

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Four, Episode #16: "The Flap Of A Butterfly's Wings"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The lights are off and the venetian blinds are drawn. The only light comes from a slide projector throwing an image onto a projection screen. Wisps of cigarette smoke laze about. Sitting at a table in familiar silhouette are the THREE MEN, architects of The Big Event. On the projection screen is a photo of a map depicting a highlighted route from O'Hare Airport through downtown Chicago to Soldier Field.

THE MAN

You're both familiar with O'Hare Airport in Chicago. This is the route the president's motorcade will take from O'Hare to Soldier Field, where Kennedy will attend the Army-Air Force football game. He'll be riding in SS-100-X, the Lincoln Continental convertible.

MAN #2

With the bubble top on?

THE MAN

No. Kennedy wants the crowds to see him. Now, the motorcade will travel from O'Hare along the Northwest Expressway into the city, where it'll exit at Jackson Boulevard. There, it'll pass by warehouses where the crowds will be lined up all the way to Soldier Field. At the exit, the motorcade will have to make a sharp 90-degree turn that will slow it to a standstill.

CLICKS. Photographs of Jackson Boulevard and the warehouses taken from street level and from the rooftops follow.

MAN #3

And the Secret Service agreed to that? Incredible.

THE MAN

They've been told a unit from Fort Dearborn will cover the roofs and warehouses.

(MORE)

THE MAN (CONT'D)

And believe me, they're happy to hear it too.

MAN #2

I'll bet. Whenever they're on these trips, the agents are up all night partying. By morning those drunks are in no condition to spot a threat, much less respond to one.

MAN #3

I've seen them nod off when they were supposed to be watching the crowd. Real vigilant, those clowns.

THE MAN

Hey, they make less per year than FBI agents, and there's no overtime pay. And because there are so few of them, they have to do double shifts.

MAN #2

And they barely have time to eat. A couple of agents I know say they keep peanuts in their flight bags because sometimes it's all they get to eat all day on these trips.

MAN #3

Unbelievable.

THE MAN

Let's put some of the blame where it belongs though. Kennedy sets a bad example for his protection detail. Guy's a womanizer. He takes risks. If his detail closes a bar at four A.M., they figure - so what? Kennedy's out all night chasing after anything in a skirt.

MAN #2

Those agents I know told me three of the Kennedy women - sisters, cousins, whoever - had propositioned members of the protection detail.

MAN #3

No wonder the agents couldn't give a damn what happens to Kennedy.

THE MAN

Back to business now. Two mechanics, both anti-Castro Cubans, will be stationed on the roofs. And on a high floor will be a familiar face.

CLICK. On the screen is a photo of Thomas Arthur Vallee, taken surreptitiously at a John Birch Society meeting.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Thomas Arthur Vallee.

MAN #3
Where was that taken?

THE MAN
John Birch Society headquarters.

CLICK. A photo of 95 Concord Avenue, Belmont, Massachusetts appears. Taken in the evening, this color photo shows an American flag lit by an accent light. It is the only glint of color near the bleak rectangle of dull red bricks comprising the headquarters of the John Birch Society.

MAN #2
Did Vallee provide the team with sniper rifles from Holmes?

THE MAN
Yes. He'll carry a .38 though.

MAN #3
A pistol? You'll have two different types of rounds being fired at the president, for Chrissake! How do you square that with a lone assassin?

THE MAN
Goddamnit, man! Read the fucking addenda I sent out! They'll never get to fire at the president. The police and the Secret Service will get a tip about the hit and shut it down as the motorcade arrives.

MAN #2
It's just a diversion.

THE MAN
With the plot having been uncovered, the tendency for the Secret Service will be to relax on Kennedy's next trip to the Trade Mart in Dallas.

MAN #2
The Trade Mart? The brief calls for the hit to occur in Dealey Plaza.

THE MAN
He's supposed to deliver a speech there. It's also a backup in case we call for an abort in Dealey Plaza.

MAN #2

Oh, okay.

THE MAN

Getting back to Vallee, he's become problematic. After he delivered the rifles to the Chicago team, he went to Knoxville, Tennessee. Kennedy was there meeting with the governor. Afterwards, Kennedy went off to a high school - Overton High, I believe - where they had a landing site for his helicopter. While he was in his limo waiting for the chopper, Vallee approached the car with his damn .38 hidden under a paper bag. A Secret Service agent saw this and grabbed Vallee.

MAN #2

Damn. Did Vallee tell them about us?

THE MAN

No. My man in the detail called me. I had him ask the governor to keep the incident out of the press for fear it could lead to copycats. He was also told the agents knew about Vallee and his mental problems.

MAN #2

I believe he was wounded in Korea. He's got a metal plate in his head.

THE MAN

Yes. The Secret Service coordinated with the police to have Vallee sent for psychiatric evaluation at the V.A. hospital in Bethesda.

MAN #3

Is he still there?

THE MAN

No, he's in Chicago where his family lives. His controller got him a job at IPP Litho-Plate; it's at 625 West Jackson Boulevard.

MAN #2

On the motorcade route. Nice touch.

THE MAN

I know. Makes everything look more legit.

(MORE)

THE MAN (CONT'D)

However, from this point on, we need to keep an eye on Vallee. We may have to eliminate him.

EXT. DALLAS, TEXAS - H.L. HUNT'S MANSION - DAY

Situated on a lush 10-acre parcel of land by White Rock Lake, and surrounded by sweeping lawns and lush landscaping, the mansion has six Doric columns that support the overhang to the main residence. Inside are over 10,500 square feet on three floors of formal rooms, five bedrooms, nine baths, a library, study, gymnasium, elevator, wine cellar, and bowling lanes.

The grounds include a pool, pool house, lighted tennis courts, putting greens, and a showroom garage that can hold up to 16 cars. Finally, there is a carriage-house guest quarters with four bedrooms, five baths, media room and its own wine room.

INT. FORMAL DINING ROOM

Light pours in through huge windows, glistening off the hardwood floors. Upholstered dining chairs surround a long table, complemented by a surrounding wall mural. UNIFORMED SERVANTS - Black men and women - push food trolleys and serve dinner to those assembled there. Holding court from the head of the table is H.L. HUNT. His guests are THE BOARD MEMBER, R. L. THORNTON, JEAN PAUL GETTY SR., ALFRED PRITCHARD SLOAN JR., CLINT MURCHISON, HUGH ROY CULLEN, SID RICHARDSON, JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER III, AILSA MELLON BRUCE, and RICHARD KING MELLON.

HUNT

Truman was a failure, though he was an improvement over Roosevelt. His New Deal was simply undisguised socialism fashioned upon the people. And Eisenhower... Ike was a total disaster. He was all about inspiring geniality and confidence; meanwhile, he's pushing the country towards Bolshevism without anybody really knowing what's happening. In 1960, I tried to get Lyndon the nomination, but he made every known mistake there is. So that left us with John Kennedy and the end of religious liberty in America. Even though it was against my better judgment, given the lack of alternatives, I supported Kennedy's nomination and I advised Lyndon to take the second spot on the ticket. I thought Kennedy's Catholicism would make him the perfect anti-Communist; I was wrong. It turned out to be giveaways: Cuba, East Berlin...

(MORE)

HUNT (CONT'D)

And now he's looking to give away Vietnam to the Communists. I can just hear the Joint Chiefs of Staff saying, 'Over my dead body, Jack.'

Murmurs of agreement come from the dinner guests.

HUNT (CONT'D)

The other day I heard someone say, if I had more flair and imagination, and if I weren't basically such a damned hick, I could be one of the most dangerous men in America.

Like Hunt himself, his guests find this humorous.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Well, it's true - I am a hick. And yes, my imagination is somewhat limited. The only flair I've got comes from the way I deal cards playing poker. Truth is, I have more luck than brains. Yet, it's also true that at this moment, not only am I the richest man in the world - sorry, J.P. - I'm also the most dangerous man in the country. I've personally subsidized and equipped patriots from The Minutemen to the John Birch Society and the American Nazi Party.

Throats clear, expressing surprise at the admission. Some begin to recoil in disgust, catch themselves, and look away.

HUNT (CONT'D)

I hear you choking at the mention of the Nazis. Well, hang in there, else you're gonna miss some good rib-eye steak. I did this because President Kennedy's tyrannical administration has bypassed the laws of Congress. They've followed a line ordered by Moscow, suppressing my spokesmen for freedom, and forcing the American taxpayer to subsidize Communism around the world! Politics is a blood sport, my friends. That leaves us only one way to get all the traitors out of government: We have to shoot them out, each and every one, starting with John F. Kennedy!

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

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

ON A STREET CORNER

People queued at a bus stop board a city bus.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

CIA officers pass through Gate #1 and into the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD is at her desk, earphones on, transcribing from a Dictaphone. BILL NEALY (D-INT) enters, his satchel under his arm. Collette looks up and waves him on into Latham's office.

LATHAM (O.S.)

What a stupid waste of time!

Nealy pauses. He KNOCKS on the door, opens it and enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

WARREN LATHAM sits at the table along with PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY and CARLA DILAURIA. Several open files are on the table. Seeing how upset Latham is, Nealy has second thoughts.

NEALY

Want me to come back?

LATHAM

No, no. Have a seat, Bill.

Nealy sits beside Latham, laying his satchel on the table.

BAZZO

The boss woke up late and missed Sermonette.

Latham throws Bazzo a sidelong glance.

LATHAM

Kensington wants a report on our activities while he was at JM/WAVE.

NEALY

Probably just wants to get a feel for what went on in his absence.

LATHAM

Why? He was in a perpetual stupor when he was here. He's only doing this now to make my life miserable.

Nealy grins; he can't help but find it all amusing.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

It's not funny, Bill.

NEALY

No, of course not.

LATHAM

So, what have you got for us?

NEALY

Well, first, I'm sorry to hear about Fred Crosby drowning in the canal.

LATHAM

In less than a foot of water.

NEALY

Really? What - was he drunk?

Latham refers to the Dade County Coroner's report on the table.

LATHAM

His blood alcohol level was .03 percent; that's the lowest measurable amount. He could swallow a mouthful of Listerine and have more alcohol in his blood.

NEALY

Why would someone take out Crosby?

LATHAM

His role was to support Cuban exile demonstrations while the president's on the stump.

NEALY

To get Kennedy to invade Cuba.

LATHAM

I think he began to question that.

NEALY

Hmm... Well, maybe Stewart can fill in the missing pieces of the puzzle.

BAZZO

Only if they're numbered.

LATHAM

Alright. Ben Schaefer's my new Miami Number One. He's very astute, so we'll see what happens. You read Carla's report on de Mohrenschildt?

NEALY

Yes. He really caught us off guard, taking himself out of the picture.

DILAURIA

Whoever else he reported to must have put the fear of God into him.

NEALY

Could be. We did some digging and found he'd sent reports to CI's SIG unit. We also found files on Oswald, Webster and Thomas Vallee with a BIGOT list of only MOTHER and Helms.

DILAURIA

Geezus, how big is this thing?

NEALY

I don't know. Question is, are they planning anti-Castro demonstrations, or are they part of the Miami plot?

LATHAM

Given that they both hate President Kennedy, which one would you choose?

Nealy shrugs, conceding that the latter is the obvious choice.

BAZZO

So who's replacing de Mohrenschildt?

NEALY

I'm holding off on assigning anyone until we can find Oswald.

LATHAM

What - he's not in New Orleans?

NEALY

Could be. We just don't know where.

LATHAM

Great. That's just great.

NEALY

Look, if I ask the station to make it a priority to find him, word will leak back to Langley, which means it could get back to the plotters. If they fold up their tents and go to ground, Kennedy's as good as dead.

Latham sighs and nods apologetically.

NEALY (CONT'D)

I want to round out the picture on Vallee with you. As you know, we're following him along with Robert Webster and Lee Oswald.

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

You're aware Vallee was injured in Korea while with the Marines?

LATHAM

A mortar explosion, ended up with a metal plate in his head. Later, he was in a car crash. Honorably discharged in '52. That's about it.

NEALY

His father died in the car accident. Vallee suffered another brain injury and was hospitalized for two months. Then in '55 he re-enlisted.

BAZZO

How was he allowed to re-enlist?

NEALY

I don't know. He was only in a year before he was honorably discharged.

DILAURIA

Why the early discharge?

Nealy pulls a large envelope from his satchel. He opens it and takes out photocopies of Vallee's medical reports.

NEALY

This isn't in Vallee's DD-201 for some reason. After his two brain injuries, the real surprise is that he wasn't dishonorably discharged. While in the hospital, Vallee threatened to kill Eisenhower and Nixon. He was diagnosed with 'Schizophrenic Reaction, Chronic Paranoid Type #3003, manifested by a preoccupation with homosexuality and femininity, and an overcompensatory megalomaniac euphoric attitude.'

LATHAM

Threaten a politician like General Walker did, and nothing happens to you. But have a shrink say you're queer and you're booted out, usually with a Dishonorable Discharge.

DILAURIA

Hmm... What if the shrink were under orders to find a reason for Vallee's homosexuality? So he attributes it to Vallee's brain injuries. The Marine Corps agrees and discharges Vallee, early and honorably.

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

If I were Vallee, I'd feel indebted to whomever helped me out on that.

BAZZO

But why would someone do that?

DILAURIA

To place a hook into Vallee for future considerations.

LATHAM

What was Vallee up to before you linked him with Webster and Oswald?

Nealy pulls his handwritten notes from his satchel. He refers to them and the photocopies of Vallee's DD-201 file.

NEALY

I think Carla's onto something. He was stationed at Camp Otsu in Japan, that's a U-2 base. He wasn't a false defector. After his discharge, Vallee's diagnosis was changed to passive aggressive. CIA then contracted him to train anti-Castro guerillas on Long Island.

DiLauria beams. Bazzo, however, is skeptical.

BAZZO

Really... On Long Island.

NEALY

A lot of Cuban exiles in New York, Paul. Vallee was living in Hicksville, Long Island then. He had a housemate who was arrested for selling guns to the Cubans; that prompted Vallee to move back to Chicago, where he's from. Since then he's gone from threatening to kill Eisenhower and Nixon to threatening to kill President Kennedy, his brother Bobby, and Adlai Stevenson. You might want to pass the word along to Durang, get the Chicago FBI office to keep an eye on Vallee.

The intercom BUZZES. Latham goes to his desk and answers it.

LATHAM

Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Mr. Berard is on Red.

Latham hangs up the intercom and picks up the Red phone.

LATHAM

Latham... Be right there, sir.
(hangs up)

Berard wants me. Thanks for the update, Bill. Oh, one more thing... Who suggested CIA hire Vallee?

NEALY

The files don't specify who exactly, but the 'Okay' came from MOTHER.

BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD is at his desk poring over a file. Beside him is the serving cart with a pitcher of water and a tumbler. He pours some water into the tumbler, then reaches into his inside suitcoat pocket and takes out a small tin, the size of an aspirin container. He opens it and takes out a small white pill. There is a KNOCK on his office door; it opens and Latham enters. He watches Berard put the pill in his mouth and wash it down with a swallow of water.

BERARD

Have a seat, Warren.

Latham takes a seat. Berard sets the tumbler back on the cart.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Hope I didn't take you away from anything too important.

LATHAM

No, sir.

Berard hands Latham the file.

BERARD

A copy is on its way to your office.

Latham opens the file. On top is a classified message.

INSERT MESSAGE:

**CLASSIFIED MESSAGE
RYBAT/SECRET/NORFORN**

DATE : 9 Sep 63

**TO : DIRECTOR, WH DIVISION
FROM : NED HOLLAND, COS, Amembassy, Quito
REF : Embtels 1059, Sep 2; 1077, Sep 5;
Embdesps. 809, Aug 26; 928, Aug 29;**

SUBJECT: Jose Maria Roura, Political Prisoner

SUMMARY

Former member of the Communist Party of Ecuador (PCE), Jose Maria ROURA, who was arrested in Quito last May along with four members of a Communist-backed, revolutionary paratrooper group suspected of plotting to hijack an Area Airlines DC-4, has had his case reviewed and will be allowed to go into exile. This usually means PCE prisoners are released and sent to Chile. In ROURA's case, he will be released from Garcia Moreno Prison in Quito on 10-Sep-63 to join his family in New York. (Flight details provided in attachment.)

PCE penetration agent ECBLISS-2 reports ROURA is disillusioned about his political past and extremely worried about his family who are destitute and living with family friends in New York City. A recruitment assessment was made, and the opinion here is that ROURA is receptive. Suggest a handover to WH/DOD for a second approach.

END OF MESSAGE

BACK TO SCENE

Berard paraphrases the message's content as Latham reads it.

BERARD (CONT'D)

RYBAT signal from Ned Holland, Chief of Station, Quito, Ecuador. José Maria Roura was a high-ranking member of the Ecuadorian Communist Party. He's been rotting away in Garcia Moreno Prison in Quito since May. Under a show of leniency, he's being allowed to leave the country to join his wife and son in New York. Apparently, they're living there off the largesse of friends. ECBLISS-2 is the station's police contact. Their interrogators told him that Roura is very depressed. He's disillusioned about his political past and extremely worried about his family who are destitute. ECBLISS-2 spoke briefly with Roura and referred him to the station for recruitment. Now, Roura's something of a hero in Venezuela. So Holland arranged for a stopover there to let Roura feel comfortable, make him more receptive to a pitch.

(MORE)

BERARD (CONT'D)

And since he'll be settling in New York, the pitch falls under your jurisdiction.

LATHAM

Hmm, Roura's being released from prison tomorrow.

BERARD

Yes, you'll have to get a move on.

LATHAM

We usually ask defectors to continue with their Party activities. But considering Roura's disillusionment with the PCE, he may not want to.

BERARD

Whoever pitches Roura will have to assess his attitude toward becoming a plant. Even if he refuses, his knowledge of the PCE and Party activities with Ecuador's neighbors will be invaluable to us.

LATHAM

I agree. Anything else, sir?

BERARD

No. Sorry to give you so little lead time on this. Um, don't forget to update Stewart.

LATHAM

Yes, sir.

THE HOLE

Bazzo and DiLauria are at their desk going over reports. Latham enters, holding his copy of the Roura file.

LATHAM

You're on your bike, Bazzo.

BAZZO

What's up?

Latham hands Bazzo the file. As Bazzo gives it a cursory read, DiLauria is clearly disappointed at being bypassed.

LATHAM

José Maria Roura, a former high-ranking member of the Ecuadorian Communist Party is being released from a Quito prison tomorrow. He'll fly to New York where his family is.

BAZZO

President Belaúnde usually sends his political prisoners into exile in Chile. Is he being lenient, or does he have something else in mind?

LATHAM

I was wondering about that myself. I'll ask SMOTH about him and get back to you. Apparently, Roura's disillusioned with the PCE. Quito station's done a prelim and is handing him over to us for a final pitch, which will come from you.

BAZZO

Right. I'll get down to the Ops Room for a briefing.

Latham sees the stark disappointment on DiLauria's face.

LATHAM

I realize it's your turn, Carla, but it's South America. People might think you were his mistress. No need to complicate the plot.

DiLauria nods and looks away, quickly suppressing a scowl.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Okay, both of you to the Ops Room.

Latham follows DiLauria and Bazzo out the door.

ACT TWO

EXT. SAMUEL GOMPERS MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

Latham and LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) stroll past people on lunch break enjoying the late-autumn warmth. Latham munches on a hamburger while Jones just nibbles at his.

JONES

You want to know how the PCE feels about Roura, what his finances are like, and if Ecuador's junta might be planning something other than a fond farewell. Correct?

LATHAM

Yes.

JONES

You realize all the hard work this is going to entail.

LATHAM

Your forefinger's likely to get sore
from making long-distance calls.

JONES

Funny. And my compensation is yet
another in a series of soggy Joe
and Nemo's hamburgers.

LATHAM

With onions.

Jones burps. Latham grins, thoroughly enjoying the moment.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The 24-hour wall clock reads 13:35. Collette edits a paper
while munching on fried rice from a white take-out box.
Latham enters. He eyes her food.

LATHAM

You get that at Lee's?

Collette nods. The Gray phone RINGS. Before Collette can set
down her plastic fork, Latham answers the Gray phone.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Yes?

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)

This is DC-COMM.

LATHAM

Warren Latham here.

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)

I have a call from a John Taylor,
calling from a payphone in DuPont
Circle.

LATHAM

Put him through... Latham here.

DURANG (O.S.)

I'm going to lunch now.

CLICK. Carl Durang hangs up, as does Latham.

LATHAM

Carl Durang has something for me.

COLLETTE

You'll need someone to ride
shotgun. I'll call Carla.

LATHAM

No, Mission Planning needs her input. Gwyneth Albright did the drill with Carla before. Call her.

COLLETTE

You want Gwyneth to stop by The Vault and see the armorer?

LATHAM

No, she can use my 1911.

Collette dials the Red phone as Latham enters his office.

OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 13:40. There is the usual PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones. One wall is covered with a complete map of North America; an adjoining wall has maps of Central America, U.S. Territories, and strategic regions in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and the Caribbean Sea. All maps sport GREEN, YELLOW, WHITE and RED stickpins clustered in major cities or regions. Maps of Europe occupy a third wall, though only a few major cities have stickpins representing legacy operations.

DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS. Bazzo and DiLauria sit with them.

STOKES

José Maria Roura will be flying on Línea Aérea Nacional, LAN-Chile. His flight, number 302 from Quito, leaves at 09:40 local time tomorrow; that's 10:40 here. Ecuador doesn't observe Daylight Savings Time. His flight makes stops in Bogotá, Caracas, and Miami, with a final stop at Idlewild in New York.

PERCY

New York's where his wife and young son fled this past April.

GWYNETH ALBRIGHT leaves the Communications Room and pauses by the Duty Desk. She and Bazzo exchange smiles.

GWYNETH

Mr. Latham's asked me to ride shotgun, like I did with you, Carla.

DILAURIA

I see.

Sensing tension in DiLauria's voice...

GWYNETH

Well, I'd better get upstairs.

BAZZO

Be careful.

Gwyneth smiles and leaves. Dilauria mutters...

DILAURIA

There goes the flavor of the month.

BAZZO

What's that supposed to mean?

DILAURIA

Nothing. Forget it.

BAZZO

No. I want to know why you made that crack.

Wanting to diffuse the situation, Stokes interrupts.

STOKES

Hey! Whatever's going on with you two, settle it later. Let's get back to the briefing.

An uneasy truce settles as Stokes refers to his file folder.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham finishes copying the instructions from Durang's Dead-Letter Drop sheet into his pocket notebook then puts the notebook in his inside suitcoat pocket. As he locks the Dead-Letter Drop sheet in his middle desk drawer, there is a KNOCK on his office door. It opens and Gwyneth steps in.

GWYNETH

I understand you want me to run countersurveillance, sir.

LATHAM

Uh huh. Can you handle a .45, an M1911?

GWYNETH

Yes, but I prefer a SIG P2101. An M1911 is like using a sledgehammer to kill a cockroach.

Latham feigns offense. He takes his Colt M1911 from his desk drawer and hands it to Gwyneth.

LATHAM

Aim carefully, please.

Gwyneth grins and puts the pistol in her shoulder bag.

OPERATIONS ROOM

The briefing continues. Nichols addresses Bazzo.

NICHOLS

You'll be on Eastern Airlines flight 207, leaving Washington National at 17:40 today, making stops in Miami, Caracas, Bogotá and finally Quito, where you'll arrive tomorrow at 08:20 local time.

BAZZO

Hope I can get some sleep.

NICHOLS

You're booked on Roura's LAN-Chile flight, which you'll board in Quito. It leaves at 09:30 local time. The station Number One had ECBLISS-1, Lan-Chile's manager there, arrange to have you seated in the same row as Roura - his is a window seat, you're on the aisle.

PERCY

That's when you'll make your pitch.

STOKES

But first, some background on what's going on in Quito. There've been an average of five terrorist bombings of government buildings per week for the past six weeks, and no one knows who's behind them. The junta's getting very jittery because it's making them look inept. How this affects Roura's release is an open question. Previous releases of political prisoners during this time have occurred without incident.

DILAURIA

But those political prisoners were heading into exile in Chile.

STOKES

That's true. But the station sees no causal relationship regarding the choice of exile destination.

DILAURIA

Of course not. What was I thinking?

Stokes ignores DiLauria's snide remark and saturnine mood.

STOKES

The junta released a statement citing humanitarian reasons for letting Roura come here and reunite with his family. However, it's anyone's guess how those behind the bombings will perceive this.

BAZZO

Meaning this group could decide it's disingenuous and retaliate.

PERCY

Yeah, probably blow up the plane.

Bazzo, Stokes and DiLauria are alarmed by Percy's remarks. Percy, however, is surprised at their reaction.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Well, that is their M.O., setting off bombs. Right?

STOKES

(rolls his eyes)

Information obtained through PCE penetration agents say his family is destitute, living off the charity of friends. Interrogators at the prison say Roura's depressed. He's been questioning his political past and is apparently disillusioned with the Communist Party. Use this to offer help to his family. Langley's given the Bogotá station permission to get the police there to let Roura stay over for a few days if he wants. When you talk to him, invite him to stay in Bogotá at your expense. After spending months in one of the world's worst prisons, I think he'll be receptive to your offer.

BAZZO

Hmm, how's Roura's temperament?

STOKES

He can be extremely volatile. Why? What are you worried about?

BAZZO

Him rejecting the pitch and making a scene in front of the passengers.

STOKES

That's always a risk. We just have to assume that the attractiveness of the offer mitigates this. The Quito station needs a penetration of the exile community in Quito, and Roura makes an excellent joe.

BAZZO

If he's willing to do it.

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

Second-shift CIA officers trickle in through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette puts files in a combination-lock file cabinet. Latham enters. Collette turns towards him.

COLLETTE

Where's Gwyneth?

LATHAM

Back at her desk. Are the mandarins still in the Ops Room?

COLLETTE

No, Paul left for the airport. Carla's in The Hole.

LATHAM

Get her up here. I need her to process a roll of film.

COLLETTE

Gwyneth knows how to do that.

LATHAM

I don't want her to get involved any further with the FBI. She doesn't need to know about the Miami plot.

COLLETTE

Right. Um, FYI... Carla's upset.

LATHAM

I know. It was her turn but I gave the Roura recruitment job to Bazzo.

COLLETTE

It's partly that. I'll let her tell you the rest.

She picks up the Red phone as Latham goes into his office.

EXT. DALLAS, TEXAS - H.L. HUNT'S MANSION - DAY

A heavy rain falls. Rivulets run from the main residence which looms as a blotch on the manicured grounds.

INT. FAMILY ROOM

Plush cloth furniture faces a stone fireplace. At the far end a large pool table sits beneath a chandelier with dimmable lights. Hunt and his guests have assembled here postprandial. Smoke wafts about the room from various tobacco products. Ice cubes CLINK in Ailsa Bruce's Tom Collins glass as she sips from it. Small talk competes with Johnny Cash on the hi-fi.

Hunt speaks to the Board Member, who nods his agreement. They are interrupted by the chief MANSERVANT who whispers to Hunt then leaves. Hunt shuts off the hi-fi.

HUNT

Excuse me... Our last guest has finally arrived from Washington.

J. EDGAR HOOVER enters, looking less fit than pudgy in his dark business suit. Hunt greets him and shakes Hoover's hand.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Glad you could make it, John.
(to the other guests)
Y'all be careful. The FBI's here.

Hunt signals to his SERVANTS, one of whom hurries over.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Get Mr. Hoover his usual.

The SERVANT nods and leaves. Meanwhile, Rockefeller huddles with Ailsa Bruce and Richard Mellon, away from the others.

ROCKEFELLER

You hear what happened a couple of years ago when Hoover was here?

Ailsa and Mellon shake their heads no.

ROCKEFELLER (CONT'D)

Well, while one of his agents was driving Hoover back to the airport, the car was struck from behind while it was turning left. So the next year, Hoover has an upcoming trip to see the governor in Austin. He sends an order to the agent telling him that, when he's driving Hoover from Dallas to Austin, he has to make the 200-mile trip without turning left.

Ailsa and Mellon can barely contain their laughter.

AILSA
Come on, you're kidding.

ROCKEFELLER
It's true.

MELLON
No wonder he was late getting here.

While Hoover makes the rounds shaking hands with everyone, Hunt sidles up to the Board Member.

HUNT
Everyone's here now. Go ahead.

The Board Member nods and calls out to the guests.

BOARD MEMBER
Can I have everyone's attention?

The guests quiet down and look quizzically at him.

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)
What I worry about most with this executive plan is the flap of a butterfly's wings - that small, seemingly unnoticeable event that triggers a series of failures or inconceivable circumstances, the kind that alter the result into something wholly unexpected. A change in our expectations could spell disaster for the country, and for us. History is littered with these crises of conscience. A stray thought begins to sow doubt. Before you know it, there's this angst stemming from the chasm between our own expectations and the unforeseen havoc we've wrought. In the past, our numbers have turned on each other, seeking to avoid blame as they try to calm a country up in arms over our actions. That simply cannot and must not happen this time. The silence we've agreed upon today must never be broken, regardless of the outcome. This applies not only to us but to our heirs and future generations, in perpetuity. As I see it, there's only one way to ensure this.

(MORE)

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)

It's part of the plan I've endorsed on ancillary participants but will be expanded to everyone in this room. Should any of you speak of our involvement to anyone, at any time, you'll have signed a death warrant, not just for yourself but for your children and theirs, and for all who heard or may hear your words.

There's a sharp frightening edge to his words. It cuts through the fatigue that follows excessive food and drink, and grips one's attention in a way that only the fear of death can.

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

The Reflecting Pool at the National Mall glimmers with the accent lights from the various monuments.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

Streetlamps and lights from office windows illuminate the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 18:40. Latham is at his desk poring over reports. There is a KNOCK on the door. It opens and DiLauria enters carrying a folder.

LATHAM

You have the prints in there?

DILAURIA

Yes.

She goes to the table and sits. Latham joins her. DiLauria takes two cellophane sleeves out of the folder. From the sleeves she pulls out two glossy photographic prints, each sandwiched by acid-free tissue sheets.

INSERT THE TWO PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTS:

**UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
AIRTEL - MEMORANDUM**

TO : Mr. A. H. Belmont

FROM : W. C. SULLIVAN

DATE: September 8, 1963

1 - Mr. Belmont

1 - Mr. Durang

1 - Mr. Callahan

1 - Mr. J. P. Mohr

1 - Mr. W. C. Sullivan

1 - Mr. Branigan

1 - Mr. Baumgardner
1 - Mr. D. J. Brennan

SUBJECT: LEE HARVEY OSWALD
IS - R - RIGHT-WING EXTREMISTS

SYNOPSIS

SUBJECT, Lee Harvey Oswald, or someone resembling SUBJECT and using SUBJECT's name, traveled from New Orleans to Marietta, Georgia on September 7, 1963, staying at the Holiday Inn at 1250 Franklin Road. Hotel records indicate SUBJECT produced a Texas Driver's License under the name Lee H. Oswald when checking into the hotel. It is presumed that the SUBJECT was an Oswald imposter since both the military and the Texas Department of Motor Vehicles do not show a driver's license having been issued to SUBJECT.

Telephone records for the hotel indicate that three calls were placed from the SUBJECT's room on September 7 to a Mr. David W. Ferrie in New Orleans--at 09:35, 10:41 and 16:22. No charges were applied against these calls, therefore it can be presumed that they were collect calls.

On September 7 at 19:40, SUBJECT met in Atlanta with James Venable, Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan. Venable is a known associate of J. B. Stoner, a segregationist politician, neo-Nazi and white supremacist convicted of bombing a church. Stoner arrived at Venable's home at 20:05. It is noted here that Stoner and Venable are close associates of Joseph Milteer, a right-wing extremist whom the Bureau is surveilling. Venable, Stoner, and Milteer have been seen with former SAC Guy Bannister, now a private investigator, at his office in the Newman Building at 531 Lafayette Street in New Orleans. CI-179 has reported on these meetings, stating that they usually devolve into a vehement denouncement of President Kennedy and his policies towards Cuba and civil rights. (See attachment.)

(1 of 2)

SUBJECT left the hotel on September 8 and traveled to the University of Illinois at Urbana. SUBJECT went to the Dean of Students' office and asked the secretary, Miss Leanna White, about Cuban student organizations. Miss White also stated during her interview that SUBJECT asked her if she had seen him on television in New Orleans. SUBJECT then announced that he was going to visit a friend in Chicago who was also interested in getting this country back on track. Miss White concluded that SUBJECT seemed intent upon being remembered as having an interest in leftist causes.

SUBJECT'S whereabouts after leaving the campus are as yet unknown.

END OF MESSAGE

(2 OF 2)

BACK TO SCENE

As Latham reads the message...

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Someone has a Texas driver's license under the name Lee Oswald, whom we know doesn't know how to drive. So, unless he secretly took lessons, the FBI's right - someone's impersonating him.

Latham nods.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

We have TSD to furnish credentials like that. So how would a civilian go about getting a Texas driver's license in Oswald's name?

LATHAM

Assuming it didn't come from TSD?

DILAURIA

Geezus, I hope not.

LATHAM

The license could've come from someone like Calvin Holmes. When we had him under contract, he made all sorts of IDs for us - as well as fly the odd mission or two.

DILAURIA

A multi-talented man.

LATHAM

That's why the Miami plotters recruited him. Question is, why would anyone go to the trouble of making it appear as though Oswald is associating with right-wing nutcases again, after meeting with lefties?

DILAURIA

Could be so either side can claim he's working for the other one.

LATHAM

Hmm, like giving money to opposing candidates. You can't lose.

DILAURIA

Who's David Ferrie? The FBI sure seem to know who he is.

LATHAM

So do we. A few years ago, Richard Bissell merged all the Cuban exile groups under an umbrella called the Cuban Revolutionary Council and opened bank accounts for them in Miami, New York, and New Orleans - about the same time you joined the Special Section. The exiles were paid from these accounts for their raids on Cuba. Ferrie was a contract pilot working out of New Orleans who ran support for the Ops. I know because I was on the BIGOT list of their memos; that is, I was before Bobby Kennedy took over Mongoose.

DILAURIA

Hm, live and learn. So, has D-Int located the real Oswald yet?

LATHAM

Not yet.

DILAURIA

Maybe Oswald's CI controller had him go to ground.

LATHAM

I was thinking about that. What if Oswald went to New Orleans under instruction from someone other than de Mohrenschildt or his CI controller? And that same someone had Oswald go to ground while his imposter met with those racists in Atlanta.

DILAURIA

Who would do that?

LATHAM

I don't know. Maybe whoever replaced Richard Nagel.

DILAURIA

How come D-Int doesn't know who this Oswald imposter is? He's been keeping eyes on these extremists.

LATHAM

Only when their actions mimic those of Communist insurgents. It's the FBI's job to monitor them full time.

DILAURIA

And they don't know either... This Oswald imposter says he's going to Chicago, Sam Giancana's home base.

LATHAM

Yes...

DILAURIA

Giancana hates Kennedy.

LATHAM

Your point being?

DILAURIA

You have this close relationship with Kennedy; that's why you've tasked the Special Section to protect him when it's supposed to be a secondary function of the FBI.

LATHAM

My relationship with President Kennedy has nothing to do with it. And I shouldn't have to remind you that one of the duties of the Special Section is to supplement protection of the president.

DILAURIA

My point is D-Int also monitors Giancana and briefs you about it. We know he and Carlos Marcello want Kennedy dead. So, if Giancana's planning something, we could look like accomplices for not telling the FBI.

Peeved, DiLauria gets up and goes to the window.

LATHAM

This isn't about Kennedy. It's about you being angry that I chose Paul to recruit Roura instead of you.

DiLauria scoffs.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Okay then, what?

DILAURIA

Nothing. I'm putting in for a transfer.

LATHAM

Why?

DILAURIA

I just need a change.

LATHAM

What is it, Carla? Tell me, please.

DILAURIA

I feel like you've lost faith in me, ever since the Berlin job.

LATHAM

No, that's not true.

DILAURIA

No? I could have come up with a way to get to Roura that would have played into his worries about his family and not given the impression I was his goddamn mistress! But no, I get short shrift, which seems to be the new norm around here.

LATHAM

What are you talking about? You've gone on plenty of high-risk jobs.

DILAURIA

Not since Berlin.

LATHAM

Alright, alright. I've been trying to work Paul back into a routine. It's harder for him than it was for you. He's not as strong as you are.

DILAURIA

For Chrissakes, stop it! I hate it when men patronize me!

LATHAM

I'm not. I told you why I gave the Quito job to Paul. You can't deny it's a male-dominated culture there.

DILAURIA

Like it isn't here.

LATHAM

I'm not saying we've reached the age of enlightenment here, but culture has to figure into the brief. I'd be foolish to ignore it.

DILAURIA

It's foolish not to recognize that I can deal with it.

LATHAM

Okay, I'm sorry. I guess I've been around President Kennedy too much.

DILAURIA

Huh? What are you talking about?

LATHAM

His philandering. I didn't want to put you in the same position as all of his women. I don't want to lose you, Carla. Don't do anything just yet. Think it over. Please.

DiLauria is in a quandary. She is loyal but she also feels that her sense of worth has been diminished, and thus she's been shunted to a minor role. She goes to the table and starts to put the prints back into the folder.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Leave them. I'll put them away.

DILAURIA

You need me for anything else?

LATHAM

No. See you tomorrow?

DiLauria nods and leaves. Latham slumps back in his chair.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The lights are off but the venetian blinds are open, revealing the outlines of several office buildings. The slide projector throws an image of the John Birch Society headquarters onto the projection screen. Amidst wisps of cigarette smoke, the Three Men, architects of The Big Event, sit at a table in familiar silhouette.

CLICK. A photo of Robert Welch, Jr. at a dais appears on the screen. Behind him an American flag hangs limp from its stand.

THE MAN

The secret to the John Birch Society lies in the simplicity of its message.

(MORE)

THE MAN (CONT'D)

It's a simple theme: Communists are working to see Christians buried under the boot of Karl Marx.

MAN #2

It's a familiar message, though an inaccurate one.

THE MAN

That's true. The Bircher's idea of Communism has little to do with Marxism. For them, 'Communist' is simply an adjective, a pejorative term they apply to any form of government control. Call it Libertarianism without the bother of liberal ideas like civil rights.

CLICK. A photo of Martin Luther King, Jr. appears on screen.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Birchers have this pathological fear that Blacks will encourage the government to control the actions of Whites. Then again, these idiots also believe traffic lights are a form of governmental intrusion into people's lives.

Man #2 and Man #3 chuckle.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Their mix of nostalgia and paranoia make them perfect foils for our Chicago diversion.

CLICK. A photo of Thomas Arthur Vallee appears on screen.

MAN #3

That flake, Thomas Arthur Vallee.

THE MAN

Every Alice who follows him down the rabbit hole will find keys to several doors - and none of them will fit. As I've already shown you, Vallee and the John Birch Society are only two of those many doors - and there are so many more.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

A few blocks from Chinatown, where the restaurants still bustle with late-dining patrons, lies the relative quiet of a lower-middle class apartment building.

704 3RD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING

Bluish-white light from television sets flickers in many of the windows.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Latham and Fiona snuggle on the sofa and watch The Twilight Zone episode "He's Alive," featuring Dennis Hopper as a neo-Nazi visited and mentored by the ghost of Adolf Hitler. FIONA JEFFRIES gazes at Latham who seems disinterested in the television program.

FIONA

You're awfully quiet tonight.

LATHAM

Carla and I went at it. Not an argument really; it was more like her telling me off.

FIONA

What happened?

LATHAM

She says I've lost faith in her since Berlin, and that I only assign her less important jobs.

FIONA

Is that true?

LATHAM

(defensively)
No, of course not.

FIONA

Easy... So, what brought this on?

LATHAM

A Communist rotting in an Ecuadorian prison - he was pardoned by the junta. They're letting him go into exile here because his wife and kid are in New York. I was assigned to pitch him and gave the job to Bazzo.

FIONA

Was it his turn?

LATHAM

No, Carla's.

FIONA

Then why the hell did you give it to Paul?

LATHAM

Hey...

FIONA

Well?

LATHAM

Because South America is steeped in machismo. I didn't want Carla to feel she had to play the temptress.

FIONA

(irritated)

Carla strikes me as smart enough to come up with an approach that would side-step her being portrayed as a tart.

LATHAM

That's pretty much what she said.

FIONA

How long has she been in your Special Section?

LATHAM

Since '59. Why?

FIONA

So, after four years and God knows how many scrapes she's been in, you still have doubts about her ability.

LATHAM

No. Geezus...

FIONA

So, why didn't you give her a shot?

LATHAM

I told her I'd spent too much time around President Kennedy.

FIONA

What's he got to do with this?

LATHAM

He's a damn skirt-chaser. I guess I was being over-protective of her.

FIONA

Carla's not some naïve little girl, Warren.

LATHAM

I know, I know.

FIONA

She's a very adroit woman. Seems a lot of men have a problem with that.

LATHAM

No, not all. Have I ever treated you that way, being over-protective?

FIONA

Once. Remember?

LATHAM

(sighs sadly)

Yeah...

FIONA

Not since then, but the tendency's still there.

LATHAM

I thought I was being chivalrous.

FIONA

More like benevolent chauvinism. Honey, women can be just as morally bankrupt as men. Don't hide behind Kennedy's skirts. Just admit you have some puerile views of women.

LATHAM

Geezus, makes me sound so repulsive.

FIONA

Not so much repulsive as it is condescending. A lot of women find it attractive. They're comfortable being passive, showing they're less competent than men; but that only encourages men to act that way.

LATHAM

I'm really sorry for being that way. It's not something I'm proud of.

FIONA

I know. I only wish it were just men who needed to wake up.

Latham puts his arm around Fiona and kisses her. Then holds her tightly as they sink back onto the sofa.

EXT. DUPONT CIRCLE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Rooming houses abound, as do beer joints, jazz clubs and coffee houses. Spirited beatniks and students roam the streets, passing the indigent who lie about or wander.

INT. THE HAMILTON ARMS COFFEE HOUSE

Pages from Washington, D.C.'s many newspapers line the walls. Men with goatees sport dark-colored pants; women wear stirrup pants or tight slacks. Both sexes favor black-and-white striped shirts or black turtleneck sweaters; some wear a black sport jacket. Loafers are the shoe of choice, while a beret or sunglasses often complete the ensemble. They all smoke cigarettes or "tea" (marijuana).

Sitting alone at a table, dressed in stirrup pants and a dark-colored sweater, is DiLauria. She sips a caffè corretto - an alcoholic espresso - and listens to a jazz combo cover "This Is For Albert," by Art Blakely and the Jazz Messengers.

GERRY, a tall, handsome Caucasian man wearing jeans and a dark sport jacket over a black T-shirt approaches DiLauria's table. He entreatingly points to an empty chair there. DiLauria shrugs. Gerry smiles and sits. A WAITRESS approaches. Gerry points to DiLauria's cup. The Waitress nods and leaves.

Gerry appears rapt with the music, bobbing his head with the beat. The Waitress returns with his caffè corretto and leaves. Gerry takes a sip. He looks at DiLauria, nods and smiles.

GERRY

I like it.

DILAURIA

And if you didn't?

GERRY

I'd pretend I did.

DILAURIA

You do a lot of that? Pretending?

GERRY

(smiles, embarrassed)

No, but I wanted to sit here, so...

DILAURIA

Oh, give me a break...

Gerry shrugs as though he doesn't understand her reaction.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Why do guys always need to talk
bullshit when they meet a woman?

GERRY

That wasn't a pick-up line.

DiLauria rolls her eyes.

GERRY (CONT'D)

No, really.

DILAURIA

Then what was it?

GERRY

My klutzy way of saying 'Hi.'

DiLauria shakes her head at Gerry's inept social skills.

GERRY (CONT'D)

I know - stupid, right?

DILAURIA

For future reference, stick with hello.

GERRY

Sorry. I'll leave if you want.

DILAURIA

(shrugs)

Up to you.

GERRY

I'd kinda like to stay.

DILAURIA

Is this you being the shy type now?

Embarrassed, Gerry chuckles nervously.

GERRY

No, this is me the dimwit hoping to know you. I'm Gerry.

He offers DiLauria his hand. She hesitates then shakes it.

DILAURIA

Monica.

GERRY

Monica... Monica what?

DILAURIA

Just Monica.

GERRY

Oh, like Dylan or Belafonte.

DiLauria curls a slight grin. As the music slowly builds to a crescendo, DiLauria and Gerry's conversation grows muted, a pantomime of grins and gestures that gradually becomes more intimate. The combo covers more tunes. Rounds of caffè corretto are followed by words whispered into willing ears.

EXT. 31ST STREET, NW - NIGHT - LATER

On either side of the coffee house sit a small collection of old, European-flavored, ivy-covered houses, forming a village of sorts known as The Hamilton Arms. DiLauria and Gerry exit the coffee house. Gerry is a bit unsteady from one too many caffè correttos. They walk partway down the block and stop before one of the old houses.

GERRY

I live here.

This is the moment when emotions rule the soul. DiLauria nods. They walk to the front door. Gerry unlocks it and they enter.

ACT THREE

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

A panorama from the National Mall, where the sun shimmers on the Reflecting Pool, to the White House and finally to...

LAFAYETTE SQUARE

This small park just steps north of the White House shows evidence of overnight activity: used condoms, liquor bottles, and crumpled cigarette packs. Latham and Jones ignore the refuse and the federal employees on their way to work as the Two stroll.

JONES

You said you believed Roura was destitute, that his family was living off the charity of friends.

LATHAM

That's right.

JONES

Well, the word I got from London is that one José Maria Roura has an account at Banco de Venezuela in Caracas. Last Friday, 10,000 bolívares - about 3,000 dollars - was deposited in his account.

LATHAM

How did your people learn this?

JONES

That South American policy of yours, a threat to one is a threat to all.

LATHAM

Explain, please. And do it slowly.

JONES

Two years ago your Caracas station copied us on a cable stating that a communist cell was plotting against your stations in Caracas and Bogotá.

LATHAM

I run Domestic Ops, remember?

JONES

Well, the information surfaced in a newspaper through a local propaganda agent who attributed it to an unidentified Venezuelan government official. The story was then relayed to several CIA and MI6 stations in South America. Opinion pieces began to appear in the newspapers of these cities. Pressure mounted on the Venezuelan government to take repressive action against its Communists. So, our joe in the Venezuelan government told us that they started monitoring their bank accounts, one of which belonged to José Maria Roura. I think the PCE want Roura back in the fold.

LATHAM

The deposit could be a false-flag operation by the junta. Then again, Roura could be a sleeper.

JONES

No. The junta executes far more of their political prisoners than they send into exile. The PCE wouldn't risk a sleeper operation.

LATHAM

So, which one's playing games, the far left or the far right?

Jones shrugs; he doesn't know the answer either.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Hm, reminds me of Oswald.

JONES

Who - you mean that false defector?

LATHAM

(nods)

He's been flirting with extremists from the left and the right.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

And both those groups are far more violent than the PCE.

JONES

I think it's too risky. You don't know who you're really facing - the PCE, the junta, or just Roura. You may want to cancel your operation.

LATHAM

Hmm, I need to talk with Paul first.

JONES

Can you still get in touch with him?

Latham checks his watch, 8:02.

LATHAM

Quito's an hour behind us. So Paul's still in the air. Talk to you later.

He rushes off while Jones leaves in the opposite direction.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 08:18. Collette pulls files from her combination-lock file cabinet and places them into two neat piles on her desk. Latham enters.

LATHAM

Call LAN-Chile. Ask them to have Bazzo paged at the airport in Quito. Tell them it's an emergency. You have his flight details?

Collette flips open a notebook on her desk.

COLLETTE

Right here. He should be landing at Mariscal Sucre International Airport in about...
(looks at the wall clock)
Fifty minutes.

She picks up the Gray phone.

LATHAM

He's using his working name, Tom Sterling. Have him call me, ASAP.

As Collette dials, Latham enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham goes to his desk and sets down his satchel. He picks up the Red phone and dials 1-1-3-7.

No answer. He presses the button on the cradle and dials.

OPERATIONS ROOM - DUTY DESK

The usual PURL has a high level of CLICK-CLACK coming from the Communications Room where its door is open. The Red phone RINGS. Stokes, who has a paperback of the play "Waiting for Godot" on his desk, answers the Red phone. He sticks a finger in his open ear to mute the background noise.

STOKES

0-4-3-3...

CROSSCUT STOKES WITH LATHAM

LATHAM

It's Latham.

STOKES

Duty Officer Stokes here, sir.

LATHAM

Is mandarin Two down there?

STOKES

No, sir. One moment...
(to the Duty Officers)
Anyone seen mandarin Two?

Heads shake no. Percy and Nichols exchange curious glances.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Sorry, sir, but no one's seen her.
It's still early though.

LATHAM

Yes... Thanks.

CLICK. Latham has hung up. Stokes does the same.

PERCY

Latham?

STOKES

Uh huh.

PERCY

Someone should tell him it's only
08:15, for God sakes.

STOKES

Yes, but she's usually in by now,
collecting any FIRs from overnight.

NICHOLS

Hey, maybe she got lucky.

Snickering enters the banter.

PERCY

Forget her, I'm the one who could use some luck in that department.

STOKES

Godot will finally show up before your luck changes.

Muffled chuckling swirls around the Duty Desk. Percy avoids further embarrassment by poring over a report while everyone else returns to their duties.

EXT. 31ST STREET, NW - THE HAMILTON ARMS - DAY (MORNING)

The shades are still drawn on one of the small houses.

INT. GERRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Gerry and DiLauria are in bed lying on their backs, the comforter drawn just above their waists. Gerry is snoring - the after-effects of too much alcohol. DiLauria rolls on her side and awakens. She glances at the wind-up clock atop a rickety, home-made nightstand; it reads 8:40. Alarmed, she casts off the comforter and gets up, causing the nightstand to wobble. As DiLauria hurriedly puts on her clothes, draped across the back of a chair, a hard pack of Marlboro cigarettes next to the clock slides off the nightstand and falls to the hardwood floor - not with a soft SPLAT but with the CLATTER that comes when something hard hits a solid surface.

DiLauria stops in mid-motion. Slowly, she smooths her sweater down to her waist. She looks at the pack of cigarettes then at Gerry. He is still fast asleep. She picks up the cigarette pack; it feels suspiciously hard. She takes it into the...

BATHROOM

DiLauria gently closes the door and turns the doorlock. She examines the hard pack - it isn't cardboard but plastic. On the top is a tiny red button, a thumbwheel and, on the tax stamp, a black protrusion looking like the eye of a needle. All else is in the same red-and-white Marlboro color scheme. On one side, just above the label, a small rectangular hole has been neatly cut. Covering the hole, just inside the hard pack, is a red slide with a knurled end. DiLauria pushes the knurled end into the hard pack. The bottom of the hard pack juts out a quarter of an inch. The hole in the hard pack now reveals a camera lens. DiLauria has a flash of recognition: it is a Packet 110 camera, similar to a Minox model B.

She presses the black protrusion on the tax stamp. The side of the hard pack opposite the lens springs open - inside is the camera. She tips the hard pack onto its open side; the camera slides out into the palm of her other hand.

DiLauria rotates the thumbwheel, winding the film into its cartridge. She opens the back of the camera, takes out the film cartridge and pockets it. She shuts the back of the camera, replaces it in the hard pack and pushes the bottom into the pack where it CLICKS into place with the slide covering the lens.

BEDROOM

DiLauria leaves the bathroom, carrying her shoes and the camera. She walks softly to the nightstand. Gerry is still fast asleep. She places the Marlboro hard pack camera back on the nightstand then leaves.

EXT. MARISCAL SUCRE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY (MORNING)

Outside the main terminal is a sign that reads: "Aeropuerto Internacional Mariscal Sucre." Landing on the runway is a Douglas DC-8-21, a four-engine jet. On the fuselage, "Eastern Airlines" is imprinted above a blue "spear" edged in white, red and gold, with a streamlined Falcon on the tail.

INT. TERMINAL A

People mill about, checking the flight board and waiting for announcements.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(in Spanish)

Su atención por favor. El vuelo dos-cero-siete de Eastern Airlines desde Washington, D.C. vía Miami, Caracas, Bogotá llegará a la puerta siete.

Una vez más, el vuelo dos-cero-siete de Eastern Airlines desde Washington, D.C. vía Miami, Caracas, Bogotá llegará a la puerta siete.

(in English)

Your attention, please. Eastern Airlines flight two-zero-seven from Washington, D.C. via Miami, Caracas, Bogotá will arrive at Gate seven...

Once again, Eastern Airlines flight two-zero-seven from Washington, D.C. via Miami, Caracas, Bogotá will arrive at Gate seven.

AT THE BAGGAGE CAROUSEL

Arriving passengers pick up their luggage. Bazzo waits until his small suitcase makes its way around the circuit.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

Su atención por favor.

(MORE)

P.A. ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Pasajero Tom Sterling al llegar al
vuelo dos cero siete de Eastern
Airlines desde Washington, D.C.,
preséntese en el Mostrador de
información en el centro de la
Terminal A... Una vez más, pasajero
Tom Sterling al llegar al vuelo dos
cero siete de Eastern Airlines
desde Washington, D.C., preséntese
en el Mostrador de información en
el centro de la Terminal A.

(in English)

Your attention, please. Passenger
Tom Sterling on arriving Eastern
Airlines flight two-zero-seven from
Washington, D.C., please report to
the Information Desk in the center
of Terminal A... Once again,
passenger Tom Sterling on arriving
Eastern Airlines flight two-zero-
seven from Washington, D.C., please
report to the Information Desk in
the center of Terminal A.

Bazzo gives no indication he has heard the announcement. He
retrieves his suitcase and heads toward the...

TERMINAL CONCOURSE - INFORMATION DESK

A large clock lit from within reads 8:28. Bazzo approaches the
attendant, LILIANA, a young woman in an airport uniform with
her name on a nameplate. She smiles.

BAZZO
I'm Tom Sterling.

He shows Liliana a passport under the same name.

LILIANA
You have a message, sir.

She picks up a peach-colored notepad with the heading
"Aeropuerto Internacional Mariscal Sucre" and translates the
message written in Spanish.

LILIANA (CONT'D)
Call your father. It is urgent.

Bazzo looks suitably concerned; he replies in Spanish.

BAZZO
Dónde están los teléfonos públicos?

Liliana is surprised to hear Bazzo speak Spanish.

LILIANA

Hay un banco de teléfonos contra la pared del fondo a su derecha. Necesita cambio para el teléfono?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "There's a bank of phones against the far wall to your right. Do you need change for the phone?"

BAZZO

Tengo tokens de teléfono. Puedo usarlos aquí?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I have phone tokens. Can I use them here?"

LILIANA

Sí, claro.

BAZZO

Gracias, señorita.

LILIANA

De nada, Señor Sterling.

Bazzo leaves.

FAR END OF THE TERMINAL - PAY TELEPHONE BANK

Bazzo enters a phone booth. He takes a phone token from his pocket; it's stamped "LLAMADA LOCAL" on one side and "IETEL" on the other. He puts the token into the coin slot and dials.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is at his desk writing notes on a legal notepad. The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Paul is on Gray.

Latham presses the TALK button.

LATHAM

Thanks.

He hangs up the intercom and picks up the Gray phone.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Latham...

CROSSCUT BAZZO WITH LATHAM

BAZZO

What's going on, Dad?

LATHAM

Our cousin just told me that your uncle won the lottery last Friday to the tune of three grand.

BAZZO

Really...

LATHAM

It was deposited to an account in his name at Banco de Venezuela in Caracas. Problem is, we don't know whose glad hand fed the kitty.

BAZZO

Hmm, could be someone making amends, or someone's helping the old boy to cross the street.

LATHAM

Or someone stole the other team's pennant.

BAZZO

And I was in such a good mood... I suppose this all hinges on my uncle's sleep habits.

LATHAM

No. His landlord's actions with other tenants don't suggest he's been napping. Now, your uncle's something of a hero in Caracas. After all he's been through, he may want to take advantage of the warm reception he'll get there - unless you can convince him otherwise.

BAZZO

(sighs)

Too bad my little sister isn't here. She could convince him a few nights in Bogotá is better than a moment in the sun in Caracas. She knows just how to walk that line down here.

LATHAM

(guiltily)

Yeah... Listen, if you want to bail on this, I'll understand.

BAZZO

No, I'm already here, so...

(checks his watch)

I gotta go. I'm supposed to be there well ahead of my uncle.

LATHAM

Alright.

BAZZO

See you back at the ranch, marshal.

BACK TO SCENE

CLICK. Latham has hung up the phone. Bazzo does the same. He leaves the phone booth and looks at the overhead flight board. He then follows the signs to **Terminal B**. He stops at a news kiosk and buys a copy of *El Comercio*, a daily Quito newspaper.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham looks up from his desk at the 24-hour wall clock: 09:35. He sighs, gets up and heads into...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is typing. She pauses and looks curiously at Latham.

LATHAM

Is Kensington in? Berard wants me to keep him updated on the Quito job.

COLLETTE

No. According to his aide, he's at Langley again. He'll be in conference there all day.

LATHAM

That's two days in a row. What the hell is he telling Helms, his life story?

COLLETTE

That, and all his exploits in Miami.

LATHAM

I'll bet. I'm going to the lav.

He is about to leave when he pauses, turns and looks back at Collette, his niggling worries returning to the fore.

COLLETTE

Something else?

LATHAM

Did Carla call in yet?

COLLETTE

I'd have told you that first if she did.

Latham nods sadly.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

I'm sure she just overslept. Want me to try her at home?

LATHAM

Would you?

COLLETTE

Sure.

LATHAM

Don't, uh, ride her about being late. Just see if she's okay.

Collette smiles gently. Latham leaves the Outer Office.

LOWER-LEVEL CORRIDOR

The door to the Operations Room opens; Stokes exits, a folder tucked under his arm. He stops abruptly as the door to the stairwell swings open. DiLauria steps out. She sees Stokes and nods hello half-heartedly; he nods back, but her haggard countenance has Stokes worried.

STOKES

You okay?

DILAURIA

Yeah.

STOKES

Mr. Latham called around eight-fifteen looking for you.

DILAURIA

If he asks you again, tell him you saw me heading toward the Infirmary.

STOKES

Is that where you're going now?

DILAURIA

No.

STOKES

Are you in any trouble?

DILAURIA

That's the problem - I don't know if I am or not.

She walks away and opens a door whose sign, "DARKROOM," juts into the corridor. Stokes heads to the stairwell.

EXT. MARISCAL SUCRE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY (MORNING)

A LAN-Chile DC-6 airplane with four turbo-prop engines sits on the tarmac at Gate 8. Boarding stairs are at the rear door. The CAPTAIN finishes his walk-around, checking the plane for any issues that would abort the flight. He walks up the boarding stairs and enters the plane through the open door.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN

Three STEWARDESSES prepare for the flight. Bazzo is the only passenger on board at the moment. He is in an aisle seat, row five, on the right-hand side of the plane, reading *El Comercio*. The Captain enters. As he heads into the cockpit, where the FIRST OFFICER goes through his pre-flight checklist, the Captain speaks to the First Officer in Spanish.

CAPTAIN

Nosotros estamos bien.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "We're fine."

FIRST OFFICER (O.S.)

Tengo entendido que vamos a tener un invitado distinguido en este vuelo.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I understand we're going to have a distinguished guest on this flight."

The Captain closes the cockpit door before responding, making further conversation from them inaudible.

BAZZO

Turns to the Op-Ed page of *El Comercio* where there's an essay in Spanish entitled, "**POR QUÉ CONTINÚAN LOS BOMBARDEOS?**"

It's first paragraph reads:

El Partido Comunista del Ecuador, el PCE, niega su responsabilidad. Ex-presidente Velasco Ibarra, actualmente en el exilio, afirma que el gobierno está detrás de los atentados y dice que es una táctica utilizada para generar sospechas sobre los rivales políticos de la junta. La junta lo niega, calificándolo de propaganda.

The Stewardesses do not pay attention to Bazzo, so he reads aloud, sotto voce, translating the Spanish text into English.

BAZZO

Why do the bombings continue? The Communist Party of Ecuador, the PCE, deny responsibility.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Former President Velasco Iberra, currently in exile, claims the government is behind the bombings, a tactic used to cast suspicion on the junta's political rivals. The junta deny this, calling it propaganda.

STEWARDESS #1 checks her wristwatch and moves to the bulkhead separating the cockpit from the cabin seating area. Seeing this, Bazzo immediately stops reading aloud.

STEWARDESS #2 positions herself at the left-rear door where the boarding stairs are in place. STEWARDESS #3 stands aft, ahead of the galley. There is a CLATTER of footsteps on the boarding stairs. Bazzo glances back to see people board the plane. There are only ten of them and they are well-heeled - but they are not in a group, as they sit midway and to the rear of the cabin.

Two UNIFORMED POLICEMEN enter, followed by a weary JOSÉ MARIA ROURA - 40, receding hairline, and stoop-shouldered in his rumpled brown suit. Two more POLICEMEN follow him into the cabin. Stewardess #2 points to Stewardess #1. They walk to the bulkhead where POLICEMAN #1 speaks to Stewardess #1.

POLICEMAN #1

Este es José María Roura. Dónde está su asiento, señorita?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "This is José Maria Roura. Where is his seat, miss?"

STEWARDESS #1

Puedo ver la tarjeta de embarque del Señor Roura, por favor?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "May I see Mr. Roura's boarding pass, please?"

Policeman #1 shows her Roura's boarding pass.

STEWARDESS #1 (CONT'D)

Fila cinco, el asiento junto a la ventana, donde está sentado ese hombre que lee el periódico.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Row five, window seat, where that man reading the newspaper is sitting."

POLICEMAN #1

Gracias.

STEWARDESS #1

Están usted y los otros policías volando con él?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Are you and the other policemen flying with him?"

POLICEMAN #1

No. Tan pronto como el Señor Roura encuentre su asiento, nos iremos.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No. As soon as Mr. Roura finds his seat, we're leaving."

Policeman #1 leads the others to Bazzo's row.

POLICEMAN #1 (CONT'D)

Disculpe, señor.

Bazzo stands. Policeman #1 faces Roura and points to the window seat.

POLICEMAN #1 (CONT'D)

Tienes el asiento de la ventana.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You have the window seat."

Roura edges by Bazzo and takes his seat. Bazzo sits back down.

POLICEMAN #1 (CONT'D)

Nos vamos ahora, Señor Roura. Espero que a tu compañero de viaje aquí no le importe el olor.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "We're leaving now, Mr. Roura. I hope your travel companion here doesn't mind the smell."

The Policemen smirk and leave. As Roura watches them exit the plane, his demeanor changes. No longer the ignominious exile, he is now the face of vindictiveness, having suffered the horrors of prison and the final indignity - being paraded and ridiculed by an imbecilic cop before passengers and crew.

With help from the grounds crew, Stewardess #2 shuts the door. Stewardess #1 grabs the microphone to the P.A. system and begins her pre-flight briefing to the passengers. Bazzo folds the newspaper and lays it on the empty seat between Roura and himself. The Op-Ed page is on the outside of the fold.

STEWARDESS #1

(in Spanish)

Buenos días a todos y bienvenidos a bordo del vuelo LAN-Chile número tres-cero-dos de Quito a la ciudad de Nueva York, con escalas en Bogotá, Caracas y Miami, Florida. En este momento, por favor abróchense los cinturones de seguridad.

(in English)

(MORE)

STEWARDESS #1 (CONT'D)

Good morning, everyone, and welcome aboard LAN-Chile flight number three-zero-two from Quito to New York City, with stops in Bogotá, Caracas, and Miami, Florida. At this time, please fasten your seatbelts.

Roura glances at the Op-Ed page headline, "**POR QUÉ CONTINÚAN LOS BOMBARDEOS?**" then looks out the window. As the Policemen cross the tarmac and enter the terminal, Roura mutters...

ROURA

Deberían bombardear la prisión de García Moreno, con esos cabrones adentro.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "They should bomb García Moreno Prison with those bastards inside it."

Bazzo's eyes flit toward Roura. He buckles his seatbelt. Roura's is still unbuckled.

BAZZO

(gently)

Tiene que abrocharse el cinturón de seguridad, señor.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You have to fasten your seatbelt, sir."

Roura is surprised by Bazzo's respectful demeanor. He fastens his seatbelt and looks at Bazzo.

ROURA

Gracias.

STEWARDESS #1

(in Spanish)

Por favor tome la tarjeta de seguridad del respaldo del asiento frente a usted y lee las instrucciones junto conmigo.

(in English)

Please take the safety card out of the seatback in front of you and read the instructions with me.

Bazzo takes the safety card from the backseat rear pocket in front of him. Roura does the same. Stewardess #1 continues with her pre-flight safety briefing translating frequently from Spanish to English, while Stewardess #2 and Stewardess #3 mimic her actions.

BAZZO

Reads the safety card, paying attention to instructions on how to open the main cabin door and the window exits.

He pays special attention to the window exits over the wings. Each window exit has a knotted evacuation rope located in the upper window frame. With the voice of Stewardess #1 serving as background PURL, Bazzo looks at Roura.

BAZZO
(sotto voce)
Hola, soy Tom Sterling.

He extends his hand to Roura who hesitates then shakes it.

ROURA
José Roura. En qué negocio estás?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "José Roura. What business are you in?"

BAZZO
Soy un periodista de Nueva York.
Pasé las últimas semanas en Ecuador estudiando los problemas del analfabetismo, la enfermedad y la pobreza para una serie de artículos que estoy escribiendo.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I'm a journalist from New York. I've spent the past few weeks in Ecuador studying the problems of illiteracy, disease and poverty for a series of articles I'm writing."

ROURA
De Nueva York...
(switches to English)
So you speak English then.

Bazzo is surprised; he didn't know Roura could speak English.

BAZZO
Yes. Where'd you learn your English?

ROURA
At university. Do you mind if we speak English? I like to practice when I can.

BAZZO
Sure. I overheard the crew say you would be aboard. I have to admit, I was happy to learn that.

ROURA
Why?

BAZZO
I hoped you might discuss Ecuador's problems with me, from the point of view of a Communist revolutionary.

ROURA

I see... Whom do you write for?

BAZZO

The Nation. We knew about your arrest back in May. Frankly, I was shocked at how arbitrary and unfair the proceedings were.

ROURA

I was, um, railroaded. I believe that is the correct word.

BAZZO

It's the same word I used for what you experienced. I wrote a piece about you a couple of weeks after your arrest. The junta is afraid of you because you speak the truth.

ROURA

(sighs)

Someone has to, don't you think so?

BAZZO

Yes, but speaking the truth comes with great personal risk. Few people have the courage to do so. You're one of those few.

ROURA

Thank you.

He nods gratefully; he is more at ease now.

BAZZO

Where are you going - I mean, your final destination?

ROURA

New York. My wife and child are there. It's difficult for them.

BAZZO

You mean the language barrier?

ROURA

That, but mostly a lack of money.
(embarrassed)
They are reliant on - what is the word? - a handout. Charity.

BAZZO

That has to be very tough - on you as well as them.

ROURA

Me?

BAZZO

Yes. While you were in prison, there was nothing you could do to help them financially; that has to hurt.

Roura nods and looks out the window. Bazzo follows his gaze and looks out the window as well. Stewardess #1 has finished her pre-flight briefing and joined the other two Stewardesses in their jump seats.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

A pushback tractor slowly motors by the window to the front of the plane. Its DRIVER wears a bright orange safety vest over white overalls, a headset and a ball cap.

IN THE CABIN

A CLANK is heard, coming from underneath the aircraft.

BAZZO

What the hell was that?

ROURA

The truck attaching to the front wheel of the airplane, I guess.

BAZZO

No, we wouldn't have heard that unless we were outside the plane. This sounded like it was right beneath us.

He's worried. Roura sees this and grows concerned. MURMURING comes from some of the passengers.

ROURA

What could it have been?

Bazzo shrugs; he continues to stare...

THROUGH THE WINDOW

A GROUNDS CREW MAN in white overalls runs from underneath the right wing, behind the turbo-prop engines, to the terminal. He pulls open a door marked "TRIPULACIÓN DE TERRENOS DEL AEROPUERTO - NO PERSONAL NO AUTORIZADO" (AIRPORT GROUNDS CREW - NO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL), and enters. The spring-mounted door slowly closes behind him.

BAZZO

Shakes his head. He is extremely worried now.

BAZZO
Something's wrong here.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

The Driver of the pushback tractor jogs to the terminal, entering the same door as the other Grounds Crew Man.

BAZZO
Looks at Roura and muses aloud...

BAZZO
That sound... Reminds me of a limpet mine being attached to a ship's hull.

ROURA
How do you know about such things?

Bazzo looks at the newspaper, prompting Roura to do the same. The Op-Ed headline "**POR QUÉ CONTINÚAN LOS BOMBARDEOS?**" virtually screams at them. Bazzo unfastens his seatbelt.

BAZZO
Come on, we're getting out of here.

ROURA
Why?

BAZZO
I think a bomb's been attached to the plane. Let's go.

Roura is frightened. Bazzo reaches over and unfastens Roura's seatbelt, then Bazzo stands. From the rear of the cabin...

STEWARDESS #1 (O.S.)
Siéntese, señor, y abróchese el cinturón! Inmediatamente!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Sit down, sir, and fasten your seatbelt! Immediately!"

IN THE CABIN

The murmuring from the passengers grows louder. Bazzo pulls Roura to his feet and into the aisle.

ROURA
How do we get out?

STEWARDESS #1
Siéntate, ahora!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Sit down, now!"

Bazzo takes Roura by the hand and rushes to an empty row over the right wing.

STEWARDESS #1 (CONT'D)
Maldita sea! Siéntate!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Goddamnit! Sit down!"

She gets up and scurries towards Bazzo and Roura.

STEWARDESS #1 (CONT'D)
Te dije que te sentaras! Ahora,
regresen a sus asientos!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I told you to sit down! Now go back to your seats!"

BAZZO
Acabo de ver al conductor del
tractor de empuje volver corriendo
a la terminal. Y alguien salió
corriendo de debajo del ala después
de colocar algo en el fuselaje.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I just saw the driver of the pushback tractor run back into the terminal. And someone ran out from under the wing after attaching something to the fuselage."

STEWARDESS #1
Está loco, señor. Voy a decirle al
capitán.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You're crazy, Mister. I'm going to tell the Captain."

She rushes to the bulkhead, opens the cockpit door, enters and SLAMS shut the door behind her. Meanwhile, Bazzo slides across the empty seats. He lifts the plastic handle cover at the bottom of the window, raises the metal handle up ninety degrees, and pushes the pane outwards. He unlatches the top of the window frame and grabs the escape rope. PANDEMONIUM erupts among the passengers. Bazzo turns to Roura.

BAZZO
José, when I get on the wing, I'll
hold the rope for you. Climb down.

He slides feet-first out the window, holding onto the rope.

EXT. SECOND FLOOR OF THE TERMINAL

The four Policemen who escorted Roura onto the plane stand at the picture windows. They look at each other, as confused and shocked as everyone else in the terminal witnessing this odd scene.

ON THE TARMAC

Bazzo uses the knots on the escape rope to lower himself onto the wing. Roura climbs out the window feet-first but on his stomach. He slowly lowers himself, covering the last few feet by jumping onto the wing and into Bazzo's waiting arms.

The ailerons are in a lowered position. Bazzo slides off the rear of the wing onto them, helped by the backwash from the propellers. His feet dangle only a foot or so above the ground. Bazzo jumps, easily landing on his feet.

Roura does the same, with Bazzo again catching him as he jumps to the ground. The Two run to the door for authorized personnel. As they pull open the door...

UNDERSIDE OF THE AIRPLANE'S FUSELAGE

A limpet mine affixed to the metal skin of the plane EXPLODES.

LATHAM AND ROURA

Dive onto the floor, propelled by the shockwave of the blast which SLAMS shut the door behind them.

AT TERMINAL B

Windows on both floors SHATTER.

ON THE TARMAC

LAN-Chile's DC-6 turbo-prop plane is engulfed in flames.

ACT FOUR

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

A panorama from the White House to Foggy Bottom and...

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

The compound is quiet.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette edits a brief. Latham enters from his office with a cup and saucer. He places the cup on the saucer and lays them on the small table where a clear glass pot of water sits. He pours water into his cup then plugs a portable immersion beverage heater into a wall socket. He hooks it onto the rim of his cup with the heating element in the water. He opens a box of Earl Grey teabags, takes one out, lays it on the saucer beside the cup, and waits for the water to boil.

LATHAM
(anxiously)
Still no word from Carla?

COLLETTE
Not yet. I'm sure we'll hear from
her soon.

Though disappointed, Latham nods. The Red phone RINGS. Latham perks up, expectant. Collette answers the phone.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
2-3-6-2... Yes, hold on.
(to Latham)
It's Jared in the Ops Room.

She gives the handset to Latham.

LATHAM
Latham...
(dourly)
I'll be right down.

He hangs up, unplugs the immersion heater, then turns to Collette.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
A bomb's gone off at Quito airport.

COLLETTE
Oh, my God...

LATHAM
I'll be in the Ops Room.

He leaves.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Both Red- and Gray telephones RING off the hook. Stokes, Percy, Nichols and their charges scramble to answer every call. Latham hurries in.

LATHAM
Let's hear it, Jared.

STOKES
Reuters and AP report an explosion
at Mariscal Sucre International
Airport. First reports say a LAN-
Chile DC-6 was in flames.

LATHAM
Was it Roura's flight?

STOKES

No confirmation on that, nor have airport officials clarified the source of the explosion. I checked LAN-Chile's flight schedule, and Roura's flight was the only one of theirs scheduled for departure then.

LATHAM

You contact the station?

STOKES

Yes. They've sent their Number Two, John Bacon, to the airport. We're still waiting on word from him.

Percy hangs up and listens to them. Gwyneth enters with a sheet torn from a teletype machine and hands it to Stokes who paraphrases it aloud.

STOKES (CONT'D)

AP confirms the plane was engulfed in flames, but they don't verify that it was LAN-Chile's. There's been damage to Terminal B and several injuries.

LATHAM

Until I hear differently, Paul and Roura are still alive. Have the Quito station prepare a bolthole. They may be injured, so the station will need to provide medical assistance. They may also need new passports to leave the country - and that means from Guayaquil, not Quito.

STOKES

Sir, why don't we make Roura a U.S. citizen from Puerto Rico? That way we account for his accent and Spanish as his primary language.

LATHAM

Good, Jared. Go with that.

PERCY

With the plane in flames, chances of them being alive are pretty slim.

Gwyneth tears up upon hearing this.

LATHAM

If it were you on that plane, would you rather I assume you were dead?

PERCY
(regretting his words)
No sir, I wouldn't.

NICHOLS
You think someone targeted Roura?

LATHAM
I don't know, but I want the station
to proceed under that assumption and
not sit on their ass waiting for
their Number Two to call back.

STOKES
I'll call the Quito station now.

LATHAM
Establish an open line with them.

Stokes picks up his Red phone and dials. Latham reaches over
and picks up Percy's Red phone and dials. After a moment...

LATHAM (CONT'D)
It's Latham. Is Mr. Berard in?... I
need to see him right away...

Gwyneth takes a tissue from Stokes's desk and wipes her eyes.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
I'm on my way.

He hangs up. Nichols's Red phone RINGS; he answers it.

NICHOLS
0-9-3-9... Yes, he's here.
(covers the mouthpiece)
Mr. Latham! Mandarin Two's on Red.

LATHAM
Ask her to wait for me in my
office. I'll be with the Chief.

He leaves.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard is at his desk. With measured concern, he takes a pill
from its tin case and swallows it with a glass of water.

BERARD
This could be a coincidence. As you
know, there's been a spate of
bombings in Quito.

LATHAM
I don't believe in coincidences.

BERARD

Still, it could be more of the same.

LATHAM

Up to now, only government buildings have been targeted - and no one's taken credit as yet. You'd think the PCE, or some extreme right or left faction would've done so by now.

BERARD

And what do you make of that?

LATHAM

For the bombings in general or just the airport bombing?

BERARD

Let's stay with the airport bombing.

LATHAM

It leaves it an open question. The junta claim it was perpetrated by whoever's been setting off bombs around Quito. But I think it was a targeted act made to look like yet another in that string of bombings.

BERARD

All that violence - all those people on board the plane - just to kill one man? That doesn't sound like a stretch to you, Warren?

LATHAM

It's the degree of violence that makes it plausible, sir.

BERARD

Explain.

LATHAM

If the perpetrators are an extreme faction of the PCE, the bombing serves to make Roura a martyr; it encourages others to take up the Communist cause. But if the far right are responsible, the sheer scale of the violence signals that the junta will go to any lengths to oppose the Communists, even if it means killing innocent civilians.

BERARD

I see... Any official word on which plane was involved?

LATHAM

No, but I'm sure it was Roura's.

BERARD

And your reasons for this?

LATHAM

The bomb went off at the time of the LAN-Chile plane's departure. Early reports state that the terminal only suffered external damage, while the plane was engulfed in flames.

BERARD

And you don't know if Barry and Roura are still alive.

LATHAM

No, but I assume they are, and I'll do everything possible to help Paul. He'd expect that from me.

Berard nods, appreciating Latham's loyalty to his officers.

BERARD

You have Jared Stokes ordering the Quito station to exfiltrate Barry and Roura who, assuming they're alive, would have gone to ground.

LATHAM

That's correct, sir.

BERARD

Then what can I do to help?

LATHAM

The Quito Station Chief, Bob Weatherwax, can be obstinate. I'd like you to tell him to do whatever Jared asks, without reservation. Also, inform all the station chiefs in Branch Three that their assistance may be needed to help get mandarin One and Roura out of Ecuador and on their way to New York. That would include setting up boltholes, medical care if needed, local transportation, passports, pocket litter, and flight arrangements if, for some reason, Barry and Roura can't be exfiltrated via the Guayaquil base.

BERARD

Guayaquil, not Quito?

LATHAM

That's right, sir.

BERARD

You think Roura was targeted by a plant in the Quito station?

LATHAM

Sir, Ecuador is the second poorest country in South America. People earn on average two hundred dollars a year. If we can turn agents there with money, so can the unwashed.

BERARD

But the local police knew he was going into exile in New York.

LATHAM

There were three flights on three different airlines leaving Quito for New York today. Roura's police guard weren't told which flight the consulate had arranged for him until this morning, to avoid any possible incident at the airport.

BERARD

Alright, I'll call the Branch Three station chiefs. I'll also call our consulate in Guayaquil, in case the plant's in our base there rather than in Quito. I know our consul general there. If need be, he can provide a bolthole and diplomatic cover for Barry and Roura. Also, the Braniff Airways manager in Guayaquil is ECBLISS-1; he's a U.S. citizen and a base support agent. I'll put him in touch with Jared Stokes.

LATHAM

Thank you, sir.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

DiLauria sits at the table, worriedly drumming her fingers on a file folder. Latham enters.

DILAURIA

I heard about the bombing at Quito's airport. Have you heard from Paul?

LATHAM

Not yet. But before we get into that, I want to know if you're okay.

DILAURIA

Depends on how you define 'okay.'

LATHAM

I'm asking you how you feel, Carla.

DILAURIA

Before I answer that, maybe you should look at these.

Latham joins her at the table. DiLauria takes three cellophane sleeves out of the folder. From the sleeves she pulls out three glossy photographic prints, each sandwiched by acid-free tissue sheets, and lays them before Latham.

The first one is dark, taken in low light. It shows DiLauria in a dark-colored sweater inside the Hamilton Arms Coffee House sitting at a table, a cup of some dark beverage (caffè corretto) before her. The second print shows DiLauria with the cup to her lips. The third print is blurry, as though the camera was held in unsteady hands. It shows a hardwood floor and, to one side, barely discernible, DiLauria's black stirrup pants and flats.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

The two clear prints of me were taken inside the Hamilton Arms Coffee House. That blurry one was taken inside a house on 31st Street, four doors down from the coffee house. He said his name was Gerry. There was a phone bill on the coffee table for a Gerry Milken.

LATHAM

How'd you get the film?

DILAURIA

He had the camera on his nightstand; it was a Packet 110 disguised as a hard pack of Marlboros. While he was dead to the world I snuck it into the bathroom and unloaded the film. He was out when I put the camera back and left.

LATHAM

And the blurry picture?

DILAURIA

He was so damn drunk when we got to his place he could barely stand. I guess that was the best he could do.

LATHAM

What about the behavior?

DILAURIA

He was too drunk for any. By the time we got undressed, he'd crashed on his bed. I was out of it too. I woke up this morning at his place. Hm, a classic honey trap.

LATHAM

Not necessarily.

DILAURIA

What else could it have been?

LATHAM

Innocent beatnik with a fetish just happens to pull in a CIA officer.

DILAURIA

No. The only reason to take pictures at the coffee house would be to prove to his controller that he'd targeted me in case I blew him off.

LATHAM

Hmm... Usually, a camera would've already been set up. Makes me think there wasn't enough time to do so.

While DiLauria mulls this over, Latham spreads the three prints out on the table and shakes his head.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

There's certainly nothing here to blackmail you with.

DILAURIA

Still, I should've recognized the set-up.

LATHAM

For most people, the only time they know what's happened is when they're confronted with the pictures and an ultimatum... It's unusual for the KGB to pick someone who can't hold his liquor.

DILAURIA

I thought so too. He's clearly not a Moscow Center-trained hood.

LATHAM

Could be a long-term sleeper. But how did he know to target you?

DiLauria grows pale as she realizes what this means.

DILAURIA

God, I really don't wanna go there.

LATHAM

Carla, listen to me. You were at a much lower point in your life when you came back from Berlin, remember?

DiLauria nods reluctantly, recalling that unpleasant time.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

So this can't be someone who knew you then; otherwise, the KGB would have already tried it. This has to be someone in our ranks, someone who knew you were vulnerable but only got to know you in the past year.

Ashamed, DiLauria gets up and meanders about.

DILAURIA

Means an investigation by Security, doesn't it?

LATHAM

If I go that route.

DILAURIA

What other way is there? And you know they'll tell MOTHER! By the time he's through, he'll have everyone here pointing fingers at each other, ready to accuse them of being a traitor. Shit! I've really made a mess of things.

LATHAM

When you go back to The Hole later I want you to think. Who knew you were upset? Who might have overheard you? Then we'll work out a plan.

DILAURIA

That's it? What about Security?

LATHAM

No. We'll figure a way out of this.

DILAURIA

Thanks, boss.

LATHAM

Now, I need you to turn your attention to Quito. Jared's working with the station to exfiltrate Paul and Roura, if they're still alive.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

So, what would you do if you were Paul?

DILAURIA

Go to ground for twenty-four hours.

LATHAM

Good, that gives us some time. They may need your help, so stay close.

DiLauria nods. She starts to leave when...

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Take your photos. I didn't see them and I don't want anyone else to.

She gathers the prints, puts them back in the folder and leaves. Latham pauses momentarily to think, then heads into...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette hangs up the Red phone as Latham enters.

COLLETTE

That was Mr. Kensington's aide. Mr. Kensington will be back at five and would like to meet with you then.

LATHAM

Call Berard. I'll brief them on Quito together when I can. First, I want you to call SMOTH. Ask him to meet me in the park. Tell him it's urgent.

COLLETTE

Right. Carla told me what happened. Any way you can help her out?

LATHAM

I don't know. I know I don't want to see her career end because of this.

Collette dials the Gray phone as Latham heads into his office.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A panorama of the cityscape, from midtown to Lower Manhattan.

THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT

"Wall St." and "Broadway" street signs hang from a streetlamp.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK BUILDING

Stock footage of this home of the U.S. central banking system.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Polished wood doors, paneling and trim; a mahogany desk with a multi-line Bell telephone and a single-line black telephone; curtained windows with ascot valances and swags revealing a glimpse of the concrete canyons; a Chesterfield sofa, leather chairs, and side tables - these are the trappings of wealth and power. The Board Member sits on the sofa. His SECRETARY escorts FBI Director Hoover inside.

SECRETARY

FBI Director Hoover, sir.

The Board Member stands and shakes hands with Hoover while the Secretary leaves. The Board Member sits back down on the sofa. Hoover sits in a chair and fidgets.

HOOVER

Sorry for the impromptu visit, but I had to speak to you privately.

BOARD MEMBER

I had to delay a meeting, John, but I didn't cancel it. Sorry, but I only have thirty minutes for you.

HOOVER

I see... Hunt really put on a show, didn't he?

The Secretary returns with two cups of coffee, one for each man, then leaves. The Board Member sips his coffee while Hoover sets down the cup.

HOOVER (CONT'D)

Not quite my taste though. A bit too ostentatious for me.

BOARD MEMBER

He made his point. Now make yours.

Hoover is discomfited by the Board Member's directness.

HOOVER

Is it really necessary to kill Kennedy?

BOARD MEMBER

We've been over this.

HOOVER

I know but hear me out. We expose him for what he is, a philanderer. You know what the public thinks of that Barbie-doll wife of his. The scandal would force him to resign.

BOARD MEMBER

Now you hear me out. This is the last time we're going to have this discussion. The press knows about his affairs, but you'll never read a single word about them - not during his lifetime anyway. They love him too much to print anything.

HOOVER

But your friends own the press.

BOARD MEMBER

You of all people should know that the president's private life is off limits. Besides, the man's a quote machine; his bon mots sell papers and boost TV ratings.

HOOVER

Even more reason not to kill him, especially in such a violent manner.

BOARD MEMBER

That violent manner will send a message, John, a very strong one.

HOOVER

I don't disagree with the message; it's the method that bothers me.

BOARD MEMBER

It has to be that way.

HOOVER

Why?

BOARD MEMBER

You sound like my grandkids now, always asking why.

Frustrated, Hoover dismisses him with a flip of his hand.

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)

(sternly)

Careful, John. I'm not one of your toadies over there at the Bureau.

Hoover looks penitent.

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)

Listen closely because this is the last time I'll say it. This isn't just for President Kennedy and his brothers. The message has to resonate for generations to come.

(MORE)

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)

This country marches to our tune. Presidents are temporary office-holders. Their job is to shuttle between Capitol Hill and the public, conveying our decisions. A violent message is the only way to convince presidents to either toe the line, or face the consequences.

HOOVER

I still find it abhorrent.

BOARD MEMBER

Hm, this from a man who stages high-profile arrests so he can appear omnipotent.

HOOVER

Theater is as much a part of my job as supervising investigations.

BOARD MEMBER

Uh huh. You don't seem to realize the precarious position you're in.

HOOVER

What are you talking about?

The Board Member sets his coffee cup on an end table. He gets up, goes to his desk and sits. Hoover watches him anxiously. The Board Member reaches into the center drawer, takes out a folder and opens it.

BOARD MEMBER

This is a copy of an internal FBI memo from your D.C. field office. I'll paraphrase it for you. A confidential informant alleges that an unidentified person, whose first name begins "R-O," is a homosexual. The allegation was subsequently furnished to the unidentified person by your Associate Deputy Director, Cartha DeLoach. It goes on to state that Director Hoover has ruled against Associate Director Clyde Tolson and DeLoach in their recommendation to bring this allegation to the attention of the Attorney General, Robert F. Kennedy.

He closes the file and puts it back in his desk drawer. Hoover's face is a frozen mask of fear and resentment.

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)

That lawyer who served as Senator Joe McCarthy's chief counsel - Roy Cohn? - he's also a good friend of yours. And Roy is spelled R-O-Y. This is the same Roy Cohn with whom you attended sex parties here in Manhattan - all-male sex parties.

HOOVER

You're so goddamn concerned with words and labels that you believe they mean what they seem to mean. Homosexual. Queer. Faggot. You think these are names that tell you who someone sleeps with, but what they don't tell you is that John Edgar Hoover is a heterosexual man! A man who fucks around with guys!

BOARD MEMBER

Semantic bullshit. You're as queer as a three-dollar bill, John. So let's stop with the games, shall we? Investigations have a way of generating their own momentum. And when the subject is as salacious as this, they gain speed faster than an avalanche. If this memo crosses Bobby Kennedy's desk, you're finished.

Hoover is now ghastly pale and shaking perceptibly.

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)

From today on there'll be no more questions, no more suggestions. You'll do whatever you're told to do. And if you think you can somehow skirt that, remember what I said at Hunt's place about being a liability. You open your mouth, and it will be permanently shut.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - TROLLEY TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Latham crosses the now-disused trolley tracks leading into the tunnel on his way to...

DUPONT CIRCLE - Q STREET PARK

Jones sits on a bench, tossing peanuts from a brown paperbag to the squirrels. Latham approaches him.

LATHAM

Come on, Larry. Let's walk.

Jones dumps the peanuts on the ground before the squirrels. He gets up and tosses the paperbag into a trash container then joins Latham for a stroll.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Last night, a guy named Gerry Milken picked up mandarin Two at the Hamilton Arms Coffee House.

JONES

She got lucky. Good for her.

LATHAM

Not quite. She and this Milken get to his place and are about to play tangle-toes when Gerry passes out. Seems he can't hold his liquor.

JONES

Hm, the story of my life.

LATHAM

In the morning Carla gets up to leave and bumps into the nightstand. A pack of Marlboro cigarettes falls to the floor. When she picks it up, she sees it's really a Packet 110 camera. She unloads the film, puts the camera back, and leaves.

JONES

A Packet 110? A 35mm is usually already set up in a honey trap.

LATHAM

Which leads me to believe Gerry's a KGB sleeper and the honey trap was a hasty decision.

JONES

Hmm, have you developed the film?

LATHAM

Yes. A couple of shots of Carla in the coffee house and a blurry one of her slacks, but that's it.

JONES

Nothing incriminating there.

LATHAM

No, but Carla's been questioning her role lately. She's also upset with me, which is my fault. But when she came back from Berlin she was in far worse shape than she is now.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I think someone who only recently got to know her set her up.

JONES

So, how do I fit into all this?

LATHAM

I want you to put eyes on Gerry Milken. See whom he meets.

JONES

With the hope it'll be with his KGB controller.

LATHAM

Uh huh. After flubbing the honey trap, I'm sure that'll happen soon.

JONES

Seems to me a search of his place is in order as well.

LATHAM

If you can pull it off, sure.

JONES

So, what's in this for me?

LATHAM

If you can connect the dots, you can use it to silence your critics here. They still say MI6 is a leaky ship, what with Philby's defection. You can either hand this guy over to the FBI, or you can turn him.

JONES

Don't get me wrong. I appreciate the gesture, but he sounds fairly low-level. If he leads us to his controller, then it would be worth my while.

LATHAM

If that happens, I want first crack at his controller.

JONES

Fine. You have Gerry's photo?

LATHAM

No, but Carla can ID him for you.

JONES

Sounds like this Gerry thinks he's a ladies' man.

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

If I do have a look at his place, it should be done by a woman. Two women would be even better; it would look good to the neighbors. One of them should be mandarin Two.

LATHAM

And the other?

JONES

Fiona, the best Special Ops officer we've got here. Ormsby-Gore is on vacation until next week, so Fiona's got some time on her hands. Plus, she and Carla have a good rapport.

LATHAM

Okay. How soon can you get started? Milken was so hung over he may still be home, sleeping it off.

JONES

Have Carla come by the embassy. We'll take it from there.

LATHAM

Thanks, Larry. I appreciate it.

JONES

By the way, I heard about the airplane bombing in Quito. I know it's not domestic but I wondered if you might be involved in that.

LATHAM

Mandarin One is. But I haven't heard from him yet.

JONES

Here's hoping he's okay. Let me know if I can help.

LATHAM

I will. I'll send Carla right over.

They separate, walking in different directions.

ACT FIVE

EXT. QUITO, ECUADOR - DAY

INSERT: "Quito, Ecuador"

The city is nestled in a narrow valley in the Andes with the slopes of the Pichincha Volcano to the west.

A closer look features municipal buildings damaged in the recent spate of bombings.

CHANCERY OFFICE BUILDING

A four-story, modernist building with an elongated overhang above the entrance and walkway. A building sign reads "Embassy of the United States/Embajada de los Estados Unidos."

INT. ANTECHAMBER

An ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT - a Caucasian woman, early 30s - sits at her desk, typing. She is frequently interrupted by incoming phone calls which she answers...

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

Embajada de los Estados Unidos,
Sección Política, Oficina del
Agregado Adjunto. Como puedo
ayudarte?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Embassy of the United States, Political Section, Office of the Deputy Attaché. How may I help you?"

To her right and slightly behind her is a door with a plaque that reads "Assistant Attaché, Political Section."

ASSISTANT ATTACHÉ'S OFFICE

A large ceiling fan spins slowly, as though fighting against the oppressive heat. The 24-hour wall clock reads 16:10. In a corner the flag of the United States hangs from its pole. On a wall an official photo of President Kennedy, with the appropriate appellation, is prominently displayed. Below it is a smaller photo of Maurice Bernbaum, whose title reads "U.S. Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Ecuador."

At a desk sits BOB WEATHERWAX, 40, in an ecru linen suit with a loosened brown tie. His brass nameplate identifies him by name only. Two telephones, one Black and one Gray, each with multiple lines, share desk space with an intercom, which BUZZES; Weatherwax answers it.

WEATHERWAX

Yes?

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT (O.S.)

You have a dedicated call on Gray,
line two.

He hangs up the intercom. Adopting a cautious and concerned mien, he lifts the receiver on the Gray phone and presses the blinking button for line two.

WEATHERWAX

P-I-5-2-2-9...

BAZZO (O.S.)

It's Tom Sterling. Let me speak to the Major.

WEATHERWAX

Speaking. It's good to hear from you. How's your uncle?

INT. HOSTEL GUÁPULO

To describe the lobby as small and indiscriminate would do it more justice than it deserves. The walls are two shades of green, the result of an incomplete repainting. The front desk, such as it is, resembles a large hole cut in the wall. The 50-ish MANAGER has his feet up on a chair. A radio plays *yarabi*, traditional Ecuadoran folk music, as the manager's head bobs in and out of sleep. Meanwhile, Bazzo speaks into a two-piece, three-slot payphone. Roura sits in a wooden chair leaning against the wall because one of its legs is missing.

BAZZO

He's alive.

CROSSCUT WEATHERWAX WITH BAZZO

WEATHERWAX

Any damage?

BAZZO

Nothing significant.

WEATHERWAX

How's the scenery there?

BAZZO (O.S.)

I'm in an eponymous hostel off the Camino de Orellana.

WEATHERWAX

One second...

Weatherwax grabs a map. He finds the road Camino de Orellana and follows it to the area known as "Guápulo." He writes "Hostel Guápulo, Camino de Orellana" on a legal notepad.

WEATHERWAX (CONT'D)

Got it.

BAZZO

So, what have you got for me?

WEATHERWAX

A bolthole for forty-eight, max.

BAZZO

You have the keys?

WEATHERWAX

My Number Two has them.

BAZZO

Get 'em and get over here, pronto.

WEATHERWAX

Wait a minute. I can't just up and go. I have to inform the ambassador.

BAZZO

No.

WEATHERWAX

What do you mean, 'no'?

BAZZO

You're wasting time. Just get the keys and get going.

WEATHERWAX

Just who the hell are you to give me orders? I run this station!

BAZZO

And I'm a Special Ops officer requiring your assistance.

WEATHERWAX

You're a goddamn mandarin throwing his weight around!

BAZZO

Look, I don't have time to argue with you. We're sitting ducks here. Either get the keys and get a move on, or you can explain yourself to the Chief at the post mortem.

There is silence from Weatherwax, who stewes.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Can you get here in fifteen minutes?

WEATHERWAX

If I ignore the speed limit.

BAZZO

Then do it. There's an alley out back. We'll meet you there.

BACK TO SCENE

CLICK. Bazzo has hung up. Furious, Weatherwax hangs up and stands. He grabs his Panama hat off the coat rack then pauses. He goes back to his desk and reaches into the center drawer.

ANTECHAMBER

The door to the "Assistant Attaché, Political Section" swings open. Weatherwax exits, storming past his Administrative Assistant, who looks up with a start.

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT
Mr. Weatherwax? Mr. Weatherwax?

Weatherwax continues on his way, ignoring her while grumbling to himself.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - 1237 31ST STREET, NW - DAY

A small, shabby, ivy-covered, white two-story house with shuttered windows sits among similar houses, just steps away from the Hamilton Arms Coffee House. Gerry Milken lives here. On the opposite side of the street, a few doors down, DiLauria and Fiona sit in a 1960 Plymouth Valiant, their eyes glued to Milken's house. Fiona sits behind the wheel. Both women are dressed down, typical for this Bohemian section of Georgetown.

INT. PLYMOUTH VALIANT

Fiona checks her watch then looks at DiLauria who wears a wig of long, jet-black hair. DiLauria is abstracted.

FIONA
I like the wig.

DILAURIA
Huh? Oh, I didn't want Gerry to recognize me.

FIONA
So, tell me about him.

DILAURIA
(smiles, embarrassed)
Gerry... The socially inept fool who'd try anything to meet a girl.

FIONA
I know the type: childish with a feeble pick-up line.

DILAURIA
And like an idiot I fell for it.

FIONA
Hey, it happens. Sometimes we just want the company for a short while.

DILAURIA
Still, I should've known.

FIONA

You're human. Welcome to the club.

DILAURIA

You can say that because you've got Mr. Latham.

FIONA

No, because I've been there. If that other bloke hadn't been so crude - who knows? - I might not be here.

DILAURIA

What happened?

FIONA

He got drunk and called me a nigger.

DiLauria's face reveals her disgust at this.

FIONA (CONT'D)

It turned out to be a blessing.

The front door to Milken's house opens. Fiona perks up.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Is that our boy?

DILAURIA

That's Gerry Milken, the prick.

She takes a 35mm camera with a telescopic lens from her shoulder bag and snaps a few photos of Gerry. Meanwhile, Fiona reaches into the glove box. She pulls out two walkie-talkies resembling portable radios and two single-piece earphones, and hands one of each to DiLauria who lays her set on the seat.

FIONA

Larry wants us to have a look at his place but I think we should follow him first, in case he's just stepping out for groceries - or reefer. He doesn't know me so I'll take this shift. Keep your radio on.

FIONA

Puts her walkie-talkie and earphone in her shoulder bag. She alights and follows Gerry. He walks north on 31st Street to N Street where he turns west. At the corner of Wisconsin Avenue is an al fresco bistro and a phone booth. As Gerry enters the phone booth, Fiona sits outside at the bistro near Gerry.

AT THE PHONE BOOTH

Gerry tries to close the door but it is jammed open.

He gives up, pulls out a dime, puts it into the coin slot and dials.

AT THE BISTRO

Fiona gives the WAITRESS her order, all the while nonchalantly eyeing Gerry. She reaches into her shoulder bag and pulls out the walkie-talkie and earphone. She plugs the earphone into the "radio" and extends its aerial. The relative quiet allows Fiona to hear Gerry, faintly but clearly, speak Russian.

GERRY

Eto vash avtootvetchik. Posylka byla prinyata, no ya poteryal chek...

INSERT TRANSLATION: "This is your answering service. The package was accepted but I lost the receipt..."

GERRY (CONT'D)

Ya mogu vstretit'sya s vami seychas, yesli khotite...

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I can meet you now if you like..."

GERRY (CONT'D)

Ya znayu, gde eto. Uvidimsya cherez chas.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I know where it is. See you in an hour."

He hangs up and heads east on N Street. The Waitress returns with a cup of coffee and leaves. Fiona puts a dollar beneath the coffee cup and gets up, radio in hand. She seemingly talks to herself, which bohemians often do, as she follows Gerry.

FIONA

Don Juan was on a payphone and spoke Russian. I think he's going to meet this person now. I'm on N Street heading east towards 31st. Over.

DILAURIA (O.S.)

Meet you at 31st Street. Over.

CORNER OF N STREET AND 31ST STREET

Gerry turns north on 31st Street. Behind him, Fiona waits at the corner. DiLauria pulls up and Fiona gets into the Plymouth Valiant.

I/E. PLYMOUTH VALIANT

Fiona and DiLauria put away their walkie-talkies then the Valiant crawls north on 31st Street and pulls into a parking space. Fiona turns to DiLauria.

FIONA

He said he'd meet this person in an hour.

DILAURIA

Where'd you learn Russian?

FIONA

At Century House in London. All the Slavic languages are taught there.

They watch Gerry saunter north on 31st Street to P Street where he turns west, staying on the north side of the street. He sits on a bench at a bus stop. DiLauria pulls out of her parking space, drives past P Street to Q Street then makes a U-turn on 31st Street. Near the corner of P Street she sees a parking space and pulls in. A bus pulls up but Gerry stays seated. When the bus leaves, Fiona eyes Gerry who stares across P Street at the Georgetown Presbyterian Church.

FIONA (CONT'D)

You think Gerry's found religion?

DiLauria eyes the church.

DILAURIA

If he has, I hope lightning strikes him.

She takes the 35mm camera out of her shoulder bag and lays it on the front bench seat. Then she and Fiona sit back and wait.

EXT. QUITO, ECUADOR - HOSTEL GUÁPULO - DAY

This wretched two-story building resembles a way station for people on the run. A dog urinates on the façade. Its hand-painted sign hangs at an angle above the front door. Though it is noon, there is little foot traffic. Those locals who are out and about either walk past the hostel, oblivious to it, or congregate on street corners, biding their time whilst waiting to see if any of the hostel's tenants are worth accosting.

ALLEY BEHIND HOSTEL GUÁPULO

Narrow and dark, even in daylight. Trashcans serve as food bins to stray animals. A 1961 Chevrolet Biscayne sedan turns into the alley and pulls up at the rear of the hostel. Bazzo peeks out the back door then exits, followed by Roura.

I/E. CHEVROLET BISCAINE

Weatherwax is surly. Roura gets in the backseat; Bazzo sits up front on the car's bench seat. He eyes Weatherwax as the car leaves the alley and turns onto the main road, Camino de Orellana.

BAZZO

You have the keys to the bolthole?

Weatherwax taps the upper patch pocket of his suitcoat.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

We're not gonna use them.

WEATHERWAX

I went through a lot of trouble to get this bolthole for you!

BAZZO

The bombing was planned.

WEATHERWAX

How do you know that?

BAZZO

A limpet mine was placed on the underside of the plane's fuselage. Until early this morning, no one even knew which flight we'd be on.

WEATHERWAX

So, right away you figure it was leaked by someone at the station.

BAZZO

Only your people knew about it. They also knew about the bolthole.

WEATHERWAX

Now, wait just a goddamn minute! There's been bombings all over town. No one knows who's behind them.

BAZZO

Until now, only government buildings have been targeted. This was an assassination attempt.

WEATHERWAX

You're here one, maybe two days, and you think you know everything.

A glint of light comes from inside Weatherwax's suitcoat.

BAZZO

Pull over.

WEATHERWAX

Why?

BAZZO

Just pull over!

WEATHERWAX

You should've gone before we left.

Weatherwax pulls to a stop at the side of the road.

BAZZO

Why are you armed?

Weatherwax is taken aback. Roura grows concerned.

WEATHERWAX

Guápulo's the poorest neighborhood
in Quito. It's very dangerous there.

ROURA

Sí, muy peligroso.

BAZZO

Yeah, I'll bet.

He delivers a quick blow with the palm-edge of his left hand to the bridge of Weatherwax's nose, then YANKS the ecru linen suitcoat down off Weatherwax's shoulders, pinning his arms to his side. The steel and plastic grip of a Beretta M1935 semi-automatic pistol juts from Weatherwax's waistband holster. Bazzo grabs the pistol and aims it at Weatherwax's head.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Who's waiting at the bolthole?

Weatherwax is shaken, his eyes fixed on the pistol. Bazzo puts the muzzle of the Beretta against Weatherwax's right temple.

WEATHERWAX

The police! It was a false-flag Op,
meant to put the blame on the PCE.

BAZZO

Why?

WEATHERWAX

To show the people how ruthless they
are, even to their own. It was
supposed to undermine the support
the PCE have in areas like Guápulo.

BAZZO

Did Berard authorize this?

WEATHERWAX

No, he doesn't know about it - just
me and my Number Two.

BAZZO

Who's at your house now, besides
your wife and daughter?

WEATHERWAX

We have a woman come over to help
cook and clean during the week. Why?

BAZZO

She's gonna need to prepare two
more plates for dinner.

Bazzo unbuttons Weatherwax's sport coat. With his arms freed
and his guilt exposed, Weatherwax slides back away from Bazzo.

WEATHERWAX

No one was supposed to get hurt.
You and Señor Roura were only
supposed to be detained at the
airport. You have to believe me.

BAZZO

Mr. Berard will decide whether he
believes you or not.

WEATHERWAX

Please, I can't lose my job - not
over this. I can't. I-

BAZZO

Just get us to your house.

Despondent, Weatherwax starts the car and pulls back onto the
road while Bazzo holds the Beretta on Weatherwax.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Anyone from Navy Hill contact you?

WEATHERWAX

Your Duty Ops Officer, Jared Stokes.
He relayed instructions from Latham
to exfiltrate you and Señor Roura
through Guayaquil. There's a red-eye
leaving there for New York tonight.

BAZZO

Latham must have suspected something
was up. That guy... I can always
count on him to have my back.

WEATHERWAX

Unlike me...

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

A panorama from the National Mall to Georgetown to the...

WEST SIDE OF 31ST STREET, JUST NORTH OF P STREET

The Plymouth Valiant is parked in the same spot.

I/E. PLYMOUTH VALIANT

Fiona and DiLauria are slunk down on the front bench seat but still able to see Gerry on the bench, anxiously playing pit-a-pat on his thighs with both hands. DiLauria checks her watch.

DILAURIA

Christ, two hours already.

Fiona picks up the 35mm camera from the bench seat and looks through its telescopic lens at Gerry.

FIONA

I'll bet Gerry was one of those kids who never could sit still.

She lays the camera on her lap. The growing image of someone in the right outside mirror grabs her attention.

FIONA (CONT'D)

That traffic warden's back.

DiLauria looks back and sees the METER MAID approaching. Uniformed and in her mid-30s, she stops at the passenger-side door of the Valiant. DiLauria rolls down the window.

METER MAID

How long you two gonna sit here?

DILAURIA

(taking umbrage)

Why? As long as we're in the car, we don't have to feed the meter.

METER MAID

That's only when you've stopped to pick someone up or drop them off.

DILAURIA

The meter doesn't state that.

Fiona leans over and interrupts the confrontation with a friendlier tone.

FIONA

We're waiting for my husband. He's new to the city, so he's probably still finding his way around.

METER MAID

You're British, right?

FIONA

Yes, I am.

The Meter Maid glares at DiLauria.

METER MAID

You might wanna try and be nice
like your friend here.

With that, she resumes her search for expired parking meters.

DILAURIA

I'll bet you got a gold star every
day in elementary school.

Fiona grins and watches the Meter Maid cross 31st Street and head east on P Street, away from where Gerry sits.

FIONA

Let's move from here. There's a spot
up there just past P Street.

DiLauria pulls into traffic on 31st Street. Just after she crosses P Street, she pulls into the empty space. Fiona adjusts the outside mirror so she can see Gerry on the bench.

A bus stops at the corner where he sits. Gerry stops playing his imaginary bongos. DiLauria and Fiona turn around and lean against the backrest of the bench seat. They watch people get off and on the bus. When it leaves, the only ones left are Gerry, still seated, and a WOMAN who got off the bus. She has her back to Fiona and DiLauria.

Gerry stands and offers his hand to the mystery Woman, but she refuses. Fiona grabs the camera and takes pictures. DiLauria pulls out folding opera-glass binoculars from her shoulder bag. While too far away to hear them, the Woman's gesticulations make it clear she is very angry with Gerry.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Wish we could hear them... Come on,
lady, let me see your face.

Gerry and the Woman sit on the bench, but this only allows for a side view of her face. The Woman's gestures grow more forceful; Fiona continues to take pictures. Suddenly, the Woman SLAPS Gerry. He drops his head into his hands, as one is apt to do following beratement and violence. The Woman looks away, facing the church, giving DiLauria and Fiona a clear sight line. The shock on DiLauria's face reveals that the Woman is no stranger.

DILAURIA

Oh, my God...

FIONA

You know her?

DILAURIA

It's Gwyneth Albright, our new Comm
Officer.

The view through her mini-binoculars confirms this. While Fiona snaps several photos of Gerry and Gwyneth, DiLauria lowers her binoculars and leans back against the driver-side door. She shakes her head, more distraught than disgusted.

ACT SIX

EXT. QUITO, ECUADOR - DAY

Municipal buildings damaged by the recent bombings have been cordoned off with saw horses and policemen.

TULCAN STREET

A cobblestoned street of two-story homes in a middle-class neighborhood. There are two small shops, "Muebles Tapizado (Upholstered Furniture)" and "El Marco de Oro (The Gold Frame)," where the building's wrought-iron balcony has been painted gold. Some of the residents walk around barefoot. A 1940 blue and white autobús - with older people riding in front, cows in the rear, and young men balancing themselves on the roof - rumbles past a mauve-colored home.

INT. WEATHERWAX HOME - DINING ROOM

RUTH WEATHERWAX, 28, blonde and pregnant, sits between her four-year-old daughter, AMELIA, and Weatherwax at the dinner table. Roura and Bazzo occupy the two other chairs. The domestic is ESMERALDA - a 30-ish Quichua woman (indigenous), barefoot, wearing a white blouse, blue skirt, and a coral red bracelet. She serves everyone "locro de papa," a thick stew made with potatoes, onions, garlic, queso fresco (fresh cheese), milk, and spices. On the stove is the main course: grilled steak, rice, lentils, and fried plantains. Esmeralda understands English but prefers to speak Spanish.

AMELIA
(in Spanish)
Quiero maracuyá, mami.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I want passion fruit, mommy."

RUTH
After dinner, sweetheart.

AMELIA
No, quiero maracuyá ahora. Tía
Esmeralda, dame maracuyá.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No, I want passion fruit now. Aunt Esmeralda, give me passion fruit."

ESMERALDA
Oíste lo que dijo tu madre, después
de la cena.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You heard what your mother said, after dinner."

Amelia picks up a wooden spoon and BANGS it on the table.

RUTH
No, don't do that.

She takes the spoon from Amelia and lays it on the table.

ROURA
Your daughter is bilingual. Amazing.

RUTH
She only speaks Spanish when
Esmeralda's here.

She picks up the spoon and serves Amelia tiny mouthfuls of loco de papa. The Men now begin to eat the stew.

ROURA
(in Spanish to Esmeralda)
Esto es excelente.

ESMERALDA
Gracias, señor.

Roura finishes the stew well ahead of everyone.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)
Más, señor?

Roura is embarrassed, but hunger overwhelms pride.

ROURA
Sí, por favor.

Esmeralda refills his bowl. Bazzo turns to Weatherwax.

BAZZO
When does your housekeeper eat?

WEATHERWAX
She takes home some of what she
cooks here and eats with her
family.

BAZZO
I see. I need to make a call.

WEATHERWAX
Huh? Oh, you can use the phone in my
study. I'll show you where it is.

He smiles at Ruth and leaves with Bazzo in tow.

STUDY

Modest, with a desk, a black phone with a small red light near the rotary dial, bookshelves arrayed with titles concerning the Organization of American States, and a combination-lock safe. Weatherwax leads Bazzo inside.

BAZZO

How many lines on the phone?

WEATHERWAX

Two - a dedicated one to the embassy and a local line.

BAZZO

Is the phone company still using Western Electric's old equipment?

WEATHERWAX

Yes. Why?

BAZZO

'Cause it means the Agency's monitoring both your lines.

WEATHERWAX

Yes, but the call report won't reach my desk 'til the morning.

BAZZO

What about your Number Two, John Bacon? Is he still at the station?

WEATHERWAX

No, he's gone home by now.

BAZZO

So, how do I get the local line?

Weatherwax picks up the telephone and turns it over, revealing the thumbnail switch. He hands the phone to Bazzo.

WEATHERWAX

Roll the switch counter-clockwise.

(now penitent)

Paul... In your report, any chance you can make some room for me?

BAZZO

More than you left me.

Weatherwax nods, though he clearly looks defeated and leaves.

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

Second-shift CIA officers trickle into the compound.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The day-shift Duty Officers sit alongside NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY. Latham sits near the Duty Desk, awaiting word on the events in Quito. MINNIE, the Chief Communications Officer, enters with wire-service copy in hand. She nods to Latham and hands Owens the wire copy as Stokes looks on.

OWENS

It's from Reuters. All five crew members and all ten passengers aboard LAN-Chile flight three-zero-two at Mariscal Sucre International Airport in Quito perished in the fire that followed the explosion.

Gwyneth enters. Seeing the crowd of people, she looks sheepishly at Minnie.

GWYNETH

Sorry I'm late, Minnie.

MINNIE

Must have been a good meal.

Gwyneth nods and approaches Stokes.

GWYNETH

Any word from Paul?

STOKES

No, not yet.

MINNIE

Come on, Gwyneth. I'm in the middle of turnover.

Concerned, Gwyneth joins Minnie and they head toward the Communications Room. Owens's Gray phone RINGS; he answers it.

OWENS

Yes?

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)

This is DC-COMM.

OWENS

Duty Ops Officer Owens here.

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)

I have a call for Warren Latham from a Tom Sterling, calling from Quito Station Chief Robert Weatherwax's home telephone.

OWENS

Mr. Latham is here. Put Mr.
Sterling through, please.

Latham perks up. Owens passes him the Gray phone's handset.

LATHAM

Latham...

BAZZO (O.S.)

My uncle and I are having dinner.
Hope you've had yours.

LATHAM

No, but I will now though.

BAZZO (O.S.)

I expected a suitable dessert, thank
you, but the storyteller has told us
about a dish here that may not sit
with our palate. Wouldn't mind a
basket of varied goodies from home.

LATHAM

I'll see what I can round up.

BAZZO (O.S.)

Thanks. Talk to you later.

CLICK. Bazzo has hung up; Latham does the same and mulls over
possibilities.

LATHAM

Bradley...

BRADLEY

Sir?

LATHAM

Get the time of the first flight to
Miami tomorrow morning from each of
our Branch Three cities.

BRADLEY

Any particular airline, sir?

LATHAM

No, but it has to be the first
flight out in the morning of that
particular city.

BRADLEY

Right.

LATHAM

Owens, when you get the flight information from Bradley, I want you to send messages, FLASH precedence, to each Branch Three station chief. Reserve two seats on the first flight from their city to Miami - one under Tom Sterling, mandarin Two's working name, and the other for José Maria Roura.

Owens makes note of this on a legal notepad.

STOKES

Trying to confuse the enemy?

LATHAM

Yes, whoever that is.

PERCY

They'll be looking for whoever's on the passports the stations made for them.

The Red phone on Farrell's desk RINGS; he answers it.

FARRELL

0-9-3-9... Duty Ops Officer Farrell here... Yes, he's here... I'll tell him.

He hangs up then turns to Latham.

FARRELL (CONT'D)

Mr. Latham, Miss Jeffries from MI6 is in your office.

LATHAM

Thanks.

He gets up and leaves.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Fiona sits opposite the desk. Latham enters. She stands. Latham takes her in his arms and kisses her.

LATHAM

Where's Carla?

FIONA

Developing the pictures. You need to sit down for this.

LATHAM

I'm not sure I want to hear this.

FIONA

Yes, you do.

They sit at the table.

LATHAM

Is Carla afraid to talk to me?

FIONA

I think 'ashamed' is the right word. We picked up Gerry Milken at his house. He doesn't know me, so I trailed him to a callbox and sat nearby, close enough to hear him speak Russian on the phone.

LATHAM

Damn... So he is KGB.

FIONA

I didn't jump to conclusions. We were near Embassy Row where you're liable to hear any one of thirty different languages.

LATHAM

Point taken.

FIONA

He told the other party to meet him in an hour. So I met up with Carla and we followed him to a bus stop on P Street. We were there two hours before the other party finally showed up, getting off a bus. Carla recognized her; it was Gwyneth Albright, your junior Communications Officer.

Latham is nonplussed.

FIONA (CONT'D)

We couldn't hear them but they didn't appear to be lovers. Gwyneth was reading Gerry the Riot Act. At one point she even slapped him.

LATHAM

Hmm... I guess once he finally woke up from his drunken stupor and checked his camera, he knew he'd been exposed.

FIONA

Bad pun. Anyway, Gerry finally left. So we decided to focus on Gwyneth.

(MORE)

FIONA (CONT'D)

She went to a callbox, made a call
then took several taxis back here.

Fiona sighs, growing dour.

LATHAM

Something else?

FIONA

You gave Gerry to Larry. He'll tell
us about Gwyneth. When London hears
about her, some smarmy ass there may
want to use that against you - a way
to prove MI6 isn't the only service
vulnerable to KGB penetration.

Latham sighs, frustrated.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I asked Larry to put eyes on Gerry.
The KGB cut ties with their joes
once they're exposed. So unless he
hides out with a friend, I doubt he
has anywhere to go but home. But
that won't apply to Gwyneth, being
the Ring's controller. That makes it
your move.

Latham gets up and meanders about, his worry clearly evident.

LATHAM

I was thinking more about Paul.
He's been dating Gwyneth and he's
fallen pretty hard for her. I'm
worried how he'll react to this.

FIONA

I imagine he'll be devastated.

LATHAM

He might even want to leave the
Agency. Carla's already at that
point. The only reason she's still
here is 'cause I begged her to
think it over. I can't lose both of
them, hon.

Latham stops. Fiona's tone is more urgent.

FIONA

What about Gwyneth Albright?

LATHAM

She sees all Western Hemisphere
traffic, as well as legacy Ops
behind The Curtain.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

God knows what she's already passed onto Moscow Center. Hell, she may be so worried she's blown she'll leave town tonight.

FIONA

No. If that were the case, she wouldn't have come back to work and risk being apprehended.

LATHAM

You're right... I know I can't let her continue working here but if I hand her over to Security they'll tell MOTHER. He'll turn this entire division inside-out looking for KGB plants. That was Carla's worry until I brought you in. I can just see Gwyneth now, telling MOTHER about the honey trap with Carla and the one she has with Paul. Both their careers - their lives - they'll be ruined. And all because of her!

FIONA

You have to do something, Warren.

Latham nods, as the answer slowly grows clear to him.

EXT. QUITO, ECUADOR - WEATHERWAX'S HOUSE - DAY

Adequate street lighting is not this city's forte.

INT. WEATHERWAX'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Esmeralda serves dessert, first to Ruth and Amelia. When she approaches Weatherwax, Bazzo checks his watch and interrupts, getting everyone's attention.

BAZZO

We need to get going if we're going to make that flight.

RUTH

(worriedly to her husband)
Right now?

WEATHERWAX

(resignedly)
Yes.

He gets up, followed by Bazzo and Roura. As Esmeralda apportions food for her family...

RUTH

But the roads get so dark.

Weatherwax doesn't reply; instead, he kisses Amelia and Ruth.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Be careful of that railroad crossing
near Avenue Simón Bolívar.

BAZZO

What's the problem there?

WEATHERWAX

No warning lights, no gate. Plus
the crossing's on a hump in the
road; that's supposed to make it
easier for vehicles to cross but it
obscures oncoming trains.

BAZZO

Then let's get a move on while it's
still daylight.

ROURA

Gracias por la comida, señora.

RUTH

De nada.

Weatherwax gently caresses Ruth's shoulder. She squeezes his
hand, then Weatherwax, Bazzo and Roura leave.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Accent lights illuminate the National Mall.

1237 31ST STREET, NW

A gray 1962 Dodge Dart sits across the street and a few doors
away from Gerry's house where no lights are on.

I/E. DODGE DART

Two MI6 SECURITY MEN watch and wait. The car's windows are
rolled up. MI6 SECURITY MAN #1 has a walkie-talkie on his lap.
He picks it up and speaks into the microphone.

MI6 SECURITY MAN #1

Subject has not been seen.

INT. BRITISH EMBASSY - SECURITY OFFICE

Jones is perplexed as he speaks into his walkie-talkie.

JONES

Are the lights in the house still
off?

CROSSCUT BETWEEN MI6 SECURITY MAN #1 AND JONES

MI6 SECURITY MAN #1

Yes, sir. Maybe he's gone to ground.

JONES

Hmm, I don't like this. Go knock on the door.

MI6 SECURITY MAN #1

Are you sure, sir?

JONES

Do it. If he answers, you two make your move. Otherwise, go inside and look around.

BACK TO SCENE

The two MI6 Security Men shake their heads in disapproval of Jones's instructions.

MI6 SECURITY MAN #1

Alright.

He puts his walkie-talkie in his jacket pocket. The two MI6 Security Men pull on a pair of gloves, alight, and head to...

GERRY'S HOUSE

MI6 Security Man #1 pushes the doorbell buzzer. No response. He tries again. Still no response. He takes a leather-bound set of lockpicks from his jacket pocket and picks the lock.

INT. LIVING ROOM

MI6 Security Man #1 flips the wall switch, turning on the ceiling light. What furniture there is looks like someone else's refuse. Record album jackets are strewn near the hi-fi. The two MI6 Security Men head into the...

BEDROOM

There, on his back on the bed, lies Gerry, a bullet hole in his right temple. Clotted blood stains the pillow. His right arm hangs off the side of the bed. On the floor beneath his arm is a Colt .38 revolver. On the nightstand is a note, handwritten in script, that reads "I've had enough."

MI6 SECURITY MAN #2

A Colt .38. You'd think someone would have heard it go off.

MI6 SECURITY MAN #1

I guess they're used to it here.

MI6 SECURITY MAN #2

That, or someone used a silencer.

THE TWO MI6 SECURITY MEN

Head back into the living room. MI6 Security Man #1 turns off the light and they leave.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

Modestly furnished. The noise from the other apartments is appreciably loud. On the hi-fi is a stack of 45 rpm records. "So Much in Love" by The Tymes plays on the hi-fi. Gwyneth sits on the sofa, talking into the phone.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(in Russian)
Eto bylo sdelano.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "That was done."

GWYNETH
(in Russian)
Vy uvereny? Ya ne khochu slyshat' o
kakom-to chudesnom vyzdorovlenii i
znat', chto on yeshche zhiv.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Are you sure? I don't want to hear about some miraculous recovery and find out he's still alive."

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Tol'ko chto kto-to byl v dome -
TSRU, MI-6, mozhet byt politsiya.
Yesli by on byl yeshche zhiv, oni
by srazu vyzvali skoruyu.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Someone was just in the house - the CIA, MI6, maybe the police. If he was still alive, they would have immediately called for an ambulance."

The doorbell to Gwyneth's apartment BUZZES.

GWYNETH
(sotto voce)
Ya dolzhen idti. Kto-to stoit u
dveri.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I have to go. Someone's at the door."

She hangs up and stands. Gwyneth goes to the front door and absently opens it. Latham is standing there, his satchel cradled under his arm. Gwyneth is surprised but quickly changes her expression to one more welcoming.

GWYNETH (CONT'D)
Mr. Latham.

LATHAM
May I come in?

GWYNETH

Yeah, sure.

Latham enters. Gwyneth shuts the door behind him.

GWYNETH (CONT'D)

Have a seat. Sorry, it's a little messy.

She and Latham sit at opposite ends of the sofa. "Hey Girl" by Freddie Scott drops onto the turntable and plays.

LATHAM

I meant to speak to you at work but what with everything going on...

GWYNETH

I understand. What did you want to speak to me about?

Latham opens his satchel, reaches in and pulls out a large manila envelope. He hands it to Gwyneth.

LATHAM

Have a look.

Gwyneth opens the envelope and pulls out glossy prints of Gerry leaving his home, Gerry on a payphone, herself and Gerry at the P Street bus stop, her in mid-slap of Gerry, and of her in a phone booth. Gwyneth feigns outrage.

GWYNETH

You're keeping tabs on me?!

LATHAM

We know the man there as Gerry Milken. No doubt you know him by another name.

GWYNETH

No, Gerry. He and I were dating.

LATHAM

(smirks)
Uh huh.

GWYNETH

My love life is my own business, Mr. Latham.

LATHAM

And the KGB's, apparently.

GWYNETH

What? Are you drunk or something?

LATHAM

You arranged for a honey trap involving him and Carla DiLauria. You entrapped Paul Barry. All the while passing everything you could get your hands on to Moscow Center.

GWYNETH

This is insane!

LATHAM

No, it's business as usual for you.

GWYNETH

There isn't a goddamn word of truth in any of this!

LATHAM

(in Russian)

O da, yest' - tovarishch.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Oh yes, there is - comrade."

Taken aback, Gwyneth can only glare at Latham.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You know, in some ways, the KGB and CIA are very much alike. With particularly obstinate foreign agents, we treat them the same way they're treated at Lubyanka. Male or female, makes no difference. Well, there is one difference. When we're done, we don't take them out into the yard and shoot them. We do that in the basement.

GWYNETH

I could scream right now and have the police here in minutes.

LATHAM

No, you won't.

He pulls a silenced Soviet Makarov pistol and a small cellophane packet containing a white pill from his satchel. Gwyneth drops the indignity and smiles sardonically.

GWYNETH

A Soviet Makarov, the pistol of choice for wet squads. And is that a cyanide pill?

LATHAM

Uh huh. We used to call them L-pills back in the war.

GWYNETH

We still do, you bastard.

LATHAM

It's your choice. Either way,
you're not leaving this room alive.

The pall that follows is Gwyneth's realization that there is no alternative.

GWYNETH

I have my own fucking pill.

She gets up. Latham follows her closely, the Makarov pointed at Gwyneth's head.

KITCHENETTE

Gwyneth reaches into the sugar bowl and takes out a small plastic bag containing a white pill. She goes to the sink and pours some water into a cup, then sits at the table. Latham stands across from her. Gwyneth opens the bag and takes out the cyanide pill.

GWYNETH

I really did like Paul, you know.

She pops the pill in her mouth, washing it down with the cup of water. Latham takes a seat opposite her and waits. Gwyneth's breathing suddenly becomes very fast; her skin turns red. In obvious pain, she quickly grows short of breath and grabs at her stomach. Gwyneth vomits then has a seizure, flailing and falling out of the chair and onto the floor. A few agonizing seconds pass before Gwyneth lies motionless.

LATHAM

Watches and waits. After a moment, he gets up and kneels by Gwyneth. He puts his fingers to the carotid artery in her neck. Satisfied, he sighs and gets up, and heads back into the room. He puts the Makarov and the L-pill back into his satchel, gathers the photos and puts them back into the manila envelope, then returns it to his satchel as well. He heads for the door and leaves to the fading coda of "Hey Girl" on the hi-fi.

END