

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Four, Episode #3: "Truth Has No Fixed Role Here"

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Episode #3: "Truth Has No Fixed Role Here"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The venetian blinds on the large windows are drawn. Muted lighting comes from two sources - one, a lamp on a table by the door, and the other a banker's lamp atop an executive-style desk. The banker's lamp shines on a gray, first-generation IBM Selectric Typewriter. Beside it lies a folder.

From behind a high-back leather chair, its occupant is obscured save for the back and top of a MAN's head, his graying hair parted on the left. Long, bony fingers briskly press one blue typewriter key after another. The typewriter's silver metal ball SPINS and STAMPS a black letter or punctuation mark on a sheet of white typing paper.

Two paragraphs have already been written. When the Man finishes typing the third one, he spins the platen with one hand, advancing the paper, while with the other hand he pulls the sheet of paper out of the typewriter. He lays the paper on the desk and adjusts the banker's lamp so that its light shines directly on the paper.

INSERT TYPED SHEET OF PAPER:

The technicians will have minimal contact with the Planners; all instructions will be relayed to them verbally. While the operation is considered safe, one thing must be very clear: there can be no compromises. The technicians cannot remain alive if they are caught by the authorities. To minimize this risk, I suggest using a Fall Guy upon whom all responsibility for The Big Event can be placed.

The man should already have been used in an intelligence operation, preferably one in which he was dangled before a hostile country as a defector. In this capacity the man would expect to portray himself falsely. Such false defectors have neither been CIA nor senior military intelligence officers. Instead, they have been low-level agents from the military intelligence branches. Their lack of experience pays off in that their naivete makes them appear to be genuine defectors. Also, they implicitly follow orders from their hosts, as they've been instructed to do. The advantage here is that this man is less likely to recognize he is being used as a dupe.

Finally, we must have an embarrassing fact about our Fall Guy to ensure his compliance, particularly when the many facets of this operation present contradictory instructions to him.

It would be quite natural at that point for him to question the nature of his role. But the threat of revealing a secret so embarrassing that it could prompt suicide is our guarantee the Fall Guy complies and sees to completion his end of the operation. A secret this devastating would most likely be the same as the one Hoover guards so zealously - namely, his homosexuality.

SUIT THE WORDS ON PAPER TO THE V.O.

MAN (V.O.)

The technicians will have minimal contact with the Planners; all instructions will be relayed to them verbally. While the operation is considered safe, one thing must be very clear: there can be no compromises. The technicians cannot remain alive if they are caught by the authorities. To minimize this risk, I suggest using a Fall Guy upon whom all responsibility for The Big Event can be placed. The man should already have been used in an intelligence operation, preferably one in which he was dangled before a hostile country as a defector. In this capacity the man would expect to portray himself falsely. Such false defectors have neither been CIA nor senior military intelligence officers. Instead, they have been low-level agents from the military's intelligence branches. Their lack of experience in Intelligence pays off in that their naivete makes them appear as genuine defectors. Also, they implicitly follow orders from their hosts, as they've been instructed to do. The advantage here is that this man is less likely to recognize he is being used as a dupe. Finally, we must have an embarrassing fact about our Fall Guy to ensure his compliance, particularly when the many facets of this operation present contradictory instructions to him. It would be quite natural at that point for him to question the nature of his role. But the threat of revealing a secret so embarrassing that it could prompt suicide is our guarantee the Fall Guy complies and sees to completion his end of the operation.

(MORE)

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A secret this devastating would most likely be the same as the one Hoover guards so zealously - namely, his homosexuality.

BACK TO SCENE

The Man pulls a zippered leather pouch from a side desk drawer and sets it on the desk beside the folder. A small key lock dangles from a hook sewn onto the leather pouch next to the zipper's slide. He places the typed sheet of paper in the folder, unzips the pouch and puts the folder inside it.

He closes the zipper and threads the hooked end of the lock through the ring and a hole in the slide, then snaps it into the female end of the lock, sealing the zipper shut. He puts the pouch back inside the desk drawer, locks the desk, then turns off the banker's lamp.

The Man gets up. A tall, gaunt figure, he crosses to the door and opens it a few inches, allowing in ambient light from the ante-room. He shuts off the lamp. The ambient light gives the office a German Expressionist feel - the Man appears as a wisp of dark shadow entering an angular shaft of light as he leaves his office.

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

The sun's rise just above the horizon glints harshly on the building's windows.

INT. BEDROOM

FIONA JEFFRIES and WARREN LATHAM lie on their backs in bed, asleep. The clock radio's minute hand glides on the '6'. Music plays, waking Latham and Fiona who turns off the radio. Latham lies there, making no effort to get up.

FIONA

Come on, time to get up.

Latham eases into a sly grin. Fiona looks curiously at his face then at his body. She also grins.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I see you're already up.

Latham rolls on top of her. They kiss passionately.

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

CIA employees pass through Gate #1 onto the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD carries three small piles of folders into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

And sets them on Latham's desk. The Outer Office door opens and closes. Latham shuffles into his office.

COLLETTE

Good morning.

LATHAM

So far.

He lays his satchel on the table. While he hangs up his coat, Collette uses her key to open the satchel. She takes out a folder and lays it on the table.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Give that back to the mandarins.
I've marked it NFA.

Collette skims through the folder then reminds Latham...

COLLETTE

Mr. Kensington's keen on having MIT train alongside the mandarins.

LATHAM

The mandarins are going to Camp Peary for a refresher course, not to act as baby-sitters. Hm, you hear 'MIT' you think it's those eggheads from Cambridge, Mass.

Collette is amused.

COLLETTE

You know he's doing this as a favor for Kemal Ataturk, head of Turkey's National Intelligence Organization.

LATHAM

Kensington's such an idiot! Foreigners who train at The Farm aren't supposed to know they're even in the U.S. One of them recognizes a mandarin, they're going to have a pretty good idea where they are.

COLLETTE

Is that what you want me to tell him?

LATHAM

Hey, you're supposed to be on my side. Tell him both mandarins had already asked to postpone their training until later in the summer.

COLLETTE

Gives you time to come up with a
new lie when he proposes it again.

Latham mugs. The Gray phone RINGS. Latham reaches for it but
Collette beats him to it and mugs.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Yes?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

This is DC-COMM.

COLLETTE

P.A. to Warren Latham here.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

I have a call for him from a John
Taylor, calling from a payphone.

Collette covers the handset transmitter with her palm.

COLLETTE

(to Latham)

John Taylor calling from a payphone.

Latham nods.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

(into telephone)

Put him through, please.

She gives the handset to Latham.

LATHAM

Latham here.

DURANG (O.S.)

I'm going to lunch now.

CLICK. Carl Durang hangs up, as does Latham.

LATHAM

Where are the mandarins?

COLLETTE

Paul's at counseling and Carla's in
The Hole.

LATHAM

Tell her to meet me by Gate number
one in ten minutes.

Collette takes the folder off the table and goes into the
Outer Office, shutting Latham's office door. Latham opens a
desk drawer and takes out a manila envelope labeled "GPIDEAL."

He opens it and pulls out a postmarked envelope addressed to him at home. From this he takes out a sheet of instructions for a 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 where possible.

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, crossover 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 checks his desk calendar - Tuesday, March 12, 1963 - then copies the information from the instruction sheet into his pocket notebook.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters, overcoat on and carrying his satchel. Collette holds up her hand to stop him while she speaks into the Gray phone. Latham glances at the 24-hour wall clock: 08:55.

COLLETTE

Okay, hold on. Hold on.

(to Latham)

(MORE)

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

SMOTH wants to meet with you at his office as soon as possible.

LATHAM

Ask him if ten o'clock's okay.

COLLETTE

(into phone)

Is ten o'clock alright?... I'll tell him. Goodbye.

(hangs up)

Ten o'clock's fine.

Latham quickly leaves.

EXT. 600 E STREET, NW - PARKING GARAGE - DAY (MORNING)

Located at the end of a ten-story office building.

INT. STAIRWELL

Latham and CARLA DILAURIA descend the stairs to the landing where a wall sign reads "LEVEL A." Against the wall is a rotary-dial payphone. Latham feels the underside of the payphone and peels off a 2 1/4" x 3 1/2", pregnant manila envelope. He hands it to DiLauria, then they climb the stairs.

EXT. EMBASSY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM - DAY

The main building flies the Union Jack atop its roof.

INT. MI6 OFFICE

LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH), Fiona and Latham sit at a table on which lies a folder. Jones opens it, revealing several stapled documents.

JONES

Remember Hans Clemens?

LATHAM

Counterespionage agent with the BND.

JONES

Yes, joined them in '51 when it was West Germany's Gehlen Organization; same time you were in West Berlin.

LATHAM

This trip down memory lane is aging me, Larry.

JONES

Okay. You know Clemens is on trial at the Old Bailey, accused of being a double agent for the KGB.

LATHAM

Hm, one of several, no doubt.

JONES

Anyway, he's made some damning statements to the judge about your Army Security Agency.

LATHAM

Such as...

JONES

They plan to take revenge on President Kennedy for refusing to allow full air cover during the Bay of Pigs invasion.

LATHAM

What type of revenge?

JONES

They plan to kill him.

LATHAM

Larry, a lot of people involved in that operation hold a grudge against Kennedy. Clemens could be offering that just to get a reduced sentence.

JONES

True. But read some of the other statements he's made at trial.

He hands Latham a stapled document. Latham is surprised as he reads one of the pages.

LATHAM

This is verbatim?

Jones nods. Latham reads it aloud.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

'British-French journalist Paul Guihard was murdered while covering the riots at the University of Mississippi after James Meredith, a Black man, tried to enroll there.'
Hmm, I thought the local sheriff's office said he suffered cardiac arrest from the tear gas they used.

JONES

(impatiently)

Huh? I don't know; that's another one of the claims Clemens makes. It's not relevant here, go past it.

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

See where Clemens admits he was a captain in the SS, and that his nickname was the "Tiger of Como"? He commanded a squad that shot 335 civilians in the Ardeatine Caves near Rome in 1944, one of the worst massacres on Italian soil during the War. He comes from Dresden and says he was an easy recruit for the KGB, thanks to his anger toward the Allies for firebombing that city. He says he began working for the KGB in 1949 while he was in our employ, but only for one year.

LATHAM

London suspected he was doubling?

FIONA

No. Cost-cutting by the government ended his career with MI6.

JONES

Later, the judge asks him, 'Did you tell the Russians where the BND has its espionage schools?' Clemens says, 'You mean had their espionage schools.'

LATHAM

Yeah, I see it here.

FIONA

By admitting in court to being a double agent and a war criminal, he's established his bonafides.

JONES

Warren, you already suspect right-wing elements are behind plots to kill President Kennedy.

LATHAM

Clemens could just be reciting from a script written at Dzerzhinsky Street. Look, the man's saying the ASA's involved. That goes way beyond any one-off attempts by right-wing lunatics; this would mean something more organized. I need more than just his say-so before I accept his bonafides.

Jones hands Latham another document from the file.

INSERT U.S. ARMY COUNTER INTELLIGENCE CORPS DOCUMENT:

BACK TO SCENE

Latham is surprised - and angry.

JONES

You were in Berlin when your Army's
CIC group wrote that.

LATHAM

I never saw this.

JONES

It validates what he told the judge.

Latham looks at the cover sheet.

LATHAM

We're not even on the distribution
list. I thought our rivalry with the
FBI was bad. The ASA knew all about
Clemens and never told us.

FIONA

Or anyone else. That document was
never introduced at trial.

LATHAM

So how did MI6 get it?

JONES

Better you don't ask. And by the
way, you never saw it.

Fiona glares at Jones. Latham sees this and is apprehensive.

LATHAM

Um, you two want me to leave?

JONES

Go on, tell him. Might as well.

FIONA

That's the first document from the
ASA we've ever seen.

JONES

Which isn't unusual because we
liaise with the entire U.S.
intelligence community.

FIONA

And we've never been on any ASA
BIGOT list! All their work's been
supplanted by the CIA. Even the MoD
agrees the ASA's been reduced to
running security clearances!

(MORE)

FIONA (CONT'D)

There's only one reason London would send us that document - it's marked.

Latham is aghast.

FIONA (CONT'D)

The trial's being held 'in camera,' meaning at C's request, the judge can censor any part of Clemens's testimony and release it only to senior MI6 staff. I think Clemens's last act for Moscow was to disrupt an MI6 station by claiming they have a KGB plant. The judge then passed that part of Clemens's testimony onto 'C'. Now London's waiting to see if this CIC document turns up behind The Curtain.

LATHAM

Where one of your joes there would tell London, proving you have a KGB plant here.

FIONA

Or not, given that I believe this is a ploy by Clemens.

LATHAM

Right. But your station wouldn't be the only one tested.

FIONA

No, of course. London would've sent unique versions of the document to other stations, waiting to see which version ends up with a Warsaw-Pact service. That's why you can't mention it to anyone, Warren.

Latham nods. Jones looks somewhat subdued and sighs.

JONES

You can keep that copy of the trial transcript.

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

CIA personnel criss-cross the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is editing a paper. Latham enters.

COLLETTE

Paul's back; he's in The Hole.

LATHAM

And Carla?

COLLETTE

In the darkroom.

Latham hangs his coat on the coatrack. He takes the trial transcript from his satchel and hands it to Collette, leaving the satchel on her desk.

LATHAM

Make a copy of that. And see if D-Int can make time for me today.

THE HOLE

PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY is at his desk eating a large Reuben sandwich as he talks to Latham, who sits at DiLauria's desk.

BAZZO

Mmm, they make a good Reuben.

LATHAM

Looks big enough for a family of four.

BAZZO

Want half?

Latham half-heartedly shakes his head no.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Come on, take half.

He hands half to Latham who eagerly eats it. Bazzo grins then reads a copy of Clemens's trial transcript on his desk.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Hans Clemens is doing a helluva lot of singing. Way too much for me.

LATHAM

I agree. He probably won't spend a year in the pokey before MI6 swaps him for one of theirs. Still, that bit about the French journalist...

BAZZO

Paul Guihard?

LATHAM

Yes. Why would Clemens mention him? It won't curry any favor with MI6.

BAZZO

Gold dust among the manure maybe?

LATHAM

Maybe.

Latham looks thoroughly disgusted.

BAZZO

Why the look?

LATHAM

Just thinking about James Meredith. All he wanted was to get a better education by transferring to Ole Miss. Instead, he ends up with every bigot on campus trying to stop him from enrolling.

BAZZO

And two people ended up dead when those assholes rioted later.

LATHAM

But according to Clemens, Guihard's death was a deliberate act.

BAZZO

Uh huh, I see where you're going.

LATHAM

You do...

BAZZO

You think you're gonna get that sheriff's office to reopen the case.

LATHAM

They'd have done so already if there'd been any pressure on them.

BAZZO

Why should there be? We got a report on this last year. You saw it. Guihard died of respiratory failure due to exposure to tear gas.

LATHAM

He was that one in a million.

BAZZO

Doesn't matter. His employer, Agence France-Press - they accepted it.

LATHAM

Yeah, well, I don't. I want you to look into it. Start with our own reports then go to the newspapers.

BAZZO

Why? Even if I found that he was murdered, who are you gonna take it to? Not the FBI. Bobby Kennedy ordered Hoover to send his agents there and Hoover refused. The A.G. had to send in the Marshals and deputize 30,000 National Guardsmen.

LATHAM

So we just sit here and do nothing, is that it?

BAZZO

Then what the hell's your plan here?

LATHAM

There's a news story here, Bazzo.

BAZZO

And it was all over the news back then, Warren.

LATHAM

Meredith's story was, not Guihard's.

BAZZO

Geezus, why are you dredging this up? You think you're gonna change things overnight?!

LATHAM

Things aren't going to change at all until someone does something!

Both men take a moment to calm themselves.

BAZZO

Can I ask a personal question?

LATHAM

Go on.

BAZZO

Is this because of Fiona? Is she pregnant?

LATHAM

Huh? No. No... I hope a family is in our future. It'd be nice. And I'd like to bring Minh over here.

BAZZO

Okay... I'll look into it.

Just then CARLA DILAURIA enters holding a folder.

DILAURIA

That envelope had a Minox film
cassette, Boss.

She lays the folder on her desk. Latham opens it, revealing photographic prints inside cellophane sleeves. He picks up the top one, takes out the print and studies it. He's shocked. He looks at DiLauria whose face echoes this sentiment.

BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD is at his desk, a sense of grave worry on his face as he sips tea. Latham sits across from him.

BERARD

The FBI's Security Index?

LATHAM

It's a list of people to be detained
if a national emergency is declared.

Berard is aghast. The teacup in his hand begins to shake.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

There's also a list of federal
facilities where these people will
be held - provisions from Truman's
Internal Security Act.

BERARD

And this is on current FBI memos?

Latham nods. A drop of tea spills from Berard's teacup. He grasps hold of it with both hands and sets it on his desk.

BERARD (CONT'D)

You'd have thought we'd learned from
the Japanese internment.

LATHAM

I have a draft of the orders the
president will sign declaring the
national emergency and giving legal
authority for the arrests. They also
give the Bureau discretion over who
should be on the list for detention.

BERARD

With him, that could be anyone.

LATHAM

Civil rights workers mostly. I've
brought it to your attention
because of an addendum that was
recently added.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

It states that in the absence of the president, the signer can be the vice president.

Taken aback at first, Berard then realizes what Latham means.

BERARD

If you're saying Johnson's involved in any attempted assassination...

LATHAM

It's one interpretation, sir.

BERARD

It's not mine! And until there's incontrovertible evidence to the contrary, it shouldn't be yours.

Latham broods.

BERARD (CONT'D)

As for this Security Index, it's a matter for Congress, not us.

LATHAM

Sir, this program suspends the Bill of Rights. It allows Hoover to jail people at his discretion. No one in Congress is going to debate this and risk ending up on the Security Index themselves.

Berard sighs, realizing Latham may be right.

BERARD

Then you might want to get the president's opinion on this.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette places files in the combination-lock file cabinet. Latham enters.

LATHAM

Call François Bisset. Tell him I'd like to speak with the president as soon as possible.

COLLETTE

Subject?

LATHAM

Tell him it's for the president's ears only.

Latham crosses into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

And sits at his desk. He pulls out a legal pad and begins writing notes. The intercom BUZZES; Latham answers it.

LATHAM

Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

The Intelligence Director is here.

LATHAM

Good, send him in.

He hangs up. A moment later Collette escorts BILL NEALY inside then she leaves, shutting the door behind her.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Thanks for stopping by, Bill.

He and Nealy sit in chairs by the table.

NEALY

I was coming into the city anyway.
So, what's up?

LATHAM

You remember Hans Clemens, the
counterespionage agent with the BND?

NEALY

Yes, he's on trial in London,
charged with spying for the KGB
while he was working for MI6.

LATHAM

Yes, well, he's made statements to
the trial judge alleging the Army
Security Agency is plotting revenge
against Kennedy for the botched Bay
of Pigs invasion.

NEALY

Really. They're on a long list then.

LATHAM

You believe it's possible?

NEALY

I believe Clemens would say anything
to avoid twenty years at hard labor.

LATHAM

I guess what I'm asking is whether
the ASA's reached the point where
they'd try to assassinate him.

NEALY

Hmm, the Army once had Intel and PM operations all over the world. But when CIA was created, it was their death knell. Since then they've ceded their authority to us. The Bay of Pigs was their last hurrah.

LATHAM

And it was destined to fail; you know that. Yet, they blame Kennedy?

NEALY

Myopia is the last refuge of a dying agency. The ASA is irrelevant, and they know it. Lots of angry men over there, and they're not likely to filter their thoughts on Kennedy.

LATHAM

But would they act on them? I know you don't like to speculate, Bill.

NEALY

It's possible. Kennedy's made so many enemies. You got Cuban exiles, the JCS, the Mob, right-wing nuts - even some of our own people. But the ASA, there's some old mustangs over there just aching to prove they can still pull off a covert operation.

LATHAM

Like killing a sitting president.

NEALY

It'd certainly show everyone. Look, all these groups have the means and a motive. Where the ASA differs is that they have the logistical expertise to pull it off and get away with it without anyone ever suspecting they were involved.

ACT TWO

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

The blinds are closed, the room lights off. A slide projector on a table emits the only light, throwing images onto a screen while leaving the rest of the room in deep shadow.

THREE MEN sit at the table - two sit on one side of the slide projector and one man on the other side operating the corded remote. From behind they appear as silhouettes.

On the screen are three photos of the same man; one was clearly taken for a military ID, the other two were taken candidly.

CLICK. Three photos of a second man taken in a similar fashion now appear. This man resembles the first man.

CLICK. Three photos of a third man appear, again, taken in a similar fashion. This man resembles the first two.

CLICK. Three photos, one of each man, appear side-by-side.

MAN

Wait. There were four men before.

MAN #2

Yes, the Air Force dangle. We had to drop him.

MAN

Why?

MAN #2

His psych profile showed he was way smarter than the other three. Plus, he didn't have a secret to exploit.

MAN

But no problems with the others?

MAN #2

No. As you suggested, they'd previously been dangled before the Soviets. The one on the left and the middle one are ex-Marines used by ONI. The other one was used by the Army Security Agency's Counterintelligence Corp. Their Intel work means their DD-201 files will be classified.

MAN #3

And siloed. Even within their Intel branches, access will be restricted.

MAN

Good. Have they been pitched yet?

MAN #3

Through a cut-out. They'll get a follow-up next week. If they're still on board, we'll have Holmes prepare two IDs for each of them - one with their real name, the other an alias.

(smirks)

(MORE)

MAN #3 (CONT'D)

Makes them feel they're part of something important.

MAN #2

After some sheep dipping, we'll prepare a third ID for them. This one will use their photo and another man's alias. Let's us move them about the country, have them appear in two places at once.

MAN #3

Imagine someone down the road trying to untangle this mess. They'll look ridiculous.

MAN

I have something to say about that. But first, can any of them shoot?

MAN #2

You kidding? Give them each a machine gun and they still couldn't hit the broad side of a barn.

He and Man #3 chuckle and sip their Tom Collinses.

MAN

I've, uh, spoken with our colleague at Emerald City. He's convinced, and I tend to agree, that success here depends on everyone knowing the price of reprisals; that's anything from an investigation to someone with a guilty conscience.

MAN #2

I'd think the sheer brutality of the event would be warning enough.

MAN #3

It oughtta have them worry they might be next.

MAN

Worry over an implied threat isn't enough. For that fear to have any value it has to be backed by concurrent action.

MAN #2

So, who are we going after?

MAN

Key witnesses; that should convince people to keep their mouths shut.

MAN #2

Before we get into that, we still have quite a few gaps in our Intel. To start with, what's the amount of time allotted for the motorcade routes in each city? In fact, what are the actual routes?

MAN

I'm getting to that.

MAN #3

And the technicians need time to locate good hides.

The Man is annoyed and flashes his right hand into the air.

MAN

Alright! The routes and the time allotted are determined by the Secret Service Agent in charge of the White House detail. He's given a list of potential sites the president will visit for luncheons, meetings, what have you. The Secret Service then liaises at the sites with the ASA group covering that city. It's then determined if the ASA is needed to supplement the White House detail.

MAN #3

Okay.

MAN #2

What about the Intel the Secret Service will receive?

MAN

Anti-Castro groups are planning demonstrations in those cities. Look, let's not get ahead of ourselves here. We do this by the numbers. We'll discuss any changes to the plan if and when they become necessary. Are we clear on that?

Man #2 and Man #3 nod.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY (DUSK)

A familiar view of this landmark building.

INT. BISSET'S OFFICE

Functional, though overwhelmed with official papers.

Latham is hurriedly ushered inside by FRANÇOISE BISSET.

LATHAM
What are you doing?

BISSET
(urgently)
Getting you out of sight.

LATHAM
Hm, you'd think we were back in
high school sneaking off for a
smoke in the lav.

BISSET
By any chance did you get a look at
the WAVE on your way in?

LATHAM
The what?

BISSET
The WAVE - the White House Worker
and Visitor Entry System.

Latham shrugs; he's still at sea. Bisset points to a seat.
Latham sits there while Bisset sits at his desk.

BISSET (CONT'D)
The visitor logs. And you're
supposed to be the spy.

Latham rolls his eyes.

BISSET (CONT'D)
Your boss came here unannounced to
see the president just a couple of
minutes before you arrived.

LATHAM
What, Berard's here?

BISSET
No, McCone - your Director.

Latham looks both worried and relieved, the way one does after
dodging something more tangible than a metaphorical bullet.

LATHAM
Why's he here?

BISSET
(shrugs)
I don't know. You wanna tell me why
you're here?

LATHAM

No offense, François, but I'd hoped to speak to the president.

BISSET

A personal matter?

LATHAM

No, not really.

BISSET

Okay, so try me.

LATHAM

You ever hear of the FBI's Security Index?

BISSET

Yes.

LATHAM

(surprised)

Really. So the president knows then.

BISSET

Only to the extent that it exists. He has a vague idea what it is, but with everything else that's gone on, that's where his knowledge ends.

LATHAM

So, what do you know about it?

BISSET

It's meant to keep an eye on possible enemies of the government.

LATHAM

(corrects Bisset)

It's a list of people to be detained if a national emergency is declared.

BISSET

(shocked)

Christ... When I heard some of the names on it, I just assumed the FBI suspected they were getting help from the Communist Party. You know, people like Martin Luther King, James Baldwin, Pearl Buck...

LATHAM

Hm, typical of Hoover to put King and Baldwin on the Index; he hates Blacks. And those two he considers agitators. But Pearl Buck?

BISSET

She was born in China. She spent most of her life before the war in Zhenjiang. Knowing Hoover, that makes her a Red.

Latham scoffs.

BISSET (CONT'D)

What?

LATHAM

You know what she wrote about Blacks during the war?

BISSET

No.

LATHAM

She wrote that their deep patience is coming to an end. I guarantee you, that had more to do with her ending up on the Security Index than where she was born.

BISSET

Hmm. Go back to when the president declares a national emergency.

LATHAM

The order's still in the draft stage, but once it's signed it gives the FBI the authority to round up these people and place them in federal detention camps.

BISSET

God, it sounds like Kristallnacht!

LATHAM

What worries me more is it states that in the absence of the president, the vice president can sign the order.

BISSET

What? Oh, no. No.

He gets up, impelled by the seriousness of the implication.

LATHAM

I need you to tell me the truth. Is there anything going on between the president and LBJ?

Bisset gathers his thoughts and sits on the edge of his desk.

BISSET

Not so much between them as between Johnson and the Attorney General. Johnson absolutely hates Bobby Kennedy. You know Ed Clark?

LATHAM

LBJ's lawyer in Austin.

BISSET

Right. I have a friend in Clark's office. When Johnson was last there, Clark asked him how he and Bobby Kennedy were getting along. Johnson drew the forefinger from his right hand across his throat in that slow, slitting motion. While LBJ was doing this he said, 'I'll cut his throat if it's the last thing I do.'

LATHAM

Geezus... What brought that on?

BISSET

A lot. Give you an example. The president responded to a question from reporters about his advisors, saying he had the counsel of the second-most powerful man in the world. A reporter said, 'The vice president.' President Kennedy corrected him by saying that he meant his brother Bobby.

Latham sighs, shaking his head in disbelief.

BISSET (CONT'D)

Then you have Bobby assigning a lawyer to the Senate Rules Committee. Nothing new there, except he's feeding the chief counsel for the Republicans information on Johnson's corrupt business dealings and financial transactions.

LATHAM

Why? Is Johnson under investigation?

BISSET

No, but he soon will be. One of his friends, Billie Sol Estes, appeared before a grand jury last year. He was accompanied by John Cofer, a lawyer who represented Johnson when he was accused of ballot-rigging in 1948.

(MORE)

BISSET (CONT'D)

Cofer also repped Mac Wallace, another Johnson crony, when he was charged with the murder of John Kinser. He got five years probation.

LATHAM

For murder... Estes - he's on trial in federal court now.

BISSET

For fraud. His grand jury testimony is sealed, but there've been leaks that Johnson's name was bandied about. Then there's this insurance broker from Maryland, Don Reynolds.

Latham shrugs; the name is unfamiliar.

BISSET (CONT'D)

He wrote a life insurance policy for Johnson. Bobby had Justice Department investigators talk to him. Turns out Reynolds had been pressured to buy advertising time on an Austin TV station owned by Johnson, even though Reynolds is totally unknown in Texas. No way he could expect to generate any business there. And I'm not even going to mention the trouble his pal Bobby Baker is in.

LATHAM

Baker - the one they call 'Little Lyndon' on the Senate floor.

BISSET

Oh, yes. There are several storms brewing around him. But let's put that aside for now. If you just stay with Billie Sol Estes, then add that insurance salesman to LBJ's hatred of Bobby Kennedy, you'll see the same handwriting on the wall that Johnson sees: he's going to be dropped from the ticket in '64.

Latham leans back in his chair, dumbfounded.

MID-SHOW BREAK

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

CIA officers arrive for work, passing through Gate #1.

INT. THE HOLE

Bazzo stands by a portable blackboard where a chalk diagram of the center of the University of Mississippi campus has been drawn, with the four cardinal directions in the upper-right corner. One building is labeled the Lyceum Building, another the Ward Dormitory, and a third the Fine Arts Building. An 'X' is placed just outside the southeast corner of Ward Dormitory. Latham and DiLauria sit at the table, each has a copy of a Justice Department document on before them.

INSERT TOP PAGE OF DOCUMENT:

FILE NO. 144-40-2153

CIVIL RIGHTS DIVISION

Notice to Close File

Date 07/16/2011

To: Chief, Criminal Section

**Re: Unknown Subject, Oxford, Mississippi; Paul L. Guihard
(Deceased) - Victim CIVIL RIGHTS**

**It is recommended that the above case be closed for the
following reasons:**

1. Case Synopsis

On October 1, 1962, James Meredith became the first African-American student to register for classes at the University of Mississippi. Meredith's registration came only after numerous federal court orders and against the virulent opposition of Mississippi Governor Ross Barnett and his many segregationist supporters across the South. On the night before Meredith's registration, violent rioting broke out on the university campus. The rioting became so dangerously uncontrollable that President Kennedy ordered armed military troops to quell the violence. Hundreds were injured during the rioting, and two men died. One of those men, Paul Guihard, was a French reporter covering the Meredith desegregation story. Forensic evidence

**Nolan F. Johnson
Trial Attorney**

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo refers to the blackboard as he reads from his notes.

BAZZO

On September 30th last year, Paul Guihard, a 30-year-old reporter for Agence-France Presse, and Sam Schulman, his photographer, were in Oxford, Mississippi covering the enrollment of James Meredith.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI - DAY (DUSK) - PAST

Approximately 400 U.S. Marshals line up shoulder-to-shoulder outside the Lyceum Building.

BAZZO (V.O.)

The state Highway Safety Patrol and around 400 U.S. Marshals were on campus that evening. At around 7:00 pm, the Marshals lined up shoulder-to-shoulder outside the Lyceum Building where Meredith would register the next morning.

A huge crowd of angry protestors gather before the Marshals.

BAZZO (V.O.)

Over 2,000 protesters, including members of the Ku Klux Klan, surrounded the Marshals, screaming insults at them.

The protesters, including Klansmen in garb, and others with signs of protest, YELL at the Marshals.

BAZZO (V.O.)

Around 8:00 pm, the Highway Patrol inexplicably left the campus. During this time, the crowd grew larger, louder and more volatile.

The latecomers to the crowd wield pipes, bricks, and bottles.

BAZZO (V.O.)

The state troopers would later return to man the entrance and exit gates around the campus, but they didn't join the Marshals in front of the Lyceum Building.

A protester hurls a pipe that strikes a Marshal in the helmet.

BAZZO (V.O.)

Then someone in the crowd threw a pipe that struck a Marshal in the helmet.

(MORE)

BAZZO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That started a barrage of rocks, bricks, and bottles... The Marshals responded by firing tear gas at the crowd.

The Marshals fire teargas cannisters into the crowd. A full-scale riot now ensues. There is GUNFIRE. First a car then a bulldozer are driven toward the Marshals.

BAZZO (V.O.)

Gunfire came from the protesters. A couple of idiots even tried to drive a car and a damn bulldozer at the Marshals, but the tear gas stopped them. While all this is going on, Guihard and Schulman drive up to the campus. It's around 8:40 pm.

Guihard and Shulman drive a rented car up to a campus entrance gate where they are met by a STATE TROOPER.

BAZZO (V.O.)

A state trooper stops them at the gate. He tells them if they go onto the campus, he can't guarantee their safety. But they drive on anyway.

Guihard and Shulman leave their car and head off in separate directions.

BAZZO (V.O.)

According to Shulman, they park the car and split up, agreeing to meet back at the car in an hour. Guihard heads toward the Lyceum Building. A local reporter named Flip Schalke saw Guihard as he headed toward the crowd. Schalke warned him to be careful and to 'get down.'

Guihard chats briefly with the reporter FLIP SCHALKE.

BAZZO (V.O.)

Just before 9:00 pm two students found Guihard lying on the sidewalk near the southeast corner of the Ward Dormitory.

STUDENT A and STUDENT B come upon Guihard lying on his back on the sidewalk outside the Ward Dormitory.

BAZZO (V.O.)

One of the students believed Guihard had suffered a heart attack.

(MORE)

BAZZO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So he removed Guihard's glasses and began massaging his heart, trying to revive him.

Student A tilts Guihard's head back to ventilate his lungs then begins cardiac massage - quick, forceful bursts of pressure on the lower sternum with the heel of his hand. A small crowd gathers.

BAZZO (V.O.)

Eventually, someone with a car drives the students and Guihard to Oxford Hospital where he's D.O.A.

Guihard lies on a hospital bed in the Emergency Room - dead.

INT. THE HOLE - PRESENT

DiLauria and Latham watch Bazzo write "500 yards" on the blackboard with arrows pointing to the Lyceum Building on one side and Ward Dormitory on the other.

BAZZO

As you know, the death certificate stated Guihard died from respiratory failure due to exposure to tear gas - even though Ward Dormitory is more than 500 yards from the Lyceum Building where the riot started.

DILAURIA

Long way for tear gas to travel.

BAZZO

Yes. Now, Guihard was pronounced dead that same night, September 30th. But in their Obit, Agence France-Press reported that the death certificate at the funeral home was dated October 4th.

LATHAM

The hospital would have filled one out on the 30th.

DILAURIA

Maybe the original one was lost.

BAZZO

Maybe. Agence France-Press didn't follow up on it, so you're probably right. Anyway, the Marshals detained 212 of the protesters, yet only 45 of them were students. And of those 45, only 24 were students at the University of Mississippi.

DILAURIA

Bastards planned the protest in advance.

BAZZO

In addition to Klansmen, members of the American Nazi Party were at the Fine Arts Building. The Marshals found cartridges there that had been fired from a .357 Magnum, which two of the Nazis were carrying. And in a car parked nearby they found a postcard addressed to President Kennedy. It read, 'Please take notice that I respectfully resent the unnatural warfare being waged against the sovereign State of Mississippi and urge that you give more serious attention to facing up to the Communist menace and our Cuban problem.'

Latham is aghast. DiLauria fumes...

DILAURIA

Sounds like something that prick, Governor Barnett, would write.

LATHAM

'What touches us ourself shall be last served.'

This gets Bazzo's and DiLauria's curious attention.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I think Colonel Beachem and his acolytes are about ready to stab the high priest in the back.

BAZZO

Geezus, that tape from Durang last month! Beachem, our Miami Number One, that contract agent, Holmes...

LATHAM

Leave it. For you it's, where do you go from here? I wish Clemens had said how Guihard was murdered.

BAZZO

I thought about that too. So I had Mission Planning book me on an 11:00 am flight to Tupelo; it's about 50 miles from Oxford. I'll visit the funeral home as an agent from the State Department.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)
Seems some of Guihard's personal
effects weren't accounted for.

He gives Latham a slight smile. Latham nods his appreciation.
Bazzo checks the 24-hour wall clock; it reads 09:20.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
I'd better get going.

He gets up and grabs his overcoat off the coat rack. As Bazzo
leaves the Red phone RINGS; DiLauria answers it.

DILAURIA
1-1-3-7... Yes, he's here. Hold on.
(to Latham)
Collette.

She hands Latham the phone.

LATHAM
Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)
D-Int called. He's meeting with Mr.
Berard and asked if he could see
you when he's done.

LATHAM
Hmm... What's on his mind?

COLLETTE (O.S.)
Don't know.

LATHAM
Yeah, alright.

He hangs up, looking concerned.

ACT THREE

EXT. LONDON - PALACE OF WESTMINSTER - DAY

INSERT: "London, England"

Stock footage of Big Ben and the meeting place for the House
of Commons and the House of Lords, seen from across the Thames
River with Westminster Bridge in the foreground.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - THE COMMONS CHAMBER

The roof rises from the sides towards the center. The walls
have plain oak paneling. Green benches face each other across
the aisle - an adversarial layout. Members of Parliament pack
the Chamber, featuring LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CORDEAUX, MR. HEATH,
MR. LIPTON and THE SPEAKER.

LT.-COL. CORDEAUX

I direct this to my Right Honorable Friend Mr. Heath. Have any inquiries been received recently by Her Majesty's Embassies concerning the whereabouts of Mr. Harold Philby?

MR. HEATH

On the 24th of January, at the request of Mrs. Philby, Her Majesty's Embassy at Beirut made inquiries of the Lebanese authorities to try to trace the whereabouts of Mr. Philby who had been missing since the previous evening. Subsequently, Mrs. Philby informed the Embassy that she had received a reassuring letter and a telegram from Mr. Philby in Cairo. In view of this the inquiries of the Lebanese authorities were not pressed. On the 28th of February, the Foreign Office were requested by his employers, The Observer, to inquire from the authorities of the United Arab Republic whether there was any record of Mr. Philby having entered Egypt, and whether his whereabouts were known. Our Embassy was informed that Mr. Philby had not entered the United Arab Republic since his visit there in June and July, 1962. Meanwhile, Mrs. Philby has informed the Embassy in Beirut that she has received further communications from her husband from Cairo. We understand that the United Arab Republic authorities are continuing their inquiries.

LT.-COL. CORDEAUX

Can my Right Honorable Friend give the House a little more information than that in response to my request for a statement? Does he realize that, in view of disclosures made in this House by the Prime Minister on the 7th of November, 1955, there will be very grave disquiet in the public mind until the whereabouts of Mr. Philby are discovered?

MR. HEATH

I have given my Honorable Friend all the information which is in our possession.

(MORE)

MR. HEATH (CONT'D)

It is not possible for me to speculate on the whereabouts of Mr. Philby. On the last point in his question, it may reassure my Right Honorable Friend to know that since Mr. Philby resigned from the Foreign Service in 1951 - 12 years ago - he has had no access of any kind to any official information.

MR. LIPTON

Would it not be more in the public interest if the machinery of State were concentrated on tracing the whereabouts in England of missing witnesses?

MR. SPEAKER

That is wholly out of order.

GRUMBLING reverberates throughout the Chamber.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the National Mall and Lincoln Memorial.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

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

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is at his desk writing notes on a legal pad. The intercom BUZZES; Latham answers it.

LATHAM

Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

The Intelligence Director's here.

LATHAM

Send him in.

He hangs up. The door opens. Nealy enters, a satchel under his arm. He takes a seat.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I don't see you for three months, Bill, and now it's consecutive days.

NEALY

Can't believe your luck, can you?

LATHAM

What did you want to see me about?

NEALY

Wilson and I were going over the PFIAB's review of intelligence on the Soviet military buildup in Cuba last October - their after-the-fact assessment.

LATHAM

Heroes, all of them, I imagine.

NEALY

Pretty much. Wilson noted how they omitted your rather effective role in it, establishing that the Soviets had installed missiles there.

Latham shrugs, realizing it's a fait accompli. Nealy is taken aback.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Wow. Your placid acceptance of this is either a sign of true humility, or you've got some intrigue brewing - like blowing up the Pentagon?

LATHAM

Both.

Now it's Latham's turn to grin archly.

NEALY

Good. You brought up Hans Clemens earlier.

LATHAM

Uh huh.

NEALY

You know he was sentenced today?

LATHAM

No. What did he get?

NEALY

Ten years. The prosecution wanted twenty but with Clemens cooperating with MI5, the judge halved it.

LATHAM

Hm, if this had been Moscow, he'd have been shot.

NEALY

I, uh, also wanted to ask if you remember Harold Philby - Kim Philby.

LATHAM

MOTHER's old drinking buddy from MI6. He certainly helped to fuel MOTHER's paranoia.

NEALY

Suspecting he tipped off Burgess and Maclean.

LATHAM

Uh huh, making Philby the Third Man.

NEALY

But Macmillan exonerated him.

LATHAM

Not everyone in MI6 accepted that.

NEALY

Did you know he'd gone missing?

LATHAM

No.

NEALY

Just before I left my office, I got word from Grosvenor Square that his disappearance had been brought up before Parliament.

LATHAM

Wasn't he in the Middle East working as a journalist for the Observer?

NEALY

Yes. He and his wife were invited to a dinner party at the home of the British First Secretary in Beirut. His wife arrived but Philby failed to meet her there as planned. That was on January 23rd.

LATHAM

And they're just now looking into it?

NEALY

It was just made public now. London knew he was missing back in January because his wife reported it to the embassy.

Latham suddenly realizes something.

LATHAM

Philby went missing on January 23rd?

NEALY

Yes.

As Latham ponders this, he grows more distressed.

NEALY (CONT'D)

What is it?

LATHAM

Hang on a sec.

NEALY

Warren...

LATHAM

Wait. When did Clemens start cooperating with MI5 and the judge?

NEALY

Around the same time, late January.
(realizes Latham's train
of thought)
No, those two? You're reaching.

EXT. EMBASSY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM - DAY

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

INT. MI6 OFFICE

Jones is at his desk, dumbfounded. Latham sits in a chair while Fiona sits on the couch.

JONES

Hans Clemens and Kim Philby?

LATHAM

Why not? I checked with our London station. Clemens began cooperating with MI5 on January 21st. On the 23rd, Philby goes missing. I think another one of Clemens's last acts for the KGB was to lead MI5 to believe that Philby might be the object of a KGB wet squad.

JONES

And you're basing this on what?

LATHAM

His bonafides. Clemens told MI5 and the judge about an Army Security Agency plot to assassinate President Kennedy.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Now, given that there were three prior unreported attempts to kill the president, plus the fact that senior ASA brass aren't shy about blasting Kennedy for withholding air cover at the Bay of Pigs, a plot sounds entirely plausible. Then you have Clemens admitting his Nazi past, which was verified in an Army CIC report - the same report your masters are using to try and ferret out a supposed KGB plant - another gem, courtesy of Clemens.

Fiona glares at Jones with an "I told you so" expression.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

All this helped establish Clemens's bonafides. MI5 is now more apt to believe him when he says the KGB want to kill Philby because they believe he's been redoubled by MI6.

FIONA

Then having Philby disappear would apparently indicate a KGB snatch.

LATHAM

Yes, though it could be a defection.

FIONA

Hmm...

JONES

Wait. If that were true, why haven't the Soviets announced it?

FIONA

It would be one hell of a propaganda coup for them, Warren.

LATHAM

I think the Soviets are still debating Philby's real value. It would rise considerably if he were eventually found floating in the Beirut River at the hands of MI6.

JONES

Hey, why blame us? Philby's a hard drinker, a known lush. If he were found in the river, he could just as easily have fallen in and drowned.

LATHAM

True, but if the KGB say MI6 killed Philby as retribution for his years of treasonous behavior, it sends a pretty damning message to the West; that Philby was a high-ranking MI6 officer with access to Britain's most sensitive secrets, all of which he passed on to the KGB. That's more than just a black eye for your masters; it's enough to bring down your government.

FIONA

My God...

JONES

(sighs)

But why would word of Philby's disappearance just now make its rounds in Parliament?

LATHAM

Because neither your people nor MI5 know what's happened to him. And let's face it, your 'C', Dick White, certainly wouldn't object to Philby turning up dead somewhere. He'd spin it just as Clemens had laid out - retribution by the KGB for Philby cooperating with MI5.

Jones gets up and goes to the window. He turns toward Fiona.

JONES

You were right, Fiona. Clemens had our interrogators put more faith in his word than was merited. If you two will excuse me, I'm going to see if Ambassador Ormsby-Gore is available. I'll let him explain all this to London.

FIONA

I'll escort you off the grounds, Warren.

She and Latham get up.

EXT. HALLWAY

Latham and Fiona exit the MI6 Office against a THRUM of faint typing and indecipherable conversation from nearby offices.

FIONA

Thanks, honey.

LATHAM

(smiles)

I'll see you at home.

Fiona nods as they head toward the central staircase.

EXT. OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI - ROUTE 7, SOUTH - DAY

A rural road heading south from the center of Oxford where mailboxes indicate residences hidden behind the thicket.

I/E. PLYMOUTH VALIANT

Bazzo is behind the wheel. An open map lies beside him on the bench seat.

DOUGLAS FUNERAL HOME

The Plymouth Valiant pulls up and parks at the side of the funeral home, behind a 1960 two-tone Cadillac hearse (dark blue with black pillars and roof). It's rear fins give the impression the hearse is about to ascend to the skies.

Bazzo alights carrying a briefcase. There's the distinctive sound of a sliding bottleneck blues guitar playing, followed by a raspy voice singing "Drop Down Mama," a tune written by David "Honeyboy" Edwards. Bazzo smiles, an anonymous audience enjoying this impromptu concert.

Finally, Bazzo pushes the buzzer beside the front door. The music, which had gone into an extended slide guitar solo, stops. A moment later the door opens. There stands WILLIAM TOWNSEND, a 55-year-old Black man, lean and angular, with an easy smile.

TOWNSEND

May I help you, sir?

BAZZO

Yes, sir. On the sign outside it says, Robert Grimes, proprietor. Would that be you?

TOWNSEND

No, he's away at the moment. I'm William.

BAZZO

William...

TOWNSEND

Townsend. Everybody just calls me Willie.

BAZZO

Well, Mr. Townsend, my name's Tom Sterling. I'm from the State Department's Bureau of Security.

He pulls out ID and shows it to Townsend who grows apprehensive.

TOWNSEND

What's this about?

BAZZO

If it's alright, sir, I'd like to discuss this inside rather than out here in public. Believe me, it's not that serious and it doesn't reflect poorly on you at all, sir.

TOWNSEND

(corrects Bazzo)

Willie. Still, you probably wanna talk to Mr. Grimes.

BAZZO

It'll just take a moment, sir. May I come in?

Townsend nods reluctantly. As they enter the funeral home...

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I almost went to the wrong place. There's another funeral home just up the road.

TOWNSEND

Mr. Maxwell's. He's selling the business.

BAZZO

Why?

TOWNSEND

Has to. Ain't nobody to take it over for him.

BAZZO

No? How about you?

TOWNSEND

If I had that kind of money, I wouldn't be here talkin' to you.

INT. OFFICE

Townsend leads Bazzo into the office. They sit in two chairs facing each other. Townsend is stiff, clearly worried.

TOWNSEND

I can't think what this is about.

Bazzo smiles.

BAZZO

Was that you playing guitar, sir?

Caught off guard, Townsend flashes an embarrassed, toothy grin.

TOWNSEND

Just passin' the time is all.

BAZZO

Sounded like 'Drop Down Mama,' that Honeyboy Edwards tune.

TOWNSEND

(surprised)

You heard that before?

BAZZO

Yes, sir.

TOWNSEND

Damn, boy! Where you from?

BAZZO

I live in Washington, D.C.

TOWNSEND

I didn't think White boys up there listened to the Blues.

BAZZO

Some of us do.

(looks around)

Where's your guitar?

TOWNSEND

In the back room.

BAZZO

Can I see it?

TOWNSEND

You ain't never seen a guitar before?

BAZZO

I've never seen yours.

Townsend is amused.

TOWNSEND

Alright, come on then.

They get up and head into...

THE BACK ROOM

Sparse with a small table, a chair, and an older Martin DM15 StreetMaster acoustic guitar lying on an old Army cot. Bazzo is in heaven.

BAZZO

That's a Martin StreetMaster.

Townsend looks at Bazzo in amazement.

TOWNSEND

You play?

BAZZO

Not as well as you. I, uh, kinda cut you off while you were playing. You mind playing a little more for me? I'd really appreciate it.

TOWNSEND

I thought you came here on business?

BAZZO

That can wait. Please, sir.

Townsend sits on the cot and picks up the guitar. He takes a bottleneck slide from his shirt pocket and plays the remaining bars of "Drop Down Mama." When he finishes, Bazzo applauds.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

You're a genius, Mr. Townsend.

TOWNSEND

(corrects Bazzo again)
Willie.

BAZZO

You deserve more respect than that, sir.

Townsend smiles humbly. He sets down the guitar on the cot.

TOWNSEND

What can I help you with?

BAZZO

A little while back a fellow was brought in here - tall, about 30 years old, name of Paul Guihard.

Suddenly, the smile from Townsend's face morphs into serious creases across his forehead.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

You remember him.

TOWNSEND

What about him?

BAZZO

The family said that when they identified the body, they were too grief-stricken to take full notice of everything.

TOWNSEND

I was wondering when someone would get around to it.

Bazzo realizes his invented story has suddenly taken on a new, truthful dimension. He quickly hides his surprise.

BAZZO

Yes. I was hoping you could explain it. And just so it's clear, whatever you tell me will be in strict confidence.

TOWNSEND

Whatever I say, folks are gonna know it came from me.

BAZZO

No, sir. Whatever you tell me, I'll say it came from someone else, from that funeral home who buried him in France.

Townsend looks away, too embarrassed to confess eye-to-eye.

TOWNSEND

What they asked us to do was wrong. That young man deserved better.

He gets up and goes to the table. He reaches underneath it and slowly peels off an envelope. Townsend hands it to Bazzo then sits back down.

TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

That's the original one that come with the body that night.

Bazzo opens the envelope and pulls out a death certificate dated September 30, 1962.

TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

Mr. Grimes told me to get rid of it, throw it out or burn it.

Bazzo betrays no emotion as he reads aloud from the death certificate...

BAZZO

'Death resulted from a single .38 caliber bullet fired at close range entering the body through the back at the fourth intercostal space and striking the heart.'

TOWNSEND

You could see them powder burns on his back.

Bazzo puts the death certificate back in the envelope.

TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

Mr. Sterling, can I trust you?

Bazzo is momentarily nonplussed.

TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

My son wanted to go to Ole Miss awhile back. But I wasn't strong enough to stand with him and let him apply there. I was too afraid for what would happen to him. You understand, Mr. Sterling? He woulda been killed. So I told him to go to Jackson State instead.

BAZZO

I know how it is here, sir. I wish it weren't that way. I really do.

TOWNSEND

If I let you have that death certificate, I gotta know - will you do the right thing by this man? Will you see that the truth comes out?

He leans forward and takes hold of Bazzo's hand.

TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

Can I trust you?

BAZZO

I'll forward the French autopsy report to the Justice Department. They'll open an investigation based on that.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)
(holds up the envelope)
No one will know this ever existed.
And no one will learn your name
because I was never here.

Townsend pats Bazzo's hand in gratitude.

EXT. GASOLINE STATION - DAY (DUSK)

The Plymouth Valiant is parked at the side of the station.
Bazzo uses a payphone inside a phone booth.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Amidst active tape recorders and analog encryption machines,
Latham is on the phone.

LATHAM
He was murdered?

CROSSCUT BAZZO WITH LATHAM

BAZZO
Shot in the back, with the muzzle
of the gun pressed up against him.
I think we can convince the family
to have Guihard's body exhumed and
have French authorities perform an
autopsy.

LATHAM
Good. Are you on your way back now?

BAZZO
Yes, but before I go, I need you to
do something for me.

LATHAM
What?

BAZZO
The fellow who gave me the proof
not only risked his life but his
family's as well.

LATHAM
What do you want to do?

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

Floodlamps light the compound.

INT. THE HOLE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 20:05. Latham speaks with DiLauria who tidies up, putting SECRET and CONFIDENTIAL papers into their folders, then placing the folders into a combination-lock file cabinet.

DILAURIA

Paul really came through, didn't he?

LATHAM

Yes. But I don't hold out much hope the FBI will bring those responsible to justice.

DILAURIA

You think Hoover will try to paint Guihard as some sort of agitator?

LATHAM

Or say he's a Communist. Quite a lot of them in France these days. But at least Paul got to do something nice for that fellow at the funeral home.

DILAURIA

That Mr. Townsend?

LATHAM

Uh huh. There's a funeral business for sale nearby. One of our proprietary charities is buying it. They'll gift it to Townsend.

DILAURIA

Wow, that is nice. You've had a good day all round then, figuring out Clemens's provocation. That was genius.

LATHAM

It was luck.

DILAURIA

Um, given that Clemens misdirected MI6 about Philby, doesn't that cast doubt on his assertions, like the one about the Army Security Agency planning to assassinate Kennedy?

This unexpectedly shakes Latham's belief in his judgment.

LATHAM

(defensively)

No, not necessarily. I mean, he was right about Guihard.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Besides, the point of disinformation is to surround a truth with half-truths or lies.

DILAURIA

And you think the ASA's plot is gold between two untruths?

LATHAM

Yes.

Latham gets up and meanders about as DiLauria locks the file cabinet by spinning the combination dial.

DILAURIA

I wonder where Philby is?

LATHAM

I don't know.

DILAURIA

Imagine if he did defect. From the Prime Minister on down, they'd all have to resign. And Macmillan's been so supportive of MI6.

LATHAM

Hmm... You can be sure whoever replaces him will believe MI6 is overrun by KGB plants.

DILAURIA

Won't do SMOTH any good.

LATHAM

Or the Special Relationship.

DiLauria grabs her coat off the coatrack and puts it on. Latham looks very worried. DiLauria eyes him.

DILAURIA

No sense worrying. There's nothing more you can do about that.

LATHAM

I wasn't thinking of SMOTH. I was thinking about Hoover, LBJ and the Kennedys.

DILAURIA

I don't know if there's anything you can do about them either.

Her words leave Latham feeling helpless.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Well, if you don't need me for anything, I'm off.

LATHAM

No, go ahead. I'm going home too.

DiLauria leaves. Latham follows her out, his face lined with worry.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Once again, the blinds are closed, the room lights are off. The Man sits alone at the table, running the slide projector. With each CLICK appear new photos.

CLICK. The Americana Hotel, Miami Beach. Caption: "Kennedy to address the Inter American Press Association at the Americana Hotel in Miami."

CLICK. The Sam Houston Coliseum in Houston. Caption: "Congressman Albert Thomas appreciation dinner at the Sam Houston Coliseum in Houston."

CLICK. The Austin Municipal Auditorium. Caption: "Texas welcome dinner at the Austin Municipal Auditorium."

CLICK. The Women's Building in Dallas. Caption: "Dallas luncheon at the Women's Building."

CLICK. The Dallas Trade Mart. Caption: "Second choice for the Dallas luncheon. This site alters the motorcade route taken through Dallas."

END