

Cool Gray Dawn
Episode #4: "Loyalty"

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Cool Gray Dawn

"Loyalty"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MOSCOW, RUSSIA - U.S. EMBASSY - DAY (DUSK)

INSERT: "MOSCOW, RUSSIA"

A Brutalist apartment building with a sign displaying "Embassy of the United States of America" in English and Cyrillic.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - FOYER - DAY

Cramped. A U.S. Marine in dress uniform stand guard alongside the American flag. American WILLIAM LIND, 35, and his young Russian bride, ILENA, 20, arm-in-arm approach the female RECEPTIONIST, 35. William is tense; Ilena, in her babushka, looks like a frightened peasant. (Everyone speaks English.)

WILLIAM

We're here to apply for a visa.

RECEPTIONIST

Your names?

WILLIAM

William and Ilena Lind.

She fills in two cards and hands them to William.

RECEPTIONIST

(points down the hall)

Down the hall to your right, room C.

William nods, then he and Ilena head down the corridor. Meanwhile, the receptionist picks up the telephone and dials.

ROOM C

As the Linds enter, an Embassy STAFFER is hanging up a phone.

STAFFER

Cards, please.

William hands her the cards; she gives him two forms.

STAFFER (CONT'D)

If you'll both fill these out...

WILLIAM

My wife doesn't know any English.

STAFFER

Oh... Then give her this.

She exchanges one form in English for one in Cyrillic.

U.S. EMBASSY - CIA OFFICE

Two CIA OFFICERS watch the Linds on closed-circuit TV. CIA OFFICER #1 scans down a list with his finger and stops.

CIA OFFICER #1

You're right. Here he is.

CIA OFFICER #2

Told you 'Lind' rang a bell.

He gets up.

CIA OFFICER #1

Where are you going?

CIA OFFICER #2

Get a cable off to Emerald City.

CORRIDOR

CIA OFFICER #2 hurries to a room at the far end.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

The Capitol Dome dominates the cityscape.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

Past the Guard House, through Gate #1 and atop the knoll sit CIA's headquarters.

INT. CIA COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

A teletype machine PRINTS the following cable:

IMMEDIATE 467
PAGE 01 MOSCOW 04109 041528Z
44
ACTION SS 70
INFO OCT 01,CIAE 00,/07
----- 081913
R 041445Z OCT 59
FM: AMEMBASSY MOSCOW
TO: SR CIA WASH DC 3945

I M M E D I A T E MOSCOW 4109
LIMDIS

SUBJ: OPERATION RED HERRING

1. FALSE DEFECTOR WILLIAM LIND APPLYING FOR U.S. VISA WITH HIS RUSSIAN SPOUSE ILENA MARISKOVA LIND. DESTINATION IS NEW YORK CITY.
 2. THIS IS THE FIRST CONTACT THIS EMBASSY HAS HAD WITH LIND SINCE HIS DEFECTION.
 3. CLOSE ATTENTION SHOULD BE PAID TO LIND AS HE HAS MADE NO ANTI-SOVIET DECLARATIONS NOR HAVE THE SOVIETS TRIED TO PREVENT THE LINDS FROM EMIGRATING.
 4. THE POSSIBILITY EXISTS THAT LIND MAY BE A DOUBLE AGENT.
 5. PASSPORT, VISA AND TRAVEL DATA TO FOLLOW UNDER SEPARATE COVER.
- GP-3

WOODMERE

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

WILSON BERARD and STEWART KENSINGTON are seated and waiting. Finally, WARREN LATHAM hurries in and takes a seat.

LATHAM

Sorry, I was held up in the Ops Room.

BERARD

Trouble?

LATHAM

Small flap on Operation BlueLine. The police got a complaint about all the late-night comings and goings at Petworth safehouse.

KENSINGTON

I warned you to take it out of town.

LATHAM

It's a joint operation, remember? I was overruled by Tech Services.

BERARD

Alright... Does the False Defector campaign ring a bell, Warren?

LATHAM

Yes, the one with O.N.I., Operation Fool's Errand.

KENSINGTON

(corrects him)
Red Herring.

LATHAM

That's right. Fool's Errand was MOTHER's nickname for it.

BERARD

Yes, C.I. never was on board with the idea of false defectors.

LATHAM

They knew the KGB were on to it.

KENSINGTON

Not when I ran the Soviet Desk.

BERARD

Well, the Director has decided to spoof the KGB on this.

LATHAM

I thought the operation was dead?

BERARD

No, it's being transferred - to you.

Latham is shocked. Berard hands him a folder. Kensington is incredulous.

LATHAM

I don't understand; it's Eastern bloc. Shouldn't it go back to O.N.I. or go to Counterespionage?

BERARD

You were chosen because you played this game before, in Saigon.

KENSINGTON

Even so, sir. Domestic Ops is still the wrong place for this.

LATHAM

It's wrong because I have better things to do than revive some ill-conceived operation.

KENSINGTON

As though you could do better.

LATHAM

The office cat could do better.

BERARD

Gentlemen! If you'll both catch your breath, I'll explain how this is going to work.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

The door is closed. Latham, PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY and CARLA DILAURIA, are in an animated discussion.

DILAURIA

So we'll debrief and evaluate them?

LATHAM

No, just debrief. C.E. will do the evaluations.

BAZZO

I don't know... They should've pulled the plug on this a long time ago. Can't you off-load it?

LATHAM

I tried, but Berard had a good point. By design, false defectors are ex-military, with most of them working for defense contractors. We want them to give up some of what they know so we can assess the blowback and determine which of our domestic Ops the Soviets might target. And since we are Domestic Operations...

BAZZO

Except that type of blowback is unpredictable. I've seen a lot of good people get burned that way.

This worries DiLauria. The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Ops Room on Red.

LATHAM

(to Bazzo and DiLauria)

That's why our assets behind the Curtain won't go near them.

(answers the Red phone)

Latham...

BAZZO

Who can blame them.

DILAURIA

What? Wait a second...

LATHAM

(shushes her)

Say again... Okay, bring it up.

(hangs up)

Signal from the Soviet Desk.

BAZZO

We're back on speaking terms again?

DILAURIA
(before Latham can answer)
Can we get back to Red Herring?!

Latham and Bazzo are taken aback by her tone.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)
Sorry. I just find it incredible
that the Soviet Desk has had no
contact with these people since
they put them behind the Curtain.

LATHAM
Not for the past two years anyway.

There's a KNOCK at the door. JARED STOKES enters, carrying a folder. He nods hello to everyone and hands the folder to Latham, who opens it and reads.

STOKES
The Moscow cable is on top, sir.

BAZZO
(to Stokes)
When are we going back to using our
own commo in Moscow and stop
relying on embassy cables?

STOKES
Whenever Communications gets around
to fixing their encryption machine.

LATHAM
Okay, Jared. Thanks.

Stokes leaves.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
You're on your bike, Carla.

DILAURIA
Where to?

Latham hands her the cable. Bazzo reads it over her shoulder.

LATHAM
New York. William Lind, one of our
false defectors, is coming home.

BAZZO
With a Russian bride, no less.

DILAURIA
And Moscow let them emigrate? She
must be KGB - or he's doubling.

LATHAM

If he is, it makes him even more interesting.

(calls loudly)

Collette.

COLLETTE DOWD enters. Latham motions to DiLauria to hand her the cable.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

The Moscow signal is now a Special Op. Have Jared action it and get Carla on a flight to New York. I'll come down to the Ops Room and explain the rest. Oh, and get me an appointment later with OD-ENVY.

COLLETTE

Yes, master.

As she leaves, she exchanges a sly smile with DiLauria.

LATHAM

I hate it when she does that.

BAZZO

OD-ENVY... Problems with the FBI?

LATHAM

No, just a little rearguard action.

EXT. MOSCOW, RUSSIA - PLOSHAD REVOLUTIA METRO STATION - NIGHT

INSERT: "PLOSHAD REVOLUTIA METRO STATION, MOSCOW"

Stock footage of Moscow's jewel of a subway station.

INT. PLOSHAD REVOLUTIA METRO STATION

More a museum than a subway station (read: it's virtually empty), with a vaulted ceiling and ornate details. Dimly lit passageways and apses line the long central corridor.

IN ONE PASSAGEWAY

William eyes a subway map - his long, dark overcoat buttoned to the neck. He RUBS his gloved hands together and SHUFFLES HIS FEET to combat the cold. VIKTOR MARISKOVA, 55, wearing a KGB Major Every-Day Overcoat and fur hat, approaches William.

VIKTOR

Happy to be going home?

WILLIAM

This is my home.

VIKTOR

We've gone over this, Vasily.

WILLIAM

Vasily... I'm going to miss that.

Viktor pulls an envelope from his coat pocket.

VIKTOR

Two Aeroflot tickets to New York.

WILLIAM

We're already booked on a steamer.

VIKTOR

You'll get seasick. And believe me, you'll know that feeling soon enough from my daughter's cooking.

The two share a grin.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)

Please, Vasily... They're from me.

WILLIAM

(takes the envelope)

Thank you.

VIKTOR

Maybe the next time we meet it will be in The Bronx, yes? Take care of my baby, Vasily.

WILLIAM

Das vidanya, papa.

Viktor bearhugs William and leaves.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY

Stock footage of a sign identifying the building.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The door bears the SEAL OF THE FBI.

Inside are long rows of desks with Agents manning the phones.

FBI OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Is stenciled in reverse on the door glass. Pudgy CARL DURANG, 60's, pores over a file.

LATHAM

Not taking you away from anything important, am I, Carl?

DURANG

(wryly)

Would you leave if I said you were?

They exchange uneasy smiles. Latham sits.

LATHAM

Kinda hard to believe we can cooperate on anything, much less opening other people's mail.

DURANG

You pulling out of HT-LINGUAL?

LATHAM

No. Actually, I'm interested in a letter your people came across.

DURANG

(unctuously)

It's a joint effort, Warren. Anything we found we'd have shared with your people.

LATHAM

So I heard. This letter's from a William Lind in Moscow to a Mordecai Lind in The Bronx, New York.

Durang shrugs, seemingly clueless. Latham takes a folder from his briefcase and hands it to him.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Earlier we'd recruited William Lind into our False Defector program.

Durang reads through the folder; he scoffs.

DURANG

Sending civilians behind The Curtain?

LATHAM

It gives us an idea where the Soviets are, technologically.

DURANG

Yeah? And how do you determine that?

LATHAM

Boris generally assigns them to work in areas where they're weakest.

DURANG

Any of them ever make it back?

LATHAM

Lind comes back tomorrow. And since it's FBI policy to arrest defectors upon their return, I'm asking your people to steer clear of him.

DURANG

My people are going to ask why.

LATHAM

No doubt the KGB will have eyes on Lind; we'd like to put eyes on them.

DURANG

Hmm... Yeah, I guess we can do that. Anything else?

LATHAM

(suspiciously)

No. What are you angling for, Carl?

DURANG

Just trying to get a little more cooperation going here.

Durang stands, ending the meeting; he extends his hand. Latham gets up and looks at it.

LATHAM

You're not holding a joy buzzer there, are you?

Durang grins; they shake hands. Latham leaves. Durang presses the intercom.

DURANG

Mabel, come in here, please.

MABEL, 50-ish and frumpy, enters.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. (PETWORTH) - TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

INSERT: "PETWORTH SAFEHOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C."

A wrought-iron fence abuts the building's facade. A car pulls up. A MAN and a PRETEEN BOY get out. They walk to the front door. The Man unlocks the door, and he and the boy go inside.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

The Man, ALLEN HIGHTOWER, 42, leads the Boy upstairs to a bedroom. Sitting on the bed in his robe is ANTON DECEASCU, 50. Hightower nudges the Boy inside, then shuts the door.

BEDROOM - LATER

A radio plays pop music; French doors lead to a terrace. Light spills in from the BATHROOM where Deceascu COUGHS.

THE BOY

Sits on the bed, half-dressed, putting on his shirt; he's numb. He stands and crosses the room to the French doors. He opens them and walks out onto the terrace.

He climbs the railing... And JUMPS.

DECEASCU

Leaves the bathroom. Seeing the open French doors, he walks out onto the terrace. He looks down and SCREAMS.

LIVING ROOM

Hightower runs to the window. He stares outside, aghast: The Boy is IMPALED on the wrought-iron fence.

EXT. STREET - TRUMBALL MANOR APARTMENTS - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up. A visibly shaken Hightower steps out.

SEDAN, PARKED NEARBY

At the wheel a MUSTACHIOED MAN photographs Hightower.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY (MORNING)

The door is open. Kensington storms in and shoves a report at Latham.

KENSINGTON

Explain this.

Latham reads the report. But before he can respond...

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

A boy impaled on a fence at Petworth safehouse. In full view of everyone!

LATHAM

We only provide logistical support on Operation BlueLine.

KENSINGTON

That's a statement, not an answer.

LATHAM

TSD is responsible for what goes on with Dr. Bohl's experiments.

KENSINGTON

And you're responsible for Petworth!
My God, the police and the FBI were
there. You know the FBI's desperate
to control all domestic Intel, and
this plays right into their hands!

LATHAM

The White House opposes the idea.

KENSINGTON

How long will that last? What with
your disregard for stage management.

The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

You're needed in the Ops Room. And
your 9:30 meeting is coming up, sir.

LATHAM

Right, thanks.
(to Kensington)
Sorry, was there anything else?

KENSINGTON

Isn't that enough?

He leaves in a huff. Latham sighs and grabs his coat.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

On his way out, Latham smiles gratefully at Collette.

LATHAM

Thanks for the rescue.

COLLETTE

Paul called from the Ops Room. More
problems with Dr. Bohl.

LATHAM

Damn Nazi's more trouble than he's
worth.

COLLETTE

Oh, in case he asks, should I tell
Kensington you're meeting SMOTH?

LATHAM

Do that and I'll belt you.

COLLETTE

Promises, promises.

Latham does a double take - then leaves.

OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of teletype machines, ringing phones and chatter. CIA OFFICERS scurry about. Bazzo, Stokes and TOM PERCY confer. Latham enters. Stokes hands him a cable.

STOKES

RYBAT signal to TSD from Fort Detrick. That's your copy, sir.

LATHAM

If I had the paper concession here, I could retire.

BAZZO

The FBI paid Bohl a visit this morning.

PERCY

Didn't take the Bureau long to connect the dots, did it?

LATHAM

No... Why would Army Intel send this RYBAT? Having the FBI show up doesn't justify classifying this as 'Extremely Sensitive.'

PERCY

They probably just overreacted.

BAZZO

If Army Intel were so worried, why'd they leave us off the original distribution list?

STOKES

They know we run Operation BlueLine jointly with TSD. So they figured we'd get a copy of the signal.

LATHAM

No, Bohl would know that, not Army Intel... Bazzo, pay the good doctor a visit. Find out what's going on.

EXT. FORT DETRICK - DAY

Stock footage of a sign at the main gate identifying the Post.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

A tape recorder runs. A male TEST SUBJECT, 25, wearing a skull cap wired to an electroencephalograph, sits at a table across from the dour DR. DETLEF BOHL, 55.

TEST SUBJECT

I see now what happens when the prisoner of the one and the many; of good and evil, time and eternity, is released. In my former state I only saw shadows; I was unable to see reality. Now I know what I saw before was an illusion. As I get nearer to being, I'm turned towards a more real existence...

Bohl rises and walks to his ASSISTANT who monitors the EEG.

BOHL

From now on, make sure the test subjects don't prepare for the drug experience. I don't want to hear any more nonsense from Plato or the 'Tibetan Book Of The Dead.'

Bohl looks up and sees Bazzo waiting by the door.

INT. BOHL'S OFFICE - DAY

Well-appointed. Bohl looks at Bazzo with utter contempt.

BOHL

I told the FBI Petworth was part of my private psychiatric clinic.

BAZZO

The question is: Why were they there in the first place?

BOHL

You'll have to ask them.

BAZZO

Fine. Why was the kid there?

BOHL

Mr. Barry, this program is under the auspices of CIA's Technical Services Division. Your section's involvement here is limited to providing me with a secure facility and handling any outside interference.

BAZZO

Which will be a moot point if you're rotting in jail, mein Herr.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - LAFAYETTE SQUARE PARK - DAY

MI6's LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) sits on a bench, tossing popcorn to the pigeons.

Next to him are the book *The Naked And The Dead* by Norman Mailer and a manila envelope. Jones is admiring that other species of bird: office women on lunch break. Latham shows up.

LATHAM

I don't believe it - Norman Mailer?
What's next, Larry - a puppy?

JONES

Do I interfere with your love life?

An attractive woman walks by. She glances at the novel and smiles; Jones smiles back. Latham shakes his head in amazement. Jones gets up.

LAFAYETTE SQUARE PARK - PATH - LATER

As they stroll, Jones hands Latham a photo from the envelope.

JONES

Anton Deceascu.

LATHAM

Romanian Consul General.

JONES

So you know him.

LATHAM

Enough to mispronounce his name.

JONES

Too bad you didn't know him any better. You'd have known about his predilection for young boys.

Latham looks away, disgusted.

JONES (CONT'D)

That business you had with that dead boy at Petworth safehouse...

LATHAM

What about it?

JONES

Deceascu was there that night. And he had a friend with him.

Jones hands him a photo of Hightower. Latham is shocked.

LATHAM

Allen Hightower.

JONES
Head of your Technical Services
Division, right?

LATHAM
Yes. Which one were you watching?

JONES
Deceascu. Hightower surprised us.

ACT TWO

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Berard and Kensington view SMOTH's photos. They're shocked and saddened as they hand the photos back to Latham.

BERARD
Hightower... Hard to believe. He's
married, with kids of his own.

KENSINGTON
And a senior officer. We've got to
report him to the Inspector General.

LATHAM
We do and it's guilt by association.

KENSINGTON
Why, because you two are pals?

LATHAM
No, because Domestic Ops is working
hand-in-glove with TSD. You give
Hightower to the I.G. now and both
divisions come under suspicion.

BERARD
He's got a lot of questions to
answer, Warren. And the I.G. should
be the one asking the questions.

LATHAM
I know. But if we can find out
what's going on first, we can hand
Hightower over to the I.G. as a
case closed and avoid putting
everyone here under a microscope.

Berard leans back in his chair, considering this.

BERARD
Alright... But do it quickly.

Latham stands.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Oh, Warren - what about the boy?

LATHAM

His name's David Unsworth. Bazzo got that from Bohl but little else.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - TOWNHOUSE - DAY (DUSK)

A shingle outside the townhouse reads "MILTON GOLDMAN, Psy.D."

INT. GOLDMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Typical Freudian setup: MILTON GOLDMAN sits in a leather chair while Hightower lies on the couch.

HIGHTOWER

I've had sexual fantasies about young boys since I was 12. There was this older boy in school who made me do things I didn't want to. You might call it molestation, but I just found it humiliating. Anyway, I don't blame my past for my choices as an adult. If anything, my past makes me hate myself more. Most times I just want to crawl into a hole and die.

EXT. UP THE STREET FROM GOLDMAN'S TOWNHOUSE

Bazzo sits at the wheel of a SEDAN, holding a camera.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT (EVENING)

Stock footage of a foursquare view of the CHRYSLER BUILDING.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - NIGHT

Utilitarian, much like The Hole at Cockroach Alley. CIA OFFICERS pore over reports and confer over the phone. BRUCE WILSON, 40, carries folders into the...

CONFERENCE ROOM

He dumps them onto a table where DiLauria pores over a file of the Linds. Wilson sits opposite her. He's annoyed.

DILAURIA

It seems our Mr. Lind has an eidetic memory.

WILSON

Wish I did. Look at all this.

DILAURIA

Shouldn't take that long to sort through it, not with us both here.

WILSON

It'll still take half the night. I had plans this evening, you know.

DILAURIA

Well, if Lind could give up two years of his life, I think we can give up one evening, don't you?

Embarrassed, Wilson buries himself in a folder.

WILSON

What else does it say about him?

DILAURIA

Army Intel... Recruited while he was at Honeywell... No contact with him for two years 'till he walked into our Moscow Embassy with his child bride, though he did show up once in a tourist's photo.

WILSON

Sounds to me like he went over.

DILAURIA

If he did, could you blame him? He wasn't a sleeper.

She pulls out the tourist's photo of Lind.

WILSON

Is that the snap?

She nods and slides it to him.

DILAURIA

Taken at Vladivostok by an engineer with Standard Oil. She was part of a trade delegation-

WILSON

Hm, a girl...

DILAURIA

Yeah, must have been a lean year for engineers.

Chagrined again, Wilson returns to his folder.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Domestic Contact Service met with her when she returned and got the photo from her.

WILSON

I'm surprised the Russians didn't confiscate it.

DILAURIA

According to this, they thought they had. She had a Polaroid-Land camera. When they asked for the film, she peeled off the emulsion layer and gave it to them. They walked away with a gooey negative while she palmed the positive.

WILSON

Smart. She should work for us.

DILAURIA

Yeah, right. The Linds arrive at 08:00 tomorrow. Is your team ready?

WILSON

You need 12 people for round-the-clock surveillance. I don't have that kind of manpower to spare.

DILAURIA

Lind's a civilian. You, Davis and a backup team should be able to handle it.

WILSON

Come on, that's a twelve-hour shift. I am married, you know.

DILAURIA

My condolences to the missus.

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

Stock footage of a Soviet Aeroflot propjet landing.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN

The Linds anxiously clutch each other's hands.

STEWARDESS (O.S.)

Welcome to Idlewild International Airport in New York City.

INT. ARRIVALS LOUNGE - DAY

The Linds enter and are approached by a uniformed LIVERY DRIVER holding a sign that reads "HONEYWELL."

LIVERY DRIVER
Mr. Honeywell?

William shakes his head no. The Livery Driver apologetically PATS William's arm, then rejoins other waiting LIVERY DRIVERS.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

The Linds sit, their overcoats on their laps. Ilena nervously looks about. As William pulls her closer, his hand brushes against his coat pocket. He is surprised to FEEL something in there. As Ilena looks on, William pulls out a small envelope.

Using his overcoat as a shield against prying eyes, William opens the envelope and removes a slip of paper. On it is written "EMPIRE 5869." Seconds later the message DISAPPEARS. Ilena looks at William in disbelief.

A few feet away, Wilson furtively watches them.

EXT. MANHATTAN (NEW YORK CITY) - EAST BROADWAY - DAY

Wilson languishes in a doorway, smoking a cigarette. He sees the Linds, suitcases in tow, trudging up the street. He walks to a payphone and dials.

EXT. MANHATTAN - THE LOWER EAST SIDE

An unmarked FORD VAN wends its way through traffic onto...

EAST BROADWAY

The Ford Van rounds the corner and double parks. Wilson makes eye contact with the DRIVER and nods.

INT. FORD VAN

Wilson gets in the back. The Driver is DAVIS, AKA the airport Livery Driver, now wearing overalls. Wilson pulls a 35mm SLR camera from behind the passenger seat.

WILSON'S P.O.V. - WILLIAM AND ILENA LIND - CAMERA MATTE

The Couple sit on the stoop of tenement house #380. MORDECAI LIND, 65, exits the building and greets the Linds. The shutter SNAPS, "freezing" them.

BACK TO SCENE

Davis picks up the handset of a radiotelephone.

DAVIS
3-C-K-1, NYCOM.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

A CIA TELEPHONE OPERATOR sits before an analog switchboard.

CIA OPERATOR
NYCOM Central. 3-C-K-1 go.

CROSSCUT DAVIS WITH CIA TELEPHONE OPERATOR

DAVIS
5-8-6-9, mandarin Two.

CIA OPERATOR
Routing you, 3-C-K-1.

The CIA operator flips a switch, then dials 5-8-6-9.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

The phone RINGS. DiLauria stops reading and answers it.

DILAURIA
5-8-6-9.

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)
3-C-K-1 for mandarin Two.

DILAURIA
Mandarin Two here.

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)
Go ahead, 3-C-K-1.

CROSSCUT DAVIS WITH DILAURIA

DAVIS
It's Davis. The Linds are at 380
East Broadway. They met up with a
white male, 60's, about five-eight
to five-ten, really bad comb-over.

DILAURIA
Sounds like Lind's uncle, Mordecai
Lind; he's got an apartment there.
(searches the file)
Guy's straight out of Damon Runyon:
Gambler, policy man, enforcer...
Hm, looks like Uncle Mordy's also
getting checks from Uncle Sam.

DAVIS
Social Security?

DILAURIA
FBI informant.

EXT. EAST BROADWAY - BUILDING #380 - DAY

The Linds drag their belongings into the building.

WILLIAM AND ILENA

Follow Mordecai out the back door, across the alley and into the back door of another tenement. They exit the front door and pile into the back of a Rambler. They lie across the seat while Mordecai gets behind the wheel.

I/E. FORD VAN

Davis and Wilson are busy noshing, oblivious to the Linds' Rambler passing through an intersection a block behind them.

FURTHER UP EAST BROADWAY - GRAY SEDAN

At the wheel, a MAN WEARING A HOMBURG HAT snaps pictures of Davis's Ford Van.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY (THE BRONX) - PIEDMONT ARMS - DAY

The Rambler parks at this frowzy way station for transients.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Musty and shabby. William and Ilena unpack. Mordecai pats William on the back and leaves. William approaches Ilena.

WILLIAM
I have to go out.

Frightened, she grabs his arm.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
It's alright. I'll be right back.

He kisses her then leaves, stepping into the...

HALLWAY

Where he passes a JANITOR lazily mopping the floor.

EXT. STREET - DAY

William leaves the building. He walks to the corner and enters a drugstore.

INT. DRUGSTORE

William buys a box of paperclips then enters a phone booth at the rear of the store.

WILLIAM

Straightens a paper clip and uses it to puncture a hole in the cloth-covered handset cord. He puts a dime in the coin slot of the rotary-dial payphone and dials "Operator."

OPERATOR #1 (O.S.)

Operator.

He puts the paper clip through the hole and grounds the cord to the metal moulding of the phone booth. The dime RETURNS; William pockets it.

OPERATOR #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Operator... This is the Operator.

Finally, Operator #1 disconnects; there's a DIAL TONE O.S. William dials 367-5869.

OPERATOR #2 (O.S.)

Return on circuit 5-0-9-6.

William depresses the receiver once. The phone on the other end RINGS and is answered by...

DILAURIA (O.S.)

5-8-6-9.

WILLIAM

This is William Lind.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM

DiLauria presses a RED BUTTON at the side of the phone. A RED LIGHT on the phone BLINKS for a second, then becomes steady. She then jots down "William Lind" and the time on a legal pad.

CROSSCUT DILAURIA WITH WILLIAM

DILAURIA

Thank you for returning the call, Mr. Lind.

WILLIAM

You didn't ID yourself, so you're not working for Hoover.

DILAURIA

The man or the vacuum cleaner?

WILLIAM

What's the difference? They both deal in dirt.

DILAURIA

Indeed. No, this is your old firm.

WILLIAM

(scoffs)

My old firm... Man, you people have some nerve.

DILAURIA

Some of us do. Anyway, we'd like to talk to you.

WILLIAM

Yeah, I'll bet you would.

DILAURIA

Can you come to 405 Lexington Ave., room 1208 - say, ten A.M. tomorrow?

WILLIAM

Do I have a choice?

PHONE BOOTH

William hangs up, pockets the paperclip and leaves.

CONFERENCE ROOM

The Red Light goes out. DiLauria depresses the receiver once to get the CIA Operator.

DILAURIA

Operator, this is 5-8-6-9. Can I have the location of that last caller, please?

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)

No joy on that, 5-8-6-9.

DILAURIA

Why? He wasn't on long enough?

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)

According to the trace, he wasn't on at all.

DiLauria smiles admiringly and hangs up the phone.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - CHRYSLER BUILDING - DAY

William enters the art-deco masterpiece.

INT. ELEVATOR

William presses the 12th-floor button. He fumbles for a cigarette and lights it. The doors open; he steps out, into the...

CORRIDOR

And approaches office door #1208. He presses the BUZZER. There's a CLICK. He opens the door and enters...

ROOM 1208

Sparse, as though the office was just rented. DiLauria sits at a desk, flipping through a folder. Two burly CIA OFFICERS are off to the side. The door closes.

DILAURIA
May I help you?

WILLIAM
I'm William Lind.

DILAURIA
There's no smoking in here.

As William puts out his cigarette in an ashtray on her desk, CIA OFFICER #1 quickly pins William's arms behind his back. CIA OFFICER #2 grabs William by the throat, puts a Colt M1911 pistol to William's temple and frisks him.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)
Close your eyes, Mr. Lind.

William GASPS as he struggles to free himself. CIA Officer #2 COCKS his weapon.

WILLIAM
You're not gonna shoot me, asshole.

DILAURIA
Not in the head, he won't.

Worried, William relents and shuts his eyes. DiLauria nods to CIA Officer #2 who secures his weapon.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)
Now, describe the room from left to right.

INSERT: On the gray wall to the left hangs President Eisenhower's picture; to its right, a metal desk with a green-shaded banker's lamp. On the desk sits a Smith Corona office electric typewriter - a thick electric cord runs from it and disappears behind the desk.

At the back of the room is a metal door with oversized hinges. Fluorescent lamps run along the ceiling. The lamps above the front door are brighter, causing the banker's lamp to cast a rearward shadow.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

WILLIAM

The walls are a flat gray, like in most federal offices. Yours are bare except for Ike's picture. The desk has a banker's lamp and a Smith Corona electric typewriter, but that cord's too thick. You must have another device close by sharing power, like a tape recorder - no, a closed-circuit TV camera.

CIA Officer #2 is impressed; he glances at DiLauria.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Reinforced hinges... that back door must be pretty heavy; all the real work goes on in back. You've got fluorescent lighting, yet the banker's lamp is casting a shadow toward the back door. That means the lamps over the front door are brighter... Probably have a camera there that gets tripped whenever the front door is opened.

BACK TO SCENE

DiLauria nods to CIA Officer #1. He releases William who opens his eyes. William straightens his clothes. DiLauria presses a button under the desk. CLICK - the back door opens slightly.

DILAURIA

This way, Mr. Lind.

She steps inside the back door; William follows her.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Collette is hanging up the Red phone as Bazzo and Latham enter. Collette nods toward the Red phone.

COLLETTE

That was Archives. Your request for Dr. Bohl's records has been denied.

LATHAM

Why?

COLLETTE

They've been reclassified one level above you.

Latham mulls this over as he and Bazzo head into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Collette follows them inside with a report from her desk. Bazzo sits; Latham leans back against his desk, arms folded.

LATHAM

You know, I can't shake this feeling that we're being set up.

BAZZO

Set up? How?

Struggling with his thoughts, Latham meanders about.

LATHAM

Right after the Unsworth boy's death at Petworth, Kensington tells us the FBI is there investigating what's essentially a police matter. Why? What tipped them off?

COLLETTE

The address? A police intelligence unit could have recognized it as one of our safehouses.

LATHAM

Then why didn't they call Security first to confirm it?

COLLETTE

The FBI's been very touchy lately over jurisdiction.

BAZZO

That's true. The cops could have been worried about that. So they played it safe and called them in.

Latham shakes his head and sighs; he's not convinced.

LATHAM

But then Army Intel fires off a cable to TSD, alerting them to the FBI's involvement, which alerts us as well. MI6 tells us straight out they're watching Hightower because he was at Petworth that night with Deceascu. And now Bohl's files are reclassified so we can't see them.

BAZZO

Okay, say someone is setting us up. The result would still be the same: We'd report Hightower to the I.G.

LATHAM

Which gets him immediately suspended
and removed from his post.

COLLETTE

And rightly so.

Still disquieted, Latham shakes his head no.

BAZZO

Why would someone want Hightower
out?

LATHAM

I don't know... But there are too
many signs pointing that way.

COLLETTE

Well, here's one more.
(hands him the report)
The medical examiner found semen in
the Unsworth boy's stomach.

EXT. MANHATTAN - EAST BROADWAY - DAY

The Ford Van is parked near the corner. Mordecai carries
groceries into tenement house #380.

INT. FORD VAN

Davis watches Mordecai. He checks his watch: 4:30. Anxious,
he picks up the radiotelephone.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM

The phone RINGS; DiLauria answers it.

DILAURIA

5-8-6-9...

DAVIS (O.S.)

It's Davis. Did Lind ever show up?

CROSSCUT DAVIS WITH DILAURIA

DILAURIA

Came and went. Don't tell me you
lost him.

DAVIS

The uncle's been in and outta there
all day, but I haven't seen Lind
leave the building. I thought maybe
he backed out.

DILAURIA

Yeah, right out the back door.

DAVIS

Damnit! He could be anywhere now.

DILAURIA

He couldn't be anywhere! He has to be some place his uncle knows. Hold on...

(looks through a folder)

There was a bail hearing where Mordy's lawyer said something about him being a flight risk... Here: 'He isn't a flight risk unless running onto the fire escape at The Piedmont to watch the Yankees could be considered unlawful flight.'

DAVIS

Must be near the Stadium.

DILAURIA

Wilson said you have a Shadow.

Davis looks in his outside rearview mirror.

DAVIS'S P.O.V. - GRAY SEDAN

The Man In The Homburg Hat sits there, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel and bobbing his head, hopefully to music.

BACK TO SCENE

Davis smiles sardonically.

DAVIS

Yeah, Boris - in that stupid hat.

DILAURIA

Lose him. I'll call you with the address and meet you there.

DAVIS

Starts the engine and pulls away. The Man In The Homburg Hat tries to follow but Davis easily loses him in traffic.

EXT. MARYLAND - U.S. ROUTE ONE - DAY

A road sign identifies the highway. A LINCOLN CONTINENTAL speeds past the sign, followed by Bazzo's CHEVROLET.

INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

Hightower checks his mirrors; he does not see the Chevrolet.

BAZZO

Is two cars back, watching the Lincoln pass traffic.

U.S. ROUTE ONE

A FORD SEDAN driven by Latham moves with the flow of traffic.

LATHAM

Checks his mirrors - no sign of either the Lincoln or the Chevrolet. His walkie-talkie CRACKLES.

BAZZO (O.S.)
Alpha One, this is Two.

LATHAM
Go ahead.

BAZZO (O.S.)
He's about to shake hands.

Latham sees Hightower's Lincoln in his outside mirror. He rests his arm on the doorsill to obscure his face. The Lincoln passes. Latham picks up his walkie-talkie.

LATHAM
Got him. Get going.

I/E. BAZZO'S CHEVROLET

Bazzo takes the next exit.

U.S. ROUTE ONE

The Lincoln speeds past the other traffic. Latham tails him.

EXT. TRUMBALL MANOR APARTMENTS - DAY (DUSK)

Bazzo walks to the building, toting his physician's bag. He surveils the street then enters through the Service Entrance.

INT. APARTMENT HOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

Bazzo stops at apartment 6E. Drawing a set of lock picks from his bag, he lets himself in.

APARTMENT 6E

Bazzo starts searching. In the bedroom, on the nightstand, he sees mail addressed to "Allen Hightower" and a newsletter, *Vriendschap*. Taking a Minox Miniature camera from his physician's bag, he photographs its pages.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT (EVENING)

Hightower pulls up and parks among other luxury cars.

I/E. LATHAM'S FORD SEDAN

Coasts past the Manor House and pulls off the road.

LATHAM

Gets out of his car and surreptitiously approaches the front of the house. No lights are on.

He goes around back - a set of curtains in the den are parted. Light FLICKERS against the windows. Latham hides in the brier and takes out a pair of pocket binoculars.

LATHAM'S P.O.V. - LIVING ROOM - BINOCULARS MATTE

Hightower joins other middle-aged men, all wired to EEG machines and watching a film of schoolboys exercising. Bohl's Assistant gives them pills with water.

A HEAVY-SET MAN removes his skullcap and leaves the room.

Moments later a light goes on in an upstairs room. A portly silhouette appears on the window shade, soon joined by a smaller one - a YOUNG BOY. The two silhouettes slide off the shade and the room light goes out.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham lowers his binoculars; he can barely contain his disgust.

ACT THREE

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

The door is open; Collette leans in. Latham looks up from reading a report.

COLLETTE

The Intelligence Director is here.

BILL NEALY enters holding a cable. Collette shuts the door.

LATHAM

What's up, Bill?

NEALY

You know Communications found a flaw in our KL-7 encryption machines?

LATHAM

Yeah. I'm not sure what, but I know they haven't gotten around to fixing the one at the Moscow station yet.

NEALY

Well, so you know, what it does is send an echo of the uncoded message along with the encrypted one.

Latham groans.

NEALY (CONT'D)

I know. Funny you should mention Moscow though.

LATHAM

Why?

NEALY

We learned the cypher machines used by Soviet Army Intel have the same flaw that ours have.

(hands Latham the cable)

Moscow station intercepted that. It was sent to your KGB pal Yuri Gvozdev from a GRU major. I thought maybe you could shed some light on it.

LATHAM

(reading)

Viktor Mariskova...

NEALY

You know him?

LATHAM

That false defector Carla's debriefing - William Lind? - Mariskova's his father-in-law.

NEALY

That explains the GRU interest.

LATHAM

(continues reading)

Hm, he really tears into Yuri for letting Lind give his boys the slip.

NEALY

I guess we can thank Carla for that.

LATHAM

No, he shook her people, too.

NEALY

Really... So what the hell's your
boy up to?

EXT. THE BRONX - PIEDMONT ARMS - DAY (DUSK)

The Yankee Stadium frieze is visible in the background.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

As Ilena cleans, she sees an envelope slipped beneath the door. She grabs a PISTOL from their luggage and nervously sidles along the wall. Finally, she picks up the envelope. "WILLIAM LIND" is printed on the front. The front door SWINGS OPEN. Startled, Ilena AIMS the pistol at...

WILLIAM

No, Ilena, it's me! It's me!

Ilena lowers the pistol. William shuts the door. Relieved, they embrace. She hands William the envelope. He opens it to find several \$20 bills wrapped in a sheet of paper. They're both shocked. William counts the money.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Five hundred dollars.

Ilena points to a phone number on the wrapper that does not disappear: ENTERPRISE 6319. She looks at William curiously. He hands her the money and leaves.

EXT. PIEDMONT ARMS - DAY

The Janitor lazes on the stoop. William exits. The Janitor rises and enters the building.

UP THE BLOCK

DiLauria and Davis sit in a PLYMOUTH SEDAN, eyeing the building.

INT. PLYMOUTH SEDAN

The spies watch William enter the phone booth on the corner. After a brief phone call he returns to The Piedmont. A moment later the Janitor exits from a side door, gets into a new FORD CUSTOM 300 and drives away.

DILAURIA

Looks curiously at Davis. She motions for him to get out then she drives off after the Janitor.

I/E. FORD CUSTOM 300 - NIGHT (EVENING)

The Janitor drives into Manhattan, down the West Side Highway, ending up in Greenwich Village where he pulls into a parking garage.

DILAURIA

Parks at a nearby fire hydrant. A METER MAID walks by and glares at her. DiLauria pleadingly holds up an index finger. The Meter Maid holds up her index finger and leaves.

Anxious moments pass. Finally, the Janitor leaves the garage on foot. DiLauria abandons her car and follows him. The Janitor breaks into a RUN, barely making it aboard a City Bus. DiLauria frantically looks about.

I/E. NEW YORK CITY BUS

The Janitor sits in a window seat; he smiles faintly.

AT THE PLYMOUTH SEDAN

The Meter Maid grins evilly as she writes a ticket.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - 6TH AVENUE - NIGHT (EVENING)

The Janitor gets off the bus and enters a subway station where a sign reads, "HUDSON TUBES/TRAINS TO NEW JERSEY."

EXT. NEWARK, NJ - PENN STATION - NIGHT

A sign identifies the station. NEWARK TAXIS queue for fares. The Janitor exits the station and takes a taxi downtown to...

ELEVEN CENTER PLACE

Where he enters the modernist steel-and-glass building.

ACROSS THE STREET

Watching from a darkened, recessed doorway is DiLauria.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM

DiLauria is on a Gray phone.

DILAURIA

I spotted a joker in the deck.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

"Blue In Green" by the Bill Evans Trio plays on the hi-fi. Latham, half-dressed in his suit, is enrapt as he lies on the sofa, speaking into the phone.

LATHAM

You hear that? B-flat, major 7th; A-7th, flat 9. Amazing how beautiful those two chords sound in the hands of a genius.

DILAURIA (O.S.)

Boss...

LATHAM

I know - your KGB Shadow with the Homburg hat.

CROSSCUT DILAURIA WITH LATHAM

DILAURIA

No, someone else at Lind's new digs near Yankee Stadium.

LATHAM

(sits up)
Another KGB tail?

DILAURIA

That's what I thought, so I trailed him into Manhattan. He left his car in a garage, so I left the pool car by a fire hydrant.

LATHAM

I don't think I wanna hear this.

DILAURIA

Yes, you do. He ran for a bus, so I grabbed a cab and almost made the mistake of trying to beat him to the Russian consulate. He must've thought he shook me 'cause he played it straight after that and took the subway to Jersey. And guess where? Eleven Center Place.

LATHAM

(incredulous)
The FBI field office?

DILAURIA

Uh huh. My guess is Uncle Mordy must have tipped them off.

LATHAM

How do you know he didn't just ask to use the toilet and walk out?

DILAURIA

He didn't bring anything to read.

LATHAM

Carla...

DILAURIA

I hung around to make sure.

LATHAM

But why use an Agent from Jersey?

DILAURIA

Probably because we know all their
New York people.

LATHAM

That damned Durang.

EXT. THE BRONX - ALLEY - NIGHT

William walks up to the Ford Custom 300 and gets in.

INT. FORD CUSTOM 300

The Janitor, FBI AGENT JAMES HARRIS, turns to William.

HARRIS

So, how's it feel to be home, Bill?

WILLIAM

Wanna tell me who you are, first?

HARRIS

Oh, sorry...
(turns on the dome light
and pulls out his ID)
Special Agent James Harris, FBI.

William looks at the ID then glances at the number on the
dial of the car's radiotelephone: Ent. 6319.

WILLIAM

Give up your day job as a janitor?

HARRIS

Wow, they were right about you.
Tell me, what's it like in Moscow?

WILLIAM

Cold.

HARRIS

I'll bet. I hear your Russian's
pretty good. Must have made it easy
to get around, huh?

William shrugs.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
You probably saw a lot over there.

WILLIAM
And that's worth 500 bucks?

HARRIS
Every month - provided the details cover Soviet Intelligence.

WILLIAM
I didn't work for the KGB, Harris.

HARRIS
No, but with your background I'm sure they'd have placed you at some electronics plant.

WILLIAM
You wanna know? Go ask the CIA.

William starts to open the car door. Harris reaches over and angrily SLAMS it shut. He takes a manila envelope from the glove box and SLAPS it into William's lap.

HARRIS
Open it.

William opens the envelope. He pulls out a photo of himself as a boy with his uncle Mordecai, *en flagrante*. He's aghast.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
You were twelve, I think.
(snarkily)
Now who's got you by the balls?

WILLIAM
You really do live in the sewers.

HARRIS
I don't think you fully comprehend what's going on here... Billy.

Ashamed, William looks away.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Look at me when I talk to you!

William looks at him. Harris takes a receipt book and a pen from the glove box and SLAPS them into William's hand.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Every time you get paid, you'll sign that receipt book. Sign it.

William nervously signs.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Good boy. Next time I want a summary in writing of the last place you worked, who you worked with and what you worked on. We'll meet right here a week from today, same time. Now get the hell out!

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

William gets out of the car. The whores have taken over the corner. As William passes them, he is too shaken to notice that the man they are soliciting is Wilson.

INT. PIEDMONT ARMS - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

William and Ilena are in bed. She presses against him and tries to slip her hand inside his pajama bottoms. William stops her and turns away. Ilena rolls away, SOBBING.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Stock footage of the Capitol Dome.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Latham, still half-dressed in his suit, fries eggs. O.S. the phone RINGS. He turns off the burner and moves the skillet.

LIVING ROOM

While the phone RINGS, a Red light on it BLINKS. Latham enters and answers it.

LATHAM

Latham...

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - THE HOLE - NIGHT

Bazzo is at his desk, rubbing his eyes and on the Gray phone.

BAZZO

It's Paul. I have that translation.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH BAZZO

Latham turns down the volume on the hi-fi.

LATHAM

Just give me the essentials.

BAZZO

'Vriendschap' is a newsletter for pedophiles. It's loosely affiliated with the Dutch Pedophile Emancipation Movement.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

They advocate, and I'm quoting here, 'an erotic love of children.'

LATHAM

And Hightower speaks Dutch?

BAZZO

His mother's from Amsterdam.

LATHAM

Hmm... He must have met Deceascu before MI6 began sitting in on them.

BAZZO

Makes sense.

LATHAM

So why did SMOTH wait so long to bring this to our attention?

BAZZO

Still think we're being set up?

LATHAM

Yes, but it doesn't matter now. Tomorrow's D-Day for Hightower.

BAZZO

It's his own doing. Hey, did Carla learn how the Linds slipped by her kiddie corps?

LATHAM

Yeah, they made a big show of dragging themselves into the building. Then while her team relaxed, they slipped out the back.

BAZZO

Boy, that's an old one - having them believe one thing so much that they take the other for granted.

LATHAM

It's no excuse. I don't care how-

He stops himself. He suddenly realizes...

BAZZO

Warren, you still there?

LATHAM

Yes... We've been concentrating so hard on Hightower we haven't even considered the other possibility.

BAZZO

You mean SMOTH. Yeah, I thought about that too, but I dismissed it. It didn't make any sense.

LATHAM

It would make some sense if we forget SMOTH's a friend.

BAZZO

Then Deceascu wasn't the target?

LATHAM

(growing angry)
Not the main one, no.

BAZZO

Must be something pretty important.

The doorbell BUZZES.

LATHAM

Important to him, yes. Hang on.

Latham answers the door. There he finds a tuxedoed Jones toting a briefcase. Jones enters; Latham shuts the door.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Bazzo's on the phone.

As Jones slumps into a chair, Latham returns to the phone.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

SMOTH's here.

BAZZO (O.S.)

You want me to come over?

LATHAM

No, go home. You've got an important meeting early tomorrow.

Latham hangs up. He sees Jones yawning.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

How about some instant Nescafé?

JONES

Thanks, I could use some.

Latham goes into the kitchen. O.S., water PLOPS and a spoon CLINKS against a cup.

LATHAM (O.S.)

Why the penguin suit?

JONES
Embassy function.

LATHAM (O.S.)
Since when do you know how to use a
knife and fork?

JONES
Japanese Embassy. Chopsticks.

Latham reenters. He hands Jones a cup of coffee and sits.

JONES (CONT'D)
What did you find out about Bohl?

LATHAM
He's got several foreign diplomats
engaged in an experiment to measure
their sexual response to young boys.

JONES
Hm, then you're going to love this.
(takes a roll of 8mm film
from his briefcase)
That was on the nightstand by
Hightower's bed. My man found it
tonight while Hightower was out.

LATHAM
(dubious)
I'm surprised he was so careless.

JONES
Maybe he doesn't care anymore.
(warily)
What do you plan to do about him?

LATHAM
Only thing I can do - turn him over
to the I.G.

Relieved, Jones pulls a bottle of saki from his briefcase.

JONES
One million yen.

LATHAM
I guess a dollar doesn't go as far
as it used to. I'll get a corkscrew.

Latham leaves the room, his mood quickly turning dour.

EXT. DEPT. OF JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY (MORNING)

Bazzo, briefcase in hand, intercepts Durang coming to work.

BAZZO
Mr. Durang?

DURANG
Who are you?

BAZZO
Paul Barry. I work for Warren
Latham.

DURANG
What can I do for you?

BAZZO
Could I speak with you for a
minute? It's very important.

DURANG
Yeah, come on inside.

Durang leads Bazzo into the building.

INT. FBI OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR - DAY

Durang hangs up his coat but Bazzo keeps his on. They both sit. Bazzo pulls a POLICE ARREST REPORT from his briefcase and hands it to Durang.

BAZZO
That's a copy of a New Orleans
Arrest Report on one J. Edgar Hoover
of Washington, D.C. on charges of
public lewdness and sodomy.

DURANG
(stunned and angry)
Where'd you get this?

BAZZO
Your people originally had it
quashed, but paperwork has a way of
just lingering about.

DURANG
Get the hell outta here!

Bazzo defiantly pulls out another photo and tosses it on Durang's desk.

BAZZO
That's courtesy of one Meyer Lansky
of Las Vegas and New Orleans.
Personally, I don't think Mr. Hoover
has the legs for fishnets.

DURANG
Bullshit! Your people did this.

BAZZO
No, that was Kodak.

DURANG
(angrily jumps up)
You little prick, get the-

BAZZO
(loudly interrupts him)
In one hour, copies of everything here will be on the desk of every politico in town. By six tonight every evening paper and every news broadcast is gonna lead with this story. So sit your fat ass back down and shut up and listen!

Durang is fit to be tied, but he swallows hard and sits.

DURANG
What do you want?

BAZZO
What you agreed to do - stay away from William Lind. Now get on the phone and call off your Doberman.

Fuming, Durang picks up the phone. Bazzo points to the photos.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
By the way, you can keep them. They're suitable for framing.

EXT. KENILWORTH PARK - PATH - DAY (MORNING)

Hightower is on his way to work when the man whom he's about to overtake suddenly turns and confronts him - it's Latham.

HIGHTOWER
(surprised)
Warren... What are you doing here?

LATHAM
I came to hear a story, Allen. About a senior CIA officer who subscribes to a Dutch newsletter for men who prefer young boys, sees an outside shrink about it, and spends his free time with a pedophile who's also the Romanian consul general.

Hightower is stunned. Latham pulls out the MI6 photos of Deceascu and Hightower, and Bazzo's photos of 'Vriendschap.'

Hightower looks around nervously; he panics.

HIGHTOWER
Oh, my God... Oh, God.

LATHAM
Don't do anything stupid, Allen.

HIGHTOWER
Oh, God. Warren... The boy... I'm
so sorry. I didn't know.

LATHAM
Allen...

HIGHTOWER
I'm sorry, Warren. Oh, God. Help
me, please. Help me.

He's hyperventilating.

LATHAM
Allen... Allen, look at me. Come
on, look at me, Allen!

Hightower is trembling; he starts sobbing.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
You've wanted someone to end this
for you. That's why you left that
newsletter lying around.

Hightower URINATES on himself. Latham looks about.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Come on, let's not stand around
here.

They start walking. Hightower is now a broken man. After a few
steps he stops. Latham stands in front of him.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Bohl learned about you from his
drug experiments, didn't he?

Hightower nods.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Is that how he recruited Deceascu?

HIGHTOWER
He didn't recruit him. I did.

LATHAM
How? Through the newsletter?

HIGHTOWER

(nods)

We met at a party. I told Bohl about it during a session.

LATHAM

Was it Bohl's idea to use boys to lure Eastern Bloc officials?

Hightower again nods ashamedly; he wipes his eyes.

HIGHTOWER

They're all married. Bohl knew they wouldn't want any of this to get out. Then David... When he jumped that was it for me. I told Deceascu to get out 'cause I was going to tell the I.G. everything.

LATHAM

Why'd you alert Deceascu?

HIGHTOWER

He's a friend. MI6 had caught on and they were squeezing him.

LATHAM

Squeezing you too, weren't they?

HIGHTOWER

Yes.

LATHAM

TSD has a lot of people working with Bohl. Anyone else involved in this?

HIGHTOWER

My Number Two, Pat Beech.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Berard and Kensington are stunned as Latham speaks.

LATHAM

MI6 weren't just sitting in on Deceascu, they were running him - and Hightower. When the Unsworth boy killed himself, MI6 got an idea: Why not beat Hightower to the punch? They know the FBI's desperate to control all domestic Intel, so they tipped off the Bureau to Petworth.

KENSINGTON

How did that benefit MI6?

BERARD

They got a foot in the FBI's door.

LATHAM

MI6 knows the FBI's anxious to be best buddies with them, too. So they passed along just enough to keep the Bureau happy, including select CIA goodies they got from Hightower.

KENSINGTON

And I take it that signal from Army Intel originated with MI6?

LATHAM

Via Hightower. He had Bohl send a cable to TSD, ostensibly to warn them to cover their tracks because the FBI was investigating. But he knew Domestic Ops would be copied on it, giving us a false compass heading. And that's when SMOTH decided to give us Hightower.

BERARD

No honor among thieves, is there.

KENSINGTON

But since SMOTH had already given up Hightower, why'd he bother to show up at your place with that film to further incriminate him?

LATHAM

He probably thought I was dragging my feet. SMOTH knew Pat Beech was involved in this, but he had to get Hightower out before he went to the I.G. Then by default, Beech would become head of Tech Services and SMOTH could go after him as he did Hightower.

Berard is exasperated. He gets up and looks out the window.

BERARD

And all 'U.S. Eyes Only' material would continue unabated to MI6, now courtesy of Pat Beech.

LATHAM

That was the plan.

BERARD

So, by handing us Hightower, SMOTH hoped we'd be looking so hard at Allen, Bohl and the Bureau that we wouldn't even consider looking at MI6.

LATHAM

Yes. By the time we did investigate, Deceascu would have gone; Bohl would have destroyed his records; maybe even SMOTH would've been replaced.

KENSINGTON

And all we'd have is Hightower.

LATHAM

And let's not forget - the FBI would have quietly slipped a foot in our door. With the I.G. and maybe even MOTHER investigating us, we'd be too busy fighting our own fires to realize what had happened.

Kensington sighs. Berard sits and kneads his forehead.

KENSINGTON

So what do we do now about MI6?

BERARD

Well we can't very well accuse them of espionage and jeopardize the Special Relationship just to show them how clever we are.

Kensington shrugs, conceding the point.

BERARD (CONT'D)

But we have to find a way to stem this flow of secrets to MI6 without letting them know we're on to them.

LATHAM

If it's alright with you, I'd like to use Beech to do that. He wasn't a field officer, so he isn't likely to discover I'm moving against him.

BERARD

Alright. Just make sure MI6 doesn't get away with this.

LATHAM

Oh, they won't get away with it, sir. They just won't know they didn't get away with it.

INT. PIEDMONT ARMS - HOTEL ROOM - DAY (MORNING)

Ilena awakens; she is alone. On the nightstand she sees an envelope addressed to her.

INT. THE CHRYSLER BUILDING - ROOM 1208

Wilson and DiLauria are anxious. She checks her watch.

DILAURIA

Find him.

INT. PIEDMONT ARMS - HOTEL ROOM

Wilson and Davis angrily question a frightened Ilena. She insistently shakes her head no.

EXT. 380 EAST BROADWAY - DAY

Wilson and Davis enter the building.

INT. HALLWAY

Out of breath, Wilson and Davis emerge from the stairwell onto the fifth floor and walk to Apartment 5F. Wilson KNOCKS on the door; no answer. He tries the doorknob - it's UNLOCKED. He looks curiously at Davis then they enter...

APARTMENT 5F - KITCHEN

A cold-water flat with a claw-foot tub there. Wilson and Davis enter. In the tub is William's nude body, his wrists slashed. Davis checks William's neck for a pulse - he's dead.

On the counter is an ENVELOPE addressed to "EMERALD CITY." Wilson tucks it in his pocket. He and Davis gather William's personal effects and leave without disturbing the body.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM

DiLauria opens the Envelope and reads William's suicide note.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

I now know there's no chance any of you will ever let me be. No matter where I go, you'll hunt me down like an animal and use my past to hold me hostage. Only once did I ever feel free from this nightmare. I met a girl and married into a wonderful family who understood what had been done to me was not my fault. I learned to forgive myself. But coming back here I lost that, and I simply can't put myself or my wife through any more of this.

(MORE)

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

Ilena knows nothing about my work with the Company. Please let her return to her family in Moscow.
William Lind.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Bazzo reads *The Washington Post* while Collette edits a paper. Latham enters; there's an undercurrent of anger about him.

COLLETTE

Carla called. They're going to put Ilena on the redeye back to Moscow.

LATHAM

Good. She's going home.

He pours himself some coffee.

BAZZO

William tried to.

LATHAM

All he did was make things worse. We could have handled the Bureau, if he hadn't been so damn secretive.

COLLETTE

Way of life behind the Curtain.

Latham sips his coffee.

BAZZO

Meanwhile, Allen Hightower lives on, spilling his guts to the I.G.

LATHAM

He could have gotten life in prison.

COLLETTE

Hardly seems fair though.

LATHAM

(finally explodes)

What is it with you two, huh? Since when the hell has 'fair' got anything to do with it.

Latham brusquely sets his mug on Collette's desk, spilling some coffee, then he storms out. Collette is more worried than shocked, but not Bazzo.

BAZZO

And the ghost of Lawrence Jones finally rears its ugly head.

COLLETTE

I guess I would have expected more
in the way of loyalty from SMOTH.

BAZZO

(faux Cockney accent)
Loyalty's for them's can afford it.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - ADAMS MORGAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Latham walks by crowds of tourists and locals enjoying the quaint bistros and shops. Overcome by his emotions, Latham stops. He briefly shuts his eyes, then looks off in the distance. After a moment, he turns around and begins the long walk back.

END