

Cool Gray Dawn

Episode #9: "The Devil Is In The Details"

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"The Devil Is In The Details"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - DAY (DUSK)

Traffic sloshes through rain puddles along St. James Avenue, past the stately...

COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL

Where circa 1960 black limousines, a "BOSTON POLICE" patrol car and a "WHDH-TV NEWS" station wagon are double-parked.

INT. COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY (DUSK)

A buoyant, well-heeled Caucasian crowd wearing "CROSLEY FOR PRESIDENT" lapel pins jaunts by a sign reading "BALLROOM." Among them is MI6's PETER KANE, 40. They pass by a SECURITY GUARD and hotel staff in BLUE BLAZERS WITH NAMEPLATES.

Newsman MIKE ORR, 45, wearing a toupee that looks good from a distance, and his cameraman ED, 30, film the event.

Two late 30's, dark-suited men, AGENT-A and AGENT-B, both sporting press credentials, enter from opposite sides. They take pictures of the crowd.

MAIN STAIRS

A taciturn, 50-ish MAN IN A GRAY FLANNEL SUIT stands with his hands clasped behind his back. His eyes focus on the...

BACK STAIRS ENTRANCE

Where a couple emerges: a BALDING MAN, 45, in a dark suit and carrying a VALISE, and a COOL BLONDE, 30, in a black cocktail dress with a necklace featuring a small COLOR-WHEEL PENDANT.

They walk by the Man In The Gray Flannel Suit; the Balding Man hands him the Valise. The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit leaves.

REAR OF THE LOBBY

Agent-A and Agent-B walk toward a sign reading "DINING ROOM." As they pass the...

STOREROOM

The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit steps out, now wearing a Blue Hotel Blazer with a Nameplate that reads "CONCIERGE."

DINING ROOM

Caucasian WAIT STAFF adjust the place settings on the tables.

KITCHEN

Typical, with a busy, diverse STAFF. The portly SOUS CHEF, 45, shares a laugh with a Crosley STAFFER, 35, who sports a "Crosley" lapel pin and has a trench coat draped over his hands. APPLAUSE OVER A LOUDSPEAKER subsumes their chuckle.

BALLROOM

A capacity crowd APPLAUDS dashing SENATOR PHILIP CROSLY, 42. Above, a banner reads "DARE TO DREAM. CROSLY FOR PRESIDENT."

AT THE DAIS

Are Crosley; his wife, DORIS; their teenage DAUGHTER; 2 male AIDES; his press secretary, ROLLINS; and a BOSTON POLICEMAN.

CROSLY

We are a wealthy country, a moral country, a compassionate country. Yet we sit here, idly enjoying the trappings of wealth - our two cars, color television sets and nights at Symphony Hall - while millions of Negroes suffer some of the worst indignities man can inflict upon his fellow man. All they ask is a chance for a better future, a chance to realize the American Dream.

The CONCIERGE/Man In The Gray Flannel Suit and the Security Guard watch from a far corner behind Crosley.

KITCHEN

As the Staff finish dinner preparations, a Caucasian BUSBOY, 30, emerges from the basement with an armful of napkins. He puts them in the PANTRY and waits there.

CROSLY (O.S.)

Euripides wrote, 'When a good man is hurt, all who would be called good must suffer with him.' We cannot let one American be denied his basic rights, for when we do, we all hurt.

APPLAUSE O.S.; the Sous Chef beams. The Staffer nods to the Sous Chef who CLAPS his hands to get the Staff's attention.

BALLROOM

"Triumphal March" from Verdi's Aida BLARES over loudspeakers. Everyone heads to the main doors, save for Crosley who lags behind, greeting supporters. The Concierge approaches him and speaks into his ear. Crosley nods and waves to his wife.

CROSLEY

Doris! Doris, this way!

The Concierge leads Crosley in the opposite direction, behind the dais, where the Security Guard holds open a door.

BALLROOM - MAIN DOORS

Kane is surprised to see Crosley leaving by the far door.

ROLLINS

Also sees this and hurries after Crosley, but he is stopped by Orr who shoves a microphone in Rollins's face.

ORR

Mr. Rollins, what do you think the senator's chances are of getting the Democratic nod for president?

KITCHEN

Crosley and the Concierge enter; the Staff eagerly surround them. The Concierge backs away, allowing the Staffer to move behind Crosley. As Crosley passes before the open door of the...

PANTRY

The Busboy pulls a .22 REVOLVER from under his smock and FIRES. Crosley grimaces, reaching around to his back where...

THE STAFFER

Holds his raincoat. He hooks Crosley's arm and falls backwards, yanking Crosley on top of him.

KITCHEN

Pandemonium. The Staff DIVE for cover; plates CRASH to the floor. The Busboy FIRES wildly - at the ceiling, at Crosley.

STAFFER

Get down! Everyone get down!

SOUS CHEF

Get the gun, for chrissakes!

Crosley's Retinue rushes in.

Crosley is fatally SHOT in the head; his Daughter is SHOT in the neck; the Policeman is SHOT in the chest. Two COOKS wrestle the Busboy prone, across a serving table.

Rollins races in. Another SHOT - Rollins is mortally wounded. Behind him the Security Guard holsters his .22 revolver.

SOUS CHEF (CONT'D)
Break his arm, damn it! Break it!
(grabs a meat cleaver)
Bastard!

He charges at the Busboy and HACKS at his wrist. The Busboy SCREAMS; his gun DISCHARGES, the bullet striking a rice bag.

THE STAFFER

Now lies atop Crosley. He gets up as Doris and Aide #2 rush to the senator's side. WAILING, Aide #2 cradles Crosley's head.

DINING ROOM

A bewildered handful of Crosley supporters huddles near the entrance. Nearly hysterical, Aide #1 SCRAMBLES in.

AIDE #1
The senator's been shot!

Anguished cries of "Oh no!" and "Oh my God!" are heard.

CORRIDOR

Aide #1 fights through the crowd, passing Agent-A and Agent-B and shoving Orr aside. Kane RACES into the Dining Room, closely followed by Ed, lugging his camera.

LOBBY

Aide #1 RUNS up to the male DESK CLERK. The Concierge, having changed back into his gray flannel suit, enters carrying the Valise. From the Ballroom the Staffer, the Balding Man and the Cool Blonde enter. They follow the Concierge out the hotel.

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

A sign outside the main building identifies the hospital.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

WARREN LATHAM, in a patient gown, sits on the exam table. The DOCTOR puts a stethoscope to Latham's back. Latham flinches.

LATHAM
You couldn't warm that up first?

The Doctor ignores him.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You take this long with Berard and Kensington?

DOCTOR

Longer. Deep breaths now.

Latham GROANS and DRUMS his fingers on the table. Annoyed, the Doctor grabs a bulbous-ended thermometer.

LATHAM

You already took my temperature.

DOCTOR

Not with this I didn't.

LATHAM

What's that - a rectal thermometer?

The Doctor nods. Latham stops drumming and crosses his legs.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - RIZIK'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

STEWART KENSINGTON, wearing a tired blue suit, stops to admire a Harris tweed suit in the store window. He checks his watch.

EXT. LAFAYETTE SQUARE PARK - DAY

MI6's LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) waits on a park bench, popping candy "bricks" from a Pez dispenser into his mouth. Latham joins him, handing Jones lunch from a white paper bag.

JONES

Joe and Nemo's again? What, have you got shares in that place?

LATHAM

If only...

JONES

I mean, really, who steams a hamburger?

LATHAM

I could just as easily take it back.

JONES

I have your word on that?

They share a grin and eat. Jones hands Latham an envelope.

JONES (CONT'D)

Cuban exiles on the DGI's payroll.

LATHAM

Thanks. Anything I can do for you?

JONES

No, but I'm curious... Any more on the bloke who shot Senator Crosley?

Latham shakes his head no as he pockets the envelope.

JONES (CONT'D)

I heard he doesn't even remember doing the shooting, the bastard.

LATHAM

Taking this personally, aren't you?

JONES

Not as much as the FBI.

LATHAM

(scoffs)

You need to lay off the Pez, Larry.

JONES

Then why'd they take over the case?

Latham is taken aback.

JONES (CONT'D)

They announced it this morning.

LATHAM

The state must have asked them to.

JONES

Not according to their A.G.

LATHAM

Hm... The FBI's done almost nothing to discourage violence against Blacks or anyone who supports civil rights. And now this volte-face...

JONES

Probably worried someone might ask one of those embarrassing questions like, Who killed Crosley?

LATHAM

What are you, senile? You just asked me about the shooter.

Jones grins as he tosses away what remains of his lunch.

JONES

The coroner ruled Crosley was shot from less than 6 inches away. Yet, no one there put him any closer than 5 feet to that Busboy.

LATHAM

Had to be chaos in there. How would anyone know how far away he was?

INSERT: Crosley, his daughter, Rollins and the Boston Policeman reacting to being shot; photos of DETECTIVES pointing to BULLET HOLES in the pantry doorjamb, a ceiling tile and a bag of rice.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

JONES

Fair enough. But Crosley was shot 3 times; his daughter, Rollins and the P.O., once each; that's 6 shots. The *Traveler* ran photos showing 3 spent shells: One in a doorjamb, one in a ceiling tile and another in a bag of rice. That's 3 more shots, 9 total. The Busboy used a .22 Smith and Wesson - 6 shots, Warren. Six.

BACK TO SCENE

LATHAM

It's one thing to turn a blind eye to 10% of the population, but quite another to murder a senator.

JONES

You should know.

Latham smarts from the dig. He throws away his trash.

JONES (CONT'D)

When it comes to American politics, no one scares me more than Hoover. He's God to the Right Wing, and Crosley was their nemesis. He headed your Civil Rights Committee. Just maybe Crosley was that shot across the bow to liberals.

INT. SELECT PATRIOTS' OFFICE - DAY

Nondescript. A television monitor shows news clips from the Copley Plaza Hotel: Crosley; Orr interviewing Rollins, then Aide #2; Kane in the crowd; the Busboy, treated by paramedics.

Watching the monitor intently is the Concierge.

EXT. LAFAYETTE SQUARE PARK - PATH - LATER

Nearly empty. Latham and Jones continue their stroll.

LATHAM

Why are you so interested in this?

JONES

Crosley's father. His mum's from the States but daddy's English. Turns out he and #10 were classmates.

LATHAM

Figures - the Old Boy network.

JONES

After the War they homesteaded in Jamaica. They divorced and daddy recently remarried. Now they all intend to come to the funeral.

LATHAM

That's it? Geezus, so put a chair between them!

JONES

You idiot, he married a local woman.

Latham finally gets it.

JONES (CONT'D)

The F.C.O. would prefer the funeral were held in Kingston.

Disgusted, Latham looks away. Jones is ashamed.

JONES (CONT'D)

I know... Crosley was born here; he should be laid to rest here.

LATHAM

Maybe I can do something for you.

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Kensington now wears the Harris tweed he saw at Rizik's. As he stuffs folders into his briefcase, Latham eyes him curiously.

KENSINGTON

Send a mandarin to the funeral?

LATHAM

The police have little experience protecting a client. And with the possibility of a racial incident...

KENSINGTON

(annoyed)

Then MI6 should tell the FBI.

As he furtively slides a paper into his desk drawer, Latham can see part of the title: "EYES ONLY - MEDICAL REPORT."

LATHAM

They had eyes on Crosley for over a year, yet they couldn't spot a guy who'd stalked him for 6 months.

KENSINGTON

Look, if the British are so worried about the safety of one of their nationals, they should raise their concerns with the State Department.

LATHAM

I don't think the family can wait while this is being debated by the Foreign Relations Committee... Sir.

Silence. Kensington SNAPS SHUT his briefcase.

KENSINGTON

If it ends up on the Evening News...

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY and COLLETTE DOWD read the newspaper. Latham enters and motions for Bazzo to follow him into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

The two men sit.

BAZZO

You see Kensington's new duds? Wonder what's up with him...

LATHAM

A job interview, I hope. You know the FBI took over the Crosley case?

BAZZO

We were just talking about it.

Collette brings in coffee. She winks at Bazzo as she leaves.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I swear she likes me.

LATHAM

Huh?

BAZZO

Collette - she just winked at me.

LATHAM

Probably forgot her contacts again.

Bazzo is deflated; he stirs his coffee.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I met with SMOTH earlier. He thinks the FBI were complicit and claimed jurisdiction to prevent the local police from investigating further.

BAZZO

Nah, sounds too clever for Hoover.

LATHAM

Then what do you think he's up to?

BAZZO

He's grandstanding. He's worried if a Democrat gets in his next job's the lunch counter at the 5 And 10.

Amused but unconvinced, Latham stands and meanders about.

LATHAM

Remember that postman from Maryland? He was going to deliver a letter to the governor of Mississippi-

BAZZO

Yeah, urging an end to intolerance.

LATHAM

Right. He and two Blacks got into it with some rednecks. Rumor was the locals were cut-outs used by the FBI to provoke the confrontation.

BAZZO

Now that's more Hoover's style.

LATHAM

Crosley's father's British. He'll be at the funeral with his new bride.

Confused by Latham's train of thought, Bazzo shakes his head.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

She's Jamaican.

BAZZO

Oh... And you think someone might be 'provoked' to move against her.

LATHAM

That's why you're going to Boston. MI6 is heading up security. You'll liaise with their station #1, Peter-

BAZZO

Kane. I've worked with him before.

The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)
Berard wants you.

BERARD'S OFFICE - ANTEROOM

It's dark; the lights are off. There's a KNOCK on the door.
Latham enters and hesitates.

BERARD (O.S.)
Back here.

BERARD'S OFFICE

The shades are drawn. Latham joins WILSON BERARD and WES LYNFIELD, 45. Berard's AIDE-DE-CAMP stands beside an 8mm film projector, facing a portable projection screen.

BERARD
Warren Latham, my Head of Domestic
Operations... Wes Lynfield,
Executive Assistant to the Director.

The two shake hands. Berard motions for Latham to sit.

LYNFIELD
This film came in the mail to our
embassy in Mexico City.

He motions to Berard's Aide-de-camp who starts the projector.

INSERT: The camera amateurishly zooms in and out on the nude, damaged body of DICK KELLY, 50. He is tied to a chair; a "burn-bag" rests on his lap, covering his genitalia. The film has no sound. Kelly squints and drools. Suddenly his eyes roll helplessly. He throws his head back, mouth agape in a SILENT SCREAM. He SHAKES VIOLENTLY, ultimately losing control of his bodily functions.

SUIT WORDS TO GHASTLY ACTION

LATHAM
Isn't that Dick Kelly?

LYNFIELD
Mexico City station chief, snatched
five months ago on his way to work.
The chafe marks on his wrists and
ankles indicate he was chained. That
bruise on his Adam's apple indicates
he was tethered at the neck. The
position of the lock on his burn-bag
means it was opened with its
contents in tact.

(MORE)

LYNFIELD (CONT'D)

A frame-by-frame enlargement
revealed puncture marks on his skin.

BERARD

My God, drugs...

LYNFIELD

Depatterning, most likely. Electro-
shock therapy with a barbiturate-
induced sleep narcosis. If he
survives, he'll emerge with a
definite anti-American personality.

LATHAM

And tell everything he knows.

LYNFIELD

(pauses worriedly)

His reaction to the low-intensity
lamp suggests he spent long periods
of time hooded. When he wasn't, he
was probably kept in a cell no
bigger than a coffin.

Berard shudders. Latham sees this.

LYNFIELD (CONT'D)

Those walls are reinforced concrete,
meaning this was filmed in a cellar.

LATHAM

He wouldn't have been there long.

LYNFIELD

Why do you say that?

LATHAM

The stench. They wouldn't be able
to stand it. They'd have moved him
around half a dozen times by now.

BACK TO SCENE

The film ends. Berard's Aide-de-camp stops the projector,
flips on the lights and leaves. Berard is shaken; he pours a
glass of water, slips a pill into his mouth and drinks.

LYNFIELD

The film came wrapped in paper the
local shopkeepers use to wrap fish.
But the handwriting suggests the
writer had above-average literacy.

LATHAM

Hm, someone radicalized in college
maybe. You speak to Mexico's DFS?

BERARD

They're not about to offend their
newest trading partner, the Soviets.

Latham sighs; he's disgusted. Lynfield leans forward.

LYNFIELD

In the past two months four of
Kelly's agents have been killed. I
understand you worked with him here
and in Saigon.

LATHAM

We were there at the same time.

BERARD

Problems, Warren?

LATHAM

A disagreement on tradecraft. Dick
refused to vary his route to work.
He said his network would warn him
of any threat well ahead of time.

LYNFIELD

According to his 201 file, Kelly
routinely compensated for feelings
of inferiority he felt towards you.

Latham is stunned.

LYNFIELD (CONT'D)

It's very likely he'd have buried
your secrets deeper than the others.

BERARD

Are you running anything through
the Central American Desk?

LATHAM

Just Operation Boxkite.

Lynfield is at sea.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Psy-Ops. The planes leave Mexico
and drop leaflets over Guatemala.

LYNFIELD

Why bother? None of them can read.

LATHAM

We use drawings - the same way the
communists depict ugly Americans.

Chagrined, Lynfield clears his throat.

LYNFIELD

We've arranged a debriefing for you
in New York with Dr. David Bauman.

Latham is suddenly chary and stiffens. Berard sees this.

BERARD

The devil is in the details, Warren.
What you know may save lives.

INT. SELECT PATRIOTS' OFFICE - DAY

The Washington Monument looms beyond the venetian blinds. Seated at a desk, the Concierge pulls a photographic contact sheet from a manila envelope. Row #1 has prints of Crosley and Rollins; row #2 has the Busboy, Orr, Ed and Aide #2.

Using a wax pencil, the Concierge circles Aide #2.

EXT. BOSTON - CHARLES STREET ELEVATED SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Amid a PURL of heavy rain and car horns, Aide #2 slogs along the crowded train platform. The Staffer, toting a folded umbrella, sidles next to him and surreptitiously JABS the umbrella tip into Aide #2's foot.

Aide #2 YELPS - a handful of commuters glance his way. As the Staffer melds back into the crowd, Aide #2 starts SHAKING and COLLAPSES. A couple of people GASP, but most simply move aside while Aide #2 suffers a FATAL SEIZURE.

ACT TWO

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - DIRECTORATE OF PLANS - DAY

CARLA DILAURIA shows her ID as she enters the building.

INT. CORRIDOR - ELEVATOR - DAY

DiLauria waits. The doors open: Kensington, speaking to Lynfield, sees her and abruptly shuts up. He nods to her as he exits, but Lynfield and DiLauria exchange warm smiles.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette files as DiLauria enters; they exchange smiles. DiLauria nosily examines two papers on Collette's desk.

DILAURIA

'Reevaluating The Summer Exercises';
'Latin America: A Marxist Paradigm.'

COLLETTE

We're being deluged with the wit and
wisdom of Chairman Kensington.

DILAURIA

I just saw him get off the elevator
with my old boss, Wes Lynfield.

COLLETTE

Yeah, he and Berard are sending
Warren to New York to see the
dreaded Dr. Bauman.

DiLauria shrugs quizzically as she gets coffee for themselves.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

He was before you came. He worked on
MK-DELTA with Warren and Dick Kelly.

DILAURIA

The Mexico City station chief?

COLLETTE

Uh huh. He was a mandarin back then.

DILAURIA

So, why is this Bauman so dreaded?

COLLETTE

One of his colleagues, Bob Dean,
had come back from London where we
ran joint experiments with MI6. He
was fed up and wanted out.

DILAURIA

Sounds like a potential fat mouth.

COLLETTE

That's what MI6 thought. So Warren
and Dick went to New York and
checked into the Statler where Dean
was staying.

DILAURIA

I can see where this is going.

COLLETTE

No, Warren says they just talked.
After that, all he remembers is
looking out his window and seeing
Dean's body on the sidewalk.

DiLauria smirks as she sips her coffee. Collette upbraids her.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Hey, they were FLUTTERED and passed.
All I know is, since then, Warren's
wanted nothing to do with Bauman.

BEGIN (BLACK AND WHITE) FILM SEQUENCE:

INT. BAUMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

A typical Freudian psychiatrist's office. DAVID A. BAUMAN, 45, goateed and in a tweed suit, is at his desk. He speaks directly into the camera.

INSERT: "DAVID A. BAUMAN, M.D., Psy.D."

BAUMAN

We test for susceptibility with the Hypnotic Induction Profile. Using this we've found that 10% of the population cannot be hypnotized. On a scale of 0 to 5, they're at zero. Another 10% are highly susceptible; they rate a five. The remaining 80% are moderately susceptible.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

At a table sit a male TEST SUBJECT, 30; Bauman; and AARON GILL, 40, a reporter. A hidden camera records them talking. A BLANK SHEET OF PAPER lies next to Gill's notepad.

INSERT: "TEST SUBJECT, DR. BAUMAN AND AARON GILL, REPORTER"

BAUMAN (V.O.)

The Test Subject is 30; he lives and works in New York City. Politically, he's left of center. He is not yet under hypnosis.

(to the Test Subject)

I'm going to count to three. Ready?
One... two... three.

The Test Subject closes his eyes; he is in a trance. Bauman pulls a sheet of paper from his pocket and reads from it.

BAUMAN

'You're convinced there's a Communist plot to control all American radio and TV networks. When you're asked about this, you'll urge people to become more aware of this plot. At some point you'll be shown a sheet of paper with three names on it. If you're pressed hard enough, you'll reveal what you know about those three names. At some later time I'll touch your left shoulder. You'll then burst into laughter and acknowledge that this was all a joke, an experiment in human behavior.'

MOMENTS LATER

The Test Subject is awake. Bauman has put away his script.

INSERT: "FORMAL TRANCE ENDS, POST-HYPNOTIC PHASE BEGINS"

BAUMAN

Do you remember anything after I counted to three?

The Test Subject shakes his head no.

MINUTES LATER

The Test Subject nervously looks around the room.

INSERT: "COMPULSIVE COMPLIANCE FOLLOWED BY RATIONALIZATION"

TEST SUBJECT

I wonder if everyone at the network here knows what's going on.

BAUMAN

What do you mean?

TEST SUBJECT

The communist infiltration. The radio and TV - I mean, that's how we reach everyone. And yet here we are, completely unaware of it.

GILL

Unaware of what?

TEST SUBJECT

That the ones in charge of programming are all Communists!

LATER IN THE SESSION

Gill slides the Blank Sheet of Paper to the Test Subject.

GILL

Tell me if the names on this paper were present that night.

BAUMAN (V.O.)

Responding to the hypnotic stimulus, he is now hallucinating three names.

TEST SUBJECT

Yes, they were there; all of them. I don't know that last one though.

GILL

But you do know the others.

TEST SUBJECT

Yes.

BAUMAN

How many names are there?

TEST SUBJECT

Three.

FINAL MOMENTS OF THE SESSION

INSERT: "THE PROGRAM CONTINUES TO WORK UNDER HYPNOSIS"

The Test Subject's eyes are shut; he's upset, trembling.

TEST SUBJECT

Slowly but surely all media will be controlled by the Communist Party. And we'd better do something about it before people begin believing in the communist way of life!

Bauman touches the Test Subject's Left Shoulder. The Test Subject opens his eyes, relaxes, then laughs self-consciously.

TEST SUBJECT (CONT'D)

You've been playing tricks on me.

Bauman slides the Blank Sheet of Paper to him.

BAUMAN

What's on this paper?

TEST SUBJECT

Nothing, why? What's supposed to be on it?

CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The Test Subject is very distressed as he explains to Bauman and Gill.

TEST SUBJECT

I don't think that way; honestly, I don't. I just don't understand how I could be made to have thoughts that are so foreign to my beliefs.

END OF (BLACK AND WHITE) FILM SEQUENCE.

INT. EASTERN AIRLINES PROPJET - DAY - TRAVELING

Against the muted ROAR of the plane's engines, Latham gazes sullenly out the window, oblivious to the BUSTLE of stewardesses serving drinks to a plane full of passengers.

EXT. BOSTON ATHLETIC UNION - DAY

A small sign on the building identifies the narrow entrance.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Men GRUNT as they lift free weights; others play basketball. Bazzo watches Kane dominate his opponent in a judo match.

EXT. BOSTON ATHLETIC UNION - DAY (DUSK)

As Kane and Bazzo exit the building....

ANONYMOUS P.O.V. - KANE AND BAZZO - CAMERA MATTE

The SNAP of a camera shutter "freezes" the two spies.

BACK TO SCENE

Kane and Bazzo cross Tremont Street and enter the...

BOSTON COMMON

They walk past people heading to the MTA subway station.

KANE

You'll be on crowd detail. Let's hope you fare better than me.

BAZZO

I read the brief, Peter. It was Crosley who didn't follow the plan.

KANE

Tell that shit to his family.

Passers-by react. Bazzo pulls Kane toward a less-traveled path.

BAZZO

SMOTH thinks the FBI was involved. I'm guessing he got that from you.

KANE

I've been looking into this since day one. Did you know the waiters were told to bus their own tables?

BAZZO

(jocularly)
Busboys too lowbrow for that crowd?

KANE

Actually, yes. And that forced the plotters to move the kill zone from the dining room to the kitchen.

They stop strolling near a payphone.

KANE (CONT'D)

A local station had a newsman there.
He interviewed a Crosley aide who
said Rollins was facing the Busboy,
yet he was hit in the back.

BAZZO

Too bad that wasn't on TV.

Kane pauses, considering the remark. He checks his watch.

KANE

Give me a minute.

He hurries to the payphone and dials.

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT (EVENING)

Kensington reads BERARD'S MEDICAL REPORT.

INSERT REPORT:

Confidential Medical Report from Treating Doctor

Patient Name: Berard, Wilson A D.O.B.: July 3, 1897
Attending Physician: Holt, William
When did you last see this person? May 24, 1960
Is there any information in this report which, if released to
the person, might be detrimental to his/her physical or
mental health? Yes/No
If yes, explain:
Patient complains of arrhythmia (tachycardia), trouble
sleeping, syncope. Patient denies issues are job-related,
presumes they are dietary. Patient is worried a negative
health report will prompt a call for his early retirement.
Stress level: 1 2 3 4 5

BACK TO SCENE

Curling a victor's grin, Kensington puts the Medical Report
back in his desk drawer, locks it and leaves.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

DiLauria is at Latham's desk, typing. Kensington enters,
smiling. DiLauria looks up, staring at his Harris tweed suit.

DILAURIA

Can I help you, Mr. Kensington?

KENSINGTON

Huh? No. I was on my way out, so I
thought I'd pop in and say hello.

DiLauria smiles uncomfortably as he reads over her shoulder.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

Your SITREP on that defector, Colón?

DILAURIA

Yes. The DGI dangled him, hoping he'd discredit the names on the list SMOTH gave Mr. Latham.

KENSINGTON

Ah, Warren... As you know, he and I haven't always agreed on operational matters. I'm hoping to rectify that.

DILAURIA

I wasn't aware of any problems, sir.

KENSINGTON

No? Oh, um, hm... Well, must be off.

He smiles and hurries off. Collette enters, shaking her head.

COLLETTE

That was strange - even for him.

DILAURIA

Reminds me of a quote by Thoreau:
'Distrust any enterprise that requires new clothes.'

INT. NEW YORK CITY - SAFE HOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT (EVENING)

Latham enters. By rote, he sets his overnight bag on the couch, turns on the television, picks up the phone and dials.

LATHAM

(into phone)

It's Latham. I'm at West Tenth.

He's about to hang up when JAMES OWENS yells over the phone.

OWENS (O.S.)

Sir!

LATHAM

What is it?

OWENS (O.S.)

Mr. Berard's in the hospital.

LATHAM

What happened?

OWENS (O.S.)

From what I understand, he fell.

On television, paparazzi hound a celebrity leaving the STATLER HOTEL. As Latham watches this he absently hangs up and leaves.

EXT. STATLER HOTEL - NIGHT

Passers-by sidestep TWO MUCKY WINOS sharing a bottle. Latham alights from a taxi. He gazes up at a 17th-floor hotel window.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Liquor bottles abound. Latham and Kelly drink, argue and plead with BOB DEAN, 45 and frail. But Dean finally shoos them out.

END OF FLASHBACK.

As Latham's gaze drops from the hotel window to the sidewalk, the SMASH of a bottle breaking STARTLES him - the Winos are sprawled on the sidewalk, going at it. Latham walks away.

EXT. BOSTON - WHDH STUDIOS - NIGHT (ARCHIVE)

A two-story glass-and-steel edifice sporting its call letters.

WHDH STUDIOS - PARKING LOT

Heavy foliage surrounds the lot. A Jaguar Saloon pulls in. Kane and Bazzo get out and head toward the TV studio.

KANE

What's your working name?

BAZZO

Tom Sterling.

KANE

Ok, you're a cameraman sent from the BBC's U.S. bureau to work with me.

ANONYMOUS P.O.V. - KANE AND BAZZO - CAMERA MATTE

Kane and Bazzo enter the building. Orr warmly greets them in the lobby. The SNAP of a camera shutter freezes the three men.

BACK TO SCENE

Orr leads Kane and Bazzo further inside the building.

INT. WHDH STUDIOS - CORRIDOR

Kane, Bazzo and Orr walk past offices and television studios.

ORR

Ed shot a ton of footage. We used 15 seconds. The network - maybe 10? The rest ended up on the floor. But hey, if the BBC can use it...

EDITING ROOM

Orr brings them to a Moviola and a canvas bin filled with film reels and loose film strips. He checks his watch.

ORR

Be sure you mark what you want so Ed can pack it up for you. Lot of interest in this stuff now.

Kane glances worriedly at Bazzo. As Orr leaves the room...

KANE

Really? Who's my competition?

ORR (O.S.)

Ask Ed. He took the call.

EXT. BOSTON - BEACON HILL - NIGHT

Elegant townhouses slope from the State House to Charles Street where Beatniks mill about Bohemian coffeehouses. Ed leaves one and meanders into an apartment building.

INT. ED'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ambient light streams through the windows. FILM CANISTERS and a 16mm MOVIE CAMERA lie beneath a windowsill. Ed BUMBLES in and scurries into the bathroom. There's a muffled GASP O.S.

INT. EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

Bazzo sits alongside Kane who operates the Moviola.

INSERT ON THE MOVIOLA: Snippets of the lobby crowd; the Concierge in his gray flannel suit; Crosley and Retinue at the dais; the Concierge in Hotel Blazer with the Security Guard; Kane in the crowd; and the Concierge approaching Crosley.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

BAZZO

What are you looking for?

KANE

I'm not sure... Anything.

BAZZO

You know everyone there?

KANE

Yes, they're Crosley's retinue.

BAZZO

Who's the guy who walked up to Crosley?

KANE

Hotel staff. See the House blazer?

Bazzo leans forward and nods.

BAZZO

Run it again - up to the dais.

BACK TO SCENE

Kane rewinds. As he winds through the dais scene...

KANE

You see something?

BAZZO

Go back to where that shot begins.

Kane rewinds to the start of the dais shot then winds forward.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

The guy next to the security guard - same guy who went up to Crosley.

KANE

Yes, he's house staff. The blazer, remember?

BAZZO

Run the whole thing again.

A bit annoyed, Kane does so. When he reaches the Concierge/Man In The Gray Flannel Suit...

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Stop there. That guy who went up to Crosley... See how he's got his hands behind his back, observing everything? That's a classic military stance. Guarantee you he's not with the hotel, and he's not with Crosley's 'retinue' either.

KANE

(grins ironically)

Funny, how you get to recognize your own kind after a while.

EXT. BOSTON - STORROW DRIVE - NIGHT

A PLYMOUTH cruises away from the cityscape.

I/E. PLYMOUTH - NIGHT

Agent-A drives. Agent-B tunes the radio to Johnny Mathis singing "It's Not For Me To Say."

INT. ED'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

The song continues O.S. The Film Cannisters and Movie Camera are gone, replaced with a BDSM MAGAZINE and a pair of RUBBER GLOVES. A sliver of light peeks out the door of the...

BATHROOM

Where submersed in water in the tub is an occupied plastic body bag. An air bubble slowly escapes from its zipper.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. BOSTON - CITY HOSPITAL - DAY (MORNING)

Media crews wait. The front door opens. Two FBI AGENTS escort the Busboy toward a waiting sedan. He's still in his kitchen smock with both arms strapped to his sides and his shooting arm bandaged to a nub.

TV REPORTER

The FBI has taken custody of the prisoner now.

INT. BOSTON - MI6 STATION - DAY (MORNING)

Workmanlike. On a table are a movie camera Operator's Manual; a map; and photos of local roads, a cemetery and a church. Bazzo and Kane match photos to the map and make notes. Kane stops to watch the Busboy's transfer on television.

INSERT ON TELEVISION: The Busboy and his Escort slow down to answer questions.

TV REPORTER

Why did you shoot Senator Crosley?

BUSBOY

I didn't shoot nobody, sir.

TV REPORTER

Why were you in the hotel kitchen?

BUSBOY

I work there.

BEAT REPORTER (O.S.)

Were you acting alone?

On the qui vive, the FBI Agents hustle the Busboy into the sedan. Posing as a reporter, the Staffer takes notes.

BACK TO SCENE

Kane smiles sardonically while Bazzo continues working. Bazzo looks up; he's annoyed.

KANE

Funny, how he denies it. Like he's been programmed to.

BAZZO

We could use some more men on this.

KANE

Wouldn't surprise me if your Army C.I.D. were also in on this.

BAZZO

I doubt it.

KANE

Why? You're the one who pointed out the military presence in the hotel.

BAZZO

They don't have to be in on it for you to use them. You just have to know how they'll respond.

Kane scoffs. Exasperated, Bazzo SLAMS down his pencil.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Look, if you'd done your homework, you'd know any one of a dozen groups could be behind it.

KANE

Like who?

BAZZO

Like anyone pissed off by 'Brown versus the Board of Ed.'

Kane looks at him quizzically.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

The Supreme Court ruled states can't have separate schools for Blacks and Whites. That was 3 years ago on May 17th. Crosley was shot 10 days ago - May 17th.

There's a KNOCK on the door. MI6's BOSTON STATION #2 enters. She hands Kane an envelope and leaves. Kane opens it.

INSERT RCMP REPORT:

**REPORT - ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE
FACSIMILE MESSAGE TRANSMITTAL, 27 May 1960
TO: CARL DURANG, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR, FBI
FROM: CAPT. WILFRED SHELTON, RCMP LIAISON OFFICER**

SUBJECT: PUBLIC INTEREST INVESTIGATION INTO THE ASSASSINATION OF U.S. SENATOR PHILIP CROSLY

Evidence of a possible plot behind the murder of U.S. Senator Philip Crosley by a right-wing extremist group was received by this office. CONSTABLE WAYNE GOODING, RCMP Winnipeg Branch, interviewed one ALBERT BRECHT, a grain salesman from Winnipeg.

Subject stated he was in that airport's International Lounge waiting for a flight to Wichita, Kansas when he overheard two men discussing the Crosley assassination.

One man worried "What if that busboy remembers?" The other man mentioned a name, sounding like ISAACS, who was seen in news footage shot at the COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL. Further conversation was heard in bits and pieces, such as "too risky if he talks" and "We may have to close up shop in D.C."

BRECHT left to go to the cocktail lounge. He could see one of the men holding what he describes as the "Traitors" leaflet: A list of names followed by text naming them as traitors. Brecht claims Senator Philip Crosley's name headed the list. At that point BRECHT saw a third man get the attention of the other two. The man holding the leaflet then placed it in his pocket.

BRECHT reported the incident to airport security. They filed a report with RCMP Winnipeg who then interviewed BRECHT. Apparently, BRECHT was dissatisfied with what he perceived as skepticism from CONSTABLE GOODING and gave an account of the incident to a local radio station who broadcast the interview.

HQ:OSB

BACK TO SCENE

As Kane reads aloud from the RCMP Report...

INSERT THE FOLLOWING SCENES:

1) INT. WINNIPEG AIRPORT'S INTERNATIONAL LOUNGE - DAY

ALBERT BRECHT reads a magazine. Nearby, three grim CAUCASIAN MEN smoke and drink. MAN #1 and MAN #2 discuss the Crosley assassination. Brecht overhears them and grows concerned. He gets up and sees MAN #2 holding the "Traitors" leaflet.

MAN #3 COUGHS to get the attention of the other Two; he nods toward Brecht. Man #2 pockets the leaflet.

2) INT. RCMP STATION - DAY

An RCMP DETECTIVE interviews Brecht.

3) INT. RADIO STATION - STUDIO - DAY

The show's host interviews Brecht.

SUIT RCMP REPORT, KANE'S AND DURANG'S WORDS TO ACTION

KANE

'Evidence of a possible plot behind the murder of U.S. Senator Philip Crosley by a right-wing extremist group was received by this office. RCMP Winnipeg Branch interviewed one Albert Brecht... Subject stated he was in that airport's International Lounge waiting for a flight to Wichita... when he overheard two men discussing the Crosley assassination.'

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY (ARCHIVE)

A sign out front identifies the building.

KANE (O.S.)

One man worried, 'What if that busboy remembers? The other man mentioned a name...'

INT. FBI OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR - DAY

CARL DURANG reads the same RCMP Report where Kane left off.

DURANG (V.O.)

'Sounding like ISAACS, who was seen in news footage shot at the COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL. Further conversation was heard in bits and pieces, such as, Too risky if he talks, and, We may have to close up shop in D.C.'
(dumbfounded, he presses the intercom)
Mabel, see if Fred Turner at the Inspector General's Office is free.

BACK TO SCENE

BOSTON - MI6 STATION

Bazzo finishes reading the RCMP report and looks at Kane.

BAZZO

Ever hear of this Traitors leaflet?

Kane suddenly remembers. He rummages through a combination-lock file cabinet, pulls out a folder and hands it to Bazzo.

KANE

That came in over the winter.

INSERT FBI MEMO:

OFFICE MEMORANDUM - UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
12 FEBRUARY 1960
TO: INTELLIGENCE DESK
FROM: GARY CHASIN, SAC, GRAND FORKS (137-New)
SUBJECT: THE SELECT PATRIOTS

An unattributed leaflet left in mailboxes of homes in Grand Forks lists 20 U.S. senators and congressmen designated as traitors with the warning: "Traitors beware! Even now the crosshairs are on the back of your necks!"

This office has received INTEL from informant GF-147 that a right-wing, paramilitary group calling themselves THE SELECT PATRIOTS authored the leaflet. Grand Forks indices contain no references to this group.

ATTACHED: "TRAITORS" LIST, FEBRUARY 1960
RUX:VIM

BACK TO SCENE

Kane shrugs apologetically. Bazzo reads the memo.

BAZZO

'An unattributed leaflet left in mailboxes of homes in Grand Forks lists 20 U.S. senators and congressmen designated as traitors with the warning: Traitors beware! Even now the cross-hairs are on the back of your necks!' This is an internal FBI memo. How'd you get it?

KANE

The RCMP - well, their liaison to the FBI. They rely on us for foreign Intel, and in return we get their North American material.

BAZZO

(continues reading)

'Received INTEL from informant GF-147 that a right-wing, paramilitary group calling themselves THE SELECT PATRIOTS authored the leaflet.'

KANE

Crosley's name is on that list.

INT. FBI OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR - DAY

FRED TURNER, 50, finishes reading the RCMP Report. He looks up at Durang.

TURNER

So how does this involve me?

DURANG

What - you wake up a few clowns short of a circus this morning?

TURNER

Hey, smartass! There's no evidence of any misconduct here.

DURANG

Fred, the RCMP bypassed the Liaison Desk and sent that directly to me. That oughtta tell you something.

TURNER

Yeah, that you've got a friend over there, which is one more than you have here.

DURANG

Obviously. But someone on the Liaison Desk is dirty.

Turner grows stern and gives the Report back to Durang.

TURNER

Get rid of it.

DURANG

What?

TURNER

You got the Director's memo on this. We have the killer; there isn't going to be an investigation.

DURANG

There will when he sees this.

TURNER

No, because he's not going to.

DURANG

What the hell's going on here?

Turner stands and looks askance at Durang.

DURANG (CONT'D)

Were we in on this?

TURNER

Just do what you're told, Carl, and leave the thinking to the grown-ups.

They glare at each other for a moment, then Turner leaves.

INT. SELECT PATRIOTS' OFFICE - DAY

The Concierge gazes through the blinds at the Washington Monument. There is a KNOCK on the door. The Security Guard enters. He hands the Concierge a manila envelope and leaves.

Sitting at his desk, the Concierge pulls out a wax pencil, opens the envelope and pulls out a photographic contact sheet.

ACT THREE

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

The 24-hour wall clock reads 08:35. Collette puts folders into the 'In' tray. DiLauria enters and hangs up her coat.

DILAURIA
Any news on Berard?

COLLETTE
Just a bruised hip. D-Int went to see him.

DILAURIA
That's good. Did Kensington go?

COLLETTE
I saw his aide on the way in. He said Kensington's going after work. If I were Berard, I'd make sure to count the silverware after he left.

DiLauria chuckles - just as Kensington enters brusquely.

KENSINGTON
When's mandarin One due back?

COLLETTE
Day after tomorrow, I believe.

KENSINGTON
I've changed my mind. Recall him. MI6 can do their own babysitting.

DILAURIA
But sir, the Special Relationship - Mr. Latham will get a ton of favors from SMOTH for this.

KENSINGTON
That relationship's become a bit too special for my liking. Recall Barry.

DILAURIA
(picks up the Red phone)
I'll leave word for Mr. Latham.

KENSINGTON
That can wait until he gets back.

DILAURIA
Yes, sir.

Kensington leaves. DiLauria does a slow burn and dials.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - SAFE HOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

Latham is sitting on the couch, writing on a legal pad:

Ops w/Dick Kelly
BOXKITE
GOLDEN DAWN
ULTRA
DELTA - Bob Dean, Bauman

A red light BLINKS on the phone, then it RINGS.

LATHAM
Latham.

DILAURIA (O.S.)
It's mandarin Two, sir...

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY (ARCHIVE)

The now-familiar building, profiled from across the street.

INT. BASEMENT ARCHIVES

Crammed with rows of alphanumeric file drawers. Durang pulls up the Select Patriots Memo. He compares it to the RCMP Report. He looks about. Seeing no one nearby, he goes to a wall phone.

INT. ORGANIZATION OF RETIRED AGENTS' OFFICE - DAY

Utilitarian, crammed with file cabinets and a desk. The phone RINGS. JOHN MOORE - dapper, late 50's - answers it.

MOORE
Organization of Retired Agents,
John Moore speaking.

CROSSCUT DURANG WITH MOORE

DURANG
John, it's Carl Durang.

MOORE

Hey, Hoss! What's shaking?

DURANG

I need a favor, but this has to be on the QT.

MOORE

Why? You in trouble?

DURANG

Maybe. Can you see if you have an address for an Isaacs? I-S-A-A-C-S. He's probably recently retired.

Moore stiffens; he recognizes the name.

MOORE

Can't you get that from Personnel?

DURANG

No, I can't. Look, I really need your help on this.

MOORE

Alright, I'll have a look and give you a shout tomorrow.

DURANG

No, I'll call you. Thanks.

He hangs up.

EXT. BOSTON - WHDH STUDIOS - DAY (ARCHIVE)

Viewed from Morrissey Boulevard.

INT. ORR'S DRESSING ROOM

Orr is shaving when Kane and Bazzo enter.

ORR

You guys here to see Mr. Ed?

No one but Orr is amused by his lame attempt at a joke.

ORR (CONT'D)

He didn't show up today.

KANE

What about the footage?

Orr sarcastically waves bye-bye then splashes on aftershave.

KANE (CONT'D)

Well what does that mean?

ORR

It's gone. The garbage men must
have picked it up.

Upset, Kane looks away.

BAZZO

You going on the air now?

ORR

No, I'm heading into Copley Square.

KANE

Why? What's going on there?

Orr glances at him superciliously as he grabs his suitcoat.

KANE (CONT'D)

Come on, I'm not after your source!

ORR

(sighs, relents)

Some desk clerk saw something and
went to the FBI. For some reason
they told him to forget it; that
pissed him off. He remembered
seeing our news wagon and called.

KANE

Are you filming the interview?

ORR

No, I told you - Ed's not in.

He grabs a pencil and pocket notepad.

KANE

So let Tom do it. That is his job.

Orr and Kane smile appreciatively; Bazzo less so.

I/E. STORROW DRIVE - WHDH STATION WAGON - DAY

Orr is at the wheel; Kane leans against the passenger-side
door. Bazzo sits behind them, a 16mm camera on his lap.

EXT. BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

The WHDH Station Wagon pulls up. Waiting out front is the Desk
Clerk. He approaches the car and hesitates. Orr leans over.

ORR

It's ok, they're with the station.

The Desk Clerk gets in the back seat.

INT. WHDH STATION WAGON - DAY

Orr pulls into a nearby alley and parks.

ORR

We won't quote you or use your
image without your permission. Ok?

The Desk Clerk nods. Bazzo focuses the camera on him.

ORR (CONT'D)

So tell us what you told the FBI.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY - FLASHBACK

JULES, 25, a bellboy and savant, runs past the Desk Clerk.

DESK CLERK (V.O.)

It was around 4:00. I'd just come
on when Jules goes flying past me.

JULES

Hey! You can't go that way!

BACK STAIRS ENTRANCE

The Balding Man and Cool Blonde are about to enter the open
door when Jules runs up, frantically waving them away.

JULES

You have to use the main stairs.

COOL BLONDE

Why?

She plays with her Color-Wheel Pendant. Jules is enrapt.

JULES

This only goes to the basement.

COOL BLONDE

Oh, my goodness! We're so sorry.

The Balding Man and Cool Blonde leave, as does Jules.
Meanwhile, an ELDERLY MAN collapses at the front desk.

DESK CLERK (V.O.)

I was calling for an ambulance when
I see that same couple again,
heading down the back stairs.

The Cool Blonde follows the Balding Man down the stairs.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. WHDH STATION WAGON - DAY

The Desk Clerk shakes his head, annoyed.

KANE

Describe them for me - the couple.

INSERT: The Balding Man's pate glistens; the Cool Blonde coos to Jules, who stares at the Color-Wheel Pendant she fingers.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

DESK CLERK

The guy was around his age...
(nods at Orr)
Fifty, and a real chrome dome. Had
that horseshoe thing going on.

He circles his hand around his head. Orr is crestfallen.

KANE

And the girl?

DESK CLERK

No, she had all her hair.

Bazzo and Kane try not to laugh. Kane clears his throat.

KANE

I mean, what did she look like?

DESK CLERK

Oh, gorgeous, man - like Brigitte
Bardot. You know, the French
actress with the really nice boobs?

KANE

Go on.

DESK CLERK

She had on this real nice cocktail
dress. But man, that necklace...

KANE

What about it?

DESK CLERK

It had this pendant with these - I
don't know - weird swirls? Kinda
like they use in the movies to
hypnotize people with.

BACK TO SCENE

Kane glances curiously at Bazzo.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)
Must've worked 'cause it shut Jules
up. Anyway, I told this to the FBI
and they told me keep my mouth shut!

ORR
What - because of that?

DESK CLERK
I know. Ridiculous, right?

ORR
What did they want in the basement?

DESK CLERK
I dunno - supplies? That's why that
busboy went down there.

KANE
What busboy?

DESK CLERK
The one who shot Crosley.

Kane and Bazzo are stunned. Orr doesn't get the significance.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)
He went down there right before
those two tried it the first time.

FLASHES OF LIGHT REFLECT off the rearview mirror onto Bazzo's
camera. Kane sees this and looks out the rear window.

KANE'S P.O.V. - PLYMOUTH PARKED ACROSS FROM ALLEY ENTRANCE

The sun GLINTS off the lens of a camera held by the driver,
Agent-A. Agent-B sits in the passenger seat. Agent-A lowers
his camera, says something to Agent-B, then they speed away.

BACK TO SCENE

Kane looks at Bazzo who mirrors Kane's disquiet.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

Latham pauses before Bowman's elegant townhome/office.

INT. BAUMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham enters. An unctuous Bauman extends a hand.

BAUMAN
Warren... It's been a long time.

LATHAM
Not long enough.

He ignores Bauman's hand and walks past him, eyeing the certificates of pedigree on the wall.

BAUMAN
Have a seat.

LATHAM
Then what? Relax? Breathe deeply?

BAUMAN
Eventually.

Latham looks askance at Bauman who sits at his desk.

BAUMAN (CONT'D)
I've been asked to help jog your memory on any operations you worked on with Dick Kelly.

LATHAM
My memory's fine, Bauman - except for that night at the Statler.

They stare at each other, as though in a duel.

BAUMAN
Alright, let's start there.

LATHAM
Good. What happened to Bob Dean?

BAUMAN
I heard he jumped out a window.

LATHAM
(scoffs and sits)
You know, I teach a course in assassination to the JOTS - the trainees. And one of the things I stress is, if it's to look like a suicide, make sure your environment supports that conclusion.

BAUMAN
Makes sense.

INSERT: In a hotel room TWO BURLY MEN IN SUITS easily subdue Dean. They struggle to open the window. Finally, they lift Dean over the sill and throw him out. Dean SCREAMS as he plummets to the sidewalk.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

LATHAM
You know, people who jump out a window don't actually jump.
(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

They roll or fall out and land pretty much right beneath the window, unless they hit something on the way down. But if they're pushed or thrown out, they tend to land a little further away or off to the side - like Dean.

BAUMAN

So you disagree with the coroner. You believe it wasn't a suicide.

Latham smiles sardonically and shakes his head.

LATHAM

You explain how a lightweight like Dean opens a window Kelly and I together could barely budge. Then climbs onto a windowsill four feet up and jumps.

BACK TO SCENE

BAUMAN

I don't have to. And as I recall, the only ones who came under suspicion were you and Dick Kelly.

LATHAM

Yeah, thanks to you.

BAUMAN

I had nothing to do with that.

LATHAM

Uh huh. Like you had nothing to do with planting a post-hypnotic suggestion in us to kill Dean.

Bauman is caught off guard.

BAUMAN

What?

LATHAM

(mockingly)

What? Practicing on yourself now? Got a little selective memory going on there?

BAUMAN

Could be you do.

LATHAM

Bullshit! You knew if Dean talked it would've shut down your project.

BAUMAN

That's a bit of an exaggeration.

LATHAM

Uh huh, like his beef with you was an exaggeration.

BAUMAN

(peevied)

Before we go any further, let's set the record straight. When MI6 demanded CIA sever its relationship with Dean, I argued against it.

LATHAM

(scoffs)

You're such an accomplished liar.

Bowman leans back and smiles.

BAUMAN

Let's talk about that.

LATHAM

Yeah, let's. I'll bet you smiled just like that when you saw how high Kelly and I scored on your Hypnotic Induction Profile.

Bauman has had it. He storms over to a combination-lock file cabinet and pulls out a folder marked "EYES ONLY - PROFILE: WARREN LATHAM." He thumbs through it then hands it to Latham.

BAUMAN

I rated you a one. You remember what that means? It means you're almost impossible to hypnotize.

Latham is stunned by what he reads.

BAUMAN (CONT'D)

There's a copy in there of the Inspector General's report on that night. You also knew the consequences if Dean were declared a fat mouth. You even had nightmares about the project, just like Dean. Probably why you drank so much then. No wonder you can't remember what happened that night.

Ashamed, Latham looks away. Bauman sits at his desk.

BAUMAN (CONT'D)

Whatever happened to Dean, I had nothing to do with it.

LATHAM

So that's it? We just forget it,
like it never happened.

BAUMAN

If you're looking for some sort of
guarantee this won't happen again,
then I don't know what to tell you.

Latham squinches agonizingly.

BAUMAN (CONT'D)

I'll help you come to terms with
this but I won't help you forget it.

LATHAM

I can't- I mean, I don't... I don't
know what to do here.

Bauman takes a folded sheet of paper from his desk.

BAUMAN

Whaddya say we start with this?

He hands the paper to Latham; it's a deli take-out menu.

BAUMAN (CONT'D)

I'm going with the corned beef and
an egg cream. You?

Latham smiles weakly.

EXT. DORCHESTER (BOSTON) - STREET - DAY

A working-class neighborhood of clapboard houses.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The Desk Clerk enters and climbs the stairs. As he reaches
the 2nd floor landing, Agent-A steps out of a bedroom.

DESK CLERK

Hey! Who the-

SLAM. From behind, Agent-B strikes the Desk Clerk in the head
with a baseball bat. Agent-A pushes the Desk Clerk down the
stairs.

As the two Agents descend the stairs, Agent-A opens a pint of
cheap liquor and SWASHES it on the steps.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS

The Desk Clerk lies unconscious, bleeding profusely. Agent-A
shoves the liquor bottle into the back pocket of the Desk
Clerk's pants; Agent-B SMASHES it with his baseball bat.

Agent-A takes out a pack of cigarettes, lights one then stuffs the pack into the Desk Clerk's shirt pocket. He drops the lit cigarette on the floor and with his lighter sets fire to the Desk Clerk's pants. The two Agents then calmly leave.

EXT. BOSTON - LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY - ARCHIVE

A road sign reads "Welcome to Logan International Airport."

INT. INTERNATIONAL ARRIVALS TERMINAL - DAY

Modernist, with arrival gates and overpriced, duty-free shops. The Arrivals Board clock reads 14:05.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Trans-Caribbean Airways announces
the arrival of its flight 64 from
Kingston, Jamaica at Gate 12.

Kane and Bazzo look out the window at the tarmac. Kane aims the telephoto lens of his camera at a Trans-Caribbean Airways propjet.

KANE'S P.O.V. - TRANS-CARIBBEAN AIRWAYS PLANE - CAMERA MATTE

A gantry pulls up to the port side of the plane. The forward door swings open. Passengers slowly begin to exit.

A tall White man, mid-60's, and an elegant Black woman, late 40's, appear in the doorway: JAMES and AMANDA CROSLEY.

BACK TO SCENE

Kane taps Bazzo on the shoulder and hands him the camera.

KANE
That's the Crosleys.

Bazzo peers at them, then hands the camera back to Kane. While Kane SNAPS photos of the Crosleys, Bazzo gazes about.

BAZZO'S P.O.V. - MAN AND WOMAN AT WINDOW OVERLOOKING TARMAC

He sees the shiny pate of the Balding Man; next to him, the stunning Cool Blonde. She gestures towards the plane.

BACK TO SCENE

Astonished, Bazzo taps Kane and motions towards them.

BAZZO
Bardot and Baldie?

Kane stares at them through his camera. Equally astounded, he SNAPS their picture. The Couple turns to leave.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
The camera - give it to me.

Kane hands his camera to Bazzo.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
I'll see you back at the ranch.

Bazzo follows the Balding Man and Cool Blonde to...

THE TERMINAL EXIT DOORS

The Balding Man and Cool Blonde part ways - he heads for the parking lot while she queues for a taxi.

Still inside, Bazzo sees the Cool Blonde look back; he hides behind a bank of payphones. Using the camera, he peers outside the terminal.

BAZZO'S P.O.V. - PARKING LOT BOOTH - CAMERA MATTE

A Gray Sedan pulls up - it's the Balding Man. As he pays the attendant - SNAP - Bazzo takes a picture.

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo lowers the camera and peeks back at the taxi queue - the Cool Blonde is gone. He swears under his breath.

SERIES OF SHOTS - BAUMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

1) Latham holds a pen and a legal pad; Bauman, a flash card.

BAUMAN
Each time you hear the letter 'K',
tap your pen on the paper - in
different spots, of course. When
you're done, we'll add up the dots.
Ready?

Latham nods.

BAUMAN (CONT'D)
T-L-K-B-K-M-N-Z-K-K-T-K-G-B-H-W-K-R.

Latham and Bauman look at the 6 black dots on the legal pad.

LATHAM
Looks like my face when I was 12.

2) Latham watches slides projected one second apart onto a screen: A clock, horse, scissors, anchor, stagecoach...

3) Latham reclines on the couch. He's weary and rubs his eyes.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Nguyen Tranh was Dick's agent
embedded in Diem's camp, but every
so often I'd meet with him.

EXT. RURAL MEXICO CITY - DIRT ROAD - DAY (DUSK)

A farmer wearing a serape walks alongside his oxcart. He comes upon a burlap sack bound with rope. He tries to lift it, but it's too heavy. Curious, he unties the rope and opens the sack, revealing the lifeless body of Dick Kelly.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

JAMES OWENS is on his Red phone.

OWENS
It's confirmed; it was Dick Kelly.

LATHAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DiLauria is at Latham's desk, on the Red phone.

DILAURIA
Okay, call New York Central and
have them inform Mr. Latham.

She hangs up and checks the wall clock: 21:30. She leaves.

THIRD-FLOOR CORRIDOR

Quiet and empty. DiLauria steps from the stairwell and walks to Kensington's office door. She hesitates and looks about. Seeing no one, she pulls a set of lock picks from her pocket.

DILAURIA

Is about to pick the lock when the door SWINGS OPEN, giving her a START. A Black CHARWOMAN coolly stands there with her clean-up cart. DiLauria smiles nervously and heads to the...

ELEVATOR

Moments later she's joined by the Charwoman. The doors open. DiLauria lets the Charwoman in first, then SNAPS her fingers.

DILAURIA
Knew I forgot something.

She leaves. The Charwoman rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

CHARWOMAN
White people...

The elevator doors close.

KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

DiLauria enters. Using a lock pick she opens the desk drawer. Rummaging around, she pulls out Berard's Medical Report.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY (MORNING)

A line of limousines pulls to the curb. Kane steps out of the lead car, followed by James and Amanda Crosley. They enter the church, passing by an inattentive BOSTON POLICEMAN.

Bazzo alights from the 2nd limousine. He watches and waits. Both Spies wear two-way radio earpieces.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

A large crowd attends the Mass. Kane sits with the Crosleys. In the back, Bazzo quietly moves about, eyeing the environs.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The FUNERAL PROCESSION crawls toward...

LONGWOOD CEMETERY

Nestled among trees, an apartment house, Victorian homes and thick brier at the entrance where the Boston Policeman waves in the procession.

AT THE GRAVESITE

Kane sits with the Crosleys amid other mourners. Again, Bazzo stands in the rear, his back to everyone. He turns around.

The Crosleys are stoic, holding hands. Kane turns and nods to Bazzo. From the apartment house comes a LOUD POP - a firecracker? - getting everyone's attention.

KANE

Huddles James and Amanda together and draws his Beretta.

BAZZO

Drops to one knee, his ACP M1911 held in a ready position.

AT THE GRAVESITE

The Spies actions frighten many and leave others bemused. Bazzo speaks into a microphone pinned inside his suitcoat collar.

BAZZO

Checking the apartments... No sign of activity. You see anything, Blue Man?

BOSTON POLICEMAN (O.S.)
Probably just some punk setting off
a firecracker. It happens, you know.

Kane pulls his collar microphone close to his mouth.

KANE
Just the same, I'm taking the
clients back to the hotel.

He stands. A RIFLE SHOT CRACKLES. Kane is struck in the head
and knocked off his feet. The Mourners PANIC.

BAZZO

Rushes to protect the Crosleys.

BAZZO
Get down! Everyone get down!

O.S., car tires SCREECH to a halt. Bazzo looks up.

BAZZO'S P.O.V. - ENTRANCE GATE - PLYMOUTH

The driver, Agent-A, SHOOTS the Boston Policeman as Agent-B
sprints from the brier lugging a sniper's rifle. He throws it
in the back seat and jumps in. The Sedan PEELS away.

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo wraps his suit jacket around Kane's head. In frustration
he SLAMS his fist on the ground.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - THE HOLE - DAY (DUSK)

DiLauria watches a television newscast as Bazzo trudges in.

TV NEWSCASTER
In Boston, the assassination
attempt yesterday on family members
of the late Senator Philip Crosley
has claimed its second victim.
Boston Police Officer James
McDonald, who was shot at the
scene, succumbed to his wounds this
morning. Earlier, BBC News reporter
Peter Kane was fatally wounded in
the attack, which occurred during
funeral services for the late
senator. The apparent targets of
the assassin's bullets - James and
Amanda Crosley, the father and
stepmother of the late senator -
were unharmed.

DiLauria lowers the sound as Bazzo slumps into his chair.

BAZZO
They weren't after the Crosleys.

DILAURIA
What?

BAZZO
They were after Kane.

DILAURIA
Who was?

BAZZO
The Select Patriots.

Puzzled, DiLauria turns her palms up and shrugs.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
Bunch of right-wing, ex-Army Intel,
ex-FBI, ex-who the hell knows.
Maybe even some of our own people.

DILAURIA
Geezus. Why were they after Kane?

BAZZO
'Cause he knew they killed Crosley.
That busboy was just a patsy.

KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

Kensington busily prepares to leave for the day, putting papers in his briefcase. Latham enters warily.

LATHAM
You wanted to see me?

KENSINGTON
I understand Dr. Bauman helped you identify a possible target.

LATHAM
An agent Kelly and I ran in Saigon.

KENSINGTON
So, a productive trip after all -
unlike mandarin One's.

LATHAM
He protected the client.

KENSINGTON
(glares at Latham)
Indeed. But I'd ordered him back to
base. Something you're no doubt
well aware of.

LATHAM

Yes, because the deployment of mandarins is my responsibility.

KENSINGTON

That is currently under review.

This gets Latham's back up.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

I warned you you'd be looking for a vacant position if you disobeyed a direct order again.

LATHAM

Then I'd better give you this.

He takes an envelope from his suitcoat pocket and hands it to Kensington.

KENSINGTON

(smugly)

Your resignation?

Latham does not respond. Kensington opens the envelope and BLANCHES - it's Kensington's copy of Berard's Medical Report. Kensington looks down at his desk drawer.

LATHAM

Don't bother; it came from your desk drawer. You may have Lynfield's ear but his heart still belongs to mandarin Two.

(crosses to the door)

Oh, if I were you I'd leave any failed coup attempts off my CV.

Latham leaves. Kensington purses his lips.

EXT. BUSY STREET CORNER - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT (EVENING)

Durang is inside, dialing; a newspaper tucked under one arm.

INT. PHONE BOOTH

As the phone RINGS O.S., Durang unfolds the *Washington Evening Star*. By the light from a streetlamp, he reads a secondary headline: "TWO DEAD IN FAILED ATTEMPT ON LATE SENATOR'S FAMILY."

MOORE (O.S.)

Organization of Retired Agents,
John Moore speaking.

DURANG

It's Durang.

INT. ORGANIZATION OF RETIRED AGENTS' OFFICE - DAY (DUSK)

Moore is on the phone.

MOORE

We had a 'Gerald Isaacs' join us over the winter, but it seems the address he gave us was bogus - all our mailings keep getting returned. I asked around but no one here remembers ever seeing the guy.

CROSSCUT DURANG WITH MOORE

DURANG

Yeah, well, it was worth a shot.

MOORE

Give you a shout if I hear anything.

DURANG

Right. Thanks.
(hangs up, scoffs)
I'm sure you will.

INT. SELECT PATRIOTS' OFFICE - NIGHT

The Security Guard enters and places a manila envelope on the desk. As he turns to leave the Concierge enters.

SECURITY GUARD

Oh, I just put the update on your desk, Mr. Isaacs.

CONCIERGE/ISAACS

Thanks.

The Concierge/ISAACS pulls out the contact sheet. Two pictures have been added to the top row: Kane and the Desk Clerk.

SECURITY GUARD

Mr. Moore called. He wants to meet us at 'The Round Table' at ten.

CONCIERGE/ISAACS

He say why?

SECURITY GUARD

More security work, I believe.

Isaacs grins and checks his watch.

ISAACS

Okay. Why don't you take off. I'll lock up.

SECURITY GUARD

Thank you, sir. See you tonight.

Isaacs nods; the Security Guard leaves. Isaacs puts the contact sheet into a folder and locks it in the file cabinet.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

A multi-story edifice on a dimly-lit city block.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

Quiet and poorly lit. A handful of cars breaks the monotony of empty parking spaces. Isaacs walks to his car, parked against a far wall. His footsteps ECHO. As he puts the key in the doorlock, a MAN'S SHADOW creeps across the door.

Isaacs spins around. Pfft. He's SHOT in the stomach by the Security Guard using a silenced revolver. Isaacs stares at him in disbelief. The Security Guard fires again. Pfft. Isaacs slumps to the ground with a second bullet wound to the forehead.

The Security Guard puts away his revolver then takes Isaacs's wallet and wristwatch. Curling a victor's grin, he leaves.

END