

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Four, Episode #11: "Ruse de Guerre"

WGA Registered. This teleplay may not be used or reproduced without the expressed, written permission of the author.

tony garcia
1629 S. Mole Street
Philadelphia, PA 19145
(215) 908-9152
tonyg030652@gmail.com

Cool Gray Dawn

Episode #11: "Ruse de Guerre"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT (EVENING)

Stock footage of the National Mall then the White House, both illuminated by accent lights.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

PRESIDENT KENNEDY addresses the nation in a speech broadcast over radio and television.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Good evening, my fellow citizens. I speak to you tonight in a spirit of hope. Eighteen years ago the advent of nuclear weapons changed the course of the world as well as war. Since that time, all mankind has been struggling to escape from the darkening prospect of mass destruction on earth.

INT. LIVING ROOM

In this middle-class home, a White family - a MOTHER and FATHER sitting apart on either end of a Scandinavian armless sofa, and two elementary school-aged children sitting cross-legged on the carpet - watch President Kennedy deliver his address on their 21-inch console television.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

In an age when both sides have come to possess enough nuclear power to destroy the human race several times over, the world of communism and the world of free choice have been caught up in a vicious circle of conflicting ideology and interest.

INT. 2ND LIVING ROOM

A working-class Black family - a MOTHER and FATHER and two children, one of elementary school-age, the other a teenager - sit together on a four-seater cloth sofa. They eat TV dinners from four foldable metal TV trays with stands, while President Kennedy continues his address to the nation over their heavy (30 pounds) 1957 GE portable television with a 10-inch screen.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Each increase of tension has produced an increase of arms; each increase of arms has produced an increase of tension. In these years, the United States and the Soviet Union have frequently communicated suspicion and warnings to each other, but very rarely hope.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - TAXI STAND

The HACKS smoke cigars and cigarettes and huddle around one taxi whose DRIVER has his windows rolled down and the volume on his portable radio turned up.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (O.S.)

Our representatives have met at the summit and at the brink; they have met in Washington and in Moscow; in Geneva and at the United Nations. But too often these meetings have produced only darkness, discord, or disillusion.

INT. THIRD LIVING ROOM

This sunken room features exposed brick and a fireplace with a mahogany mantel clock on one wall; on another hangs Willem de Kooning's "Woman-Ochre" painting. Pendant lights, potted houseplants, accent chairs, side tables, ottomans, an oriental rug, and finally two floor-to-ceiling barrister bookcases flank a console 21-inch TV set, itself resting on four legs.

From behind a Chesterfield sofa, the neatly coiffed, salt-and-pepper hair of a MAN is tapered to the nape of his neck, just above the collar of his smoking jacket. His head never moves as he watches the president's address on his television set.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Yesterday a shaft of light cut into the darkness. Negotiations were concluded in Moscow on a treaty to ban all nuclear tests in the atmosphere, in outer space, and under water. For the first time, an agreement has been reached on bringing the forces of nuclear destruction under international control—a goal first sought in 1946 when Bernard Baruch presented a comprehensive control plan to the United Nations.

With the remote in hand, he lowers the volume on the television with several CLICKS on the remote control.

He sets down the remote on the side table next to the sofa, picks up the phone there and dials. Meanwhile, President Kennedy continues his address.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

That plan, and many subsequent disarmament plans, large and small, have all been blocked by those opposed to international inspection. A ban on nuclear tests, however, requires on-the-spot inspection only for underground tests.

MAN

(overlapping, into phone)

It's me. You watching Kennedy's address?... You realize how much money your people stand to lose?... At least that... No, he won't make it to Thanksgiving... Either in the Midwest, the Southeast or the Southwest... I told you, he cancels trips whenever he gets a whiff of trouble; that made the contingencies necessary... I need the additional funds... Good. I'll be in touch.

He hangs up.

EXT. MOSCOW, RUSSIA - DAY (MORNING)

INSERT: "Moscow, Russia"

Stock footage of Red Square and...

2 DZERZHINSKY SQUARE - LUBYANKA

This large, Neo-Baroque building with a façade of yellow brick is the headquarters, and prison, of the KGB.

EXT. COURTYARD

There are several smaller buildings within the walls of Lubyanka, making several courtyards. This one is no different than the others - bleak, with a cement surface that is cracked and disintegrated where water has pooled near poorly installed drain covers. The faded, and in some instances, crumbling brick walls of the interior buildings lend drab, gray color to the area. Against one wall is a handrail running the length of one of the buildings.

It is, perhaps, the KGB's ironic sense of humor, then, that finds DR. WALTER LINSE in gray prison pajamas standing wobbly, his back to the wall of this building, hands behind his back, handcuffed together and around the handrail.

Standing in the courtyard a few meters away from Dr. Linse are three men: two RUSSIAN SOLDIERS in brown summer fatigues and caps, standing at parade rest, each with an SVD-63 sniper rifle (minus the scope) by his side. The third man is a KGB OFFICER, short and pudgy in a dark suit one size too small, making him look as though he had girlishly gained weight at the waist and hips. Highly visible in his shoulder holster is a Makarov PM, semi-automatic pistol. (They speak Russian.)

KGB OFFICER
Vnimanaye!

The Two Russian Soldiers snap to attention.

KGB OFFICER (CONT'D)
Portovoye oruzhiye!

The Soldiers raise their rifles and hold them in a ready position across their chests.

KGB OFFICER (CONT'D)
Tsel'!

The Soldiers aim their rifles at Dr. Linse, who whimpers.

DR. LINSE
Pozhaluysta, ne delay etogo.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Please don't do this."

KGB OFFICER
Ogon'!

The CRACK of rifle fire echoes. The bullets tear through the viscera of Dr. Linse's chest and stomach, collapsing inelastic tissue inwards and leaving a large cavity. Hot gas expels from Dr. Linse's mouth. He slumps at the waist, his head and torso suspended above the ground, a result of being handcuffed to the handrail. The KGB Officer draws his Makarov PM from its holster and holds it low by his side. He walks up to Dr. Linse, points the pistol at the doctor's head, and FIRES.

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

Stock footage of the National Mall and the White House.

LAFAYETTE SQUARE

This small, seven-acre park on H Street is a stone's throw from the White House. WARREN LATHAM and LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) stroll; the White House looms behind them.

LATHAM
And your people are sure it was Dr.
Walter Linse?

JONES

Henry Jensen and his three KGB minders left Sheremetyevo Airport at 08:30 Moscow time yesterday en route to Schönefeld Airfield in East Berlin. After he was exchanged for Boris Kalkov, Jensen told our people that about a half hour before he was taken from his cell, he heard gunshots coming from the courtyard. When his KGB minders came to get him, he asked them who had just been shot. One of his minders said Jensen should be glad it wasn't him. He said the man who was executed had called himself a doctor. Jensen said the KGB minder laughed and said something like 'a lawyer who thinks he's a doctor.' The minder then said the man was really a traitor working for the CIA, but under the guise of being a lawyer for The Committee of Free Jurists. That has to be Dr. Linse.

LATHAM

I knew once the Stasi transferred him to Lubyanka, he was as good as dead. I just didn't think it would be this soon.

JONES

For some reason the KGB had a real urgency to kill him.

LATHAM

Damn. I've done a lot of favors for Kennedy and that Irish mob of his. I ask for one in return, to trade for Dr. Linse, and Rusk turns me down.

JONES

I'm not taking his side, Warren, but I'm sure Rusk must have said something like it was for the greater good.

LATHAM

Yeah, well, fuck the greater good!

Jones decides to change tack.

JONES

Since you're in such a good mood...

Embarrassed, Latham grins sheepishly at his behavior.

JONES (CONT'D)

I was wondering if you had any plans to work late.

LATHAM

I always work late.

JONES

I mean, later than usual.

LATHAM

Why?

JONES

Just wondering if that meant Collette had to work late too.

LATHAM

(archly)

No, not as long as you're taking her out for dinner instead of making her cook you one.

JONES

Boy, you are a taskmaster. Notice how I chose a polite word to describe you?

LATHAM

I noticed - you prick.

They both are amused.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Have a good time.

They part, leaving in separate directions.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

Latham and a host of CIA employees pass by the guard shack and enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 08:50. COLLETTE DOWD enters Latham's Office carrying two piles of file folders. She returns empty-handed just as Latham enters.

COLLETTE

Morning.

LATHAM

Good morning.

He grins slyly. Collette eyes him curiously.

COLLETTE

What's going on?

LATHAM

I have a standing order to let you off work at a decent hour today.

COLLETTE

You met with SMOTH. He wants to give the Old Ebbitt Grill a try.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham enters followed by Collette. He sets his satchel on his desk and sits. Collette pulls a Pez dispenser from her pocket. She tips back Popeye's head and a cherry-colored, chalky lozenge slides out halfway. Collette pops it into her mouth.

LATHAM

What in the world is that?

COLLETTE

Pez. Want one?

Latham shakes his head no. Collette shrugs. She pockets the Pez dispenser and pulls a small key from her skirt pocket.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

You must be happy Fiona's coming back in a couple of days.

LATHAM

Very.

Collette unlocks his satchel and removes two file folders.

COLLETTE

Be nice to see Paul too.

LATHAM

Jared will be taking him straight to the Infirmary at Langley. They'll decide when he's ready to come back.

Collette holds the two file folders before Latham.

COLLETTE

Which one did you like?

LATHAM

Neither.

COLLETTE

Warren, you've gotta get a replacement for Dolly McMurtry. Minnie's overwhelmed down there.

LATHAM

Minnie's not my only Comm officer.

COLLETTE

No, but she is your best one. A cryptanalyst who reads Russian? Not many like her, I'll tell you that.

LATHAM

I know, but not those two from The Farm.

COLLETTE

Why not?

LATHAM

Because they're overqualified. In six months they'll want to move on.

COLLETTE

You can't penalize people for being ambitious. Besides, it's hard to move up from there. Minnie's been there since The Flood.

LATHAM

Far as that goes, let's be honest; it's not because of the position.

Collette slumps her shoulders and nods sadly.

COLLETTE

Why don't I ask around?

Latham nods. The Gray phone RINGS; Collette answers it.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Yes...

OPERATOR (O.S.)

This is DC-COMM.

COLLETTE

P.A. to D-Ops, Domestic here.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

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

Collette covers the mouthpiece with her palm.

COLLETTE

John Taylor calling from a payphone.

Latham nods. Collette speaks into the phone.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Put him through, please.

She gives the handset to Latham.

LATHAM
Latham here.

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

CLICK. Carl Durang hangs up, as does Latham.

LATHAM
Is mandarin Two in The Hole?

COLLETTE
Yes.

LATHAM
Tell her I'm going out to service
one of Durang's dead-letter drops.

Collette leaves. Meanwhile, Latham opens the middle desk
drawer and takes out a manila envelope marked "GPIDEAL."

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the city's familiar landmarks at daybreak.

MACARTHUR PARK

A sign among the palm trees reads "MACARTHUR PARK." It is
empty save for two strollers, CALVIN HOLMES and DAVID PHILIPS,
mid-40s with the physique of an athlete gone to seed.

PHILIPS
You familiar with Public Works
Department IDs?

HOLMES
Depends. Which cities?

PHILIPS
Chicago, Dallas and Miami.

HOLMES
No, I've never seen those.

PHILIPS
I'll get you one for each city this
afternoon, plus the names and photos
of the crews who'll use them.

HOLMES
How many are in each crew?

PHILIPS

Three.

HOLMES

Will they clip the IDs on their clothes or carry them in a wallet?

PHILIPS

Um, in a wallet, I believe.

HOLMES

Wait. What kind of work are they supposed to be doing?

PHILIPS

What difference does that make?

HOLMES

A public works crew could be doing anything from paving the sidewalk to doing a surveyor's job.

PHILIPS

So?

HOLMES

Hm, and you're supposed to be so smart. It means they may need more than just fucking IDs - like safety vests, hardhats, clipboards...

PHILIPS

Oh, I see what you mean. They'll be surveyors - measuring distances, the height of buildings, trajectories...

HOLMES

Then they'll also need a theodolite and a measuring wheel - oh, and some spray paint.

PHILIPS

Spray paint? What for?

HOLMES

Benchmarks and baselines. If there aren't any already marked on the ground, they'll paint new ones.

Philips is surprised at Holmes's depth of knowledge.

PHILIPS

You did this kind of work before?

HOLMES

I knew someone who did.

PHILIPS

You're a man of many talents, Cal.

HOLMES

Cut the bullshit already, Dave.

PHILIPS

My understanding is that they have access to everything they need. But if they're short anything, you can go out and get it for them.

HOLMES

Uh uh. Let 'em get their own stuff. I'll make the IDs but that's it. I don't wanna get any deeper into this shit and end up being someone's patsy should you people fuck up.

PHILIPS

Fair enough. Oh, about the Dallas IDs... I'll be giving you two different ones.

HOLMES

Why's that?

PHILIPS

One of the two sites we chose there is divided between the city and state DPW's. One can't work on the other's street signs, for example.

HOLMES

Where is this?

PHILIPS

Dealey Plaza.

They continue their stroll through the park.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

A panorama from the National Mall to...

THE WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING WALKWAY

PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY and FRANÇOIS BISSET head toward the Oval Office, conversing in that unintelligible murmur that serves as the background PURL one hears in a public park.

WEST WING COLONNADE

Standing inside the colonnade, speaking to JACKIE KENNEDY is a STRAPPING MAN of 43. Mrs. Kennedy nods towards a window. The Man turns and eyes the president and Bisset.

As they draw near, the Man smiles. President Kennedy sees him and responds with a grin, but Bisset appears annoyed at the exchange. Seeing this, the Man immediately drops his smile and turns back to face Mrs. Kennedy and resume their chat.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A taxi stops before the guard shack. BILL NEALY alights.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is at her desk, earphones on and typing from a Dictaphone machine. Nealy enters. Collette is about to get up and escort him into Latham's Office when the Gray phone RINGS. She answers the phone while waving Nealy into Latham's Office.

COLLETTE

Yes?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

This is DC-COMM.

COLLETTE

P.A. to D-Ops, Domestic here.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

I have a call for Warren Latham from François Bisset at the White House.

COLLETTE

Put him through, please... P.A. to Mr. Latham. How may I help you?

BISSET (O.S.)

It's François Bisset, Collette. Can I speak to Warren?

COLLETTE

He's in a meeting, Mr. Bisset.

BISSET (O.S.)

Hmm... Okay, have him call me, soon as possible, please.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Nealy has taken a seat at the table, between CARLA DILAURIA and Latham. On the table, next to a cellophane sleeve, lies a photographic print on an acid-free tissue sheet.

LATHAM

Glad you could make it, Bill.

NEALY

I'm not here. I'm at the optician's being fitted for a pair of glasses.

DILAURIA
You wear glasses?

NEALY
For a month now. Another concession
to middle age.

DiLauria grins. Latham responds to her with a mild reproof.

LATHAM
Wait 'til your systems start
failing.

NEALY
The voice of experience. So, what
have you got for me?

Latham slides the photographic print to Nealy who pulls a
pair of reading glasses from his pocket and puts them on.

INSERT FBI TELEX:

PLAIN TEXT 7-24-63

TELETYPE URGENT

TO DIRECTOR FBI
FROM SAC SAN ANTONIO

LEE HARVEY OSWALD, CI IS - R - NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA
RE AIRTEL JULY TWENTY-TWO RE JOHN HOWARD BOWEN AND
JEAN SOUETRE

DR. AND MRS. JOSEPH MACFARLAND POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED PHOTO
OF JOHN HOWARD BOWEN TAKEN OCTOBER, SIXTY-THREE AS ALBERT
OSBOURNE, SEEN IN THE COMPANY OF LEE HARVEY OSWALD IN NEW
ORLEANS, JULY, SIXTY-THREE.

THE MACFARLANDS MET BOWEN ON A TRAILWAYS BUS AND OFFERED
DONATIONS OF CLOTHING TO A MISSION BOWEN SAID HE WOULD RUN
IN MEXICO. BOWEN ASKED THEM TO SEND DONATIONS TO ADDRESS,
POST OFFICE BOX THREE ZERO EIGHT, FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

SA INTERVIEWED BOWEN IN LAREDO TO GET DETAILS ON BOWEN'S
BACKGROUND. BOWEN CLAIMED CANADIAN CITIZENSHIP AND
PRODUCED A CANADIAN PASSPORT, NUMBER FIVE DASH SIX ZERO
FIVE THREE SEVEN SEVEN. HE CLAIMED RESIDENCE AT THE YMCA,
MONTREAL, AND SAID HE WAS IN TRANSIT AND WOULD SOON BE
TRAVELING TO MEXICO TO OPERATE A RELIGIOUS MISSION THERE.

POSTAL INSPECTORS ADVISED NO SUCH NUMBER AS BOX THREE
ZERO EIGHT IS RENTED IN FORT WORTH, TEXAS BY EITHER JOHN
HOWARD BOWEN OR ALBERT OSBOURNE.

FURTHER, POSTAL INSPECTORS CONFIRMED BOWEN RECEIVED MAIL AT POST OFFICE BOX THREE ZERO EIGHT, LAREDO, TEXAS. THEIR INVESTIGATION SHOWED THAT POST OFFICE BOX THREE ZERO EIGHT WAS RENTED BY A MAURICE BISHOP.

JEAN SOUETRE, AKA MICHEL ROUX, AKA MICHEL MERTZ, GAVE THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS TO INS AT LAST ENTRY INTO NEW YORK CITY, POST OFFICE BOX THREE ZERO EIGHT, FORT WORTH, TEXAS. POSTAL INSPECTORS CITE BOX WAS RENTED BY A LEON GACHMAN. SA INTERVIEWED GACHMAN WHO SAID SOUETRE WAS A FRIEND WHO CAME TO SEE GACHMAN ON A PROPOSED JOINT BUSINESS VENTURE. THE COINCIDENCE OF THESE TWO BOX NUMBERS MAY WARRANT FURTHER INVESTIGATION.

- (1) Fort Worth
- (1) New York City
- (1) Foreign Liaison Unit (ROUTE THRU FOR REVIEW)

BACK TO SCENE

Nealy looks at DiLauria and Latham; he's seething.

BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD is at his desk, smoldering, as he reads the FBI teletype on the photographic print. Latham sits opposite him.

BERARD

I remember Director Hoover saying quite adamantly that the FBI had no interest in this Lee Harvey Oswald.

LATHAM

He lied to Bill Nealy too.

BERARD

Hmm... This John Howard Bowen, the one who met with Oswald in New Orleans - do you know who he is?

LATHAM

No, sir. But as you can see there, Bowen's an alias; his real name's Albert Osbourne. What's troubling is that Bowen asked for his mail to be sent to P.O. Box, 308 in Fort Worth, Texas. According to the postal inspectors there, that P.O. Box doesn't exist. Then we have the inspectors learning that Bowen's been receiving mail at a Post Office Box with the same number, 308, but in Laredo, Texas. And there's the issue of who rented the P.O. Box in Laredo.

BERARD

You sure it couldn't be a civilian?

LATHAM

Remember the name Jean Souetre?

BERARD

Yes, the Corsican from ZR/RIFLE.

LATHAM

He used the alias 'Michel Mertz' to enter the country at Idlewild Airport in New York recently. When INS asked him for an address where he'd be staying, he gave them P.O. Box number 308 in Laredo, Texas - where John Howard Bowen receives his mail. That P.O. Box was rented by Maurice Bishop, a working name used by Dave Philips over at CI.

Berard gets up and crosses to the window. He tugs at the curtain, frustrated and angry at what is going on.

BERARD

Do you think Phillips is in on the plot to kill Kennedy? Or does he believe it's just an effort to force the president's hand to remove Castro, as Crosby in Miami believes.

LATHAM

Philips is a psy-ops expert, someone you'd use to convince people to do your bidding. These Cuban exile groups don't need to be convinced.

More distraught than shocked, Berard gazes out the window.

BERARD

I keep thinking of those 60 Roman senators who decided to kill Julius Caesar. They called themselves Liberators. Liberators... One of the plotters approached Caesar under the pretext of pleading for his exiled brother. He grabbed Caesar's toga, a signal to the others to attack him. That first wave of conspirators... Such a lust for violence. They were injuring each other trying to kill their high priest. Only when Caesar was down did more of his acolytes join in.

(MORE)

BERARD (CONT'D)

He was already dead, yet in that ugly frenzy to make their mark on history, they stabbed him 30 more times.

Anguished, he turns away from the window and towards Latham.

BERARD (CONT'D)

History doesn't have to repeat itself, Warren. See to that.

Latham nods, gets up and leaves.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters, abstracted. Collette is again brown-bagging it.

COLLETTE

François Bisset called. He'd like you to call him, soon as you can.

Latham nods and heads into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

He sits at his desk, picks up the Gray phone and dials.

LATHAM

François Bisset, please. It's Warren Latham.

INT. FRANÇOIS BISSET'S OFFICE

Bisset is at his desk, speaking into the phone.

BISSET

Thanks for calling back, Warren.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH BISSET

LATHAM

What can I do for you, François?

BISSET

The president would like to see you.

LATHAM

What about?

BISSET

I'll leave that for him to tell you. Can you come over right away?

LATHAM

Let me check with my P.A. Hold on.

Latham is reluctant to go and clenches his teeth. He puts the call on Hold and presses the intercom BUZZER.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

You rang?

LATHAM

Do I have any appointments today?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

None.

LATHAM

You couldn't make one up for me.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

The president wants to see you, huh?
I'll stand in for you. Their buffet
beats my macaroni salad anytime.

LATHAM

I'll bring you back a doggie bag.

He hangs up the intercom and takes Bisset off Hold.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Sorry I took so long. I had to
cancel a couple of meetings.

BISSET

Thanks, Warren. I'll tell the
president you're on your way.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham hangs up. He gets up, crosses to the door and enters...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette stops eating her macaroni salad from her Tupperware bowl and reseals it. Latham watches as she tips back Popeye's head, take a Pez lozenge and pop it into her mouth. She holds the Popeye Pez dispenser up to Latham, offering him a lozenge.

LATHAM

No, thanks.

COLLETTE

I wonder if they have Pez at the
White House? He's got two kids.

LATHAM

I'll be sure to ask the president.

He starts to leave then pauses as though he's forgotten something. Collette anticipates what Latham might say.

COLLETTE

I'll tell Carla where you are.

LATHAM

Have her check with D-Int, see what he's learned about Albert Osbourne.

COLLETTE

Right.

LATHAM

Give me one of those Pez things.

Collette tips back Popeye's head. Latham takes the chalky lozenge and pops it in his mouth. He half-smiles and leaves.

ACT TWO

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - ROSE GARDEN - DAY

Walled on two sides by the colonnade of the West Wing. Here, presidents walk its paths with heads of state and confidants. Today, President Kennedy and Latham stroll past crabapple trees, toward the Cabinet Room and Oval Office.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

So tell me, what do you do to relax?

LATHAM

Listen to music mostly - jazz. The other day, though, I bought this comedy album, 'The First Family.'

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Oh, yes. Vaughn Meader.

LATHAM

You've heard of him.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I listened to Mr. Meader's record.

LATHAM

What did you think of it?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Frankly, I thought he sounded more like Teddy than he did me. Now Meader's got him annoyed.

His comment amuses Latham, whose initial reluctance to meet with the president is now a distant memory.

LATHAM

What did you want to see me about?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Lyndon wants to bring an aide of his onto his executive-branch staff, Bob Waldron. Have you heard of him?

LATHAM

Lyndon Johnson? Yes.

President Kennedy arches an eyebrow and curls an insinuating grin at Latham.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

No, I haven't heard of Bob Waldron.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Vice presidents have only a limited number of positions to fill, a lot fewer than Lyndon had when he was Senate majority leader. So, in order to put Waldron on the executive payroll, he's decided to place him with the National Aeronautics and Space Council.

LATHAM

Didn't you appoint the vice president as their chairman?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

We all make mistakes. Anyway, to work at the Space Council, Waldron has to fill out an application then undergo a background check by the Civil Service Commission.

LATHAM

Worried he's secretly a Republican?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I see you've got a little Vaughn Meader in you.

Latham grins.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

It's what might be Waldron's secret that worries me.

LATHAM

Oh?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

It used to be called 'The Lavender Scare.' That's passé, but the fear that homosexuals are a security threat isn't, as you well know.

LATHAM

I remember when the Senate decided to rid the State Department of homosexuals. Everyone who was fired was a devoted patriot.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

But vulnerable to blackmail in order to keep their secret hidden.

LATHAM

And that's Bob Waldron's secret?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

That's the rumor. My worry is what would happen even if he withdrew his application. If he is a homosexual, and it were made public, there'd be no end to the distrust and ridicule everyone in my administration would face.

Latham is peeved at President Kennedy's self-centeredness.

LATHAM

Not to mention what life would be like for poor Bob Waldron.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

(now peeved himself)

Yes, my political future is on the line here, and so is the future of this country. They're inextricably linked. Understand this, I've managed to reach a détente with the Soviets and I don't want anything to destroy that. Bob Waldron may be young but he's not callow. He can continue in his present role here as long as he chooses to be discreet.

LATHAM

So, you've decided he is homosexual.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I'm saying he loses that choice of employment should his sexuality become known to J. Edgar Hoover - rumor or not.

LATHAM

What are you asking me to do?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I want you to look into Waldron's background.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

If the rumor is true, persuade him that it's to his advantage not to apply to the Space Council.

Latham's latent anger resurfaces.

LATHAM

A little while ago, I asked for a favor of my own and was turned down.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

(thinks for a moment)

You mean the swap for Dr. Linse?

LATHAM

Yes.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

As much as I'd like to have seen the man freed, Dean had to put the country first.

LATHAM

So he said.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

It was the prudent choice, Warren.

Latham looks askance at this, provoking President Kennedy.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Look, your people constantly accuse me of being naïve. That's fairly telling considering it was Dulles and Bissell who led me down the garden path on the Bay of Pigs. Now Helms, your fucking Deputy Director of Plans, has joined the chorus who say Premier Khrushchev has pulled his 'shapka' over my eyes, allowing some of his missiles to remain in Cuba. Well, here's something none of you are aware of: I knew some missiles would remain there.

Latham is taken aback by President Kennedy's admission.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

And I expected it to happen because the Soviets can't help but to cheat and lie; they have to. When your empire teeters on the verge of sovereign default, you've no choice if you want to remain in power. It's a deceit I accept, Warren.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

And that's because it puts both countries on the right path. Mark my words, there'll come a time when threats of nuclear annihilation will be the ancient history our children read about. And all these damn war profiteers will have to find some other primal fear to exploit.

Silence. Slowly, Latham comes to admire President Kennedy as a visionary rather than a mere dreamer.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

What, um, did happen to Dr. Linse?

LATHAM

He was executed at Lubyanka prison.

President Kennedy sighs sadly. As they approach the Oval Office, Latham sees Jackie Kennedy through one of the windows. She hooks the arm of the unfamiliar Man.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Can I ask who Mrs. Kennedy is speaking to?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Oh, that's Lem Billings, long-time family friend. François will give you an envelope with Bob Waldron's photo and address, and the names and addresses of his friends here.

Latham discreetly eyes LEM BILLINGS as he and President Kennedy enter the Oval Office.

THE WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING

A gray Plymouth sedan - a government pool car - is parked opposite the West Wing's main door. A UNIFORMED MARINE CORPS GUARD opens the door. Latham exits, manila envelope in hand. Bisset escorts him to the car. As Latham opens the driver's-side door, Bisset leans over to Latham.

BISSET

(sotto voce)

Keep your eyes open.

He turns and leaves. Latham finds Bisset's words unsettling but does not betray this, as the Marine Corps Guard has eyes on him. Latham gets behind the wheel and slowly drives away.

INT. ROOM - DAY

The lights are off, window blinds shut, and the drapes drawn, yet the ambient light creates an eerie chiaroscuro.

A slide projector on a table throws an indistinct image onto a screen. Wisps of cigar smoke and dust waft in the shaft of light from the projector. At the table sit THREE MEN, THE COMMITTEE, seen in silhouette from the rear. The MAN adjusts the focus on the projector. On screen are side-by-side photos of ROSCOE WHITE: on the left, a file photo of him in a Marine Corps uniform; on the right, a photo of Marines relaxing at Atsugi Air Base that includes White and LEE HARVEY OSWALD.

MAN #2

Who's the Marine?

MAN

Roscoe White. He's done some contract work for the CIA.

MAN #3

Isn't that that Oswald character with him, the one on the right?

MAN

Yes. That was taken while both were stationed at Atsugi Air Base.

MAN #2

So, what's his role in this?

MAN

White's part of our Texas operation. He'll help us fix Oswald. He'll be joining the Dallas Police soon.

MAN #2

Partnering with Tippit?

MAN

Yes. It's all in the addendum I gave you.

CLICK. The photo of JOHN MARTINO appears on screen.

MAN #2

John Martino - Trafficante's man.

MAN

He's working with Interpen now.

MAN #3

Bunch of fucking clowns.

MAN

Yes, but useful clowns - for the most part. Martino says he's going to lead a mission into Cuba to exfiltrate two Russian colonels.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

He says they'll testify on The Hill that Soviet ballistic missiles are still in Cuba.

MAN #2

Geezus, is that true?

MAN

That's what Martino says.

MAN #2

Who's behind this operation?

MAN

I'm not sure. I do know people at Time-Life are backing it. Plus they've got Fred Crosby and those anti-Castro Cubans over at JM/WAVE. If what these Russians say is true - and it can be proven - it would end Kennedy's political career.

MAN #2

It'd show the Cuban Missile Crisis wasn't the unqualified success Kennedy claims it was, but a screw-up worse than the Bay of Pigs.

MAN #3

Good!

MAN

Hold on. They're using some of the same resources we're using. If they can't prove what they claim or, worse, it turns out there are no Russian colonels to begin with, not only will we have lost key elements of our plan to these idiots, we'll have wasted time and opportunity to carry out our own design which, by the way, ensures the outcome.

MAN #2

So, what do you wanna do about it?

MAN

Leak their plan to Cuba's DGI. They have informants in every Cuban exile group. It'll be the Bay of Pigs redux. What do you guys think?

MAN #2

I think it gives our plan more weight in everyone's eyes - especially where the money lives.

MAN #3

I agree.

MAN

Good.

His hand reaches for the telephone.

MID-SHOW BREAK

LUBYANKA - COURTYARD - DAY (MORNING)

Dawn. A dark green mold thrives on the weathered bricks, and has spread to the cracked cement on these musty grounds. Standing barefoot in the prison's perennial pool of rain water is Latham. His hands are manacled behind his back and around the handrail of one of the buildings. He wears a fine Brooks Brothers suit. Two Soviet Army soldiers in summer uniforms stand but a few feet away from him, their rifles aimed at his heart. They FIRE yet inexplicably miss their target entirely.

A third man wearing a Soviet Army shapka ushanka (a hat with earflaps) and also dressed in a Brooks Brothers suit, slowly approaches Latham. His right arm swings like a pendulum, weighted down by the Makarov PM pistol he carries. He stops and points the Makarov PM at Latham's head.

LATHAM

Don't do this, Jack.

Latham's executioner is President Kennedy. From point-blank range, President Kennedy FIRES.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Latham awakens with a START, sweating and shaking. It is the blue hour, the one that occurs just before sunrise. Latham throws off the top sheet and duvet as though he were fending off an attacking wild animal. He swings his legs over the side of the bed and leans forward, burying his face in his hands. Finally, he gets up and goes into the bathroom.

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

The compound has the sleepy quiescence of a high school where classes are held in rooms without air conditioning.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham and DiLauria sit at the table. Before them is an open file folder that includes Bob Waldron's government file photo, his home address in Washington, D.C., and a list of neighbors' names, addresses and apartment numbers - all from the now-open manila envelope given to Latham by Bisset - plus DiLauria's copious handwritten notes on a legal pad.

DILAURIA

I interviewed four of Bob Waldron's neighbors yesterday.

LATHAM

You told them you were doing a Civil Service background check for the Space Council?

DILAURIA

Yes. They were a little apprehensive until I convinced them their answers would be anonymous. People don't mind dishing dirt on their neighbor, as long as they're not quoted.

LATHAM

Plus I think they look at the space race as an area where we can beat the Soviets, like we did in Cuba with the Missile Crisis.

DILAURIA

That's true. One of Waldron's neighbors even mentioned that.

(refers to her notes)

Everyone said Waldron was a good neighbor - quiet, friendly, always willing to help, though that was tempered by the fact that he regularly came home late from work.

LATHAM

Really. Johnson couldn't have had that much for him to do.

DILAURIA

They said Waldron occasionally had visitors over, but they were never noisy. He didn't have much to say about politics other than praising his boss and President Kennedy.

LATHAM

What about his sexuality, Carla?

DILAURIA

That's where it gets interesting.

His curiosity piqued, Latham leans back in his chair.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

This one older woman called him the 'best little boy in the world.' She had this little smile and winked at me when she said it.

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Reminded me of my grandmother. Women their age tend to be less explicit when describing someone's sexuality. Her little gestures were her way of letting you in on Waldron's secret - that he's a homosexual.

LATHAM

You sure it wasn't that she had the hots for him?

DILAURIA

(shrugs)

Could be. She was licking her lips afterwards. Kinda creepy, now that I think about it. The other three I interviewed were more direct. This middle-aged couple I spoke with said Waldron hadn't gone to any extraordinary lengths to hide what they claim are personality traits typical of all homosexuals.

LATHAM

Such as...

DILAURIA

Being fastidious, having an interest in the arts, and, as the wife said, being ever so slightly effeminate.

LATHAM

Hmm, God forbid you're neat, enjoy the ballet, and your voice never broke.

DILAURIA

If you happen to know someone like that, I'd like his name and number.

LATHAM

Continue.

DILAURIA

The last person I spoke to was a retired mailman. He made no bones about it saying, and I quote, 'You'd have to be blind and deaf not to see Bob was a fag,' close quote.

Latham is peeved. He gets up and meanders about.

LATHAM

If it's that easy to see Waldron's a homosexual, Kennedy certainly didn't need to get me involved.

DILAURIA

You said he asked you to validate the rumors. If it did taint his administration, he'd have to resign.

LATHAM

So he says.

DILAURIA

What - you don't believe him?

LATHAM

He's used me before - that mess he and his brother Bobby were in with Marilyn Monroe; and that business about some of Jackie's ancestors being Black. Hm, you should've seen her making nice to this old family friend while I was there.

DILAURIA

Really. Who was it?

LATHAM

Lem Billings. Ring a bell?

DILAURIA

No. It's just a thought, but do you think he's using you to accidentally find out Jackie's having an affair?

LATHAM

Maybe... I don't know.

DILAURIA

Hmm, could be just what he says it is - that our relationship with the Soviets hangs in the balance.

LATHAM

And poor Bob Waldron be damned.

Still fuming, he grows more introspective.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You know, I can't help thinking this has more to do with Lyndon Johnson's future than with Kennedy's.

DILAURIA

Why's that?

LATHAM

Kennedy plans to drop Lyndon Johnson from the ticket.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

So, he pursues this small scandal knowing how much worse it'll look down the road when Johnson's indicted by the Senate. By that time, no one will object to Kennedy dropping Johnson.

DILAURIA

Hoover will; he's Johnson's man. And this won't be LBJ's small scandal if Hoover begins crusading to rid the Executive Branch of queers, claiming they're all susceptible to blackmail by the Communists. That will grab headlines in every newspaper and push Johnson off the front page. It might even get the Senate to forgo proceedings against him and focus their attention on Kennedy's Irish mafia, whom Hoover would speculate could be light in their loafers.

Latham mulls it over. He isn't fully convinced, but lacking a counter-argument he sighs, conceding the point.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Come on, even with Kennedy's faults, you'd still rather have him in office than Nixon or Goldwater.

LATHAM

Hm, and we're not supposed to be kingmakers here.

DiLauria is a bit embarrassed by this. She closes the file folder and stands.

DILAURIA

I'll type this up and get my report on your desk by close of play.

Latham stands and follows her into...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

When he suddenly remembers...

LATHAM

Oh, did D-Int get back to you on Albert Osbourne, aka John Howard Bowen?

DILAURIA

Yes, nothing in his files. So he's got Langley running a search on the computer for both names.

LATHAM

I hope he comes up with something.
I could use some good news.

COLLETTE

I have some.

DiLauria is curious and pauses by the door. Latham faces Collette, anxious to hear what she has to say.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

A possible for you.

LATHAM

A possible what?

COLLETTE

Communications Officer. Her name's Gwyneth Albright. She's one of MOTHER's three P.A.'s - and she's desperate to leave CI.

LATHAM

Why?

COLLETTE

MOTHER's constantly griping that she forgets to water his plants.

LATHAM

Hm, I like her already. Can she get away for an interview?

COLLETTE

She said when you're ready to see her, she'll make an appointment to get a new pair of glasses.

LATHAM

You tell her D-Int already used that excuse?

Collette and DiLauria grin.

COLLETTE

I'll set up an appointment for this afternoon.

DiLauria leaves. Collette picks up the Red phone and is about to dial when...

LATHAM

You, um, have any more of those Pez tablets, or whatever you call them?

Collette hangs up.

She pulls the Pez Popeye dispenser from her purse and hands it to Latham.

COLLETTE

Just pull back on Popeye's head.

Latham does so and out pops a Pez lozenge. He pops it in his mouth while Collette suppresses a grin. Latham then returns her Pez dispenser.

LATHAM

Before you call her... You follow the Kennedys. Ever hear of a family friend named Lem Billings?

COLLETTE

Sounds familiar but I can't place him. Larry might know. He told me MI6 has been following the Kennedy clan for years.

LATHAM

Really. Give him a heads up and ask if he can meet me in an hour, usual place. Then make that appointment for Miss Albright.

COLLETTE

Right.

She picks up the Gray phone. Just then the Outer Office door opens and Nealy enters. Collette stays on the Gray phone and dials. Latham is surprised to see Nealy.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Lawrence Jones, please... Collette Dowd.

LATHAM

(overlapping to Nealy)

I didn't know you were around. You here to see Berard?

NEALY

No, I'm here to see you.

LATHAM

Oh. Let's go in my office then.

He leads Nealy into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Nealy heads straight for the table and sits. Latham joins him.

LATHAM

What's up?

Nealy is anxious. He pulls out a legal notepad from his satchel, lays it on the table and refers to it.

NEALY

A search of Langley's database found a connection between Albert Osbourne, aka John Howard Bowen, and CI's Dave Philips and his working name, Maurice Bishop. Ten years ago two professional assassins were hired to kill a Texas district judge by the name of Jake Floyd. He had a son who was a dead ringer for his father. By mistake, the assassins shot and killed the son. They then fled to Mexico where one of them was caught; the other one's still at large to this day. Now, one of the conspirators in the plot to kill Judge Floyd has since become an informant for Bill Alcorn; he's an assistant attorney general in Texas. This informant says there's a unit of 25 to 30 professional assassins in Mexico who work for the espionage section of the FBI.

Latham scoffs.

NEALY (CONT'D)

I know, but he could have been led to believe that. He says they've committed political assassinations here in the West and in Eastern Europe for the past 25 years.

LATHAM

That hardly sounds like the FBI.

NEALY

Ask anyone on The Hill and they'll say it sounds like CIA.

This gives Latham pause.

NEALY (CONT'D)

The informant says these hitmen are some of the world's best riflemen. On occasion they'll take private contracts to kill here in the U.S.

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

To hire them you contact John Howard Bowen, alias Albert Osbourne. He poses as a missionary for the American Council of Christian Churches in Mexico. You can reach him through the owner of St. Anthony's Hotel in Laredo, Texas, a man named Oscar Ferrina. You can also arrange a meeting with Bowen by sending a postcard with your return address to P.O. Box 308, Laredo, Texas.

Latham is stunned, his mouth agape.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Yep, the same Post Office Box where Albert Osbourne gets his mail. And the same P.O. Box the FBI learned had been rented by Maurice Bishop, the working name for our man in CI, Dave Philips.

ACT THREE

EXT. SAMUEL GOMPERS MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

Latham and Jones stroll past the statue of Samuel Gompers.

JONES

Lem Billings... Full name's Kirk LeMoyne Billings. He and John Kennedy met in prep school, then they attended the same university. Spent a lot of time together. John even invited him to spend summers at the Kennedy compound in Hyannis.

LATHAM

So they were pretty close.

JONES

When you attend an all-boys school, your close friends are like family. When Kennedy was a senator, Billings was a weekend fixture at his home here. I imagine that hasn't changed.

LATHAM

No. I saw him at the White House talking with Mrs. Kennedy.

JONES

Hey, there you go. You, um, mind if I ask why you were there?

LATHAM

The president asked me to vet one of Johnson's aides for a position at the Space Council.

JONES

I thought the FBI does that.

LATHAM

Not on the Space Council's low-level jobs. The Civil Service handles the background checks.

JONES

A pre-emptive vetting. Kennedy must be worried you'll find something.

LATHAM

Yeah, sex.

JONES

Don't tell me he's looking for another conquest.

LATHAM

Not on that side of the aisle.

JONES

Huh? Oh... No, I guess not.

LATHAM

I'm curious. Why does MI6 have eyes on John Kennedy?

JONES

Actually, it started with MI5 and Joseph Kennedy, when dear old dad was ambassador to the UK. We were on the brink of war with Hitler and dad announces that he opposes President Roosevelt's offer of aid to Britain. Kennedy says it's in America's best interests to remain neutral.

LATHAM

I remember that.

JONES

He ruffled more feathers by secretly meeting with German diplomats and making anti-Semitic remarks every time he opened his stupid mouth.

LATHAM

I remember that too. So, when did your people get involved?

JONES

When Kennedy returned to the States. The FCO was worried about his 'hands off Russia' stance, so we kept eyes on him and his family - with assistance from your John Middleton.

LATHAM

MOTHER... That was then. Why now?

JONES

Come on, Warren, you know how these Ops work. Once they get started, they take on a life of their own.

LATHAM

And that's how you picked up on Lem Billings.

JONES

Uh huh.

LATHAM

He and Jackie were very chummy, like she's got something going with him.

JONES

Maybe it's revenge for her husband's philandering.

LATHAM

If it is, she's got a lot of catching up to do.

JONES

Is that why you're interested in him, as her paramour?

LATHAM

I wasn't, but... Anyway, now I know when I'm being conned.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

It's shift change. CIA employees crisscross the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is at her desk. Sitting across from her is GWYNETH ALBRIGHT sipping tea. She is 28, attractive and biracial (White British father, Black American mother). Collette looks worried as she reads Gwyneth's 201 file.

COLLETTE

I hope Mr. Latham doesn't think you're over-qualified.

GWYNETH

They're just the usual courses all recruits take.

COLLETTE

Plus a few more.

Gwyneth grins. Just then the door FLINGS open, hiding Gwyneth behind it. Latham enters, and he's peeved.

LATHAM

MOTHER, what a prick.

Collette clears her throat. Latham looks at her curiously. He shuts the door revealing Gwyneth, to his surprise.

COLLETTE

This is Gwyneth Albright, from CI.

Latham coughs to hide his embarrassment. Gwyneth stands and sets her teacup on the chair. Latham shakes her hand.

LATHAM

Warren Latham.

GWYNETH

Nice to meet you, sir.

COLLETTE

Here's her 201 file.

She hands the file to Latham. Gwyneth puts her handbag over her shoulder and lifts the teacup from the chair.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

I'll take that, Gwyneth.

Gwyneth hands the teacup to Collette.

LATHAM

Let's go into my office.

The door to Latham's Office is already open. Latham motions for Gwyneth to walk ahead of him.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Gwyneth enters, followed by Latham. He shuts the door and goes to his desk.

LATHAM

Have a seat.

Gwyneth sits in a chair, her handbag on her lap. Latham lays her 201 file on his desk, sits, and looks through the file.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

SADRAT, surveillance detection,
weapons qualifications...

(growing surprised)

Airborne and paramilitary training,
fast driving techniques, urban
combat, escape and evasion. CTI?

GWYNETH

Captivity, torture, and
interrogation.

LATHAM

I know what it is. You took the pre-
reqs for Special Ops, yet you ended
up watering John Middleton's plants.

GWYNETH

Special Operations in foreign
theaters is a male preserve. Your
Domestic Ops Special Section is the
only one with a woman. So I took
the job at CI to be among the first
to hear of any openings here.

LATHAM

But my vacancy is in the Comm Room.

GWYNETH

Just another rung on the ladder I
have to climb.

Latham flips a page in her 201 file and reads.

LATHAM

Fluent in French and Spanish...

GWYNETH

I can read and write German too,
but my accent's terrible.

LATHAM

Your languages would come in handy
in an overseas posting.

GWYNETH

(offended)

Where I'd be expected to get coffee,
water more plants, and have to fend
off the jerks who expect me to do
half my work on my back.

LATHAM

Hmm... If I were to take you on,
there's no guarantee you'd move
into the Special Section.

GWYNETH

I'm not a fool, sir. I'm applying for the position of Communications Officer, a job I'm well qualified to do. If an opportunity in the Special Section opens up, I'll apply for it.

LATHAM

Okay... Okay. I'll have Collette start the paperwork.

Gwyneth smiles. Latham stands. Gwyneth follows suit and they shake hands. Latham clearly has something on his mind.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Are you going back to Langley?

GWYNETH

Yes, on the shuttle.

LATHAM

Do any memos or reports on President Kennedy come across your desk?

GWYNETH

All the time. Why?

LATHAM

Any of them mention a close friend of his, Lem Billings?

GWYNETH

Mr. Latham, when I officially start working for you, my loyalty will be to you. Right now, it's to CI.

LATHAM

I'm just asking about Lem Billings, and only where I have OCA access.

Gwyneth is reluctant and purses her lips, frustrating Latham.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I'm gonna learn about him anyway. You'd just be saving me time.

GWYNETH

What, exactly, are you looking for?

LATHAM

I want to know if Billings and Kennedy were close enough to share girlfriends. Also, when Billings first met the president's wife, was she Jackie Kennedy or Jacqueline Bouvier?

GWYNETH

I see. And when do you need this?

LATHAM

Yesterday.

GWYNETH

If we have anything it'll be in Archives. But I won't make copies or sign out any files.

LATHAM

Understood.

Latham pulls out his pocket notepad and a pencil. He writes "Kirk LeMoyne 'Lem' Billings" and two phone numbers, then tears off the sheet and hands it to Gwyneth.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I'll be here until 21:00. After that, you can reach me at home.

Gwyneth puts the notepad sheet in her handbag.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

If you had offered anything but an oral report, I'd have fired you.

GWYNETH

I don't work for you yet.

LATHAM

No, but I'm glad you're going to.

Gwyneth curls a slight smile. Latham opens the office door for her, then she and Latham enter...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham motions for Gwyneth to wait. He approaches Collette, who has stopped typing.

LATHAM

Check the shuttle schedule for Miss Albright. Then escort her to the Ops Room and introduce her to the Duty Officers and our Chief Comm Officer.

COLLETTE

(smiles)

Yes, sir.

She reaches into her middle desk drawer and pulls out the "Langley-Navy Hill Shuttle" schedule.

EXT. PORT OF BARACOA, CUBA - NIGHT

INSERT: "OFF THE COAST OF BARACOA, CUBA"

In calm seas a yacht, the Flying Tiger II, towing a 22-foot speedboat, drops anchor a few miles off shore. Its five-man crew watch as a flying boat lands nearby. JOHN MARTINO and ten Cuban commandos in fatigues alight from the plane and climb into a small boat. They rendezvous with the Flying Tiger II.

ABOARD THE FLYING TIGER II

Martino and the Commandos are given a full complement of arms by the crew aboard the yacht. One of the yacht's crew, the COORDINATOR, approaches Martino.

COORDINATOR

You ready, Martino?

MARTINO

Absolutely.

(he faces the Commandos)

Alright, let's do it.

(in Spanish)

Vamos a hacerlo.

He and the Commandos pile into the towed speedboat while the other Crew Men aboard the yacht keep machine guns trained on the coast. The speedboat then vanishes into the night.

INSIDE THE CABIN OF THE FLYING TIGER II

The ship's CAPTAIN turns up the volume on his transceiver. He is joined by the Coordinator. Anxious, the Coordinator checks his watch, 11:20.

COORDINATOR

You get a signal from Martino yet?

CAPTAIN

It's three taps, right?

COORDINATOR

Uh huh.

CAPTAIN

No, nothing yet.

Suddenly, there is a SCREECH from the transceiver. RAPID FIRE from automatic weapons is heard, followed by SCREAMS of pain and CURSING in Spanish.

COORDINATOR

Shit!

The transceiver then goes dead as quickly as it sprang to life. The Captain sees the anguish on the Coordinator's face; it evidences the fate of Martino and the Commandos.

CAPTAIN

Oh, God...

COORDINATOR

Weigh anchor.

CAPTAIN

What?

COORDINATOR

You wanna end up in one of Castro's prisons along with them? Weigh the fucking anchor and get the hell outta here!

The Captain starts the yacht's engines and heads the boat out to sea.

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

The nightly ritual of bluish-white light flickering in many of the windows is testament to the grip television has on people.

INT. LIVING ROOM

"Stairway To The Stars (Take 2)" by Wes Montgomery plays softly on the hi-fi. Latham sits on the couch, pencil in hand, writing on a legal notepad. He flips back and forth between two sheets on the notepad.

INSERT FIRST SHEET ON THE LEGAL NOTEPAD:

LBJ & Bob Waldron

- What does LBJ know about Bob Waldron?
- Waldron is clearly homosexual. Is LBJ using him to purposely sandbag JFK?

SECOND SHEET:

JFK, Jackie & Billings

- Is JFK really worried about détente?
- Is this a love triangle? A ménage à trois?
- Jackie & Billings - Is their relationship asexual? If so...

BACK TO SCENE

Latham yawns. He lays the pencil and legal notepad on the coffee table and wipes his eyes. The phone RINGS but its Red light is not blinking. Latham checks his watch - 12:40 - then answers the phone.

LATHAM

Hello?

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

Modestly furnished. On the hi-fi, The Beatles' "Please Please Me" plays at a low volume. The album cover lies in the first slot in the album rack. Gwyneth sits in an easy pose position (legs crossed) on the sofa bed. She is on the phone.

GWYNETH

It's Gwyneth, sir.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH GWYNETH

LATHAM

Where are you calling from?

GWYNETH

My apartment.

LATHAM

Keep in mind we're on an open line.

GWYNETH

Yes, sir. We don't have much, but what is there goes to their prep school days. The only thing of interest I saw was a note where the school asked Billings to leave.

LATHAM

Was there a reason given?

GWYNETH

No. In these private schools, even a minor infraction can lead to an expulsion. The prep school JFK and Billings went to was modeled after an English private school.

LATHAM

Then that means there'd be a student handbook. There's always a section on discipline listing the reasons a student can be expelled.

GWYNETH

I agree, but there was no mention of one.

(MORE)

GWYNETH (CONT'D)

I did find that Billings was back in school in a week. He took the PSATs along with his classmates.

LATHAM

His parents must've intervened.

GWYNETH

No. In a memo to the staff, the headmaster said Billings would be reinstated forthwith at the request of Joseph P. Kennedy, and per advice of counsel. And that any further roughhousing should be considered a misdemeanor.

LATHAM

Hmm...

GWYNETH

It went on to say how the elder Kennedy had referred to Billings as quote, my second son, unquote.

BACK TO SCENE

Just then the intercom to the building's front door BUZZES.

LATHAM

Hold on. Someone's buzzing me from downstairs.

Latham lays down the phone's handset and checks his watch: 12:42. He gets up and answers the intercom.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Yes?

JONES (O.S.)

It's Larry and Collette.

LATHAM

(surprised)

Oh, come on up.

He presses the button to unlock the building's front door then races into the...

BEDROOM

Latham reaches underneath the bed and pulls out his Browning Hi-Power Semi-Automatic Pistol. He hurries back into the...

LIVING ROOM

And to the apartment door. The Browning Hi-Power is in his left hand, pointing head height at the lock-side of the doorjamb. The doorbell BUZZES. Latham peeks through the peephole. Satisfied, he opens the door. Jones and Collette enter the apartment. They are dressed to the nines. Jones carries a natural-colored paperbag with handles. As Latham shuts the door behind them and locks it, Jones and Collette see Latham's Browning Hi-Power. Jones turns to Collette.

JONES

I think we should have called first.

LATHAM

What's up?

Jones displays the paperbag.

JONES

We brought you something.

LATHAM

Have a seat. I'm on the phone.

They sit on the couch. Latham lays the Browning Hi-Power on the coffee table beside the pencil and legal notepad. He picks up the phone's handset.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I have company, Gwyneth. I'll speak to you tomorrow.

He hangs up. Jones is taken aback; Collette reassures him.

COLLETTE

Gwyneth Albright, our new Comm Officer - a transfer from CI.

Jones mouths the word "Oh," taking the edge off his worry. He hands Latham the paperbag.

JONES

With Fiona away, Collette was worried you wouldn't be eating properly.

Latham is genuinely touched. Jones looks worried.

JONES (CONT'D)

Have you eaten dinner?

LATHAM

No, I was, um...

He gestures towards the legal notepad on the coffee table.
Jones looks at Collette and smiles, pleased with her decision.

JONES

Burning the midnight oil, huh?

LATHAM

Gwyneth was checking Archives to see what we have on Lem Billings. It's about the same as your firm, except for one item.

As they speak, Latham begins to unload his CARE package.

JONES

What?

LATHAM

Billings was expelled from prep school in his junior year.

JONES

What for?

From the paperbag, Latham takes out a container of Maryland crab soup; a paper plate of pan-seared Atlantic salmon, whipped potatoes and broccoli; a bottle of 7-Up; a plastic cup and a full set of flatware rolled up in napkins. He can scarcely believe his eyes.

LATHAM

You two...

COLLETTE

(to Jones)

Told you he'd like it.

LATHAM

You want some?

Jones is about to speak when Collette grabs his thigh, cutting him off.

COLLETTE

No, we're full. Bon appétit.

Latham smiles. He is famished and digs in.

LATHAM

What did you ask me before, Larry?

JONES

Huh?

LATHAM

After I said Billings was expelled.

JONES

Oh. I said, What for?

LATHAM

Something to do with roughhousing.
Gwyneth saw where JFK's father had
Billings reinstated.

Jones tilts his head and raises his eyebrows, acknowledging
that this sounds unusual.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You went to prep school, didn't you,
Larry?

JONES

Yes. We call them public schools
though.

LATHAM

What would've gotten you expelled?

JONES

Name it.

Collette is amused.

JONES (CONT'D)

Could be something as minor as how
one wore the school uniform. Public
schools write their own rules, you
know.

COLLETTE

Ridiculous.

LATHAM

Give me a more serious offense.

JONES

Cheating, disruption - even
roughhousing.

COLLETTE

Roughhousing? Give me a break.

JONES

It's an all-boys school, dear.

COLLETTE

I know, but how else would you
expect them to blow off steam?

JONES

Well, there's that and... You know.

COLLETTE

No. What?

JONES

There's a saying in England that public schools prepare the lads for life in the Royal Navy.

COLLETTE

What - you mean as officers?

JONES

No, dear. Sodomy.

Collette squinches, her face a mask of disgust.

JONES (CONT'D)

Winston Churchill once said that the only naval traditions were 'rum, sodomy and the lash.'

Latham suddenly stops eating. The truth is clear to him now.

LATHAM

'Keep your eyes open'...

JONES

Was that meant for me?

LATHAM

No... Me.

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

Latham and President Kennedy saunter by clipped privet hedges and toward a saucer magnolia tree outside the Oval Office.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I'm meeting with the Ambassador of Ceylon soon, so I need you to make this brief and to the point.

LATHAM

Okay. You already knew Bob Waldron was a homosexual.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I said that I'd heard the rumors.

LATHAM

Excuse me, sir. Since time is a factor, let me continue without interruption please.

President Kennedy is nonplussed.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You knew Waldron was a homosexual. Your asking me here to investigate him was a ruse. When I got here your friend, Lem Billings, was with Mrs. Kennedy in the Oval Office. You knew I'd see them together, arm in arm, when we walked in there. Your hope was that it would draw my attention, and that I'd conclude Mrs. Kennedy was having an affair with Billings, maybe as revenge for your own affairs. And you expected me to report this to you, along with Waldron being unsuitable for employment at the Space Council. But this wasn't about Waldron; it never was. It was about Billings' homosexuality.

President Kennedy appears to have a small spasm, perhaps reacting to an uncomfortable back brace.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Billings had been expelled from prep school in his junior year. Your father intervened and had him reinstated. But the reason for his expulsion was so egregious that your father had it expunged from the school's records and replaced with roughhousing. Now, your prep school has a code of conduct modeled after English public schools. And while school officials will list offenses like cheating, disruption and roughhousing on a student's record, they're very careful not to use the word 'sodomy', especially when threatened with a lawsuit and an end to annual donations, both of which came from your father.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

What proof do you have for any of this?

LATHAM

All that I need.

President Kennedy is crestfallen. He draws his right hand across his lips, as though placing within them the correct words to say.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I told my father Lem was expelled because of our roughhousing - but that's all I told him. We'd been ratted out to our House Master by a student who was asked to leave the school later on. I wasn't expelled, thanks to my father's largesse.

He and Latham stop under the saucer magnolia tree.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

It was a culture there, a ghastly parody of courtship that had more to do with adolescent yearning than with lust. A lot of it went on - but it was never brutal. One understood that you're not a homosexual if you, well, receive rather than give. And I'm not homosexual. I told Lem that.

LATHAM

Yet, you remained close.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Yes, but as friends. Nothing more.

LATHAM

As far as my vetting of Bob Waldron goes, I suggest you let the vice president have him apply to the Space Council. He'll be rejected, but by then I suspect that that'll be the least of Johnson's worries.

President Kennedy nods with a knowing half smile. He can see that Latham knows what is in store for Vice President Johnson.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What bothers me, sir, is that you have selective hearing.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

With regards to what?

LATHAM

Some time ago, I had asked François Bisset to warn you not to use me ever again. Consider this last incident of yours as on the house. But that's the end of it.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I appreciate your candor, Warren.

LATHAM

The other day, I was reminded of the fate of Julius Caesar. He had selective hearing too.

Latham turns and leaves.

EXT. DALLAS, TEXAS - DEALEY PLAZA - DAY

The mid-morning traffic along Main Street flows rapidly toward the Triple Underpass. Main Street is bounded on its north and south sides by Elm Street and by Commerce Street, respectively. Both of these streets have concrete columnar PERGOLAS that symmetrically gate the portion of Dealey Plaza where Elm and Commerce converge toward Main Street as all three approach the Triple Underpass.

On one side of Elm and Commerce Streets, surrounded by orange safety cones, are white pick-up trucks. One has "Dallas DPW" emblazoned on its doors; the other sports a "State of Texas DPW" insignia. Both trucks have amber "bubblegum" lights spinning on their roofs. Both pick-up trucks sport official government license plates. On the flatbed of each truck are cans of spray paint in colors red, orange, yellow and white.

There is only light pedestrian and vehicle traffic on Elm and Commerce streets. The occasional drivers peek to see what is going on as they crawl past the safety cones.

On the grass at each pergola is a THREE-MAN PUBLIC WORKS CREW dressed in dark slacks, white short-sleeved shirt and tie, and wearing a hardhat. Each DPW Crew - designated DPW Crew A for Elm Street and DPW Crew B for Commerce Street - has One Man operating a theodolite, a Second Man rolling a measuring wheel, and a Third Man holding a clipboard.

ELM STREET

The DPW CREWMAN A-1 stands at the pergola, his theodolite aimed at the railroad right-of-way that passes over the triple roadways. Railroad workers walk the tracks in that manner that seems oblivious to the possibility of oncoming trains.

DPW CREWMAN A-2 runs his measuring wheel from the pergola to the curb.

Both Men then approach DPW CREWMAN A-3. They tell him their results, which he records on his clipboard.

COMMERCE STREET

DPW CREWMAN B-1 has his theodolite aimed at the Dallas County Records Building. He turns to DPW CREWMAN B-3, standing beside him holding a clipboard, and tells him the results.

DPW CREWMAN B-2 crosses to his pick-up truck. He takes a can of yellow spray paint and walks to the near curb of Elm Street. There he begins to spray a section of the curb that lies directly across from the Elm Street pergola.

Meanwhile, DPW Crew A reposition themselves to take further measurements of the buildings in the plaza, starting with the Texas School Book Depository.

END