

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Three, Episode #7: "Prelude To The Death Of A Fawn"

WGA Registered. This teleplay may not be used or reproduced  
without the expressed, written permission of the author.

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

Cool Gray Dawn

"Prelude To The Death Of A Fawn"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

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

Stock footage of the National Mall and the Capitol Dome.

EXT. U STREET

Lined with bowfront townhomes and bohemian coffee houses.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

Modestly furnished, with a Murphy bed, loveseat, wingtip chair and a portable television atop a cabinet. The kitchenette, such as it is, is little more than a nook with a combination two gas burner stove atop a half-height refrigerator, a small sink and cabinet space for one.

CARLA DILAURIA, dressed in a T-shirt and sweatpants, and with a partial cast on her right leg, sits on her loveseat, sips tea and watches "Captain Kangaroo" on television. The doorbell RINGS. She grabs a cane and limps to the door. She opens it and is pleasantly surprised to see a smiling FIONA JEFFRIES.

DILAURIA

Fiona!

FIONA

Hey, Carla!

Fiona enters and shuts the door. They embrace.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Look at you, girl! Where's the wheelchair?

DILAURIA

I ditched it along with the nurse. It was like having the warden from the women's prison over here. You want some tea?

FIONA

Sit, I'll get it.

DiLauria plops on the loveseat. Fiona grabs a cup from the tiny cupboard, goes to the mini-stove and pours herself some tea from the teapot. She eyes the TV set curiously.

DILAURIA

Captain Kangaroo. I'm a sucker for  
a man in uniform.

Fiona is amused.

FIONA

You anxious to get back to work?

DiLauria shrugs noncommittally as Fiona sits in the chair.

FIONA (CONT'D)

They miss you, you know.

DILAURIA

Because Mr. Latham had to beg SMOTH  
to use you?

FIONA

If Paul had been pulled off the  
president's detail, everyone would  
be at John Kennedy's funeral today  
instead of Carol Blair's.

DILAURIA

Sorry, I'm just... Anyway, is Mr.  
Latham going to her funeral?

FIONA

Yes. Terrible, her falling into the  
canal and drowning like that.

DiLauria SCOFFS.

FIONA (CONT'D)

What, you don't believe that?

DILAURIA

Some people might say she got what  
was coming to her.

FIONA

Like who?

DILAURIA

Come on, all those right-wing pals  
of hers... Those guys only  
tolerated her because she was  
wealthy and she served a purpose.

FIONA

And she outlived her usefulness?

DILAURIA

Her money did. So, who needs her  
now? Certainly not those bastards.

FIONA

She was also friends with President Kennedy.

DILAURIA

See what happens when you play both ends against the middle? Look, Carol Blair was no saint. You remember General Lankford?

FIONA

Yes, her former lover.

DILAURIA

Who outlived his usefulness. So she had him killed.

FIONA

I guess men have no monopoly on ruthlessness.

DILAURIA

No, but most men are still assholes. Women are only good for one thing, as far as they're concerned. That whole goddamn gender is defective.

FIONA

No, not all of them.

DILAURIA

You got the last good one.

FIONA

So, now that you're feeling better, when are you going back to work?

DILAURIA

Work... You know, when I was in the hospital I kept thinking, I went to Berlin to save that little prick. And does he listen to me? No. He doesn't trust me because I'm a woman. So he ends up getting shot and arrested by the Grenzer - and I end up like this. Fucking jerk! Men hate it when a woman upstages them.

She THUMPS her walking cane on the floor.

FIONA

Can't argue with you there. But you're far too clever for me to believe all this just dawned on you, or that this is all that's bothering you.

DILAURIA

In the hospital I thought a lot about CIA and the unwashed. We both have these Special Sections to carry out Ops so sensitive even our firms won't acknowledge them. Yet, after we've finished poking at each other, what have we accomplished? No real intelligence has been gleaned. It's just a game that keeps both sides employed. God forbid it comes down to nuclear war; but if it does, both sides will retaliate. There'll be nothing left. And not a goddamn thing we've done will change that.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the Manhattan skyline; the Queensboro Bridge; and Flushing Town Hall at Northern Boulevard near Main Street.

FLUSHING CEMETERY

Secret Service agents guard the gated entrance; more agents face away from the gravesite toward the surrounding buildings and tall trees while Noun Rites are given by a PRIEST.

PRIEST (O.S.)

Into your hands, Father of mercies,  
we commend our sister, Carol  
Blair...

On the headstone above her dates of birth, March 10, 1913, and death, June 30, 1962, is a photo of CAROL BLAIR.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

In the sure and certain hope that,  
together with all who have died in  
Christ, she will rise with him on  
the last day.

Among the well-heeled attendees are a well-guarded PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY, his press secretary FRANÇOIS BISSET, GENERAL STANS and LT. COLONEL EASTON (both in civilian clothes), WILSON BERARD and WARREN LATHAM. Though all are solemn with their heads bowed, Berard looks especially pained.

As the Priest continues to pray at this, the Rite of Committal, Latham furtively eyes Stans and Easton. Easton and Stans, as though feeling eyes on them, glance back at Latham.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

We give you thanks for the  
blessings which you bestowed upon  
her in this life...

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - C&O CANAL, LOCK 1 - NIGHT - PAST

CAROL BLAIR leaves the towpath and slips on the moss covering the stone by the canal. A CRUNCH of twigs startles her.

CAROL

Warren? Warren, is that you?

PRIEST (O.S.)

They are signs to us of your goodness and of our fellowship with the saints in Christ.

TWO BURLY MEN suddenly rush upon her from behind. Carol SCREAMS. They throw her to the ground on her back. Carol curls up, covering her face. The two men grab her legs and drag her to the edge of the canal.

CAROL

No, stop! No! Someone help me! Help me!

PRIEST (O.S.)

Merciful Lord, turn toward us and listen to our prayers:

The Two Men lift her up. Man #1 puts his hands over her nose and mouth. Carol struggles, kicking her feet and swinging her arms. But the effort slowly wanes as the life is choked out of her. MAN #2 grabs her legs and they throw her into the canal.

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

Open the gates of paradise to your servant and help us who remain to comfort one another with assurances of faith, until we all meet in Christ and are with you and with our sister for ever.

EXT. FLUSHING CEMETERY - GRAVESITE - DAY (MORNING) - PRESENT

Easton and Stans now look at Carol Blair's coffin. Latham's eyes never leave either of them until...

PRIEST

Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

EVERYONE

Amen.

A SECRET SERVICE AGENT whispers to Latham who nods.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY

Stock footage of the cityscape, especially a foursquare view of the bejeweled CHRYSLER BUILDING.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION

Utilitarian, much like The Hole for the mandarins at Cockroach Alley. Several CIA OFFICERS pore over reports and confer over the phone. Latham walks past them and into the...

CHIEF OF STATION'S OFFICE

Where DAVIS, 40, sits at his desk. He quickly stands as Latham enters. Latham shakes his head in disbelief.

LATHAM

At ease, soldier.

DAVIS

(sheepishly)

Sorry, force of habit.

LATHAM

Sit down, Davis.

Davis sits, as does Latham.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I was supposed to accompany Mr. Berard back to Emerald City.

DAVIS

I know, sir; but believe me, this is urgent.

He hands a file folder to Latham who opens it.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Remember Viktor Gonchar, the KGB defector? He was a colonel in the...  
(in perfect Russian)  
Komitet Gosudarstvennoi  
Bezopasnosti.

Latham nods admiringly at Davis, who beams.

LATHAM

The Committee for State Security. I remember him. We resettled him two years ago as Herman Klein. You're going to continue this in English, I hope.

DAVIS

Yes, sir. On top's a letter he wrote to the Janus Foundation saying he's seriously considering redefecting.

LATHAM

Why?

DAVIS

He says we've stalled for two years to get his wife and daughter green cards and Social Security numbers. His apartment's been searched, his phone's been tapped, and we still owe him ten grand in expenses, which we promised to reimburse him.

LATHAM

Is all this true?

DAVIS

Who knows? None of my people are keeping tabs on him. The rest of it's on the Resettlement Office.

LATHAM

Hmm... Why did he write to the Janus Foundation? We didn't farm his case out to them, did we?

Davis shrugs like someone admitting guilt.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Don't tell me...

DAVIS

It's still with the Resettlement Office, but Gonchar's case officer sent him to the Foundation to find a place to live and to find work.

LATHAM

Why? That's his job.

DAVIS

You know they're all retreads there.

LATHAM

I don't want to hear about how many times they've been passed over for promotion or been reprimanded.

DAVIS

Okay, but they're all still waiting out the string 'till they retire. Plus, you've got MOTHER's influence.

LATHAM

Influencing them how?

DAVIS

Saying KGB defectors are traitors to their own country; that they can never be trusted...



Latham sighs; he's angry and frustrated; he reads the file.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

When I spoke to the Foundation, they said he's ready to go to the press.

LATHAM

(reads from the file)

'I came to conclusion after two years in U.S.A. that anyone who wishes to defect with help of C.I.A. should think twice.'

DAVIS

I could really use a brief on this.

LATHAM

Is this home address current?

DAVIS

Yes, it's up in Spanish Harlem. But Gonchar should be at work now.

Latham refers to the file.

LATHAM

A noodle house on East 45th Street?

DAVIS

He's a busboy there.

LATHAM

Alright, get back in touch with the Janus people. Tell them to reassure Gonchar that we're reviewing his case with every intention of an expedited resolution. That should buy us some time.

DAVIS

(sighs, relieved)  
Right.

LATHAM

Who's handling him in the Resettlement Office?

DAVIS

Preston Bentley.

RESETTLEMENT OFFICE

The door is open. Latham enters and looks around; no one is there. The doors to a combination-lock file cabinet are open. Latham crosses to the desk. The bottom drawer is pulled out part way, revealing a bottle of whiskey. Latham takes a seat.

PRESTON BENTLEY - 60, balding and wearing a wrinkled suit - enters, blowing his nose into a handkerchief. He's startled to see Latham and shoves the handkerchief into his pants pocket.

BENTLEY

Did we have an appointment?

LATHAM

You always leave classified materials unsecured?

He points to the cabinet. Bentley quickly closes its doors.

BENTLEY

I was only in the lav for a minute.

He sits, anxious and worried. His eyes flit to the open bottom desk drawer. He furtively closes it with his foot.

BENTLEY (CONT'D)

So, you're with Security?

LATHAM

I'm Warren Latham, head of Domestic Operations. You're Preston Bentley?

BENTLEY

Yeah. What can I do for you?

LATHAM

Viktor Gonchar.

Bentley shrugs, completely at sea.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

He's the KGB defector you resettled two years ago!

BENTLEY

Alright! What about him?

LATHAM

You know he's planning to redefect?

BENTLEY

Good, let him. Makes my job easier.

Furious, Latham jumps up. He yanks open the bottom desk drawer, grabs the bottle of whiskey and sets it on the desk.

LATHAM

When did you last do your job, huh?!  
Or is that a trick question?

Embarrassed but defiant, Bentley snatches the bottle and puts it back in the bottom desk drawer.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Did you pass Gonchar off to the Janus Foundation?

BENTLEY

I don't have to answer you.

LATHAM

You can't be that stupid. I can have you written up for security lapses and being too damn drunk to work. You'll be fired, Bentley; that means no pension, no benefits. Nothing.

BENTLEY

Go ahead! Why should you be any different than anyone else here.

LATHAM

You passed him off, didn't you?

BENTLEY

They got places for these people to live and jobs already lined up.

LATHAM

Yeah, in a slum. A job as a busboy!

Bentley is ashamed. Latham pulls Gonchar's file from his satchel and lays it open on the desk for Bentley to read.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

A little less than what he was promised, wouldn't you say?

BENTLEY

(as he reads...)

Sonofabitch... I remember him now. No! Everything's on hold with him.

LATHAM

Why?

BENTLEY

'Cause he's a dispatched agent.

LATHAM

Who decided he's a KGB plant?

BENTLEY

C.I. Here, take this shit back.

He hands the file back to Latham who puts it in his satchel. Revitalized, Bentley gets up, crosses to the file cabinet and pulls a report from a file. He returns to his seat and hands the report to Latham.

BENTLEY (CONT'D)

C.I.'s assessment was based on Intel from the Intelligence Directorate. But you can see there's no details.

LATHAM

And you didn't question that?

BENTLEY

No! I do what I'm told, and that's direct any inquiries up my chain of command. And that's the end of it.

Frustrated, Latham hands Bentley the report and leaves.

NEW YORK CIA STATION - CHIEF OF STATION'S OFFICE

Latham is there alone and on the Red phone.

LATHAM

Collette, get ahold of D-Int. Tell him I need to speak to him about a KGB defector named Viktor Gonchar. He came over two years ago in New York. D-Int has a brief on him.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Want me to get him on the phone?

LATHAM

Wait 'till I get back. I'm taking the next shuttle flight, so I should be there in about three hours.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Right, I'll tell him. Oh, you have a meeting with Harry Stevenson today.

LATHAM

Oh, man... I forgot all about it.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Me too, sorry. Should I reschedule?

LATHAM

No, have Bazzo talk to that loony toon. I'll see you in a few hours.

He hangs up.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - EAST 45TH STREET - DAY

DINA ORLOV - a female KGB agent, Yuri Gvozdev's Number Two in Washington, D.C. - wears a blouse and godet skirt, and carries a shoulder bag. She speaks to VIKTOR GONCHAR, late-40s, wearing a food-stained apron over a T-shirt and black slacks.

With the Chrysler Building looming in the background, the Two stroll past cheap restaurants and storefronts selling clothes, electronics and cameras. (They speak Russian.)

GONCHAR

Ya poluchil mnogo obeshchaniy,  
kogda byl svezhim limonom. Do sikh  
por vse ostayutsya obeshchaniyami.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I got a lot of promises when I was the 'fresh lemon.' Up to now, things are still promises."

DINA

I teper', kogda vy dali TSRU to,  
chto ono khotelo, amerikantsy s  
vami rasstalis'.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "And now that you gave the CIA what it wanted, the Americans are through with you."

Gonchar nods; he's frustrated and upset.

DINA (CONT'D)

Itak, vy pribezhali k nam,  
ozhidaya, chto my vas vstretim s  
rasprostertymi ob'yat'yami.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "So, you came running to us, expecting that we would welcome you with open arms."

GONCHAR

Ya khotel znat', chto mozhet  
sluchit'sya so mnoy, yesli ya  
vernus' v Moskvu. Ya dumayu, chto  
menya privlekli k voyennomu  
tribunalu, no ya ne znayu prigovora.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I wanted to know what would happen to me if I returned to Moscow. I think I was court-martialed, but I don't know my sentence."

DINA

Skazhite, a pochemu vy poprosili o  
vstreche s kem-to iz vashingtonskoy  
rezidentury?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Tell me, why did you ask to meet with someone from the Washington station?"

GONCHAR

Ya slyshal, chto tovarishch Gvozdev  
byl chesten, chto on skoreye  
poslushayet menya, chem pokhitit i  
otpravit obratno v Moskvu v  
bagazhniku.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I had heard that Comrade Gvozdev was fair, that he would listen to me rather than have me snatched and sent back to Moscow in a trunk."

He anxiously grabs Dina's arm. They stop by a camera shop featuring Polaroid-Land cameras.

GONCHAR (CONT'D)

Ya byl neprav?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Was I wrong?"

DINA

Ya pogovoryu s nim i dam vam znat'.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I'll talk to him and let you know."

ACROSS THE STREET

A MUSTACHIOED MAN wearing jeans and a Polo shirt looks in the window of a men's clothing shop. His shadow on the window makes it act like a mirror, reflecting Dina and Gonchar across the street.

IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA SHOP

Gonchar gently releases Dina's arm.

DINA

Ya dolzhen pozvonit' vam?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Should I call you?"

GONCHAR

Nyet. Vstretimsya u magazina lapshi  
zavtra v Dvadtsat' soten chasov.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No. Meet me outside the noodle shop tomorrow at eight PM."

DINA

Ladno.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Okay."

GONCHAR

(pleads)

Mozhet, ya mogu tebe doveryat', a  
mozhet, net. No chto by ni  
sluchilos', pozhaluysta, ne navredi  
moyey sem'ye.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Maybe I can trust you, maybe I can't. But whatever happens, please don't harm my family."

Dina nods but does not betray any emotion.

GONCHAR (CONT'D)  
(resignedly)  
Ya dolzhen vernut'sya k rabote.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I have to get back to work."

THE MUSTACHIOED MAN

Watches Dina and Gonchar part, then he walks east on East 45th Street and enters The Roosevelt Hotel.

INT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL - GRAND LOBBY

The Mustachioed Man walks to the end of the lobby where it narrows to a stairwell, then down a flight of stairs to a...

CORRIDOR

With a service elevator, shoeshine stall and some small shops. He walks past them to another stairway with a yellow stripe on the stairs. He walks down them to a landing that opens to a...

PASSAGEWAY

With mustard yellow tiles stretching for several city blocks. The Mustachioed Man walks about one city block, passing only a handful of fellow travelers, and comes upon a set of glass double-doors. A sign on the wall reads "The Chrysler Bldg." He passes through the double doors; a WHOOSH of air rushes in behind him as he walks up a stairwell to the...

LANDING

A bank of two elevators and restrooms sit there. Above the elevators is an art deco image of the Chrysler Building. The doors on one elevator open. A YOUNG WOMAN steps out. She nods slightly as she passes by the Mustachioed Man on her way down the stairs. He steps into the elevator.

Someone who has just climbed the stairs appears on the top step wearing shorts and a blouse - Dina. She watches the elevator doors close then heads to the Ladies Room. She grins and reaches into her shoulder bag, pulling out a godet skirt.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the Lincoln Memorial and Washington Monument.

3100 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, NW - BRITISH EMBASSY COMPOUND

The Union Jack flies over the roof of the main building.

INT. MI6 OFFICE

LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) is at his desk reading through a file. FIONA JEFFRIES enters. Jones stands courteously.

JONES

This came from your friend Ted  
Hemmings at the State Department.

He hands Fiona the file and gestures for her to sit. As she  
does, he takes a pile of folders from the table and lays them  
on his desk. He sits and grabs the top file off the pile.

JONES (CONT'D)

They're notes from a CIA asset who  
attended a meeting of the John Birch  
Society. A couple of members of the  
JCS were mentioned as being in  
support of a presidential coup.

FIONA

(reads)

'General Stans and Lt. Colonel  
Easton.' My God... This should have  
gone straight to Warren.

JONES

A copy's already made its way there.

FIONA

Oh, good. So why did we get this?

JONES

You did such a good job tweaking the  
Dixie Klan's nose that State assumed  
we're part of the CIA's operation.

Fiona SCOFFS in disgust.

JONES (CONT'D)

Take it as a compliment.

He sifts through the folders, half-paying attention to Fiona.

FIONA

I couldn't stand to spend another  
minute around those racist bastards.

JONES

You probably won't have to. Warren  
expects Carla to be back next week.

FIONA

You think so.

JONES

Why, you know differently?

FIONA

I think her views on the Special  
Section may have changed.



JONES

Why, you spoke to her?

FIONA

This morning, before I came in.

Jones stops reading and waggles his finger for emphasis.

JONES

It was being left on her own in East Berlin, wasn't it? No Mayday book.

FIONA

Partly. She's had a lot of time to think about it.

JONES

And now she has doubts about what she does, right?

FIONA

Yes. She sees it as a game of dirty tricks with no intelligence aspect.

JONES

It's hardly a game where lives are at stake.

FIONA

The way Carla sees it, the only lives at stake are ours.

This gives Jones pause. Fiona takes the folder and leaves.

## ACT TWO

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

On the chain-link fence is a sign with CIA's red, white and blue emblem, and the street address.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

HARRY STEVENSON, 45 - a skinny, twitchy little man casually dressed - is escorted inside by a tall, uniformed MARINE CORPS ESCORT. COLLETTE DOWD stops typing and looks up.

MARINE CORPS ESCORT

This is Mr. Harry Stevenson.

COLLETTE

Thank you, Sergeant.

The Marine Corps Escort leaves. Collette finds Stevenson's assorted tics annoying and distracting.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Latham is out, but Paul Barry  
will see you. Have a seat, please.

Stevenson sits. Collette picks up the Red phone and dials.

BAZZO (O.S.)  
1-1-3-7...

COLLETTE  
Harry Stevenson is here.

BAZZO (O.S.)  
Be right up.

CLICK. Collette hangs up and eyes a fidgety Stevenson.

COLLETTE  
He'll be here in a minute. Can I  
offer you something to drink?

STEVENSON  
You got Moxie?

COLLETTE  
What?

STEVENSON  
Moxie. You know...

COLLETTE  
No, I don't. 'You got moxie.' What  
is that, a line from some old movie?

STEVENSON  
Huh? I'm asking about the drink.

COLLETTE  
Oh, that! Geezus. No, no Moxie...  
How can you stand to drink that  
stuff? That aftertaste, ugh!

Stevenson shrugs as Collette CRINGES - just as Bazzo enters.

BAZZO  
Everything alright here?

COLLETTE  
We're out of Moxie.

Bazzo is bewildered and turns to Stevenson.

BAZZO  
You're Harry Stevenson?

Stevenson nods and quickly stands.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
I'm Paul Barry. Let's talk in here.

He escorts Stevenson into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Bazzo motions for Stevenson to sit first, then he sits.

STEVENSON  
Remember me? I saw you once before.

BAZZO  
Yeah, the Bay of Pigs operation.

STEVENSON  
Right! I gave Mr. Latham info on the anti-Castro movement inside Cuba.

BAZZO  
You worked for us as a result of a plea agreement arranged after you'd been indicted as an unregistered agent of a foreign government.

Stevenson is chagrined and adds licking his lips to his tics.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
When you were debriefed, you told us the Cuban people would rise up against Castro, which they didn't.

STEVENSON  
Hey, you can't blame me for that. Anyway, it's all water under the bridge though, right?

BAZZO  
Why do you want to see Mr. Latham?

STEVENSON  
Little while ago I joined the John Birch Society. Man, they got some real nut cases over there. And all of 'em wanna see Kennedy on ice.

BAZZO  
Really.

STEVENSON  
Oh, yeah. They already tried to kill him. That time he was in Mexico City, and on that trip he just made to Illinois. They had two Klansmen there as triggermen, but I guess they couldn't pull it off.

Bazzo's interest is piqued, but he barely shows it.

BAZZO

Sounds like someone has inside information on Kennedy's plans. You know who coordinated these plots?

STEVENSON

Yeah, one of 'em was General Walker, the one Kennedy fired.

BAZZO

Any others?

STEVENSON

Um, two other guys. I never saw 'em but I hear one of them's coming to tomorrow's meeting here. What the hell's they're names... Stans and Easton? Yeah, Stans and Easton.

EXT. NORTH ROTARY ROAD - THE PENTAGON - DAY

Stock footage of this landmark building.

THE CENTER OF THE PENTAGON - OPEN-AIR FOOD STAND

CIVILIAN and MILITARY PERSONNEL wait to buy hotdogs. Some sit on benches or at the tables, others mill about as they eat. Stans and Easton stroll far from the crowd.

STANS

That Martin Luther King fellow's addressing the National Press Club tomorrow night. You going?

EASTON

I'm speaking at the John Birch Society meeting on The Beltway. Why? Don't tell me you're going.

STANS

Yes.

EASTON

What the hell for?

STANS

King's no fool; and he's not a communist either. I think he's onto something - something the Old Guard saw coming.

EASTON

The Old Guard... Sad, what's happened to all of them.

(MORE)

EASTON (CONT'D)

Lankford, Hammarskjöld, Gillis...  
And now Carol Blair. I guess it's  
true; time and tide wait for no  
man, or woman.

STANS

You little prick, Easton.

EASTON

What? What did I say?

STANS

Lankford and Gillis were good  
generals - and good people. They  
served this country with dignity.

EASTON

A little late for sentimentality.

STANS

Maybe. At least they never clashed  
with Eisenhower - not publicly like  
MacArthur did with Truman, or we've  
done with Kennedy.

EASTON

MacArthur had no regrets. I know I  
don't, and you shouldn't either.

STANS

Yeah, well, right now I'm thinking  
about the next wunderkind who comes  
along and decides my time is up.

He looks away wistfully. Easton eyes Stans warily as they  
continue their stroll away from the crowd.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Collette is editing a paper as Latham enters. She picks up an  
envelope from her desk.

COLLETTE

Hi. D-Int says to come by his  
office whenever you get in.

LATHAM

Must be a slow day over there.

COLLETTE

You also got an invitation to  
Martin Luther King's address at the  
National Press Club. It's tomorrow  
night.

She hands Latham the envelope. He's curious and opens it.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

And Carla's down in The Hole. She said she can do paperwork; that takes some of the load off Paul.

LATHAM

Good. Tell D-Int I'm on my way.

Latham pockets the invitation and leaves.

INT. NEALY'S OFFICE - DAY

BILL NEALY (D-INT) sits at his desk. Latham is his rapt audience, sitting with a file open on his lap. He reads through it while Nealy sips tea and holds court.

NEALY

Gonchar says he was sent to Athens to run one of ours, Adam Boswell.

Latham shrugs; he doesn't know Boswell.

NEALY (CONT'D)

He was recruited from the Navy where he was a submarine commander.

EXT. ATHENS, GREECE - DAY - PAST

Stock footage of the city.

INT. MARINE SUPPLY WAREHOUSE

ADAM BOSWELL escorts a client past a stock of huge propellers.

NEALY (O.S.)

Boswell was sent to Athens under commercial cover as a shipping-supply agent. He left CIA last year but stayed on in Athens in the shipping business.

INT. OFFICE

Pictures of merchant marine vessels fill the walls. Boswell pulls a document from his inside sport coat pocket.

INSERT REPORT:

---

INFORMATION REPORT    INFORMATION REPORT  
CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

This material contains information affecting the National Defense of the United States within the meaning of the Espionage Laws, Title 18, U.S.C. Secs. 793 and 794;

the transmission or revelation of which in any manner to an unauthorized person is prohibited by law.

SECRET

---

COUNTRY USSR (Moscow and Yaroslavl Oblasts) REPORT NO. 2120C  
SUBJECT Soviet Naval Arsenal DATE DISTR. 7 September 1961  
NO. OF PAGES 1

DATE OF INFO. Summer 1961 REQUIREMENT NO. C05523235  
PLACE ACQUIRED USSR REFERENCES

---

THE SOURCE EVALUATIONS IN THIS REPORT ARE DEFINITIVE.  
THE APPRAISAL OF CONTENT IS TENTATIVE.  
(FOR KEY SEE REVERSE)

---

SOURCE: Usually reliable local observer (B).  
Appraisal of Content: 3

1. The Soviet Navy now has a submarine that can operate (mozhet plavat) at a depth of 400 meters. This submarine cannot be spotted by aircraft; it is also secure from depth charges, because the latter are effective only at much shallower depths.

2. Informant also disclosed that the Soviet naval air arm uses the same type of plane as land aviation.

1. USN-ONI Comment: Available data indicates a test depth of 328 feet for the S-class of Soviet submarines.

---

STATE	x	ARMY	x	NAVY	Ev	x	AIR	x	FBI		AEC		OSI	Ev	x	
-------	---	------	---	------	----	---	-----	---	-----	--	-----	--	-----	----	---	--

---

(Note: Washington distr. indicated by "X"; Field distr.)

BACK TO SCENE

Boswell puts the report in a camera accessory bag and leaves.

EXT. NATIONAL GARDENS - IRODOU ATTIKOU STREET - CAFE - DAY

Gonchar and Boswell munch on "koulouri Thessalonikis" - bread rings covered in sesame seeds. As they get up to leave, they grab the other's camera accessory bag.

NEALY (O.S.)

Given Boswell's Navy background,  
Gonchar asked him to furnish reports  
CIA had on Soviet submarines.

INT. LONDON - PADDINGTON STATION - DAY

A train slowly pulls in and stops. Passengers alight, Boswell among them. He's dressed in a tweed suit and bowler hat.

NEALY (O.S.)

Gonchar also says Boswell ID'ed our officers in Athens and London, where he'd moved earlier this year.

Suddenly, plainclothes policemen approach Boswell. They flash identification and quickly escort him along the platform.

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

Later, Special Branch arrested him.

INT. BOW STREET MAGISTRATES COURTHOUSE

Boswell stands in the dock, facing the MAGISTRATE, while the PROSECUTOR reads aloud the charges.

NEALY (O.S.)

Boswell was arraigned and charged with espionage and violating Britain's Official Secrets Act. They held him for six weeks before he was released on bail.

EXT. BOW STREET MAGISTRATES COURTHOUSE - DAY

Boswell and his BARRISTER leave the courthouse, raising their umbrellas against the rain. Boswell looks relieved and smiles.

NEALY (O.S.)

A month later all charges were dropped. Boswell said whatever he passed on had been supplied to him by CIA to dupe the Russians.

INT. NEALY'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT

Nealy sips some tea. As Latham flips through the documents in the file, Nealy gets up and meanders about his office.

NEALY

Boswell says he was conducting legitimate business with the Russians when they began pressuring him for information. He reported this to our Athens station. C.I. then supplied him with chicken feed to pass onto the Russians. Athens station confirmed all this with the prosecutor who had no choice but to drop the charges.

LATHAM

This hold up with Gonchar... Is it a question of whether Boswell's the KGB's joe, or was Boswell duping the KGB on behalf of CIA?



NEALY

C.I. believes Gonchar was sent here to cast aspersions on Boswell. We question his loyalty, which forces us to rotate staff in Athens and London, disrupting operations there.

LATHAM

What do you think?

NEALY

I think Boswell's doubling.

LATHAM

Hmm... Would Gonchar risk going public if he were a provocateur? It would support his legend, but...

NEALY

That's the \$64,000 question, isn't it? Is it the KGB, benefiting by airing our dirty laundry? Or is Gonchar a real defector who's being punished because of C.I.'s paranoia?

MID-SHOW BREAK

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

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

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham, Bazzo and DiLauria are there, open file folders before them. DiLauria has a walking cane leaning against her chair. The discussion is often heated, particularly for DiLauria.

DILAURIA

Even if Gonchar is a plant, wouldn't settling up with him sandbag the KGB's efforts to embarrass us?

LATHAM

It would, but C.I. refuses.

DILAURIA

So instead, we opt for killing him.

LATHAM

Silencing him protects the Company.

DILAURIA

Protects? I thought that was a judgment made to limit the potential damage from our own traitors. And even then it was a last resort.

LATHAM

If Gonchar goes public it'll ruin our credibility with any future defectors, not to mention exposing our sources and methods.

BAZZO

I don't like the idea of killing him either, Carla. But this is still war, even if it is a cold one.

DILAURIA

Don't talk to me like I'm some simpleton, Paul. There's more at play here than just expediency.

LATHAM

There is. But the question comes down to one death to save many.

DILAURIA

And the many are all ours - all part of this stupid spy-versus-spy game.

BAZZO

Why don't you ask the people in East Berlin if it's a game? They risk their lives to get to the West.

DiLauria huffs, briefly chastened; but she is still upset.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

The simple fact is they look at us as the last line of defense against the communists.

DILAURIA

Geezus, will you stop parroting that stupid jingoism?! The only reason we're considering killing Gonchar is because of how tempting it is.

LATHAM

Tempting how?

DILAURIA

It beats having to face our own shortcomings! MOTHER can't resolve if Gonchar's a plant or not because of his own paranoia. And no one's willing to challenge him on this!

LATHAM

(soberly)

I can't deny that; I can't.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

But it doesn't change the facts;  
Gonchar could damage us by going  
public.

BAZZO

Why are you so pissed off? We've  
had to make moral judgments like  
this before, and it's always been  
for the good of the country.

DILAURIA

Those were political killings where  
the authority came from the  
president. As for morality, you  
tell me where the morality is in a  
premeditated, extrajudicial killing  
of a man whose only crime is having  
MOTHER question his bonafides?

DiLauria has struck a nerve; Bazzo is embarrassed. But Latham  
looks especially wounded. Bazzo sees this and is anxious to  
move the meeting along. He clears his throat.

BAZZO

Let's, um, get to this last item  
here, the John Birch Society.

DiLauria flips a page. Latham does so absently; he's entering  
the throes of an existential crisis.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

This is from the State Department.  
GOLIATH-1 attended a meeting where  
they discussed a coup against the  
president and named Stans and Easton  
as supporters. I spoke with Harry  
Stevenson who confirmed this. He  
heard either Stans or Easton might  
be at the JBS meeting here tomorrow.

LATHAM

(very melancholy)

Berard once told me that we can't  
afford to yield to some higher  
virtue while the other side of the  
Iron Curtain acts ruthlessly and  
with impunity. You're right, Carla;  
we've failed. We can't determine if  
Gonchar's a true defector or not.  
Maybe this forces us to reexamine  
ourselves, our methods - I don't  
know. But it doesn't solve the  
immediate problem. Killing Gonchar  
seemed to be the best solution, but  
I'm not sure if that's true  
anymore, and I'm ashamed of that.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I'm ashamed I can't do better than resort to killing. But right now the only effective solution is to act as badly as our enemies.

Bazzo and DiLauria are stunned; neither one were prepared for Latham's steep walk through his soul.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Let's break for now. We'll come back to this in an hour.

Bazzo stands and offers to help DiLauria, but she shakes her head. She pushes herself upright using the chair, then grabs her cane and the folder. Bazzo grabs his folder and opens the door. DiLauria limps out. Bazzo leaves, shutting the door.

Latham leans back in his chair, preoccupied. He picks up the Gray phone and dials.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham steps out of his office. Collette looks up from typing.

LATHAM

Be back in an hour.

COLLETTE

Where can I reach you?

Latham shakes his head no and leaves.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - LAFAYETTE SQUARE PARK - DAY

The park sits across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House, which looms in the background. People loll about on this hot day. Latham holds hands with Fiona as they stroll.

FIONA

Poor Gonchar. You debrief him, get what you can out of him, then kick him out into the street where he has to fend for himself. He'd have been better off staying in Russia.

LATHAM

If he'd gone to MI6, he'd have ended up in the same boat.

FIONA

The hell he would!

LATHAM

When a Party official says he wants to defect, your people try to convince him to stay in place.

FIONA

Same as your people.

LATHAM

Yes, but you dangle the promise of asylum later on. Meanwhile, your joe's just taken on a huge risk. If he's uncovered, he's dead.

FIONA

At least they know the risk. How many defectors have you attracted with an offer to wash dishes for a living?

Latham curls a weak, embarrassed smile. Fiona hooks his arm.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I know this wasn't an easy decision for you in the past, but something's made it a lot harder now. What?

LATHAM

(sighs)

I don't know... Maybe part of it is what's happened to Berard's old friends - and what he's asked me to do. And Carla was so angry today, questioning the morality of it.

FIONA

She's had a lot of time to reflect on it.

LATHAM

She must have always had doubts.

FIONA

I thought about that after I saw her. Maybe this doesn't apply here, but it made me think of how a photo is the way others see you. When you look in a mirror, the image you see is reversed. You put the two images side by side and they look similar, but slightly different. What you and Paul, and even Carla herself saw was that photo of herself. Now she's had time to look in the mirror. She still sees the Carla in the photo, absolutely. But she also sees the Carla in the mirror. Make sense?

LATHAM

(thinks it over)

It does.

FIONA

As for Gonchar, C.I. distrusts him because he's a traitor, am I right?

LATHAM

Yes.

FIONA

If he's a real defector, then he's only a traitor to his own country. You won't be sparing millions of American lives by killing him.

Latham nods disconsolately.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I know you're caught betwixt and between on the ethics here. If you do decide to eliminate him, don't look for any moral imperative to justify it, because there isn't any.

They continue strolling.

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

A view of the south facade portico of Building C.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters. Collette puts the cover on her typewriter.

COLLETTE

You're wanted in the Ops Room. Paul's already down there.

LATHAM

Where are you going?

COLLETTE

Home. I have a date tonight and I don't intend to be late.

LATHAM

Don't tell me you're back with SMOTH.

COLLETTE

They're waiting for you downstairs.

Latham arches and eyebrow then leaves.

OPERATIONS ROOM - DUTY DESK

It's the usual PURL of teletype machines, chatter and ringing phones. The 24-hour wall clock reads 19:45.

NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY are on duty. Bazzo stands beside Owens, reading notes on a legal pad. Latham enters.

LATHAM

What's up?

Bazzo gestures with his hand toward Owens.

OWENS

When our New York Number Two, Cathy Danvers, went to lunch, she took the elevator down to the subway concourse level.

BAZZO

To limit her exposure to the public.

OWENS

Right. She's about to get off the elevator and sees Dominic Ruggiero from C.I. waiting to get on. She gives him the perfunctory nod...

FARRELL

Rather than trip the bastard.

OWENS

And goes down the stairs. But guess who she sees coming up the stairs?

FARRELL

It's the suspense that gets me!

Latham throws Farrell a sidelong glance.

INT. CHRYSLER BUILDING - BELOW GROUND LANDING - PAST

Above a bank of two elevators is an art deco image of the Chrysler Building. The doors to one elevator open. Young CATHY DANVERS steps out and sees mustachioed DOMINIC RUGGIERO waiting there. She nods as she passes him on her way to the...

STAIRWELL

As Cathy walks down the stairs, she passes by Dina who is on her way up.

OWENS (O.S.)

Dina Orlov, Yuri Gvozdev's Number Two.

CATHY

Stops at the bottom of the stairwell and pushes open one of the glass double-doors. A gust of air tousles her hair.

She slips off her shoes and furtively climbs a few steps until she sees Dina.

OWENS (O.S.)

Danvers made like she'd gone into the concourse, then climbed up to sneak a peek. She saw Dina watch Ruggiero get into the elevator, then go into the Ladies Room, pulling a skirt from her bag - like she was going to change clothes.

She sees Dina watch the elevator doors close, then head to the Ladies Room while pulling a godet skirt from her shoulder bag.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DUTY DESK - PRESENT

Owens waits for a response from Latham, who looks puzzled.

LATHAM

And Danvers is sure it was Dina?

OWENS

She saw her often enough when she was here on the Soviet Desk.

BAZZO

Why would Dina be tailing C.I. in New York? Their rezidentura handle surveillance jobs all the time.

OWENS

I used to live around there, Turtle Bay. You don't wander into the East 45th Street concourse by accident. It's not exactly hidden but it's pretty hard to find.

LATHAM

East 45th... That's where Viktor Gonchar works, at some noodle house.

He meanders about, mulling it over.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

If Dina was tailing Ruggiero, then C.I. is surveilling Gonchar. Hm, at least that part of his story's true.

BAZZO

Then the KGB must have C.I. under countersurveillance.

LATHAM

And being ex-KGB, Gonchar would've spotted them both.



BRADLEY

So much for tradecraft.

LATHAM

Gonchar told the Janus Foundation he was considering redefecting. So he must have reached out to Yuri Gvozdev, see what happens next.

FARRELL

Why wouldn't he just call the Russian Embassy in New York?

LATHAM

Contacting Gvozdev was a precaution against any nastiness from his former pals there.

OWENS

Well, with Ruggiero on surveillance, you can be sure he had no idea the KGB were watching him.

BAZZO

Why, is he that dense?

OWENS

I was at ISOLATION with him when we were JOTs. Our first day we're going through the routine - you know, taken to the Pit where the Base Security Officer briefs you on all the do's and don'ts? First thing he tells us is about all the foreigners who train there; he called them 'black' trainees. So Ruggiero leans over to me. He's dead serious and says he never knew there were any African intelligence services.

BAZZO

Idiot.

As Latham mulls this over, a female CIA OFFICER approaches him with a memo on a clipboard. As Latham scans the memo...

LATHAM

I was hoping I'd bought us some time. Doesn't look like it though... Paul, I want you to go to New York.

He signs the memo; the CIA Officer leaves. Bazzo pounds Owens's desk with his fist.

BAZZO

I knew it'd come down to this!

He storms about. Owens, Farrell and Bradley grow tense.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
Another dirty fucking job.

LATHAM  
Just hold on and listen! Gonchar was tried in absentia but I don't know what sentence was passed. You need to convince him that, despite any assurances he gets from Gvozdev, Moscow will still want to make an example of him.

OWENS  
Sir, they could treat him like the return of the prodigal son. Show the world this image of the KGB as ruthless is just Western propaganda.

LATHAM  
Or he could serve out his sentence, which could mean the firing squad.

Owens nods, conceding the possibility.

BAZZO  
And what if he refuses to stay?

Everyone at the Duty Desk waits for Latham's response.

LATHAM  
Then I'll deal with him myself.

The words were unexpected; the shock palpable. Bazzo recognizes this. He calms down and changes the subject.

BAZZO  
Why don't we go to The Hole, Boss; go over that report on the John Birch Society.

LATHAM  
No. I'll deal with that later. You need to get off to New York. James, brief mandarin One on Viktor Gonchar.

OWENS  
Yes, sir.

Latham leaves. Farrell's Red phone RINGS; he answers it.

FARRELL  
0-4-3-3...

Meanwhile, Bazzo sits with Owens. Bradley grabs two black binders: one labeled "Flight Schedules, Northeast Corridor"; the other, "Safehouses," then slides his chair next to Owens.

ACT THREE

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

Lights are still on in most of the buildings in the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

A Black CHARWOMAN vacuums the floor.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is at his desk, his suitcoat draped over the back of his chair. He pores over a file. Though his door is closed, the WHINE of the vacuum cleaner provides the ambient noise. He reaches into the suitcoat's inner pocket, takes out his pocket notepad and writes, "**Holiday Inn, 4610 North Fairfax Dr, Arlington, Va, 6:30 pm**". He gets up, puts on his suitcoat and puts the notepad back in his inside pocket.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The door to Latham's Office opens; he steps out. As he sidesteps the Charwoman...

LATHAM

Good night.

The Charwoman seemingly can't hear him above the din of the vacuum cleaner; she ignores him and continues vacuuming. Latham shrugs and leaves. The Charwoman rolls her eyes.

CHARWOMAN

Yeah, good night, Mr. Bigshot.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Stock footage of the midtown Manhattan skyline from the East River.

EAST 45TH STREET

It's lunchtime. The street is so densely packed with people it looks like they're crammed together to watch a parade. Several people enter tiny CHOU'S NOODLE HOUSE.

INT. CHOU'S NOODLE HOUSE

Sparse and cramped; no money was wasted decorating this place. The six tables are filled with people slurping soups with noodles and pork or beef.

A line of customers waits by the cashier for seats or their take-out. The cash register seems to RING nonstop.

As soon as customers at the tables finish eating, Gonchar swoops in. He clears the table of its cheap dinnerware and wipes the surface clean, then retreats into the kitchen.

BAZZO

Walks over to a table where people are eating.

BAZZO

Excuse me, I just want to get a couple of napkins.

The customers ignore him, save for one who waves his hand about to get Bazzo to make it quick.

Bazzo returns to the small area by the cashier where there is a payphone on the wall. He takes a marker pen from his pocket and, using the side of the payphone, he writes a 'V' on one of the napkins.

DINING AREA

A table empties. As the customers leave, Bazzo crosses to the table and lays the 'V' napkin there, just as Gonchar approaches. Gonchar glances at Bazzo then picks up the napkin and clears the table.

A CUSTOMER by the cash register YELLS.

CUSTOMER

Hey, pal - we're next!

BAZZO

Sorry.

BAZZO

Retreats to the area by the cashier. The indignant CUSTOMER and his party brusquely pass by him on their way to the table.

AT THE KITCHEN

Gonchar looks out the open doorway. He and Bazzo eye each other briefly, then Gonchar rushes to bus another table.

EXT. 45TH STREET - DAY

Bazzo waits in the doorway of a service entrance across the street from Chou's Noodle House. He sees Gonchar walk out the tiny restaurant. Bazzo crosses the street and joins him.

GONCHAR

I have half-hour break.

Bazzo looks about and sees Ruggiero sitting in a gray sedan about 50 feet ahead of them.

BAZZO  
C'mon, let's get a cab.

He and Gonchar walk east, against the flow of traffic. Bazzo looks back and sees Ruggiero scramble to pull into traffic. But the traffic light is Red and the vehicles are backed up halfway down the block. Bazzo grins.

LEXINGTON AVENUE

Bazzo hails a Checker Taxi. He and Gonchar get in and the taxi drives away.

I/E. CHECKER TAXI

Bazzo leans forward near the HACK.

BAZZO  
Canal Street and West Broadway.

He leans back in the seat.

GONCHAR  
When I write letter 'V' on the post  
at the picnic ground in Gorkiy Park.  
My handler knows I'm ready to go.

BAZZO  
I wanted you to know it's the  
Company you keep, and not your old  
firm.

GONCHAR  
Okay. So let's not waste time. What  
do you have for me?

BAZZO  
We have people reviewing your case.

Gonchar wastes no time with his anger. He throws up his hands and waves off Bazzo.

GONCHAR  
Chush' sobach'ya! Every time I ask  
your people for help, I get same  
answer!

BAZZO  
Viktor...

GONCHAR  
No! I am sick from it! So many  
promises.

(MORE)

GONCHAR (CONT'D)

Your people, very good making promises. I have family. Do you understand that? My wife cannot work. My daughter cannot go to school. I have no money. No money! What am I supposed to do, work like peasant for the rest of my life? This is not why I come here!

BAZZO

I'd be mad, too, if I were you.

GONCHAR

Mad enough to see through your lies? Huh? Mad enough to go back?

BAZZO

You don't want to do that, Viktor.

GONCHAR

Why, because I embarrass your Company?

BAZZO

No, because your old firm can't be trusted, despite what you've heard.

GONCHAR

How do you know what I hear, huh? You hear it on my phone? No, you don't know what waits for me.

BAZZO

You really think you'll be welcomed back as some sort of hero, escaping the clutches of a decadent West? Come on, you of all people should know better. Whatever sentence you received, forget it. Your firm will make an example of you to deter others from coming over.

GONCHAR

Maybe people at Janus Foundation have right idea. Go public. Force you to acknowledge your obligation.

BAZZO

Give us more time to try and work this out, Viktor.

GONCHAR

Yes, be patient. Otherwise, what? You throw me off roof of tall building?

(MORE)

GONCHAR (CONT'D)

You already treat me like I am one  
of your country's Black people. How  
much worse can it get for me?

Bazzo is ashamed, and it is difficult not to show this.

GONCHAR (CONT'D)

Go back to your masters. Tell them  
from me to go to hell! Driver, stop  
here.

The Checker Taxi pulls to the curb at Astor Place. Bazzo pays  
the Hack, then he and Gonchar alight.

GONCHAR (CONT'D)

I will take subway back.

BAZZO

Why don't you think it over. We can  
talk about it later tonight.

GONCHAR

Like one of your expressions goes,  
'Don't call me, I'll call you.'

Gonchar walks away and enters the subway entrance. Bazzo  
hails another Checker Taxi and gets in.

I/E. SECOND CHECKER TAXI

Bazzo slides behind the cigar-chomping SECOND HACK.

BAZZO

105 West 13th Street.

The Second Hack drops the flag on the meter and drives away.  
Bazzo looks out the rear window. He sees a Plymouth Yellow  
Taxi pull away from the curb, half a block behind him.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Do me a favor. Go west on 9th  
Street. Don't go up 6th Avenue. Go  
across to 8th Avenue and go north.  
You'll make an extra buck that way.

SECOND HACK

Hey, it's your money, pal.

The Second Checker Taxi turns west onto 9th Street. Bazzo  
looks out the rear window. The Plymouth Yellow Taxi cuts off  
traffic to make a hurried left turn onto 9th Street.

Bazzo leans back in the seat and nods knowingly to himself.  
He pulls a \$10 bill from his wallet and hands it to the  
Second Hack.

BAZZO

Pull over at the corner by the phone booth. I need to make a call. Wait for me.

SECOND HACK

Don't take too long.

The Second Checker Taxi pulls to the curb.

CORNER OF WEST 10TH STREET

Bazzo alights and goes into the phone booth. As he puts a dime in the coin slot and dials, the Plymouth Yellow Taxi rolls by. Bazzo can see Dina in the backseat. Meanwhile, on the phone...

OPERATOR (O.S.)

At the tone the time will be three thirty-eight and ten seconds.

A BEEP comes over the phone. Bazzo hangs up and gets back in the Second Checker Taxi.

I/E. SECOND CHECKER TAXI

Bazzo settles in the backseat. The Second Hack looks at him.

BAZZO

No one home.

The Second Hack shrugs. He faces front, puts the Second Checker Taxi in gear and pulls into traffic.

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

A shift change is underway as several CIA OFFICERS enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is at his desk. He checks the 24-hour wall clock; it reads 17:00. He reaches back for his satchel behind his chair when there is a KNOCK on the door. He quickly spins around, as though not wanting to be caught.

LATHAM

Come in.

DiLauria limps in; she looks worried. Latham stands.

DILAURIA

Do you have a minute?

LATHAM

Of course. Take a seat.



DiLauria eases herself into a chair. Latham sits.

DILAURIA

I want to apologize for my outburst yesterday. It was uncalled for.

LATHAM

You spoke your mind, that's all.

DILAURIA

It's just that I have conflicted feelings about what we do.

LATHAM

'Cause of that idiot in East Berlin?

DILAURIA

(grins sheepishly)

I forget you would've already spoken with Miss Jeffries.

LATHAM

Fiona. C'mon, I know you two are friends. You've been through the wars together, for God sakes.

DILAURIA

I guess we have. Anyway, I'm trying to get my bearings now - about the job, my life...

LATHAM

I understand. If you want to talk to someone...

DILAURIA

A Company psychiatrist? No thanks.

LATHAM

It's confidential.

DILAURIA

You'll know. And so will I.

LATHAM

Okay, but it's there for you if you want it. You know, you gave me some much needed clarity on things.

DILAURIA

Really? You weren't offended?

LATHAM

I'd only be offended if you quit.

DILAURIA  
(relieved)  
I won't.

LATHAM  
Good. I hope you continue to speak  
up; we need that around here. Why  
don't you head on home. Have  
Collette give you a cab voucher.

DILAURIA  
Thanks.

She gets up. Latham also stands.

LATHAM  
See you tomorrow.

DiLauria nods and leaves, shutting the door. Latham turns  
around, gets his satchel and places it on his desk. He  
hesitates. Slowly, a look of resolve settles on his face.  
Finally, he opens his satchel.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters, suitcoat on, carrying his satchel. Collette  
stops the Dictaphone and lowers her earphones.

LATHAM  
I'm going home.

COLLETTE  
Are you going to the Press Club  
tonight, listen to Dr. King?

LATHAM  
Definitely.

Collette is pleased.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
See you tomorrow.

He leaves.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. BELTWAY - HOLIDAY INN - DAY (DUSK)

Traffic WHIZZES by. The familiar sign outside the chain motel  
reads "**JBS Meeting 6:30 pm - Ballroom**".

INT. BALLROOM

This 200-seat room is less than half full. The back of the  
room is dark, as the lights are on only in the front of the  
room. Standing at the lectern before a faded curtain is, once  
again, nondescript HOWARD DAVIES.

Seated behind him are two men, a LOCAL POLITICIAN and Easton, dressed in civilian clothes.

DAVIES

U.N. officials contend that the world body is a peace organization. In fact, the U.N. is a recipe for global despotism. It's ultimate goal is to create a unified, one-world government. In a direct affront to our Second Amendment, the State Department issued a document last year entitled 'Freedom From War: The United States Program for General and Complete Disarmament in a Peaceful World.' It's a call for all nations to disband their armed forces and turnover their military assets and weaponry to the U.N.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The attendees leave the motel for their cars. Easton gets into his Ford Galaxie 500 and drives off the lot.

I/E. FORD GALAXIE 500

Easton drives north on Route 97. He turns off the main road onto 16th Street. Both sides of the street are heavily wooded, with a fence on the right side of the street shielding expensive homes, and more modest homes set back off the road on the other side of the street.

On this stretch of 16th street, there are no street lamps. Easton slows and turns left into a long unmarked...

DIRT ROAD

The trees form a canopy over the road. A modest three-bedroom home without a garage sits off to the right. Easton pulls up to the side of the house. He shuts off the headlights and the engine.

Easton opens the door of his car; its dome light provides modest illumination. There is the CRUNCH of gravel. Easton looks up.

EASTON

Hello?

Sounding like weak firecrackers, three SHOTS from a small caliber gun puncture Easton's eyes and cheek. He falls backwards onto the seat.

Quick, repeated and fading CRUNCHES of gravel mean someone is running away.

In the darkness a car door opens and SLAMS shut. The engine fires up and the car pulls onto the dirt road then turns right onto Route 97.

EXT. THE NATIONAL PRESS BUILDING - NIGHT

Stock footage of this Washington landmark.

INT. BALLROOM

A banner for "The American Society of Newspaper Editors" hangs above the stage. Dr. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., in formal wear, addresses a packed audience dressed for the evening.

Stans sits up front at a table with other Beltway elites. At the back of the room, at a table farthest from the stage, sits Latham.

KING

...The time for racial justice has come. The issue is not whether segregation and discrimination will be eliminated, but how they will pass from the American scene. During the past decade, some intelligent leadership in the South recognized inevitability. But others vainly tried to stop the wind from blowing and the tides from flowing. The recalcitrant forces offered such concepts as nullification and interposition, along with uglier evils, such as bombings, mob violence, and economic reprisals. But the idea whose time had come moved on. And over the rubble left by the violence of the mobsters, many communities resumed their normal activities, and moved out on a new basis of partial integration.

INT. NATIONAL PRESS BUILDING - THE TAPROOM

Resembles a 1920's speakeasy: noisy, White, and all-male. They eat and drink at tables and at a long bar where two portable TVs are tuned to the News.

Stans sits at a table, drinking liquor with other Beltway types. Latham approaches the table.

STANS

I didn't know you were here, Latham.

LATHAM

I got a late invitation.

STANS

You know everyone here. Sit down  
and join us.

The other men slide over to make room for Latham, but he  
remains standing.

LATHAM

Actually, I was wondering if I  
could speak to you for a minute.

STANS

Oh. Excuse me, gentlemen.

MAN AT THE TABLE

Duty calls.

2ND MAN AT THE TABLE

That'll come soon enough. The  
General has a small bladder.

The men laugh. Stans waves them off, gets up and follows  
Latham to a...

CUBBY HOLE

Where the two sit.

STANS

What's up?

LATHAM

It's come to my attention that  
there've been forces working to  
undermine the presidency. Radical  
forces like the Klan, the Minutemen  
and the John Birch Society.

STANS

Why are you looking into it? Isn't  
that the FBI's job?

LATHAM

It should be. Part of my brief is  
to investigate internal threats to  
the country. Over the years I've  
seen a lot of people influence the  
way the government's run. Whether  
it's through accident or natural  
causes or maybe even at the hands  
of others, some of them aren't with  
us any longer. Some of the ones who  
are still around see the changes  
around them and think we're moving  
in the wrong direction. They'd like  
to turn back the clock, or stop it.

STANS

You preparing a speech for the  
Rotary Club?

LATHAM

No. I'm saying a man should know  
when to leave the party. Hopefully,  
he does so before the party's over.  
Now, you might disagree with me.  
But I'm not as susceptible to  
disagreements as some of the  
recently departed were.

Even through his inebriation, Stans gets the point.

STANS

(worrisomely)  
How long do I have?

LATHAM

That's up to you. Good night,  
General.

Latham leaves. Stans is left stupefied.

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM - NIGHT

The stoops of the tenements are filled with people, all  
speaking Spanish. Others lean against cars and gab loudly.  
Kids splash in the spray of water from a fire hydrant.

At one tenement Gonchar waits in the doorway. A Ford Falcon  
pulls up; Dina is behind the wheel. Gonchar walks over to the  
driver's side door. Dina hands him an envelope which Gonchar  
pockets. She then drives off, and Gonchar heads back inside  
the building.

At a bodega on the corner, a group of men loll about outside.  
One of them enters the store.

INT. BODEGA

The STORE CLERK looks up.

STORE CLERK

Puedo ayudarlo señor?

BAZZO

Solo voy a comprar una Coca Cola.

Bazzo grabs a bottle of Coca Cola from the glass refrigerator  
and brings it to the Store Clerk.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the cityscape.

INT. 148TH STREET SUBWAY STATION

On the tiled walls is the inlaid sign "148th Street-Lenox Terminal."

The platform is crowded with people, right to the edge. It's already hot and tempers are short. People try desperately to fan themselves.

Gonchar stands at the end of the platform where the subway emerges from the tunnel and enters the station. Even here it's packed with irritable people. Gonchar squeezes his way to the edge of the platform, encountering various remarks hurled in Spanish.

Watching him from the stairway is Bazzo.

The distant ROAR of an approaching train grows louder. As Gonchar waits, a woman edges her way behind him.

Just before the train arrives, the woman furtively pushes Gonchar in the back. He falls onto the tracks. Before anyone can react, the train HURTLES into the station, and over Gonchar.

People GASP and SCREAM and turn away - save for the woman responsible for the morning's nightmare. She turns around and hurries up...

THE STAIRS

As she passes Bazzo they momentarily stare at each other. It's Dina. She rushes up the stairs.

BAZZO

Hurries down to the platform. He looks about helplessly while people SCREAM and frantically WAVE at the train's conductor.

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

Stock footage of the Lincoln Memorial and the National Mall.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A crowd of CIA Officers enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 08:30. Nealy waits there, sitting in a chair and drumming his fingers on his knee. Collette opens a file on her desk. Latham enters. He nods and smiles pleasantly to her and to Nealy whose face is grim.

LATHAM

You want to see me, Bill?

NEALY

Yes.

Latham is taken aback. He ushers Nealy into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham follows Nealy inside and sets his satchel on his desk.

LATHAM

What is it?

NEALY

Lt. Colonel Easton was found shot  
dead outside his home.

LATHAM

What? Sit down.

Nealy sits, as does Latham.

NEALY

His wallet was still on him, so the  
police have ruled out robbery.

LATHAM

He lived alone, didn't he?

NEALY

Yes, his wife had left him. His two  
kids are grown and live in the city.

LATHAM

So who found him?

NEALY

His girlfriend. She went over there  
to ride into the city with him. You  
don't know anything about it, do  
you?

LATHAM

Why should I?

NEALY

I don't know. I tend to think that  
way after I hear that General Stans  
has resigned.

LATHAM

When did that happen?

NEALY

About a half-hour ago. François  
Bisset called looking for you and  
told Collette.

(MORE)



NEALY (CONT'D)

Look, we've talked about something being in the wind against Kennedy. But I thought it'd be the weight of evidence amassed against them that would flush these bastards out of the woodwork, not business as usual.

LATHAM

Hold on, Bill. You're assuming I killed Easton.

NEALY

Didn't you?

LATHAM

No. But their names have come up repeatedly as sponsoring if not coordinating at least two failed plots against Kennedy.

NEALY

That's all hearsay, Warren. If they were brought to court on that, their lawyers would get them a walk in five minutes.

LATHAM

Geezus, you really think someone's going to go on the record saying they plotted to kill Kennedy? Come on... And you can forget about getting the FBI on board. Hoover would like nothing better than to get rid of Jack and Bobby Kennedy.

NEALY

Okay, okay. Let's say they were behind the plots in Mexico City and Springfield. You really think they're the only two people at that level who are involved? You don't think there's others with the same sympathies providing support? Come on, Warren! Those two failed plots were amateurish. Whoever their confederates are will make sure the next attempt is with professionals.

LATHAM

Or their confederates just might consider the risk too great, like Stans did.

NEALY

You want to believe that? Fine. So, what's been gained here? Without knowing all the players, Easton's death bought Kennedy maybe - what - another year?

LATHAM

Then that's a year he didn't have before, isn't it?

NEALY

But that's only if the killer is right about Stans and Easton. But what if he's wrong? Then Easton was murdered for no reason. No reason other than someone thought he should be killed.

LATHAM

Then that's something the killer has to live with. But either way, Kennedy gets to live another day, in spite of his enemies. And that sounds like a plus to me.

NEALY

Yeah, well, that's not something I'd want on my conscience.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

LATHAM

Come in.

The door opens; Collette enters holding her notepad.

COLLETTE

Paul just called in to the Ops Room. Viktor Gonchar is dead. Someone pushed him in front of a subway train.

NEALY

Oh, Christ...

END