

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Three, Episode #14: "This Is Only A Test"

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Episode #14: "This Is Only A Test"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

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

Stock footage of the National Mall and Lincoln Memorial.

704 3RD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING

The shades are up in most of the windows.

INT. KITCHENETTE

FIONA JEFFRIES and WARREN LATHAM eat breakfast and listen to a portable radio on the counter. The sound of a teletype machine forms the background PURL to the NEWS ANNOUNCER.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

...The White House emphasizes the quarantine on Cuba will continue. The quarantine task force ringing the island allowed a Soviet oil tanker to pass through its cordon yesterday because petroleum shipments were not banned by President Kennedy's order. The Defense Department also reported at least a dozen Soviet ships bound for Cuba turned back, but others are still on their way to the island. The Pentagon says they will be stopped and searched.

CONELRAD ANNOUNCER

(interrupts)

We interrupt our normal programming at this time...

Latham and Fiona freeze. They are tense, expecting the worse as they stare at the radio.

CONELRAD ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

To bring you this scheduled test of the Conelrad emergency broadcast system, as mandated by the Office of Civil Defense and in voluntary cooperation with other stations. This is only a test.

Despite the announcement, Latham and Fiona remain transfixed.

Silence.

Five short BEEPS, each one a second apart.

An eight-second ATTENTION SIGNAL.

(An intentionally irritating tone combining the sine waves of 853 and 960 Hz, its unpleasant screech is meant to get one's attention. It is also heard accompanying a test pattern when a TV station is off the air.)

CONELRAD ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

This concludes our test of the Conelrad emergency broadcast system. Had this been an actual alert, you would have been instructed to tune to the CONELRAD emergency stations at 640 and 1240 on your radio dial for official instructions, news and other official information. Again, this was only a test. We now return you to your regularly scheduled programming.

Latham reaches over and caresses Fiona's hand. She briefly closes her eyes and sighs. The disk jockey, DICK WHITE, comes back on the air. Fiona and Latham resume eating.

WHITE

WRC drive time is twenty minutes past seven.

(a church bell peals)

I'm Dick White, your morning ride, here to help you start your day the old-fashioned way. Ladies, while the world tries to solve its problems, Arid is helping to solve the important personal problem of underarm perspiration...

EXT. LANGLEY, VA - GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL PARKWAY - DAY

Just south of Turkey Run are three signs above the multi-lane roadway that read, from right to left, "Route 123," "Route 123" and "BPR" (Bureau of Public Roads).

CIA HEADQUARTERS

Stock footage of the now-familiar headquarters building.

INT. LOBBY

Past the turnstiles at the entrance, past five rows of exposed internal support beams and beneath recessed lighting are the flag of the United States and CIA's own ceremonial flag. Also there, emblazoned on the marble floor, is CIA's logo.

AT THE CEREMONIAL WALL

Several CIA employees watch as a stone mason carves another five-pointed star into a marble slab on the wall, denoting CIA officers who have died in the line of duty.

OFFICE

One half resembles a well-heeled den: a cloth couch, wingback-and other cloth chairs, and two end tables with lamps set on them. On one wall is a portrait of Nathan Hale beside recessed book shelves filled with books and porcelain bric-a-brac.

The other half has a large mahogany desk before a window with panel-track blinds. WILL SCHOTT, 50s, and already half-drunk, sits on the couch; in a wingback chair sits ROBERT KENNEDY.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Who gave you the authority to send three sabotage teams into Cuba?

SCHOTT

(snidely)

The Joint Chiefs, Mr. Attorney General.

(leans forward)

And they're authorized to do so under the Interagency Command Relationship Agreement.

Robert Kennedy recoils, fanning the air.

ROBERT KENNEDY

You might try switching to vodka if you're going to drink this early.

SCHOTT

Worry about your own problems, pal.

ROBERT KENNEDY

You're part of them, Schott. Do you understand there's a crisis going on?

SCHOTT

Look, you - what I did was the right thing to do operationally. Hm, like you'd know what that means.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Just how ignorant are you? If the Soviets learn that your teams are in Cuba, it won't just ruin our negotiations with them, it could provoke them into a first strike!

SCHOTT

Which would be a moot fuckin' point
if you'd invaded right off the bat!
Hell, you were all for it in the
beginning.

ROBERT KENNEDY

And now I'm convinced it's the
wrong move.

SCHOTT

Yeah? Well, I'm not. My men are in
Cuba because an invasion needs
ground support to help the landings.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Get this through your thick skull.
We want to get those missiles out
of Cuba without this escalating
into World War Three. And that
means no goddamn invasion!

SCHOTT

Well, you're fuckin' dreamin' if you
think it's gonna end up otherwise.

ROBERT KENNEDY

And you're dreaming if you think
the president will let you and the
Pentagon lead us down that path.

Schott SMIRKS and leans back, looking like a Cheshire cat.

SCHOTT

Look at you, acting like you're the
voice of reason. A few weeks ago you
were all pissed off 'cause Mongoose
was going too slow!

ROBERT KENNEDY

That was before this crisis!

SCHOTT

Oh, give me a fuckin' break! You've
known about the missiles for months.

ROBERT KENNEDY

If you'd bothered to read your own
reports, you'd know we didn't
receive confirmation from NPIC
until ten days ago.

SCHOTT

Well, while you were sittin' on your
ass waitin' on confirmation, I was
busy runnin' Operation Mongoose.

(MORE)

SCHOTT (CONT'D)

That's where I should be right now.
But no, I gotta come all the way up
here and listen to your bullshit!

ROBERT KENNEDY

Then listen to this: I run Mongoose.
And as of today, all its operations
are suspended.

SCHOTT

You fuckin' little ass-wipe! You and
that brother of yours! If you two
hadn't fucked up the Bay of Pigs, we
wouldn't be in this mess!

ROBERT KENNEDY

It was your fuck up, Schott. Yours
alone. Your own analysts said the
operation was doomed to failure!

SCHOTT

Bullshit!

ROBERT KENNEDY

You wish it was. Truth is there
never was going to be any local
uprising. But you're so damn drunk
half the time I doubt you understood
what they were telling you.

SCHOTT

Oh, go fuck yourself!

Seething, Robert Kennedy gets up.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Get those teams out of Cuba. Now!

He storms out the office.

EXT. NORTH ROTARY ROAD - THE PENTAGON - DAY

Stock footage of this familiar five-sided landmark.

INT. COLONEL BEACHEM'S OFFICE

Plush, befitting a senior Pentagon official. COLONEL H.
BEACHEM, in uniform, puts official papers in his briefcase
and shuts it. He checks his watch. The intercom BUZZES.

BEACHEM

Yes?

BEACHEM'S AIDE (O.S.)

Will Schott is calling for you.
He's got quite a mouth on him, sir.

BEACHEM

(sighs)

Alright, put him through.

He hangs up the intercom, presses the BLINKING button on his black phone and answers the call.

BEACHEM (CONT'D)

Colonel Beachem here.

He jerks the phone away from his ear. Through the handset comes Schott's loud, barking voice and traffic WHIZZING by.

SCHOTT (O.S.)

I'd like to kill that asshole!

Beachem puts the handset back to his ear.

BEACHEM

Stop yelling, for Chrissakes! Where the hell are you?

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL PKWY - SERVICE STATION - DAY

ATTENDANTS pump gas into waiting cars. In a service bay a MECHANIC works on a car's engine. By the side of the service bay is a payphone where a Plymouth Valiant is parked. Schott is on the payphone, one arm flailing about as he rants.

SCHOTT

What fuckin' difference does that make?!

CROSSCUT BEACHEM WITH SCHOTT

BEACHEM

'Cause it's hard to hear you.

SCHOTT

Some gas station on the parkway.

BEACHEM

Weren't you supposed to meet Bobby Kennedy over there at Langley?

SCHOTT

I did! Why do you think I'm calling you?!

BEACHEM

How should I know?! You're at a gas station, maybe you broke down.

SCHOTT

I have to use a payphone; they record all the calls there.

(MORE)

SCHOTT (CONT'D)
Christ, is everyone fuckin' dense
today or what?!

BEACHEM
Hey, watch it! Say what you have to
say and make it quick. I'm meeting
with General Carroll then we're
heading off to the ExComm meeting.

SCHOTT
I know! That's why I'm calling. The
prick's shutting down Mongoose.

BEACHEM
What?!

SCHOTT
And he wants the teams out of Cuba.

BEACHEM
Shit!

SCHOTT
I'm telling you, no way Little Bobby
would do this on his own. That no
good son of a bitch, motherfuckin'
brother of his is behind this!

BEACHEM
I need to tell General Carroll this.
Meanwhile, you get someplace and
sober up.

SCHOTT
Hey, I'm supposed to be at that
meeting.

BEACHEM
No, I don't want you there making a
scene. Check into the Dupont. I'll
see you there later.

BACK TO SCENE

Seething, Beachem hangs up. He presses the intercom BUZZER.

BEACHEM'S AIDE (O.S.)
Yes?

BEACHEM
Get General Carroll for me.

BEACHEM'S AIDE (O.S.)
Right away, sir.

Beachem hangs up the intercom and swears under his breath.

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

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

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD sips tea. There's a KNOCK on the door; Latham enters.

BERARD

Help yourself to a cup of Earl Grey,
Warren.

LATHAM

Thank you, sir.

Latham pours himself a cup of tea then sits.

BERARD

I just got off the phone with the
Director. Will Schott met with
Robert Kennedy at Langley earlier.
Even with the door shut, the entire
top floor could hear them.

LATHAM

I imagine the Attorney General got
to learn a few new words.

BERARD

A bit worse than that. Schott's an
alcoholic. McCone says he was so
abusive that he's destroyed
whatever career he had left here.

LATHAM

Can't say I'll miss him. So, who's
replacing him as head of Mongoose?

BERARD

No one. The operation's to be shut
down.

LATHAM

Am I getting my Miami station back?

BERARD

Eventually. Even so, the real
problem down there remains.

LATHAM

You mean the exile groups.

BERARD

Yes. The DRE, Alpha 66... They're
out of control.

LATHAM

At the least, then, the Agency
should cut off their funding.

BERARD

It's not quite as easy as all that.

(sighs, gets up and goes
to the window)

A story appeared in the Miami Herald
the same day Kennedy addressed the
nation. The headline read, 'Fidel-
Hater Rover Boys Want Action.' It
exposed the DRE's connection to CIA.

LATHAM

That should have ended our support
for them right then and there.

BERARD

It would have if it weren't for the
situation in Cuba. But Schott made
things worse. He told the DRE to
infiltrate Cuba and pinpoint air
strike targets, but they protested.

LATHAM

Good. They have every right to. With
the quarantine in place, Cuba's
probably doubled the number of
patrols protecting their coastline.

BERARD

Well, they did agree to volunteer,
but only if their people fully
understood the risk involved. That
only made Schott angry. He told
them to either go into Cuba or have
their funding cut off.

LATHAM

Shades of the Ugly American.

BERARD

So, now we have three teams of
exiles in Cuba who are angry at
Castro, angry at Khrushchev, and
angry at us. We can't afford any
missteps here, Warren. The exile
groups need to know two things:
that Schott's no longer in charge,
and that they have our support. You
still have contacts in the DRE,
don't you?

LATHAM

Yes.

BERARD

Set up a meeting with them. Explain that Zenith Technical Enterprises is being phased out, but we'll try to work out an arrangement whereby they'll continue to receive funding.

LATHAM

Is that true, sir?

BERARD

If you fail, it won't really matter, now will it?

Latham shrugs resignedly.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY

Stock footage of this architectural behemoth.

INT. FBI OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

On the door glass, stenciled in reverse, is the titular position of CARL DURANG, who is at his desk. He signs a memo and stands, taking the memo with him as he leaves his office.

DURANG'S OUTER OFFICE

MABEL, Durang's 50-ish taciturn secretary, looks up from her typing as Durang enters. He hands her the memo.

DURANG

Airtel to Newark and New York City.
I'm going on my walk.

MABEL

Sticking to your diet, huh?

Irritated that she brought it up, Durang nods and leaves.

EXT. CONSTITUTION AVENUE, NW - DAY

Durang crosses the street and enters...

THE SMITHSONIAN POLLINATOR GARDEN

Durang walks through the garden. He pauses by a thicket and looks around. Seeing no one following him, he exits at...

MADISON DRIVE, NW

And heads east. He enters a phone booth on 7th Street.

INT. PHONE BOOTH

Durang puts a coin in the slot and dials.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD types. The Gray phone RINGS; she answers it.

COLLETTE

Yes?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

This is DC-COMM. I have a call for Warren Latham from a John Taylor.

COLLETTE

Put him through, please.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

One moment... Go ahead, Mr. Taylor.

CROSSCUT DURANG WITH COLLETTE

DURANG

Mr. Latham, please.

COLLETTE

He's not here at the moment. May I take a message?

DURANG

Tell him I'm going to lunch now.

BACK TO SCENE

Durang hangs up and continues his walkabout.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette writes Durang's message on her notepad. She opens a black binder and runs her finger down a list of names just as Latham enters. She looks up.

COLLETTE

A 'John Taylor' called. I found him on the list of working names for Carl Durang.

LATHAM

What did he say?

COLLETTE

'Tell him I'm going to lunch now.'
It's only 10:05. A little early,
isn't it?

LATHAM

He likes the Blue-plate special.

He enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

And goes to his desk. He unlocks the center drawer, pulls it open and takes out a manila envelope labeled "GPIDEAL." He opens it and takes out a postmarked envelope addressed to him at his apartment. He opens the envelope and pulls out a sheet of instructions for a DLD (Dead Letter Drop).

INSERT INSTRUCTION SHEET:

Alert signal: Call you at home, I'll hang up after 2 rings then call back. I'll say "I'm home." Do not respond. Hang up and service the DLD that night.

Alternate signal: Call you at work, "I'm going to lunch now." If you're not there I'll leave a message; otherwise, do not respond. Hang up and service the DLD ASAP.

Will use waterproof magnetic stash box.

1st Monday of the month: 930 H St. NW (lower level, back stairs - underneath first metal step)

1st Wednesday of the month: 534 11th St. NW (top level, phone booth by stairway, underneath phone box)

2nd Tuesday of the month: 600 E St. NW (underneath phone box in stairwell, level 'A')

2nd Thursday of the month: 901 E St. NW (lower level, back stairs - underneath first metal step)

3rd Monday of the month: 870 9th St. NW (2nd floor, cross-over ramp for exiting cars, beneath metal junction box in center divider)

3rd Wednesday of the month: 1000 F St. NW (underneath phone box in stairwell, level 'B')

4th Tuesday of the month: 732 6th St. NW (in cavity behind parking level sign 'B' on support post near back elevator)

4th Thursday of the month: 320 6th St. NW (lower level, back stairs - behind phone box)

BACK TO SCENE

Latham eyes his desk calendar; it's open to Thursday, October 25th, 1962. He runs his finger down the weeks of the month on his desk calendar, then does the same to the items listed in the instructions, stopping at the last line: **4th Thursday of the month: 320 6th St. NW (lower level, back stairs - behind phone box)**. He copies the information into his pocket notebook and puts it back in his suit coat pocket.

He puts the sheet back in its envelope, the envelope back in the folder, and the folder back inside his center desk drawer, which he locks. The intercom BUZZES; Latham answers it.

LATHAM

Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Paul says he has something you need to see.

LATHAM

I have something for him too. Tell him and Carla I'll be right down.

He hangs up the intercom, picks up the Gray phone and dials. After a moment...

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Extension 257, please... Hi, it's Warren. You free for lunch? I can use an extra pair of eyes... Noontime... Oh, come heavy... Bye.

He hangs up and leaves.

THE HOLE

PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY and CARLA DILAURIA read reports. Latham enters.

LATHAM

Carla, is the darkroom still in tact, or did TSD take everything to Langley?

DILAURIA

No, everything's still there. They got all new equipment when they moved to Langley.

LATHAM

Good. Get set up in there. Paul, you have something for me?

Bazzo hands the newsletter to Latham.

BAZZO

That's 'The Cuban Report'; it's a newsletter published by the DRE. There's an article in there by Luis Fernandez-Rocha.

LATHAM

Your contact there. He told us about the missiles back in May.

BAZZO

Confirming what you'd already suspected. In the article he says his agents can pinpoint the size and location of Russian missile bases under construction there.

Latham releases an anguished sigh.

DILAURIA

Just what the Soviets need to hear to undermine negotiations.

LATHAM

Berard told me Schott ordered the DRE to do it. He threatened to cut off their funding if they didn't.

BAZZO

He can't do that. He doesn't have the authority.

LATHAM

The DRE don't know that.

DILAURIA

That prick.

LATHAM

What's likely to follow are sabotage runs. That'll give the Soviets a reason for a first strike. Berard's adamant that doesn't happen. I need you to speak with Fernandez-Rocha. Convince the DRE not to initiate any action against Cuba or the Soviets whatsoever. Tell him Schott's no longer in charge.

BAZZO

Is that true?

LATHAM

The Director says his career at the Agency is pretty much over.

This surprises Bazzo.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Tell Fernandez-Rocha that Zenith Electronics is being shut down, but we'll continue to fund the DRE.

DILAURIA

Boss, I don't get the sense the DRE have much of a worldview on this.

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Their leadership has moved further to the right in the past two years. They're much more like those idiots at the Pentagon who think a nuclear war is winnable.

LATHAM

Well, Paul's going to have to convince them that it isn't. Look, we can't afford any mistakes here. Do whatever you have to do to stop them.

The Red phone RINGS; DiLauria answers it.

DILAURIA

1-1-3-7...
(horrified)
Oh, my God...

OPERATIONS ROOM

There is the usual PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones. In addition to maps with RED, GREEN, YELLOW and WHITE stickpins clustered on major cities of the northeastern United States, there is a Red one in mid-Alaska.

DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS. Stokes speaks to Latham, Bazzo and DiLauria. Everyone there is on edge.

STOKES

The Ballistic Missile Early Warning System at Clear Air Force Station in Alaska has detected a possible mass ballistic missile attack from the Soviet Union, all launched on northern approaches.

LATHAM

What's the approach time?

STOKES

Approximately 25 minutes.

LATHAM

Get corroboration from Hanscom Air Force Base in Massachusetts, and the NSA.

STOKES

Tom's already on the phone with Hanscom Air Force Base, and Peter Wright in the Comm Room's got the NSA on the line. So far, all we have is the alert from B-MEWS.

BAZZO

25 minutes max... There's nowhere
you can go to get away from them if
they're headed here.

DILAURIA

If the air raid sirens went off, all
it would do is clog the roadways.

Latham crosses determinedly to a desk occupied by a CIA
employee. He picks up her Gray phone and dials. As the phone
on the other end RINGS, Latham grabs a legal pad and pencil
off her desk.

LATHAM

Yuri? It's Warren Latham.

EXT. TUNLAW ROAD NW - RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY

The sign on the gate of the compound reads "Embassy of the
Union of Soviet Socialist Republics" in English and Cyrillic.

INT. OFFICE OF THE SECOND SECRETARY (KGB)

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

GVOZDEV

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

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH GVOZDEV

LATHAM

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

GVOZDEV

Wait...

He doesn't even bother to put his hand over the mouthpiece as
he YELLS to Dina.

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)

Dina, chto oni, chert voz'mi,
govoryat?!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Dina, what the hell are they saying?!"

DINA

Podozhdite...

(into the phone)

Pozhaluysta, povtorite eto... Da. U
menya yest' eto.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Wait... Please repeat that... Yes. I have it."

As Dina writes down the explanation, Gvozdev grows impatient.

GVOZDEV

Dina!

DINA

(into phone)

Da, ya ponyal. Spasibo.

She hangs up and reads from her notes to Gvozdev. As she does, he simultaneously translates into English and tells Latham.

DINA (CONT'D)

Kosmicheskiiy korabl' «Mars 2MV-4 ?
1», zapushchenny s kosmodroma
Baikonur, vyveden na nizkuyu
okolozemnyuyu orbitu. Vo vremya fazy
vybega turbonasosa kazhetsya, chto
proizoshla utechka smazki. Eto
privedo k vzryvu marshevogo
dvigatelya, razrusheniyu RB i
korablya. Amerikantsy vidyat na
svoikh radarakh oblomki
kosmicheskogo korablya,
vozvrashchayushchegosya v atmosferu
Zemli.

GVOZDEV

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

BACK TO SCENE

Latham finishes writing a long explanation. He exhales loudly.

LATHAM

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

He hangs up. As Latham reads from his notes, everyone hangs on his words.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

The Soviets launched a spacecraft
into orbit. There was a leak in one
of the pumps that caused it to fail.
The main engine blew up, destroying
the spacecraft. What they're seeing
on radar in Alaska is the wreckage
re-entering the Earth's atmosphere.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

The Soviets are now sharing this information with the White House and the Pentagon. There is no missile attack.

The relief leave some CIA officers on the verge of tears.

ACT TWO

EXT. DUPONT PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

This nine-story hotel has the art-deco style popular in East Coast apartment buildings of the late-1940s.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Posh, befitting an upscale hotel. The TV set is on, tuned to a soap opera. Schott lies on the bed in his undershirt and pants, big belly protruding. A bottle of whiskey, a shot glass and a Colt M1911 pistol share the nightstand. There is a KNOCK on the door. Schott GROANS. He grabs the M1911, goes to the door and opens it. Beachem is there and enters. When Schott closes the door, Beachem sees the pistol.

BEACHEM

Unless you plan to use it, stow it.

Schott gives him the finger.

BEACHEM (CONT'D)

Hm, always the gentleman.

Schott plops down on the bed and lays the M1911 on the nightstand. Beachem stands by the table.

BEACHEM (CONT'D)

You're a jackass, you know that?
You're gonna blow everything.

SCHOTT

All I did was tell Little Bobby what you and Carroll say behind his back.

BEACHEM

And now you're out of the loop altogether. Smart move.

SCHOTT

What do you want?

BEACHEM

I need some information. How many teams did you send to Cuba?

Schott can barely keep his eyes open.

SCHOTT

Two. No, three. Yeah, three. Why?

BEACHEM

I need to know for the meeting. I also need to know who you got to do the recruiting for the Big Event?

SCHOTT

The what?

BEACHEM

Wake the fuck up, man! Who's doing the recruiting for the Big Event?!

SCHOTT

ROGUE-1, alright? ROGUE-1. Christ... I asked him to recruit over there.

BEACHEM

Huh? What do you mean 'over there'?

SCHOTT

France... Marseilles.

BEACHEM

He's recruiting from the Corsicans?

SCHOTT

That's who's there, isn't it?

BEACHEM

You asshole! Every mobster on the planet knows about this now. Is he still there, in Marseilles?

SCHOTT

No, he's in Miami. We're gonna meet tomorrow at JM/WAVE.

BEACHEM

Not anymore.

SCHOTT

What are you talking about?

BEACHEM

You're bringing too much attention on us. So for now you're gonna stay put. I'll talk to McCone, see if I can save your sorry ass.

SCHOTT

It's my operation, Beachem!

BEACHEM

It's our operation. And you're out.

He turns around and leaves. Teeming with emotions he can't quite sort out, Schott pours himself another shot of whiskey.

EXT. DUPONT PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

Beachem leaves the hotel and enters a Lincoln Continental with U.S. flags on its front fenders.

I/E. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

The Lincoln pulls onto New Hampshire Avenue, NW. Beachem and GENERAL J. F. CARROLL are in the backseat.

BEACHEM

Schott's too much of a liability.

CARROLL

The problem is he's made himself the focal point of the operation. Replacing him won't be easy.

BEACHEM

Did you know he put ROGUE-1 in charge of recruitment? And he's got him looking in Marseilles.

CARROLL

Christ, we'll have every OAS thug in on it!

BEACHEM

There's something else... When you give that much power to a few people like Schott and the exiles - and now the Mob - they could strike back at those who constructed the operation.

He and Carroll look at each other with trepidation.

EXT. 320 6TH STREET - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Latham and Fiona walk toward the automobile entrance to the underground garage. Fiona carries a shoulder bag.

LATHAM

I'm glad you could get away, hon.

FIONA

Me too. We just got out of a meeting with Ambassador Ormsby-Gore.

LATHAM

What about, or can I ask?

FIONA

No, it's okay. It was about his conversation with President Kennedy.

LATHAM

Cuba, of course.

FIONA

Yes, but more so about the number of nuclear warheads out there. Kennedy says a world with large numbers of nuclear weapons is an impossible world to handle. He feels we really need to get on with disarmament if we're to get through this crisis.

They come to the garage's pedestrian entrance and enter.

INT. LOBBY

Next to the elevator is a door leading to the stairway. Latham opens the door; he and Fiona enter the...

STAIRWELL

They walk down the stairs, passing a sign that reads "LEVEL A." They continue to the bottom landing where a sign reads "Level B" - but there is no payphone. Latham looks anxious.

LATHAM

No phone. Let's try the far end.

LEVEL B

Latham and Fiona enter from the stairwell. Holding hands, they start walking across the garage. Ahead of them tires SCREECH as a Cadillac turns a corner and pulls into a spot.

They slow their pace. Fiona quickly reaches into her shoulder bag and places her hand around the grip of a Beretta M9.

A WHITE COUPLE alights from the Cadillac. As the HUSBAND crosses to his WIFE, she tugs his sleeve; they look at Latham and Fiona. The Woman HARRUMPHS loud enough to echo. Latham puts his arm around Fiona, pulling her closer to him. Fiona lets go of the Beretta and takes her hand out of her shoulder bag. Disgusted, the White Couple enter the vestibule where the elevator is located.

LATHAM

Hmm, roaches aren't the only thing that'll survive an atom bomb.

He and Fiona continue walking. A small sign on the wall reads "Exit"; alongside it is a metal door.

Latham opens the door - there is a back stairwell and, on the wall, a payphone.

BACK STAIRWELL

Fiona stands by the door, leaving it ajar with her foot. Latham goes to the payphone. It is mounted on a metal backing plate which itself is screwed into the concrete wall. There is a gap between the backing plate and the wall. Latham reaches into the gap and slides out a black metal box - an oversized one used to store a spare set of keys. He turns to Fiona and brandishes the metal box. She lets the door close and they walk up the stairs.

EXT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Stock footage of the airport.

INT. TERMINAL A - AMERICAN AIRLINES DEPARTURE GATES

Through the picture window a tram sits just outside. Far beyond that, an American Airlines 707 sits on the tarmac waiting for passengers. On the wall the flight board reads:

Gate 26
AA Flight 2506
Destination: Miami (nonstop)
Departure Time: 12:30 pm EST

Two nattily dressed Flight Attendants tote flight bags as they pass through the portal of Gate 26 to the waiting tram.

Bazzo sits among men and women in business suits and soldiers in dress uniform. Nervous tension colors their hubbub. An Army Colonel reads the Miami News. Its headline reads "**Russia Warns U.S. Of Nuclear War As First Test Of Blockade Nears**". A sidebar reads: "**Rocket-Rigged Soviet Vessel On The Way.**"

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Stock footage of this very familiar landmark.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM

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

MCNAMARA

Per your instructions, orders were issued for selective investigation and boarding of non-Soviet bloc ships - um, excluding oil tankers.

(MORE)

MCNAMARA (CONT'D)

Also, all armed forces in Cuba have been instructed to fire only in response to an attack.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Good. John, I'd like CIA to prepare an analysis of the present situation inside Cuba. Coordinate with the British and the French.

MCCONE

(affronted)

We have our own sources there, sir.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I'd rather not rely on reports from exiles or their families again. They have a vested interest in a U.S. invasion, just as they did during the Bay of Pigs.

McCone tries to hide the fact that he's brooding.

MCNAMARA

We should also begin low-level reconnaissance for the purpose of improving our intelligence on Cuba. Both the Russians and the Cubans will perceive the overflights as reconnaissance missions, which will camouflage the possibility of a later low-level attack.

President Kennedy sighs; clearly he's not enamored with this.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

A huge surprise for us all.

CARROLL

But initially, sir, it'll emphasize our concern with offensive installations already in Cuba.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Yes... To begin when, Bob?

MCNAMARA

Immediately.

President Kennedy nods resignedly then checks his watch.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Let's break for lunch. We'll reconvene in an hour and watch Adlai address the Security Council.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)
If we're lucky, he'll pull this off
and we can move the air strike off
the table.

There is disgruntled MURMURING from the group as they leave.

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

An eerie stillness has settled over the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette and DiLauria watch the portable TV set. The meeting of the U.N. Security Council is on. Latham enters and looks at the TV.

LATHAM
What's this?

DILAURIA
Stevenson's about to address the
Security Council.

Latham hands her the metal box then takes off his trench coat.

LATHAM
There's film in there. Have it
developed before close of play.

COLLETTE
Oh, Berard and Kensington are in
the Conference Room. They'd like
you to join them.

LATHAM
Why isn't Berard at the ExComm
meeting?

Collette shrugs; she doesn't know. Surprised, Latham hangs his trench coat on the rack in the corner then leaves.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Stock footage of the long, low General Assembly building and the tall tower for the Secretariat and other officials. On the sidewalk a large group of WOMEN PICKETERS representing an organization known as Women Strike for Peace march and carry placards that read "WOMEN STRIKE FOR PEACE," "DEAD MEN CAN'T NEGOTIATE," " BE CAREFUL," "PEACE OR PERISH," and "U.N., Resolve the worlds' problems or our children will die."

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY

ADLAI STEVENSON, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., addresses the Security Council and Soviet Ambassador VALERIAN ZORIN.

STEVENSON

...Let me ask you why your Government, your Foreign Minister, deliberately, cynically deceived us about the nuclear build-up in Cuba. And, finally, the other day, Mr. Zorin, I remind you that you didn't deny the existence of these weapons. Instead, we heard that they had suddenly become defensive weapons.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Berard and STEWART KENSINGTON intently watch coverage of the UN Security Council meeting on a portable TV. Latham enters.

BERARD

You're just in time to see Stevenson seize the moment - hopefully.

Latham takes a seat.

LATHAM

I thought you'd be at the ExComm meeting, sir.

BERARD

I had my say the other day.

ON TELEVISION

STEVENSON

But today -- again, if I heard you correctly -- you now say they don't exist, or that we haven't proved they exist, with another fine flood of rhetorical scorn. All right sir, let me ask you one simple question. Do you, Ambassador Zorin, deny that the USSR has placed and is placing medium and intermediate range missiles and sites in Cuba? Yes or no? Don't wait for the translation: yes or no?

Berard SLAPS his chair's armrest.

BERARD

Good for you, Adlai!

Kensington and Latham are taken aback by Berard's outburst.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY - CONTINUOUS

MURMURING from the delegates grows; there is gallows laughter over Ambassador Zorin's discomfiture. Zorin responds testily.

ZORIN

Ya nakhozhus' ne v zale suda v Amerike, ser, i poetomu ya ne khochu otvechat' na vopros, kotoryy mne zadayut tak, kak eto delayet prokuror. So vremenem, ser, vy poluchite otvet. Ne volnuysya.

RUSSIAN INTERPRETER

I am not - I am not in an American courtroom, sir, and therefore I do not wish to answer a question that is put to me in the fashion in which a prosecutor does. In due course, sir, you will have your reply. Do not worry.

Nervous laughter follows Zorin's snippety response.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Collette and DiLauria grin as they watch the U.N. proceedings on the portable TV.

STEVENSON

You are in the court of world opinion right now and you can answer yes or no. You have denied that they exist. I want to know if you - if this - if I've understood you correctly.

ZORIN

Ser, ne mogli by vy prodolzhit' svoye vystupleniye. Vy poluchite otvet v svoye vremya.

RUSSIAN INTERPRETER

Sir, will you please continue your statement. You will receive your answer in due course.

MI6 OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) and Fiona watch the U.N. proceedings on their portable TV.

STEVENSON

I am prepared to wait for my answer until hell freezes over, if that's your decision. And I'm also prepared to present the evidence in this room.

Zorin looks uneasily at his advisors as he consults with them. Stevenson confidently leans back in his chair.

ZORIN

Yesli vy ne reshite prodolzhit'
svoye vystupleniye, Predsedatel'
priznayet predstavitelya Chili.

RUSSIAN INTERPRETER

If you do not choose to continue
your statement, the Chair recognizes
the representative from Chile.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY - CONTINUOUS

The CHILEAN DELEGATE stands.

DANIEL SCHWEITZER

I yield my time and the floor to
the representative from the United
States.

STEVENSON

I have not finished my statement. I
asked you a question. I have had no
reply to the question, and I will
now proceed, if I may, to finish my
statement. I doubt if anyone in
this room, except possibly the
representative of the Soviet Union,
has any doubt about the facts. But
in view of his statements and the
statements of the Soviet Government
up until last Thursday, when Mr.
Gromyko denied the existence or any
intention of installing such
weapons in Cuba, I am going to make
a portion of the evidence available
right now. If you will indulge me
for a moment, we will set up an
easel here in the back of the room
where I hope it will be visible to
everyone.

COCKROACH ALLEY - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Berard, Kensington and Latham watch TV, satisfied so far.

BERARD

Stevenson has Zorin by the
proverbials now.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. MIAMI - DAY

Stock aerial footage of the city of Miami and its beaches.

I/E. TAXI

Travels past rows of palm trees and a sign that reads "Miami Metro Zoo." Bazzo is the lone passenger. Once past the Zoo the taxi turns onto a small road that leads to the...

UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI - SOUTH CAMPUS - CIA STATION (JM/WAVE)

Among the palm trees and brush, administrative and classroom buildings share acreage with rows of long, two-story barracks-like structures. A sign reads "Univ. of Miami/South Campus."

The taxi pulls up to a Spanish colonial building. Bazzo alights. Distant small arms fire CRACKLES in the air.

INT. CIA STATION CHIEF'S OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 16:30. A portable TV is tuned to the proceedings at the U.N., which are winding down. FRED CROSBY, 45, the Miami station chief, has the newspaper *Miami News* and a copy of *LOOK Magazine* on his desk with the following respective headlines: "CIA Has U-M Office, Magazine Claims" and "CIA - OUR INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT." Across from Crosby sits a man, late-40s - DAVID TZIVITCH.

TZIVITCH

What happened to Will Schott?

CROSBY

He's out of Cuban Ops. I'm not sure what will happen with him but until I hear otherwise, we're still on.

TZIVITCH

I was expecting an advance from him.

CROSBY

I'll take care of it. Meantime, go to the Zoo. See a movie. I'll come by the safehouse tonight.

TZIVITCH

With the cash. Don't forget.

The Two get up. Tzivitch crosses to the door and opens it - Bazzo is standing there. Both are surprised to see each other.

TZIVITCH (CONT'D)

Paul Barry.

BAZZO

David Tzivitch, I presume.

CROSBY

(equally surprised)
You two know each other?

BAZZO

From Berlin. You're a long way from home, David.

TZIVITCH

Just visiting - on the Company's dole. Well, nice to see you again, Paul. Goodbye, Mr. Crosby.

Crosby nods. Bazzo eyes Tzivitch, who leaves, then Crosby, who looks as though he'd rather be anyplace else. Crosby gives Bazzo a lukewarm handshake then they sit.

CROSBY

Haven't seen you in a while.

BAZZO

I guess today's the day for catching up with old acquaintances.

CROSBY

Yeah, well, I understand you're here to clean up the mess Schott's left us with.

BAZZO

Just one aspect of it.

CROSBY

Only one... Now why do I have a hard time believing that?

BAZZO

I don't know. You tell me.

CROSBY

Maybe it's because every time Berard sends one of you people down here, it's to take over command.

BAZZO

Whoa! I just got here, and already you're out to pick a fight.

CROSBY

Just speaking my mind, Paul.

BAZZO

Well, tell Bobby Kennedy. He's the one running Mongoose.

CROSBY

Hm, we'll see for how long.

Bazzo is taken aback by this, but hides it by being jocular.

BAZZO

You know something I don't?

Worried he's spoken out of turn, Crosby changes the subject.

CROSBY

No. I'm just tired of being shoved into a subordinate role because I didn't come from Plans. From now on, though, I'm not gonna tolerate anyone telling me how to run things.

BAZZO

This isn't your own little fiefdom.

CROSBY

It was with Schott; he let the DRE run wild. But he's about to go through the DTs. There's gonna be more accountability around here.

BAZZO

We'll see. As I said on the phone, I came to see Luis Fernandez-Rocha.

CROSBY

He's at the DRE office in Little Havana. He said call him when you get here and he'll come over.

BAZZO

You have somewhere he and I can talk in private?

CROSBY

(offended)

Down the hall. But I should know what's going on here, Mr. Barry.

BAZZO

Of course. I'll add you to the distribution list on my report, Mr. Crosby. Mind if I use your phone? I'm going to call him now.

Crosby chafes at this as he slides the Gray phone to Bazzo.

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

A view of the south facade of Building C.

INT. DARKROOM

Under a red light, DiLauria develops the following prints:

- Schott and mobster JOHNNY ROSELLI;

- Malio's, a restaurant;
- Roselli speaking with mobster SANTOS TRAFFICANTE, JR.;
- A U.S. Government memorandum.

Finished, DiLauria turns on the room light.

THE HOLE

DiLauria is at her desk, on the Red phone. An open folder lies before her containing the prints, each in its own cellophane sleeve. The photo of Schott and Johnny Roselli lies on top. A legal pad and pencil lie next to the folder.

DILAURIA

Mr. Nealy, it's Carla DiLauria...
Fine, thank you. I wonder if you
could help me, sir...

LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham pores over a report. There is a KNOCK on the door.

LATHAM

Come in.

DiLauria enters carrying a folder.

DILAURIA

I have the prints.

She goes to the table and lays open the folder revealing the prints. Latham joins her there. As she speaks, DiLauria hands the appropriate print to Latham.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

There were only four. First is our
man Schott with Johnny Roselli.
That's Malio's, a restaurant and
Mob hangout in Tampa. This one
shows Roselli leaving Malio's with
Santos Trafficante on the 13th of
this month. And this is a memo sent
to Durang the previous day.

INSERT MEMORANDUM:

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
Memorandum

TO : Mr. C. Durang DATE: 10/12/62
From : S. J. Berenson

SUBJECT: JOHN ROSELLI
ANTI-RACKETEERING

Electronic surveillance of subject JOHN "JOHNNY" ROSELLI indicates he received a telephone call on the evening of 10/12/62 from WILLIAM SCHOTT, a Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) employee. Roselli indicated that the message had been passed on to a DAVID TZIVITCH, currently in Marseilles. Roselli further stated that Tzivitch will be coming to Miami, Florida in ten days time, and that Schott should meet with him there. Schott made a brief reference to "The Committee" but did not furnish any further details.

Schott stated that the subject should contact him when Tzivitch arrives in Miami and arrange a meeting between himself, subject and Tzivitch.

ACTION:

The above information is being directed to the attention of the Intelligence Unit of the Special Investigative Division.

1 - Mr. Durang
1 - Liaison
1 - Mr. Berenson

SJB:rab
(4)

BACK TO SCENE

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

I think it's safe to say the memo was a topic of discussion with Roselli and Trafficante.

LATHAM

Hmm, David Tzivitch... He's gotta be the only David Tzivitch in Marseilles.

DILAURIA

I asked D-Int if the name rang a bell. I tell you, that man's memory is gold. He said when Schott was in Africa he assembled a team of deep cover assets to support Ops in the Congo.

LATHAM

He was supposed to assassinate Patrice Lumumba, but the station chief refused to authorize it.

DILAURIA

And that's when mandarin One got involved?

Latham nods.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Well, Schott's team was composed of two contract agents. One was Jose Andre Mankel, codename QJWIN. He's apparently a crack shot. The other was David Tzivitch. He uses the working name Roland Neder. He was originally recruited and trained for the REDSOX program and assigned the codename ROGUE-1.

LATHAM

REDSOX... Sending defectors back to Russia as our agents. The KGB caught every one of them.

DILAURIA

D-Int said Schott's using ROGUE-1 to recruit mechanics to kill Castro.

LATHAM

Yeah, but Durang sent that because he feels the target's up the block.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI - SOUTH CAMPUS - DAY

Cuban men in fatigues roam about. Some acknowledge LUIS FERNANDEZ-ROCHA, 23, who walks about with Bazzo. The staccato of semi-automatic pistols firing on cue is a THRUM that barely elicits any attention.

FERNANDEZ-ROCHA

It would have been cooler inside the office, Paul.

BAZZO

No, it'd draw too much attention.

FERNANDEZ-ROCHA

I heard Señor Schott is no longer with Operation Mongoose.

BAZZO

That's right; he's out.

FERNANDEZ-ROCHA

There are already so many chiefs around here giving orders, maybe one less isn't such a bad thing.

BAZZO

There won't be any chiefs anymore, Luis. Zenith Technical Enterprises is shutting down.

Fernandez-Rocha is outraged. He and Bazzo slow their pace.

FERNANDEZ-ROCHA

So you're just going to abandon us?

BAZZO

No, definitely not. But in light of the missile crisis, we need to step back and rethink how best to remove the Castro regime.

FERNANDEZ-ROCHA

You kill him! That's how you remove the regime!

BAZZO

Yes, but not now. There are negotiations underway between us and the Soviets to end the missile crisis and avoid World War Three. Your group has three teams in Cuba. If they were to do anything to provoke Khrushchev, he might respond with a first strike.

FERNANDEZ-ROCHA

Your forces can survive that.

BAZZO

No one can survive a nuclear war, Luis. No one.

FERNANDEZ-ROCHA

Hm, typical Americanos. You're all so soft.

Bazzo has heard enough. He steps in front of Fernandez-Rocha; the two stop and glare at each other.

BAZZO

Listen carefully to what I have to say. This isn't about returning Cuba to a group of exiles. If we decided that Cuba itself was the problem here, we'd blow your fucking island right off the map and you with it.

Fernandez-Rocha is shocked. He's about to speak when Bazzo cuts him off.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Uh uh, listen. These negotiations need to proceed to their logical end, and that's the removal of those missiles from the island. Once that's done, we're prepared to continue providing you with support.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

But first you have to recall your teams from Cuba, all three of them. I'm telling you, if they do anything, anything at all, to threaten these negotiations, it's over for you people. That's not a threat, Luis; that's a forecast of things to come.

FERNANDEZ-ROCHA

I should have expected the return of Imperialist America.

BAZZO

Call it whatever you like, but you will get on that radio. I want all three teams headed back to Florida by tonight. Now let's go.

They resume their walkabout, albeit with less conversation.

ACT THREE

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of federal employees leaving work.

AT A NEWSSTAND KIOSK

A large crowd stands elbow-to-elbow around the VENDOR, waiting to buy late editions of *The Washington Post*, *Evening Star*, and *Washington Daily News* - all with their "Cuba" headlines.

EXT. DUPONT PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

A view of the hotel and its signage.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Schott is on the phone. He swigs a shot of whiskey.

SCHOTT

Yeah, Operator, person-to-person.

At the other end, the phone RINGS; someone answers it.

MANAGER (O.S.)

Malio's restaurant.

At that moment there is a KNOCK on Schott's door. He covers the mouthpiece with his hand, lowering it to his waist.

SCHOTT

Who is it?

BEACHEM (O.S.)

Beachem.

Schott is unsure what to do. Finally, he lays the handset on the bed, gets up and opens the door. Beachem, carrying an attaché case, and a SERGEANT enter. Beachem sees the handset.

BEACHEM (CONT'D)

Who's on the phone?

Schott dodges the question by hurrying to pick up the handset.

SCHOTT

Yeah, Operator - huh? No! You sure you asked for John Stewart?

This angers Beachem. He yanks the handset from Schott. The Sergeant pins Schott on the bed.

BEACHEM

That's fine, Operator. Thanks.

(hangs up)

Stupid bastard, calling Roselli!

SCHOTT

I used his alias.

BEACHEM

The Feds know his alias! They got his home and his restaurant bugged! Now they know something's up. Why the hell were you calling him?

Schott doesn't answer. Beachem opens his attaché case, takes out a Colt M1911 pistol and points the barrel between Schott's eyes. Terrified, Schott can barely catch his breath.

SCHOTT

Look, ZR/RIFLE's my operation!

BEACHEM

What did I tell you, huh? What did I tell you?! You're out! Don't fucking try my patience again! Now, McCone's sending you to Italy. You open your mouth to anyone there about us or ZR/RIFLE, and you and your wife will end up in the canal.

He stows the M1911 in the attaché case. The Sergeant releases Schott, shoving him down, then he and Beachem leave.

TUNLAW ROAD NW - RUSSIAN EMBASSY

The sign on the gate of the compound reads "Embassy of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics" in English and Cyrillic.

INT. OFFICE OF THE SECOND SECRETARY (KGB)

Gvozdev is at his desk on the Red phone, a cable in his hand. At her desk, Dina anxiously watches him.

GVOZDEV

Da, ser, ya prochital vashu
telegrammu ... My vse boimsya
posledstviy ... Nemedlenno, ser.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Yes, sir, I read your telegram... We're all afraid of the consequences... Right away, sir."

Gvozdev's face is ashen. He sets the handset on its cradle, then picks up the Black phone and dials.

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

Several CIA employees leave the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 17:15. Collette is at her desk, on the phone, hurriedly writing a message on her notepad.

COLLETTE

Yes, as soon as he gets in. Goodbye.

As she hangs up, Latham enters.

LATHAM

Any word yet from Bazzo?

COLLETTE

No, but that was Yuri Gvozdev. Here.

She tears the sheet off her notepad and hands it to him.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

He didn't use a working name.

Latham is concerned at this as he reads the note.

LATHAM

Can you stay late?

COLLETTE

Sure. I'll call my mother. She was expecting me.

LATHAM

Sorry. Can you do me one more favor?

COLLETTE

Call Fiona?

LATHAM

Yes.

Collette nods. Latham hurriedly grabs his trench coat from the coat rack and leaves while Collette dials the Gray phone.

EXT. CHINATOWN - OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT - DAY

A sign above the entrance reads simply, "OCCIDENTAL."

INT. DINING ROOM

The walls are covered with pictures of D.C. statesmen. In the farthest corner sit Latham and Gvozdev having dinner. The two nearest tables are empty, giving them privacy.

Latham's entree is Pan Seared Icelandic Cod with Winter Root Vegetable Risotto. Gvozdev eats Slow Braised Beef Short Rib with Fall Harvest Mushrooms. Despite their sumptuous meals, they pick at their food (and speak sotto voce).

GVOZDEV

War seems ready to break out.

LATHAM

It doesn't have to, Yuri.

GVOZDEV

I agree. Moscow knows you have high-level friends in the White House. They ask if you could ascertain what the response would be to a possible solution to the crisis.

LATHAM

Okay, let's hear it.

GVOZDEV

Soviet bases would be dismantled under U.N. supervision, and Mr. Castro would pledge not to accept offensive weapons of any kind, ever, in exchange for a U.S. pledge not to invade Cuba.

LATHAM

Is that it?

GVOZDEV

No, there is one more request...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - THE ROSE GARDEN - DAY (DUSK)

Latham and President Kennedy stroll by the recently planted Peach roses.

LATHAM

...We withdraw our Jupiter missiles from Turkey and Italy.

President Kennedy considers this.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

If Stevenson were to present this line, Zorin would be interested in settling the crisis.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I proposed just such an exchange a week ago, but only for the Jupiter missiles in Turkey. To any rational person it should sound like a fair trade. It avoids an all-out war and both sides can claim it as a political victory.

LATHAM

If it's viewed from the perspective that Khrushchev was trying to accomplish the same goals with Cuba as we had with Turkey and Italy.

President Kennedy arches an eyebrow, impressed by Latham's candor.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Back in August, the Pentagon's publicity arm used Radio Americas to broadcast an upcoming military exercise off the coast of Puerto Rico, one planned for this month.

LATHAM

(disdainfully)

I remember - Philbriglex-62.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Stupid name. It included an invasion of Vieques in a mock overthrow of a leader named Ortsac, which happens to be 'Castro' spelled backwards.

LATHAM

Well, anyone who thinks 'Hamlet' can be played without a stage is crazy.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

(taken aback)

A metaphor and I haven't had dinner yet. If I understand you, you're saying Cuba is not some inanimate stage for us and the Soviets.

LATHAM

Yes. When you add the attacks by these émigré groups to the Pentagon broadcasting its mock invasion, you can see why Castro believes an invasion is imminent. And I doubt he's waiting for the Soviets' permission to launch a pre-emptive strike. But now you can put his fears to rest.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

And still come out ahead.

LATHAM

Excuse me?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

The Jupiter is already obsolete.

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE

At his desk, President Kennedy drafts a cable to Khrushchev.

INSERT DRAFT:

Dear Mr. Chairman:

I have read your letter of October 25th with great care and welcomed the statement of your desire to seek a prompt solution to the problem. The first thing that needs to be done, however, is for work to cease on offensive missile bases in Cuba and for all weapons systems in Cuba capable of offensive use to be rendered inoperable, under effective United Nations arrangements.

Assuming this is done promptly, I have given my representatives in New York instructions that will permit them to work out this weekend - in cooperation with the Acting Secretary General and your representative - an arrangement for a permanent solution to the Cuban problem along the lines suggested in your letter of October 25th. As I read your letter, the key elements of your proposals - which seem generally acceptable as I understand them - are as follows:

- 1) You would agree to remove these weapons systems from Cuba under appropriate United Nations observation and supervision; and undertake, with suitable safeguards, to halt the further introduction of such weapons systems into Cuba.
- 2) We, on our part, would agree - upon the establishment of adequate arrangements through the United Nations to ensure the carrying out and continuation of these commitments - (a) to remove promptly the quarantine measures now in effect and (b) to give assurances against an invasion of Cuba.

I am confident that other nations of the Western Hemisphere would be prepared to do likewise.

If you will give your representative similar instructions, there is no reason why we should not be able to complete these arrangements and announce them to the world within a couple of days. The effect of such a settlement on easing world tensions would enable us to work toward a more general arrangement regarding 'other armaments', as proposed in your second letter which you made public.

I would like to say again that the United States is very much interested in reducing tensions and halting the arms race; and if your letter signifies that you are prepared to discuss a detente affecting NATO and the Warsaw Pact, we are quite prepared to consider with our allies any useful proposals.

But the first ingredient, let me emphasize, is the cessation of work on missile sites in Cuba and measures to render such weapons inoperable, under effective international guarantees. The continuation of this threat, or a prolonging of this discussion concerning Cuba by linking these problems to the broader questions of European and world security, would surely lead to an intensification of the Cuban crisis and a grave risk to the peace of the world. For this reason I hope we can quickly agree along the lines in this letter and in your letter of October 25th.

John F. Kennedy

BACK TO SCENE

President Kennedy dials the telephone.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Dean, it's Jack. I have a response to Chairman Khrushchev that I'd like you to review... Good.

He hangs up and leans back in his chair, looking hopeful.

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT (EVENING)

The compound is quiet.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters looking pleased; he smiles at Collette. His mood quickly grows somber when he sees the alarm on her face.

COLLETTE

You need to get to the Ops Room.

LATHAM

Why? What's happened?

COLLETTE

Paul called in. Only two of the three sabotage teams Will Schott sent into Cuba have returned.

Still wearing his trench coat, Latham races out the office.

OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of teletype machines, chatter and ringing phones. NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY man the Duty Desk. DiLauria is there. Latham hurries in.

LATHAM

Alright, talk to me.

DILAURIA

Two of the DRE sabotage teams are headed back to Key West. But they can't raise the third one.

LATHAM

What information do we have on this third team?

DILAURIA

Everything: a six-man team armed with plastique and rifles, the ID number of their boat, the safehouse where they're holed up, the target - a copper mine in Matahambre - and when they plan to carry out the operation, at midnight.

OWENS

We have an open line to Mandarin Two at the Miami station.

LATHAM

Which phone?

FARRELL

The Red phone over here, sir.

Latham crosses to Farrell's desk and picks up the Red phone.

LATHAM

It's Latham. Paul?

MIAMI STATION - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Among a KL-7 cipher machine and several running reel-to-reel tape recorders, Bazzo sits at a desk on the Red phone.

BAZZO

I'm here.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH BAZZO

LATHAM

Don't all the sabotage teams have the same recall procedure?

BAZZO

Yes, but for this team that's only until they reach the safehouse, then it's radio silence. That's 'cause their radio's an RS-6; it's easy to triangulate its location.

LATHAM

There must be someone on the island who can get a message to them.

BAZZO

Fernandez-Rocha contacted one of his agents there. But he's not sure if she can get to them in time.

Latham is beside himself.

LATHAM

We have to stop them! I don't care how you do it - just stop them!

BAZZO

We're trying to, for God sakes!

LATHAM

I don't want to hear it! Get a team from Gitmo!

BAZZO

No! The Cubans would intercept them once they set foot outside the base.

LATHAM

Dammit, they have helicopters there! Use them! Geezus, don't you realize what'll happen if they get to that mine?!

BAZZO

Then why don't you just tell the goddamn Cubans where they are!

Silence. Both men realize what will happen next.

LATHAM

I'll get back to you.

BAZZO

No, wait a minute! Warren, wait!

LATHAM

(regains his composure)
Paul, the president has an offer from Khrushchev to resolve the crisis. If that team blows up the copper mine, Castro will claim it's a prelude to an invasion.

BAZZO

So tell the Soviets! Let them defuse the situation with the Cubans.

LATHAM

Forget the Soviets, dammit! Castro doesn't need their permission to fire those missiles. I have to do it this way, Paul. I have no choice.

BACK TO SCENE

He gives the handset to Farrell, who looks shaken.

FARRELL

No, Paul, it's Pete Farrell here.

LATHAM

(to DiLauria)
Where are the details on the sabotage team?

DiLauria nods to Owens. Latham turns to him.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Make a copy. But first I want longitude and latitude coordinates for the safehouse added.

Owens hesitates for a second, showing a twinge of guilt, and eliciting the same from Latham.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for?

Owens gets up and goes to Bradley who pulls out maps of Cuba showing the Minas de Matahambre municipality. Latham picks up the Red phone on Owens's desk and dials.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

2-3-6-2...

LATHAM

It's Latham. Call Yuri Gvozdev.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

At home?

LATHAM

No, he'll be at the embassy. When you get him, put him through to the Duty Desk.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Right.

Latham hangs up and sits, bereft - the eye in a hurricane of mixed emotions. Meanwhile, Owens leaves Bradley's desk and goes to the photocopier. The Red phone on Farrell's desk RINGS; he answers it.

FARRELL

0-4-3-3... This is Tom Farrell at the Duty Desk... Just a moment.
(holds up the handset)
Mr. Latham... It's Yuri Gvozdev.

Latham gets up and takes the handset from Farrell.

LATHAM

Yuri, there's a DRE sabotage team in Cuba poised to launch an attack on the copper mine at Matahambre.

GVOZDEV (O.S.)

What?! Do you realize the chain of events that will follow?!

LATHAM

I know what'll happen! I need your help to stop it. I have the details on the team and their safehouse. Can we meet right now?

GVOZDEV (O.S.)

Where?

LATHAM

Same as last time. Hurry.

GVOZDEV (O.S.)

I am leaving now.

Latham hangs up. Owens puts the copy of the sabotage team's details in an envelope. He approaches Latham and hands it to him. Then Dilauria and the night crew watch Latham leave.

EXT. SANTA LUCIA, MATAHAMBRE, CUBA - NIGHT

Moonlit. A view of a quiescent mining operation stretches to a rolling countryside with dots of homes and cottages.

ON A RURAL ROAD

One lone cottage has its lights on.

INT. SAFEHOUSE

Six men wait. One reads a Batman comic book; two more check knapsacks filled with C-4 plastic explosive. FERNANDO sits at the table; he checks his watch. JULIO lies on a cot, staring at the ceiling. SERGIO sits in a corner opening an envelope. He's annoyed to find a stick of Juicy Fruit gum with a letter.

SERGIO

Cada vez que mi esposa me escribe,
envía una barra de Juicy Fruit.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Every time my wife writes to me, she sends a stick of Juicy Fruit."

JULIO

Eso es porque tu aliento apesta a
mierda de perro.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "That's 'cause your breath stinks like dog shit."

SERGIO

No, ella sabe que lo odio cuando
ella hace estallar su chicle.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No, she knows I hate it when she snaps her gum."

FERNANDO

Idiota! Le dije que no trajera
ninguna carta, nada que pudiera
identificarlo a usted oa su
familia!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You idiot! I told you not to bring any letters, nothing that could identify you or your family!"

There is a faint THRUM, a distant whine of diesel engines.

JULIO

Un convoy?

Fernando perks up. The others stop and listen.

FERNANDO

Apagar las luces.

Sergio shuts off the light he uses to read. The six men wait in the dark, only the ambient light from the windows slips inside.

The THRUM grows louder; there is the distinct WHOP-WHOP of helicopter rotor blades. Outside, an intense light suddenly blinds them. All six Men reach for their rifles and pistols, just as the SCREAM of air split by cannon-fire RIPS through the cottage.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE

A helicopter loiters above, shining a spotlight on the safehouse.

On two Soviet ZU-23-2 trucks, FAIR-HAIRED MEN (Russian) in fatigues without insignia continuously fire 23 mm mounted cannons at the cottage. SCREAMS from the six DRE Men pierce the air.

A convoy of jeeps and trucks loaded with dark-haired, Cuban troops wait behind the ZU-23-2 trucks. On the lead jeep, a BLOND-HAIRED MAN (Russian) in fatigues, also without any rank or other insignia, shouts through a bullhorn.

BLOND-HAIRED MAN
(in Russian)
Prekratit' ogon'! Prekratit' ogon'!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Cease fire! Cease fire!"

The Blond-haired Man turns and speaks in Russian-flavored Spanish to a CUBAN ARMY SERGEANT standing beside the jeep. The Cuban Sergeant wears fatigues with his rank and insignia.

BLOND-HAIRED MAN (CONT'D)
Dile a tus hombres que busquen
supervivientes. Si hay alguno,
llévelo vivo para interrogarlo.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Tell your men to check for any survivors. If there are any, take them for questioning."

CUBAN SERGEANT
(with mock sincerity)
Sí, mi camarada ruso.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Yes, my Russian comrade."

The Blond-haired Man points at the Cuban Sergeant and issues a warning.

BLOND-HAIRED MAN
Vivo, sargento.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Alive, Sergeant."

The Cuban Sergeant sneers and walks back to the heart of the convoy to instruct his men.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

A view of a city in seeming repose. There is little traffic on the streets; no visitors at the National Mall; even the greasy spoon Joe and Nemo's - Latham's favorite - has but one derelict laying out his pennies for a cup of coffee.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

Searchlights illuminate the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

The door is open. Latham is at the window gazing out at Foggy Bottom. DiLauria enters. Latham turns around.

LATHAM

I told you to go home.

DILAURIA

I wanted to see it through. Word just came in from Bazzo.

LATHAM

I know. Gvozdev called. Only one member of the team survived.

DILAURIA

When la Guarda gets through with him, he'll wish he hadn't.

LATHAM

Should've been Will Schott. He sent them hoping to spark an invasion.

DILAURIA

That would've meant nuclear war.

LATHAM

They don't care. He and the JCS are so damn arrogant they believe the Soviets would've backed down. And even if they didn't, those fools operate on the old schoolyard principle of last one standing is the winner.

DILAURIA

I can't believe they look at this like some sort of game.

LATHAM

Believe it. I'm going home. You should do the same.

Latham grabs his trench coat off the coat rack and leaves.

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

Every window seems to be an opaque mirror reflecting the cityscape in that faint blue glint of light just before sunrise.

INT. BEDROOM

The clock radio reads 6:58. Latham and Fiona are asleep, his head nestled in the crook of her neck. The phone RINGS in the living room, waking Latham and Fiona. Latham turns to shut off the clock radio alarm.

FIONA

No, it's the phone.

Latham groans and gets out of bed.

LIVING ROOM

Latham stumbles in, groggy, hair tousled. The Red light on the phone BLINKS. Latham flips on the room lights and sits on the sofa. He grabs the phone off the end table, turns it over and rolls the thumbwheel switch. He sets the phone back on the end table and answers it.

LATHAM

Latham...

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

There is a noisier-than-usual PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones. Night Duty Officers Owens, Farrell and Bradley are giving turnover to the day-shift DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY, who man the Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS. Stokes is on the Red phone.

STOKES

Jared Stokes here, sir. We've just received SIGINT that Soviet forces in Cuba have shot down our U-2, killing its pilot.

Latham is so emotionally drained that all he can muster is an anguished sigh.

END