

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Five, Episode #1: "Our Doubts Are Traitors"

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Episode #1: "Our Doubts Are Traitors"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH OF QUITO, ECUADOR - DAY (MORNING)

INSERT: "Rail line south of Quito, Ecuador"

A rail line weaves through the Andes Mountains along the Avenue of the Volcanoes, so named because of the many volcanoes along the route, most notably Ilaló, Paschoa, Rumiñahui, Cotopaxi, Pichincha, Atacazo, Corazón, and Ilinizas. From here it continues south through a beautiful tropical rainforest, sugar cane plantations, and coffee and cocoa trees.

LATACUNGA, ECUADOR - RAILROAD CROSSING

A dirt road leads to an embankment, atop of which lie train tracks. There are no warning or control devices here at this uneven grade crossing - just a small warning sign, partly obscured by a cocoa tree.

I/E. 1961 CHEVROLET BISCAVNE

The light-green sedan blends in well with the tropical flora. CIA Quito Station Chief BOB WEATHERWAX sits behind the wheel; he is alone in the car. As he approaches the embankment he slows to a stop, shifts the manual column-mounted transmission into neutral and presses the parking-brake pedal. He rolls down his and the passenger-side windows from halfway until they are flush with their doorsills.

The air is humid. Weatherwax eases back in his seat and takes a few long, deep breaths to acclimate himself. There is no traffic - the only sounds being that of insects buzzing, frogs yelping, birds shrieking, mammals scuttling about, and bats clicking as they return from their search for food.

WEATHERWAX

Sighs, his mien introspective and growing dour. His hands, initially at the two- and ten o'clock positions on the steering wheel, now slide down to his lap. He closes his eyes.

In the distance, the faint whistle from the steam-engine passenger train "G&Q Number 58 2-8-0" grows louder along with the RUMBLE from its wheels on the rails. Weatherwax steps on the brake with his right foot. With his left foot he releases the parking brake then depresses the clutch pedal. He pulls the gear lever towards him and down, engaging first gear.

He eases up on the clutch while simultaneously moving his right foot from the brake to the accelerator pedal.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

The Chevrolet Biscayne crawls up the embankment and comes to a full stop on the train tracks.

UNEVEN GRADE CROSSING

The steam engine with its carriages in tow quickly grows larger. The train whistle SCREAMS with a staccato urgency.

INT. 1961 CHEVROLET BISCAVNE

Weatherwax shifts into neutral and closes his eyes...

WEATHERWAX

(sotto voce, in Spanish)

Dios, perdoname.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "God, forgive me."

Just as the steam engine hurtles headlong into Weatherwax's car.

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

The Capitol Reflecting Pool at The National Mall shimmers like broken glass.

704 3RD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING

The sun reflects off a cluster of window panes, leaving those on lower floors dark, while upper-floor windows are opaque.

INT. KITCHENETTE

WARREN LATHAM finishes frying ham and poaching two eggs. On the small side table are two plates, each with a slice of toast. He places a poached egg on each slice, and puts equal portions of ham on the plate. He carries the plates to the table where FIONA JEFFRIES sits quietly, sipping a glass of orange juice while Latham sets a breakfast plate before her. He sets the other plate at an empty seat and sits, waiting for Fiona to start eating. She pierces the poached-egg pouch; Latham follows suit, mopping up the yolk with the toast.

This prescribed civility is the outcome of the emotional blender of guilt and duplicitous morality Latham feels, having forced Gwyneth Albright, his junior Communications Officer and KGB mole, to commit suicide rather than be shot by him.

Latham stares at his food as he eats, ashamed to look anywhere else lest the secret he shares with Fiona be evident on his face. Fiona reaches over and caresses his hand.

FIONA
It's alright.

Latham stops eating but does not look up. He sighs heavily.

FIONA (CONT'D)
You think Gwyneth Albright cared
that she was about to ruin Carla
and Paul's careers, their lives?

Latham looks away; it is difficult for him to find solace in
this.

FIONA (CONT'D)
When she passed your communiqués
onto the KGB, you think for one
minute she felt any guilt over
compromising your agents, sending
them to be tortured and shot?

She gently lifts Latham's chin so that he faces her.

FIONA (CONT'D)
You've saved countless others,
people who'll never know what you
did for them.

LATHAM
I wasn't looking for any glory here.

FIONA
No, but you are searching for some
moral justification; that's a pitted
road, hon. Look, what you did is
what all of us hope we would do, but
few of us have the bottle to do so.

Latham eyes Fiona curiously.

LATHAM
Bottle?

FIONA
It means courage, you dimwit.

She playfully bonks him on the forehead.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Eat. Your food's getting cold.

They return to their breakfast.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

With Latham cradling his satchel and Fiona carrying her tote
bag, they walk through the foyer to the front door.

Latham opens it to find a newspaper folded in fourths on the doormat.

LATHAM

Did you order home delivery of the paper?

FIONA

No.

Latham picks it up and unfolds it so the front page's top half faces him. He can't believe the flag (the newspaper's name).

LATHAM

GRIT...

FIONA

What in the world is GRIT?

LATHAM

A weekly newspaper. You'll find ads for it in the back of comic books.

FIONA

Sounds like something you'd order.

Latham mugs, dropping his grim mien for the moment.

LATHAM

I'll throw it away.

FIONA

No, let's see what's in it.

LATHAM

Why?

FIONA

For fun. Come on, bring it inside.

Reluctantly, Latham leads Fiona back into...

THE APARTMENT - FOYER

LATHAM

Hon, we're going to be late.

FIONA

No we're not. Come on, read the headline.

The front door slowly swings shut. Annoyed, Latham sets his satchel on the table and reads aloud the main headline.

LATHAM

'Sub-Hunting Sea Patrols.'

FIONA
Sounds timely.

LATHAM
Oh, yeah. Ripped straight from the headlines of World War Two.

FIONA
What's the next one?

LATHAM
Come on...

FIONA
It won't kill you to read one more.

LATHAM
'Kindly American Mothers, Needy Nigerian Children.' I can just see the CARE packages on their way.

FIONA
Cynic.

Latham grins. Fiona grabs the newspaper from him and flips it so that the bottom half of the front page faces her.

FIONA (CONT'D)
This one's for you: 'Smile A While. There are two kinds of men who do not understand women. They are bachelors and husbands.' Must be against editorial policy to call men morons.

Latham arches an eyebrow. Fiona slides her hands to the upper half of the newspaper, allowing the lower half to drop. An envelope falls from within the newspaper to the floor.

LATHAM
Hm, the paperboy probably wants his Christmas tip early.

Fiona sets the newspaper on the table while Latham picks up the envelope and opens it. He takes out a sheet of paper on which is written: **"Tunnel between Woodies and Woodies North. North stairwell, 13:00. Carry a Woodies shopping bag."**

FIONA
Someone's anxious to meet with you.

LATHAM
Or you. You live here too.

FIONA
A bit like Moscow Rules, isn't it?

LATHAM

Reminds me of a legacy Op... Still,
why not just contact the station?

FIONA

They know one of us. Let's both show
up. That way we can run counter-
surveillance for each other.

LATHAM

Okay. I'll meet you at the embassy
at noon. If neither one of us can
get away, then we'll just drop it.

FIONA

Sounds like a plan - not a very
good one, but a plan nonetheless.

LATHAM

I'm open to suggestions, ma'am.

FIONA

I'll meet you, but in Samuel
Gompers Park by his statue.

LATHAM

Why?

FIONA

If the invitation is meant for you,
I don't want this person or their
confrères to know who I am.

Latham nods, always appreciative of Fiona's keen intellect. He
stows the note in his inside suitcoat pocket, opens the front
door and follows Fiona out the apartment.

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

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

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 08:45. COLLETTE DOWD arranges
files into two piles on her desk while CARLA DILAURIA reads
the Washington Post. Latham enters, especially happy to see
DiLauria.

COLLETTE

Good morning.

LATHAM

Morning. Morning, Carla.

DILAURIA

Morning, boss.

LATHAM

You here to see me, or just kibitzing?

DILAURIA

Both.

LATHAM

Come on inside.

He heads into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Followed by DiLauria and Collette, who carries the two piles of files. Latham sets his satchel on his desk; Collette sets the files besides the satchel. She pulls a key from her pocket, unlocks the satchel and takes out its files.

COLLETTE

Mr. Kensington was here asking for you.

LATHAM

Great. The last thing I want to do is start off the day with him.

COLLETTE

That's what I thought. So I said you were meeting with SMOTH and that you'd update him and Mr. Berard together when you got in.

LATHAM

(grins appreciatively)
Set it up with Berard, would you?

COLLETTE

Already did. Nine-thirty.

She puts the files from Latham's satchel into a pile then stows the satchel in the lower right-hand desk drawer.

LATHAM

Oh, and clear any appointments I have between noon and two. Cite the usual noises.

COLLETTE

And where will you be?

LATHAM

Woodies.

Collette curiously arches an eyebrow.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Either of you hear from Paul?

DILAURIA
No, but the Ops Room did.

Collette leaves with the files from the satchel, closing the office door behind her.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)
New York Central met Paul and Roura at Idlewild and took them to the Croton-on-Hudson safehouse for debriefing.

LATHAM
Good. By the way, I'm glad you're up here. I wanted to talk to you.

DILAURIA
I have something to say too.

LATHAM
Hear me out first, okay?

DiLauria nods and sits opposite Latham. He sits at his desk.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
You remember I offered Gerry Milken to SMOTH?

DiLauria nods, though it is not a pleasant memory.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Well, SMOTH's people sat on his place for hours and didn't see him. So SMOTH had them go inside to look around. They found Milken on the bed, a bullet hole in his temple and a .38 on the floor. On the nightstand was a suicide note that read, "I've had enough."

DILAURIA
I have to ask... Did you do it?

LATHAM
No. Fiona said you two saw Gwyneth make a phone call after meeting with Milken. I think she knew he wasn't only a screw-up but a liability as well. So she had a KGB wet squad take him out.

DILAURIA
So, what happens to Gwyneth?

LATHAM

I told you, I'll deal with her.

DILAURIA

How?

LATHAM

SMOTH agreed to intercept her after close of play today.

DILAURIA

Then what? You can't hold her indefinitely.

LATHAM

No? She's KGB; that alone justifies her interrogation. Afterwards, we'll offer her a choice: a swap, or a long stay at Gitmo.

DILAURIA

I can't see Berard agreeing to that.

LATHAM

He will. The alternative is having MOTHER destroy the house Berard's built. Where's your FIR on Gwyneth?

DILAURIA

I gave it to Collette.

LATHAM

I'll add it to my report. I wrote we acted on a tip from MI6 that the KGB were targeting the Special Section. I had you team up with Fiona on a CE operation to ferret out their agents. How the KGB handles them when their Op's been blown is out of our hands.

A palpable relief softens DiLauria's bearing. The intercom BUZZES; Latham answers it.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

The Ops Room's on Red.

Latham hangs up the intercom and answers the Red phone.

LATHAM

Latham... Be right down.

He hangs up.

DILAURIA

Um, before you go...

She finds it difficult to speak. Latham smiles gently.

LATHAM

Come down to the Ops Room with me.

They stand. Latham opens the office door and they leave.

OPERATIONS ROOM

There is the usual PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones. One wall is covered with a 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. DiLauria then Latham enter.

LATHAM

Let's hear it, Jared.

STOKES

Two things, sir. First, I have a message from the Quito station. Their Number One, Bob Weatherwax, hasn't shown up for work.

LATHAM

Wait. You told Carla he took Paul and Roura to Guayaquil to catch the red-eye. They're at the Croton-on-Hudson safehouse now, which means the Quito station's done with its end of the operation. So, why am I getting a report on Weatherwax, who's probably home asleep?

STOKES

He isn't. His wife called the station's emergency number. The Quito Number Two sent a RYBAT signal to Mr. Berard and Mr. Kensington - you weren't on the BIGOT list. Like you said, the station's role in the Op was over, and this is a personnel matter. We don't know the extent of the station's involvement in the Quito airport bombing; but since it forced us to go to Plan B, I thought you should be kept abreast of any matters involving Weatherwax.

LATHAM

Point taken.

PERCY

Overnight, there'd be no traffic on Weatherwax's way back. He should've been back by oh seven-hundred, our time - oh eight-hundred at the latest.

DILAURIA

Unless something happened en route.

LATHAM

Is the station out looking for him?

STOKES

We got a message on that. Tom...

Percy hands a communiqué to Stokes who reads it aloud.

STOKES (CONT'D)

'In response to a request from EC-AMBASS Bernbaum, the junta has sent a jeep with two soldiers to search for CoS Bob WEATHERWAX.'

LATHAM

Okay. What's the other thing?

STOKES

Gwyneth Albright isn't in yet. I called her but got no answer.

DiLauria glances worriedly at Latham. Percy pipes up.

PERCY

Probably out on a jag all night.

LATHAM

Give her another thirty minutes. If she's not in by then, send someone over to her place to see what's up.

DILAURIA

Why don't I go there now? I'll call into the Duty Desk when I get there.

LATHAM

Alright. I'll be in Berard's office.

He leaves. Stokes opens his Rolodex, copies Gwyneth's address onto a notepad, tears off the page and hands it to DiLauria.

STOKES

Here's Gwyneth's address.

NICHOLS

Need a car from Transport?

DILAURIA

No, I'll take the bus. Thanks.

She leaves.

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

A city bus wends its way through a neighborhood replete with shanty beer joints, places like Helen's Tavern, Ray's Bar and Grill, the Senate Inn, and Strick's. Dives like these radiate throughout the area like crooked spokes on a bicycle wheel. Neon signs promise "Dancing, Dining, Cocktails," but only the last pleasure can regularly be had here. In this splotch of poverty, Blacks are not welcome; they live on the other side of the Anacostia River, suffering in equal squalor.

There is a dreary inertia here that slows all activity to a crawl. Sots lie in doorways or stumble about, their clothes stained by lack of ready access to a toilet. On the porches of shabby homes, poor Whites sit on discarded furniture and rant about any- and everything. This is a neighborhood that plays dead during the day. Broken glass and boarded-up windows bear witness to late-night mêlées amongst poor Whites and against poor Blacks who foray into this forbidden territory looking for a cheap place to live.

GOOD HOPE ROAD, S.E.

The city bus pulls to a stop before a housing complex where trash and overgrown flora serve as testament to the owner's disinterest. DiLauria alights. As the bus pulls away she heads toward the middle of three housing units.

INT. THIRD-FLOOR CORRIDOR

Direct light from low-wattage overhead bulbs and sunlight streaming through windows at the far ends are trapped by the dirty walls and slate floor. Morning television programs compete with CRYING toddlers and mothers SCREAMING expletives - the ambient sounds of poverty, common throughout the building.

DILAURIA

Emerges from a stairwell and stops at apartment door 3A. She rings the doorbell. No response. She tries again; still no response. She reaches into her shoulder bag and pulls out a pair of leather gloves and a leather-bound set of lockpicks. She uses them to open the apartment door and steps inside...

GWYNETH'S STUDIO APARTMENT

Modestly furnished. A stack of 45s rests motionless on the hi-fi's turntable. "Hey Girl" by Freddie Scott lies on top.

A chair lying on its side in the kitchenette grabs DiLauria's attention.

KITCHENETTE

DiLauria enters. On the floor by the table lies GWYNETH ALBRIGHT. Dried vomit and blood cling from her mouth to her chin, spilling onto her sweatshirt and the floor, where a small reservoir has pooled. On the table sit a cup and an empty, coin-sized plastic bag. By the sink is a wooden floor cabinet. DiLauria opens its door revealing two levels and a toe-kick at the bottom. She eyes the toe-kick. DiLauria kneels and pushes against it; it moves slightly.

DILAURIA

Stands and grabs the cabinet by its sides. To her surprise, it rolls. She pulls it away from the wall to access the back. At the bottom, what looks like a small magnet with a center screw is attached to the wood. DiLauria first pulls on the magnet. Nothing. She turns it - clockwise, to no avail, then counter-clockwise. CLICK. She pushes on the magnet. The toe-kick slides out, revealing a hidden drawer.

DiLauria goes to the front of the cabinet. Inside the drawer are One-Time Pads (OTPs), a Minox B camera, rolls of film, and a pocket notebook. She picks up the notebook and opens it, leafing through pages filled with STEGANOGRAPHY - i.e., text that does not appear suspicious but actually contains secret messages comprising smaller parts of the words. She puts the notebook, camera, and film rolls in her shoulder bag, closes the drawer, slides the cabinet back in place, and leaves.

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

The compound is bathed in sunlight and quiet.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

A teapot and three teacups sit on a stainless-steel tea cart. WILSON BERARD and STEWART KENSINGTON listen to Latham.

LATHAM

Barry was calling over an open line, but he made it clear the Roura operation had been compromised.

BERARD

That's when you asked me to contact the Branch Three station chiefs and have them follow your instructions.

LATHAM

Yes, sir. I had them ready a bolthole, transportation, pocket litter, and medical care.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I also had them reserve two seats on the first flight the next day from their respective cities to Miami; that last part was just a ruse.

KENSINGTON

A ruse... Why?

LATHAM

To confuse the plotters. I had Barry and Roura exfiltrated on a plane out of Guayaquil with the help of the station chief, Bob Weatherwax, and the base support manager, ECBLISS-1.

KENSINGTON

So, you still don't know who's behind the bombing of the plane.

LATHAM

No, but I expect to learn more when mandarin One returns later today.

He checks his watch.

BERARD

You have an appointment, Warren?

LATHAM

Yes, with an agent from the Estonia legacy Op.

KENSINGTON

One of those minor Baltic states the Soviets annexed. Little if anything of consequence ever goes on there.

LATHAM

I doubt Finland or Sweden see it that way.

KENSINGTON

And why is that?

LATHAM

The deployment of Soviet materiel in Estonia challenges the neutrality of both countries, which affects NATO.

KENSINGTON

Need I remind you that neither Finland nor Sweden are NATO members. They're hardly important to our defense.

LATHAM

But both countries are aware they act as a buffer between NATO and Soviet forces on the northern flank.

BERARD

An indefensible territory, mind you.

LATHAM

It makes Finland and Sweden all the more grateful when we share Intel on Estonia with them. In turn, they share Intel on Communist activities within their respective borders, which I pass onto D-Int.

Embarrassed, Kensington attempts to save face.

KENSINGTON

Then it should be D-Int's operation, not yours. Cut out the middle man.

BERARD

I can understand why agents in these legacy Ops want to remain under Warren's aegis. He's developed a level of trust with them over time that I believe outweighs any bureaucratic mandate.

Twice chastened, Kensington nods and looks away. The Red phone RINGS; Berard answers it.

BERARD (CONT'D)

3-5-0-1... Have you called Special Services?... Well, you'll be CoS pro tem. Send me a list of candidates for your old slot when you can.

(hangs up, his face grim)

That was John Bacon, the Quito Number Two. Bob Weatherwax, the Station Chief, is dead.

LATHAM

What?

BERARD

What was left of his car was found near a railroad crossing south of Quito. Apparently, it had stalled on the tracks and was hit by a train. Bacon will be the station chief pro tem. I'll appoint a Number Two later. Right now I want to be sure the station offers its support to Weatherwax's family.

(MORE)

BERARD (CONT'D)

So, if you'll excuse me, I have a few calls to make.

Kensington and Latham nod and get up.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Oh, Warren, a word about Paul Barry.

Kensington leaves with a mean moue at being the third wheel.

BERARD (CONT'D)

This meeting you have with an agent from Estonia, is that on the level?

LATHAM

Someone left a note in a newspaper at my apartment to meet him in the tunnel under Woodward and Lothrop's. That's how the Army Security Agency used to arrange meetings with their agent in the Estonian Embassy. When we took over the operation I used Moscow Rules, occasionally reverting to the newspaper; it was the only Op where I used it. My guess is it's probably my old Estonian agent looking to meet.

BERARD

And the Quito bombing? I get the sense there's something you didn't want to say in front of Stewart.

LATHAM

Mandarin One suspects the station Number One, Bob Weatherwax, was involved. That'd mean telling Security and Mr. Kensington, both of whom have strong ties to MOTHER.

BERARD

What's your objection to that?

LATHAM

MOTHER's been on a crusade to find KGB plants since Philby defected. You know his tactics, sir; he'd end up ripping apart the entire Western Hemisphere Division.

Berard stands and crosses to the window where he fiddles with the curtain. He is clearly conflicted over the possibility.

BERARD

I want to be clear about something here.

(MORE)

BERARD (CONT'D)

I'm not saying there are no KGB plants in CIA; God knows the unwashed are more adept at that than we are. While it's imperative that we find them, I do not want to see my Western Hemisphere Division destroyed because Middleton wants to prove a point. Do you understand me?

LATHAM

Yes, sir.

ACT TWO

EXT. CORNER OF 11TH AND F STREETS, NW - DAY

A rain shower has just subsided. Woodward & Lothrop, known colloquially as "Woodies," is considered Washington, D.C.'s first department store; its nine-story building encompasses an entire city block. "SUMMER SALE" signs share window space with humorless mannequins sporting fall attire and footwear.

Fiona approaches the corner from 11th Street, Latham from F Street. They pass each other without acknowledgment and continue walking - Fiona retracing Latham's route on F Street, and Latham following her steps on 11th Street.

CORNER OF 10TH AND F STREETS, NW

Fiona and Latham meet in a doorway of Woodies used by Black people, who eye the two spies curiously.

FIONA

No shadow on you.

LATHAM

You either. Let's go back and meet up in the main vestibule. If you see the same face twice, break off and meet me at the Library of Congress.

Fiona nods. They separate and retrace each other's steps.

INT. WOODWARD & LOTHROP DEPARTMENT STORE - VESTIBULE

First Fiona then Latham enter. They stand to one side.

FIONA

You're clear.

LATHAM

You too.

A SNOOTY WHITE WOMAN with a bouffant hair-do glares at Fiona.

SNOOTY WHITE WOMAN
You're using the wrong door.

LATHAM
A bug just crawled out of your wig.

Panicked, the Snooty White Woman YELPS and wildly brushes her hands against her hair, knocking it askew - it is a wig. Meanwhile, Latham and Fiona enter the store's...

MAIN FLOOR

Woodies typifies the mid-20th century department store mantra: "Never let the customer out the door." One should be able to live there; i.e., eat, sleep and dress there. Woodies was a small city within the city. It was home. It was entertainment. It also bore the stain of Jim Crow, with separate entrances, restrooms, and drinking fountains for Blacks and Whites.

Latham and Fiona separate. Fiona buys a scarf; Latham, a pair of women's gloves. They each have their purchases boxed and placed in Woodward & Lothrop shopping bags. Fiona and Latham then slowly make their separate ways through the crowd of shoppers, following signs that read "Electric Stairways."

AT THE DOWN ESCALATOR

A sign reads "Tunnel to North Building." Separately, Latham then Fiona join the queue and ride the escalator down to...

THE TUNNEL

A mostly female crowd shuffles between the Main and North Buildings. An announcement comes over the P.A. system.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Attention, Woodies' shoppers. A thirty-minute sale on stainless-steel cookware starts now in Housewares on the fourth floor of the Main Building.

Slower-moving shoppers are jostled aside by others eagerly responding to the announcement.

LATHAM

Makes his way to the north stairwell, which is just past the escalators leading up to and from the North Building. He checks his watch: 1:01. No one is using the stairs, so Latham passes the time admiring the gloves he bought while also eyeing the tunnel crowd. He sees Fiona slowly approach. He puts the box back in the shopping bag and joins the shoppers heading toward the Main Building's escalators.

FIONA

Takes up residence at the north stairwell. She takes a candy Bar from her shoulder bag and munches away while surveilling the shoppers. After a few moments she sees Latham re-enter the tunnel, then she climbs the stairs of the north stairwell.

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

CIA officers leisurely crisscross the compound.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Stokes, Percy and Nichols brown-bag it at the Duty Desk. DiLauria enters. Stokes is surprised to see her.

STOKES

What happened? You run out of dimes?
I thought you were going to call in.

DILAURIA

Where's Mr. Latham?

STOKES

Out. Collette said he'll be back
after two. Didn't you go to Gwyneth
Albright's place?

DILAURIA

Can I talk to you in the Break Room?

Stokes gets up and follows DiLauria into the...

BREAK ROOM

Stokes and DiLauria are the only ones there.

DILAURIA

Gwyneth is dead. Looks like she had
a seizure of some kind. If I had to
guess, I'd say cyanide poisoning.

STOKES

Suicide, or made to look like one?

DILAURIA

I don't know, but look at these.

She reaches into her shoulder bag and pulls out the Minox B camera, the rolls of film, One-Time Pads, and pocket notebook.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

They were in the false bottom of a
kitchen cabinet.

STOKES

Great. She was doubling.

(thinks it over)

Anyone see you go in or out of her place?

DILAURIA

No.

STOKES

Then the body's not public. She left here at six yesterday, so she hasn't been dead more than twelve hours.

DILAURIA

What are you getting at?

STOKES

It takes at least four days before putrefaction begins. Gwyneth doesn't show up for work today and no one's heard from her. She doesn't show up tomorrow either. So we call the police. It's not an emergency as such, so we ask for a welfare check. They knock on her door and get no answer. With no odor coming from the apartment or sign of forced entry, they'll report that no one was home. A couple more days pass and Gwyneth still hasn't shown up for work, nor has anyone heard from her. We call the police again, but now it's an emergency. When they go back to her place, there's an odor. This gives them the authority to enter the apartment - a pass key or they force the door open. That's when they find her body, looking like she's had a seizure and died. Meanwhile, this takes CIA out of the equation.

DILAURIA

But what about an autopsy? They'd find cyanide in her body.

STOKES

There'd only be an autopsy if the death was considered suspicious. And even if there was one, cyanide clears rapidly from the body. Her tissues likely wouldn't show any.

DILAURIA

I'll write this up. Thanks, Jared.

She gathers the evidence she took from Gwyneth's apartment and leaves while Stokes buys a Coke from the vending machine.

EXT. WOODWARD & LOTHROP DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

When viewed gazing upward from street level, the department store takes on a monolithic appearance.

INT. THE TUNNEL

It is even more crowded than it was earlier. Latham makes his way back to the north stairwell. Again, he checks his watch: 1:50. Annoyed, he heads toward the Up escalator. As he waits for a break in the crowd to join the queue, he is jostled by a MAN IN A SUIT. The Man has a newspaper tucked underneath his right arm, folded such that the flag - GRIT - is displayed. He gets on the Up escalator, followed shortly by Latham.

NORTH BUILDING - MAIN FLOOR

Latham follows the Man In A Suit to a large selection of fur coats and stoles. Some mannequins wear them over evening gowns; others wear them over nothing but an hourglass figure, attracting male shoppers. Saleswomen tend to well-heeled female customers. By one wall racks of furs wait to be displayed. The Man In A Suit waits there, tapping the copy of GRIT against his palm. Latham walks near him.

MAN IN A SUIT

Warren Latham...

Latham pauses but says nothing.

MAN IN A SUIT (CONT'D)

I asked you to meet me.

He brandishes his copy of GRIT. Latham seethes as he eyes him curiously, finding the man's face familiar.

LATHAM

Yeah, at the north stairwell. And you're an hour late.

MAN IN A SUIT

It didn't look safe.

LATHAM

Safe? The only threat here is to your wallet, for Chrissakes.

The Man In A Suit walks to the other side of the rack.

MAN IN A SUIT

That confrontation you had with that woman with the big hairdo...

LATHAM

What about it?

MAN IN A SUIT

I thought she was the unwashed. I figured you knew and were trying to throw her off her game.

LATHAM

No, she was just some nosy ol' biddy. Now, who are you?

A Man In A Trench coat casually approaches the rack. The Man In A Suit grows nervous. He and Latham speak sotto voce.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You know him?

MAN IN A SUIT

I'm not sure. Look, meet me tonight at the Old Stone House in Georgetown, twenty hundred hours.

LATHAM

Not until you tell me your name.

MAN IN A SUIT

Geezus, man! My life's in danger just being here!

LATHAM

Yeah? Well, good luck to you.

He starts to leave. The Man In A Suit grabs Latham's arm.

MAN IN A SUIT

Alright, alright... Richard Nagell. I worked the back end of the ASA's Estonia Op when you took it over.

LATHAM

And what are you doing now?

NAGELL

Running Lee Oswald.

He leaves. Latham is taken aback. He mouths the name Nagell. Meanwhile, the Man In A Trench Coat meanders about. Latham eyes him then leaves.

EXT. G STREET - WOODWARD & LOTHROP NORTH BUILDING - DAY

Latham exits. He crosses to the other side of the street and joins Fiona. They stroll along G Street.

LATHAM

I met my mystery paperboy.

FIONA

I saw. I trailed him out the store where he hailed a taxi. Who was he?

LATHAM

Richard Nagell. He says he was with the Army Security Agency's Estonia Op. Now he's running Lee Oswald.

FIONA

The one who flip-flops between right-wing nutter and a Marxist?

LATHAM

Uh huh. You know, now that I think about it, from a distance Nagell could even pass for Oswald.

FIONA

Really. So, why was he late?

LATHAM

That old biddy in the beehive wig we ran into in the lobby? He thought she was 'the unwashed,' his words.

FIONA

Clever move by the KGB if she were. Why did he want to meet with you?

LATHAM

He didn't say. He got nervous, said his life was in danger. He wants to meet at the Old Stone House tonight.

FIONA

Are you going?

LATHAM

Yeah, I'm curious now.
(checks his watch)
I should get back.

FIONA

Me too. Be careful tonight.

They leave in separate directions.

MID-SHOW BREAK

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

CIA officers stroll across the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Kensington paces by Latham's office door - in his hand, a communiqué. Collette keeps busy at her desk, typing. Latham enters carrying his Woodward & Lothrop shopping bag. Collette looks up; her eyes dart towards Latham's office to warn him. Kensington brusquely steps between them.

KENSINGTON

Where've you been?

Latham brandishes his shopping bag.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

Hm, I need to speak to you.

Latham follows him into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Kensington paces - a seemingly aimless rage propels him about the room. He waits until Latham sits at his desk and sets down the shopping bag, then he SLAMS the communiqué on the desktop.

KENSINGTON

From the Quito station!

Latham slides the communiqué closer so he can read it.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

Never mind reading it; I'll tell you what it says. The police examined what was left of Weatherwax's car. They found gas in the carburetor and the fuel line. Had he stalled on the tracks, there would've been no fuel in either one. They say Weatherwax stopped on the tracks and waited for the train to hit him. They've ruled it a suicide!

Latham is nonplussed.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

A loyal officer with an impeccable record, a growing family; he's living within his means... Yet, he kills himself?

LATHAM

There's more to the story, like the Roura mission being compromised.

KENSINGTON

So Barry says.

LATHAM

Yes, he did. And we won't know what role that may have played until Barry gets back.

KENSINGTON

I doubt his version of the story will change the facts.

LATHAM

We don't have all the facts.

KENSINGTON

I don't need any more! God knows how many sordid accounts I've heard of how your people act on station, bullying everyone about.

LATHAM

Barry went to Quito to exfiltrate José Roura, an operation that demands secrecy. So why would he jeopardize the mission by killing Weatherwax, drawing attention to himself, Roura and the station?

KENSINGTON

Probably to cover up for his own blundering about.

LATHAM

Blundering about?! He's out there risking his life, for Chrissakes!

KENSINGTON

Don't be so goddamn melodramatic.

LATHAM

How would you know? The only drama you've ever faced was being flummoxed trying to change your typewriter ribbon.

KENSINGTON

I've warned you before about being insolent.

LATHAM

This - this whole business... It isn't about Weatherwax or mandarin One; it's about you and me. Period.

KENSINGTON

Well, since honesty's the byword here, let's start with me. I've been with CIA from the start.

LATHAM

So have I.

KENSINGTON

I'm talking now. I served in the OSS and have twice your experience. Yet, I have to sit and watch while Berard and D-Int fawn all over you, valuing your opinion over mine. I deserve more respect than that! So tomorrow, I want Barry's FIR on my desk. If I find he's in any way responsible for Weatherwax's death, you can go back to Woodies and take a job there. And take your Special Section with you.

He storms out the office. Collette enters, looking anxious.

COLLETTE

Carla's back. She found Gwyneth Albright dead; probably from cyanide poisoning. She scrubbed Gwyneth's place and found trade items - a Minox B, film, and One-Time Pads.

Latham is so abstracted he barely nods, leaving Collette to misinterpret his lack of response.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Wow, you're a cool customer.

LATHAM

What do you want from me? I've got Kensington ready to axe the Special Section and me because he isn't getting enough respect. He thinks Paul killed the Quito Number One and made it look like a suicide. And now Gwyneth Albright's dead.

COLLETTE

Well, at least I don't have to tell Paul that the love of his life is a KGB agent who just killed herself.

She leaves. Dispirited, Latham stows his shopping bag in his lower desk drawer, alongside his satchel.

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

The bluish-purple hue left after sunset envelops the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

The office door is open, revealing Collette's empty desk; she has left for the day.

At his desk, Latham reads DiLauria's Field Information Report. PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY raps lightly on the door and enters. Latham looks up and closes the file.

LATHAM

I thought you'd be back before now.

Bazzo sits across from Latham.

BAZZO

Had a lot to go over.

LATHAM

I'll bet. Did you see Carla?

BAZZO

No, I came straight up here. Why?

LATHAM

I'll, uh, get to that. But first, how did things go with Roura?

BAZZO

Good. New York Central's been debriefing him all day.

LATHAM

What about his family?

BAZZO

They had dinner there, watched TV.

LATHAM

So the station's done with you then.

BAZZO

Yeah. They'd like a copy of my FIR when it's done.

LATHAM

Make sure you go into detail on it. Kensington's on the war path.

BAZZO

Geezus, what is it now?

LATHAM

Quito. What happened there?

BAZZO

A limpet mine was attached to the plane. Weatherwax says it wasn't an assassination attempt on Roura but a false-flag operation arranged by the junta, himself and his Number Two.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

It was meant to put the blame on the PCE. No one was supposed to get hurt. Roura and I were to be detained at the airport.

LATHAM

So the junta double-crossed him?

BAZZO

Yeah, looks that way.

LATHAM

Did Berard know about it?

BAZZO

No. Weatherwax never got clearance.

LATHAM

Hmm... How did Weatherwax react when you pieced this all together?

BAZZO

He was deathly afraid he'd lose his job. I can understand why too. He's got a kid, his wife's pregnant...

LATHAM

And now he's dead.

BAZZO

What?

LATHAM

He stopped his car on a railroad crossing and was hit by a train.

BAZZO

You mean the car stalled.

LATHAM

No.

BAZZO

You sure? 'Cause his wife warned us about this railroad crossing - no warning lights, no gate. It's on a hump in the road, so you can't see oncoming trains.

LATHAM

The police say he stopped there on purpose. They've ruled it a suicide.

BAZZO

Oh, man...

Bazzo leans forward and buries his face in his hands. After a moment he gets up and meanders about the room.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

He asked me if I'd make room for him in my report.

LATHAM

Weatherwax did this to himself.

BAZZO

He was ambitious, wanted to prove himself.

LATHAM

He should've told Berard first.

BAZZO

Do you always tell Kensington before you make a move?

Latham concedes the point and shrugs. Bazzo pleads...

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Write it up as an accident.

LATHAM

I can't. Kensington has the police report calling it a suicide.

BAZZO

Tell him the junta are just covering their tracks! They double-crossed Weatherwax, and now they're trying to portray him as guilt-ridden. Come on, don't do this to him, Warren. Don't do this to his family. Please.

LATHAM

I'll do what I can.

BAZZO

Thanks. Oh, you had something else to tell me? About Carla, was it?

LATHAM

Sit down.

Bazzo is curious as he takes a seat.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

The KGB had an operation, a honey trap targeting you and Carla.

BAZZO

How'd you learn this?

LATHAM

I'm getting to that. Carla was snared at a coffee house and went home with the guy. Lucky for her, he was drunk and fell asleep. By accident she found he had a Packet 110 camera in a pack of Marlboros.

BAZZO

What about the pictures?

LATHAM

A couple of her at the coffee house and one blurry one of her legs. I didn't want to bring Security in on this because they'd alert MOTHER, and he'd rip this place apart. So I told SMOTH. Carla teamed up with Fiona and trailed the guy, this Gerry Milken. He made a call from a phonebooth and spoke Russian.

BAZZO

Wait - Carla doesn't speak Russian.

LATHAM

Fiona does. Milken's poor tradecraft tells me the KGB probably recruited him here - probably a Russian ex-pat looking to make a few bucks. Anyway, he set up a meet with his controller at a bus stop. Long story short, when his controller shows up, it's Gwyneth Albright.

Bazzo is in shock; it is a moment before he can speak.

BAZZO

Are you sure?

Latham nods.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Maybe she was running an Op for her old boss at CI.

LATHAM

No.

BAZZO

You could be wrong, you know.

LATHAM

You need to hear the rest of this. After their meeting, Gwyneth made a call from a phonebooth.

Anguished and dreading what comes next, Bazzo gets up and goes to the window. He stares outside at the quadrangle.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

SMOTH had his men check on Milken yesterday. They found him dead in his house - a gunshot to the head, a .38 and a suicide note by the bed. Gwyneth had called in a KGB wet squad to remove Milken. This morning she didn't show up for work, so Carla went to her place to check on her. She found Gwyneth dead, most likely from cyanide poisoning.

BAZZO

Aw, geezus...

LATHAM

Carla scrubbed the place and found a Minox B, film, and One-Time Pads in a false bottom in a kitchen cabinet.

BAZZO

No!

LATHAM

Gwyneth was KGB, Bazzo. I'm sorry.

Bazzo cannot stand to hear any more.

BAZZO

Why the fuck does this happen to me?! It's not fair! It's not fair!

He bolts out of Latham's Office, slamming the Outer Office door behind him as he leaves. Latham is left pained as well. He checks the 24-hour clock, 19:20. He locks DiLauria's report in his middle desk drawer, locks the combination-lock file cabinet, and leaves.

ACT THREE

EXT. GEORGETOWN - OLD STONE HOUSE - NIGHT

Situated on M Street, NW, this modest home is the oldest structure on its original foundation in Washington, D.C., and as such, a popular tourist attraction, closing at sunset. Latham walks along M Street. A few locals and students also stroll on this warm autumn evening. As he approaches the unlit driveway beside the Old Stone House...

NAGELL (O.S.)

Latham...

Latham pauses. Nagel emerges from the shadows shrouding the alley and walks up to Latham.

LATHAM

This better be worth my time.

NAGELL

It will. Let's go to Martin's.

They walk off together, heading west on M Street.

CORNER OF N STREET AND WISCONSIN AVENUE, NW

A small sign, "Martin's Tavern," sits over the doorway.

INT. MARTIN'S TAVERN

Behind the stained-glass windows are more ornate fixtures, a bar, and several white linen tables filled with a bespoke clientele of noisy Capitol Hill lawmakers and academics.

INT. CORNER BOOTH

Latham sips ginger ale while Nagell drinks a Guinness black and tan, their voices audible only to each other.

NAGELL

We met once back in '58, when we handed over our Estonia Op to you.

LATHAM

I remember. You were a captain then. The ASA wasn't too thrilled about turning over all its files to us.

NAGELL

How would you feel if the president had ordered you to hand over years of your best work? The Army wanted to keep its hand in the game. Can you blame them?

LATHAM

I guess not. Let's get back to why you want to see me. At Woodies you said your life was in danger. Why?

NAGELL

'Cause of who I work for.

LATHAM

Specifics, Nagell, or I'll leave you with the check.

Nagell curls a faint, wistful smile.

NAGELL

You were a comedian back then too.
I got something to show you.

He takes his wallet from his pants pocket and takes out four Uniformed Services Identification and Privileges cards. He puts one on the table and slides it to Latham.

The card bears a Department of Defense stamp.

(Nagell's photo)	AF 5, 163, 177 CARD ISSUE NO.		
	ISSUE DATE 7 Dec 1962		
	NAME (SURNAME, FIRST, MIDDLE INITIAL) NAGELL, Richard C.		
	COLOR OF EYES/HAIR	HEIGHT	WEIGHT (lbs.)
DATE OF BIRTH	GRADE		
05Aug30	Capt.		
STATUS	SERVICE NUMBER		
USA/INACT	1653230		
	Brown/Brown	72"	160

LATHAM

Your Army ID. So?

Nagel slides a second stamped DoD ID card before Latham.

(Oswald's photo)	N 4, 271, 617 CARD ISSUE NO.		
	ISSUE DATE 7 Dec 1962		
	NAME (SURNAME, FIRST, MIDDLE INITIAL) OSWALD, Lee H.		
	COLOR OF EYES/HAIR	HEIGHT	WEIGHT (lbs.)
DATE OF BIRTH	GRADE		
18Oct39	PFC E-2		
STATUS	SERVICE NUMBER		
USMCR/INACT	1653230		
	Grey/Brown	71"	145

The ID card is signed along its right edge, "Lee H Oswald."

LATHAM (CONT'D)

How'd you get Oswald's ID card?

NAGELL

In a minute. Oswald's CIA controller was George de Mohrenschildt. After he took off, Dave Phillips took over as Oswald's controller. You know Phillips?

Latham shrugs noncommittally.

NAGELL (CONT'D)

Oswald knows him as Maurice Bishop.
 What Phillips doesn't know is that
 I'm Oswald's third controller.

He slides a third DoD ID card to Latham.

(Oswald's photo)	N 4, 271, 617 CARD ISSUE NO.		
	ISSUE DATE 7 Dec 1962		
	NAME (SURNAME, FIRST, MIDDLE INITIAL) HIDELL, Alek J.		
	COLOR OF EYES/HAIR	HEIGHT	WEIGHT (lbs.)
	Grey/Brown	71"	145
DATE OF BIRTH 18Oct39	GRADE PFC E-2		
STATUS USMCR/INACT	SERVICE NUMBER 1653230		

This ID card has Oswald's photo and personal information.

NAGELL (CONT'D)

Oswald also goes by Alek Hidell...

He slides the last DoD ID card to Latham.

(Nagell's photo)	N 4, 271, 617 CARD ISSUE NO.		
	ISSUE DATE 7 Dec 1962		
	NAME (SURNAME, FIRST, MIDDLE INITIAL) HIDELL, Alek J.		
	COLOR OF EYES/HAIR	HEIGHT	WEIGHT (lbs.)
	Brown/Brown	71"	160
DATE OF BIRTH 05Aug30	GRADE PFC E-2		
STATUS USMCR/INACT	SERVICE NUMBER 1653230		

This ID card has Nagell's photo and personal information.

NAGELL (CONT'D)

And so do I.

LATHAM

Is there a real Alek J. Hidell?

NAGELL

No. From '51 to '54, I worked with
 South Korea's Headquarters
 Intelligence Detachment - the
 H.I.D., for short.

LATHAM

They've changed their name since then.

NAGELL

Of course, you'd know that - given that they changed it to the Korean Central Intelligence Agency.

LATHAM

You were saying...

NAGELL

The first three letters of 'Hidell' are H.I.D. The last three, E.L.L., are the last three letters of my last name, Nagell.

LATHAM

Why'd you create this alias?

NAGELL

Why does Dave Phillips go by Maurice Bishop?

LATHAM

Alright. So, what's this operation you and Oswald are involved in?

NAGELL

You've gotta understand, there's competing forces at work here.

LATHAM

To do what?

NAGELL

Kill Kennedy.

Despite Nagel's shocking admission, Latham does not react.

NAGELL (CONT'D)

One's a false-flag operation meant to persuade Kennedy to invade Cuba. It's being run out of the Office of Naval Intelligence. I don't know the specifics, but their plan was hijacked by a group intent on assassinating the president.

LATHAM

Who's in this group?

NAGELL

The Army Security Agency, the JCS. Not all of them, mind you - some.

He waits for a response from Latham but gets none.

NAGELL (CONT'D)

Some of your people are in on it too.

LATHAM

Like who?

NAGELL

I don't know who. There's also a third group of right-wing nuts who planned to kill Kennedy all along.

LATHAM

Which group are you involved with?

NAGELL

The ASA. These guys are all veteran Ops people. Kennedy had told them they're methods lacked the ingenuity and sophistication needed to fight a Cold War. So their role was cut to zero. Now, these are proud men, so you can imagine their resentment.

LATHAM

Go on.

NAGELL

Their confederates in the Pentagon see Kennedy as a closet Communist.

LATHAM

But you don't know any names.

NAGELL

It's all compartmentalized; only the planners know who's doing what. I just know there's a lot of false-flag operations and diversions.

LATHAM

Mechanics don't work for love - or hate, for that matter. They expect to be paid. And with this three-ring circus of yours, you'd need some very wealthy benefactors.

NAGELL

Let me tell you, soon as it became a hit on the president, there were so many potential benefactors they had to turn 'em away.

For the first time, Latham betrays some emotion: disgust.

LATHAM

You still haven't told me your role in all this.

NAGELL

A few years ago, the ASA had me approach the Soviets and volunteer to be a double agent. When Oswald redefected, my KGB controller had me keep tabs on him. That's how I learned he was involved with ONI in New Orleans, and De Mohrenschildt and Phillips from your firm. Then the KGB told me they'd heard rumors about a plot to kill Kennedy, and that Oswald was involved. They told me to get close to him and get him to stop the assassination. If I can't get Oswald to do that, I'm supposed to kill him.

Latham signals to the waiter for another round.

LATHAM

Did you tell the ASA about this?

NAGELL

Oh, yeah; that's where this comes to a head. My superior at ASA told me he knew about the plot and that he was assembling a team to stop the assassination. He told me to meet with Oswald like the KGB wanted me to, and enlist him in the plan to stop the assassination. I was also to tell Oswald ASA would compensate him. So I met with Oswald and became his controller in this operation. Now I learn the guy's meeting with the FBI, ONI, Cuban exiles, Mob guys, even a fucking Dallas cop. The plotters are just setting him up to be a patsy. It's clear to me that the ones at ASA who wanna stop the assassination ain't got a chance. Kennedy's a dead man walking.

LATHAM

Who do you think tipped off the KGB?

NAGELL

I don't know. My KGB controller told me the rumor was confirmed by a plant they had in your firm - in the Counterintelligence Division.

LATHAM

Had?

NAGELL

For the past couple of months, they stopped getting reports on the plot. Usually, that means the agent no longer has access to the source.

The WAITER arrives with another round and leaves.

LATHAM

Why are you telling me all this?

NAGELL

'Cause this is it for me. Someone else needs to know what's going on. Besides, I keep hearing that you're someone the plotters are scared of.

Latham is shocked to hear this. Nagel gulps his beer.

LATHAM

What happens if someone else kills Oswald before the hit? Would that stop the assassination?

NAGELL

You really think he's their only patsy? They'll just roll out his backup. Now, listen. It's gonna happen during Kennedy's trip to Dallas on November twenty-second. They've settled on Dealey Plaza, with the Trade Mart as a backup. There'll be a false-flag team there shooting over and beyond the president, and one, maybe two, hit teams. Bastards will be stepping all over each other trying to kill him.

He reaches into his inside sport coat pocket and pulls out a letter-sized envelope.

NAGELL (CONT'D)

Hold onto this.

(hands it to Latham)

It's the hit, pretty much as I told you but with a few more details. That's a Xerox. I sent the original certified mail to Hoover at the FBI. I got a carbon copy in safe-keeping.

He gets up.

LATHAM

You leaving?

NAGELL

Damn right I am. I don't intend to be Oswald's replacement.

LATHAM

How do I get in touch with you?

NAGELL

You don't.

He leaves. Latham sighs and pockets the envelope. He finishes his ginger ale and signals for the waiter.

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

Streetlamps provide dim light to an otherwise dark compound.

INT. THE HOLE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 03:40. Bazzo sits at his desk, typing up his Field Information Report (FIR). He needs a shave. His puffy eyes and dry complexion reveal that he has spent too much time brooding - and drinking.

BAZZO

Pauses and sighs. He pulls out the upper right-hand desk drawer, revealing a fifth of blackberry brandy. He takes the bottle from the drawer; beneath it is a Polaroid of Gwyneth Albright, taken on the towpath of the C & O Canal. Bazzo is transfixed; his arm holding the bottle of brandy is suspended above the desk drawer.

Slowly, as though he were regaining consciousness, Bazzo opens the bottle and takes a swig. He twists the cap back on and puts the bottle back in the drawer, beside rather than on top of Gwyneth's photo. He shuts the drawer and resumes typing.

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

The Capitol Reflecting Pool at The National Mall shimmers; looming behind it, the Washington Monument.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 09:30. Berard eats his breakfast - a poached egg on a slice of whole wheat bread, some smoked salmon, and a cup of orange juice. Beside his desk is the stainless-steel tea cart. Latham sits and watches.

BERARD

Sure you won't have any, Warren?

LATHAM

I'm sure. I made a vegetarian frittata for breakfast.

BERARD

Yes, I forgot; you're quite the gourmet. You were telling me about Gwyneth Albright...

LATHAM

Mandarin Two found a Minox B, film, and One-Time Pads at her apartment.

BERARD

Yes, that was in your report. So, there's no doubt in your mind that she was a KGB agent?

LATHAM

None whatsoever, sir.

BERARD

And this business about leaving her body in stasis in her apartment...

LATHAM

It disassociates CIA from her. It allows her body to be discovered by her neighbors, her death a result of natural causes rather than violence or suicide.

BERARD

Was it suicide?

LATHAM

DiLauria said the body showed the after-effects of cyanide poisoning, which will be undetectable in a couple more days.

BERARD

I gather that was the reason the police weren't alerted.

LATHAM

Sir, Albright was likely doubling while she worked at CI. She would have seen, and passed onto the KGB, far more secrets there than she ever saw working for me.

BERARD

Yes, that's true.

LATHAM

This should be a quiet flap for us compared to what's bound to be some frantic scapegoating over at CI.

BERARD

Leaving them no reason to interfere in our affairs.

LATHAM

(with a faint, sly smile)
None at all, sir.

BERARD

Good. Now, while I hate to intrude upon your reverie, I need to mention the Quito operation.

(presses the TALK button
on the intercom)
Ask Mr. Kensington to join us,
please.

(hangs up)
Stewart was in here earlier
discussing Paul Barry's FIR.

A dismal sigh pours out of Latham's mouth.

LATHAM

He blames Barry for Weatherwax's death.

BERARD

Yes. Barry's report states that Weatherwax and Bacon, the station Number Two, set up the operation with the junta, who double-crossed the station. I tend to agree with Barry, given his record of honest reportage, but that doesn't satisfy Stewart. He questions whether the station was involved at all, and believes the junta acted on its own.

LATHAM

(irked)
Making mandarin One a liar.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

BERARD

Come in, please.

Kensington enters.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Have a seat, Stewart.

Kensington pulls up a chair alongside Latham. He nods perfunctorily at Latham who returns the gesture in kind.

BERARD (CONT'D)

We were discussing Quito.

KENSINGTON

Oh, alright.

BERARD

I've asked Stewart to go to Quito and speak with the station Number Two, learn what transpired between them and the junta, and determine whether there was any complicity by Paul Barry in Bob Weatherwax's death.

Latham is outraged; he can barely contain himself.

LATHAM

But sir, Mr. Kensington believes Barry drove Weatherwax to commit suicide. He told me so.

KENSINGTON

An opinion I made based on the available facts.

LATHAM

We don't know all the facts.

BERARD

Gentlemen... These are serious allegations. Only a Division Head or his Deputy can investigate a Chief of Station. Now, I'm confident Stewart can put aside any personal biases he may have and act fairly.

LATHAM

Well, I'm not.

Berard takes offense to this and glares at Latham.

KENSINGTON

I've also suggested that Barry not be sent on any missions until my investigation's over.

LATHAM

That's tantamount to judging him a liar, and I won't have it.

BERARD

It makes sense not to put Barry in the field where his judgment could be affected by this.

LATHAM

Sir, the deployment of the Special Section is my responsibility. I'm in the best position to judge their fitness for duty.

KENSINGTON

And if he makes a mistake, it reflects on the entire division.

LATHAM

No, it reflects on me. I will not have Paul Barry pre-judged. I want normal working conditions.

BERARD

Alright, normal working conditions.

KENSINGTON

Let's hope there are no catastrophes before I get back.

BERARD

When are you leaving for Quito?

KENSINGTON

Ten thirty, sir.

BERARD

(checks his pocket watch)
Then you'd better get going. Call into the Duty Desk when you arrive at the station.

KENSINGTON

I will.

He gets up, puts his chair back where he found it, and leaves.

BERARD

We have a very open and honest relationship, you and I. But I will not allow you or anyone else to malign my officers. Is that clear?

LATHAM

(contritely)
Yes, sir.

BERARD

That's all.

Latham leaves.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is at her desk, typing. Latham enters.

LATHAM
Where are the mandarins?

COLLETTE
Carla's in The Hole; Paul's in the
Infirmary.

LATHAM
Why? What's happened?

COLLETTE
Carla said he was here all night
writing up his FIR. When she came
in she found him asleep at his
desk. She could smell that he'd
been drinking, so she took him to
the Infirmary to sleep it off.

Latham shrugs.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
How'd the meeting go?

LATHAM
Badly. Kensington's off to Quito to
see if Paul had a hand in
Weatherwax's death. Here's hoping
his plane follows the same route as
Amelia Earhart's.

Exasperated, he heads into his office.

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

Vintage stock footage of the airport.

INT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL

Kensington joins the queue of passengers at the boarding gate.
The wall clock reads 10:15. On the wall sign at the gate...

GATE 32
LAN-Chile Flight 216
To: Quito, Ecuador
via Miami, Bogotá, San Salvador
Departure Time: 10:30 a.m.

EXT. EL PASO, TEXAS - DAY

INSERT: "El Paso, Texas - September 20, 1963"

Vintage stock footage of the city.

N. OREGON STREET AND EL PASO STREET - STATE NATIONAL BANK

Nagel parks his car in an alley beside the bank. He alights, wearing a sport coat over his shirt and slacks, and carrying a suitcase. He enters the bank.

INT. STATE NATIONAL BANK

It is the end of a banking day; only a handful of customers remain to be served. Nagell approaches an available TELLER.

TELLER

And how may I help you, sir?

NAGELL

I'd like a hundred dollars in American Express Travelers Checks, please.

As the Teller reaches into a drawer filled with travelers checks, Nagell steps back and reaches inside his sport coat. He pulls out a Colt M1911 pistol, turns away from the Teller, and casually fires two shots into a plaster wall just below the bank's ceiling. Bank employees and customers are startled by the CRACK of the bullets. Some people cover their heads, shielding themselves from the falling plaster. Others are simply puzzled by Nagell's calm demeanor.

NAGELL

Puts the pistol back in his sport coat pocket and casually walks out the bank, ignoring the stunned Teller, whose arm is still extended offering the Travelers Checks to Nagell.

OUTSIDE THE BANK

Nagell gets in his car and backs it onto the sidewalk in front of the bank, where he calmly waits. A patrol car arrives sans siren, SCREECHING to a halt at the curb. Two POLICE OFFICERS alight, handguns raised. They race past Nagell into the bank. Nagell shrugs. After a few moments, OFFICER #1 comes out of the bank and walks up to Nagell, still sitting calmly at the wheel of his car. Nagell looks at the Officer #1 and smiles.

NAGELL

I guess you've got me now. I surrender.

OFFICER #1

(perplexed)

Get - get out of the car. Slowly.

Nagell alights, his hands raised in the air.

NAGELL

There's a .45 in my right jacket pocket.

The officer slowly removes the Colt M1911 from Nagell's jacket pocket and sticks it inside his bulging waistband.

OFFICER #1

Put your hands behind your back.

Nagell does so and Officer #1 handcuffs him. He looks curiously at Nagell.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

You really weren't trying to rob the bank, were you?

NAGELL

No. Believe me though, I'd rather be here in jail than in Dallas in a few weeks.

OFFICER #1

Come on. I'm gonna put you in my patrol car.

They walk to the patrol car. Officer #1 puts Nagell in the backseat, rolls down the window and shuts the door. Meanwhile, his partner, OFFICER #2, leaves the bank and joins them.

OFFICER #2

That the guy who tried to rob the bank?

OFFICER #1

Yeah.

OFFICER #2

Where'd you find him?

OFFICER #1

In his car, waitin' to be arrested.

NAGELL

Why don't you guys look in the trunk of my car?

OFFICER #2

Is he for real?

OFFICER #1

Shrugs. He goes to Nagell's car and opens the trunk. In plain sight he sees a Minox B camera, a Manila envelope, and a brown spiral notebook. He opens the envelope and pulls out photos of top security places in Korea, circled in red ink.

He lays the envelope back in the trunk and picks up the notebook.

Inside it he finds pages filled with numbers for storage locker of the kind then found in bus stations; lists of theaters and restaurants alongside specific dates and times in a variety of locations in the U.S. and Mexico; several names followed by phone numbers; the address and phone number of the Fair Play For Cuba Committee in Dallas; the address and phone number for the Cuban Embassy in Mexico City, plus names of staffers there; dates and times for meetings with people whose names are abbreviated - in other words, a treasure trove of intelligence material. Some of it is written clearly, the rest is hidden in the steganography of cyphers.

AT NAGELL'S CAR

Officer #1 motions for Officer #2 to join him. When he does, Officer #1 shows him what he's found.

OFFICER #2

Geezus...

OFFICER #1

We need to call in some help.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The lights are off. The venetian blinds are partially open, revealing a hint of office buildings with some offices lit for late-night cleaning. Wisps of cigarette smoke laze about as THE THREE MEN, the architects of The Big Event, sit at a table in familiar silhouette on either side of a slide projector. An image of the Presidential motorcade, taken from above, is on the projection screen. The President Kennedy's limousine is absent its bubble top.

THE MAN

This is the Kennedy motorcade en route to the Lawrence Radiation Labs. That's Kennedy in the back of X-100, the Lincoln Continental. In front are two Secret Service Agents; the one behind the wheel is Agent Tom Shipman.

CLICK. Another shot of the Presidential motorcade as it passes tanks and troops at an Army Base. Again, Kennedy rides in the backseat of X-100 with its bubble top removed.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Here, Kennedy reviews troops and materiel at Fuegerhorst Kaserne in West Germany. Again, you see the Agents in front with Shipman driving.

CLICK. President Kennedy and his wife, Jackie, ride in the back of X-100 - sans the bubble top - as it goes through the streets of London.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Here, they're in London. Secret Service Agents in front, and Shipman driving.

CLICK. A blow-up of Special Agent Shipman behind the wheel.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Special Agent Tom Shipman. He was part of Eisenhower's Secret Service detail. By all accounts he's an excellent driver and very diligent - too much so for our purposes.

MAN #2

Has something happened?

THE MAN

I received word that he's asked the Bureau to look more closely into threats to assassinate Kennedy 'somewhere in the South, using a high-powered rifle and firing from a high floor in an office building.'

MAN #3

What?!

MAN #2

Sounds like what that buffoon Joseph Milteer's been saying.

MAN #3

Milteer?

MAN #2

One of the right-wing extremists we're using to lead law enforcement down our various rabbit holes.

THE MAN

Milteer was caught on tape by the Miami police saying those exact words to an informant. Miami passed the threat onto the FBI, who told Kennedy's Secret Service detail. Since then, Shipman's been after the Bureau for more specifics, demanding changes in the motorcade routes and more use of the bubble top.

There is disgruntled MURMURING from Man #2 and Man #3.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

It's essential that Kennedy's driver is someone who follows instructions without question. This means that, wittingly or unwittingly, he must be on our team. And that means someone other than Agent Tom Shipman.

MAN #3

But I understand Kennedy loves the guy, treats him like a confidante.

THE MAN

Making it imperative that Shipman be dealt with, and soon.

MAN #3

It's gonna be hard to get to him. We can't just shoot the guy.

MAN #2

No, of course not. Whatever we decide, it has to be done by someone outside the Secret Service.

THE MAN

I agree, and I have something in mind. You know how Kennedy's detail always have to eat on the run?

MAN #2

Yes. They're always complaining about that.

THE MAN

I suggest that during one Kennedy's trysts, we have the affair catered.

MAN #3

Whoa. Go slowly, for my benefit.

THE MAN

They'll supply our man on Kennedy's detail with food and drink, and something special earmarked for Shipman; say, something to induce a heart attack. Our man will then see to it that Shipman's buried without delay, and without an autopsy.

MAN #2

You have someone in mind as Shipman's replacement?

THE MAN

Special Agent Bill Greer.

MAN #2

Why him?

THE MAN

Greer's Irish, like Kennedy - he was actually born in Ireland. But he's a Methodist; he can't stand Catholics. And, of course, Kennedy's Catholic.

MAN #2

Look, I'm not questioning that we have a serious problem. I'm just wondering if there's any way we could work around Shipman rather than killing him.

THE MAN

Isaac Newton once said, 'We are standing on the shoulders of giants.' Forgive me if I speechify here, but his words also apply to our circumstances. We are those giants. We've learned from the past, which means we're the ones best positioned to shape this country's future. Along the way there will be casualties; after all, this is the Cold War. We accept responsibility for this. There is no room here for doubt, no room for failure, because the alternative is unthinkable. That means doing everything in our power to ensure that we succeed.

END