

COOL GRAY DAWN

Episode #2: "A Finesse Strategy"

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Cool Gray Dawn
"A Finesse Strategy"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - DAY

Resembling 1950's black and white, Pathe-type newsreel footage, shackled African-American convicts get off a bus.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the Soviet-phobic United States of the 1950's, the government conducted secret experiments using mostly African-American prisoners as unwitting test subjects.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM

The convicts are given physical examinations.

INSERT: A view through a microscope shows a cancer pathogen invading a healthy cell.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

These bizarre series of experiments were designed to test deadly new strains of cancer for use as a biological weapon.

TEST FACILITY

More Pathe-type newsreel footage shows the convicts convulse in sleep-deprivation chambers; receive injections; undergo electroshock treatment; react in horror to a man dressed in a Satanic robe; and, strapped to a gurney, have a surgical instrument resembling an ice pick inserted under an eyelid.

SUIT WORDS TO GHASTLY ACTION

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Also during this period experiments were conducted in a form of mind control known as 'depatterning.' A person's memory and personality are erased in an effort to reprogram the mind. Subjects undergo weeks of sleep deprivation, followed by a drug-induced coma from which they are awakened only for electroshock treatments. They are given LSD.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Finally, with only a local anesthetic, the men are given a transorbital leucotomy - also known as an ice-pick lobotomy - a procedure that removes pieces of the cerebral cortex, all while the patient is still conscious.

EXT. FORT DETRICK - MAIN GATE - DAY

Stock footage of a sign that reads "U.S. Army Fort Detrick."

INT. CORRIDOR

A MAN wearing the name tag "James Brownley" hurries to join a small group of lab-coated researchers entering...

WARD D

Resembles a hospital emergency room. Two Caucasian military policemen guard a group of shackled African-American men clad in jeans and T-shirts. A nurse gives each man an injection.

JAMES BROWNLEY, 40, enters. He's stopped by short, tweed-suited Southerner BALLARD ALTON, 60 - the only researcher not wearing a lab coat. He glances at Brownley's name tag.

ALTON

You're late, Brownley.

BROWNLEY

Sorry, I couldn't find the ward. I was told to report to a Dr. Alton.

ALTON

You just did.

Brownley is red-faced. Alton motions for him to join the researchers at the nurses station.

ALTON (CONT'D)

Would you?

Brownley joins them. He sees a familiar face with the name tag "PHIL PIERCE" and nods to him. Alton addresses the convicts.

ALTON (CONT'D)

I know you volunteered in exchange for an early release. Just the same, I wanted to personally thank you for your participation in this polio vaccine trial. Your efforts here will help us save millions of lives. So again, thank you.

The researchers leave. Brownley pulls PHIL PIERCE, 35, aside.

BROWNLEY

Polio vaccine... Does Napoleon here really think they believe that?

PIERCE

Who knows? I'll tell you this much, they believe in that get-out-of-jail-free card.

BROWNLEY

And they think the worst they'll come down with is polio.

PIERCE

They won't live long enough to get polio. So in a way, we are giving them a vaccine.

They walk past Alton, who furtively eyes Brownley.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - 2430 E STREET, NW - DAY

CIA EMPLOYEES show their IDs at the Guard House, then pass through Gate #1 where a sign sports CIA's logo and address.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

COLLETTE DOWD pulls folders from a file cabinet while PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY reads the newspaper. WARREN LATHAM trudges in.

COLLETTE

(checks the wall clock)
Warren - what are you doing here?

LATHAM

I work here, remember?

Folders in hand, she and Bazzo follow Latham into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham COUGHS and WINCES as he sets his briefcase on his desk.

COLLETTE

Kensington pulled rank. His office got sprayed first last night. Yours was last.

Latham sneers. Collette lays the folders on Latham's desk. She unlocks Latham's briefcase and pulls out more folders.

LATHAM

I haven't had a chance yet to read any of the junk you put in there.

She grins and arranges all the folders into three neat piles.

COLLETTE

Ops Room said you left at 03:00.

LATHAM

Four. Someone must've forgot to set their watch ahead.

He wipes his chair with his sleeve and sits. Bazzo turns on the TV where NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV addresses the Politburo.

BAZZO

The New York station will have fun keeping tabs on Premier Khrushchev.

LATHAM

Not if the Soviet Desk gets its way.

He scans through the piles of files, frowning and dismissively tossing each one onto a newly-made pile.

BAZZO

We're not fighting over turf again?

COLLETTE

(corrects him)

Still. It's worse than the Middle East.

BAZZO

Why can't we just settle this like men? You know, sitting around a campfire, singing Kumbayah...

COLLETTE

(sings the Statler

Brothers hit)

Playing solitaire 'till dawn, with a deck of fifty-one?

LATHAM

Alright, shut up, you two.

Bazzo and Collette mug like misbehaving children.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What else have you got?

COLLETTE

SMOTH wants to meet you for lunch.

LATHAM

Yeah, make it a late one. What else?

COLLETTE

Transfer request from Cheryl Dobbs.

LATHAM

That can wait. Anything IMMEDIATE?

COLLETTE

(points to a pile)

You've got a signal there from Fort Detrick - a potential fat mouth.

LATHAM

You're a fat mouth up there if you call out for pizza.

COLLETTE

(grins)

I'll get you some coffee.

She leaves; Bazzo sits.

BAZZO

Seems one of our lead researchers James Brownley complained about the convicts getting a deadly new cancer virus. That, and the fact that the test subjects are always Black.

Disgusted, Latham huffs. Bazzo opens his newspaper.

LATHAM

What the hell do they expect with that bastard Ballard Alton running MK-DELTA? Guy's like a damned Mengele.

BAZZO

I heard him at a symposium for zero population growth, recommending that all Negroes be sterilized. He keeps it up, he's liable to give white folks a bad name.

LATHAM

They already have a bad name for white folks. This Brownley... Didn't we look at him before?

Collette brings them both coffee and leaves. As they sip...

BAZZO

Yeah, waste of time. Give it to Army C.I.D. They'd love to check out something besides who's stealing cartons of Lucky's from the PX.

LATHAM

I can't. C.I.D. doesn't have Top Secret clearance.

BAZZO

It means a lot of running around...

Latham mulls it over. Bazzo grows wary.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

You're not gonna give it to the FBI.

LATHAM

And let them put a foot in our door?

BAZZO

With those idiots, it'd be on the front page of tomorrow's Post.

LATHAM

You got Eisenhower's ready to celebrate the anniversary of his Civil Rights Bill. Can you see the look on his face when some reporter asks why we're injecting Negroes with a deadly new cancer virus?

BAZZO

(wryly)

What a black mark that would be.

LATHAM

Smart ass. Go get Carla briefed for Fort Detrick.

Bazzo grins slyly and gets up. The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Kensington wants you.

KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

STEWART KENSINGTON is irritated. He shoves a memo at Latham.

KENSINGTON

From the Soviet Desk. I warned you they'd push back over Khrushchev.

LATHAM

They don't have jurisdiction here.

KENSINGTON

It's their job to watch him.

LATHAM

In Europe. When he's here, the job belongs to Domestic Ops.

KENSINGTON

Oh, don't be so parochial.

LATHAM

I'll be happy to send them a report -
assuming they know how to read.

KENSINGTON

Spare me your cheap remarks. The
fact is, we'd all be a lot happier
if you just backed off.

LATHAM

I'm sure of it - especially since
you once ran the Soviet Desk.

KENSINGTON

That has nothing to do with it.

LATHAM

No? Wasn't one of your buddies
there responsible for getting
DiLauria's sister killed?!

As Latham storms out...

KENSINGTON

Don't you want to hear my answer?

OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of ringing phones, chatter and telex machines.
JARED STOKES, TOM PERCY and Bazzo brief CARLA DILAURIA.
Latham enters. Bazzo speaks to DiLauria.

BAZZO

You'll liaise with Richard Denton.
He heads Army C.I.D. at Detrick.

LATHAM

What are we calling this one, Jared?

STOKES

Operation Nightingale. Our Carla
DiLauria will become Carla Gleason,
the new rep from Hanley Chemicals.

DILAURIA

I found something to bite on in
Brownley's file. He's been insecure
with women since his divorce, so I
thought I'd go for a honey trap.

BAZZO

The boy's dead meat now.

PERCY

Better than being a live vegetable.

DILAURIA

Huh? What are you talking about?

Percy is surprised and looks to Bazzo.

BAZZO

Bob Leavy. He was before you came on. He worked on MK-ULTRA under Dr. Alton until he was depatterned.

DILAURIA

Why the hell would he do that?

LATHAM

They used to experiment on each other over there, slipping LSD into each other's coffee and stuff.

DILAURIA

Geezus! What were they - crazy?

LATHAM

Leavy was. He couldn't come out of his psychosis. So as a last resort, Alton had him depatterned.

STOKES

(looks across the room)
Dobbs! Green for Nightingale.

CHERYL DOBBS, Black, late 20's, leaves her desk. She inserts a GREEN STICK PIN into Frederick, Maryland on the wall map, then grabs her coat.

DOBBS

Taking an early lunch, Jared.

STOKES

Try and keep it to an hour, huh?

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

Dobbs walks to a tony townhouse with a shingle reading "KEVIN TIERNEY, Psy.D." She cautiously looks around, then enters.

INT. FORT DETRICK - SEALED LABORATORY CHAMBER

Several anxious convicts sit on a bench, fidgeting. In the...

LABORATORY

Pierce and a reluctant Brownley watch the convicts through a two-way mirror. A laboratory technician, TECH #1, turns a valve on a gas container. The convicts grow nauseous. They fall to the floor, vomit and convulse. Brownley is disgusted.

BROWNLEY

You mean to tell me Alton couldn't
have used mice for this?

Pierce shrugs helplessly. Brownley gets up.

CORRIDOR

Brownley leaves. A man in a dark suit, call him RILEY,
furtively follows him.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Collette enters with papers for Latham to sign.

COLLETTE

Carla called. She wants pre-
approval to shop at Rizik's.

LATHAM

Rizik's?! Why not fly to Paris and
shop at Chanel's? She couldn't find
a cheaper way to impress Brownley?

COLLETTE

She could bench press him.

Latham shoots her a sardonic glance as he signs the papers.
The Red phone RINGS. Collette answers it.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

2-3-6-2... Yes, sir, I'll tell him.
(hangs up)
Berard wants you.

BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD pours himself a cup of tea. Latham enters.
Berard hands him a telex from his desk.

BERARD

IMMEDIATE from the Secret Service.
The White House Detail reports an
anonymous threat to release a
biological agent at the U.N. Friday
when Premier Khrushchev is scheduled
to address the General Assembly.

LATHAM

Sir, they get 1300 threats a year.

BERARD

And this one came from a pay phone
outside Fort Detrick.

Humbled, Latham nods and leaves.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Latham hurries in. Bazzo is there, conferring with Stokes.

LATHAM

You get the cable on the U.N.
threat, Jared?

Stokes waves his copy.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Well it's a Special Op now.

Stokes grabs a black binder and flips through its pages.

STOKES

It'll be Operation Mangold, sir.

LATHAM

Call Carla and liaise with the FBI.
See if there've been any thefts of
biological agents at Fort Detrick.

As Stokes reaches for the phone, he pauses.

STOKES

Wouldn't we have heard about any?

BAZZO

No, the Army never admits a theft.

STOKES

To the public, you mean.

LATHAM

Us, too. They're afraid any noise
will cost them future projects.

INT. FORT DETRICK - LABORATORY - DAY

Alton and Pierce confer as LAB TECHNICIANS set up equipment.
Tech #1 carries a cannister labeled 'BZ.' As he nears Pierce
he STUMBLES. TECH #2 freezes and GASPS; TECH #3 takes off.

Pierce quickly grabs the cannister before it hits the floor.
He hands it back to Tech #1 who gingerly puts it in a cart.
Through all this Alton is unflappable. He walks up to Pierce.

ALTON

You have the exposure proximity for
BZ?

PIERCE

There is no safe distance for that.

Alton glares at him. Pierce changes tack.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Jim Brownley developed a table that calculates proximity-based exposure. I'll ask him for it.

ALTON

Forget it. I'll work it out myself.

EXT. LAFAYETTE SQUARE PARK - PARK BENCH - NIGHT (EVENING)

Latham joins LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) and hands him a hamburger.

JONES

I thought you were treating me to dinner?

LATHAM

This is dinner.

Jones sneers at him as he unwraps his hamburger.

JONES

It's steamed. Who in his right mind would steam a hamburger?

LATHAM

Joe And Nemo's. Try it; it's got onions on it.

JONES

(glibly)
Oh, now I'm sold.

He hands it back to Latham. Jones then pulls an 8x10 photo of Dobbs from a manila envelope.

LATHAM

They make them wallet-sized now.

JONES

You just make up that old line?

LATHAM

I got it from my grandfather. We had a lot in common.

JONES

Really... He couldn't read or write either, huh?

(hands Latham the photo)
She's in your Ops Room, isn't she?

LATHAM

Yeah, Cheryl Dobbs... MI6 keeping tabs on us, Larry?

JONES

We don't like you that much... Did you know she's seeing a psychologist?

LATHAM

She should get a refund.

JONES

Come on, let's walk.

LATHAM

Keep it short, will you? I'd rather not be seen with you in public.

LATHAM AND JONES

Stroll. Latham finishes his soggy hamburger.

JONES

We've been watching her shrink, Kevin Tierney. He's a British ex-pat with a nice practice in Petworth.

LATHAM

Ritzy neighborhood. You must have looked out of place there.

JONES

Alright, enough sparring. Tierney's KGB-connected.

(hands him another photo)

One of his patients: Ilya Samsonov, Soviet Embassy Information Officer.

LATHAM

Typical KGB posting. You know how often Dobbs has been seeing Tierney?

JONES

Twice a week. She was there today.

LATHAM

Was she... You wouldn't happen to know what she's being treated for?

JONES

Superiority complex? No, but if Samsonov's working the witch doctor-

LATHAM

The witch doctor could be working Cheryl Dobbs.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

As Collette pulls on her coat, a pensive Latham enters.

LATHAM

Where are you off to?

COLLETTE

Home. Hopefully, the buses are still running. Couple of things for you.

LATHAM

Get me Dobbs's jacket, first.

Collette huffs and goes to a file cabinet as Latham enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

He hangs up his coat and sits. Collette follows with Dobbs's folder, a telex and her notepad. She refers to her notes...

COLLETTE

There've been no reported thefts or shortages at Fort Detrick in the past year. You've also got some bad news from New York: Their Number Two, Craig Alden, is dead.

She puts the folder on his desk and hands him the telex.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

A taxi jumped the curb.

LATHAM

(reads the telex)
Hm, while waiting for a bus.

COLLETTE

(archly)
Those New York cabbies will do anything to get a fare.

LATHAM

Well, just you be careful. It'd be way too hard to replace you.

Flattered, Collette smiles.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

And I wouldn't want anyone younger.

COLLETTE

(her ego deflated, she responds acidly)
Well, you'll have to replace him.

LATHAM

(sighs)

I wish I hadn't come in today.

COLLETTE

Now there's a thought...

LATHAM

Alright. Call the Farm.

Collette glowers at him. Latham holds up his hand, conceding.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Tomorrow. See about getting a replacement for Alden.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - 11TH STREET - NIGHT

A sign outside a nightclub reads "The Bohemian Caverns."

INT. "THE BOHEMIAN CAVERNS"

Intimate and smoky. The crowd sways to Antonio Carlos Jobim's "Chega de Saudade." Brownley and Pierce are at the bar.

PIERCE

Alton can't help it; he's intense.

BROWNLEY

Hey, don't apologize for him, alright? The guy's a bigot.

Pierce shrugs, conceding. He spies DiLauria alone at the far end of the bar, wearing Coco Chanel's little black dress and sipping a mojito. She sambas alone.

AT THE END OF THE BAR

A paunchy LOTHARIO saunters up to DiLauria.

LOTHARIO

Boring in here, isn't it?

DILAURIA

It is now.

She turns her back to him. As Lothario slinks away, DiLauria catches Brownley's eye and smiles demurely.

BROWNLEY

Pierce nudges him. Brownley hesitates. Pierce pushes Brownley off his barstool. Brownley gulps his drink and timidly approaches DiLauria. She dances seductively and slinks against him. Brownley is enrapt. The song ends. He's about to speak but she puts a finger to his lips, smiles and leaves.

EXT. BOHEMIAN CAVERNS - UP THE STREET - NIGHT

DiLauria sits at the wheel of a Plymouth Valiant and waits.

INT. PLYMOUTH VALIANT

DiLauria watches Brownley and Pierce leave the club and go their separate ways. Brownley gets into an MGA roadster.

A BLOCK BEHIND DILAURIA

Riley sits in a GRAY SEDAN and watches them, a holstered pistol peeks from under his suitcoat.

I/E. PLYMOUTH VALIANT

The MGA pulls away. DiLauria follows Brownley. The Gray Sedan suddenly cuts in front of her while a WHITE VAN pulls alongside, boxing her in. When the MGA is finally lost from view, the Gray Sedan and the White Van pull away.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

The door is closed. Latham and Bazzo eat breakfast and argue.

BAZZO

You can't sit on this. Dobbs has access to all U.S.-U.K. material.

LATHAM

The Special Relationship had crossed my mind, Paul.

BAZZO

I hope so, 'cause we're about to lose all credibility with MI6.

LATHAM

Don't you think I know that? I'm just not certain she's doubling.

BAZZO

She's seeing an outside shrink without approval; he's KGB-recruited.

LATHAM

You really want me to tell upstairs that they'll have to rethink their entire NATO strategy based on that?

BAZZO

(exasperated)

Fine, don't tell them. But if Dobbs is doubling and finds out MI6 is sitting in on her new boyfriend-

LATHAM

They'll both run, I know... What I need is a way to get Dobbs out of town so you can check her out.

BAZZO

Yeah, well, it'd have to be something she'd agree to.

LATHAM

Hmm... She put in for a transfer and New York needs a new Number Two...

He presses the intercom key.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

You rang?

LATHAM

Have Jared arrange for Dobbs to TDY in New York. I'll fill him in later.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Right.

BAZZO

'You rang?'

Latham shrugs. The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Berard wants you.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Another argument - with Berard, Kensington and Latham.

BERARD

The Director's upset over this rift between you and the Soviet Desk.

LATHAM

The Director? Why is DOVE involved?

BERARD

It was brought to his attention.

LATHAM

I can guess who.

BERARD

If you want to speak in asides, Warren, do it in your own office, not mine.

Latham broods; Kensington smirks.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Now, why won't the Soviet Desk hand over monitoring of Mr. Khrushchev?

KENSINGTON

He's their target and it's an active operation. Certainly more important than a jurisdictional dispute.

LATHAM

That's my point. The Soviet Desk wouldn't know any more about my Ops than I'd know about theirs.

KENSINGTON

That hardly qualifies as news.

LATHAM

It'll be on the News if they were to expose one of my operations.

KENSINGTON

And what about the Soviet Desk's own operations? I'm sure the KGB will oblige and suspend their activities.

BERARD

I doubt the KGB will do anything too foolish while Mr. Khrushchev's here, Stewart.

Now it's Latham's turn to smirk, albeit faintly.

BERARD (CONT'D)

I'm going to propose a joint operation with the Soviet Desk, with Domestic Ops taking the lead.

KENSINGTON

The Soviet Desk won't be too happy.

BERARD

They're not paid to be happy. Mr. Khrushchev is scheduled to address the U.N. in two days. Let's not give him any more to rant about.

ACT TWO

EXT. FREDERICK, MARYLAND - DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY (MORNING)

Brownley waits at the curb. A TAXI pulls up.

INT. GRAY SEDAN

Riley watches Brownley get in the Taxi. As the Taxi pulls away, Riley follows it onto U.S. Route 15.

I/E. TAXI

Brownley yawns and shakes hands with BILL DOUGLASS, 35.

BROWNLEY
Congrats on your first byline.

DOUGLASS
I told you, man...
(sings Brook Benton's hit)
'It's Just a Matter of Time.'

BROWNLEY
Bill, from one honky to another -
don't sing.

The Gray Sedan changes lanes and moves behind the Taxi.

DOUGLASS
So, you got anything for me?

Brownley looks away. Douglass is frustrated.

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)
Man, I told you: no proof, no story.

BROWNLEY
But you know what's going on there.

DOUGLASS
So? A lotta people do. Remember that
group, 'Appeal And Vigil To Stop
Biological Weapons At Fort Detrick'?

BROWNLEY
Who?

INSERT: Pathe-type newsreel footage of a small group picketing Fort Detrick, carrying signs reading "STOP GERM WARFARE," "END BIOLOGICAL WEAPONS TESTING" and "ARMY + CIA = VIRAL DEATH"; local police arrest the protesters.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

DOUGLASS
They picketed the fort last year.

BROWNLEY
Yeah, I remember now. They were
Quakers or something.

DOUGLASS

Uh huh, peaceniks. They got arrested outside the main gate. Seems there's a local ordinance covering free assembly: five people or less, you're a nuisance; more than that, you're a mob - unless you have a permit.

BROWNLEY

And they had...

DOUGLASS

Six people and no paperwork. They knew about the experiments there but they had no proof.

BACK TO SCENE

Brownley looks out the window; he's disappointed.

BROWNLEY

It's just hard for me, man.

DOUGLASS

Put yourself in my shoes, Jimbo. Things are really starting to click for me and here you come, dredging up this old bio-weapons story. No evidence, just 'Print it, Bill.' You want my help? Then shit or get off the pot! Bring me a document, a photo - something I can get into print - or drop the damn thing.

The Gray Sedan BLOWS a tire and skids onto the shoulder.

INT. FORT DETRICK - C.I.D. OFFICE - DAY

DiLauria is dismayed as she reads C.I.D.'s thin file on Brownley. The phone RINGS; RICHARD DENTON, 40, answers it.

DENTON

Denton... Huh?... Damn it, you guys!... Naw, forget it.

Frustrated, he hangs up the phone.

DILAURIA

What?

DENTON

They lost Brownley on the parkway.

DILAURIA

Your primary and your backup team?

DENTON

What backup? It's just one guy.

DILAURIA

Then what do you mean 'they'?

DENTON

(worried he's let the cat
out of the bag)

Huh?

DILAURIA

Who else is sitting in on this?

DENTON

No one. Look, the point is, I know
what this jerk's up to. I been
sittin' on him for weeks.

DiLauria holds a single sheet of paper.

DILAURIA

Yeah, it really shows.

DENTON

Don't tell me how to do my job.

DILAURIA

Fine. Let me know when you start.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham is at his desk signing papers when Collette leans in.

COLLETTE

Don Towers from the Soviet Desk.

Self-conceited DON TOWERS, 50, enters and sits.

TOWERS

I understand we're both watching
Khrushchev while he's in New York.

LATHAM

Uh huh. I told Bruce Wilson, the
station chief, to expect you.

TOWERS

Warren, we've been in New York
prepping for two weeks. I guess
your people must have missed that.

LATHAM

Must have. So advance your people
two bits for the subway so they can
pop over to New York Central.

Towers smiles and lights a cigarette.

TOWERS

You miss the point. My people are already in place. I've got four of them inside the Plaza Hotel.

LATHAM

Really. Then you knew Khrushchev's advance team had booked suites on either side of him, as well as across the hall and on the floors above and below his.

TOWERS

Like I said, we're way ahead of you.

LATHAM

Khrushchev prearranged to have his people replace all hotel staff on those floors. So, exactly what are your people doing? His laundry?

Towers is nonplussed. Latham picks up the Red phone.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What time should I tell Wilson to expect your people?

OPERATIONS ROOM

Stokes drops a train ticket on Dobbs's desk. Dobbs looks up from reading a report.

STOKES

You're TDY in New York 'till The Farm replaces their #2. It's just for a couple of days. Get going.

He leaves. Dobbs does a mock salute. She stows her things and locks her desk. As she pockets the key she absently pulls out a slip of paper on which "8 over, 9 never" is scrawled. She jams the paper back into her pocket and leaves.

THE HOLE

Bazzo closes his physician's medical bag as Latham enters.

LATHAM

Carla said someone ran counter-measures against her last night.

BAZZO

Really... Why would C.I.D. do that?

Just then Kensington bursts in and shoves a cable at Latham.

KENSINGTON

Complaint from C.I.D. Seems
mandarin Two's been overly critical
of their surveillance methods.

BAZZO

Evaluating a service's operational
procedures is part of our job, sir.

Latham nods at Bazzo who grabs his physician's medical bag
and leaves.

LATHAM

Carla called in earlier. C.I.D.
blew the Brownley surveillance.

KENSINGTON

That's not the way they tell it.

LATHAM

Of course not. They're covering
their own ass.

KENSINGTON

And I'm tired of covering for yours!
I expect your people to know better
than to antagonize another service.

LATHAM

Antagonize? By risking their lives?

KENSINGTON

Stop exaggerating, for God sakes.

LATHAM

How would you know? You were never
in Special Operations.

KENSINGTON

(proudly)

I helped write the Moscow Rules for
operating behind the Curtain.

LATHAM

About as effective as rearranging
the deck chairs on the Titanic.

Affronted, Kensington glares at Latham.

KENSINGTON

I think that deserves an apology.

LATHAM

(grudgingly)

I'm sorry.

KENSINGTON

Khrushchev arrives in 36 hours. Wrap up this Brownley business by close of play tomorrow.

INT. FORT DETRICK - LABORATORY

A hose runs from a BZ cannister through the wall and ends at a nozzle hidden behind a VENTILATION GRATE in the...

SEALED LABORATORY CHAMBER

The convicts nervously mill about. Pierce films them from behind a two-way mirror; he's also on the phone.

INT. BROWNLEY'S OFFICE

In the darkened room, a slide projector CLICKS, showing the chemical notation and label for Quinuclidinyl Benzilate (BZ) on a drawn window shade. Brownley is on the phone.

BROWNLEY

So why the hell are you using BZ? I don't care what Alton wants! You know the effects... What?... No, I gotta go home and shower... I don't care if you're buying. I said, no... No, don't come over.

He hangs up and stares at the slide image. There's a KNOCK at the door. He groans. Without turning around....

BROWNLEY (CONT'D)

I told you; I can't make lunch!

DILAURIA (O.S.)

I haven't even asked you yet.

Surprised, Brownley whirls around and BANGS his knee on the desk. DiLauria winces.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Nice move, Nureyev.

Brownley is embarrassed. He winces as he crosses the room and massages his knee. He flips on the lights. DiLauria recoils.

BROWNLEY

I know. I was on my way home to hit the showers.

She smiles and hands him her card.

BROWNLEY (CONT'D)

So you're with Hanley.

DILAURIA

I just started. I haven't made my rounds yet, so I guess I'll be skipping lunch too, Dr. Brownley.

BROWNLEY

How'd you know my name?

DILAURIA

The nameplate on your desk.

He looks back at his nameplate; he's impressed.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Look for me when you get back, if you have time.

She smiles and leaves. Brownley is walking on air.

INT. DOBBS'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dobbs steps out of the shower; her old clothes lay in a heap on the hamper. She dresses and grabs an overnight bag. On her way to the door, she stops to make a phone call.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - SCULPTURE GARDEN - DAY

Jones and Latham stroll about the grounds.

JONES

What are you doing about Dobbs?

LATHAM

I sent her to New York for a few days so Bazzo can do some digging.

JONES

Well, she took time out to call her playmate.

LATHAM

Did she...

JONES

She canceled her appointment.

LATHAM

Maybe she was just being polite.

JONES

Or it's a prearranged cutoff signal.

LATHAM

Not showing up is a cutoff signal. Did the shrink make any calls?

JONES

I don't know... It wasn't his phone
I was tapping.

INT. BROWNLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

An organized mess - books and jazz albums lay strewn about. The doorbell RINGS. Dripping wet, a towel wrapped around his waist, Brownley opens the door to find Denton holding open his ID.

DENTON

Dr. Brownley? Richard Denton, C.I.D.

BROWNLEY

(peers at the ID)
Hm, looks just like you.

DENTON

Funny man. I'd like a word with you.

BROWNLEY

Only one?

Denton is not amused. He brusquely walks past Brownley who shuts the door. Denton looks around, disgusted.

DENTON

You live like this?

BROWNLEY

How I live is my business. What do you want?

DENTON

Frankly, I'd like to know what it is you want?

BROWNLEY

Look, I don't have time for your dumbed-down version of newspeak.

DENTON

(at sea)
Newspeak... Hell, you got me there. Never heard of it. You like to run off at the mouth, huh? Especially about them colored convicts.

BROWNLEY

Uh huh, I see where this is going.

DENTON

Yeah, well everyone says you a smart man.

He parts his sport coat so Brownley can see the .45 pistol, then crosses where several record albums lie on the floor.

DENTON (CONT'D)
Music lover, huh? Who's Bill Evans?

BROWNLEY
He plays jazz.

DENTON
Jazz... Too complicated for me.

Brownley eyes Denton nervously.

DENTON (CONT'D)
You know, you got a job to do here.
And you need to keep focused on
your work, else you could make a
mistake.

He steps on an album; the record CRACKS. Brownley grimaces.

DENTON (CONT'D)
(mock surprise)
Wow, I can't believe I just did
that. You see? That's what happens
when you're not focused.

He steps on another album - CRACK. Brownley has had enough.

BROWNLEY
Alright!

DENTON
Hey, you send me the bill, okay?
(crosses to the door)
Tell me... Is this where you saw
this whole thing going?

He chuckles sardonically and leaves.

EXT. STREET - DAY

From her Plymouth Valiant, DiLauria watches Denton leave Brownley's apartment. Further away, Riley watches DiLauria from his Gray Sedan.

MID-SHOW BREAK

INT. ALTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Pierce runs a 16mm movie projector for himself and Alton.

INSERT ON THE PROJECTION SCREEN: Scenes of men in a padded room losing muscle control and flailing about; vomiting; digging their fingernails into a wall; crawling; disrobing;

showering fully clothed while smoking a cigar; and in combat with phantom assailants.

SUIT WORDS TO BIZARRE ACTION

PIERCE (O.S.)
Quinuclidinyl benzilate, NATO code: BZ. Attacks the central nervous system. In Phase One, subject has headaches, nausea and confusion, accompanied by involuntary spasms of the extremities. Four hours later Phase Two begins. Here, subjects alternate between a semi-comatose state and spontaneous crawling.

ALTON (O.S.)
What delivery method did you use?

PIERCE (O.S.)
Aerosol spray - 7 micrograms of BZ per kilogram. After 12 hours Phase Three begins, marked by regressive behavior, visual and auditory hallucinations, and extreme violence that can last up to six weeks.

BACK TO SCENE

Pierce stops the projector and flips on the lights.

ALTON
I want your support team transferred before any gossip on this starts.

PIERCE
Yes, sir.

ALTON
How much BZ is left?

PIERCE
Plenty - about five liters worth.

ALTON
Get on to Edgewood Arsenal. I want fifty times that here PDQ.

Pierce is stunned. Alton sees this.

ALTON (CONT'D)
Oh, I forgot to tell you... I've entered you for the Decoration for Exceptional Civilian Service for your work on this.

PIERCE

Thank you, sir. But 250 liters...

ALTON

(checks his watch)

I'm running late. Ride with me to the airport. We'll talk on the way.

EXT. LEOPOLDVILLE, BELGIAN CONGO - DAY

INSERT: "LEOPOLDVILLE, BELGIAN CONGO"

Pathe-type newsreel footage shows Caucasians in civilian clothes firing upon Black Congolese mine workers at the entrance to a diamond mine.

INT. AUDITORIUM

Flanked on stage by seated West African dignitaries, Khrushchev RANTS before an indignant Caucasian assembly.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham slouches at his desk signing papers. BILL NEALY enters.

NEALY

Got 30 seconds, Warren?

LATHAM

For the Intelligence Director, a whole minute.

NEALY

I understand you've buried the hatchet with the Soviet Desk.

LATHAM

Yeah, where the sun don't shine.

NEALY

What if I could give you a leg up on the competition?

LATHAM

You just earned yourself another thirty seconds.

Nealy grins. Latham gestures towards a chair; Nealy sits.

NEALY

You know that Khrushchev just left the Belgian Congo...

LATHAM

Last leg of his goodwill tour.

NEALY

Yes, if you're African. For everyone else it was a history lesson: 'The Race for Africa.'

LATHAM

I'd think twice before discussing colonialism if I were him.

NEALY

Well, he won over the Africans.

Latham sits upright, surprised at this news.

NEALY (CONT'D)

He told them it was the Belgians who were behind that massacre of Congolese mine workers.

LATHAM

Hm, the Belgians have been blaming the killings on Congolese Loyalists. Someone in Dzerzhinsky Square must have done his homework.

NEALY

On us, too. Khrushchev equated our incarceration of Negroes to European colonial rule in Africa.

LATHAM

Can't say he doesn't have a point.

NEALY

Warren, if Khrushchev is intent on sandbagging Eisenhower over civil rights, your fat mouth now becomes the focal point here.

LATHAM

How so?

NEALY

Say Brownley does talk out of turn about MK-DELTA. If he decides to whisper into a Russian ear, then the lesson learned here wouldn't just be for the Belgians.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING - DAY

Stock footage of the compound and familiar landmark tower.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY - GREAT HALL

Law enforcement officials search every inch.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

Stock footage of its magnificent facade.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Dark-suited KGB AGENTS sweep for listening devices as a BLACK CHARWOMAN, RHONDA DAVIS, 35, cleans. A SOVIET DIPLOMAT pulls a RED FOLDER labeled in Cyrillic from his briefcase and lays it on a table that Davis is dusting.

SUIT LATHAM'S WORDS TO ACTION

LATHAM (O.S.)

With Khrushchev's advance team already in place, there was no way we could bug his suite. But Party elite are like snobs the world over; they shunt their menial work off to domestics whenever they can. Khrushchev likes to point to our Black charwomen as examples of capitalist exploitation. So I put Rhonda Davis from our New York Station in that role at the Plaza.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Holding a folder labeled "OPERATION MANGOLD," Latham watches Kensington primp his dinner jacket and adjust his bow tie.

KENSINGTON

Davis... Isn't she that Russian linguist from Princeton?

LATHAM

Yes, sir.

KENSINGTON

(sighs)

I don't know how Davis or any other Negro puts up with being a second-class citizen in their own country.

Caught off-guard, Latham is nonplussed.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters, bemused. Collette is eating Chinese takeout.

COLLETTE

The FBI and NYPD finished searching the U.N. - nothing.

LATHAM

(disappointed)

I thought they'd at least find some
chewing gum stuck under the seats.

He's hungry, staring at her sweet-and-sour shrimp.

COLLETTE

Oh, and Durang called.

LATHAM

Great. Last thing I need now are
FBI problems.

COLLETTE

No, no, they got a tip: Brownley
met with a reporter from the
Washington Post - Bill Douglass.

LATHAM

Since when do they share their tips
with us?

COLLETTE

I know. Probably hoping we'll blow
it; prove a point for them.

Latham nods but he's clearly preoccupied.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Something on your mind?

LATHAM

Huh? Oh, um, call Carla; tell her
about the tip.

COLLETTE

Did that. And your food's inside.

INT. DINER - DAY

DiLauria and Brownley are seated by a window, eating.

DILAURIA

If it bothers you so much, why don't
you just leave? Do something else.

BROWNLEY

It's not the work I hate, it's
racists like Alton and that idiot
Denton at C.I.D. I thought we were
supposed to be fighting communists.

DiLauria smiles. Brownley grows nervous.

BROWNLEY (CONT'D)

What? I got food on my shirt?

DILAURIA

No, I was just thinking... You'd be quite a catch for some lucky girl.

Embarrassed, Brownley shakes his head no.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Why? You already take the plunge?

BROWNLEY

It was a mistake. I was an ass and she never let me forget it.

DILAURIA

Hey, if you remember your mistakes, you're less likely to repeat them.

BROWNLEY

Oh, no. Married men should forget their mistakes. No need for two people to remember the same thing.

DILAURIA

(wryly)

Your ex was right - you are an ass.

They look at each other for a moment, then both chuckle.

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

As Kensington puts on his coat, there's a KNOCK at the door.

KENSINGTON

Come.

Kensington's AIDE-DE-CAMP, 35, enters with a full paper bag.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

I'm already late. What is it?

AIDE

Mr. Latham said if you were still here to give this to you.

He puts the bag on the desk. Kensington opens it and is surprised to pull out boxes of Chinese takeout.

INT. DOBBS'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bazzo searches the place. In the bathroom he rummages through Dobbs's clothes and finds the slip of paper with "8 over, 9 never." In a nightstand drawer he finds a notepad with a list of names that includes "Bill Douglass."

INT. C.I.D. OFFICE - DAY (DUSK)

DiLauria is there alone, speaking on the phone.

DILAURIA
Brownley called that reporter
Douglas again.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham is on the Gray phone.

LATHAM
Any idea what they talked about?

CROSSCUT DILAURIA WITH LATHAM

DILAURIA
Bridge.

LATHAM
Come again?

DILAURIA
Contract bridge. Seems Douglass
belongs to a bridge club.

LATHAM
Bridge... So what the hell's
Brownley up to?

DILAURIA
Nothing, as far as I can see. Yes,
he's angry - but that's directed at
Alton. The man's an abject racist.

LATHAM
D-Int thinks his anger could move
him to divulge classified material.

DILAURIA
Then why not tell that reporter?

LATHAM
Hmm... I hope you're right.

EXT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - LOADING DOCK - DAY (DUSK)

From an Army truck, SERVICEMEN unload boxes marked "FRAGILE,
DO NOT LOAD OR TRANSPORT IF DAMAGED" and "TOXIC GAS."

INT. LABORATORY

At a table Tech #1 takes a 60-WATT LIGHT BULB and carefully
CUTS the glass bulb from its metal base. The escaping benign
gas turns the glass CLEAR.

Tech #1 smears silicone along the open rim of the base, then places it and the bulb inside a Plexiglas box. He seals the box shut and puts his arms into the rubber gloves that extend into the box. Tech #1 puts the bulb's metal base in a bellows and fits a snout snugly over the open end of the bulb.

TECH #2 opens a valve on a BZ cannister. The bellows INFLATES; the glass bulb FROSTS.

Tech #1 removes the reattached, BZ-filled light bulb from the box and repeats the process as Pierce watches.

INT. NEW YORK CITY (HARLEM) - 125TH STREET SUBWAY STATION

INSERT: "HARLEM, NEW YORK CITY"

"125 Street" signs are everywhere. A subway train SCREECHES to a stop. Alton alights, along with a mostly Black crowd. He checks his watch: 6:45. A BLACK WOMAN and her small CHILD walk by him. The Child looks up and smiles at Alton. He smiles back benevolently but his real interest is the station's environs.

ACT THREE

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - IDLEWILD AIRPORT - DAY (ARCHIVE)

A road sign reads "IDLEWILD INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT."

INSERT: Pathe-type newsreel footage shows Khrushchev and company exiting an Aeroflot propjet; his motorcade drives off.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

The Khrushchev motorcade arrives amid tight security.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

As Khrushchev eats, he reads aloud from the Red Folder, rehearsing his speech with an AIDE. Meanwhile, his handlers condemn Davis by leaving their garbage strewn about.

EXT. LAFAYETTE SQUARE PARK - PATH - DAY

Latham labors to finish eating his soggy hamburger as he and Jones stroll.

JONES

I thought Americans lived on hamburgers?

LATHAM

Not this one.

He tosses it into the trash.

JONES

Any joy on Brownley yet?

LATHAM

DiLauria doesn't think he's a fat mouth; Nealy does.

JONES

Well, here's something else to keep you up at night.

(hands Latham an envelope)

It's a list of Tierney's clients. We had a look at his files last night.

LATHAM

I don't think I want to hear about MI6 breaking into U.S. businesses.

JONES

Okay, but I need a list of all operations Dobbs has compromised.

Latham sighs and grudgingly nods.

INT. BROWNLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Dark. The shades are drawn. A box of slides sits on the desk next to the slide projector. Brownley CLICKS up images onto a window shade:

- A Black man undergoing a gruesome autopsy.
- A large tumor being weighed and measured.

DiLauria peeks in, then KNOCKS. An anguished Brownley looks at her. She approaches him and takes hold of his hand as he CLICKS up another gruesome slide of the autopsied Black man.

DILAURIA

What happened to him?

BROWNLEY

He volunteered.

The door swings open and a jovial Pierce steps in.

PIERCE

All aboard the wonton express!
Carla, you get those carrying cases I ordered? I need them right away.

DILAURIA

They'll be here later today.

PIERCE

Good. If I'm not around, make sure
you get them to Alton's secretary.
(to Brownley)
You coming to lunch, kemo sabe?

Brownley points to the slide of the autopsied Black man.

BROWNLEY

How old do you think he is?

PIERCE

I know how old he is, thirty.

BROWNLEY

He looks twice that.

PIERCE

Eh, looks are deceiving.

BROWNLEY

Cut the crap, will you?

He walks up to the image on the window shade.

PIERCE

Just trying to lighten the mood.

BROWNLEY

Recognize the handiwork? That man
suffered a horrible death because
of me. And for what, huh? Tell me
how any of this helps to defeat the
'communist menace'?

PIERCE

(glances at DiLauria)
Let's not discuss this now, okay?

BROWNLEY

Right. Wouldn't want to put her in
the crosshairs as well, now would
we?

Pierce is embarrassed; he looks around nervously.

BROWNLEY (CONT'D)

I'll see you later.

Pierce leaves. Brownley ejects the slide and puts it in his
jacket pocket. DiLauria hooks his arm. She leans her head
against his shoulder and leads him out of his office.

CORRIDOR

Pierce is at a table, dialing the telephone. He stops and furtively watches DiLauria and Brownley leave.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - THE HOLE - DAY

Bazzo is at his desk comparing the lists from Dobbs and SMOTH and making notes. Latham enters carrying a thick folder.

BAZZO

Look here... Everyone on Dobbs's list is on the one you got from SMOTH: Senator Michael Drake, Armed Services Committee; Army Chief of Staff Alan Everett; NASA Pentagon Liaison John Haymer; even that Post reporter, Bill Douglass.

LATHAM

(worriedly)

And all with Top Secret security clearances.

BAZZO

Except for Douglass. Recall Dobbs?

LATHAM

(sighs and nods)

Time to go upstairs and confess.

As Latham crosses to the door, Bazzo points to the folder Latham is holding.

BAZZO

That the list you promised SMOTH?

Latham pauses, looks at the folder and beams momentarily.

LATHAM

No, it's Khrushchev's U.N. speech, courtesy of Rhonda Davis.

BAZZO

Wow, she's something else. Anything in there about MK-DELTA?

LATHAM

Not a thing.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard and Kensington are grim as Latham speaks.

LATHAM

I held off saying anything because I wasn't sure if she was doubling.

BERARD

When is Dobbs due back?

LATHAM

Later today. I'd like to go at her before handing her over to MOTHER.

KENSINGTON

Why? The only thing you'll learn is that she gave this Tierney everything she could lay her hands on.

LATHAM

Maybe, but at least I'll find out what '8 over, 9 never' means.

KENSINGTON

No, no, you mean '8 ever, 9 never.'

LATHAM

No, it's '8 over, 9 never.'

KENSINGTON

Warren, it's '8 ever, 9 never.' I ought to know; I play the game.

LATHAM

What game?

BERARD

Bridge. '8 ever, 9 never' is basic bridge strategy.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Jones sits across from an inspired Latham.

LATHAM

They all play bridge.

JONES

What a great way to pull in some keen military minds. Doesn't explain that reporter, Douglass.

LATHAM

No, but I suspect Dobbs will.

JONES

So, you have something for me?

Latham pulls a folder from his desk drawer and hands it to him. As Jones reads through it, he's grows horrified. He tosses the folder onto Latham's desk.

JONES (CONT'D)
I didn't see this.

LATHAM
Larry...

JONES
Cut it down! By half at least.

LATHAM
I can't. Dobbs had full NATO access.

JONES
You know you've got the keys to the kingdom in there? If even half of this gets back to London, the Special Relationship is finished!

I/E. PLYMOUTH VALIANT - DAY

DiLauria drives. She caresses Brownley's hand.

EXT. BROWNLEY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

DiLauria parks in front. She and Brownley alight. She puts her arm around him and surreptitiously takes the slide from his jacket pocket and PALMS it.

INT. CORRIDOR - APARTMENT DOOR - DAY

Brownley opens the door. He stands there, aghast.

DILAURIA
What is it?

Instead of the usual disarray, the place has been tidied up.

BROWNLEY
They've been here.

DILAURIA
Who has? Jim-

Brownley panics and RUNS. In heels, DiLauria tries to keep up.

EXT. BROWNLEY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Brownley races outside. Seemingly from nowhere, Riley and another man grab Brownley and force him into the White Van.

DILAURIA

Runs outside. She notes the license plate number as the Van pulls away. She hurries into her car, puts the key in the ignition and turns it. Nothing. The car won't start. She tries again but to no avail. She angrily POUNDS on the dashboard.

INT. C.I.D. OFFICE - DAY

Denton uses a penknife to open his mail. DiLauria enters, in no mood for nonsense.

DILAURIA

Why'd you search Brownley's place?

DENTON

What are you talking about?

DILAURIA

You were there - you and the FBI.

DENTON

I don't have time for this. Go do your nails or something.

DILAURIA

EXPLODES. She grabs Denton's wrist, bending it back with an Aikido move. He SCREAMS and drops the penknife.

A C.I.D. OFFICER rushes in. He tries to grab DiLauria. Still holding onto Denton's wrist, she KICKS the C.I.D. OFFICER in the groin and the face, dropping him to the floor in agony.

She TWISTS Denton's wrist further, FLIPPING him over the desk. She KICKS him in his ribs several times then TWISTS his arm behind his back. Grabbing the penknife, she presses the point hard against his throat. Denton GASPS and WHEEZES.

DILAURIA

I'll shove it right through! Why were you at Brownley's place?

DENTON

He said you were moving too slow.

DILAURIA

Who did?

DENTON

Alton.

The C.I.D. Officer struggles to his knees. DiLauria glares at him.

DILAURIA
Move and you're next.

C.I.D. OFFICER
Brownley was dirty. We found a
classified doc at his place.

DILAURIA
Bullshit!

C.I.D. OFFICER
We did! Operation Fairy Dust or
something. The FBI showed it to us.

DILAURIA
(to Denton)
You planted it, didn't you?

She edges the knife into Denton's throat, breaking the skin.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)
Didn't you?!

DENTON
Alton told me to.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

DiLauria is on a pay phone.

DILAURIA
The FBI arrested Douglass, too.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham is on the Gray phone with her.

LATHAM
It's Brownley I'm worried about.
Did you speak to Alton?

CROSSCUT DILAURIA WITH LATHAM

DILAURIA
No, he's in New York. His secretary
told me she had some medical
supplies flown up there for him.

LATHAM
Lucky for you she's so gabby.

DILAURIA
She likes chocolate.

LATHAM

That document the FBI found... You sure it was Operation Fairy Dust?

DILAURIA

That's what he said. Ring a bell?

LATHAM

I thought it did. Anyway, you're sure no one knew he took the slide?

DILAURIA

No one but me.

LATHAM

Then why was Alton so anxious to have Brownley arrested?

DILAURIA

He'd seen enough, I guess.

LATHAM

Enough of what? Brownley's his top boy, yet he can't wait to-
(stops; thinks aloud)
He'd seen enough...

DILAURIA

Was that meant for me?

LATHAM

No, wait... Brownley's specialty is nerve agents. What if Alton were working on something he didn't want Brownley to see? Something in Brownley's field of expertise.

DILAURIA

It's possible; they hate each other enough. But Alton's not the expert Brownley is. He'd need help.

Latham leafs through his notes.

LATHAM

There's a guy there who worked with Brownley before - Phil Pierce.

DILAURIA

(scoffs)

That jerk. He was badgering me all day about these carrying cases he special-ordered. Wanted to be sure if some chemical ate through its container, it wouldn't get on him.

LATHAM

Hmm... Did he get the cases?

DILAURIA

Alton's secretary sent them to New York along with that med shipment.

(finally realizes)

And she said Pierce is joining him there later, at the Statler-Hilton.

LATHAM

Get up there. I'll call the station.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Percy fills out a report. Stokes hands Latham a folder.

STOKES

Operation Fairy Dust.

As Latham reads it, he grows more upset. The Red phone RINGS; Percy answers it.

PERCY

0-4-3-3... Just a minute.

(to Latham)

Cheryl Dobbs is in your office.

LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Dobbs is standing there, contented. Latham enters, carrying the "Operation Fairy Dust" folder. He lays it on his desk.

LATHAM

I'm surprised to see you back here.

DOBBS

Sorry?

LATHAM

I thought you'd be on the next Aeroflot flight to Moscow by now.

Dobbs is shocked, completely at sea.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I know all about you and Dr. Tierney, and your bridge partners: Drake, Everett, Haymer, Samsonov, Bill Douglass. It's over, Dobbs.

DOBBS

(mortified)

How did you know?

LATHAM

For your sake, I'm going to tell
MOTHER you confessed.

DOBBS

Confessed? Confessed to what?

LATHAM

Stop it! You and Tierney are
running a damn espionage ring right
out of his office.

DOBBS

No! I've been working him!

LATHAM

Come off it.

DOBBS

I have! For months now. Ever since
I joined the Madison Bridge Club.

LATHAM

A bridge club? You're 27 and you're
single. Why the hell would you join
a bridge club unless it was to help
out your buddy, Tierney?

DOBBS

It's hard meeting someone with the
hours here. So my sister suggested
I join her and her husband at their
bridge club.

Less certain of her guilt now, Latham backs off and sits.

LATHAM

And what happened?

DOBBS

Tierney was always sidling up to
these military types, offering them
free counseling in exchange for
help with his bridge game. That's
when I caught on to it.

LATHAM

Go on.

DOBBS

I saw how he kept regular visits
with Samsonov and the others. So I
told him I worked as a NATO liaison
officer at the Pentagon. That's when
he offered me free counseling.

LATHAM

Why was he interested in that reporter, Bill Douglass?

DOBBS

(sheepishly)

'Cause Bill's interested in me. I guess Dr. Tierney thought I might be telling him secrets or something.

LATHAM

Nice story. Pity you can't prove it.

DOBBS

I can. I have everything written down back at my place - names, dates, even that stupid bridge term my sister wrote down.

LATHAM

'8 over, 9 never?'

DOBBS

Huh? No, it's '8 ever, 9 never.' Her handwriting stinks.

LATHAM

It's too bad no one can back up your story.

Abashed, Dobbs drops her head.

DOBBS

I told Debra Peters, a friend of mine on the Soviet Desk. I know I should have come here first, but-

LATHAM

When did you tell her?

DOBBS

About four months ago. I was hoping if I proved myself I could land a job working for you as a mandarin.

LATHAM

(incredulous)

Working for me?

(explodes)

I could kill you - you know that? MI6 believes all U.S.-U.K. Ops have been compromised, the Special Relationship is in jeopardy, and I couldn't concentrate on two other Ops, all because I was so worried you might be doubling.

DOBBS

I... I don't know what to say. I'm
sorry.

LATHAM

Get the hell out of here. Now.

Dejected, Dobbs leaves.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STATLER-HILTON HOTEL - DAY (DAWN)

Alton and Pierce leave the hotel, each carrying AN ALUMINUM
ATTACHE CASE. They head for the subway entrance.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

Though there are only a few fellow passengers, the two
scientists hold onto the straps as the train LURCHES ahead.

125TH STREET SUBWAY STATION - UPTOWN PLATFORM

The train pulls into the station. Alton and Pierce alight,
along with a handful of riders. Pierce crosses to the
DOWNTOWN PLATFORM. As the train leaves, Alton moves to the
end of the platform where the trains enter.

DOWNTOWN PLATFORM

Packed, mostly with Black people. Pierce edges to the end
where the trains enter. One or two people glance at Pierce's
shiny new attache case. A GROWING ROAR from the tunnel
signals an approaching downtown train.

PIERCE

Opens his attache case, revealing the doctored light bulbs.
He takes one out and is about to surreptitiously toss it onto
the tracks when he's JOSTLED by people pushing to get closer
to the edge of the platform.

There's a loud POP. The people near Pierce START' they look
around and back away. Pierce looks down in horror.

PIERCE'S P.O.V. - HIS FEET

The light bulb lies SHATTERED amid RISING WISPS of BZ gas.

BACK TO SCENE

Pierce's face CONTORTS freakishly. He tries to grab onto a
station I-beam but his ARMS FLAIL ABOUT. He loses his balance
and falls to the ground, kicking the shards of the shattered
light bulb onto the tracks. He VOMITS violently and rolls off
the platform.

DOWNTOWN PLATFORM

People wave and SCREAM for the train to stop, but to no avail. The train runs over Pierce. People SCREAM in horror. The onrushing air spreads the remaining BZ down the platform. Those closest to the tracks begin exhibiting the same bizarre symptoms.

UPTOWN PLATFORM

Ignoring the commotion, Alton focuses on an approaching uptown train. As he reaches into his attache case, a hand TWISTS his wrist. He SCREAMS in agony and looks up to see...

DILAURIA

She YANKS the case from him. Two burly CIA OFFICERS quickly strong-arm Alton up the exit stairs as DiLauria follows.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham holds court with an astonished Berard and Kensington.

KENSINGTON

And you're saying it was originally an Army exercise?

LATHAM

Yes, a simulated response against an enemy combatant - using a benign gas, of course.

BERARD

But Alton subverted the plan.

LATHAM

He substituted a nerve agent, BZ, in place of the argon in the light bulbs. His plan was to have them installed in subway stations and tunnels in Harlem and The Bronx.

KENSINGTON

Mostly Negroes and Spanish there.

BERARD

But why light bulbs?

LATHAM

Couple of reasons. It's a common purchase, one that wouldn't draw any attention. In one day Alton figured 60,000 people would be infected.

KENSINGTON

But they were on that platform too.

LATHAM

They figured the onrushing wind from the train would push the gas away from them, down the platform, giving them time to escape.

KENSINGTON

Why he do this?

LATHAM

He wanted to control the growth of certain segments of the population.

KENSINGTON

What?

LATHAM

Two years ago Brownley resigned from a similar project he headed called Operation Fairy Dust. He'd discovered that even short-term exposure to BZ led to sterility.

BERARD

Oh, my God...

LATHAM

Remember I said there were two reasons for using light bulbs? The heat generated in those doctored bulbs causes them to explode after 200 hours. So, if the New York City Transit Authority's new maintenance supplier were a CIA proprietary, and those bulbs were used as replacements...

BERARD

(anguished)

That's two million people.

Kensington reacts with disgust.

BERARD (CONT'D)

And the FBI was complicit in this?

LATHAM

No, Alton used them. He'd convinced them Brownley was a fat mouth, then played on their feud with us to sucker them into a game of one-upmanship, running counter-surveillance to flush us out. That kept us at bay until Alton was ready to have Brownley arrested.

KENSINGTON

But Brownley had that classified paper, Operation Fairy Dust.

LATHAM

Alton planted it. But the thing is, Brownley wrote most of it. So of course he'd be allowed access to it. Alton didn't know that.

BERARD

And that tip from the FBI?

LATHAM

That came on the heels of C.I.D.'s complaint against mandarin Two. Alton was concerned we might clear Brownley, so he called the Bureau. They were only too happy to help.

Berard is frustrated. He gets up and moves about.

BERARD

More concerned with embarrassing us than going after the truth.

LATHAM

An incompetent CIA would be further impetus for Congress to move all domestic Intel under FBI control.

KENSINGTON

Some things never change, do they?

BERARD

I suppose Alton was responsible for the Secret Service threat as well.

LATHAM

Part of his finesse strategy. If things went awry, Alton planned on giving the FBI just enough to convince them it was a KGB operation designed to embarrass Eisenhower. When the time came to write the post mortem, the U.N. threat would have been seen as validation of the Soviets' intentions.

Kensington shakes his head, finally grasping the complexity of the plot. But Berard is pensive and looks out the window.

BERARD

If this were Russia, the moment suspicion fell on Brownley he'd have been sent to some gulag.

(MORE)

BERARD (CONT'D)

The plot would have been carried out, and history would attribute the deaths to just another purge.

KENSINGTON

But the Soviets kill for political reasons, not ethnic ones like Alton.

BERARD

Stalin deliberately starved three million Ukrainians to death; that was a policy related to ethnicity, the same as Alton's. And were it not for Brownley, a man we were prepared to muzzle, Alton would have succeeded.

SECOND-FLOOR CORRIDOR - BACK STAIRWELL

Latham enters, just as Kensington comes down the stairs.

KENSINGTON

There you are. The Soviet Desk is complaining the Brownley matter should have been shared with them.

LATHAM

Really... Well, I wouldn't worry too much about them.

KENSINGTON

And why not?

LATHAM

Because we're about to hand them an espionage ring, one that's been operating right under their noses.

KENSINGTON

What?

LATHAM

And one of its members is Ilya Samsonov, the Soviet Embassy Information Officer; the same man your Soviet Desk swears is their best asset.

Kensington is shocked.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

We can also prove that one of their people knew about the ring for four months and did nothing about it.

Latham sports a self-satisfied grin and bounds up the stairs.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT

The lights are on in a few offices.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

The door is open; the 24-hour wall clock reads 00:40. Latham is alone there, on the Red phone.

LATHAM

No, I'm worried about what he might say now. I want it done. Now.

Latham hangs up, his face tinged with regret.

EXT. 2430 E STREET - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY (MORNING)

CIA PERSONNEL flash their IDs as they enter the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 08:30. Collette edits a paper. DiLauria enters, distressed.

DILAURIA

Any word on Brownley's whereabouts?

COLLETTE

No, not since the FBI released him.

DILAURIA

(anxious)

Well is anyone looking for him?

COLLETTE

Security is.

(reassuringly)

I'm sure he'll turn up.

INT. WARD D

Brownley slowly awakens and focuses his eyes. He can't move his arms or legs; he's strapped to a gurney. Straps across his forehead and chin hold his head still. he struggles to speak.

BROWNLEY

Hey, what is this?! Hey!

Patronizing DOCTOR #1 leans over Brownley.

DOCTOR #1

Just relax, Dr. Brownley.

BROWNLEY

Who the hell are you?! I want to know what's going on here?!

Doctor #1 nods to an ORDERLY who straps a LEATHER MOUTH-GAG on Brownley, muting Brownley's SCREAMS. Doctor #1 follows the Orderly who wheels Brownley into the...

CORRIDOR

Brownley tries to SCREAM. He whips his body about, trying to free himself. The gurney rocks and slides but continues on it's way until it reaches the...

OPERATING ROOM

Where a NURSE and DOCTOR #2 stand by. Doctor #1 looks on DOCTOR #2 inserts a syringe into Brownley's cheek.

DOCTOR #1

We found that Articaine numbs the area in no time.

Doctor #1 taps Brownley's cheek a few times. Brownley stares at him; tears stream from his eyes.

DOCTOR #1 (CONT'D)

(nods to Doctor #2)

He's ready.

Doctor #2 takes an orbitoclast, a surgical instrument resembling an ice pick, from a sterile transfer tray. Tears begin to run from the corners of Brownley's eyes. Doctor #2 inserts the orbitoclast under Brownley's right eyelid and into his brain.

END