

Cool Gray Dawn  
Episode #5: "Little Dove"

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Cool Gray Dawn

"Little Dove"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. HAVANA, CUBA - NIGHT (EVENING)

INSERT: "HAVANA, CUBA"

A panorama from busy el Malecon Avenue along the seashore to Habana Vieja - "Old Havana."

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT (EVENING)

Modest, with rattan furnishings. ROBERTO BARBERA, 30, lazes on the sofa, listening to Zapateo music on the radio and playing with his 3-year-old son. His wife, VINA, 28, cooks dinner.

The front door FLINGS open. Four CUBAN INTELLIGENCE (DGI) AGENTS burst in, guns drawn. Vina SCREAMS and grabs her son. The Agents quickly subdue Roberto. DGI AGENT #1 holds a gun on the family, while the other Agents search the apartment.

DGI AGENT #2 notices that the light beside the sofa where a newspaper lies open is the only one not on. He tries the light switch but it doesn't work. He removes the shade and unscrews the bulb - a piece of paper wrapped around its base falls to the floor. DGI Agent #2 picks up the paper:

22 32 0  
79 28 0

He WHISTLES to the squad. They leave the apartment, dragging Roberto with them.

EXT. MINISTRY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMED FORCES - NIGHT

INSERT: "MINISTRY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMED FORCES"

Stock footage of Havana's City Hall.

INT. BASEMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM

A naked and beaten Roberto is strapped to a chair; a high-intensity lamp is trained on his face. At a table enveloped in cigar smoke sit two, sweaty, smirking DGI INTERROGATORS.

INTERROGATOR #1  
Una vez mas, Roberto?

He turns a dial, increasing the voltage to Roberto's scrotum. Roberto's nerve-wracking SCREAM ends with...

ROBERTO  
(hoarsely)  
Cojinete de bolas... Krueger.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Ball bearings... Krueger."

INT. DGI OFFICE - NIGHT

DGI Agent #1 reads the longitude and latitude coordinates on the slip of paper to DGI Agent #2.

DGI AGENT #1  
Longitud veintidos grados, treinta  
y dos minutos, cero segundos...  
Latitud setenta y nueve grados,  
veintiocho minutos, cero segundos.

DGI Agent #2 finds the location on a survey map of Cuba.

DGI AGENT #2  
Aquí está, Puerto de Caibarién.

With a pencil he circles "Puerto de Caibaríen" on the map.

EXT. PUERTO DE CAIBARIEN, CUBA - DAY

At this small commercial sea port, dock workers unlade the cargo ship "Der Meister Der Hohen See." Port officials and DGI Agents check the pallets until they find ones stamped, "Cojinete de bolas, Die Krueger Gruppe, GmbH."

EXT. BONN, WEST GERMANY - DAY (MORNING)

INSERT: "BONN, WEST GERMANY"

Stock footage of the lazy cityscape and the River Rhein.

EXT. OFFICE PARK - DAY

A Mercedes pulls up to building #1; a sign over its entrance reads "Die Krüger Gruppe, GmbH." A WOMAN exits the building and approaches the car.

WOMAN  
Guten morgen, Herr Krüger.

DETLEV KRÜGER, 55, dapper in his overcoat and white scarf, nods and alights from the car. A RIFLE SHOT ECHOES. The bullet RIPS through Krüger's chest, knocking him to the ground. The Woman SCREAMS and cowers by the car.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Accent lights illuminate the Capitol Dome.

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

The lights are on in the Directorate of Plans building.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of teletype machines, chatter and ringing phones. The 24-hour wall clock reads 03:30. A pall hangs over WARREN LATHAM and PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY, sitting with DUTY OFFICERS PETE FARRELL and JAMES OWENS, who's on a Red phone.

OWENS

Say again, Quidnunc.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING THE PORT OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA - NIGHT

INSERT: "PORT OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA"

QUIDNUNC, 35, crouches and peers through his binoculars.

QUIDNUNC'S P.O.V. - THE CARGO SHIP "LA COUBRE"

The French cargo ship rests in slack water.

BACK TO SCENE

Quidnunc reaches for his walkie-talkie.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Owens kneads his forehead and turns toward Latham.

OWENS

No explosion, nothing. The ship's just sitting there - in tact.

LATHAM

Any word on the diver?

OWENS

No, sir. He must've gotten away.

FARRELL

Or the Cubans have him.

Another Red phone RINGS; Farrell answers it.

FARRELL (CONT'D)

0-9-3-9... Yes, he's here.  
(to Latham)

Dean Schmidt, Bonn station chief.

Latham nods to Bazzo, who takes the call.

BAZZO

Mandarin One for Mr. Latham...

OWENS

Only way the DGI would get him is  
if his equipment malfunctioned.

LATHAM

Or someone talked.

Bazzo covers the handset's mouthpiece and turns to Latham.

BAZZO

Detlev Krüger was shot and killed  
outside his office.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - DIRECTORATE OF PLANS - DAY (MORNING)

CIA OFFICERS enter the building.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

The 24-hour wall clock reads 08:15. WILSON BERARD is in an  
unusually foul mood. His AIDE-DE-CAMP flits in and out,  
putting folders into Berard's satchel. A weary Latham enters.

BERARD

I've been summoned to the White  
House. The West German consul has  
demanded to see the Vice President.

LATHAM

Operation Maelstrom...

BERARD

Krüger's death means the blowback  
will definitely land here.

LATHAM

Sir, it was their idea to hit the  
'La Coubre.'

BERARD

You know better than that.

Latham broods. Berard's Aide-de-camp enters.

AIDE-DE-CAMP

Your car's outside, sir.

He takes the satchel and leaves.

BERARD

What happened to the two divers?

LATHAM

Team One's diver was intercepted  
off the Port of Santiago de Cuba.

BERARD

Before he could mine the 'La  
Coubre'?

LATHAM

Yes. An explosion there was supposed  
to draw attention away from the ship  
'Der Meister Der Hohen See.'

BERARD

Was the West German ship mined?

LATHAM

With a timer designed to  
malfunction. The idea was to give  
the impression that the exiles were  
mining cargo ships to destroy  
Cuba's economy.

Berard puts on his coat and grabs his hat.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

But shortly after the 2nd diver had  
mined her, the DGI raided his home  
and took him into custody.

BERARD

Clearly then, someone leaked word  
that Krüger purposely manufactured  
those ball bearings to be defective.

Berard crosses to the door and pauses.

BERARD (CONT'D)

I want answers on this, Warren.

He leaves, followed by Latham.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD pours milk into her coffee. She takes a sip and  
SQUINCHES. She smells the milk and recoils - it's sour.  
Latham enters, his mood as sour as the milk.

COLLETTE

Operation Maelstrom didn't go well,  
did it?

LATHAM

It was a disaster. Get me a cup of  
coffee, would you?

COLLETTE

Wanna hear some good news first?

LATHAM  
(testily)  
No, I'd like some coffee first.

He storms into his office. Collette pours her coffee into Latham's mug. She grabs a cable from her desk and enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Collette puts Latham's mug on his desk.

COLLETTE  
This came in from New York Central while you were upstairs.  
(hands him the cable)  
They have a walk-in, an East German named Hans Tiekel. He claims he's handling U.S. mercenaries in Cuba.

LATHAM  
(his interest piqued)  
Where are the mandarins?

COLLETTE  
Bazzo's at the dentist and Carla's in The Hole with our new mandarin Three, Alan Dell.

She leaves, grinning slyly. Latham takes a sip from his mug and SQUINCHES. He desperately looks around his desk. Finally, he finds the waste basket and SPITS out the coffee.

THE HOLE

A third desk and locker have been added. ALAN DELL, 30-ish and handsome, reviews reports as CARLA DILAURIA removes a laundry bag from her locker. The Red phone RINGS; Dell answers.

DELL  
1-1-3-7, mandarin Three here.

DILAURIA  
Just give the phone number, Alan.

DELL  
(nods; into phone)  
Yes... I'll tell her.  
(hangs up)  
The boss wants you.

DILAURIA  
Every time I try to do laundry!  
(shoves her laundry bag  
back into her locker)  
I've got nylons in there banned by the Geneva Convention.

DELL

I'll shoot any that try to escape.

DiLauria grins as she leaves.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

DiLauria enters. Latham motions for her to take a seat.

LATHAM

Is the name 'Hans Tiekel' familiar?

DILAURIA

Ex-Nazi, head of Stasi's Third Directorate, I believe. Last I heard he was in Cuba.

LATHAM

Try New York. He's a walk-in and I want you to vet him.

He hands her the cable. Collette enters with a folder.

COLLETTE

Hans Tiekel, courtesy of D-Int.

She hands it to Latham and leaves. He reads from it.

LATHAM

'Tiekel ran counterintelligence operations in East Berlin, infiltrating anti-communist student groups. He later ran Stasi's Irregular Rendition efforts in Western Europe on behalf of the KGB. In his present assignment in Cuba, he is believed to be training the DGI and some U.S. mercenaries.'

DILAURIA

Didn't we use a mercenary on Operation Maelstrom, AM-FRONT?

LATHAM

Yes. We're about to walk the cat on Maelstrom. So when you vet Tiekel, see if their paths have crossed.

DiLauria nods and gets up; she pauses.

DILAURIA

Oh, when are you going to let Alan Dell solo?

LATHAM

Not until he's had more experience.

DILAURIA

Boss, it's been over a year since  
I've had any time off.

LATHAM

Give him a couple more trips, okay?

She nods grudgingly and leaves.

EXT. SOFIA, BULGARIA - U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

INSERT: "U.S. EMBASSY, SOFIA, BULGARIA"

A Mercedes exits through the gated entrance.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

In the back sits well-heeled U.S. CONSUL PETER REDDING, 45.

EXT. KOZYAK STREET - DAY

A clunky Trabant sedan pulls ahead of the Mercedes and stops short, resulting in a minor fender-bender.

The Trabant's driver, BULGARIAN STATE SECURITY COLONEL IVAN FEDORAK, 50, gets out, as does Redding's CHAUFFEUR. Fedorak flashes his ID and walks to the Mercedes. He talks to Redding, hands him a note, then returns to his car and drives away.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham stands by the file cabinet, leafing through a binder. Bazzo enters. Latham checks the 24-hour wall clock: 10:25.

LATHAM

Where have you been?

BAZZO

Dentist. Sweet new hygienist there.

LATHAM

(annoyed)

Well, if she's got an alarm clock,  
move in with her.

Bazzo broods mockingly. Collette hurries in and hands Latham a cable.

COLLETTE

FLASH precedence from our Embassy  
in Sofia.

As Latham reads it he grows incredulous.

BAZZO

What?

Latham hands him the cable. Bazzo reads it aloud.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
'Colonel Ivan Fedorak, Chief of Bulgaria's State Security Service, will provide the names of agents and double agents, and a list of ongoing operations in the U.S.'

LATHAM  
Provided said documents are given to CIA Officer Alan Dell.

BAZZO  
Geezus... If this is legit, it's the biggest gift I've ever seen.

COLLETTE  
That's what the Trojans said when the Greeks gave them that horse.

Latham arches an eyebrow, then turns to Bazzo.

LATHAM  
When's the meeting?

BAZZO  
(reads the cable)  
Day after tomorrow, 00:30 GMT.  
(checks the wall clock)  
They're four hours ahead us...  
That's 34 hours from now.

LATHAM  
(to Collette)  
Get mandarin Three up here pronto; have him wait outside.

COLLETTE  
Right.

She leaves, shutting the door. Latham leans against his desk.

LATHAM  
Why would this Fedorak ask for Dell?

BAZZO  
He was posted at the Embassy there.

LATHAM  
So? Why not just hand over the material to someone there now?

BAZZO  
Could be Fedorak knows him, or knows who he is.

Latham presses the intercom.

LATHAM  
Is Kensington back yet?

COLLETTE (O.S.)  
He's in his office.

LATHAM  
Call D-Int. Ask him to meet me  
there in ten minutes. Is mandarin  
Three there?

COLLETTE (O.S.)  
He just walked in.

LATHAM  
Send him in.

The door opens; Dell comes in, looking curious.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Take a seat, Alan.

Dell sits.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
You were posted to the Embassy in  
Sofia, Bulgaria in...  
(snaps his fingers, trying  
to recall the date)  
What, '57?

DELL  
'57 and '58.

LATHAM  
Did you run across a Colonel Ivan  
Fedorak, Bulgarian State Security?

DELL  
Not that I know of, no.

BAZZO  
Never stopped or detained by them?

DELL  
No. Why?

Bazzo hands him the cable. Dell is shocked by what he reads.

DELL (CONT'D)  
Why me?

BAZZO  
He knows you or can recognize you.

LATHAM

Fedorak's demanded a take-it-or-leave-it, 00:30 rendezvous in Sofia, and you're to come alone.

DELL

You think it's a trap?

BAZZO

Don't you?

DELL

Yes, but with a very large carrot.

LATHAM

That's what upstairs will say. There isn't time to wait around while this is being debated. So I want you to get yourself to a holding position in Sofia. Wait there until you're cleared to run. Alright, go get briefed.

DELL

Yes, sir.

Dell leaves. Bazzo is aghast, shaking his head. Latham sits.

LATHAM

I know what you're going to say.

BAZZO

I don't like this at all.

LATHAM

Neither do I. And if I'm not 100% convinced, I'm not letting him run.

BAZZO

You can't let him solo, not on a mission like this; it's too risky. Let me go with him.

LATHAM

I can't afford to have all three mandarins out at the same time.

BAZZO

Can you afford another failure on top of the one we just had in Cuba?

Bazzo has struck a nerve.

KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

BILL NEALY enters, joining Latham and STEWART KENSINGTON.

NEALY

Is this about Fedorak?

LATHAM

Yes.

NEALY

I read the cable. Pretty cute, him staging that accident. He's taken out more than a few double agents that way.

LATHAM

Well, now they're part of the package he's offering us.

KENSINGTON

What do you think's going on, Bill?

Kensington motions for them all to sit.

NEALY

I think he's nervous. Khrushchev's been gallivanting around the world-

LATHAM

Trumping up his brand of socialism.

NEALY

Yes, but also trying to drum up trade and tourism. The Soviet Union needs hard currency: dollars, pounds, francs. Pretty hard to do when you've got a bunch of hoods running around throwing dissidents under subways.

KENSINGTON

Like Lev Rebet, that Ukrainian emigré.

NEALY

Yes. I think Moscow finally sees Fedorak for what he is: An unsophisticated thug whose methods are an embarrassment to the Kremlin.

LATHAM

So what's he doing then?

NEALY

I think he's testing us. If we'll go through hell and high water for this, he'll see himself as a VIP in our eyes.

KENSINGTON

Meaning we'd do the same thing again if he decided to jump.

LATHAM

But why demand a handover to Dell?

NEALY

My guess is he wants to make sure he's put the material into the hands of someone who's used to clandestine meetings. Better than having some poor bastard Embassy staffer playing at 'spies.'

Latham is unconvinced. He gets up and meanders about.

LATHAM

I don't know... You can shape the facts to fit anything you want.

NEALY

You worried it might be a trap?

LATHAM

Wouldn't you be?

NEALY

Except if it were a trap, wouldn't he go for the greater prize, mandarin One, instead of your newbie, mandarin Three?

The logic of Nealy's argument stops Latham in his tracks.

LATHAM

Still, I'd like to run this by MI6.

KENSINGTON

I thought you and SMOTH were no longer pals.

LATHAM

We still have to work together.

He crosses to the door.

KENSINGTON

Well don't tell him any more than you have to. If Fedorak does decide to defect, I don't want him wooed away from us by the British.

NEALY

I think you'll find their assessment agrees with ours, Warren.

LATHAM  
(pausing at the door)  
That's what I'm afraid of.

EXT. BROOKLYN (NEW YORK CITY) - CHURCH - DAY

INSERT: "BROOKLYN, NEW YORK"

A sign reads "Bulgarian Eastern Orthodox Church." Cars are double-parked; service has ended. As the parishioners exit, a large group gathers at the bottom of the steps where they warmly greet Bulgarian émigré BOIKO GOTHA.

A HELMETED MAN on a noisy motorcycle pulls up and REVS the motor. A few parishioners loudly complain.

An ASSASSIN, overcoat draped over his arm, approaches Gotha from behind. He FIRES several shots into Gotha from a SILENCED PISTOL concealed under his overcoat. Gotha slumps.

In the confusion, the Assassin slips past the crowd and jumps onto the back of the motorcycle. Its driver then speeds away.

ACT TWO

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM

JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY brief Dell and Bazzo. Latham enters. Percy points out Dell's route to Sofia on a map.

PERCY  
Alan, you'll be on a MAT flight from Andrews to Incirlik Air Base in Turkey. From there Air Force Intel will get you to Istanbul.

DELL  
More spies per square inch there than public toilets.

PERCY  
Then make sure you do your business on the plane. Now, from Istanbul you'll fly on T.H.Y. to Sofia.

BAZZO  
I flew on T.H.Y. once to Heathrow. When the plane landed, the stewardess got on the speaker and said: 'We hope you enjoyed giving us the business as much as we enjoyed taking you for a ride.'

Smiles and chuckles all around. Latham cuts it short.

LATHAM

Where's mandarin Three staying?

PERCY

The Hotel Banat on the Piata  
Rosetti - far enough away from  
downtown so he can spot any State  
Security tails.

Stokes takes over, pointing out Bazzo's route on the map.

STOKES

Bazzo, you'll be coming in from the  
north - an SAS flight to Vienna,  
then a connecting flight on TABSO  
to Sofia.

LATHAM

(to Bazzo)

If I have to reach you, I'll page  
you at the airport in Vienna using  
your working name, Tom Sterling.

BAZZO

Right. Where am I staying, Jared?

STOKES

The Slavyanska Beseda, it's a BYOB:  
Bring Your Own Blanket.

Bazzo sneers. Percy turns to Latham.

PERCY

We've arranged for a female Embassy  
staffer to call mandarin Three at  
his hotel. That way if anyone's  
listening, it won't sound contrived.

LATHAM

Good.

PERCY

(to Dell)

She'll call you at 23:30 GMT, one  
hour before The Meet. If it's still  
on, she'll ask you to come over for  
a late dinner. If it's not on,  
she'll ask to meet you in the hotel  
bar for a drink.

LATHAM

Will he be armed?

Dell interrupts Percy.

DELL

No. We talked about it, but if I'm stopped or searched, it would only make things worse for me.

LATHAM

Agreed.

PERCY

If anything does go wrong, we've arranged for a bolthole - here.

(points to it on the map)

The key and the address will be passed to Dell at his hotel. A second key will be passed to mandarin One in Vienna.

LATHAM

How long will they have it?

PERCY

24 hours; 48 at the most.

LATHAM

What about their documentation?

STOKES

French papers authorizing travel in and out of Bulgaria several times. Also, Bazzo will have the use of a car, courtesy of our asset at the Embassy.

A Red phone RINGS; Percy answers as the briefing continues.

PERCY

0-9-3-9...

STOKES

(to Bazzo)

The key and location will be passed to you at your hotel, along with instructions on where to leave it.

(to Dell)

Alan, your hotel is only about ten minutes away from The Meet on foot.

LATHAM

Make sure he can recognize Fedorak.

(to Dell)

Alan, see me before you go.

Dell nods. Latham crosses to the door as Percy hangs up.

PERCY

Mr. Latham!

Latham stops and turns around.

PERCY (CONT'D)

A Bulgarian dissident named Boiko Gotha was assassinated outside a church in New York. He was shot several times. The assassin escaped, along with an accomplice.

Disquieted, Latham leaves.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters. As he passes by Collette...

LATHAM

Get me the file on Operation Maelstrom.

She gets up and goes to a file cabinet. Latham enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

And sits. Collette follows with the file and Latham's coffee mug, placing them on his desk. Latham raises the mug to his lips then stops - he sniffs the coffee. Satisfied, he takes a sip and opens the file.

Collette grins slyly as she crosses to the door. She stops short and looks back.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Mandarin Three is here.

Latham nods. Collette ushers Dell inside then leaves, closing the door. Latham stands and points to a chair. Dell sits.

LATHAM

Ready to go?

DELL

Yes, if not entirely willing.

LATHAM

I was going to say if you wanted to opt out, I completely understand.

DELL

I'm alright, sir.

LATHAM

Okay. If you don't get clearance to run, just stay in your room. Get a good night's sleep and grab the first flight home in the morning.

Dell stands, showing more bravado than confidence.

DELL  
I'll meet you back here for dinner  
with those documents, sir.

LATHAM  
You're on. See you then.

The two shake hands. Dell leaves.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE - DAY

Traffic wends its way past...

JOE AND NEMO'S HAMBURGER STAND

Latham is at the take-out window, paying for his food. He turns to leave and runs into LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH), carrying his own take-out. Latham is surprised but not pleased.

LATHAM  
We're supposed to meet in the park.

JONES  
I asked Collette where you were.

LATHAM  
Next time I'll swear her to  
secrecy.

The two walk along Massachusetts Avenue.

JONES  
I just wanted to atone for our  
little misunderstanding on Allen  
Hightower...  
(holds up the paper bag)  
General Tso's Chicken.

LATHAM  
I've got my lunch.

JONES  
Yes, but this is edible.

Latham arches an eyebrow.

JONES (CONT'D)  
I also wanted to ask you what AM-  
FRONT was doing talking to the head  
of Cuba's DGI, Manuel Piñeiro?

LATHAM  
(caught off guard)  
When was this?

JONES

Yesterday. My man thought you might be targeting Piñeiro.

LATHAM

How about you telling him just that.

Jones steps in front of Latham; they both stop.

JONES

Hey, FRONT's been on joint U.S.-U.K. Ops in Latin America for the past 8 months. If he's turned, my masters need to be told.

Latham leads Jones across the street into...

SAMUEL GOMPERS MEMORIAL PARK

Filled with people on lunch break. Latham and Jones stroll.

LATHAM

You say anything and the backlash could end the Special Relationship.

JONES

This isn't just Five Eyes, Warren; there are NATO interests involved.

LATHAM

(testily)

Don't you think I know that?

JONES

Then what do you expect me to do?

LATHAM

For now, nothing.

JONES

Warren-

LATHAM

Give me time to walk the cat on Maelstrom first; see if he's involved. You owe me that.

Jones sighs and nods grudgingly, propitiating a truce.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Meantime, I need a favor - Colonel Ivan Fedorak.

JONES

Bulgarian State Security - the man who shoots first and never asks questions later.

LATHAM

He's offered us a list of his U.S. operations, plus the names of DS agents and double agents here.

Jones is flabbergasted.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

But he'll only turn the material over to mandarin Three, and that's at 00:30 GMT, day after tomorrow.

JONES

That's not much time. Could be a trap.

LATHAM

No shit, Sherlock. I need to know if Fedorak's fallen into disfavor with his masters in the Kremlin. If he has, I'm not letting my man run.

JONES

I'll ask. But considering the prize, your masters may force you to.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters carrying his take-out. Collette looks up.

COLLETTE

Berard's back. He wants to see you.

Latham groans, drops his lunch on her desk and leaves.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard looks out the window; his mood is dark. Latham enters.

BERARD

Sit down, Warren.

Wary, Latham sits.

BERARD (CONT'D)

I just left the White House where I got the worst dressing down since I was at boarding school.

Latham is surprised.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Our efforts to sabotage the Cuban economy were described as being about as effective as nailing jelly to a tree. We're in a mess, Warren, and frankly, you put us there.

LATHAM

(stung by the criticism)  
Sir, I've already begun walking through Operation Maelstrom.

BERARD

A posteriori. The fact is, the FBI's A.D. is at the White House right now, discussing a revised Cuban Operation.

LATHAM

It's just more of the same, pushing for control of all domestic Intel.

BERARD

With a bit more currency this time, wouldn't you say?

Latham broods. Berard sits at his desk.

BERARD (CONT'D)

I need something to push back. The Deputy Director has told me about your operation in Sofia, and I heard a Bulgarian dissident was murdered in New York. My understanding is you've asked for an MI6 assessment.

LATHAM

Yes, sir.

BERARD

A success here will help silence your critics and keep the Bureau from putting a foot in our door. So don't let SMOTH talk you out of it.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY (ARCHIVE)

The Chrysler Building dominates the mid-Manhattan cityscape.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - OFFICE - DAY

There's a KNOCK on the door; DiLauria enters. The station #1, BRUCE WILSON, replaces a bulb on his desk lamp and greets her. He looks fed up as they sit.

DILAURIA  
How's our little Nazi?

WILSON  
Acting like it's occupied Paris.  
Little bastard's been swearing at  
me in German ever since he got  
here.

DILAURIA  
(amused)  
He give you his version of 'Life  
With Stasi'?

Wilson hands her a hefty file labeled "TIEKEL, HANS - EYES ONLY." She opens it and pulls out a typewritten "novel."

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
Where's the original, his hand-  
written copy?

WILSON  
That is the original.

DILAURIA  
You had him type it?

WILSON  
Tiekel believes a man of his rank  
shouldn't have to write. Or type.

As Wilson massage his fingers, DiLauria grins and flips through the folder. She pulls out a memo.

INSERT:

**UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT  
MEMORANDUM CONFIDENTIAL**

**TO : Edward Hicks SAC, FBI NYC      DATE: October 1, 1959**  
**FROM : PT/F - John Whitmore**  
**SUBJECT: Possible effect of the expatriation laws on those**  
**engaging in revolutionary activities in the Caribbean States.**

**Finding of Loss of Nationality for Americans who expatriated [themselves] under Section 349(a)(3) of the Immigration and Nationality Act. By continuing to serve voluntarily on and after January 2, 1959 as Aide[s] to the Chief of the Cuban Revolutionary Army, certificates of Loss of Nationality, approved September 3, 1959, have been prepared for the following individuals:**

**Morgan, Paul Alexander - Born Indianapolis, Indiana, October 8, 1928.**  
**Hendrickson, William James - Born Mobile, Alabama, March 13, 1932.**

**Molina, Alfredo Jesus - Born New York City, New York, May 16, 1929.**

**Nichols, Richard - Born Norfolk, Virginia, May 12, 1927**

**The cases of other persons who engaged in revolutionary activities in Cuba are being investigated as the opportunity arises. The FBI will be informed regarding such cases whenever a finding of loss of United States nationality is made by the Passport Office.**

**COPY TO: The Commissioner  
Immigration and Naturalization Service,  
119 D Street, N.E.,  
Washington, D.C.**

BACK TO SCENE

DiLauria shows Wilson the memo.

DILAURIA  
Tiekel gave you this?

WILSON  
Yeah, as part of his bona fides.

DILAURIA  
Cable Domestic Ops. Have them get me a list of Expats with Loss of Nationality operating in Cuba.

Wilson nods as he takes notes.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
What's Tiekel said so far?

WILSON  
Mostly he's been boasting about how easy it is to spot American agents behind the Curtain.

DILAURIA  
Wow, I hope he is just boasting.

WILSON  
He's also made quite a few lewd remarks about the women in the Company. It's all in there.

DILAURIA  
Hmm... Is there a Five And Dime nearby?

WILSON  
Yeah, around the corner. Why?

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - BASEMENT INTERROGATION ROOM

A ceiling lamp illuminates a table with a tape recorder, a microphone and two chairs on opposite sides. Tiekel is seated, in his skivvies; he's mostly bald, an eye patch over his left eye. Arrogant and anxious, he drums his thumbs on the table.

Locks CLICK; the metal door opens. Backlit by the hall lights, DiLauria enters. The door CLANGS shut.

TIEKEL

(scoffs)

Now comes the soft part of the interrogation.

DiLauria walks to the table and stands before him.

TIEKEL (CONT'D)

Your lackey said I was going to be vetted by someone from headquarters. Instead, they send a little swallow.

Tiekel licks his lips - he's becoming excited.

DILAURIA

Need some saltpeter, mein Herr-less?

TIEKEL

You CIA fiends are always looking to drug someone. Earlier I asked for aspirin, but I know that little queer tried to give me barbiturates.

DILAURIA

You catch on fast, Adolf. Our last walk-in didn't figure it out until he was face-down in the East River.

TIEKEL

Lutsch meine schwanz!  
(translation: Suck my dick!)

Where is the movie I asked to see, 'Et Dieu Crea La Femme'?

DILAURIA

'And God Created Woman'... You like Bridget Bardot, huh?

TIEKEL

My, my... The little bitch knows some French. So where is it?

DILAURIA

Another defector is using it to get off. You'll have to wait your turn.

Tiekel jumps up; he's so skinny he looks like a marionette.

TIEKEL

Arschloch!

(translation: Asshole!)

You think you can torture me?!

DILAURIA

Why, Hans... Such language.

Tiekel flips her the bird and sits. DiLauria starts to unbutton her blouse. Tiekel stares at her and smirks.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Like it? I have something special here, just for you.

She pulls something from her skirt pocket, leans over the table and places it before Tiekel: a small rubber thimble.

TIEKEL

Was zur hölle ist das?!

(translation: What the hell is that?!)

DILAURIA

Oh, I'm sorry. Too big for you?

TIEKEL

Dumme Schlampe!

(translation: Stupid bitch!)

He SPITS at her. DiLauria crosses to the door and presses a BUZZER. Two burly CIA OFFICERS enter wheeling a high-voltage charger with metal alligator clamps.

DILAURIA

Now let's play.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - LAFAYETTE SQUARE PARK - NIGHT

Well-lit and empty. Latham and Jones stroll. Jones hands him a manila envelope. Latham pulls out a photo.

JONES

That was taken on Khrushchev's last visit to Sofia. All the local Party Big Whigs are there, except Fedorak.

Disappointed, Latham slides the photo back into the envelope.

LATHAM

So, he really is on the skids.

JONES

The Kremlin doesn't mind a thug,  
just not one who makes headlines.  
What are you going to do?

LATHAM

What can I do? I've been given a  
mandate to go in and get the  
material.

JONES

And if Fedorak decides to use this  
to recoup his reputation?

LATHAM

I've thought about that. That's why  
I'll need you to arm Bazzo when he  
gets to Sofia and give him backup.

Jones stops; he's dumbfounded. Latham stops alongside him.

JONES

You want my people to arm him on  
station and supply backup?

LATHAM

Yes, Larry. I do.

JONES

Then I guess I'd better go get  
clearance.

Jones and Latham head their separate ways.

EXT. SOFIA, BULGARIA - HOTEL BANAT - DAY

INSERT: "SOFIA, BULGARIA"

Stock footage of the grand, two-star Hotel Banat.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Dell enters. He sets his suitcase on a chair, removes his  
coat and checks his watch: 3:35. He props up the pillows on  
the bed, leans back against them and turns on the radio.

EXT. SOFIA - BORISOVA GRADINA PARK - DAY (DUSK)

INSERT: "BORISOVA GRADINA PARK, SOFIA"

A Trabant sedan parks by the empty National Stadium. Bazzo  
alights and enters the Park, toting an SAS flight bag, blue  
with white lettering.

A lone stroller, a GAY OLDER MAN, approaches; he winks at  
him. Bazzo politely shakes his head no.

NEARBY PATH

Bazzo approaches a familiar face sitting on a park bench, MI6's WILLIAM PRESTON. Beside him is an SAS flight bag, but it is blue-and-white with blue lettering. Preston smirks.

PRESTON

You two want to be alone?

Bazzo sneers and sits. He stares at Preston's flight bag.

BAZZO

Didn't anyone tell you SAS changed its livery two years ago?

PRESTON

What are you talking about?

BAZZO

You were supposed to bring a regulation 9 by 12, SAS flight bag, Preston. That thing's an antique.

PRESTON

Well, now it's yours.

(swaps flight bags)

I got you an ACP M1911 - not exactly my choice of firearm.

BAZZO

As long as it isn't war surplus.

PRESTON

I also gave you sabots instead of standard ammunition. That way if you do manage to hit someone, there'll be very little left of him that's capable of firing back.

Preston smiles wryly.

BAZZO

See you at the beer hall.

He gets up and leaves.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Latham enters. Collette picks up two FBI memos and an I.N.S. report. She hands him the I.N.S. report first.

COLLETTE

Carla requested that. It's an I.N.S. list of Expats whose citizenship was revoked because they're still serving as mercenaries for Castro.

Latham recognizes a name on the list.

LATHAM  
Frank Martin, AKA Rogelio Martinez.

COLLETTE  
AKA AM-FRONT. These two FBI memos came with it. Apparently I.N.S. used them as justification for putting AM-FRONT on the list.

She hands him the FBI memos. Latham is incredulous as he reads the first one. Collette sees this and nods.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
I know. AM-FRONT offers to work for the Bureau as an agent-in-place and they turn him down.

LATHAM  
Since when do they refuse anyone with information on Cuba?

He hands the documents back to Collette.

COLLETTE  
Maybe they thought he was tripling, offering his services to both the Cubans and them, while his real allegiance lay with us.

Latham considers this as he pours coffee for the two of them.

LATHAM  
It'll be interesting to hear what Carla has to say.

COLLETTE  
(checks the clock)  
It's 4:00, Warren.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Owens and Farrell take turnover from Stokes and Percy. A CIA OFFICER sets wall clocks labeled "Sofia," 20:05, and "Washington," 16:05, on a table. Latham enters. Stokes looks at Latham.

STOKES  
If it's all right with you, sir, Percy and I would like to stay on and see it through.

Latham nods appreciatively and sits with them.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - BASEMENT INTERROGATION ROOM

DiLauria leans against the wall and lights a cigarette. Tiekel has been through an ordeal. Now completely nude, he is strapped to the chair and sweating profusely.

DILAURIA  
What was your relationship to the  
American mercenary, Rogelio  
Martinez?

Tiekel doesn't answer. DiLauria walks up and holds her cigarette up to Tiekel's good eye. He stiffens.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
Rogelio Martinez, Herr Tiekel.

TIEKEL  
(straining)  
Täubchen.

DILAURIA  
What?

TIEKEL  
Täubchen!

Tiekel slumps over, exhausted. DiLauria stops the tape recorder and removes the tape reel.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - OFFICE - DAY

Wilson plays back a passage on a tape recorder for DiLauria.

DILAURIA (O.S.)  
Rogelio Martinez, Herr Tiekel.

TIEKEL (O.S.)  
Täubchen.

DILAURIA (O.S.)  
What?

TIEKEL (O.S.)  
Täubchen!

Wilson stops the tape.

WILSON  
Täubchen - that's German for  
'little dove.' Who's he mean, you?

DILAURIA  
Nazis don't have a sense of humor.

WILSON

Maybe it's a colloquialism then,  
something polite used ironically.

DILAURIA

No, he's as vulgar as they come.

She sighs, frustrated, and heads for the door.

WILSON

Where're you headed?

DILAURIA

From what I saw downstairs, it's  
the one place Tiekel hasn't seen  
since he got here: the bathroom.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM

The Washington clock reads 19:10; the Sofia clock, 23:10.

LATHAM

(grudgingly)

Alright, call the Embassy. Tell  
them it's a late dinner.

Owens picks up the Red phone.

EXT. SOFIA, BULGARIA - KARAVELOV STREET - NIGHT

A seedy area of abandoned buildings. A WOODEN FENCE abuts the  
Park. The few streetlights there illuminate a WHORE and her  
JOHN getting into a CAR; a HOBO curled up on a park bench;  
and a DRUNK huddled in a doorway, swilling Vodka.

THE PARK

Is virtually empty. As Dell walks toward Karavelov street, he  
looks about warily. A MAN steps from behind a tree: Fedorak.

Fedorak approaches, reaching inside his coat. Dell tenses.  
Fedorak pulls out an envelope and hands it to Dell.

IN AN ALLEY OFF KARAVELOV STREET

A searchlight atop Jeep #1 FLICKS ON. TWO of the THREE STATE  
SECURITY MEN jump from the Jeep and race into the Park.

THE HOBO

Draws his pistol - he's STATE SECURITY MAN #4.

IN JEEP #1

STATE SECURITY MAN #3 raises a bullhorn.

STATE SECURITY MAN #3  
Stay where you are! Do not move!

ON KARAVELOV STREET

A SHOT rings out, killing the Hobo - it's from Bazzo, the Drunk in the doorway.

IN THE PARK

Dell turns and runs. Fedorak and the Two State Security Men frantically take cover. More SHOTS are fired, coming from...

THE JOHN IN THE CAR

Who is MI6's Preston. The Whore SCREAMS and runs off.

FURTHER UP KARAVELOV STREET

Headlights from Jeep #2 come on; it races toward the Park. Preston takes aim and FIRES. The Jeep veers wildly; it jumps the curb and CRASHES into a shanty.

IN THE PARK

The Two State Security Men return FIRE.

ON KARAVELOV STREET

- Bazzo FIRES, killing Security Man #3; he then knocks out the searchlight on Jeep #1. He escapes, running behind a building.

- Preston FIRES at the Two State Security Men in the Park, then drives off.

- Dell reaches the Fence and starts to climb it.

STATE SECURITY MAN #2

Aims at Dell and FIRES.

AT THE TOP OF THE FENCE

Dell YELPS and STIFFENS - he's been hit. More SHOTS ring out. Dell struggles to climb and falls over the other side of the fence.

### ACT THREE

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM

The Washington clock reads 21:20; the Sofia clock, 01:20. Half-smoked, crooked cigarettes fill the ashtrays. Everyone at the Duty Desk is tense.

On a new wall map of Europe a CIA OFFICER replaces two GREEN STICKPINS in Sofia, Bulgaria with TWO YELLOW ones. Owens is on the Red phone, waiting.

LATHAM

Pete, try the Embassy.

FARRELL

Sir, the Embassy called the hotel only 20 minutes ago. They can't risk calling again so soon.

Owens raises his hand for quiet, then covers his open ear.

OWENS

(into phone)

Say again... Right.

(covering the handset)

Shots were fired. So far, neither mandarin's been taken into custody.

FARRELL

There's some hope.

OWENS

(into phone)

Was anyone injured?...

(to Latham)

There's a lot of chatter, but it appears mandarin Three was wounded.

Mournful murmuring echoes around the Duty Desk.

LATHAM

Wait - we have no eyes on the ground there, so who's confirming this?

OWENS

State Security broadcasts over 169 MHz, the same frequency used by a hearing aid manufacturer in Denmark.

FARRELL

No wonder the Danes are so damn irritable.

The gallows humor eases the tension somewhat.

LATHAM

Go on, James.

OWENS

TSD fashioned a receiver for the station on that frequency. They confirm the police are conducting a house-to-house search.

(MORE)

OWENS (CONT'D)

Fortunately, they've started at the other end of the city from the bolthole.

LATHAM

What about Fedorak?

OWENS

(into phone)

Anything on the Colonel?...

(to Latham)

No joy on that yet, sir.

LATHAM

Alright. Pete, call Berard and Kensington. Bring them up to date.

FARRELL

Right.

He picks up his Gray phone and dials.

LATHAM

James, when's the next MAT flight to Incirlik?

As Owens checks the schedule...

FARRELL

(into phone)

I'm calling for Mr. Latham. May I speak to Mr. Berard, please?

OWENS

That's it for the week, sir.

LATHAM

What about commercial flights?

OWENS

You thinking of going to Sofia?

Latham glares at him. Owens dutifully checks the commercial flight schedule.

FARRELL

(into phone)

It's Farrell, sir. Operation Broadside's been rolled up.

OWENS

Next one's at 09:26 tomorrow.

LATHAM

I'll be in my office.

Latham leaves. Owens and Farrell exchange worrisome looks.

EXT. SOFIA, BULGARIA - STREET - NIGHT

Dark and empty. A Brutalist tenement fills the block.

INT. BOLTHOLE (APARTMENT) - NIGHT

A typical cold-water flat common to worker families: three rooms, kitchen and bath - no radiators or refrigerator. From the building's apartments comes a PURL of barking dogs, arguments and pop music from tinny radios.

The door swings open. Bazzo helps Dell inside and kicks the door shut. He gently lays Dell on his side on the bed.

Dell is a mess - he's in considerable pain, his eyes are red and tearing, his coat is open. He suddenly STIFFENS, GRIMACING to suppress a scream.

Bazzo unbuttons Dell's shirt and lifts it; blood trickles from a bullet hole at the base of the spine. Unable to control his body, Dell has soiled himself. Bazzo covers his nose.

DELL  
(embarrassed and laboring)  
I know... My coat pocket.

Bazzo reaches inside Dell's coat and pulls out the envelope. He reads its contents.

BAZZO  
Looks like Fedorak was legit.

DELL  
They were letting him run.

BAZZO  
Hm, letting him hang himself.

Dell clenches his teeth. Bazzo quickly covers Dell's mouth, muffling his SCREAM. Dell begins to weep.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
I have to get you some help.

He starts to get up. Dell grabs Bazzo's sleeve.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
I can't move you on my own. I need help.

DELL  
I can't move my legs.

BAZZO  
Hang on, Alan.

DELL  
Gimme your gun.

BAZZO  
No!

DELL  
Paul...

BAZZO  
I know. I'll work something out.

Bazzo leaves.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Latham pores over route maps of Bulgaria and Turkey, making notes. He checks the wall clock: 22:30. He picks up the Gray phone and dials "Operator," then pulls his passport and a wad of \$20 bills from a desk drawer and tosses them on his desk.

LATHAM  
Operator, this is Warren Latham,  
Director, Domestic Operations  
Division. DoD number 100,035,110-4.  
I'd like you to place a secure call  
to Andrews Air Force Base, Colonel  
Wesley Spencer, Military Air  
Transport Service, Atlantic  
Division.

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

Stock footage of the base.

INT. FLIGHT OFFICE - NIGHT

INSERT: "MILITARY AIR TRANSPORT SERVICE"

"MATS" is stenciled on the wall above its EMBLEM: a blue globe with white meridians at a 23-degree axial tilt, and emblazoned with eagle's wings and three centered arrows pointing WNW, North and NNE. Below the emblem is a blackboard showing the flight schedule:

**Atlantic Division**

<b><u>Carrier</u></b>	<b><u>Destination</u></b>
Oct 10	
USN R6D-1	Charleston
USAF C-54-E-DO	McGuire, Bermuda

Oct 11

USAF C-97	Azores, Burtonwood
USN C-124C	Seville, Madrid, Chateauroux, Paris
USAF C-133B-DL	Nouasseur, Tripoli, Khartoum
USAF R7V-1BN	Cairo, Dhahran, Incirlik

A U.S. Air Force C-147 transport plane taxis past the window. COLONEL WESLEY SPENCER, 45 and lean, dressed in the uniform of the day, is on the phone, completing the last line of the flight schedule.

SPENCER

Hey, Warren. What's shakin'?

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH SPENCER

LATHAM

How soon can you get me to Incirlik?

Spencer checks the blackboard.

SPENCER

Not before Sunday. Why?

LATHAM

I've got a man down in Sofia and another trapped there with him.

SPENCER

So why are you calling me? You've got backup in Turkey; bring 'em in.

LATHAM

Can't. I've got a short BIGOT list on this - my Division only. And even if I wanted to, the Bulgarians will be thinking the same thing. By now they'll have shut down their border with Turkey.

SPENCER

Then you're S.O.L., man. There's no bust-out if you're caught behind the Curtain; you know that.

LATHAM

I don't need a lecture, Wes; I need a plane.

SPENCER

And I told you what the deal was.

Ignoring this, Latham refers to his maps.

LATHAM

Look, if you can just get me to Incirlik, from there a C-130 Hercules can do a low swoop and drop me outside Burgas on the Black Sea.

SPENCER

Uh huh... Then what?

LATHAM

I'll set up a temporary bolthole there. The Bulgarians will be looking south, towards Turkey. My people have access to a car. If they drive east on the A2, they'll avoid the checkpoints. We can take a scheduled flight from there to West Berlin.

SPENCER

You said you've got an injured man, right? What if he can't walk?

LATHAM

Then I'll ask the Turks to help exfiltrate them.

SPENCER

And what makes you think the Turks will help?

LATHAM

For God sakes, man, they get 50 million dollars a year from us! I'm sure someone there can scrounge up a damn boat.

Spencer scoffs, shaking his head in disbelief.

SPENCER

I don't know why the hell we're even discussing this. You need clearance from the White House for something like this. And I guarantee you there's no way you'll get it on such short notice.

LATHAM

So use your initiative; mount the Operation in anticipation of approval.

SPENCER

Hey, don't even try that bullshit with me!

LATHAM

Look, Wes, time is short. We need to be in the air ASAP.

SPENCER

And that's another thing. You'll never get to Burgas because you don't have permission from the Turks to overfly their territory.

LATHAM

C'mon, we're all NATO. They're not gonna shoot down one of our planes.

SPENCER

Look, even if you got permission, I still have to assemble a crew; file a flight plan, make sure they aren't running into someone else up there. Then there's the pre-flight briefing and the-

LATHAM

Look, I know all that. What I need from you is a departure time.

SPENCER

Have you heard a word I've said?

Latham finally explodes, pounding on his desk.

LATHAM

Damn it, Wes!

SPENCER

Warren, I know you're desperate.

LATHAM

Then get me on a goddamn plane!

SPENCER

No! You don't have clearance from the White House which means you won't get clearance from the Turks! Hell, your people could already be in custody or dead by the time you get there!

Latham kneads his forehead in anguish and sighs.

LATHAM

So that's it then... We just give them up for dead.

SPENCER

I'm sorry, Warren.

Latham hangs up. He slumps back in his chair, defeated.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Through earphones Wilson listens to more of the tape labeled "Tiekel Interrogation" while he also reviews its transcription. Meanwhile, DiLauria pores over an FBI memo.

INSERT FBI MEMO:

**SAC, MM 134-1510-3 02-OCT-59**

**Interview of ROGELIO MARTINEZ, mercenary working with La Guarda forces of Fidel Castro in Cuba, conducted Miami, Florida by S.A. William Peters. Subject inquired about his U.S. Citizenship status pursuant to his Loss Of Nationality.**

**MARTINEZ requested the Bureau to intervene on his behalf, and offered his services as an agent-in-place (sic), and the codename of an operative, LA PALOMITA, with ties to HVA, the East German Security Service. Complete facts surrounding the identification of LA PALOMITA withheld by MARTINEZ, pending Bureau approval of subject's request. This information was forwarded to S.A.C. Gerald Scanlon Jr., MM, for review, who forwarded the request to the ADIC, HQ.**

**In the opinion of S.A.C. Scanlon, MARTINEZ is an individual who exaggerates his role and has a diseased mind. S.A.C. Scanlon has ordered that, due to the fact that MARTINEZ continues to engage in mercenary activities despite subject's Loss Of Nationality, no further action be taken on this matter at Miami UACB.**

BACK TO SCENE

DiLauria is incredulous. She taps Wilson.

DILAURIA  
Listen to this...

Wilson stops the tape and lifts his earphones.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
Rogelio Martinez - the mercenary  
with Castro's La Guarda?

WILSON  
AM-FRONT. You used him on Maelstrom.

DILAURIA  
Right. He offered the FBI the  
codename of a Cuban operative with  
ties to the East German Security  
Service, if they'd help him with  
his citizenship status. Guess what  
the operative's codename is?

Wilson shrugs.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
La Palomita, Spanish for 'Little  
Dove.'

WILSON  
(dumbfounded)  
And Tiekel used the German word for  
'little dove' - täubchen. So is  
Martinez tripling?

DILAURIA  
Could just be disinformation, or  
something we haven't even  
considered yet.

Wilson throws up his hands in frustration.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
Wait, there's more.

WILSON  
God, I feel a migraine coming on.

DILAURIA  
The FBI Agent who met with Martinez  
called him a mental case and  
refused the offer, suggesting no  
further action be taken.

Wilson scoffs, shaking his head. Suddenly he remembers  
something. He gets up and rummages through a file cabinet.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
You looking for some aspirin?

WILSON  
Huh? No. This Air Force Colonel...  
He had a similar problem.

He finds the file and lays it open before DiLauria.

INSERT PATHE-LIKE NEWSREEL FOOTAGE:

- RICHARD NICHOLS, 40, in the mountains with Fidel Castro's  
rebel forces, fighting government troops;
- The U.S. Embassy in Havana;
- Nichols pleads with LEGAL ATTACHE JAMES HEGARTY;
- The Cuban Air Force on maneuvers;
- GENERAL PEDRO LUIS DIAZ LANZ with FIDEL CASTRO, later  
testifying at a Cuban government inquiry.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

WILSON (CONT'D)

Richard Nichols... He'd been working with the Cuban rebels since '56. He went to our Embassy in Havana to see the Legal Attache, James Hegarty. Nichols wanted to remain in-place; he figured his continued involvement with the rebels would yield valuable Intel. So to prove it, he told Hegarty about Pedro Luis Diaz Lanz.

DILAURIA

Chief of the Cuban Air Force?

WILSON

Uh huh. Lanz was worried about the influence wielded by the Communist members of Castro's government.

DILAURIA

That is valuable.

WILSON

Not according to Hegarty. He told Nichols he couldn't help him and put Nichols on the Expat list.

BACK TO SCENE

Wilson sits back down at his desk. DiLauria is incredulous.

DILAURIA

The FBI runs the damn Legat program, yet none of this interests them.

WILSON

Nichols went to I.N.S. who contacted the FBI. They said Nichols' case didn't fall within the scope of the Legat program: threats against the U.S., its persons or interests. So, as a last resort, he came to us.

He puts his earphones back on. DiLauria sighs and reads a second FBI memo. One section in particular catches her eye.

**INSERT: "While at the Embassy SUBJECT saw a Cuban DGI officer with a woman whom the Embassy's Liaison Officer referred to as LA PALOMITA."**

BACK TO SCENE

DiLauria is stunned.

EXT. SOFIA, BULGARIA - SEPTEMVRI STREET - NIGHT

A dark, gritty area of warehouses. Bazzo enters the side door of BREZA, a beer hall that appears closed.

INT. BREZA - BASEMENT

It's an after-hours club, thick with cigarette smoke and twenty-somethings. A trio of MUSICIANS finish their set.

Bazzo enters and espies the GUITARIST. When the Musician looks his way, Bazzo turns up the collar on his coat.

The Guitarist STRUMS the opening bars to "Wedding," a traditional Bulgarian folk song. A few drunken complaints are hurled his way. The Guitarist responds by flipping them the bird then chats with his fellow Musicians.

BAZZO

Walks to the back of the hall, past the toilet to a door. He TAPS on it using the Tap Code:

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

(To select a letter, first select a number from the horizontal line, then a second number from the vertical line, e.g., 1,2 is the letter 'F'. Each number represents the number of TAPS on the door (one tap, short pause, two quick taps). The pause between numbers is short; between letters it's longer.)

Bazzo taps out 3,1; 4,2; 1,1. The door opens.

WINE AND BEER CELLAR

Dank and musty, with more cases of beer than racks of wine. Bazzo enters and is greeted by a Beretta held by Preston.

BAZZO

Thanks for the backup.

Preston lays his pistol on a nearby case of beer.

PRESTON

Any time. Where's your buddy?

BAZZO

In the bolthole; he was hit.

PRESTON

How bad?

BAZZO

The bullet's creased his spine; he can't walk. I'm afraid if I try to move him, it'll kill him.

PRESTON

Better you than the Unwashed.

Bazzo is shocked. Preston offers him a bottle of beer. Bazzo declines. Preston opens it and takes a long swig.

BAZZO

I could use some help, Preston.

PRESTON

To do what?

BAZZO

To save his life! What the hell is it with you?

PRESTON

You're behind the Curtain, mate. There's nothing you can do for him, short of calling in the Bulgarians.

BAZZO

It's better than doing nothing.

PRESTON

Right - let them save him so they can torture him, convict him in a show trial and then execute him.

Bazzo slumps onto a crate. Preston takes another swig.

BAZZO

He shouldn't have to die like this.

PRESTON

No, but then you don't always have a choice in the matter, do you?

BAZZO

I'm not leaving him here.

PRESTON

Then be prepared to die here with him, plus all the other names you'll give up before State Security finishes with you.

This has a sobering effect on Bazzo.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

My advice to you is this: Your man's circling the drain? End it for him before they do.

BAZZO

I hate this shit.

PRESTON

I know how you feel.

Bazzo is affronted; he glares at Preston.

BAZZO

Mandarin Three's back there in this cheap flat, 6000 miles from home; lying in his own urine, feces... Paralyzed from the waist down. I watched him weep, begging me for my gun so he could end it. So don't tell me you know how I feel.

Preston grabs his pistol and sticks it in his waistband.

PRESTON

I'll do it.

BAZZO

Like that makes it easier for me.

(stands up)

Get your people ready. I'll be back in an hour.

Bazzo leaves.

INT. BOLTHOLE - NIGHT

Dell grimaces as he grabs hold of the headboard and struggles to pull himself upright. Grabbing his pant legs, he GRUNTS as he swings each leg over the edge of the bed, away from the front door.

Marshalling his remaining strength, Dell forces himself onto his feet. There's a loud SNAP - his spine. Dell SCREAMS and crumbles to the floor.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Red phone RINGS; a weary Latham answers it.

LATHAM

2-3-6-2...

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT

DiLauria is on the Red phone, her notes spread on the desk.

DILAURIA  
It's Carla. I'm going to boomerang  
Tiekel.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH DILAURIA

Latham paws at his eyes.

LATHAM  
Why?

DILAURIA  
The guy's an unreconstructed Nazi  
with no regard for human life. As an  
agent-in-place, he'd be worthless.

LATHAM  
He give you anything on AM-FRONT?

DILAURIA  
He mentioned Täubchen; it's German  
for 'little dove.'

Latham perks up.

LATHAM  
Wait... In one of those FBI memos  
Collette sent you, AM-FRONT mentions  
an East German agent, la Palomita.

DILAURIA  
'Little Dove,' I know. At first I  
thought it might be the Stasi's  
codename for AM-FRONT, and Tiekel's  
use of Täubchen was disinformation.  
But then the Station #1 remembered  
this Air Force Colonel Richard  
Nichols who was in the same  
predicament as AM-FRONT.

LATHAM  
Worried he'd lose his citizenship.

DILAURIA  
Right. He went to the Embassy in  
Havana and the FBI's Legat there  
turned him away with the follow-up  
'no further action.'

LATHAM  
So what the hell's going on then?

DILAURIA  
I know. But then I came across an  
FBI memo in Nichols' file.

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

It stated Nichols overheard an Embassy staffer refer to a woman seen with a DGI officer as 'Little Dove.' So maybe Little Dove's a Stasi agent and AM-FRONT's handler. It would explain why AM-FRONT went to such lengths to try and keep his U.S. citizenship.

Latham pauses a moment to think; he taps on his desk.

LATHAM

But it doesn't explain why the FBI didn't pick up on his knowledge of Cuban affairs, or why this Nichols was bounced.

DILAURIA

True, but as far as Nichols goes, Wilson says it's because the Legat program has no mandate for matters posing no direct criminal threat to the U.S.

LATHAM

Okay, but then why did they-  
(stops, thinks aloud)  
'The FBI's A.D. is discussing a revised Cuban Op right now...'

DILAURIA

Sorry, was that meant for me?

LATHAM

No, hang on... AM-FRONT tells the FBI's Miami S.A.C. about 'Little Dove.' The S.A.C. sends a memo on it to FBI HQ then suddenly decides it warrants no further action, even going so far as to discredit AM-FRONT. And earlier the Bureau's Embassy Legat gave this Nichols the boot.

DILAURIA

Where are you going with this?

LATHAM

I think Little Dove is a double agent - for the Stasi and the FBI.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard and Kensington are there. Berard is in formal wear, his evening clearly interrupted. Kensington is dressed casually. They sip coffee while Latham explains.

LATHAM

When the Miami S.A.C. queried FBI HQ about la Palomita, they had to tell him Little Dove was one of theirs and to end contact with AM-FRONT, or risk exposing her.

BERARD

And when Nichols saw the Legal Attache at our Havana Embassy?

LATHAM

Same deal. The Legat program has no mandate for matters posing no direct criminal threat to the U.S. This gave the Legal Attache in Havana a legitimate reason to refuse Nichols.

Kensington struggles with Latham's train of thought.

KENSINGTON

We know AM-FRONT's involved with Little Dove; it's in the FBI memo. So wouldn't it stand to reason that he also passed on information to her about Operation Maelstrom?

LATHAM

No. When AM-FRONT went to the FBI, he was legit. He told them about Little Dove and Operation Maelstrom to establish his bona fides.

BERARD

I hope that allays any fears SMOTH has that AM-FRONT compromised U.S.-U.K. operations in Cuba.

KENSINGTON

Then if AM-FRONT isn't the leak, who is?

LATHAM

The FBI. They'd have told Little Dove about Operation Maelstrom, knowing full well she'd pass on the information to the DGI.

Both Berard and Kensington are stunned and angry.

BERARD

It isn't enough we have to worry about the communists, now we have the FBI sabotaging our operations.

LATHAM

With Maelstrom an operational disaster, it wouldn't take much for the FBI to convince the White House to give them full control over all domestic and Cuban operations.

BERARD

It never ends, does it?

Berard stands, signaling the end of the meeting. Kensington and Latham also rise and cross to the door.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Oh, Warren...

Latham turns around; Kensington leaves, shutting the door.

BERARD (CONT'D)

I was wrong when I blamed you for this mess.

LATHAM

You were only acting on the information at hand, sir.

BERARD

Hindsight is a poor excuse.

Berard offers his hand; Latham shakes it.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Let's hope for the best with Operation Broadside.

EXT. SOFIA, BULGARIA - STREET - NIGHT

Bazzo parks his Trabant and enters the tenement house.

INT. BOLTHOLE - NIGHT

Bazzo enters and looks around - where is Dell? The covers have been dragged off the bed. Bazzo goes to the far side of the bed and sees Dell's lifeless body on the floor.

BAZZO

Kneels and puts two fingers to Dell's neck - no pulse. He removes Dell's wristwatch, takes his passport and wallet. He stands and looks sadly at Dell. Finally, he crosses to the door, opens it and leaves.

END