

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Three, Episode #1: "The Document"

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

"The Document"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. GRENADA, BRITISH WEST INDIES - DAY

INSERT: "Saint George's, Grenada, British West Indies"

Stock footage of pristine Grand Mal Beach, its cottages, and the local fishermen setting off in their boats.

DOWNTOWN - GRANBY STREET

The main thoroughfare is anchored at one end by the Caribbean Sea and by a hill at the other. Lining the street are two-story buildings with pastel-colored shops on the ground-floor and apartments above them. Wires strung from utility poles form a latticed canopy over the street.

THE MARKET SQUARE

Teems with locals buying from vendors who shade their produce with colorful umbrellas.

EXT. LORTON REFORMATORY COMPOUND - DAY

INSERT: "The Lorton Reformatory for Boys"

Stock footage of the compound; half of it looks like Folsom Prison, the other half resembles an electric power substation.

INT. METAL WORKSHOP

The walls are filled with shelves and labeled pull-out trays: screws, bolts, washers, springs, dials, brushes, bump keys, drills, drill bits, hammers, mallets, lockpicks and graphite. Leather aprons hang from hooks; below them, a cluster of lump hammers. Workbenches with vises are lined up like desks in a classroom. In a corner are several safes - some small enough to fit under a bed, others the size of a small freezer.

Grenadian youths in jumpsuits gather around COLIN DALBY, their White, British teacher; he wears overalls, leather gloves and apron. He brushes clean the rotors on a medium-sized safe.

DALBY

Over the years, dirt and metal
filings get lodged in there.

The door opens. TWO CUBAN MEN in fatigues enter; CUBAN MAN #2 struggles to carry a small, heavy safe. Dalby glances at them.

DALBY (CONT'D)

What, again?

CUBAN MAN #1

Señor Hebrón says it won't open.

DALBY

It usually doesn't without the right combination.

The students SNICKER. Dalby continues cleaning the rotors.

CUBAN MAN #1

Señor Hebrón knows the combination.

DALBY

Then tell your Cuban Consul once again to invest in a new safe.

Cuban Man #2 GRUNTS as he struggles to hold the safe.

DALBY (CONT'D)

Set it down over there.

He points to a nearby workbench. Cuban Man #2 sets down the safe there.

CUBAN MAN #1

He thought maybe you could look at it right away, Profesor Dalby.

Dalby HUFFS and stops what he's doing. He sets down the brushes, grabs a flathead screwdriver from his toolbox and rolls in his chair to the other workbench. His students dutifully shuffle along with him.

DALBY

Get me the graphite, Willie.

Young WILLIE grabs the can of graphite from the previous workbench and sets it before Dalby. Dalby spins the safe around so the back door, which has a keyhole, faces him. He inserts the screwdriver tip into the graphite powder then into the keyhole. He tries to rotate the screwdriver counter-clockwise but it barely moves.

DALBY (CONT'D)

Vise grip.

Willie grabs the vise grip from the previous workbench and hands it to Dalby as though he were assisting a surgeon. Dalby clamps its jaws onto the screwdriver handle and turns it using the vise grip. The screwdriver slowly rotates. Dalby releases the vise grip, grabs a prybar and leverages open the back door. He reaches inside the safe, pulls out a folder and opens it.

DALBY (CONT'D)

Too bad, no money this time.

What he does glimpse surprises him - two 8x10 photographs of a letter in Spanish to Nikita Khrushchev:

Havana, May 3, 1962

Querido camarada Kruschev,

**Camarada, estoy de acuerdo con su propuesta de colocar
misiles nucleares ofensivos de alcance intermedio en Cuba...**

Dalby quickly hides his amazement. The Two Cubans are wary.

CUBAN MAN #1

What is that?

DALBY

How should I know? I don't read Spanish.

Suddenly, a horn like that of a fire alarm BLARES. The Cubans are startled and reflexively reach for their sidearms. While they are distracted, Dalby puts the folder inside the safe.

DALBY (CONT'D)

For God sakes, relax! It just means it's lunchtime!

The students noisily doff their aprons and SCURRY out the workshop. The Cubans relax, but something is on Dalby's mind.

DALBY (CONT'D)

Look, I have to finish this other job first. Go back to the embassy and tell Señor Hebrón it'll be ready at five.

CUBAN MAN #2

He was hoping to get it right back.

DALBY

Then go back and remind him that in this country it's first come, first served! 5:00!

Dalby SLAMS shut the safe's back door for emphasis. He watches the Two Cuban Men leave, then grabs the screwdriver and prybar and reopens the back of the safe. He takes out the folder and hides it inside his overalls, grabs a set of lockpicks from his toolbox and heads to the door.

CORRIDOR

Dalby walks to a door marked "Photography Workshop." He KNOCKS on the door - no answer. He picks the lock and enters the...

PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOP

Dalby shuts the door and crosses to a cabinet. He picks the lock and opens it, revealing several 35mm SLR cameras. He picks a Nikon then pulls out a bin containing rolls of 35mm film. He selects E100 Slide film and loads it into the camera.

He crosses to a photography table complete with lamps and turns them on. He takes the folder from inside his overalls, lays the two photographs on the table and sets the folder aside. He then takes a snapshot of each of the photographs.

Dalby turns off the photography lights. He winds the film in the camera until it reaches the end, opens the back, takes out the film roll and pockets it. He closes the camera back and puts the photographs back into the folder, hiding it inside his overalls. He puts back the camera in the cabinet and locks it. Dalby then sidles beside the door and listens. He eases it open and steps into the corridor.

EXT. GRENADA - GRAND MAL BEACH - NIGHT

Most of the cottages have their lights off.

INT. BATHROOM

A roll of developed film hangs by a clothespin from a rope stretched across the top of the shower. A clothespin attached to the other end of the film roll keeps it taut. Dalby enters and takes down the film then leaves.

DEN

On the desk a slide projector faces the far wall. A pair of scissors and cardboard mounting frames for slide positives also lie there. Dalby cuts the two positives from the roll of film. He takes one positive, places it on the base of the cardboard frame then presses the top half over it, holding it in place for a few seconds to allow the adhesive to seal the halves together. He repeats this for the other positive.

Dalby loads the two slides into a sleeve and inserts it into the slide projector. He clicks the first slide into view:

Havana, May 3, 1962
Querido camarada Krushev,

Camarada, estoy de acuerdo con su propuesta de colocar misiles nucleares ofensivos de alcance intermedio en Cuba. Esto se ha vuelto necesario para contrarrestar el liderazgo emergente de los Estados Unidos en el desarrollo y despliegue de misiles estratégicos, y para proteger a Cuba de otra invasión patrocinada por los Estados Unidos, como el intento fallido en la Bahía de Cochinos el año pasado.

SUIT WORDS TO SLIDE

DALBY

Dear Comrade Khrushchev: Comrade, I agree with your proposal to place intermediate-range offensive nuclear missiles in Cuba. This has become necessary to counter the emerging leadership of the United States in the development and deployment of strategic missiles, and to protect Cuba from another United States-sponsored invasion, such as the failed attempt at the Bay of Pigs last year.

BACK TO SCENE

Dalby leans back in his chair, shocked.

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

Stock footage of the National Mall and Washington Monument.

SAMUEL GOMPERS PARK

It's Spring - amaryllis, peonies, lilacs and Chinese dogwood bloom. WARREN LATHAM and LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) stroll. Jones is suffering, wiping his runny nose, his eyes tearing.

LATHAM

Missed me that much, did you?

JONES

Yeah, like a hernia. Damn allergies!

LATHAM

So, what's on your mind, Larry?

JONES

You know Ivo Hebrón, consul at the Cuban Embassy in Grenada?

LATHAM

(archly)

Oh, of course. Grenada falls right under U.S. Domestic Operations.

JONES

Hey, I'm suffering - give me a break. Anyway, he was our joe there.

LATHAM

Was?

JONES

We're not so sure now.

EXT. SAINT GEORGE'S HARBOR - PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY - PAST

Stock footage of the Grenada Public Library. The wooden sign on the old, two-story building hangs from one end. Several cars are parked around the building. IVO HEBRÓN, Consul at the Cuban Embassy, leaves the building and pauses momentarily.

JONES (V.O.)

Hebrón thinks the DGI are onto him.
Last month he had a prearranged
meeting with his controller.

MONKTON STREET

A White MI6 officer in khaki shorts and white shirt, HEBRÓN'S CONTROLLER, walks toward the Library.

JONES (V.O.)

It was payday. His controller also
wanted to discuss if it was worth
the risk to continue running him.

ACROSS MONKTON STREET - HEBRON'S CONTROLLER

Looks up at the library's second-floor windows and sees two MEN, DGI AGENTS, at either end of the library staring at him.

JONES (V.O.)

Then he spotted DGI surveillance
and put his hands in his pockets.

Hebrón's Controller puts his hands in his pockets and walks away from the library.

LATHAM (V.O.)

His go-away signal?

JONES (V.O.)

Yes.

LATHAM (V.O.)

Must've been 90 degrees. Pretty hot
to be shoving his hands in his
pockets.

IN FRONT OF THE LIBRARY

Hebrón leaves, walking in the opposite direction.

JONES (V.O.)

Hebrón thought it would be easier
to spot him in a crowd.

LATHAM (V.O.)

Easier for the DGI, too.

AT THE LIBRARY WINDOWS

The Two DGI Agents are no longer there.

EXT. SAMUEL GOMPERS PARK - DAY (MORNING) - PRESENT

Latham and Jones continue their stroll.

JONES

This month Hebrón's transmission to us was on the five-five schedule.

LATHAM

Fifth day of the fifth month...

JONES

At 0500. If he were under duress, the fifth word of the transmission would be misspelled.

LATHAM

Was it?

JONES

No.

LATHAM

But you still suspect the DGI's turned him.

JONES

(nods)

He said he has a communique between Castro and Khrushchev.

This piques Latham's interest.

JONES (CONT'D)

But yesterday our Grenada station got a call from the FCO. A local claimed he has slides of a foreign document of vital importance to the U.S. and U.K.

LATHAM

Slides?

JONES

Yes, a communique between Castro and Khrushchev.

LATHAM

If it's a set-up, it's an odd one.

JONES

I know. The KGB are using the DGI to establish a Marxist presence there.

LATHAM

Meaning Moscow would make sure Havana plays nice.

JONES

Which mitigates against a set-up.

LATHAM

Hmm... Could be a snatch in preparation for a swap.

JONES

We're not holding any Cubans.

LATHAM

That's it - my well's dry. So, how much does he want?

JONES

Two thousand pounds. But he refuses to hand it over to the FCO or MI6. He believes we've been infiltrated, and that his life would be in danger.

LATHAM

And you're telling me because...

JONES

We're sending someone who knows Grenada but isn't known as MI6. Someone who's used to clandestine meetings and can assess the document.

LATHAM

(upset)
Fiona.

JONES

Warren, she can fit in everywhere there unobtrusively. I wanted you to know before I sent her.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

WILSON BERARD, STEWART KENSINGTON and Latham are there.

LATHAM

Thanks to Hebrón's antics, his controller and maybe MI6's entire Grenada lot are known to the DGI.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

So SMOTH is sending Fiona Jeffries;
she was born in Grenada. I'm
sending mandarin Two as her backup.

KENSINGTON

Why? Six doesn't believe there's a
set-up.

LATHAM

I still think it's possible.

KENSINGTON

Would you think so if you weren't
involved with Miss Jeffries?

LATHAM

I'd send Carla even if it were you
going down there.

This gets Kensington's back up. Before he can respond...

BERARD

That's enough. What's mandarin
Two's legend?

LATHAM

Carla can play off being a flight
attendant on holiday.

BERARD

And when will she and Miss Jeffries
be leaving?

LATHAM

After they've been briefed by
Mission Planning.

BERARD

We're running the operation?

LATHAM

Yes, sir - at SMOTH's request.

KENSINGTON

Why aren't you sending mandarin
One?

LATHAM

Because he's busy briefing D-Int
and MOTHER's deputy director.

KENSINGTON

On what?

LATHAM

The Ramparts article.

NEALY'S OFFICE

BILL NEALY (D-INT); CHARLES MARTENSE, Deputy Director of Counterintelligence, short, puffy and stocky; and PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY sit at the table. Copies of Ramparts magazine and notes lie before them. Bazzo refers to his notes.

BAZZO

5400 State Department employees work overseas; a quarter of them actually work for CIA.

MARTENSE

(bored)

We know this, Paul. Move on.

Bazzo clears his throat then continues.

BAZZO

On station, Agency personnel have a tendency to stick together. Whether it's going to lunch, at a cocktail party or even meeting a plane from Washington, they're much more likely to go with each other than with legitimate diplomats.

NEALY

So, if you identify one as a CIA officer, you can presume the others are also CIA.

BAZZO

Yes.

MARTENSE

And how are you gonna do that unless you've ID'ed one of them?

BAZZO

I'm getting to that, Mr. Martense. Take our embassy in Madrid as an example. Our station there has a separate set of offices with a cipher lock on the outside door.

MARTENSE

As in most of our embassies.

NEALY

What, no sign saying 'CIA'?

Martense gives Nealy a sidelong glance.

BAZZO

The Agency has the entire sixth floor. Thirty people work there; half of them are disguised as Air Force personnel, the other half as State Department officers. All the local Spanish employees know who works on what floor, and even visitors can figure out who works where.

MARTENSE

How the hell would this Ramparts writer know this?

BAZZO

From the embassy receptionist. She's a local hire.

Martense tries to hide his chagrin; Nealy tries to hide his smirk. Bazzo grows a bit more self-assured.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Now, our health insurance plan is different from that of State Department employees. As it turns out, the records on the premiums aren't classified. This means they're available to all the local employees there.

MARTENSE

Is that it?

BAZZO

No, sir. Our people are taught early on in their training that loud background sounds interfere with bugging.

MARTENSE

(defiantly)
Which they do.

BAZZO

Yes, but what that means is a local embassy employee can be pretty sure that the guy who leaves his radio on all the time is a CIA officer.

Martense is nonplussed. Nealy clears his throat to keep from chuckling.

NEALY

Has State said anything about the Ramparts article?

BAZZO

Not publicly. But the problem doesn't end there. State regularly publishes two docs, the Foreign Service List and the Biographic Register, which you have in front of you.

(points out copies from both documents)

If you cross-check the two, you'll find they yield the names of most of our officers on station.

MARTENSE

And how the hell do you do that?

BAZZO

Our actual diplomats are listed in the corps of Foreign Service Officers. But CIA officers abroad are always given the cover rank of Foreign Service Reserve or Foreign Service Staff.

NEALY

Paul, there are legitimate officials from State, A.I.D. and the Information Agency who hold FSR or FSS rankings.

BAZZO

That's true. But to winnow out the spooks, you start by checking the Foreign Service List for the country in question.

INSERT: "TABLE 1 - MOSCOW (U.S. LIAISON OFFICE) (LO)"

Beals, David K E.....	chief USLO	R-1	2-61
Holcroft, John H.....	dep chief USLO	O-1	2-61
Chasen, Barbara A.....	Sec	S-4	2-61
Lilley, James R.....	pol off	R-3	
Helmann, Lucille.....	sec	S-5	1-61
Yzur, Herbert E.....	econ/cml off	O-4	3-61
Jenks, Alfred L.....	dep chief USLO	R-1	
Coleman, Robert Jr....	adm off	O-3	3-62

SUIT WORDS TO TABLE

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Look at our Russian embassy. The letters in the third column from the left signify the person's status and the number denotes their rank.

(runs his finger across the columns)

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Look at David Beals. He's an 'R-1' or Reserve Officer of class one, the highest rank. John Holcroft is a regular FSO, a Foreign Service Officer of the same grade, and secretary Barbara Chasen's a Staff Officer, class four. Holcroft can almost certainly be ruled out as Agency because he's an FSO.

INSERT: "TABLE 2 - Biographic Register"

Beals, David K. E. - b. Md 2/15/18, m (Ivana Holmes), Dartmouth U AB 40. Mem Md bar, US Army 43-45 col overseas. PRIV EXPER priv law practice 48-50, mem State legis 50-52, priv bus-bank 53. GOVT EXPER with Off Strategic Serv 43-45, asst sec of Com 46-47, ECA Paris R-1 chief of mission 53-54, Paris R-1 pol off-US observer to Interim Comm of EDC 55-57, Bonn AEP to Germany 3/57-11/59, London AEP to Great Britain 1/60-1/61.

SUIT WORDS TO TABLE

BAZZO (CONT'D)

David Beals could be suspect because of his 'R' status. But the Biographic Register, which shows the CV of all State Department personnel, shows him to be one of the highest-level political appointees. You don't see any gaping holes in his career, nor did his status change from 'R' to 'S' to 'CS', civil servant. Now, compare them to political officer James Lilley.

INSERT: "TABLE 3 - Biographic Register"

Lilley, James R-b Hong Kong Amer parents 5/1/26, m, Princeton U BA 51, US Army 44-47. GOVT EXPER anal Dept. of Army 52. STATE Manila R-6 7/56. Dept 10/58. Phnom Penh 9/60 Vientiane pol off 8/60.GS-15 fgn aff off 4/61.

SUIT WORDS TO TABLE

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Look at the Foreign Service List. Genuine FSRs are almost never given important political reporting jobs. Someone reviewing this could correctly assume Lilley's CIA, using the position as cover. And one more thing.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

If someone's listed in the Biographic Register as having been an analyst for the Army, Navy or Air Force, you can be damn sure that person's CIA.

BACK TO SCENE

Martense lets out a loud, anguished SIGH.

OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of ringing phones, teletype machines and chatter. DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS. CARLA DILAURIA and FIONA JEFFRIES sit there, poring over notes in their folders as they receive their briefing.

NICHOLS

B.O.A.C. flight 819 left London today at 0800 GMT; arrives in Port-au-Prince, Haiti tomorrow morning at 0840, Eastern time.

Just then Latham enters and approaches the Duty Desk.

LATHAM

Where are we, Jared?

STOKES

The itinerary. We're almost done.

He nods to Nichols to continue.

NICHOLS

Miss Jeffries, you'll fly from BWI on Braniff, flight 290 to Port-au-Prince, leaving at 1540 today.

FIONA

How long is the flight?

NICHOLS

Thirteen hours, with two stops.

FIONA

(sardonically)

You couldn't find anything longer?

Nichols quickly glances at Latham and grins sheepishly.

NICHOLS

You have a four-hour layover, then you'll board the B.O.A.C. flight to Saint George's, Grenada.

FIONA

That's another long flight.

NICHOLS

Nine hours - sorry.

STOKES

(to Latham)

Miss Jeffries is backstopped on B.O.A.C. from London, where she's a teacher at Kingswood Primary. She's on holiday visiting relatives in Saint George's.

FIONA

I'm not using a working name.

STOKES

That's on the off-chance it is a set-up and Miss Jeffries is surveilled. If someone were to go through the records at the municipal building, they'd see she was born there and moved to London with her parents.

PERCY

Castro likes to tout Cuba as this haven for equality. But the truth is they only look at Black women as domestics. So, she's safe.

Fiona and Latham nod, acknowledging a truth without emotion.

NICHOLS

Carla, you'll be on Pan Am flight 83 leaving National at 1630, arriving in Port-au-Prince at 0530 tomorrow.

PERCY

She's a Pan Am employee on vacation.

DILAURIA

They have me using that working name I hate, Ellen Winters. Last time I was her, I had to wear a goddamn fat suit! So I mentioned to Tom if he even hinted at that shit--

PERCY

But you're a stewardess now. We booked you at the Tropicana Inn.

STOKES

This guy with the slides called himself Adam; we know that's an alias.

(MORE)

STOKES (CONT'D)

He gave the FCO a number to call to set up a meet. Now, all outside calls to them are recorded and traced. This one came from a phone booth two blocks from the Lorton Reformatory for Boys. It's also the call-back number.

PERCY

Stands to reason an amateur looking for a quick payday will stick to his comfort zone.

LATHAM

Unless it's being made to look that way.

Stokes and Percy look at each other, acknowledging the worst.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Are we sure he works there and it's not some prank from one of the boys?

STOKES

I think MI6 nailed it on that. The station got a list of the staff - where they hail from and their home addresses. All the guards are locals. The admin staff and teachers are a mix of locals and British nationals. The caller had an accent which MI6 identified as Cockney; it was also consistent throughout the call. Going through the list, a teacher, Colin Dalby, lived and taught in London's East End before he was hired at the reformatory.

PERCY

After lights out, the area around the reformatory is empty. Dalby probably chose the location so he could easily spot who's coming and going.

Latham shakes his head; he clearly doesn't like it.

LATHAM

A schoolteacher at a boy's reform school comes across a communique between Castro and Khrushchev? No.

STOKES

But that's why we're sending Miss Jeffries and mandarin Two, isn't it? To assess the situation?

DILAURIA

Maybe Dalby got one of his students
to mug a Cuban diplomat.

LATHAM

(manages a faint smile)
What time is he expecting a call?

STOKES

2300, tomorrow. They'll both rent
cars from the local Godfrey-Davis
to effect the meet.

LATHAM

What about the payment?

STOKES

Two thousand pounds. Carla will
sign for it.

LATHAM

And they'll be armed?

STOKES

They'll both have a Walther TPH.

LATHAM

Alright. See me before you go.

ACT TWO

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

A panorama from the Lincoln Memorial to Foggy Bottom where a
sign identifies The George Washington University campus.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A sign on the chain-link fence prominently displays a bald
eagle and reads "CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA, 2430 E ST., N.W."

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD wears earphones as she transcribes from a
Dictaphone. Fiona and DiLauria enter. They smile at Collette
who stops the Dictaphone.

DILAURIA

Is he in?

COLLETTE

Uh huh. I'll wake him up.

DiLauria grins. Collette presses the intercom button.

LATHAM (O.S.)

Yes?

COLLETTE

Mandarin Two and Miss Jeffries are here.

LATHAM (O.S.)

Alright, send them in.

Collette hangs up. Fiona and DiLauria enter...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is at his desk, writing on his legal pad.

LATHAM

Take a seat.

DiLauria and Fiona sit in the chairs before him. Latham stops writing and looks up.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I know you're up against the clock, so I'll make it brief. Despite what SMOTH says, I don't feel right about this. If you feel threatened in any way, I want you to abort the mission. Get a good night's sleep then catch the first plane back to Port-au-Prince.

FIONA

There's no reason the Cubans should suspect me. The drive to my aunt's place normally takes me past the reformatory.

DILAURIA

I'll be running countersurveillance. We'll be on a radio link. If I see anything out of the ordinary, I'll tell her and we'll be outta there.

LATHAM

SMOTH says the communique's likely to be the same one Hebrón's got.

DILAURIA

Or it could be the students' plans to take over the reformatory.

Latham arches an eyebrow.

FIONA

We won't know until I see it.

LATHAM

And what if it's a snatch?

DILAURIA

Boss, up to now the DGI have only kidnapped exiles and journalists who criticize the Castro regime.

FIONA

Besides, anything they want to know about our secret intelligence services they can get from the KGB or Burgess and Maclean.

LATHAM

They might want someone more recently employed than those two.

Fiona sighs, frustrated with the tenor of the conversation.

FIONA

Look, in addition to pushing paper into Mr. Jones's in-tray, I'm also a Special Ops officer. That means I've accepted a certain amount of risk, just as your mandarins have.

LATHAM

I know what it means.

DiLauria grows uncomfortable with the conversation.

DILAURIA

I'll, um, be in the outer office.

She gets up and leaves.

FIONA

I know you're worried about me, but this is my job. And I am not going to back away from it because of our relationship.

LATHAM

So, I shouldn't be worried you might be walking into a trap?

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette lowers her earphones. DiLauria sits on the desk. Both cringe as they overhear Fiona and Latham.

FIONA (O.S.)

I'm not saying that. I'm saying I don't want you interfering with me doing my job!

LATHAM (O.S.)

And all I'm trying to do is get you to see there's another way to get this damn document!

LATHAM'S OFFICE

FIONA

Which involves dealing with a possibly unreliable source. You wouldn't stand for that for a minute, so don't expect me to.

LATHAM

Look, all I'm saying is that this isn't worth your life.

FIONA

No, it isn't. But this is what I do, and I need you to respect that.

Latham concedes and sighs.

LATHAM

You'll check in with the Ops Room?

FIONA

From Port-au-Prince and Saint George's.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

DiLauria sits in a chair. Collette has her earphones on and types. Latham's office door opens. Fiona and Latham enter from his office. Fiona looks at DiLauria.

FIONA

Let's go.

She and DiLauria leave. Collette lowers her earphones.

COLLETTE

They'll be alright.

Latham nods unconvincingly and goes back into his office.

EXT. GRENADA - GRAND MAL BEACH - DAY

Pastel-colored cottages dot the hill that rises from the shoreline.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHENETTE

Dalby sits at a table and looks longingly at a brochure for an 18-foot sloop. The MURMUR of voices slowly grabs his attention. He gets up and walks to his front door.

EXT. COTTAGE

Dalby comes out of his house. He looks wistfully down the hill at the beach where crowds have gathered around a banner that reads "Grenada Sailing Festival." Sailboats sit listlessly in slack water. Beyond them is a cargo ship.

FURTHER UP THE HILL

Two points of light reflect in the brush.

ON THE HILLSIDE

From behind WE SEE a MAN crouching in the brush. He wears a hat, shirt and chinos, and eyes Dalby through binoculars. The ROAR of propjet engines grows. The Man looks up.

OVERHEAD

A British West Indian Airways propjet, a Vickers 701 Viscount, flies low overhead.

INT. BRITISH WEST INDIAN AIRWAYS PLANE - COCKPIT

The pilot, JAMES GRANTHAM, looks out his side window. He sees something curious and taps his CO-PILOT.

GRANTHAM

That's a Libyan flag on that cargo ship.

The Co-pilot leans forward and looks out the window.

CO-PILOT

Yes, it is.

GRANTHAM

Hmm, don't usually see that in these waters.

EXT. GRAND MAL BEACH - GRENADA SAILING BOAT FESTIVAL

The British West Indian Airways plane ROARS over the swarm of people as it prepares to land.

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

A view of the compound from the Guard Shack as NIGHT CREW EMPLOYEES enter Gate #1, passing the CIA emblem.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of ambient noise is LOUDER as Duty Officers Stokes and Percy, along with Mission Planning's Nichols, give turnover to NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY at the Duty Desk.

Other personnel give turnover to their shift replacements.
Latham enters.

LATHAM

You have something for me, Jared?

STOKES

Yes.

(hands Latham a report)

That's from MI6 via the Royal Navy.
A pilot for British West Indian
Airways reported seeing a Libyan
cargo ship, the Bengal, just off
Saint George's, Grenada.

LATHAM

Hmm, since when did the British
start trading with the Libyans?

STOKES

They haven't; they're still very
pro-Israel.

LATHAM

So, is it taking on supplies?

STOKES

No, and there's no medical
emergency.

LATHAM

What about this pilot...

STOKES

James Grantham.

LATHAM

Could he have made a mistake?

STOKES

He's a one-time RAF captain whose
father sailed on Liberty ships
during World War Two.

LATHAM

In other words, the answer's no.

STOKES

Right. Sir, the Cubans are anti-
Zionist, and pro-Libya. And we do
have an operation there to get a
Cuban document.

LATHAM

That's a helluva reach, Jared.

STOKES
I'm known for my long arms.

LATHAM
(amused)
See what information you can get on
her movements up to this point.

STOKES
I, um, anticipated that and already
asked Six.

LATHAM
Really. Can you read what I'm
thinking now?

STOKES
Make sure I turn all this over to
the night crew?

LATHAM
Close enough.

Latham leaves. Stokes rejoins the turnover meeting.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Kensington paces as Collette edits a memorandum. She looks up.

COLLETTE
I can have Mr. Latham go up and see
you as soon as he's back from the
Ops Room, Mr. Kensington.

KENSINGTON
No, I'll wait.

Latham enters determinedly; he seems oblivious to Kensington's
presence.

LATHAM
Collette, find Bazzo and have him
come up here.

COLLETTE
Right.

Her eyes shift to Kensington as she picks up the Red phone.

LATHAM
You want to see me, sir?

KENSINGTON
Yes.

Latham motions for Kensington to enter...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham follows him inside. They both sit.

KENSINGTON
I met MOTHER for lunch.

LATHAM
Uh huh.

KENSINGTON
He wanted to know why we're moving
against his division.

LATHAM
What?

KENSINGTON
Paul's confab? The Ramparts article?

LATHAM
How does that signal we're moving
against C.I.?

KENSINGTON
Explain why D-Int was there,

LATHAM
He's responsible for operational
intelligence, which is directly
affected by these gaffes.

KENSINGTON
Nothing to do with the fact that
he's endorsed replacing MOTHER?

LATHAM
Oh, no... I'm not getting sucked
into this argument.

KENSINGTON
Like you don't side with D-Int.

LATHAM
That has nothing to do with the
problems we have on station!

KENSINGTON
Watch your tone, Warren.

Latham takes a second to calm down, then...

LATHAM
The Ramparts article describes
security lapses and behavior that
puts officers at risk.

KENSINGTON

I'm aware of that! What I want to know is why it was necessary to show up MOTHER's deputy.

LATHAM

If Martense was exposed, it's C.I.'s own fault.

KENSINGTON

How do you figure that?

LATHAM

Come on, they can't do their jobs properly because MOTHER has them seeing moles under every rock.

KENSINGTON

That's their job, Warren!

LATHAM

Every spook can be identified based on the issues outlined in that article. And that's far more likely to be the reason for our operational failures than some goddamn mole!

The intercom BUZZES, interrupting them. Latham answers it.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Mandarin One is here.

LATHAM

Right.

He hangs up.

KENSINGTON

We'll pick this up later.

He leaves in a HUFF. Bazzo enters. Latham looks irritated.

BAZZO

You win?

LATHAM

For now. He met MOTHER for lunch.

BAZZO

Drinks at the Army and Navy Club.

LATHAM

A Fresca would put Kensington under.

BAZZO chuckles.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

MOTHER complained we purposely embarrassed Martense in front of D-Int.

BAZZO

What? That's ridiculous!

LATHAM

I know. Part of it is MOTHER's unwillingness to take responsibility for his own mess. The rest is more a rearguard action by the Old Guard.

BAZZO

Whoa! You lost me.

LATHAM

Kensington mentioned D-Int wanting MOTHER replaced. So this is MOTHER's preemptive strike; a warning to everyone to back off or else.

BAZZO

And that's why you wanted to see me?

LATHAM

No. The Ops Room got word of a Libyan cargo ship, the Bengal, just off Saint George's.

BAZZO

Okay... Was she in distress?

LATHAM

No. A commercial pilot saw her and alerted the Royal Navy.

BAZZO

Hmm, British policy's so pro-Israel, I can't see them trading with Libya.

LATHAM

I agree. But Jared reminded me that Castro's an anti-Zionist, and a strong supporter of Libya.

BAZZO

Warren, the Cubans just opened that embassy. They're not about to cause trouble on British soil.

LATHAM

I know that.

BAZZO

Uh huh... But Fiona's going there.

Latham gets up, a bit embarrassed, and meanders about.

LATHAM

We had an argument. She said I was interfering with her doing her job.

BAZZO

I think sometimes you forget she's a Special Ops officer.

LATHAM

(frustrated)

Geezus, don't you start.

BAZZO

Remember when she and Carla took down those hijackers on that Indonesian plane?

LATHAM

This is different.

BAZZO

Yeah, 'cause you're in love with her.

The remark hits home, stopping Latham in his tracks.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Sorry, I overstepped there.

LATHAM

No, you're right. But this meeting with this schoolteacher...

BAZZO

She can handle herself, Warren.

LATHAM

Yeah. Jared's checking on the Bengal's movements prior to its reaching Grenada. I was hoping you could hang around the Ops Room in case they come up with something.

BAZZO

Sure.

LATHAM

Thanks.

MID-SHOW BREAK

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

The compound is dark; an occasional streetlamp dimly lights a driveway or walkway. Some lights are on in Building C.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 02:30. Latham tries to read a report. He's tired and his attention wavers. He puts down the folder, rubs his eyes, then gets up and gazes out the window. The Red phone RINGS; Latham answers it.

LATHAM

2-3-6-2... I'll be right down.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Even at night, the PURL of ringing phones, teletype machines and chatter continues. At the Duty Desk, Night Duty Officers Owens and Farrell, along with Mission Planning's Bradley, are joined by Bazzo. Latham enters.

LATHAM

What have you got?

BAZZO

Two things. First, Carla and Fiona both called in from Bowen Field, Port-au-Prince.

LATHAM

Good. What else?

BAZZO

I'll let Pete explain. He was in the Navy and can interpret this stuff better than I can.

FARRELL

Over here, sir.

Farrell picks up a folder and leads Bazzo and Latham to a table on which lie several maritime maps. Farrell opens the folder and shows them his notes.

FARRELL (CONT'D)

I was on the phone with the weather station on Ascension Island near Trinidad, and took down this entry from their log book.

INSERT FARRELL'S HANDWRITTEN NOTE:

**AI station: VPA-BBC
2/1/62: 2214:16 SAT
OSX: BENGAL**

2670 mH
Req rad fix (15.32W/07.15S)
dt WX des N quad: ZVA-ZVZ
Vis Fernando de Noronha
Trans end: 2216:07

SUIT WORDS TO HANDWRITTEN NOTE

FARRELL (CONT'D)

They received a transmission from the Bengal at 22:16 their time on the first of this month. The ship wanted a standard radar position check. She also wanted a WX; that's a weather forecast for the ZVA-ZVZ area, which is the international call allocation for Brazil.

BACK TO SCENE

Farrell points out the Bengal's ports of call on the maps.

FARRELL (CONT'D)

The position coordinates show the Bengal was southwest of Ascension Island, heading north. Earlier, the ship had been in Capetown, South Africa. Before that, she picked up a load of lumber in Madagascar.

LATHAM

You know where she's headed?

FARRELL

The Mediterranean.

LATHAM

Sounds like the long way around.

FARRELL

It does. She seems to be making the rounds of the West Indies. Her next port of call is Port-au-Prince.

LATHAM

Any idea what she's doing off the coast of Grenada?

FARRELL

No. Her circuitous route doesn't make economic sense. Normally, those ports would be served by different routes.

Latham stares at the maps; something is on his mind. Bazzo eyes him.

BAZZO

What's up?

LATHAM

I need to understand something. Who told you to contact the weather station on Ascension Island, MI6?

FARRELL

Yes, sir.

LATHAM

If someone came to you asking to track a ship, wouldn't you redirect them to the Navy?

FARRELL

Yes.

LATHAM

So why didn't MI6 direct you to the Royal Naval Intelligence Division at Portsmouth, or their HQ at Whitehall?

Farrell shrugs.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You see what I'm getting at? They directed you to the weather station on Ascension Island because they've been tracking the Bengal all along.

Farrell finally gets it.

BAZZO

Then what's really going on here?

LATHAM

I don't know. The Bengal's captain... Do we know his name?

Farrell rummages through the notes in his folder.

FARRELL

Captain Maziq. Hassan Maziq.

LATHAM

Check with the Middle East Desk. See if anyone's ever heard of him or the Bengal. If we're lucky, she's come under suspicion for something.

(calls to Owens)

James, get SMOTH on the phone.

OWENS

Yes, sir.

Farrell starts to fold his maps. Bazzo turns to Latham.

BAZZO

You think SMOTH's heard of this
Captain Maziq?

LATHAM

I don't know - maybe. I want to see
if it rings a bell with anyone at
their Saint George's station.

Owens waves the receiver of his Gray phone at Latham.

OWENS

Mr. Latham...

Latham and Bazzo walk back to the Duty Desk.

OWENS (CONT'D)

SMOTH.

Latham reaches for the receiver, but Owens holds it back.

OWENS (CONT'D)

He wasn't asleep. He answered the
phone with a sharp 'Yes', like he
was expecting a call. Then when I
told him who I was, he yawned.

Latham nods and takes the phone.

LATHAM

Larry, sorry to bother you so late.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM

Comfortably furnished. Jones sits on the couch wearing his
robe. On the coffee table is a map of the British West Indies.

JONES

I was asleep, like you should be.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH JONES

LATHAM

We got a report of a Libyan ship
off the coast of Saint George's,
the Bengal. You know anything about
it?

JONES

No. Why are you looking into it?

LATHAM

On the off chance it might have something to do with the Cuban document.

JONES

What - are you serious?

LATHAM

Yes.

JONES

Christ, then you need a hobby.

LATHAM

We have the name of her captain, Hassan Maziq. Ever hear of him?

JONES

At this hour you're lucky I remember your name.

LATHAM

Okay. I was hoping you'd run it by your people on station there, see if they know him.

JONES

Boy, that's a stretch, even for you.

LATHAM

It's not my idea, really. Jared thought there might be a connection.

JONES

Why don't you promote the guy so I can get some sleep.

LATHAM

Sounds like a plan. But you'll let me know what the station has to say.

JONES

Yes, I'll meet you tomorrow at ten, usual place.

LATHAM

Right, see you then.

Latham hangs up. He walks away and quickly grows grim. Bazzo approaches him. (They speak sotto voce.)

BAZZO

Well?

LATHAM

That bastard. I don't know what the hell he's up to, but if anything happens to Fiona, I promise you - I'll kill him.

ACT THREE

EXT. SAINT GEORGE'S, GRENADA - CUBAN EMBASSY - DAY (MORNING)

A Ford Consul sedan turns off L'anse Aux Epines (a main road) and pulls up to a gated compound. The sign on the gate reads:

Embajada de Cuba, Representaciones Diplomáticas de Cuba en el Exterior

INSERT: **"Embassy of Cuba, Diplomatic Representations of Cuba Abroad"**

A GUARD wearing fatigues and standing inside the gate shields his eyes as he peers through the windshield. Hebrón sits in the back seat, behind his DRIVER. The Guard nods and opens the gate. As the Ford Consul slowly drives past the Guard...

GUARD

Buenos días, ministro Hebrón.

Hebrón nods perfunctorily as the Ford goes further into the compound, dust kicking up from its tires.

FURTHER BACK ON L'ANSE AUX EPINES (MAIN ROAD)

Sits a 1962 Ford Galaxie 500; inside are the two DGI Agents from the Library.

INT. HEBRON'S OFFICE

Unusually posh for the Consul General of a Marxist country: leather chairs and sofa, ceiling fan and air conditioner, liquor cabinet, and in the corner, a mahogany desk with a Tiffany lamp. Hebrón sits at his desk. Behind him on the floor is his small safe. There is a KNOCK on the door.

HEBRON

Adelante.

The door opens and in steps Hebrón's secretary, GUADALUPE, mid-20s, olive skinned. She holds a sealed envelope.

GUADALUPE

Desde la sala de Comunicaciones.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "From the Communications room."

HEBRON
Gracias, cariño.

Guadalupe leaves. Hebrón opens the envelope and pulls out a cable from Havana:

SECRETARIADO DEL MINISTRO

MAYO 9 DE 1962

CIFRADO

**MISION CUBA
ONIT**

Ministro Ivo Hebrón

Tu hermana, Imelda, ha sido hospitalizada en La Habana con una enfermedad grave. Por respeto a tu familia, el Ministro de Relaciones Exteriores le pide usted tome el próximo avión a Cuba el 10 de mayo. Ya se ha reservado un asiento en British West Indian Airways para Barbados. Allí usted tomará vuelo 47 desde Cubana de Aviación a La Habana. Un asiento de primera clase ha sido reservado para usted.

ROA

TRASMITASE:

RAFAEL MONTENEGRO

BACK TO SCENE

Hebrón reads the cable.

HEBRON (V.O.)
Your sister, Imelda, has been hospitalized in Havana with a serious illness. Out of respect for your family, the Foreign Minister asks you to take the next plane to Cuba on May 10. A seat has already been reserved on British West Indian Airways for Barbados. There you will take flight 47 from Cubana de Aviación to Havana. A first class seat has been reserved for you.

A look of abject terror creases Hebrón's face. He composes himself then presses the button on the intercom.

HEBRON
Ven aquí, por favor.

He hangs up. A moment later Guadalupe enters.

GUADALUPE
Sí señor?

HEBRON

Llame a la gerente de la biblioteca, Señorita Felice, y dígale que me complacerá presentar la serie sobre José Martí esta noche. Estaré allí a las seis en punto.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Call the library manager, Miss Felice, and tell her that I'll be happy to present the series on José Martí tonight. I'll be there at six o'clock."

GUADALUPE

Ella estará muy feliz de saber que has cambiado de opinión.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "She'll be very happy to know that you've changed your mind."

HEBRON

Que todos sepan. Enviar un aviso a todas las embajadas de inmediato.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Let everyone know. Send a notice to all the embassies right away."

GUADALUPE

Sí señor.

She leaves. Hebrón lets out a heavy sigh. He opens the safe and takes out the folder. He takes out the 8x10 glossies and puts them in his briefcase.

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

Stock footage of the White House and the National Mall.

SAMUEL GOMPERS PARK

Latham waits by the statue of Samuel Gompers. He checks his watch. Finally, he leaves.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A view of Building C, south facade portico.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is filing away voluminous reports. Latham enters; he's peeved. Collette looks at him worriedly.

COLLETTE

What happened?

LATHAM

SMOTH was a no-show.

COLLETTE

Maybe his ambassador called him in.
It's happened before.

LATHAM

Let's hope that's it. Ask Bazzo to
come up here.

COLLETTE

Right.

She puts the files on her desk and picks up the Red phone.
Latham heads into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

He plops onto his chair, brings his hands to his face and
SIGHS. Bemused, he leans forward on his elbows. Collette
enters with a cup of tea which she sets on the desk.

COLLETTE

Paul's on his way.

Latham does not respond.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Penny for them...

LATHAM

My thoughts aren't worth that much.

There's a knock on the door; it opens. Bazzo enters and sits.
Collette turns to him.

COLLETTE

SMOTH didn't show up.

BAZZO

He probably got held up. It's
happened before.

LATHAM

You two sound like a duet... Any
word from the Middle East Desk?

BAZZO

No.

Latham takes a sip of tea, then shakes his head in puzzlement.

LATHAM

We've got a Libyan ship off Saint
George's; an MI6 joe who may or may
not be turned and has 8x10 glossies
of a communique from Castro to
Khrushchev;

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

this damn reform school teacher with slides that may be of the same document; and whatever the hell SMOTH'S up to.

BAZZO

And Fiona and Carla are off to Grenada, which could mean one heckuva payday for Dalby.

COLLETTE

How did Dalby get these slides?

LATHAM

(shrugs)

Maybe Dalby did have one of his students mug a diplomat.

COLLETTE

If you were to ask D-Int, he'd probably say it's a KGB provocation to waste our resources.

LATHAM

Could be. But why did SMOTH lie about us waking him up? He was waiting for a call from somebody - fine. But why lie about it?

BAZZO

If it were MOTHER, he'd say it was a KGB plot using the Cubans to divert our attention from their mole.

LATHAM

Like he has Kensington doing to us.

COLLETTE

Doing what?

BAZZO

Trying to distract us from the real reason for his operational failures.

Latham suddenly realizes something and points to Bazzo.

LATHAM

Say that again, Paul.

BAZZO

What - you mean about distracting us from the real reason for MOTHER'S operational failures?

LATHAM

Yes...

BAZZO

What are you getting at?

Latham holds up his hand, asking for time to think.

LATHAM

What if the person SMOTH was waiting to talk to last night was someone in MI6's Grenada station?

BAZZO

Okay...

LATHAM

And what if MI6 suspected one of their officers there was doubling? Then it's possible Hebrón wasn't turned but was compromised.

BAZZO

It's possible.

LATHAM

Whoever MI6 suspect, I think SMOTH let him know Fiona and Carla were coming to meet Dalby. If he showed up at the meet, it would prove he was doubling.

BAZZO

He'd also confront Carla and Fiona.

LATHAM

That cargo ship, the Bengal... Let's go talk to Jared.

COLLETTE

I'll try and get SMOTH on the phone.

Latham and Bazzo get up and leave. Collette takes the cup off Latham's desk and leaves.

OPERATIONS ROOM

On duty are the day shift: Duty Officers Stokes and Percy, and Mission Planning's Nichols. Latham and Bazzo enter as Stokes hangs up the Red phone.

STOKES

I just left word for you with Collette, Mr. Latham.

LATHAM

Now you can cut out the middle man. Then I have a question for you.

STOKES

The Middle East Desk never got back to the night crew, so I called them again and asked about Captain Maziq and the Bengal.

LATHAM

That was going to be my question.

STOKES

They just called back. They said I don't have clearance for that level of access. In fact, no one in the Ops Room does.

Bazzo looks at Latham. They both share a knowing look.

STOKES (CONT'D)

He's on the payroll, isn't he?

BAZZO

Looks like it.

LATHAM

(thinks a moment)

What's the name of the U.K.'s Royal Navy Liaison at the Pentagon?

PERCY

I'll get it for you, sir.

Percy pulls a black binder from the bookcase behind him and flips through it.

BAZZO

The Royal Navy?

LATHAM

A little rearguard action of my own.

STOKES

I hope Carla and Miss Jeffries aren't in too much danger.

LATHAM

A lot less than SMOTH's gonna be.

PERCY

British Defence Staff... Royal Navy... Brigadier Richard Sawyer.

LATHAM

Get him on the phone.

Percy picks up his Gray phone and dials.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Mandarin Two will be calling in from the airport in Saint George's tonight. Tell the night crew I want to speak to her. I'll be here.

EXT. SAINT GEORGE'S HARBOR - PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT (EVENING)

The parking spaces around the library are full and include Hebrón's Ford Consul and the DGI Agents' Ford Galaxie 500. More sedans are double-parked, blocking the parked cars. One of the two DGI Agents, the DRIVER, leans against the hood of his Ford Galaxie and smokes a cigarette. Hebrón's Driver follows suit, leaning against his Ford Consul. The other drivers hobnob and smoke cigarettes.

INT. LIBRARY - READING ROOM

The chairs and benches have been rearranged to resemble church pews. The ceiling fans spin. Distinguished GUESTS fill the available seats; the SECOND DGI AGENT sits in the back row. Hebrón stands at a lectern; gesticulating as he speaks.

HEBRON

Martí was not just a revolutionary fighting for Cuban independence, he was also a poet. A collection of his work, 'Versos Sencillos', was the inspiration for the song 'Guantanamera', recorded by the American folk singer Pete Seeger.

EXT. MONKTON STREET - NIGHT

A GROUP OF MEN, bottles of wine and beer in hand, walk up the street toward the library. Their chatter - a mix of English and French patois - grows louder.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Group of Men stop in front of the vehicles and their drivers. There are two factions, all SHOUTING at each other, making the chatter unintelligible. A POLICEMAN, a Black man wearing the Royal Police uniform, including a white shirt, gloves and cap but no firearm, tries to act as peace-maker.

INT. READING ROOM

The COMMOTION outside the library gives rise to MURMURING from the Guests. At the lectern...

HEBRON

Thank you very much for listening.

The Guests politely APPLAUD, distracted by the noise outside. MISS FELICE, a British woman, steps up to the lectern.

FELICE

Would you all wait here until we
see what is going on outside.
Please, just wait inside.

A CRASH of smashing glass provokes GASPS. The Second DGI Agent gets up and steps outside.

EXT. LIBRARY

CHAOS. The two factions in the Group of Men are YELLING and PUNCHING each other. The DGI Driver bleeds from a head wound. The windshield on his Ford Galaxie 500 is cracked. The Second DGI Agent races to help his comrade.

DGI DRIVER

Regresa y consigue a Hebrón!

INT. READING ROOM

The Guests crowd the door. It opens; the Second DGI Agent squeezes past the Guests to the lectern. Hebrón is gone.

THE SECOND DGI AGENT

Frantically looks about then races toward the back door.

EXT. YOUNG STREET - LIBRARY BACK DOOR

The Second DGI Agent BURSTS OPEN the door. Every available parking space there is filled with cars. In the distance he SEES the quickly fading RED TAILLIGHTS of a car.

SECOND DGI AGENT

Mierda!

EXT. THE SENDALL TUNNEL - NIGHT

A single streetlamp barely illuminates the narrow entrance to the tunnel. A 1962 Ford Cortina sedan slowly enters the tunnel, followed by a 1960 Ford Anglia sedan.

INT. FORD CORTINA

Fiona drives. She holds a walkie-talkie that CRACKLES.

DILAURIA (O.S.)

Robin to Songbird.

FIONA

Songbird here.

INT. FORD ANGLIA

DILAURIA

This is your alternate route?

CROSSCUT FIONA WITH DILAURIA

FIONA

It avoids L'anse Aux Epines, which is the main road. He wanted me to use it so he could see me coming.

DILAURIA (O.S.)

This is the darkest damn tunnel I've ever been in.

FIONA

At least the streetlamp was on. A lot of times it's out and the cars run right into the side wall.

DILAURIA

Great. I love folks who enjoy a good joke.

Fiona is amused.

EXT. OTHER END OF SENDALL TUNNEL

The Ford Cortina exits and heads up the narrow black ribbon of road into an upland of thick, tropical flora. The Ford Anglia quickly follows.

HILLS ABOVE SAINT GEORGE'S

The Ford Cortina pulls to the side of the road. The Ford Anglia pulls behind it. DiLauria gets out the Anglia and walks to the driver-side window of the Cortina.

FIONA

Remember, the road forks up ahead. I'll go left, which puts me back on the main road. Then a half-mile further up I'll turn off on the right. You'll go right at the fork, which takes you behind the cottage where Dalby's waiting.

DILAURIA

Right, three-quarters of a mile up, plywood on the back windows.

FIONA

It's the only house there. The roads meet up again a mile past it.

DILAURIA

See you at the junction.

She heads back to her car. Fiona drives away, then DiLauria.

I/E. FORD CORTINA

Fiona pulls off the main road and onto a dirt road. She comes upon the cottage and slowly drives past.

COTTAGE - FRONT DOOR

Dalby peeks out the small window in the door.

FURTHER UP THE DIRT ROAD - AT THE JUNCTION

The Ford Cortina sits on the roadside. The Ford Anglia pulls behind it. Again, DiLauria gets out and approaches Fiona.

FIONA

You see anyone?

DILAURIA

No, but behind the cottage was this wide swath of grass, all matted down. It was raining when I landed so it's gotta be fresh.

FIONA

Could be from Dalby's own car. I didn't see anyone out front.

DILAURIA

That brush is pretty thick.

FIONA

I know, good spot for an ambush. Let's swap routes and double back. I'll meet you at the fork. If it's still green, I'll go and meet Dalby.

DiLauria heads back to her car. Fiona makes a U-turn and drives back on DiLauria's route.

AT THE COTTAGE - LATER

The Ford Cortina pulls up and parks. Fiona gets out and knocks on the door using the "Tap Code:"

	1	2	3	4	5
1	A	B	C	D	E
2	F	G	H	I	J
3	L	M	N	O	P
4	Q	R	S	T	U
5	V	W	X	Y	Z

(Each letter consists of two parts of tapping: first the row number, slight pause, then the column number.)

Fiona TAPS: 4/3, 3/1, 2/4, 1/4, 1/5, 4/3 (S-L-I-D-E-S). The door opens; Fiona steps inside.

INT. COTTAGE

Dalby shines a flashlight in Fiona's face. He kicks the door shut; his other hand is in his pocket.

FIONA
Either lower that flashlight or
turn it off.

Dalby lowers the flashlight. Fiona moves away from the door.

FIONA (CONT'D)
You must have been in prison, using
the Tap Code.

DALBY
Oh... You're not what I expected.

FIONA
No? What did you expect?

DALBY
I thought, maybe... I don't know.

FIONA
Is that a gun in your pocket?

DALBY
Yeah.

FIONA
Where are the slides?

DALBY
In my bag. Where's the money?

Fiona TAPS her jacket pocket.

DALBY (CONT'D)
Let me see it. Slowly!

Dalby pulls out a revolver from his pocket and aims it at her. Fiona pulls out an envelope and opens it. Dalby shines his flashlight on the envelope; it bulges with Sterling banknotes.

FIONA
The slides?

Dalby hands Fiona an airline carry-all.

DALBY
A portable viewer's in there, too.

FIONA
Shine your flashlight on it.

She opens the carry-all, pulls out the viewer and two slides.

DALBY

It's battery-powered. You just-

FIONA

I know how it works.

Fiona puts in a slide and looks in the viewer. She takes it out and pops in the second slide. She takes the second slide out, puts the viewer and the envelope in the carry-all and hands it to Dalby. She then pockets the slides.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Turn off that flashlight.

DALBY

Uh uh. After you leave.

FIONA

You can see it a mile away.

Dalby moves to the front door. Fiona sidles beside it where it opens. Dalby opens the door. A SHOT RINGS OUT. Dalby drops the carry-all. Fiona tackles him, rolling him behind the door. She wrests his gun away and pulls out her Walther TPH.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Are you hit?

DALBY

No.

Fiona kicks the door shut. Outside, footsteps quickly CRACKLE through gravel. Another SHOT RINGS OUT. Feet SWISH through grass then stop.

DILAURIA (O.S.)

All clear.

FIONA

(to Dalby)

Stay down.

She gets up and opens the door. There stands DiLauria, flashlight in one hand, Walther TPH in the other.

DILAURIA

Are you hurt?

FIONA

No, I'm fine.

DILAURIA

What about Dalby?

DALBY

You know my name?

FIONA

Shut up!

(to DiLauria)

He's fine - but I think he's had an accident.

DiLauria shines her flashlight on Dalby, still on the floor. The dark spot on his pants shows he has urinated on himself.

DILAURIA

Two jokers - one behind the house, the other out front, across the road. The one in back was aiming through a gap in the wood over the window. He must have seen that flashlight - I know I did.

FIONA

Idiot wouldn't turn it off.

DILAURIA

After I got the one, the other then ran around back. I guess he figured he'd help his pal.

FIONA

And you're taking pictures of them both.

DILAURIA

Got my duty-free Brownie in the car. Be right back.

She leaves.

FIONA

Get up, Mr. Dalby.

Dalby stands; he's shaking. Fiona points her Walther TPH at him.

FIONA (CONT'D)

So, tell me - how did you get those slides?

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

Stock footage of the Lincoln Memorial and the National Mall.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A car waits at the Guard Shack while the U.S. MARINE GUARD makes a call. Employees enter through Gate #1.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard, Kensington, Nealy and Latham are there.

LATHAM

MI6 suspected security officer Ray Whitmore was the mole, but they didn't have enough evidence.

BERARD

And to be sure, Whitmore was one of the men mandarin Two killed.

LATHAM

Yes, the other was a DGI agent. Apparently, Hebrón suspected there was a mole because the DGI had begun surveilling him. So he asked his controller to lift him.

NEALY

That must have panicked Whitmore.

LATHAM

Hebrón, too. He kept forgetting the combination to his safe. So this last time when he sent it to the reformatory to have them open it, he forgot he'd left a folder with two 8x10 glossies of Castro's letter to Khrushchev inside it.

BERARD

Which this schoolteacher saw.

LATHAM

And got the bright idea to make slides of them. He figured he'd buy the boat of his dreams and live the high life, or at least that's what he told mandarin Two.

BERARD

And this is when SMOTH got involved?

LATHAM

Yes. Dalby called the FCO who alerted MI6 who gave it to SMOTH.

KENSINGTON

Miss Jeffries being from Grenada.

LATHAM

Partly, yes. The Grenada station told SMOTH they needed to lift Hebrón.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

So he got the clever idea to clear the way for the lift and have Whitmore show himself as the mole. But to divert Whitmore's attention away from Hebrón, SMOTH needed to convince him that Dalby was a threat. So he arranged to send Fiona to Saint George's under the pretext that Dalby wouldn't deal with anyone local because MI6 and the FCO had been infiltrated. The truth is Dalby said no such thing; that was SMOTH's invention. Knowing how I'd react to him sending Fiona, he then used me to provide backup. That gave the operation weight SMOTH needed to convince Whitmore that whatever documents Dalby had, must have the mole's name in them.

BERARD

You said Miss Jeffries was only part of the reason the lift was given to SMOTH.

LATHAM

Yes. Hebrón was smuggled out of Grenada aboard the Bengal, whose captain is well known to Bill.

NEALY

Hassan Maziq. Leave it to Warren to figure out he's an asset for the Middle East Desk.

LATHAM

When we checked on the ship's movements, we learned that MI6 had been tracking her through the Royal Navy. Captain Maziq had asked them for weather and position updates. When the ship then veered from its course to the Med and headed to the British West Indies, I figured it was due to a request from SMOTH.

KENSINGTON

These slides - we do have them.

NEALY

We're analyzing them now.

KENSINGTON

And this Dalby really worked at a reform school?

LATHAM

Lorton's Reformatory for Boys,
teaching his students to repair
safes and pick their locks.

BERARD

Okay, gentlemen. Thank you.

Latham, Kensington and Nealy stand and leave.

CORRIDOR

Kensington goes into his office. Nealy waves at Latham.

NEALY

Warren...

Latham stops; Nealy catches up to him at the stairwell.

NEALY (CONT'D)

I understand Kensington gave you
hell about Paul's briefing.

LATHAM

MOTHER thinks I'm targeting C.I.

NEALY

Don't worry. I turned the whole
sorry mess over to the I.G. That
should get both of them off your
back.

LATHAM

Thanks.

NEALY

I understand you know Brigadier
Richard Sawyer, the Royal Navy
liaison at the Pentagon.

LATHAM

I've heard of him.

NEALY

Hmm, you know they managed to
rescue Cuban Consul Ivo Hebrón off
the Bengal yesterday.

LATHAM

Really...

NEALY

The Brigadier said he had no doubt
the Libyans would've turned Hebrón
over to their friends in Cuba.

LATHAM

So where's Hebrón now?

NEALY

You know, that's the funny part.
They handed Hebrón over to our
Navy, along with his 8x10 glossies.

LATHAM

Good for them.

NEALY

Yes, ONI's quite happy. The
Brigadier told them it was at your
request.

LATHAM

Did he...

NEALY

That's, uh, too bad for SMOTH.
Losing Hebrón certainly doesn't do
him any good.

LATHAM

No, it certainly does not.

Latham sports a self-satisfied look, then heads down the
stairs.

END