

Cool Gray Dawn  
Episode #3: "Marginal Value"

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"Marginal Value"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

The Capitol Dome glistens in sunlight.

EXT. TUNLAW ROAD, NW - RUSSIAN EMBASSY

The sign on the gate of the compound reads "Embassy of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics" in English and Cyrillic.

INT. LOBBY

Haughty VLADIMIR SOLKOV, 50, descends the stairs, an overcoat draped over his shoulders. TWO KGB AGENTS in dark suits meet him in the lobby and flank him as they exit the building.

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - AT THE CURB

KGB AGENT #1 gets behind the wheel of a Mercedes limousine. KGB AGENT #2 opens a rear door and takes Solkov's coat. Solkov gets in, followed by the KGB Agent. They drive off.

I/E. MERCEDES LIMOUSINE - DAY

Rush hour - the car slows in the heavy traffic. Solkov reads *Pravda*. He surprises KGB Agent #2 by offering him a cigarette. Solkov pulls out a butane lighter and flicks up a HIGH FLAME.

As the car lurches forward, Solkov THRUSTS the flame into the eye of KGB Agent #2. The Man SCREAMS. Solkov kicks open the car door and rolls out into oncoming traffic.

EXT. MULTI-LANE STREET

The Mercedes SCREECHES to a halt; from behind a truck SLAMS into it. Solkov struggles to his feet and RUNS.

The TRUCK DRIVER, a bear of a man, jumps out. KGB Agent #1 jumps from his car and starts after Solkov. The Truck Driver steps in front of KGB Agent #1 and shoves him backwards.

TRUCK DRIVER

Where the hell you goin', moron?!

KGB Agent #1 quickly draws his semiautomatic pistol from his shoulder holster. The Truck Driver throws up his hands and backs away. KGB Agent #1 takes off after Solkov.

16TH STREET

Solkov TEARS around the corner and runs into a FEMALE PEDESTRIAN, sending them both sprawling. She SCREAMS.

A POLICEMAN directing traffic turns and sees KGB Agent #1, gun drawn, grab Solkov and throw him to the ground. People SCREAM; some fall to the ground to take cover. The Policeman RACES over, draws his weapon and aims it at KGB Agent #1.

POLICEMAN

Put the gun down! Put it down, now!

KGB Agent #1 places his gun on the street; the Policeman quickly handcuffs him. Solkov struggles to his feet.

SOLKOV

Help me! I am Vladimir Solkov from Soviet Union seeking asylum.

AGENT #1

Sooka!

(Translation: Bitch!)

POLICEMAN

Shut up, you!

He takes KGB Agent #1 and Solkov to his patrol car.

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

A few CIA PERSONNEL ascend the steep stairs to the compound.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DUTY DESK

WARREN LATHAM and MI6's LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) sit behind JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY. Everyone is anxious, waiting. Stokes is on his Red phone. CARLA DILAURIA enters.

DILAURIA

Has Bazzo seen him?

LATHAM

Not yet.

Percy's Red phone RINGS; he answers it.

PERCY

0-4-3-3... Just a minute.  
(raises the handset)  
Mr. Latham, it's Security.

Latham taps DiLauria and points to Percy. She walks over and takes the call. Jones leans over to Latham.

JONES

You tell Kensington about this yet?

LATHAM

(shakes his head no)  
I didn't want to risk having him  
turn it down.

Stokes puts a finger to his open ear to hear better.

STOKES

(into phone, louder)  
Say again, Falconer.

EXT. GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA - BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY

INSERT: "GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA"

Palms overhang the fence surrounding a Victorian mansion. A sign reads "Embajada Británica en la Ciudad de Guatemala."

INT. MI6 GUATEMALA CITY STATION

FALCONER - a tense, 50-ish Brit - has a land-line phone in one hand and a field phone in the other.

FALCONER

(into land-line phone)  
Redtail has a visual. Stand by.  
(into field phone)  
Go ahead, Redtail.

EXT. JUTIAPA, GUATEMALA - MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

INSERT: "JUTIAPA, GUATEMALA"

PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY crouches in the brush. He peers through binoculars.

BAZZO'S P.O.V. - BLOODIED MAN IN THE GLEN - BINOCULAR MATTE

RICHARD HOLDEN, 28, struggles to run through the thicket. His shirt is blood-stained; he holds his right arm to his side.

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo puts down the binoculars and speaks into a field phone.

BAZZO

Shadow has moved out, with baggage.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

DiLauria hangs up and returns to Latham.

DILAURIA

Metro police have a walk-in, a KGB officer named Vladimir Solkov.

Latham nods, recognizing the name. Stokes turns to Latham.

STOKES

Holden's in sight. And Bazzo confirms he's been hit.

LATHAM

Tell him to fire one green.

STOKES

(into phone)

Fire one green. Repeat, fire one green.

MI6 GUATEMALA CITY STATION

Falconer relays the message into his field phone.

FALCONER

Redtail, fire one green.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE

Bazzo loads a green-tipped round into a flare gun and FIRES it high into the air.

HOLDEN

Sees the flare. He runs from the brush into a glade. O.S., dogs BARK.

BAZZO

Anxiously peers through his binoculars.

BAZZO

(under his breath)

Come on, Rich. Come on.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Stokes again turns toward Latham.

STOKES

Holden's on the move again.

JONES

There's still a chance.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - GLADE

The uniformed PEOPLE'S MILITIA quickly surround Holden.

Their dogs BARK and SNARL; the officers take aim.

INT. MI6 GUATEMALA STATION

Falconer switches from his field phone to the land-line.

FALCONER  
(despairingly)  
Hawks are circling.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Stokes is grim.

STOKES  
They have Holden surrounded.

Silence and apprehension. All eyes turn to Latham.

LATHAM  
Tell Bazzo to fire one red.

Stokes is incredulous; he hesitates. Latham glares at him.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Tell him.

STOKES  
(reticently)  
Fire one red. Repeat, fire one red.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - GLADE

One of the People's Militia motions for Holden to walk. Instead, Holden drops his arms to his sides and turns around.

The CRACK of a rifle shot reverberates. The bullet SLAMS into Holden's chest, knocking him off his feet.

BAZZO

Slides his finger off the trigger of his rifle and lifts his head from the sniper scope. Anguished, he reaches for his field phone.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Stokes lowers the phone's receiver and turns toward Latham.

STOKES  
(somberly)  
One red... Confirmed.

DiLauria sighs. Latham points to a CIA ESCORT then to Jones and leaves. On a wall map, CIA OFFICER #1 replaces one of TWO YELLOW STICKPINS in Guatemala with a RED ONE.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD puts papers into a folder labeled "Vladimir Solkov" as Latham enters.

COLLETTE  
Metro Police have a walk-in.

LATHAM  
I heard - Vladimir Solkov.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham goes to his desk and sits. Collette enters, folder in hand.

COLLETTE  
Kensington was just in here. He knows about Operation Snowflake.

LATHAM  
(irritated)  
Hm, the one thing you can't keep in this damn place is a secret.

COLLETTE  
What about Holden?

LATHAM  
Bazzo had to take him out.

She looks down sadly and lays the folder on his desk.

COLLETTE  
Keep doing SMOTH'S dirty laundry and you'll be out - on your ear.

Latham is annoyed, but before he can speak the Red phone RINGS; Collette answers it.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
2-3-6-2... Yes, sir, I'll tell him.  
(hangs up)  
Kensington.

KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

The door is open. An austere STEWART KENSINGTON sits at his desk, hat and coat on, twirling his key ring. Latham enters.

LATHAM  
You wanted to see me, sir?

KENSINGTON  
Why wasn't I informed you'd sent a mandarin into Guatemala?

LATHAM

Because the deployment of Special Ops personnel is my business.

Kensington JUMPS to his feet and EXPLODES.

KENSINGTON

Until you make it mine. Who the hell gave you authority to assassinate a Russian colonel inside Guatemala?

LATHAM

Holden was backing up MI6. Their man was killed, so he finished the job.

KENSINGTON

So, now you're cleaning up after MI6.

LATHAM

And in return I'll get favors ten times over.

KENSINGTON

That's not the point! You cannot carry out an assassination without prior approval.

LATHAM

There wasn't time.

KENSINGTON

Then damn it you'll have to make time! As long as you work for me you'll follow the rules. When the blowback points here, how the hell are we supposed to deny it?

LATHAM

There won't be any blowback.

KENSINGTON

And how do you know that?

LATHAM

Because Holden's dead.

Kensington is stunned. He sits.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I had Bazzo take him out near the Honduran border a few minutes ago.

It takes Kensington a moment to overcome the shock.

KENSINGTON

Could you have saved him?

LATHAM

No. He was wounded and the People's Militia had him surrounded.

KENSINGTON

(sighs, exasperated)

Your Performance Appraisal is due.

LATHAM

I'm a little too preoccupied to worry about that right now.

KENSINGTON

Then don't be surprised if it's somewhat less than laudatory.

EXT. SOUTH FLORIDA - RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

A Plymouth Valiant speeds through a torrential rain.

I/E. PLYMOUTH VALIANT

Driving is JAMES HART, 45, Caucasian; MARY TANGNEY, 28, Black, is asleep on his shoulder. Suddenly, Hart fights for control. The car hydroplanes off the road and SLAMS into a palm tree.

Hart is DAZED and BLEEDING from the mouth. Tangney's head has smashed against the windshield. She's motionless on the seat; her face bloodied. Hart regains his senses and looks at her.

HART

Mary?... Mary!  
(listens at her chest)  
No... Oh God, no!

HART

Takes the key from the ignition and gets out. He slogs through the mud to the trunk, unlocks it, removes his luggage, then shuts the trunk lid. He takes a shirt from his luggage and wipes the door handles, steering wheel and dashboard. Then he bats away the remaining glass shards of the windshield.

He slides Tangney's body behind the wheel and puts the key back in the ignition. Then he grabs his luggage and limps off.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - THE HOLE - DAY

Bazzo enters carrying a flight bag. He pulls a bottle of tequila from it and hands the liquor to DiLauria.

DILAURIA

Thank you.

Moody and unresponsive, Bazzo stows the flight bag in his locker.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
You're welcome, Carla... MI6 put in a good word for you.

BAZZO  
That supposed to be a joke?

DILAURIA  
No. A penguin walks into a bar and asks the bartender, 'Has my father been in here?' And the bartender replies, 'Gee, I don't know. What's he look like?' That's a joke.

BAZZO  
He turned towards me.

DILAURIA  
What?

BAZZO  
Rich... He knew he was going to be hit, so he turned towards me to improve my angle... I have to go see his parents.

He walks out the door.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters, carrying a folder just as Collette is hanging up the phone. He hands her the folder.

LATHAM  
File that under Operation Snowflake.

COLLETTE  
Right. Got a few things for you.  
(hands him a cable)  
From the Russian Embassy.

LATHAM  
(reads the cable)  
We snatched Solkov?

COLLETTE  
Yuri Gvozdev trying to save face.

LATHAM  
Trying to avoid a stint in Lubyanka.

He hands her back the cable then pours coffee for the two of them, surprising her.

COLLETTE

Also, bad news from the Ops Room:  
Mary Tangney is dead. Car accident.

LATHAM

What - here in D.C.?

COLLETTE

No, Miami. She was on vacation.

LATHAM

Alright, see about getting the body  
back up here. Who'd she report to?

COLLETTE

Phil Reid, Counterespionage Desk.

LATHAM

Let him know so he can get a  
replacement.

COLLETTE

Right. And Kensington's aide called -  
your Performance Appraisal's ready.

Latham groans and puts down his coffee cup.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Oh, and one more thing: Carla says  
Bazzo's had it.

LATHAM

Why? Because of Holden? We've lost  
mandarins before.

COLLETTE

Yes, but now he knows the cavalry  
might not be there to save him.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A panorama from Manhattan's Central Park to the high-rise  
apartments on the Upper West Side.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Art deco. MR. AND MRS. HOLDEN, an older couple, sit together  
on the sofa holding hands, trying to keep their composure.  
Bazzo eyes pictures of Richard Holden on the mantle.

BAZZO

He favors you, Mr. Holden.

MRS. HOLDEN

Richie followed him, too.

BAZZO

Pardon?

MR. HOLDEN

I served with Naval Intelligence in  
The Great War. Rich was simply  
following a family tradition.

Bazzo nods appreciatively.

MRS. HOLDEN

The telegram didn't say when we'd  
get his body back.

BAZZO

That area of The Congo where his  
plane went down is so remote...

Mr. Holden nods. Mrs. Holden clings onto her husband's arm.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry.

MRS. HOLDEN

He would have been 29 on Saturday.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

A view through the chain-link fence to the Directorate Of  
Plans building atop the knoll.

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham does not hide his displeasure as he reads his review.  
Looking imperious, Kensington leans back in his chair.

KENSINGTON

Despite your successes, I felt it  
necessary to note your ongoing  
penchant for flouting authority.

LATHAM

I take that to mean your authority.

KENSINGTON

For the purposes of your evaluation,  
mine is the only one that matters.

LATHAM

Then Berard should review me. This  
should be based on my work, not on  
our personal differences.

KENSINGTON

You report directly to me. And my  
criticism is about your attitude.

LATHAM

(reads)

'Has repeatedly demonstrated his disregard for established procedure and the prerogatives of his superiors.' I'm not signing this.

Latham drops the review on the desk. Kensington is affronted.

KENSINGTON

You have that right. But I believe the facts bear me out.

LATHAM

There's a few missing here.

KENSINGTON

What's missing?

LATHAM

Those operations of mine you compromised.

KENSINGTON

This could just as easily turn into an exit interview.

LATHAM

If it weren't for me, you'd have already had one.

Kensington EXPLODES out of his seat as the intercom BUZZES.

KENSINGTON

(snarls into the intercom)  
Yes?

KENSINGTON'S AIDE (O.S.)

Assistant Secretary of State  
Richard Rudlin is on Gray.

Kensington hangs up and composes himself. He looks at Latham.

KENSINGTON

We'll finish this later.

Latham leaves as Kensington sits and answers his Gray phone.

EXT. LAFAYETTE SQUARE PARK - DAY

Latham and Jones stroll.

JONES

First I thought you and Kensington needed a marriage counselor. Now I'm thinking pistols at dawn.

LATHAM

I thought a duel was supposed to be  
an affair of honor?

Amused, Jones hands Latham an envelope.

JONES

From our Russian Desk - Vladimir  
Solkov. He helped create Cuba's  
intelligence service, and he's been  
arming Marxists all throughout Latin  
America. He was en route back to  
Moscow when he jumped.

LATHAM

Question is: Is he legit?

JONES

My senior man on the Desk thinks so.

LATHAM

Why?

JONES

He knows it was Solkov who told the  
Israelis about Franz Stangl, that  
ex-Nazi you people were using to  
identify East German agents.

LATHAM

Losing Stangl was a blow... So what  
do you want? Tickets to the ballet?

JONES

No, the Funny Car races in Bethesda.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - CIA OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Yet another gray, block-long nondescript building.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM

Dank and windowless. Solkov wears a blood pressure cuff and is  
wired to a polygraph machine. The polygraph operator, PHILLIP  
JEREMY, 40, adjusts the cuff then sits opposite Solkov.

JEREMY

Did you use the toilet?

SOLKOV

Yes. Now can we get on with it?

INSERT: Solkov glances at a pack of cigarettes on the table;  
blows his nose on the floor; throws his handkerchief on the  
floor. Jeremy checkmarks Solkov's attempts to deceive.

SUIT INTERROGATION TO ACTION

JEREMY

During this test there'll be only one break. Don't take any deep breaths.

(starts the tape recorder)  
22-6-59, 1130 hours. Subject is Vladimir Solkov. The test is now beginning.

(to Solkov)

Did you drink any coffee this morning?

SOLKOV

No.

JEREMY

Did you drive a car to get here?

SOLKOV

No.

JEREMY

Do you intend to answer these questions truthfully?

SOLKOV

Yes.

JEREMY

Is your name Sergei Solkov?

SOLKOV

(corrects him)  
No, Vladimir Ilya Solkov.

JEREMY

Were you in charge of the KGB's Third Directorate in Italy from June 1950 to April 1954?

SOLKOV

No, from May 1950 to April 1954.

JEREMY

Prior to your decision to defect, did you ever lie to your KGB superiors?

SOLKOV

No.

Jeremy checkmarks the response.

JEREMY

You seem to have a problem here.  
Did you ever knowingly pass on to  
your superiors disinformation?

SOLKOV

(soughs, exasperated)  
No. No, no, no.

JEREMY

One 'no' will do. Did you ever take  
credit for something you didn't do?

SOLKOV

No.

Another check mark.

JEREMY

Are you attempting to use counter-  
measures to defeat this test?

SOLKOV

No.

JEREMY

Have you had any unreported  
contacts with a foreign government  
representative?

SOLKOV

No.

JEREMY

Prior to your defection, did you  
ever provide classified material to  
an unauthorized person?

SOLKOV

No.

Jeremy again checkmarks the response.

JEREMY

Prior to your defection, were you  
willing to betray your government  
in the name of government?

SOLKOV

What? Yes. I mean, no. No.

JEREMY

Are you pretending to betray your  
government now?

Solkov glares at Jeremy.

ACT TWO

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham enters. Kensington has his coat on, ready to leave; his briefcase is on his desk.

LATHAM

You wanted to see me?

KENSINGTON

We're going to boomerang Solkov.

LATHAM

Why?

KENSINGTON

C.I. says he's of marginal value.

He hands a folder to a shocked Latham, who scans through it.

LATHAM

What about his dealings with Mossad?

KENSINGTON

He hasn't given us anything we don't already know. Plus, the polygraph showed him to be evasive.

LATHAM

Name a Russian who isn't.

KENSINGTON

He has nothing of value to offer, Warren. Kick him back.

LATHAM

He's the number two man in the KGB's Third Directorate. MI6 confirms his value.

Kensington is put off by this. He crosses to the door.

KENSINGTON

I don't care. Kick him back.

LATHAM

No.

Kensington is taken aback and stops at the door.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

C.I. is wrong on this. I want a chance to debrief Solkov.

KENSINGTON

I gave you a direct order.

LATHAM

And as a Division Head, I have the right to speak to Berard first.

BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD reads the MI6 report on Solkov as he listens to Kensington and an agitated Latham.

LATHAM

Solkov knew that Catholic Bishop, the one who helped all those ex-Nazis escape from Italy.

BERARD

You mean Alois Hudal; he ran the Rat Line to South America.

LATHAM

Yes, sir. MI6 confirms that in their report. Solkov knew Hudal's contacts in CIA and Mossad, but C.I.'s examiner never pursued it.

KENSINGTON

All I know is, whatever he was questioned on didn't pass muster.

LATHAM

So you're going to boomerang him because you can't come up with a reason why C.I. didn't do its job?

BERARD

Warren...

Latham bites his lip. Berard taps the report.

BERARD (CONT'D)

MI6 does touch on some points here about Solkov that, for whatever reason, C.I. missed. You can have your turn at him, Warren. But if he isn't vetted to Stewart's approval, we'll release him.

LATHAM

(incredulous)  
But he agrees with C.I.

BERARD

I'm confident everyone here will  
put the Agency's best interests  
ahead of their own.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Stock footage featuring the West Wing.

INT. WEST WING - HART'S ANTEROOM - DAY

Hart limps in. LIZ, his 50-ish secretary, is shocked.

LIZ

My God, Mr. Hart... What happened?

HART

It's nothing, Liz. Just a sprain.

He goes into his office and shuts the door.

HART'S OFFICE - LATER

Large and well-appointed. Hart is busy reading a report. Liz enters carrying several newspapers; she puts them on the desk.

LIZ

Here you are. I hope you find a  
vacation house you like.

HART

Thank you.

She leaves. Hart sets aside *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* and nervously thumbs through *The Miami News*. Finally, he comes across a blurb in "The Police Blotter."

**INSERT: "A late model Plymouth Valiant skidded off State Road 959 last night, killing the lone occupant, a female Negro, late 20's. Name withheld pending notification of next of kin."**

BACK TO SCENE

Hart is distraught; he gets up and limps to the window. Outside the gate a couple embraces. The image is too much for Hart to bear and he turns away.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Latham enters. DiLauria is there, speaking with Collette. Collette grabs her notepad.

COLLETTE

The Miami Police won't release Mary  
Tangney's body.

LATHAM

Why not?

DILAURIA

They're saying it's a homicide investigation now.

Latham is disconcerted and pours himself coffee.

LATHAM

They give a reason?

COLLETTE

Several.

(refers to her notepad)

The car's ignition key was in the OFF position when it should have been ON and the engine stalled. There were footprints in the mud around the car larger than her size-six shoe. So they did some measuring and found that Mary's feet couldn't have reached the pedals; the seat was pushed too far back. They also couldn't find any prints on the steering wheel or the door handles.

LATHAM

Was Tangney supposed to be driving?

COLLETTE

She rented the car.

DILAURIA

I should be looking into this, boss.

LATHAM

Hmm... Okay. Talk to her friends on the Desk. See if she went on vacation with a guy.

DILAURIA

How do you know she had a boyfriend?

LATHAM

I don't. But her friend was either a man, or a woman with long legs and big feet.

DiLauria is amused and leaves. He turns to Collette.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Is Bazzo back yet?

COLLETTE

He's in The Hole.

LATHAM

Ask him to come up here.

Collette picks up the Red phone as Latham enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Solkov's file is on his desk. Latham sits and reads through it. After a moment, Bazzo enters.

BAZZO

You wanted to see me?

Latham motions for him to sit.

LATHAM

Good job on Operation Snowflake.

BAZZO

Not from where I was standing.

LATHAM

They'd have butchered him, Paul. In the end, he'd have talked anyway.

BAZZO

He knew that. But no one ever said he'd have to worry about a Friendly.

LATHAM

He knew the risks.

Frustrated, Bazzo sighs; he gets up and turns away.

BAZZO

It doesn't matter. I'm thinking of moving on anyway.

LATHAM

Sorry?

BAZZO

Get a job in Mission Planning.

LATHAM

Look, take a couple of days off.

BAZZO

Don't... Don't patronize me.

LATHAM

I just want you to think about it.

BAZZO

I have. Five years... Enough's enough.

LATHAM  
(changes tack)  
Here.  
(hands him the Solkov  
folder)  
Vladimir Solkov. I need you to vet  
him.

BAZZO  
I thought C.I. already did that?

LATHAM  
They want to boomerang him.

BAZZO  
What? No, he's too valuable.

LATHAM  
They claim he's of marginal value.

BAZZO  
No, no. Something must be up.

LATHAM  
Maybe. I won a reprieve from  
Berard, but we have to satisfy  
Kensington. So do your best.

BAZZO  
Okay, seeing as it's my last job  
here.

He leaves. Looking doleful, Latham sighs.

EXT. CONNECTICUT AVENUE - APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

Overlooks a CIA Office Building. An apparent rifle barrel is  
poised in an open, top-floor window.

INT. LIVING ROOM

A tripod-mounted, 16mm movie camera with a LONG TELEPHOTO LENS  
sits by the window. Cans of film are stacked on the floor. KGB  
Agent #2, his left eye bandaged, plays solitaire while the  
camera's motor CLICKS away.

FROM THE WINDOW

Bazzo can be seen entering the CIA Office Building.

EXT. K STREET - TENEMENT HOUSE - DAY (ARCHIVE)

An older building in a working-class neighborhood.

INT. MARY TANGNEY'S APARTMENT

DiLauria searches through Tangney's belongings. In a dresser drawer beneath some peignoirs she finds a photo album with a snapshots of Tangney and Hart.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

DiLauria enters. Latham is at his desk, wolfing down all manner of Chinese takeout. DiLauria is amused.

DILAURIA

Doing your part to keep the Chinese economy afloat?

LATHAM

(embarrassed and annoyed)  
Did you want something?

DILAURIA

Mary Tangney did have a fella - one she kept to herself, apparently.

She tries to put the photo on his desk, but there's no room.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

I'll just mail this to you.

Latham SNATCHES the photo from her.

LATHAM

(surprised)  
James Hart.

DILAURIA

Ike's National Security Advisor, and the most liberal man in the Cabinet.

LATHAM

Must be, if he was seeing Tangney.

He hands the photo back to DiLauria and resumes eating.

DILAURIA

I'll bet his parents didn't know.

LATHAM

Do you tell your parents everything?

DILAURIA

I mean it's because they belong to the Christian Identity Movement.

LATHAM

Aren't they the idiots who believe  
Jews are descendants of Satan and  
all Blacks have no soul?

DILAURIA

Not the ones I listen to.

Latham stops chewing, not sure if he heard her correctly.

LATHAM

Any of Tangney's friends know about  
Hart?

DILAURIA

No, and I'm not surprised. If she  
had declared him, Security would  
have had to check him out. Tangney  
would've been reprimanded for  
seeing someone in government.

LATHAM

Hmm, that's true. Once word got out  
Hart was seeing a Negro, that would  
have been it for his career, too.

DILAURIA

I'm not so sure word didn't get out.

LATHAM

What do you mean?

DILAURIA

According to the Movement, Hart  
violated God's Law, the one against  
race-mixing. They could have gone  
after Tangney to set an example.

LATHAM

Except we think Hart was driving.

DILAURIA

Then why leave her there to die? He  
could have gone for an ambulance -  
unless he's hiding something.

Latham leans back, hanging on DiLauria's words.

MID-SHOW BREAK

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT (EVENING)

Latham speaks to Berard who's putting reports in his satchel.

BERARD

Hart's close to Eisenhower; they play golf together. He could even be Nixon's choice for Vice President.

LATHAM

Sir, at the very least he's left his girlfriend to die on the roadside.

BERARD

And at worst?

LATHAM

I'm not sure - but he's definitely hiding something.

BERARD

Could just be his girlfriend. Either way, the FBI ought to be handling this.

LATHAM

Sir, whenever the NAACP complains there are no Black agents, Hoover trots out his cook for a Photo Op.

BERARD

Our record on race isn't much better, Warren.

LATHAM

No, but at least we don't have to lie about Tangney being an analyst.

BERARD

Alright. Declare it a Special Op.

Berard presses the BUZZER on the intercom. His AIDE-DE-CAMP enters, takes the satchel and leaves. Berard grabs his hat. He and Latham leave the office together.

CORRIDOR

Berard and Latham stop at the elevator.

BERARD

I had a chance to read your review.

LATHAM

With accompanying comments no doubt.

BERARD

Warren, since I've been here, you and I have been pretty honest with each other, wouldn't you say?

LATHAM

Yes, of course.

BERARD

Then trust my judgment here. You're an excellent Operations officer but your career here is stalled until you learn to work with Stewart.

The elevator doors open. Latham reins in his disgust as people step out. He and Berard step into the...

ELEVATOR

Latham presses the first-floor button; the doors close.

LATHAM

That stunt he pulled in Cuba cost two men their lives, not to mention DiLauria's sister.

BERARD

We've had that discussion. He's my Deputy Director, and I can't have you running a one-man show from the second floor, acting in spite of him.

LATHAM

He's such a pompous ass though.

BERARD

He believes a career in intelligence is his birthright. But the world's far too complex now to be left to landed gentry like him. And you're far too intelligent to let that happen. Be a bit less touchy and find a way to work with him.

Latham broods. The elevator doors open; the two step out.

EXT. INTERSTATE 295 EAST - DAY

A GRAY CHEVROLET SEDAN keeps pace with the traffic.

I/E. CHEVROLET SEDAN

Latham is behind the wheel. He leaves the highway at the sign "Exit 32 - Fort Meade."

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY - CORRIDOR

A MILITARY POLICEMAN escorts Latham to a door labeled "National SIGINT Operations Center." Above it are four titled emblems:

National Security Agency, Army Security Agency, Office of Naval Intelligence, and United States Air Force Security Service.

INT. SIGNALS INTELLIGENCE ANALYSIS ROOM

Crammed with rows of workstations with analysts poring over printouts. Telex and teletype machines TAP nonstop. An overhead sign reads "SURVEILLANCE OFFICER."

Beneath the sign Latham sits with JERRY RUDD, 40. At his workstation is an array of beat-frequency oscillators and scanners. Rudd refers to a printout.

JERRY

These spikes show increased electro-magnetic static on the secure trunk lines at the Russian embassy. The timeline's along the Y-axis.

Latham isn't sure. Rudd sees this and clears his throat.

JERRY (CONT'D)

The, um, Y-axis is along the bottom.

Chagrined, Latham runs his finger along the graph bottom.

JERRY (CONT'D)

The first one came around 17:55; there were several more for the next half hour. What time was Solkov brought into the police station?

LATHAM

Around 17:45.

JERRY

Ah! That's why 10 minutes later there's all this cable traffic between their embassy here and Moscow Center.

LATHAM

Hmm, while one KGB minder was being hauled off to the pokey, the other one was calling his boss.

JERRY

I'd say comrade Solkov has made someone in Dzerzhinsky Square very nervous.

LATHAM

I hope so, else his next trip home will be in a trunk. Thanks, Jerry.

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY (ARCHIVE)

Another view of the embassy.

INT. ANTEROOM - DAY

At the door to the main office, a SECRETARY with a folder is about to knock. She pauses as she hears her boss loudly DRESS DOWN someone in Russian. A SMACK is heard. She KNOCKS.

YURI GVOZDEV flings open the door. Behind him are KGB Agents #1 and #2. Agent #1 has a fresh BRUISE over his left eye. The Secretary hands Gvozdev the folder. He SLAMS the door shut.

EXT. BALTIMORE - FRIENDSHIP INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY (DUSK)

A sign reads "FRIENDSHIP INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT."

INT. MAIN TERMINAL

A CIA OFFICER with a shoulder bag and a camera photographs passengers on the tarmac boarding an Aeroflot propjet.

CIA OFFICER'S P.O.V. - KGB AGENTS #1 AND #2 - CAMERA MATTE

As the camera shutter CLICKS, battered KGB Agents #1 and #2 are escorted onto the plane by beefy Russian security men.

BACK TO SCENE

The CIA Officer puts his camera in a flight bag and leaves.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of teletype machines, ringing phones and chatter. DUTY OFFICERS PETE FARRELL and JAMES OWENS man the Duty Desk. Latham eyes the photos taken at Friendship Airport.

LATHAM

Hmm, someone paid for Solkov's defection.

FARRELL

Certainly enhances his bona fides - and pisses off Mr. Kensington.

Latham grins and hands the photos to OWENS. DiLauria enters.

DILAURIA

Two things: Hart wasn't on the rental agreement. I guess he didn't want anyone to know he was there.

LATHAM

The Miami police should've come up with that.

DILAURIA

That's the other thing. They've shut down their investigation. They're shipping the body up here tomorrow.

OWENS

Someone got to them.

DILAURIA

(sotto voce to Latham)  
Collette wanted you to see this.  
(hands Latham a form)  
Bazzo's 'Request For Transfer.'

INT. CIA OFFICE BUILDING - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

A tape recorder runs as Bazzo speaks on the phone.

BAZZO

Solkov gave up the name of a talker on our Counterintelligence Desk: Raymond Clair.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Latham is on the phone, taking notes.

LATHAM

Solkov didn't say anything before about a mole here.

CROSSCUT BAZZO WITH LATHAM

BAZZO

He claims he tried to but the polygraph operator steered him away.

LATHAM

Hmm... Did he say when the KGB approached this Raymond Clair?

BAZZO

They didn't; Clair was a walk-in.

LATHAM

Great. So when did he approach them?

BAZZO

According to Solkov, first week of August in '54. He said a couple of weeks later, Clair told the Israelis about Franz Stangl.

LATHAM

Wait - you sure he said August?

BAZZO

Yes. According to C.I.'s own notes,  
the guy has an eidetic memory.

Latham is perplexed, shaking his head.

LATHAM

No, it couldn't have been Clair who  
tipped off the Israelis.

BAZZO

Solkov says it was Clair, boss.

LATHAM

Not in August of '54, it wasn't.

BAZZO

Why?

LATHAM

Because it was Solkov himself who  
tipped off the Israelis to Franz  
Stangl - back in March of '54.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY (MORNING)

CIA Officers flash their badges as they enter the compound.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard and Latham sip tea and munch on scones.

BERARD

Are you sure it was Solkov?

LATHAM

I was in Milan in March of '54 when  
the Mossad snatched Franz Stangl.

BERARD

Did Solkov or the KGB know you were  
running Stangl?

LATHAM

No, I used a cutout.

BERARD

Then why would Solkov feed us this  
fairy tale on Raymond Clair?

LATHAM

I don't think it is fiction... Say  
Clair is a mole. Soon after he  
agrees to spy for the KGB he learns  
about Franz Stangl from Solkov.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Clair's KGB handler then directs him to approach the Israelis as a CIA officer willing to spy for them.

BERARD

So he's tripling now.

LATHAM

Yes. Clair uses the information he has on Stangl and Alois Hudal to establish his CIA bona fides. Now the Israelis believe they have a CIA source who can verify whatever Solkov passes on to them.

BERARD

So, the KGB would have Solkov feed the Israelis the occasional ex-Nazi or Stasi agent to keep them happy.

LATHAM

Along with 'U.S. Eyes Only' goodies passed on to them by Clair - goodies the KGB would then cook for Solkov to pass on as disinformation to the Israelis.

Berard is exasperated and sighs. He sets down his teacup, gets up and meanders about.

BERARD

Clair's got to be stopped. You've got to prove he's a mole without alerting the Israelis... And don't forget about Solkov.

LATHAM

Understood, sir.

EXT. JOE AND NEMO'S HAMBURGER STAND - DAY

BILL NEALY sees Latham leave with a takeout. Nealy waves and catches up to him.

NEALY

How the hell can you eat that?

LATHAM

Hey, try it before you knock it.

NEALY

I did. Fortunately, I have Blue Cross.

Latham grins.

NEALY (CONT'D)

I understand you're reevaluating our walk-in, Vladimir Solkov.

LATHAM

Yes, to Kensington's satisfaction.

NEALY

I just talked to Philip Jeremy.

Latham shrugs; he doesn't recognize the name.

NEALY (CONT'D)

He FLUTTERED Solkov. He said your boy was too quick to offer up that there was a mole in C.I. So he tried a new tack, hoping to trip up Solkov. But he forgot to get back to the issue of the mole.

LATHAM

Sounds like this Jeremy's just covering his own ass, Bill.

NEALY

That's part of it, I'm sure. But that's not what I'm getting at. What if Solkov were offering up a low-level traitor in order to protect someone more important?

LATHAM

Giving up Raymond Clair to protect someone higher up at C.I.?

NEALY

It may not even be someone in CIA.

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - KGB OFFICE

A 16mm movie projector is running. Gvozdev watches footage of Bazzo entering the CIA Office Building, projected onto a drawn shade. Worried, he gets up and leaves the room.

EXT. CORNER OF E STREET AND 18TH STREET - DAY

Gvozdev walks to a mailbox and drops a postcard in the slot. He bends over to tie his shoes and casually makes three small CHALK MARKS on the side of the mailbox. He then stands and walks away.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY (DUSK)

Latham exits and sees Kensington waiting at the curb. Kensington sees him and nods. Latham walks up to him.

KENSINGTON

MOTHER's asked to see me. He's wondering why Solkov's still a guest here.

LATHAM

He could have asked Berard.

KENSINGTON

Yes, but he asked me. And you might try being a bit less impertinent.

A government pool car pulls up. As Kensington gets in...

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

You're walking a fine line here, Warren.

LATHAM

Occupational hazard, sir.

Kensington taps the driver; the car pulls away.

EXT. CORNER OF E STREET AND 18TH STREET - DAY (DUSK)

Latham pauses at the mailbox; he SEES Gvozdev's chalk marks.

EXT. MUNICIPAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT (EVENING)

A typical multi-level facility.

INT. PARKING LOT - LOWER LEVEL

Poorly lit. A few cars are scattered about.

LATHAM

Walks up to a pay phone in a stairwell. He feels underneath it and peels off a slip of paper taped there. It reads "HJ1-633." He walks around, eyeing the parked cars. In a far corner he spots a Rambler American with license plate number HJ1-633.

INT. RAMBLER AMERICAN

Latham gets in. An anguished Gvozdev is behind the wheel.

LATHAM

A Rambler? What happened - Moscow cut your allowance?

GVOZDEV

My throat may be next.

LATHAM

What's the matter, Yuri?

GVOZDEV

Moscow is very anxious to get  
Solkov back.

LATHAM

Well, as far as I know, you're not  
holding anyone worth swapping.

GVOZDEV

Warren, I am a loyal officer. But I  
may spend the next five years in a  
labor camp because of a defector I  
do not even like. We have developed  
some trust, you and me. Now I am  
trading on that trust.

He hands Latham a manila envelope. Latham pores over its  
contents, growing more and more distressed.

ACT THREE

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT

All lights on the lower floors of the compound are on.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL sit by a transceiver; Latham sits  
behind them. OPERATIONS OFFICER PETER WRIGHT, 45, stands at a  
table on which a Washington, D.C. STREET MAP has been spread.

On the map are POKER CHIPS: RED (TARGET) with a GREEN one  
(TRIGGER) directly ahead of it; a BLUE CHIP (ALPHA) further  
ahead; a WHITE one (DELTA) a block west; a YELLOW one (BRAVO)  
a block east; and a BLACK one (CHARLIE) behind the Red Chip.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

In a gray sedan, CHARLIE, a FEMALE FBI AGENT, watches RAYMOND  
CLAIR, 40, leave a nightclub and get into his car. She speaks  
into a microphone clipped inside her shirt collar.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The transceiver's speaker CRACKLES.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Beta cured the lair, inside gamma.

OWENS

(translates)

Clair has left the nightclub and  
gotten into his car.

FARRELL

Who knew we'd need a translator?

CROSSCUT BETWEEN OPERATIONS ROOM AND SURVEILLANCE TEAM

STREET

Clair pulls out, stopping at the intersection. ALPHA, male FBI AGENT #1 in a pickup truck, pulls two cars behind him.

ALPHA

Gamma's daydreaming at the sword.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Wright moves the Red and Blue poker chips.

OWENS

Target stopped at an intersection.

ALPHA (O.S.)

Gamma's through.

OWENS

Target's through the intersection.

Wright pushes the Red chip west, past the intersection.

STREET

Clair suddenly makes a U-turn. Alpha continues past him.

OPERATIONS ROOM

ALPHA (O.S.)

Gamma flipped, possible smoke.

Wright moves the Blue poker chip ahead of the Red one.

OWENS

Target made a U-turn. He may have spotted the surveillance.

There is a MURMUR of concern.

LATHAM

Let the box float. See if they can adjust.

Silence. Then...

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Charlie zero-zero, alive.

OWENS

Command of the Target regained.

Relief. Wright moves the Red poker chip a block east.

ALPHA (O.S.)  
Gamma outside at pedal four-five.  
Moving onto Viper east two-nine.

OWENS  
Target's on the on-ramp to Route  
29, heading east, doing 45.

ALPHA

Checks his outside mirror. He sees Clair merge behind BRAVO,  
male FBI AGENT #2 in a blue Ford sedan.

DELTA

Male FBI AGENT #3 in a pick-up truck watches Clair pass Bravo  
and a Yellow Cab.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Wright moves all the poker chips further east.

DELTA (O.S.)  
Gamma one up on the yellow termite.

BRAVO (O.S.)  
Delta's on point.

Wright moves the White poker chip ahead of the Black one.

OWENS  
The Target passed a Yellow Cab.  
Delta now has command of the target.

Wright moves the White poker chip behind the Red one.

ALPHA (O.S.)  
Key lizard's in sight.

OWENS  
(turns to Latham)  
Key Bridge is a good chokepoint,  
sir. It'll slow down Clair and  
allow everyone to regroup on the  
other side.

EXT. KEY BRIDGE

Clair drives across the bridge, passing the TRIGGER, male FBI  
AGENT #4 in a gray sedan.

CHARLIE

Sees Clair pull into a liquor store parking lot. She turns off her headlights.

CHARLIE

Gamma's dead in the corral.

After Clair enters the liquor store, Charlie pulls into the store parking lot.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

He just infected the cave.

LIQUOR STORE PARKING LOT

Clair returns with his purchase in a paper sack. He lights a cigarette, crumples the pack and heads behind a dumpster.

CLAIR

Takes the liquor bottle out of the paper sack and replaces it with the crumpled cigarette pack. He folds the paper sack and partly tucks it under the dumpster.

Liquor bottle in hand, he gets into his car and drives away.

CHARLIE

Gets out of her car and goes behind the dumpster. She sees the paper sack. She opens it, sees the crumpled cigarette pack and takes the paper sack back to her car.

INT. CHARLIE'S GRAY SEDAN

Charlie flips on the dome light. She gets a magnifying glass and pocket knife from the glove box. Using the pocket knife she PEELS back the tax stamp on the cigarette pack. With the magnifying glass she sees a MICRODOT on its underside. She puts the cigarette pack back inside the paper bag.

CHARLIE

Relax, boys - it's in the bag.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Satisfied MURMURS travel around the room like a wave.

LATHAM

Jim, tell them to pick up Clair.

Owens picks up the microphone.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY (ARCHIVE)

Footage of the embassy entrance.

INT. MI6 OFFICE - DAY

The Union Jack hangs from a pole in the corner of the room. Jones sits at his desk; Latham mills about.

JONES

And C.I. didn't know about this Raymond Clair?

LATHAM

Nope. I'm going to giftwrap him and hand him over to them.

JONES

Careful. From what I hear, MOTHER isn't known for his gratitude.

LATHAM

I know. I'm just buying some insurance against the future.

JONES

You may need it.

Latham is concerned. Jones hands him a folder.

JONES (CONT'D)

That's why I asked you over. It's a confidential report from the KGB's Second Directorate, initiated by their #2 man, Alexei Kireyev.

LATHAM

How'd you get a copy?

JONES

I'm on the distribution list.

Latham rolls his eyes then glances through the report.

JONES (CONT'D)

His driver's on the payroll. Seems the KGB are concerned about a CIA officer they call 'the griffin.'

LATHAM

The what?

JONES

Ah, here's my chance to show off my public school education.

LATHAM

If this is gonna be a long story, order out for lunch or something.

Jones grins and stands, like a schoolboy about to recite.

JONES

The griffin is the king of all creatures, with the body of a lion and the head of an eagle.

LATHAM

Don't see that around much anymore.

JONES

They're symbols of strength and vigilance, you peasant. It also happens to be the KGB's code name for you.

LATHAM

Me? They should have given it to our Counterintelligence chief.

JONES

(wryly)

I told them they had the wrong man.

Latham feigns offense. Jones pours himself some tea.

JONES (CONT'D)

Kireyev does mention MOTHER in there; calls him ruthless and smart.

LATHAM

He is that.

JONES

And predictable. MOTHER sees moles under every rock. But you - you drive them daft. One operation you disrupted resulted in a section chief serving time in Lubyanka; another had a KGB officer executed.

LATHAM

(looking pleased)

Nice to know I've made a difference.

JONES

Kireyev's one of your biggest fans.

LATHAM

(sardonically)

I could've used him at my review.

Jones sits back down at his desk. His demeanor now somber.

JONES

Warren, Kireyev wouldn't take the time and trouble to include you in this report unless he had something really nasty in mind for you.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY (DUSK)

Looking very troubled, Latham joins Berard and Kensington.

LATHAM

I've decided to boomerang Solkov.

Kensington is smugly satisfied but Berard is surprised.

BERARD

Why?

LATHAM

I spoke to SMOTH earlier.

KENSINGTON

(annoyed)

I hope you didn't tell him any more than you had to.

LATHAM

He has a copy of a KGB report that says their Second Directorate is on the move against Domestic Ops.

BERARD

Did it give any details?

LATHAM

Yes. They'd calculated that C.I. would boomerang Solkov.

KENSINGTON

So, Solkov's an agent provocateur.

Latham turns to Kensington.

LATHAM

No, he's genuine.

KENSINGTON

But you just said-

LATHAM

He's an unwitting cog in a KGB disinformation campaign. They knew Solkov was planning to jump. So they ran a major operation through him, knowing he'd use the details to establish his bona fides with us.

BERARD  
And Raymond Clair?

LATHAM  
The KGB used him to monitor the  
blowback.

Berard thinks a moment.

BERARD  
So you and D-Int were both right.  
They were sacrificing Clair to  
protect someone more important. Any  
ideas on who it is?

LATHAM  
Not yet, but I'm sure Solkov  
doesn't know who it is either.

KENSINGTON  
So, basically C.I. was right, too.

LATHAM  
Insofar as Solkov had nothing more  
to offer us, yes. But they missed  
completely on Raymond Clair.

BERARD  
What do we do about this other mole?

LATHAM  
Nothing.

KENSINGTON  
What?

LATHAM  
Their objective was to disrupt CIA  
operations by having MOTHER initiate  
a mole hunt. We do anything now, we  
just play right into their hands.

BERARD  
So what do you suggest?

LATHAM  
We wait. Wait for the evidence to  
mount until it's irrefutable.

KENSINGTON  
That could be a long time, Warren.

LATHAM  
Or never. But it's a price we'll  
have to pay.

BERARD

In the meantime, gentlemen, I have  
an EXCOM meeting to prepare for.

Everyone stands. Kensington and Latham start to leave.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Warren, a quick word about Barry.

Kensington continues out. Berard closes the door.

BERARD (CONT'D)

I take it that wasn't all you had  
to say, was it?

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT (EVENING)

Accent lights are just starting to take effect. Limousines  
are parked out front.

INT. BALLROOM

Dignitaries in formal wear mill about. Hart shares a laugh  
with RICHARD NIXON. RICHARD RUDLIN and Kensington eye them.

KENSINGTON

Those two are awfully chummy.

RUDLIN

Nixon just learned Hart's a trust-  
fund baby.

KENSINGTON

Hm, it's all new money.

RUDLIN

He'll need it, especially if the  
Democrats run Kennedy against him.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - PETWORTH SECTION - NIGHT

A Sedan slows in front of a tony Victorian townhouse.

I/E. SEDAN - NIGHT

DiLauria eyes the house and the neighborhood. She pulls on a  
pair of black leather gloves then parks around the corner.

INT. TOWNHOUSE

DiLauria searches the living room then moves to the kitchen.  
While examining a cabinet drawer, she discovers a false  
bottom. Inside is a document stamped "SECRET/U.S. EYES ONLY."

Behind the hutch she uncovers a hidden compartment containing  
a MICRODOT CAMERA, a MINOX MINIATURE CAMERA and ROLLS OF FILM.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

A Public Works crew noisily digs up the street outside. Berard closes a folders as Latham speaks.

LATHAM

He had a classified document tucked away in a false-bottomed drawer and microfilm equipment in a specially-built compartment behind the hutch.

BERARD

You thought all along Hart was hiding something.

LATHAM

I believe he's also the mole the Russians are protecting.

Berard is stunned.

BERARD

To think he could be our next Vice President - maybe even President someday.

LATHAM

We don't have many options here, sir. We certainly can't leak word to the press.

BERARD

No, of course not. Can you imagine the scandal? The crisis? The President's National Security Advisor and close friend a communist agent?

LATHAM

I know what Hoover would do with this. He'd tell the President he'd foiled a plot to infiltrate the highest levels of government, but he was keeping it quiet to protect the Presidency. From then on he'd have Eisenhower in his hip pocket.

BERARD

Yes, that's Hoover to a tee.

LATHAM

There is another alternative, sir: assassination.

BERARD

No. This isn't Latin America.

LATHAM

I'm talking about a traitor, a man who murdered his girlfriend and got away with it.

BERARD

That's a matter for his conscience. And I shouldn't have to remind you that Domestic Operations has no brief to kill within the U.S.

LATHAM

No, but the Mob does. It would be in the best interests of the country.

BERARD

Not this country.

LATHAM

Sir, the American public would expect its government agencies to prevent a man like Hart from ever becoming President.

BERARD

(corrects him)

The American public would expect its government agencies to be held to the same moral and legal standards as its people. We'll just have to take our chances here.

He gets up and moves by the window where the Public Works crew outside can be seen as well as heard.

LATHAM

Sir, an entire government couldn't recognize Hart was a communist agent. You're putting a lot of faith in the public to do better.

BERARD

I always do.

(stares firmly at Latham)

And I want your word right now that you won't harm James Hart.

LATHAM

You have my word... What if I were to try and ward him off?

BERARD

(looks out the window)

Sorry, they're making such a racket out there that I couldn't hear you.

LATHAM  
(smiles faintly)  
I may be in a little late tomorrow.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - FOYER - DAY (MORNING)

Hart is putting on his raincoat. The doorbell RINGS; he opens the door. Latham is there, dripping wet from the rain.

LATHAM  
James Hart?

HART  
Yes.

LATHAM  
I'd like to talk to you about Mary Tangney.

HART  
Who?

LATHAM  
The girl you left for dead by the side of that road in Florida.

HART  
I think you have the wrong man.

LATHAM  
No, I have the right man.

Hart tries to close the door but Latham SHOVES his way in. Latham SLAMS shut the door and glares at a defiant Hart.

HART  
I'm calling the police.

LATHAM  
Do that and I'll tell them about a man who keeps spy equipment and classified documents hidden in his kitchen.

HART  
I've no idea what you're talking about.

LATHAM  
I'm here to give you a choice, Mr. Hart: Resign your post and I won't tell your family about your romance with one of my Black officers. Or you can go ahead and make that call, and spend the next 20 years in a federal prison.

HART

Really... If you had any evidence,  
Mr. Whoever-you-are-

LATHAM

Smith.

HART

Of course. If you had any evidence,  
Mr. Smith, you wouldn't be here.

Latham brusquely heads into the kitchen, followed by Hart.

KITCHEN

Latham checks the cabinet - the drawer has been removed.

HART

There are also laws in this country  
preventing searches without a  
warrant.

Latham ignores him and looks behind the hutch - the  
compartment is empty. Hart confronts him.

HART (CONT'D)

Speak to my family, the newspapers  
or anyone, and I'll sue you for  
slander and have you identified in  
open court as a CIA officer... Now  
get the hell out of my house.

Latham swallows his bravado and leaves.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Collette is at her desk. Latham enters, wet from the rain.

LATHAM

Dictation.

She grabs her pencil and steno pad and follows him into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham hangs up his coat and sits, as does Collette.

COLLETTE

Ready when you are.

LATHAM

(starts dictation)

To Wilson Berard, Director, Western  
Hemisphere Division. Paragraph one.  
I met with James Hart at his  
Petworth residence at 08:00.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

He denied knowing Mary Tangney or having espionage equipment or classified documents in his home. I threatened to expose his relationship with Miss Tangney to his parents and to report him to the authorities. Paragraph two. In the kitchen where mandarin Two had earlier found a classified document and spy equipment, I saw that the false-bottomed drawer was missing and the photo equipment had been removed. Clearly, Hart had been tipped off by the KGB. Paragraph three. Hart threatened to sue and expose me as a CIA officer in open court. I left with no further action taken. Enclosing photos of said evidence taken by mandarin Two during her search. Respectfully...

He motions for Collette to add the closing salutation. She nods and leaves.

THE HOLE - DAY

Bazzo is at his desk, reading. DiLauria puts on her coat.

DILAURIA

You see the brief on James Hart?

BAZZO

I'm reading it now.

DILAURIA

If this were Mother Russia, he'd be rotting in some Gulag by now.

BAZZO

Or dead.

DILAURIA

I'm going to the deli. Want anything?

Bazzo shakes his head no. As DiLauria leaves she bumps into Berard who carries a folder. They exchange smiles as DiLauria leaves. Bazzo stands when Berard enters.

BERARD

No, no - sit down, Paul.

Bazzo sits.

BAZZO

Were you looking for Mr. Latham?

BERARD

No. You put in for a transfer and asked to have it expedited.

BAZZO

Yes, sir.

BERARD

Looking for a new challenge?

BAZZO

Something like that.

Berard hands Bazzo the folder.

BERARD

Take a look at that.

Bazzo opens it and reads.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Yuri Gvozdev, our KGB rezident, gave that to Warren the other day.

BAZZO

'Armand Estevez, Ramon Lezcano, Diego Pascual, Carlos Ernan...'

BERARD

Recognize any of those names?

BAZZO

No.

BERARD

They're Guatemalan State Security. They arrived in Miami two days ago. Yesterday they left for Washington with tickets paid for by our C.I. mole, Raymond Clair.

BAZZO

So, Solkov's information paid off. Do we know why they're here?

BERARD

Yes, they're a hit squad.

BAZZO

Any idea who the target is?

BERARD

Yes... You.

Bazzo is stunned.

BERARD (CONT'D)  
Retaliation for Operation Snowflake.  
It seems Raymond Clair fingered you  
to the KGB, who told their friends  
in Guatemala.

BAZZO  
Where are they now?

BERARD  
In custody. The FBI arrested them  
when they got off the train at  
Union Station about two hours ago.

Bazzo leans back, relieved.

BERARD (CONT'D)  
Paul, Warren had to make a deal  
with Gvozdev. He had to boomerang  
Solkov in exchange for that list of  
names... Just something I thought  
you should know.

Berard leaves. Bazzo re-reads the list.

EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY (ARCHIVE)

More footage of the embassy.

INT. MI6 OFFICE - DAY

Jones and Latham drink tea.

JONES  
So, Moscow wanted Solkov back to  
keep you from looking for Hart.

LATHAM  
Uh huh.

JONES  
You realize Hart's bulletproof now.

LATHAM  
(disappointed)  
I know.

JONES  
Even Berard must know there's no  
way to get rid of him, except by  
assassination.

LATHAM  
Oh, no...  
(walks to the window)  
(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I'd spend the next 20 years  
stamping license plates if I went  
for a hit now.

JONES

Then let me do it.

LATHAM

(surprised)

Why would you take the risk?

JONES

Well, for one thing, I can get my  
man out of the country before  
anyone knows what's happened.

LATHAM

No. Berard would still swear I was  
behind it. Besides, he may have a  
point.

JONES

What?

LATHAM

It must have started out like this  
in Guatemala or The Philippines or  
Iraq - a few people deciding what's  
best for themselves is what's best  
for the country. Next thing you  
know, a man's dead.

JONES

This isn't the third world, Warren.

LATHAM

(smiles sardonically)

So I hear. See you 'round.

Latham sets down his tea cup and leaves.

EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY

Latham exits. He crosses the street onto...

NORMANSTONE PARKWAY

Where he sees Bazzo sitting on a park bench near Winston  
Churchill's statue. Latham walks up to him.

BAZZO

Hart leaves for Mexico City in the  
fall - a meeting with United Fruit  
executives. I thought I'd pay the  
station a visit;  
(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

see Jack Larson, the station chief.  
And as he owes me a favor, like his  
life...

LATHAM

Planning to make the trip as a  
civilian?

BAZZO

No, I thought I'd wait on the  
transfer.

Latham sits alongside Bazzo.

LATHAM

For how long?

BAZZO

I don't know - ten years or so.

Latham curls a faint smile of relief.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I hear Hart's passion is scuba  
diving. Lots of dangerous reefs  
down there. Pretty easy for a man  
to drown.

LATHAM

Well, maybe his luck will finally  
run out.

BAZZO

Larson's got some good people, you  
know. They'd make it look right.

LATHAM

No.

Bazzo is surprised.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

There's only one way Hart can go...  
In a car accident. Come on.

The two men get up and walk away.

END