

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Five, Episode #3: "By Consent of the Few"

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

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

Cool Gray Dawn

Episode #3: "By Consent of the Few"

ACT ONE

INSERT ON BLACK SCREEN: "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?  
(Who will guard the guards themselves?)  
--'The Satires' by Roman poet Juvenal, A.D. 1741"

FADE IN:

EXT. ROME - NIGHT (EVENING)

INSERT: "Rome"

Stock footage of the Colosseum, the Vatican, the Sistine Chapel, Trastevere (Rome's bohemian neighborhood), and...

PALAZZO MARGHERITA

This palace on the Via Veneto is the U.S. Embassy's chancery. WILL SCHOTT, CIA officer, leaves the embassy and hails a taxi.

TRASTEVERE

Rome's answer to 1960s Greenwich Village. Cafés, hole-in-the-wall bars, bookstores, bistros, small movie theaters, and inexpensive apartment buildings dot the area.

BAR SAN CALISTO

A former haberdashery, it sits on a cobblestoned pedestrian thoroughfare. A neon sign in script reads, simply, "Bar."

INT. BAR SAN CALISTO

A favorite haunt of bohemians, refugees, garbagemen and, late at night, drunks. Schott is one of the latter - and a nasty one. He pounds on the bar. (Everyone here speaks Italian.)

SCHOTT

Allinea di nuovo i bicchierini.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Line up the shot glasses again."

The BARTENDER hesitates.

SCHOTT (CONT'D)

Vai avanti!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Go on!"

BARTENDER

No, basta whisky. Ne hai abbastanza.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No, no more whisky, you've had enough."

Schott opens his suit coat, revealing the pearl handle of his .38 revolver jutting from his belt holster.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
Esci di qui prima che chiami la  
polizia. Tu grasso bastardo.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Get out of here before I call the police. You fat bastard."

Schott mumbles something unintelligible then slides off the barstool. He lays 5000 lire (about \$8.00) on the bar. As he staggers out...

BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
Stronzo ubriaco.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Drunken asshole."

EXT. BAR SAN CALISTO - NIGHT

Schott leaves the Bar, stumbling on the cobblestones.

APARTMENT BUILDING

Schott stumbles up the steps. He fumbles for his keys and finally enters his building.

INT. CORRIDOR

At the door of his apartment, Schott hunches over, panting. He unlocks the door and enters.

APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Ambient light from streetlamps streams through the windows. Schott brushes his hand along the wall, trying to find the light switch. He gives up and goes to the bathroom, leaving the door open. The sound of a man desperate to relieve himself ends with a GRUNT. Schott leaves the bathroom and enters...

THE BEDROOM

He steps on crumpled pieces of paper - a way to hear someone surreptitiously approaching while he's sleeping. In his drunken stupor he simply views them as impediments to his final destination, the bed, and kicks them out of his way.

SCHOTT

Begins to undress. He removes his belt holster and places it partway on the nightstand; it falls to the floor. He waves it off and strips down to his skivvies. He falls back onto his bed, looking like a beached whale.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

The front door slowly opens. Five INTRUDERS, muscular men in black pullovers, trousers, gloves, soft-soled shoes, and ski masks enter. They all carry small black gym bags. The first man inside, their LEADER, puts a set of lockpicks back in his gym bag. He SNIFFS and wipes a gloved forefinger across his nostrils. The Intruders quietly enter...

THE BEDROOM

Schott is fast asleep, snoring like a buzzsaw. INTRUDER #1 takes a roll of duct tape from his gym bag, peels off a strip and SLAPS it over Schott's mouth. The other Intruders pin Schott's hands and feet. INTRUDER #2 wraps twine around Schott's hands and ties them to a bedpost at the head of the bed, while INTRUDER #3 duct-tapes Schott's feet together. The Leader pulls a blackjack from his bag and leans over Schott.

LEADER

(in a quiet, even tone)

You're a stupid man, Will Schott.  
The last time should've convinced  
you to stay out of The Big Event.  
But no, you had to go back to Miami.  
You had hidden messages put in  
articles written by your old pals.  
You even got one of them to doctor a  
photo of Kennedy. You see? We know  
where you've been, what you've been  
up to, and who your pals are. Now,  
they're gonna pay - and so are you.

He WHIPS the blackjack against Schott's stomach, again and again. Each blow sinks into Schott's soft belly, then it rebounds like a trampoline. Schott writhes; his legs bend at the knee; his cheeks puff like a blowfish; and muffled SCREAMS are followed by wails, high-pitched at first, then garbled as though they were caught in his throat.

The Leader turns his attention to Schott's legs, battering the man's thighs and calves with repeated blows until the Leader himself is exhausted. While he pauses to catch his breath, Schott writhes in pain. Suddenly, Schott vomits, but it is trapped in his mouth. Intruder #1 quickly rips the duct tape off Schott's mouth. The remnants of a spaghetti dinner spill from his lips. A violent retch from Schott emits whiskey, bile and spittle onto the pillow and the side of Schott's face.

Schott COUGHS. The pain is so intense he cannot hold back tears. He gasps. When he begins to WAIL, Intruder #1 tears off another strip of duct tape and slaps it over Schott's mouth. The Leader resumes the onslaught, raining blows upon Schott's biceps. He avoids hitting Schott on his face, head or neck - there, evidence of the beating would be visible to others. Finally, INTRUDER #2 tugs urgently on the Leader's arm.

INTRUDER #2

We gotta go.

The Leader stops. Schott's arms and legs are a bloated mess, his torso spasms violently. Intruder #2 cuts the twine securing Schott's arms to the bedpost; they fall to the bed. The Intruders leave the duct tape on Schott's mouth and legs. Once again, the Leader leans over Schott.

LEADER

Your last warning, Schott.

With that, the Intruders quietly leave.

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

On this warm autumn day, The Mall has a dreamscape quality to it, as though the Capitol Building were a point at infinity.

704 3RD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING

The east-facing windows have a golden tint to them.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHENETTE

WARREN LATHAM serves breakfast to FIONA JEFFRIES - a poached egg on toast and slices of ham, with glasses of orange juice already on the table. He places the same fare on his plate, then sets the cast-iron skillet on the stove. He squirms as he sits across from her. Fiona eyes him as she starts to eat. Latham suddenly jumps up.

FIONA

Again?

Latham says nothing and races to the bathroom. Fiona shakes her head and continues to eat heartily.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Boy, that Ex-Lax really works.

A faint GROAN comes from the bathroom.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Serves you right. Steak and eggs at two a.m., and cupcakes for dessert.

LATHAM (O.S.)

Hostess Twinkies.

FIONA

Oh, well that's different. How did you ever end up constipated?

LATHAM (O.S.)

Shut up.

FIONA

(grins)

There's a new can of Glade in there.

Another groan comes from the bathroom. Fiona checks her watch.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Larry and I have that meeting with Ormsby-Gore, first thing. Still want me to wait for you?

LATHAM (O.S.)

No, go ahead.

FIONA

Sure?

LATHAM (O.S.)

Go!

Fiona grins and gets up from the table.

EXT. STREET CORNER - BUS STOP - DAY (MORNING)

A queue of people board a city bus. Latham dodges traffic as he runs across the street towards them. When he gets to within a few feet of the bus, its doors shut and the bus pulls away. Latham HUFFS as he stands alone at the bus stop.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

CIA officers enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD sits at her desk, blue pencil in hand, poring over a report. PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY leans against the wall, reading the sports section of the Daily News.

BAZZO

Hm, Redskins lose again. One game's all they've won all season.

COLLETTE

How much did you lose?

BAZZO

I didn't. I had the Giants.

He grins archly. Latham enters, a bit out of sorts.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Morning, boss.

COLLETTE

Morning. Files are on your desk.

She gets up and reaches for Latham's satchel.

LATHAM

No, no, I'll do it. I need you to call the Infirmary for me.

COLLETTE

Are you alright?

LATHAM

Yeah, just see if they have any Pepto-Bismol.

COLLETTE

Stomach flu?

Embarrassed, Latham nods.

BAZZO

Try some bitters. Put 'em in a glass of tea with some honey...  
(snaps his fingers)  
Works in a jiffy.

COLLETTE

I'll have the Infirmary bring up some Pepto. As for the bitters, you'll have to wait until after ten when the liquor store opens.

She reaches for the Red phone. Latham and Bazzo enter...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham lays his satchel on the desk, pulls a file from it and sits. Bazzo sits across from him.

BAZZO

If I didn't say it, thanks for all you did for me with Kensington.

LATHAM

You did thank me - twice last week. Do it again and I'll send you down to Quito to work alongside him.

The intercom BUZZES. He presses the TALK button.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

The Intelligence Director's here.

LATHAM

Oh? Okay, send him in.

He hangs up the intercom. Bazzo eyes him curiously; Latham just shrugs. The door opens and BILL NEALY enters.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Morning, Bill.

NEALY  
Warren. Good to see you again, Paul.  
(hands Latham a pill cup  
with two pink lozenges)  
From Collette.

BAZZO  
I'll, uh, be in The Hole.

He gets up as Latham pops the Pepto-Bismol in his mouth.

NEALY  
No, stay - if that's okay, Warren.

Latham nods as he chews. Bazzo sits, as does Nealy who opens his satchel, pulls out a file folder and opens it to a report.

NEALY (CONT'D)  
From our Geneva station. It was sent to Helms; MOTHER and I were on the BIGOT list. It cites a report from our Military Attaché to NATO. You remember the letter HTLINGUAL intercepted from PFC Dennis DeWitt?

LATHAM  
The Dallas plot to kill Kennedy.

NEALY  
You know about this, Paul?

BAZZO  
Subliminal messages in Stars and Stripes, Life magazine and Look...  
Carla and I were briefed on it.

NEALY  
Well, according to this, a PFC named Eugene Dinkin at the Army's General Depot in Metz, France is AWOL.

EXT. MASSWEILER, GERMANY - FOREST - DAY - PAST

In a glade are artificial hills of steel and concrete support three gigantic white radar balls - an antenna array.

NEALY (V.O.)  
Dinkin was a cryptanalyst in an Army code-breaking unit in Massweiler, Germany.



NEALY (V.O.)

The National Security Agency also has a listening station there.

INT. CRYPTANALYST'S WORK CUBICLE

PFC EUGENE DINKIN, 25, peers through an ocular lens at a photo of President Kennedy's motorcade in Germany in **Life Magazine**.

NEALY (V.O.)

The code unit works jointly with the NSA. Two days before DeWitt's letter was intercepted, Dinkin was rotated from Germany to the Army Depot in Metz. It's S.O.P.; keeps the cryptanalysts from becoming too chummy with the locals.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM

A CRYPTANALYST sits in a chair. He has straps across his chest and stomach, and a blood-pressure cuff on his right arm. A POLYGRAPH EXAMINER in civilian clothes administers the exam.

NEALY (V.O.)

The next day the cryptanalysts in Dinkin's old unit were FLUTTERED. That's also S.O.P.; happens twice a year and it's always unannounced. Their signatures on their consent forms were compared to the handwriting on the envelope. None of them matched, not even DeWitt's. At this time, Dinkin was away from Metz on a three-day pass. Probably went to see his girlfriend in Bonn.

EXT. METZ, FRANCE - DAY

Stock footage of the Army's Ingrandes Quartermaster Depot.

NEALY (V.O.)

When Dinkin returned to Metz, his C.O. had him FLUTTERED as well.

INT. OFFICE

On a desk are metric rulers, calipers, glass alignment plates, a measurement reticle, hand-held magnifiers, and a microscope. An ARMY CAPTAIN uses a hand magnifier to compare the DeWitt letter to Dinkin's signature on the polygraph consent form.

NEALY (V.O.)

His signature was compared to the handwriting on the letter - and it matched.

BAZZO (V.O.)

So Dinkin used DeWitt's name. Jerk.

IN THE BARRACKS

Dinkin takes files from his locker and puts them in a small suitcase, covering them with civilian clothes.

NEALY (V.O.)

The Base Commander ordered that Dinkin be held for psychiatric evaluation. Now, Dinkin had already been given another three-day pass for this past weekend. So the C.O. called Dinkin into his office.

COMMANDING OFFICER'S OFFICE

The American flag hangs in a corner. Dinkin's C.O. (COMMANDING OFFICER) sits at his desk. Behind him hang pictures of the Base Commander and President Kennedy. Dinkin stands at ease.

NEALY (V.O.)

The C.O. tells Dinkin he's sorry but his three-day pass has been rescinded on orders from the Base Commander. Dinkin takes the pass from his pocket, rips it up in front of his C.O., and tosses the pieces into the waste basket. Last Friday, the psychiatrist and two M.P.'s went to the barracks to get Dinkin - but he was gone.

EXT. U.S. ARMY'S GENERAL DEPOT - MAIN GATE - DAY

Dinkin, in civilian clothes, shows a pass and his Army ID card to an M.P. Dinkin then proceeds out the gate to a bus stop.

NEALY (V.O.)

An M.P. at the main gate said Dinkin had shown him a three-day pass and left the base. What happened was, instead of his three-day pass, Dinkin had ripped up a blank piece of paper.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY (MORNING) - PRESENT

Latham and Bazzo smile ironically. Nealy shrugs.

NEALY

Now, no one knows where he is.

BAZZO

Well, he'd better watch his back.

NEALY

Depends on who knows about his work.  
Maybe the Base Commander knew. He's  
a right-wing extremist, so...

LATHAM

No. Dinkin had to believe the Army  
was in on it. That's why he sent the  
letter to the attorney general.

BAZZO

Hmm... I wish we had his evidence.

Latham nods, agreeing with Bazzo. Nealy checks his wristwatch  
and closes the file folder.

NEALY

Well, I have a meeting with Wilson.

LATHAM

Can I get a copy of that?

NEALY

This is your copy.

He gets up and hands Latham the file folder. Nealy is about to  
leave when he pauses at the door.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Oh, did you hear what happened to  
Will Schott?

LATHAM

He's been fired, I hope.

NEALY

No, he's in the hospital. Someone  
beat the hell out of him last week.

LATHAM

Surprised it didn't happen sooner.

BAZZO

I thought he'd been chained to a  
desk in Rome?

NEALY

He was, but you know the guy; he's  
an ass. Even Mahatma Gandhi would  
want to take a swing at him.

Bazzo is amused. Nealy leaves. Latham lays the folder on his  
desk and absently drums his fingers on it.

BAZZO

Thinking about Will Schott?

LATHAM

No. The Base Commander who ordered that psychiatric evaluation of Dinkin... Remind you of anything?

Bazzo shrugs; he's at sea.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Bobby Kennedy did that to General Walker after his brother fired him.

BAZZO

You think Walker's in on the plot?

LATHAM

I don't know. Kennedy's got so many enemies...

BAZZO

That last assassination attempt was from right-wing extremists. And Walker's a Bircher.

LATHAM

So are half the Joint Chiefs; but I still don't see the John Birch Society as the tie that binds here.

(gets up, meanders about)

You can make a case for there being four distinct groups plotting to kill Kennedy. There's the far right, the Mob, anti-Castro Cubans, and members of the IC. And there are threads connecting all four. If Richard Nagell's right, one of them will piggy-back their plan onto one from a more organized group.

BAZZO

And Kennedy doesn't want to hear it.

BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD and Nealy pore over their open file folders.

NEALY

I think Quito shows Kensington can be discerning when he wants to.

The intercom BUZZES. Berard presses the TALK button.

BERARD

Yes?

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

The caterer is here, sir.

BERARD

Finally. Send him right in.

He hangs up the intercom then he and Nealy close their file folders. The door opens and a UNIFORMED CATERER with a guest ID badge clipped to his lapel rolls in Latham's silver-plated serving cart. It contains a cloche, a pitcher of ice water, a tumbler, and silverware wrapped in a cloth napkin.

BERARD (CONT'D)

What happened to Mr. Groden?

CATERER

He's got the flu.

NEALY

A little early for that, isn't it?

The Caterer shrugs. Nealy finds this off-putting.

NEALY (CONT'D)

You been with Ebbitt's long?

CATERER

A little while.

BERARD

As what?

CATERER

Line cook. Call us when you're done.

He SNIFFS as he leaves. Nealy looks at Berard.

NEALY

A little rough around the edges.

BERARD

He went from line cook to delivery boy. How would you feel?

Nealy shrugs. Berard pours himself some water, reaches into his suitcoat pocket and pulls out a small tin. He opens it and takes out a tiny white pill. His hand trembles slightly as he puts the pill in his mouth and washes it down with water. He puts the tin in his pocket and removes the cloche. Breakfast includes a sliced bell pepper holding a poached egg in a sauce made from tomatoes, onions, and garlic. Nealy is curious.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Shakshuka - it's a North African dish. Would you like some?

NEALY

No, thank you. I ate at Langley. Sure that's not too spicy for you?

BERARD

They know I Like it mild.

NEALY

Too bad the commissary closed. You could've had eggs fried in lard.

BERARD

Yes, I do miss that delicacy.

EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of this landmark building.

CENTER OF THE PENTAGON - OPEN-AIR PARK

Civilian and military personnel sit or mill about the five-acre park. CIA Counterintelligence Chief JOHN MIDDLETON and COLONEL HARRISON BEACHEM stroll munching on pastries; their ID badges dangle from their lapels. (They speak sotto voce.)

MIDDLETON

Why'd you want to see me, Beachem?

BEACHEM

PFC Dinkin has gone AWOL.

MIDDLETON

I thought you had him in custody?

BEACHEM

He was at the base. But when they went to get him he was gone.

MIDDLETON

Incompetence, that's what it is.

BEACHEM

Hey, there's enough blame in this to go around, Middleton! We need to concentrate on Dinkin's game plan.

MIDDLETON

I doubt he even has one. If it were me, I'd go to ground; hide in plain sight in a large city. One place I know he won't go is Paris.

BEACHEM

Why's that?

MIDDLETON

In his letter Dinkin said he learned some of the details of the plot by decrypting OAS cables. The French will be out looking for him.

BEACHEM

Geezus! That means the OAS must have decrypted our codes.

MIDDLETON

You just now realizing that?  
(scoffs)  
Does Dinkin have a girl over there?

BEACHEM

I don't know; he could have. Why?

EXT. METZ, FRANCE - METZ-VILLE RAILWAY STATION - DAY - PAST

This neo-Romanesque building resembles a cathedral.

INT. RAILWAY STATION - DEPARTURE HALL

A large window features a stained-glass depiction of Emperor Charlemagne; a clock tower soars 40 meters in height. Dinkin, in civilian clothes, sits on a bench, his suitcase on his lap.

MIDDLETON (V.O.)

If he has, he might go to her for help. Have the Base Commander check with Dinkin's C.O.; see if he does.

A GENDARME walks by. Dinkin's mouth quivers; he looks away.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(in French)

Le train numéro trois cent cinquante à destination de Strasbourg, Bâle, Berne et Genève embarque désormais sur la voie trois. Les passagers pour Bâle, Berne et Genève doivent changer de train à Strasbourg...

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Train number 350 to Strasbourg, Basel, Bern, and Geneva now boarding on track three. Passengers for Basel, Bern, and Geneva must transfer trains in Strasbourg..."

Dinkin grabs his suitcase and heads determinedly toward the "Track 3" sign, melding with other travelers.

CENTER OF THE PENTAGON - OPEN-AIR PARK - DAY - PRESENT

Middleton and Beachem head toward the main building.

MIDDLETON

Meantime, I'll call Cliff Carter; have him set up a meeting with LBJ.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

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

THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT

The signs **Wall St.** and **Broadway** jut from a single streetlamp.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK BUILDING

Is reminiscent of the Italian Renaissance era. While out of sync with the 20th-century skyscrapers, the building serves as a structural expression of old-world stability and security.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Polished wood doors, paneling and trim; curtained windows with ascot valances; a mahogany desk with a Bell Telephone multi-line speakerphone with rotary dial, a gray rotary-dial phone, and a Montblanc pen; a Chesterfield sofa; tufted leather accent chairs and two side tables complete the layout.

On the sofa sits the BOARD MEMBER, 60-ish with a full head of gray hair. He wears a brown herringbone tweed suit with pocket square, white shirt, blue tie and black shoes. His unbuttoned suit jacket shows off a vest and gold chain to a pocket watch.

Across from him, in a dark suit, sits THE MAN, coordinator of The Big Event - the plot to assassinate President Kennedy - and seen as always in silhouette from the rear. The Two Men sip coffee; their demitasse cups and saucers with gilded signature Malmaison friezes sit on coasters on the end tables.

BOARD MEMBER

What's this about?

MAN

Remember when you expressed doubts about my brief? Well, now I'm questioning if you can deliver.

BOARD MEMBER

You've got some nerve, my friend.

MAN

You think so. One thing I've learned over the years is that where there's any doubt in a mission, abort it. And we have doubts you can ensure the public believes only one person is responsible for The Big Event.

BOARD MEMBER

Isn't that conclusion supposed to be inherent in your design?

MAN

It is, but I don't control public opinion - that's your area.



BOARD MEMBER

That's right, it is. I hope this isn't a ploy for more funds.

MAN

Let's be clear about one thing: Don't ever insult me again. Ever.

BOARD MEMBER

No, I won't. I am surprised though. I didn't think we needed to cover this ground again.

MAN

Well, my people disagree.

BOARD MEMBER

Alright, let's start with this. We control 75 newspapers here in the U.S., plus another ten worldwide. One paper we publish here has a circulation of over two million.

MAN

By 'control,' you mean you own them outright?

BOARD MEMBER

That, or our people sit on their board of directors. We control radio stations in the 50 largest markets here, and five more abroad. We control 400 theaters, 112 magazines, 240 book publishers, and 7,500 book dealers and printers. We conduct 20 public opinion surveys a month on everything from politics and law enforcement to fashion and breakfast cereals. Today, our Psychological Operations are more than triple that of the Army's Counter-intelligence Corps at the end of World War Two.

MAN

And if General 'Bombs Away' LeMay launches a nuclear first-strike on Cuba, the Soviets will respond in kind, and your goddamn empire will cease to exist.

BOARD MEMBER

And so will you. Look, this elastic perversion of language and thought we've created lets us control what the public perceives, what it accepts and what it rejects.

(MORE)

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)

It's in our best interests to assist you in post-Event maintenance. That being said, the onus is still on you to conduct an operation that doesn't strain credulity. If it ever appears that I or those I represent will be held responsible for this, I'll turn this machinery of ours on you and yours - with terminal impact.

ACT TWO

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

A panorama from The National Mall to Foggy Bottom and...

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

The UNIFORMED MARINE CORPS GUARD waves in a gray, 1963 Pontiac Bonneville ambulance with "U.S. Navy" emblazoned on its doors.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard is leaning back in his chair. His tie has been loosened and his shirt unbuttoned at the neck. He is conscious but experiencing shortness of breath. Latham, Nealy, BERARD'S AIDE-DE-CAMP, Bazzo, and CARLA DILAURIA are there. Berard struggles to speak. Latham SHUSHES him gently and holds his hand.

LATHAM

The ambulance is on its way.  
(to Berard's Aide-de-camp)  
Did you call his wife?

BERARD'S AIDE-DE-CAMP

Yes, sir, and Security. They're sending a car to take her to George Washington University Hospital.

There is a KNOCK on the antechamber door. Berard's Aide-de-camp rushes out and returns with TWO NAVY CORPSMEN rolling a gurney and a small oxygen tank with an N95 mask.

LATHAM

He has chest pain and he's short of breath.

Everyone moves aside. CORPSMAN #1 puts a stethoscope to Berard's chest while CORPSMAN #2 readies the oxygen mask.

CORPSMAN #1

Let's get him onto the gurney.

He slides his arms under Berard's back while Corpsman #2 wraps his arms around Berard's knees.

CORPSMAN #1 (CONT'D)

One, two, three - lift.

They lift Berard onto the gurney. Corpsman #1 straps down Berard while Corpsman #2 slips the oxygen mask on him.

LATHAM

I'm riding with you.

CORPSMAN #1

No, meet us at George Washington.

LATHAM

I'm riding in that fucking ambulance. Now, get a move on.

CORPSMAN #2

Just let him come, for Chrissakes!

Corpsman #1 huffs. He and Corpsman #2 wheel Berard out the door with Latham in tow. Nealy turns to Berard's Aide-de-camp.

NEALY

Get the Quito station on Red. I want to speak to Mr. Kensington.

THE HOLE - LATER

Bazzo and DiLauria enter. As they sit at their desks...

DILAURIA

I guess Kensington will take over.

BAZZO

Latham can handle him.

DILAURIA

I know, but I'm more worried he'll learn about the Miami plot. With his mouth it'll be on the front page of The Post. Then again, that could force them to close up shop.

BAZZO

Or they'll speed up their timetable.

DILAURIA

Hmm... You know, I was thinking of a way to get Dinkin's treasure before the MP's grab him.

There's a KNOCK on the door. It opens and Nealy enters.

BAZZO

Carla may have a way to get PFC Dinkin's information on the plot.

NEALY

Let's hear it.

He sits, anxious to hear DiLauria.

DILAURIA

First, we recognize that Dinkin's afraid. Obviously, he hasn't heard back from the attorney general, and he believes the military and the ultra-right are working hand-in-glove. His only option left then is to go public - but being AWOL means time's a factor. So going to a newspaper or magazine office here is out of the question. His only choice is to go to publishers reasonably close to Metz, France.

NEALY

Makes sense - so far.

DILAURIA

For Dinkin to maximize his chances of getting his story printed, he needs to meet with editors of as many newspapers and magazines as he can in one city. Paris is out. Dinkin's been decrypting OAS cables, so he's a marked man there.

BAZZO

How about somewhere in West Germany?

DILAURIA

No, that'd be a last resort, despite West Berlin, Munich and even Bonn being hubs for the world's press.

NEALY

'Cause of our 40 Army bases there.

DILAURIA

Belgium's out because NATO Command's in Brussels. And forget Luxembourg; it's smaller than Rhode Island.

BAZZO

So, what's that leave us? Holland?

DILAURIA

Amsterdam's got several newspapers, but only one is in English; the rest are in Dutch. Switzerland's my choice. Geneva's only six hours from Metz by train.

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

They have three English-language newspapers and magazines - The Geneva Diplomat, Time-Life Europe, and Newsweek; plus two French newspapers and one in German.

NEALY

So, how do we go about it?

DILAURIA

You send a mandarin to Geneva. Being an Intel Operation, it's siloed so it won't alert CI. Have the station contact its assets at the English-language publications first. When Dinkin contacts them, set up a meeting with the editor and the mandarin who'll copy Dinkin's files.

NEALY

What about poor ol' PFC Dinkin?

DILAURIA

We tell him it's best that he return to Metz. If he's AWOL for less than thirty days, he'll serve a couple of weeks in jail at the base. But if he stays away any longer than that, he'll end up in Leavenworth.

NEALY

Okay. You're on your bike, Carla.

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

The compound is surrounded by a wrought-iron fence. The main building bears a sign that reads "British Embassy."

INT. FIONA'S OFFICE

Fiona pores over a file. LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) enters.

JONES

You've won the pools. Five quid.

He hands Fiona a British five-pound note. She pockets it.

JONES (CONT'D)

That's only half today's good news.

FIONA

Go on, let the other shoe drop.

JONES

The White House is hosting a dinner for the foreign secretary.

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)  
Ormsby-Gore wants you to accompany  
him and Lady Sylvia there.

FIONA  
Why?

JONES  
You're his personal encyclopedia.

Fiona scoffs. Jones checks his wristwatch.

JONES (CONT'D)  
You should go home now and change.  
I'll have Security take you.

FIONA  
I'll let Warren know first.

Jones sits on her desk. Fiona picks up the phone and dials.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is on the Gray phone.

COLLETTE  
Put her through, please... Fiona!

CROSSCUT FIONA WITH COLLETTE

FIONA  
Hi, Collette. Is Warren there?

COLLETTE  
No, he's at the hospital.

FIONA  
Oh, my God! What's happened?

COLLETTE  
No, no, it's Mr. Berard. He had  
tightness in his chest.

FIONA  
(somewhat relieved)  
Oh. I hope Mr. Berard's alright.

Jones gestures with his hands palms up. Fiona responds to him.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
He's at the hospital with angina.

JONES  
Who's that on the phone?

FIONA  
Collette.

Jones leans over near the phone's handset.

JONES

We still on for tonight, Collette?

COLLETTE

Tell him, yes.

BACK TO SCENE

FIONA

She said yes. Collette, can you tell Warren I won't be home for dinner? I have to accompany management to a dinner at the White House... Thanks.

Fiona hangs up, grabs her shoulder bag by her seat and stands.

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

A green Rover P4 pulls up. The DRIVER gets out, goes around the car and opens the passenger-side door. Fiona alights.

FIONA

I won't be long.

The Driver nods. Fiona enters the apartment building.

INT. VESTIBULE

A man in overalls and work boots, wearing yellow leather construction gloves with water stains, and carrying a toolbox opens the inner door and holds it open. It's the Caterer.

FIONA

Thank you.

The Caterer nods as Fiona passes by him into the corridor.

THIRD-FLOOR CORRIDOR

Fiona approaches her apartment door. Across from her, the door to apartment 3H opens. A middle-aged woman, MRS. DENBY, steps out wearing a frumpy coat and dragging her "granny" cart.

FIONA

Going to the market, Mrs. Denby?

MRS. DENBY

Yes, dear. You need anything?

FIONA

No, thank you.

MRS. DENBY

I hear you had a leak.

FIONA

Pardon?

MRS. DENBY

A leak. I saw the plumber come out your place and I was kinda worried, knowing you two ain't home. So I asked him what's what? He said the super let him in to fix a leak.

FIONA

Oh, okay. Thanks.

Mrs. Denby leaves. Fiona unlocks her apartment door.

FIONA

Enters and closes the door. As she lays her keys in the dish on the hall table, she sees a footprint on the hardwood floor. She follows its trail back to the mat outside the bathroom. There, more bootprints lead to the kitchenette.

BATHROOM

Fiona enters. On the tile floor is a faint swirl; it's been wiped clean. There are no obvious signs of anything misplaced, missing or added; however, the can of Glade air freshener on the stand beside the toilet has water pooling around the bottom of the can. Water droplets are also on the toilet seat.

VESTIBULE (FLASHBACK)

The Caterer holds open the door for Fiona. His yellow leather construction gloves are freshly water-stained.

END FLASHBACK.

BATHROOM

Fiona's eyes flit from the toilet bowl to the wet toilet seat to the can of Glade. She inspects the glass door of the medicine cabinet - no smudges or streaks. She opens its door and eyes the contents. Again, nothing strikes her as out of the ordinary, so she closes the medicine cabinet door.

KITCHENETTE

Fiona sees a tiny puddle of water on the floor, just beneath a two-tier hanging basket. The top tier has an onion; the bottom tier has loose raw mushrooms. A droplet of water leaves the bottom tier and splashes into the tiny puddle.

FIONA

Reaches into the cluster of mushrooms, takes one out and sets it on the table.



She pulls a knife from the knife block and slices the mushroom in half, vertically. The mushroom's flesh rapidly stains blue.

FIONA

Bloody hell... It's poisonous.

EXT. DALLAS - LAMAR STREET - THE MASONIC HALL - DAY

This two-story building has a painted sign: "Masonic Lodge."

INT. MAIN HALL

On a table in the back are copies of the **John Birch Society Blue Book**. About 15 people, mostly male, are splintered into small groups. Their hubbub forms an ambient PURL, save for one group of three, where a long-winded GROUP SPEAKER has two listeners - a man, LISTENER #1, and a rapt LEE HARVEY OSWALD.

GROUP SPEAKER

Naw, it's this weekend. He's goin' to that, um, that whatchmacallit...

LISTENER #1

The football game, Army-Air Force.

GROUP SPEAKER

Right. Saturday at Soldier Field. He won't make it to the game though.

LISTENER #1

No?

GROUP SPEAKER

Nope, it's a done deal. They got three Cubans was in the Bay of Pigs, and this nutcase to blame it on.

LISTENER #1

C'mon, you serious?

GROUP SPEAKER

Serious as a heart attack. He'll be flyin' into - what's it called - O'Hare? When his motorcade takes that highway into downtown and gets off at West Jackson Boulevard...

EXT. MASONIC LODGE - DAY - LATER

People exit the Lodge. Oswald waves good-bye to his companions and walks to the corner, just as a city bus arrives.

UNION RAILWAY STATION

A line of taxis waits at the taxi stand. A city bus pulls up.

INT. UNION RAILWAY STATION - GRAND HALL

People crisscross paths to and from train platforms. At one end of the hall is a long line of phone booths. Inside one of them, Oswald puts a dime in the payphone's coin slot.

EXT. ERVAY STREET AND MAIN STREET - OFFICE BUILDING

This uninspiring five-story building was then the largest federal building in the South.

INT. FBI OFFICE

Dark-suited FBI agents sit at rows of desks, either on the phone or typing up reports. The phone RINGS at a desk with the nameplate "S.A. Walter Holtzman." HOLTZMAN answers the phone.

HOLTZMAN  
FBI, Special Agent Holtzman...  
Excuse me?

On a legal pad he writes, "**CI-179.**"

HOLTZMAN (CONT'D)  
No, he's out of the office. Can I  
help you?... Say that again.

He writes: "**Informant claims there's a plot to assassinate  
JFK in Chicago on November 2, 1963.**"

HOLTZMAN (CONT'D)  
You have any details? Wait, wait.  
Start over, but slower this time.

He writes furiously. After a moment...

HOLTZMAN (CONT'D)  
Spell it... V-A-L-L-E-E. And what's  
his role?

Under "**Vallee**" he writes "**fall guy.**"

HOLTZMAN (CONT'D)  
You know where he lives?... Okay,  
where's he work again?

He adds "**IPP Litho-Plate**" to the list of details.

HOLTZMAN (CONT'D)  
And that's in the same warehouse,  
the one at 625 West Jackson  
Boulevard?... I got it. Calm down.  
You have anything else?... Okay,  
thank you for the information. I'll  
pass it on... Yes, he'll know it  
was you. It'll be in my report.

He hangs up then reaches into his desk drawer. He pulls out a Form 302, rolls it into his typewriter and starts typing.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - FOGGY BOTTOM - DAY

The late-day sun glimmers off the Potomac River and casts long shadows in Rock Creek Park and before the elegant townhouses.

GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL

A sign on the main building's façade reads "GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL."

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM

It's a hospital room, not a suite at the Waldorf-Astoria. Berard lies in bed. He appears comfortable despite the electrodes on his bare chest running to an EKG machine. At one side of the bed sits his wife, NINA, 60, reading Town & Country magazine. Latham enters the room.

LATHAM

I had Security place a man outside your door, in case you were wondering who that is sitting there.

Nina folds the magazine and gets up.

NINA

I'm sure you have important matters to discuss, so I'll wait outside.

LATHAM

That's not necessary, Mrs. Berard.

NINA

I'm an old hand at this, Warren. What's the fellow's name out there?

LATHAM

Jonathan Gluck.

Nina finds the name discreetly amusing. She pats Latham on the arm and leaves.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

D-Int notified Mr. Kensington.

BERARD

No doubt he feels he has a leg up now on becoming the next Chief of the Western Hemisphere Division.

LATHAM

He's probably on a plane right now, urging the pilot to fly faster.

BERARD

(grins)

The doctor said it was fortunate I'd taken my nitroglycerin earlier. He said I could go home but he'd like me to stay for 24 hours, erring on the side of a higher medical bill.

LATHAM

He probably needs a new car.

BERARD

Speaking of which, how are you getting back?

LATHAM

I'll take a cab. But I'm not going anywhere, not for a while.

BERARD

(sighs contemplatively)

Nina and I... We had a son, Gareth. He was killed in Korea in '52.

LATHAM

I'm sorry.

BERARD

Our only child. He was a lot like his mother, very kind, very smart. When I speak with you, I sometimes feel as though I'm talking to him.

Latham is quietly taken aback. There is a KNOCK on the door. It opens and JONATHAN GLUCK leans in.

GLUCK

Excuse me. Mr. Latham, Carl Durang from the FBI is here to see you.

LATHAM

I'll be right back, sir.

He leaves the room.

CORRIDOR

CARL DURANG stands near Nina. Gluck is about to shut the door when Nina holds up her hand to stop him. She nods "good-by" to Durang then re-enters Berard's private room. Gluck closes the door and sits on his folding chair. Durang approaches Latham.

DURANG

Let's go for a walk.

They leave.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL GROUNDS

Latham and Durang stroll the grounds along a paved walkway.

DURANG

The Dallas Field Office got a call from a Confidential Informant, CI-179. There'll be an attempt to assassinate Kennedy this Saturday in Chicago, where he's gonna attend a football game at Soldier Field. There's a warehouse at 625 West Jackson Boulevard, right where the motorcade exits the Parkway. Three Cuban snipers will fire at Kennedy from the warehouse roof. Thomas Arthur Vallee works at IPP Litho-Plate, which is in the warehouse. He'll be blamed for the shooting.

He pulls a notepad from his suitcoat pocket and hands it to Latham.

LATHAM

Who else knows about this?

DURANG

I told James Rowley, head of the Secret Service here, and I sent an Airtel to our Chicago field office. They'll have the police detain Vallee and help them look for the Cubans. But I need you to convince Kennedy to cancel his trip.

LATHAM

I told you, he won't listen to me.

DURANG

Well he'd better, else I wash my hands of the whole thing.

LATHAM

Meaning what?

DURANG

Meaning it's his fucking funeral.

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

The sun has just set, bathing the compound in periwinkle.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 17:20. Collette is at her desk typing. Latham enters. Anxious, she looks up.

COLLETTE  
How's Mr. Berard doing?

LATHAM  
He's resting. He'll be okay.

COLLETTE  
That's good. Did Durang show up?

Latham nods.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
Sorry. He said it was important.

LATHAM  
It was. You did the right thing.

COLLETTE  
Fiona called. She's accompanying  
the ambassador to a State dinner.

This prompts Latham to ruminate on something. He checks the 24-hour wall clock.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
And D-Int's in his old office. He  
said Will Schott's been transferred  
to Walter Reed. Does that mean  
anything to you?

LATHAM  
Means he'll get more care than he  
deserves. Call the British Embassy  
and get Fiona for me, please.

Collette dials the Gray phone as Latham enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

He sits in his chair, looking pensive. The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)  
Fiona's on Gray.

Latham picks up the Gray phone.

LATHAM  
Hi, hon. Collette tells me you're  
dining out tonight.

INT. FIONA'S OFFICE

Fiona, dressed in an elegant gown, is on the phone.

FIONA  
Yes, and there's something else...

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH FIONA

LATHAM

Hold that thought. I need a favor from you; this is very important.

FIONA

What is it?

LATHAM

You have a pen and paper handy?

FIONA

Always.

LATHAM

When you're at the White House, I want you to speak to Agent Winston Lawson. He organizes security for Kennedy's trips. There's a plot to kill Kennedy in Chicago on Saturday.

Fiona writes down the details in shorthand.

FIONA

V-A-L-L-E-E... Who gave you this information?

LATHAM

Carl Durang. He also told the head of the Secret Service and his field office in Chicago. What I need you to do is convince Kennedy to cancel his trip there.

Fiona SLAMS down the pencil on her desk.

FIONA

No, no. You're his pal, not me.

LATHAM

He won't listen to me! Look, I know how much he respects MI6. Please, hon, do this for me.

FIONA

You can't put this on me, Warren; it's not fair! Go tell his brother. Let him tell the president.

LATHAM

Alright, but at least see that Agent Lawson knows how serious this is.

FIONA

I'll tell Lawson, but that's it.

LATHAM

Okay... Now, what did you want to tell me?

FIONA

Mrs. Denby told me the super let in a plumber because we had a leak.

LATHAM

That damn super. He should've called me first. He has the number here.

FIONA

The plumber went into the bathroom first. He knocked the air freshener into the bog and put it back on the stand.

LATHAM

Ugh. How do you know that?

FIONA

There was water pooled around the can and some on the seat. Then he went in the kitchen. I saw a puddle on the floor under the mushrooms.

LATHAM

Wait. I don't see the connection.

FIONA

You will. I sliced a mushroom open and blue stains started to appear inside it.

LATHAM

It was poisonous? But we had some two days ago and we didn't get sick.

FIONA

Because someone substituted poison mushrooms for the ones we bought. And I think it was the plumber.

LATHAM

The only way he'd know we even had mushrooms would be if he'd entered the apartment yesterday as well.

FIONA

I guess Mrs. Denby was too busy watching the telly to be her usual nosy self.

LATHAM

Geezus... How are you getting back?



FIONA  
Security's driving me.

LATHAM  
I should be home, but if I'm not,  
have them wait until I get there.

FIONA  
That's not necessary, Warren.

LATHAM  
I'll feel better knowing your safe.  
Do that for me, okay? Please?

FIONA  
Alright.

LATHAM  
Tomorrow, I'll have TSD put their  
lock on our door. At least then if  
it's picked, we'll know who did it.

FIONA  
Oh, one more thing. I think I saw  
the plumber. When I went home to  
change he was leaving the building.

LATHAM  
Maybe you should carry your Beretta.

FIONA  
And end up having a pitched battle  
in the streets? No.  
(checks her wristwatch)  
I have to go. I'll see you tonight.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham hangs up, worried. He picks up the Red phone and dials.

NEALY (O.S.)  
3-1-5-5.

LATHAM  
It's Latham. I'll be right up.

NEALY (O.S.)  
Um, I'm on another line. I've still  
got some calls to make, so give me a  
half hour then come upstairs.

LATHAM  
Yeah, okay.

He hangs up, feeling put out. He leans on his desk and buries  
his face in his hands. Collette enters.

COLLETTE

Paul called. He was going out. He said he'd see you in an hour or so.

LATHAM

If I'm still here.

COLLETTE

Right. I'm going. You need me for anything?

Latham shakes his head no. Collette is about to leave when...

LATHAM

Be careful.

Collette senses something is amiss but decides not to press the issue; instead, she smiles and leaves.

ACT THREE

EXT. WALTER REED ARMY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY (DUSK)

The Georgian Colonial Revival-style architecture, popular in the early 20th century, projects permanence, elegance, and stability - and more than a hint of the old South - for this flagship building of the U.S. Army.

INT. BUILDING 52 - SEMI-PRIVATE ROOM

A curtain separates two hospital beds; one is empty, in the other lies Schott. A sheet and a blanket are drawn up to his neck. Parenteral nutrition is fed to him through an intravenous tube inserted into a vein on the back of his left hand. There is a KNOCK on the door. It opens and Bazzo enters. He stands at Schott's bedside.

SCHOTT

Have a seat, Barry.

Bazzo sits in a chair by the bedside.

SCHOTT (CONT'D)

I thought maybe you wouldn't come.

BAZZO

I thought about it. You're not one of my favorite people. And looking at what's happened to you, I'm not the only one who feels that way.

SCHOTT

Yeah, they really did a number on me. Can't even hold down any food.

(MORE)

SCHOTT (CONT'D)

They gotta feed me through this tube.

BAZZO

I couldn't care less about your troubles, Schott. You said on the phone you had something on a plot to kill Kennedy. So let's hear it.

SCHOTT

What - no more chitchat?

BAZZO

Get to it or I'm outta here.

SCHOTT

Okay, okay. Remember ZR/RIFLE?

BAZZO

Your own private Murder, Incorporated.

SCHOTT

Yeah, my crack-shot Cubans. The plan was to stage a false-flag assassination attempt on JFK, get him to invade Cuba and kill Castro.

BAZZO

Who's plan was this?

SCHOTT

I'm coming to that. That plan got folded into a larger one that intends to kill the president; but the Cubans still think it's a false-flag Op. Now, I got no love lost for Kennedy; he's a Commie puppet, far as I'm concerned. If they want him dead, fine. A lot of people stand to gain from it.

BAZZO

Names, Schott. Give me their names.

SCHOTT

Relax, already. The problem I got with this is there's also a plan to launch a first-strike against Cuba and Russia - retaliation for killing the president. Turns out some of Castro's informers in Miami told him about it.

BAZZO

When were you in Miami?

SCHOTT

Back in June; that's when my boys told me about it. Obviously, Castro has told Khrushchev. So now we got Russia preparing a pre-emptive strike against us! Look, much as I hate Kennedy, we can't have fucking doomsday. So I called some of the PsyOps people I worked with. They were already planting stories in Life Magazine, Look, The Saturday Evening Post, Stars and Stripes... They were trying to rouse public opinion against JFK. I asked them to plant clues about the plot in their stories. You know, subliminal ones.

BAZZO

Uh huh.

SCHOTT

You think I'm bullshittin', don't you? Get the October 15th issue of Stars and Stripes. The headline reads 'Prospective Bosses Fire Jack With Enthusiasm.' The story's about a guy named Jack Pierce who's been fired 73 times. But 'Jack' is also a reference to JFK; his nickname's Jack. And the guy in the photo is a double for Lee Oswald, not Pierce.

BAZZO

Wait. Lee Harvey Oswald?

SCHOTT

Yeah. He was recruited into the false-flag Op; but that's another story. The caption under Pierce's photo is, 'So who needs a Jack?' Go back to the headline. The word 'Fire' comes right before 'Jack.' So it all gets processed to mean 'fire at Jack Kennedy.'

Bazzo's skepticism begin to wane.

SCHOTT (CONT'D)

Here's another one. Get a copy of the July 2nd issue of Look Magazine. The caption in the upper right-hand corner on the cover reads, 'Why Kennedy's in Trouble.' It's written in red, the color of blood. The main part of the Look cover shows Pope John kneeling in prayer.

(MORE)

SCHOTT (CONT'D)

Well, Kennedy's a Catholic, right?  
So the caption and the Pope taken  
together suggests he's praying at a  
funeral mass for JFK. Then there's  
the title of the story inside Look,  
'Why there is trouble on the New  
Frontier.' The words 'New Frontier'  
are written in red - blood red. The  
story has phrases like 'a dark  
breeze blowing through the  
Washington political community';  
'the blood-stained frontier'; and  
the best one, 'woes descended on the  
head of the President.' They plan to  
shoot Kennedy in his fucking head!

BAZZO

Who else knows about this?

SCHOTT

At the top you got Helms, MOTHER and  
Dave Phillips - and that's just our  
Firm. There's groups involved who've  
got no idea what's really going on.

EXT. THE STATE, WAR, AND NAVY BUILDING - DAY (DUSK)

Located at 1650 17th Street, NW, this is a fine example of the  
French Second Empire style of architecture.

INT. LIBRARY AND RECEPTION ROOM

Marble wall panels, tiled floors, 800-pound bronze sconces and  
gold-leaf ornamentation - it's a plebeian fantasy of wealth.  
Here, VICE PRESIDENT LYNDON JOHNSON, his aide CLIFF CARTER, J.  
EDGAR HOOVER and Middleton sit around a conference table. Next  
to Johnson is a 4.5-liter bottle of Dewar's Scotch Whiskey.  
Everyone drinks from shot glasses except Johnson, who has had  
more than enough from his 12-ounce tumbler.

MIDDLETON

PFC Dinkin. He's a cryptanalyst.

JOHNSON

A what?

MIDDLETON

Cryptanalyst. He analyzes print  
material for psychological sets.

JOHNSON

What the hell are you talkin' about,  
Middleton? Will someone get this  
fuckin' walking skeleton here to  
speak English?

HOOVER

I believe Dinkin looks for hidden meanings in words and pictures.

JOHNSON

Thanks, Edgar. Why the hell didn't you just say that, Middleton? No wonder no one fuckin' trusts the CIA. So, this Dinkin saw my name?

MIDDLETON

No, you weren't mentioned.

JOHNSON

Then why the hell are y'all here?

CARTER

Dinkin wrote a letter stating he found hidden messages of a right-wing plot to assassinate President Kennedy in Dallas on November 22nd.

JOHNSON

Geezus fuckin' H. Christ! What newspaper printed that shit?

HOOVER

Life Magazine, Look, The Saturday Evening Post, Stars and Stripes...

JOHNSON

The Army's own fuckin' newspaper?! Shit! Who's got this letter, Edgar?

MIDDLETON

We do. We intercepted Dinkin's letter and gave the FBI a copy. It never reached the attorney general.

JOHNSON

Bobby Kennedy... That little shit. I'd like to slit his fuckin' throat.

MIDDLETON

Dinkin has gone AWOL from his unit in Metz, France. He could be looking to sell his story.

JOHNSON

Why would anyone believe him?

CARTER

He'll have all his files with him.

JOHNSON

We gotta go there and stop him!

CARTER

How? We don't even know where he is.

JOHNSON

Well, how far can he get? He ain't independently wealthy, is he?

HOOVER

He's a PFC making next to nothing.

MIDDLETON

He could be aided by a girlfriend.

JOHNSON

Yeah? What do you know about her?

MIDDLETON

Nothing, so far.

JOHNSON

Some fuckin' intelligence agency...

HOOVER

He's scared. He may think the only safe place to go is the embassy.

MIDDLETON

Well, it won't be the one in Metz. The Army would have alerted them.

JOHNSON

Cliff, which one would you go to?

CARTER

Whichever one's closest to Metz.

JOHNSON

Geezus, it's like talkin' to my grandkids. Where, goddamnit?!

CARTER

I don't know... Luxembourg City?

JOHNSON

Where the hell's that?

MIDDLETON

Luxembourg. It's about an hour's drive from Metz.

JOHNSON

Then c'mon, let's get going!

MIDDLETON

What - just like that?

JOHNSON

Hey, the only time the Kennedys are happy is when I'm outta the country.

HOOVER

I'll see my Legat in Paris in case Dinkin's phoned him for advice.

CARTER

I'll set up a state visit to the area. I know it's last minute but we should be able to get away with it.

JOHNSON

And bring Mac Wallace along in case we need him. See to it there's enough Dewar's on Air Force Two, and remind them to dismantle the bed.

He leaves with Hoover in tow. Middleton turns to Carter.

MIDDLETON

Dismantle the bed? What's that, code for bringing his mistress along?

CARTER

No, his four-poster canopy bed. He takes it with him whenever he flies.

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

Streetlamps have taken effect on the compound.

INT. NEALY'S OLD OFFICE

Bare. Nealy is on the Gray phone speaking French. There is a KNOCK on the door.

NEALY

Une seconde, s'il vous plait.  
(in English)  
Come in.

Latham enters. Nealy points to a chair and Latham sits. Then Nealy resumes speaking French into the phone.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Toujours là? Comme je le disais, si le Dinkin se présente, dites-lui que le rédacteur en chef est absent et organisez une réunion pour le lendemain. Proposez de mettre Dinkin dans un hôtel s'il n'a pas de logement, prévenez ensuite la station.

(MORE)



NEALY (CONT'D)

Menez l'entretien avec Dinkin comme vous le feriez avec toute personne offrant des informations privilégiées. Mais quand notre représentante, Monica Hodges, pose des questions, suivez son exemple.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Still there? As I was saying, if Dinkin shows up, tell him the editor-in-chief is out and set up a meeting for the next day. Offer to put Dinkin in a hotel if he doesn't have a place to stay, then notify the station. Conduct the interview with Dinkin as you would with anyone offering privileged information. But when our representative, Monica Hodges, asks questions, follow her lead."

Latham's face betrays nothing as he listens to Nealy.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Merci. J'apprécie vraiment votre aide, Monsieur DuClerc. Au revoir.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Thank you. I really appreciate your help, Mr. DuClerc. Good-bye."

He hangs up. Before he can speak...

LATHAM

Monica Hodges is one of mandarin Two's working names; PFC Dinkin's our AWOL cryptanalyst. You want to tell me what's going on?

NEALY

After I spoke with you and Paul, he relayed our conversation to Carla.

LATHAM

That's what he's supposed to do.

NEALY

Right. Carla said she'd been thinking of how to get Dinkin's information. She was going to tell you when Wilson had his episode.

LATHAM

So she told you and Paul.

NEALY

Yes. Time was the critical factor here. No one's sure what Dinkin is going to do, but Carla surmised he'd run out of options and would go public. She narrowed the list of cities where Dinkin might go, deciding on Geneva.

LATHAM

And she plans to meet him there?

NEALY

Yes. She thought it was best to have the operation in my domain so as not to alert C.I.

LATHAM

Even though it properly belongs with C.I.

Nealy shrugs; he knows this is where the operation belongs.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Being short on time, Carla would have to be on her way to Geneva.

Nealy pulls a pocket notebook from his inside suitcoat pocket and flips it open.

NEALY

She left at 17:10, Swissair flight 347 with a stop at Heathrow, arriving Geneva 09:20 local time.

He closes the notebook and slips it back into his pocket.

LATHAM

You could've paged me, you know.

NEALY

There wasn't time. As you no doubt can tell, the whole operation was hastily done. You heard me on the phone - that was Edouard DuClerc, publisher of The Geneva Diplomat. He was the last one to get on board.

Latham does not attempt to hide his displeasure.

NEALY (CONT'D)

But the brief presents little risk to Carla, given that the operation purports to gather Intel from a soldier who may be defecting.

LATHAM

So, Dinkin's a defector now.

NEALY

A slight bending of the truth. The point is, we weren't trying to hide the real purpose of her mission from you - just C.I.

LATHAM

If anything, you probably raised  
the station's suspicions.

Nealy sighs, his embarrassment only deepens.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I'm not comfortable with you using  
my people without asking me first.

NEALY

I apologize for that. I wasn't  
trying to usurp your authority. You  
were dealing with something more  
important. I know how close you are  
with Wilson. It was my decision to  
mount the Op, not the mandarins. If  
it blows up, I'll resign.

LATHAM

If Kensington finds out, we'll both  
be filing for unemployment.

NEALY

Fortunately, he won't be up here  
until Monday. By then I'll have  
come up with a much better lie.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT (EVENING)

Stock footage of this familiar landmark.

INT. GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR

A marble stairway ascends to the State Floor Level. Off the  
landing to the right is...

THE EAST ROOM

A 1938 Steinway grand piano sits on the center of three large  
oriental rugs. A full-length portrait of George Washington by  
Gilbert Stuart hangs prominently on one wall. Red-marble  
mantels, Venetian windows, and entablature reflect a modern  
American motif rather than an ornate classical grandeur.

The main guests in formal wear include President Kennedy and  
JACQUELINE KENNEDY; THEODORE SORENSON, Special Counsel to the  
President; KENNETH O'DONNELL, Special Assistant to the  
President; FRANÇOIS BISSET, Press Secretary to the President;  
British Foreign Secretary LORD RICHARD BUTLER and his wife,  
MOLLIE COURTAULD; British Ambassador SIR DAVID ORMSBY-GORE and  
his wife, LADY SYLVIA; Fiona; and other nondescript aides.

The White House Secret Service Detail try to be inconspicuous,  
but their earpieces give them away. Wait Staff serve a 1952  
Cuvée Dom Pérignon Brut.

Lord Butler eyes the bottle as he and Ormsby-Gore are served drinks. He arches an eyebrow and he turns to Ormsby-Gore.

LORD BUTLER  
Hmm, Dom Pérignon '52.

ORMSBY-GORE  
The president's a fan of Ian Fleming's 'James Bond' novels.

While President Kennedy speaks with O'Donnell, Mrs. Kennedy entertains a group that includes the women. Fiona whispers to Lady Sylvia then walks away and approaches a Secret Service Agent, speaking to him quietly. He nods toward a man standing away from the guests. Fiona walks up to him.

FIONA  
Pardon me. Agent Winston Lawson?

LAWSON  
Yes. How can I help you?

FIONA  
I'm Fiona Jeffries. I'm an analyst at the British Embassy. May I talk with you for a moment, privately?

Lawson lifts the shawl lapel of his tuxedo, revealing a tiny microphone. He speaks into it.

LAWSON  
This is Lawson. Code Seven.

He motions towards the main door and escorts Fiona there.

STATE FLOOR LANDING - TOP OF THE MARBLE STAIRWAY

Fiona and Lawson enter. They are the only people there.

FIONA  
Do you know Lawrence Jones at the embassy?

LAWSON  
I've met him.

FIONA  
I'm his Number Two.

LAWSON  
I know you're MI6, Miss Jeffries.

FIONA  
Okay. We've received word of an attempt to assassinate President Kennedy in Chicago this Saturday.

Lawson does not react; this catches Fiona off guard.

FIONA (CONT'D)

We understand that when Kennedy's motorcade exits the parkway, three Cuban snipers will fire at him from the roof of a warehouse at 625 West Jackson Boulevard. Thomas Arthur Vallee, who works there at IPP Litho-Plate, will be the fall guy.

Again, Lawson has no reaction. This infuriates Fiona.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but I expected a more heightened sense of urgency from you.

LAWSON

We received a tip on this already.

FIONA

Oh? From the FBI?

LAWSON

No, ma'am.

FIONA

One of your regional offices then.

LAWSON

No, and don't press me any further.

FIONA

Fine. Have you told the president?

LAWSON

Not yet.

FIONA

But you will.

LAWSON

If it's a credible threat.

FIONA

We think it is. So, you'll cancel his trip?

LAWSON

I'll recommend he cancel the trip, but that's up to the president.

FIONA

If it were up to me, I'd tie him to a chair in the Oval Office.

LAWSON

We should go back inside before  
someone notices we're missing.

Fiona smiles to hide her frustration. They head back into...

THE EAST ROOM

A PURL of indistinct chatter fills the room. Fiona joins Lord Butler's group while Lawson returns to his post. Mrs. Kennedy looks at Fiona and smiles. Fiona smiles back. Mrs. Kennedy excuses herself from her group and approaches Lord Butler.

LORD BUTLER

Excellent dinner, Mrs. Kennedy.

MRS. KENNEDY

Thank you, Lord Butler.

(to Fiona)

Fiona Jeffries, am I correct?

She extends her hand to Fiona who politely shakes it.

FIONA

Yes, Mrs. Kennedy.

MRS. KENNEDY

(with aplomb)

My friends call me Jackie.

Fiona is taken aback, as is everyone else.

MRS. KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Lord Butler, would you mind if I  
borrow Miss Jeffries for a moment?

LORD BUTLER

Not at all.

Mrs. Kennedy takes Fiona's hand. They walk to a far window.

MRS. KENNEDY

I saw you and Agent Lawson walk off.

FIONA

Just something I wanted to ask him.

MRS. KENNEDY

Fiona, one usually doesn't approach  
a Secret Service agent unless one  
is in a similar profession, and  
one's ambassador constantly raves  
about her intellect.

Fiona is embarrassed by the flattery.

MRS. KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Is there something my husband and I should know?

FIONA

Your husband already knows there are zealots out there who rant against him. All it takes is one to act upon his anger. And if he were to act in concert with someone, that doubles the chances they'll accomplish their task. If it were up to me, I'd strongly urge your husband not to go to Chicago this weekend.

Mrs. Kennedy's smile is now a rictus of polished manners.

MRS. KENNEDY

Thank you, Fiona.

FIONA

It was nice to meet you, Jackie.

She and Mrs. Kennedy rejoin their respective groups.

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

Bluish-white light from TV sets flickers in several windows.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The LP "Jazz Samba Encore!" by Stan Getz & Luiz Bonfá softly plays on the hi-fi. Half-dressed, Latham sits on the sofa, talking on the phone.

LATHAM

Do you believe Schott?

INT. THE HOLE

Bazzo is at his desk, talking on the Red phone.

BAZZO

Yeah, if those magazines he cited check out - though I think he has other reasons for telling me.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH BAZZO

LATHAM

Hmm... Corroborates what Dinkin wrote in his letter.

BAZZO

Makes Carla's mission all the more important.

BACK TO SCENE

LATHAM

Do me a favor. Stay by the Duty  
Desk in case she needs advice.

BAZZO (O.S.)

Will do.

CLICK. Bazzo has hung up. Latham hangs up and stands.

KITCHENETTE

A mop is in a bucket of soapy water. Latham enters. He wrings out the mop and resumes washing the floor beneath the hanging basket. The front door CREAKS open. Latham leans the mop against the wall and heads into...

THE ENTRYWAY

The front door is open, revealing Fiona and a British Embassy SECURITY MAN. As Fiona takes her key out of the lock, she sees Latham and smiles. Fiona then turns to the Security Man.

FIONA

Thank you.

The Security Man nods and leaves. Fiona closes the door and drops her keys in the dish; they TINKLE against Latham's set of keys. Latham walks up to her. They kiss passionately. As he gently cups her face in his hands, Fiona slides one hand down to Latham's pants pocket.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I hope you're just glad to see me.

Grinning, Latham takes a Beretta M9 from his pants pocket.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Put that away before you shoot  
yourself somewhere other than your  
leg.

LATHAM

I have to put the mop away first.

FIONA

Why, did you make a mess?

KITCHENETTE

Latham enters with Fiona behind him.

LATHAM (O.S.)

I didn't want that poison from the  
mushrooms on the floor.



He wrings out the mop, grabs the bucket and takes it into the bathroom. Fiona gets a drink of water. The SPLASH of water from the bucket into the toilet overwhelms the hi-fi. Latham returns. He puts the mop and bucket in the utility closet.

FIONA

Come on, I want to change out of this and take a shower.

As she puts her glass in the dish rack, the soft music on the hi-fi ends; it turns itself off. She and Latham enter...

THE BEDROOM

Latham puts his Beretta M9 in the nightstand drawer. Fiona grabs a wooden hanger from the closet. As they undress...

LATHAM

So, how was it?

FIONA

Okay. Mrs. Kennedy asked me to call her Jackie.

LATHAM

(archly)

I'd stay away from that trash.

FIONA

Yeah. I also spoke to Agent Lawson. He was very blasé when I told him.

LATHAM

Really...

FIONA

He'll recommend the president cancel the Chicago trip, but ultimately the president has the final say.

Disappointed, Latham can only shake his head.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Jackie asked me why I spoke with him, so I told her. Maybe she'll convince her husband to stay home.

LATHAM

Let's hope so.

FIONA

Now that I think of it, Lawson did say a few things that bothered me.

LATHAM

Like what?

FIONA

He said he'd gotten a tip about the Chicago plot, but it wasn't from the FBI or the Secret Service.

LATHAM

Durang said he told James Rowley, the head of the Secret Service.

FIONA

I know. You told me.

LATHAM

If Rowley or the FBI didn't pass on the threat to Lawson, then who did?

FIONA

He wouldn't say. And he warned me not to press him on it any further.

This upsets Latham, leaving him to grasp for an explanation.

LATHAM

Their Protective Research Section keeps a list of people who've made credible threats against the president. Kennedy's Detail carry index cards with those names on it. Maybe Vallee's name's on one of the cards.

FIONA

Doesn't explain why Rowley would withhold the threat from Lawson.

LATHAM

No... Maybe Rowley just forgot and Lawson's covering up for him.

FIONA

Or Lawson's lying.

They put on their robes and head into the bathroom.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

The curtains are partially open. Outside the window, moonlight peeks through a lattice of leaves; bushes appear as dark clumps. The only light in the room comes from a banker's lamp on a desk. At the desk is the Man, coordinator of The Big Event, and seen in silhouette from the rear. He types...

**Doppelgänger Phase: Latest Steps Completed**

- Informed JFK's Secret Service Detail of Chicago plot
- Secret Service surveilling Thomas Arthur VALLEE
- Two members of Cuban Team detained by Chicago PD

- Billy SEYMOUR evidence trail as LHO to end with scene at Morgan's Gunshop. Too many multiple, simultaneous sightings of SEYMOUR and Michael PAINE as LHO have raised suspicion.

Employment Phase: Latest Steps Completed

- LHO receives first paycheck from TSBD

Unanticipated Interpositions

- Will Schott
- Wilson Berard
- Warren Latham

With his Mont Blanc pen he puts a check mark after the heading Unanticipated Interpositions. He puts the pen in a drawer then pulls the chain on the banker's lamp, turning off the light.

ACT FOUR

EXT. GENEVA, SWITZERLAND - DAY (MORNING)

Forget the watches, chocolates and perforated cheese. There are the Alps, Lake Geneva and the Riviera Water Fountain, the converging Rhône and Arve rivers - each with a different color of water - and the handsome boutiques on the Rue du Marche.

INT. OFFICES OF THE GENEVA DIPLOMAT - RECEPTION ROOM

On the wall behind a desk is a titled map of Switzerland showing three major cities: Geneva, Bern, and Zurich. Above the map in backlit, halo lighting is the company name: "**The Geneva Diplomat/Le journal Genève Diplomate.**" A mid-20s, blonde RECEPTIONIST is on the phone.

MANAGING EDITOR'S OFFICE

On the wall are three captioned photo enlargements: Jean-Luc Godard, Albert Einstein, and Mad Magazine's Alfred E. Neuman. To their left is a table with a stack of newspapers. At a cluttered desk with a name plate that reads "Managing Editor/Rédacteur en chef" sits MAURICE BETANCOURT - late-40s, portly and derisive. Before him sits PFC Dinkin; his fingers drum nervously on the suitcase on his lap.

BETANCOURT

So, you interpret these, um, psychological sets to mean President Kennedy will be assassinated in Dallas, Texas on November 28th.

DINKIN

No, I told you; I updated it to the 22nd. Here, look.

He opens his suitcase, pulls out a ring binder and flips to a page with handwritten notes under the heading "**STEGANOGRAPHY.**"

Dinkin points to these notations: **OKTOEIGHT+TERRATHREE, BISSOTWO-2, L968083W, and G327788N.**

DINKIN (CONT'D)

These are just four extractions that corroborate the psychological sets. I have others, plenty of others. OKTOEIGHT+TERRATHREE and BISSOTWO-2 are the numbers 8 plus 3, or eleven, and the number 2, twice. Eleven is November, and 2 twice is the 22nd. L968083W and G327788N are latitude and longitude: 96 degrees, 80 minutes and 83 seconds West; 32 degrees, 77 minutes and 88 seconds North. Those are the coordinates for Dealey Plaza in Dallas, Texas, where Kennedy will be assassinated.

BETANCOURT

I see. So how did you get to Geneva?

DINKIN

Huh? I told you - with a fake Army ID.

BETANCOURT

Corporal Joseph Lloyd, the one you showed the receptionist?

DINKIN

(growing frustrated)  
Yes.

BETANCOURT

Was this your first stop?

DINKIN

What difference does that make?

BETANCOURT

The difference lies in whether or not we have an exclusive story.

DINKIN

God, Almighty! You do, alright?!

BETANCOURT

Calm down. As I told you earlier, our publisher is meeting with someone. I'd really like to get her opinion on this before I proceed.

DINKIN

But it's all here! My report, my notes... What more do you need?

BETANCOURT

A better judge of this type of material, and that's Miss Hodges. I'll try and reach her now. Would you mind waiting in the reception room, please?

He smiles. Dinkin huffs and puts his materials back in his suitcase. He stands and leaves.

EXT. THE HOTEL BEAU-RIVAGE - DAY (MORNING)

This five-star hotel is situated on the Quai du Mont Blanc, along the northern bank of Lake Geneva, with pristine views of the Jet d'Eau fountain and the Alps.

INT. ATRIUM LOBBY

A mosaic-tiled floor, soaring columns, and a glass ceiling give the Moroccan-style space abundant natural light.

HOTEL SUITE

On the lower level, vaulted ceilings and large windows lend grandeur to the foyer, living room, dining room, and bathroom. A grand staircase leads to the mezzanine.

DINING ROOM

DiLauria eats brunch. A pen, pocket notepad and rotary-dial Princess phone are but inches away. On the back of her chair hangs her shoulder bag. The phone RINGS. She checks her watch, 10:31, writes the time in the notepad, and answers the phone. (She speaks French to the OPERATOR, English to the caller.)

DILAURIA

Allô?

HOTEL OPERATOR (O.S.)

Mademoiselle Hodges, j'ai un appel d'un Maurice Betancourt, rédacteur gérant du journal Geneva Diplomat. Voudriez-vous lui parler?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Miss Hodges, I have a call from a Maurice Betancourt, managing editor of The Geneva Diplomat newspaper. Would you like to speak to him?"

DILAURIA

Oui.

CROSSCUT BETANCOURT WITH DILAURIA

BETANCOURT

Miss Hodges, I'm Maurice Betancourt from The Geneva Diplomat.

DiLauria writes his name in her notepad.

DILAURIA

I was expecting Monsieur DuClerc.

BETANCOURT

He's been in conference since 09:00.

I've been interviewing a PFC Dinkin.

DILAURIA

You were supposed to wait for me.

BETANCOURT

Oh? First time I'm hearing that.

DILAURIA

Is it... Is PFC Dinkin still there?

BETANCOURT

Yes. He's got a suitcase with his reports and summaries and whatnot.

A lot of gibberish, if you ask me.

DILAURIA

Did you offer to put him in a hotel?

BACK TO SCENE

BETANCOURT

I'm not his mother, Miss Hodges. I'm calling you as a courtesy. Dinkin is here. Do you want to see him or not?

DILAURIA (O.S.)

Yes. I'll be there right away.

CLICK. DiLauria has hung up. Betancourt is peeved. He thinks for a moment then flips through his Rolodex and dials.

EXT. LUXEMBOURG-FINDEL AIRPORT - DAY (MORNING)

The control tower looks like an aviation relic, as does the terminal which resembles a cheap motel. A Luxair Fokker F-27 turboprop sits at Gate #4. Meanwhile, Air Force Two lands and taxis to Gate #1. The aircraft steps roll up to the plane.

ON THE TARMAC AT GATE #1

Luxembourg Prime Minister PIERRE WERNER waits with Deputy Prime Minister EUGÈNE SCHAUS; CHARLOTTE, Grand Duchess of Luxembourg; and the Mayor of Luxembourg City, ÉMILE HAMILIUS. Werner turns to Schauss (they speak French).

WERNER

Redites-moi pourquoi nous sommes ici, Eugène?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Tell me again why we're here, Eugène?"

SCHAUSS

Pour rencontrer le vice-président  
Johnson des États-Unis.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "To meet Vice President Johnson of the  
United States."

WERNER

Johnson... Et pourquoi diable est-il  
ici?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Johnson... And why the hell is he here?"

SCHAUSS

Il est en visite les Pays-Bas, la  
France et nous.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "He's visiting The Netherlands, France  
and us."

WERNER

(sighs)

Mais nous étions justement à un  
dîner d'État à Washington en mars  
et avons rencontré le président  
Kennedy. Que veut ce clown?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "But we were just at a state dinner in  
Washington and met with President Kennedy in March. What does  
this clown want?"

SCHAUSS

Je ne sais pas, Pierre. D'après ce  
que j'ai entendu, ç'est vraiment un  
idiot.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I don't know, Pierre. From what I've  
heard, he really is an idiot."

The plug door to Air Force Two opens. Secret Service Agents  
step out, followed by Johnson; his wife, CLAUDIA; Carter, and  
MAC WALLACE. Werner and Charlotte politely wave to them.

INT. HÔTEL DE BOURGOGNE - GUEST SUITE - DAY (MORNING)

Johnson, Claudia, Carter and Wallace are in a fabulous suite  
at the official residence of Prime Minister Werner. Carter is  
on the phone. Claudia yawns and sidles up to Johnson.

CLAUDIA

I'm gonna lie down in the bedroom.

JOHNSON

Alright, dear.

Claudia retreats to the bedroom. With a glass of whiskey in hand, Johnson sits at a table by a window. Wallace joins him. Carter hangs up and joins them at the table.

CARTER

That was Hoover. He spoke with his Legal Attaché, André Marchand, in Paris. Marchand got a call from a Maurice Betancourt, the managing editor at The Geneva Diplomat.

JOHNSON

Where's that?

CARTER

Geneva. Dinkin walked in, told them he was AWOL, and asked them to print his story. The publisher was in a meeting, and Betancourt wasn't sure what to do. So he called the FBI Legat in Paris. Marchand advised him to keep Dinkin there.

JOHNSON

Good. Now we know where to get him.

CARTER

Hold on. Betancourt likes to run off at the mouth. He told Marchand that a Monica Hodges was in Geneva from D.C., and she's on her way to his office to speak with Dinkin.

JOHNSON

Who the hell's Monica Hodges?

CARTER

Hoover thinks she may be from Bobby Kennedy's office.

JOHNSON

Damnit! So, what do we do now?!

CARTER

Hoover's Legat in Bern will ask the Swiss authorities to contact Betancourt, see if he knows where Hodges is staying. They'll also check flight manifests. If they find her they'll detain her for the FBI.

WALLACE

And charge her with what?

CARTER

Enticing desertion.



Wallace's expression says he clearly doesn't believe this.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
It's in the U.S. Penal Code.

WALLACE  
What if she takes the train to  
France? Lyon's pretty close.

JOHNSON  
The boy's smart, Cliff.

CARTER  
Marchand will notified the police in  
Lyon and Marseille. Meanwhile, Mac  
and I need to go to Geneva ASAP.

JOHNSON  
Why?

CARTER  
To get Dinkin's evidence. If  
Betancourt has it, Mac will  
persuade him to sell it to us.

JOHNSON  
And if you find Dinkin?

CARTER  
Mac can detain him for the FBI.

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

The sun arcs into a cerulean blue sky over the cityscape.

704 3RD STREET NW - APARTMENT BUILDING

Most of the shades are drawn, warding off direct sunlight.

INT. BEDROOM

The time on the clock radio is 06:20. Latham and Fiona are spooned, as usual, and asleep. The telephone RINGS, waking them both but leaving Latham very sleepy. He reaches over and SLAPS the alarm button on the clock. Fiona eyes him.

FIONA  
It's the phone.

Latham gives her an entreating half-smile.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
Don't even try it.

Latham grudgingly gets out of bed and puts on his robe.

LIVING ROOM

The phone's Red light is not blinking. Latham answers it.

LATHAM

Yes?

DURANG (O.S.)

It's John Taylor. I'm home.

CLICK. Durang has hung up, as does Latham. Fiona enters.

FIONA

Who was it?

LATHAM

Durang. He's home.

FIONA

I'll get his DLD list out the safe.

LATHAM

I'll tell Paul to head in early.

He dials the phone while Fiona quickly heads into the bedroom.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

CIA employees enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 08:45. There is the usual PURL of teletype machines, RINGING phones, and chatter. 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. Geneva is one of them, sporting a GREEN stickpin. DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS. With a CLICK the door opens. Latham enters and sits at the Duty Desk.

STOKES

Is Paul going to join us?

LATHAM

No, he's developing some film for me. Anything on Operation Box Kite?

Stokes picks up a folder from his desk and hands it to Latham, who opens it.

STOKES

Carla's SITREP is on top. She told the night crew that Dinkin had shown up at The Geneva Diplomat. But when she got there, he was gone.

LATHAM

Nothing here about Dinkin giving a reason for why he left.

STOKES

My guess is something that managing editor, Betancourt, said during the interview must have scared Dinkin.

LATHAM

I thought Carla and the publisher, Edouard DuClerc, were supposed to conduct the interview.

STOKES

According to Betancourt, DuClerc was in meetings all morning. Mandarin Two's decided to wait at the hotel in case she gets a call from Time-Life or Look.

PERCY

What else can she do, right?

Latham sighs; he's very disappointed. He hands the folder back to Stokes. The number-lock on the front door CLICKS and Bazzo enters holding a folder. He approaches the Duty Desk and hands the folder to Latham.

BAZZO

You'll want to see this. Careful though, the print's still wet.

Latham opens the folder. He lifts a sheet of cellophane on top of the photographic print, a copy of an FBI Airtel cable.

**UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT  
AIRTEL**

**TO: ASSISTANT DIRECTOR, FBI HEADQUARTERS  
(ATTN: INTELLIGENCE DIVISION)  
FROM: PARIS LEGATION, PARIS, FRANCE**

**SUBJECT: Re: Bureau Airtel to Western Europe LEGATS, dated  
10/30/63**

**Enclosed is a copy of the U.S. Army Identification  
Card for PFC EUGENE B. DINKIN, RA 16710292. PFC DINKIN has**

been Absent Without Leave (AWOL) since 10/27/63 from Headquarters Company at the U.S. Army's Ingrandes Quartermaster Depot, Metz, France.

Dinkin was previously assigned to the code section of the Army's 59th Ordnance Brigade at Massweiler, West Germany. He is believed to be in possession of the codes used by the 59th Ordnance Brigade, and may offer them to Soviet or Warsaw Pact intelligence services. For this reason, the Bureau recommends changing the status of DINKIN from AWOL to DESERTION, with intent to commit treason.

Copies of the Airtel cited herein were sent to the BERN LEGATION, BERN, SWITZERLAND; MUNICH LEGATION, MUNICH, WEST GERMANY; and OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT CHIEF OF STAFF, G-2, UNITED STATES ARMY COMMUNICATIONS ZONE, EUROPE.

(Enc. 1)

Latham hands the cable to Stokes. Percy reads it over his shoulder.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Dinkin's only been AWOL for less than a week. He has to be away 30 days before he's a deserter, no matter what the FBI wants.

PERCY

Could Dinkin's C.O. have told the FBI that Dinkin might defect?

LATHAM

Maybe, but look at the language the FBI uses there... Dinkin might offer Army codes to the KGB or their satellite services.

STOKES

Geezus... D-Int's brief for Box Kite states that mandarin Two's gathering Intel from Dinkin, a possible defector. This reads like it was ripped right from D-Int's brief.

PERCY

Oh, man. You don't think D-Int's a-

LATHAM

No! Come on, think! Who intercepted Dinkin's letter and gave a copy to the FBI?

BAZZO

C.I.

PERCY

You don't believe the Paris Legat wrote this of his own accord?

LATHAM

I think he was following Hoover's orders, who in turn was following orders from the only person who could give Hoover orders. MOTHER.

Bazzo, Stokes and Percy are incredulous. Latham thinks aloud.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Geneva station knows she's there, but not everyone on station might know what she looks like. So the Chief of Station would've asked Langley for her file photo.

BAZZO

Which they shared with the FBI.

Stokes is angry in a way that denotes he had been overruled.

STOKES

If there'd been more time to plan this operation, we wouldn't have overlooked that contingency.

LATHAM

I understand, Jared. You were pressed for time. Paul, you'd better let Carla know the FBI are on site.

BAZZO

I'll try her at the hotel. If she's not there I'll leave a message to call the Duty Desk.

He reaches for the Gray phone on the Duty Desk. Meanwhile, Stokes turns to CATHERINE, a late-20s CIA Officer at a desk.

STOKES

Catherine, yellow for Geneva.

Catherine reaches into a tray of colorful objects on her desk then walks to the wall map of Western Europe. She replaces the Green stickpin in Geneva with a Yellow one.

EXT. GENEVA - THE OLD TOWN - DAY

This neighborhood features many of the same sights seen from the Hotel Beau-Rivage, where DiLauria is staying, but from across the harbor, about a mile away. It is an area that, by any standard, is less than posh.

1 RUE MINA-AUDEMARS - HOTEL BEL'ESPÉRANCE

Charming can be another word for unspectacular. Here, it defines a mecca for the budget-minded traveler.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Wallace looks out the window while Carter sits at the table and sips a glass of Grappa, a bottle of which is on the table.

CARTER

Sure you don't want some Grappa?

WALLACE

You kiddin'? That shit's - what - 60 percent alcohol? You could use it to strip off old paint.

CARTER

It's good for your digestion.

WALLACE

I'll bet. Probably make you go like a freight train.

There is a KNOCK on the door. Wallace tenses. Carter holds up his hand - a sign for Wallace to relax - then goes to the door and opens it. A MAN in casual clothes hands Carter a manila envelope and leaves. Carter shuts the door and returns to the table. Wallace joins him.

Carter opens the envelope and pulls out a slip of paper that reads "The Geneva Diplomat, Maurice Betancourt, Managing Editor." He places it on the table. Next, he pulls out a photo of PFC Eugene B. Dinkin as he appears on his Army ID card. He hands this to Wallace. Lastly, Carter pulls out a photo of DiLauria. He flips it over. On the back it reads "Monica Hodges, Hotel Beau-Rivage, 13 Quai du Mont Blanc, suite 32." He hands the photo to Wallace, who eyes it intently.

EXT. 11, RUE DES ROIS - TRIBUNE DE GENÈVE - DAY

A sign outside the building reads "Tribune de Genève." Dinkin leaves the building hastily and gets into a...

I/E. VOLVO P130 AMAZON

At the wheel of this two-door sedan is ILSE BEHN, a 22-year-old German brunette. Dinkin is visibly frustrated.

DINKIN

Come on, let's go.

Ilse pulls into traffic; her eyes flit to Dinkin. He's fuming and SLAPS at his suitcase.

ILSE  
(German accent)  
What happened?

DINKIN  
That bastard Brunet kept cutting me off! Said we need to wait for his editor-in-chief who just happened to be out of the office. The liar!

ILSE  
Maybe she was.

DINKIN  
Oh, come on! The Geneva Diplomat, Time-Life, and now these clowns? You don't think something's going on here?

ILSE  
I am just saying it could be true.

DINKIN  
Don't apologize for them!

ILSE  
I'm sorry. I don't know about such things.  
(sniffs the air)  
Have you been drinking?

DINKIN  
Brunet gave me some of that rotgut he drinks.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a pack of Spearmint Life Savers and pops one in his mouth. He thinks about it, pops another one then puts the pack in his pocket. Ahead is a road sign for "Parc de l'Ariana." It strikes a chord with Dinkin.

DINKIN (CONT'D)  
Parc de l'Ariana...

ILSE  
What?

DINKIN  
I've seen traffic from there.

ILSE  
What do you mean, 'traffic'?

DINKIN  
Cables. The U.N. has its European headquarters there. C'mon, let's go.

ILSE

Why?

DINKIN

'Cause their press pool comes from all over the world. Get going!

The Volvo P130 follows the exit sign for Parc de l'Ariana.

INT. TRIBUNE DE GENÈVE - MANAGING EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The latest edition of La Tribune de Genève is on the desk, along with a sign that reads "RÉDACTEUR EN CHEF, M. BRUNET" and a box of chocolate-covered cherries. DiLauria, modestly dressed, sits before MONSIEUR BRUNET, portly, with an Errol Flynn pencil mustache (he speaks English with a French accent). DiLauria is frustrated.

DILAURIA

Are you serious?

BRUNET

I tried to hold him here, Miss Hodges. I offered to put him in a hotel, like your friend Mr. Nealy suggested. But Dinkin said he had a room on the Rue de Monthoux.

DILAURIA

Where's that?

BRUNET

In Pâquis. It's very unsafe there, especially at night. You know, uh, adult entertainment and so forth.

DILAURIA

Why would Dinkin tell you where he's staying?

BRUNET

Because I plied him with this.

He takes a bottle of Everclear from his bottom desk drawer and sets it on the desk. DiLauria is shocked.

BRUNET (CONT'D)

190 proof. When someone comes in with a story about assassinating the President of the United States, I am very skeptical. One tends to exaggerate their importance or mislead me in the hopes that we'll print it. A few jiggers of this and they are much more truthful.



DILAURIA

If they don't pass out first. Could you help me find where Dinkin is staying in Pâquis?

BRUNET

Why not.

He swivels around in his chair, pulls a telephone book from a shelf, swivels back and flips through its pages.

EXT. PALAIS DES NATIONS - VISITOR'S ENTRANCE - DAY

The Volvo P130 Amazon pulls into the adjacent parking lot.

INT. VOLVO P130 AMAZON

Ilse glances worriedly at Dinkin.

ILSE

How are you going to get in? You're not a member of the U.S. Mission, are you?

DINKIN

No. They have tours here. All I need to get a ticket is my Army ID.

ILSE

And then what will you do?

DINKIN

I'll sneak away from the tour and go to the Press Room.

ILSE

My God, you'll get arrested!

DINKIN

No. From what I've read, Security will just kick me out.

ILSE

What about your files? You can't bring your suitcase in there.

Dinkin now realizes he hasn't thought this through.

DINKIN

Oh, yeah... Someone'll listen to me.

Ilse knows this is wishful thinking and shakes her head.

DINKIN (CONT'D)

Wait for me, okay?

ILSE

But I will look suspicious here.

DINKIN

Hmm... Okay then, go back to the hotel. I'll meet you there.

ILSE

Are you sure?

DINKIN

Yeah. Get going.

He alights and heads towards the Visitor's Entrance at Pregny Gate of the Palais des Nations. Ilse drives away.

#### ACT FIVE

EXT. GENEVA - LES PÂQUIS DISTRICT - DAY (DUSK)

Rue de Berne, Rue Sismondi, Rue Docteur-Alfred-Vincent, and Rue de Monthoux form the heart of a Red Light district of tiny pornographic cinemas, sex shops, cabarets and night clubs.

Prostitution is legal here. Those with a taste for leotards and high heels will find as many women here as there are knick-knacks in a curio shop. Some women display their availability in windows lit by red and purple neon lights. Others stake their claim on street corners. Always, they are watched from a distance by their pimps, known cordially as bodyguards.

Gangs and drug dealers go hand in glove with prostitution. And while there is a visible police presence, they simply watch - a tacit agreement that keeps the trade active and relatively safe, intervening only when excessive violence breaks out.

RUE DE MONTHOUX - TRANSIENT HOTEL - THE LOBBY

A hi-fi somewhere plays "La Mer" by Charles Aznavour. A small check-in desk is on the left. There are 20 or so cubby holes behind it, some with keys still in them. Ilse is speaking to the DESK CLERK. She nods then leaves. Seconds later DiLauria walks in and approaches the desk. (Everyone speaks French.)

DILAURIA

Je voudrais une chambre pour la nuit, s'il vous plaît.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I'd like a room for the night, please."

The Desk Clerk's attitude is business-like. He grabs the key from cubbyhole 16.

DESK CLERK

Chambre seize. Quarante-cinq francs.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Room sixteen. Forty-five francs."

She takes two 20-franc banknotes (Swiss) and one 5-franc banknote and hands them to the Desk Clerk. He gives her the key then points to the stairs at the end of the lobby.

DILAURIA

Um, excusez-moi. Je suis censé être un de mes amis ici, Joseph Lloyd. Il vient des États-Unis. Est-il déjà arrivé?

INSERT TRANSLATION: " Um, excuse me. I'm supposed to meet a friend of mine here, Joseph Lloyd. He's from the States. Has he arrived yet?"

DESK CLERK

Sa petite amie vient de te manquer. Elle voulait un restaurant décent, alors je l'ai envoyée rue de Berne.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You just missed his girlfriend. She wanted a decent restaurant, so I sent her onto Rue de Berne."

DILAURIA

Alors, il est dans sa chambre?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "So, he's in his room?"

DESK CLERK

Non, je pense qu'elle a dit qu'il reviendrait plus tard.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No, I think she said he'd be back later."

Dilauria pulls out a 20-franc banknote from her shoulder bag, folding it with the denomination prominent in her hand. She leans forward. The Desk Clerk eyes her curiously.

DILAURIA

Pouvez-vous me dire dans quelle pièce ils se trouvent?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Can you tell me what room they are in?"

She slips the 20-franc banknote into the Desk Clerk's hand.

DESK CLERK

Dix-huit, juste à côté du vôtre. Doit être un gars chanceux.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Eighteen, right next to yours. Must be a lucky guy."

DiLauria winks. As she starts towards the stairs, Aznavour's song ends.

A bell RINGS in the small Common Room off to the right, separated from the lobby by a worn beaded door curtain. Curious, DiLauria walks over and peeks inside...

#### THE COMMON ROOM

Lit by red neon lights. The floor is covered with a jumble of stilettos, underwear, magazines, empty paper food plates, and men and women in repose. Amidst agitated whispers, men zip up their pants; women hastily put on their bras and panties. The men leave, eyeing DiLauria as they pass by her.

Meanwhile, the women gather at one end of the room. Men who have been leaning against the back wall, waiting and watching, now gather in the center of the room. Another song from Aznavour, "Je m'voyais déjà," begins. The women start to sway to the music; their high heels CLICK. The men approach them, Swiss francs in hand.

#### THE LOBBY

DiLauria curls a discreet smile of amusement. She turns away and heads toward the stairs.

#### CORRIDOR

Arrows on the wall point to the far end. On a door there is a sign, "Salle de bain unisexe" (Unisex Bathroom) - communal, of course. DiLauria walks by a payphone affixed to the wall, and several room doors behind which come GRUNTS, GROANS and variations on the word "Baby" - the patois of the day.

#### DILAURIA

Stops at room 18 and puts her ear to the door, but the ambient business as usual is all that can be heard. DiLauria then TAPS on the door. No response. She reaches into her shoulder bag and takes out a leather case. She unzips it, revealing a set of lockpicks. She easily picks the doorlock and enters...

#### ROOM 18

Prison cells for solitary confinement have more amenities. There is no closet. There is a double bed, though any couple staying here would have to be on the lean side, else one of the two would spend the night on the floor. Folded haphazardly at the foot of the bed are a sheet, pillow case and blanket. Beside the bed is a nightstand with a lamp minus a shade, and a box of tampons minus an applicator.

Near the window is a lone wooden chair. Across the room and against the wall is a rolling clothing rack; hanging from it are two men's shirts, a pair of trousers and a pair of dark socks. A high-back, wall-mounted utility sink has a paper cup with two toothbrushes; it sits between the spigots.

From under the bed peeks the handle of a suitcase - Dinkin's suitcase. DiLauria pulls it out, sets it on the bed and opens it, revealing two files. She takes out one of the files, lays it on the bed and opens it. There is a photo of the cover of Look Magazine showing Pope John kneeling in prayer and the caption in the upper right-hand corner that reads, "Why Kennedy's in Trouble," written in red, and more photos of the story inside the magazine. There is also a legal pad with copious notes, and more photos of the covers of The Saturday Evening Post, Life Magazine, and their inside stories.

In the second file she finds a photo of the front page of The Irish Times. Kennedy is riding in his open-top Lincoln Limousine past a field. Dinkin has drawn a blue circle around a small spot in the field; a blue arrow from the margin of the photo points to it. In the margin is written: "**Graveyard headstone inscribed, 'John F. Kennedy.'**" This second file also contains a legal pad titled "Notes, OAS Cables, and Summary."

DiLauria turns on the light on the nightstand and takes a Minox B camera from her shoulder bag. From the first file, she takes a photo, lays it on the nightstand by the lamp, and takes its picture. She lays it face down on the bed and takes a picture of the next photo, repeating this process over and over.

#### THE LOBBY

Is crammed with an overflow of men waiting until there is room for them in the Common Room. Aznavour sings "Il faut savoir." The song ends and, again, the bell RINGS. The SCUFFLE of shoes and the RUSTLE of clothing mean people are scrambling to get dressed.

Ilse enters. With the lobby already crowded, and with the men leaving the Common Room, there is barely enough room for Ilse to squeeze by them to get to the stairs. Some of the men waiting there make leering passes at her. Flustered, Ilse replies to them in German.

ILSE

Lass mich in ruhe. Ich arbeite hier nicht.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Leave me alone. I don't work here."

"Emmenez-moi" by Aznavour begins. Several men head into the Common Room. Finally, Ilse can get past the remaining men and heads to the back of the lobby.

#### ROOM 18

DiLauria photographs the last page of the legal notepad in the second file. She returns everything to each folder in reverse order then sets the folders in the suitcase. She closes the suitcase and pushes it under the bed.

CORRIDOR

Ilse emerges from the stairwell. As she walks to room 18, she passes DiLauria, who is on the payphone, speaking French.

DILAURIA

Est-ce un mauvais endroit où  
séjourner? Disons simplement que  
c'est aussi bon marché que possible.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Is this a bad place to stay? Let's just say it's as cheap as it gets."

Harried, Ilse ignores DiLauria. She goes to room door #18, unlocks it and goes inside. DiLauria takes the receiver from her ear - a dial tone can be heard. She hangs up and heads into her room, #16, right next door.

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

CIA officers stroll across the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is at his desk. Bazzo enters with two paper bags and sets them on the table. Latham joins him.

LATHAM

Joe and Nemo's?

BAZZO

Yep.

He takes out hamburgers and 7-Up bottles. They start eating.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

When's Berard going home?

LATHAM

He already left the hospital.  
Security drove him home around noon.

BAZZO

That's good.

LATHAM

You hear back from Carla yet?

BAZZO

No. She's probably with a  
publisher, interviewing Dinkin.  
(checks his wristwatch)  
She should be calling into The Duty  
Desk soon though.

The intercom BUZZES. Latham gets up and goes to his desk.

COLLETTE (O.S.)  
Fiona's on Gray.

LATHAM  
(into the intercom)  
Thanks.

He hangs up the intercom. Bazzo grabs his lunch and gets up.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
No, no, stay there. It's alright.

Bazzo sits back down and resumes eating. Latham lifts the Gray phone's handset and presses the BLINKING button for line one.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Hi, it's me.

INT. FIONA'S OFFICE

Fiona is on the phone.

FIONA  
I hope you're sitting down.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH FIONA

LATHAM  
Geezus, are you - you know...

FIONA  
No, no, not that. I just got a call  
from my friend Jackie Kennedy.

LATHAM  
Name-dropper.

FIONA  
The president has canceled his trip  
to Chicago.

LATHAM  
Thank God.

FIONA  
It won't be announced publicly until  
Saturday morning. I guess he doesn't  
want to tip his hand to anyone.

LATHAM  
Good move. Thanks, hon. I owe you  
one.

FIONA  
I'll expect you to make good on  
that later tonight.

LATHAM

You're on.

FIONA

Talk to you later. 'Bye-'bye.

BACK TO SCENE

LATHAM

'Bye.

He hangs up and curls a mischievous grin. Bazzo is curious.

BAZZO

You look happy.

LATHAM

Mrs. Kennedy just spoke with Fiona.

BAZZO

Oh, they're friends, are they?

LATHAM

Yep. President Kennedy has decided to cancel his trip to Chicago.

Bazzo is elated and BANGS his fist on the table.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

They're going to wait until Saturday before it's announced.

Bazzo raises his 7-Up bottle to toast; Latham raises his. They tap bottles and take a satisfying sip.

EXT. WALTER REED ARMY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Another view of the now familiar U.S. Army landmark.

INT. LOBBY - IN-PATIENT ADMISSIONS DESK

A uniformed Specialist-4, an early-30s woman, sits behind the Admissions Desk. A man approaches the desk. He wears brown trousers, a khaki-colored baseball cap and shirt with a brown and gold circular sleeve patch that reads "F.T.D." And is surrounded by the words "FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY." He carries a bouquet of crème de la crème roses, white Asiatic lilies, white miniature carnations, and sea lavender statice - all in a blue cube vase. It's the Caterer.

SPECIALIST-4

May I help you?

CATERER

These are for a patient, Will Schott?



The Specialist-4 looks up the name in the Admissions list.

SPECIALIST-4

He's here. You can just leave them here. I'll have someone take them upstairs.

Just then the lobby fills with a loud, grieving family. The Specialist-4 is distracted watching them.

CATERER

Remind them to put some water in the vase. It keeps the flowers fresh.

SPECIALIST-4

Huh?

CATERER

Put some water in the vase so the flowers don't die.

SPECIALIST-4

Oh, right. I'll tell them.

She picks up the phone and dials. As the Caterer leaves, he pulls a handkerchief from his pants pocket and wipes his nose.

EXT. GENEVA - LES PÂQUIS DISTRICT - NIGHT (EVENING)

The area is awash in neon and abuzz with men and women - prostitutes and rough trade, bodyguards and police.

INT. TRANSIENT HOTEL - CORRIDOR

DiLauria leaves room 16 and KNOCKS on the door of room 18. The door opens slowly. Ilse stands there, annoyed.

ILSE

Bon sang, je ne travaille pas ici.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Damnit, I don't work here!"

DILAURIA

(in English)

I'm here as a friend to help Eugene.

Dinkin gets off the bed and peeks around Ilse.

DINKIN

What do you want?

DILAURIA

I want to help you get your findings published.

Dinkin is skeptical. Ilse turns to him.

ILSE

Let's hear what she has to say.

DINKIN

Alright.

Ilse opens the door wider. DiLauria enters the room; Ilse shuts the door behind her.

EXT. WALTER REED ARMY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

A now familiar view of the main building.

INT. THIRD-FLOOR WARD - NURSES STATION

A Cardiac Emergency Team races by the Nurses' Desk pushing a Crash Cart while the public address system announces...

P.A. ANNOUNCER

Code Blue, room three. Repeat, Code Blue, room three.

SEMI-PRIVATE ROOM 3

The vase of flowers sits on the nightstand beside Schott's bed. A piercing asystole alarm (constant beep) is backdrop to a DOCTOR performing cardiopulmonary resuscitation on Schott, who is unresponsive. The Cardiac Emergency Team rushes in.

INT. TRANSIENT HOTEL - ROOM 18 - NIGHT (EVENING)

Dinkin and Ilse sit on the bed. DiLauria sits in the chair.

DILAURIA

I spoke with the publisher of the Geneva Diplomat, Monsieur DuClerc. He apologizes for Mr. Betancourt's rude manner.

DINKIN

The guy was a prick.

DILAURIA

The point is Monsieur DuClerc is truly interested in your story. He understands that a third World War is likely if Kennedy's assassinated.

DINKIN

I told that asshole everything he needs to know to print the story.

DILAURIA

I know, but you understand why DuClerc wants your evidence.

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

It's the proof he can provide to anyone who questions your story.

DINKIN

No.

ILSE

Eugene!

DINKIN

No! I showed him everything I have. He took notes. If they won't print it, fine. I'll go somewhere else.

DILAURIA

And they'll ask for your files.

DINKIN

Look, Betancourt said he couldn't understand what he was looking at. What makes you think anyone else can? They're not cryptanalysts. Hell, neither are you. In fact, I don't even know if you're really who you say you are. The answer's no.

DiLauria sighs. Ilse is anxious.

ILSE

You have to trust someone, Eugene.

DINKIN

I don't trust anyone now.

DILAURIA

Okay. So, what are you going to do? Stay on the run? How long have you been AWOL?

DINKIN

How do you know about that?

DILAURIA

You told Betancourt.

DINKIN

Oh, yeah... I forgot. I've been AWOL for about a week now.

DILAURIA

As I understand it, if you go back to your unit now, the worst that can happen is you'll go to jail for a week or two, and maybe be reduced in rank.

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

But if you stay AWOL for thirty days, you'll be considered a deserter. The FBI can then have the local police arrest you. You'll be tried and sent to a military prison - for years.

This strikes a sobering chord with Dinkin. Ilse hugs him.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

If you won't give me or any of the publishers your files, then at least go back to Metz. Turn yourself in.

ILSE

(pleading)

I don't want you to go to prison.

DILAURIA

Hide your materials where only you and someone you trust can find them. Then get the hell out of this dump.

Ilse looks to Dinkin entreatingly. Reluctantly, he nods. He reaches beneath the bed and pulls out his suitcase. Ilse gets up and grabs his clothes off the rolling clothes rack.

TRANSIENT HOTEL - THE LOBBY

"Je t'aime comme ça," sung by Charles Aznavour, plays on the hi-fi. Again, the lobby is filled with the overflow of men waiting to get into the Common Room. DiLauria, Dinkin and Ilse descend the stairs and approach the Desk Clerk. Dinkin hands him the room key.

DINKIN

We're checking out.

The Desk Clerk looks at Dinkin curiously.

ILSE

Nous quittons l'hôtel.

The Desk Clerk nods. He flashes a discreet smile at DiLauria.

DESK CLERK

Votre facture a déjà été payée.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Your bill has already been paid."

ILSE

What?

DINKIN

What did he say?

ILSE

The bill has been paid.

DILAURIA

I paid it earlier. I thought you might need some help.

DINKIN

Thank you, Miss Hodges.

The Three walk away from the check-in desk with Dinkin being gallant and leading the way. As they try to wade through the sea of men, a man in an unbuttoned trench coat pushes his way through the crowd toward Dinkin. He reaches inside his trench coat and pulls out a .38 snub-nose revolver. DiLauria sees this and steps in front of Dinkin. She turns around and pushes Dinkin away. As she does, the man FIRES. The bullet strikes DiLauria in the back. She crumples to the floor.

Panic ensues. Dinkin grabs Ilse's arm and drags her through the crowd and out the hotel. Some men are unsure what has happened and freeze, staring at the scene; others race for the front door. One man tries to tackle the man with the gun. His face is now visible - it's Wallace.

Blood oozes from under DiLauria's body, causing some men near her to back away. People in the Common Room who have assembled at the beaded curtain now see her on the floor. Some of them GASP; others SCREAM and cower. Meanwhile, Wallace has thrown off the lone man trying to capture him and points his gun at the man. He races out the hotel, followed by many of the people there.

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT (EVENING)

Men and women pour from the hotel, some of them SCREAMING. The police, aroused from their torpor, race to the hotel. Dinkin and Ilse run to their Volvo P130. Dinkin pushes Ilse into the passenger seat. He gets behind the wheel and starts the engine. The Volvo's tires SCREECH as it pulls away.

Wallace runs outside with the crowd, his revolver now tucked in his waistband. He sees the Volvo drive off and CURSES. Meanwhile, several men yell and point to him, but the police continue to single-mindedly race into the hotel. Wallace, meanwhile, runs into an alley and disappears.

AT THE HOTEL ENTRANCE

It's a CACOPHONY of unintelligible shouts, shrieks, and wails.

EXT. GENEVA - COINTRIN AIRPORT - NIGHT

A Swissair Boeing 707 takes off.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - BUSINESS CLASS

Wallace and Carter are in a three-seat row, with an empty seat between them. Carter sits in the aisle seat. He is fuming; his teeth are clenched, his breathing heavy, as though he has physically exerted himself. Wallace looks out the window. The lights of Geneva slowly recede. His demeanor is apathetic, emotionless. He reaches for an in-flight magazine from the seatback in front of him and opens it, grinning as he reads through it. An announcement comes over the P.A. system.

STEWARDESS (O.S.)

(in French)

Bonsoir et bienvenue à bord du vol  
Swissair cinquante-sept à  
destination de Luxembourg-Ville.  
Notre temps de trajet est d'environ  
une heure. Dans quelques minutes,  
nous servirons des boissons dans  
toute la cabine.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Good evening and welcome aboard Swissair flight fifty-seven to Luxembourg City. Our travel time is approximately one hour. In a few minutes, we will be serving drinks throughout the cabin."

EXT. SWISSAIR BOEING 707 - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

The four-engine jet soars through the moonlit sky.

STEWARDESS (V.O.)

Nous vous demandons de rester assis  
pour permettre au personnel de  
cabine de se déplacer librement.  
Nous espérons que vous apprécierez  
votre vol.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "We ask that you remain seated to allow for the cabin crew to move freely. We hope you enjoy your flight."

END