

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Four, Episode #1: "Pan-Pan!"

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Episode #1: "Pan-Pan!"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. DEL CHARRO HOTEL, LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

Stock footage of the hotel, showing its neon sign and bungalows.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM

A spacious suite. The curtains on the sliding-glass doors leading to the veranda have been drawn. In the corner is a portable TV set and a hi-fi. Around a table on which sit two bottles of whiskey are COLONEL H. BEACHEM; CIA Miami station chief, FRED CROSBY; Attorney WILLIAM ROBERTSON; and CIA contract agent CALVIN HOLMES.

Crosby tunes the radio to a station playing "Hello Stranger" by Barbara Lewis while Beachem pours whiskey into everyone's shot glass. They all gulp down the shots.

BEACHEM

And you do all this yourself - the IDs, refitting small arms...

HOLMES

If it's a small job, Colonel. Yeah.

BEACHEM

Hmm... Impressive.

HOLMES

On big jobs I get people with the equipment to help me out.

CROSBY

Well, these kinds of fly-by-night operations won't do for this job.

HOLMES

Why not? Long as you pay 'em, they keep their mouths shut.

ROBERTSON

Yes, until one of them gets arrested. Then they're always the first ones to cut a deal.

CROSBY

You got that right, Mr. Robertson.

Holmes shrugs.

BEACHEM

Alright, enough. Fred, tell Calvin what you need.

CROSBY

First, I want you to look for a small printing operation.

ROBERTSON

It'd be great if they were having financial problems.

CROSBY

It should be able to handle making IDs.

HOLMES

What kind?

CROSBY

Law enforcement, stuff you're already familiar with.

HOLMES

That include badges?

Crosby looks at Beachem for confirmation. Beachem nods.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

So it's gotta have stamping presses and such.

CROSBY

Yes. I also need you to find an arms re-manufacturer. Same deal.

Holmes eyes Crosby warily.

HOLMES

I wanna hear what you got planned.

Crosby looks to Beachem.

BEACHEM

We're going to stage demonstrations across the country to get Kennedy to focus his attention on Cuba. Force him to liberate the country by removing Castro.

CROSBY

He's winding down Operation MONGOOSE. If we don't act now, Cuba's lost for good.

HOLMES

IDs and arms... So, who you gonna knock off?

CROSBY

No, no! Nothing like that. No one's gonna get hurt.

HOLMES

But there's gonna be confrontations.

CROSBY

Oh, yes. It's gotta look real enough so Kennedy gets the point.

HOLMES

The demonstrations are gonna be at the same place where Kennedy is?

CROSBY

That's the plan.

Holmes nods, but Beachem isn't sure he's getting the point.

BEACHEM

Look, Kennedy's riding high on his horse now after getting Khrushchev to withdraw his missiles. We have to show him nothing's changed as far as Castro's concerned; bastard still wants to export Communism throughout the Western Hemisphere. But this has to happen soon.

HOLMES

How soon?

BEACHEM

Before Kennedy announces he's running for re-election.

Holmes shrugs, still searching for a more definitive answer.

CROSBY

Before the end of the year, Cal.

HOLMES

Oh. So how much of the Agency's money can I spend for these two?

CROSBY

This is outside the Agency.

ROBERTSON

It's privately financed. You live in L.A., right?

HOLMES

Yeah, so?

ROBERTSON

I have an associate there, Leeman Bryant. You'll get whatever money you need from him. I'll give you all his details before you go.

CROSBY

Your controller will be Walt Atkins; he's our L.A. Number Two. But, uh, before we go on, I want to make one thing clear. Under no circumstances are you to contact anyone else in the Agency. If it's a dire emergency, you contact me. Otherwise, everything goes through your controller. Understood?

HOLMES

Yeah.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The curtains on the window are slightly parted, letting moonlight stream in. Long, sharp shadows from minimalist furniture - a small chest of drawers, a wooden chair tucked under a small table, and a single bed - strike the floor.

PAUL "BAZZO BARRY tosses and turns in his sleep. He suddenly bolts upright, gasping. He throws off the blanket, kicking it off his feet as though it were attacking him. Bazzo leans forward, his head now in a shaft of moonlight. He looks left, then quickly to his right. He looks at the blanket and MUTTERS something unintelligible.

He gets up and heads to the faint outline of a door, stubbing his toes against a leg of the chair. Bazzo YELPS, catching it in his mouth before it gets too loud. He sidles next to the door and feels around it. His hand slowly slides up and down along the wall, then his motions become faster, more urgent. He slides to the other side of the door and, again, feels along the wall - to no avail.

BAZZO

(growing frantic)

Where's the goddamn light switch?

He follows the narrow path on the floor created by the shaft of moonlight and avoids the chair, the table, and the chest of drawers, and heads to the window.

Something flits against his face. Bazzo GASPS. What the hell was that?! He flails his hands about in the dark. Something lightly touches his right cheek.

Bazzo raises a hand to his face and feels something - a string? He takes hold of it, causing a CLICKING sound. He slowly pulls on it. A single, bare 25-watt light bulb goes on.

In a T-shirt and boxers, Bazzo looks about the room, unadorned with faded wallpaper and bare wooden floorboards. His clothes are draped over the back of the chair, his socks in his shoes underneath it. On top of the chest of drawers is an overnight case and a portable alarm clock. Bazzo looks utterly befuddled. He shuts off the light and goes to the window.

Parting the curtains the moonlight reveals an alley abutted by trash cans from a line of rowhouses. One end of the alley opens onto a street, lit by a lamppost; the other end stretches into darkness. The block is on a hill; sloping down are orderly rows of rowhouses and tenements. The streetlamps look like the lighted ends of cigarettes. There is nothing distinct about this small patch of cityscape.

Bazzo's breathing shortens the way one does when panic begins to settle in. As he looks out the window, he mutters...

BAZZO (CONT'D)
Shit, where am I?

He closes the curtains - a vain effort as they appear to have been made of gauze. Bazzo turns back and reaches for the light-switch string, almost yanking it. He goes through the chest of drawers - nothing. He looks about. No telephone. Bazzo shuts off the light and sidles up to the room door. He waits and listens. Hearing nothing, he opens the door.

CORRIDOR

Lined with several doors with single-digit numbers; he is in a cheap hotel or a rooming house. On the wall is a payphone.

BAZZO

Enters the corridor and walks up to the payphone. It's black, with a coin slot at the top right. The handset hangs from a cradle on its left side, near the bottom is a rotary dial. There is no coin return chute. On the front of the telephone, above the dial, is a white card with instructions:

- 1) **Münze einwerfen (nur Schilling, keine Groschenmünzen)**
- 2) **Hörer abheben**
- 3) **Druckknopf drücken**
- 4) **Wählen & dann sprechen**

INSERT TRANSLATION:

- 1) Insert coin (Schillings only, no Groschen coins)
- 2) Lift handset from hook
- 3) Depress push-button
- 4) Dial & then speak

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo nods slightly and mutters...

BAZZO
Schillings only, no Groschen...
German. I'm in Austria.

He goes back to his room.

BEDROOM

Bazzo turns on the light then shuts the door behind him. He goes to the chair and feels through his pants pockets, turning them inside-out. Nothing. He checks the inside waistband of his pants, his shirt collar and the inside of his leather jacket - there are no labels. Bazzo grabs the overnight case from the chest of drawers and sets it on the bed. As he opens the case (all the while muttering to himself)...

BAZZO
Where in Austria? Why am I here?

He pulls out a set of men's clothes and lays them on the bed. Bazzo checks them for labels but again finds nothing.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
Damn it. Who am I supposed to be?

From a pocket in the overnight case he takes out a Swiss Army knife and lays it on the bed. He feels along the inside of the overnight case, moving from the sides to the top. He pauses; he feels something. He slowly runs his fingers to the seams at the edge. Bazzo grabs the Swiss Army knife and pulls open a blade. He is about to slice open a seam when...

BAZZO (CONT'D)
No, no, no. Wait... Wait.

He lays down the knife and spreads the shirt from the overnight case on the bed. He takes the shirt from the back of the chair and lays it next to the other shirt, eyeing them curiously. He puts on the shirt from the overnight case. The chest is too broad, and the sleeves hang off his wrists. Bazzo puts on the pants from the overnight case - too big and too long.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
The clothes are meant for him. It's
a lift.

He exhales, relieved. Bazzo returns the clothes to the overnight case and sets it back on the chest of drawers. He drapes his shirt over the back of the chair, winds the alarm clock, shuts off the light and plops down on the bed.

EXT. THE GÜRTEL (BELT ROAD), VIENNA - DAY (MORNING)

Vienna's red-light district, neglected and underdeveloped. A corner building sports posters illuminated by dim red lights and featuring beautiful, scantily dressed women. Beside this brothel is a neglected tenement house.

BAZZO

Parks his Volkswagen Beetle here. He alights, carrying the overnight case in one hand and a set of keys in the other, and heads into the tenement house.

INT. CORRIDOR

Bazzo TAPS on the door rhythmically, then inserts a key into the lock of apartment 27R. He opens the door and enters.

LIVING ROOM

Furnished. No one is there. Bazzo looks worried.

BAZZO

Dennis?

BAZZO

Walks down the short hallway to door and opens it - the bedroom. No one is there. He walks to the door at the end of the hallway and opens it.

BATHROOM

There in the tub filled with reddish-tinged water up to its rim lies DENNIS GRADY, 40, arms and legs akimbo. He has been disemboweled, his entrails spilling from his nude body.

BAZZO

Closes the bathroom door and heads back into the...

BEDROOM

He checks the lone dresser drawer, shuffling through socks, pantyhose, a peignoir set and blouses. He looks under the bed.

LIVING ROOM

Bazzo enters and checks beneath the cushions of the sofa. He checks the cabinet, feeling for false bottoms in the drawers.

KITCHENETTE

Bazzo checks the cupboards - only dinnerware and utensils. He looks in the refrigerator and shakes the milk carton.

BAZZO

Frustrated, he goes to the front door, opens it and leaves.

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

Stock footage of the National Mall and Lincoln Memorial.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A few CIA employees enter the compound through Gate #1, trudging past small mounds of shoveled snow.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 07:45. Even at this early hour there is the usual PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones. One wall contains maps of North America; another features maps of Central America, U.S. Territories, and strategic regions in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and the Caribbean Sea. All maps sport RED, GREEN, YELLOW, WHITE and RED stickpins clustered in major cities or in regions.

Maps of Europe have been moved to a third wall. They have far fewer stickpins than previously, indicating legacy operations not handed off to any European Desk. DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS. Latham enters and sits across from Stokes.

LATHAM

Operation Grandview, let's hear it.

STOKES

(refers to his notes)

As I said on the phone, Dennis Grady is dead. Mandarin One found him at the bolthole. He was on an open line at the airport, but he said the unwashed had made it clear they knew Grady was running the Ring.

LATHAM

How so?

STOKES

He found Grady in the tub; he'd been disemboweled.

Latham is visibly upset, then quickly reins in his emotions.

LATHAM

Did Paul mention anything about finding Grady's client books?

STOKES

No, sir. Do we know who's in them?

LATHAM

Grady managed to snag officials from both sides of The Curtain.

STOKES

Oh. Sir, the bolthole belongs to a friendly who works at the embassy.

LATHAM

Then Paul should have already arranged for the station to remove the body and clean up the place.

STOKES

He did, he told me. But...

LATHAM

But what?

STOKES

A rotting corpse lying there for God knows how long? That smell... At some point the neighbors would have called the police.

PERCY

I hope the station got there first.

LATHAM

(sighs)

Hmm... Any word on Grady's agents?

STOKES

None. Sir, the women he ran were sex trade. I know the police in Vienna are pretty sympathetic toward them, but let's be honest. No one's gonna rush to investigate if some of them turn up missing.

LATHAM

(sadly)

No... Percy, get onto the Vienna station. I want to be notified if Grady's client books turn up.

PERCY

Yes, sir.

He picks up the Red phone and dials.

LATHAM

Get this report on my desk, Jared.

STOKES

Will do, sir.

Latham gets up and leaves. Sitting across from Stokes, HENRY JENSEN, an analyst, SMIRKS, catching Stokes's attention.

STOKES (CONT'D)

What the hell's that all about?

JENSEN

Latham's worried about what happens to a bunch of whores. Please...

STOKES

They work for us, Jensen. Same as you do.

JENSEN

Except they work on their backs.

STOKES

So?

JENSEN

Oh, yeah. Like they understand what they're clients tell them.

STOKES

The Intel you get comes from them.

JENSEN

I didn't realize what a promising career path they were on. So, what's the shelf life nowadays for a whore?

STOKES

A lot longer than yours will be.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette Dowd isn't in yet. Latham enters and heads into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

He sits at his desk and dials the Gray phone.

LATHAM

Lawrence Jones, please; it's Warren Latham.

INT. MI6 OFFICE - DAY (MORNING)

The phone is RINGING. LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH), wearing his hat and overcoat, hurries in and answers the phone.

JONES

(out of breath)

Security Office, Jones here.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
I have a caller, a Warren Latham.

JONES
Put him through, please.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Mr. Latham is on the line.

JONES
Christ, I just got in. You didn't
start World War Three, did you?

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH JONES

LATHAM
Listen, I'm meeting Fiona for lunch
but I need to speak to both of you.

JONES
What's going on, Warren?

LATHAM
One of our Rings in Vienna was
rumbled; the controller's dead. He
had client books, and I know at
least two of your MPs are in them.

JONES
Christ... Who has the books now?

LATHAM
I don't know. I should know more by
lunchtime. I'll come over there.

JONES
Alright, I'll tell Fiona.

BACK TO SCENE

LATHAM
See you then.

He hangs up. The door to the Outer Office OPENS and SHUTS.
COLLETTE DOWD peeks into Latham's Office. She's surprised.

COLLETTE
Oh! You're in.

Latham doesn't respond, but his somber mood reveals all.
Collette steps into Latham's Office.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
What's happened?

LATHAM
Operation Grandview - Dennis
Grady's dead.

COLLETTE
Oh, no. What about Paul?

LATHAM
He's on his way back.

Collette is relieved but sympathetic.

COLLETTE
I'm sorry... Look, we got up - um,
I got up late, so I'm gonna order
breakfast. Can I get you anything?

LATHAM
Just some tea.

Collette nods. The Gray phone RINGS.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Go and order your food. I'll get it.

Collette heads back into the Outer Office while Latham answers
the Gray phone.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Yes?

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)
This is DC-COMM.

LATHAM
Warren Latham here.

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)
I have a call from a Mr. John
Taylor, calling from a payphone.

LATHAM
Put him through, please... Latham
here.

DURANG (O.S.)
I'm going to lunch now.

CLICK. Carl Durang hangs up, as does Latham. He opens the desk
center drawer and takes out a large manila envelope labeled
"GPIDEAL." He opens it and pulls out a postmarked envelope
addressed to him at his apartment building. 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, 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 checks his desk calendar then checks the options listed in the instructions. He copies the information into his pocket notebook and puts it back in his suit coat pocket. He gets up, grabs his satchel and enters...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham grabs his overcoat from the coatrack and puts it on.

COLLETTE
(surprised)
You're going? I just ordered.

LATHAM
You drink it. I'll be back within
the hour.

COLLETTE
Can I know where you're going?

LATHAM

A parking garage on Sixth Street.

COLLETTE

No, seriously - where are you going?

Latham hurries out without responding. Frustrated, Collette waves him off dismissively.

EXT. 732 6TH ST. NW - PARKING GARAGE - DAY (MORNING)

A typical multi-level, self-parking garage.

INT. STAIRWELL

Latham descends the stairs to a landing where a wall sign reads "LEVEL B."

LEVEL B

The stairway door opens. Latham enters and walks along the wall, following signs pointing to the elevator. By the elevator another wall sign reading "LEVEL B" is attached to a metal bracket, leaving a space between the sign and the wall.

Latham looks around. Seeing no one, he reaches into the cavity behind the sign and pulls out a medium-sized magnetic stash box. He puts it in his satchel and gets into the elevator.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the "HOLLYWOOD" sign on Mount Lee in the Hollywood Hills, Santa Monica beach, and the crowded freeways.

WESTLAKE AREA OF LOS ANGELES - MACARTHUR PARK

At the entrance to the park, two bronze metal obelisks display the words "MACARTHUR PARK." Holmes and WALT ATKINS, tanned (isn't everyone in L.A.?) and wearing a textured, sand-colored poplin suit, stroll beneath the palm trees toward the lake.

ATKINS

They call you Sherlock when you were a kid?

HOLMES

No.

ATKINS

Come on...

HOLMES

My friends knew I didn't like it.

ATKINS

Yeah? Hm, I know I would have.

HOLMES

Look, let's cut the shit and move onto business, alright? I found a documentation mill, Los Angeles Stamp & Printing; it's in East L.A. It's a nice place, four stories. They do all types of badges, banners, that sort of thing.

INT. LOS ANGELES STAMP & PRINTING COMPANY - DAY - PAST

Holmes is led around the fourth floor by DOUG CARBONE, 42. They pass a long room marked "PHOTO STUDIO" and come upon men at work benches, and operating stamp machines and pressers.

HOLMES (V.O.)

All the special graphics and photo equipment is on the fourth floor. Makes it easy to keep our business separate from their legit work.

Holmes pulls open a couple of drawers from a metal cabinet. They reveal badges for the FBI, Secret Service, ATF, and police and sheriff departments from all over the country.

HOLMES (V.O.)

They got police badges there from every municipality in the country. There's drawers full of 'em!

EXT. MACARTHUR PARK - BY THE LAKE - DAY - PRESENT

Holmes and Atkins continue their stroll by the lake.

ATKINS

Hmm... So, who owns the place?

HOLMES

A guy named Doug Carbone. He's a degenerate gambler. He took an ass-kicking a couple of weeks back 'cause he couldn't keep up the vig. Milano's sick of dealing with him.

ATKINS

Wait. Peter Milano, the Mafia guy?

HOLMES

Yeah. He told Carbone he was washing his hands of him. Means Carbone's about to get whacked, except we pay off his debt and get the company.

ATKINS

Isn't Milano Sam Giancana's man out here?

HOLMES

He started out that way, but Momo gave him his own family here.

ATKINS

Crosby said you knew a lot about the Mob. You used to work for them.

HOLMES

Still do.

ATKINS

Hey, I don't want any trouble with Milano or Giancana.

HOLMES

Milano doesn't know I work for you.

ATKINS

No, huh? So, how do you know him?

HOLMES

I used to fly some of his people in and out of Cuba.

ATKINS

Crosby also said you were a pretty good pilot. So, how much is this place gonna cost us?

HOLMES

Eighty-five grand.

ATKINS

And how much is it actually worth?

HOLMES

Probably half a mil.

Surprised, Atkins grins sardonically.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Not bad, huh?

ATKINS

You were also supposed to find an arms re-manufacturer.

HOLMES

Hey, I just started looking, for Chrissakes!

ATKINS

Just making sure you're on the ball here, Sherlock.

He SMIRKS. Holmes erupts. He grabs Atkins's left hand and biceps. Atkins is too shocked to immediately respond. He winces from Holmes's powerful grip - fingers pinching deep into Atkins' biceps, his knuckles wedged together, squeezed against each other as though by a vise.

ATKINS (CONT'D)

My hand!

He tries to yank his hand away but Holmes squeezes it even more tightly. Atkins SCREAMS.

ATKINS (CONT'D)

Fucking let go!

Pain lines etch into Atkins's face; tears well in his eyes. He looks around. There is no one nearby to hear or help him.

HOLMES

I've been doing jobs for you people before you ever knew there was a CIA. You wanna get along, Atkins? Don't treat me like some hick just arrived in the big city. I don't suck up to anybody, least of all some fucking little errand boy!

ATKINS

Alright, alright!

He lets go of Atkins who shakes the pain from his hand and massages his biceps. They resume their stroll.

ACT TWO

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

The sun reflects harshly off the windows in the compound.

THE HOLE

On the table a tape recorder runs; its reels slowly spin in unison. From the speaker come MUFFLED, UNINTELLIGIBLE VOICES. Latham and CARLA DILAURIA sit there, straining to understand them. As Latham reaches for the volume knob...

DILAURIA

It's up as high as it'll go.

LATHAM

Sounds like they're underwater.

Frustrated, he turns off the tape recorder. DiLauria TAPS a finger on the table as she mulls over their situation.

DILAURIA

What if the FBI were bugging one room and inadvertently captured a conversation in the next one?

LATHAM

Hmm... Go on.

DILAURIA

Well, the agents would've heard the conversation fairly clearly and put it in their field notes, which they sent to Durang. He probably figured we could bring up the conversation.

(thinks better of it)

Except our audio lab's in Langley. And far as they're concerned, we're now the Agency's ugly stepchild.

LATHAM

Because we were left here, I know. I can ask D-Int to lean on them. The lab won't want to piss him off.

DiLauria nods in agreement and rewinds the tape.

DILAURIA

When's Paul due back?

Latham checks the 24-hour wall clock; it reads 14:05.

LATHAM

He should've been here already. His plane landed at noon.

DILAURIA

Hmm, must've gone home first.

She stops the tape recorder, takes off the tape reel and puts it back in its cardboard box.

LATHAM

I guess. Get that off to Langley.

He gets up. DiLauria grabs the tape box and follows Latham.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette wears her Dictaphone earphones and transcribes at the typewriter. Latham and DiLauria enter. As DiLauria leaves Collette lowers her earphones.

COLLETTE

Kensington called. He wanted to know if Paul was back yet. I said he wasn't then he asked for you.

LATHAM

I wish he'd gone on vacation instead of Berard. I need to hear from Paul before I can give him a post-mortem on Grandview.

COLLETTE

I figured as much. And knowing you'd probably kill Kensington if he ruined your lunch with Fiona, I told him you were meeting with Durang.

LATHAM

Thanks.

As he grabs his overcoat from the coatrack...

COLLETTE

You think Paul might have jet lag and he's home asleep?

LATHAM

Call him and see. I'll be at the British Embassy.

He leaves. Collette dials the Gray phone. Bazzo's phone RINGS but he doesn't pick up. Worried, Collette hangs up.

KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

STEWART KENSINGTON speaks with JOHN MIDDLETON (MOTHER) over tea.

MIDDLETON

I understand one of your Vienna operations was rumbled.

KENSINGTON

Latham's mandarin blew the lift.

MIDDLETON

I thought the, uh, controller was killed before your man got there?

KENSINGTON

Oh. Um, yes, he was. But he'd probably still be alive if Latham had turned the operation over to the European Desk when I asked him to.

MIDDLETON

Why wasn't it?

KENSINGTON

He went to Berard who backed him.

MIDDLETON

Well, Berard could hardly argue against it. Several Desks run Ops across division lines.

KENSINGTON

Nevertheless, I intend to use this to get rid of his Special Section.

MIDDLETON

Why?

KENSINGTON

They're a bunch of thugs. Besides, Latham has way too much power as it is. He thinks he runs the place. And having Kennedy's ear doesn't help.

MIDDLETON

You're looking a little green around the gills there, Stewart.

Kensington is chagrined at this and fidgets.

MIDDLETON (CONT'D)

Look, presidents come and go. We just let them think they can get under the covers with us. By next term, Latham could lose his playmate.

KENSINGTON

Don't underestimate this president's popularity. He could begin a run of three Kennedys in the White House.

MIDDLETON

We'll see.

OPERATIONS ROOM - DUTY DESK

Stokes, Percy and Nichols brown-bag their lunch. Bazzo enters looking out of sorts, with red eyes and an odor of drink about him that Stokes notices, unobtrusively sniffing the air.

BAZZO

Mandarin Two out on a job?

STOKES

No. She wasn't in The Hole?

Bazzo shakes his head no as Jensen eavesdrops on them.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Sorry about Grady. You two knew each other since before the Flood.

BAZZO

We went through the Farm together.

JENSEN

And you ended up being a mandarin
while he wound up a pimp in Vienna.

STOKES

That's enough, Jensen.

BAZZO

You have a problem with that?

JENSEN

No, I'm just saying - to me, Grady
drew the short straw.

BAZZO

Whatever gets results.

JENSEN

You can't tell me what his agents
did was all for the noble cause of
freedom. They're prostitutes;
they'd do anything for money.

BAZZO

You know that for a fact, do you?

JENSEN

Come on, what's doubling mean to
them? Just another payday, man. For
all you know, Grady could've hit
the sack with one of them and told
her everything he knows. That's
probably how the Ring got blown.

He smirks. Furious, Bazzo lunges at him, unleashing a flurry
of blows to Jensen's head. Stokes, Percy and several other
CIA OFFICERS rush to break up the one-sided fight.

STOKES

Get off him, Paul! Come on, that's
enough!

The CIA officers finally pull Bazzo off Jensen.

JENSEN

Fucking jerk!

STOKES

Take him to the Infirmary, Tom.

Jensen shakes off Percy's attempt to help him to his feet,
getting up on his own and following Percy out the room.
Meanwhile, Bazzo walks away and slumps onto a seat.

EXT. EMBASSY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM - DAY

Through the wrought-iron fence, past the iconic red call box, is the main building with the Union Jack flying atop its roof.

INT. MI6 OFFICE

Jones is at his desk going over a report with FIONA JEFFRIES. There is a KNOCK on the door.

JONES

Come.

The door opens. A SECURITY MAN in a dark suit ushers Latham inside, closing the door as he leaves. Latham carries a brown paper bag. Fiona smiles; Jones frowns.

JONES (CONT'D)

Not those steamed hamburgers again.

LATHAM

With onions.

JONES

I thought you gave them up for Lent?

Latham lays out the hamburgers, two Diet Rite Colas and a ginger ale on the table. Fiona and Jones join him; the three start to eat.

LATHAM

The ginger ale's for you, Larry.

JONES

A meal to hear bad news by.

FIONA

Operation Grandview was your Ring of sex workers in Vienna, right?

Latham nods.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Our station chief there was envious of how easily your agents got their clients to talk.

LATHAM

I was hoping to have more details but Paul wasn't back when I left. All I know so far is Dennis Grady's dead.

JONES

He's their vicar?

LATHAM

Yes. Paul found him in the
bolthole. He'd been disemboweled.

Jones loses his appetite and sets down his hamburger.

FIONA

The KGB must have been really angry.

LATHAM

Paul told the Ops Room he believed
they were sending us a message.

JONES

Especially if some of your clients
were Soviet officials.

FIONA

And maybe retaliation for getting
them to spill their secrets?

LATHAM

Both, probably. We hear defectors
say all the time how the KGB believe
they're masters at honey traps.

JONES

Well, right now I'm worried about
your British clients and their
susceptibility to blackmail. If they
refuse to cooperate and the KGB
publishes their names, the scandal
will rock the government. From the
MPs involved right on up to Number
10, they'd all have to resign.

LATHAM

No, come on...

FIONA

It's true.

JONES

I'm going to have to report this to
London, Warren.

LATHAM

Why? We don't know if the KGB have
the client books. And even if they
do, you can say they're just part
of a KGB smear tactic.

JONES

There would still have to be an
investigation.

FIONA

MacMillan would use it to prove his point that the Russians would do anything to undermine democracy in the U.K.

JONES

That's only half of it though.

LATHAM

What are you talking about?

JONES

London's concerned the CIA is becoming too reliant on gimmickry.

LATHAM

Geezus... What gimmicks?

Jones counts the ways on his fingers.

JONES

Hallucinogenic drugs, electro-shock therapy, sleep deprivation tanks - all to create some magic truth serum or the perfect assassin. There's your plan to project religious symbols in the skies over Cuba, those crazy schemes to kill Castro, all of which failed - predictably, I might add.

LATHAM

Before you get too sanctimonious, remember your people are conducting the same experiments at Porton Down.

FIONA

Were.

LATHAM

Since when did you stop?

FIONA

The project was shut down when it was discovered LSD made some of the volunteers suicidal.

JONES

The point is London feels you're too sloppy with your tradecraft.

LATHAM

Well, someone should remind your masters how the sloppy CIA funnels plenty of cash their way.

JONES

This all comes down to trust, Warren; you know that. If the KGB have Grady's client books, it will prove London's right and damage the Special Relationship, maybe beyond repair. You can't salvage trust once it's been broken. I know - it's taken me forever to regain yours.

Jones is shame-faced. Fiona looks at Latham, her eyes begging for a response from him. Latham pats Jones's shoulder.

JONES (CONT'D)

Wherever those client books are, I have to tell my masters by tomorrow.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The 24-hour wall clock reads 15:30. Latham enters, his overcoat on. Collette looks up from her typing. She nods toward Latham's office and mouths the word "Kensington." Latham nods. He hangs up his overcoat and enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Kensington is sitting in a chair; his taciturn face scowls as he turns his head to follow Latham to the desk.

KENSINGTON

When I ask to see you, I expect it to be in short order, not several hours later.

LATHAM

Sorry, I was with Carl Durang.

KENSINGTON

While Paul Barry was in the Ops Room staging a Pier Six brawl!

LATHAM

What?

KENSINGTON

Having another one of your Rings rumbled was apparently too much for him. So he took it out on Jensen.

LATHAM

Well, he... I mean, Jensen must have provoked him or something.

KENSINGTON

And that gives Barry license to take out his frustrations on anyone?!

LATHAM

No, of course not.

KENSINGTON

Hm, it's just like your mandarins to act like a bunch of thugs.

LATHAM

That's not true.

KENSINGTON

Isn't it? And they act that way because you let them! Someone that out of control has no business heading up the Special Section.

LATHAM

(grins sardonically)

I see what this is all about now.

Kensington is befuddled.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You've been looking for ways to get rid of the Special Section.

KENSINGTON

That's nonsense!

LATHAM

Is it? You'd sit around with your pals in Langley, drinking and gloating about how well you run things - until the next crisis hit and you realized you had no answer for it.

KENSINGTON

(seething)

I've warned you before about being insolent. I want Paul Barry sat down until this is sorted out.

LATHAM

No.

KENSINGTON

What?!

LATHAM

I not prepared to run my department with one hand tied behind my back.

KENSINGTON

You'll do as you're told, Warren.

LATHAM

Since Mr. Berard's on vacation, I
want to bring this to the Director.

Kensington is shocked and worried at this unexpected turn.

KENSINGTON

Damnit, Warren! Why do you always
have to turn my requests into a
personal attack?! Sitting Barry
down is the right thing to do until
this is resolved.

LATHAM

Not in this case; the service would
suffer. I'm prepared to give him
time off to see the psychiatrist,
but I won't have him prejudged.

Grudgingly, Kensington sees the legitimacy of Latham's stance.

KENSINGTON

Fine, then do that.

LATHAM

Collette said you want to see me
about Operation Grandview.

KENSINGTON

Huh? Oh... What's happened to
Grady's client books?

LATHAM

We don't know where they are.

KENSINGTON

(sarcastically)
Have you checked with the KGB?

LATHAM

If they had them, we and the clients
would've heard from them by now.

KENSINGTON

Well then, you'd better find them.

He storms out. Latham presses the intercom button.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Yes?

LATHAM

Did you find Paul?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Yes, he's in The Hole.

LATHAM

Get him up here. And bring me the file on Operation Grandview.

He hangs up and buries his head in his hands for a moment. Collette enters with the file and lays it on Latham's desk.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Call D-Int. Tell him I'm coming to Langley and that I need to see him.

COLLETTE

Want me to check with the audio lab first and see if the tape's ready? It'll give you a legitimate reason for being out there.

LATHAM

Being an employee gives me a legitimate reason.

COLLETTE

Not when you're the local pariah.

Latham rolls his eyes, just as Bazzo peeks in.

BAZZO

You wanted to see me?

LATHAM

I was hoping to see you right after your plane landed. What happened?

Bazzo enters. Collette leaves, shutting the door behind her. Bazzo stands before Latham who remains at his desk.

BAZZO

I got waylaid by a tavern on the over here.

LATHAM

That why you punched out Jensen?

Bazzo snorts the way one does when one scoffs.

BAZZO

I figured that's why you sent for me.

He plops down onto a chair.

LATHAM

Well? Kensington was just in here.

BAZZO

Jensen went crying to him, huh?

LATHAM

What's wrong with you? You couldn't take your beef with him outside?

BAZZO

It's not like I planned it.

LATHAM

Doesn't matter! You know 'mandarin' is a dirty word on the third floor. You've just given Kensington another reason to cut the Special Section.

BAZZO

Maybe he should. I certainly didn't do anything special in Vienna.

LATHAM

You didn't blow the Ring, Bazzo.

BAZZO

I didn't lift Grady either! Lying in that tub, gutted like a goddamn animal... What great and noble cause was worth Grady dying like that? You gotta help me out here, boss, 'cause I'm missing something.

LATHAM

What you saw is the difference between what the communists idealize and what we believe in.

BAZZO

Don't pontificate, okay? Right now I don't believe in anything.

LATHAM

Yes, you do.

Bazzo gets up and goes to the window. As he gazes outside...

BAZZO

You know, that could've been my handiwork. I'd have followed orders and left a message for the KGB, same as their spook did with Grady.

LATHAM

We can't expect to cling to some moral high ground and refuse to act the same way our enemies do.

BAZZO

We used to, you know. What I saw - that'll be me one day.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)
And you'll have the mess cleaned up
before anyone knows who it was.

Concerned, Latham gets up and approaches Bazzo.

LATHAM
Take a couple of days and go up to
New York.

BAZZO
See Dr. Bauman, our noted shrink?

LATHAM
He's a good man to talk to.

BAZZO
Yeah, turn me into a right good
citizen. No, no thanks.

LATHAM
This isn't a request, Bazzo.

BAZZO
Then I'm gonna have to tell you to
shove it.

LATHAM
Then go home. Take some time off.

BAZZO
Why? You don't trust me to do my
job? I'm as good with a knife as
any of the unwashed!

LATHAM
Go home, Bazzo. Just go home.

BAZZO
Yes... Sir.

He leaves in a huff. Latham opens the file on his desk.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Stock footage of the movie studios and the chic shops and
palm trees on Rodeo Drive.

TAM O'SHANTER RESTAURANT

An old eatery housed in a Tudor-style building, with a red
British callbox outside.

INT. RESTAURANT

Scottish themed with tartans of various clans on the walls,
three fireplaces and a pub. A wall clock reads 1:00.

Plaid-clad waiters serve lunch, mostly prime rib and drinks, to a roomful of noisy patrons. At a corner table sit Holmes, Atkins and LEEMAN BRYANT, 55, wearing a dark suit that intensifies his ruddy complexion.

ATKINS

There's another property we're interested in - a fixed-base operation for small planes. It should have hangers, repair facilities and whatnot. Mr. Bryant's a developer. He'll be putting up the money to buy it.

HOLMES

What's your interest in this operation, Mr. Bryant?

BRYANT

Just as he told you, Mr. Holmes. I'm providing the funding.

HOLMES

Uh huh, from the Agency. It's all Monopoly money to them. So, tell me - what do you get out of it?

ATKINS

You don't need to know that.

HOLMES

The hell I don't. This involves me, Atkins. And I want to know what his interest is. I don't want to be the fall guy if he decides to bail.

ATKINS

Your job is to do what you're told. That's all.

BRYANT

No, no, Walt - it's okay.

ATKINS

(sotto voce)

No, it's not okay. We're all on a need-to-know basis here.

BRYANT

And I'm telling you, it's alright.

Embarrassed, Atkins HUFFS. Clearly, Bryant has more authority.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

He should know enough to cover his ass, just in case.

(MORE)

BRYANT (CONT'D)

You're right, Mr. Holmes - I am spending the Company's money. When the facility has served its purpose, instead of putting it on the market it'll be sold to me. I'll develop it as a mixed-use site and make a mint.

HOLMES

Now, that wasn't so hard, was it, Atkins?

Atkins fumes.

BRYANT

I understand you're a pilot. You know the Bermuda Dunes Airport?

HOLMES

Between Palm Springs and Indio?

Bryant nods.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know it but I never flew there.

BRYANT

I'd like you to check it out. See if it suits our needs.

HOLMES

Okay.

BRYANT

Oh, the deal on Los Angeles Stamp and Printing... You'll let me know when it's ready to go to settlement?

HOLMES

End of next week.

BRYANT

No... Serious?

Holmes nods.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

That fast.

HOLMES

Yep. Given the choice, would you rather sell your business and retire, or be found washed up on some beach with a pea in your head?

Bryant grins. Holmes cuts a slice of prime rib.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Oh, one more thing. From here on out I use an alias.

ATKINS

Why?

HOLMES

Put some distance between you and me. You know, deniability?

BRYANT

I'm curious, Holmes. How do you go about choosing one? Must be hard.

HOLMES

Not really. A few years ago, Meyer Lansky thought it would be a good idea to set up a private airline to ferry high rollers to Cuba. I was already flying his people into Havana then. So Lansky bought this old Beechcraft Model 18 and asked me to advertise for pilots. I contacted some friends who flew and had them send in their résumés. The more a job pays, the more detail goes on the résumé. One of the guys who sent one in now flies for Mexicana de Aviación. He moved to Cancún a couple of years ago. I can fashion an ID with all the legend I need, just from his résumé.

ATKINS

I'm going to have approve it.

HOLMES

You're not approving jack shit! I'm telling you I'm making an alias. End of discussion.

He finishes his prime rib. Atkins can barely contain himself.

ACT THREE

EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY (DUSK)

An aerial view of this touchstone of U.S. military power.

INT. GENERAL CARROLL'S OFFICE

GENERAL CARROLL and Beachem, both in military uniform, sit on the same side of the coffee table, before a multi-line, rotary speaker phone.

An open bottle of rye whiskey, two shot glasses, a pitcher of water, two tumblers, and two ash trays share table space with a tray of canapés, the phone and its speaker.

ATKINS (O.S.)

That Holmes is an arrogant little prick.

CARROLL

Yeah, but a talented one.

INT. LOS ANGELES - CIA OFFICE - DAY

Functional, with photos of oil tankers on the walls.

ATKINS

There's other people with the same talents. I can't work with the guy.

CROSSCUT CARROLL AND BEACHEM WITH ATKINS

CARROLL

Well, we're using him. Comprene?

ATKINS

No.

CARROLL

What do you mean, no?

ATKINS

I mean, I want some clarity here.

CARROLL

Fucking guy wants clarity...

ATKINS

Leeman Bryant - what's his role?

BEACHEM

What are you, drunk? You know his role.

ATKINS

The guy's a contractor, same as Holmes, right? So where does he get off giving me orders?

BEACHEM

Before we get into Bryant, let's review your role in this. You're a facilitator out there.

ATKINS

Yeah, for your little scheme to frighten Kennedy.

BEACHEM

You're on fucking speaker, jackass!

ATKINS

I want to know what this means with regard to Bryant.

BEACHEM

It means you do as he tells you.

CARROLL

Just like he does what he's told. Now, the next time you call, all I want to hear from you is that you got those three facilities. As for your personal problems, work them out! That's your job.

BACK TO SCENE

ATKINS (O.S.)

Yeah.

Carroll hangs up. Beachem is concerned and looks at Carroll.

EXT. 733 15TH STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY (DUSK)

The lights are on in just about every apartment window.

INT. KITCHENETTE

Latham is at the table preparing dinner - Shepherd's Pie. In one large bowl is a pound of ground beef; in another, a mound of mashed potatoes. In two small bowls are sweet peas and sweet corn. A stick of butter, a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, and shakers of salt and pepper lie near the bowls. Latham stands, dicing onions on a chopping board and putting them into a another small bowl. Fiona sits and happily watches him.

LATHAM

Larry's really worried the KGB have the client books.

FIONA

And with good reason.

LATHAM

Why?

FIONA

What do you mean, 'why'?

LATHAM

Prime ministers come and go. A new one isn't going to dismantle MI6.

His eyes tear from dicing onions. He wipes them on his sleeve.

FIONA

That's not what worries him, Warren.

LATHAM

Then what is it?

He finishes dicing the onion. As he seasons the ground beef...

FIONA

Larry gets along very well with Ambassador Ormsby-Gore, and with 'C', Sir Dick White. It's a lot like your relationship with Mr. Berard. He has a lot of leeway with them. A new PM would rein in the security services after a scandal.

LATHAM

Would a new PM really affect what you do?

FIONA

It would affect me.

She smiles sadly. Latham looks at her, puzzled.

LATHAM

How?

FIONA

I'm not just the first woman to be MI6's Number Two at our Washington station. I'm also the first Black person, male or female, to hold that position. I'd hate to think I was the last.

Latham sighs; he gets the point. He looks about the table.

FIONA (CONT'D)

What are you looking for?

LATHAM

An egg. Can you grab one from the fridge and beat it for me?

FIONA

(very reluctantly)

You want me to beat an egg.

LATHAM

Yes, I want you to beat an egg. If it helps, you can accuse it of something first.

Fiona sticks out her tongue at Latham. She gets an egg from the refrigerator and comes back to the table. She nuzzles up to Latham - then bites his ear. Latham YELPS then laughs.

EXT. 113 RHODE ISLAND AVE, NW - SHOWTIME LOUNGE - NIGHT

A dive bar if ever there was one. The locals drink cheap, bottled or tapped beer (on payday they trade shots). A portable TV set is perched ominously high above the bar in the corner, but only those relatively sober can crane their necks to watch the wrestling matches.

Bazzo sits at one end of the bar. He's not drunk - not yet. Three shot glasses are lined up before him. The BARTENDER, a pug-nosed former prize fighter, fills them with rye whiskey. Bazzo gulps one, waits a moment to refocus, then in quick succession gulps the remaining two shot glasses.

BAZZO

I need a chaser. Gimme a beer.

The Bartender pours a draft beer. As he serves it to Bazzo...

BARTENDER

Wanna slow it down, pal? I'm not goin' anywhere.

BAZZO

The only thing you got to say to me is 'When.'

The Bartender leans toward Bazzo.

BARTENDER

Try keeping a civil tongue in your head, alright?

He walks to the other end of the bar. Bazzo is about to drink his beer but stops. He looks into the mirror behind the rows of hard liquor. Finally, he takes a ten-dollar bill from his wallet and lays it on the bar then he slides off his barstool. The Bartender sees this. He walks over and picks up the money.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Wait for your change.

Bazzo ignores him, or maybe he no longer cares. He lumbers out the front door.

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

CIA employees walk onto the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 09:05.

DiLauria announces each of two folders she hands to Collette.

DILAURIA

'Preparedness Training for
Exfiltration from Hostile Tropical
Sites' - for the Special Projects
Team, and a final request for small
arms recertification for Paul and
me, due by the end of the week.

Just then Kensington enters.

COLLETTE

Help you, Mr. Kensington?

KENSINGTON

Is Mr. Latham in?

COLLETTE

No, he's on his way to Langley.

KENSINGTON

What for?

COLLETTE

He's meeting with the Intelligence
Director.

KENSINGTON

He say anything about those client
books from Operation Grandview?

COLLETTE

Not to me, sir.

KENSINGTON

(to DiLauria)

Is Paul Barry downstairs?

DILAURIA

No, sir, he's out today. He's, uh,
under the weather.

KENSINGTON

I'm sure he is. Did he say where
those client books are?

DILAURIA

No, sir.

Kensington nods to himself then leaves. Collette fumes.

COLLETTE

He can't wait to bury Warren.

She takes the folders into Latham's office.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the familiar, modernist spy headquarters.

INT. LOBBY

Beyond the turnstiles, the five rows of support beams, and emblazoned on the marble floor is CIA's familiar logo.

NEALY'S OFFICE

Is partly a well-heeled den, with a leather couch and chairs, end table, lamp, a table in the corner, and floor-to-ceiling book shelves; and partly a modern office with a mahogany desk, electric pencil sharpener, Boston electric stapler, multiple lines rotary-dial Red- and Gray phones, intercom, and banker's lamp. On the corner table is a reel-to-reel tape recorder.

BILL NEALY reads "Volksstimme," a German-language newspaper, at his desk. The door opens. BARBARA, 35, escorts Latham in.

BARBARA

Warren Latham, Mr. Nealy.

She leaves, shutting the door. Nealy lays down the newspaper as Latham sits in a chair.

NEALY

I thought I'd have a tape recorder brought up to hear your tape. Hope you don't mind.

LATHAM

No. In fact, I was going to ask you listen to it with me.

NEALY

Oh, good. The audio lab said they were able to bring up the voices. It should've been here by now.

He reaches for the Red phone.

LATHAM

No, don't bother them. We can wait.
(looks around)
Now I know where my tax dollars are going.

NEALY

Come on, admit it - you'd rather be out here than at Cockroach Alley.

LATHAM

No, I kinda like being an orphan; gives me room to run my directorate.

NEALY

With Grandview rumbled, Kensington
must be on you like a cheap suit.

LATHAM

He's worried Grady's client books
could end up with the KGB.

Nealy shrugs. Latham is surprised at Nealy's lack of alarm.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

And SMOTH's worried because two of
his MPs are in them.

NEALY

Of course, the scandal. It could
end the Special Relationship.

LATHAM

I know. It may even cost me the
head of my Special Section.

NEALY

Paul Barry? Why?

LATHAM

He and Dennis Grady were friends;
they went through The Farm together.
Seeing how Grady was killed has him
questioning everything now.

NEALY

Like Carla did when she was hurt in
Berlin.

LATHAM

(nods)

Yeah - except she didn't deck an
analyst in the Ops Room.

NEALY

Oh, boy...

LATHAM

I can't afford to lose him, Bill. I
just don't understand why this got
to him. We've lost mandarins
before, and they were friends.

NEALY

It all has to wear on him.

LATHAM

Bothers me too, you know.

NEALY

But what you've got in your life now is a lot stronger than puerile idealism; you have someone you love. Paul doesn't. Maybe he's never had anyone like that.

Latham sighs and reflects upon Nealy's words.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I want you to take a look at this.

He opens Volksstimme to page three and hands it to Latham.

NEALY (CONT'D)

'Volksstimme' is a mouthpiece for the Austrian Communist Party. It makes all the usual noises about the decadent West, but this time it warns Party officials to be vigilant against 'personal excesses,' saying even an innocent flirtation can cloud one's judgment. What's germane here is the historical slant it's framed in, saying how party members from the days of the comintern up to the presidium can be susceptible. I think that was done purposely so the Party leadership wouldn't be seen as condemning any particular officials.

LATHAM

Sounds like the warning the KGB always give their people about honey traps.

NEALY

I thought so too. But now I think it's more an acknowledgment that Dzerzhinsky Street knows members of the presidium were Grady's clients.

LATHAM

(shocked)

Why the hell would they announce it? All that does is alert those officials, who'll now end up running to the nearest American Embassy, begging for asylum.

NEALY

Maybe, but that's not the point.

LATHAM

Okay, what am I missing here?

NEALY

The KGB's admission wasn't meant for their officials, Warren; it was meant for us. They're saying they don't have Grady's client books.

Latham is dumbstruck. The intercom BUZZES; Nealy answers it.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Yes?

MISS BARNES (O.S.)

The tape is on its way up, sir.

EXT. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - COACHELLA VALLEY - DAY (DAWN)

INSERT: "Over the Coachella Valley, Southern California"

In an azure sky with the sun at the horizon, a white Cessna 172B with tail number N-7554Z on its fuselage flies between the Santa Rosa mountains and the Joshua Tree National Park.

INT. CESSNA 172B CABIN

Holmes flies solo, wearing a leather jacket and gloves, and a radio headset. He is relaxed, enjoying the flight. Just ahead of him is a private airport with two runways. Holmes grins and switches radio frequencies.

HOLMES

Pan-Pan, Pan-Pan, Pan-Pan! Bermuda Dunes Tower, this is Cessna 7554 Zebra over the golf course, inbound over Indio Boulevard at 1-5-0-0 feet, vector 320 degrees. Fuel reading unreliable. Repeat, fuel reading unreliable. Estimate of fuel remaining, less than ten minutes. Request a touch and go.

BERMUDA DUNES TOWER (O.S.)

(through the headset)

This is Bermuda Dunes Tower, Cessna 7554 Zebra. Do you have the airport in sight?

HOLMES

Bermuda Dunes Tower, this is Cessna 7554 Zebra. Roger, I have the airport in sight with no traffic.

BERMUDA DUNES TOWER (O.S.)

This is Bermuda Dunes Tower. Cessna 7554 Zebra, you are cleared for a VFR, straight-in approach on runway two-eight right.

(MORE)

BERMUDA DUNES TOWER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Continue approach at 320 degrees.
Wind angle is 180 degrees at ten
knots.

HOLMES
Bermuda Dunes Tower, this is Cessna
7554 Zebra, cleared for a VFR,
straight-in approach on runway two-
eight right. Continuing approach at
320 degrees with wind angle of 180
degrees at ten knots.

BERMUDA DUNES TOWER (O.S.)
(broadcast alert)
This is Bermuda Dunes Tower. Traffic
Alert. Cessna 7554 Zebra on urgency
approach on runway two-eight right.
This is Bermuda Dunes Tower, Cessna
7554 Zebra. After landing, pilot is
requested to report to the tower.

HOLMES
Bermuda Dunes Tower, this is Cessna
7554 Zebra. Roger that. Pilot will
report to the tower after landing.

EXT. BERMUDA DUNES AIRPORT - MAIN RUNWAY

Holmes's Cessna 172B lands flawlessly. It taxis and parks off
the runway.

CESSNA 172B

Holmes alights. A crew car - a 1962 Ford Thunderbird - pulls
up. The driver-side window rolls down.

DRIVER
I'll take you to the control tower.

Holmes gets in.

I/E. FORD THUNDERBIRD

As they quietly ride along the skirt of the airfield, Holmes
eyes the spacious, well-equipped hangars and airframe
maintenance facility, a Shell Aviation fuel truck, and a
building housing the pilots' lounge. He curls a slight smile.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

More stock footage of the familiar modernist building.

INT. NEALY'S OFFICE

Latham removes the recording tape from the tape recorder and
pauses. Nealy pensively leans on his elbows on his desk.

NEALY

Recognize the voices?

LATHAM

All but one. Fred Crosby's my Miami Number One, and Walt Atkins is my L.A. Number Two. Calvin Holmes is a contract agent we've used before. Colonel Beachem we both know. The other one I don't know.

NEALY

I think it's William Robertson. He's an attorney and a former FBI agent.

LATHAM

You've dealt with him?

NEALY

We've butt heads. He hates Kennedy.

LATHAM

Figures. They mentioned a Leeman Bryant. You know him?

NEALY

No. I can ask around if you want.

LATHAM

Yes, thanks. It sounded to me like they brought Atkins in kinda late.

NEALY

Even so, he sounded on board with everything. I wouldn't contact him.

LATHAM

I was thinking more about disrupting his routine; you know, throw him off balance. Get him to inadvertently reveal more about what they're up to. I just have to figure out how.

He puts the tape into its cardboard box.

NEALY

I have a chit for that.

He pulls a yellow Security chit from his desk drawer and hands it to Latham.

NEALY (CONT'D)

You can't take the tape out the building without one.

Latham pockets it and puts the cardboard box into his satchel.

He grabs his overcoat from the coatrack.

NEALY (CONT'D)
Going back to the office?

LATHAM
Hmm, not straight there. I was thinking of stopping off at the florist. Fiona loves begonias.

NEALY
It sounds like the thought just occurred to you.

LATHAM
Brought on by what you said about having someone to love.

Nealy smiles and pats Latham on the shoulder.

NEALY
Let me know if I can help with this Kennedy business. Come on, I'll see you out.

I/E. PLYMOUTH SEDAN (GOVERNMENT POOL CAR) - DAY

Latham drives along New York Avenue, NW. Beside him on the bench seat are potted begonias loosely wrapped in brown paper. He pulls up to the corner of 15th Street and waits for the cross traffic flow to end so he can turn.

While he waits, he looks down 15th Street and notices a MAN standing across the street from his apartment building. His head is bent down into his overcoat. The Man then appears to push something back down into the inside pocket of his overcoat, then he looks up at Latham's apartment building.

Latham grows wary. Instead of making a right turn onto 15th Street, he pulls to the curb to allow traffic behind him to pass. He parks on New York Avenue then pulls a small leather case from his satchel and pockets it. Latham alights and runs into the alley behind his apartment building.

LATHAM

Runs to the back door of his building. He opens the leather case, uses its lockpicks to open the door, then races inside.

THIRD-FLOOR CORRIDOR

Latham hurries up the stairs to the landing. He takes off his shoes and walks to his apartment door, sidling next to it. He listens as he puts on his shoes. Footsteps grow louder. Latham edges against the wall near the doorlock of his apartment.

The door opens, revealing the INTRUDER, a man in his mid-30s, wearing a dark suit and overcoat. Latham JABS his fingers into the Intruder's eyes then THRUSTS his palm against the bridge of the man's nose. The Intruder's head SLAMS back against the apartment door. Latham delivers a sidekick to the outside of the man's right knee, buckling it, then he kicks the Intruder in the groin. The man crumples to the floor. Latham kicks him there again. The man's face distorts under the intense pain.

LATHAM

Yanks the Intruder's overcoat down from his shoulders, pinning the man's arms against his sides. This reveals a walkie-talkie in the inside pocket of the Intruder's overcoat, and a waist holster. Latham takes the revolver from the man's holster and pockets it. He opens his apartment door, grabs hold of the Intruder's collar and drags him into the apartment.

VESTIBULE

Latham shuts the door. He props up the Intruder, back against the wall, and squats before him. Latham pulls out the Intruder's revolver and examines it.

LATHAM

A .38 Police Special. You a cop?

The Intruder doesn't answer. Latham RAPS him on the side of the face with the pistol, ripping open the flesh on the man's cheek. The Intruder YELPS and GASPS. Latham puts the .38 to the Intruder's temple and searches the man's overcoat and suit jacket pockets. He pulls out a picture ID and badge.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Gerald McCann, LG. Liaison Group?
You're with the Metro Police
Liaison Group?

MCCANN

Yeah.

LATHAM

What the hell are you doing here?

GERALD MCCANN doesn't answer. Latham stands and kicks him twice in the groin. McCann is about to scream when he VOMITS on his shirt. He spits out whatever is left in his mouth.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I asked you a question.

MCCANN

Looking for two black books. Two
black books... They got names,
numbers...

LATHAM

Who sent you?

MCCANN

The Group Captain.

LATHAM

You wanna be a smart-ass? 'Cause I'll show what pain really is.

He raises the .38 pistol to strike McCann again.

MCCANN

Don't! Christ, will you stop?!

Latham lowers his arm and puts the .38 back in his pocket.

MCCANN (CONT'D)

You know how this works. He coulda gotten his orders from anyone at State or the Hill. He didn't say, honest. He just said bring him the two black books.

McCann's walkie-talkie CRACKLES.

MAN (O.S.)

Red Dog One, Red Dog One. This is Two. Come in.

Latham turns off McCann's walkie-talkie.

LATHAM

Your pal's gonna wonder what's happened and be up here soon. So this is how it's gonna play out. He's gonna clean up the mess you made here and you're gonna tell your Group Captain the truth; that you didn't find the black books 'cause I don't have 'em! Meanwhile, I'm gonna hold onto your ID and gun, and his when I get them. If I see either of you or anyone from the Liaison Group within a mile of here, I'm gonna come to your homes and kill you, along with everyone else there. You understand me?

McCann nods. There is soft, rhythmic KNOCKING on the door. Latham opens it and points the .38 Police Special at the face of MCCANN'S STARTLED PARTNER.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Come on in. You've got a lot of work to do.

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

Through the window of the guard shack the UNIFORMED MARINE GUARD can be seen huddled near a small electric heater, and mouthing unkind remarks about its efficiency.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters brusquely, his overcoat unbuttoned. He's hyper. Collette pauses editing a paper and looks up.

COLLETTE

Kensington's been asking for you again.

LATHAM

To hell with him. Where's Carla?

COLLETTE

In The Hole.

LATHAM

Get her up here!

Collette takes a breath to absorb Latham's testy manner. She picks up the Red phone as he enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham heads for his desk then stops; he suddenly remembers he still wears his overcoat, grabbing its lapels. He takes it off and hangs it on his coatrack, then sits at his desk. He is tense, still seething from his encounter with Metro's Liaison Group. He looks at the empty teacup on his desk. The door to his office is open but Latham presses the intercom.

LATHAM

Any tea left?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

No. I'll order some if you want.

LATHAM

Well, why else would I ask?

He hangs up the intercom. Collette quickly and determinedly enters, shutting the door behind her. Latham looks up at her.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What?

COLLETTE

I don't know what's up with you, why you're so nasty, but that doesn't give you the right to talk to me that way.

LATHAM

What are you talking about?

COLLETTE

Just listen to yourself!

Latham turns away dismissively.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

No, look at me! You don't get off that easy. You don't want to tell me what's going on? Fine. But don't you dare treat me like dirt! I don't put up with that from anyone!

This strikes a painful chord in Latham. He is embarrassed and stares down at his desk. Just then there is a KNOCK on the door. Collette opens it and DiLauria enters.

DILAURIA

You wanted to see me, boss?

Collette turns to leave.

LATHAM

No, no. Stay here, Collette.

She stops and faces Latham.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I met with D-Int earlier. He doesn't believe the KGB killed Dennis Grady. He showed me a newspaper, Volksstimme.

DILAURIA

The Communist Party's mouthpiece in Austria.

LATHAM

You know it?

DILAURIA

The Party uses it to send messages to the Austrians. Makes them feel they're in the loop on Party decisions affecting them.

LATHAM

Well, D-Int believes the message they sent was intended for CIA. They deny any responsibility in Grady's death.

DILAURIA

Geezus. So where's that leave us?

LATHAM

I'm not sure. I went home before coming here, and there was a cop from Metro's Liaison Group searching my place. He said he'd been ordered to look for two black books.

DILAURIA

Geezus, Grady's client books.

She is shocked. Collette eyes Latham warily.

COLLETTE

Is the officer still among us?

LATHAM

Yes... Barely.

COLLETTE

So that's what happened.

DILAURIA

What are you two talking about?

LATHAM

I came straight here afterwards. Without realizing it, I was acting like an ass. I apologize, Collette.

Collette nods sympathetically, then leaves.

DILAURIA

If the KGB didn't kill Grady, was it someone on this side of The Curtain?

LATHAM

I don't know. Call D-Int. Ask him to get whatever information he can on Grady's murder from the Vienna station and the local police.

DILAURIA

I can call the station.

LATHAM

No. Given what's happened, I'm sure 'mandarin' is now a dirty word on station there.

DiLauria nods resignedly and leaves. Latham takes a moment to gather his wits, then gets up and enters...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette has returned to editing the paper. She stops and looks up at Latham.

LATHAM

I need to dictate a memo to Calvin Moore and his Number Two in L.A.

COLLETTE

Walt Atkins.... You could have told me over the intercom. I'd have come in with my steno pad.

Latham shrugs diffidently. Collette grabs her steno pad.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Your tea is on the way.

LATHAM

I'll share it with you.

She smiles and stands. Latham motions for her to enter his office first, then he follows her inside.

ACT FOUR

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Stock footage of the downtown area, home to the Los Angeles Civic Center - a collection of city, county and federal buildings stretching for several blocks.

THE HALL OF JUSTICE

Imposing, with bold classical detailing and matching facades on all four sides.

INT. ATKINS'S CIA OFFICE - DAY

Functional, without many of the expensive accoutrements that define executive status. Atkins enters. He goes to a small liquor cabinet and pulls out a bottle of vodka and a small tumbler. He pours himself a shot, gulps it, then gulps another shot. He wipes the tumbler clean with his pocket square, then returns the tumbler and the vodka to the cabinet.

At that moment, CALVIN MOORE, who is Black and the Los Angeles base's Number One, enters abruptly as though no one were there. He's surprised to see Atkins.

MOORE

Oh. I didn't know you were back from lunch yet.

ATKINS

(snidely)

Should I have reported to you, sir?

Atkins's attitude gets Moore's back up.

MOORE

I just received a communiqué from Latham. You're cc'ed on it. Now, I can give it to you to read, or we can stand here and for the umpteenth time rehash why I was promoted last year and you weren't.

ATKINS

No. It's been a... Nothing. Forget it. I'll read it.

Moore hands the wordy, single-sheet document to Atkins who, his tongue loosened by the vodka, reads it aloud.

ATKINS (CONT'D)

'To satisfy a GAO request for audit, and to comply with a reasonable degree of consistency between requests and responses, keeping in mind the Agency's need to balance accountability while maintaining secrecy regarding its sources and methods...'

(stops reading)

Christ, Latham's long-winded!

(resumes reading aloud)

'The Los Angeles Base is hereby requested to submit forthwith an accounting of all proprietary purchases, including those under contract, and proposed purchases for which an allotment has been submitted for the coming fiscal year.'

Atkins is thunderstruck.

MOORE

You'd better get started on it.

Moore leaves. Atkins picks up the Gray phone and dials.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - THE BRADBURY BUILDING - DAY

This historic, five-story office building sits at the corner of South Broadway and Third street.

INT. ENTRYWAY

The Bradbury's skylit atrium provides natural light to the access walkways, stairs and elevators.

OFFICE SUITE

Atkins is escorted by a smartly dressed secretary, MONA, 27.

They pass newly formed, three-wall office cubicles where the small, mostly male workforce are on their phones. Mona leads Atkins to a glass-walled office in the corner.

Mona TAPS on the door. Inside this executive office, Bryant sits behind an L-shaped desk. He is on the phone, leaning back in a modernist leather chair. He motions for Atkins to enter. Mona opens the door and ushers Atkins inside. She closes the door behind him and returns to her desk.

BRYANT'S OFFICE

Bryant points to an ivory bucket lounge chair; Atkins sits.

ATKINS

My expectations? Your work hasn't met them... I'm sick of these conversations too. So consider this: the cost of these repairs will be a lot less than what you'll have to shell out when I sue you... Good, Mr. Alonso. We'll talk again.
(hangs up)
Sorry 'bout that. Now, what's this problem you have?

Atkins takes a copy of Latham's communiqué from his inside suit jacket pocket and hands it Bryant.

ATKINS (CONT'D)

It's from Warren Latham.

BRYANT

Refresh my memory. He's...

ATKINS

Head of the Domestic Operations Division. He's my boss's boss.

Bryant skims through the document.

BRYANT

So what's the problem? You must get these GAO requests all the time.

ATKINS

Not on the heels of this Kennedy business. These purchases don't fall under any current operation. So Latham must suspect something.

BRYANT

I think it's just bad timing.

ATKINS

Well, I think he knows.

BRYANT
How? Did you tell him?

ATKINS
No, of course not.

BRYANT
Then stop worrying, for Chrissakes!

ATKINS
Why don't we hold off on these purchases until after the audit.

BRYANT
Are you serious? You know how long that could take? Look, this could just be Congress worried about your proprietaries intruding into areas occupied by private enterprise.

ATKINS
Since when is Congress worried about CIA's impact on our market economy?

BRYANT
Then maybe it's some Congressman looking to make headlines, boost his re-election campaign.

ATKINS
No, this is Latham being suspicious.

BRYANT
So what if he is? You're in the suspicion business. Deal with it.

Atkins is anxious and fidgets convulsively, annoying Bryant.

ATKINS
Maybe I'll just stall on this.

BRYANT
No! You do that and you'll bring attention to yourself and the rest of us. Just comply with it. And go easy on the chair! I just bought it.

Atkins HUFFS and gets up, at a loss with what to do with himself.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
You're going to have to excuse me, Walt. I need to make a call.

ATKINS
Yeah, fine.

He leaves. Bryant picks up the phone and dials.

INT. ROBERTSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Posh. A mahogany desk sports a nameplate that reads "WILLIAM ROBERTSON, Esq." Robertson is on the phone. He looks worried.

ROBERTSON

That is troubling... No, I'll tell them. I'm flying to Washington later tonight... No, no problem, Leeman... I'll talk to you later.

He hangs up.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

A view of the National Mall and Lincoln Memorial.

CORNER OF CONNECTICUT AVENUE, NW AND MACOMB STREET, NW

Women in overcoats covering frocks and muumuus meet a school bus at the curb. Animated young children alight, walking, skipping or running into waiting arms. Some enter the large apartment building on the corner.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Bazzo lies on his side on his fusty couch, his head propped up by throw pillows and his face buried in the nook joining an arm of the couch to its back. He is dressed in pants, T-shirt, and argyle socks. There is a KNOCK on the door. Bazzo rolls on his back, eyes already open; he's annoyed at being disturbed. There is a second series of KNOCKS, this time louder.

LATHAM (O.S.)

Paul, you in there?

Bazzo GROANS. He drags himself to the door and opens it to see Latham standing there.

BAZZO

I knew it couldn't be opportunity; it only knocks once.

LATHAM

Can I come in?

Bazzo nods. Latham enters then Bazzo peeks into the corridor.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You expecting someone?

BAZZO

The super. The heat's supposed to come on in the morning at six;

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)
makes the radiator whistle. I
didn't get my wake-up call.

LATHAM
You could set your alarm clock.

BAZZO
Gee, there's a thought.

Bazzo shuts the door and proceeds to slump onto the couch.
Latham sits on a frayed wingback chair.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
You hungry? There's Corn Flakes in
the fridge.

LATHAM
You don't keep them in the cupboard?

BAZZO
When the roaches pay rent, I'll put
the cereal there.

LATHAM
Okay. I'll pour you a bowl too.

Bazzo is surprised when Latham gets up and heads into the...

KITCHENETTE

Latham takes two bowls from the cupboard and rinses them.

LATHAM
The KGB deny having anything to do
with Grady's death.

He sets the bowls on the table, opens the refrigerator, takes
out a box of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and sets it on the table.

BAZZO (O.S.)
They're lying! I saw his body.

Latham takes a carton of milk from the refrigerator. He opens
it, sniffs the spout and shrugs, then sets it on the table.

LATHAM
D-Int showed me an Austrian
newspaper, a Party rag where the
KGB denied any culpability.

He pours the cereal into the two bowls, then the milk.

LIVING ROOM

Latham re-enters with two bowls of cereal and two teaspoons.
Bazzo sits up on the couch.

Latham hands him a bowl and a spoon then sits in the wingback chair. Latham starts to eat his Corn Flakes.

LATHAM

He's pretty good at interpreting Party signals. Plus, I caught a hood from Metro's Police Liaison Group searching my place. He was looking for Grady's client books.

BAZZO

Good thing Fiona wasn't there.

LATHAM

Then I would've killed the guy.

BAZZO

Actually, I was thinking Fiona would have killed him.

Latham gives Bazzo a sidelong glance. Bazzo grins as he eats a spoonful of Corn Flakes then scrunches up his face.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

You forgot the sugar.

LATHAM

I wasn't sure if that was leftover brown sugar in the bowl.

BAZZO

Oh. Good move. I'll have to remember to buy Frosted Flakes.

(continues eating)

So, we're looking at a friendly?

LATHAM

If Grady was blackmailing a client, it wouldn't matter what side of The Curtain he was from.

BAZZO

(disheartened)

Yeah, I guess that's true.

LATHAM

If it was blackmail, I can see how a client with his back up might send someone to kick Grady's ass. But not kill him - not at first anyway. Just send him a message.

BAZZO

Maybe that's when Grady declared the Ring was blown and asked to be lifted.

LATHAM

Maybe. But you have to consider who his agents were. Any one of them could've let slip what he was up to.

BAZZO

That guy had so many clients, NATO and the Warsaw Pact... Your would-be thief tell you who sent him?

LATHAM

He didn't know. His group captain could have gotten a request from State, the Hill, or wherever... I could use some help with this.

Bazzo mulls over something.

BAZZO

I wonder who told the Liaison Group that you got Intel from that pimp.

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

CIA personnel leave the compound through Gate #!.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 18:25. Collette puts the vinyl cover on her typewriter. Kensington enters, fuming.

KENSINGTON

Is Latham back yet?

COLLETTE

He's in the Ops Room.

KENSINGTON

Didn't you tell him I wanted to see him?

COLLETTE

I did, sir.

Kensington storms out. Collette bites her lip to keep from cursing.

OPERATIONS ROOM

NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY are now on duty. Latham sits beside Owens. Communications log books lie open before them.

FARRELL

How come Grady never put his clients' info on microfilm?

LATHAM

If the police raided his place and found the equipment, he'd be tried as a spy. If they just found client books, he's a pimp and gets off with a fine.

There is the distinctive RING of the Red phone. Farrell answers the one in front of him.

FARRELL

0-9-3-9... Yes. He's right here.
(holds up the handset)
Mr. Latham, it's for you.

He hands Latham the phone.

LATHAM

Latham...

NEALY'S OFFICE

Nealy is on the Red phone.

NEALY

Warren, I have an answer to Carla's query. The police have not released any information on Grady's murder to the Vienna station.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH NEALY

LATHAM

Why not?

NEALY

The station was told it's because there's an ongoing investigation.

LATHAM

Still, they've always shared information with us.

NEALY

Not this time. I have to think they're looking at the station. Oh, and as for Leeman Bryant, all I could get is he owns a bank in Fullerton, California.

BACK TO SCENE

As Latham mulls this over, Kensington enters brusquely. Owens discreetly nudges Latham.

LATHAM

Okay, thanks.

He hangs up and looks at Kensington.

KENSINGTON

I'd like to speak to you.

Latham gets up and follows Kensington into the...

BREAK ROOM

Vending machines offer soft drinks and snacks. There are small tables, plastic chairs, and a worn sofa - otherwise, it's empty. Latham and Kensington enter. Kensington shuts the door.

KENSINGTON

You were supposed to come by my office. I know your secretary told you because I just spoke to her.

LATHAM

I had to check with the Ops Room on something regarding Grandview.

KENSINGTON

And I wanted to know the disposition of Grady's client books on an operation your man bungled! Twice today you've avoided me, and I won't have it! If you'd turned Grandview over to the European Desk when I asked, we wouldn't be in this mess.

LATHAM

No, but they still would.

KENSINGTON

And how did you determine that?

LATHAM

I spoke with D-Int. Did you know the KGB had announced they had nothing to do with Grady's death?

KENSINGTON

What?

LATHAM

It was in Volksstimme, the Communist Party's Austrian newspaper.

KENSINGTON

(chagrined)

They... They're just trying to avoid any repercussions from us.

LATHAM

No. Someone broke into my place earlier. I came home while he was still there. He was looking for Grady's client books.

KENSINGTON

Oh, and he told you that.

LATHAM

He did. And he had an ID from Metro's Police Liaison Group. Only someone who knew Grandview was under my aegis would've sent him. So I checked the logs with Owens to see if there was any commo from Vienna station referring to Grandview or its Intel. There wasn't any. Vienna's been following the same protocols since Grandview was set up. They get a signal from Grady to service one of their dead letter drops. Then they put the unopened package in the diplomatic pouch for delivery to Navy Hill. No one else knows we've received anything from Vienna station, not even Langley. That means no one learned of my role in Grandview by intercepting any commo.

Kensington is shocked. He's weak and sits on a plastic chair.

KENSINGTON

Then how did someone know?

LATHAM

I think someone at the Vienna station is doubling.

Kensington's eyes widen in shock.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

When they passed on the Intel, whoever received it assumed Grady must have sent me his client books.

KENSINGTON

Did this mole blow the Ring as well?

LATHAM

It's possible, but I think Grady most likely did that trying to extort money from his clients.

Distressed, Kensington kneads his forehead.

KENSINGTON

My God... You're sure only the
Vienna station knows the protocols?

LATHAM

They were never distributed to
anyone else. Even Vienna's plumbers
aren't aware of them.

KENSINGTON

If the KGB's denied any involvement,
why do you believe there's a double
agent at the station?

LATHAM

Serving two masters doesn't mean
one of them has to be a communist.

Kensington gets up and leaves, defeated.

EXT. 733 15TH STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY (DUSK)

Room lights are on or there is the bluish-white flicker of
light from TV sets in most of the apartment windows.

INT. VESTIBULE

The door opens; Latham enters, his face drawn.

FIONA (O.S.)

That you, Warren?

LATHAM

Yes.

He hangs his overcoat beside Fiona's, then enters the...

LIVING ROOM

"Night Lights" by Gerry Mulligan plays softly on the hi-fi.
Fiona enters from the kitchenette, still wearing her suit.

LATHAM

You just get in?

FIONA

Uh huh. I'm heating up the
Shepherd's pie. Oh, thanks for the
begonias; they're lovely.

She kisses Latham and reads the weariness on his face.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Bad day?

Latham nods.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Can you talk about it?

Latham leads her to the sofa where they sit.

LATHAM
I was going to tell you and Larry tomorrow.

FIONA
Don't worry, I'll act surprised.

LATHAM
The KGB published an article in their Austrian mouthpiece denying any involvement in Grady's death. Turns out, it looks like one of our officers in Vienna may be doubling.

FIONA
Oh, no. What about the client books?

LATHAM
Still in the wind.

FIONA
So, if the KGB didn't kill Grady...

LATHAM
Yeah, then it could be a friendly.

Fiona grows distressed.

FIONA
Includes us, doesn't it?

LATHAM
You, the French, the Italians... You name it. It could be anyone in NATO.
(looks at her curiously)
What made you say that?

FIONA
There's something's going on back home. You know John Profumo?

LATHAM
The war minister?

FIONA
Yes. There's talk in Whitehall that he and a Soviet naval attaché were involved with this young girl.

LATHAM
Wait. What talk?

FIONA

It started with the newspapers. Some West Indian drug dealer was arrested for shooting up the girl's flat; she was his old girlfriend. At trial there were rumors she'd had an affair with Profumo. He denied it, of course, and that should have put an end to it. But now MI5 has information she was involved with the Russian at the same time she was seeing Profumo.

LATHAM

Raising the possibility she may have been extracting information from Profumo on behalf of the KGB.

FIONA

Yes. Number 10's asked us for a favor.

LATHAM

Really. So, how many bodies have turned up in the Thames lately?

FIONA

Fewer than those in the Potomac.

Touché. Latham goes palms up, conceding the point.

FIONA (CONT'D)

It's sad though. MacMillan's been so progressive - opposing apartheid, speeding up decolonization... I guess when it comes to party survival, democracy backslides.

This strikes a sad, familiar chord with Latham.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - ROSE GARDEN - DAY - PAST

PRESIDENT KENNEDY and Latham walk along a path, past a hedgerow interspersed with red, yellow and white roses. Latham speaks to President Kennedy, who is in a good mood and grins.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY (DUSK) - PRESENT

Momentarily lost in his reverie, Latham returns his attention to Fiona.

FIONA

With Fleet Street hounding the girl day and night for her side of the story, things are bound to get worse.

LATHAM

Any of this privileged information?

FIONA

Some. Larry said he's going to tell you the whole story tomorrow.

LATHAM

I'll remember to look astonished.

FIONA

Come on, the food's going to burn.

She takes his hand and leads him into the kitchenette.

EXT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

An American Airlines 707 jet plane lands on the runway. One of the Mobile Lounges (unique to Dulles at the time) transports passengers to the...

TERMINAL BUILDING

A masterpiece of curved rooflines and glass curtainwalls looms spectacularly against the full moon.

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING

A digital clock atop the overhead schedule boards reads 22:22. Toting an overnight bag, Bryant walks with the flow of passengers who have already retrieved their luggage. As he nears the schedule boards, he sees Robertson waiting for him. They approach each other and shake hands.

ROBERTSON

I got you a room at The Dupont. You hungry?

BRYANT

I ate on the plane.

He and Robertson head toward the sliding glass exit doors.

ROBERTSON

Whatcha have?

BRYANT

Sole Meunière.

ROBERTSON

That's Julia Child's favorite dish.

BRYANT

Yeah? I didn't know that.

They leave the terminal.

ACT FIVE

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

A sooty haze lingers over the cityscape. Thousands of federal employees means a morning regimen in which entire buildings come alive at this early hour. Window shades rise as people get ready to go to work and send their children to school.

VARIOUS STREET CORNERS

People queue at bus stops; some shiver in the cold.

THE DUPONT PLAZA HOTEL

Is situated amongst embassies and residential buildings that represent architecture's golden age: Art Deco.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Beachem, Carroll, Bryant and Robertson eat a sumptuous breakfast spread on the coffee table.

BRYANT

Holmes asked to be paid through an account he has at Bank of America. He said that's where the Agency pays him.

CARROLL

No, bad idea. If someone examines the bank's records, they could connect the dots between this group, the Agency and Holmes.

BRYANT

That's what I was thinking. So, I had Atkins tell him to open an account at the Bank of Fullerton.

ROBERTSON

You own that one, don't you?

BRYANT

Uh huh. Holmes agreed and said he'd open the account under an alias.

BEACHEM

Good. Anything that puts distance between us and the sharp end.

ROBERTSON

Until then, I hope he realizes he's working gratis.

BEACHEM

I doubt he looks at it that way.

Carroll checks his watch and turns to Beachem.

CARROLL

It's four A.M. back in L.A. Call him before he's out and about.

Beachem nods and gets up. He goes to the telephone on a small table near the desk. There is a KNOCK on the door.

BRYANT

You guys expecting anyone?

CARROLL

Yes. Get that, would you, Beachem?

Beachem opens the door and grins.

BEACHEM

Godot finally shows up.

Middleton enters. A wisp of a smile slants his thin moustache.

CARROLL

Come have something to eat, MOTHER.

Middleton hangs his overcoat on a coatrack with the others and joins the group while Beachem goes to the phone and dials.

EXT. 733 15TH STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY (MORNING)

The early morning sun impinges on the north-facing windows. Latham and Fiona leave the building.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

CIA employees enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 08:55. Latham's office door is open but he isn't there. Collette puts several memos inside their folders in a combination-lock file cabinet. Bazzo enters looking tired. Collette grins. She goes up to him and kisses him on the cheek. Bazzo is touched by this and smiles softly as Collette wipes her lipstick off his face with her thumbs.

COLLETTE

It's good to see you.

BAZZO

Thanks.

He peeks into Latham's office.

COLLETTE
He's meeting with SMOTH.

BAZZO
Operation Grandview, I bet.

COLLETTE
Probably. It's frustrating, not
knowing who's involved.

The Red phone RINGS; COLLETTE answers it.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
2-3-6-2... Oh, okay. Thanks.

Bazzo raises a curious eyebrow.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Parcel post from Vienna. Security's
bringing it over.

BAZZO
Parcel post? Bet that took forever
to get here.

Just then Latham enters. He is pleased to see Bazzo.

LATHAM
Hello, stranger.

BAZZO
Boss...

As Latham hangs his overcoat on the coatrack...

LATHAM
In the mood for some tea, Bazzo?

BAZZO
Yeah.

LATHAM
Can you order us some, Collette?

COLLETTE
Sure. Security's bringing a package
for you from Vienna.

Latham looks curious. There is a KNOCK on the door; Latham
opens it. A U.S. MARINE CORPS GUARD is there with a package.

MARINE
It's addressed to you, Mr. Latham.

He hands Latham the package.

LATHAM

Thanks.

He signs for the package then the Marine Corps Guard leaves, shutting the door. Latham examines the package. "PARCEL POST" is stamped on the brown paper wrapping.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Postmarked ten days ago.

As Collette picks up the Gray phone, Latham heads into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Followed by Bazzo. Latham goes to his desk, pulls open the middle drawer and takes out an X-Acto knife. As Bazzo watches, Latham carefully slits open the package by cutting across the masking tape. He removes the wrapping paper, revealing a shoebox sealed with more masking tape.

BAZZO

If there's a smaller shoebox inside that one, I'm leaving.

Latham grins and cuts through the masking tape. He lifts the shoebox lid and pulls out two black, ring-bound address books. Both men's eyes widen with excitement. Latham hands one address book to Bazzo. They open them as though they were handling fragile objets d'art. But their hopes are dashed and replaced with anger - the pages in both books are blank.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

What the hell does this mean?

Latham puts down his address book and examines the wrapping paper again, looking at the return address...

**Hotel Krug
1 Schulgasse
Wien, Austria**

LATHAM

Hotel Krug... I know this place; it's a dump. They rent rooms by the hour. Some prostitutes live there, but for the most part that's where they do business.

Bazzo takes the wrapper from Latham and looks at the return address.

BAZZO

One Schulgasse - that's only a couple of blocks from the bolthole. You think Grady sent us these?

LATHAM

No... I think he had one of his agents send them.

BAZZO

Why?

LATHAM

As a decoy against prying eyes. I think he knew or suspected one of our officers there was doubling.

BAZZO

Then he knew someone was onto him.

LATHAM

Must have. So he offered up a little misdirection.
(checks the wall clock; it reads 09:05)
Grab your coat and meet me at Gate Number One.

BAZZO

Yeah, okay.

Bazzo hurries out Latham's office with Latham behind him.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Two lidded, styrofoam cups with teabag tags hanging off the side sit on Collette's desk. Bazzo leaves. Latham grabs his overcoat off the coatrack.

COLLETTE

Where's Paul going? Your tea's here.

LATHAM

Share it with Carla. Be right back.

COLLETTE

Can I know where you're going?

Latham rushes out. Collette HUFFS and dials the Red phone.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - GATE #1 - DAY (MORNING)

Bazzo waits. Latham runs across the compound and joins him.

BAZZO

Where are we going?

LATHAM

My place. Come On, let's grab a cab.

They hurry past the guard shack onto E Street where Latham hails a Yellow Cab. They get in and the taxi pulls away.

I/E. YELLOW CAB

As it travels along New York Avenue, Bazzo turns to Latham.

BAZZO

Why'd you want me along?

LATHAM

In case Metro's Liaison Group thinks I was kidding.

BAZZO

Oh... Look, um, you can make that appointment for me with Dr. Bauman.

Pleased at this, Latham starts to smile but quickly reins in his emotions, not wanting to make Bazzo more uncomfortable.

LATHAM

Okay.

EXT. 733 15TH STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY (MORNING)

Latham and Bazzo alight from the cab which leaves. At the far end of the block they see the UNIFORMED POSTMAN approaching, pushing a mail cart.

BAZZO

I'll be across the street.

Bazzo crosses the street and waits in a doorway. The Postman, middle-aged and paunchy, approaches Latham's building. Latham walks up to him.

LATHAM

Hi. You have a package for apartment 31B, Warren Latham?

POSTMAN

(warily)

Yeah. Why you waitin' down here? I'd buzz you and let you know.

LATHAM

My wife's not feeling well. I didn't want you to disturb her.

POSTMAN

Really. I don't remember seeing no mail addressed to a Mrs. Latham.

LATHAM

Anyway, can I have the package?

POSTMAN

Let's see some ID first.

LATHAM

I just told you who I am.

POSTMAN

And maybe you plan to take something that don't belong to you. 'Whoever steals, takes, or abstracts, or by fraud or deception obtains, or attempts so to obtain mail matter from a mail carrier, shall be fined or imprisoned not more than five years, or both.'

Latham rolls his eyes.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)

Don't roll your eyes at me. Just show me some ID.

Latham pulls out his driver's license and shows it to him.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He reaches into his cart, pulls out a package wrapped in brown paper, and hands it to Latham.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)

Want the rest of your mail?

LATHAM

Just leave it in the mailbox.

POSTMAN

Might as well. It's all addressed to 'Occupant' anyway.

While the Postman puts mail in the building's mailboxes...

LATHAM

Crosses the street and joins Bazzo who is stifling a grin.

LATHAM

Let's go before I end up strangling a federal employee.

They leave.

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Kensington hands his AIDE-DE-CAMP a brief stamped "SECRET" from a stack of papers on his desk.

KENSINGTON

File that with the others. I don't know how Berard reads all this.

Kensington's Aide-de-camp turns to leave. He opens the door to find Latham standing there, about to knock. The Aide-de-camp sidesteps Latham and goes to his desk.

LATHAM

Have a minute for me, sir?

KENSINGTON

I'm a little busy, so make it quick.

Latham enters holding a folder. He reaches inside it, pulls out a photocopy and lays it on Kensington's desk.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

What's this?

LATHAM

Your name, the hotel and room number where you stayed in Brussels three years ago when you attended that NATO conference.

KENSINGTON

What about it?

LATHAM

I got it out of one of Grady's client books.

The revelation freezes Kensington, leaving him mortified and bereft; his mouth is slightly agape but he is unable to speak as he stares at the photocopy. Finally, Kensington rises and walks to the window, staring outside.

KENSINGTON

That's the only time I ever betrayed Lillie. I always thought I was immune to that sort of thing. Afterwards, I knew I could never tell her. You met my wife; she'd never get over it. I never did.

(turns to face Latham)

I didn't have Grady killed over this. You have to believe that.

LATHAM

I know you didn't. Our double agent in Vienna saw to it that one of Grady's clients managed that.

Kensington sighs heavily.

KENSINGTON

So... What are you going to do with this?

LATHAM

It's what you're going to do. You're going to have MOTHER put the Vienna station under a microscope. When he finds the mole, we'll learn who killed Grady.

KENSINGTON

My God, Warren - you know what Middleton's like. A lot of people's lives there will be ruined.

LATHAM

Would you rather it be yours?

Kensington's shoulders slump; his answer is evident.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is on the Red phone and she looks concerned. Latham enters, folder in hand. Collette holds up her hand to have Latham wait by her desk.

COLLETTE

Yes, I'll tell him.

She hangs up.

LATHAM

Who was that?

COLLETTE

Calvin Moore, the Los Angeles Number One.

LATHAM

What did he want?

COLLETTE

His Number Two, Walt Atkins? He's dead.

Latham is shocked.

END