

Cool Gray Dawn

Episode #12: "Raising The Bar"

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Cool Gray Dawn

"Raising The Bar"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. CLEVELAND, OHIO - CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

It's a cold morning in this inner-city neighborhood. Amid a CACOPHONY of pile drivers and heavy equipment run by a wholly Caucasian CREW, a bulldozer RUMBLES toward a pile of rubble.

Across the street, a vocal but orderly group of mostly Black PROTESTERS carry signs that read "DESEGREGATE CLEVELAND'S SCHOOLS" and "NO MORE SEGREGATED SCHOOLS." The Protesters are kept at bay by a line of Caucasian POLICEMEN.

TWO BLACK WOMEN and REVEREND PHIL MARTIN, a mid-30's Caucasian man wearing a clerical collar, break from the crowd and dash onto the site. They quickly lay on the ground in the path of the bulldozer.

The bulldozer WHINES and CLANKS to a halt. While Protesters CHEER, Martin gets up, races BEHIND the bulldozer and lays on his stomach.

The OPERATOR BLARES the horn but no one moves. Frustrated, he grabs his walkie-talkie.

OUTSIDE THE SITE'S TRAILER OFFICE

The FOREMAN yells indistinctly into his walkie-talkie. Frustrated, he waves to the Operator to back up.

THE BULLDOZER'S ENGINE REVS

Its gears GRIND. The rig starts to back up...

ACROSS THE STREET

Frantic Protesters and Police WAVE AND YELL, their cries subsumed by the CLANGOR of construction equipment. A moment later several turn away in horror while others race toward the bulldozer.

A FEW FEET FROM THE RUBBLE

The Operator sees the onrushing horde and stops the bulldozer - just a few feet past Martin's crushed body.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

WARREN LATHAM enters the Directorate Of Plans building.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Wearing earphones, COLLETTE DOWD transcribes from a Dictabelt. Latham enters. He takes a file from his briefcase and drops it on her desk. Collette anxiously removes her earphones.

LATHAM

The FBI agrees with the Cleveland police: Phil Martin's death was an accident. They won't look into it.

Collette is indignant. As Latham heads into his office, she opens the file to a photo from *The Cleveland Plain-Dealer* showing Martin lying on the ground, his body bearing the deep imprint of the bulldozer's steel tracks.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

At his desk, Latham opens his briefcase. Collette brings him coffee; her eyes well with tears. Latham sees her pain.

LATHAM

Phil Martin and your brother were classmates, weren't they?

COLLETTE

At Yale Divinity School. Phil had an epiphany while he was there after hearing about George Lee.

LATHAM

Who?

He sits. Collette begins unloading his briefcase.

COLLETTE

George Lee - that minister in Mississippi? The one who'd been registering Blacks to vote.

LATHAM

(sadly)
Yeah, I remember now.

COLLETTE

The FBI backed off that case, too.

LATHAM

That had more to do with the local prosecutor refusing to cooperate.

COLLETTE

(huffs)
The bastard... Lee was shot, half his face ripped off, and they said he was in a damn car accident.

LATHAM

I know, but-

COLLETTE

Then they had the nerve to say the lead bullets they found in his jaw were dental fillings.

She SLAMS shut the briefcase, giving Latham a start.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

That's when Phil rededicated his life to civil rights causes.

LATHAM

Hmm... Explains why the Bureau had a file on him.

COLLETTE

Not to me it doesn't.

LATHAM

They're investigating the Congress Of Racial Equality as part of COINTELPRO, trying to prove communist influence.

COLLETTE

(incredulous)

So, because Phil supported civil rights they think he's a communist?!

Just then BILL NEALY enters looking despondent. He's taken aback by Collette's agitated state.

NEALY

This a bad time?

LATHAM

No, Bill. What's up?

NEALY

I just wanted to tell you I'm off to New York for a couple of days.

LATHAM

Something up?

NEALY

I'm going to see my sister. She sounded really depressed on the phone last night, so I thought I'd make sure she's alright.

LATHAM

I hope everything works out.

NEALY

Yeah, well... If you need anything,
you can check with my deputy.

COLLETTE

Is Liz going with you?

NEALY

No, she's staying here.

Abstracted and anxious to leave, he crosses to the door.

LATHAM

I'll let the station #1 know you'll
be in the city.

NEALY

I already sent him a telex.

He leaves.

COLLETTE

I guess he could use a break from
all this, seeing as how he blew
that Sino-Soviet assessment.

LATHAM

Wasn't all his fault. He warned of
worsening relations between Moscow
and Peking. He just didn't think
they'd go public with it. Still,
it's the first mistake I've ever
known him to make.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Stock footage of the cityscape and Washington Square Park.

INT. FACULTY HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

On the walls, Cubist and classical artwork clash. An overflow
crowd of motley graduate students - some sporting Van Dykes -
is interspersed with buttoned-down, Caucasian professors.

At the lectern, clad in jeans and a tweed jacket, is ART METZ,
50. Copies of "NEW SCHEMES," a political journal bearing his
name, are stacked on a back table beside a slide projector run
by his comely blonde assistant, ANYA, 30.

In the back row is BRUCE WILSON, CIA's New York Station Chief.

INSERT IMAGES PROJECTED ONTO SCREEN:

- Soviet May Day parade of missiles and rockets.
- Postcard images of London, Stockholm and Paris.

- Black, Asian and Latino workers in diamond mines and in the fields.
- Caucasian paramilitary forces fight insurgents in The Congo, Haiti, Vietnam and Guatemala.
- Mass graves.

SUIT WORDS TO IMAGES

METZ

We're not parachuting teams into the Soviet Union - at least not since '54 when they developed delivery systems that could drop nuclear payloads on us. And we don't do any of those gory operations in Britain or Sweden or any other European country. No, we save them for The Congo, Haiti, Vietnam and Guatemala - places where they don't have ICBMs or armies or navies. The CIA wouldn't be in those countries if they did.

BACK TO SCENE

Murmurs, nods and a few sneers rise from the audience.

METZ (CONT'D)

We're making war around the world for the personal profit of the oil companies, and these citrus and industrial magnates.

"Come off it, will you?" and "Enough already!" echo from some of the older Faculty. A PROFESSOR leans over to a COLLEAGUE.

PROFESSOR

Always the same nonsense from Metz.

His Colleague nods. An ANGRY GRADUATE STUDENT turns around.

ANGRY GRADUATE STUDENT

At least he doesn't have his head stuck up their ass.

PROFESSOR

You little bastard. Who do you think funds your scholarship?!

ANGRY GRADUATE STUDENT

Same clowns who fund the American eugenics movement, dickhead!

Indistinct arguments erupt throughout the room.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - NIGHT

In a university administrative building overlooking the park, a MAN raises an upper floor window.

INT. SMALL OFFICE

The Man, an FBI AGENT with rolled-up sleeves, returns to his seat before a running tape recorder and puts his headphones on.

METZ (O.S.)
Come on, people. Settle down, huh?

The FBI Agent is amused.

INT. MEETING ROOM

Unaffected by the discord, a MAN in a second-row aisle seat folds his arms; a copy of NEW SCHEMES lies on his lap. A FERVID GRADUATE STUDENT accidentally knocks the journal into the aisle. As the Man leans over to pick it up...

WILSON

Is shocked when he sees the Man's face: Bill Nealy.

AT THE LECTERN

Metz holds up his hand in a plea for order. Tempers cool.

METZ
What the academe here fail to realize is that warfare is a disease, a pathogen capable of spanning across oceans. Inevitably, it will arrive here. And when it does, when it starts to claim the lives of your sons - young White men - only then will the relics here begin to rage against the machine.

EXT. FACULTY HOUSE - NIGHT

The meeting is over. The attendees noisily spill outside. Wilson ambles out and sidles into a darkened doorway.

Metz and Anya exit, each carrying a small box ostensibly containing copies of NEW SCHEMES. They're joined by Nealy and two gabby Graduate Students. Wilson follows them into...

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

Amid Greenwich Village's beatnik fauna, the group splits: Metz and the Students continue south; Nealy and Anya, west.

WILSON

Follows Nealy and Anya, dodging 6th Avenue traffic, turning onto Barrow Street then Bedford where his charges enter #86.

INT. "CHUMLEY'S"

A windowless former speakeasy. Photos of boxing and literary heavyweights adorn the walls. Loudmouths crowd the bar while the dining room teems with hungry revelers.

Nealy and Anya are in a booth. They speak sotto voce but there is no intimacy. Finally, Anya gets up. Leaving the box on the seat, she takes Nealy's copy of NEW SCHEMES with her.

WILSON

Watches Anya weave through the bar crowd and exit. He looks back at Nealy who pays his bill, grabs the box and leaves by a far door. Wilson sets down his beer and follows Nealy.

INT. WILSON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Modestly furnished. Wilson enters and shuts the door. He takes off his coat. Worried, he flips a switch on the phone - a RED LIGHT goes on - then he dials.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An accent lamp is lit. Latham sits on the floor, half-dressed in his suit, leaning back against the sofa. "Canto de Ossanha," a bossa nova tune by Baden Powell and Vinicius Moraes, plays on the hi-fi.

On the phone a RED LIGHT BLINKS, then the phone RINGS. Latham lowers the volume on the hi-fi and answers the phone.

LATHAM

Latham.

CROSSCUT WILSON WITH LATHAM

WILSON

It's Bruce Wilson, New York.

LATHAM

What is it?

WILSON

I was monitoring Art Metz tonight for Operation Gladstone, when I saw D-Int there.

LATHAM

(very surprised)

Are you sure it was Bill Nealy?

WILSON

Positive.

LATHAM

Maybe he was working his own angle on leftists like Metz.

WILSON

Even so, we always get word of any operation here so we don't step in and blow it. D-Int's never ignored that protocol before.

LATHAM

Hmm, that's true... What happened after the meeting?

WILSON

He and some students met up with Metz and his assistant. They split up and D-Int paired off with the assistant.

LATHAM

A woman?

WILSON

Very much so.

Latham lets out an anguished sigh.

WILSON (CONT'D)

They went to this dive. D-Int had a copy of Metz's journal with him while she lugged around this box. It probably had copies of the journal, but who knows?

LATHAM

Wait - she carried the box?

WILSON

Yes.

LATHAM

So much for chivalry...

WILSON

They talked but I couldn't hear what they were saying. Then she got up, left the box there and took his copy of the journal and split. Then D-Int left with the box. I followed him to 860 East 86th.

LATHAM

His sister's place. So what the hell's going on?

WILSON

I know. I thought maybe he was just getting it off with this woman, but then this thing with the box... Sir, if I go through channels and report this... I mean, it goes all the way up to the Director.

LATHAM

No, you did the right thing. Look, I'll send mandarin One up there. Meanwhile, put eyes on him. And keep this between us. Tell your people we're worried about another snatch.

WILSON

Right. I don't know... I feel like I'm betraying a trust or something.

LATHAM

Just make sure you don't lose him.

Latham depresses the phone's cradle buttons then DIALS.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT

The buildings are mostly dark.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The 24-hour wall clock reads 02:25. Latham sips coffee. PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY and CARLA DILAURIA yawn as they slouch languidly in their seats.

DILAURIA

If he's being stupid over a girl, why didn't he just declare her to the station? It would've avoided just this type of speculation.

BAZZO

Exactly. He's not a mug. If he wants to get laid, no one here's gonna pass judgment on him.

LATHAM

Except Nealy's devoted to his wife.

BAZZO

Marriages aren't always what they seem.

LATHAM

I know, but that's not him. Besides, it doesn't explain why she took the journal and he took the box.

BAZZO

Maybe it had a stag film.

Latham and DiLauria both arch their eyebrows at Bazzo. DiLauria shakes her head sadly.

DILAURIA

Kinda hard to get away from what we're all thinking, isn't it?

BAZZO

No, not D-Int.

LATHAM

If Bill Nealy's turned, we all might as well pack up and go home.

Everyone looks pallid. Suddenly, Bazzo sits up, horrified.

BAZZO

Oh, God, I just realized...

DILAURIA

What?

BAZZO

If Nealy is doubling, it would mean an assassination, wouldn't it?

LATHAM

Not necessarily.

BAZZO

Well we couldn't let him defect.

DILAURIA

And we can't bring him back and have him stand trial either - the Special Relationship.

BAZZO

You're going to have to report this.

LATHAM

Report what? At this point we don't know what he's doing.

Agitated, he gets up and meanders about.

BAZZO

He's broken the reporting rule.

LATHAM

And for that you want to destroy
the man's career?

DILAURIA

His actions do look suspicious,
boss.

LATHAM

Granted, but I don't know what he's
up to - and neither do you.

DiLauria and Bazzo brood.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I can't count how many times Bill
Nealy's saved our ass. The man's
earned the right to explain himself.

BAZZO

So what are you gonna do?

LATHAM

Send you to New York. The station
has eyes on him, the story being
there's a possibility of another
snatch. If we can extricate him
from whatever he's doing with
nothing more than egg on his
face...

DILAURIA

What the eye doesn't see...

Latham nods.

BAZZO

And if he's defecting?

LATHAM

You'll be there to take him out.

Bazzo and Dilauria are nonplussed.

BAZZO

I'll go get briefed.

He gets up and leaves.

DILAURIA

What about me?

LATHAM

You're going to Cleveland.

DiLauria does a double-take.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I need you to do some digging on a Reverend Phil Martin. He headed the local chapter of CORE.

DILAURIA

What am I looking for?

LATHAM

Whoever killed him.

DiLauria gets up and pauses at the door.

DILAURIA

I take it this isn't a sanctioned operation either.

LATHAM

Not even remotely.

OPERATIONS ROOM - DUTY DESK

The usual PURL of teletype machines, ringing phones and chatter. PETE FARRELL speaks with Bazzo. DiLauria sits with JAMES OWENS who has two boxes beside him. Owens hands her an envelope. She opens it and pulls out a Yale Faculty ID card, sans photo.

OWENS

You're Ellen Winters, on staff at the Yale Divinity School. You're interviewing people for a eulogy your preparing on one of their graduates, Phil Martin. Here...

He hands DiLauria the first box. She opens it and pulls out a "fat suit" - a huge padded undergarment with drooping breasts, midriff bulge and "thunder thighs." DiLauria is stunned. Smirking, Bazzo leans close to Farrell.

BAZZO

Where the hell did he get that?

FARRELL

It's his.

Bazzo is shocked. Farrell quickly adds...

FARRELL (CONT'D)

He played Desdemona in 'Othello' for the Manassas Repertory Company.

DiLauria lays the fat suit on the desk.

DILAURIA

I don't believe this.

OWENS

You know how scarce those are?

DILAURIA

Not scarce enough.

BAZZO

(to DiLauria)

I can't believe they had your size.

DiLauria flips him the bird.

OWENS

There's one more thing in there.

She reaches inside and pulls out a brunette bouffant wig.

OWENS (CONT'D)

You wouldn't expect a Divinity
School to hire a vixen, right?

Dilauria SHOVES the wig and fat suit back in the box.

DILAURIA

That better be it, James.

Owens cautiously hands her the second box. While he fidgets, DiLauria opens it and pulls out a MUUMJU and a DOWDY, FLOWER PRINT DRESS. She glares at Owens who leans away from her.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

When I get back, I'm gonna kill you.

ACT TWO

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

CIA OFFICERS trickle into the nondescript building.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Collette enters. She's about to take off her coat when she hears SNORING. She opens Latham's office door.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham has his head on his desk; he's sound asleep. The Gray phone RINGS, startling Latham. He GROANS. Collette enters and answers the phone.

COLLETTE

Yes?... Put him through, please.

(to Latham)

It's SMOTH.

EXT. LAFAYETTE SQUARE PARK - DAY (MORNING)

On a bench sits a saturnine LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH). People pass by him on their way to work. Latham shuffles up to him and sits.

JONES

Good God, man! You look like hell.

LATHAM

You should have seen me before I put on my makeup. So, what was so urgent?

JONES

What's your Director of Intelligence doing nibbling the ear of a KGB agent?

LATHAM

What are you talking about?

JONES

Anya Kozlov - tall, blonde. One of my people spotted her with Nealy last night in Greenwich Village.

LATHAM

(taken aback)

How do you know she's KGB?

JONES

She was on a list of Swallows we got from the FBI - one of Maxim Utkin's bona fides when he defected to them last month. They supposedly targeted members of the Foreign Office stationed here. We were surprised when we saw her with one of your people.

Latham grows sullen.

JONES (CONT'D)

Our man wondered if Nealy might be targeting Comrade Kozlov.

LATHAM

Suppose you tell him that's exactly what Nealy's doing.

JONES

Is he?

Latham hesitates and looks away. Jones fumes.

JONES (CONT'D)
Come on, Warren. If Nealy's turned
the planners have a right to know.

LATHAM
No they don't.

JONES
What are you, daft?

LATHAM
Look, you owe me a favor, Larry - a
big one.

JONES
Not that big.

LATHAM
Yes you do.

JONES
Warren, this isn't about us.

LATHAM
Exactly. You have any idea how much
Five Eyes material Nealy's seen
over the years? You say anything
now and the backlash could destroy
the Special Relationship.

Latham gets up and pulls Jones with him. They stroll.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
He said he's visiting his sister.
So until I know otherwise, I'm
asking you to step back.

JONES
And tell my people what?

LATHAM
That mandarin One's there in case
Comrade Kozlov wants to defect.

JONES
Wait - Paul's in New York?

Latham nods. Jones suddenly realizes...

JONES (CONT'D)
You've got a bloody cheek. You plan
to take Nealy out.

LATHAM
Only if it comes to that.

JONES

Kensington doesn't know, does he?

LATHAM

No. And if I can bring Nealy back into the fold quietly, there's no reason he should know.

JONES

Fine. But if you cock it up, this conversation never took place.

Jones leaves in a huff. Latham sighs and heads the other way.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MANHATTAN - DAY

A panorama of the midtown cityscape on a cold morning.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD STATION - DAY

Bazzo leaves the station. He sidesteps travelers queuing for taxis and gets into a waiting Sedan driven by Wilson.

I/E. SEDAN - DAY

Wilson and Bazzo approach a traffic jam near Times Square. A peaceful protest by BLACK AND WHITE ADULTS AND COLLEGE STUDENTS is being held outside an F.W. Woolworth's retail store. Police and media swarm the area.

BAZZO

What's going on there?

WILSON

Oh, that's for those Black college students down in North Carolina. Woolworth's wouldn't serve them when they sat at the lunch counter.

Bazzo watches the protesters, noticing GRETCHEN, a stunning, 40-ish brunette with a pageboy haircut.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Oh, for God sakes!

BAZZO

What?

WILSON

Look... There's Metz.

Metz walks with the protesters, almost lost among the placards and washboards reading "End Lunch-Counter Segregation" and "Local 420 Supports North Carolina Students."

Bazzo searches hard and finally sees Metz.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Figures he'd be here. Sticks out
like a sore thumb, doesn't he?

Annoyed, Bazzo shakes his head. Wilson HONKS then speeds past
a car and turns the corner.

I/E. EAST 86 STREET - SEDAN

Bazzo and Wilson pull up to a gray Coupe parked at the corner.
DAVIS is huddled behind the wheel. Bazzo rolls down his
window. Davis does the same.

BAZZO
Anything?

DAVIS
Nope. He hasn't left the building.

Bazzo sees a jar on the car floor, filled with what looks like
tea.

BAZZO
Hm, we should have done that.

Davis looks at him quizzically. Bazzo points to the jar.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
Brought along some hot tea.

Davis looks at the jar.

DAVIS
I took a whiz in there.

Wilson looks away, trying his best not to laugh.

BAZZO
(abashed)
Who's your backup?

DAVIS
McCrorry.

BAZZO
Okay, put him on alert in case we
need him. Go on home.

Davis drives away. Wilson pulls into Davis's spot.

EXT. CLEVELAND - HOPKINS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

INSERT: "HOPKINS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CLEVELAND, OHIO"

Stock footage of a propjet landing.

EXT. PAYNE AND EAST 21ST STREETS - POLICE STATION - DAY

Stock footage of the original police administration building.

INT. POLICE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Befits a high-ranking police officer. On the desk a nameplate reads "CAPT. GERALD CAIRN"; behind it sits GERALD CAIRN, 55 and balding. The DESK SERGEANT leans in.

DESK SERGEANT
Captain, there's an Ellen Winters
here from Yale Divinity School.

CAIRN
Who?

DESK SERGEANT
That dumpy broad over on the bench.

He nods toward DILAURIA/WINTERS, dressed in her matronly best.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)
She's here about that guy run over
by the bulldozer.

CAIRN
Like I need more of this.

He pops a chewable antacid tablet into his mouth then nods to the Desk Sergeant who leans out the office.

DESK SERGEANT
Miss Winters...

He motions for DiLauria/Winters to come to the office. She gets up and waddles in. Cairn stands. The Desk Sergeant smiles at her and leaves.

CAIRN
I'm Captain Cairn.

DILAURIA/WINTERS
Ellen Winters.

They shake hands. Cairn is taken aback by DiLauria/Winter's firm handshake. He flexes his hand.

CAIRN
Wow, that's some grip.

DILAURIA/WINTERS
Oh, I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?

Cairn quickly stops flexing and forces an embarrassed smile.

CAIRN

Have a seat.

They sit.

CAIRN (CONT'D)

You're from Yale's Divinity School?

DILAURIA/WINTERS

Yes. I'm writing a eulogy about the Reverend Phil Martin, focusing on his rededication of his life to racial equality. But I'm having trouble understanding just what happened at the construction site that day.

CAIRN

You read *The Plain Dealer*?

DILAURIA/WINTERS

I did, but I still can't grasp why he'd lay down behind a bulldozer.

Cairn's agita surfaces - he taps his chest. DiLauria/Winters pulls a roll of TUMS from her pocketbook and offers him one. He takes a roll of LIFE SAVER AIDS from his pocket.

CAIRN

I got these, thanks.

(puts the roll back)

They were protesting the building of a new school there.

DILAURIA/WINTERS

Why?

CAIRN

They said the School Board was ignoring its commitment to integration by building that school in Glenville.

DILAURIA/WINTERS

You mean it was for Whites only?

CAIRN

No, no - Glenville's colored. Right now those kids are being bused all over town. With a new school there, they could've stayed right in their own neighborhood.

DILAURIA/WINTERS

I see... Would White children be attending this school?

CAIRN

No, why would they?

DILAURIA/WINTERS

Why indeed. So Reverend Martin and the others were trying to stop construction by blocking this bulldozer.

CAIRN

Uh huh.

DILAURIA/WINTERS

Didn't anyone try to warn the operator there was someone lying on the ground behind him?

CAIRN

You ever pass a construction site? You can't even hear yourself think, much less someone yelling at you from across the street.

(checks his watch, stands)

Sorry, but I've got a meeting now.

DILAURIA/WINTERS

Thank you for your time, Captain.

She stands and holds out her hand.

CAIRN

Only if you promise not to break it.

DiLauria/Winters smiles. They shake hands then she leaves.

CAIRN (CONT'D)

Damn lezzie.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - EAST 86 STREET - DAY

The Sedan with Bazzo and Wilson still sits at the corner.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Wilson opens a lunchbox and shares a thermos of coffee.

WILSON

I don't get it. If D-Int's here to be lifted, why's he still here?

BAZZO

Just be glad he didn't take off before you put eyes on him.

Wilson broods. Gretchen turns the corner and enters the building. Moments later Gretchen, Nealy and CAROL NEALY, 40, also a brunette, leave the building. Bazzo taps Wilson's arm.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

The one on Nealy's right is his sister, Carol.

WILSON

Well the other one's not Anya; she's blonde and way taller than her.

The Threesome part - the Women walk; Nealy hails a taxi.

I/E. SEDAN

Wilson and Bazzo trail Nealy's taxi to #75 St. Marks Place, the "Holiday Cocktail Lounge" - a dive if ever there was one. Nealy alights from the taxi and enters the Bar.

WILSON

Man, what is it with D-Int and these dive bars...

Bazzo grins as Wilson parks by a fire hydrant.

WILSON (CONT'D)

You think Comrade Kozlov's in there?

BAZZO

If she isn't, she soon will be. Where's your camera?

WILSON

In the glove box.

Bazzo gets the camera and hands it to Wilson.

BAZZO

Get snaps of everyone who goes in or out of there. Send copies to Latham.

WILSON

(nods then sighs)
Nealy... It's so hard to believe.

BAZZO

That's what Latham's counting on.

Wilson looks at him quizzically.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Bill Nealy's got a mind as sharp as a razor. Whatever he does, there's always a damn good reason for it.

A taxi pulls up. Anya gets out.

WILSON
That's her - Anya.

He snaps photos of her as she enters the Bar.

BAZZO
Don't let Nealy bolt.

BAZZO

Leaves the Sedan and jogs down the block. He turns the corner and enters a trash-strewn alley. Slogging through the muck, he comes to a back door with a hand-painted #75. He tries the doorknob - it's unlocked - and slips inside.

INT. REAR OF THE HOLIDAY COCKTAIL LOUNGE - DAY

Dark, with indistinct music and chatter. Bazzo walks past the Men's Room and a storeroom and comes to an empty kitchen. He sidles along the wall to the serving hole where he can see...

THE LOUNGE

At the bar some sloshed patrons prattle. Songs from Frank Sinatra's "Come Fly With Me" album play on a table radio. In a booth Nealy and Anya argue indistinctly.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

A taxi pulls up. TOM RAINES, 40, balding, wearing a Pea Coat, alights. Wilson snaps pictures of him. Raines enters the Bar.

INT. HOLIDAY COCKTAIL LOUNGE - BOOTH

Anya looks up and nods to the approaching Raines. He sits next to Nealy who tries to get up but is forced back onto his seat.

ANYA
Stop it, Bill!

NEALY
Let go of me!

Bazzo shows up. Nealy is nonplussed. Raines glares at Bazzo.

BAZZO
There a problem here?

ANYA
It's a personal matter. Mind your own business.

BAZZO
I'm making this my business.

Raines stands and confronts Bazzo.

RAINES

This is between us. So why don't
you just go back to your barstool.

BAZZO

I don't think so.

Raines SHOVES Bazzo who PUNCHES Raines in the jaw. Raines lunges at Bazzo who FLIPS his attacker to the floor.

THE BARTENDER

Grabs the phone and dials "OPERATOR."

NEAR THE BOOTH

Bazzo and Raines go at it - part martial arts-fest, part barroom brawl. Nealy BOLTS, running out the back.

Bazzo SLAMS Raines's head against the booth's table, ending the fight. A police siren WAILS O.S. Bazzo runs out the back.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Nealy is gone. Bazzo runs to the end of the Alley.

SAINT MARKS PLACE - HOLIDAY COCKTAIL LOUNGE

A police car is double-parked, its red bubblegum light FLASHING. Two POLICE OFFICERS race inside the Bar.

Wilson jumps out of the Sedan and anxiously looks around. Bazzo turns the corner and races up to him.

BAZZO

You see Nealy?

WILSON

No.

BAZZO

Damn it! Get in.

They jump into the Sedan and drive off.

EXT. CLEVELAND (SHAKER HEIGHTS) - DAY

A middle-class neighborhood of neat, single-family homes.

I/E. TAXI - DAY

The taxi slows to a stop at a yellow traffic light. DiLauria/Winters reads a newspaper article on a CORE protest.

On the corner, a group of CAUCASIAN MOTHERS AND THEIR CHILDREN seemingly wait for the light to change.

A school bus filled with young CHILDREN OF COLOR approaches the intersection from the opposite direction and rolls to a stop.

AT THE CORNER

The Mothers and their Children step to the curb. Without warning they THROW ROCKS at the school bus.

Muffled SCREAMS come from inside the school bus as the panic-stricken Children duck below the windows.

The Mothers unleash a barrage of racial epithets and yell "We don't want you here!", "Go home!" and "Go back where you came from, niggers!" Their Children follow suit.

INSIDE THE TAXI

The HACK shakes his head. DiLauria/Winters is aghast.

DILAURIA/WINTERS

Oh, my God!

HACK

That's 'cause of the busing.

DILAURIA/WINTERS

Those poor children...

The traffic changes to green. The Hack floors it; the taxi quickly gains speed.

DILAURIA/WINTERS (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

HACK

What do you want me to do?

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The taxi speeds away, leaving the attack far behind.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The Chrysler Building is featured in the midtown cityscape.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bazzo gazes out the window. Wilson hangs up the phone.

WILSON

No soap. McCrory says Nealy hasn't shown up at his sister's place. He's probably gone to ground.

BAZZO

(ruefully)
And my fault, too.

WILSON

Should we tell Latham?

BAZZO

Not yet. I've already taken one in the nuts; I don't need my head chewed off, too.

On the table the Gray phone RINGS; Wilson answers it.

WILSON

Yes?... Put him through... Regis, what's up?... What? Hang on.
(grabs a pen and paper)
Go on... Geezus... Yeah, thanks.
(hangs up)
That was Regis Kellen at the NYPD.

Bazzo shrugs, not recognizing the name.

WILSON (CONT'D)

He's our liaison there. He said they had to release Anya Kozlov and her playmate, some guy named Raines.

BAZZO

Why?

He walks over to the table and reads Wilson's notes.

WILSON

Kozlov made her phone call. Next thing you know, the FBI's SAC here orders the cops to release them.

BAZZO

What, they're FBI?!

WILSON

He's not sure. They didn't announce they were FBI, which is odd. Even when their agents are undercover, they still tell a police Intel unit just to avoid any future incidents.

BAZZO

So who the hell are they?

WILSON
(shrugs)
Nealy must know.

BAZZO
I'll be sure to ask him when we find
him.

WILSON
I tell you, if it were me, I'd have
hooked up with his sister's friend;
hide out with her. She's a fox.

This strikes a chord with Bazzo.

EXT. EAST 86 STREET - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Carol enters the building.

INT. SECOND-FLOOR LANDING - DAY

Carol walks up the stairs. Wilson and Bazzo emerge from the
corridor, startling her.

BAZZO
Sorry, didn't mean to frighten you.
I'm Paul; I work with Bill. You're
Carol his sister, right?

CAROL
What do you want?

BAZZO
We'd like to talk to you. Is there
some place we can go, like a coffee
shop or something?

CAROL
I wanna see some ID.

WILSON
We're not with the FBI, Miss Nealy.

CAROL
You said you work with Bill. Where?

BAZZO
D.C. He told me he was worried about
you; that's why he came to see you.

CAROL
Yeah? So where is he?

WILSON
Can we not talk here?

CAROL
(insistent)
I want to know where Bill is.

BAZZO
Please... Any place but here.

Carol studies them then heads downstairs. Bazzo and Wilson follow her.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Bustling and noisy. Bazzo, Wilson and Carol share a booth and sip coffee. The three lean close as they speak.

CAROL
Why do they want Bill?

BAZZO
We don't know.

CAROL
And you don't know where he is either. God, you people are really on top of it.

WILSON
Miss Nealy, Bill probably won't be coming back to your place. So I-

CAROL
(worriedly)
What are you talking about? Why wouldn't he want to see me?

Bazzo glares at Wilson. Carol starts trembling.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Tell me!

She starts to hyperventilate; she's having a panic attack. She reaches for her coffee but Bazzo stops her.

BAZZO
No, don't drink that. Take deep breaths. Come on, deep breaths.

Carol breathes deeply.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
Good. A few more...

She calms down some. Bazzo gently squeezes her hand.

CAROL
I'm alright.

BAZZO

What he meant was Bill would wait
until his situation was settled
before he contacted you.

Reassured, Carol sighs and nods.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Do you know any place he might go?
Is there anyone else here he knows?

Carol draws a blank; she shrugs.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

What about that woman who was with
you and Bill this morning?

CAROL

(surprised)
Gretchen? You saw us?

WILSON

Is she a close friend?

CAROL

Why? Why the hell is that important?

BAZZO

We're just curious if Bill knows
her well enough to stay with her.
Carol, we can't help him without
your help.

Carol sighs and thinks about it.

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

People stroll past the chain-link fence.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham is on the Red phone and writing notes on a legal pad.

LATHAM

And the NYPD let them go?

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A tape recorder runs. Bazzo is on the Red Phone.

BAZZO

On orders from the Bureau, even
though neither one said they were
FBI or spoke to an Intel unit.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH BAZZO

LATHAM

Hmm... And you're sure he didn't want to play ball with them?

BAZZO (O.S.)

Positive.

Latham looks confused. He taps his pencil on the legal pad.

LATHAM

His sister... Was she any help?

BAZZO

She gave us a lead - her friend, Gretchen, the one we saw leaving the house with them. FYI, the station could use some retraining in interrogation techniques. Wilson tried to ask the sister about her and she almost bit his head off.

LATHAM

Glad to hear she's not an open book.

BAZZO

Yeah, but I got the impression there was something else, something she didn't want to talk about.

Collette enters carrying a folder. She lays it on his desk and opens it to photos of Anya and Raines.

LATHAM

So, when are you going to see the friend, Gretchen?

BAZZO

Later. Wilson's watching her now.

LATHAM

Okay, but keep eyes on the sister.

He hangs up. Collette eyes the legal pad as Latham writes.

INSERT LEGAL PAD:

1. Why did FBI force NYPD to release Anya and Co.? How do they know her? Who is she: FBI? Informant? Double Agent?

2. Nealy and Gretchen - Connection?

3. Nealy - Change of heart?

BACK TO SCENE

COLLETTE

Was that Paul?

Latham nods. There are faint footsteps O.S. He quickly looks past Collette.

LATHAM

(loudly)

Did you want to see me, sir?

Kensington enters, looking curious. Collette glances at Latham. She quickly closes the folder and picks up the legal pad. Then she nods at Kensington and leaves.

KENSINGTON

I was just in The Hole. Where are the mandarins?

LATHAM

Mandarin Two took a sick day; Bazzo's in New York.

KENSINGTON

Doing what?

LATHAM

A surveillance job.

KENSINGTON

Why couldn't the station do it?

LATHAM

It was a special request from MI6.

KENSINGTON

(peevied)

Another unsanctioned operation.

LATHAM

Walter Tevis is there discussing his book "The Hustler" at a book forum. Josef Slovik, the Polish ambassador, plans to attend.

KENSINGTON

Since when do you need a mandarin for a simple meet-and-greet?

LATHAM

Sir, Slowik's into fluffers.

KENSINGTON

Huh? What are you talking about? What's a fluffer?

LATHAM

A girl who keeps the male porno stars stimulated between takes.

Kensington's jaw drops. The phone in Latham's Outer Office RINGS O.S.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

2-3-6-2...

Kensington crosses to the door and shuts it while Latham COUGHS and surreptitiously presses the intercom button.

LATHAM

After the book forum Slovik plans to visit a film set, one MI6 set up. But one of their film crew got sick. So Bazzo's taking his place.

KENSINGTON

Still, the station ought to be able to handle that.

(studies Latham)

Are you telling me the truth?

LATHAM

Yes, of course.

KENSINGTON

Then you've taken leave of your senses!

LATHAM

Sir, the people making those skin flicks are all locals. I can't risk exposing station personnel to them.

KENSINGTON

Exposing? Your choice of words, man.

Latham shrugs apologetically.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

So you risked offending the station just to curry favor with SMOTH.

LATHAM

The future payoff will be worth any perceived slight.

KENSINGTON

Uh huh. Meanwhile, Durang's raising hell, asking why the Bureau wasn't notified about Operation Gladstone.

LATHAM

(shrugs)

It doesn't involve them, that's why.

KENSINGTON

Well it turns out they were doing their own surveillance job as part of COINTELPRO. That's how they knew the Station #1 was at one of Art Metz's forums.

Latham rolls his eyes.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

Seems your New York station can't handle any sort of job.

LATHAM

That's not fair.

KENSINGTON

It's unfair that I have to waste resources mending fences with the FBI. I was going to have you send Paul to New York tomorrow to speak with their SAC. But since he's already there, he can do it today. I'll expect his SITREP on my desk tomorrow morning.

Kensington leaves in a huff. Latham purses his lips. He turns off the intercom, picks up the Gray phone and dials...

LATHAM

Warren Latham for Lawrence Jones, please... Larry, are you going to be in the office for the next half hour?... Good, I'm on my way over.

He hangs up and draws petty cash from his desk drawer. Then he gets up, grabs his coat and leaves, entering...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette looks up at Latham.

LATHAM

You hear that?

COLLETTE

Uh huh, including the part about you taking leave of your senses.

LATHAM

Just get out your notepad.

Collette grabs a pencil and her notepad.

COLLETTE

One day you're gonna get caught.
And there aren't many jobs out
there for liars - even good ones.

LATHAM

In this business, honesty's for the
unemployed. I want you to get off a
signal to Bazzo explaining what
Kensington wants done. Make it a
DELTEX signal; that way Kensington
will be copied on it. Then call the
station. Get word to Bazzo that I'm
on my way there.

COLLETTE

Right. And if Kensington asks for
you?

LATHAM

Make something up.

Latham leaves. Collette smiles to herself.

ACT THREE

EXT. CLEVELAND - SAINT LUKE'S HOSPITAL - DAY

A recusant, heterogenous group of men and women brave hostile
police and the cold as they protest before the entrance,
carrying signs that read "Desegregate St. Luke's."

A taxi pulls up; DiLauria/Winters alights. Amid shouts of
"Desegregate St. Luke's" and "Equal health care for all," she
approaches a White man, RABBI WALLACH, holding hands with a
White Woman, CORA, and a Black woman, NAOMI.

RABBI WALLACH

Are you here to join us?

DILAURIA/WINTERS

I'm not sure what this is about.

RABBI WALLACH

The hospital won't allow Blacks and
Whites together in double-occupancy
rooms.

CORA

As if skin color were foremost on
your mind when you're sick as a dog.

RABBI WALLACH

(smiles)

My wife, Cora. I'm Rabbi Wallach
and this is our friend Naomi.

DILAURIA/WINTERS

Ellen Winters.

They all shake hands.

NAOMI

Are you being treated here?

DILAURIA/WINTERS

No, I'm from the Yale Divinity
School.

NAOMI

Really... That's where Phil went.

DILAURIA/WINTERS

You mean Phil Martin?

NAOMI

Uh huh.

DILAURIA/WINTERS

Wow, I'm going to eulogize him next
week. I was told some of the
protesters here knew him.

Naomi's eyes start to tear.

DILAURIA/WINTERS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Did I say something
wrong?

RABBI WALLACH

Phil was Naomi's husband. We were
all very close.

DILAURIA/WINTERS

I'm very sorry for your loss, Mrs.
Martin.

RABBI WALLACH

Phil had what we Jews call a keen
sense of *menschlichkeit* - humanity.
He believed that if you want to
feel truly spiritual, find a picket
line for a good cause and walk it.

An UNKNOWN MAN storms up to a female protester. He grabs her
sign, throws it to the ground and stomps on it as the police
look on and do nothing. DiLauria/Winters is horrified.

DILAURIA/WINTERS

I can't believe it. The police just stood there.

CORA

Our sigil against racism isn't some printed sign, Ellen; it's our faith. Would you like to join us?

DiLauria/Winters nods and joins hands with Naomi.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - GREENWICH VILLAGE - DAY (DUSK)

Carol emerges from the subway station at Avenue of the Americas and 8th Street. She walks along 8th Street and enters #52, a Bar named "The Sea Colony."

INT. "THE SEA COLONY" - DAY

Bare tables, a bar and a jukebox playing Fats Domino serve a noisy, all-female clientele. Behind the bar, Gretchen serves a mix of butches, fems, sex workers and "passing women" of all ages - laughing, joking and flirting.

Carol sits at the bar; she looks spent. Gretchen comes over.

GRETCHEN

Where've you been? I've been calling you all day.

CAROL

Before you start, gimme a beer.

Gretchen pours her a beer. She hesitates and studies Carol.

GRETCHEN

You been dropping 'ludes?

Carol reaches for the glass but Gretchen pulls it back.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

Come on...

CAROL

I was having a panic attack. These guys who work with my brother came by.

Gretchen dumps the beer then fills a Collins glass with ice, lemon peel and seltzer water. She hands it to Carol.

GRETCHEN

A Tom Collins - without the Tom.

Carol sticks out her tongue at Gretchen then sips her drink.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

You know, he was in here earlier.

Carol leans close to Gretchen.

CAROL

They said someone tried to kidnap him. The one named Paul stopped it, but he said Bill got scared and took off.

GRETCHEN

Wow, that explains it.

CAROL

What?

GRETCHEN

He looked pretty ragged. I asked him what was up, but he didn't want to talk about it. He just wanted my keys so he could crash.

The quaaludes are kicking in - Carol smiles inappropriately.

CAROL

They asked me if he was with you.

GRETCHEN

Me? Why would they ask you that?

CAROL

They saw the three of us together.

Gretchen looks worried. Carol takes a sip and sighs.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Well, at least Bill's okay. Oh, the one named Paul asked me to get this to him.

She takes a note from her pocket and hands it to Gretchen.

INSERT NOTE: "EMPIRE 5869"

BACK TO SCENE

Gretchen puts the note in her pocket.

CAROL (CONT'D)

He said Bill can call him anytime, and he'd do whatever he could to help him.

GRETCHEN

Sounds like a good guy.

Carol nods. Suddenly she's very amused.

CAROL

Too bad I didn't tell him to go by Caffè Cino. He could've seen you ruin 'The Madwoman Of Chaillot'?

GRETCHEN

Hey, missy... I got great reviews on that from *The Realist*.

CAROL

Yeah, from that guy who used to write for *Mad Magazine*.

Gretchen sticks out her tongue. Carol is suddenly melancholy.

CAROL (CONT'D)

I hope this Paul can help Bill out.

GRETCHEN

Yeah, me too. Hey, you're marching with me in front of Woolworth's tomorrow, right?

Carol nods. She takes Gretchen's hand and kisses it.

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - APARTMENT SAFEHOUSE - DAY (DUSK)

Bazzo plays solitaire. Beside him are the phone and a walkie-talkie. There's a KNOCK on the door. He gets up, peeks through the peep hole and opens the door. Latham enters wearing a fedora and carrying a briefcase. Bazzo shuts the door.

BAZZO

Since when do you wear a hat?

LATHAM

Where's Wilson?

BAZZO

Watching D-Int's sister. She's at some hole in the wall called 'The Sea Colony'; her friend Gretchen works there. Wilson says it's a lesbian bar.

Latham shrugs; he could care less. He hangs up his coat then sits on the couch. Bazzo points to the walkie-talkie.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I've got him on a radio link.

LATHAM

Has Nealy called you?

BAZZO

Not yet. Want something to drink?

Latham nods. Bazzo gets up and goes into the kitchen.

LATHAM

This whole scenario doesn't make any sense.

BAZZO (O.S.)

Like why is D-Int still here instead of on his way to Moscow?

Bazzo returns with a bottle of Diet Rite Cola for Latham.

LATHAM

That, plus Anya and her playmate. Are they FBI or not? And that business about swapping gifts...

BAZZO

Say Anya's KGB. She could have given him a camera and microdot equipment.

LATHAM

And he gave her what - a document?

BAZZO

That's my guess.

LATHAM

But he was fighting with this Raines guy before he saw you. So did he refuse to play along?

BAZZO

Still hoping he's not doubling?

Latham sighs and nods.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Then what else could it be?

LATHAM

Innocent flirtation with a woman who happened to be FBI - or KGB.

A Red light on the phone BLINKS, then the phone RINGS; Bazzo answers it.

BAZZO

Barry...

(he nods to Latham)

Right. See you there.

(hangs up)

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

The Oyster Bar at Grand Central
Terminal in two hours.

LATHAM

I'll go. I want you to wait here
for a call from SMOTH.

BAZZO

SMOTH? Why, what's going on?

Latham takes an aspirin tin from his briefcase and opens it -
inside is one white tablet. Bazzo looks on sadly.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Cyanide?

Latham nods.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Let me do it.

LATHAM

No. Stay here and wait for SMOTH's
call. I'll call you later.

EXT. CLEVELAND - STREET - NIGHT (EVENING)

The lights blaze inside a modest, two-story home.

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dilauria/Winters, the Wallachs and their two children, and
Naomi and her two biracial children eat a sumptuous dinner.
It's a GAGGLE of conversation, laughter, squeals and the oft-
repeated, single sing-song word that holds 3-year-olds rapt.

Plates pass to Cora who refills them. One of Naomi's
children, 5-year-old GABRIELLE, goes up to Cora and hugs her.

CORA

Come on up here, bubbeleh.

Gabrielle jumps on Cora's lap. They eat from Cora's plate.

NAOMI

At work, Clara says, 'Wow, you're
lucky your kids look so white.'

CORA

She's such an idiot.

DILAURIA/WINTERS

It must be so frustrating for you.

CORA

Especially since Clara's black.

DiLauria/Winters is shocked. Meanwhile, 6-year-old ADAM WALLACH squeezes next to Naomi. He shows her a baseball card: Vic Power, a Black baseball star for the Cleveland Indians.

RABBI WALLACH
Adam, let her eat.

Adam smiles sheepishly. Naomi hugs him, then the boy returns to his seat. The Wallach's 8-year-old daughter CHANA feeds mashed potatoes to MALCOLM, Naomi's 3-year-old son.

CHANA
Ma...

CORA AND NAOMI
What is it?

The two women chuckle over their serendipitous moment.

CHANA
Malcolm has a mashed potato
moustache.

The women "Ooh" and "Aah."

RABBI WALLACH
There was another flyer in the
mailbox.

CORA
Same as last time?

RABBI WALLACH
No, this one said, 'In housing, the
Negro follows the Jews. No Jews, no
Negroes to follow.'

NAOMI
Cowards. They leave them at night
when no one can see them.

DiLauria/Winters leans toward Cora.

DILAURIA/WINTERS
Where's the bathroom?

CORA
Upstairs on your right, dear.

DiLauria/Winters excuses herself and heads upstairs. From the landing she watches everyone with a mix of awe and melancholy.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

It's past the height of the rush hour, though the station still bustles with commuters and camera-toting tourists.

THE OYSTER BAR

Crowded, with noisy suits and office couples enjoying drinks, dinner and each other. Latham sees Nealy sitting alone at a table at the far end and joins him. Nealy is shocked.

NEALY

Warren... I expected Paul.

LATHAM

He's around. I wanted to talk to you myself; find out what's going on.

NEALY

I know what it looks like.

LATHAM

Yeah? To me it looks like someone throwing away a brilliant career.

NEALY

It's not what you think.

LATHAM

I'm listening...

NEALY

You met my sister Carol.

LATHAM

No, Paul did.

NEALY

Wonder what he thought of her...

LATHAM

Huh? Geezus, Bill... Do you realize the spot you're in?

NEALY

That's not what I meant. She and her friend Gretchen - they've been a couple for two years now. But the last few months... Carol can't hold a job. And the drugs...

Nealy takes a drink; he's frustrated and saddened.

LATHAM

Are you supporting her?

NEALY

Yes. A while back I suggested she do something with her life, something meaningful. So the two got involved in civil rights, left-wing politics.

LATHAM

Like Art Metz's forums?

NEALY

That's where they met Anya.

LATHAM

Is that when you started passing secrets?

NEALY

What? Geezus, no! God Almighty...

People nearby glance at Nealy. He takes a deep breath.

NEALY (CONT'D)

That's when the three of them began, you know, sleeping together. One night I get this call - from Anya.

LATHAM

Photos...

NEALY

She said she'd turn them over to the FBI if I didn't do as she says.

LATHAM

And with the ensuing scandal you figured maybe there'd be speculation about your own sexuality.

NEALY

A rumor's all you need. Truth be damned. I'd be booted out, no pension, no prospects... Carol attempted suicide before. What do you think she'd do if she found out? Not to mention Liz, my kids...

LATHAM

Yesterday - was that the first time you and Anya met?

Nealy nods.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Were the photos in the box?

NEALY

(embarrassed)

Wilson tailed me, huh?

LATHAM

It's not like you were hard to spot.

NEALY

I was trapped. I was half-hoping someone from the station would see me, knowing you'd send a mandarin. I didn't expect to see you though.

Latham smiles sympathetically. Nealy sighs.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Anya lied; there were no photos - only Metz's journals.

LATHAM

So what did you give her?

NEALY

Nothing. That's why she brought her goon with her. Thank God for Paul.

LATHAM

So what the hell was your plan?

Nealy parts his coat slightly: a gun is tucked in his pants.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

(scoffs)

You're lucky you didn't shoot yourself.

Nealy closes his coat.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You know where those two are now?

NEALY

Jail, I'm guessing.

LATHAM

No. Anya called the FBI. Their New York SAC had the NYPD release them.

NEALY

They're FBI?

LATHAM

No, most likely they're informants. This isn't a Bureau operation, Bill. You and Anya were spotted yesterday by an MI6 officer.

NEALY

What? How did they get onto her?

LATHAM

She's on a list of Swallows given to SMOTH by the Bureau.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Today, Durang complained to Kensington, asking why he wasn't told about Operation Gladstone.

NEALY

How would he even know about it?

LATHAM

From COINTELPRO. Look, if the FBI knew about you and Anya, Durang would never have tipped his hand by complaining about Gladstone.

Nealy breathes easier. Then he suddenly realizes...

NEALY

Then it's a KGB operation.

LATHAM

Right under the nose of the FBI.

NEALY

Are you going to hand her over to them?

LATHAM

What I'm gonna do is send you home.

NEALY

But what about Anya? The photos?

LATHAM

I'll handle it. You just go on home.

NEALY

(very worried)
Warren-

LATHAM

None of this ever happened, you understand? None of it. So go on home. I'll see you at work tomorrow.

Embarrassed but grateful, Nealy nods and leaves.

LATHAM

Waits a moment, then gets up, goes to a payphone and dials.

LATHAM

It's Latham. Use an outside line, Gramercy 4747.

He hangs up and waits there. A TIPSY MAN walks up to him.

TIPSY MAN
Hey buddy, you mind?

LATHAM
I'm waiting for a call.

TIPSY MAN
This ain't your own private phone.

He reaches for the phone's handset. Latham grabs the Topsy Man's wrist and twists it. The Topsy Man grimaces.

LATHAM
If I miss my wife's call, I'm going to be really upset.

He releases the Man's wrist. As the Topsy Man massages his wrist, the phone RINGS; Latham answers it.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Bazzo?

The Topsy Man stares incredulously and mouths "Bazzo?" He walks away and leaves, shaking his head.

EXT. STREET - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Bazzo is on the phone, a finger to his open ear to hear better.

BAZZO
Well?

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH BAZZO

LATHAM
It's not what we thought. I'll explain later. Did SMOTH call?

BAZZO
Yeah. He said, '47 Delancey, 5J.'
That's Anya's address, isn't it?

LATHAM
She's KGB. SMOTH's people already had eyes on her. All I did was ask.

BAZZO
You're going for a hit, aren't you?

LATHAM
Why would I do that?

BAZZO
Because she's past the point of a good talking to. Come on, Warren.

LATHAM

Take off, Paul.

BAZZO

Why not just make a gift of her to Durang? He can say he caught a real communist for once.

LATHAM

No, she'd talk. And Durang would use her to get a hold on Nealy.

BAZZO

Then let me take care of her.

LATHAM

I thought you hated violence?

BAZZO

I do. But I'd stand a better chance of getting away with it than you would.

LATHAM

I told you, I'm not going after a hit. Look, if anything goes wrong, whoever's involved will have to resign. That can't be both of us. So do yourself a favor and go home.

He hangs up.

EXT. MANHATTAN - LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Latham exits a taxi carrying his briefcase. He puts on his fedora and checks his watch. Looking around he spots a greasy spoon diner.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

A drug addict shakes; a whore chats up her pimp; Latham sips coffee. He checks his watch: 1:30. He sees a WOMAN and a MAN (Anya and Raines) enter 47 Delancey Street. Moments later Latham sees a MAN WEARING A FEDORA also enter the building.

Latham finishes his coffee, puts on his coat, gloves and fedora and leaves.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Latham waits. The Man Wearing A Fedora leaves 47 Delancey Street. Latham heads toward him. The Man stops and pulls out a cigarette.

MAN WEARING FEDORA

You have a light?

LATHAM

Sorry, I just quit. Today, in fact.

MAN WEARING FEDORA

I suppose I should, too. I hear these things can be lethal.

The Man Wearing A Fedora tosses his cigarette to the ground. He hands Latham a manila envelope and leaves.

LATHAM

Opens the envelope. Inside are negatives and photos of Carol, Gretchen and Anya, *en flagrante*. He closes the envelope and heads towards the corner. He looks across the street and sees Bazzo leaning against a lamppost. Latham walks up to him.

BAZZO

A fedora for a recognition symbol?

Latham shrugs.

LATHAM

You're supposed to be on a train home.

BAZZO

Who else would've had your back?

Latham grins appreciatively.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

You certainly don't have any friends.

Latham sneers. The Two Spies head into the subway.

EXT. LAFAYETTE SQUARE PARK - DAY (MORNING)

Latham meets Jones by the Andrew Jackson sculpture.

JONES

I'm told it was a clean job - two shots, chest and head, both Anya and Raines. The envelope was in a nightstand drawer.

LATHAM

Thanks.

JONES

We're even now, Warren.

He turns and walks away.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham reads a SITREP. Bazzo enters and sits.

BAZZO

I ran into Kensington on my way up.
He asked if I got anything on the
Polish ambassador and the fluffer.

LATHAM

Geezus, I'd forgotten about that.
You do the SITREP?

BAZZO

I haven't had time.

LATHAM

Good, I'll have Collette do it.
What did you tell him?

BAZZO

That I didn't have anything on hand
but I'd get him something, soon as
I could. He seemed pleased.

LATHAM

I'll bet. I'd better call New York,
have them get something on film.

BAZZO

If, um, they need a male lead...

LATHAM

I'm sure you could make short work
of it.

Bazzo feigns offense.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Here, look at this.
(hands Bazzo the SITREP)
Carla's SITREP on Phil Martin.

As Bazzo reads...

BAZZO

So it was an accident... Wow, hard
to believe this all happened in
Cleveland; sounds more like Mobile.

LATHAM

You think so?

BAZZO

Come on, there's no Bull Connor up
here siccing dogs on Black people.

LATHAM

No, our animals all have two legs.

INT. LECTURE HALL

Metz stands at the lectern, speaking to a heterogenous group of students, faculty and lay people.

METZ

This isn't about White versus Black, or White versus Hispanic, or even White versus Asian. This is about those obvious and less obvious advantages Whites have. Some Whites don't even recognize this, and thus don't recognize the subtle biases within themselves. They only see the overt acts of prejudice - the inequities in education, housing and employment - and the means to which some Whites will go to maintain the status quo: the lynchings, the firebombings, the shootings, the attacks on peaceful demonstrators. People, these lives stunted by prejudice and hate are not just non-White lives; they're all of us. We all have a stake in insuring that non-White lives are nurtured with the same love and intensity as White ones. Inequality is the one real danger to our traditional ideal of a free and just society. The time to live up to that ideal is now.

END