

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Three, Episode #11: "The Games We Play"

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

Episode #11: "The Games We Play"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT (EVENING)

A view of the cityscape, from its glut of midtown skyscrapers to the art-deco apartment buildings on the Upper West Side.

CENTRAL PARK - CENTRAL PARK WEST AND 77TH STREET

It is the autumnal equinox, and the harvest moon casts an ethereal light over the park. Here one enters a section of the park known as...

THE RAMBLE

Ground zero for outdoor gay sex. A MAN - call him GERALD RADCLIFFE, 40-ish, in a fall jacket - walks along a footpath where the faint sounds of pleasure and pain from couples hidden in the woods surround him. He reaches...

THE RAMBLE STONE ARCH

Only five feet wide and made primarily of boulders from the park, it sits high above the footpath. Its shape echoes the Natural Bridge of Virginia, a popular natural attraction at the time Central Park was built.

RADCLIFFE

Flicks on his butane lighter to look at the left abutment. A vertical chalk mark is on the rock. He pulls a stick of chalk from his pocket and marks a horizontal line to the left of it. (On the left, it's safe to meet; on the right, go away.)

Stowing his stick of chalk, Radcliffe walks through the Arch. He comes to a tiny wooden bridge over a rivulet then comes to a wide path with benches every 20 yards. He sits on the second bench on the right, pulls out a pack of cigarettes and smokes.

ON THE BENCH

Radcliffe watches a distant airplane drift across the moon. When he stamps out what's left of his cigarette, another Man also wearing a fall jacket - call him Radcliffe's CONTACT - walks up and sits beside him.

RADCLIFFE

Picture Central Park without a sailor.

CONTACT

Picture Mister Lord minus Mister Taylor.

Radcliffe nods to himself and looks at his Contact curiously.

RADCLIFFE

How long have you been in New York?

CONTACT

Long enough to know better than to volunteer information.

RADCLIFFE

Hm, smarter than the average bear.

He pulls the pack of cigarettes from his pocket and hands it to the Contact, who unzips his jacket and puts the pack in his shirt pocket. The Contact then reaches inside his jacket and pulls out a Walther PP with a suppressor attached.

Radcliffe's shock leaves him frozen; there is no sound, save for the "Pfft" as the Contact fires, obliterating the left side of Radcliffe's face.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Under accent lights, the Washington Monument and National Mall are modernist black and white photographs by Alfred Stieglitz.

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A view of the compound under the floodlights.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Regardless of the time, the PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones continues unabated. Wall maps of Europe and Asia remain empty but the maps of U.S. cities and the Western Hemisphere overflow with RED, GREEN, YELLOW and WHITE STICKPINS. The 24-hour wall clock reads 04:20.

NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY are at the Duty Desk. Owens is dialing the Red phone.

INT. BEDROOM

FIONA JEFFRIES and WARREN LATHAM are spooned and asleep under a quilt. The phone RINGS, waking them. Latham gets up.

LIVING ROOM

The Red light on the phone is blinking. Latham enters and flips on the room light. He sits on the sofa, lifts the phone and rolls its thumbwheel switch. He yawns and answers it.

LATHAM

Latham.

CROSSCUT OWENS WITH LATHAM

OWENS

It's Owens in the Ops Room, sir. I got a call from New York Central. The police found a man shot dead in Central Park. He had pocket litter ID'ing him as Gerald Radcliffe.

LATHAM

He's a talent-spotter, isn't he?

OWENS

Yes, sir. The name sounded familiar to one of the detectives, so he checked with the police liaison. He recognized the name as one of ours and called the Station Number One.

LATHAM

Davis confirmed it was Radcliffe?

OWENS

Tentatively, yes.

LATHAM

What does that mean? Radcliffe works for him; he ought to know the man.

OWENS

Davis said the man's facial features weren't intact enough to positively identify him.

LATHAM

Alright, call the station back. Tell Davis to call the police liaison. Ask him if Detective Arthur Fallows can be assigned to the case. Then have Bradley book mandarin Two on a flight to New York no later than 08:00 A.M.

OWENS

Right. I'll call and let her know.

LATHAM

No, I'll do it. You call mandarin One and have him come in. I'm on my way.

OWENS

Yes, sir.

BACK TO SCENE

Owens hangs up. Farrell looks at him.

FARRELL  
Latham's coming in?

OWENS  
Of course. I'm calling mandarin  
One; he's got mandarin Two.

FARRELL  
She's always grumpy when I have to  
call her to come in early.

OWENS  
That's 'cause you don't have the  
boss's dulcet tones.

Farrell mugs as Owens picks up the Red phone again and dials.

EXT. RUISLIP VILLAGE, ENGLAND - DAY

A woman - call her HELEN MYERS, 45, wearing a raincoat with a book tucked under her arm - waits at the bus stop on this rural road. She checks her watch. A number 278 bus to Heathrow Central soon arrives. She boards the bus.

INT. HEATHROW CENTRAL BUS STATION

The WHINE of jet- and propjet engines as planes take off and land may be the heartbeat of an airport, but it is quite an annoying metre. The number 278 bus pulls in. Myers alights, followed by the other passengers lugging their bags and suitcases off the bus.

EXT. WALKWAY

Her book under her right arm, Myers flows with most of the bus passengers toward Terminals 2 and 3. She checks her watch. Whereas folks with luggage head into the terminals, Myers crosses the street and enters The Tube's Cockfosters Station.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM

She joins people waiting for the subway and eyes the crowd. Most of them are young people, noisy bohemians carrying backpacks. A few glance at her. Their indecipherable chatter grows LOUDER as the lights of an approaching train come into view.

IN THE SUBWAY CAR

It's crowded and noisy. The bohemians are straphangers, as is Myers. A PASSENGER offers Myers his seat but she smiles and shakes her head no.

One of the bohemians, HARRY KEENE, 25, walks behind Myers, brushing against her. He drops a manila coin envelope in her raincoat pocket.

CHARING CROSS STATION

A large crowd waits on the platform. The train pulls in. When its doors open an equally sizable number of people alight, including Myers who follows Keene and his friends out the train car and onto the crowded platform.

There is a lot of jostling in the crowd of exiting passengers. Myers bumps her book hard against Keene who FLINCHES. He looks back; Myers smiles apologetically and mouths "Sorry."

ON THE ESCALATORS

The departing passengers leave little room to move on the steps. Keene chats with his bohemian friends while Myers is several steps behind and below them.

Keene suddenly looks to be in distress. He fights to breathe and maintain his balance. His friends grab hold of him. Keene's eyes roll back and he falls backwards. Like dominoes, the people on the step behind him try to catch him but fall backwards themselves into other people.

CHARING CROSS STATION - LOWER CONCOURSE

The passengers spill out of the escalator. Keene lies on the step. As his friends and others try to roll him onto the concourse floor, the moving stairs pile people at the top of the escalator, causing some to fall over him while others fall back onto the crowd waiting to exit.

Finally, someone presses the Emergency Stop button, jolting everyone even more. As Keene's friends slide him away from the escalator, other passengers step past him.

Myers slowly walks past Keene. An excess of spittle and vomit dribble from the corner of his mouth. His body goes into a brief spasm. Someone in the crowd SCREAMS. Then Keene's body goes limp. Myers leaves, showing no emotion.

EXT. CHARING CROSS - DAY

A roundabout where six routes meet and a seemingly endless stream of people cross the streets. Myers emerges from the Tube station. She hails a taxi and gets in, leaving the scene while the sing-song siren of Emergency Services vehicles grows louder.

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

CIA officers show their IDs to the GUARD at the Guard Shack then pass through Gate #1 onto the compound.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD, STEWART KENSINGTON and Latham are being briefed by BILL NEALY (D-Int).

NEALY

As you know, last December Anatoli Golitsyn defected while he was in Helsinki.

EXT. HELSINKI, FINLAND - DAY (DUSK) - PAST

A blinding snowstorm shutters much of the city.

INT. EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES

Comfortably appointed; the American flag sits in one corner, opposite a U.S. MARINE CORPS GUARD. A short stocky man bundled in a heavy overcoat with a satchel tucked under his arm enters and walks up to the Marine Corps Guard.

GOLITSYN

I am Anatoli Golitsyn, a consul at the Soviet Embassy. I wish to see Frank Friberg.

MARINE CORPS GUARD

Wait here, sir.

He crosses to the DESK OFFICER, a young woman.

MARINE CORPS GUARD (CONT'D)

(sotto voce)

He says he's Anatoli Golitsyn and he wants to speak to Frank Friberg.

While the Marine Corps Guard waits, the Desk Officer picks up the phone and dials.

DESK OFFICER

Mayday. I have a REDTOP walk-in asking for Frank Friberg... Right.

She hangs up and stands.

DESK OFFICER (CONT'D)

Bring Mr. Golitsyn here, please.

The Marine Corps Guard retrieves Golitsyn.

NEALY (O.S.)

Since he was Russian and mentioned our station chief by name, they followed protocol and put him on ice.

THE DESK OFFICER

Escorts Golitsyn to an isolated room where they wait until FRANK FRIBERG, 45, arrives, then the Desk Officer leaves. Golitsyn and Friberg speak. Golitsyn reaches into his satchel and pulls out a leather folder which he hands to Friberg.

NEALY (O.S.)

Golitsyn said he was a major in the KGB. He gave Friberg a sheath filled with classified papers he'd copied at the Soviet Embassy in Helsinki. He promised to deliver more on the KGB's whole espionage apparatus, but only if CIA immediately arranged for safe passage to the U.S. for him, his wife and his daughter.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT

Berard, Kensington and Latham listen to Nealy who grows angry.

NEALY

After we got him here he claimed there was a KGB plant in our Soviet Bloc Division. That little gem put MOTHER on the hunt. As far as I can tell, all MOTHER's done in the past nine months is ruin the careers of some loyal officers, including one from my staff! Sorry.

BERARD

It's alright, Bill. Go on.

NEALY

Golitsyn said he had to be out by Christmas or his family would be recalled to Moscow. That only gave Friberg 48 hours to run a trace on him. At Langley they found only one mention of Golitsyn. It came from Peter Derebian, a KGB officer in Vienna before he defected in '54. When Derebian was debriefed he mentioned Golitsyn as a KGB officer who could be recruited. Before anyone in Vienna could follow up, Golitsyn was recalled to Moscow. Now, two months after Golitsyn's defection, Khrushchev appoints a new KGB chief, Vladimir Semichastny. MI6 have a recent defector who says Semichastny is running down some of the rings he inherited, presumably blown by a double agent.



LATHAM

Sounds like Semichastny is trying to cut his losses.

NEALY

Yes. He undoubtedly has his own suspicions on who's doubling, and they'll be eliminated first.

Latham looks disgusted.

LATHAM

I always thought Golitsyn knew he was ready for the high jump; that's why he defected.

NEALY

Could be.

LATHAM

Why else would he give us so little time to run a trace on him?

KENSINGTON

That's beside the point. MOTHER was satisfied with the check.

LATHAM

A negative check doesn't prove Golitsyn isn't a plant. Semichastny may well be sacrificing low-level operatives in order to save his star pupil.

KENSINGTON

(derisively)

That's purely conjecture, Warren, which isn't proof - even if it does come from you.

BERARD

Alright. Let's consider what this means for this division. Any of our low-level Soviet agents could be terminated. So I think for the short term, it's best that they go to ground.

KENSINGTON

That's exactly what the KGB would want us to do - suspend operations directed at them.

LATHAM

At least if our agents are warned they have a fighting chance.

NEALY

And it shows them that they aren't just disposable pieces to us.

BERARD

You'd rather they fend for themselves, Stewart?

KENSINGTON

It's a risk they understood when they agreed to work for us.

LATHAM

You can forget about getting any Soviets to work for us again.

BERARD

Gentlemen, I'm inclined to take the longer view here and warn them. We can always pick up with them or someone else at a later date.

Kensington takes this as a public opprobrium. He's humiliated.

KENSINGTON

Fine. I don't see where I'm needed here anymore. Excuse me.

To everyone's surprise, he stands and leaves.

NEALY

Stewart...

Berard quickly holds up his hand and shakes his head to stop Nealy from saying anything further.

KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

Kensington enters, stoop-shouldered and defeated. He goes to the window and opens the blinds. The sky is overcast and the compound looks desolate. Kensington looks back at his desk and the coatrack where his trench coat hangs. He shuts the blinds, goes to his desk and presses the intercom.

KENSINGTON'S-AIDE-DE-CAMP (O.S.)

Yes, sir?

KENSINGTON

I'm leaving for the day. If anyone asks, you don't know where I am.

KENSINGTON'S-AIDE-DE-CAMP (O.S.)

May I know where you're going?

KENSINGTON

No.

He hangs up, grabs his trench coat from the coatrack and dons it. He crosses to the combination-lock file cabinet, takes out his briefcase and locks the cabinet. Then he leaves.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Stock footage of a foursquare view of the CHRYSLER BUILDING.

INT. CIA STATION

Utilitarian, much like The Hole at Cockroach Alley. CIA OFFICERS pore over reports and confer over the phone.

STATION CHIEF'S OFFICE

DAVIS sits at his desk, arms folded and annoyed. CARLA DILAURIA sits across from him, reading through a file. She jots down names and addresses in her pocket notepad: "**Gerald Radcliffe 727 E. 13th, 5B; Annette Colson 208 W. 12th, 2D.**"

DAVIS

You're meeting Detective Fallows at the morgue at 11:00.

DILAURIA

(checks her watch)

I have time. There's not a whole lot in here. So tell me about him.

DAVIS

Gerald Radcliffe - been here six months, primarily a talent-spotter.

DILAURIA

He wasn't in Central Park talent-spotting last night.

DAVIS

(aggravated)

I know. At first, I thought maybe he went there to, you know...

DILAURIA

What, get laid?

Davis blushes; he's embarrassed.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

I am familiar with the practice.

DAVIS

Okay, okay.

DILAURIA

Look, Davis, we'll deal with your issues on sex some other time.

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Right now, I want to know if you think he went there with a girl.

DAVIS

Not in that section of the park.

DILAURIA

Why not?

DAVIS

'Cause it's The Ramble. It's where the queers go to hook up.

DILAURIA

Wait - Radcliffe was homosexual?

DAVIS

I don't know. I mean, how could he be? He's been FLUTTERED twice. If he was, the polygraph would've caught it and he'd have been thrown out. Plus, he has a girlfriend. She was vetted when they got engaged.

DILAURIA

At least that's in here. Have you gone through his reports?

DAVIS

I did, and I didn't find anything.

DILAURIA

Go through them again. See if he planned a second meet with anyone. And I need a copy of the report on his girlfriend for Fallows.

DAVIS

(fuming)

He's not authorized to see it.

DILAURIA

Well, he's going to have to.

DiLauria holds up the file waiting for Davis to take it, but he just glares at her.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

What?

DAVIS

I'm a station chief, not your gofer.

DILAURIA

And I'm here trying to find out what happened to Radcliffe.

DAVIS

No, you're not. You're a goddamn  
mandarin throwing her weight around!

DILAURIA

Fine. I'll send the police up here,  
then the FBI. They'll turn your life  
upside down. Next, MOTHER's people  
will be in here, wondering if the  
reason Radcliffe's dead is because  
one of you's a goddamn double agent!  
Now get me a copy of this report and  
a file photo of Radcliffe. Please!

Davis HUFFS; he takes the file and leaves.

EXT. 462 EAST 26TH STREET - DAY

Adjacent to Bellevue Hospital is a building with the following  
sign: "CITY OF NEW YORK - OFFICE OF CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER."

INT. HALLWAY

Over the morgue entrance it reads "**Taceant colloquia. Effugiatur  
risus. Hic locus est ubi mors gaudet succurrere vitae.**"

DiLauria enters carrying a shoulder bag. She sees NEW YORK  
CITY POLICE DETECTIVE ARTHUR FALLOWS standing with RICK, 30, a  
diener (morgue attendant) wearing maroon scrubs.

FALLOWS

Ah, I knew you'd come back to me.

DiLauria rolls her eyes. Fallows holds out his arms for a hug;  
she obliges. Fallows winks at her then turns to Rick.

FALLOWS (CONT'D)

This is my friend Julie Barnes.

RICK

I'm Rick, one of the dieners here.

DILAURIA

Last time I was here, Fallows had  
already buried the guy before I had  
a chance to even look at him.

FALLOWS

You ever see that model, The Visible  
Man? Shows all his internal organs?

DILAURIA

Yeah, so?

FALLOWS

The guy looked just like that,  
except he had hair and a johnson.

DILAURIA

You weren't jealous, were you?

Rick grins as Fallows mimes stabbing himself in the heart.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

So, let's see Gerald Radcliffe.

THE MORGUE

The three go to the walk-in mortuary refrigerator. Rick hands DiLauria and Fallows a mask and a pair of latex gloves, which he also dons. Rick opens the door and they enter the...

MORTUARY REFRIGERATOR

Rick leads them down a long row where bodies are stacked on shelves, seven high, like a lumber warehouse. They are wrapped in white body bags with a tag hanging from the zipper. Rick stops at one.

RICK

Here, he is: Radcliffe, Gerald.  
We're still waiting on fingerprint confirmation.

FALLOWS

I sent the prints to the Bureau. We should know by tomorrow.

RICK

(proudly)  
I dissected this guy.

He unzips the body bag at the head. Even a seasoned detective like Fallows is shocked by what he sees. DiLauria, though, is curious about Radcliffe's horribly disfigured face.

RICK (CONT'D)

Single gunshot to the face, fired at close range - less than a foot.

FALLOWS

All the Mob hits I've seen here, and nothing like this; not where half his face is blown away.

DILAURIA

Had to be a soft-nosed round.

FALLOWS

I agree. Rick, when you took out the bullet, did it look like a mushroom?

RICK

Yeah, it did.

DILAURIA

They cause a shockwave when they enter which obliterates whatever bone and tissue is in its path.

RICK

Are you a forensic pathologist?

FALLOWS

I told you; she teaches forensics at Quantico.

DILAURIA

Okay. Can I see his belongings?

RICK

They're in the Property Room.

He zips shut the body bag.

PROPERTY ROOM

Resembles a bus depot's locker section. Rick, Fallows and DiLauria have removed their masks but still wear the gloves. Rick takes a clear plastic bag from a locker and sets it on the table. The phone in the main office RINGS.

RICK (CONT'D)

I have to get that. Remember to keep your gloves on.

He leaves. Fallows opens the bag and pulls out a large manila envelope. He dumps its contents on the table: a ballpoint pin, wallet, some loose change and a stick of white chalk.

FALLOWS

We got Radcliffe's name and vitals off his driver's license. Rick thought he might be a teacher because of the chalk.

DILAURIA

How did the other detective know to call our liaison?

FALLOWS

He remembered Radcliffe's name from a bomb scare at the Chrysler Building back in April. It was early on a Sunday, so there was hardly anyone there. Radcliffe said he worked on the 12th floor, room 1208 - Bureau of Labor Statistics.

DILAURIA

So much for our foolproof front.

DiLauria takes a manila envelope from her shoulder bag and hands it to Fallows.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
Radcliffe had a girlfriend. They were engaged to be married, so we vetted her. It's all in the report.

FALLOWS  
Thanks, I'll have her brought in. You can come watch if you want.

DiLauria picks up the chalk stick and twiddles it.

FALLOWS (CONT'D)  
I wonder why he had that?

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the Capitol Building and Embassy Row.

EMBASSY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

A wrought-iron gate surrounds the compound. Past a traditional red call box, a sign on a building reads "BRITISH EMBASSY."

INT. MI6 OFFICE

LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) is at his desk, an open folder before him. FIONA JEFFRIES escorts Latham inside. He sits on the tufted leather loveseat; she takes a seat in a chair.

JONES  
No steamed hamburgers?

LATHAM  
You sent for me, so lunch is on you.

Jones reaches into his desk drawer, pulls out a Chunky candy bar, and tosses it to Latham.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Your firm really is short of cash.

He pockets the Chunky.

FIONA  
If the Foreign Secretary cuts our funding any more, our most distant foreign station will be Liverpool.

LATHAM  
So, what have you got for me?

JONES  
Operation RED RIVER.



LATHAM

That group of English morons who were crisscrossing the states?

JONES

Bohemians - who somehow met two Ivy League professors with access to the Agency's drug du jour.

FIONA

Lysergic acid diethylamide. LSD?

LATHAM

I had nothing to do with that.

JONES

We know. Without you we couldn't have kept eyes on them and all the Party members they met.

FIONA

Can you imagine? The FCO wanted to give the operation to the FBI. The Bureau would have had them arrested for vagrancy.

LATHAM

I'm glad I could help.

JONES

(apprehensively)

We received a report from the Home Office. One of the lads in the group, Harry Keene, was found dead in Charing Cross Station today. Most of the witnesses said he seemed to suffer from some sort of seizure.

LATHAM

From drugs?

FIONA

Maybe. His girlfriend said that after they got off the train, they were in a huge crowd being jostled about. She said Keene suddenly yelped in pain and looked behind him. Apparently, some middle-aged woman had hit him fairly hard in the back with the corner of a book she was carrying. Keene accepted it was inadvertent and let it go. But his girlfriend said he kept rubbing that spot on his back, saying it felt like he'd been jabbed with a needle.

JONES

We're awaiting the autopsy results. But given the group's actions here, and their itinerary in Europe, we think they could be KGB floaters.

LATHAM

Hmm... Bill Nealy told us the new KGB chief is running down some of the rings he inherited.

FIONA

We'd heard about that too. Have any of your joes been eliminated?

LATHAM

None so far. You think the KGB eliminated Keene?

JONES

Yes.

LATHAM

Was he one of your joes?

Fiona looks charily at Jones. She catches herself and stops.

JONES

No. If it turns out Keene died of natural causes then, so be it. But if it is death by misadventure, then we have to assume he was KGB.

LATHAM

I guess you would. Is that all you had for me?

Fiona looks as if she's about to speak but SMOTH cuts her off.

JONES

Yes, that's it.

LATHAM

Oh, okay. How about lunch, Fiona?

FIONA

Sure.

LATHAM

Let me hit the lav first.

He gets up and leaves. Jones is anxious. He SLAPS a pen on his desk and turns to Fiona.

JONES

For God sakes, don't tell him.

FIONA

I don't answer to God. God couldn't give a damn what I do. I answer to my superiors. I can only hope that whoever makes the ultimate decisions around here does answer to God.

ACT TWO

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

A view of Building C in the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD files as she speaks to PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY.

COLLETTE

Mr. Kensington excused himself and left.

BAZZO

Anyone try him at home?

COLLETTE

His aide did, but his wife said he wasn't there.

BAZZO

No, he's there. He just doesn't want to speak to anyone.

Latham enters. He nods to Collette and Bazzo.

LATHAM

Did you send out the memo?

COLLETTE

To our stations and all the bases.

BAZZO

Memo about what?

LATHAM

Warn our low-level Soviet agents and floaters to go to ground, if they can. The new KGB chief's running down old cases and eliminating anyone he thinks is doubling.

BAZZO

Right, you mentioned that.

He follows Latham into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Where they both sit. Latham sifts through reports on his desk.

BAZZO

Collette told me about Kensington.

LATHAM

He's long overstayed his welcome. I think he was just looking for a way out.

BAZZO

With a little push from you?

LATHAM

I'm not the one who recommended abandoning our Soviet agents.

BAZZO

Okay, but sometimes I think he says outrageous things just so he can hear you out.

LATHAM

There are easier ways to get my advice - like asking me for it?

BAZZO

He already has.

LATHAM

When?

BAZZO

When he headed MONGOOSE. He followed your advice to the letter. He even argued against using bio-weapons, same as you did. When he was let go, it was you who argued against it.

LATHAM

Because in that one instance he and I agreed on everything.

BAZZO

But you can't say this state of armed neutrality between you two hasn't had its benefits.

LATHAM

You been dipping in the jar of those LSD pills Carla slipped to Posadas?

BAZZO

Come on, you complement each other.

LATHAM

Go back downstairs!

BAZZO

Look, all I'm saying is you two check and balance each other. It'd be a shame to see him go.

LATHAM

Can we move on now? I just met with SMOTH. He thinks the KGB hit Harry Keene from Operation RED RIVER.

BAZZO

Boss, some of the folks that English group met were our joes in the KGB.

LATHAM

Forget it. I'm not telling SMOTH.

BAZZO

You have to. What if his masters tell him to poach them? You can't expect them to triple.

LATHAM

MI6 is a leaky ship, Bazzo. That's why all our U.S.-U.K. material seems to end up in Dzerzhinsky Square. If the KGB did hit Keene, they only have themselves to blame.

EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY

Stock footage of Westminster Abbey and Big Ben.

54 BROADWAY

Known locally as the Broadway Buildings, it is actually one large office building, noted for its distinctive mansard roof. It is also the home of MI6. Helen Myers enters the building.

INT. FOYER

On the right is a desk manned by an elderly, mustachioed SECURITY GUARD in a rumpled suit. As Myers smiles and shows her ID, he spins the logbook to face right-side up for her.

SECURITY GUARD

It's 19:00, Miss Myers.

MYERS

Thank you.

She picks up a pen from the desk. She signs in under the section labeled "E Branch" and leaves the pen on the logbook.

The Security Guard nods at Myers who then makes her way down the corridor to the elevator bank.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - 16 ERICSSON PLACE - DAY

A three-story Italian Renaissance building that formerly housed a stable at one end - this is the NYPD's 1st Precinct.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

The walls are bare, save for one with a two-way mirror. There are a table, two chairs and an ashtray. ANNETTE COLSON, 30, sits with her back to the wall. She wears a cheap necklace, but no rings. She's agitated and smokes. Fallows enters holding a folder and sits opposite her. He opens the folder.

FALLOWS

I'm Detective Fallows. You're name's Annette Colson?

ANNETTE

Yeah. So what's this about?

FALLOWS

You know a Gerald Radcliffe?

ANNETTE

Yeah. So?

FALLOWS

When did you see him last?

ANNETTE

Couple days ago.

FALLOWS

Have you spoken to him since?

ANNETTE

Yesterday. He called me. Why?

FALLOWS

Why? Because he's dead.

Annette takes a long drag on her cigarette and shrugs.

ANNETTE

Well, I didn't kill him.

OBSERVATION ROOM

DiLauria watches Fallows and Annette through the mirror.

INTERVIEW ROOM

Annette snubs out her cigarette and lights another.

FALLOWS

You two were engaged, weren't you?

No response.

FALLOWS (CONT'D)

Well, were you or not?!

ANNETTE

Alright, we were! Big fucking deal.

FALLOWS

Watch your mouth. You live at 264  
West 12th Street, correct?

She snubs out her cigarette and starts yet another one.

ANNETTE

Everyone's gotta live someplace.

FALLOWS

What's your rent there?

ANNETTE

\$132 a month. Why, you planning on  
moving in?

FALLOWS

No, I couldn't afford it. You're a  
secretary making \$29.00 a week over  
at NYU. How can you afford it?

ANNETTE

(worriedly)

You been checking up on me?

FALLOWS

How can you afford the rent?!

ANNETTE

My... My parents help me out.

Fallows takes out his pocket notepad and a pen and puts them  
on the table before Annette. She looks at him nervously.

FALLOWS

Write down their phone number.

ANNETTE

Why?

FALLOWS

After you tell me how much they give  
you, I'm gonna call them and check.

Annette nervously snubs out her cigarette and lights another.

FALLOWS (CONT'D)

Write it!

ANNETTE

Okay, they don't! Alright?!

FALLOWS

Then who does?

ANNETTE

A professor. He's leaving his wife.  
I was gonna call off the wedding!

FALLOWS

And now you get to keep the ring.

BREAK ROOM

A small table, chairs, refrigerator and a hotplate with a pot of coffee brewing. Fallows pours a cup for DiLauria and himself, then sits opposite her at the table.

FALLOWS

Can't imagine what Radcliffe saw in her. What was his job, or is that classified?

DILAURIA

He was a talent-spotter. He looked to make contact with our scientists who travel abroad, and with those from the Eastern bloc. Ours he'd debrief. As for theirs, he'd determine if they were worth turning over to another officer who'd make a recruitment pitch.

FALLOWS

Where would he find these people?

DILAURIA

Conferences, symposia...

FALLOWS

Ooh, symposia. I like that.

DILAURIA

I figured you would. Every intelligence service in the world works these conferences. Probably more spooks roaming the hallways than actual scientists.

FALLOWS

Not being an egghead myself, how do you approach them?



DILAURIA

What I'd do is arrange a bump; it's supposedly a chance encounter. Then when I see the professor later at another conference, I say something like, 'Did I see you in Istanbul?' And we go from there.

FALLOWS

Cute. I'm gonna cut Annette Colson loose. Can I drop you someplace?

DILAURIA

Yes, Central Park - where The Ramble's located.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST AND WEST 77TH STREET - DAY

The Ford Galaxie 500 pulls into a bus stop and parks.

INT. FORD GALAXIE

Fallows turns to DiLauria.

FALLOWS

Just follow the footpath. Won't be much to see during the day though.

DiLauria throws Fallows a sidelong glance.

FALLOWS (CONT'D)

I'll, uh, wait here for you.

DiLauria gets out the car.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - THE RAMBLE

A lush, thickly wooded oasis. DiLauria walks along the narrow footpath. At times, the taller art deco apartment buildings on Central Park West peek through the breaks in the flora.

DiLauria passes an occasional wanderer then stops. She is mesmerized, not just by the Ramble Stone Arch, but what is on its left abutment: two chalk marks, one vertical and one horizontal to its left. She clenches a fist the way one does in a "Eureka!" moment, then turns around and walks back.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - 727 E. 13TH STREET - DAY

The Galaxie 500 pulls up to a nine-story apartment building. Window guards are in place as far up as the sixth floor. DiLauria and Fallows alight and cross to the front door.

FALLOWS

Radcliffe lived here? Man, you guys pay less than I thought.

INT. VESTIBULE

An OLDER WOMAN in a muumuu pushing an empty granny cart opens the inside door. As she leaves the foyer, Fallows grabs hold of the door before it closes. The Older Woman looks back.

OLDER WOMAN  
(snarls)  
You better get the hell outta here  
if you don't live here.

DiLauria grins as Fallows shows the Older Woman his badge.

FALLOWS  
I'm a New York City detective.

OLDER WOMAN  
Uh huh. Probably stole that.

She leaves. DiLauria chuckles as she and Fallows head to the elevators.

FIFTH FLOOR

Amid a PURL of music, giggling children and TV shows, DiLauria and Fallows walk to apartment 5B. She takes a leather case from her handbag and unzips it, revealing a set of lockpicks.

FALLOWS  
You can get arrested for that.

DiLauria rolls her eyes and inserts a tension wrench into the bottom of the keyhole. She applies a light pressure with her forefinger so that the wrench only slightly bows.

Next, she inserts the pick - a Bogota rake with three ridges - at the top of the lock, sliding it all the way in. She SCRUBS the pick until all the pins are set, then opens the door.

APARTMENT 5B - LIVING ROOM

DiLauria and Fallows enter and close the door. Everything is mismatched and secondhand, typical of a bachelor with a meager income.

FALLOWS  
What am I looking for?

DILAURIA  
Whatever looks out of place.

FALLOWS  
Hm, everything looks out of place.  
I'll start with the bedroom.

Fallows heads into the bedroom. DiLauria heads into...

THE KITCHEN

She looks in the waste basket: Chinese food take-out cartons and empty soup cans. She opens the refrigerator and recoils. She sniffs a milk carton and quickly shuts the door. She checks the cupboards - a few dishes, can goods and roach powder. DiLauria looks back at the refrigerator. She runs her hand across the top; there is the light rustle of paper. She grabs hold and retrieves it, shaking off the dirt.

DILAURIA

Art, come here!

A moment later Fallows enters holding a slip of paper.

FALLOWS

Receipt for an engagement ring.

DILAURIA

I found this on top of the fridge.

She sets it on the dinette table where they both sit.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Look, 'A Picture of Me Without You.'

INSERT THE SHEET OF PAPER:

**A Picture of Me Without You**

From being merely a necessary luxury  
And someone sympathetic to have about  
Why, now you're nearly a luxurious necessity  
I couldn't imagine ever living without  
I suppose I'd somehow struggle through  
But I'd hate to picture myself without you

Picture Henry Ford without a car  
Picture heaven's firmament without a star  
Picture Fritzy Kreisler without a fiddle  
Picture poor Philadelphia without a Biddle  
Picture good cigars without Havana  
Picture Huey Long without Louisiana  
Mix 'em all together, and what have you got?  
Just a picture of me without you

Picture H. G. Wells without a brain  
Picture Av'rell Harriman without a train  
Picture Tintern Abbey without a cloister  
Picture Billy the Oysterman without an oyster  
Picture Central Park without a sailor  
Picture Mister Lord minus Mister Taylor  
Mix 'em all together, and what have you got?  
Just a picture of me without you

Picture Ogden Nash without a rhyme  
Picture Mister Bulova without the time  
Picture Staten Island without a ferry  
Picture little George Washington without a cherry  
Picture brother Cain without his Abel  
Picture Clifton Webb minus Mother Mabel  
Mix 'em all together, and what have you got?  
Just a picture of me without you

Picture Paul Revere without a horse  
Picture love in Hollywood without divorce  
Picture Barbara Hutton without a nickel  
Picture poor Mister Heinz, my dear, without a pickle  
Picture City Hall without boondogglin'  
Picture Sunday tea minus Father Coughlin  
Mix 'em all together and what have you got?  
Just a picture of me without you

Picture Lily Pons without a throat  
Picture Harold Vanderbilt without a boat  
Picture Billy Sunday without a sinner  
Picture dear Missus Corrigan without a dinner  
Picture Hamlet's ghost without a darkness  
Picture Mother Yale minus Father Harkness  
Mix 'em all together and what have you got?  
Just a picture of me without you!

BACK TO SCENE

Fallows shrugs; he doesn't recognize it - but DiLauria grins.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
It's from a musical, 'Jubilee,' by  
Moss Hart and Cole Porter.

FALLOWS  
Last time I was at the theater,  
Booth shot Lincoln. Was Radcliffe a  
theatergoer?

DILAURIA  
Who knows. I'm wondering why he kept  
the lyrics on top of the fridge...  
When I saw that stick of chalk in  
his things, the first thing that  
came to mind was Moscow Rules.

FALLOWS  
What's that?

DILAURIA  
It's tradecraft we use when we're  
behind the Iron Curtain. Say we  
want to arrange a meeting. We'd put  
a chalk mark on a lamppost or  
something to signal the Contact.

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

I wanted to go to The Ramble on the oft-chance Radcliffe used the chalk for that reason. And there it was! A recognition signal right there on that arch - two chalk marks, one made by him and the other by his Contact. Often there's a password that follows, sort of a second-level of identification. One person says a line and the other one has a specific response. Now, what if Radcliffe used a line from this song when he met his Contact? The reply would have the next line in the song. That's it! It has to be. He used this song for the password!

Fallows is impressed. DiLauria folds the paper and puts it in her shoulder bag.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Let's keep looking.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY

Stock footage of the cityscape, featuring the Chrysler Building.

INT. CIA STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM

Utilitarian with a Red phone on the conference table. DiLauria enters with Davis who carries a folder. They sit at the table.

DAVIS

Radcliffe targeted four possibles from the Eastern bloc. Three he rejected; the fourth needed a follow-up meet to decide whether to pass him on. He's Ivan Kabak, 28; moved to London with his parents, Maxim and Irina, from Leningrad in '41. Came here last year on a work visa.

DILAURIA

Where's he work?

DAVIS

Translation Services at the UN.

DILAURIA

And the follow-up was set for when?

DAVIS

It's, um, it's not in here.

DILAURIA

Didn't you review his report?

Davis is too embarrassed to answer. Frustrated, DiLauria HUFFS. She gets up and moves about the room.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Alright... Back in April you had a bomb scare here, early on a Sunday. Who was working then?

DAVIS

The usual - a Duty Officer and a Communications Officer.

DILAURIA

You use a rotating crew on weekends?

DAVIS

Yes.

DILAURIA

Was Radcliffe on duty then?

DAVIS

I don't know. I'd have to check.

DILAURIA

Well, don't let me stop you.

DAVIS

(dials the Red phone)

It's Davis. That Sunday back in April when we had the bomb scare - was Radcliffe on duty?... No, I'll hold on... Okay, thanks.

(hangs up)

He wasn't on and no one saw him.

DILAURIA

But he was here; the police got his name. The building's closed on Sunday, so everyone has to sign in downstairs. So where'd he go?

Davis shrugs, looking as though he'd rather be anywhere else.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

You know what the KGB do to an agent they suspect of doubling? They shoot them in the face at close range with a soft-nosed .22. That's so when other KGB agents see how disfigured it leaves the victim, they'll be reluctant to double.

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Radcliffe was shot in the face at close range with a .22.

DAVIS

I can't believe he was doubling.

DILAURIA

Not anymore.

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

Day-shift CIA officers leave the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is at his desk. There's a KNOCK on the door. It opens and Collette leans in.

COLLETTE

The Intelligence Director's here.

LATHAM

Shoo him in, Effie darling.

Nealy enters, shutting the door behind him.

NEALY

Effie darling?

LATHAM

It's from The Maltese Falcon.  
What's up?

NEALY

I just wondered if you knew MI6 is closing two Caribbean stations.

LATHAM

Fiona mentioned the Foreign Secretary had cut their budget.

NEALY

Yes, with a very large knife.

LATHAM

They have former colonies there.

NEALY

I know.

LATHAM

Castro's probably salivating.

NEALY

Their Foreign Office feels CIA will pick up the slack there.

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

MI6 has no extant operations there.  
They can't justify keeping the  
stations open given their budget  
crisis.

LATHAM

SMOTH's probably worried his own  
staff will be chopped.

NEALY

Well, I just thought I'd let you  
know. You hear from Kensington?

LATHAM

No.

NEALY

He probably could use a friend  
about now.

He leaves.

EXT. SUBURBS OF MACLEAN, VIRGINIA - DAY (DUSK)

A taxi pulls up to a Tudor-style house where a Studebaker Gran Turismo Hawk is in the driveway. Latham alights from the taxi.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The doorbell RINGS. LILLIE, Kensington's wife, gets up from the couch where the Two watch TV. Kensington eyes her.

LILLIE

I know - you're not in.

She leaves. There is some muffled conversation then Lillie returns, leading Latham inside. Kensington grits is teeth.

LILLIE (CONT'D)

Mr. Latham, dear.

(to Latham)

Can I get you something to drink?

KENSINGTON

He won't be here that long, Lillie.

LILLIE

I'll bring in some tea.

She leaves. Kensington HUFFS as Latham takes a seat.

KENSINGTON

What do you want, Warren?

LATHAM

See how you were.



KENSINGTON

You're supposed to wait until I  
resign before offering well-wishes.

LATHAM

I thought I'd beat the rush.

Kensington's nostrils flare; he glares at Latham.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Come on, you've lost battles before.

KENSINGTON

The war's over; you've won. So  
finish your victory lap and go!

From the kitchen Lillie COUGHS in a manifestly loud manner.  
Kensington and Latham back off. She re-enters carrying a tray  
with a teapot from which dangle two tea bags, two cups on  
saucers, two teaspoons, a bowl of sugar cubes and a creamer of  
milk. She sets it on the coffee table.

LILLIE

Sorry, it's only hot tap water.  
Now, I'll leave you two alone.

She gently squeezes Kensington's hand as she leaves. Latham  
prepares his tea. Kensington reluctantly follows suit.

LATHAM

No one knows I'm here.

KENSINGTON

So, why are you here then?

LATHAM

This business with Golitsyn - it  
resurfaced because of MI6.

KENSINGTON

I was at the meeting, remember?

LATHAM

Afterwards, SMOTH asked to see me.  
He thinks the KGB killed one of the  
bohemians that were here over the  
summer, named Harry Keene.

KENSINGTON

Operation RED RIVER.

LATHAM

Yes. SMOTH thinks Keene was a KGB  
floater, which made him expendable.  
But he was also fishing, trying to  
see how much I knew about Keene.

KENSINGTON

You and SMOTH are still friends?

LATHAM

Yes.

KENSINGTON

Yet, he was pumping you... Any word about there being a leak at MI6?

LATHAM

No, but I wouldn't expect him to say there was.

KENSINGTON

But you believe there is.

LATHAM

Golitsyn claimed there were Soviet agents in MI5 and MI6. And the head of MI6 suspects MOTHER's old pal Kim Philby is 'the third man,' after Burgess and Maclean.

KENSINGTON

Hm, the Special Relationship may be sacrosanct but it never stopped MI6 from trying to get U.S.-Eyes Only material, as you well know.

Latham starts to reach for his teacup but thinks better of it.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

If he thought there was a leak in MI6, he might pump you to see if you'd spill any U.K.-Eyes Only material.

LATHAM

I did feel he was hiding something.

KENSINGTON

Could be his worry about a leak.

LATHAM

Hmm, on top of all this, one of my talent-spothers in New York, Gerald Radcliffe, was killed last night - a soft-nosed bullet to the face.

KENSINGTON

I read your memo. Typical of a KGB wet squad, don't you think?

LATHAM

Yes. I sent mandarin Two there.

KENSINGTON

To act as liaison with the police.

LATHAM

And work with that NYPD detective, Arthur Fallows. He saved her life a couple of years ago.

KENSINGTON

I know. The KGB target their own like that when they're doubling.

LATHAM

I'm hoping mandarin Two will find another reason for it.

KENSINGTON

Whatever she finds we'll have to notify the FBI. That's bad enough, but it's MOTHER you need to worry about. He'll tear down the whole division looking for a plant. It's better for everyone if you can rap this up and deliver it to the FBI as a done deal. Let me know if I can help.

He takes a sip of his tea. Latham nods and now follows suit.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Stock footage of the cityscape, featuring the Chrysler Building. Its terraced crown with seven radiating arches, sunburst pattern and triangular vaulted windows - all lit by fluorescent lamps and floodlights - represent the height of the Art Deco movement, and are the city's crown jewels.

INT. CIA STATION - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

A teletype machine and a KW-26 encryption machine sit silent. A tape recorder spins as DiLauria speaks on the Gray phone.

DILAURIA

No, nothing else was in Radcliffe's apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fiona stands by the hi-fi, sipping red wine while "Who Could Care?" by the Stan Getz and Bob Brookmeyer Quintet plays softly. Latham sits on the sofa, speaking into the phone.

LATHAM

I'm not surprised. He'd be worried about a ferret search, like everyone at New York Central.

CROSSCUT DILAURIA AND LATHAM

DILAURIA

Say Radcliffe had material to pass on but his Contact didn't show, where would he hide it then?

LATHAM

You said he was at the building the day of the bomb scare.

DILAURIA

Uh huh.

LATHAM

He could've found a nook in a stairwell, or maybe a junction box he can open. Tall buildings like that have busways in the walls for their power cables. You can open their doors with a bump key.

DILAURIA

But he wouldn't go back there at night again. He'd have to sign in.

LATHAM

And you found nothing at his place...

DILAURIA

Well, I did learn he failed Home-Ec. The milk in his fridge was rancid.

LATHAM

Really... If I had to hide something temporarily, putting it in a plastic bag and then inside a carton of rancid milk would be a start.

DILAURIA

Moscow Rules... His Contact was probably Russian. Would Radcliffe have called in the bomb scare?

LATHAM

No, I think it caught him off-guard.

DILAURIA

Seems like Radcliffe's led a double life in every sense of the word. And beaten the polygraph too. Still, why would the KGB eliminate him?

LATHAM

I don't know. Who else besides his girlfriend is Fallows interviewing?

DILAURIA

Ivan Kabak, tomorrow. He works for translation services at the UN. Radcliffe had him scheduled for a second meet, but his FIRs are so shoddy, who knows if they ever met. Radcliffe could've dropped him, or maybe this Ivan never even showed.

LATHAM

Or he did show and his offer was so good Radcliffe switched sides.

DILAURIA

Great. I'll keep you posted, boss.

BACK TO SCENE

DiLauria hangs up and sighs. The tape recorder switches itself off automatically then she leaves the room.

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

Light from television sets flickers in many of the windows.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Fiona plays "Desafinado" by Stan Getz and Charlie Byrd on the hi-fi. Latham leans back on the sofa. Fiona joins him.

FIONA

You suspect Radcliffe's homosexual?

Latham nods.

FIONA (CONT'D)

The KGB are excellent at exploiting that. But our London masters look at it differently than your people.

LATHAM

How so?

FIONA

Not all homosexuals are embarrassed about their sexuality. Some are pretty open about it, even flamboyant. We have them on the payroll just for that reason.

LATHAM

Okay... What am I missing here?

FIONA

Because they're out in the open, they can't be blackmailed.

(MORE)

FIONA (CONT'D)

They also tend to mix well with the unwashed who may be in the closet.

LATHAM

You're more broad-minded than us.

FIONA

Just part of being English, I guess. We tend to take advantage of a situation without altering it.

Latham does a quick double-take as Fiona nestles in his arms.

ACT THREE

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of lower Manhattan: SoHo and Tribeca.

16 ERICSSON PLACE

A familiar view of the NYPD'S 1st Precinct.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

Dingy, regardless of the time of day. Fallows enters holding a folder and sits at the table. Across from him is IVAN KABAK, wearing a gray flannel suit. Kabak's speaks with a Received Pronunciation, a non-regional, upper-class British English.

FALLOWS

I'm Detective Fallows. Thanks for coming.

KABAK

Considering there were two officers with my supervisor when he summoned me, I presumed the circumstances left me little choice in the matter.

FALLOWS

Hmm, that train took a while to get here. Look, I'll make it right with your boss if he gives you any lip.

KABAK

I'm gratified. Now, why am I here?

FALLOWS

I'm conducting an investigation and your name has come up.

KABAK

That's an interesting, if not altogether vague answer.

FALLOWS

This'll go a lot faster if you economize on the words, Mr. Kabak.

KABAK

As you wish.

FALLOWS

Do you know a Gerald Radcliffe?

KABAK

No.

FALLOWS

Maybe you know him by another name.

He opens the folder, takes out Radcliffe's file photo and hands it to Kabak. He looks at it and offers it to Fallows.

KABAK

No.

FALLOWS

Take your time.

Kabak looks at the photo again.

KABAK

I don't know him.

Fallows takes the photo and returns it to the folder.

FALLOWS

Look, if I pissed you off earlier, I apologize. Now, can you account for your whereabouts two nights ago, from nine until midnight?

KABAK

Yes.

FALLOWS

Let's not get cute, huh? Else I'm likely to get pissed off.

KABAK

I was with Josef Begun. I translate English newspapers for the Russian delegation at the UN. He'd heard about ten-pin bowling, which they don't have in Moscow. So he, his minder and I went to Bowlmor Lanes.

FALLOWS

What time did you get there and when did you leave?

KABAK

We arrived around 9:00 and left  
just before it closed at midnight.

FALLOWS

Long time to go bowling.

KABAK

We had a late meal there as well.

FALLOWS

This friend of yours, uh...

KABAK

Josef Begun.

FALLOWS

He speak enough English to verify  
all this?

KABAK

Yes. I'll give you a number at the  
UN where you can reach him.

Fallows takes a pen and his notepad from his pocket.

KABAK (CONT'D)

Just the notepad. I have a pen.

He produces a Montblanc fountain pen. Fallows is impressed. He  
slides his pocket notebook to Kabak, who writes down the  
information and hands the notepad back to Fallows.

FALLOWS

Thanks. That's all for now, Mr.  
Kabak. Just stay in town, please.

KABAK

Of course. May I have a ride to the  
UN? And would you call my supervisor  
and explain why I was here, please.

FALLOWS

Yeah, sure.

He takes out his pocket notepad again and hands it to Kabak,  
who writes down his supervisor's name and number. He then  
returns the notepad to Fallows.

FALLOWS (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

CORRIDOR

The door to the Observation Room opens. DiLauria steps out and  
meets Fallows, who's peeved. They speak sotto voce.



DILAURIA  
That went well.

FALLOWS  
You sure Radcliffe met this guy?

DILAURIA  
That's what it says in his report.

FALLOWS  
And mine says I'm dating Lena Horne.

He HUFFS and walks down the corridor. DiLauria follows him.

DILAURIA  
She's too tall for you.

EXT. LONDON - HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Stock footage of BOAC jets and propjets on the tarmac, along with international traffic, and the brick control tower.

INT. COCKTAIL BAR AND LOUNGE

A uniformed BARMAN mixes drinks. The tables have bouclé lounge chairs. For these people, plane travel means dress to impress.

GATE ATTENDANT (O.S.)  
BOAC flight number 122 departing  
for Washington, D.C. is now  
boarding first-class passengers  
only at Gate 12. All first-class  
passengers please have your  
boarding passes and your passports  
ready to show the Gate Attendant.

Several people get up and leave, including Helen Myers.

GATE ATTENDANT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Again, BOAC flight number 122  
departing for Washington, D.C. is  
now boarding first-class passengers  
only at Gate 12. All first-class  
passengers please have your  
boarding passes and your passports  
ready to show the Gate Attendant.

Myers joins the queue at Gate 12.

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

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

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is at his desk pensively reading a file.

There is a KNOCK on the door; Bazzo enters.

BAZZO

Morning, boss. I saw your note. So, you believe Radcliffe was doubling.

LATHAM

Seems that way, though there's no real proof.

BAZZO

We don't need proof these days; innuendo will do.

LATHAM

Unfortunately. I was just on the phone again with Carla. That Ivan Kabak who Radcliffe was supposed to meet a second time? He said he doesn't know Radcliffe.

BAZZO

Maybe Radcliffe used a working name.

LATHAM

Fallows showed him Radcliffe's file photo - still no soap.

BAZZO

Ivan Kabak... It's Russian, right?

LATHAM

But raised in London. He has an alibi. He went bowling with two guys from the Russian delegation.

BAZZO

Fallows check with the bowling alley?

LATHAM

Oh, yeah. They serve booze there. The desk attendant said guys were bouncing bowling balls down other people's lanes. As far as he's concerned, they all looked alike.

BAZZO

And now there's no way to assess what Radcliffe gave away.

LATHAM

Which will cause a lot of grief for Berard. And he doesn't deserve it.

Latham is upset. He gets up and meanders about.

BAZZO

Neither do you. Without any evidence the Agency would've just fired him and fed him to the FBI.

LATHAM

He should be so lucky.

BAZZO

Huh? Shit, that's right. CI-nicks.

LATHAM

With their playbook, he'd have been lucky if they only used drugs.

Bazzo leans back his chair, shaking his head.

BAZZO

Been a helluva past two days, huh?

LATHAM

Hmm... Radcliffe's eliminated by the KGB. They're running down old cases, eliminating double agents. SMOTH tells us about Harry Keene, who's the poster boy for a KGB floater. He's dead. Meanwhile, he's pumping me to see what I know, on top of God knows whatever he's hiding...

BAZZO

Don't forget Kensington walked out. That was a shocker.

LATHAM

Yeah. By the way, I saw him yesterday.

BAZZO

Really? I would've thought you'd be persona non grata at his house.

LATHAM

Like you said, it's been a helluva two days.

BAZZO

Hm, the games we play...

The intercom BUZZES. Latham goes to his desk and answers it.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Carla is on Red.

Latham picks up the handset to the Red phone, puts it on speaker, then replaces the handset in its cradle.

LATHAM

It's Latham. Paul's here too.  
You're on speaker, Carla.

DILAURIA (O.S.)

We're at an impasse here. Fallows  
is worried the case will grow cold.  
He doubts we'll ever catch  
Radcliffe's killer.

BAZZO

I'm sure of it. The KGB's mechanic  
is long gone by now. I would be.

DILAURIA (O.S.)

Me too.

LATHAM

What sort of feeling did you get  
off that Ivan Kabak?

DILAURIA (O.S.)

He knows something, but Fallows  
can't hold him. I'll tell you, he  
does have a nice set of pipes  
though.

BAZZO

You really are a sucker for good  
diction.

DILAURIA (O.S.)

(jovially)

Yeah, give me a good British  
accent, even a phony one will do.

Latham raises his hand to shush everyone.

LATHAM

Wait, wait...

DILAURIA

Sorry, boss.

LATHAM

No, no. Just, give me a minute...

There is strict silence as Latham agonizingly shakes his  
head, as though going through various options. Finally...

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Where was Kabak from originally?

DILAURIA (O.S.)

Moscow. But his family emigrated to  
London when he was a kid.

LATHAM

I'm sure they spoke Russian at home though.

DILAURIA (O.S.)

He hasn't got a trace of a Slavic accent, boss.

Latham nods and sharply RAPS on his desk.

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

What was that?

LATHAM

Huh? No, that was me... 'We tend to take advantage of a situation without altering it.'

DILAURIA (O.S.)

What?

BAZZO

You talking to yourself?

LATHAM

Yes. At the time I didn't get the significance of it. But now I realize Fiona was giving me the key to unraveling all this. And she did so without betraying MI6. Carla, are you sure about the sequence at the bowling alley?

DILAURIA (O.S.)

What do you mean?

LATHAM

Kabak and friends were drunk when they were bouncing bowling balls down other people's lanes.

DILAURIA

Yes.

LATHAM

Then that's it. Radcliffe was recruited under a false flag.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard, Kensington and Bazzo are rapt as Latham animatedly holds court.

BERARD

A false-flag recruitment?

LATHAM

Yes. Ivan Kabak is KGB. Radcliffe spotted him as a possible recruit because Kabak made himself available; but he was on the hunt as well. Meanwhile, during their byplay Kabak learned Radcliffe was spending all his money on his girlfriend, who was cheating on him.

BERARD

And that's when Kabak had him.

LATHAM

Yes. Kabak moved to London in '41 when he was only seven. So his English accent is natural. Radcliffe would have believed the pitch came from an MI6 officer. And the idea of selling secrets to an ally would seem less abhorrent than selling to the Russians.

KENSINGTON

With whom Kabak seemingly had no allegiance.

LATHAM

Exactly. Now, we know Radcliffe's been passing information to Kabak for at least six months.

BERARD

How do you know that?

LATHAM

He was seen in the Chrysler Building on a Sunday then, when there was a bomb scare - and he wasn't scheduled for duty.

KENSINGTON

The weekends only require a pared-down staff of two duty officers, sir.

BERARD

I see.

LATHAM

Now, Semichastny was appointed head of the KGB only two months ago. After reviewing the operation, he must've decided Radcliffe was too much of a risk.

BAZZO

What with his girlfriend and all.

LATHAM

The fact that Radcliffe and Kabak agreed to meet in an area used for homosexual hook-ups means they were worried that CIA might be onto Radcliffe.

BERARD

So, if Radcliffe were under surveillance, we'd assume he was homosexual and fire him for that reason rather than treason.

LATHAM

Yes, sir. Now, mandarin Two found a sheet of paper with song lyrics in Radcliffe's apartment. He also had a stick of chalk on him when he was killed.

KENSINGTON

Moscow Rules.

LATHAM

Yes. I believe Kabak had received orders that Radcliffe would be eliminated. So he made up some sort of excuse why he couldn't meet Radcliffe. And knowing Radcliffe's need for money, Kabak told him to go ahead with the meet; he'd send someone from the MI6 station to get the material and give Radcliffe his money. They'd use a recognition signal, and because the Contact would be unknown to Radcliffe, there'd be a secondary password.

KENSINGTON

Consecutive lines from the song lyrics.

LATHAM

Yes, and I know Kabak was at the meet, but not as the shooter.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT - PAST

Typical - bowling balls THUMP on the lanes, roll with a fading WHIR, then SMACK into the pins, echoing like a comic car crash. A snack bar/lounge serves fast food and alcohol. Kabak, JOSEF BEGUN, 35, and his BURLY RUSSIAN MINDER, 40, sit in the lounge drinking hard liquor, save for Kabak who nurses a beer.

LATHAM (O.S.)

Kabak told the police that he and two pals from the Russian delegation went to the bowling alley, bowled, then had a late lunch. But the desk attendant told mandarin Two a reverse of that sequence. The Three started drinking heavily as soon as they got there - except Kabak. By the time they decided to bowl, Kabak's pals were beyond drunk.

DESK

Begun and the Minder stumble to the DESK ATTENDANT. Kabak prepays for them. The Two Russians giggle like children as they kick off their shoes and hand them to the Desk Attendant, who exchanges them for bowling shoes. The Russians then have one hell of a time putting them on.

LATHAM (O.S.)

Kabak probably gave them some excuse or other, like he felt ill and was just going to watch.

AT THE LANES

Begun and the Minder drop the bowling balls or fling them down their gutters or someone else's, all while stepping over the foul line, penalizing them with a lost frame and an annoying buzzer.

LATHAM (O.S.)

While the other Two took turns hurling bowling balls down their lane and the ones closest to them, Kabak left, presumably for the lav. What he did was to go outside and take a taxi to Central Park.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - THE RAMBLE - NIGHT

Kabak walks up to the Stone Arch. He takes out a butane lighter, flicks it on and sees the two chalk marks.

LATHAM

When he saw both chalk marks, he knew Radcliffe was there meeting his Contact.

WALKING PATH - BENCH

Kabak approaches Radcliffe's lifeless form. He goes through his pockets, checks Radcliffe's wallet, sees his driver's license, and puts the wallet back in his pocket and leaves.



BAZZO (O.S.)

He'd have searched Radcliffe to  
make sure he had enough pocket  
litter on him to be identified.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT

Berard, Kensington and Latham look at Bazzo, who finishes the  
story.

BAZZO

The soft-nosed .22 would have made  
his face unrecognizable.

KENSINGTON

(solemnly, to Bazzo)

As a mandarin, that's something  
you've had experience with.

BAZZO

Yes, sir.

BERARD

But why shoot Radcliffe in the  
face? Why make it look like a KGB  
assassination? It practically  
shouts that Radcliffe's a double  
agent.

LATHAM

It wasn't a message meant to keep  
other KGB agents in line. It was  
meant to fool us - particularly CI -  
into thinking that Golitsyn's mole  
in CIA had been eliminated.

BERARD

You think Golitsyn was in on this?

LATHAM

As you know, I never believed  
Golitsyn was a true defector.

BERARD

Yes...

LATHAM

There's more, however. I think  
somewhere further up the chain of  
command, MI6 decided to take  
advantage of the KGB running down  
its old operations. I believe Six  
eliminated one of their own joes  
who'd been acting as a floater for  
them and the KGB.

KENSINGTON

Harry Keene.

BERARD

Why?

LATHAM

To give the impression Semichastny was keeping his word. Oh, the KGB is eliminating the occasional low-level double agent. But remember, it was MI6 who brought this to our attention through D-Int. Six has a traitor in its midst. Their Chief has said as much, suspecting MOTHER's old pal Kim Philby. And Philby's as much of a loudmouth, falling-down drunk as were Burgess and Maclean.

KENSINGTON

When he and MOTHER were boozing it up at the Army and Navy Club, they used to announce each other's secrets to anyone within earshot.

BERARD

Oh, my God...

LATHAM

Thanks to Mr. Kensington, I learned that during my meeting with SMOTH, he was less concerned about Operation Red River than he was about any U.K.-Eyes Only material I might have seen.

BERARD

How much of this MI6 operation do you think SMOTH knows about?

LATHAM

Only his end. I'm sure it's all need-to-know. He's just doing what his masters tell him to do.

BERARD

And I assume the same applies to Miss Jeffries?

Bazzo subtly eyes Latham.

LATHAM

No, sir. She knows even less.

Bazzo looks away, knowing full well Latham is lying.

BERARD

So, what do you plan to do?

LATHAM

Let SMOTH keep worrying about what U.K.-Eyes Only material I may have seen.

KENSINGTON

God knows they've already seen too many papers marked U.S.-Eyes Only.

BERARD

Yes. What about Radcliffe?

LATHAM

I'm going to follow Mr. Kensington's advice. I'll send a report to the FBI saying Radcliffe attempted to recruit a KGB agent who, under orders from Dzerzhinsky Street, killed him as a warning to CIA to leave their people alone. I'll cc you and Mr. Kensington.

BERARD

Good. You realize you need to get a replacement for Radcliffe.

KENSINGTON

We could promote from within or transfer someone.

BERARD

Alright, you and Warren work that out.

Berard pushes himself back from his desk and stands.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Well done, gentlemen.

KENSINGTON

Thank you, sir.

Latham says nothing; he just nods.

BERARD

Are you free for lunch later, Stewart?

KENSINGTON

Yes, I am.

BERARD

You mind joining me at the Harvard Club? I hear the lamb is excellent today.

KENSINGTON

(beaming)

I'd be happy to, sir.

BERARD

Good.

Kensington, Bazzo then Latham move toward the door.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Oh, Warren... A quick word.

Latham stays. As Kensington gets to the door...

BERARD (CONT'D)

Is noon alright, Stewart?

KENSINGTON

That's fine, sir.

Berard smiles and nods at Kensington, who pats Bazzo on the back and follows him out the office, shutting the door. Berard turns to Latham.

BERARD

Thank you, Warren. For everything.

He shakes Latham's hand.

LATHAM

My pleasure, sir.

EXT. EMBASSY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM - DAY

The tallest building in the compound flies the Union Jack from its roof.

INT. MI6 OFFICE

Jones reads a file. The phone RINGS; he answers it.

JONES

Jones... Yes, send her in.

He hangs up. The door opens and in walks Helen Myers. Jones stands.

MYERS

Mr. Jones?

JONES

Yes.

MYERS

Helen Myers. I've been transferred  
here, sir.

JONES

Yes, I received notice from the FCO.  
Welcome aboard.

MYERS

Thank you, sir.

END