

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Three, Episode #15: "Missal Crisis"

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Episode #15: "Missal Crisis"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MOSCOW - DAY

INSERT: "Moscow, Russia"

Stock footage of Red Square and the Kremlin.

ARBAT DISTRICT - 25 NOVINSKIY BOULEVARD

INSERT: "Embassy of the United States"

A ten-story, yellow and white building with an American flag hanging outside and facing the multi-lane traffic of Novinskiy Boulevard. There is no evidence of U.S. military personnel guarding the embassy, nor are there any barricades out front - just a flimsy iron fence posing a hazard to any passerby.

Across the street a crowd of demonstrators carry signs in Cyrillic and one in English that reads, simply, "Peace." They politely chant in Russian while marching toward the U.S. Embassy. When the traffic light at the corner turns red, the crowd stops and waits - as orderly a mob as there ever was.

BACK ENTRANCE TO THE EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES

LESTER MCMAHON, 40, exits into a parking lot. He gets into a clunky Trabant, drives out the lot and around the embassy onto Novinskiy Boulevard, passing by the orderly demonstrators.

EXT. FRUNZENSKAYA EMBANKMENT (FRUNZENSKAYA NABEREZHNYAYA)

McMahon parks along the banks of the Moskva where, across the river, lies expansive Gorky Park. He enters "Bookstore No. 1."

INT. BOOKSTORE NO. 1

It is a small store run by LADA SIDOROVA. She greets McMahon with a kiss on each cheek.

LADA

(Russian-accented English)

Mr. McMahon. Nice to see you again.

MCMAHON

Nice to see you, too, Mrs. Sidorova.

LADA

No, it's Lada.

MCMAHON

Lada. What have you got for me?

LADA

Oh, many new books. Many.

Behind her on a table are wrapped stacks of books. McMahon joins her behind the counter. She points to each stack...

LADA (CONT'D)

Maps of Siberia; these are 'Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union Presidium, Protocol 71'; these here are 'Working Class To Front Tank Military WW2'...

MCMAHON

Can I buy your whole stack of those?

LADA

No, I cannot do that. I have told you, I have to provide this to other customers. I would get in trouble.

MCMAHON

Sorry. Go on.

LADA

Here is 'Public Transport Upgrade.' I only have 10 copies. I don't have the 20 copies you wanted. Why do you want 20 copies? Who back in the United States wants 20 copies?

She laughs and waves off her rhetorical question.

LADA (CONT'D)

This one is 'The Soviet Capital Stock,' and over here is 'General Sokolov on Soviet Nuclear Power.'

MCMAHON

I'll take them all.

LADA

My, you really help me to fulfill my monthly quota!

McMahon smiles.

LADA (CONT'D)

Oh, this one came just for you.

She hands McMahon a slightly worn, small black book with gold lettering. Its title is in Cyrillic and English: "Saint Joseph Children's Missal." McMahon looks at it curiously.

LADA (CONT'D)

Yes, it is used. I know you only want to buy new books, but this was sold to me today by a man who called himself Ribicoff. Do you know him?

MCMAHON

The name isn't familiar, but maybe I know him by sight.

LADA

He said you have been looking for it and asked that I only sell it to you.

MCMAHON

Hmm, that was nice of him.

INSERT PAGE ONE OF THE MISSAL:

**This Book Belongs to**

**Feba Kuzma Ribicoff**

**who first became a child of God  
and shared in His life in Baptism on**

**Date of Baptism**

**January 1, 1959**

**who first confessed sins  
to the Priest to receive  
God's forgiveness on**

**Date of First Penance**

**April 17, 1961**

**who was nourished by the  
Body and Blood of Jesus  
for the first time on**

**Date of First Holy Communion**

**October 24, 1962**

**"And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruise of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord." - King 17:16**

**Pg.1**

BACK TO SCENE

Lada waits for a response from McMahon who does not betray anything more than idle curiosity.

LADA  
(in Russian)  
'Detskiy missal Svyatogo Iosifa.'  
(continues in English)  
'Saint Joseph Children's Missal.'  
It is the only one I have in stock.

MCMAHON  
Okay, add it to the bill.

Lada smiles then turns toward the back of the store.

LADA  
(loudly, in Russian)  
Dima, podoydi syuda i pomogi  
misteru MakMakhonu zagruzit' knigi  
v yego mashinu.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Dima, come here and help Mr. McMahon load the books into his car."

DIMA, a boy of 18, mentally disadvantaged, hurries in from the stock room pushing a grocery cart and smiling.

DIMA  
(Russian-accented English)  
Outside front, Mr. McMahon?

MCMAHON  
Yes, I'm parked in front.

Dima loads the books into his shopping cart.

LADA  
Mr. McMahon, we really do  
appreciate your business.

MCMAHON  
I'm glad.

LADA  
Please, tell your friends we have  
no anger towards them, none at all.  
Despite everything going on in  
Cuba, you are not the enemy to us.

MCMAHON  
Thank you, Lada. I'll tell them.

He smiles and follows Dima out the bookstore.

EXT. BOOKSTORE NO. 1

Dima loads the books into the trunk of McMahon's Trabant. McMahon hands him a 50 kopek coin. Dima nods gratefully.

McMahon gets into the Trabant, starts it with a WHEEZE and a CLANK, and slowly pulls away. Dima goes back into the store. A block behind McMahon's car, another black Trabant with two KGB AGENTS wearing leather jackets follows McMahon's car to...

NOVINSKIY BOULEVARD - EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES

McMahon's Trabant passes the front gate and turns the corner.

INT. STORAGE AREA

Contains boxes of utility and cleaning supplies, shelves and trays for tools, extra chairs, flat cardboard boxes, packing material, masking tape, large diplomatic bags, and more. A heavy Russian man, IVAN, helps McMahon sort the books into stacks on a long table according to a list of U.S. customers.

IVAN

You want to hold these books here until you come back from Helsinki?

MCMAHON

No, ship them out now.

Ivan picks up the used missal. McMahon quickly interjects.

MCMAHON (CONT'D)

No, Ivan - that one goes in the diplomatic pouch.

IVAN

For your friends?

McMahon nods. Ivan wraps the book in brown paper, sealing it with red tape. McMahon puts it into a blue, zippered pouch emblazoned with the seal of the "UNITED STATES OF AMERICA DEPARTMENT OF STATE" and stamped in gold lettering along the bottom, "DIPLOMATIC BAG \* VALISE DIPLOMATIQUE/PROPERTY OF U.S. CONSULATE \* ONLY TO BE OPENED BY AUTHORIZED PERSONS."

McMahon pulls a tag from his pocket and writes on it: "Warren Latham, Navy Hill, 2430 E STREET, NW, Washington, D.C." He secures it to the zipper with a GSA CID A-A-59487B padlock.

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

Stock footage of the National Mall and Lincoln Memorial.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A few CIA employees enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 10:25. There is the usual PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones.

Maps with RED, GREEN, YELLOW and WHITE stickpins clustered on major cities of the northeastern United States are joined by Two Red pins in mid-Alaska.

DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS. The calendar on the Desk reads "Saturday, October 27, 1962." Everyone is tense. Stokes gets up and leads WARREN LATHAM, PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY and CARLA DILAURIA, all casually dressed, to the wall map of Cuba.

STOKES

The Strategic Air Command tracks all U-2 flight paths mile by mile. Major Anderson's plane was being tracked out of McCoy Air Force Base in Orlando when it disappeared from their radar screens. I asked SAC if Anderson had sent the radio signal all U-2 pilots routinely transmit when they leave Cuban airspace - they said he hadn't. SAC presumes either an accident or possibly a missile strike forced down the U-2.

LATHAM

Is there any corroboration for a missile strike?

PERCY

Some telltale intercepts of the U-2 by SIGINT aircraft, but nothing to verify that it was a Soviet SAM. All they're saying is the U-2's overdue.

LATHAM

Then why are we assuming the plane was shot down?!

STOKES

There's been increased chatter from the Soviet base in Camaguey. We also have reports from DRE agents in Banes of an explosion, and that something fell from the sky here.

(points to Banes, Cuba)

There's a SAM site here with SA-2s that can reach an altitude of 70,000 feet, which is where the U-2 flies.

Latham reins in his frustration.

DILAURIA

Was there a Mayday from the pilot?

STOKES

No.

LATHAM

Do we know where the U-2 was when it left the radar screen?

STOKES

Over Banes. If one of their missiles hit the U-2, you have to assume the pilot's dead, even if it was a proximity strike.

BAZZO

Why? Francis Gary Powers survived when the Soviets shot down his U-2.

PERCY

If Anderson were alive, Cuban radio would have broadcast it.

BAZZO

Maybe they haven't found him yet. He could be hiding out in the countryside somewhere.

STOKES

Powers was lucky, Paul. His pressure suit wasn't punctured by shrapnel from the missile explosion. At 70,000 feet, if the metal ripping into Anderson's suit doesn't kill him, then hypoxia will when his suit decompresses.

LATHAM

Assuming the plane was fired upon.

STOKES

We know the plane's down, sir.

Latham concedes and nods. They cross back to the Duty Desk.

LATHAM

Does Langley have any more on this?

PERCY

No, but we probably know more about this than they do. All AMLASH and MONGOOSE reports come here first.

BAZZO

Those Ops don't monitor U-2 flights, Tom.

DILAURIA

SAC reports are the key. And Langley gets them, same as you do. They also get updates from the NSA.



STOKES

The NSA's listening posts aren't monitoring Soviet air defense tracks.

DILAURIA

What?! Are you serious?!

STOKES

GCHQ is, and we get their reports.

BAZZO

Langley does too, Jared.

STOKES

Yes, but headquarters presumes the British are only monitoring Royal Navy interdiction on shipping lanes.

LATHAM

Look, until now there've been no attempts by the Soviets to engage any unarmed reconnaissance planes. So, if they're tracking the U-2 in real time, it means Cuba's entire air defense radar network is in full combat mode. The question is - why? Have you heard from the White House?

STOKES

No, but I wouldn't expect to. Their Situation Room has the same access we do. Unless they have verifiable proof the Soviets shot down the U-2, they're not going to say anything.

LATHAM

Hmm, rumor making a bad situation worse... Alright, Berard and Kensington are in, let them know. I'll be in my office. Paul, Carla...

Stokes picks up the Red phone and dials. Meanwhile, Bazzo and DiLauria follow Latham out the Operations Room.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is perplexed. He meanders about while Bazzo and DiLauria swivel in their chairs to follow him.

DILAURIA

(fuming)

This is just what those bastards at the Pentagon need to go to war.

LATHAM

But it doesn't make any sense. Those Soviet ground commanders don't have the authority to fire at our U-2s. They need orders from Moscow. Plus, yesterday Khrushchev sent Kennedy a letter assuring him the missiles will be removed if we pledge not to invade Cuba. So why make that offer then provoke us by shooting down a U-2?

DILAURIA

Maybe the ground commanders ordered the strike despite Moscow's orders not to fire.

BAZZO

Why would they do that?

DILAURIA

They felt an invasion was imminent.

BAZZO

The Cubans would believe that, not the Soviets.

LATHAM

He's right, Carla.

DILAURIA

Hell, then we're back to what would make the Soviets fire on a U-2.

LATHAM

Hmm... Our Navy RF-8 Crusaders have been flying low-level rekkies to photograph the launch sites, right?

BAZZO

Yeah...

LATHAM

We know it's to ascertain their state of readiness. But what if the Cubans see it as preparation for an invasion, like Carla said? They'd expect the Soviets to do something about it.

BAZZO

Which they haven't until now - or we presume until now.

LATHAM

Exactly my point.

DILAURIA

I see what you're getting at. If the Cubans are already angry at the Soviets for letting us fly through their airspace, they'd pressure them to do something about the U-2.

Latham nods.

BAZZO

Okay, but I doubt those ground commanders know anything about Khrushchev's letter to Kennedy.

DILAURIA

Can you imagine if they did? If their hawks hate Khrushchev as much as the Pentagon hates Kennedy, they might fire at the U-2 just to show Khrushchev who's really in charge.

This strikes a nerve in all of them.

LATHAM

I'll concede that could be part of the reason why the Soviets would shoot down the plane.

BAZZO

What's the other part?

LATHAM

Maybe the U-2 filmed something we weren't supposed to see.

This piques the interest of Bazzo and DiLauria.

EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY

An aerial view of this familiar touchstone of war.

INT. GENERAL CARROLL'S OFFICE

GENERAL CARROLL, in his U.S. Air Force dress uniform, sits at his desk before a window flanked by the American flag and that of the U.S. Air Force. He is on the phone.

CARROLL

Our planes spot any wreckage?

INT. MCCOY AIR FORCE BASE - OPERATIONS CENTER

An enormous wall screen depicts the proposed flight path of Major Anderson's U-2 from Florida to Cuba and back. The path is a continuous line that becomes a dotted line on its return from Banes, Cuba to Florida.

The DUTY OFFICER, MAJOR WHITE, sits on a platform overlooking rows of radar operators. From his vantage point, the U-2 flight path screen is right before him.

WHITE

None yet, sir. We're still unable to confirm if there was an accident or the U-2 was shot down.

CROSSCUT CARROLL WITH WHITE

CARROLL

There's gonna be a smell of burning in the air...

WHITE

Excuse me?

CARROLL

Nothing. No Mayday from Anderson?

WHITE

No, sir. We've listed him as MIA.

CARROLL

That's enough. Have all F-100 pilots at Homestead briefed and prepared for sorties on Cuba. We'll obliterate those goddamn SAM sites and everyone there.

WHITE

Excuse me, General Carroll, but I'm duty bound to ask this. Shouldn't that order come from General Powers following the president's approval? He is SAC's commander.

CARROLL

Fuck Powers! The man's non compos mentis. Now get your men briefed and prepared for an attack on Cuba on my word.

WHITE

With the president's approval.

CARROLL

The day I need you to interpret my words, Major White, is the day I blow your fucking head off.

WHITE

Right. On your word, sir.

BACK TO SCENE

Carroll SLAMS down the phone. He presses the intercom.

CARROLL'S AIDE (O.S.)  
Yes, General Carroll?

CARROLL  
Have my car brought around front.  
I'm going to the White House.

CARROLL'S AIDE (O.S.)  
Yes, sir.

Carroll hangs up the intercom.

EXT. MOSCOW - 25 NOVINSKIY BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Demonstrators assemble outside the U.S. Embassy. A PURL of MURMURING in Russian fills the night air. Uniformed police officers mingle among them, chatting but not interfering.

EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES

Drapes part in the windows as EMBASSY STAFFERS on all floors peek out at the demonstrators.

INT. EMBASSY OFFICE

More utilitarian than plush. McMahon and a nervous Embassy Staffer, CALVIN MULLER, 27, peek out the window.

A DEMONSTRATOR hurls something at their window.

A CRASH against the glass. McMahon and Muller duck below the sill. When they look up, black ink drips from the splotch on the window pane.

MULLER  
You think that was intentional?

MCMAHON  
No, they meant to chuck it in the trash bin on the corner.

MULLER  
I meant do you think they know you're Agency.

McMahon angrily puts his finger to his lips to shush Muller.

MCMAHON  
If they didn't, they know now.

MULLER  
Oh, Christ, I forgot. The walls...

He and McMahon stand up. Muller is shaking.

MCMAHON

Easy, Calvin. Next time write it down.

He looks down at the demonstrators. They calmly mill about.

MCMAHON (CONT'D)

I'm going outside.

MULLER

Are you crazy?!

McMahon crosses to the door.

MULLER (CONT'D)

Mr. McMahon, don't!

EXT. NOVINSKIY BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The front door to the U.S. Embassy opens; McMahon steps out. He slowly moves toward the demonstrators.

INT. OFFICE - WINDOW

Muller watches as a circle of demonstrators forms around McMahon. The police step near him. There is conversation, some small hand gestures from McMahon and some of the demonstrators, the type one makes when explaining something.

Too anxious to stay still, Muller races out the office.

LOBBY

A MARINE CORPS SERGEANT is the only visible sign that the embassy is guarded. He and several Embassy Staffers, including Muller, watch from the windows. They whisper among themselves, as if a normal tone of voice might provoke the demonstrators.

The doorbell BUZZES. The Sergeant opens the front door. McMahon steps in. The Sergeant quickly shuts the door then puts his hand on his Colt M1911 pistol, holstered at his hip. McMahon sees this.

MCMAHON

Ease off the gun there, Wyatt Earp.

The Sergeant reluctantly moves his hand away from his pistol while everyone crowds around McMahon, led by the SECOND SECRETARY, BRADLEY FARMER, 45. The questions come rapid fire from the Embassy Staffers, essentially repeating themselves.

SERGEANT

You hurt?

EMBASSY STAFFER

What did they say?

MULLER

What happened?

McMahon shushes them with his hands.

MCMAHON

Nothing happened.

The Embassy Staffers are as incredulous as they are worried.

MCMAHON (CONT'D)

Really, nothing happened. They're the ones scared to death.

FARMER

What did they want?

MCMAHON

They want to know what the news is back in the States. They're worried something terrible will happen.

SERGEANT

Yeah, 'cause they started this mess.

FARMER

Undoubtedly orchestrated to make you believe just that.

MCMAHON

No, I don't think so.

FARMER

You haven't dealt with the Russians as long as I have, McMahon. They're all devious people.

MCMAHON

They're demonstrating because they don't want a confrontation with us.

EMBASSY STAFFER

That's bullshit!

MULLER

Then why did one of 'em throw that bottle of ink at the window?

MCMAHON

Some clown at the Presidium ordered him to. Said it would look good on state TV. The guy was reprimanded by one of the policemen.

FARMER

Yes, for your benefit.

MCMAHON

Hardly.

FARMER

Watch. You won't see that on state TV. What you'll see are peace-loving Russians begging us Ugly Americans not to rush headlong into war.

SERGEANT

Bunch of assholes!

MCMAHON

I talked to them, Farmer; you didn't. And I'm telling you that's not what's going on out there. They don't want a war.

EMBASSY STAFFER

They're lying to you, McMahon, and you bought it. That's how my report to the State Department will read.

Frustrated and angry, McMahon walks up the stairs.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

A familiar view of this landmark building.

INT. SITUATION ROOM

The ExComm group meets: PRESIDENT KENNEDY, ROBERT KENNEDY, MCGEORGE BUNDY, VICE PRESIDENT JOHNSON, DEAN RUSK, ROBERT MCNAMARA, C. DOUGLAS DILLON, GEORGE BALL, DCI JOHN MCCONE, ROSWELL GILPATRIC, LLEWELLYN THOMPSON, THEODORE SORENSEN, General Carroll and COLONEL H. BEACHEM.

A lot of side conversation is muddled to allow for President Kennedy to be heard. McNamara is frustrated.

MCNAMARA

Apparently, no one informed Vandenberg Air Force Base that we're in the middle of a crisis.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

What happened?

MCNAMARA

They test-fired a missile.

President Kennedy is angry; Carroll is nonplussed.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

There's always some son of a bitch who doesn't get the word.



ROBERT KENNEDY

Why weren't they told to cease all tests until further notice, General Carroll?

CARROLL

I don't know. I assume it must have been a scheduled test.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Wouldn't someone at the Pentagon assess that even a scheduled test might be misinterpreted by the Soviets as a hostile action?

CARROLL

(red-faced, grudgingly)

Yes, Mr. President, someone should have done that.

He writes something on a legal pad.

MCNAMARA

We've also learned that, uh, General Thomas Powers, commander of the Strategic Air Command, raised the Defense Condition level to two, one level short of war, and broadcast this uncoded. He did so on his own authority, without consulting with anyone on the national security staff.

BEACHEM

It does underscore what General Carroll and I have said here, Mr. President - the man's unstable. In a crisis, he's not fit to command.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I'll not have anyone presume or compromise the decisions made by me or this committee. I want General Powers suspended from command of SAC, and all further decisions regarding the Strategic Air Command to come solely from this group.

There are nods all around. A MILITARY AIDE enters and gives Carroll a note.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Let's move on. Do we have any further word from the Italians and the Turks regarding the Jupiters?

BALL

Yes. We have a report from Rome that indicates removing the missiles would be relatively easy. Turkey, on the other hand, creates more of a problem.

BEACHEM

A move the JCS does not support.

CARROLL

Excuse me. I have a report here that our low-flying reconnaissance aircraft have encountered anti-aircraft fire, probably from Cuban-controlled batteries.

MCNAMARA

We have to put a cover on this; that is, provide protection for the reconnaissance aircraft.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

What do you suggest, Bob?

MCNAMARA

Limited fire at the offending anti-aircraft batteries tomorrow, or go in on Monday and destroy them all.

President Kennedy is clearly reluctant to comment immediately. The Military Aide re-enters with another note for Carroll.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Something else, General Carroll?

CARROLL

Cuban radio is reporting that a U-2 was shot down near Banes, Cuba.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

What about the pilot?

CARROLL

Major Rudy Anderson was killed. His body was recovered from the wreckage by Cuban troops.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I want our air reconnaissance missions flown tomorrow without fighter escort. If our planes are fired on, we must be prepared for either a general response or an attack solely on the SAM site which fired on our planes.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
We'll decide tomorrow how we return  
fire after we know if they continue  
their attacks on our planes.  
General Carroll...

CARROLL  
Yes, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
Would you get me the information on  
Major Anderson's family, please? I  
want to call them personally.

CARROLL  
Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
We'll reconvene at 9:00 tonight.

He stands and leaves, slowly followed by the non-military  
members of ExComm. Carroll and Beachem stay behind.

BEACHEM  
I wonder what the Sovs' thought  
about that missile test at  
Vandenberg.

CARROLL  
They know we mean business - unlike  
this jackass.

They get up and leave.

ANTEROOM TO THE OVAL OFFICE

MRS. EVELYN LINCOLN is at her desk putting notes on White  
House stationery into a binder. President Kennedy enters.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
Mrs. Lincoln, would you get Warren  
Latham on the phone for me, please?

MRS. LINCOLN  
Right away, Mr. President.

She reaches for the black phone as President Kennedy heads  
into the Oval Office.

ACT TWO

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - ROSE GARDEN - DAY

The trees have lost their leaves, save for the crabapple  
trees. The hybrid tea, floribunda and grandiflora roses are  
still in bloom. President Kennedy and Latham stroll past them.

A slight chill in the air causes Latham to briefly shiver - a reminder of the approaching winter.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I assume you know about the U-2 that was shot down over Cuba.

LATHAM

Yes, Cuban radio confirmed it.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

We've been debating if we should tell the public.

LATHAM

The Cubans already did that for you.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Indeed. We're fortunate this happened on a Saturday.

LATHAM

We are?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

No one reads the newspapers on the weekend... Most of my advisors want an immediate response - hit all the launch bases tomorrow, followed by sorties on supply routes and troops Monday morning.

LATHAM

And by Monday night, Russian ICBMs will be flying over the horizon.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

A move the hawks say will be the Soviets' first and only shot.

LATHAM

Sir, you're aware Soviet ground commanders need authorization from Moscow before they can fire on an unarmed reconnaissance plane?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Yes, and I don't believe Khrushchev would allow it - not after offering to settle the crisis.

LATHAM

Then considering that, for me it means one of two things must have happened.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Either the ground commanders weren't able to reach their senior officer in Moscow and bent under pressure from the Cubans, or they decided to move against Khrushchev.

President Kennedy grows extremely concerned at this.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

You mean a coup?

LATHAM

You're not the only head of state facing palace intrigue here.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

No... And I'm running out of time. There's an ExComm meeting at nine tonight. We'll decide then on a response to the Soviets.

LATHAM

I hope it's a conciliatory gesture to Khrushchev's offer.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

That's my intention, assuming I'm still king. What I don't understand is why the Soviets would choose now to fire on a U-2? Was it just pressure from the Cubans?

LATHAM

The pilot may have filmed something we weren't supposed to see.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Any ideas on what that might be?

LATHAM

No, not yet.

President Kennedy sighs despondently.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Yesterday, I asked John McCone if the CIA had assessed the mood of the Russian people - were they willing to commit national suicide over Cuba. He said that his one trusted source of information in the Kremlin had been arrested.

LATHAM

Oleg Penkovsky.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Yes. Other than him, McCone says CIA have no assets there who can reliably report on this. I expected more out of your people than that.

LATHAM

It's hard to get information out of Russia.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Meanwhile, I'm forced to trust that Khrushchev will act rationally when my own people are ready to act irrationally.

LATHAM

Sir, putting this in proper perspective, Cuba's irrelevant here.

President Kennedy is caught off guard by this.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I think what'll determine the outcome here is how well you deal with shame and humiliation - ours and the Soviets'. It's not as if they're the only ones responsible for this mess.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - THE OVAL OFFICE - DAY - PAST

President Kennedy is in an early ExComm meeting with Robert Kennedy, Ball, McNamara, Bundy, Johnson, Carroll, Beachem, Kilpatric and CIA's WILSON BERARD.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Can any Russian expert here tell me - why, after Khrushchev acted so cautiously in Laos and Berlin - why would he not be cautious in Cuba?

BALL

There's several possibilities, Mr. President. He could use Cuba to try to trade for something in Berlin, saying he'll disarm Cuba if we'll yield some of our interests in Berlin. A trading ploy.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

A ploy... As if we suddenly began to put a major number of MRBMs in Turkey. Now that'd be a goddamn dangerous ploy.

BERARD

We already did, Mr. President.

President Kennedy is nonplussed.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - THE ROSE GARDEN - DAY - PRESENT

President Kennedy half smiles to himself and turns to Latham.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I'll tell you something, Warren -  
crisis management is a myth. Any  
fool can start a war.

He and Latham continue their stroll.

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

The afternoon sun reflects harshly off the windows in the  
compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD listens to the news on the radio. On her desk is  
a small package wrapped in brown paper and sealed in red tape.  
The tag, addressed to Latham, lies on top. Latham enters.

COLLETTE

This came for you from Lester  
McMahon at Moscow station. It was  
sent in the diplomatic pouch to the  
State Department.

She hands Latham the package. He looks at it curiously.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

You weren't expecting it?

LATHAM

No.

He continues into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham sits at his desk and takes an X-Acto knife from his  
desk drawer. Carefully, he cuts through the tape and removes  
the wrapping. He picks up the missal. For a moment, he stares  
fondly at it. He opens it and looks at the first page, slowly  
reading each line, then he flips through the pages.

He pulls a sheet of white typing paper from a lower desk  
drawer and places it on his desk. He turns the missal so its  
spine faces him then splays open the book, shaking it to see  
if anything falls out. Nothing.

Latham closes the missal and lays it on the desk, pondering his next move. He opens it and runs his fingers along the inside of the front cover. His disappointment is evident as he feels nothing. He picks up the Red phone and dials.

LATHAM

Bazzo, it's Warren. I have something I want Carla to look at. I'll be right down.

He hangs up, grabs the missal and leaves.

THE HOLE

Latham and Bazzo watch DiLauria examine the missal's spine. She runs her fingers over the inside of its covers.

DILAURIA

I don't feel anything in there.

BAZZO

You don't want to take x-rays in case there're negatives in there.

DILAURIA

Right, it'll ruin them. Could be secret writing on the pages.

LATHAM

See if there is. But try not to ruin it.

DILAURIA

I'll use a micro-detail brush; keep my strokes to a minimum.

LATHAM

Good.

The Red phone RINGS; Bazzo answers it.

BAZZO

1-1-3-7... Yes, he is... I'll tell him.

(hangs up; to Latham)

Mr. Berard wants to see you in his office.

Latham leaves. DiLauria turns to Bazzo.

DILAURIA

Why's the boss so worried if a page gets a little splotch on it?

BAZZO

He's Catholic.



BERARD'S OFFICE

It may be a Saturday but Berard still wears a suit and a tie. Latham is seated before him.

BERARD

I have an inquiry from Secretary of State Dean Rusk. He's curious about a package that was sent to you in their diplomatic pouch.

LATHAM

Why?

BERARD

Be your age, Warren. We're teetering on the brink of war with Russia and you're getting packages from Moscow.

LATHAM

It's a missal.

BERARD

A what?

LATHAM

A children's missal. They read it in church to follow Catholic Mass.

BERARD

Oh. Who sent it to you?

LATHAM

Les McMahon at Moscow station.

BERARD

Hmm... How do you know McMahon?

LATHAM

We were at Berlin station during the airlift. I was running a Soviet diplomat, Sergei Ribicoff. When I left Berlin I handed him off to McMahon. Turns out that same month Ribicoff was recalled to Moscow and McMahon was transferred there to procure books published in the USSR.

BERARD

Have you worked on any operations with McMahon since?

LATHAM

Operation REDSOX.

BERARD

That ended - what - five years ago?

LATHAM

Yes.

BERARD

So why would McMahon send this children's missal to you rather than, say, the Soviet Division?

LATHAM

Ribicoff must have requested it.

BERARD

Have you been in contact with this Ribicoff recently?

LATHAM

No.

Berard is growing more and more uncomfortable.

BERARD

Don't you find it odd, then, that McMahon would send you a children's missal out of the blue?

LATHAM

Yes. I can only guess that whatever's in it must relate to something I'm working on.

BERARD

And how would McMahon or Ribicoff know that?

LATHAM

(shrugs)

I don't know. Really, I don't. Mandarin Two is examining it now. When she finds the message I'll be better able to answer you.

BERARD

(sighs worriedly)

I wouldn't be surprised if State shared its concerns about this with ExComm. And I don't have to remind you we have few friends in that group, save for your personal relationship with the president. They're likely to have eyes on you, Warren. So be careful.

MID-SHOW BREAK

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

The sun hides behind some cirrus clouds as it lights Foggy Bottom and the compound.

INT. THE HOLE

The missal's vinyl cover has been peeled off its cardboard backing; the spine is partially separated from the pages. DiLauria dips the brush tip into a solution and wipes a page of the missal between the lines. Nothing appears but a stain. The Red phone RINGS; Bazzo answers it.

BAZZO

1-1-3-7... Yeah, okay... Gate #1.

CLICK. He hangs up.

DILAURIA

Who was it?

BAZZO

The boss... Wants me to go grocery shopping with him.

DiLauria does a double-take.

EXT. VIRGINIA AVENUE, NW

Latham enters a small grocery store. He picks up a bottle of Diet Rite Cola and pays for it at the cash register, all the while looking out the store's window at the street.

LATHAM

Leaves the store and walks along manicured 20th Street. On the other side of the street a MAN walks in the opposite direction. He is six feet tall, crewcut and wearing a peacoat. When the Man passes Latham quickly turns onto E Street.

Number 2300 is a large apartment building. Latham quickly enters the front door. The concrete awning creates a deep shadow, making it difficult to see inside the vestibule. The Man in the peacoat reappears on the other side of E Street. As he continues his trek, he pulls a pocket notebook and pencil from his peacoat and writes on its pages.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham enters and opens the soda bottle, then Bazzo enters.

BAZZO

Where's Collette?

LATHAM

I sent her home. Did you see him?

BAZZO

Peacoat, military crewcut. When did you first notice him?

LATHAM

Just now. Berard warned me some members of ExComm would take an interest in me because the missal came in State's diplomatic pouch.

BAZZO

Well, you do have friends in Moscow.

LATHAM

It's more than that. Putting eyes on me means they'll put eyes on Fiona.

BAZZO

She can take care of herself.

LATHAM

Paul, if she ends up in harm's way it's because of me.

BAZZO

They're curious but I doubt they'll do anything. Tell you what - I'll be your shadow for a bit, just in case.

LATHAM

Thanks. I'm gonna call her now.

BAZZO

I'll be in The Hole.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The Day Crew give turnover to NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY. Amongst everyone the mood is tense. Latham enters.

LATHAM

Who's on duty in the Comm Room?

STOKES

Meredith Hayden. But she just stepped out; she'll be right back.

(sotto voce)

It's, um, her time.

LATHAM

Her time?

STOKES

Of the month. You know...

LATHAM

Oh. Look, I need a Deltex message sent FLASH precedence to Lester McMahon at Moscow station.

STOKES

I'm done here. I'll do it.

He grabs a legal pad and pencil.

LATHAM

Send this: Remembering my religion. What's the weather there, favorable or storm warnings? Immediate response required. That's it. Oh, add a note for the Moscow operator to get the message to McMahon PDQ.

STOKES

Right.

He gets up and heads to the Communications Room.

EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY

A view of the five-sided building from ground level.

INT. GENERAL CARROLL'S OFFICE

Carroll hands a STATE DEPARTMENT MEMORANDUM to Beachem, who swigs a shot of bourbon. Carroll crosses to the liquor cabinet and pours himself a shot while Beachem reads. After drinking the shot, Carroll sits in a leather chair. Beachem looks up from reading the memo; he's fuming.

BEACHEM

What the hell's going on here?...  
Latham... He's Berard's man, right?

CARROLL

Yeah, he's smart. Both of them are.

BEACHEM

What the hell did Moscow send him?

CARROLL

(shrugs)  
Why should Latham be getting anything from Moscow? I'll tell you this - whatever it was, the Moscow station wanted to be sure no one else got their hands on it.

BEACHEM

Hmm, wonder who sent it? I'll ask McCone.

CARROLL

No! He and Berard are close. Keep it  
in the family. Ask John Middleton.

BEACHEM

(smirks)

MOTHER.

He gets up, crosses to Carroll's desk and picks up the phone.

EXT. MOSCOW - NIGHT

More stock footage of Red Square and the Kremlin.

KITAY-GOROD (MOSCOW NEIGHBORHOOD)

Enormous, stately apartment buildings fill each city block.

HOTEL UKRAINA

Sits on a bend of the Moskva River. During the early years of  
the Cold War, this huge, neo-classical hotel, at 37 stories,  
was the tallest hotel in the world.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

McMahon is asleep in bed. The phone RINGS. He groans, rolls  
over and picks up his watch from the tiny nightstand; its  
luminous dial reads 12:10. He sets it down, turns on the lamp,  
gets up and goes to the bureau where he answers the phone.

MCMAHON

Yeah...

GRANGER (O.S.)

Is this Mr. Granger?

MCMAHON

(suddenly alert)

I'm sorry, you have the wrong room.

He hangs up. Quickly, McMahon gets dressed.

I/E. TRABANT

McMahon drives along Naberezhnaya Tarasa Shevchenko (Taras  
Shevchenko Embankment), the Moskva River a black ribbon on his  
right. On Novinskiy Boulevard, he passes the front of the U.S.  
Embassy, turns the corner, and enters the parking lot.

INT. EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES - BASEMENT CORRIDOR

Resembles a tiled subway passageway. Night Duty Clerk RONALD  
GRANGER leads McMahon down the corridor. Granger is anxious,  
while McMahon fights off his sleepiness with a yawn.

MCPMAHON

Been a while since you used that wrong number dialogue.

GRANGER

The message came FLASH precedence, immediate response requested.

MCPMAHON

It would... Trying to get some sleep before my plane leaves.

GRANGER

You're not still going to Helsinki?

MCPMAHON

Why not? There'll be Eastern-bloc tech journals for sale there.

GRANGER

Damn scientists act like nothing else is going on in the world.

At the end of the corridor they enter the...

COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Teletype machines, reel-to-reel tape recorders, two cipher machines, and Red and Gray phones crowd the small space. Granger leads McMahon to Communications Officer MADELEINE GRAHAM who sits before a KL-7 cypher machine. A decoded message lies on the workspace next to her.

GRANGER

Read the message, Maddy.

MADELEINE

FLASH precedence from Warren Latham, Domestic Operations, to Lester McMahon: Remembering my religion. What's the weather there, favorable or storm warnings? Immediate response requested.

GRANGER

What the hell's going on, huh? Is Latham anticipating a missile strike? Is he praying? What?!

MCPMAHON

Calm down, Ronald.

GRANGER

To hell with that! What we should be doing is taking cover in the basement!

MADELEINE

We are in the basement.

Granger curls a sheepish grin.

MCMAHON

Pencil and paper, please, Maddy.

Madeleine hands McMahon a legal pad and a pencil. He writes furiously while Granger looks on.

GRANGER

What are you gonna say?

Annoyed, McMahon briefly holds up his hand to shush Granger.

GRANGER (CONT'D)

This place is the post from hell!  
Half the city's closed off to  
foreigners. The KGB follow you  
everywhere you go...

MCMAHON

Granger, will you shut up?!

Granger throws up his hands in frustration. Madeleine is also annoyed with him - and worried. Finally, McMahon hands her the legal pad.

MCMAHON (CONT'D)

Send that right away.

Madeleine nods. She flips a switch on the KL-7 to "Encrypt" and begins typing.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The sun is low in the sky.

INT. PRESIDENT'S DINING ROOM

Members of the ExComm group, minus Beachem, are eating and in overlapping conversations. A uniformed waiter approaches Carroll and whispers to him. Carroll gets up and leaves.

CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE DINING ROOM

Beachem waits. Carroll joins him and the two walk away.

BEACHEM

His name's Lester McMahon. He and Latham were in Berlin years ago. He'll be in Helsinki tomorrow at some scientific symposium. MOTHER's asked his people on station there to meet with him, see what's up.



CARROLL

Good. Come in and have some roast  
beef. It's excellent.

The Two head back to the President's Dining Room.

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

The sun is setting on the compound.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

A KL-7 encryption machine begins to spit out five seemingly random letters, then a space followed by five more letters and so on until the end of the page. Carriage return, then a new row begins with the same pattern. Each five-lettered group in the row lines up to form a column of encrypted text going down the page.

THE HOLE

On a table lies the missal, disassembled with its pages stained from brush strokes between the lines and in the margins. DiLauria looks down at the book, frustrated - there is no secret writing. Bazzo looks over her shoulder.

BAZZO

Nothing?

DiLauria shakes her head no.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Let's take it upstairs and tell him.

DiLauria places the missal in a shoebox.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 18:20. FIONA JEFFRIES sits with Latham at the table where they share Chinese take-out.

LATHAM

I meant to ask you. How'd you  
manage to get out of work?

FIONA

After it was confirmed the U-2 had  
been shot down, Ambassador Ormsby-  
Gore ordered all non-essential  
personnel to the basement shelter.  
That meant Larry had to stay in his  
office.

LATHAM

You're Second Security Officer and  
you're not considered essential?

FIONA

Ormsby-Gore is a gentleman. He asked if I wanted to join his family in the shelter. I said I'd rather wait it out. So he told me to go and wished me well.

LATHAM

Hmm, he really is a gentleman.

FIONA

Collette must be upset though.

LATHAM

You mean about Larry?

FIONA

Yes.

LATHAM

When I heard her on the phone she was. But when she hung up she was in better spirits. She told me she hoped to see him later but that he might have to do something.

FIONA

You know he's in love with her.

LATHAM

Lot of that going around, I hear.

He caresses Fiona's hand. She smiles softly, then...

FIONA

Is everything alright?

LATHAM

Well, I mean, all things considered, yes.

FIONA

(warily)

I mean, was there any other reason you wanted me here for dinner?

LATHAM

I missed you, that's all.

There is a KNOCK on the door; it opens. DiLauria and Bazzo enter; they nod to Fiona. DiLauria sets the shoebox on the table, frustration etched on her face.

DILAURIA

I looked everywhere. There's nothing in there.

LATHAM

There has to be.

Latham is devastated. He stares at the missal, which looks more like discarded refuse than a children's guide to Catholic Mass. The Red phone RINGS; Latham answers it.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

2-3-6-2...

OWENS (O.S.)

It's Owens in the Ops Room, sir.

LATHAM

Latham here.

OWENS (O.S.)

We've received a reply to your cable to Moscow station.

LATHAM

Yeah, okay. I'll be right down.

(hangs up)

Moscow station replied to my cable.

FIONA

I'll wait here for you.

LATHAM

Huh? No, come with me. Everyone.

He and Fiona close the boxes of food then they all leave.

ACT THREE

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY man the Duty Desk. Latham, Fiona, Bazzo and DiLauria enter.

OWENS

Hi, Miss Jeffries.

FIONA

Nice to see you again, James.

LATHAM

(looks around curiously)

Day Shift finished their turnover already?

OWENS

Yes, sir. They're camping out in the Infirmary.

FARRELL

Pretty crowded in there. A lot of the day crews are hanging around. You know, just in case.

OWENS

Here's the cable, sir.

Owens hands the decrypted cable to Latham. As Latham reads the cable, Fiona, Bazzo and DiLauria look on.

INSERT DECRYPTED CABLE:

**S E C R E T**

**FYEO, NOFORN**

**TO : Warren Latham, Domestic Operations**  
**FROM: Lester McMahon**

I met with demonstrators, including police, outside our embassy. They are worried about events in Cuba, which they call the Caribbean Crisis. This cannot be emphasized enough: They do not want war. Merchants here say that Americans are their friends. The New York City Ballet plays here to packed houses and enthusiastic applause during its run of Russian performances. Repeat: There is no animosity towards the U.S. here.

You must take this and your religion to the White House ASAP.

- End of transmission -

BACK TO SCENE

Latham looks to be at his wits' end. He puts the cable in his pocket then looks up at the 24-hour wall clock: 18:55.

BAZZO

You going to see the president?

LATHAM

I'd hoped to tell him this and more.

DILAURIA

Boss, I tried everything.

LATHAM

I know you did. It's not you. I missed something. I don't have a goddamn clue what, but I missed it.

BAZZO

All the pool cars are out back if you want to take one.

LATHAM

No, I'll call him from my office...  
Look, um, give me ten, fifteen  
minutes then come back up.

Deeply disappointed in himself, Latham leaves.

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

A fading, orange-blue sky is the last reminder of sunlight.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham hangs up the Gray phone. He gets up from his desk and crosses to the table where the shoebox shares space with closed boxes of Chinese take-out. He gingerly lifts the shoebox and takes it to his desk, setting it down.

He lifts the missal from the shoebox as though it were an infant and lays it on his desk. His anguished eyes roam over the cover, flayed from its cardboard backing. He gently runs his fingers over the solution-stained pages until he reaches the end, then turns back to Page One. Latham shuts his eyes, as though in silent prayer. When he opens them he sees:

**This Book Belongs to**

**Feba Kuzma Ribicoff**

**who first became a child of God  
and shared in His life in Baptism on**

**Date of Baptism**

**January 1, 1959**

**who first confessed sins  
to the Priest to receive  
God's forgiveness on**

**Date of First Penance**

**April 17, 1961**

**who was nourished by the  
Body and Blood of Jesus  
for the first time on**

**Date of First Holy Communion**

**October 24, 1962**

**"And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruise of  
oil fail, according to the word of the Lord." - King 17:16**

BACK TO SCENE

Latham slowly runs his right hand down Page One.

LATHAM

What am I missing?

There is a KNOCK on the door; Latham looks up. The 24-hour wall clock reads 19:50.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Come in.

Fiona, DiLauria and Bazzo enter. They eye the tattered missal as they take a seat, Fiona sitting closest to Latham.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I thought you forgot about me.

BAZZO

How'd it go?

LATHAM

The president said it'll help him stick to his guns. He'll propose we accept Khrushchev's earlier offer to settle the crisis.

FIONA

The one brokered by U Thant?

Latham nods.

FIONA (CONT'D)

That's good then.

DILAURIA

But will ExComm go for it?

Latham shrugs. He gets up and meanders about the room.

LATHAM

Why this missal?

FIONA

Huh? What are you talking about?

DILAURIA

He means the children's book I went through. It has the words spoken in a Catholic Mass.

FIONA

Oh, that. I guess I still have to get used to the way you Americans pronounce your words.

DILAURIA

We're that bad?

LATHAM

Wait. What do you mean, Fiona?

FIONA

When you said 'missal' I thought you meant what the Soviets have installed in Cuba.

DILAURIA

Missal and missile... Yeah, they do sound the same, don't they?

FIONA

Well, the way you pronounce them they do. In proper English, a long 'I' on the second syllable would describe an ICBM. Missile.

DILAURIA

(pronounces missile as  
'MIS-sile')

Missile.

FIONA

Yes.

Latham realizes something and hurries back to his desk. He runs his finger down Page One of the missal.

LATHAM

He must have had a daughter since I saw him last. Feba Kuzma Ribicoff. January 1st, 1959... 1959... That's also the day Castro and his forces ousted Batista. April 17th, 1961...

BAZZO

The day Brigade 2506 landed at the Bay of Pigs.

LATHAM

And October 24th, 1962?

He looks at Bazzo, DiLauria and Fiona, but no one has an answer. Latham sits. He anxiously TAPS his thumb on the desktop. He stops and reads aloud from the bottom of Page One.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

'And the barrel of meal wasted not,  
neither did the cruise of oil fail,  
according to the word of the Lord.'

(mulls it over)

Cruise of oil fail...

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Missal and missile... Ribicoff would know we pronounce those words the same. Geezus! He was telling me about cruise missals in Cuba.

FIONA

Installed there on October 24th?

LATHAM

Yes! That's why the Soviets shot down the U-2. It must have flown over a site where cruise missile batteries were just installed.

FIONA

Hmm, Soviet cruise missiles have a NATO designation: FKR-1.

Latham looks at Page One again.

LATHAM

Feba Kuzma Ribicoff - FKR. Written here on Page One. FKR-1. Ribicoff's a genius.

BAZZO

Cruise missiles in Cuba. Kennedy has to make that deal with Khrushchev.

LATHAM

Paul, call the White House. Get Evelyn Lincoln, the president's personal secretary. Tell her I'm on my way and that it's urgent I see the president right now. Don't take no for an answer. I'll take one of the pool cars.

Bazzo dials the Gray phone.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham hurries in, followed by Fiona and DiLauria. He grabs his trench coat off the coat rack and turns to Fiona.

FIONA

It's okay, I'll take a taxi home.

LATHAM

No!

Fiona is startled by his emphatic tone.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Wait here for me.



FIONA

It's a taxi. I'll be fine.

LATHAM

No, please. I won't be that long.  
Just wait for me. Please.

FIONA

Alright.

DILAURIA

I'll stay up here with her.

LATHAM

Good.

Bazzo races in.

BAZZO

He'll be in the Rose Garden.

Latham nods and leaves.

DILAURIA

I'll be up here 'til he gets back.

BAZZO

Okay. I'll be in The Hole.

He leaves.

DILAURIA

Hm, men... Leave it to them to have  
the world in a mess.

Fiona has a gallows grin. Meanwhile, DiLauria turns on the TV.

THE HOLE

On the table are two white mailing envelopes, a pencil, sheets of white typing paper, and a set of plastic stencils containing capital letters of the alphabet. Bazzo places a stencil on the typing paper. Starting with the letter 'E' he begins to copy it, then he moves onto the letter 'N'...

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

Floodlamps have taken full effect on the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 21:35. Fiona and DiLauria are watching "Have Gun - Will Travel" on TV. The door opens; Latham enters. He is less harried than earlier, his eyes bright and centered on Fiona. DiLauria gets up. She nods at Latham and leaves.

Latham embraces Fiona. He pulls back to look her in the face.

LATHAM

I love you so much.

They kiss passionately. Fiona cups Latham's face in her hands.

FIONA

Can we go?

LATHAM

Yeah. I'll call a cab.

FIONA

No, I feel like walking. Come on.

Latham opens the door for Fiona and follows her out.

THE HOLE

Bazzo pulls on his jacket and puts the two envelopes and a folded sheet of typing paper in his inside jacket pocket. DiLauria grabs her coat and handbag.

DILAURIA

Did you call him?

BAZZO

Yeah. He's using his own car.

DILAURIA

Then let's get a move on.

BAZZO

You don't have to do this.

DiLauria charges past Bazzo out the door. He follows her out.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Latham and Fiona walk arm in arm along H Street.

FIONA

Good thing McMahon didn't sit on the missal. What if it had arrived late?

LATHAM

I know, I was thinking of that.

FIONA

But this Ribicoff... You said you hadn't seen him for years.

LATHAM

Yeah...

FIONA

So how would he know to send the  
missal to you, of all people?  
Someone must have told him to.

Latham mulls it over...

INT. OFFICE OF THE SECOND SECRETARY (KGB) - DAY - PAST

DINA ORLOV is on the Red phone. YURI GVOZDEV is on the black  
phone.

GVOZDEV

I have Dina checking with Moscow  
right now, Warren. Believe me, I  
know less about this than you do.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The Day Shift are all on edge. Latham is on the Gray phone.

LATHAM

Do you know of anything else going  
on in that area that our radar  
could mistake for ICBMs?

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH GVOZDEV

GVOZDEV

Wait... Warren, what I'm about to  
say is straight from Moscow. The  
spacecraft Mars 2MV-4 No. 1,  
launched from the Baikonur  
cosmodrome, was launched into low-  
Earth orbit....

Latham finishes writing a long explanation. He exhales loudly.

LATHAM

Thanks, Yuri. I'll talk to you  
later.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - CHINATOWN - NIGHT - PRESENT

Latham looks at Fiona and shrugs.

LATHAM

I could guess but I'd probably be  
wrong. Come on, let's cut through  
here; it's shorter.

They turn onto a street lit primarily by neon signs, in  
particular, one that reads "Chinese Tuxedo," and where the  
fire escapes on the tenement buildings hang precariously over  
the sidewalk.

A MAN turns the corner following Latham and Fiona. He is about 5'6", olive-complexion, wearing a leather jacket and sporting a crewcut. As the street bends left, a woman's voice coos.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Um, excuse me. Sir?

The Man turns around to face DiLauria. She smiles at him.

DILAURIA

Hi, I was hoping you could direct me to H Street.

As she speaks Bazzo rushes up behind the Man, who quickly turns around. DiLauria kicks the Man between the legs. As he crumples to his knees, Bazzo YANKS the Man's leather jacket down, pinning his arms to his sides. Bazzo then takes a blackjack and RAPS it where the two lower lobes of the skull sit at the nape of the neck. The Man drops to the sidewalk.

A dark sedan quickly pulls up. DiLauria opens the back door and helps Bazzo slide the Man into the backseat. Bazzo gets in with him. DiLauria climbs in the front seat and the sedan pulls away.

INT. SEDAN

DiLauria looks at the driver - it's MI6's LAWRENCE JONES.

JONES

Where to?

DILAURIA

Bethesda. Take Canal Road - less traffic, and no cops.

EXT. NORWOOD PARK, BETHESDA, MARYLAND - NIGHT

It's a full moon. The sedan pulls into a heavily wooded area and stops. The headlights go off. The dome light goes on as DiLauria, Jones and Bazzo alight. Bazzo opens a rear passenger door and drags out the Man by his jacket. The Man is gagged with his hands handcuffed behind his back. He struggles. Bazzo WALLOPS him in the stomach. Through the gag the Man's YELP sounds like he's vomiting.

BAZZO

Come on, come on...

Jones helps Bazzo drag the Man deeper into the woods. DiLauria follows them.

UNDER A CANOPY OF TREES

Bazzo and Jones drop the Man on his stomach. Bazzo goes through the Man's pockets and pulls out his wallet.

He hands it to Fiona. She pulls a penlight from her handbag and shines it on the contents of the wallet.

DILAURIA  
Alonzo Rice, Army C.I.D.

Bazzo reaches into his own jacket pocket. He takes out the two envelopes and the folded sheet of typewriting paper and hands them to DiLauria. She puts them in her handbag.

BAZZO  
Let's sit Mr. Rice up against this tree.

He and Jones turn ALONZO RICE on his back and prop him up against the tree. Bazzo lowers Rice's gag, takes a penlight from his pocket and shines it on Jones's chest.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
Wait for us at the car.

Jones hesitates; he looks worriedly at Bazzo.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
Go.

Jones leaves. Bazzo opens Rice's leather jacket. He shines the penlight there and sees a Colt M1911 pistol in Rice's waistband. Bazzo removes the pistol.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
You realize it's a court-martial offense to lose your weapon.

RICE  
How would you know, you faggot?!

BAZZO  
Guy's a real sweetheart.

He lifts the gag back onto Rice's mouth then PUNCHES Rice in the stomach several times and kicks him in the groin. Rice YELPS in immeasurable pain. Once again, Bazzo lowers the gag.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
Let's try again. Who ordered you to follow Latham? Your C.O., obviously. So, who gave him the order?

RICE  
Fuck you!

Again, Bazzo lifts the gag over Rice's mouth. DiLauria reaches into her handbag while Bazzo again WALLOPS Rice in the stomach. This time Bazzo also YANKS down Rice's pants and underwear.

He then gets behind Rice and puts him in a chokehold. DiLauria shines her penlight on the object she took out of her handbag: a straight razor. She moves next to Rice.

BAZZO

Cutthroat razor, pal. Just imagine how painful that's gonna feel.

Rice WRIGGLES against Bazzo's strong arms but to no avail. DiLauria FLICKS open the straight razor. Rice SCREAMS.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I thought he might have something to say.

He lowers the gag. Rice GASPS and SPITS out his words.

RICE

Beachem! Beachem! It was Beachem! Beachem!

DiLauria shines her penlight on Bazzo; he shakes his head no. She folds the straight razor shut and puts it back in her handbag while Bazzo unloads the M1911.

BAZZO

You'll get your gun back, but we'll keep your ID. Tell your C.O. you were made.

While Bazzo pulls up Rice's underwear and pants, DiLauria pulls the two envelopes and folded typewriting paper from her handbag. She shines her penlight on the envelopes - one is marked "GENERAL CARROLL"; the other, "COLONEL BEACHEM." She puts the folded paper in Colonel Beachem's envelope.

EXT. THE NATIONAL PRESS BUILDING - NIGHT

This 12-story building of floor-to-ceiling windows stands like a monolith against the night sky. The building's facade sports its name.

INT. THE TAPROOM

Resembles a 1920s speakeasy: noisy, mostly White and, in 1962, all-male. They eat and drink at tables and at a long bar where two portable TVs have been turned off.

Beachem drinks at the bar. He checks his watch, 1:55. He settles his tab with one of the BARTENDERS and leaves.

EXT. 733 15TH STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Beachem drags himself out of a taxi and into the huge apartment building.

INT. 7TH-FLOOR CORRIDOR

The elevator doors open. Beachem steps out, a bit tipsy as he approaches his apartment door, #730. He opens it and enters.

BEACHEM'S APARTMENT

Beachem flips on the lights and shuts the door. He attempts to hang his trench coat on the coat rack in the hall; it drops to the floor. Beachem waves it off.

On an entryway table he sees a white envelope marked "COLONEL BEACHEM" in block letters. He looks about, confused, then walks to the table. He picks up the envelope and holds it up to the light. Finally, he opens it. He takes out Alonzo Rice's ID card and pauses, allowing the name to register in his memory. Next, Beachem takes out a folded sheet of typing paper. He unfolds the paper and reads the message:

**END IT NOW OR YOU ARE NEXT**

Beachem's mouth is agape; his face, a mask of abject terror.

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

The sun reflects off the windows, several of which have their shades drawn halfway.

INT. KITCHENETTE

Fiona places breakfast - ham and eggs - on the table beside two glasses of orange juice and cutlery. She hears the apartment door SHUT. Latham enters with a copy of *The New York Times*. He looks pleased and hands the newspaper to Fiona who reads the headline:

**U.S. AND SOVIET REACH ACCORD ON CUBA;  
KENNEDY ACCEPTS KHRUSHCHEV PLEDGE  
TO REMOVE MISSILES UNDER U.N. WATCH**

Fiona looks up.

FIONA

Why do you get the New York Times  
and not The Washington Post?

LATHAM

I have a friend who works there. He  
put me on the guest subscriber list.

FIONA

My, everyone knows you're cheap.

Latham grins. Fiona folds the newspaper in half and sets it on the seat of an empty chair. Latham waits for her to sit then he does as well and they eat breakfast.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Are you going to call McMahon and thank him? Moscow is seven hours ahead of us, you know.

LATHAM

Soon as I get to work, ma'am.

Now Fiona grins.

EXT. HELSINKI, FINLAND - DAY

INSERT: "Helsinki, Finland"

Stock images of Helsinki's Olympic Stadium, built in 1961; the Parliament House; Helsinki Central Station, with buses and trolleys rolling past; crowds and fishing boats at Helsinki market; and the bronze, Three Smiths Statue at the intersection of Aleksanterinkatu and Mannerheimintie.

MARKET SQUARE

McMahon sits in the window of a coffee house sipping coffee. A MAN, a CIA OFFICER in a wool coat, enters. He extends his hand to McMahon then sits across the table from him.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE

A WAITRESS approaches the table where McMahon and the CIA Officer sit.

WAITRESS

(in Finnish)

Mitä haluaisit?

The CIA Officer looks at McMahon's coffee.

CIA OFFICER

What are you drinking, McMahon?

MCMAHON

Coffee, black.

CIA OFFICER

You need to go native; try a filter coffee. I'll order one for you.

MCMAHON

No, it's okay. I'm fine with this.

CIA OFFICER

Believe me, what's coming is better.

(in Finnish to the  
Waitress)

Suodata päivän kahvi minulle ja ystäväni.



The Waitress nods and leaves.

MCMAHON

How long have you been here?

CIA OFFICER

Three years. You're here for the Symposium of the International Academy of Astronautics, right?

MCMAHON

Yes. The Eastern-bloc countries like to show off their technical prowess as much as they can to the West. So they sell their academic journals at these symposia.

CIA OFFICER

Symposia... I just learned a new word. So, how long will you be here?

MCMAHON

I leave tomorrow.

The Waitress returns with two cups of coffee.

CIA OFFICER

(again, in Finnish)

Kiitos.

The CIA Officer reaches into his pocket. He palms a tiny pill and pulls out two markka coins. He hands the coins to the Waitress. She smiles and leaves.

MCMAHON

Hmm, looks delicious.

The CIA Officer reaches across the table and slides McMahon's cup of coffee to the side while surreptitiously dropping the tiny pill into the foam of McMahon's filter coffee of the day. The pill quickly sinks into the cup.

CIA OFFICER

Go on, try it - the foam first.

McMahon spoons some of the foam into his mouth. He likes it. He then takes a sip. He smiles and takes a longer sip.

MCMAHON

This is good. This is really good.

The CIA Officer grins knowingly.

MCMAHON (CONT'D)

Now, what did you want to see me about?

(MORE)

MCMAHON (CONT'D)

I make it a habit never to interact with station personnel. If I don't know you, then anyone watching me can't say we've met.

CIA OFFICER

This ain't Moscow. Helsinki's overrun with spooks. You can't take a piss without bumping into one.

McMahon takes another long sip of coffee.

MCMAHON

Still...

CIA OFFICER

Relax. So, as a procurer you just buy - what? - books and journals?

MCMAHON

Anything printed in the USSR.

He shakes his head.

CIA OFFICER

What?

MCMAHON

Just, um, feeling light-headed.

CIA OFFICER

Did you have breakfast?

McMahon nods then quickly grabs hold of the table.

MCMAHON

Whoa! Felt dizzy for a second.

His breathing becomes labored.

CIA OFFICER

You want to go to the hospital?

MCMAHON

I... Geezus!

He reaches for his chest, GROANING in pain. McMahon falls out of his chair. The CIA Officer jumps up and rushes over to McMahon. The Waitress and the PROPRIETOR rush over.

CIA OFFICER

(in Finnish)

Herranjumala! Luulen, että hänellä on ollut sydänkohtaus. Sykettä ei ole. Soita ambulanssi.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Oh my God! I think he's had a heart attack. There's no pulse. Call an ambulance."

The Waitress rushes back to the counter, picks up the phone and dials.

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

The CIA Officers walk across the compound with an easy gait.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham hangs up the Red phone; he's stunned. He gets up and enters...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is at her desk, Dictaphone headset on and typing. Latham stops at her desk. Collette concentrates on her work.

COLLETTE

Off to your meeting with Messrs.  
Berard and Kensington?

Latham doesn't answer. Collette lowers the headset and looks up at him.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

LATHAM

I called Moscow station to thank  
McMahon. They said he was in  
Helsinki at some astronautics  
symposium. He suffered a heart  
attack there. He's dead.

COLLETTE

Oh, my God. I'm so sorry.

Latham is at a loss for words. She watches him slowly leave, then puts her headset back on and resumes typing.

END