

Cool Gray Dawn

Episode #13: "Something's Wrong Here"

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Cool Gray Dawn

"Something's Wrong Here"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MANHATTAN - DAY

Stock footage of Times Square, the Public Library at 40th Street and Fifth Avenue, and the adjacent...

BRYANT PARK

It's a cool morning; people walk briskly. A Department of Public Works truck is parked on Avenue Of The Americas. Its crew, in overalls and hard hats, lazes about, sipping coffee.

PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY sits on a bench on the 40th Street side, feeding the pigeons. PASSER-BY #1 rudely questions Bazzo's generosity. An elderly man, TOM, walks up and stops.

TOM

I usually feed them here but no problem. I'll go over there. I gotta be at Mount Sinai anyway.

Bazzo rolls his eyes. Tom leaves, passing by MARISA, 30, who pushes a stroller. He stops near the DPW truck to feed the birds.

ON THE PATH

A DPW SURVEYOR pushing a perambulator stops at Bazzo's bench, marks a RED 'X' on the ground then moves on.

ACROSS 40TH STREET - AT THE CURB

Watching the Surveyor walk by the DPW truck and leave the Park is IGNACIO, 40; behind him, tall and lean ALAN MEEKS. IGNACIO waggles a folded newspaper in front of his face. Meeks leaves.

BRYANT PARK - PATH

Marisa pushes the stroller and stops at Bazzo's bench. She smiles at him and bends to adjust her shoe strap - the red 'X' lies beneath the stroller. An ELDERLY COUPLE approaches. Marisa smiles at them then casually walks away. Bazzo eyes her curiously. Marisa starts to run.

BAZZO

Hey!

He starts after her as the OLD WOMAN peers into the stroller.

She sees a CHILD'S DOLL there instead of an infant. Bemused, she looks up - just as the carriage EXPLODES.

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

Stock footage of the Capitol Dome and Washington Monument.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

CIA PERSONNEL walk past the guard shack, through the gate.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The 24-hour wall clock reads 09:10. COLLETTE DOWD enters from LATHAM'S OFFICE. She worriedly checks the wall clock. WARREN LATHAM trudges in, looking pale and bilious.

COLLETTE

There you are... You okay?

LATHAM

Something I had for dinner.

COLLETTE

Really? What time did you eat?

LATHAM

I don't know... Late.

COLLETTE

Uh huh. Probably went out for one of those rancid hamburgers again.

Latham guiltily turns away - and bangs his knee on her desk.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

(sotto voce)

Serves you right.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Collette follows Latham who limps inside. She hangs up his coat. He plops into his chair; his cheeks PUFF.

COLLETTE

Go home, Warren.

LATHAM

(waves her off)

Is Tom Percy back yet?

COLLETTE

I saw him on my way in.

LATHAM

How'd he look?

COLLETTE

Compared to you? Fantastic.

LATHAM

Alright... Let's see how long he can stay sober. Anything IMMEDIATE?

COLLETTE

New York's monitoring Che's speech at the U.N. today. And Paul should have met his Cuban contact by now, assuming Liriano showed up. Last time he was at some U.N. meeting.

Latham suddenly leans over and RETCHES into the waste basket. Meanwhile, the Red phone RINGS; Collette answers it.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

2-3-6-2... Can you call mandarin Two? He'll be down there shortly.

She hangs up. Latham falls back in his seat, exhausted.

OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual BUSTLE and PURL of teletype machines, chatter and ringing phones. JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY, who is on his Red phone, man the Duty Desk. CARLA DILAURIA is there - all look very serious. Latham enters, popping a breath mint.

LATHAM

Details, Jared.

STOKES

A bomb went off in midtown Manhattan where mandarin One was to meet his Cuban contact. One person's dead; two others were injured, including mandarin One.

LATHAM

How bad?

STOKES

No word on that yet. They were all taken to Mount Sinai Hospital.

LATHAM

Is he under a John Doe?

DILAURIA

No, his working name, Tom Sterling. The station #1 is on site.

LATHAM

What about his contact, Liriano?

STOKES

No joy on that yet.

LATHAM

Alright, find out who else was injured and who the deceased is.

STOKES

In case one might be the bomber?

Latham nods; he looks very worried. Stokes writes himself a note. Percy hangs up. He holds up one finger to CIA OFFICER #1 who goes to the wall and replaces one of several GREEN STICKPINS in New York City with a YELLOW one.

LATHAM

Did anyone claim responsibility?

STOKES

Not yet. That's the second bombing there in two weeks.

DILAURIA

Could be the PRLM again.

STOKES

Or Cuban exiles. They're mad at the U.N. for inviting Che to address the General Assembly.

PERCY

Sir, Paul's contact, Liriano - he and Castro go way back, don't they?

LATHAM

Their families were in business together. Why?

PERCY

What if Castro found out Liriano was working with us?

LATHAM

Hmm... I need to speak to Paul. Jared, tell New York Central I'll call them from LaGuardia.

STOKES

Right.

Jared dials his Red phone. Latham turns to DiLauria.

LATHAM

Meet me in my office in five.

He starts to leave, then pauses and turns toward Percy.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Tom...

Percy looks up - just as his Red phone RINGS; he answers it.

PERCY

0-4-3-3...

Latham nods appreciatively to him then leaves.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters and goes to the water cooler. Collette looks up.

LATHAM

There was a bombing; Bazzo was hurt.

COLLETTE

(very upset)

Oh, my God...

LATHAM

I'm going up to New York to see  
him. Get SMOTH on the line for me.

Collette dials the Gray phone. Latham half-fills his mug and enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

He takes some Alka-Seltzer from his desk drawer, plops two tablets into his mug and drinks. He then takes a wad of \$20 bills from petty cash and pockets it as DiLauria enters.

LATHAM

Berard and Kensington are on The  
Hill all morning. I want you to  
brief them when they get back...  
And you might as well sit up here  
for the time being.

DiLauria nods. She curiously sniffs the air and squinches.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

DILAURIA

Did someone throw up in here?

Latham glances at the waste basket.

LATHAM

Huh? No, it was, um, a dead mouse.  
Call a charwoman to come and spray.

The intercom BUZZES - just in time.

COLLETTE (O.S.)  
SMOTH is on Gray.

Latham picks up the Gray phone.

LATHAM  
Larry...

INT. MI6 OFFICE - DAY

The desk clock reads 09:35. A despondent LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) holds a report in one hand and the phone in the other.

JONES  
(agonizing sigh)  
Glad you called, Warren. Looks like  
I'm going to have to cancel lunch.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH JONES

LATHAM  
Well I'm definitely canceling as  
I'll be in New York.

JONES  
(perks up)  
Oh? How long will you be gone?

LATHAM  
I'm not sure... Today at least.

Jones is suddenly deep in thought; he's up to something.

LATHAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Larry... Hey, you still there?

JONES  
Huh? Oh, yeah. Just make sure you  
call me when you get back. And  
lunch is on you.

Jones hangs up. He speaks into his intercom.

JONES (CONT'D)  
Come in here, Fiona. I need you to  
send an IMMEDIATE telex to London.

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - SHUTTLE TERMINAL - DAY

Latham exits and gets into a NEW YORK CITY TAXI.

I/E. TAXI - DAY

The Taxi heads south on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway. The United Nations tower looms across the East River. Latham listens to the HACK's portable radio as it airs the news.

NEWSREADER (O.S.)

Repeating today's top story: A bomb exploded this morning at Bryant Park in midtown Manhattan, killing one and injuring two. All were taken to Mount Sinai Hospital...

EXT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

The Taxi pulls up. Latham alights and is met by NEW YORK STATION CHIEF BRUCE WILSON.

WILSON

He's got a concussion. They also took a small piece of shrapnel from his leg.

Latham motions for Wilson to follow him down...

MADISON AVENUE

The two spies stroll amongst the city's leisure class.

WILSON

Our new NYPD liaison has been in touch. He put a cop in Paul's room.

LATHAM

Why?

WILSON

The city had a DPW crew at the park. A witness saw one of them pushing that, um, that thing - it measures distances...

LATHAM

A perambulator. Surveyors use it.

WILSON

Right. Well this surveyor marked an 'X' by the bench where Paul was sitting. Then this woman pushing a stroller parks it over the 'X' and takes off. The blast was so small he figures it was meant just for Paul.

At the corner he and Wilson turn around and head back.

LATHAM

The Ops Room thinks the DGI's rumbled the operation.

WILSON

Could be.

LATHAM

Still, Why go through all that when they could just shoot him?

WILSON

Trying to keep it on the QT I guess.

LATHAM

Since when has Castro been shy?

WILSON

Well, someone planned it 'cause the City had no surveyor on that crew.

Latham and Wilson head into the hospital.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - UNITED NATIONS COMPLEX - DAY

Stock footage of the tower.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL

Stock footage of Che Guevara addressing the General Assembly.

EXT. LONG ISLAND CITY - NORTH BROTHER ISLAND GANTRY - DAY

Long abandoned for unloading ships, it sits on the East River, opposite the United Nations complex. Ignacio, Marisa and Ramon (the Surveyor) chug through the scrub. Ramon lugs a long green box; Marisa carries a knapsack. They gaze across the water at the U.N. tower; a tugboat tows a GARBAGE SCOW downriver.

RAMON

Sure you got the right one, jefe?

He points to a second gantry. ("Jefe" is Spanish for "boss.")

IGNACIO

Hey, smartass, I said to mark the guy feeding the birds.

RAMON

There were two of 'em there.

IGNACIO

So what? If you'd used more gunpowder like I told you to-

MARISA

Hey! Can we get on with this?

Ramon eyes the rotted planks.

RAMON

I don't know... This don't look all that safe.

IGNACIO

Just move it.

He brushes Ramon aside and steps on a plank - it SNAPS in two. Ignacio falls through the floor, waist-deep into the river.

RAMON

Qué gilipollas.

(Translation from Spanish: "What an asshole.")

He and Marisa pull the scrabbling Ignacio from the water. Ramon grabs the box and crouches by a support beam. From the box he pulls out an old U.S. Army bazooka and shoulders it.

Marisa and Ignacio crouch behind him. Ignacio takes a shell from Marisa's knapsack and tries to load it into the breech.

MARISA

What are you doing?!

IGNACIO

Loading the shell.

MARISA

You're putting it in backwards!

RAMON

I thought you said you'd fired one of these!

IGNACIO

I did!

MARISA

Just put the damn thing in right and fire it before someone sees us.

Ignacio reverses the shell, closes the breech and attaches the firing pin. Ramon sights in the U.N. TOWER.

RAMON

(worried, he hesitates)  
You sure this'll reach the U.N.?

IGNACIO

Yes! Hurry up and fire it.

Ramon FIRES. They watch the shell's long climb. Halfway across the East River, the shell starts to drop - precipitously.

RAMON

That ain't gonna make it.

The shell scores a direct hit: on the garbage scow.

ANONYMOUS P.O.V. - GARBAGE SCOW - BINOCULARS MATTE

A filthy mushroom cloud rains tons of trash back on the water amid SCREAMS and unintelligible chatter O.S.

BACK TO SCENE

Mortified, Ramon chucks the bazooka into the river. The Three Saboteurs scurry away.

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - SOUTH PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY - DAY

Meeks lowers his binoculars and smirks. Pedestrians gathered there gawk at the falling debris.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY

The Union Jack flies over the British Embassy roof.

INT. MI6 OFFICE - DAY

Jones enters holding the same report he had earlier. Looking sanguine he checks his clock, 12:35, then picks up the phone.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

The door is open; Collette is out of her office. DiLauria sits at the desk, bored, flipping through a file. A can of Lysol is on the desk. The Gray phone RINGS; she answers it.

DILAURIA

Yes?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

I have a Lawrence Jones from the British Embassy for Mr. Latham.

DILAURIA

Put him through, please... Mandarin Two here.

CROSSCUT JONES WITH DILAURIA

JONES

Hi, Carla. Is your boss around?

DILAURIA

No, he's in New York. Remember?

JONES

Sorry, I forgot. I've been so frazzled here. Who's sitting in for him, Paul?

DILAURIA

No, I am.

JONES

Okay, I'm coming right over. I have something very urgent for you.

He hangs up. Smugly satisfied, he speaks into his intercom.

JONES (CONT'D)

Fiona, get my car. I think we've just found a way out of the woods.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

A door OPENS O.S. A moment later Collette leans in.

COLLETTE

Any news on Paul?

DILAURIA

He was concussed. And they took a small piece of shrapnel from leg.

Collette is relieved, but DiLauria looks nettled. Concerned, Collette comes in.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

SMOTH's on his way over. Says it's 'very urgent.'

COLLETTE

Always is with him.

DiLauria leafs through two folders in Latham's In-tray.

DILAURIA

Look at this: 'Findings of the SASC Budgetary Sub-Committee,' 'Proposed Membership in the U.S. Delegation to the Ad Hoc Intelligence Working Group'... Whatever SMOTH has can't be any worse than this.

INT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Latham and Wilson watch TV. A Nurse comes to get them.

PATIENT ROOM - DAY

A single room with a TV and a phone. Bazzo lies in bed, awake. PATROLMAN #1 sits in a chair by the bed, watching TV. Latham and Wilson enter and flash Department of Defense IDs.

WILSON

We'd like to speak to him alone.

Patrolman #1 grudgingly leaves. Wilson sits in the chair while Latham stands at the foot of the bed. Bazzo squinches.

LATHAM  
How are you feeling?

BAZZO  
Nauseous.

WILSON  
I'll get the nurse, Paul.

He presses the CALL button. The phone RINGS; he answers it.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Mr. Sterling's room... Yeah, Davis,  
what is it?... Yeah, we heard it...

LATHAM  
(overlapping to Bazzo)  
Can you tell me what happened?

BAZZO  
What do you mean?

LATHAM  
This morning, in the park.

BAZZO  
What are you talking about?

WILSON  
(into phone)  
The city's gone nuts... Later.  
(hangs up; to Latham)  
That boom we heard? Someone blew up  
a garbage barge on the East River.

Latham grins sardonically. Truculent NURSE BEAL barges in with an enema cart. She looks at Bazzo's chart and approaches him.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
He says he's nauseous.

LATHAM  
He doesn't remember much either.

BEAL  
You'd be that way, too, if you'd  
just been concussed.  
(to Bazzo)  
What's your name, hon?

LATHAM  
It's Tom Sterling. He works for me.

BEAL  
That's his problem. Mine is I need  
him to answer, not you.

Latham ignominiously looks away. Beal leans toward Bazzo.

BEAL (CONT'D)  
Tell me your name.

BAZZO  
Tom Sterling.

BEAL  
That a fact... You know, you look pretty good for a 75-year-old.

LATHAM  
What?

BEAL  
There's another Tom Sterling on the ward. Looks like someone mixed up the charts.

Latham scoffs and shakes his head.

WILSON  
What's all that on the cart for?

BEAL  
An enema. That's why we check, else your friend here would've gotten it.

Bazzo suddenly looks bilious. Nurse Beal turns to Wilson and points to the waste can.

BEAL (CONT'D)  
Wanna grab that waste can?

WILSON  
What for?

Bazzo leans over and VOMITS on Wilson's shoes.

BEAL  
That.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

There's a KNOCK on the door; it opens. Collette leans in.

COLLETTE  
Lawrence Jones.

Jones enters. Collette leaves, shutting the door.

DILAURIA  
Coffee?

JONES

Oh, no thanks, I'm short on time.

They pull two chairs to the table and sit.

JONES (CONT'D)

I'm in trouble. We have a wounded officer trapped in Mexico City.

DILAURIA

(dubiously)

What do you mean, 'trapped'?

JONES

One of our SAS staff killed a Mexican colonel there last night.

DiLauria groans.

JONES (CONT'D)

The colonel was about to blow one of our rings to his KGB handler.

DILAURIA

And?

JONES

And our escape route collapsed. Our man was shot... He made it to a safehouse, but he won't be safe there much longer.

He fumbles for a cigarette and lights it.

DILAURIA

Where's the safehouse?

JONES

Anáhuac, just west of center city. Look, the point is the Federales know he was hit; they've started a house-to-house search. Lucky for us, they started two clicks north.

DILAURIA

So how can we help?

JONES

I need a mandarin.

DILAURIA

Why don't you ask the Latin America Desk? They can task someone from our Mexico City station.

Jones snickers.

JONES

Come on, Carla... The KGB have your station under 24-hour surveillance. They tip off their contacts in the Federales to every move CIA makes.

DILAURIA

So why can't you use one of your people?

JONES

We've got no one over here who's qualified.

DILAURIA

(scoffs)

There's no such thing as being qualified for a bust-out. What you need is a huge set of 'cojones.'

JONES

You know what I mean. By the time we fly someone over here, slip him across the Mexican border...

DILAURIA

Why slip him across the border?

JONES

How else would you get him into Mexico undetected? A BOAC flight from Heathrow to Mexico City?

DiLauria looks away, something is on her mind.

DILAURIA

I was just thinking about the last time we sent a mandarin across a border.

JONES

What - you mean Alan Dell?

DILAURIA

(ruefully)

Yeah.

JONES

That's hardly the same thing; Dell went behind The Curtain. And when he went down I gave you all the help I could.

(pointedly)

In fact, I gave you all the help you wanted.

DILAURIA

No one's forgotten that... I don't know, sounds too risky to me. I think Mr. Latham would say no.

JONES

Not when the man's Russell Bridges.

DiLauria shrugs, not recognizing the name.

JONES (CONT'D)

Bridges saved Latham's life when they were in Saigon back in '55.

DiLauria sighs, realizing the import.

JONES (CONT'D)

And Carla, I'm authorized to offer the Agency anything it wants.

DILAURIA

What does that mean?

JONES

What it says.

DILAURIA

So why is Bridges so important?

JONES

He was given a guarantee of rescue in case anything went wrong. The rest of SAS knew about it.

DILAURIA

So if he's not lifted...

JONES

Morale there is already low.

DILAURIA

Hmm... How long have you got?

JONES

Twenty-four hours, thirty-six at the most.

DILAURIA

Great... How badly is he hurt?

JONES

From what we know he was hit in the shoulder - but he can still walk.

DILAURIA

He might have to run.

JONES

That's why he needs help, Carla.

ACT TWO

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard and Kensington eat lunch as they listen to DiLauria.

BERARD

And MI6 is offering us a blank check, but you're reluctant to do it.

DILAURIA

I just don't believe MI6 has no one available. I think they're passing it on to us because it's so risky.

KENSINGTON

Yes, but passing it with a very large carrot; one the White House isn't likely to turn down.

BERARD

(warning Kensington)

Let's not overlook the fact the Soviets just held their science exhibition there. They've also increased trade talks with Mateos, who's decidedly leftist. And we've got Che Guevara crucifying us before the U.N. General Assembly. A false step here would further edge Latin America toward Marxism.

KENSINGTON

Understood, sir, but the White House may want to cash in that chit - say, for a few concessions from Whitehall on the Middle East?

DILAURIA

Yes, but if I were caught...

BERARD

You?

DILAURIA

There's no one else available.

KENSINGTON

Come on, we have half a dozen agents in Mexico City who could handle this.

DILAURIA

(exasperated)

Those goons need a road map just to cross the street... Sir.

BERARD

We're already down a mandarin, and you're filling in for Mr. Latham. Who'd take over for you?

KENSINGTON

Well, of course I would, sir.

Less than enthused, Berard stops eating.

DILAURIA

The only reason I've brought it this far is because of this man, Bridges.

BERARD

Go on...

DILAURIA

He rescued Mr. Latham when they were in Saigon five years ago.

BERARD

And you wouldn't want Mr. Latham to learn you'd done nothing to repay the debt.

DILAURIA

No, sir.

BERARD

Whereas if I were to say no...

DiLauria shrugs sheepishly. Now Kensington looks worried.

DILAURIA

But it's because it's Bridges that I'm willing to go.

BERARD

Alright, I'll take advice. Go get briefed then get yourself to a holding position in Mexico and wait for clearance to run.

Kensington is relieved. DiLauria nods and leaves.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - UPPER NEW YORK BAY - DAY

A STATEN ISLAND FERRY glides by the Statue of Liberty.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND - FOREST AVENUE - DAY

1920's Dutch colonial homes line the street. The front door to #702 opens. Pudgy ALAN takes the mail from his mailbox.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The TV is on. Alan enters and PLOPS onto his recliner. Out of breath, he lays the bills aside and opens a small package. Inside are three, dark green Brazilian passports - one each for Ignacio Fermin, Marisa Sanchez and Ramon Williams.

Alan's wife, MARIE, enters, carrying a plunger. She sighs.

MARIE

Toilet's fixed. Next time, go easy  
on the Ex-Lax. I'm gonna make lunch.  
(sees the passports)  
Whatcha got there?

ALAN

Passports. They came in the mail.

Marie walks over, picks up the package and looks at the address: Alan Meeks, 702 Forest Ave., The Bronx 24, NY.

MARIE

These ain't for you. They're for  
some other Alan up in the Bronx.

ALAN

What're you talkin' about?

He grabs the package. Marie looks over his shoulder.

MARIE

I don't know... Ours didn't come  
like this. Your brother's at the  
121st now, right?

ALAN

Who, you mean Joey?

MARIE

You only got one brother, numb  
nuts. Call the precinct; see what  
he has to say.

EXT. MANHATTAN - FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

A GRAY SEDAN passes by the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

I/E. SEDAN - DAY

Wilson drives. Latham sits in front; he's abstracted. On the seat is a sack lunch. Wilson holds it up momentarily.

WILSON

You want half? It's chicken salad -  
my wife made it.

Latham shakes his head no.

WILSON (CONT'D)

She puts in celery and some  
onions... Tastes pretty good.

LATHAM

No, thank you. When we get back I  
want to see Liriano's file,  
especially Paul's last SITREP.

WILSON

(nods, starts eating)  
You don't like them, huh?

LATHAM

Who are you talking about?

WILSON

Onions. Some people won't eat them  
'cause they give you bad breath.

LATHAM

No, if I want some, I'll eat some.

WILSON

Me too. But I always keep some  
Juicy Fruit handy.

Latham rolls his eyes.

WILSON (CONT'D)

You never know with bad breath.

LATHAM

I don't really worry about it.

WILSON

No?

Wilson shrugs. Now self-conscious, Latham fakes a cough and  
covers his mouth. He discreetly sniffs his palm.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Me, I'm always worried, especially  
when I'm in a closed-in space.

LATHAM

Alright, you convinced me.

Wilson happily offers him the other half of his sandwich.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

The gum.

Wilson hands him the pack of gum. Latham takes a stick and hands the pack back to Wilson who continues eating.

WILSON

When Paul's memory returns, we'll know what happened to Liriano.

LATHAM

Assuming he showed up this time.

WILSON

So you agree then; Paul was set up.

Latham turns up his palms in frustration.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Liriano must've felt Paul was on to him and told his masters at the DGI.

LATHAM

So you think Liriano was redoubled.

WILSON

Yeah, and I think they hit Paul in a way that fits these small bombings we've had here.

LATHAM

But why target Paul? Even if they felt he knew, why not just pass on chicken feed to us and keep their man Liriano in the game?

Wilson sighs, frustrated. The Sedan pulls into an underground garage and parks. The car's radiotelephone BEEPS; Wilson answers it.

WILSON

3-C-K-1... Patch him through...  
Wilson here... What is it?...  
When?... Yeah, I know where it is.  
See you there.

(hangs up)

That was Drake, our police liaison.  
Says he's got something I need to see. You want to come along, sir?

Latham nods. Wilson starts the car and pulls out.

INT. "MI PEQUEÑO RESTAURANTE" - DAY

A hole-in-the-wall serving lunch to garment workers. In a booth is haughty NYPD LIEUTENANT KEVIN DRAKE, 35, in civvies.

Drake chomps on a Cuban sandwich. Wilson and Latham sit.

WILSON

This is my boss, Mr. Latham... Lt.  
Kevin Drake.

DRAKE

Nice to meet you. You wanna order?

LATHAM

I'll just have a Diet-Rite Cola.

WILSON

Make it two.

DRAKE

(signals to the waiter;  
orders in Spanish)  
Dos Diet-Rite Colas, por favor.  
(sniffs the air)  
Is that Juicy Fruit?

WILSON

Uh huh. Here...

He hands Drake a stick of gum. Drake in turn pulls the envelope with the Brazilian passports from his briefcase and hands it to Wilson who shares it with Latham.

DRAKE

Those came from the 121st over in  
Staten Island. They were meant for  
someone at the same street address  
but up in the Bronx.

The WAITER drops off the sodas.

LATHAM'S P.O.V. - BACK OF A PASSPORT'S FRONT COVER

The "Official Message," printed in Portuguese and French,  
respectively, is in **bold** typeface:

**"Roga-se às autoridades estrangeiras que prestem ao titular  
deste passaporte auxílio e assistência em caso de  
necessidade."**

**"Les autorités des Etats étrangers sont priées de bien vouloir  
prêter au titulaire de ce passeport aide et assistance au  
besoin."**

(Translation: "Foreign authorities are requested to afford the  
bearer such assistance and protection as may be necessary.")

BACK TO SCENE

Latham lays the passports on the table.

LATHAM

They're decent forgeries.

DRAKE

Really? How can you tell?

Latham opens Marisa Sanchez's passport and points to the Official Messages.

LATHAM

Unlike some other countries, Brazil doesn't highlight the official message on its passports.

Drake grins; he's impressed.

WILSON

You know who they are?

DRAKE

Cubans. We arrested them a week ago today trying to enter a closed session of the General Assembly. They were protesting against the U.N.'s invitation to Che Guevara.  
(opens Marisa's passport)  
She ended up calling the FBI.

LATHAM

The FBI?

DRAKE

Uh huh. This agent showed up, said she's a Confidential Informant and walked out with her. The other two got pink tickets.

WILSON

What does this have to do with us?

DRAKE

When we took witness statements earlier we did a composite sketch of that woman with the stroller.

He pulls the sketch from his briefcase and lays Marisa's open passport beside it - the images match. He taps the envelope.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

I got a man up there right now.

EXT. THE BRONX - 702 FOREST AVENUE - DAY

A two-story clapboard house, abutted by similar houses. At the corner a PLAINCLOTHESMAN in a GRAY SEDAN watches and waits.

AROUND THE CORNER

Marisa carries a bag of groceries. At the intersection PASSER-BY #2 bumps into her - it's Meeks.

MEEKS

Excuse me.

MARISA

Recognizes him. Meeks subtly shakes his head no and looks across the street. She follows his eyes to the Gray Sedan.

Facing away from her, the Plainclothesman speaks into a radiotelephone handset.

Meeks leaves. She turns back and scurries to a phone booth.

INT. 702 FOREST AVENUE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A flophouse shows better taste in furnishings. Ignacio and Ramon watch a portable TV. The phone RINGS; Ramon answers it.

RAMON

Hello?

MARISA (O.S.)

They were out of beets.

RAMON

No beets? No problem. We'll do without. See you when you get back.

Ignacio looks up. Ramon hangs up and the two hurry into the...

KITCHEN

Ramon reaches on top of the back door doorjamb and rolls a thumbwheel switch. He hesitates.

IGNACIO

Go on, I'll be right there. Go!

Ramon hurries out, leaving the door open.

IGNACIO

Goes to the table where a shoebox sits. He takes off the lid. Inside are cash, a pocket notebook, One-Time Pads and a timer attached by wire to a wrapped package. He pockets the cash then sets the timer to 90 SECONDS. He replaces the lid and races outside, SLAMMING the door shut.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Ramon waits. Ignacio races up to him; he's out of breath.

RAMON

Where's the notepad and stuff?

Ignacio holds up his hand for Ramon to wait.

FOREST AVENUE - GRAY SEDAN

While the Plainclothesman 'reads' *The News*, a faint PEAL comes from the house at #702 as the timer expires - but that's all.

ALLEY - RAMON AND IGNACIO

IGNACIO

I don't get it. I set the timer...

RAMON

Wait - the one in the shoebox?

Ignacio nods.

RAMON (CONT'D)

You idiot, there's no gunpowder in there! We used it all on that damn doll.

Ignacio is crestfallen.

RAMON (CONT'D)

Did you at least shut the door?

Ignacio nods. Frustrated, Ramon pulls him out of the alley.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

A view from the chain-link fence surrounding the compound.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

DiLauria hurries in. She joins Stokes, Percy and Jones who go over maps of Mexico City and environs as they speak.

STOKES

Carla, your codename is Absinthe. The Mexico City station chief says the Federales are watching all Five Eyes flights out of there. So we put you on a flight to Acapulco, then an internal one to Mexico City. That way, you'll look more like a tourist.

DILAURIA

(scoffs)

A rich one.

STOKES

Yeah, but that'll help explain all your luggage. Now, at the airport you'll rent a car and drive west through here, Barrio Chino, turn right onto Calle Lago Patzcuaro to #131, apartment 12; that's where Mr. Jones says Bridges is holed up.

PERCY

It's working class there. No one's ratting out strangers to the police.

DiLauria nods but Jones seems surprised at this.

STOKES

With Mr. Jones's help we mapped out a route, north on 570 to 101 up to Brownsville.

DILAURIA

Hmm... the police will be all over the major roads going north.

JONES

You could do a night march.

DILAURIA

With a wounded man? I'd rather not.  
(thinks for a moment)  
That crack you made about a flight from Heathrow to Mexico City... Was that the dumbest thing you could think of?

JONES

What are you getting at?

DILAURIA

The Federales are expecting us to head north; we're mapping routes from Mexico City to Brownsville.

STOKES

'Cause it's the quickest way out.

DILAURIA

Yes, but still heading north. Why not go south?

PERCY

South? To where?

DILAURIA

Guatemala.

Stokes and Percy exchange curious looks. Jones grows worried.

JONES

Guatemala?

DILAURIA

Yes. I can take 1500 to 1450 to the border, then 190 to Guatemala City.

STOKES

There's still bound to be a checkpoint on route 1500.

DILAURIA

There'll be a hell of a lot more heading north. Does Bridges speak Spanish?

JONES

I'm not sure... He's traveling under a German passport.

PERCY

German? That's excellent!

DILAURIA

Why is that?

PERCY

When I was on the Latin America Desk, CASCOPE used to pass their agents through Ciudad Cuauhtemoc. It's a border town; there's 20,000 Mennonites living around there. They've got relatives from Germany visiting them all the time. The border guards just let them cross.

STOKES

We'll make SHOES for both of you.

DILAURIA

That's fine for the border, but maybe we should have a double-blind, another ID for police checkpoints.

PERCY

We can use New York State drivers licenses - no pictures.

DILAURIA

Okay. Throw in some pocket litter to show we're tourists. Where was Bridges hit again?

JONES

In the shoulder.

STOKES

You'll have a change of clothes for him, some morphine and antibiotics.

DILAURIA

Good. Get a move on. I'll tell Kensington; he's filling in for me.

Stokes and Percy grin mischievously. Jones is fit to be tied.

JONES

I don't like it.

DILAURIA

No one's asking you to like it! If you'd planned a proper route in the first place, we wouldn't be here.

PERCY

Just out of curiosity, Mr. Jones, what was his route out?

JONES

A boat... Up the canal to a jetty in Xochimilco.

DILAURIA

Xochimilco - where all the tourists and Federal police hang out.

Jones is chagrined. DiLauria gets up and starts to leave.

PERCY

(calls to DiLauria)

What about Bridges, his details?

DILAURIA (O.S.)

That's what Mr. Jones is here for.

All eyes turn to Jones who looks very worried.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MANHATTAN - DAY

The Chrysler Building dominates the midtown cityscape.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Wilson enters. He squinches at the odor and goes to a urinal. From a stall comes a STRAINED GRUNT. Wilson smirks. He FLUSHES and goes to the sink. A toilet FLUSHES. Latham emerges from a stall, looking self-conscious as he heads to the sink.

LATHAM  
Yesterday's hamburger, finally.

WILSON  
At least it left on its own accord.  
It coulda been like Paul's namesake.

Latham looks puzzled as he and Wilson exit into the...

CORRIDOR

Where they enter the bustle of station personnel.

WILSON  
The other Tom Sterling, remember?  
Paul almost got his enema. I wonder  
what the odds were of that  
happening.

LATHAM  
Hmm... About the same as that  
Marisa Sanchez being our bomber and  
an FBI informant.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY

Stock footage the building and it's sign.

INT. FBI OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR - DAY

The title is stenciled in reverse on the door glass. CARL  
DURANG reads a report. The intercom BUZZES; he answers it.

DURANG  
Yes, Mabel.

MABEL (O.S.)  
Warren Latham is on line two, sir.

DURANG  
(groans, picks up the  
phone)  
Yes, Warren...

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM

LATHAM  
Carl, is anyone there with you?

CROSSCUT DURANG WITH LATHAM

DURANG  
No, why?

LATHAM

A Marisa Sanchez was arrested trying to crash a meeting at the U.N. One of your people sprang her; he told the NYPD Sanchez was a C.I.

DURANG

Warren, you know our authority supersedes any local jurisdiction.

LATHAM

That's not why I'm calling. Sanchez and two of her buddies are behind that bombing in New York today.

Durang grabs a pad and pencil and takes notes.

DURANG

How do you know that?

LATHAM

She was ID'ed by an eyewitness. The NYPD also intercepted three forged passports that were mailed to them.

DURANG

What are you up to, Warren? You running a digging operation on us?

LATHAM

For God sakes, Carl, I'm not trying to pick a fight here.

DURANG

That'd be a first.

LATHAM

Look, one of my people was injured there. I'm calling you before someone puts all this together and embarrasses us both. Now her name's Marisa Sanchez. She and two others were arrested a week ago today. I need whatever you have on her.

DURANG

Alright, I'll get back to you.

LATHAM

I'm at New York Central.

DURANG

I know the number.

(hangs up, presses the button on the intercom)

Mabel, get me the SSAC in New York.

LATHAM

Gets up. There's a KNOCK on the door. Wilson enters.

WILSON  
I just spoke with Drake.

LATHAM  
What, again?

WILSON  
(shrugs)  
He's anxious to make a good impression. Anyway, he used those fake passports to convince a judge to issue a search warrant for 702 Forest Ave.

LATHAM  
Would've been better to just continue with the surveillance.

WILSON  
He said we could meet him there.

EXT. THE BRONX, NY - 702 FOREST AVENUE - DAY

A police patrol car and two unmarked cars are double-parked there. Latham and Wilson walk past them into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

DETECTIVES turn the place upside down. Latham and Wilson enter. Drake introduces them to LEAD DETECTIVE LOU BARTOLO. DETECTIVE PETER SIMMS absently lifts a telephone handset off its cradle - there's a DIAL TONE.

WILSON  
Can we get a list of all calls on that line for the past two weeks?

Simms sneers at Wilson as he hangs up and turns to Bartolo.

SIMMS  
Lou, who is this mystery prick? FBI?

BARTOLO  
No, no. He's-

Latham quickly stares at Bartolo who stops himself.

BARTOLO (CONT'D)  
Just get it for him, Pete.

Simms grudgingly picks up the phone and dials.

SIMMS  
(into phone)  
This is Detective Peter Simms, NYPD.  
Can I speak to the Court Clerk?

Latham wanders off. PATROLMAN #2 enters, speaks to Bartolo and leaves. Bartolo walks up to Simms who covers the mouthpiece.

BARTOLO  
The Marine Unit pulled a bazooka  
from the East River. Could belong  
to your garbage bomber. When you're  
done with that go have a look.

Simms nods. Bartolo crosses to the...

KITCHEN

Where he sees Latham warily eyeing the shoebox on the table. Latham holds up his hand; Bartolo stops. Suddenly, Simms brusquely enters.

SIMMS  
Lou, I'm gonna see the Court Clerk.

LATHAM  
Stay there!

Simms stops, but he's pissed off.

SIMMS  
Who the hell are you to give-

BARTOLO  
Pete!

LIVING ROOM

A moment later Bartolo, Latham and a shaken Simms reenter.

BARTOLO  
Okay, listen up! We may have a  
device in a shoebox on the kitchen  
table. Get some uniforms up here to  
cordon off the area. Evacuate the  
neighbors - tell 'em there's a gas  
leak - and get the bomb squad here,  
pronto! I'm gonna check the back.

Everyone but Bartolo leaves.

EXT. STREET - FOREST AVENUE - DAY

Simms drives away. The Detectives fan out to the neighbors. Patrolman #2 sets up a police perimeter. Latham, Wilson and Drake pass by an irate NEIGHBOR arguing with a Detective.

NEIGHBOR

What gas leak? All I smell is your  
nasty breath.

FURTHER UP FOREST AVENUE - PHONE BOOTH

Peering through pocket binoculars at the scene surrounding  
#702 is Meeks. He puts a coin in the slot and dials.

EXT. STREET CORNER - ANOTHER PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Ramon, Ignacio and Marisa wait. The phone RINGS; she answers.

MARISA

Hello?... Coronet here.

MEEKS (O.S.)

Go for it.

Marisa hangs up. She looks at the others with trepidation,  
then takes a dime from her purse and puts it in the coin slot.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BARTOLO, MARISA AND DRAKE

- Bartolo cautiously crosses the kitchen to the back door. He  
steps outside, pausing to look around.

- Latham gets into Wilson's car. Wilson and Drake stop  
outside Drake's car for a cigarette break.

- Marisa finishes dialing and waits.

- The wall phone RINGS. Bartolo steps back inside the house.  
He notices that the telephone wire stapled along the doorjamb  
SPLITS IN TWO - one end to the phone, the other over the  
doorjamb to the thumbwheel switch.

- The house at #702 Forest Avenue EXPLODES.

- Marisa hears the BUSY CIRCUIT SIGNAL and hangs up. She,  
Ramon and Ignacio hurry to join a queue boarding a city bus.

### ACT THREE

EXT. THE BRONX - #702 FOREST AVENUE - DAY

Organized chaos. Police and Fire Department vehicles jam the  
street. A PURL of sirens signal arriving ambulances.

Firefighters douse the partially demolished house with water.  
Nearby homes have been pockmarked by flying debris.

PARAMEDIC #1 tends to the bloodied Plainclothesman.

WILSON'S CAR

The glass is shattered. Latham leans against the hood as PARAMEDIC #2 applies a butterfly stitch to Latham's forehead.

A gathering crowd watches as PARAMEDICS carry Wilson and Drake on stretchers past Latham to waiting ambulances. They pass Simms, who is aghast and walks up to Latham.

SIMMS

I heard it over the radio.

Latham gets up and follows the Paramedics carrying Wilson.

SIMMS (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry I-

LATHAM

Just help us find them.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - DAY

Berard's chauffeur holds open the door of the Cadillac. Berard gets in; his chauffeur gets behind the wheel and drives away.

I/E. CADILLAC - DAY

Berard reaches for the car's radiotelephone.

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Kensington waters his plants. The Gray Phone RINGS; he answers it.

KENSINGTON

Hello?... Yes, sir... Right away.

Pleased, he hangs up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Typical. DiLauria watches a Spanish-language program on TV. The phone RINGS. She lowers the volume and answers the phone.

DILAURIA

Hello?... Absinthe here... Right.

She hangs up and shuts off the TV.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

A view of the gated compound from the chain-link fence.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Kensington bounces in. Stokes nudges Percy.

STOKES

Can we help you with anything, sir?

KENSINGTON

Yes, I'm temporarily assuming Mr. Latham's duties, in addition to my own, of course. Can you give me a crash brief on Operation Songbird?

STOKES

Yes, sir. Have a seat.

Kensington sits behind Percy. Stokes grabs a file titled "OPERATION SONGBIRD." Kensington imperiously holds out his hand. Stokes obliges and hands him the file. Kensington reads through it as Stokes speaks.

STOKES (CONT'D)

We contacted mandarin Two at her hotel in Acapulco. She should be on a plane to Mexico City by now.

KENSINGTON

Expensive sojourn, this.

STOKES

Yes, sir. Once there, she'll rent a car and drive to the bolthole where Bridges is holed up.

KENSINGTON

And where is that?

STOKES

Just west of the city's Chinatown. Bridges is wounded, so mandarin Two's bringing-

KENSINGTON

(suddenly distressed)

Wait. Where did you get these details on Russell Bridges?

PERCY

From SMOTH. Why, is something wrong?

KENSINGTON

Yes, everything. This description doesn't fit him, not even remotely.  
(worriedly)

So who has SMOTH got in Mexico?

BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard paces, growing upset as he listens to Kensington.

KENSINGTON

I met Bridges when he passed through here on his way to London. Warren introduced him to me.

BERARD

And SMOTH doesn't know that?

KENSINGTON

No, it was before his time here.

BERARD

Can we recall DiLauria?

KENSINGTON

Anyone from the station trying to intercept her now would just lead the police right to Bridges - or whoever SMOTH's has holed up there.

BERARD

Hm, it seems MI6 has suckered us in yet again.

EXT. MEXICO CITY - CENTRAL AIRPORT (AEROPUERTO CENTRAL) - DAY

A Mexicana airlines propjet lands.

INT. TERMINAL CONCOURSE - DAY

A SKYCAP toting two suitcases follows DiLauria. They pass Federales standing watch at gates for U.S. and U.K. airlines.

EXT. RENTAL CAR PARKING LOT - DAY

DiLauria lugs her suitcases past dingy VOLKSWAGEN BEETLES. She finds hers, puts the suitcases in the back and drives away.

I/E. VOLKSWAGEN - DAY

DiLauria drives through Barrio Chino, Mexico City's Chinatown. Tourists and locals eye Federales sauntering down the streets.

Squad cars are double-parked on the other side of the street at major intersections, stopping eastbound vehicles. The police ignore DiLauria and all other traffic rolling west.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - THE CHRYSLER BUILDING - DAY (DUSK)

A view from street level of this art deco masterpiece.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM

Latham, Davis and CIA OFFICER ABBY GENTRY sit at a conference table littered with newspapers, legal pads, Reverse Telephone Directories and Liriano's file.

ABBY

The woman who died and her husband were visiting from Boise, Idaho.

LATHAM

Where'd you get that information?

ABBY

From a Detective Simms. He also said they linked a bazooka they found to that garbage scow, but he thinks the real target was the U.N.

DAVIS

Trying to get at Che.

ABBY

With all those protesters there? They would have killed their own people.

LATHAM

Okay. Davis, you had the list of phone calls at 702 Forest Ave.

Davis nods and refers to his notes.

DAVIS

I've got two calls to a Murray Hill number belonging to a Thomas Sterling.

LATHAM

Whoa! Stop there. Thomas Sterling?

DAVIS

I know, it's mandarin One's working name.

LATHAM

It's more than that. God, I feel like I'm in the Twilight Zone. Right on the same floor as Paul there's some poor old guy who can't move his bowels and his name's Tom Sterling.

Davis and Abby are amused.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

So what do you have on your guy?

ABBY

I did the backfill. He's a real estate attorney; used to work at 'Mansley and Pitcairn.' He's semi-retired but he still dabbles.

She opens *The Southampton Press* to the "Legal Advertisements" section. A circled NOTICE OF SALE of property lists Thomas Sterling as attorney for the Plaintiff.

ABBY (CONT'D)

That's him. The phone number's for Mansley and Pitcairn.

LATHAM

Why would she call an expensive real estate lawyer?

ABBY

Looking for some new digs?

Latham arches an eyebrow.

LATHAM

What else you got, Davis?

DAVIS

A call came from a payphone a block away, about two hours before the explosion; probably how they were tipped off. And I have a call from an unlisted number, and a call made to that same number from a payphone and charged to the home phone. I checked on the payphone; it's at the 17th precinct in Turtle Bay.

Latham shrugs; he's at sea.

ABBY

That's the area around the U.N.

LATHAM

When was that last call made?

DAVIS

A week ago today. Probably Marisa Sanchez calling her FBI handler.

LATHAM

No, something's wrong here. C.I.'s are supposed to call the field office if they're arrested.

ABBY

Maybe she knew he'd be out.

LATHAM

Every C.I. has a code name. If her handler was out of the office, she'd use it to leave a message for him.

INT. FBI OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR - DAY (DUSK)

Durang pores over a file. He's disgusted as he flips through the pages of two SF-50 forms. He presses the intercom button.

DURANG

Mabel, get Latham on the line. And make sure he's alone.

NEW YORK CIA STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM

Latham is on the Gray phone; he shoos everyone out the room. As he speaks he flips through Liriano's folder.

LATHAM

Alright, Carl.

CROSSCUT DURANG WITH LATHAM

DURANG

The agent's name is Alan Meeks. He's got two SF-50's in his file. One's for false information on a travel voucher. He went to Miami and chartered a boat. He said it was for surveillance, but didn't clear it with his SSAC.

Latham takes notes on a legal pad.

DURANG (CONT'D)

But the other one's where it hits the fan: an Improper Sexual Relationship with an Informant, code-named Coronet. He got a 35-day suspension and a demotion to GS-13.

Latham underlines "suspension" and "demotion."

LATHAM

Carl, Marisa Sanchez and her group just blew up a house here. A police lieutenant was killed.

DURANG

God Almighty...

LATHAM

Is there anything in Meeks's file about a Thomas Sterling? He's a real estate attorney here. Sanchez called him.

DURANG

No, nothing.

Disappointed, Latham sighs and stops writing. He again absently flips through Liriano's file.

LATHAM

I was hoping there'd be a connection.

(sees something in Liriano's file)

Geezus...

DURANG

What?

LATHAM

The law firm Sterling used to work for, Mansley and Pitcairn...

DURANG

What about it?

LATHAM

My man was running Raul Liriano; he's in Castro's inner circle. Their families used to be in business together. Mansley and Pitcairn represented both family's holdings here in the States. Originally, Liriano reported to the DGI, but we'd turned him. Seems now they've redoubled him. And I think to prove his loyalty they ordered him to hit my man.

DURANG

What, through Sanchez?

LATHAM

Uh huh. Liriano couldn't do it; he's not the type.

DURANG

Warren, Sanchez is a Cuban exile; she's on our team. Unless this Liriano false-flagged her...

LATHAM

He's not running Sanchez. Meeks is.

DURANG

What?

LATHAM

I think your man's KGB-recruited.

DURANG

You're reaching, Warren.

LATHAM

Am I? Meeks has been censured,  
demoted. And who knows what he was  
really doing in Miami. He's ripe  
for recruitment and you know it.

Durang sighs loudly.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Look, the KGB are Castro's eyes on  
the ground here. They would've  
passed on Meeks's name to the DGI.

DURANG

And Sanchez?

LATHAM

Hell, as far as she knows, Meeks is  
a loyal FBI agent. He could've told  
her my man was DGI.

DURANG

Damnit. And what about this Sterling  
character? How'd she meet him?

LATHAM

Through Liriano.

DURANG

I don't follow.

LATHAM

Sanchez was arrested a week ago  
today at the U.N. Liriano missed  
his meeting with my man a week ago  
today because he had a meeting  
there. I think Liriano's meeting  
was with Marisa Sanchez. That U.N.  
protest was just a cover.

DURANG

And how does Sterling fit into all  
this?

LATHAM

I think he was just helping out a  
longtime client who needed a favor.  
Probably gave Sanchez some legal  
advice.

DURANG

So what do you want to do?

LATHAM

If you can bring in Meeks, maybe you can arrange with him to have the NYPD pick up Sanchez and her people. That should make them happy and keep us both off the front page of the New York Times.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM

Kensington anxiously waits beside Percy who is on his Gray Phone.

PERCY

(frustrated)  
Alright, thanks.

He hangs up and turns to Kensington.

PERCY (CONT'D)

SMOTH's out of the office for the rest of the day.

KENSINGTON

(sighs, despondent)  
It's my fault. I argued for DiLauria to go.

PERCY

Sir, SMOTH used Bridges' name to put pressure on all of us.

Kensington nods abjectly and leaves.

EXT. MEXICO CITY - ANÁHUAC MUNICIPALITY - NIGHT (EVENING)

People stroll and laze about busy Avenida Principal. Stray mutts yap; vendors hawk tamales, carnitas and 'tacos al pastor.'

The Volkswagen parks before a huge, shabby apartment building. The day's wash hangs from clotheslines on the balconies.

DILAURIA

Alights and lugs her handbag, the suitcases and a sombrero to the front door. The lock is broken. She enters.

INT. CORRIDOR

Radios and TV sets BLARE. DiLauria stops at apartment #12. She knocks on the door using the Tap Code: 3,1; 4,2; 1,1 (C-I-A).

The TAP Code:

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

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

BRIDGES (O.S.)

Who is it?

DILAURIA

Carla DiLauria, a cousin.

BRIDGES (O.S.)

Step inside and shut the door.

STUDIO APARTMENT

The door opens. DiLauria steps inside. She's greeted by a .38 Colt pistol to the face as she shuts the door. RUSSELL BRIDGES is in agony; his left shoulder sags, blood stains his shirt.

BRIDGES

What are you doing here?

DILAURIA

I'm here to get you out of Mexico.

BRIDGES

Who's our Washington station chief?

DILAURIA

Lawrence Jones.

BRIDGES

Describe him.

DILAURIA

Five-seven, 160. Brown hair. Smokes too much... Can I put these down?

Bridges relents and puts his pistol on the table. DiLauria lays the sombrero and suitcases on the table. Suddenly, she draws a small .25 ACP pistol from her handbag.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Don't move!

BRIDGES

What is this?

DILAURIA  
Who are you?

BRIDGES  
I'm Russell Bridges.

DILAURIA  
Bullshit!

BRIDGES  
I ought to know who I am, dear.

DILAURIA  
I have a description supplied by  
MI6 for someone that looks nothing  
like you!

BRIDGES  
I wondered why CIA was in the game.  
You know Warren Latham? He and I had  
a tough go once, back in Saigon.

DiLauria mulls it over; she lowers her pistol.

DILAURIA  
Alright, so you're Bridges. Why did  
SMOTH give me the wrong details?

BRIDGES  
Check the clothes. You'll see  
they're for someone my height and  
weight, but the description he gave  
you is nothing like me. That way,  
if the Federales pulled you over,  
they'd see the men's clothes. But  
when they checked the ID, they sure  
as hell wouldn't be looking for me.

DILAURIA  
(suddenly realizes)  
I was supposed to get caught!

She puts her pistol back in her handbag while Bridges slumps  
onto the sofa.

BRIDGES  
Let's just say your getting here is  
a bonus.

DILAURIA  
That little prick...

BRIDGES  
It's not unusual to send one person  
through to clear the way for  
another.

(MORE)

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

Anyway, I've got my own papers;  
make me a German businessman.

DiLauria opens a suitcase and takes out a syringe and morphine bottle. Bridges cringes.

DILAURIA

It's morphine - for the pain. I've  
also got antibiotics and bandages.

She injects him, then grabs scissors from her handbag and cuts away his shirt.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

SMOTH said he had no one here to do  
the job.

BRIDGES

Bull. Henry Noland's in Mexico City  
waiting for orders to move.

DiLauria starts to clean and dress Bridges' wound.

DILAURIA

After I clean and dress this, we'll  
splint your arm to your side and  
cover it with some fresh clothes  
and a jacket I've brought along.

BRIDGES

How are we getting out?

DILAURIA

I have a car. We'll drive down to  
Guatemala and-

BRIDGES

Guatemala?

DILAURIA

Geezus, everybody hates Guatemala!

BRIDGES

No, no. Go on.

DILAURIA

From there we'll fly to New York.

BRIDGES

What about the Federales? They must  
be all over the roads.

DILAURIA

They're looking for anyone going to  
the airport or heading north. That's  
why we have a chance to make it.

BRIDGES

Oh, we'll make it. If for no other reason than to kick Jones's ass.

DiLauria finishes dressing his wound. She takes men's clothes from the suitcase, revealing a Polaroid-Land camera, and hands them to Bridges.

DILAURIA

Put your old clothes in here. We'll dump it along the way.

She then quickly takes off her blouse and her bra. She looks at her breasts then at Bridges.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

These aren't for you.

EXT. MEXICO - ROUTE 1450 - NIGHT

The Volkswagen skitters along the narrow road.

I/E. VOLKSWAGEN

DiLauria drives. Bridges wears new clothes and a half-zipped jacket. He stares ahead. DiLauria glances at him.

DILAURIA

You alright?

BRIDGES

Yeah.

Traffic before them slows to a stop. A SQUAD CAR sits by the side of the road, RED TURRET LIGHT SPINNING. TWO FEDERALES check the credentials of everyone in the cars.

DILAURIA

Pops open the top two buttons of her blouse and puts her handbag between the front seats.

DILAURIA

You're asleep.

BRIDGES

Leans against the door and closes his eyes.

EXT. ROUTE 1450 - TRAFFIC STOP

The Volkswagen pulls up. The Two Federales walk up to either side of the car. DiLauria rolls down the window. FEDERALE #1 shines a flashlight on her, while FEDERALE #2 looks in the back. On the seat are the Polaroid-Land camera, a shopping bag with traditional Mexican blouses, and the sombrero.

FEDERALE #1  
Puedo ver su licencia de conducir y  
alguna identificación, por favor?

DiLauria smiles and shrugs.

FEDERALE #1 (CONT'D)  
Eres americano? You are American?

DILAURIA  
Yes.

FEDERALE #1  
Where are you going?

DILAURIA  
Oaxaca. He's asleep.

FEDERALE #1  
Your drivers license, registration  
and his identification, please.

As DiLauria leans over and opens her handbag, Federale #1  
tilts the flashlight to DiLauria's chest - she's braless. He  
looks at Federale #2 and motions for him to come over.

DiLauria takes an envelope from her purse. As Federale #2  
approaches, she sits up and hands the envelope to...

FEDERALE #1

He opens it and pulls out Polaroid snapshots of DiLauria. He  
shines his flashlight on the photos and grins.

DILAURIA  
(embarrassed)  
Oh, my God. I forgot that was in  
there. That's the wrong envelope.

The snapshots are of DiLauria in various poses on a bed,  
wearing the sombrero and nude from the waist up. The Federales  
ooh and aah.

FEDERALE #1  
Ella tiene un cuerpo agradable.

(Translation: "She has a nice body.")

FEDERALE #2  
No mierda.

(Translation: "No shit.")

DILAURIA  
Here.

She hands Federale #1 a second envelope. While he and Federale #2 still ogle DiLauria's photos, he opens the second envelope. He gives the IDs a cursory glance, then puts the IDs and photos back in their envelopes and hands them to DiLauria.

FEDERALE #1  
(grinning mischeivously)  
Come back again.

DiLauria winks at him and drives off.

I/E. VOLKSWAGEN

As DiLauria drives, Bridges "awakens" and laughs.

BRIDGES  
You're a genius.

DILAURIA  
Thank Tom Percy, one of our Duty  
Officers. It was his idea.

The Volkswagen putters down the road into the night.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

A view of the compound from the guard post outside the chain-link fence.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Berard and Kensington are having brunch.

KENSINGTON  
DiLauria was speaking on an open  
line, of course, but apparently  
SMOTH had an each-way bet, with the  
expectation that she'd be caught.

BERARD  
When you tell Mr. Latham, you'll  
make it clear that this is a chit  
we may wish to cash in.

KENSINGTON  
Yes, of course. Oh, speaking of  
Latham, he called this morning on  
that Liriano business.

BERARD  
How's that going?

KENSINGTON  
He's wrapped it up. Apparently,  
Liriano was redoubled.

BERARD

Hmm, that's a dangerous game. Tell me, why was a mandarin assigned there as a case officer?

KENSINGTON

To protect station personnel. Liriano had said the DGI were surveilling them. He was probably the one doing the surveillance.

BERARD

(takes a pill with a glass of water)  
You never really know where one's loyalties lie.

KENSINGTON

That's something the FBI's just learned about their own man, Alan Meeks. Seems the KGB turned him.

Berard shakes his head, more so at the idea that both services were fooled.

BERARD

And Paul Barry? How's he doing?

KENSINGTON

He left the hospital this morning, A.M.A.

BERARD

Really? Why?

KENSINGTON

I was told he'd asked a nurse there for a beer and she informed him they don't serve alcoholic beverages to patients. Barry it seems got out of sorts, told her to kiss his ass, and walked out.

BERARD

(amused)  
Sounds like he's doing better.

END