

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Five, Episode #2: "Age of Violence"

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Episode #2: "Age of Violence"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

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

The Washington Monument looms as an eternal testament to America's first president, George Washington - his political acumen and especially his leadership in war. Atop the 555-foot obelisk is a 9-inch tall, solid aluminum capstone. On its east side, facing the rising sun, are these words: **Laus Deo.**

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Praise be to God"

ALONGSIDE THE CAPITOL REFLECTING POOL

Stroll WARREN LATHAM, satchel in hand, and CARL DURANG. At this early-morning hour, they are the only two people there.

DURANG

You know the Newman Building in New Orleans?

LATHAM

The Newman Building?

DURANG

The one on the corner of Camp and Lafayette Streets.

Latham is slow to recall the building's location.

DURANG (CONT'D)

That goddamn hub for right-wing extremists. Geezus, it's right across from your station there.

LATHAM

Oh, yeah... Right across from our station, and the local FBI office, and the Secret Service, and ONI...

DURANG

Okay, okay. The Newman Building's also home base for those crazies in the DRE, that anti-Castro group.

LATHAM

We know.  
(sarcastically)  
Who finally told you?

DURANG

Hey, smart-ass, you wanna hear what I got to say or not?

LATHAM

Yes, go on.

DURANG

(mutters)

Jerk.

Latham shrugs, letting a sly smile slip through.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - DAY - PAST

INSERT: "New Orleans, Louisiana"

In s window on a high floor of a 16-story office building, an FBI AGENT in a dark suit peers through binoculars at the...

CORNER OF CAMP AND LAFAYETTE STREETS - THE NEWMAN BUILDING

This block-long building has separate entrances at 544 Camp Street and 531 Lafayette Street. A constant trickle of people - mostly Latinos and crewcut White men - enter and leave through the 531 Lafayette Street entrance.

DURANG (V.O.)

We've had eyes on them and the other anti-Castro groups since they began stockpiling weapons there after the Bay of Pigs invasion. That's when the attorney general warned everyone about violating the Neutrality Act.

INSERT STATEMENT BY ATTORNEY GENERAL ROBERT F. KENNEDY:

**Department of Justice**

**April 20, 1961**

**Statement by Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy**

There have been a number of inquiries from the press about our present neutrality laws and the possibility of their application in connection with the struggle for freedom in Cuba.

First, may I say that the neutrality laws are among the oldest in our statute books. Most Of the provisions date from the first of our independence and, with only minor revisions, have continued in force since the 18th Century. Clearly they were not designed for the kind of situation which exists in the world today.

Second, the neutrality laws were never designed to prevent individuals from leaving the United States to fight for a cause in which they believed. There is nothing in the neutrality laws which prevents refugees from Cuba from returning to that country to engage in the fight for freedom. Nor is an individual prohibited from departing from the United States, with others of like belief, to join still others in a second country for an expedition against a third country.

There is nothing criminal in an individual leaving the United States with the intent of joining an insurgent group. There is nothing criminal in his urging others to do so. There is nothing criminal in several persons departing at the same time.

What the law does prohibit is a group organized as a military expedition from departing from the United States to take action as a military force against a nation with whom the United States is at peace.

There are also provisions of early origin forbidding foreign states to recruit mercenaries in this country. No activities engaged in by Cuban patriots which have been brought to our attention appear to be violations of our neutrality laws.

BACK TO SCENE

THE NEWMAN BUILDING - NIGHT

A caravan of 1961 Ford Econoline vans pull up to the Lafayette Street entrance to the building and park. Two men from each van alight and enter the building. After a few moments, several men leave the building carrying wooden crates, .303 bolt-action Enfield Rifles, Remington 1903/A4 Sniper Rifles, M1D/M84 Sniper Rifles, and filing cabinets, all of which they stow in the vans. This menacing ballet repeats itself.

DURANG (V.O.)

Around three this morning, the SAC on duty saw a line of vans pull up to 531 Lafayette Street. About ten men got out and went inside. They came out carrying rifles, crates, file cabinets - it's like they were emptying the place. Then they got back in the vans and drove off.

Finally, all the vans drive away.

EXT. CAPITOL REFLECTING POOL - DAY (MORNING) - PRESENT

Latham is taken aback as he and Durang continue their stroll.

DURANG

You don't have anyone on duty there overnight, so I thought I'd give you a heads-up.

LATHAM

Any idea where they were headed?

DURANG

No, but we're canvassing the local snitches. Hopefully, we'll hear something soon.

(eyes Latham warily)

This, uh, this isn't part of some operation you're running, is it?

LATHAM

No.

Unconvinced, Durang smirks. Latham takes offense to this.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What's that smirk for?

DURANG

All the times you've run Ops in the U.S. and didn't tell us.

LATHAM

Look, this happened in my own backyard, yet the first time I hear about it is from you. You don't think I'm embarrassed to admit that? You got anything else?

Durang's countenance turns from one of skepticism to sympathy.

DURANG

No. I'll keep on it though.

Latham nods, then they leave in opposite directions.

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

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

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD assembles a single pile of files on her desk. Latham enters with a saturnine temperament. Collette looks up and smiles.

COLLETTE

Morning.

Latham nods, too abstracted to respond. He enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Followed by Collette, who brings in the files and sets them on his desk. Latham huffs as he sits in his chair.

COLLETTE  
Wanna tell me about it?

LATHAM  
Carl Durang just showed me up for how clueless I am.

COLLETTE  
I could have told you that.

LATHAM  
Now don't you start.

Collette takes out her key, unlocks Latham's satchel and takes out folders while Latham eyes the 24-hour wall clock: 08:45.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Is Bazzo in?

COLLETTE  
Yes, he and Carla are in The Hole.

Latham looks askance, causing Collette to grow worried.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Kensington's going to give Paul a hammering, isn't he?

LATHAM  
He's dying to get rid of me, the Special Section... Hm, I can see him strutting around the Quito station.

COLLETTE  
Not yet.

LATHAM  
Why? What's happened?

COLLETTE  
His plane had engine trouble. He had to wait for five hours in Miami until LAN-Chile could roll out another one. He should be in Quito around noon. I'll get you some tea.

As she heads to Latham's office door, she almost runs into BILL NEALY. She looks back at Latham.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
The Intelligence Director's here.

Nealy enters. Collette leaves, closing the door.

NEALY

A couple of things for you, Warren.

LATHAM

Have a seat, Bill.

Nealy pulls up a chair and sits. He opens his briefcase and pulls out a blue folder and refers to its contents.

NEALY

You asked me to verify Richard Nagell's bonafides, so let's start with him. He served with the Army in Korea where he was awarded three Purple hearts and a Bronze Star.

LATHAM

Guy's a hero.

NEALY

And he was appropriately rewarded, got a field promotion to Captain.

LATHAM

Yeah, he mentioned that.

NEALY

Did he also mention he's fluent in Russian, Spanish and Japanese?

LATHAM

Geezus...

NEALY

Your polyglot later served with the Army's Counter Intelligence Corps. In June of '55, he was sent to the Far East as part of their Field Operations Intelligence unit. While in South Korea his assignments included blackmail, counterfeiting, kidnapping, and political assassinations. In '57 he was sent to Tokyo where he was switched to counterintelligence duties.

LATHAM

A break from stabbing people in the back - literally.

NEALY

In Tokyo, Nagell marries a Japanese woman. Tokyo's also where our CI people recruited him as an agent.

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, the rest of CI's files on him have been siloed, so I can't tell you what Ops he was involved in. I do know that two years later he resigned his commission, despite being in line for promotion to major.

LATHAM

Hmm... Any indication he met with Lee Oswald?

NEALY

There's nothing in the files I saw; but Nagell was in Tokyo at the same time Oswald was at Atsugi Air Base, only 35 miles away. While Nagell was in Tokyo he frequented the Bluebird Cafe, a very expensive nightclub. Oswald also went there.

LATHAM

Wait. Oswald was what - a PFC? So how could he afford it on his pay?

NEALY

You tell me. One night, when Oswald was in the nightclub, a sergeant at Atsugi was there, questioning Oswald's masculinity. Oswald told him that he'd lost his virginity to the nightclub's hostess. The sarge didn't believe him and the two went at it. Oswald ended up being court-martialed. After two weeks in stir, he goes back to the Bluebird Cafe and meets another Japanese hostess. Yet, even though he's spending his time and money with her, rumors that he's queer persist. His new girl, however, isn't quite as fastidious as his first one; Oswald is treated in the Infirmary for gonorrhoea.

LATHAM

All this is in Oswald's DD-201 file?

NEALY

Yep. There're also notes on this in Nagell's DD-201.

Flabbergasted, Latham gets up and meanders about his office.

LATHAM

Nagell claimed he was doubling and that he was Oswald's KGB controller.



NEALY

Yeah, you told me.

LATHAM

He also said David Phillips replaced George de Mohrenschildt as Oswald's controller after de Mohrenschildt left, and that Oswald knew Phillips by his working name, Maurice Bishop. That's pretty lousy tradecraft, meeting directly with an agent.

NEALY

Remember, Phillips didn't go through The Farm as a JOT. He was originally an agent whom The Company signed to an employment contract.

LATHAM

Still, risking exposure with a low-level agent like Oswald? In an emergency, I can see meeting him; but Phillips should've been using a cut-out between himself and Oswald.

NEALY

If he is, it's in those files siloed by CI/SIG.

LATHAM

Damn. When Gwyneth Albright was here, she had access to them. Now...

NEALY

Whoa, wait a second. Are you asking me to be Burglar Bill?

LATHAM

We're talking about Kennedy's life.

Nealy shrugs, acceding. As he neatens the folder's contents...

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I thought you said you had a couple of things for me?

NEALY

Oh, right - the old memory's going. Two days ago, HTLINGUAL intercepted a registered letter intended for Attorney General Robert Kennedy. The return address was that of a PFC Dennis DeWitt, 59th Ordnance Group, Metz, France. Now, whether he really wrote it or not, who knows.

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

But DeWitt claims he's a cryptographic analyst whose job is to look for subliminal messaging in newspapers and magazines. He also decrypts cable traffic from the European Command, NATO, the OAS - you know, everybody. He says he found subliminal messages meant to influence readers into believing that Kennedy's soft on communism, and a communist sympathizer.

LATHAM

Sounds like the same overt messaging the John Birch Society's spreading.

NEALY

There's more. He says codewords and phrases, like 'survive his term' and 'short-lived presidency,' don't refer to Kennedy's term in office but to his life. In a photo taken of Kennedy during his trip to Ireland, he says he found a small tombstone tucked in the background imprinted with the name 'John F. Kennedy.' He looked at a photo from Kennedy's visit to Bonn, and in the motorcade he saw that the back of Kennedy's head had been blown off. He believes there's a conspiracy underway to assassinate President Kennedy in Dallas on November 22nd.

LATHAM

That's the same thing Nagell said.

NEALY

I don't believe in coincidences. So the letter's re-sealed and mailed to Bobby Kennedy, but he never gets it. Someone at the Justice Department intercepts the letter and gives it over to Hoover who sends it to MOTHER, accompanied by a memo. Turns out, I was on the BIGOT list.

LATHAM

I think I know where this is going.

NEALY

Warren, you have to tell Kennedy.

LATHAM

I've tried to, many times; but he doesn't want to hear it.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

He wants to see actual evidence of a plot or just drop the subject entirely.

NEALY

Well, now you've got evidence.

LATHAM

And he'll say it's all conjecture.

NEALY

Goddamnit, Warren! Would you rather be in the White House rotunda the day after, staring at his fucking casket?!

LATHAM

Alright, alright. I'll talk to him.

NEALY

This is your copy.

Nealy gets up, puts the file on Latham's desk, and starts for the door.

LATHAM

Hang on. Did you know the DRE moved all their weapons and files out of New Orleans last night?

NEALY

No... Didn't Helms transfer AMSPELL from your orbit to his Special Affairs Staff?

LATHAM

Yes, last year.

NEALY

So, how'd you learn about this?

LATHAM

From Carl Durang.

NEALY

Well good luck to the FBI. Whatever the hell that bunch is up to, you can bet it'll end up on the front page of the Washington Post. By the way, how's Paul doing?

LATHAM

He's holding up.

NEALY

No thaw between you and Stewart?

LATHAM

If he has his way, we'll all be out  
of here by the end of the week.

NEALY

Let's hope not. I'm going upstairs  
to brief Wilson.

Latham nods and follows Nealy out his office into...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Nealy nods politely to Collette and leaves. Latham stops at  
her desk.

LATHAM

Call François Bisset. Get me an  
appointment with the president  
today. Tell him it's urgent.

COLLETTE

Right.

LATHAM

And don't take no for an answer.

COLLETTE

I won't.

EXT. QUITO, ECUADOR - DAY

A panorama from Plaza San Francisco de la Ciudad, Vieja (Saint  
Francis Square, Old Town, Quito) and the Andean stratovolcano,  
Pichincha, looming in the background to...

MARISCAL SUCRE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

A sign outside the Arrivals Terminal reads "AEROPUERTO  
INTERNACIONAL MARISCAL SUCRE."

INT. ARRIVALS TERMINAL

Weary passengers, STEWART KENSINGTON among them, straggle in  
from the tarmac. An announcement comes over the P. A. system.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(in Spanish)

Pasajeros que lleguen en el vuelo  
dos-uno-siete de LAN-Chile, con  
origen en Washington, D.C., Estados  
Unidos, por favor diríjanse al área  
de reclamo de equipaje en la puerta  
de arribos número siete...

(MORE)

P.A. ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Pasajeros que lleguen en el vuelo  
dos-uno-siete de LAN-Chile, con  
origen en Washington, D.C., Estados  
Unidos, por favor diríjense al área  
de reclamo de equipaje en la puerta  
de arribos número siete.

(in English)

Passengers arriving on LAN-Chile  
flight 217, originating in  
Washington, D.C., the United States,  
please go to the baggage claim area  
at Arrivals Gate number seven...

Passengers arriving on LAN-Chile  
flight 217, originating in  
Washington, D.C., the United States,  
please go to the baggage claim area  
at Arrivals Gate number seven.

As the passengers proceed to the luggage carousel, Kensington is approached by JOHN BACON, the new CIA Chief of Station. Though he wears a poplin suit, Bacon is as sweaty as Kensington is bedraggled. Kensington recognizes Bacon and raises his eyebrows slightly.

BACON

Welcome to Quito, sir.

KENSINGTON

(peremptorily)

Thank you, Bacon.

He looks at the baggage carousel and sees his suitcase glide towards him. It is an earlier 20th-century model, with brass-buckled leather straps wrapped around it. He looks at Bacon then back at his suitcase.

BACON

Let me get that for you.

He perfunctorily grabs the suitcase off the baggage carousel.

KENSINGTON

Careful. Don't want to scratch the  
buckles; they're brass.

BACON

My car's just outside in the lot.

They walk to the terminal's main glass doors.

I/E. 1962 CHEVROLET IMPALA

Cruises through Quito's City Center, along Venezuela Street, past the colonial municipal buildings - some with bomb damage. Bacon and Kensington pass unusually large pockets of men, women and children.

They are dressed in a mix of Western and traditional attire, all walking determinedly in the car's direction.

KENSINGTON

I thought everyone would be taking a siesta now.

BACON

Usually, same as they do in Yugoslavia or the Mediterranean.

Chagrined by the mild rebuke, Kensington purses his lips.

EXT. CARONDELET PALACE

Occupying the entire city block formed by Garcia Moreno Street and Chile Road is "Palacio de Carondelet," Ecuador's seat of government. This colonial mansion also serves as the residence and workplace of the country's president, now occupied by the leading generals of the junta. A huge crowd fills the plaza outside the palace. Several placards are in evidence; some read "CEOSL en huelga" or "Salarios justos para todos."

KENSINGTON

What's all this about?

BACON

A strike. The railroad union threatened to call for one today. Seems it's no longer a threat.

KENSINGTON

And the reason for the strike?

BACON

The junta promised to raise their wages to what they get in Chile and Columbia. So far, nothing's happened. So they went on strike.

KENSINGTON

Hmm, Ecuador has that many railroad workers? Must be four or five thousand people here.

BACON

I guess the farm workers and municipal employees joined them.

Armed policemen have formed a cordon around the palace.

ON THE STREET

The crush of humanity spills across the road, forcing all traffic to come to a halt.

THE CROWD

Shouts "Salario justo por un día de trabajo! (Fair wage for a day's work)" and "Cumple con tu promesas! (Keep your promises)"; but their chants often overlap and are muddled by an overwhelming PURL of chatter and crying infants. Further still, many of the strikers eat lunch - either brown-bagged or purchased from local entrepreneurs - and appear indifferent.

FROM THE PALACE

A MAN IN A CREAM-COLORED SUIT walks up to a POLICE SERGEANT and whispers to him. The Police Sergeant nods and the Man In The Cream-Colored Suit goes back inside the palace.

IN THE PLAZA

The Police Sergeant takes a few steps forward, turns back and looks at his fellow policemen. He nods at them then faces the assembled throng. Without the use of a bullhorn or any form of loud speaker, he addresses the crowd (in Spanish).

POLICE SERGEANT

Debes dispersarte. Ir a casa o volver al trabajo. Ahora.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You must disperse. Go home or go back to work. Now."

His voice is a faint whisper, a bewildering moment for the crowd.

INT. THE CHEVROLET IMPALA

Bacon is perplexed; Kensington is exasperated.

KENSINGTON

I can't hear a word he's saying.

BACON

Why would he address them without a bullhorn or something? Unless...

KENSINGTON

Unless what?

BACON

Oh, God...

KENSINGTON

What?!

IN THE PLAZA

The Police Sergeant rejoins the cordon. He raises his bolt-action rifle.

Other policemen - some similarly armed, others with semi-automatic rifles - raise their weapons against the crowd.

The Police Sergeant suddenly FIRES into the crowd. His fellow officers follow suit. SCREAMS of panic and pain erupt. An unending, indiscriminate fusillade of bullets rip through men, women and children. The dead and dying fall to the ground like marionettes cut loose from their strings. Bodies of small children and infants convulse - for some, their heads explode from the impact of these high-velocity rounds. Mothers cover the bloody corpses of their children while they too are shot. Countless others are shot in the back as they flee.

FROM THE CORDON

The Police Sergeant stops firing and turns to his men.

POLICE SERGEANT  
Deja de disparar! Deja de disparar!

The policemen stop shooting and lower their weapons.

IN THE PLAZA

Though the shooting lasts for only 20 seconds, the plaza is littered with bodies. Perhaps 500 are dead or lie wounded; their throes exceed the fading screams of the thousands who have fled.

I/E. CHEVROLET IMPALA

Kensington and Bacon are stunned. They both alight and look over the mass of humanity lying in their own blood. Kensington trembles. Overcome, Bacon bends over and retches.

KENSINGTON  
Get me out of here!

Bacon is slow to recover, too slow for Kensington who is about to get into the Chevrolet Impala.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)  
Get in the fucking car, Bacon!

Kensington gets into the car and SLAMS the door shut. Bacon slowly gets back behind the wheel of the car.

With the road clearing, automobile horns HONK as traffic moves in fits and starts, with little or no regard for people still on the street. Bacon weaves past them.

The horror has left Kensington in a state of shock. He gazes out the windshield, his eyes fixed wide open. Bacon pants as tears slowly run down his cheeks. After a few seconds, they have left the plaza.



ACT TWO

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

A view of The National Mall and Foggy Bottom.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

Pedestrians pass the guard shack paying little attention to the uniformed Marine Corps Guard who vigilantly stands there.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is hunched over his desk poring over the blue folder left by Nealy. He softly reads aloud to himself.

LATHAM

'In addition to the psychological sets I derived from print media and photographs, I was also able to decrypt cable traffic, primarily from the OAS, as well as their encoded telephone calls. This led me to discover that at least one French Corsican marksman, Jean Souetre, had been recruited. It is the totality of my work that led me to uncover the plot to kill President Kennedy, and the proposed date of the assassination, November 22, 1963.'

The intercom BUZZES; Latham answers it.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

President Kennedy will see you if you can come over right away.

LATHAM

Thanks.

He hangs up and closes the file. He pulls open his right-hand bottom desk drawer and takes out his satchel. Latham puts the file in his satchel and closes it. He gets up, cradles the satchel, and leaves.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE

Stock footage of this familiar landmark.

WEST WING - THE ROSE GARDEN

The trees are losing their leaves, save for the crabapple trees.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY and Latham stroll along a path, past a hedgerow interspersed with gorgeous red, yellow and white roses. Latham has his satchel tucked under one arm.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

This morning I signed into effect the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty. Think about that. A year ago - one year this month in fact - we were on the verge of nuclear war with the Soviets over their missiles in Cuba. Two years ago, our tanks faced off against Soviet tanks at the Berlin Wall. Yet this country's worst enemy, Premier Khrushchev, came to the negotiating table with an olive branch. And now you come along, once again warning me about assassination plots and referencing Julius Caesar.

LATHAM

I didn't come here to cry wolf, Mr. President. I showed you the cipher clerk's letter.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Intercepted before it could reach the attorney general.

LATHAM

By your enemies here at home.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Yes, J. Edgar Hoover and the CIA's heads of Intelligence and Counterintelligence.

LATHAM

Excluding the Intelligence Chief.

President Kennedy curls a slight smile, as though recalling an inside joke.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

You may not agree with me, but my sense is that Intelligence in this country is fragmented, spread across a dozen agencies with each acting as its own damn little fiefdom. Their directors purport to be independent when in fact they appear to act in concert. They frustrate my efforts to get a clearer view of world polity by substituting their own narrow perspectives.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

That's why, in my next term, I intend to replace most of the directors of these agencies. I don't need men around me constantly looking to line their pockets with gratuity from defense contractors.

LATHAM

Actually, I do agree with you - to a point. There are men in subordinate positions, including at CIA, who'd jump at the chance to work with you.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Would they feel that way if Lyndon were president?

LATHAM

Their loyalty is to the country, sir. This isn't a monarchy.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Really. And all I keep hearing is people calling my administration Camelot.

They exchange sly grins.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Tell me, you think Lincoln would have been as great a President if he had lived?

LATHAM

Um, let me say this. With respect to his place in history, it was probably better that Lincoln died when he did.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Well, if anyone's going to shoot me, the time to do it would have been after I negotiated the removal of Soviet missiles from Cuba.

LATHAM

No, that wasn't the optimum time for your enemies to strike. You had the world on your side then.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I still do.

Latham holds up his hands, acceding to President Kennedy's contention.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

So, who do you suggest is plotting to assassinate me?

LATHAM

Lyndon Johnson became vice president through the kind of hard calculation you and your family are known for. Knowing Johnson's background, is it really all that hard to believe he wouldn't try to orchestrate his way to the presidency?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Not if he were going to prison - something you're already aware of.

LATHAM

But that's my point. If you were in his shoes, you'd be proactive to avoid just that sort of fate.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Lyndon doesn't have the brains or, as he'd put it, the gumption to move against me. Look, even if he isn't indicted over Bobby Baker's shenanigans or that Billy Sol Estes business, Bobby and I have already discussed ways of blocking Johnson from getting the Democratic nomination when my second term ends in '68.

LATHAM

Leaving it open for Bobby.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Of course. Can you imagine what would happen to the country if Lyndon were president?

LATHAM

Some people can.

This gives President Kennedy pause.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Cancel or at least postpone your trip to Dallas.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

It's a five-city campaign tour, Warren. And Dallas is where the Texas political machine resides. It's essential to my re-election.

LATHAM

But not your health.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

So you say. I'm sorry but I have to end our little chat. I'm expecting the Saudi Arabian Ambassador.

President Kennedy escorts Latham back to the Oval Office.

EXT. QUITO, ECUADOR - INDEPENDENCE SQUARE (PLAZA GRANDE) - DAY

A panorama sweeps from this, the main square in the Old City, with its colonial buildings and mansions, to...

THE HOTEL PATIO ANDALUZ

A block from the main square, the hotel occupies two adjacent mansions. While capturing the ambience of the colonial period, it awkwardly serves as a way station for the privileged, a stark, pastel reminder of an unattainable status for Ecuador's Indigenous Peoples.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

The decor of this duplex features dark-stained carved wood, heavy upholstery, a roll-top writing desk, wingback chairs, and original colonial artworks and objets d'art.

THE BALCONY

Overlooks the large interior courtyard which is filled with guests dining at the hotel's restaurant. Kensington sits at a small round table, oblivious to the diners below. His face is drawn. The weight of the afternoon's events have left their indelible stamp on him.

On the table sit two tumblers with a slice of lime on the rim, and an open bottle of Zhumir Paute, an "aguardiente" (fire water) tasting a bit like schnapps. Kensington pours a jigger of liquor into a tumbler. His hand trembles as he raises the glass to his lips. He takes a sip and waits, the tumbler an extension of his arm suspended in mid-air. He finishes off the aguardiente and sets the tumbler on the table. There is a faint series of KNOCKS on the front door of his suite.

KENSINGTON

Slowly rises and shuffles to the front door. A second round of rhythmic knocking ensues. Kensington is wary.

KENSINGTON

Who is it?

BACON (O.S.)

John Bacon.

Exasperated, Kensington opens the door and Bacon enters. Kensington impatiently shuts the door behind him.

BACON (CONT'D)  
Did I get the Tap Code wrong?

KENSINGTON  
How would I know? I haven't used it in years. Come on, let's go outside.

Feeling apprehensive, Bacon follows Kensington to...

THE BALCONY

Where they sit at the table. Kensington grabs the bottle of Zhumir Paute, his brusque demeanor fueled in part by drink.

KENSINGTON  
Would you like a drink?

BACON  
That's aguardiente; it's 70-proof.

KENSINGTON  
I'll take that as a yes.

Chagrined, Bacon raises his right hand and spaces his thumb and forefinger about a quarter of an inch apart. Kensington rolls his eyes. He pours a jigger of aguardiente into the second tumbler and hands it to Bacon, then refills his own tumbler. Bacon raises his glass for a toast.

BACON  
Salud.

KENSINGTON  
I thought they only say that down here when someone sneezes.

BACON  
It's also used as a toast.

Kensington raises his tumbler; both men sip their drinks and set their tumblers on the table. Kensington stares at Bacon.

KENSINGTON  
So what the hell happened out there?

BACON  
As I said, it was a strike called by the railroad union.

KENSINGTON  
And that's how the junta responds to a strike? Ordering the police to fire into a defenseless crowd?!

BACON

I don't know why they did that.

KENSINGTON

You don't.

BACON

No, sir.

KENSINGTON

Who was that fellow who spoke to that lead policeman?

BACON

I'm not sure.

KENSINGTON

It's your job to know who these people are, Bacon!

BACON

I couldn't tell who he was; we were too far away.

Disgusted, Kensington waves off Bacon.

KENSINGTON

This strike by the railroad union didn't just come out of the blue. There had to have been negotiations that reached some sort of impasse.

BACON

There were.

KENSINGTON

Was the station involved?

BACON

Weatherwax brought in Jack Otero, the Assistant Inter-American Rep for the International Trade Federation.

KENSINGTON

I know Otero. He's one of our contract labor agents, a good negotiator.

BACON

He was supposed to assist the railway union in its negotiations with the junta. Weatherwax told him to use restraint. Instead, Otero threatens the junta with an agricultural boycott.

KENSINGTON

What?!

BACON

He said he'd rather see boatloads of rotten Ecuadorian bananas sitting in ports around the world than give in to any threats from the junta.

KENSINGTON

Why in the world would he say that?

BACON

I don't know. I wasn't involved in the negotiations. Weatherwax finally asked Otero to leave. He was going to speak to both sides and try to salvage the negotiations, but...

KENSINGTON

Right, right. So where's Otero now?

BACON

I believe he went to Santiago on business for United Fruit.

KENSINGTON

Great! So he's gone, Weatherwax is dead, and you weren't involved in any of it. So, other than the junta, does anyone else know what went on?

Bacon shrugs.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

What about Ambassador Bernbaum? Did anyone inform him about all this?

BACON

I believe Weatherwax did.

KENSINGTON

I may want to talk to him, but first I want to talk to Weatherwax's widow. What's her name, Ruth?

BACON

Yes, but she's still in mourning. I think she needs time alone.

KENSINGTON

I want to be sure we're doing all we can for her. Besides, I have a few questions to ask her. Set it up.



BACON

I understand why you want to speak  
to her, but can't it wait for a bit?

KENSINGTON

No, it can't. So would you please  
get on the phone and arrange it!

BACON

Yes, sir.

He gets up and heads into the living room where he picks up  
the telephone. Despite having had a few shots of Zhumir Paute,  
Kensington is still sharp enough to eye Bacon curiously.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

A panorama of the cityscape ends with Foggy Bottom and...

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A CIA officer crosses the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham stands at the open combination-lock file cabinet,  
searching in vain through file folders. Collette enters  
holding a file.

COLLETTE

Here, The Farm's list of candidates  
to replace Gwyneth.

She hands it to Latham.

LATHAM

Where was it?

COLLETTE

Where you left it - on my desk.  
Good thing it wasn't a newspaper,  
or you'd have left it in the lav.

Latham mugs. He and Collette saunter to his desk.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

By the way, Mr. Berard and Mr.  
Nealy are back.

The Gray phone RINGS. Latham races Collette for the receiver  
but loses. As he sits, Collette answers the phone.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Yes?

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)  
This is DC-COMM.

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

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)  
I have a call from a Jeff Allaband,  
calling on the trunk line from a  
payphone in Union Terminal, Dallas,  
Texas.

COLLETTE  
One moment, please.  
(covers the mouthpiece  
with her hand)  
A Jeff Allaband's calling on the  
trunk line from Union Station in  
Dallas. Isn't that the Dallas  
Number Two's working name?

LATHAM  
Yes.

COLLETTE  
(into phone)  
Put him through, please.

She hands the receiver to Latham.

LATHAM  
Latham.

ALLABAND (O.S.)  
DOPLICKS.

Latham quickly grabs a pencil and slides the legal notepad on  
his desk towards himself.

LATHAM  
Ten-nine.

ALLABAND (O.S.)  
DOPLICKS.

LATHAM  
(enunciates)  
DOPLICKS?

He writes "D-O-P-L-I-C-K (S)" on the legal notepad.

ALLABAND  
Ten-four.

CLICK. Allaband has hung up; Latham follows suit. Collette  
leans over and eyes the legal notepad.

COLLETTE

Eight letters... Are the first seven a phone number with the last letter being an extension?

LATHAM

Yes, pretty much.

Collette grabs the Gray phone and rotates it so the rotary dial faces Latham.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

No, no. The extension here is an identifier; it means Scrabble.

COLLETTE

Oh, right.

She quickly goes to the open combination-lock file cabinet and looks through a red, expandable file folder with 12 pockets labeled from 'O' to 'Z.' She reaches into pocket 'S,' pulls out a laminated card and hands it to Latham.

INSERT CARD:

**Scrabble Letter Values**

1 point - A, E, I, O, U, L, N, S, T, R  
2 points - D, G  
3 points - B, C, M, P  
4 points - F, H, V, W, Y  
5 points - K  
8 points - J, X  
10 points - Q, Z

BACK TO SCENE

Latham decrypts DOPLICK (minus the 'S'), transposing each letter with its Scrabble point value. 'D' becomes the number 2; 'O' is 1; 'P' is 3; 'L' is 1; 'I' is one; 'C' is 3; and 'K' becomes 5. On the legal notepad is written "213-1135."

LATHAM

The area code for Dallas is 2-1-4?

COLLETTE

Yes, 2-1-4.

He prepends "214" to the phone number, then picks up the Red phone and dials.

MINNIE (O.S.)

0-8-4-9...

LATHAM

It's Latham. Is the SCIF free?  
(pronounced 'skiff')

MINNIE (O.S.)

Yes.

LATHAM

Hold it for me. I'll be right down.

He jumps up and leaves.

#### COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

MINNIE, a Black woman and the Chief Communications Officer, sits before a TSEC/KL-7 cipher machine, entering plain text. RAMONA - 33, Black, and recently promoted to the Number Two Communications Officer - sits by a running reel-to-reel tape recorder, headphones on, taking notes on her legal notepad.

Latham enters, his steps muted by wool, square-weave carpeting with a 3mm acoustic-rubber underlayment. He approaches Minnie. On a console panel to her right is a button marked **IDS ACCESS CONTROL**, lit by a steady white light. A metal tag just below the button bears the imprint: **Access Control is OFF when button blinks RED**. Minnie presses the button; it changes from white to blinking red. Latham nods to her and crosses to a far door where a sign reads:

**Cameras, recording devices, and firearms  
are NOT PERMITTED inside the SCIF.**

Below the sign is a numeric doorlock. Latham enters a sequence of numbers. CLICK. He opens the door, revealing the raised floor of the SCIF (Sensitive Compartmented Information Facility). Latham enters. The spring-mounted metal door automatically swings shut and locks behind him.

#### THE SCIF

This windowless room-within-a-room has tan-colored, acoustic triangular panels to diffuse and absorb sound covering the walls and ceiling. The floor is baffled in the same manner as the Communications Room.

Occupying an entire wall and half of another is the **Sigsaly**, a multi-ton, speech-encipherment system dating back to the mid-1940s. It provides secure telephonic communications. Beside the Sigsaly, where it takes up a half wall, is a floor-mounted, pulse-activated open-reel tape recorder. There are no storage areas. HVAC ducts at the top and bottom of each wall are protected with permanently affixed 3/4-inch mesh grills.

Mauve chairs surround a conference table with a rotary-dial Red telephone and a White secure telephone. Latham sits at the table, picks up the White telephone and dials 214-213-1135.

EXT. DALLAS, TEXAS - UNION TERMINAL - DAY

A masterpiece of Beaux-Arts-style classicism.

INT. THE GRAND HALL

Tall arched windows, elegant chandeliers and 48-foot ceilings evoke the grandeur of train travel. At the far end, past the ticket windows, the huge ornamental clock, and the rows of wooden benches in the waiting area, sits a row of twenty...

TELEPHONE BOOTHS

In an end booth sits the Dallas CIA base's Number Two, ALBERT MORRIS, aka Jeff Allaband. The telephone booth next to his is empty with an "OUT OF SERVICE" sign taped to its glass door.

MORRIS'S TELEPHONE BOOTH

The phone RINGS; Morris answers it.

MORRIS

Yes?

LATHAM (O.S.)

DOPLICKS here.

MORRIS

This is Morris, sir. You didn't want anything on paper, so I called you.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH MORRIS

LATHAM

What do you have?

MORRIS

I found Lee Oswald, kinda by accident really.

LATHAM

Go on.

MORRIS

I was at the ACLU office when I saw Oswald come in with Michael Paine. I know Paine because Osborne introduced me to him.

Latham takes notes on his pocket notepad.

LATHAM

Is that Henry Osborne at CI?

MORRIS

Yes, sir. Paine introduced Oswald to a woman there - I believe her name was Mary Bancroft - and says Oswald knows a mutual friend of theirs, George de Mohrenschildt.

LATHAM

Mary Bancroft... Are you sure?

MORRIS

Yes, sir. Everyone there had to sign the registry. I got a peek at it and had my source there confirm it was her. I also heard Miss Bancroft mention the name Robert Ascham, which amused Michael Paine.

LATHAM

Was Oswald there when she said it?

MORRIS

Yes, but he just looked puzzled. He didn't seem to know who this Robert Ascham was.

LATHAM

Do you?

MORRIS

No, sir.

LATHAM

'Robert Ascham' is a pseudonym for Director Dulles.

MORRIS

Oh, shit...

LATHAM

Do you have an address on Oswald?

MORRIS

Yes. I trailed him to 621 Marsalis Street; it's a rooming house. When I was outside the place, I heard him having a pretty loud argument with a woman who I believe is his landlady. So it's anyone's guess as to how long he'll still be there.

LATHAM

Alright. Just keep eyes on him.

MORRIS

Um, one more thing, sir.

LATHAM

What?

MORRIS

Those two - Lee Oswald and Michael Paine?

(MORE)

MORRIS (CONT'D)

If I didn't know any better, I'd swear they were related; they look like brothers. You look at them from a distance and you could easily mistake Michael Paine for Lee Oswald.

LATHAM

I'll make a note of that.

BACK TO SCENE

MORRIS

Thank you, sir.

Morris hangs up and exits the phone booth. He goes next door, tears off the "OUT OF SERVICE" sign and leaves.

EXT. VAN HORN, TEXAS - DAY

INSERT: "Van Horn, Texas"

It is late in the day; the sun flirts with the horizon. A sign on a rural road reads "**CITY LIMIT/VAN HORN/POP. 1807.**"

RANCH

A stretch of 10,000 acres ranging from wide-open tabosa grass flats to dense pockets of love grass, grammas and spangletop. A dusty road leads up to a cabin well-hidden by the flora.

OUTSIDE THE CABIN

ROSCOE WHITE drives up in his Kaiser-Willys Jeep. He shuts off the engine and lights up a cigarette, seemingly oblivious to the faint CRACKLE of rifle fire. A RUMBLE of automobile engines and the SCRATCH of tires against dirt grow louder. A caravan of 1961 Ford Econoline vans pulls up, stirring up a dust cloud. Two Men alight from the lead van - LORAN HALL, crewcut and White, and EDDIE BAYO, a Cuban. White grins and hops out of his Jeep. He shakes hands with Hall and Bayo.

WHITE

What's shakin', Hall?

HALL

Not much, Rock.

BAYO

Eddie Bayo.

WHITE

Sure took you guys long enough to get here. What'd you do, come by way of the Panama Canal?

HALL

Hey! You're out here in the middle of nowhere, for God sakes!

WHITE

Well, West Texas is God's country.

HALL

Right. So where you want everything?

WHITE

In the cabin.

Faint rifle fire startles Bayo. White takes notice of this.

WHITE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. It's just Sarti and the boys taking some target practice.

Hall looks worried. Bayo yells to associates in Spanish.

BAYO

Pon las armas y todo dentro de la cabina.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Put the weapons and everything inside the cabin."

White opens the cabin door. Hall and Bayo unload rifles from their van and stow them in the cabin. At the other vans, men unload rifles and ammunition and take them inside the cabin. While Hall and Bayo exit the cabin and wait alongside White, four men unload file cabinets, and carry them to the cabin.

WHITE

File cabinets?

BAYO

(proudly, in Spanish)

Esos son los archivos del Directorio Estudiantil Revolucionario.

WHITE

Huh?

BAYO

Those are the files of the DRE, the Student Revolutionary Directorate.

White shrugs; this means nothing to him.

BAYO (CONT'D)

Anti-Castro.

WHITE

Oh, bueno.



Bayo smiles. Meanwhile, the parade of Anglos and young anti-Castro Cubans carrying weapons into the cabin ends.

WHITE (CONT'D)

So you guys are staying here, right?

HALL

They are. I'm goin' to Dallas tomorrow.

WHITE

I'm heading there around three a.m., if you want a ride.

HALL

Yeah, okay.

WHITE

Come on up to the house.

HALL

No, no thanks.

WHITE

Why not, man?

HALL

I'll just wait here, alright?

He sits on the ground, his back up against the cabin.

WHITE

Hey, suit yourself. Y'all follow me to the house. We'll grab something to eat and I'll show you where you're staying.

Bayo turns to his men and speaks to the Cubans in Spanish.

BAYO

Sube en las furgonetas y síguelo.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Get in the vans and follow him."

White hops into his Jeep and starts the engine. Everyone gets back into their vans and follows White along the dirt road.

AT THE CABIN

Hall apprehensively watches them drive away.

EXT. MEXICO CITY - HISTORIC DISTRICT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Hall follows LUCIEN SARTI, who turns onto Calle del Carmen - a pedestrian thoroughfare where many of the businesses are shuttered - and slips into an alley.

Hall looks about, confused. Sarti quickly emerges from the alley and puts Hall in a headlock. He pulls out a switchblade and holds it to Hall's throat. Two CHILDREN peeking from the corner of the street run away. Sarti drags Hall into...

THE ALLEY

And SLAMS Hall's head against a brick wall. Crumbling mortar falls to the ground. Sarti kicks Hall in the crook of a knee, dropping him to the ground, then presses the blade of his knife against Hall's Adam's Apple.

SARTI

Move and I'll cut it open.

He releases his headlock on Hall and rummages through Hall's back pockets, pulling out a wallet. Sarti flips it open and, in the wallet's window sleeve, sees a Texas driver's license in the name of "Lee H. Oswald."

SARTI (CONT'D)

'Lee Oswald,' huh? Well, Mr. Oswald, your boss doesn't listen. So, you're going to take a message back to him.

Using the point of the knife, he pricks the side of Hall's neck at the carotid artery. In rhythm to Hall's heartbeat, blood spurts from the small hole like a tiny geyser. Hall clutches his neck; blood seeps between his fingers. Sarti tosses the wallet on the ground next to Hall.

SARTI (CONT'D)

Next time, it'll be your heart -  
and your boss's.

Hall picks up his wallet. He staggers to his feet and stumbles out the alley.

END FLASHBACK.

AT THE CABIN

Hall absently fingers the side of his neck.

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

The sun has set, leaving the cityscape in a bluish-purple hue.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A few CIA officers leave through Gate #1.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD, Nealy and Latham are in a tense discussion.

BERARD

And the president wouldn't listen?

LATHAM

No, sir. It's the same as before.  
But this time he added how he  
doesn't trust anyone in the IC.

BERARD

My God...

NEALY

You told him about the Intel from  
that cryptanalyst in France?

LATHAM

Yes, but he doesn't believe the  
extreme right has the wherewithal to  
carry out a plot against him,  
regardless of who's involved.

BERARD

He's surrounded by Judases, yet  
refuses to believe the truth.

NEALY

I thought if he'd listen to anyone  
finally, it'd be Warren.

BERARD

Apparently, he still values Warren's  
opinion because the White House has  
asked that he and I join the  
president tomorrow at a briefing.

NEALY

But not me. Always a bridesmaid,  
never a bride.

LATHAM

I think the president just accepts  
that we live in an age of violence.  
His focus now is on re-election -  
and replacing Lyndon Johnson.

BERARD

This Lee Oswald fellow... How does  
he fit into all this?

LATHAM

Not sure. He may be a fall guy.

NEALY

We know he's been seen with George  
de Mohrenschildt, a contract agent;

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

Dave Phillips, whom you know; and  
Richard Nagel with Army Intel.

LATHAM

Who's behind bars in El Paso now.

BERARD

They were all Oswald's controllers?

NEALY

It seems that way.

BERARD

So, Oswald could be with the Miami  
plotters or some right-wing group.  
And there could be one or more  
plots - a false-flag event, an  
assassination, or God knows what.

His words are a pall hanging over them. He leans forward.

BERARD (CONT'D)

I know any action we take against  
the Miami plotters would only drive  
them further to ground. But I don't  
want to spend the rest of my life  
regretting that I didn't do more to  
keep the president alive. So I'll  
support anything your mandarins can  
do to stop this, Warren.

LATHAM

Assuming I still have both of them.

BERARD

One problem at a time, please.

### ACT THREE

EXT. QUITO, ECUADOR - DAY (MORNING)

A panorama from the Andes mountains to the Old City to...

TULCAN STREET

Home to cobblestones and middle-class, two-story houses. A  
1962 Chevrolet Impala pulls up to a mauve-colored home.  
Kensington and Bacon alight and walk to the front door. Bacon  
grasps the brass door knocker and RAPS it on the door. After  
a moment the door CREAKS open and they are greeted by  
ESMERALDA. (Bacon speaks to her in Spanish.)

BACON

Somos de la embajada. Tenemos una  
cita para ver Señora Weatherwax.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "We're from the embassy. We have an appointment to see Mrs. Weatherwax."

Esmeralda nods. As the two men enter, she glares at Bacon.

INT. WEATHERWAX HOME - FOYER

A host of flowers sits by the front door. Esmeralda closes the door and abruptly holds up her hand (she only speaks Spanish).

ESMERALDA

Los zapatos no están permitidos en la casa. Quítatelas y déjalas aquí junto a la puerta.

Kensington is at sea and looks quizzically at Bacon.

BACON

She wants us to take off our shoes.

The men remove their shoes and follow Esmeralda into...

THE LIVING ROOM

A ceiling fan slowly whirls. Tony Bennett croons on the portable hi-fi. RUTH WEATHERWAX sits on the sofa, her flaxen hair limp with sweat. Her pregnancy, now in its eighth month, and her husband's death have exhausted her. She holds a hot-water bottle against her stomach, partially covered by a serape. Her daughter, AMELIA, sits on the rug, playing with wooden replicas of elephants and horses. A portable fan on the floor blows air on them, causing Amelia to occasionally wipe strands of hair from her eyes. Esmeralda leads Kensington and Bacon inside. She points to each man as she speaks.

ESMERALDA

Este es el Señor Kensington. Sabes señor Bacón.

Ruth nods politely to Kensington but less so to Bacon.

KENSINGTON

My condolences, Mrs. Weatherwax.

RUTH

Please, sit down.

Kensington and Bacon sit in two cloth chairs.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Something to drink?

Kensington hesitates, unsure if he should accept the offer.

RUTH (CONT'D)

I suggest some iced tea.

KENSINGTON

Oh, 'cause the water here is, um...  
Yes, yes, iced tea is fine.

RUTH

(in Spanish to Esmeralda)  
Esmeralda, les traería té helado a  
estos señores, por favor?

ESMERALDA

Sí, señora.

She heads into the kitchen. Kensington squints.

RUTH

Headache, Mr. Kensington?

KENSINGTON

A little too much aguardiente.

RUTH

Bob would squint like that when he  
had too much.

KENSINGTON

Has the embassy been of any help?

RUTH

Yes.

Esmeralda returns with two glasses of iced tea. She hands one to Kensington, who nods "thank you," then with a stern look she hands a glass to Bacon. Esmeralda sits beside Amelia and the two play with the wooden toys.

KENSINGTON

If there's any more we can do...

RUTH

(impatiently)  
On the phone, Mr. Bacon said you  
wanted to ask me about my husband.

BACON

It won't take too long, Ruth.

RUTH

You kept Bob away doing God knows  
what for days at a time. I guess I  
can spare The Agency two minutes.

KENSINGTON

Two minutes... Um, excuse me if I  
sound at all impertinent, but did  
your husband's time away cause any  
friction between you two?

RUTH

No. If anything, I think there'd be friction between him and The Agency.

KENSINGTON

Why do you say that?

RUTH

Bob hated being away from home. He'd sneak calls to me to see how I was, even though he wasn't supposed to.

KENSINGTON

He ever tell you about those trips?

RUTH

(sarcastically)

Why, I'm just the ignorant spouse. I certainly can't attest to things I know nothing about.

KENSINGTON

Did I say something to offend you?

RUTH

It's offensive that my husband is dead for no good reason and I'm supposed to sit here and be understanding.

KENSINGTON

I see. Just a few more questions. Would you say Bob was ambitious?

RUTH

That comes with the territory, wouldn't you say?

KENSINGTON

For some, maybe. Was he depressed about anything recently?

RUTH

Christ! Tell me, do you walk around all day grinning like an idiot?

KENSINGTON

No, of course not.

RUTH

Well, neither did my husband. That doesn't mean he wasn't optimistic though.

KENSINGTON

Even with all the upheaval here?

RUTH

Bob understood things don't always go as planned. He thought it was best to placate the junta.

KENSINGTON

How? Can you give me an example?

RUTH

I don't know exact details. The Agency would shoot me if I did.

KENSINGTON

Now that's not so, Mrs. Weatherwax. If you know of a specific instance, it would really help me.

RUTH

Help you... Hm, alright. I remember when Colonel Gandara was here.

KENSINGTON

Gandara?

BACON

He's the leader of the junta.

RUTH

My daughter and I were in the bedroom. Gandara and Bob were in here, but I could hear them. Bob wanted safe passage to New York for José Roura. He also wanted the junta to negotiate with the railway union. Gandara promised Bob that Roura could leave for the States, no problem, and that the junta would negotiate with the union. But in return he wanted a copy of the Subversive Control Watch List.

BACON

A list of Ecuadorian Communists and people sympathetic to the Party.

RUTH

Bob knew that once the junta got their hands on that list, those people would be dead. He weighed that against the junta's assurance that the people would gain the democratic freedoms they wanted, and Roura's safe passage to New York. I guess he decided it was worth the lives of a few Communists.



KENSINGTON

You heard about the massacre outside Carondelet Palace yesterday?

RUTH

Yes, and I'm not surprised.

KENSINGTON

Why's that?

RUTH

Bob knew the junta have their own agenda and would say things for the sake of expediency. He never trusted them. Ask John. He met with Gandara.

Bacon looks mystified.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Remember last week, when Bob flew to Lima? He called and said he was supposed to meet with Gandara, but you were taking his place.

KENSINGTON

Why did he tell you this?

RUTH

In case Gandara forgot and came by the house looking for him.

BACON

Oh, yes, that's right.

KENSINGTON

Hmm... Well, my two minutes are up. I apologize for intruding on you this way, Mrs. Weatherwax.

Ruth shrugs her shoulders. Kensington gets up, as does Bacon.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

Are you staying in Quito?

RUTH

No.

KENSINGTON

No... Well, good luck to you.

He heads to the foyer with Bacon and Esmeralda in tow.

FOYER

The men put on their shoes. Esmeralda opens the front door.

KENSINGTON

Goodbye.

Esmeralda nods to Kensington as he leaves. Bacon nods to her as he leaves but she glares back at him and closes the door.

EXT. DALLAS, TEXAS - GREYHOUND BUS STATION - DAY (MORNING)

The bus station is a perfect example of Streamline Moderne, an art deco style that emphasizes long horizontal lines, curving forms, and nautical elements. A Kaiser-Willys Jeep pulls up. Hall alights. He waves to the driver, White, as the Jeep pulls away. Hall then crosses to the adjacent cab stand and gets into a Yellow Cab.

I/E. YELLOW CAB

Passes the Times-Herald building where, below a large sign that reads "Dallas Times-Herald," members of the American Nazi Party, in neo-Nazi garb, dance folksily around a man in an ape suit. In the backseat, Hall is amused by this racist display. Cruising west through a city park known as Dealey Plaza, the cab passes a sign for the entrance to the Stemmons Freeway.

LAMAR STREET - THE MASONIC HALL

The Yellow Cab pulls up to a two-story brick building with a painted sign that reads "Masonic Lodge." Hall alights.

INT. MASONIC LODGE - MAIN HALL

A large, dingy room lit by bare light bulbs and ambient light streaming through the windows. An audience of about 12, mostly male, sit on wooden folding chairs. Hall enters and sits in the back row. At the dais is a 50-ish SPEAKER in mid-rant.

SPEAKER

Let them integrate! Let them sit up  
there in their dirty shirts and  
make all their fine speeches. But  
they are all a bunch of infidels,  
Commies dying from the neck up!

In the audience, people nod and MURMUR unintelligibly.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

We will send out a clarion call  
from here, the heartland. It will  
lure more and more people to this  
buckle of the Bible Belt, a place  
that brazenly hangs onto its true  
American traditions!

A brick SMASHES through a window, landing near the feet of a NEATLY DRESSED MAN sitting nearby. The startled audience jump out of their seats.

They scurry to the far wall - save for the Neatly Dressed Man and the Speaker who stand their ground, and Hall in the back.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)  
I'll bet it's one of Bobby Kennedy's  
men again, that son of a bitch!

The Neatly Dressed Man steps away from the shards of glass and looks around the room. Hall appears to recognize him and waves his hand. The Neatly Dressed Man sees Hall wave and stares at him questioningly.

HALL  
Hey, Lee. Lee.

The Neatly Dressed Man stares at Hall and walks towards him.

NEATLY DRESSED MAN  
Do I know you?

Hall does a double-take. It's not Oswald; it's MICHAEL PAINE.

HALL  
Man, I'm sorry. You look like  
someone I was gonna meet here.

PAINE  
Yeah? Who's that?

HALL  
Lee Oswald. You know him?

PAINE  
Don't think so.

The Speaker turns towards Paine.

SPEAKER  
Michael, you alright?

PAINE  
(nods, then to Hall)  
I'm Michael Paine.

HALL  
Loren Hall.

They shake hands.

HALL (CONT'D)  
From here you looked a lot like Lee.

PAINE  
Really. Is he here?

They both survey the audience members, who mill about.

HALL

Naw, I don't see him.

PAINE

Well, I'm not one for clean-up duty, so I'm gonna take off. Nice meeting you, Loran.

HALL

Same here, Mike.

Paine leaves. He's angry, knowing he's made a mistake.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of this familiar landmark.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

HENRY CABOT LODGE, Ambassador to South Vietnam; Secretary of Defense, ROBERT MCNAMARA; Attorney General, ROBERT KENNEDY; British Ambassador to the U.S., DAVID ORMSBY-GORE; Berard and Latham sit at the table with President Kennedy.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

David, I hear you took precautions against anyone learning you're here.

LODGE

I had him sign in as Professor Smith from the London School of Economics.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Well, that accounts for his accent.

Ormsby-Gore grins; the other Cabinet guests chuckle. Berard and Latham remain passive.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I invited Ambassador Ormsby-Gore to keep Prime Minister Macmillan apprised of our situation in South Vietnam; though I may have to repeat this should the prime minister's health or his luck run out.

There is an awkward shift in mood from tittering to somber.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I also asked the CIA's Wilson Berard and Warren Latham to join us. They're among the very few in the Intelligence Community that I can tolerate. Now, Bob McNamara and Ambassador Lodge met with President Ngo Dinh Diem last month in Saigon.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

They've authored a report that will be distributed to everyone here. In the meantime, I've asked them to summarize key points. Gentlemen...

LODGE

Our objective was to assess the progress the South Vietnamese military has made. What we saw, though, reminded us of how the French lost their Indo-Chinese colonies. Let me expand on that. While diplomatic, economic and socio-cultural factors contributed to the French leaving in '54, the political and military factors were far more paramount. The same is true today in South Vietnam.

MCNAMARA

The progress made by South Vietnam's military was being endangered by the repressive actions of President Diem and his brother, Nhu. They pay lip service to our recommendations while continuing to operate as autocratic hoodlums. This led Ambassador Lodge, General Taylor and I to propose these three-steps: a cut in economic aid to Diem's regime, the immediate withdrawal of a thousand men, and a 1965 deadline for removing all U.S. personnel from South Vietnam. These steps should be explained to the public in a low-key manner, the goal being to replace U.S. personnel with trained South Vietnamese without any impairment of the war effort.

BERARD

Your last point sounds more like wishful thinking, Bob.

MCNAMARA

I don't agree, Wilson. We've found that, given proper incentive, the South Vietnamese are quite receptive to training from our Special Forces.

BERARD

Incentive in this case seems to me to be in the eye of the beholder. Part of the reason the French failed in Vietnam was their inability to see through the eyes of the Vietnamese people.

LATHAM

You have to consider that the revolution that began there with nationalism could end with communism if the Vietnamese people see that as their ultimate goal.

President Kennedy and McNamara are taken aback.

LODGE

I think I speak for Bob when I say that we believe the problem lies with the present government there. Diem has aged terribly since 1960. He's slow mentally. And as I see it, he wouldn't last twenty-four hours without his brother, Nhu, who handles the bribes and manipulates the power base necessary for their survival.

MCNAMARA

We believe only a military coup or an assassination will be effective, and one or the other is likely to occur soon. In such circumstances we have a fifty percent chance to get something better.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Or sink further into that quagmire.

MCNAMARA

Through independent sources we've confirmed that the North Vietnamese approached Nhu through the French. That leaves us only two choices: do nothing and publicly support the Diem regime or keep our mouths shut.

LATHAM

To me, a reconciliation with Diem only means more of the same, and worse. A coup to overthrow him and his brother is the only option here, unless I've missed something.

MCNAMARA

If we follow the latter policy, a coup will probably take place within the next four to six weeks.

BERARD

I agree with Warren, but I don't see a coup stopping there. I see this as Diem's death warrant.

ROBERT KENNEDY

I'm in agreement with Wilson.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

For now, I side with Bob on a coup.  
So, now that a policy decision's  
been made, I want it absolutely  
certain that no one talk to the  
press about differences in opinions.

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

CIA officers cross the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is on the Gray phone.

COLLETTE

No, I'm sorry he's-

The door opens and Latham steps inside.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Hold on. He just walked in.

She puts the caller on hold.

LATHAM

Who is it?

COLLETTE

Carl Durang. He sounds urgent.

She hands Latham the phone and takes Durang off hold.

LATHAM

Latham... When?... 15 minutes.

(hangs up)

He wants to meet at Sholl's.

EXT. SHOLL'S COLONIAL CAFETERIA

Set on the ground floor of an apartment building, the entrance consists of four Doric pilasters supporting an entablature with the words "Sholl's Colonial Cafeteria."

INT. CAFETERIA

Filled with locals and tourists - rich, poor and in-between. They slide their plastic trays past breakfast selections that counterwomen replace every few seconds. Atop the food warmer's aluminum hoods are signs, such as "RELIGION AND PATRIOTISM MAKE THIS A NICE PLACE TO WORK" and "WE WELCOME EVERYONE."

At a corner table sits Durang, sipping coffee.

His briefcase is on the floor beside him. Latham approaches with his satchel and a cup of coffee and sits opposite Durang.

LATHAM

What's up?

DURANG

I was in another agent's office when he got a call from our Dallas SAC. A Confidential Informant had contacted him and told him he'd run into that Interpen goon Loran Hall at the Masonic Lodge. They got to talking and Hall told him he had a backache from riding in a van with a bunch of spicks from New Orleans out to West Texas. Hall then said a friend gave him a lift into Dallas.

LATHAM

Are the other members of the DRE still somewhere in West Texas?

DURANG

That's how I understood it.

LATHAM

Your C.I. say why he and Hall were at this Masonic Lodge?

DURANG

Yep. It was a meeting of the local chapter of the John Birch Society. Oh, one more thing. Hall asked the C.I. if he'd seen Oswald there.

LATHAM

Your C.I. knows Oswald?

DURANG

Apparently. He told Hall the meeting had been pushed back an hour, but the grand poohbah forgot to tell everyone. So when Oswald and whoever did show up, everyone else will have gone.

LATHAM

Geezus... I hope your people can keep eyes on him and the Birchers.

DURANG

Don't expect too much. Director Hoover couldn't care less about Oswald. And most of the agents in Dallas side with the Birchers.



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

Latham enters the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is at her desk, typing. Nealy sits across from her, his satchel on his lap. Latham enters, surprised to see Nealy.

NEALY

The prodigal son finally returns.

COLLETTE

I'm taking a break before this turns into a revival meeting.

She gets up and leaves.

LATHAM

Come on in, my son.

He and Nealy enter...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham sits at his desk. Nealy stands before him.

LATHAM

Have a seat, Bill.

NEALY

Can't. I have to get home. There's a leak in the basement and the plumbers are on their way.

LATHAM

Why does that sound like one of my operations?

NEALY

I wanted to talk to you before I went home. While you and Wilson were at the White House, I was at Langley peeking into CI's files.

LATHAM

Okay...

NEALY

David Phillips is using a cut-out between himself and Lee Oswald; it's Michael Paine, one of CI's clean agents. And Michael's wife, Ruth Paine? She's also a CI asset.

Latham nods and grins, as though he knows a secret.

NEALY (CONT'D)

You're smiling.

LATHAM

Grinning, actually. My Dallas Number Two, Al Morris, called to say he saw Michael Paine with Lee Oswald.

NEALY

There you go. Looks like Oswald's had four controllers.

LATHAM

Four that we know of.

NEALY

Ugh. Leave it to you to ruin the rest of my day.

Latham rolls his eyes. Nealy leaves.

EXT. QUITO, ECUADOR - DAY

A view of the Old City, municipal buildings damaged in the recent spate of bombings, and...

THE CHANCERY OFFICE BUILDING

A four-story, modernist building with a sign that reads "Embassy of the United States/Embajada de los Estados Unidos."

INT. ASSISTANT ATTACHÉ'S OFFICE

A large ceiling fan spins slowly. The 24-hour wall clock reads 13:50. The official photograph of President Kennedy hangs prominently on a wall behind the ornate desk and across from the coffee table where lunch has been arrayed: arroz con chorizo y camarones (rice with chorizo and shrimp), churrasco (grilled steak topped with a crispy fried egg served with rice, french fries, ripe plantains, and hot sauce), two small salads with avocado slices, and a pitcher of vodka mint limeade. Bacon sits in a leather chair and helps himself to large portions of the delicacies there. He looks up at the wall clock and shrugs. After a moment, Kensington enters.

BACON

Did you go see Ambassador Bernbaum?

KENSINGTON

Yes.

BACON

You were gone so long I thought maybe you forgot we had lunch here.

Kensington sits in a leather chair by the coffee table.

KENSINGTON

No, no. We got into discussing life in suburban Virginia where I live. He misses being back home.

BACON

I can imagine.

He has a mouthful of food. Kensington eyes Bacon disdainfully.

KENSINGTON

I also took some time to re-read Paul Barry's FIR. He states that Weatherwax admits he was part of a false-flag operation by the junta, but that he and Roura were only supposed to be detained by them.

BACON

I had no knowledge of that.

KENSINGTON

Yes, you've said as much. Barry also stated that no one knew which plane he and Roura were flying on. That information was withheld from the station until two days before Roura's release. Weatherwax was told to delay giving this information to the police because Warren Latham felt someone might attempt to assassinate Roura.

BACON

Why would anyone do that?

KENSINGTON

To make political capital off it by blaming Roura's murder on the PCE.

BACON

Oh.

Kensington eyes him curiously. He starts to select portions of the food and places them on a plate.

KENSINGTON

The flight information would have to have been leaked to the junta early enough to allow them time to secure a limpet mine and enlist members of the grounds crew into the plot.

BACON

Uh huh.

KENSINGTON

So the junta must have been told the day the station received the cable.

BACON

Hmm, could be anyone working here. These people are so poor; the junta would've made it worth their while.

KENSINGTON

Oh, I'm sure. But it couldn't be just anyone. It would have to be someone working in the Comm Room or someone with access to it.

Bacon nods and continues to eat. Kensington has yet to take a bite of his food.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

I asked Mrs. Weatherwax if her husband was an ambitious man.

BACON

I remember.

KENSINGTON

Would you consider yourself ambitious?

BACON

Like Ruth said, it comes with the territory.

KENSINGTON

How about ruthless?

This gives Bacon pause. He looks at Kensington.

BACON

Being ambitious doesn't necessarily mean you have to be ruthless.

KENSINGTON

No, but it certainly expedites one's way up the ladder, so to speak.

He stands and walks to the office door.

BACON

Where you going?

KENSINGTON

I'm not going anywhere.

He opens the door. TWO SECURITY OFFICERS in dark suits enter. Bacon recognizes them.

SECURITY OFFICER #1  
Mr. John Bacon?

BACON  
What is this?

SECURITY OFFICER #1  
We're from the Bureau of Diplomatic  
Security.

BACON  
I know who you are. I want to know  
what's going on.

KENSINGTON  
You're being detained for  
questioning.

BACON  
About what?

KENSINGTON  
I'll replace you as Chief of Station  
until such time as I can find a  
suitable replacement.

BACON  
Why?!

KENSINGTON  
Because you're not only ambitious,  
you're ruthless. I believe you  
leaked the flight information to  
the junta.

BACON  
That's bullshit!

KENSINGTON  
Colonel Gandara confirmed it when I  
called him from the ambassador's  
office.

He hands a cloth napkin, sans cutlery, to SECURITY OFFICER #1.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)  
In case he wants to wrap up his  
lunch and take it with him.

Security Officer #1 offers the napkin to Bacon.

BACON  
Fuck you!

SECURITY OFFICER #1  
Come with us, Mr. Bacon.

Bacon SLAMS his napkin and cutlery on the table and gets up. SECURITY OFFICER #2 leads Bacon out the office, followed by Security Officer #1, who closes the door. Kensington goes to the desk, picks up the Red phone and dials.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

2-3-6-2...

KENSINGTON

Stewart Kensington, Collette. Let me speak to Mr. Latham, please.

INT. OFFICE - DAY (DUSK)

The lights are off. The venetian blinds are shut, but narrow shafts of ambient light peek through the slats. 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. On the projection screen is a photo of PFC Eugene B. Dinkin in his Army uniform.

THE MAN

Army PFC Eugene B. Dinkin. He's a cryptographic analyst at the Army's 59th Ordnance Group in Metz, France.

MAN #2

The NSA has a listening post there.

THE MAN

The analysts work in conjunction with the NSA. A registered letter was sent from Metz to Attorney General Robert Kennedy detailing a plot to kill President Kennedy.

MAN #3

They know about The Big Event?

THE MAN

Apparently. Fortunately, the letter was intercepted by the Bureau and turned over to the Counter-intelligence Chief at the CIA.

MAN #2

We dodged a bullet there.

THE MAN

Hmm... The return address was that of a PFC Dennis DeWitt at the 59th. Now, every six months or so, all the analysts are required to take a polygraph. So I had the C.O. call his men in to be FLUTTERED.

(MORE)

THE MAN (CONT'D)

In addition to the usual questions about contact with agents from behind the Curtain, they were asked if they'd written to anyone in the government here. They all replied 'No,' and the polygraph showed they were telling the truth. However, one man missed his polygraph appointment because he was away on a three-day pass - PFC Eugene Dinkin. He'd been working on extracting subliminal messaging from magazines and newspapers. He also decrypted the phone calls of the OAS. His notes reveal a plot to kill Kennedy in Dallas on November 22nd.

MAN #3

Oh, Christ...

THE MAN

Now, a handwriting analyst compared the letter to the signatures on the polygraph consent forms. The only match was with PFC Dinkin.

MAN #2

So he used his buddy's name in case someone came looking for him.

THE MAN

Exactly.

MAN #2

There's nothing in the brief that calls for any foretelling of The Big Event through subliminal messaging.

THE MAN

Which means someone took it upon himself to do exactly that. I believe it's someone who's angry he was removed from the loop.

CLICK. A photo of a familiar face appears on the screen.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Will Schott.

MAN #3

That drunken prick. He ran Task Force W, trying to kill Castro.

THE MAN

The CIA stashed him in Rome after he was seen in Miami.

(MORE)

THE MAN (CONT'D)

I learned that he was spotted again in Miami meeting with Antonio Veciana, the head of Alpha 66. They may be trying to hijack our plan to accomplish the same objective.

MAN #3

You want to put him on ice?

THE MAN

No, just given a final warning, the kind he'll understand.

MAN #2

I'll take care of it.

THE MAN

There's one more little hiccup. Lee Oswald's controller ran into someone from Interpen who was in Dallas to meet with Oswald.

MAN #3

We need to keep a tighter leash on those Interpen bastards.

MAN #2

Easier said than done.

THE MAN

Oswald's controller made the mistake of claiming he didn't know Oswald.

MAN #2

So it's possible we may lose Oswald as our fall guy.

MAN #3

Just when it seemed things couldn't get any worse.

THE MAN

If that happens, we'll immediately switch to his backup.

CLICK. A photo of Larry Crafard appears on the screen.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Curtis LaVerne Crafard; he goes by Larry. A former Army sniper. He's already been used to impersonate Oswald, shooting at a couple of rifle ranges where Oswald lives.

(MORE)



THE MAN (CONT'D)

Crafard's also a sexual deviant,  
which makes it easy to substitute  
him for Oswald. Other than that,  
we're still on track, gentlemen.

END