new president. I have  
to go. Otherwise, I'd go with you.

FIONA  
Really?

LATHAM  
Yes. Can I take a rain check, say  
tomorrow night?

FIONA  
Sounds lovely, Mr. Latham.

LATHAM  
(gently corrects her)  
Warren.

FIONA  
Warren.

LATHAM  
I'll meet you outside the embassy  
tomorrow at 8:00.

FIONA  
Okay. Bye-bye.

LATHAM  
Bye, Fiona.

Latham is beaming now. The Red phone RINGS. Latham answers it.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
2-3-6-2.

TECHNICAL SERVICES DIVISION - AUDIO LABORATORY

Percival is on the Red phone.

PERCIVAL  
Mr. Latham, it's Henry Percival. I  
think I've identified that alarm.  
It's a Poljot alarm watch.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH PERCIVAL

LATHAM  
Poljot? First time I've ever heard  
of it.

PERCIVAL  
It's made in Russia. They're very  
expensive.

LATHAM  
Hmm... Thanks, Henry.

He hangs up. He takes Collette's memo out of his pocket and  
copies the information onto a notepad. He rips off the sheet,  
grabs his overcoat and briefcase and leaves.

OPERATIONS ROOM

DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk.  
Latham enters. He walks up to Stokes and hands him the sheet  
off the notepad.

LATHAM

I'll be having dinner with them at that address and number. Feel free to use any excuse to rescue me.

STOKES

(grins)  
Right.

Latham leaves. Percy turns to Stokes.

PERCY

He'll be having a four-course meal while I'm stuck with peanut butter and jelly.

STOKES

You can have half my liverwurst sandwich?

PERCY

Geezus, let me know before you eat that thing. I'll step outside for some fresh air.

EXT. GREAT FALLS, VIRGINIA - NIGHT (EVENING)

A brick and stone mansion stands on two acres. Cadillacs and Mercedes-Benz's are parked out front.

INT. FORMAL DRAWING ROOM

No expense has been spared here: swooping drapes, formal portraits, a chandelier, an oriental rug and tasteful furniture.

Casually elegant couples mingle and chat. The hosts, CHARLES and ELEANOR BURKE, are in a small group containing Latham.

CHARLES

Have you lived in Washington all your life?

LATHAM

No, I'm originally from New York.

The front door chimes RING.

ELEANOR

We still have a home on the East Side, Sutton Place and 57th Street. Where did you live, Mr. Latham?

LATHAM

37th and 10th Avenue, a block from the Port Authority.

ELEANOR

Oh...

Dressed in a three-piece suit, the HOUSEHOLD MANAGER approaches Charles.

HOUSEHOLD MANAGER

There is someone here to see a Mr. Warren Latham, sir.

LATHAM

Must be the office. I told them I'd be here.

HOUSEHOLD MANAGER

He's in the foyer, sir. If you'll come with me...

LATHAM

Excuse me.

Latham follows the Household Manager, past indistinct murmuring of the other guests, into the...

FOYER

Nealy is waiting there. The Household Manager turns to Latham.

HOUSEHOLD MANAGER

Can I get either of you a drink?

NEALY

No, thank you.

LATHAM

We're fine, thanks.

The Household Manager leaves.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

NEALY

Come on outside.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT (EVENING)

Nealy leads Latham down the driveway to a Ford Galaxy. They get in.

INT. FORD GALAXY

NEALY

What do you know about a gift of monogrammed handkerchiefs for Fidel Castro?



LATHAM

You mean the ones laced with a deadly bacteria?

NEALY

Christ, wasn't that Godfrey's crackpot idea?

LATHAM

Uh huh.

NEALY

I thought the Director killed that?

LATHAM

He did. I resurrected it.

NEALY

You what?!

LATHAM

SMOTH told me Castro's barber was on their payroll. I figured he's probably working both sides of the street, so I asked SMOTH to pass him a note. It read: 'Gift to President Castro of monogrammed handkerchiefs laced with deadly bacteria to be given to Castro's representatives Monday.'

NEALY

Oh, my God... I don't believe this.

LATHAM

I figured the message was urgent enough that the barber would get it to 'el jefe' right away.

NEALY

But we're not giving him a gift.

LATHAM

Castro doesn't know that. How'd you find out about it?

NEALY

I was at home. Kensington called me in a panic. He couldn't reach Godfrey and thought I might know something about it. I hoped you might know, so I called the Ops Room.

LATHAM

How did Kensington learn about it?

NEALY

He said Burns phoned him. He was worried their cover story would be blown before talks even started.

LATHAM

You sure he said Burns called him?

NEALY

Yes.  
(suddenly realizes)  
Geezus... Burns.

LATHAM

Now you know where to plug your leak.

INT. FORMAL DRAWING ROOM

Charles and Eleanore chat up three other well-heeled guests. Latham returns.

CHARLES

Ah, you're back, Mr. Latham.  
Nothing too serious, I hope.

LATHAM

No, it's fine.

ELEANOR

You're just in time, too. We'll be starting dinner soon.

As Charles speaks to a MALE GUEST and nods toward Latham...

CHARLES

I don't know how these civil servants ever manage to get any sleep. They're always on the go.

There is a FAINT, TINNY, MECHANICAL BUZZING. Latham can barely contain his shock.

MALE GUEST

What is that?

CHARLES

What?

The BUZZING fades.

MALE GUEST

It's gone now.

Eleanor shakes her head and smiles.

ELEANOR

Ignore him. He's so used to it,  
he's tone deaf.

MALE GUEST

What was it?

She holds up Charles's arm. There, around his wrist, is a beautiful, Russian-made, Poljot alarm watch.

ELEANOR

It goes off at 7:30, morning and  
night. Thank God it only lasts a  
couple of seconds.

Charles proudly brandishes the watch for all to see.

CHARLES

I bought it when we were in Moscow  
a few years back.

MALE GUEST

It's a handsome watch.

CHARLES

One of a kind here in the States.

LATHAM

It definitely is.

END