

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Four, Episode #5: "Lost in Translation"

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Episode #5: "Lost in Translation"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MARSEILLES, FRANCE - DAY (MORNING)

INSERT: "Marseilles, France"

A stock panorama of this city on the Mediterranean, ending with "le Vieux-Port" (the Old Port).

LE VIEUX-PORT - APPART'HÔTEL

An apartment hotel located on the waterfront, where the noise from boat motors in need of servicing, vehicle traffic, and chatty locals and tourists can be ear-splitting.

INT. SUITE

A modestly furnished one-bedroom apartment. WILL SCHOTT leaves the bathroom wearing a misaligned, half-buttoned white shirt with gray trousers. He's barefoot. Schott enters the...

LIVING ROOM

Street noise enters through an open window. LUCIEN SARTI sits on the couch reading a newspaper, Le Provençal, 28 mars 1963. He looks very much the gadabout in his light-colored sports jacket, poplin pants and loafers without socks. He lays the newspaper on the inlaid glass coffee table where it shares space with a half-full bottle of whiskey and a glass tumbler.

Across the room on a green tweed fabric armchair lies a briefcase. On top of it sits a tan, Buecheimer leather holster; the stock from a Colt M1911 pistol juts from its open end.

Schott grabs the holster and briefcase. He lays the briefcase on the newspaper, sits on the far end of the couch and crosses his legs. His feet are filthy. He puts the holster by his side then points to the briefcase. Sarti opens it while Schott pours himself a shot of whiskey bottle and gulps it down.

INSIDE THE BRIEFCASE

Are a passport, airline tickets, pocket address book, and two manila envelopes - one 6x9, the other 9x12.

ON THE COUCH

Sarti examines the first airline ticket: round-trip on Air France from Marseilles to New York.

There is a second round-trip ticket on National Airlines to Miami. Both tickets bear the name "Lucien Sabatier."

SARTI

(French accent)

Good, you used 'Sabatier.' The gendarmarie haven't heard of it yet.

He picks up the passport and opens it - same name with Sarti's photo - then marvels at the workmanship.

SARTI (CONT'D)

Who made this?

Schott gulps another shot of whiskey.

SCHOTT

Calvin Holmes out in Los Angeles.

SARTI

Really excellent work.

He puts the passport back in the briefcase and picks up the smaller manila envelope. He opens it, pulls out a wad of French francs and fans through them. Pleased, he slips the notes back into the envelope and lays it inside the briefcase.

Sarti opens the larger envelope. He pulls out several photos and a street map of Dallas, Texas on which the Highland Park neighborhood has been encircled in black ink. Within the circle, on Lakeside Drive, is a red 'X'. A caption in red at the bottom of the map reads "House on one side of church. Other side is parking lot." The daytime photos depict a white, two-story house, a church (Mormon), and immediate environs.

He places the map and photos back in the envelope and lays it by its smaller brother. Sarti then picks up the pocket address book and opens it to the first page. There is a single entry: "DAVID TZIVITICH, 305-587-9219." He puts the address book back in the briefcase, closes it and checks his wristwatch.

Sarti stands, briefcase in hand. He looks at Schott, who's belly overwhelms his trousers' curled-over waistband.

SARTI (CONT'D)

You look like a beached whale, Schott.

SCHOTT

You're gonna miss your flight, Sarti.

Sarti smirks then gets up and leaves. When the door shuts...

SCHOTT (CONT'D)

Asshole.

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

Stock footage of the familiar cityscape.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

CIA employees enter the compound through Gate #1.

BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD and WARREN LATHAM sip tea as they chat.

BERARD

So, Robert Kennedy was the target
all along.

LATHAM

Yes.

BERARD

I should be surprised but I'm not.

LATHAM

Why is that?

BERARD

When he was appointed attorney
general, a group of reporters
asked him what he wanted to be
called - Bobby, attorney general?
He said, 'Just call me son of a
bitch because that's what everybody
else will be doing.'

LATHAM

He always did have a way with words.

Berard curls a faint smile.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Up to now, all the plots have been
against the president, which leads
me to believe that this was probably
a rogue operation.

BERARD

Hmm... That red flashlight Paul used
to stop the helicopter from landing -
how did you come up with that?

LATHAM

Oh. I was posted to Berlin during
the airlift, as you know. Most of
the time the planes landed at
Tempelhof Airport and unloaded
their cargo, no problem.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Every once in a while, though, something would happen and a pilot would be forced to abort the landing at the last second. The tower did this through radio and also by shining a steady red light at the incoming plane.

BERARD

Hmm... And the one casualty, the Boston Number Two, Walter Monroe - has his family been notified?

LATHAM

The station chief is going to see them today.

He grows upset as he reflects on his answer. Berard sees this.

BERARD

Are you alright?

LATHAM

I don't know... If Monroe had been killed by the unwashed, there'd be some sense to it. But to be shot by one of these fascist louts masquerading as a patriot...

BERARD

Under all that jingoism you'll find a lot of depraved individuals.

LATHAM

And this bastard, this Robert Emmett Johnson - I can't even go after him. He's an FBI informant. And his controller is D-Int's man in the Bureau.

BERARD

No, you can't expose D-Int's man there; he'll never forgive you. And it won't do your relationship with Carl Durang any good either.

Latham nods and sighs. Berard opens a file.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Now, if you can turn your attention away from Hyannisport, I have something here on Roger Kingston...

LATHAM

Foreign Intelligence Staff on the Caribbean Desk. Retired last year.

BERARD

Yes. We go further back than the Agency though. We worked together in the OSS for a year. My wife and I used to play bridge with him and his wife, Justine, when he lived in Foggy Bottom.

LATHAM

Where's he now?

BERARD

He's dead. Apparently, he committed suicide over the weekend.

LATHAM

I'm sorry. Did he leave a note?

BERARD

No. Did you ever meet him?

LATHAM

(apathetically)

Yes.

BERARD

You don't sound too impressed.

LATHAM

No offense, sir, but it was like shaking hands with a two year old. He didn't seem too happy to meet me.

BERARD

No, it's because he was lefthanded. His right hand was weak, the way a right-handed person's left hand is weaker. We used to kid him all the time because of the way he dealt the cards. He'd start to deal by going the wrong way, counter-clockwise. That's what's been bothering Justine.

LATHAM

I'm missing something here.

BERARD

The bullet entered Roger's head from just behind his right ear. So, why would a left-handed man shoot himself with his right hand?

Latham's face briefly betrays an insider's knowledge of faked suicides. He shrugs, almost reflexively. Berard hands him the file.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Here.

Opening it, Latham sees a photo of Justine, Roger and the Berards. Roger is in his mid-60s, five feet nine, and balding. Justine is a lovely, mid-50s Black woman, five feet eight, and weighing about 155 pounds.

BERARD (CONT'D)

That picture of the four of us was taken a little over a year ago.

Latham picks up a photo of Justine alone. She looks anorexic.

LATHAM

This picture of Mrs. Kingston...

BERARD

Taken last month. I know, she looks like a Giacometti sculpture.

LATHAM

Did she or her husband ever talk about her dramatic weight loss?

BERARD

Roger said she'd been depressed but he didn't elaborate beyond that. I'd like you to talk to her. Find out what was going on in Roger's life leading up to his death.

LATHAM

You know of any reason why the coroner would sign off on suicide?

BERARD

Just that the police want to be done with it. Warren, all Justine wants is the truth. If you can't get at it, at least I can tell her we tried. I'd be very grateful.

Latham closes the file.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 10:05. COLLETTE DOWD is at her desk, earphones on, transcribing from a Dictaphone. BILL NEALY sits reading the Washington Post, his overcoat on the coatrack along with Latham's and Collette's. Latham enters, Kingston's file in hand. He turns to Nealy.

LATHAM

Feeling lonely up there in Emerald City?

NEALY

Yep. So I tapped my ruby slippers together and ended up back here.

Latham rolls his eyes. Nealy grins and folds the newspaper under his arm, then stands. Latham ushers him into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham points to the table where he and Nealy take a seat.

LATHAM

So, what's up?

NEALY

Lee Oswald, our false defector. He's been surveilling the home of General Edwin Walker.

EXT. SUBURBAN DALLAS - HIGHLAND PARK - NIGHT (EVENING) - PAST

In this upscale neighborhood, LEE HARVEY OSWALD kneels in the bushes behind a white, two-story house. The lights in the first-floor living room and study are on. With his left hand he raises a Nikon 35mm camera before his face. CLICK. He takes a photo of GENERAL EDWIN WALKER watching a television news program in the living room. PRESIDENT KENNEDY appears on the television set. Walker curses. The words are silent and unintelligible but his red face denotes their angry intent.

LATHAM (V.O.)

That right-wing racist Kennedy drummed out of the Army?

NEALY (V.O.)

Is there another?

LATHAM (V.O.)

You kidding? The weeds are full of them.

Walker gets up and turns off the television. He crosses the room, turns off its lights, and enters his study. CLICK. He sits at his desk on which is a Smith Corona manual typewriter. Walker rolls in a sheet of white typing paper. CLICK.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY (MORNING) - PRESENT

Nealy settles back in his seat while Latham folds his arms.

LATHAM

So, the former Soviet lefty meets with two right-wing nuts from Interpen, and now he's surveilling the ultra-right General Walker?

NEALY

The boy's either confused or a nut
or he's being led by the nose.

LATHAM

Or all three. You think he's working
for those clowns from Interpen?

NEALY

If they're directing Oswald - and
it's a big 'if' - they're acting
under instruction. For all I know,
Oswald could be acting on orders
from ONI or MOTHER, despite his
denial. What I don't believe is
that he's doing it all on his own.

LATHAM

Why would someone have him do it?

Nealy shrugs; he's at sea.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I don't believe in coincidences,
Bill. If it were up to me, I'd have
Miami keep a closer eye on Interpen.

NEALY

That's what I thought. Your station
chief may report to Stewart now, but
the Intelligence Staff marches to my
tune. They'll keep eyes on Interpen.

LATHAM

Thanks.

Nealy stands, as does Latham.

NEALY

'Til we meet again, Kemosabe.

LATHAM

You know, someone once told me that
'Kemosabe' is Apache for 'You big
shit, you.'

Nealy grins broadly. He is about to leave when...

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Oh, before you go...

Nealy pauses at Latham's office door. Latham looks grim.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Remember Roger Kingston? He was
your man on the Caribbean Desk.

NEALY

He's retired. Last year, I think.

LATHAM

You know what's happened to him?

NEALY

As far as I know, nothing has.

LATHAM

He's dead. According to Metro, he committed suicide. I'm surprised our liaison there didn't inform you.

NEALY

They're not obliged to on a retired officer. It's more a courtesy call.

LATHAM

How well did you know Kingston?

NEALY

Just as an employee, really. Why?

LATHAM

Berard's asked me to look into it. Apparently, Kingston shot himself behind his right ear - which is hard to do when you're left-handed.

NEALY

And Metro's calling it suicide?

LATHAM

Uh huh. Can you find out what he was last working on?

NEALY

Sure.

He exits. Latham takes the folder and follows Nealy into...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Nealy grabs his overcoat off the coatrack and leaves. Latham stops at Collette's desk. She stops the Dictaphone machine and takes off her earphones.

LATHAM

Where are the mandarins?

COLLETTE

Paul's at counseling; Monroe's death really got to him. And Carla's at Langley digging in Archives on Robert Emmett Johnson.

LATHAM

Damn... Alright, here.

(hands Collette the file)

Roger Kingston - he was D-Int's man on the Caribbean Desk. He died this past weekend. Metro claims it was suicide but his wife, Justine, says no. Call her. See if she'll let me come over and speak with her. Tell her I'm doing a follow-up for the Agency. She knows about his work.

COLLETTE

Right.

LATHAM

And call our liaison over at Metro.

COLLETTE

Lieutenant Andrew Fisher. He's new.

LATHAM

That office must have a revolving door. I want to talk to him about the case when he's free.

Collette opens the file as Latham re-enters his office.

EXT. MIAMI, FLORIDA - DAY

INSERT: "'Little Havana,' Miami, Florida"

Stock footage of its modest, pastel-colored homes, and older Cuban gentlemen gathered in Maximo Gomez Domino Park, chatting and playing dominoes, the national game of Cuba.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI CAMPUS - DAY

INSERT: "University of Miami, Florida"

Latino and White Men in T-shirts and fatigue pants lug duffel bags across the campus quadrangle.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

STEWART KENSINGTON sits at the head of a long conference table. Before him is a legal notepad with a hand-written statement. A dozen chairs are at the table, two dozen more line the walls. Every seat in the room is filled with CUBAN EXILES; GERRY PATRICK HEMMING and LORAN HALL from Interpen; FRED CROSBY, CIA's Miami station chief; and his SUBORDINATES.

KENSINGTON

Starting today, and for the foreseeable future, the JM/WAVE station will report directly to me.

(MORE)

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

During this period, I ask that you - members of the Cuban exile community, Interpen, and other training groups - refrain from taking any action that has not been approved by me. Specifically, this means the raids you've conducted on ships in Cuban ports must cease. They are counterproductive, as they only serve to undermine a more complex process that will ultimately result in the removal of Fidel Castro and his regime from Cuba. I ask all of you to follow not only the laws of the United States but international law as well. These laws prohibit the types of actions Alpha-66 and Lambda-66 have recently undertaken.

CUBAN EXILE #1 leans over to CUBAN EXILE #2, and whispers (both men speak Spanish)...

CUBAN EXILE #1

Este idiota es de verdad?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Is this idiot for real?"

CUBAN EXILE #2

Cállate la boca.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Shut the fuck up."

This interrupts and irritates Kensington who glares at the Two Cuban Exiles.

CUBAN EXILE #2 (CONT'D)

Excuse me, señor. I was just translating some of your more difficult words for him.

Kensington nods. Along the walls, away from his sightline, a few Cuban exiles look down to hide their mischievous grins.

KENSINGTON

Henceforth, these laws will be enforced by the local police, the FBI, the Coast Guard, Customs, INS, and, uh, so forth. For the officers at the station here, let me remind you that there is no room for equivocation.

While Kensington speaks, the door to the conference room opens. BETH, a CIA administrative assistant, enters. She walks behind Kensington over to Crosby and whispers in his ear.

BETH

Robert Emmett Johnson's in your office.

Crosby nods then Beth leaves the room.

CROSBY

Excuse me, Mr. Kensington, but I have to take an important call.

KENSINGTON

Yes, alright!

Crosby leaves. Kensington searches his legal notepad.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

Um... Oh. Any raids on Cuba or ships in its ports subsequent to this meeting, not only will the offending group be held responsible, but so will everyone in this room.

CROSBY'S OFFICE

ROBERT EMMETT JOHNSON sits in a chair rolling his thumbs. Crosby enters looking annoyed. Johnson jumps to his feet.

CROSBY

Robert Emmett Johnson?

JOHNSON

Yes, sir; that's me.

CROSBY

I expected you here yesterday.

JOHNSON

But I only got word last night.

Crosby sits at his desk and pulls open the middle drawer. He takes out a file and opens it, then glances at Johnson who still stands. Crosby points to the chair. Johnson sits. Crosby then refers to the file's contents.

CROSBY

Aviation electronics operator... Honorably discharged from the Navy in July 1959. The following month you defected to the Soviet Union.

JOHNSON

(defensively)

That's 'cause I was in that program.

CROSBY

Navy Code 30, false defectors.

JOHNSON

Yeah. We was all phony defectors,
me, Oswald, Vallee and the others.
I didn't renounce my citizenship
though! I didn't even threaten to.

CROSBY

I'm not accusing you of anything.
This lieutenant, Wallace Fredericks -
he was your controller at ONI?

JOHNSON

Yeah, I reported to him.

CROSBY

And he coached you on what to say
to the Soviets?

JOHNSON

Actually, it was him and this Mr.
Bishop from the CIA while we was
training at Nag's Head.

CROSBY

And after you returned from Russia
in 1960 you joined Interpen.

Johnson nods.

CROSBY (CONT'D)

Are you reporting to anyone else?

Johnson's right leg twitches as he hesitates to answer.

CROSBY (CONT'D)

I asked if you're reporting to
anyone outside of Interpen and ONI.

JOHNSON

No, no, just them.

Crosby is skeptical. He hesitates a moment before continuing.

CROSBY

Who told you to see me?

JOHNSON

Lieutenant Fredericks. He said your
program and his were similar.

CROSBY

Well, the same conditions regarding
secrecy apply here. Is that clear?

JOHNSON

Yes, sir.

CROSBY

He tell you what the job was about?

JOHNSON

Yeah, surveillance.

Crosby pulls a photo from the file and hands it to Johnson.

CROSBY

That's Robert Welch - founder of the John Birch Society. A lot of prominent people are members, people who want to see this country get back on track. We think members of the Communist Party may have infiltrated the Society; they may even be advising Welch himself.

(hands Johnson a manila envelope from the folder)

You're to go to Welch's home in Belmont, Massachusetts and take pictures of everyone coming and going there this week. There's a plane ticket and instructions in there on how to get to his place, where you'll stay for the week, and which company you'll use to rent a car; plus enough cash to cover your expenses. There's also a number to call in case of emergency.

JOHNSON

Like what?

CROSBY

You get arrested for trespassing. Give me your IDs, including all your aliases.

Johnson pulls a billfold from his back pocket. He opens it, takes out four driver's licenses and hands them to Crosby.

CROSBY (CONT'D)

Alek J. Hidell, Robert Jones, Robert Webster and your own... For this job you'll use your own ID. I'll keep these three with me for now.

He hands Johnson's own Driver's License back to him.

JOHNSON

How come?

CROSBY

So you don't use the wrong one by mistake.

(MORE)

CROSBY (CONT'D)

Your flight leaves tonight at 19:20. You'll report back here a week from tomorrow with the film. Then you'll get your IDs back. (pulls a leather bag from a bottom desk drawer and hands it to Johnson)
Use this.

Johnson opens the camera bag. Inside is a Nikon 35mm camera, two telephoto lenses, and several rolls of 35mm film.

JOHNSON

Wow, nice camera.

CROSBY

Any questions?

JOHNSON

What do I tell Hemming at Interpen, about me being away?

CROSBY

I'll take care of it. Anything else?

Johnson shakes his head no. Crosby stands and offers his hand, which Johnson shakes.

CROSBY (CONT'D)

See you next week.

Johnson nods, turns around and leaves.

EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the old main terminal with signs atop it for Miami International Airport, Pan American World Airways, Guest Airways, National Airlines and the 20th Street Terminal.

INT. 20TH STREET TERMINAL - CONCOURSE FOUR

Passengers carry and drag their baggage across the terminal. Sarti totes an overnight bag and briefcase to a bank of payphones and finds an available one. He opens the briefcase, pulls out the address book, then drops a dime in the phone's coin slot.

JUST OUTSIDE THE PHONE BOOTH

A LITTLE GIRL holding a Raggedy Ann "Annabelle" doll wanders over and watches Sarti. He sees her and half-smiles. She sticks out her tongue at him and scurries back to her mother who is on the phone in a nearby booth. Sarti writes something in the address book. He then hangs up and puts the address book back in his briefcase. He opens the phone booth's folding door and leaves.

SARTI

Passes by the Little Girl, who is leaning against her mother's phone booth door. He sticks out his tongue at her. She SLAPS her hand repeatedly on the phone booth's door glass.

LITTLE GIRL
Mommy! Mommy!

Sarti smirks as he continues on out the terminal.

EXT. MIAMI - 22ND AVENUE - DAY

A taxi crosses a drawbridge where a sign reads "MIAMI RIVER."

INSERT "Little Havana"

On the other side of the bridge is the Cuban presence in Miami. Here, a small restaurant...

BADIAS SANDWICH

Is typical of the restaurants in this community; i.e., the counter faces the sidewalk. Two women, a MOTHER and DAUGHTER, walk up. The COUNTERMAN pours them both a Cuban espresso. A taxi stops in front of the restaurant. Sarti alights with his briefcase and overnight bag and enters the restaurant.

INT. BADIAS SANDWICH

Several patrons laze about, sipping espresso and chatting. Alone at a table in the farthest corner, DAVID TZIVITCH sits with his back to the wall. He sips his espresso and munches on a pastel, a baked puff pastry filled with cream cheese. On the chair beside him lies an attaché case.

Sarti approaches Tzivitch, who reaches into his pocket and pulls out a soft pack of H. Upmann cigarettes. He offers one to Sarti, who sets down his bag and briefcase and pulls a hard pack of Gauloises cigarettes from his shirt pocket.

SARTI
(speaks French)
Les vrais hommes ne fument que ces.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Real men only smoke these."

Tzivitch grins. Sarti sits, sliding his bag and briefcase under the table. A WAITER approaches. He and Sarti speak Spanish.

WAITER
Qué tendrá, señor?

SARTI
Un espresso, por favor.

WAITER

Si, señor.

He leaves. (From this point on, Sarti and Tzivitch only speak French to each other.)

SARTI

Je ne t'ai pas vu depuis un moment,
David.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I haven't seen you in a while, David."

TZIVITCH

Cela fait presque un an. Fatigué?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "It's been almost a year. Tired?"

SARTI

Juste un peu de décalage horaire.
Je vais bien.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Just a little jet lag. I'm alright."

TZIVITCH

Reposez-vous chez moi. Vous prendrez
l'avion demain. Vous avez la cible?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Rest up at my place. You'll fly out tomorrow. You have the target?"

The Waiter returns with Sarti's espresso. He sets it on the table and leaves. Sarti takes a sip.

SARTI

J'ai tout reçu de ce taré
alcoolique de Marseille.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I got everything from that alcoholic psycho in Marseilles."

TZIVITCH

J'ai des billets d'avion
supplémentaires pour vous et
l'adresse d'une cachette que vous
pouvez utiliser.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I have the additional plane tickets for you and the address of a safehouse you can use."

SARTI

Bien. Qu'y a-t-il dans la mallette?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Good. What's in the briefcase?"

TZIVITCH

Aperçu des attractions à venir.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Preview of coming attractions."

He slides the attaché case under the table to Sarti who rests it on his lap. Sarti opens it partway. Inside is a partially disassembled Remington Model 700 ADL bolt-action rifle, a Leupold sniper scope, a silencer, a box of 6.5mm cartridges, a Colt .38 handgun and a box of .38 Short Colt bullets.

SARTI

J'ai demandé un Winchester 70.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I asked for a Winchester 70."

TZIVITCH

Nous devons utiliser les mêmes munitions qu'un Mannlicher Carcano, 6.5. Calvin Holmes l'a fait réalésé pour lui donner une précision encore meilleure que le stock et utiliser les mêmes munitions. Ce sont des cartouches explosives. Tout test sur ce qui reste de la balle révélera seulement qu'il s'agissait d'un 6,5.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "We have to use the same ammunition as a Mannlicher Carcano, 6.5. Calvin Holmes had it re-bored to give it better accuracy than stock, and use the same ammunition. Those are explosive cartridges. Any test on what remains of the bullet will only reveal that it was a 6.5."

SARTI

Où puis-je pratiquer?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Where can I practice?"

TZIVITCH

Il y a quelques bois à proximité. Nous pouvons y aller plus tard aujourd'hui.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "There are some woods nearby. We can go there later today."

Sarti shuts the attaché case and sips his espresso.

ACT TWO

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the National Mall and Reflecting Pool.

FOGGY BOTTOM

Three acres of parks, pubs, diplomatic edifices, the Watergate complex and other apartment buildings, particularly...

510 21st Street, NW

In the 1960s, this large, eight-story apartment building with its well-tended landscaping would rank as ultra modern.

INT. APARTMENT - ANTECHAMBER

The front doorbell emits a sharp BUZZ. JUSTINE KINGSTON walks to the front door. She is well dressed, as though she intended to go out for the evening. Despite this, her emaciated form is as she appeared in her photo. She slides the peephole cover aside and looks curiously at the person in the corridor.

JUSTINE

Yes?

LATHAM (O.S.)

It's Warren Latham, Mrs. Kingston.

JUSTINE

Oh, yes.

(opens the door)

Come in.

Latham enters. He casually takes note of Justine's clothes.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Let me have your coat.

Latham takes off his overcoat and hands it to her. She hangs it on a brushed metal coatrack by the front door.

LATHAM

I'm not interrupting you, am I?

JUSTINE

No. Why do you ask?

LATHAM

In case you'd rather be alone.

JUSTINE

No, it's fine. Come and sit down.

She leads him past a Mark Rothko painting, "Underground Fantasy," which captures Latham's attention, and into...

THE LIVING ROOM

Latham eyes the white Eames lounge chair; muted-yellow sofa with triangle-patterned throw pillows; two crinkled leather siesta chairs; an irregularly shaped, dark hardwood coffee table; a white breezeblock wall sectioning off the liquor cabinet and a glass and black nickel, large wheel bar cart; a white Moroccan shag rug with black lines forming a diamond pattern; and teal curtains.

Justine sits on the sofa; Latham sits across from her in a siesta chair. On the coffee table is a book by Edith Hamilton, "The Greek Way." Justine sees Latham eyeing it.

JUSTINE

I wanted to see how the ancient Greeks approached the questions posed by human suffering. Maybe learn a thing or two about coping.

LATHAM

I'm sorry for your loss.

JUSTINE

Your secretary said you're here to do a follow-up interview.

LATHAM

That's right.

JUSTINE

Follow-up to what?

LATHAM

The coroner's judgment that your husband committed suicide.

JUSTINE

I see, you spoke with Wilson. It's like a game of Clue. Did Roger shoot himself in the head in the bedroom with a handgun, or was he murdered?

LATHAM

It's not a game to me, Mrs. Kingston.

JUSTINE

No? Roger's dead, but how does the Agency react when his widow makes noises that someone shot him? Get the coroner to conclude Roger shot himself and close the file.

LATHAM

If the Agency believed that, I wouldn't be here.

JUSTINE

Your being here isn't going to change the facts as far as the police are concerned. A left-handed man shoots himself in the head but with his right hand.

(MORE)

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

It's a farce; they know it and so do you.

LATHAM

Mrs. Kingston, was there something your husband was looking into prior to his death, something that worried him?

JUSTINE

Why are you asking me when you already know that?!

LATHAM

Know what?

JUSTINE

Oh, please! That's why you were here.

LATHAM

Huh? I've never been here before.

JUSTINE

I'm talking about your people. I found the cat in here.

LATHAM

(perplexed)
Wait. The cat?

JUSTINE

Mrs. D'Agostino's cat. She lets that feline run up and down the hall for exercise, and to go visiting, I guess. When I came back from the wake that cat was in my living room. So, whoever broke in here either thought the cat was mine and let her in, or they didn't notice her come in here.

Latham is stunned. Justine sees this and softens her stance.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Would you like something to drink?

LATHAM

Um, some water, please.

Justine gets up and goes to the liquor cabinet. The lower half is a small refrigerator. Latham leans back in his chair.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Did you tell the police about the break-in?

JUSTINE

Yes. They said I must've let the cat in and forgot she was here.

Justine takes two glasses from the rack. From the refrigerator she takes out a pitcher of water, a bottle of tonic water, half a lemon, and a container of lemon juice. Justine fills one glass with ice water, and the other - a Collins glass - with ice. She opens a bottle of gin and pours some into the Collins glass.

LATHAM

Is it possible that's what happened?

Justine pours in some lemon juice, drops in a teaspoon of sugar, and stirs the mixture.

JUSTINE

I'm allergic to cats, Mr. Latham.

She then adds the tonic water and tops it off by cutting a slice of lemon, sticking a toothpick through it, and balancing it on the rim of the Collins glass. She picks up both glasses and returns.

LATHAM

You said I already knew what your husband was doing. Believe me, I don't.

Justine hands the glass of ice water to Latham then resumes her seat on the sofa.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I have no idea who was here or what they were looking for.

Justine drinks half of her Tom Collins then leans back against several throw pillows.

JUSTINE

It doesn't matter. You can't bring my husband back. No one can.

(sighs)

You know, you really don't start to think of things like religion until something terrible happens to you. I think God is very unjust now.

She finishes her drink. Latham senses that Justine wants to talk, so he sips his water and nods apologetically.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

I should have said something, asked him if he was okay. I could have saved him, but I didn't.

LATHAM
Saved him from what?

JUSTINE
Whatever's about to happen.

LATHAM
Any idea what that is?

JUSTINE
Not specifically. Roger only spoke about it once. He'd just got off an overseas call, but from what he said I got the impression he was worried about some people in Miami. I remember him saying, 'The bastards are really gonna do it.'

LATHAM
When was this?

JUSTINE
Couple of weeks ago.

LATHAM
How do you know he was on an overseas call?

JUSTINE
He was talking to the operator. He said there was static on the line and would she ask him to call back.

LATHAM
Ask who?

JUSTINE
Will Schott. He's called here a few times, always early in the morning and always drunk.

LATHAM
You know what he was calling about?

JUSTINE
Bobby Kennedy. It was always about Bobby Kennedy. Schott said he wanted to kill him. Roger used to say Schott was too young to have assassinated McKinley and Lincoln, otherwise he'd have done so.

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

A blustery wind bends thin, leafless tree branches throughout the compound - winter's last gasp.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette edits a memo as Latham enters. As he doffs his coat and hangs it on the coatrack...

LATHAM

Are the mandarins in yet?

COLLETTE

Yes, they're in The Hole. I gave Paul the Kingston file.

LATHAM

Good. Get them both up here. Tell Bazzo to bring the file with him.

As Collette reaches for the Red phone...

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What about my meeting with our liaison at Metro, that Lieutenant...

COLLETTE

Fisher. He hasn't called back yet. I did call Metro to remind him.

LATHAM

(irritated)

Yeah, okay. Oh, I need you to call around the art galleries and see what "Underground Fantasy" is worth; it's a painting by Mark Rothko. And see what a reproduction goes for.

Collette writes the information on her notepad.

COLLETTE

I didn't know you were interested in abstract expressionism.

LATHAM

I'm not - but the Kingstons are.

COLLETTE

I'll get on it right away.

LATHAM

I don't know what I'd do without you.

COLLETTE

I wish SMOTH would say that.

Latham smiles sympathetically at Collette as she dials the Red phone. He then enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

And goes to his desk. Latham pulls a legal notepad and a pencil from his desk's middle draw, and begins writing.

INSERT LEGAL NOTEPAD:

- Mid-afternoon. Why is Justine Kingston dressed like she's headed for a night out?

- Kingstons' apartment is expensively furnished. Living beyond their means? If so, where's the money coming from?

- Kingston knew Will Schott. Schott told Kingston he wanted to kill Bobby Kennedy. Did Schott have Kingston murdered?

BACK TO SCENE

There is a KNOCK on the door; it opens. PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY and CARLA DILAURIA enter. Bazzo cradles the Kingston file. Latham points to two chairs. Bazzo and DiLauria take a seat.

LATHAM

You both read the Kingston file?

Bazzo nods.

DILAURIA

A left-hander shoots himself in the head with his right hand. Someone didn't do his homework.

LATHAM

I just spoke to the widow.

DILAURIA

Was she alright? 'Cause she looks pretty sickly in that photo.

LATHAM

I guess. She seemed bereft.

BAZZO

Seemed?

LATHAM

There was a book on the coffee table, "The Greek Way" by Edith Hamilton. She said she was reading it to see how the ancient Greeks dealt with tragedy. She hoped it would help her cope with her husband's suicide.

BAZZO

And you don't buy it?

LATHAM

It's not the usual coffee table
fare, is it?

DILAURIA

Could be she's honestly searching
for a way to deal with her grief.

LATHAM

Or, knowing I was coming over, she
laid it there for effect. Also,
it's mid-afternoon yet she's
dressed like she's going out for a
night on the town. Plus, their
apartment looked like something out
of Architectural Digest. What was
Kingston's salary when he retired?

Bazzo goes through Kingston's DD-201 file.

BAZZO

Um... He was a GS-10, at the upper
end, making \$6,748.05 per year.

DILAURIA

He was here from the Agency's
inception, yet he was only a GS-10?

BAZZO

I know. And there's no disciplinary
action here in his DD-201 file.

LATHAM

D-Int said he only knew Kingston as
an employee.

DILAURIA

Meaning Kingston never stood out.

LATHAM

I think it says in the file that
his wife didn't work.

Bazzo again refers to the file.

BAZZO

Yeah. She volunteered at the
Phillips Collection, that private
art gallery in DuPont Circle.

DILAURIA

I've been there. They show modern
and contemporary art.

LATHAM

Like abstract expressionism.

DILAURIA

Uh huh.

The intercom BUZZES; Latham answers it.

LATHAM

Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Mark Rothko's "Underground Fantasy" is valued at 10 to 20 million dollars. A framed reproduction sells for \$250 to \$300.

LATHAM

Thanks.

He hangs up the intercom. Bazzo looks questioningly at Latham.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

A reproduction hung on their wall.

DILAURIA

The gallery could've given it to her as a way of saying 'Thank you.'

BAZZO

But you think they're living beyond their means.

Latham nods. Bazzo refers to the file.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Kingston made \$560 a month. Their place is rent controlled at 80 bucks a month. They could still manage on his pension and Social Security.

LATHAM

Barely.

DILAURIA

You don't think she killed him.

LATHAM

No. Well, I hope not.

BAZZO

Um, it's just a thought, but could Kingston have been doubling?

DiLauria and Latham are about to speak when...

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Now, before you start, let's be honest here.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

No one in Intel ever completely cuts ties with their service. And if the Kingstons are living like kings...

DILAURIA

Why would the unwashed take him out?

LATHAM

If it was the unwashed.

This gives DiLauria serious pause.

BAZZO

Okay, for argument's sake, let's say it was. Kingston could've asked for more money and threatened to expose their agents here as leverage to get it. So they killed him.

LATHAM

Maybe, but I don't think he was doubling. His wife said Will Schott had been calling him from overseas.

BAZZO

How'd he know Schott?

LATHAM

I don't know. She said Schott was drunk, saying how he wanted to kill Robert Kennedy. She also said her husband was worried about something going on in Miami. He told her, 'The bastards are really gonna do it.'

DILAURIA

When was this?

LATHAM

A couple of weeks ago.

DILAURIA

He could've meant the attempt on Bobby Kennedy.

LATHAM

And this latest plot against his brother originates there.

BAZZO

You think Schott or someone at the station had him killed?

LATHAM

I don't know.

He sighs then gets up and meanders about.

BAZZO

Metro ruled this a suicide. Why?

LATHAM

That's what I'd like to ask our police liaison, whenever he gets back to me. You know, I can't shake this feeling that Mrs. Kingston's holding something back.

DILAURIA

Like what?

Latham pauses and shrugs. He leans back against the table.

LATHAM

I wish I knew more about her... I want you two to put eyes on her. I want to know where she goes, what she does, and whom she sees.

DILAURIA

You really think she's involved?

LATHAM

We'll see.

BAZZO

In that case we'd better get two pool cars with radio phones so we can avoid having the same person spotted in two different places.

DILAURIA

All night, boss?

LATHAM

When she goes to bed, so can you. Just make sure one of you picks her up in the morning. If she goes to the gallery, call me. I want to have a look inside her apartment. She said someone broke in and searched the place.

BAZZO

Could've been Security looking for anything linking Kingston to the Agency.

DILAURIA

Or the police looking for a suicide note or evidence of foul play.

LATHAM

They wouldn't have to sneak in - unless they had another agenda. No, I think whoever was in there didn't find what they were looking for. Mrs. Kingston would've complained, even if it was just to throw me off track. Alright, you two, get going.

Bazzo and DiLauria get up. Bazzo leaves the Kingston file on Latham's desk then follows DiLauria out the door.

EXT. 704 3RD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (EVENING)

Many of the building's windows flicker bluish-white from broadcasts on television sets.

INT. LIVING ROOM

"All the Things You Are" by Gerry Mulligan and Paul Desmond plays on the hi-fi. FIONA JEFFRIES and Latham sit on the sofa. On the seat cushion beside her is a 9x11 manila envelope. On the coffee table are dinner plates of veal scaloppine al Marsala, a glass of red wine before Fiona and a bottle of Diet Rite Cola by Latham. He points to the envelope.

LATHAM

What do you think?

FIONA

Did she seem weak when you saw her?

LATHAM

No. Actually, I was kinda surprised she wasn't.

FIONA

She's used to the weight loss then.

LATHAM

So you think it was deliberate.

FIONA

Maybe she just wasn't happy with how she looked. It also could have been from stress.

LATHAM

Because of her husband's work?

FIONA

There are other things that go on in people's lives, you know.

LATHAM

I know. I'm not that dense.

Fiona looks at Latham with a slow, curious smile.

FIONA
You've gone blind, haven't you?

LATHAM
Huh?

FIONA
Color-blind.

LATHAM
(proudly)
What - and that's bad?

FIONA
It can be. Wanting things to be
equal can be just as bad as
imagining that they are.

This catches Latham off guard. He feels affronted.

LATHAM
So, you think I'm imagining there's
no issues between Blacks and Whites.

FIONA
You can't feel what you can't see.
And when you're color-blind you miss
the small slights White people give
us. They hurt just as much as being
called nigger. Sometimes more.

Latham is nonplussed. Fiona taps the dark skin on the back of her hand.

FIONA (CONT'D)
This means we always have to be
aware of how Whites might react to
even the slightest racial stress.
And I'm not just speaking of your
loud-mouthed, red-faced bigot here.
Lots of Whites say they aren't
prejudiced, yet they react like
thugs when a Black person acts
against stereotype. For all you
know, Mrs. Kingston's weight loss
was how she dealt with the stress
Black people have to endure, every
damn day of our lives.

Latham feels exposed and is ashamed. He lays his cutlery on his plate and drops his head to his chest.

LATHAM
I'm sorry.

Fiona takes his hand.

FIONA

Look at me. Warren, look at me.

Latham raises his head.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I'm Black. Acknowledging that one basic fact doesn't make you a racist. It means seeing me for who I am and what I have to put up with. It means understanding that I don't have the benefit of the doubt all these years of privilege have given to Whites. It means recognizing that while you don't stereotype me, others do. And that sometimes their coded language gets to me.

Latham nods. He lifts Fiona's hand to his lips and kisses it.

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

The sun GLINTS off the Reflecting Pool at the National Mall.

FOGGY BOTTOM - 510 21ST STREET, NW

Wearing an overcoat and gloves, Latham crosses the street and enters the apartment building where Justine Kingston lives.

INT. CORRIDOR

Latham picks the doorlock of the Kingstons' apartment.

THE ANTECHAMBER

Latham walks softly, silently, past the reproduction of Mark Rothko's "Underground Fantasy."

LIVING ROOM

A short series of faint CLANGS, followed by a loud, prolonged WHIR grabs Latham's attention. He pauses, his soft-soled shoes just short of the white Moroccan shag rug. At the sides of the double-wide window the curtains billow at the bottom as forced hot air blows through two vents just above the baseboard.

INT. THE KINGSTONS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - PAST

Justine sits on the sofa; Latham sits across from her on the other side of the coffee table in a siesta chair.

JUSTINE

So, you spoke with Wilson. It's like a game of Clue.

(MORE)

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Did Roger shoot himself in the head
in the bedroom with a handgun, or
was he murdered?

INT. THE KINGSTONS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

Latham heads down the hallway and into...

THE BEDROOM

He pauses to note the room's details, another exercise in
contempo design: lots of natural wood, simple lines, and a
muted palette - form meets function on an expense account.

The dresser has clean lines, raised legs, and natural wood,
with a squat, golden yellow lamp sitting on top. The four-
legged platform bed has a thick mattress with a fitted sheet,
striped quilt, and an over-abundance of pillows. A nightstand
sits by one side of the bed. Atop it are a lamp, a clock
radio, and a cream-colored princess telephone.

The hardwood floor under the bed, up to the nightstand, and
just short of the dresser is a lighter color than the rest of
the bare floor. A rug once lay there, on which blood spilled
from Kingston's head wound. At the foot of the bed the floor
has a lighter, circular pattern where a solvent was scrubbed
to remove the blood stain that had soaked through the rug.

Latham looks at the window; its full-length tan curtains hang
motionless. There is no whirl of forced hot air. This piques
his curiosity. He walks to one side of the window and lifts
the curtain panel. No vent. He goes to the other side of the
window and repeats this. A vent is there. Latham pulls his
pocket notebook from his inside suitcoat pocket and tears out
an empty page. He drops to his knees and holds the sheet of
paper before the vent. It does not flutter.

LATHAM

Pockets the sheet of paper. He takes off his overcoat and
lays it on the floor. He examines the vent; it has been
painted the same color as the walls - with obvious bubbles
from a paint roller - but the two screws holding the vent
plate in place are shiny, with barely a chip of paint.

Latham reaches into one of his overcoat pockets and takes out
a red Swiss Army Knife. He pulls out the screwdriver tool and
removes the two vent plate screws. He sets the vent plate
aside and reaches inside the vent. He is surprised to feel
something and pulls out a rag wrapped around something hard.
Forced hot air now BLASTS from the vent towards Latham's face.
He quickly recoils. He lays the rag on the floor and unwraps
it, revealing a brown cardboard tube sealed at both ends with
brown paper and tape. Latham replaces the vent plate, gets up
and leaves.

EXT. MIAMI - "LITTLE HAVANA" - STREET - DAY

Lined with palm trees and small, pastel-colored houses.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tzivitch sits on the couch watching television, beside him is a manila envelope. Sarti enters with an overnight bag and the attaché case Tzivitch gave him, and sets them on a chair.

TZIVITCH

Où est votre mallette, celle avec
laquelle vous venu ici?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Where's your briefcase, the one you came here with?"

SARTI

Dans la chambre. Tout est ici.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "In the bedroom. Everything's in here."

He TAPS the overnight bag.

SARTI (CONT'D)

Je l'ai également essuyé pour qu'il
n'y ait pas d'empreintes digitales -
sauf la vôtre lorsque vous en
débarrassez.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I also wiped it down so there are no fingerprints - except yours when you get rid of it."

TZIVITCH

Mignon. Vous pouvez ajouter ce
qu'il y a ici.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Cute. You can add what's in here."

He tosses the manila envelope to Sarti.

SARTI

Le reste de ma mission?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "The rest of my assignment?"

TZIVITCH

Billets d'avion, des cartes, notes,
et des photos.

INSERT TRANSLATION: " tickets, maps, notes, and photos."

SARTI

Et la trésorerie?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "And the cash?"

TZIVITCH

Là-dedans. Mec, tellement gourmand.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "In there. Man, so fucking greedy."

Sarti opens the envelope. He pulls out three plane tickets: one for Dallas, then Boston, and finally New Orleans. He skips past the photos, maps, and notes and pulls out a wad of one-hundred-dollar bills. He fans them, then slides them back in the envelope. He reseals it and puts it in the attaché case.

TZIVITCH (CONT'D)

Je suis curieux, Tête de fer. Juste à quel point êtes-vous un bon tireur d'élite?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I'm curious, Ironhead. Just how good of a sniper are you?"

Sarti's lips purse into a cruel grin.

SARTI

Vous voulez vraiment le savoir?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You really want to find out?"

TZIVITCH

(apprehensively)

Non.

SARTI

Juste conduis-moi à l'aéroport, connard. Je ne veux pas rater mon vol.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Drive me to the airport, asshole. I don't wanna miss my flight."

Tzivitch gets up from the couch and turns off the television set. Sarti then follows him out the front door.

ACT THREE

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

A panorama from the National Mall to Navy Hill and...

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

Where an occasional CIA employee crosses the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

The cardboard tube from the Kingstons' apartment lies on the table. One end of it has been cut open.

DiLauria has a legal notepad and pencils in hand as she and Latham pore over the contents:

- A photograph of an attractive, 50-ish White woman.
- A sheet from a legal notepad attached to cardboard with clips to keep it from rolling up; it contains the following scribblings:

6,5 боеприпасов
balas хрупкие предметы
Wilcox
КДАЛ
Moisant Stock Yards
Агентство армейской безопасности
ЗР/FUSIL
Голова no la cola
возможно ранняя осень
H-E-M
HLH
CM
Velocitas

Latham TAPS the photo.

LATHAM
Recognize her?

DiLauria shakes her head no. Latham slides the photo aside and moves the scribblings closer.

DILAURIA
Looks like some form of encryption.

LATHAM
He was an old spook. How long will Mrs. Kingston be at the gallery?

DILAURIA
'Til 5:00 or 5:30. I'll relieve Paul before then. This looks like Latin and Cyrillic script.

The intercom BUZZES. Latham gets up and answers it.

LATHAM
Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)
Bill Nealy's on Red.

LATHAM
Thanks.

He hangs up the intercom and answers the Red phone.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Latham...

NEALY'S OFFICE

Spacious and well-appointed, befitting a senior CIA officer. Nealy is on the Red phone; he refers to a file.

NEALY

Roger Kingston's last assignment was monitoring communiqués between a Corsican drug smuggler in Marseilles named Auguste Joseph Ricord and Mexico City where he'd sent one of his henchmen, Lucien Sarti, to arrange a heroin deal.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH NEALY

LATHAM

Sarti... Why does that ring a bell?

NEALY

ZR/RIFLE, one of Schott's mechanics.

LATHAM

Right.

NEALY

Kingston passed the information onto the Mexico City station.

LATHAM

Who passed it onto the Federales, who'd have alerted the Corsicans.

NEALY

Unfortunately.

LATHAM

Well, thanks anyway, Bill.

NEALY

Wait. I have something else. Last week Gerry Hemming received \$600 via Western Union from your favorite ultra-right General.

LATHAM

Walker. Any idea what it was for?

NEALY

To finance some impending action, I guess.

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

Hemming sent back a telegram expressing the sincere gratitude of the entire Paramilitary Liaison Group for Walker's rapid assistance. Hemming also received money from J. B. Stoner of the National States Rights Party.

LATHAM

Those bigots... Their sole platform is their hatred of Blacks and Jews.

NEALY

My man in the Bureau says Stoner threatened to shoot any FBI agents conducting an investigation of him or his racist party.

LATHAM

Really. How would he know?

NEALY

His man in the Bureau. I'll let you know when I have more.

LATHAM

Okay, thanks.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham hangs up the Red phone and returns to the table where DiLauria waits for a summary of the phone call.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Kingston was monitoring Corsican drug smugglers, one of whom was Lucien Sarti.

DILAURIA

That's who you meant when you said one of Will Schott's mechanics?

LATHAM

Uh huh. Kingston passed this onto the station who followed protocol and passed it onto the Federales.

DILAURIA

Which went back to the Corsicans who probably had Kingston killed.

LATHAM

If Kingston were still active, I'd say it's possible. But why go after someone who's been out of the game for months?

DILAURIA

Hmm, that's a point.

LATHAM

Bill also said Gerry Hemming received money from General Walker and the National States Rights Party for some upcoming action by Interpen.

DILAURIA

Those idiots see Communists in their soup. Is it to fight the ones overseas or, as they say, the ones in Washington?

LATHAM

To them, they're all one and the same. Come on, let's get some work done on this before you have to go.

The Two turn their attention to the scribblings.

EXT. BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS - MOTEL SIX - DAY

A very low-cost alternative to the hotel brands of the 1960s - it has no available restaurant. On the major roadway just outside the motel, a light blue, 1963 Plymouth Savoy police car cruises past with the rest of the traffic. On the driver-side door in white lettering it reads "Belmont Police."

A Plymouth Valiant with Massachusetts plates is parked by one of the rooms. Johnson exits his motel room, camera bag in hand. As he gets into the Plymouth and sets the camera bag on the front bench seat, the curtains in a nearby room slowly part. Johnson drives away, and the curtains close.

ROBERT WELCH'S HOME

Is an estate that is gated only where it abuts the road. It is set amid a coppice and, further back, a dense thicket. SECURITY MAN #1 in a dark overcoat roams the grounds by the front gate. At the treeline another security man, THOMAS ARTHUR VALLEE, emerges from the thicket and looks about. After a moment he disappears back into the thicket.

SIDE ROAD

Johnson parks his Plymouth Valiant on the shoulder. He alights, camera bag in hand, and heads toward...

THE THICKET

Through binoculars Vallee watches Johnson edge into an area with a sightline of the Welch home. He sees Johnson take the 35mm camera from the bag, attach a telephoto lens - and wait.

VALLEE

Curls a slight smile. He checks his watch, then makes a notation in his pocket notepad.

EXT. DALLAS, TEXAS - LOVE FIELD - DAY

A Braniff International Airways Boeing 720 jet lands.

MAIN TERMINAL

A sign above the building reads "DALLAS - LOVE FIELD." Along with other passengers Sarti exits the terminal to find a queue of waiting taxis. With his overnight bag and attaché case in hand, Sarti gets into a taxi which then drives away.

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

With the late-afternoon sun now low in the sky, long shadows have crept across the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham and DiLauria are at the table decrypting Kingston's scribblings. DiLauria's legal notepad now reads:

(L=Latin R=Russian S=Spanish ?=unknown)

6,5 боеприпасов - 6.5 ammunition (R)

balas хрупкие предметы - frangible bullets (S,R)

Wilcox - ?

КДАЛ - ?

Moisant Stock Yards - ?

Агентство армейской безопасности - Army Security Agency (R)

ЗР/FUSIL - ZR/RIFLE (R,S)

Голова no la cola - The head not the tail (R,S)

ВОЗМОЖНО ранняя осень - possibly early autumn (R)

Н-Е-М - ?

НЛН - ?

СМ - ?

Velocitas - Speed (L)

DiLauria erases the question mark following the Russian "КДАЛ" on her legal notepad and writes "KDAL (R)."

LATHAM

The unknowns are all in English.

DILAURIA

Just now when we translated KDAL, I thought of Love Field in Dallas.

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

I guess it's 'cause my mind kept wanting to skip past the 'K'.

LATHAM

I thought it might be a radio station's call sign, but as far as I know, there isn't one in Dallas.

DILAURIA

Could be the 'K' is some sort of airline notation.

LATHAM

I don't know enough about aviation to answer that. But I know someone who does.

He gets up, goes to his desk and dials the Red phone.

OPERATIONS ROOM

There is the usual PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones. DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk along with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS. The Red phone RINGS; Stokes answers it.

STOKES

0-4-3-3.

LATHAM (O.S.)

It's Latham.

STOKES

Duty Officer Stokes here, sir.

LATHAM (O.S.)

Come to my office right away, Jared.

STOKES

Yes, sir.
(hangs up)
Latham wants me.

He gets up from the Duty Desk.

NICHOLS

What did we do wrong this time?

PERCY

That's Reid, always the optimist.

Stokes grins as he leaves.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Collette enters with tea for Latham and DiLauria.

LATHAM

Did Lieutenant Fisher call back yet?

COLLETTE

No, I'd have let you know if he had.

LATHAM

Damnit! I oughtta go over there and-

There is a KNOCK on the open door. Stokes leans in.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Come in, Jared.

Stokes enters and crosses to the table. He nods at DiLauria then at Collette, who leaves and shuts the door.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You have a pilot's license, right?

STOKES

Yes, an IR - an Instrument Rating.

LATHAM

Take a look at this.

He hands DiLauria's legal pad to Stokes.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Does KDAL ring a bell?

STOKES

Yes, that's the ICAO code for Love Field in Dallas.

DILAURIA

What's ICAO?

STOKES

The International Civil Aviation Organization - it's like our FAA.

LATHAM

What about the ones with question marks?

He looks at the list of code words and smiles.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What?

STOKES

Moisant Stock Yards. Last time I saw that was in an old CAA manual back in flight school.

DILAURIA

The Ops Room must've had alphabet soup for lunch. What's CAA?

LATHAM

Civil Aeronautics Administration, the precursor to the FAA. What about the Moisant Stock Yards?

STOKES

It's the original name for Moisant Airfield in New Orleans.

LATHAM

Recognize anything else?

STOKES

One, maybe. H-E-M sounds like a radio operator's FAA signoff.

DiLauria takes the notepad from him and writes the information for KDAL, Moisant Stock Yards, and H-E-M on it.

LATHAM

Thanks, Jared.

Stokes leaves. DiLauria checks her watch and gets up.

DILAURIA

I have to relieve Paul soon.

LATHAM

Bring him up to date. Tell him if I'm not here to wait for me.

EXT. DALLAS - HIGHLAND PARK NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Sarti drives a Chrysler 300 past a sign that reads "WELCOME TO HIGHLAND PARK" and into one of the city's more tony enclaves.

LAKESIDE DRIVE

The Chrysler slows near a parking lot and a church with an outdoor sign for the Church of Latter Day Saints that reads:

Sunday Service - 9:00 AM.

Life After Death.

What happens when we die?

On the other side of the church is a white, two-story house. Sarti stops and takes note of the environs - no one walks around. He then drives away.

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

Stock footage of the sun setting on the cityscape.

MUNICIPAL CENTER

A black, 1963 Studebaker Lark sedan with "METROPOLITAN POLICE" on its front doors and a rotating red light on its roof is parked out front.

INT. LIAISON OFFICE

LIEUTENANT ANDREW FISHER, mid-50s, is in uniform at his desk, eating an egg salad sandwich. There is a KNOCK on the door. Fisher utters something unintelligible; half-chewed egg salad spurts from his mouth onto his white shirt. The door opens and Latham barges in, quickly followed by lumbering SERGEANT HURST, an overweight man also in his 50s.

HURST

Lieu, I told Mr. Latham here to wait at the desk, but he just barged right past me.

FISHER

Warren Latham, is it?

LATHAM

That's right.

FISHER

It's okay, Sarge. Mr. Latham's a very important civil servant.

Hurst leaves, closing the door. Fisher continues to eat.

FISHER (CONT'D)

The sergeant could've had you cuffed for barging in here.

LATHAM

Then do it! I got tired of waiting for you to return my call.

FISHER

I was busy.

LATHAM

Yeah, I'll bet.

FISHER

You're not my only client, Latham.

LATHAM

You wear a clean shirt for them?

At sea, Fisher follows Latham's stare and looks down at his shirt - and the egg salad stain. He is embarrassed.

FISHER

Oh, man...

He sets down the remains of his sandwich and picks up a napkin. He wipes the egg salad residue off his shirt.

FISHER (CONT'D)

This is about your guy Kingston, right? The one married to that colored broad.

LATHAM

A Black woman, yes.

FISHER

That's what I said. You know, we're not obligated to notify you when some ex-agent dies.

LATHAM

He was a former officer, not an ex-agent.

FISHER

Look here, Latham. Next time you feel like correcting me? Don't.

They glare at each other momentarily.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Now, Lieutenant Wallace, who used to have this job, gave me an idea of what to expect from you people. So I figured to give you a courtesy call when I had all the info rather than give it to you piecemeal.

LATHAM

I'd have accepted whatever you had.

Fisher gets up and crosses to a file cabinet. He pulls open a file drawer, takes out a file, closes the drawer and returns to his desk. He flips open the file, GRUNTING as he turns over each page as though they were made of lead.

FISHER

Kingston... GSW - that's a Gun Shot Wound - behind the right ear.

LATHAM

From a man who was left-handed.

FISHER

(annoyed)
Simple folk, us city cops. But even our detectives questioned that.

(MORE)

FISHER (CONT'D)

So, we had a paraffin test run on Kingston's hands.

LATHAM

And?

FISHER

We got the results back about an hour ago. 'A test for firearm discharge residue on the victim's left hand was negative.'

LATHAM

Which you'd expect.

FISHER

'However, a test conducted on the victim's right hand produced positive results. Particles expelled from the muzzle of the Colt .38 pistol matched the Smith and Wesson .38 Special cartridges found chambered in the Colt .38.'

Latham is stunned. Fisher closes the file.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Conclusion? Former CIA officer Roger Kingston shot himself in the head using his right hand. Case closed.

He slams shut the file.

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

The streetlamps are on in the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is at her desk, sorting files. The door opens. Latham enters looking crestfallen.

LATHAM

Save that for tomorrow. Go on home.

COLLETTE

(worriedly)

Is everything alright?

LATHAM

Yeah. I'll see you tomorrow.

COLLETTE

Okay. Paul's in your office.

Latham nods. As Collette puts away the files, he enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

And shuts the door. Bazzo sits at the table poring over the list of encryptions, decryptions and unknowns on DiLauria's legal notepad. He picks up the photo of the woman found in the cardboard tube while Latham takes off his overcoat and hangs it on the coatrack.

BAZZO

I have something for you, something you'll find interesting.

LATHAM

Can't be as revealing as what I just learned.

BAZZO

I'll go first.

Latham sits on the edge of his desk. Bazzo holds up the photo.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I saw her today.

LATHAM

Where?

BAZZO

At the gallery. She's some kinda VIP there. This van arrived with some paintings. She told everybody where to put them then warned them to be careful or else. Also, I think I know what Kingston was referring to when he wrote "Velocitas."

He sets down the photo and picks up DiLauria's legal notepad.

LATHAM

Carla already got it; it's Latin for "speed."

BAZZO

And "Speed" is J. Edgar Hoover's nickname.

LATHAM

What?

BAZZO

As a kid, Hoover used to stutter. So he began to talk very fast, you know, to cover it up. So the kids started calling him Speed.

Now perplexed as well as agonized, Latham meanders about.

LATHAM

I just saw our police liaison.

BAZZO

The new guy, Sergeant Fisher.

LATHAM

Lieutenant - and he's a real prick. Anyway, the police had a paraffin test run on Kingston's hands. His left hand came back negative but his right hand was positive - and the residue matched the bullets in the Colt .38 found next to him.

Now Bazzo is shocked. He sets the legal notepad on the table.

BAZZO

I'd have bet the house it was his wife, or the KGB - even the ASA or our people. Half the encryptions point to a hit! Plus, you've got Schott calling him, threatening to kill Bobby Kennedy.

LATHAM

A hit that you averted, Bazzo.

BAZZO

(realizing Latham's right)
Yeah, that's true. Still, why hide everything? And why include a photo of some woman who runs a gallery? You can't tell me he was keeping it from his wife, 'cause that doesn't make any sense. And who the hell searched his place looking for it?

LATHAM

That bothers me too.

BAZZO

Kingston didn't leave a note, huh?

LATHAM

No.

BAZZO

For someone who took the time to encrypt what he'd been working on, you'd think he'd leave a note.

LATHAM

Yes. Kingston pulled that trigger but something else is going on here. Just wish I knew what it was.

BAZZO

So, are we done with this? 'Cause
if we are, we might as well tell
Carla to come in.

LATHAM

No, let's see where that goes. Go on
home. I'll see you tomorrow.

BAZZO

Yeah, okay.

He gets up and leaves. Latham stays behind for the moment,
sitting on the edge of the table, head down in deep thought.

EXT. DALLAS - HIGHLAND PARK - LAKESIDE DRIVE - NIGHT (EVENING)

Sarti waits among the trees behind the white, two-story house.
To his right is the Church of Latter Day Saints. He wears a
dark jacket, gloves and carries the attaché case.

He crouches and lays the case on the ground, takes a penlight
from his jacket pocket and opens the case. Sarti shines the
penlight on the contents of the attaché case - the partially
disassembled Remington Model 700 ADL bolt-action rifle, the
Leupold sniperscope, silencer, the box of 6.5mm cartridges,
the Colt .38 handgun and box of .38 Short Colt bullets.

Sarti lays the penlight on the case so that it shines against
the inside of the raised lid. He assembles the rifle, finally
attaching the sniperscope and silencer. He opens the box of
6.5mm cartridges and loads two of them. He turns off the
penlight, pockets it, and closes the attaché case.

He takes off his gloves and lays them in a tree fork that is
about his shoulder height. He rests the forestock of the
rifle on his gloves and peers through the sniperscope.

THROUGH THE DINING ROOM WINDOW

General Walker sits at his desk, writing. The crosshairs of
the sniperscope are fixed on his left temple. Slowly, the
crosshairs slide to the left where the wooden window frame
abuts the wall.

SARTI FIRES ONE SHOT

The bullet strikes the frame of the window.

AT THE DINING ROOM WINDOW

The frangible bullet shatters into pieces, causing the wooden
frame to splinter into fragments. One fragment strikes Walker
on his left forearm. He falls out of his chair and ducks
below the window sill.

SARTI

Grabs the attaché case and runs through the thicket behind the church and into the...

PARKING LOT

He tosses the rifle and attaché case into the trunk of his Chrysler 300. He quickly gets behind the wheel, starts the engine and - without turning on the headlamps - drives away.

EXT. LOVE FIELD - NIGHT

The two runways - 13L/31R on the east side of the airport, and 13R/31L on the west side - are brightly lit.

INT. TERMINAL - DEPARTURE GATE 16

The waiting area is filled with passengers. The departure board reads:

American Airlines
Flight 137
To: Boston via New York City
Departure Time: 22:35

The GATE ATTENDANT, a woman in her early 30s, picks up the microphone to make an announcement.

GATE ATTENDANT

Good evening passengers. This is the pre-boarding announcement for American Airlines flight 137 to Boston via New York City. We are now inviting those passengers with small children, and any passengers requiring special assistance, to begin boarding at this time. Please have your boarding pass ready. Regular boarding will begin in approximately ten minutes time. Thank you.

A few couples with sleepy-eyed children get up and head toward the gate, passing by Sarti, who sits with his attaché case and overnight bag on his lap.

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

The street is quiet. Most of the building's windows are dark.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Latham sits on the sofa; he wears a robe over a T-shirt and pajama bottoms. With pencil in hand, he leans over the coffee table.

There lie a facsimile of DiLauria's notepad containing the Kingston encryptions, decryptions and unknowns, and a legal notepad on which he scribbles his own notes. On the facsimile Latham has circled:

Голова no la cola - The head not the tail (R,S)

возможно ранняя осень - Possibly early autumn (R)

ЗР/FUSIL - ZR/RIFLE (R,S)

On the legal notepad he has written:

An Agency or ASA hit on Kennedy in the fall?

Did Kingston report this? If so, to whom?

Just then Fiona shuffles in wearing her pajamas and sits next to Latham. She yawns and reads his notes.

FIONA

Had Kingston already retired when he wrote this?

LATHAM

Yes.

FIONA

Then to whom would he report a possible assassination attempt? Do you have a legacy telephone line that former officers use?

LATHAM

No. A former field officer in Plans might call the Ops Room if something looked imminent. But Kingston was in Intelligence assigned to the Miami station. If he had decided to report this, he probably would've told the station Number One.

He realizes what he has said; it has a chilling effect. Fiona recognizes this and puts her arm around him.

FIONA

Take care of it in the morning.

She takes the pencil from his hand and lays it on the coffee table. Fiona then hooks Latham's arm and leads him into the bedroom.

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

CIA employees head onto the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

While Collette shuttles files in and out of Latham's office, Bazzo reads the Daily News. DiLauria has her handbag with her as she reads the Washington Post. Latham enters.

COLLETTE

Good morning.

LATHAM

Morning.

(to Bazzo and DiLauria)

Come in.

DiLauria and Bazzo take their newspapers with them as they follow Collette and Latham into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham puts his satchel on his desk. As he hangs his overcoat on the coatrack, Collette unlocks the satchel and takes out a file. Meanwhile, Bazzo and DiLauria each take a seat; Latham sits at his desk. Collette takes the satchel to the combination-lock file cabinet, unlocks it and sets the satchel inside. Collette turns to Bazzo and DiLauria.

COLLETTE

Tea?

Bazzo and DiLauria shake their heads no. Collette leaves, closing the door.

LATHAM

First things first. I want to hear about Mrs. Kingston, Carla.

DiLauria sets her newspaper on the floor. She opens her handbag, takes out her notepad and flips it open.

DILAURIA

The woman in the photo, whom Paul and I both saw, is Ingrid Dumars. I'll get to how I learned her name.

Collette enters with a cup of tea for Latham and leaves.

EXT. THE PHILLIPS COLLECTION - DAY (DUSK) - PAST

INGRID DUMARS - 50, slim, and attractive - and Justine leave the gallery and get into Ingrid's blue, 1963 Chrysler Imperial Crown Southampton.

DILAURIA (V.O.)

She and Mrs. Kingston left the gallery at 17:30.

(MORE)

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

They got in Miss Dumars' car - a blue Chrysler Imperial Crown Southampton - and drove to the Claridge Hotel where they had dinner at Chez François.

It is late March but warm enough this day for al fresco dining. Patio umbrellas shade tables and chairs, though customers still wear their overcoats; sidewalk café garden planter boxes cordon off part of the sidewalk in front of the restaurant. The awning announces its name: Chez François.

INT. CHEZ FRANÇOIS

Ingrid and Justine enter and are greeted by the MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

Nice to see you again, Miss Dumars, Mrs. Kingston.

DILAURIA (V.O.)

They'd both been there together several times because the maître d' welcomed them by name.

The Maître d'hôtel leads them past mostly empty tables to a booth farthest from the restaurant's entrance.

DILAURIA (V.O.)

They sat in a far corner booth. The place wasn't anywhere near full, so I could still hear them, especially as they drank more wine.

Ingrid and Justine sit together. The Maître d'hôtel hands them menus and leaves. A busboy hurries over and pours them each a glass of ice water. Seconds later, the WAITER comes by. Justine is about to order when Ingrid gently puts her hand over Justine's menu, pushing it down to the table.

DILAURIA (V.O.)

After the waiter came over, Miss Dumars pushed away Mrs. Kingston's menu, then ordered a three-course meal for the two of them. And it wasn't the rich, fatty type you'd expect.

Ingrid gives the Waiter her order, then he leaves.

DILAURIA (V.O.)

I overheard Miss Dumars say something to the effect that Mrs. Kingston had to watch her diet, now that she was so svelte.

The Waiter returns with a bottle of Campari. He pours the wine for them, which they quickly drink.

BAZZO (V.O.)

They aren't, uh...

DILAURIA (V.O.)

They sat on the same side of the booth, but that's not all that unusual. While they were into their second bottle of Campari, I was still nursing my first glass of Beaujolais.

The Waiter returns with the first course, tarte flambée, and another bottle of Campari to replace the empty first bottle while DiLauria sips her one and only glass of Beaujolais. DiLauria sets down her glass and gets up and heads toward a small sign that reads "Toilettes" - a route that takes her by Ingrid and Justine's booth.

DILAURIA (V.O.)

I got up to go to the ladies room, which meant I had to pass by their booth. I heard Mrs. Kingston say something like, 'I missed you yesterday, Ingrid.' Then I saw that Miss Dumars had her hand on Mrs. Kingston's thigh. She was reaching under Mrs. Kingston's skirt.

As DiLauria passes by the booth, she sees Ingrid's left hand reach underneath Justine's skirt.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY (MORNING) - PRESENT

Latham and Bazzo are a rapt audience for DiLauria's recount of the previous day's surveillance.

DILAURIA

By the way, here's my receipt.

She pulls a receipt from her handbag, gets up and hands it to Latham, then retakes her seat.

LATHAM

(muses)

So they are lovers. I thought that might be the case.

DILAURIA

After dinner, they drove to Miss Dumars' townhouse in Kalorama.

BAZZO

Chic neighborhood.

DILAURIA

Oh, yeah. When it was clear they were in for the night, I left. That was around 03:00.

BAZZO

Well, at least we know how the Kingstons furnished their apartment.

Latham sighs. He gets up and begins to meander about.

LATHAM

I think Kingston knew about his wife's affair. Her weight loss may have been prompted by Miss Dumars, or it could've come from the stress of hiding their relationship. It was already hard enough being an interracial couple; this would've made it even worse for her, and for Kingston.

BAZZO

So he killed himself over that?

LATHAM

Partly. You both noted that his encryptions pointed to a hit - one we thought was the attempt on Robert Kennedy. In point of fact, it presages the one on his brother, the one based in Miami. Now, put yourself in Kingston's position. From conversations with Schott you learn of an assassination attempt. So whom would you contact?

BAZZO

My old station chief - in his case, Fred Crosby.

LATHAM

Who's involved in a plot that he believes is meant to force Kennedy's hand into removing Castro.

Bazzo and DiLauria are still perplexed.

BAZZO

So the planners had Kingston killed?

LATHAM

No, Kingston committed suicide.

DILAURIA

Why?

LATHAM

Because nothing came of his warning. He probably warned Crosby repeatedly that an assassination was being planned. Whoever's directing the plot would have decided to do nothing, as killing Kingston would bring unwanted attention on them. I think Kingston realized this. Here he was, depressed over his wife's affair and too upset and embarrassed even to tell his old friend Berard. For him, suicide would achieve two goals - it would free him from the pain he was going through, and he knew his wife wouldn't accept it.

DILAURIA

A left-handed man shooting himself with his right hand.

LATHAM

Yes. Kingston rightly figured she'd go to Berard for help.

BAZZO

So who searched their place?

LATHAM

The plotters. Now I have to tell Berard.

EXT. CAMPUS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI - DAY (MORNING)

Still devoid of students, despite Operation MONGOOSE having ended.

INT. CROSBY'S OFFICE

Crosby is on the Gray phone.

CROSBY

We have Intel that one and possibly two pro-Castro supporters will attempt to kill Robert Welch, founder of the John Birch Society, at his home in Belmont today. Our information is that the suspects are heavily armed, with instructions to kill Welch and his security team... Yes, it's credible Intel, Chief.

EXT. BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the police station at the corner of Concord Avenue and Pleasant Street.

Two Studebaker Lark police patrol cars are parked out front.

INT. POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE

On the desk is a nameplate that reads "Chief Joseph J. Doler." Police Chief JOSEPH DOLER hangs up the phone line on his multi-line phone. He presses a button for another line and dials.

MATTHEWS (O.S.)
Sergeant Matthews.

DOLER
Sergeant, Chief Doler here. I just received word that there's going to be an attempt to kill Robert Welch...

EXT. BELMONT - MOTEL SIX - DAY

Johnson leaves his motel room, camera bag slung over his shoulder. He gets into his Plymouth Valiant and drives away.

Two rooms away, where the curtains had parted surreptitiously, the door opens. TWO MEN IN PEA COATS leave their motel room. One wears a knit hat and carries a box large enough to hold a ream of 8.5x11-inch paper. The other Man looks about the motel environs, then picks the lock on Johnson's room.

INT. JOHNSON'S MOTEL ROOM

The Two Men enter. The Man with the knit hat sets the box on a table. He opens it, revealing leaflets.

INSERT TOP LEAFLET:

**HANDS
OFF
CUBA!**

**Join the Fair Play for
Cuba Committee**

**BOSTON CHARTER
MEMBER BRANCH**

Free Literature, Lectures

**Robert Emmett Johnson
Arlington Street Church
Boston, Mass**

BACK TO SCENE

Both Men In Pea Coats leave the motel room.

EXT. SIDE ROAD NEAR ROBERT WELCH'S HOME - DAY

Johnson again parks his Plymouth Valiant on the shoulder. He alights, camera bag in hand, and heads toward the thicket.

IN THE THICKET

Johnson squats in an area with a sightline of Welch's home. He takes the camera from the bag and attaches a telephoto lens. Twigs SNAP in the distance. Johnson looks toward the coppice but sees no one.

Suddenly, there is the CRACK of a pistol being fired. Johnson falls on his back. His eyes roll back in his head. Blood trickles down the left side of his head from an entry wound just above the temple. A shadow creeps over him. Standing there is Sarti, holding the Colt .38 handgun from the attaché case. He smiles.

Sarti kneels beside Johnson's body. He puts the Colt .38 in Johnson's right hand, wrapping the forefinger around the trigger. He holds it in place with both his hands. Sarti raises the handgun and aims it toward the thicket beyond the coppice. Security Man #1 peeks out from behind a tree. Sarti fires in his general direction. Security Man #1 ducks behind the tree. He reappears and fires his own Colt .38 pistol near Sarti.

Vallee also emerges from the thicket. Sarti squeezes off a round in Vallee's direction. Trigger happy, Vallee immediately fires back, hitting a branch on a tree several yards from Sarti.

Sarti lets go of Johnson's hand. It drops to the ground with the Colt .38 still in its grasp. Sarti then runs, crouched over, to the...

SIDE ROAD

He gets into a Ford Falcon and quickly drives away.

END