

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Four, Episode #7: "A Limited Hangout"

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Episode #7: "A Limited Hangout"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

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

Picturesque footage of the National Mall, the Reflecting Pool and Lincoln Memorial, with the Washington Monument looming.

704 3RD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING

The sun, low in the horizon, glints off the windows.

INT. BEDROOM

WARREN LATHAM and FIONA JEFFRIES are in bed making love. Latham is atop Fiona. They sweat, pant heavily and move rhythmically, when... The phone RINGS. They stop in mid-embrace, both looking incredulous.

FIONA

I don't believe this.

The phone RINGS a second time but there is no third ring.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Wrong number?

LATHAM

Wait.

A few seconds later the phone RINGS again. Latham gets up and puts on his robe. Fiona sighs, disappointed.

FIONA

Who needs the Pill when you've got phonus interruptus.

LIVING ROOM

Latham enters and eyes the phone - the Red light is not blinking. He answers it.

LATHAM

Yes?

DURANG (O.S.)

I'm home.

CLICK - Durang hangs up. Latham does the same.

BEDROOM

Latham hurries in. Fiona sits up.

FIONA

Who was it?

LATHAM

Durang. He's home.

Fiona quickly gets up and puts on her robe while Latham lifts the dresser and slides it away from the wall. In the back he slides a panel, revealing a cavity where the bottom drawer was. Fiona pulls a small safe with a combination lock from the hole and places it on the floor. She enters the combination, opens the safe, pulls out a manila envelope and hands it to Latham. He opens it and takes out the instructions for Durang's Dead-Letter Drop (DLD).

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 right away.**

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

**Will use waterproof magnetic stash box where possible.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BACK TO SCENE

Latham eyes the line "3rd Wednesday of the month: 1000 F St. NW (underneath phone box in stairwell, level 'B')." He turns to Fiona.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Want to ride shotgun?

FIONA  
If that's your best offer...

She heads into the bathroom while Latham places the instructions back into the safe.

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

CIA employees enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

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. They sport 24-hour clocks with local time, and RED, GREEN, YELLOW and WHITE PUSHpins in major cities.

Maps of Europe and Asia have been moved to a third wall. They also have clocks but far fewer stickpins, indicating legacy operations not handed off to any European, Middle East or Asian Desk. DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS.

COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Small and windowless, with baffles on the walls and ceiling. Associated Press (AP), Reuters, and United Press International (UPI) wire service teletype machines CLACK away. In one corner sits a dormant TSEC/KL-7 cipher machine; in another corner, a quiet KW-26 encryption machine. Several reel-to-reel tape recorders sit in semi-partitioned booths, manned by female CLERKS who wear headphones and record salient points of the eavesdropped conversations onto their legal notepads.

The TSEC/KL-7 suddenly awakens, printing six rows of a single, random six-letter text. Cipher Clerk #1, DOLLY, a 25-year-old White woman, goes to the machine and sits before it. She eyes the enciphered text curiously:

INECFI  
IAOEGR  
ACOENT  
SIKDEA  
NENHON  
RGTNAR

Dolly looks back at Cipher Clerk #2, MINNIE, a late-40s Black woman, who sits before the KW-26 encryption machine with a pencil tucked behind her ear.

DOLLY

Minnie, come here. You'll like this.

Minnie joins her.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

One word per row. Gotta be from one of your ancient mariners.

MINNIE

(half-jokingly)

Keep it up, Dolly, and you may not make it to your next birthday.

Dolly mugs. Minnie grins knowingly. She picks up a legal notepad from a table beside the TSEC/KL-7, takes the pencil from her ear and writes "columnar transposition, legacy Op."

DOLLY

Who still uses that?

MINNIE

An Op in East Berlin. I've decrypted them before. Hand me the Green Book.

Above the KW-26 is a shelf of thick binders, each a different color. Dolly pulls out the Green binder and hands it to Minnie who flips through it. She stops at a page titled "KIBITZ."

DOLLY

You know for certain it's KIBITZ?

MINNIE

It's a joint Op with MI6. They're the only ones still using columnar transposition. I haven't seen much from them in a while though.

For May, the key word is "ZEBRAS." Minnie uses this to decrypt the message, writing on her legal notepad...

**Key word: ZEBRAS**

**6 letters in length; length of rows: 6**

**Column permutation: 6**

**Alphabetical order of letters in key word:**

**Z=6**

**E=3**

**B=2**

**R=4**

**A=1**

**S=5**

She then decrypts the message...

6 3 2 4 1 5  
R A I S I N  
G C A I N E  
T O O K E N  
N E E D C H  
A N G E F O  
R T R A I N

And reflexively writes the decrypted message:

**RAISING CAINE TOOKEN NEED CHANGE FOR TRAIN**

MINNIE (CONT'D)  
Caine is the agent's codename. He  
runs a ring in East Berlin.

Dolly looks curiously at the message.

DOLLY  
'TOOKEN'? What's TOOKEN mean?

Minnie is taken aback and looks at the message. Realizing what she has written, she re-checks her work.

MINNIE  
Yeah, he wrote TOOKEN. Hmm...

DOLLY  
Caine must've meant 'TAKEN' or  
'TOKEN', don't you think?

Minnie is unsure, puzzled over the misspelling.

DOLLY (CONT'D)  
Probably drunk when he sent it.

MINNIE  
I've never had a garbled word in  
all his other messages.

DOLLY  
First time for everything, right?

Minnie cannot accept this. She mulls it over for a moment, then a notion strikes her. She takes the legal notepad and goes to her desk with Dolly in tow. On the desk is a calendar for May 1963. Minnie's whole demeanor brightens.

MINNIE  
Today's Wednesday, the 15th, the  
third week of May; and TOOKEN is  
the third word in the message.

Dolly shrugs, any significance here is lost on her.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

Geezus, girl! Don't you get it? It's the third week and the third word is garbled. The Op's been rumbled.

DOLLY

Oh, Christ!

MINNIE

Look up the particulars while I tell Jared.

As Minnie leaves, Dolly looks in the Green Binder under KIBITZ. For "Controller/VICAR" is the cryptonym KIBITZ-1. She looks in the index of cryptonyms in the back of the binder. For KIBITZ-1 she sees "Warren Latham, Plans Division."

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD carries two piles of file folders into Latham's Office. When she returns, the Outer Office door opens and Latham enters, satchel under his arm and sans overcoat as he wears a vested worsted suit. Collette smiles at him.

COLLETTE

You're all set up.

Latham nods appreciatively then reaches into his leather satchel and pulls out a 110 mm film cannister.

LATHAM

Here. It's from Durang.

He hands the film cannister to Collette.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Call mandarin Two. I want it developed right away.

She nods and lays the film cannister on her desk. Just then the Red phone RINGS. Collette answers it.

COLLETTE

2-3-6-2...

STOKES (O.S.)

Duty Ops Officer Stokes here. Is Mr. Latham there?

COLLETTE

Yes, hold on.  
(covers the mouthpiece)  
It's the Ops Room.

She hands the receiver to Latham.

LATHAM

Latham...

STOKES (O.S.)

It's Jared, sir. Operation KIBITZ  
has been rumbled.

LATHAM

I'll be right down.  
(hangs up; to Collette)  
One of our legacy Ops has been  
rumbled. Call Bazzo. Have him meet  
me in the Ops Room.

He puts his satchel on Collette's desk and leaves while  
Collette dials the Red phone.

OPERATIONS ROOM

PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY sits at the Duty Desk speaking with Stokes  
when Latham enters.

LATHAM

Let's hear it, Jared.

STOKES

We received a message from KIBITZ-1.  
When Minnie decrypted it, she saw  
that the third word had been  
garbled, purposely.

BAZZO

And it's the third week of May.

LATHAM

Yes, that's the indicator he's  
under hostile control.

STOKES

Normally, being a joint Op with  
MI6, I'd alert them as well. But I  
thought you'd want to contact SMOTH  
yourself; you know, decide which  
one of us lifts the Ring.

Latham quickly grows despondent and sits at the desk.

LATHAM

There was never any guarantee of  
rescue.

BAZZO

What?

LATHAM

Everyone knew that going in.



BAZZO

Come on. The risk had to come with some understanding they'd get help.

LATHAM

If it were possible. That was easy enough before the Wall went up.

BAZZO

So, we're just going to abandon them there - MI6 as well as us?

LATHAM

You think I want to? The VoPo have sealed off all the tunnels.

BAZZO

There's still places where you can climb over the Wall. Carla did it.

LATHAM

And someone would have to lead them there. No, we have to assume KIBITZ-1 has identified the Ring and their contacts. If they haven't already been arrested it's only because they're being watched to see which of our other agents in East Berlin contacts them.

BAZZO

Well, if our other agents can't lead them out, at least let me try.

LATHAM

You're not East Berlin oriented.

BAZZO

I'll chance it.

LATHAM

No! Security at the checkpoints will have been doubled, if they haven't already closed them down. You won't even make it into East Berlin.

BAZZO

I can slip over the Wall at night. Just get someone from the station to show me where handhelds have been installed.

LATHAM

Right. You in East Berlin with a German accent that wouldn't pass muster with the drunks in a Hofbräu.

STOKES

Paul, the Stasi know everyone at the Berlin station. If they're seen meeting with an outsider, or even any of their agents, it would alert the Stasi that something's up.

BAZZO

So, what do we do, huh? Go out and have a drink? Salute our fallen heroes? I don't know why the hell anyone works for us!

He gets up and throws a chair against the wall - this gets everyone's attention. He roughly rights it and takes a seat.

LATHAM

I'll speak with SMOTH; see if he has a way out for them.

Bazzo is too upset to respond.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Jared, keep mandarin One in the loop if any further messages arrive.

STOKES

Yes, sir.

Latham gets up and leaves.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA - DAY (MORNING)

INSERT: "New Orleans, Louisiana"

Stock footage of the cityscape and the Latin Quarter.

JEFFERSON PARISH - THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MOTEL

The motel's sign, its buildings and layout resemble the swanky, Mafia-run Cal-Neva Lodge on Lake Tahoe.

INT. ROOM

The curtains are closed. In one corner is a writer's desk. On the wall above it a sign reads: "Three can keep a secret if two are dead." A newspaper, The Tampa Times, lies on the desk. A news article headline above the fold on the front page reads:

**JOHNSON PAL BILLIE SOL ESTES SENTENCED TO 15 YEARS FOR FRAUD**

CARLOS MARCELLO, FRANK RAGANO and WILL SCHOTT sit at a table eating breakfast. Marcello is on the phone, talking between bites. On the other end, JIMMY HOFFA can easily be heard, causing Marcello to pull the receiver away from his ear.

MARCELLO

Jimmy... Jimmy, listen to me.

HOFFA (O.S.)

That fuckin' clown! You know he's got a handshake like a little girl?

MARCELLO

Christ! Jimmy, will you let me...

HOFFA (O.S.)

The prick's got the FBI watching my office day and night - at night 'cause the lights are on. I'm gonna leave the lights on all night from now on just to mess with them.

While Hoffa rants, Marcello grows increasingly frustrated and angry. Meanwhile, Schott turns to Ragano.

SCHOTT

No need for a speakerphone.

RAGANO

That's Hoffa for you.

HOFFA (O.S.)

See how I spelled his name? 'Bobbie' with an 'I-E' at the end. Mr. Tough attorney general with a girl's name.

SCHOTT

The FBI must be lovin' this shit.

RAGANO

We just rented the place. They haven't had time to trap the calls.

HOFFA (O.S.)

You see when I winked at him in court? Drives the bastard crazy.

As Hoffa speaks, a frustrated Marcello looks at Ragano.

MARCELLO

I can't get a word in edgewise here.

(into the phone)

Jimmy, will you shut the fuck up so I can speak?!

HOFFA (O.S.)

So go ahead. Who's stopping you?

MARCELLO

You, you fuckin' motor-mouth!

HOFFA (O.S.)

So, say what you're gonna say! All I'm sayin' is that this has to be done. I want him dead! I want the worms to eat out his fuckin' eyes.

MARCELLO

I heard ya' already. The whole goddamn city of New Orleans did.

HOFFA (O.S.)

I don't care. Long as it gets done.

MARCELLO

You'd owe me big time if it did.

HOFFA (O.S.)

Remind me when it's done, Carlos.

MARCELLO

Yeah, yeah. Get back to work, union man.

HOFFA (O.S.)

What the hell you think I'm doin'?

Marcello hangs up. He sighs as though he's been through an ordeal. Ragano chuckles.

MARCELLO

Guy gives me a migraine. I wanna get back to your part in this, Schott.

SCHOTT

Geezus, what don't you get now?

MARCELLO

Watch your mouth! Piss-ass drunk, I'll plant you in the fuckin' bayou where no one can find you!

RAGANO

Come on, guys.

SCHOTT

Just don't listen to Hoffa. We'll pay you to ignore him. We got a plan in place, and the people to carry it out. As for you, all you need to know is your part in this.

MARCELLO

Yeah, you're so smart, like those dickheads you work with at the CIA. Probably the same ones who planned that Bay of Pigs thing.

SCHOTT

I already told you - the Agency  
isn't running this.

MARCELLO

Just make sure the lead mechanics  
are Corsicans. They could care less  
who the target is.

SCHOTT

And I told you - that's who I got.

He HUFFS and leans back in his chair; his unbuttoned sports  
jacket parts further, revealing more of his paunch and a  
pearl-handled .38 Colt pistol in a shoulder holster.

MARCELLO

Fuckin' clown, that cap pistol of  
yours ain't gonna save you if my  
name comes up. If it does, I'll know  
it's you been runnin' your mouth.

RAGANO

Easy, guys. We got company coming,  
remember? When are they supposed to  
be here, Carlos?

Marcello checks his watch.

MARCELLO

Any time now.

RAGANO

You sure this kid'll play ball,  
Schott?

SCHOTT

Yeah. He's a hero worshipper and a  
wannabe, like the others we chose.

MARCELLO

I heard Ferrie groomed him.

RAGANO

What, as a pilot?

MARCELLO

As a fag.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

RAGANO

Play nice, now.

Ragano gets up and opens the door. In step TWO MEN. Ragano  
shuts the door behind them. Marcello smiles.

MARCELLO

Glad you could make it.

(turns to Schott)

That's my personal pilot, Dave  
Ferrie. Who's your friend, Dave?

DAVID FERRIE, ill-fitting wig and grease-paint eyebrows, pats  
the shoulder of the MAN with him.

FERRIE

Lee Oswald. He's going to help us  
out with the Cuba Libre campaign.

A reticent LEE HARVEY OSWALD nods.

MARCELLO

Good. Let's get started.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the cityscape, including Foggy Bottom.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

An occasional CIA officer strolls across the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The door to Latham's Office is closed. With earphones on,  
Collette types, transcribing from a Dictaphone machine. CARLA  
DILAURIA enters holding a folder. Collette stops the  
Dictaphone and lowers the earphones.

DILAURIA

Is he in?

COLLETTE

No, he's gone to see SMOTH.  
(points to the folder)  
Is that for him?

DILAURIA

Yes, the prints from that roll of  
film you gave me. Take a look.

She hands the folder to Collette who opens it; there are  
several photos. The first one is a shot of two men, one of  
whom is HENRY JENSEN, leaving a townhome in tony Westwood, Los  
Angeles. Collette recognizes one of the men and points to him.

COLLETTE

He looks like Henry Jensen, our Los  
Angeles Number Two.

DILAURIA

It is.

COLLETTE

Why's the FBI surveilling Jensen?

DILAURIA

I don't think they're watching him per se. I think they're watching the comings and goings of that townhome.

COLLETTE

You think so?

DILAURIA

Look at what he's holding.

Collette squints as she looks more closely at the photo.

COLLETTE

A magazine... I can't read the name. Hold on.

She reaches into the top right-hand desk drawer and pulls out a magnifying glass. Holding it over the photo, Collette can clearly see the cover of the publication: "John Birch Society Bulletin, January-May, 1963."

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

The John Birch Society Bulletin. So, they're watching the Birchers then.

DILAURIA

Uh huh.

COLLETTE

I know the Bureau has eyes on them in Boston and New York, but I didn't know our L.A. base had an operation to monitor the group.

DILAURIA

They don't.

Collette is troubled upon hearing this.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

We have copies of the Bulletin downstairs. In one of them they say the federal government exists to take money from hard-working Whites and give it to lazy Blacks, and that President Kennedy's helping to make it happen. Look at the next shot.

Collette flips to the next photo, a man leaving the townhome.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

That's General Edwin Walker.

COLLETTE

The one Kennedy forced to resign.

DILAURIA

The Birchers are really cornering  
the market on bigots and lunatics.

COLLETTE

Including Henry Jensen?

DILAURIA

Including our Henry Jensen.

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

LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) sits at his desk sipping tea. He is  
annoyed at Latham who meanders about the room, despondent.

JONES

Will you sit down, Warren? You're  
making me nervous.

LATHAM

Have you heard a word I've said?

JONES

What do you want me to say, huh? We  
don't have a way to get the Ring  
out of East Berlin either.

LATHAM

But you've got way more agents there  
than we do. All I want you to do is  
contact one of them. Have him help  
the Ring get over the Wall.

JONES

If the VoPo and the Stasi are as  
twitched as you say, what good  
would it do to contact them? We'd  
end up getting them killed as well!

Latham goes to the window and peers out at the grounds.

JONES (CONT'D)

Why don't you try the BND?

LATHAM

It's a joint CIA-MI6 operation,  
remember? We're supposed to work  
this out between ourselves;

(MORE)



LATHAM (CONT'D)  
that's the whole idea of the Special  
Relationship.

JONES  
That doesn't mean setting up our  
joes to be sacrificial lambs.

LATHAM  
All I'm asking for is one joe, or  
better yet, an East Berlin-oriented  
agent.

JONES  
Yeah, for an operation London says  
should have been packed up years ago  
because their Intel is worthless!

Latham shakes his head then turns and chuckles sardonically.

LATHAM  
Hm, we're great when it comes to  
cheerleading, but God forbid we  
have to get our hands dirty.

JONES  
Speak for yourself, Warren.

LATHAM  
(sighs, apologetically)  
Yeah, I guess I am.

JONES  
Look, I'll ask the folks back home.  
Just don't expect much. If you want  
my opinion, I think you'd be better  
off using an Outside Man.

Latham nods and extends a hand to Jones who shakes it.

LATHAM  
Thanks, Larry.

JONES  
Come on, I'll escort you off the  
premises.

LATHAM  
Oh, I was going to stop in and see  
Fiona before I left.

JONES  
She's in a meeting with Ambassador  
Ormsby-Gore and the Under Secretary  
for Political Affairs, Sir Malcolm  
Newland.

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

The FCO sent Sir Malcolm here to discuss economic policy with the Caribbean colonies. Fiona's there to provide the ambassador with whatever background he needs.

LATHAM

I thought that was your job.

JONES

It was, 'til Ormsby-Gore realized the smart one on the second floor was Fiona.

As the two leave Jones's office...

JONES (CONT'D)

His Aide-de-camp told me Ormsby-Gore was so impressed with Fiona, he even mentioned her to his old pal, President Kennedy.

LATHAM

Hmm, I'll have to remind the president that she's off limits.

ACT TWO

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

A few CIA officers stroll about the compound on this warm spring afternoon.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette types away at her desk. Latham enters. She stops and looks up.

LATHAM

Get me the files of all my station personnel.

COLLETTE

Um, that'll take a bit. Something specific you're looking for?

LATHAM

Yes, anyone who's East Berlin oriented.

COLLETTE

Okay. Oh...

She reaches into her middle desk drawer and pulls out the folder of developed prints DiLauria had left with her.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Here...

(hands the file to Latham)

The photos you had Carla develop.

Latham nods as he accepts the folder.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Seems the FBI photographed people leaving a meeting of the John Birch Society in Los Angeles. Our L.A. Number Two, Henry Jensen, and General Walker were there.

Latham opens the folder and looks through the photos.

LATHAM

Did Carla verify whether L.A. was running an Op against the Birchers?

COLLETTE

She did; there isn't one.

Latham sighs. The Red phone RINGS; Collette answers it.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

2-3-6-2...

LATHAM

(mutters to himself)

Jensen... Bastard.

COLLETTE

(into phone)

Yes, I'll tell him.

She hangs up.

LATHAM

Tell me what?

COLLETTE

D-Int's on his way up.

LATHAM

Show him in when he gets here.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham enters, leaving his office door open. He sits at his desk and looks at the photos in the folder. Seconds later Collette KNOCKS on the door and leads BILL NEALY into the office. He has a satchel tucked under his arm.

COLLETTE

The Intelligence Director.

She leaves, closing the door behind her.

LATHAM  
Have a seat, Bill.

Nealy sits in a chair.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Did we have a meeting scheduled?

NEALY  
No, no. I just didn't want anyone  
at Langley to know we were meeting.

Sufficiently intrigued, Latham leans back in his chair and motions for Nealy to continue.

NEALY (CONT'D)  
I have a tape recording you should  
hear; it's from my man at the NSA.

LATHAM  
What?

NEALY  
It's a radio interview. Can you get  
a 7-inch reel tape recorder?

LATHAM  
There's one in The Hole.

NEALY  
Good. I don't want to play this in  
the Comm Room or within earshot of  
anyone in the Ops Room.

LATHAM  
Okay.  
(locks the folder in his  
desk drawer)  
Come on.

He gets up. Nealy follows suit, carrying his satchel.

THE HOLE

Latham, Nealy, Bazzo, and DiLauria sit around a table on which a reel-to-reel tape recorder has been threaded with tape from a 7-inch spool onto an empty one.

NEALY  
Johnson was in Dallas last week and  
gave an interview to KRCD radio. He  
told them President Kennedy plans  
to visit Dallas and a few other  
Texas cities this summer.

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

Then, after listening to some criticism of the president by the station's reporter, LBJ responded with this. It's very short.

He turns the tape recorder switch to PLAY.

VICE PRESIDENT JOHNSON (O.S.)

If the plane goes down, you go down with it... At least wait until November before you shoot him down.

Nealy stops the tape recorder. Curious looks pass between DiLauria and Bazzo.

BAZZO

Sounds like LBJ's asking people to wait 'til November before deciding to vote Republican.

DILAURIA

Most likely for Senator Goldwater.

NEALY

That's how my people took it too.

BAZZO

But you don't agree?

Nealy shakes his head no.

LATHAM

Hmm, what Johnson says makes sense until you remember that the election isn't this November but next year.

DILAURIA

You could reasonably argue that that's what Johnson meant - November of '64, not this November.

NEALY

Listen to it again.

He rewinds the tape and plays it.

VICE PRESIDENT JOHNSON (O.S.)

If the plane goes down, you go down with it... At least wait until November before you shoot him down.

Nealy again stops the tape recorder.

NEALY

He could have said 'in 1964' or 'November of next year';

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

or just corrected himself by saying he meant next year, but he doesn't. He gives the impression he means this coming November.

BAZZO

Yeah, but that's LBJ; he's stupid that way.

NEALY

True - except, given what we know is brewing in Miami...

DILAURIA

Oh, geezus...

LATHAM

I can see Johnson being so giddy with the idea of becoming president by Thanksgiving that he let slip a few choice words.

NEALY

Me too. At best it's circumstantial evidence of his involvement.

LATHAM

But nowhere near enough to convince Berard of Johnson's complicity.

NEALY

No, but it is enough for you to persuade Kennedy to avoid Texas.

LATHAM

If he'll listen. He knows he can't win without those votes.

BAZZO

And he is a politician.

LATHAM

Hmm... Why did the NSA record this?

NEALY

My man there has heard all the scuttlebutt about Kennedy planning to dump Johnson from the ticket. He believes LBJ will never be satisfied just being vice president; he's too ambitious and too much of a crook.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is brown-bagging it, eating an egg salad sandwich and washing it down with a bottle of Coca-Cola. Latham enters.

COLLETTE

The DD 201's are on the table in your office. While I was getting them two possibles came to mind.

LATHAM

And they are...

COLLETTE

On your desk.

LATHAM

Thanks.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham enters and sits at his desk. He opens one of the two DD 201 files, smiling in admiration as he reads through it. He puts it down and reads through the second file; his eyes widen in surprise. He leans back in his chair, nods to himself, and presses the intercom.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Yes?

A "CRUNCH!" comes over the intercom, sounding like a tree branch snapping off in high wind.

LATHAM

What the hell was that?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Huh? Oh, that was the lettuce. You caught me in mid-chew.

LATHAM

What's Berard's schedule look like?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Hold on... He's in the whole day.

LATHAM

Thanks.

He hangs up the intercom and dials the Red phone.

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

3-5-0-1...

LATHAM

It's Warren Latham. Let me speak to Mr. Berard, please.

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

One moment, sir.

A moment later...

BERARD (O.S.)  
Berard here.

LATHAM  
Sir, can I come up and see you now?

BERARD (O.S.)  
Um, yes. Come right on up.

LATHAM  
Thank you.

He hangs up, gathers the two files and leaves.

BERARD'S OFFICE

An antique, brass rolling Tea Cart sits by the desk. WILSON BERARD eats bangers and mash off china with gold lace around the rim. He stops and lifts the stainless steel cover off a chafing dish, revealing more bangers and mash. Beside this traditional British fare is a teapot covered by a tea cozy.

BERARD  
You sure I can't tempt you to join me? It's quite delicious.

LATHAM  
Thank you, sir, but no. I'm fine.

BERARD  
Right, you're a steamed hamburger man. Joe and Nemo's, I believe.

He grins and places the cover back on the chafing dish. He resumes eating, interspersing mouthfuls with a spot of tea.

BERARD (CONT'D)  
As I understand it, there's only two members of KIBITZ's Ring left.

LATHAM  
Three, if you count KIBITZ-1, who's been compromised.

BERARD  
Do we know who the other two are?

LATHAM  
The Schalks, a couple in their 50s. They work in the Volkskammer.

BERARD  
Hmm... At one time, weren't there fifteen or so in the Ring?



LATHAM

Yes. Most of them left East Germany during the brain drain years ago.

BERARD

And MI6 considers KIBITZ a dead operation, is that correct?

LATHAM

Yes, sir. We've heard very little from them the last three years. What was passed along was no better than what's available from open-source material.

BERARD

I see. And there was no guarantee of rescue given to these remaining members of the Ring?

LATHAM

At the time the Wall went up, we offered to get everyone out. Back then the Wall was just a stretch of barbed wire in a lot of places; you could jump over it. The VoPo didn't have enough men to watch all the places where you could cross. We got everyone out except for those three. They chose to stay behind and keep sending us information.

BERARD

Hmm, idealists. And your plan now is to send someone into East Berlin to lead the couple over the Wall.

LATHAM

Yes, sir. The Stasi have KIBITZ-1, so he's lost. And I can't risk having any other East Berlin agents help them. By now, KIBITZ-1 would have identified everyone he knows.

BERARD

Yes... This couple, the Schalks - I assume they've gone to ground.

LATHAM

They have.

BERARD

For how long?

LATHAM

They'll resurface in 48 hours.

BERARD

So time is of the essence here.  
Have you considered asking the  
Berlin Desk for help?

LATHAM

I'd rather not. The VoPo will be on  
high alert watching the checkpoints,  
and the Stasi know all our station  
personnel there.

BERARD

You think the Stasi were shaking  
the tree when they rumbled KIBITZ?

LATHAM

It's possible. But given how  
infrequently KIBITZ-1 kept in  
contact with us, he must have been  
compromised by someone at the  
Berlin Station rather than, say,  
having a message intercepted.

BERARD

(sighs, distressed)  
Another plant.

LATHAM

If I ask the Berlin Desk at Langley  
for help, they'll coordinate with  
the Berlin station.

BERARD

Alerting whoever's doubling there.  
So, whom did you want to send?

LATHAM

I have two people who are East  
Berlin oriented - Jared Stokes on  
the Duty Desk and Henry Jensen.

BERARD

And Jensen is...

LATHAM

The L.A. Number Two. Jared's by far  
the better choice. He's smart and  
has excellent tradecraft. One of  
his early tours was in Berlin where  
the BND liaison officer swore Jared  
was a native German speaker.

BERARD

Hmm, he is brilliant. And this  
Henry Jensen?

LATHAM

He graduated from The Farm a year ago, which means his East Berlin orientation is more recent.

BERARD

As you say, though, the VoPo are on high alert. And being Black, Jared would be an obvious target for them.

LATHAM

I agree, sir; that's why I'd like to send Jensen.

BERARD

You're avoiding sending a mandarin.

LATHAM

With what happened to mandarin Two on her last mission there, the Stasi and the VoPo would recognize her on sight.

BERARD

What about disguising her?

LATHAM

That'd hold up if she were being observed from a distance. Up close though, they'd see right through it.

BERARD

And mandarin One?

LATHAM

He's not East Berlin oriented. Plus, he's not ready. He'd be arrested and shot, and so would anyone with him.

BERARD

I see. What do you want to do about this plant in our Berlin station?

LATHAM

I'll wait to see how this plays out first. To do anything now would jeopardize the operation.

BERARD

Alright, go ahead. Just keep me posted.

Latham nods, gets up and leaves.

MID-SHOW BREAK

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Latham enters amid the usual hubbub and approaches Percy at the Duty Desk.

LATHAM

Tom, call the mandarins; ask them both to get here, PDQ.

PERCY

Yes, sir.

He picks up the Red phone and dials. Latham moves to Nichols.

PERCY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Mr. Latham wants you and mandarin  
Two here in the Ops Room right away.

LATHAM

(overlapping to Nichols)

Find out when the next two flights  
leave L.A. for Washington National.

Percy hangs up the Red phone while Nichols grabs a thick binder of flight schedules from a shelf and searches through them. As Stokes eyes all of this, Bazzo and DiLauria hurry in.

STOKES

What's going on, sir?

LATHAM

We're running a rescue operation.  
Turns out Henry Jensen is East  
Berlin oriented. So I'm sending him  
there to get the last two members  
of the KIBITZ Ring out.

Bazzo and DiLauria are pleased, but this irks Stokes.

STOKES

Sir, I'm also East Berlin oriented.

LATHAM

I know that.

NICHOLS

Sir, TWA has a non-stop flight  
leaving LAX at 12:40 Pacific time;  
it arrives at 20:55 local time. The  
next flight is Pan Am, leaving at  
13:40 Pacific time and arriving  
here at 22:00 local time.

LATHAM

Book Jensen on the Pan Am flight.

STOKES  
(offended)  
Is this about me being Black?

LATHAM  
Yes.

There is an incredulous GASP from those within earshot; they're stunned. Stokes is outraged.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
You're clearly the better choice here, Jared. But you know yourself the VoPo are looking at everyone crossing into East Berlin, assuming they're allowing anyone in at all. Given what's happened though, there's no disguise in the world that would lead them to think you're anything but a Black intelligence officer from the West. You'd be arrested, tortured, put through a show trial and shot.

BAZZO  
You can bank on that, Jared.

Stokes is shaken by this.

LATHAM  
I'm not saying this Op's destined to fail; but that possibility exists, as it does with all operations.

STOKES  
So you're saying those two agents in East Berlin aren't important?

LATHAM  
To their friends and families, yes - but less so to us; which is why I won't send you or a mandarin on a job with zero reward. I can't afford to lose one of my best officers.

Stokes's notion of a racist tactic wanes. He now understands Latham's reasoning, and honesty. Latham turns to Nichols.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Reid, look for flights leaving here for Berlin tomorrow, as early as possible. Check the MATS flights.

NICHOLS  
Yes, sir.

LATHAM

Jared, I want you to send a message to our Los Angeles Number One, Calvin Moore. Tell him there's an exfiltration operation underway, and I need Jensen on that Pan Am flight to Washington. No excuses. Tell Moore I'll brief him myself later today. Get the flight details from Reid and include them in the message.

STOKES

Yes, sir.

He writes the message on a legal notepad.

LATHAM

And Reid, make sure you leave a prepaid ticket for Jensen at the Pan Am ticket counter.

Nichols nods and puts his hand over the mouthpiece of the Gray phone's handset.

NICHOLS

Sir, there's a MATS flight from Andrews Air Force Base to Tempelhof leaving at 04:05 tomorrow.

LATHAM

Good. Get Jensen on it.

Nichols speaks into the Gray phone.

BAZZO

What do you have for us, boss?

LATHAM

Hang on. Tom, I need a name.

Percy looks through a binder.

PERCY

It'll be Operation CROSSWALK.

Stokes writes this on his legal notepad. Latham turns to Bazzo and DiLauria.

LATHAM

I want you and Carla to sit in with Jared during turnover. You'll find procedures for agents going to ground and surfacing in the operational brief.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

It'll also detail the documentation Jensen will need for the Schalks. So make sure you get that made up right away. Now, I want you both here when the night shift briefs Jensen, in case he has any questions. So, after dinner go and bunk in the Infirmary. Don't forget to set the alarm clock.

BAZZO

Gee, and I forgot my jammies.

DILAURIA

Jensen's bound to be exhausted.

BAZZO

He's not the only one.

LATHAM

You'll be turning in soon. Jensen can sleep on the way to Tempelhof.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI - DAY (DUSK)

INSERT: "University of Miami, Florida"

A few Latino Men in their 20s cross the campus quadrangle.

INT. ANTECHAMBER

BETH, a CIA administrative assistant, puts a vinyl cover over her Smith-Corona Sterling manual typewriter. The Gray phone RINGS. She GROANS and answers it.

BETH

Yes?

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)

A Mr. Bill Hall is asking to speak with Fred Crosby.

BETH

Just a moment, please.

She puts the call on Hold then presses the intercom buzzer.

CROSBY (O.S.)

I thought you were going home?

BETH

I am. There's a call for you on Gray from a Mr. Bill Hall.

CROSBY (O.S.)

Damn... Yeah, alright.

Beth hangs up the intercom. She takes the call on the Gray phone off Hold.

BETH  
I'll take the call, Operator.

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Transferring the call to you.

BETH  
Mr. Hall?

HALL (O.S.)  
Yes.

BETH  
Hold on, please.

A GROAN comes from Hall just before Beth transfers the call.

CROSBY'S OFFICE

The multi-line Gray phone RINGS, a button BLINKS. Sitting at his desk, FRED CROSBY answers the call.

CROSBY  
Crosby...

HALL (O.S.)  
It's Bill Hall. The owner of that car you asked me about wants to sell. I'm having dinner with him now at Badias, if you're still interested.

CROSBY  
I am. You say you're at Badias?

HALL  
Yeah, the sandwich shop. It's on...

CROSBY  
I know where it is. See you in an hour.

He hangs up.

EXT. LITTLE HAVANA, MIAMI - DAY (DUSK)

A street sign reads "Welcome to CALLE 8, MIAMI." On 8th Street, amid mom-and-pop stores, is "Badias Sandwich."

INT. BADIAS SANDWICH

The influence of American diners of the 1930s is evident in the decor and fixed-stool seating at the counter.



Noisy patrons abound, most of whom eat sandwiches with a Coca-Cola, or sip espresso and munch on a selection of meat pies.

Crosby enters. At a table in a far corner Schott eats a sandwich and sips a Coca-Cola. Crosby is clearly displeased as he sits opposite Schott. (They speak sotto voce.)

CROSBY

What the hell are you doing here?

SCHOTT

Eating. Come on, join me.

CROSBY

That's it; I'm leaving.

SCHOTT

No, wait. Wait! Come on, Crosby...

CROSBY

You're supposed to be in Rome.

SCHOTT

I was sent to pacify Marcello.

CROSBY

He's in New Orleans.

SCHOTT

So was I, 'til a couple hours ago.

The WAITER arrives. He speaks Spanish; Crosby replies in kind.

WAITER

Puedo traerle algo, señor?

CROSBY

Um... Un espresso, medio dulce.

The Waiter nods and leaves.

CROSBY (CONT'D)

Who sent you to see Marcello?

SCHOTT

You know better than to ask me that.

CROSBY

Look, if you're here trying to worm your way back into ZR/RIFLE...

SCHOTT

Geezus, will you relax?! Management sent me to see him 'cause they know I get along with him.

CROSBY

Why? And don't give me any need-to-know bullshit or I'm outta here.

The Waiter returns with Crosby's espresso then leaves.

SCHOTT

Hoffa wants him to kill Bobby Kennedy. I told Marcello to just let Hoffa rant, and we'd pay him not to act on Hoffa's request.

CROSBY

(skeptical)

Uh huh. So, what do you want?

SCHOTT

I need to get in touch with your COBBLER, Calvin Holmes.

CROSBY

Why?

SCHOTT

'Cause I need a clean passport and some pocket litter.

CROSBY

So, get it from Langley.

SCHOTT

I can't. They're the reason I need to go private.

CROSBY

What are you up to, Schott?

SCHOTT

Marcello wasn't supposed to know I was coming to see him, yet he knew. He even knew where I was staying.

Crosby shrugs.

SCHOTT (CONT'D)

Someone tipped him off, probably his lawyer, Frank Ragano. He was there.

CROSBY

And why would Ragano do that?

SCHOTT

He knows that clown, Bob Maheu; they're tight. Guy works more for the Mob than he does for us.

(MORE)

SCHOTT (CONT'D)

I think Maheu delivered a message about me to Ragano, who passed it onto Marcello.

CROSBY

A message about you?

SCHOTT

Look, I'm the one banished to fuckin' Siberia there in Italy. I know Helms and McCone wish I'd just disappear. So, it wouldn't surprise me one bit if they got Marcello to do it 'cause they know I trust him. That's why I need to be able to move around without him knowing it.

CROSBY

Know how you sound? Delusional.

SCHOTT

Hey, believe what you want. But I know something's up, and I'm not playing the fall guy. So just put me in touch with Holmes, okay?!

CROSBY

Just calm down, huh?

SCHOTT

Don't fuckin' patronize me! I've been at this game longer than you, and I know when I'm a target.

There is genuine fear in Schott's eyes. Crosby mulls it over.

CROSBY

Holmes is in L.A. I'll contact him.

SCHOTT

I'll do it. Just give me the number.

CROSBY

No.

SCHOTT

Why not?

CROSBY

'Cause I still don't trust you.

Realizing he has no other option, Schott takes an envelope from his pocket and hands it to Crosby.

SCHOTT

I took these at the bus station.

Crosby takes out a strip of four photos from the envelope.

CROSBY

You know you can't use photobooth shots, 'cause of the background.

SCHOTT

Ask him to fix it then! Geezus!

This draws attention from a nearby table. Crosby waves his hand, signaling that everything is fine. He puts the photo strip back in the envelope, which he pockets.

CROSBY

How long you plan to be in town?

SCHOTT

A week maybe. I'm staying at the Saint Michel as Bill Hall.

CROSBY

If I have it done locally, you'd have everything in a day or two.

SCHOTT

No! I only want Holmes to do it!

CROSBY

Okay, okay. You want him to choose a name for you?

SCHOTT

Yeah.

Crosby finishes his espresso and stands.

CROSBY

The coffee's on you.

He leaves. Schott surreptitiously eyes everyone there.

### ACT THREE

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Stock footage of the city's familiar landmarks.

3100 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE NW - EMBASSY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

Streetlamps highlight the wrought-iron fence, call box, and main building bearing a sign that reads "British Embassy."

INT. MI6 OFFICE

Latham, Jones and Fiona sit at the table.

JONES

You're sure it was Henry Jensen at the John Birch Society meeting?

LATHAM

Positive. William Robertson, one of the plotters, was also there. He's an attorney and a former FBI agent. So was Edwin Walker.

Jones shrugs, not recognizing the name. Fiona chimes in.

FIONA

That daft general President Kennedy kicked out of the Army.

JONES

Oh, him... And you're sure your people hadn't mounted an operation against the Birchers?

LATHAM

I'm sure.

FIONA

The photos were taken by the FBI.

JONES

You're lucky Carl Durang's got a soft spot for you, Warren. And you think Jensen may be part of this cabal to kill Kennedy.

Latham struggles with his response.

LATHAM

It's the only thing I can't rule out. At the very least, he's keeping company with people who not only advocate Kennedy's removal from office, but are willing to kill him to see that it's done.

Jones suddenly seems uncomfortable, even hurt.

JONES

Um, don't take this the wrong way, Warren - or you, Fiona; but this is the sort of thing you used to share with me before you two met.

Jones's envy is unexpected; it stings and surprises Latham.

LATHAM

I, um, I didn't mean to snub you, Larry. We've had our issues...

JONES

Mostly prompted by our masters.

LATHAM

That's only partly true. We'd both be lying if we said that didn't affect our personal as well as our professional relationship.

Jones shrugs helplessly and looks away. Latham has opened a wound, revealing the truth. Seeing Jones pained, perhaps for the first time, Latham adopts a warmer, more hopeful tone.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Look, that being said, I still consider you a friend - a trusted friend. Where Fiona fits in? I'm in love with her. You know that. So naturally, I'm going to go to her first - even if it's just to commiserate. You must have done the same with your wife.

JONES

Maybe I should have; I'd still be married.

Fiona leans over and gently pats Jones on the arm.

LATHAM

The point I'm making is that I never forget that Fiona's first loyalty is to the British firm. I'd never ask her to compromise that by going to her when I should go to you first.

JONES

So, your telling me about Jensen - is that personal or professional?

LATHAM

Both - as a friend and because I believe in the Special Relationship.

JONES

(befuddled)

Wait. What did I miss here?

LATHAM

If Kennedy were to leave office, by whatever means, it would spell the end of our firms' cooperation.

JONES

Why?

FIONA  
(interrupts Latham)  
Because President Kennedy has this  
emotional and intellectual  
attachment to Britain.

Jones is surprised to hear this.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
Did you know his favorite book is  
David Cecil's 'The Young Melbourne'?

JONES  
That's his attachment?

LATHAM  
The president's enemies, and he has  
a lot of them, they see the Special  
Relationship as part of his  
privileged legacy - his father  
having been ambassador to the U.K.

JONES  
When Neville Chamberlain was at  
Number Ten. I know.

LATHAM  
They also see Britain, especially  
the intelligence services, as  
riddled with Communists, making our  
Special Relationship a liability  
the U.S. can no longer afford.  
They'd like nothing better than to  
eliminate it, and any other  
connection to President Kennedy.

For Jones, the unsettling revelation finally strikes home.

JONES  
So, what do you need from me?

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI - CAMPUS - NIGHT

A lit sign on the lawn reads "Administration Building."

INT. CROSBY'S OFFICE

Crosby is on the Red phone.

CROSBY  
Cal, Fred Crosby again. Let me  
speak with Jensen.

INT. LOS ANGELES - CIA OFFICE - DAY (DUSK)

Plain. CALVIN MOORE, mid-30s and Black, is on the Red phone.

MOORE

He came back and left, Fred.

CROSSCUT CROSBY WITH MOORE

CROSBY

He left? Didn't you tell him I wanted to talk to him?

MOORE

I did - but he had to go on an assignment.

CROSBY

Is that just for today or...

MOORE

That's on an NKO basis, Fred. Is it something I can help you with?

CROSBY

No, just a question. It can wait.

MOORE

Business or personal?

CROSBY

Um, personal. Anyway, thanks. Talk to you later.

MOORE

Okay.

BACK TO SCENE

Crosby hangs up; he is quickly growing concerned.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 23:15. NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY are now on duty. DiLauria sits with them; Bazzo sits behind her. HENRY JENSEN sits before them receiving a briefing.

BRADLEY

You're booked on a MATS flight from Andrews Air Force Base to Tempelhof, leaving at 04:45, landing there at 20:55 local time. From there you'll take a taxi to the Hotel Am Zoo, where you're booked for two nights.

DILAURIA

Get a good night's sleep because Friday you'll meet up with one of the two agents, Gerhardt Schalk.



JENSEN

How does Schalk know where and when to meet me?

DILAURIA

The procedures are in KIBITZ's original brief.

OWENS

We've prepared a full set of documents for you under the name 'Johann Regel,' including a West German ID card and what's called a 'Temporary Travel Document in lieu of passport for German Nationals.'

JENSEN

Why would I need that? A West German passport makes more sense.

OWENS

After the war, Temporary Travel documents were issued to all German nationals. With the Wall having gone up, they're less likely to be scrutinized at checkpoints than a passport.

DILAURIA

Which makes sense for someone who's supposed to be a German national.

Jensen tries to hide his chagrin.

OWENS

It's been stamped with a previous entry into East Berlin.

JENSEN

This Johann Regel... Is he a real person or is this my working name?

FARRELL

No, he's real. He works for Leica Cameras in Wetzlar, West Germany. He's currently on holiday in Zurich.

BRADLEY

You'll take the U-Bahn to Friedrichstrasse where you'll cross on foot into East Berlin.

JENSEN

Why can't I just rent a car and drive across?

DILAURIA

Because at the checkpoints there are Stasi disguised as VoPo, wearing their uniforms. They're collecting Intel, writing down the license plate numbers to see who enters East Berlin and who owns the car. If they see you in a rental they'll become very suspicious, wondering why you didn't use your own car.

FARRELL

We also don't want to put our agents there at risk by letting you use one of their vehicles.

OWENS

Your cover story is that you're going into East Berlin to visit the factory where Zeiss lenses are made.

JENSEN

(haughtily)

You know, I own a Leica.

OWENS

I have a Kodak Instamatic.

JENSEN

Well, to each his own, right?

Rankled, Owens bites his lip. Farrell sees this and chimes in.

FARRELL

We, um, got your measurements from your last medical. Hopefully, you haven't put on any weight in the last three months.

JENSEN

Why? What do you need them for?

OWENS

Because you'll be wearing a dark green sports coat and a brown hat. That's how Schalk will recognize you. Pete, would you get them for me, please?

Farrell gets up and goes to the table where a garment bag and a hat box lie. He brings both items back to the Duty Desk. There, he unzips the travel bag, revealing the sports coat. From the box Farrell takes out a brown, stingy-brim fedora. Owens lays open the sports coat.

OWENS (CONT'D)

The sleeves are wide for a reason, which you'll learn in a minute. The inside pocket is loosely sewn shut, the way it comes from the factory. Inside it is an envelope that contains two documents making the Schalks Polish citizens, Jakub Raddatz and Krystyna Woźniak.

FARRELL

Poles can legally cross the border.

JENSEN

Why didn't they already have forged documents for something like this?

DILAURIA

Operation KIBITZ began in the 50s. Then, East Germans could cross into West Germany almost anywhere along the inner German border. It wasn't a life-or-death act like it is now.

FARRELL

Once you're inside East Berlin on Friday, you'll go to a bowling alley, Die Volks Kegelbahn.

JENSEN

The People's Bowling Alley... I didn't even know they had bowling alleys in East Berlin.

FARRELL

It's an import from their class enemy here in the West. But to maintain that proletarian spirit, instead of using automatic pinsetters, they use manual labor.

JENSEN

You're kidding.

DILAURIA

I went to one. At the end of each lane you'll see two guys dodging the pins. They set them back up, and return the bowling balls.

JENSEN

Expensive for them, isn't it?

DILAURIA

Cheap enough to have people waiting an hour or more for a lane.

Jensen shrugs dismissively.

FARRELL

You'll get the address later with your documentation, tickets, Deutsche Marks and Ost-Marks.

OWENS

You'll get to the bowling alley at 19:00 local time. Most people go bowling after work, so the lanes will be pretty crowded. As Carla said, an hour's wait isn't unusual. After you sign up for a lane you'll watch from the back, behind the seats. After ten minutes you'll go to the men's room. There'll probably be a line for that too. Go into a stall and put the envelope up the sleeve on your left arm. When you leave the men's room, Mr. Schalk will join the end of the line. He'll be wearing a gray suit with a brown hat and tie, and carrying a copy of Neues Deutschland, the East German Communist Party newspaper. It'll be cupped in his left hand with the fold in his palm. You'll do a brush pass with your left hand, dropping the envelope into his newspaper. Then go and wait until your name is called. Bowl a couple of games then leave.

Jensen leans back in his chair and folds his arms.

JENSEN

I'm curious. Why are you people handling it instead of the Berlin Desk? And why didn't Latham send a mandarin? I mean, this is what you people do, isn't it?

DILAURIA

First off, it's not politically sensitive; the operation's basically been dead for three years.

JENSEN

(smirks)

Nothing to do with the fact that the VoPo know your faces?

DILAURIA

Partly. It's also low priority, which is why you were chosen.

Again, Jensen is chagrined. Farrell looks away to hide his delight.

OWENS

After your second night at the Am Zoo, you'll check out and fly on Lufthansa to Munich where you'll catch a connecting flight to Washington National.

Owens eyes the gold-plated wrist band of Jensen's ornate Bulova watch.

OWENS (CONT'D)

You're not going to wear that watch there, are you?

JENSEN

Why? What's wrong with it?

DILAURIA

You're supposed to be a conservative German businessman. That watch will draw undue attention to yourself.

JENSEN

No, no, you're wrong. People in Europe appreciate a fine timepiece.  
(smirks)  
Or is it that you're just jealous?

He looks at Owens's cloth strap Timex wristwatch. Owens seethes and is about to respond when DiLauria interrupts.

DILAURIA

Switch watches with Owens.

JENSEN

What?

DILAURIA

You heard me. Switch watches with him. His won't draw attention.

Jensen hesitates. Bazzo speaks for the only time during the briefing.

BAZZO

You want me to take it off your wrist, Jensen?

Jensen angrily removes his watch and lays it on the desk. Owens removes his Timex and exchanges it with Jensen's Bulova. Jensen grits his teeth and puts on the Timex. Dilauria takes a metal, pocket-sized tin labeled "Anacin" from her pocket and lays it before Jensen.

DILAURIA

Here.

JENSEN

I don't need an aspirin.

DILAURIA

It's not aspirin.

DiLauria opens the tin. Inside are what appear to be tablets one-fourth the size of an aspirin tablet. Jensen is suddenly horrified.

JENSEN

What the fuck! Are these some new kinda L-pills?!

OWENS

If only...

DILAURIA

They're cordite.

Jensen is at sea.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Swallow one of the pieces an hour before leaving the hotel to meet Schalk. You'll feel queasy but within the hour you'll be fine.

JENSEN

Is it too much to ask why?

DILAURIA

Why no, absolutely not. After you take it your skin will look pasty, more like the German national you're supposed to be rather than some jerk from California.

EXT. IN THE SKIES OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY (DAWN)

The sky is a light blue as a Lockheed C-121 Constellation flies eastward, toward the horizon.

INT. C-121 CONSTELLATION - CABIN

Outfitted with a military passenger transport interior (read: uncomfortable). Jensen is asleep, mouth open, his face pressed against the cabin wall at a window.

EXT. WEST BERLIN - TEMPELHOF AIRPORT - MAIN TERMINAL - NIGHT

A sign of the façade reads:

**FIELD ELEVATION 163 FEET  
TEMPELHOF**

The four-engine military propjet lands on the runway.

HOTEL AM ZOO

Located on the Kurfürstendamm, it's huge awning reads "Hotel am Zoo." A sign in one of the picture windows reads "die Berlinale - die Internationalen Filmfestspiele Berlin."

INSERT TRANSLATION: "The Berlinale - The Berlin International Film Festival"

A Mercedes-Benz 220SE taxi pulls up. Jensen alights and carries a garment bag and suitcase into the hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Jensen enters and turns on the lights. He lays his suitcase on the luggage rack and hangs the garment bag in the closet. He undresses down to his skivvies, sets the alarm clock on the nightstand, turns off the lights and rolls into bed.

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

Stock footage of Foggy Bottom leading to...

WOODLAND-NORMANSTONE PARK - KAHLIL GIBRAN MEMORIAL GARDEN

As Latham and Jones stroll past people lazing about, they come upon the bronze sculpture of visual artist Kahlil Gibran. They eat steamed hamburgers and drink Diet Rite Cola. Jones eyes his hamburger with disdain.

JONES

How can you eat this for breakfast?

LATHAM

You should talk, considering that full meal you usually have.

JONES

Yeah, well, if you fed this to a would-be defector, he'd beg to be sent back to his home country - firing squad and all.

Latham is amused.

JONES (CONT'D)

Has Jensen been to East Berlin?

LATHAM

He was in Berlin in 1960 for a few months, before the Wall went up.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

But mostly, he learned the lay of the land while he was at The Farm.

JONES

Was he on assignment there?

LATHAM

Not really. He hung around the Bojar Bar most of the time.

JONES

Bojar... Never been there.

LATHAM

It's your basic watering hole. When I was in Berlin, it was frequented by Russian exiles, journalists and spooks from both sides. I doubt that's changed much. My station head used to overindulge there. He'd drink himself silly and then complain he never knew whether the person he was talking to was a reporter or a spook. God knows how many secrets he divulged.

JONES

Have you heard from him? Jensen, I mean.

LATHAM

No. His orders are not to contact the station or the Ops Room until he leaves and arrives in Munich. But your people will have eyes on him.

JONES

Up until he gets off the U-Bahn at Friedrichstrasse. But you'll still be monitoring the operation - personally, I mean.

LATHAM

Yes, from the Ops Room.

JONES

Good.

They continue their stroll.

EXT. BAHNHOF FRIEDRICHSTRASSE - DAY

INSERT: "Friedrichstrasse Railway Station, West Berlin"

Traffic moves slowly about this elevated train station for the U-Bahn (subway) and border crossing.



The Volkspolizei (VoPo), East Berlin's national police, stroll along a chain-link fence, rifles in hand, moving back East Berliners waving to loved ones on the other side.

STATION PLATFORM

The rail line comes to an abrupt end here. A subway pulls in. Its doors open and all the passengers exit, Jensen among them.

INT. VISA-KONTROLLBÜRO (VISA CONTROL OFFICE)

Drab, with walls painted gray, and rows of wooden benches. A sign high on the wall reads "Visa-Kontrollbüro." Two side-by-side former ticket booths sporting the sign "Eintrittskarten" (Tickets) have a paper sign taped above them that read "Visa." Above them is a 12-hour wall clock that reads 6:10.

Behind the gated front of each ticket window is a CUSTOMS OFFICER, a woman wearing a light blue-gray, double-breasted blazer with epaulets, a collar insignia, and a Zoll (Customs Service) Officer's Academy graduate Badge above the right chest pocket. Under the blazer is a gray tunic, all worn over a knee-length skirt the same color as the blazer.

Visa applicants wait to be called for a hearing. Jensen enters and goes to a ticket window staffed by mid-20s CUSTOMS OFFICER #1 who is polite, albeit unsmiling. (Everyone speaks German.)

JENSEN

Bitte ein Visum nach Ost-Berlin.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "A visa to East Berlin, please."

FEMALE CUSTOMS OFFICER #1

Ihren Reisepass oder Ihr vorläufiges  
Reisedokument.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Your passport or Temporary Travel document."

Jensen pulls out his wallet, takes out the "Temporary Travel Document in lieu of passport for German Nationals" - the size of a driver's licence - and hands it to her.

FEMALE CUSTOMS OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

Nehmen Sie Platz. Wir rufen Sie in  
Kürze für Ihr Vorstellungsgespräch  
an.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Have a seat. We'll call you shortly for your interview."

Jensen puts his wallet back in his pants pocket. On one of the benches he squeezes into a space between a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN WEARING A BABUSHKA and a BALDING MAN reading the tabloid Bild Zeitung.

The headline on the tabloid reads "Berlin-Krise wird Heiss" (Berlin crisis is getting hot).

BEHIND THE GATED TICKET WINDOW

Customs Officer #1 looks down as though reading something. She puts something in a folder and gets up, folder in hand.

JENSEN

Eyes Customs Officer #1 as she leaves the ticket booth and enters the waiting area where the applicants are seated. She enters a side door there leading into a corridor, shutting it behind her. Jensen does not react to this, nor do any of the applicants, indicating this routine has occurred before.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the cityscape, leading to...

LOGAN CIRCLE

Where Grecian Windflowers, Yellow Cheerfulness Daffodils, and Purple Dream Lily Tulips bloom in this small, circular park.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A view of the compound and the south façade of B building.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The officers at the Duty Desk are brown-bagging it for lunch. Latham, Bazzo and DiLauria sit among them. DiLauria has soup. Bazzo pulls a sandwich from a paper bag while Latham sips tea, his eyes on the clock. Bazzo looks at him.

BAZZO

You can have half my sandwich, if you want.

LATHAM

What have you got?

BAZZO

Liverwurst.

Latham, DiLauria and the Duty Officers scrunch up their faces.

LATHAM

I hope you've got some breath mints.

Bazzo grins and takes a roll of Certs breath mints from his pocket, brandishing it for all to see. Meanwhile, Latham checks the 24-hour wall clock; it reads 12:50. Stokes reads Latham's eyes and looks up at the clock.

STOKES

Jensen should be at the border  
checkpoint now.

Latham nods noncommittally and takes another sip of tea.

INT. VISA-KONTROLLBÜRO (VISA CONTROL OFFICE) - DAY

The 12-hour wall clock reads 6:55. A few of the applicants have left, having crossed into East Berlin or been rejected and gone home. Customs Officer #1 reads from something on her desk and calls out loudly.

FEMALE CUSTOMS OFFICER #1  
Johann Regel.

Jensen gets up and approaches the ticket window.

FEMALE CUSTOMS OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)  
(points)  
Durch die Tür auf der rechten  
Seite. Im Korridor ist es die erste  
Tür auf der linken Seite.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Through the door on the right. In the corridor it's the first door on the left."

JENSEN

Nods and goes through the same door as Female Customs Officer #1 had.

IN THE CORRIDOR

Jensen opens the first door on the left and enters the...

INTERVIEW ROOM

A MALE CUSTOMS OFFICER sits at a desk, behind him is a cabinet. On the desk are a phone and an open file. An empty chair is opposite him, pushed up against the desk.

MALE CUSTOMS OFFICER  
Setzen Sie sich, Herr Regel.

Jensen pulls out the chair; the legs SCREECH as he drags it a couple of feet across the floor then sits. The Male Customs Officer's face is a twisted mask of annoyance. Jensen barely conceals his delight at the Male Custom Officer's reaction.

The Male Customs Officer looks at the open file. Jensen's Temporary Travel card is on the verso side. On the recto side is a formal document with Jensen's photo in the upper-right corner and the following information:

Am: Freitag, 17.05.1963 Wurde geboren: 08.11.1934  
In: Boston, MASSACHUSETTS (Staat in Nordamerika USA)

Tatverdächtiger: des ungesetzlichen grenzübertretts  
Und am: 17.05.1963, Der Verdächtige hat den Behörden ein  
gefälschtes vorläufiges Reisedokument übergeben.

Name: Jensen Vornamen: Henry Jacob  
Beruf: Spion  
Anschrift de Arbeitsstelle: 2430 E Street, Northwest,  
Washington, D.C., USA  
Ort der Straftat: Grenzübergang Friedrichstrasse CIA-Agent,  
der sich als Leica-Vertreter ausgibt - ein Staatsfeind

INSERT TRANSLATION:

On: Friday, 05/17/1963 Was born: 11/08/1934  
In: Boston, MASSACHUSETTS (State in North America USA)

Suspect: illegal border crossing  
And on: 05/17/1963, The suspect has surrendered to  
authorities a forged Temporary Travel document.

Name: Jensen First names: Henry Jacob  
Profession: Spy  
Address of place of work: 2430 E Street, Northwest,  
Washington, D.C., USA  
Location of the Offense: Friedrichstrasse Border Crossing  
CIA agent posing as a Leica representative - an enemy of  
the state

BACK TO SCENE

While Jensen feigns impassivity, the Male Customs Officer  
surreptitiously presses a button beneath the desk.

In seconds FIVE STASI AGENTS burst in. Jensen jumps up and is  
immediately put in a stranglehold by STASI AGENT #1. STASI  
AGENTS #2 and #3 grab his arms, then STASI AGENTS #4 and #5  
check Jensen's hands. Finding nothing they painstakingly  
remove Jensen's clothes. Whenever Jensen attempts to resist,  
the pressure from Stasi Agent #1's armlock around Jensen's  
throat quickly increases, causing him to surrender.

Meanwhile, the Male Customs Officer has grabbed a camera with  
a flash attachment from the cabinet. He snaps photos as Jensen  
is strip-searched. STASI AGENT #2 turns to Stasi Agent #1.

STASI AGENT #2  
Keine Kapsel.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No capsule."

STASI AGENT #1  
Gut. Überprüfen Sie seinen Mund, um  
sicherzugehen.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Good. Check his mouth to be sure."

Agent #1 increases his armlock pressure, causing Jensen to GASP. Agent #3 pins Jensen's arms to his sides while Agents #4 and #5 step behind Jensen. One Agent presses down with his thumbs on Jensen's chin while the other puts his fingers in Jensen's nose and pulls it back and up. Agent #2 puts his hand in Jensen's mouth, shaking the teeth and feeling between the cheeks and gums. He pulls his hand out of Jensen's mouth.

STASI AGENT #2

Er ist sauber.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "He's clean."

Agents #4 and #5 release Jensen's mouth and grab hold of Jensen's arms.

STASI AGENT #1

Schnappen Sie sich seine Klamotten  
und los geht's.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Grab his clothes and let's go."

While Agent #2 gets a duffel bag from the cabinet, Agent #3 picks up Jensen's clothes and rolls them into a ball. Agent #2 stuffs the ball into the duffel bag, then the Agents escort Jensen into the corridor.

VISA-KONTROLLBÜRO (VISA CONTROL OFFICE) - NIGHT (EVENING)

The 12-hour wall clock reads 8:30. Only four applicants are left, including the Babushka Woman. She gets up and goes to the ticket window.

BABUSHKA WOMAN

Ich muss auf die Damentoilette,  
falls Sie mich anrufen.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I have to go to the ladies' room in case you call me."

FEMALE CUSTOMS OFFICER #1

Dein Name bitte?

BABUSHKA WOMAN

Anna Richter.

FEMALE CUSTOMS OFFICER #1

Das werde ich mir notieren.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I'll make a note of that."

As the Babushka Woman leaves, Female Customs Officer #1 rolls her eyes.

EXT. FRIEDRICHSTRASSE - STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT (EVENING)

The Babushka Woman enters a waiting subway. Seconds later the doors close and the subway RUMBLES out the station.

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

Inside the Guard Shack a UNIFORMED MARINE CORPS GUARD stands vigil.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 15:15. Latham, Bazzo, and DiLauria are there with the Day Shift. Amid the usual PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones, the Gray phone near Stokes RINGS loudest. He answers it.

STOKES

Yes... Duty Officer Stokes here...  
Hold on a minute.

He grabs a legal notepad and a pencil and starts writing.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Go ahead... Yes, I got it. Thanks.  
(hangs up)

That was MI6. Their joe reports  
Jensen went in for his interview at  
the Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse  
checkpoint at 18:55 local time.

DILAURIA

Jensen should be bowling gutter  
balls by now.

Smiles, head-nods and consensus murmuring abound - save for Latham who remains coolly noncommittal. Minnie enters holding a yellow sheet of teletype copy and hands it to Stokes. As he reads it, apprehension quickly replaces the aplomb he shared with others at the Duty Desk.

LATHAM

What is it, Jared?

STOKES

From Reuters... The Volkspolizei  
say they've arrested an American,  
Henry Jacob Jensen, who attempted  
to illegally enter East Berlin.  
They claim Jensen's a CIA agent who  
posed as a West German businessman.  
He was apprehended at the Bahnhof  
Friedrichstrasse checkpoint.

What follows is the silence that dread brings. Latham is stoic, despite the heavy pall cast over everyone at the Duty Desk.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Do you have a brief for me, sir?

LATHAM

Just monitor the news coming from West Berlin - and update the map. I'll be in my office.

He leaves. Stokes's concern at Latham's response is shared by Bazzo and DiLauria. Stokes looks at MARGARET, late-20s, sitting at her desk.

STOKES

Update Berlin, Margaret. Red.

MARGARET

Nods and pulls open a desk drawer, revealing a large, clear plastic box containing green, red, yellow and white pushpins.

AT THE DUTY DESK

Stokes looks at Bazzo and DiLauria.

STOKES

The third floor's bound to ask me about Berlin.

DILAURIA

Refer them to Mr. Latham.

BAZZO

I'm not even sure he has an answer.

AT THE WALL MAP OF EUROPE

Margaret removes a GREEN PUSHPIN from Berlin and replaces it with a RED one.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - EMBASSY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM - DAY

The main building bears a sign that reads "British Embassy."

INT. MI6 OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 15:22. As is his routine, Jones eats lunch, fish and chips, at his desk while reading the U.K. newspaper The Daily Telegraph. There is a KNOCK on the door. Fiona enters holding a yellow sheet of wire service copy.

FIONA

The VoPo arrested Jensen.

JONES  
(curls a half-smile)  
Did they...

Fiona mirrors Jones's sense of accomplishment. She tries to lay the wire service copy on his desk, but the food and the newspaper leave no room for it. Fiona rolls up the copy and puts it in Jones's British Racing Green pencil cup on the corner of his desk. Then she leaves.

INT. CROSBY'S OFFICE - DAY

Just outside the window, Everglades palm trees WOOSH in the stiff breeze. Crosby reads the yellow sheet of teletype copy.

INSERT YELLOW SHEET OF TELETYPE COPY:

**Reuters  
RWS229**

**(CIA AGENT ARRESTED)**

**(BERLIN) The Deutsche Volkspolizei, the East German Police, say they have arrested an American, Henry Jacob Jensen, who attempted to illegally cross the border into East Berlin at the Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse checkpoint.**

**The Volkspolizei claim Jensen is a CIA agent posing as a West German businessman.**

**CSA146GDR05/63...**

BACK TO SCENE

Crosby sets the wire service copy on his desk, his concern and worry evident.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

The lights are off, the window blinds shut, and the drapes drawn over the blinds. Once again, a slide projector on a table emits the only light as it throws an image onto a screen. Wisps of cigarette smoke laze about.

Sitting at a table in familiar silhouette are the THREE MEN. On screen is a file photo of Will Schott.

MAN #3  
You think Schott suspects anything?

MAN  
I certainly hope so. This phase depends on it.

MAN #3  
What if he doesn't take the bait?

MAN  
He's a drunk who hates the Kennedys enough to want to kill them himself.

(MORE)



MAN (CONT'D)

He was sent to see Carlos Marcello, a Mafia boss he's chummy with. His instructions were to convince the Mob not to hit either Kennedy, even though Schott knows Marcello wants to see them dead. By now, Schott has to be wondering why he was asked to do this.

MAN #2

Add to that the fact that Marcello was told Schott was coming to see him and where he was staying, when Schott believed no one knew any of this beforehand. That only adds to his paranoia.

MAN

He'll believe he's being set up. So he'll make moves on his own to try to cover his tracks, make himself less visible, which is exactly what he did when he asked Crosby to help him get a clean passport.

MAN #3

But Crosby suspects Schott is up to something, like trying to sabotage the anti-Castro demonstrations.

MAN

Something we didn't expect, but welcome just the same. Look, no one can predict what'll happen in years to come. If this starts to unravel, even just a bit, fingers could point this way. So we have to prepare for the possibility of a limited hangout. And to that end, Schott is our tethered goat.

MAN #3

How do you think Schott will see Jensen's arrest by the VoPo?

CLICK. Jensen's file photo appears on the screen.

MAN

In his mind it'll be confirmation of a plot against him.

MAN #2

Hmm... That's something to think about, whether Latham was onto Jensen's role in The Big Event, and that's why he sent him.

MAN

I don't think so. For one thing, I can see why he sent Jensen instead of one of his mandarins. It was a low-priority lift. He only needed someone who's East Berlin oriented.

MAN #3

Was Jensen supposed to lead them over the Wall?

MAN

The VoPo put out a later statement saying Jensen had documentation on him making the agents Polish citizens. That way they could cross the Wall legally.

MAN #2

The BND told my people in Berlin they believe Jensen was going to do a brush pass, and that's pretty low-risk. Seems unlikely to me that Latham would send Jensen there to disrupt what we're doing.

MAN

I agree. But Latham and his lot are still a major problem. One we'll have to address sooner rather than later.

END