

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Two, Episode #11: "Blue on Bleu"

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"Blue on Bleu"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the Palace of Westminster.

54 BROADWAY - THE BROADWAY BUILDINGS

INSERT: "MI6 Headquarters"

Stock footage of the current home of "The Telegraph" daily newspaper which in 1961 was headquarters of Britain's MI6.

INT. QUINN'S OFFICE

Sumptuous. A tweed-suited, dour JOHN QUINN, 50, reads a report. He checks the clock, 09:02, then presses the intercom.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Yes, Mr. Quinn?

QUINN

Call CIA's Director of Intelligence, Bill Nealy. He should be at home.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Sir, it's four A.M. there.

QUINN

Then you may have to wait an extra ring or two before he answers.

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

Stock footage of the National Mall in late autumn.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A view of the Guard Shack, Gates #1 and #2, and the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD has her earphones on as she transcribes from a Dictaphone. A plastic pumpkin sits on her desk. WARREN LATHAM enters. Collette pauses the Dictaphone. She looks as though she has been crying.

COLLETTE

D-Int's inside.

LATHAM

You alright?

Collette nods perfunctorily and returns to her work.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

BILL MEALY looks tired as he sips coffee. Latham enters, doffs his coat and sits.

LATHAM

You're here early. Must be bad news.

NEALY

John Quinn from MI6 called me. Their man George Blake was arrested at Heathrow two weeks ago, charged with spying for the KGB.

LATHAM

Did our London station know about this?

NEALY

No. Only a handful of people in MI6 know. They'd recalled Blake from Lebanon. When his plane landed, they slipped him out a side door.

LATHAM

Has he talked?

NEALY

Like a ten-year-old who just learned to whistle - he hasn't stopped. You remember Pyotr Popov?

LATHAM

Yeah, the GRU officer who spied for us in situ.

Collette enters with a cup of tea for Latham. She puts it on his desk and leaves without acknowledging him.

NEALY

Popov gave us six years of gold on the Soviet military.

LATHAM

'Till he was caught and executed.

NEALY

Yeah... CI thinks it's because we have a mole. And now Blake claims Popov was compromised by someone in our Moscow station.

EXT. MOSCOW - DAY - PAST

Stock footage of the city and Red Square.

25 NOVINSKIY BOULEVARD - U.S. EMBASSY

An American flag flies outside this massive, gated building.

INT. CORRIDOR

On one of the doors is a sign, "U.S. Agency for International Development," and the agency's official seal.

ELIOT BLEU'S OFFICE

Plush. On a wall is a picture of President Eisenhower. Behind a desk sits ELIOT BLEU, 50-ish. On the desk a calendar displays "Friday, November 26, 1958."

NEALY (V.O.)

He says it happened three years ago. A skeleton crew were on duty at our Moscow station, Eliot Bleu and his #2 Julie Hahn.

Bleu checks his watch then presses the intercom BUZZER.

JULIE (O.S.)

Yes, Mr. Bleu?

BLEU

Hold all calls, Julie.

He hangs up.

NEALY (V.O.)

Once a month, Bleu sent Popov an enciphered letter.

Bleu goes to a combination-lock file cabinet. He takes out a black notebook and a Vigenère table, then returns to his desk. He flips through the pages of the notebook until he comes to the heading "1-6:11,58." He focuses on the fifth line down which reads "Ulysses,JJ:29:3:11-31."

From a bookshelf he pulls a copy of James Joyce's "Ulysses" and lays it beside the Vigenère table and the notebook. He opens "Ulysses" to page 29 and puts his forefinger on line three which reads: "**years the Greeks made war on Troy. A faithless wife first**". Using a pencil Bleu counts each letter and space, starting with the 'y' in "years"...

BLEU

One, two...  
(mouths 3 through 8)  
Nine, ten.

He stops on the space after "the ". Starting with the 'G' in "Greeks", he underlines letters and spaces as he counts.

BLEU (CONT'D)  
11, 12, 13...  
(mouths 14 through 28)  
29, 30, 31.

He stops on the 'r' in "Troy". On a clean sheet of paper he writes the underlined passage, the PASSPHRASE, "Greeks made war on Tr", and its total of letters and spaces, the KEY: 21.

INSERT: A Vigenère table.

	ABCDEFGHIJKLMN <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZ
A	ABCDEFGHIJKLMN <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZ
B	BCDEFGHIJKLMN <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZA
C	CDEFGHIJKLMN <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZAB
D	DEFGHIJKLMN <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABC
E	EFGHIJKLMN <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCD
F	FGHIJKLMN <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDE
G	GHIJKLMN <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEF
H	HJKLMN <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHI
I	IJKLMN <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJ
J	JKLMN <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJ
K	KLMN <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJK
L	LMN <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKL
M	MN <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKL
N	NO <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLM
O	OP <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLMN
P	PQ <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLMNO
Q	QR <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP
R	RS <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQ
S	ST <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQR
T	TS <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRS
U	UT <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRST
V	VT <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTU
W	WV <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUV
X	WX <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVW
Y	YX <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWX
Z	ZY <strong>OP</strong> QRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXY

Bleu pulls a folded sheet of paper from his pocket and lays it on his desk. Written on the paper is the following:

**"KGB Thirteenth Department, INU aka Executive Action Section Chief, General Aleksei Alekseievich, Agitprop, Levaid Ilichev Network chief, First Secretary to the UN - Petr Egorovich Maslennikov, His deputy, Aleksei Ivanovich Galkin New York Agents, Igor and Margarita Tairova, aka Walter Anthony Sjoa, Mary Grodnik"**

NEALY (V.O.)  
Bleu would encode the plain text and  
send it to Popov.  
(MORE)

NEALY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He would verify its accuracy. This  
let Bleu know if the goods were  
genuine or not.

He places a sheet of carbon paper between two sheets of white paper. Using the Key and the Vigenère table, he begins enciphering the text, writing on the top sheet of paper:

**"qxf xradthijty..."**

ANTEROOM

The full agency title and seal are on the wall, along with a few holiday decorations. JULIE HAHN, 30, is on the phone.

JULIE  
No, Mr. Bleu's out of the office.

ELIOT BLEU'S OFFICE

Bleu finishes enciphering the plain text message:

**"qxf xradthijty vqpdvpmvbg, bea roe koigeluvh eytzca lvikmsx  
gdivt, mvribsx aoigsvw nevqjimonuck, gxmzjap, oirazr veziyiz  
Tvxayjw ckmaf, Wwelk Yvgvolmrb xk tys HG - Gkkv Iqgdoymyh  
Dofevtemoyn, nzw hohgtb, ehebgrb zbrsfaoh jehkzb  
tva cyjw ajijtj, wthi geh qkjsaumpa kovkfbr,  
roe gsxthv gexlyfk smsw, Mrfl ziuurmu"**

NEALY (V.O.)  
He used carbon paper and a wax seal,  
figuring if someone tried to steam  
or heat it open, the message would  
be unreadable.

Setting the carbon paper aside, Bleu takes the two sheets of paper - the paper with the Passphrase and Key - and puts them through a shredder. He folds the carbon paper dull side out and puts it in an envelope. He seals it with glue then scrawls on its face a Berlin address in English and Cyrillic.

He takes a bar of wax, penknife, metal stamp and Q-Tips from a desk drawer. He cuts off a piece of wax into an ashtray and heats it with a butane lighter until it is semi-liquid. Using a Q-Tip he applies wax to spots on the envelope's flap line. He presses the stamp into the wax, leaving a complex pattern.

He cleans the stamp with tissue, tossing the tissue and Q-Tip in the trash. He stows the stamp, penknife, wax and lighter. He puts the notebook and Vigenère table back in the file cabinet and locks it. Bleu wipes the ashtray with tissue then searches his desk - in vain. He presses the intercom.

JULIE (O.S.)  
Yes, Mr. Bleu?

BLEU

You have any postage stamps?

JULIE (O.S.)

Um... One left. I'll bring it in.

Julie enters and hands him a postage stamp. He licks the stamp and sticks it on the envelope. Then checks his watch.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Want me to mail that for you?

BLEU

No, I'm going out for lunch. If I hurry, I can still make it before they run out of meat.

EXT. NOVINSKIY BOULEVARD - U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

Bleu exits the building and stops by the entrance. There, waist high, attached to the building, is a BLUE MAILBOX.

NEALY (V.O.)

This was Bleu's routine for years with no hiccups. But you know yourself, people tend to relax; they take things for granted. According to George Blake, Bleu never saw the surveillance.

Bleu drops the envelope in the Mailbox slot and hurries off.

ACROSS NOVINSKIY BOULEVARD

Among the pedestrians a DOWDY WOMAN strolls with her baby carriage while looking at the U.S. Embassy. She reaches inside the baby carriage.

U.S. EMBASSY - ENTRANCE

A GAZ 53, BLUE POSTAL TRUCK pulls up. A MAIL COLLECTOR steps out hauling a canvas mailbag with a steel frame at one end. He attaches the frame to the underside of the Mailbox. The bottom drops open and the letters fall into the bag. He removes the frame and the Mailbox bottom snaps shut.

KUDRINSKAYA PLACE - MAIN POST OFFICE

The Postal Truck turns off the main road and heads into the building, followed by a BLACK GAZ VOLGA SEDAN.

INT. LOADING DOCK

Several postal trucks are parked there. POSTAL WORKERS unload them, dumping the bags into carts. The Mail Collector alights while POSTAL WORKER #1 drags himself to the truck.

The GAZ Volga pulls up. TWO KGB OFFICERS in leather jackets alight and flash IDs. The Workers grow nervous. KGB OFFICER #1 approaches the Mail Collector, pushing aside Postal Worker #1.

KGB OFFICER #1  
Otkroyte gruzovik.

The Mail Collector opens the back door of the Postal Truck.

KGB OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)  
V kakoy sumke khranitsya pochta  
posol'stva SSHA?

The Mail Collector rummages through several mailbags and pulls one out. KGB OFFICER #2 takes the mailbag and tosses it onto the backseat of the GAZ Volga, then gets behind the wheel. He's soon joined in the car by KGB OFFICER #1

NEALY (V.O.)  
The KGB intercepted the letter.

The GAZ Volga sedan pulls away.

EXT. DZERZHINSKY SQUARE - LUBYANKA BUILDING - DAY

Stock footage of KGB headquarters.

INT. OFFICE

Bleu's opened envelope lies on a desk. Beside it are the carbon paper and a sheet of white paper with the decrypted message typed in English and Cyrillic.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT

Nealy finishes drinking his coffee. Latham sips his tea.

LATHAM  
Bleu's gonna have hell to pay.

NEALY  
Not right away he won't.

LATHAM  
Why's that?

NEALY  
Blake said a false defector is on his way here. He'll claim Popov was blown by a Soviet mole inside CIA.

LATHAM  
And you think Bleu's the mole?



NEALY

No! But CI will. It'll all dovetail neatly into Middleton's paranoia. He's been looking for a mole and now he's gonna get one.

Latham eyes Nealy concernedly.

LATHAM

Are you and Eliot Bleu... Close?

NEALY

(sighs)

He's my wife's cousin.

Latham is incredulous. He gets up and meanders about.

NEALY (CONT'D)

I thought of going to McCone, but he's so new at this he'd just go straight to CI. I need help, Warren.

LATHAM

Tell me about Eliot Bleu.

NEALY

He joined the Agency in '48... Was Chief of Station in London and now Moscow... And he just wrote a paper on Intel support for PsyOps.

Latham stops at his desk.

LATHAM

Doesn't sound like the type to forget his tradecraft. I'm gonna need to take advice on this, and I don't want to go to Kensington.

NEALY

He's back already?

LATHAM

All he had was the flu.

Nealy looks apprehensive as Latham reaches for the Red phone.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD has tea and scones. Latham and Nealy watch him.

BERARD

If I understand this correctly, MI6 has one of their own in custody, this George Blake who's confessed to being a Soviet mole.

INT. MI6 INTERROGATION ROOM - PAST

GEORGE BLAKE sits in a straight-back chair at a table. He speaks into a microphone while chain-smoking. Across the table sits Quinn - notepad in hand, sleeves rolled up, tie loosened. A tape recorder runs as he cajoles and hammers away at Blake.

BERARD (V.O.)

You say he admits he betrayed the Berlin Tunnel operation and God knows how many others. He also claims our Moscow station #1, Eliot Bleu, exposed ATTIC to the Soviets through his own inept tradecraft.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - PRESENT

Berard sips some tea. Latham and Nealy sit like schoolboys before the headmaster.

NEALY

ATTIC being Pyotr Popov.

BERARD

Let's stay with his codename, ATTIC. There's also someone coming over whom Blake says is a false defector. He'll claim ATTIC was exposed by a Soviet mole inside CIA.

NEALY

Which will point CI toward Eliot Bleu.

BERARD

Hmm, could Blake have exposed ATTIC?

LATHAM

The thought did cross my mind, sir.

BERARD

Or it could be ATTIC was blown by, say, a parallel investigation that inadvertently exposed him.

Latham and Nealy look at each other in awe and nod.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Getting back to this false defector, I take it you feel John Middleton is predisposed to believing him.

LATHAM

If it buttresses Blake's story, he'll tear the Soviet Desk's whole house down to find this mole.

BERARD

So, you need to know if Bleu was complicit in compromising ATTIC. Could be he's innocent, despite what this bastard George Blake says.

LATHAM

That would mean sending a mandarin to Moscow to speak with Bleu.

NEALY

No, no, he's on vacation in Vienna.

BERARD

That's beside the point. You can't have a mandarin investigate a senior head of station. It has to be a GS-13 or above. Kensington will go.

LATHAM

But sir, he's not an investigator.

BERARD

He was once.

LATHAM

But that was ages ago. You might as well hand Bleu over to CI right now and be done with it.

BERARD

I'm confident Stewart hasn't forgotten the tricks of the trade.

LATHAM

Well, I'm not.

BERARD

It's not your decision to make!

Latham broods.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Now, I'm sure our new Director will agree we need to go outside CI. So I'll speak to Stewart right away.

NEALY

And this parallel investigation?

BERARD

See what the FBI's been up to, as well as CI at our Moscow station.

The Red phone RINGS; Berard answer's it.

BERARD (CONT'D)  
3-5-0-1... Yes, he's right here.  
(hands Latham the phone)  
It's the Ops Room.

LATHAM  
Latham...

STOKES (O.S.)  
It's Jared, sir. A wire story just  
broke that you need to see.

LATHAM  
Alright, I'll be right there.

He hangs up.

BERARD  
Trouble?

LATHAM  
They want me to look at a cable.

BERARD  
Alright. Keep me informed.

THIRD-FLOOR CORRIDOR - LATHAM AND NEALY

Head toward the elevator, passing by CIA personnel.

LATHAM  
With Bleu's background in PsyOps,  
he'll have Kensington eating out of  
his hand.

NEALY  
You know, on the face of it, that  
sounds great - Kensington clearing  
Eliot of any wrongdoing. Then you  
realize CI's waiting to crucify him.

The elevator doors open. Latham and Nealy step inside...

THE ELEVATOR

Latham presses 'B2'. The doors close.

NEALY  
It's like some horrible nightmare.

LATHAM  
Like Josef K in Kafka's 'The Trial.'  
An incomprehensible system conspires  
against him and he doesn't know why.

The elevator doors open. The Two step out, into the...

BASEMENT CORRIDOR

Dusty and poorly lit. Pneumatic tubes run along the walls. As Latham and Nealy walk, their shoes CLACK on the hard floor.

NEALY

This parallel investigation...  
Since it's Moscow it's pointless to  
look for any targeting operations.

LATHAM

I agree. Let's focus on CI's counter-  
surveillance of the embassy.

NEALY

Those FIRs are in Central Registry,  
where they'd be siloed. Mandarins  
don't have that level of access.

LATHAM

No, but you do.

The Two stop abruptly at the door to the "Operations Room."

NEALY

I'm no good at field work, Warren.

LATHAM

Relax. I'm gonna leave you with the  
mandarins later. They'll give you a  
crash course on how to be a spy.

Latham and Nealy enter the...

OPERATIONS ROOM

Awash with the usual PURL of ringing phones, teletype machines  
and chatter. DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the  
Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS. Latham and  
Nealy enter. Stokes hands him news wire copy torn from a  
teletype machine.

STOKES

From the Pretoria News.

LATHAM

Why am I getting this?

STOKES

It has a reference to Canada.

LATHAM

South Africa and Canada... I can  
see now why you thought this falls  
under Domestic Operations.

STOKES

It's just that Berard's been so busy with the new DCI, and Kensington's been, well, Kensington. So I thought it best to pass this on to you.

Latham and Nealy grin. They both read the wire story.

INSERT NEWS WIRE STORY:

**Pretoria News - Pretoria, 30-11-61: Edmund Trinka was arrested in Pretoria and is currently a guest of the security police. Trinka had been seen by a member of the Special Branch forces taking photographs of the South African Police Special Branch headquarters. He was followed to his favorite bar where, after imbibing a bottle of vodka, he made several indiscrete statements. Trinka was subsequently taken into custody by the security police. Trinka was carrying a Canadian passport.**

NEALY

A little purplish for wire copy.

PERCY

Their reporter's probably taking night classes in creative writing.

Latham hands the news wire copy back to Stokes.

STOKES

I called the Pretoria station. MI6 told them Trinka's passport was a forgery. They think he may be linked to bombings by the ANC. He also had airline ticket receipts from New York to Helsinki, and from there to Pretoria, and a ticket from Pretoria to Vienna for tomorrow - all purchased two days ago.

LATHAM

Vienna... Have Pretoria run Trinka's name.

STOKES

Did that when I called them, sir.

LATHAM

Good. Get the Vienna station on the phone - and thanks for sharing.

Stokes reaches for his Red phone.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters. Collette, still upset, hangs up the phone.

COLLETTE

That was Carl Durang. He'd like to see you for lunch.

LATHAM

I'd like to see him, too.

Collette is abstracted. Latham eyes her sympathetically.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You want to talk about it?

COLLETTE

About what?

LATHAM

I may be thick as a brick but I know when something's bothering you.

COLLETTE

No, I have to work this out myself. You want me to call Durang back and find out where and when?

LATHAM

Yes.

COLLETTE

Kensington also called. I told him you were busy meeting Durang for lunch.

Latham nods appreciatively and enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

He goes to his desk and dials the Gray phone.

INT. BRITISH EMBASSY - FIONA'S OFFICE

The phone RINGS; FIONA JEFFRIES answers it.

FIONA

Security, Miss Jeffries speaking.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH FIONA

LATHAM

Hi, it's Warren.

FIONA

Hi, love. Are we still on for lunch?

LATHAM

Sorry, I have to meet Carl Durang.

FIONA

That chubby little rascal.

LATHAM

Is Larry in today? I haven't heard from him yet.

FIONA

Just as well, he's in a bad mood.

LATHAM

A lot of that going around. Collette's upset about something but she won't say what.

FIONA

Give her some space. As for Larry, there's a proposal from the Home Office to amalgamate MI6 with MI5.

LATHAM

Hm, that'll piss him off. Okay, hon, guess I'll see you back home.

FIONA

Oh, wait!  
(refers to her notepad)  
You know the name Anatoli Golitsyn?

LATHAM

Only that it sounds Russian.

FIONA

He's vice counsel at the Soviet Embassy in Helsinki.

LATHAM

Helsinki?

FIONA

Yes. He, his wife and daughter are on Austrian Airlines flight 86 from Helsinki to New York via Amsterdam.

LATHAM

Hold on a second...  
(writes on a legal pad)  
Okay, go on.

FIONA

He's traveling under the name Ivan Klimov. His plane lands at Idlewild at 19:58. Our Helsinki #1 was checking for a return flight and saw reservations for the Golitsyns on a flight to Moscow next month.



LATHAM

Moscow... So, he's been recalled.  
Thanks, hon - I owe you one.

FIONA

I'll collect on your IOU tonight.

Latham grins and hangs up. There's a KNOCK on his door.  
Collette enters; she reads from her notepad.

COLLETTE

Durang will meet you in an hour  
inside the Tabard Inn.

LATHAM

Hm, chubby little rascal...

COLLETTE

(ignores the quip)  
And Jared got a reply from Pretoria.  
Sent KAPOK, FLASH. Edmund Trinko is  
Yuriy Loginov, a KGB illegal who's  
spying for us in place. He has a  
Soviet Desk cryptonym, AE-GUSTO. The  
Desk says to their knowledge Loginov  
is not working with the ANC.

LATHAM

But he was in Helsinki yesterday...

EXT. OVER THE OCEAN - AUSTRIAN AIRLINES PLANE - DAY

Stock footage of an Austrian Airlines propjet soaring through  
scattered clouds, the blue ocean visible below.

INT. PLANE - CABIN

ANATOLI GOLITSYN, 35, HIS WIFE, 30, and YOUNG DAUGHTER sit  
three abreast. Wife and Daughter gaze out the window,  
enthralled with the view - but Golitsyn stares ahead, annoyed.

GOLITSYN

(in Russian to himself)  
YA ne mogu v eto poverit'. Eto  
nedopustimo.

His Wife is dismayed by her Husband's haughtiness. A  
STEWARDESS comes by.

GOLITSYN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, stewardess.

STEWARDESS

Yes, Mr. Golitsyn?

GOLITSYN

Are you sure there is no room in  
First Class?

STEWARDESS

I'm sorry. As I explained to you  
earlier, First Class is full.

Golitsyn HUFFS and indignantly waves her off. His Wife looks  
apologetically at the Stewardess who nods and leaves.

GOLITSYN

Suka!

Golitsyn's Daughter is shocked by his Russian epithet. His  
Wife is embarrassed and quickly redirects her Daughter's  
attention out the window.

ACT TWO

EXT. VIENNA, AUSTRIA - DAY (DUSK)

INSERT: "Vienna, Austria"

Stock footage of the city and of...

THE OLD CITY - FENSTER CAFE

Among narrow streets and alleys crowded with people, shops  
and bars is a hole in the wall serving the "BEST COFFEE IN  
THE WORLD." Bleu and his wife, EMMA, get their coffee there.

GRABEN STREET

The Bleus huddle at a canopied table, gazing about.

ACROSS THE STREET

A 40-ish man, PASH, sits by a café window sipping coffee. He  
watches Emma tug at her husband's sleeve; they get up and  
walk. Pash puts a schilling on the table and follows them.

TABORSTRASSE - THE HOTEL STEFANIE

The Bleus alight from a taxi and enter the hotel. Pash alights  
from an Opel Kapitän Sedan and follows them inside.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

A beautiful meld of modern with the traditional. Pash watches  
the Bleus approach the hotel concierge, HELGA, late 20s.

HELGA

Guten tag, Herr und Frau Bleu. Wie  
hat dir die Altstadt gefallen?

BLEU

Es war wundervoll. Darf ich bitte  
meinen Schlüssel haben?

HELGA

Na sicher.

She gets the room key from a cubby hole marked "403" and  
hands it to Bleu.

BLEU

Danke.

Pash watches the Bleus cross the lobby and get into the  
elevator. Helga warily eyes Pash.

HELGA

Kann ich Ihnen helfen?

PASH

Nur eine Postkarte des Hotels, wenn  
Sie eine haben.

Helga takes a postcard of the hotel from a stack on the desk  
and hands it to Pash.

HELGA

Hier sind Sie ja.

PASH

Danke schoen.

Pash leaves the hotel.

EXT. LONDON - DAY (DUSK)

Stock footage of "Big Ben" then Whitehall Palace.

KING CHARLES STREET - FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH OFFICE BUILDING

Stock footage of the FCO building at Whitehall.

INT. THE GRAND STAIRCASE

Quinn ascends the magnificent stairs.

FOREIGN SECRETARY'S OFFICE

Very posh. FOREIGN SECRETARY JEREMY HEYWOOD, 55, signs an  
official paper and stamps it with a seal. The door opens. As  
Quinn enters...

ADMIN ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Foreign Secretary Heywood will see  
you now, Mr. Quinn.

He and Heywood shake hands and sit on the Chesterfield sofa.

HEYWOOD

I take it you have more revelations  
from that little prick George Blake.

QUINN

He says he read a letter written by  
Pyotr Popov to his CIA controller  
sometime in 1956. He realized that  
there was a mole inside the GRU and  
that this mole was a threat to him.  
So he informed Moscow.

HEYWOOD

That would mean Moscow knew Popov  
was doubling two years before he  
was first arrested.

QUINN

Yes, sir.

HEYWOOD

Could this be some mischief from  
Blake? Have us believe what Popov  
gave us after '56 was chicken feed?

QUINN

Could be, but Popov named 30 Soviet  
agents here and in the States.

HEYWOOD

Are you sure they weren't discards,  
given up to protect a mole in MI5?

QUINN

You still think they have one?

HEYWOOD

Oh, yes... Peach brandy?

Heywood gets up and crosses to a liqueur trolley.

QUINN

Thank you. I feel Popov was genuine.

Heywood pours two glasses, hands one to Quinn and sits.

HEYWOOD

So do I. I also think the GRU would  
not hesitate to sacrifice 30 agents  
to save their man in our weak  
sister. Tell me, do the Americans  
know about this?

QUINN

No, we haven't told them yet.

HEYWOOD

Good. Hold off until I can decide how best to proceed with this.

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

A view of the compound through the chain links of Gate #1.

INT. THE HOLE

CARLA DILAURIA shows Nealy a subminiature camera.

DILAURIA

A Tessina 35mm camera. The F-stop's fixed at 2.5, and the shutter speed's preset at 125. This dial sets the distance to the subject. We're using 3200 ASA film.

NEALY

I didn't know speeds went that high.

DILAURIA

Oh yeah, it's perfect for low light. We'll develop it down here.

NEALY

Don't you need a dark room or...

DILAURIA

This is a darkroom. No windows.

She sets the camera aside and takes out a tape measure.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Okay, let's measure your forearm.  
(measures his forearm)  
18 inches.

NEALY

Is that good or bad?

DILAURIA

In some circles 18 inches would make you a superstar.

Nealy is embarrassed. DiLauria grins as she adjusts the distance dial on the camera.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

You're all set. Now, you can't take pens or pencils into Central Registry, but cigarettes are cool.

INSERT: DiLauria takes an oversized hard pack of cigarettes, GEORGE KARELIAS AND SONS 05, from a cabinet. She opens the pack, removes a row of prop filters, slides the camera inside, replaces the filters and closes the lid. She points out two holes on the bottom and hands Nealy the pack. DiLauria takes back the camera to demonstrate how to use it.

SUIT DILAURIA AND NEALY'S WORDS TO ACTION

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

This normally holds 40 cigarettes. It's been specially modified for field use. These are prop filters. You pop them out like so, slide the camera inside, and pop them back on. There's room on the side here for some real cigarettes. See these two holes on the bottom? This one's for the lens and that's for the shutter. Here... Can you feel the shutter button?

NEALY

Yes.

DILAURIA

Good. Don't worry, you'll have time to practice. You lean over the desk, prop your elbows on top and rest your head on one of your hands. Take out the cigarette pack like you're going to light up, and press the shutter. Hold the pack by the sides so your fingers don't cover the lens.

NEALY

I've done that before.

DILAURIA

Don't waste time reading the entire FIR. Just scan it for keywords then snap away. After you've shot a few pages, take out a cigarette and light up. Some people like to hold onto the pack when they read, so don't worry about it looking unnatural.

The Red phone RINGS; PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY answers it.

BAZZO

1-1-3-7...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham speaks on the Red phone.

LATHAM

Bazzo, it's Warren. Grab a pencil.

BAZZO (O.S.)

Got one.

LATHAM

Anatoli Golitsyn, G-O-L-I-T-S-Y-N.

CROSSCUT BAZZO WITH LATHAM

As Bazzo writes, Nealy peeks over his shoulder and whispers.

NEALY

Soviet Embassy, Helsinki.

BAZZO

At the Soviet Embassy in Helsinki?

LATHAM

Great, everybody knows him but me.

BAZZO

(amused)

No, D-Int just told me.

LATHAM

Show off. He's on Austrian Airlines flight 86 from Helsinki to Idlewild via Amsterdam, arriving at 17:58. He's traveling with his wife and daughter under the name Ivan Klimov. His photo should be on file. Have New York put eyes on him. I want to know who's watching him.

BAZZO

It'd be the KGB.

LATHAM

That bunch I expect. I want to know if CI's waiting for him.

BAZZO

You think they got him to come over?

LATHAM

We'll see. Also, ask D-Int to search for AE-GUSTO; he's Yuriy Loginov. He was arrested in Pretoria today carrying a forged Canadian passport under the name Edmund Trinkka.

BAZZO

How does Loginov fit into this?

LATHAM

He may not. But the Soviet Desk is running him and he was in Helsinki yesterday. He may have met up with Golitsyn.

BAZZO

I'll tell D-Int to look for him.

LATHAM

How's our boy doing so far?

BAZZO

Good. Carla's giving him a crash course on the Tessina 35.

LATHAM

Okay, I have to get going. Collette knows where I am if you need me.

BAZZO

Right.

Latham hangs up, grabs his coat and leaves.

EXT. 1739 N STREET, NW - TABARD INN - DAY

Stock footage of this inn/restaurant set inside a townhouse.

INT. DINING ROOM

Subdued and elegant. Latham and CARL DURANG sit at a far corner table eating thick cheeseburgers and french fries. Durang sloppily tears into his cheeseburger.

DURANG

Shoulda had this for Thanksgiving.

LATHAM

Yeah? What did you have?

DURANG

Tuna casserole. We were deep frying the turkey. Next thing you know - Blam! - the whole thing blows up.

LATHAM

Your neighbors must love you. So, why'd you want to see me?

DURANG

Remember Margarita Tairova?



LATHAM

Yeah, GRU illegal. Her working name  
was Mary Grodnik.

EXT. BERLIN - DAY - PAST

Stock footage of a huge sign held in place by latticework,  
"Interbau 1957." Behind it lies an urban project of high- and  
low-rise apartment towers set in a park landscape.

LATHAM (V.O.)

We passed her on to you in Berlin.

MARGARITA TAIROVA crosses the park to a bus stop. An FBI AGENT  
in a Volkswagen and a CIA OFFICER driving a taxi secretly  
watch her. Margarita boards a bus. The CIA Officer nods to the  
FBI Agent who follows the bus.

TEMPELHOF AIRPORT

Stock footage of the facade of the main airport building with  
a sign that reads "Hauptgebäude Flughafen Berlin-Tempelhof."

DURANG

Four years ago she traveled under  
her working name from Berlin to New  
York to meet her husband, Igor.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN

Passengers take their seats. Margarita sits near the back,  
furtively eyeing everyone.

DURANG (V.O.)

We had agents board the plane with  
her at Tempelhof Airport...

EXT. IDLEWILD AIRPORT - NIGHT

Stock footage of the Control Tower.

RUNWAY

A Pan-Am Airways (PAA) propjet lands.

INT. WORLDPORT TERMINAL BUILDING

Passengers wait at baggage carousels for their luggage.

SECOND LEVEL - WALKWAY

From the glass-enclosed walkway, several more FBI AGENTS  
watch Margarita grab her bag.

DURANG (V.O.)

And another team picked her up when she landed at Idlewild.

TERMINAL LOBBY

Margarita meets IGOR, her husband. They kiss each other formally on the cheek and follow the signs to the parking lot.

DURANG (V.O.)

They watched her meet up with Igor then go straight to his place in Brooklyn.

KLM AIRLINE OFFICE

Typical, with photos of current KLM aircraft. An FBI AGENT goes over a manifest with an AIRLINE EMPLOYEE who points to a name on the list: Mary Grodnik.

DURANG (V.O.)

Two weeks later she disappears. We checked manifests for all overseas flights and finally found a Mary Grodnik on a KLM night owl to Amsterdam. Interpol then tracked her to Helsinki and on to Moscow.

EXT. DZERZHINSKY SQUARE - LUBYANKA BUILDING - DAY

Stock footage of the KGB's foreboding landmark.

DURANG (V.O.)

Two years later the KGB arrest Tophat - you know, Pyotr Popov.

INT. INTERROGATION CELL

A nude PYOTOR POPOV is strapped to a chair. A uniformed GRU OFFICER draws his pistol and SHOOTS Popov in the head.

INT. TABARD INN - DINING ROOM - DAY - PRESENT

Durang drinks beer; Latham sips Diet-Rite Cola.

DURANG

When the KGB executed him last year, Hoover had me close the file. Then yesterday I get a call from MI5 in London. They have a Soviet defector who named two people caught in KGB honey-traps back in '53.

EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON - CANADA HOUSE - DAY - PAST

Canada's red Maple Leaf flags fly outside the embassy.

INT. AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE

Sumptuous. The well-dressed and indignant CANADIAN AMBASSADOR dons his coat, grabs his satchel and leaves.

DURANG (V.O.)  
One was the Canadian ambassador to  
Britain. He resigned.

EXT. NORTHWEST LONDON - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Medium-sized with about 20 flats.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM

A WOMAN and a man, PETER ELIAS KOVÁCS, 30, romp beneath the sheets of the bed - and before a two-way wall mirror.

DURANG (V.O.)  
The other was a CIA officer named  
Peter Elias Kovács.

ADJACENT ROOM

Behind the two-way wall mirror, a KGB OFFICER films the tryst.

EXT. BERLIN - ALEXANDERPLATZ - DAY

Stock footage of the landmark Daimler Building and its revolving Mercedes-Benz logo.

LATHAM (V.O.)  
Kovács... We first crossed paths  
back in Berlin in '53.

INT. OFFICE

Latham and Kovács go over reports.

EXT. MOSCOW - RED SQUARE - DAY

Stock footage of the Square.

KOVÁCS

Strolls through Gorky Park eyeing a hollowed-out space between tree roots, large rocks by a nature path and a park bench.

DURANG  
'53 was the same year your people  
sent him to Moscow to look for dead  
drops for Tophat.

INT. TABARD INN - DINING ROOM - DAY - PRESENT

Latham is upset. Durang is surprised at this.

LATHAM

Hold on. Kovács is still with us; he's at Cockroach Alley. So why did MI5 call you? Why didn't they call our Security Office?

DURANG

Maybe they did, I don't know. Maybe Kovács already reported the contact.

LATHAM

I hope so, on both fronts. But I still don't see why MI5 called you.

DURANG

I guess it's 'cause we're their opposite number here, like you are to MI6. The point is MI5 thinks we should keep eyes on Kovács in case he's doubling.

LATHAM

We'd have had you do the same thing, if they'd bothered to call us.

DURANG

Since when? Your people treat us like we owe you money.

LATHAM

Alright. Look, for argument's sake, say Kovács is doubling. I can see MI6 being interested, but why MI5?

DURANG

Beats me.

He shrugs. Latham eyes him skeptically.

DURANG (CONT'D)

It's the truth - I don't know!

LATHAM

Fine. Is that all you had for me?

DURANG

No.

INT. BASEMENT - FBI ARCHIVES - PAST

Durang pulls a file from a metal file cabinet.

DURANG (V.O.)

After I got off the phone with MI5, I pulled the 'Tophat' file.

EXT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL AIRPORT - TERMINAL - DAY (DUSK)

VLADISLAV KOMAROV, 40, wearing a wool overcoat, Black Russian Cossack Hat, and carrying a diplomatic pouch, exits flanked by two SOVIET PLAINCLOTHES SECURITY MEN. They get into a waiting black Lincoln Continental and drive away.

DURANG (V.O.)

Couple of weeks after Margarita arrived, Vladislav Komarov flew into Washington National from Moscow with diplomatic courier credentials. He was met there and driven to the Soviet Embassy.

2641 TUNLAW ROAD, NW - SOVIET EMBASSY - DAY (MORNING)

Komarov and SERGEI GUBKIN, a 50-ish bear of a man, get into the Lincoln. The embassy compound gates open; the car leaves.

WASHINGTON NATIONAL AIRPORT - RUNWAY

A TWA propjet takes off.

DURANG (V.O.)

Next morning he and Sergei Gubkin, their deputy counsel here, fly to New York where we put eyes on them.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - TIMES SQUARE

Komarov and Gubkin alight from a taxi and head down a subway entrance, followed by several FBI AGENTS.

DURANG (V.O.)

The two of them took taxis, they rode the subway...

261 FIFTH AVENUE - AMTORG TRADING CORPORATION

Komarov and Gubkin walk into the building.

DURANG (V.O.)

Finally, they ended up at Amtorg, the KGB rezidentura. They stayed there a few hours then flew back to Washington.

INT. TABARD INN - DINING ROOM - DAY - PRESENT

Durang sighs, frustrated, as Latham listens intently.

DURANG

That night we lost sight of Margarita Tairova for good.

(MORE)

DURANG (CONT'D)

Komarov and Gubkin were there just long enough to get the word to her to get out of Dodge.

LATHAM

Why didn't Komarov just fly straight to New York?

DURANG

He didn't speak any English.

LATHAM

The local rezident does. He could have met Komarov at Idlewild.

DURANG

I think Komarov was delivering new codes and frequencies to the DC and New York rezidentura.

LATHAM

They only do that when they believe their commo's being monitored. Is there a leak in the Bureau, Carl?

INT. WORLDPORT TERMINAL - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT - PAST

A DOZEN FBI AGENTS mill about, hovering at newsstands and pay telephone banks. All dress in suits and have military-style haircuts or wear dark, wool-felt hats.

DURANG (V.O.)

There were 20 agents on the surveillance team at the terminal, waiting for Margarita Tairova.

Margarita walks among the crowd. She glances up at the...

SECOND LEVEL - WALKWAY

EIGHT FBI AGENTS peer through the glass enclosure down at Margarita as she walks through the terminal.

GROUND FLOOR

Margarita meets Igor. They peck each other politely on the cheek and together leave the terminal.

DURANG (V.O.)

She probably made every one of 'em.

INT. TABARD INN - DINING ROOM - DAY - PRESENT

Durang finishes his beer and nervously rubs his lips. Latham sighs.

LATHAM

I'm not surprised. How many of your people were on the plane?

DURANG

Five - no, six.

LATHAM

Geezus... She probably made your people way back at Tempelhof.

DURANG

She must've told the KGB rezident to get her the hell out of there.

LATHAM

No. She would have told her controller, Pyotr Popov.

A look of anguish creases Durang's face.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Only Popov knew her working name, Mary Grodnik. When she spotted your agents she knew it had been leaked. And when Popov reported to Moscow that her cover had been blown, the rumblings would've started that it was Popov who'd compromised her.

DURANG

(angrily)

I can't believe we were so clumsy. We really fucked it up. It's our fault we lost Tophat.

LATHAM

No. The KGB needed more than that to arrest a GRU major. The proof's in the fact that they waited a year before going back at him.

DURANG

Still, my people led them to Popov.

LATHAM

You don't know that. This could have started back in '53 with Kovács or a leak in the commo. Hell, it could have even been Popov himself. The guy was an arrogant, skirt-chasing punk. He talked whenever he drank, and he always drank too much.

For Durang, the guilt is clearly agonizing. Latham leans forward and reassuringly grabs hold of Durang's arm.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Listen to me - it wasn't your fault. And nothing about the Bureau's surveillance goes beyond this table.

Latham sits back. Durang looks appreciatively at Latham.

DURANG

Thanks.

EXT. VIENNA - THE OLD TOWN - NIGHT (EVENING)

Eliot and Emma Bleu enter the STADTPARK subway station.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM

They join a Tour Group assembled there, led by the tour guide, a young woman named INGA. Among them is Pash.

INGA

We'll start our tour of locations for 'The Third Man' at the canal at Kettenbruckengasse, one of the iconic scenes in the film.

A subway pulls into the station. A crowd of people exit the train, including a mischievous TEENAGE COUPLE. The BOY bumps into Pash and is startled. Pash glares at him as the Boy and his GIRLFRIEND quickly move away. The Boy leans over to Her.

BOY

Er muss ein Polizist sein. Ich habe seine Waffe gespürt.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "He must be a cop. I felt his gun."

The Tour Group exits the station, along with the passengers.

CANAL TUNNEL

Dark and foreboding. Overhead lights 50 yards apart illuminate only ten yards each of the tunnel. Between them is darkness with dim warning lights every thirty feet along one side.

The Tour Group gathers by a sign on the wall, "HARRY LIME/Der dritte Mann/11.02.1948 - 10.03.1950" (The Third Man). Inga shines her flashlight about the tunnel.

INGA

(her voice echoes)

There's some drainage in the canal, so please watch your step.

(translates into German)

Es gibt etwas Drainage im Kanal, achten Sie also auf Ihren Schritt.



Pash moves behind the Bleus and furtively unbuttons his long woolen overcoat. There is A CRACK, sounding like a pistol shot. People JUMP, SCREAM and SWEAR, in English and German - particularly EDITH, an older woman, and a man, FRANZ.

INGA (CONT'D)  
Ach, mein Gott!

FRANZ  
Was zum Teufel war das?!

EDITH  
Damn it, look at it! It's broken!

At her feet, shattered, a Matryoshka doll lies spilled from a shopping bag. Edith glares at HERMAN, her husband.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
I told you to hold onto it!

HERMAN  
Sorry.  
(ashamedly to the Tour  
Group)  
I dropped Edith's dolls.

EDITH  
Matryoshka dolls, Herman.

FRANZ  
Es klang nach einem verdammten  
Schuss!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "It sounded like a fucking gunshot!"

FRANZ'S WIFE SLAPS him admonishingly on the arm. Pash quickly buttons his coat as Inga's flitting flashlight finds him.

### ACT THREE

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

People crisscross the compound.

INT. BASEMENT - CENTRAL REGISTRY

A large glass window reveals endless rows of metal shelving filled with boxes. A sign reads "No Writing Implements Allowed." Nealy stands before a counter and hands a form to WALTER, 40, the Desk Clerk. Walter spins a sign-in book around for Nealy to enter his name, then he reads the form.

WALTER  
You'll find the most recent AM's in  
row six, halfway down.

NEALY

I thought they were in row five?

WALTER

They were, but most of those files have been moved to Langley. Row Five's only for the Soviet Desk now.

NEALY

Oh, okay.

WALTER

They shoulda moved it all out there. Just means more shit I gotta move.

Behind him is a door with a clear glass panel on which is stenciled "Central Registry - Vault." Walter opens it.

NEALY

Thanks, Walter.

Nealy enters the...

CENTRAL REGISTRY - VAULT

Nealy walks past the rows; their numbers descend. He turns down Row 6 and pauses midway. He removes a folder marked "AM-A to AM-B." He walks to the end of the row and turns into...

ROW 5

The shelves are partially filled. Nealy stops where the folders end. He looks about then pulls out the last folder, "AE-G to AE-L."

CUBICLE

Nealy sets the folders on the desk. He opens "AM-A to AM-B" then opens "AE-G to AE-L" alongside it. He looks around warily then pulls out the first file from each folder and opens them. He takes the hard pack and a lighter from his pocket. He takes out a cigarette and lights it, then pockets the lighter.

Nealy props his elbows on the desk and leans his head on his right hand - in his left hand is the hard pack. His eyes flit down the page of the "AEGUSTO" file and stop at YURIY LOGINOV. He slides his middle finger beneath the hard pack and presses the shutter - a hushed CLICK.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham returns from lunch. Collette points toward his Office and mouths "Kensington." Latham nods and sighs then enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

STEWART KENSINGTON is sitting in a chair, impatiently tapping on the armrest. Latham enters, doffs his coat and sits.

KENSINGTON

How long does it take you to eat lunch? You don't drink.

LATHAM

Durang wanted to discuss monitoring of Soviet illegals.

KENSINGTON

The only way he'd know an illegal is if the man confessed.

LATHAM

He's not alone.

KENSINGTON

Since when do you defend the FBI?

LATHAM

When it's to our advantage.

KENSINGTON

Well, you should have called in. I could have spent more time catching up with everyone.

LATHAM

What did you want to see me about?

KENSINGTON

Huh? Oh, George Blake... Our post-mortem on Pyotr Popov didn't reveal half of what Blake told MI6.

LATHAM

Makes us all beggars, doesn't it?

KENSINGTON

Beggars? Beggars for what?

LATHAM

The truth.

KENSINGTON

(chagrined)

Oh. This parallel investigation...

(clears his throat)

What have you got so far?

LATHAM

Nothing.

KENSINGTON

No need to be tight-lipped about it, man.

LATHAM

I'm not; I just started.

KENSINGTON

Why not just ask CI? I've always found them to be fairly forthcoming when they know the stakes.

LATHAM

It's precisely because of what's at stake that it's better I do this quietly.

KENSINGTON

I see... Um, I was wondering - what if Bleu were aware of one of these parallel investigations?

Latham shrugs, unsure where Kensington is going.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

He could purposely reveal himself in order to compromise Popov.

LATHAM

Jumping the gun a bit, aren't you?

KENSINGTON

I'm speaking hypothetically.

LATHAM

Sorry, I must have missed that. Why would Bleu risk it?

KENSINGTON

Obviously, to protect himself.

LATHAM

If he did he'd end up drawing CI's attention. They'd be sure he was a mole. And if he really were one, he'd be useless from that point on.

KENSINGTON

Perhaps, but then some men think they're smarter than everyone else.

The Two glare at each other.

LATHAM

And some men aren't as smart as they think they are... Like Popov.

Kensington was about to jump all over Latham. Instead, he checks his watch and stands.

KENSINGTON

Yes, well, I have to get going. I'm leaving for Vienna soon.

LATHAM

Sir, if Bleu were sloppy, I doubt he'd confess to that just because you're questioning him.

KENSINGTON

(conceitedly)

You forget - I was an investigator for the Allies at the International Military Tribunal in Nuremberg.

He struts out of Latham's Office. Latham rolls his eyes.

EXT. PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA - NIGHT (EVENING)

INSERT: "Pretoria, South Africa"

Stock footage of a park bench marked "EUROPEANS"; a double-decker bus marked "Slegs vir nie Blankes/Non-Europeans Only" is packed with Black people.

PRETORIUS STREET - THE COMPOL BUILDING

Stock footage of the building. It's name is on the facade. A police patrol car and motorcycle are parked out front.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

YURIY LOGINOV, 40, is strapped to a straight-back chair. He is nude. A POLICEMAN in a T-shirt and uniform pants stands beside him. Before Loginov sit two men in suits, MI6 OFFICERS.

MI6 OFFICER #1

Edmund Trink... Whose idea was that? Yours?

Loginov says nothing.

MI6 OFFICER #2

What's wrong? Don't you like us?

Loginov sneers and spits at them. MI6 Officer #1 smiles.

MI6 OFFICER #1

Manners, comrade Loginov. Your next port of call was going to be Vienna. What's in Vienna?

Loginov just glares at them.

MI6 Officer #1 nods to the Policeman who quickly pulls a tight plastic bag over Loginov's head. Loginov WHIPS his head around. The plastic bag distorts his GRIMACES and muffles his SHRIEKS until the plastic sticks to his face; he cannot breathe. The Policeman removes the plastic bag. Loginov GASPS.

MI6 OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)  
Why are you going to Vienna? For  
the Wiener schnitzel?

EXT. VIENNA, AUSTRIA - NIGHT

More stock footage of the city.

OLD UNIVERSITY QUARTER - GRIECHENBEISL (RESTAURANT)

Stock footage of the oldest restaurant in the Old City.

INT. DINING ROOM

Elegant. Eliot and Emma Bleu enjoy the Wiener schnitzel.

EXT. FLEISCHMARKT (STREET)

The Bleus leave the restaurant; the street is packed with people. They weave their way through the crowds to...

TABORSTRASSE

Where cars and busses whiz by. The Bleus hail a taxi.

THE HOTEL STEFANIE

The taxi pulls up. The Bleus alight and enter the hotel. Across the street, sitting in his Opel sedan, is Pash.

INT. LOBBY

Pash enters. He watches the Bleus speak to the night concierge, WILHELM, mid-30s.

WILHELM  
Guten Abend, Herr und Frau Bleu.

BLEU  
Mein schlüssel, bitte.

He gets the room key and a sealed envelope addressed "Eliot Bleu" and hands them to Bleu.

WILHELM  
Dieser Umschlag kam für dir.

BLEU  
Danke.

Pash eyes them curiously as Bleu pockets the envelope, then he and Emma get into the elevator. Wilhelm turns toward Pash.

WILHELM  
Kann ich Ihnen helfen?

PASH  
Ach nein, danke.

Pash leaves the hotel.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

More stock footage of the city.

54 BROADWAY - THE BROADWAY BUILDINGS

Additional stock footage of MI6's headquarters.

INT. QUINN'S OFFICE

Quinn frets as he reads a transcription of George Blake's interrogation. The door opens. Heywood enters; Quinn stands.

QUINN  
Sorry to drag you away so late.

HEYWOOD  
No, you saved me. The PM was  
prattling on about his dog.

Heywood sits. Quinn crosses to a liquor cabinet where he pours brandy into two snifters. He hands one to Heywood and sits.

HEYWOOD (CONT'D)  
You said George Blake had offered  
up something very important.

QUINN  
Yes. Remember Igor Gouzenko, the  
GRU code clerk who defected in '45?

HEYWOOD  
Oh, yes... In Canada.

QUINN  
When we debriefed him, he mentioned  
almost in passing that he had a GRU  
colleague in Moscow, codename Elli,  
and that he was 'inside Five of MI.'

HEYWOOD  
And Blake commented on this mole?

QUINN

No, just on Gouzenko. He told me Moscow Center was so worried over what he might reveal that they put a price on Gouzenko's head - and it's still there. He's been in hiding ever since. It does seem to confirm what you believe about MI5 though.

Heywood mulls this over, relishing what he has heard.

HEYWOOD

Hmm, the Home Secretary will have kittens when he learns about this.

QUINN

Yes, but given that it's his damn proposal to merge us into MI5, he might take the timing of Blake's story as suspect.

HEYWOOD

Let him, the little shit! I'm more worried about the Americans.

QUINN

Don't be; that's not a problem.

HEYWOOD

We need the Special Relationship. Their CI Chief, Middleton, doesn't trust MI5 or us. He thinks we're leaky ships run by gits and queers.

QUINN

Hm, that sanctimonious prick... Remember when Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean defected?

EXT. LONDON - STREET - NIGHT (EVENING) - PAST

A TAXI DRIVER parked at the curb listens to his radio, over which comes the Stentorian voice of a BBC Newsreader.

RADIO NEWSREADER (O.S.)

Mr. Morrison has made a statement in the House of Commons about the disappearance of the two Foreign Office officials...

INT. LONDON PUB

The radio is on. Patrons listen as they drink and play darts.



RADIO NEWSREADER (O.S.)

He said there had been no confirmed news of their whereabouts since they landed in France on the 26th of May.

QUINN (V.O.)

That's when the public first learned Kim Philby was under suspicion for helping those two escape.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (EVENING)

A family huddles before a television set.

TV NEWSREADER

Mr. Harold Philby held a press conference to deny charges that he was involved in the disappearance of Burgess and Maclean.

INT. QUINN'S OFFICE - NIGHT - PRESENT

Quinn and Heywood sip the remaining brandy in their snifters.

HEYWOOD

By the way, Philby's loyalty is still open to debate.

QUINN

Yes, I know. If you remember, Middleton became Philby's apologist, insisting in a memo that he and Philby had been duped by Burgess and Maclean.

Quinn gets up, refills their glasses, and sits.

HEYWOOD

Where is this going, John?

QUINN

Back to Guy Burgess. He faced the world with his fly permanently unbuttoned. Guy never hid his homosexuality. And as you know, we were aware that he was spying for the KGB. So, what we and MI5 did was to propagate a false rumor that his good friend Donald Maclean was bisexual - in part, to placate J. Edgar Hoover, the FBI director.

HEYWOOD

Why was that necessary?

QUINN

For one, it gave us a legitimate reason to withhold Maclean's security clearance. It also kept Hoover from asking too many questions about them, since Hoover himself is a closeted homosexual.

HEYWOOD

And how does Philby fit into this?

QUINN

There was a party at Maclean's flat in Washington. One of the guests stumbled onto Kim Philby and John Middleton in bed together, 'in flagrante delicto.'

HEYWOOD

I thought that was just a rumor, Hoover's way of getting back at Middleton for disparaging the FBI.

QUINN

No.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - BLEU'S OFFICE - DAY - PAST

Bleu is at his desk reading a memo from John Middleton.

QUINN (V.O.)

Middleton's memo defending Philby's honor was sent to their Soviet expert, Eliot Bleu.

HEYWOOD (V.O.)

Their current Moscow station chief, the one Blake says compromised Pyotr Popov?

QUINN (V.O.)

Yes. The CIA's Bill Harvey had written on the memo, 'Where's the rest of the story?' Bleu circled it.

Bleu circles the cursive scrawl on the CIA memo.

EXT. LONDON - SAINT JAMES'S PARK - DAY

Bleu strolls with Quinn.

QUINN (V.O.)

When Bleu was at Grosvenor Square, he told me his comment referred to Philby and Middleton's own tryst.

INT. QUINN'S OFFICE - NIGHT - PRESENT

Quinn and Heywood sip their brandy.

QUINN

Since then we've directed certain Intel away from Middleton and to senior CIA officers whom we trust, like Bill Nealy and Wilson Berard.

HEYWOOD

I assume you'll speak to them.

QUINN

Oh, absolutely. The CIA may be sloppy but they're well-funded.

HEYWOOD

Indeed. I'll tell the Home Secretary but only about the mole. Be nice to see him squirm a bit.

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY (DUSK)

The lights are on in the compound. Some CIA personnel leave work.

INT. THE HOLE

A red safelight is on. DiLauria hovers over a photographic enlarger. She focuses an image of an FIR onto a sheet of enlarging paper.

INSERT DOCUMENT IMAGE APPEARING ON ENLARGING PAPER:

**CLASSIFIED MESSAGE  
CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY  
FIELD INFORMATION REPORT (FIR)**

21 May 1961

S E C R E T

OUT 99250

-----  
**TO: SR RCP: Helsinki OBP Vienna  
FROM: REDWOOD, SOVIET/EASTERN EUROPE DIVISION**

**CONF: KEYWAY**  
-----

1. AEGUSTO left MOSCOW and delivered package to WESTBAHNHOF, VIENNA. Locker No. 92. Will provide date for retrieval.
  2. MOSCOW COS unaware of countersurveillance.
  3. Request AEROTOP replace AEDESKTOP for surveillance during scheduled mail pick-ups at MOSCOW Embassy.
-

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is on the Gray phone.

LATHAM

When do you want to meet for  
dinner?

INT. BRITISH EMBASSY - FIONA'S OFFICE

Fiona is on the phone.

FIONA

After I buy the chair.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH FIONA

LATHAM

What chair?

FIONA

My God, I hope this isn't an early  
onset of senility. The aluminum and  
cloth one. I showed you the advert.  
You said it looked really nice.

LATHAM

Oh, that one. What are you gonna  
do, lug the box around all night?

FIONA

Hmm... I could leave it in one of  
those lockers at the bus station,  
and we can pick it up after dinner.

LATHAM

Okay. Call me here and let me know  
where to meet you.

FIONA

Alright, love. 'Bye-bye.

LATHAM

'Bye, hon.

He hangs up and assembles the papers on his desk into a pile.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is tidying up. Latham enters from his Office with a  
handful of papers. He abstractedly dumps them on her desk.

LATHAM

Did Vienna station notify Bleu that  
Kensington was on his way?

COLLETTE

They left a message for Bleu at his hotel.

LATHAM

(looks at her, surprised)  
You're leaving?

COLLETTE

(caught off guard)  
How did you know?

LATHAM

Huh? I meant for the day.

Collette is chagrined. Latham moves close to her.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Are you leaving the job?

COLLETTE

I've been thinking about it.

LATHAM

Why?

COLLETTE

Because... I don't know, Jerry...

LATHAM

Who, McClain?

COLLETTE

I'm thinking of working for him.

LATHAM

You're still seeing him, aren't you?

COLLETTE

Yes, of course!

LATHAM

You won't be if you work together.

COLLETTE

That's not always true, Warren.

LATHAM

It is when you're not getting along.

This strikes a chord. Collette slumps into her chair.

COLLETTE

Easy for you; you have Fiona. Jerry could find someone young and pretty like her anytime.

LATHAM

He has you.

COLLETTE

For God sakes, look at me! I'm forty-six, damnit! Forty-six! I know what I look like. You don't know what it's like to be alone.

LATHAM

Yes, I do.

COLLETTE

No, you don't.

LATHAM

You've been with me a long time. You know the hole I was in after Anne De was killed. I only came out of it because you were there for me.

COLLETTE

I don't want to be the one who's there for someone! I want someone to be there for me.

She sobs. Latham sits on the edge of Collette's desk and holds her hand.

LATHAM

I don't know Jerry all that well, but I know you. I know you're desperate to hold onto him.

COLLETTE

What else have I got...

LATHAM

Working in his office isn't going to keep him in line, believe me. You'll just be the warden watching over the inmates. And it'll feel like a prison, too. That's what happens when there's no love. Just fear - fear of being trapped... Fear of being alone.

Collette takes a tissue from her purse and wipes her eyes.

COLLETTE

My mom's been alone forever. I don't wanna end up like her.

LATHAM

I know. But being Jerry's shadow isn't the answer. Where's he now?

COLLETTE

Work, I guess. He was gonna call  
and tell me when he's coming over.  
Of course, he hasn't called... He  
always has an excuse now.

LATHAM

Doesn't matter; you're busy tonight.

COLLETTE

Warren, I can't work late.

LATHAM

You're not working late. You're  
coming with me and Fiona. We're all  
going out for dinner.

COLLETTE

I can't.

LATHAM

Please... I don't get to spend  
enough time with the people I love.  
I want to change that.

Surprised at this, Collette softens.

COLLETTE

Can I take a rain check?

LATHAM

Only if you'll be in tomorrow.

Collette nods. Latham leans over and kisses her on the cheek.  
She smiles weakly then stands and leaves.

EXT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL AIRPORT - TERMINAL - NIGHT

Kensington alights from a taxi. The HACK gets out, opens the  
trunk, takes out a suitcase and sets it on the curb. SKYCAP #1  
approaches. He grabs the suitcase and tosses it onto a dolly.

KENSINGTON

Careful! That's expensive.

SKYCAP #1

I'll guard it with my life.

Kensington rolls his eyes and hands Skycap #1 his Lufthansa  
airline ticket. The Skycap writes the flight number on a  
Lufthansa "VIE" tag and wraps it around the suitcase handle.  
Kensington tips him and enters the terminal.

EXT. IDLEWILD AIRPORT - NIGHT

An Austrian Airlines propjet lands on a runway.

INT. WORLDPORT TERMINAL - BAGGAGE CAROUSEL

Amid the usual hubbub, the Golitsyns wait for their luggage.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Baggage from Austrian Airlines  
flight 86 from Helsinki via  
Amsterdam is now available at  
Baggage Carousel 26... Baggage from  
Austrian Airlines flight 86 from  
Helsinki via Amsterdam is now  
available at Baggage Carousel 26...

(in German)

Gepäck vom Australische Fluglinie  
Flug sechshundachtzig von Helsinki  
über Amsterdam ist ab sofort im  
Gepäckband sechshundzwanzig  
verfügbar.

Luggage rumbles down the chute onto the baggage carousel. The Golitsyns grab their pieces. SKYCAP #2 carefully loads them onto a dolly.

SECOND-LEVEL WALKWAY

Through the glass enclosure, NEW YORK CIA STATION #1, BRUCE WILSON, eyes the Golitsyns. He spies two fair-haired men, KGB AGENTS, standing by a newsstand. KGB AGENT #1 taps his colleague on the arm. The Two furtively follow the Golitsyns and Skycap #2 as they leave the baggage area.

GROUND LEVEL

Before the Golitsyns reach the exit, two MEN - CIA OFFICERS? FBI AGENTS? Who? - walk up to Golitsyn and introduce themselves. Golitsyn nods. MAN #1 eyes the Two KGB Agents and points them out to his colleague.

As Man #1, the Golitsyns and Skycap #2 exit the terminal, MAN #2 approaches two nearby NEW YORK CITY POLICEMEN. They stop the KGB Agents who anxiously produce identification. As if choreographed, the KGB agents shrug and wildly gesture their surprise and indignation.

Man #2 rejoins his colleague and the Golitsyns outside.

SECOND-LEVEL WALKWAY

Wilson looks perplexed. He walks to the huge, curb-side window. He watches Skycap #2 load the luggage into the trunk of a Lincoln Continental with the aid of the DRIVER. Man #1 and Man #2 stand guard. The Driver tips the Skycap while the Golitsyns climb into the backseat of the Lincoln. The Three Men get into the front seat, and the car drives off. A dark CHEVROLET IMPALA SEDAN soon follows them.



WILSON

Walks back inside the terminal. He sees the Two KGB Agents arguing vehemently with the Policemen and moves on.

EXT. PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA - NIGHT

Stock footage of eerily empty streets.

PRETORIUS STREET - THE COMPOL BUILDING

A police car is parked outside. A streetlamp illuminates the name on the building's facade.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Loginov is still strapped to the chair; water drips from his hair. MI6 Officer #1 yawns and checks his watch, 4:40.

MI6 OFFICER #1  
Vienna, Yuriy... Why are you going  
to Vienna?

Loginov's head is down, his breathing labored. MI6 Officer #2 points to a bucket of water. The Policeman grabs the bucket and pours water over Loginov's head. Loginov SCREAMS. The Policeman again pulls the plastic bag over Loginov's head, but there is little fight left in him. He succumbs quickly, going limp. The Policeman removes the plastic bag.

MI6 OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)  
Why are you going to Vienna, Yuriy?

Loginov appears to be in a stupor. The Policeman SLAPS Loginov who comes to.

MI6 OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)  
Why are you going to Vienna?

LOGINOV  
Westbahnhof... Ninety-two.

MI6 Officer #2 turns to his colleague.

MI6 OFFICER #2  
Westbahnhof... That's the West  
Train Station.

MI6 OFFICER #1  
And ninety-two?

MI6 OFFICER #2  
(shrugs)  
A train number?

EXT. WESTBAHNHOF - NIGHT

Stock footage of the West Train Station. The parking lot before the entrance is empty.

RAIL YARD

Several tracks, some with catenary, fan out from the station under the lights. A sign reads "Wien - Westbahnhof."

RAIL PLATFORMS

No trains or passengers - just a PORTER who sweeps one of the platforms. An overhead clock reads 3:50.

INT. WESTBAHNHOF - SELF-STORAGE WALL LOCKERS

A scraggly YOUNG MAN with a goatee inserts a key into LOCKER #91. He pulls open the locker door and takes out a raggedy knapsack and guitar case.

He shuts the door, leaving the key in the lock. The next locker is #92, and there is no key in the lock.

ACT FOUR

EXT. 3RD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING #704 - DAY (MORNING)

An early-riser exits, lunch pail in hand.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

The clock reads 5:45. Latham and Fiona are in bed asleep. The telephone RINGS, waking them both. Latham checks the clock and GROANS. He gets up and enters the...

LIVING ROOM

The Red light on the phone BLINKS. Latham STUMBLES past the LARGE BOX with the new chair and sits on the sofa. He reaches beneath the phone, rolls a thumbwheel switch then answers it.

LATHAM

Latham...

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL man the Duty Desk along with MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY. The 24-hour wall clock reads 05:46. Owens is on the Red phone.

OWENS

It's Owens from the Ops Room, sir.  
You asked to be notified on any  
developments in Pretoria.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH OWENS

Latham massages his knee.

LATHAM

So notify me.

OWENS

We received a cable from Pretoria Station concerning AE-GUSTO. He was asked about the unused Vienna ticket. His response was 'Westbahnhof, ninety-two.'

LATHAM

The West Railway Station... Is ninety-two a train number?

OWENS

No, there's no number ninety-two train on the weekly schedule. Sir, Mr. Kensington's in Vienna.

LATHAM

He didn't know he was going there until yesterday. Loginov's ticket was purchased three days ago.

OWENS

Oh, then that's all, sir.

LATHAM

Right. I'm on my way in.

He hangs up and heads back into the...

BEDROOM

Latham enters and sits on his side of the bed.

FIONA

Crisis?

LATHAM

I'm not sure. You know the name Yuriy Loginov?

FIONA

I know he's KGB and he's working for your Soviet Desk. And that he was arrested in Pretoria yesterday photographing police headquarters.

LATHAM

Hm, I had to learn that last bit from the Pretoria News.

FIONA

Too bad your Soviet Desk didn't bother to tell our Pretoria station. It might have saved Loginov a lot of grief.

LATHAM

They're not yet into the habit of sharing. Loginov had a ticket to fly to Vienna today. Your people got him to give up the West Train Station there and the number ninety-two. Mean anything to you?

FIONA

No. Isn't Mr. Kensington in Vienna?

LATHAM

No, no. Loginov wouldn't have known about it. Kensington's trip was a last minute thing.

FIONA

Would he know your Moscow station chief is there?

LATHAM

(arching an eyebrow)  
MI6 keeping tabs on Eliot Bleu?

FIONA

Him and every other COS in the old colonies.

She leans over and turns off the alarm so it won't ring. The clock reads 5:50. She sits up.

LATHAM

You don't have to get up right now.

FIONA

The alarm goes off in ten minutes, mister.

LATHAM

Oh. Well, since I got up first, I've got dibs on the shower.

He stands. Fiona grabs his pajama trousers by the waistband.

FIONA

Let's conserve water.

She sashays past Latham. As Latham follows her to the bathroom he glances at the box containing the new chair. He suddenly realizes...

LATHAM

The box!

Fiona is startled and turns around.

FIONA

What?

LATHAM

You put the box in a locker at the bus station yesterday.

FIONA

Christ, you are getting senile.

LATHAM

It has a number. Westbahnhof, ninety-two - that's gotta be the number of a locker at the train station!

He races back into the Living Room, where Fiona hears him STUMBLE over the box again.

EXT. VIENNA - WESTBAHNHOF - DAY

More stock footage of the West Train Station. The parking lot before the entrance is full.

INT. WESTBAHNHOF

Mostly tourists and backpacking bohemians roam the station.

SELF-STORAGE WALL LOCKERS

Young people gab in German and smoke as they stow backpacks in the lockers and take the keys. A GLOVED HAND extends from a sleeve of a woolen overcoat, inserts a key into LOCKER #92 and opens it. The Hand pulls out a LEATHER, LOCKING CATALOG CASE, closes the locker door, and leaves the key in the lock.

The Catalog Case brushes against the flowing, ankle-length woolen overcoat of a strikingly beautiful WOMAN as she walks through the crowd, holding the Catalog Case by its handle.

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

CIA personnel pass by the Guard Shack and through Gate #1.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard is writing. A breakfast tray is beside his desk. There is a KNOCK on the door; it opens. Latham enters and sits.

BERARD

Would you like some breakfast?

LATHAM

No, thank you, sir.

BERARD

I've been here working with our new DCI more than I've been home. Did Stewart arrive in Vienna?

LATHAM

Yes, he checked in with the station and they cabled the Ops Room.

BERARD

It's been a while since he's held someone's fate in his hands.

LATHAM

Other than mine, you mean.

BERARD

Your fate may be in his hands, but you have him eating out of yours.

Latham is caught off guard; he's chagrined.

BERARD (CONT'D)

I wanted to see you because you and Stewart may be on the heels of a dilemma. It's possible Eliot Bleu could be an unwitting pawn in a KGB provocation - George Blake's last gibe at the West before he's shuffled off to prison.

LATHAM

I've thought about that. But if I played it out, CI would feel certain that Bleu was their mole.

BERARD

(sighs)

CI... Middleton's running a damn fiefdom over there. His paranoia could poison us for years.

LATHAM

I know.

BERARD

Then you also know that selling him someone with cause could stem that. It would mean making some hard decisions on Bleu.

LATHAM

Geezus... First, we're trying to determine Bleu's innocence; now we're out to make him a fall guy.

BERARD

You can't afford to be clean when your adversaries play dirty.

LATHAM

Are we talking about the KGB here or John Middleton?

BERARD

Both.

Berard takes the napkin from his lap, wipes his mouth and puts it on the tray. He gets up and meanders by the window, clearly disconsolate about something.

BERARD (CONT'D)

We play by a set of rules, flimsy as they are. And we believe in a Greater Good - that included John Middleton. He justified his actions by concluding that only he alone could unravel the Soviets' schemes of deception. And for a long time he was right. But he's been humiliated by his infatuation with Burgess and Maclean, and now with Philby. And he's embarrassed by how indiscreet he is when he's drunk. So we have this embittered man with this high level of authority. It's hard for people to call him out when he acts as ruthlessly with us as he does with our enemies... Then again, who here can say he's never trampled over his own moral ground in the name of the Greater Good? But for Middleton though, that ideal no longer exists. There's only this obsession to exact punishment - for being deceived by those Soviet moles, and for the hint that he may be homosexual.

He returns to his seat.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Whatever you decide regarding Eliot Bleu, you'll have my support.

Latham nods disconsolately; he gets up and leaves.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette transcribes from the Dictaphone machine. Latham enters. She pauses the machine.

COLLETTE

D-Int's inside. Also, the Ops Room called. The Vienna station #2 went by Westbahnhof. The key to locker #92 was in the lock. So whatever was in there, someone took it already.

Latham looks worried. He crosses into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Nealy is sitting in a chair. Latham sits at his desk.

NEALY

I spoke with John Quinn again.

LATHAM

MI6 must be using a cattle prod on George Blake.

NEALY

They're worried about the Special Relationship.

LATHAM

They should be. Their security has more holes than a colander.

NEALY

Really. I wonder how many Soviet moles are punching our time clock.

Latham is chagrined; he concedes and nods.

LATHAM

What did Blake have to say?

NEALY

You know about Igor Gouzenko, the GRU code clerk who defected in '45?

LATHAM

I read about him.

NEALY

He said there was a GRU mole in MI5. Blake's confirmed it.

LATHAM

Berard just warned me that Blake might try a provocation.



NEALY

Maybe this is one. Who knows? Quinn also mentioned Harold Philby. You remember him?

LATHAM

Who doesn't. MOTHER loves those snotty-ass Brits.

NEALY

You know about Middleton's memo defending Philby?

LATHAM

I heard about it; never read it.

A phone in the Outer Office RINGS faintly.

NEALY

Quinn brought up that the memo had crossed Bleu's desk, and that Bleu knew Middleton had had a homosexual affair with Philby.

LATHAM

Why'd he bring that up?

NEALY

I guess he thought we'd confront Middleton with it; get him to share more Intel with MI6 or... You know.

Nealy shrugs. Latham scoffs; he gets up and meanders about.

LATHAM

Quinn's wasting his time. MOTHER will just say it's a KGB plot to discredit him.

NEALY

Part of his wilderness of mirrors.

LATHAM

I guess...

Latham shakes his head; he's deeply troubled by something.

NEALY

What're you thinking?

LATHAM

I don't know. I keep getting this feeling we're being played here.

NEALY

Played how?

LATHAM

You and Durang... You both get calls on the same day from MI6 and MI5 with revisions on old Ops. Durang's comes from a Soviet defector and yours from a Soviet mole that MI6 caught. And both say there's a Soviet mole here in the Agency.

NEALY

Just because it's a coincidence doesn't mean there's something sinister going on.

LATHAM

I know, but...  
(the intercom BUZZES; he answers it)  
Yes, Collette.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

You're wanted in the Ops Room.

LATHAM

Thanks.  
(hangs up)  
We'll pick this up later.

NEALY

Mind if I tag along?

LATHAM

No, come on.

Nealy follows Latham out the office.

OPERATIONS ROOM

The day shift of Stokes, Percy and Nichols is on duty. Latham and Nealy enter.

LATHAM

What's going on, Jared?

STOKES

CI arranged for a swap involving AE-GUSTO.

NEALY

What?!

STOKES

They asked Pretoria station to have him sent to Berlin immediately. There, he'll be handed off to the BND for a swap with East Germany.

PERCY

That was short, wasn't it? He and MI6 barely got to know each other.

NICHOLS

Loginov must've run out of shit to say.

PERCY

Or he's been wrung dry by MI6.

LATHAM

(admonishes them)

Alright.

Nichols and Percy look like they are about to be punished.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Jared, come with us.

Stokes follows Latham and Nealy out the Operations Room. Percy and Nichols look worriedly at each other.

NICHOLS

Looks like we're in trouble, Cisco.

PERCY

Shut up, Pancho.

BASEMENT CORRIDOR

Latham looks about. Amid the hum of the pneumatic tubes and generators, only he, Nealy and Stokes are there.

STOKES

Sorry about those two.

LATHAM

Forget it. Let them think they're getting spanked; it'll do 'em good. That's not why I wanted to talk to you though.

Stokes and Nealy are curious.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Does MI6 know about the swap?

STOKES

Yes. They confirmed they got a request for assistance from CI.

NEALY

Then CI must have known Pretoria had Loginov. Why wouldn't they intervene sooner?

STOKES

Could be they were shaking the tree  
to see what else happens.

Nealy nods to himself as he mulls this over.

LATHAM

Okay, thanks. Keep me updated.

STOKES

Yes, sir.

He goes back inside the Operations Room.

NEALY

Why would someone expose a Soviet  
agent-in-place?

LATHAM

Maybe to make Loginov look like  
he's been redoubled; that directs  
attention away from him.

NEALY

So you're coming around to my way  
of thinking, that we have a mole.

LATHAM

Yes, but I also think that worried  
someone else, someone who didn't  
know what was going on.

NEALY

What are you getting at?

LATHAM

Whoever sent Loginov to Pretoria  
knew he'd be arrested and  
interrogated under duress. He  
wasn't worried about what Loginov  
would say because it couldn't come  
back to bite him. But it could  
expose someone else, and that  
person was worried. So a swap was  
arranged, which stopped the  
interrogation cold.

NEALY

So, person 'A' is hiding the fact  
that he's a mole, and person 'B' is  
hiding something Loginov learned  
about him.

LATHAM

Yes, probably from Golitsyn when he  
went to Helsinki.

NEALY

Hmm, a secret Loginov or whoever  
could use to gain leverage over 'B'.

LATHAM

I know where you're going with that  
and you're wrong; it's not MOTHER.

NEALY

He's the obvious choice, Warren.

LATHAM

And I'm sure he benefits from it.  
Mr. 'B' knew that as well. He also  
knew that any questions raised about  
the swap would presume that MOTHER  
had done it for reasons of his own.

NEALY

You're starting to think like  
MOTHER.

LATHAM

You need to work on your  
compliments.

They start walking down the corridor.

NEALY

I guess the KGB must have known  
Loginov was doubling, else why  
agree to swap for him.

LATHAM

Why indeed...

EXT. VIENNA - DAY (DUSK)

More stock footage of the city.

EXT. HERRENGASSE AND STRAUCHGASSE - CAFE CENTRAL

Sitting in a booth by a window with the curtains parted are  
Kensington and Bleu. They sip coffee and talk.

ACROSS STRAUCHGASSE

Is Kunstraum Niederoesterreich, an art gallery known as the  
"Art Space of Lower Austria." On a window sill lie the Catalog  
Case and a woolen overcoat folded neatly beside it.

INT. KUNSTRAUM NIEDEROESTERREICH

An exhibition of Vogue magazine covers shot by Richard Avedon  
hang on the walls. The Woman sets the Catalog case upright and  
unlocks it. It is empty, save for a red compact case.

The Woman takes out the red case and flips it open. Inside is a CLEAR AEROSOL VIAL, the type used to spray perfume. She closes the red case, sets it on the sill and reaches into her handbag. She pulls out a similar but opaque aerosol vial, sprays a touch on her neck and smiles.

She puts the aerosol vial and the Red Case in her handbag then puts on her coat. She grabs the Catalog case and leaves.

EXT. KUNSTRAUM NIEDEROESTERREICH

The Woman exits dumps the Catalog case in a trash receptacle, She crosses the street to CAFE CENTRAL.

INT. CAFE CENTRAL

A handful of people drink coffee or eat brunch. The Woman enters and is greeted by a MAÎTRE D'. He points toward a table but the Woman counters and points to the booth next to Bleu and Kensington. The Maître d' nods and leads her to the booth.

Kensington and Bleu perk up as she passes; they get a hint of her perfume. They grin at each other, acknowledging its pleasant scent. The Woman sits, her back almost against Bleu's back. The Maître d' offers her a menu but she interrupts.

WOMAN

(in French)

Puis-je avoir un café moyennement sucré, s'il vous plaît?

MAÎTRE D'

(in German)

Ach, du sprichst Französisch.

(in French)

Oui, mademoiselle - un café, moyennement sucré.

He leaves. Bleu and Kensington grin, enthralled by the Woman.

KENSINGTON

Maybe we should go elsewhere?

BLEU

Hmm... Let's pay up and go.

As if on queue, the Woman quickly takes a cigarette from her handbag and spins around in her seat.

WOMAN

Avez-vous une allumette?

She holds up her cigarette.

BLEU

Oh, you want a light.

WOMAN  
(in French-accented  
English)  
Yes, please.

Bleu reaches into his pocket, pulls out his butane lighter and lights her cigarette. Kensington looks envious.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
Thank you.

BLEU  
I like that perfume you're wearing.

WOMAN  
It's Chanel Number Five.  
(glances at Bleu's wedding  
ring)  
Perhaps your wife would like it.

KENSINGTON  
(grinning slyly)  
She might at that.

WOMAN  
I'll just give you a hint of it on  
your wrist. I wouldn't want her to  
get the wrong idea.

BLEU  
No, of course not.

The Woman turns back and reaches into her handbag. She opens the Red Case and removes the Clear Aerosol Vial. She turns back and smiles at Bleu.

WOMAN  
Your wrist, Monsieur?

Bleu pulls up his sleeve. As the Woman shows the Aerosol Vial, a man JUMPS from his seat three booths away.

PASH  
(yells in German)  
Entschuldigung!

Everyone in the Café is startled and looks at Pash. He quickly approaches Bleu snatches Bleu's arm away

BLEU  
What the hell are you doing?

PASH  
Ach, Englisch!  
(in English)  
(MORE)

PASH (CONT'D)

I know this will sound rude, but I couldn't help overhearing that you're about to try some Chanel Number five.

BLEU

So you come racing over here like a goddamn lunatic?

PASH

Please, I just wondered if the lady would spray a little on her wrist and let me smell it - see if my wife has that scent already.

KENSINGTON

You could have asked her after we were done.

PASH

I apologize. It won't take a moment.

BLEU

Yeah, alright. Get on with it.

PASH

(to the Woman)

Would you please, dear?

The Woman attempts to smile but is terrified.

PASH (CONT'D)

Tell you what - after you spray your wrist, I'll dab it with a napkin. That way I can bring the scent home.

KENSINGTON

That's where you belong.

BLEU

Go ahead, Miss, so this fellow can get hell hell outta here.

Pash now glares at the Woman.

PASH

Yes, go ahead. Or report back to your people that you've failed at your mission.

Kensington and Bleu are nonplussed.

WOMAN

I don't know what you're talking about.



PASH

No? Then spray some on your wrist.

WOMAN

I don't like your tone. You're rude!

She signals for the Maître d', grabs her things and quickly rushes to his station. She hands him two schillings, says something unintelligible, and hurries out the door.

KENSINGTON

I think we owe you an apology.

BLEU

(shaken and relieved)

Thank you.

PASH

No, thank Warren Latham. It was his idea.

The Maître d' walks over to the Three Men.

MAÎTRE D'

Pardon me, but the lady says you insulted her. We don't appreciate that sort of behavior in here.

BLUE

Glad to hear it.

KENSINGTON

May I have both checks, please - ours and this gentleman's.

MAÎTRE D'

Gladly.

#### ACT FIVE

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

A view of the compound from the Guard Shack.

INT. THE HOLE

Bazzo and DiLauria read through the prints of the files and take notes. Latham enters.

LATHAM

Where are we?

BAZZO

Still cross-referencing names and dates.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

But we have come up with a few things... Anatoli Golitsyn has a Soviet Desk cryptonym, AE-LADLE.

LATHAM

So CI did arrange for him to come over.

BAZZO

You think he's the false defector George Blake was referring to?

LATHAM

We'll see. What else have you got?

DiLauria selects a print from a pile.

DILAURIA

Golitsyn was vacillating between going to the Brits or coming to us. He was worried about a mole who'd conclude he's a provocation agent.

LATHAM

Does he say where this mole is?

DILAURIA

MI5.

This piques Latham's interest. He meanders about the room.

LATHAM

Hmm... Go on.

BAZZO

Two days ago CI received a debrief from MI5 on a Soviet defector.

LATHAM

Who requested it?

BAZZO

No one.

Latham stops and looks at him curiously.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

It was sent to the Soviet Desk. Peter Elias Kovács is on top of the distribution sheet.

DILAURIA

And I have a memo here from Kovács to CI's deputy director. He complains he's being excluded from recent Moscow station briefings.

LATHAM

Durang told me that two days ago MI5 asked the FBI to put eyes on Kovács.

BAZZO

So Kovács is twitched and his KGB masters know it. The guy was caught in that honey-trap...

Latham leans against a desk and sighs resignedly.

DILAURIA

As you expected, CI was watching the KGB watch our Moscow embassy. But the station #1 wasn't aware of it.

LATHAM

Was there a reason given?

DILAURIA

Need-to-know, under instruction from CI's deputy director. Hoping to catch someone in the act, I imagine.

BAZZO

It was pointless. Moscow rules were in effect. The station couldn't have recognized them if they tried.

DILAURIA

Maybe not, but the team was worried the KGB were onto them. They even replaced one of their watchers.

LATHAM

When did that happen?

DILAURIA

Two years ago.

LATHAM

That's when Blake says Eliot Bleu compromised Pyotr Popov... What if CI's countersurveillance was meant to watch Bleu and not the KGB?

BAZZO

What? Why would CI do that?

DILAURIA

Maybe to entrap him because of what he knew about MOTHER and Philby.

BAZZO

That whole memo bullshit was just a rumor to get MOTHER to back off.

LATHAM

No, Bleu shared what he knew with MI6. But I don't think that's it... What if Bleu had learned something vital from one of his assets and asked Popov to verify it? And what if that were one of the reasons the KGB used to finally arrest Popov?

DILAURIA

Then I'd be worried Bleu himself might be targeted for assassination.

LATHAM

Yuriy Loginov worked for the Soviet Desk in situ. He was compromised and now he's being swapped.

BAZZO

What the hell's going on here?!

LATHAM

I think whatever he knew made someone very nervous.

BAZZO

Brings you right back to Kovács.

LATHAM

No. A Soviet plant here can alert Moscow to whatever CI's doing. And having a wounded MOTHER is better than any agent provocateur. I think Kovács has become a threat to MOTHER and the mole. So he's being set up.

DILAURIA

What about Bleu and this Loginov?

LATHAM

I think whatever they know threatens someone the mole has to protect.

DiLauria shakes her head; it's mind-boggling. The Red phone RINGS; Bazzo answers it.

BAZZO

1-1-3-7... Yeah, he's right here.  
(hands Latham the phone)  
It's Collette.

LATHAM

Latham... Alright, be right there.

He's puzzled and hangs up. Bazzo and DiLauria look at him.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Bruce Wilson's in my office.

BAZZO  
I didn't know he was coming here.

LATHAM  
Neither did I. You two keep at it.

He leaves.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY (DUSK)

Wilson sits but he's fidgety. He stands as Latham enters.

WILSON  
Sorry to show up unannounced. I  
just thought it was better to have  
this conversation privately.

Curious, Latham motions for Wilson to sit as he does, too.

LATHAM  
What's going on?

WILSON  
We were at Idlewild last night,  
waiting for Golitsyn.

EXT. WORLDPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT - PAST

NEW YORK STATION #2, DAVIS, parks his Chevrolet Impala ahead  
of the Lincoln Continental.

WILSON (V.O.)  
Davis was to run a tail on whoever  
met him there.

LATHAM (V.O.)  
Who turned out to be CI.

INT. SECOND-LEVEL WALKWAY

Wilson is in the glass enclosure overlooking the Baggage  
Carousels. He watches the Golitsyns and Two KGB agents at a  
newsstand.

WILSON (V.O.)  
Yes, but we didn't know that at the  
time. I was on the observation  
level. I saw the Golitsyns and I  
spotted two KGB agents from the  
Amtorg rezidentura. Then I saw  
these two men approach Golitsyn.  
I'd never seen either of them  
before.

Two Men approach Golitsyn and flash identification. The Golitsyns follow Man #1 out the terminal.

WILSON (V.O.)

The Golitsyns followed one of them out the terminal while the other one had two policemen stop the KGB agents.

Man #2 approaches two nearby NEW YORK CITY POLICEMEN who intercede with the KGB Agents.

SECOND-LEVEL WALKWAY - CURBSIDE

Wilson watches the Golitsyns, the Driver and the Two Men climb into the Lincoln and drive off. The Impala follows them.

I/E. CHEVROLET IMPALA SEDAN

Davis follows the Lincoln onto the Hutchinson River Parkway.

WILSON (V.O.)

Davis followed them up the Hutch. He didn't recognize the plate number, so he called our police liaison. He said the plate's prefix was for a new issue of state government pool cars. Now, the FBI keeps watch at the Worldport Terminal. So a car with those plates would make them think the Golitsyns were guests of the governor instead of defectors.

EXT. TUDOR HOUSE

Three-stories with a driveway that splits - one side curls in front of the house, the other runs beside it to a garage where the Lincoln is parked. The Impala pulls up to the house. Wilson alights and heads to the house. MAN #4 answers the door; Davis recognizes him. They walk down the driveway.

WILSON (V.O.)

At the safehouse Davis learned they were CI; he knew one of them from The Farm. He said we didn't have a need to know about the Op, and that the station would be notified after Golitsyn was safely ensconced.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY (DUSK) - PRESENT

Wilson is still agitated. Latham is clearly troubled by this.

LATHAM

No need, he already did. Was there any attempt to shake Davis?

WILSON

No. Davis said there was no counter-surveillance being run.

LATHAM

Pretty lax for a need-to-know lift.

WILSON

I guess they figured that cute move of theirs was enough - using that New York State pool car. Shows our rivalry with the FBI is hot as ever.

LATHAM

Hm, that damn rivalry is gonna be-

Latham cuts himself short; he is having an epiphany.

WILSON

Sir?

LATHAM

The rivalry...

WILSON

Yes, between us and the Bureau.

LATHAM

No, not that one...

WILSON

I don't follow you.

LATHAM

It's alright. I wonder... Maybe it's not a coincidence that someone Davis knew was on the Op.

WILSON

But that would mean they knew we had eyes at the airport.

LATHAM

Yes.

WILSON

Even if they did, CI couldn't be sure Davis would be there.

LATHAM

They didn't have to be. When you followed them to the safehouse, their man could have identified himself to whomever and told him to have Davis contact CI to confirm the Op. Instead, he got lucky.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
His old pal Davis from The Farm  
rang the doorbell.

Wilson is at sea.

WILSON  
Why would CI do this if they knew  
we were sitting in on the Op?

LATHAM  
To warn us to stop looking at them.

WILSON  
Were we?

LATHAM  
Yes.

WILSON  
How did they know? Who leaked it?

LATHAM  
It wasn't on purpose. It was just  
someone trying to gain a leg up.

WILSON  
I still don't understand what this  
has to do with some rivalry.

LATHAM  
I think someone is involving us in  
their own squabbles.

Wilson shrugs helplessly at Latham's response.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Don't worry about it. I'm glad you  
came and told me.

WILSON  
Thanks. I was worried about coming  
here with this.

LATHAM  
You did the right thing. You  
heading back to New York now?

WILSON  
Yes, sir.

Latham stands, signaling to Wilson to stand up as well.

LATHAM  
Hold onto your SITREPS until you  
hear from me.



Wilson nods. Latham escorts him into...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is there, editing a report. She looks up.

LATHAM  
Have a safe trip back.

The Two shake hands.

COLLETTE  
'Bye, Bruce.

Wilson smiles at her and leaves. Latham looks at Collette and grins cruelly.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
You look like you just caught  
someone with his pants down.

LATHAM  
Did I mention Philby or MOTHER?

COLLETTE  
Time for me to go home.

LATHAM  
Before you take off, when's  
Kensington due back?

Collette checks her notebook.

COLLETTE  
His plane lands at 07:40 tomorrow.

LATHAM  
Knowing him, he'll drop off his  
bags at home and come straight  
here. Call D-Int and Berard. Ask  
Berard if we can meet in his office  
tomorrow at 08:00.

COLLETTE  
Before Kensington gets there.

Latham nods. Collette picks up the Red phone.

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

CIA employees head into the compound through Gate #1.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard, Nealy and Latham are there. Berard again eats his  
breakfast from a cart beside his desk.

LATHAM

Prior to two days ago, Middleton's mole hunt seemed destined to bring CIA to its knees. I think that'll still happen, but not because there isn't a mole. There is.

This grabs everyone's attention.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Two days ago, MI6 came to D-Int with stories from their own mole, George Blake. He said our Moscow station chief, Eliot Bleu, had compromised our GRU asset ATTIC. Is it alright to say his name?

BERARD

(reluctantly)

Yes, go ahead.

LATHAM

He also said the Agency had a mole in its ranks. That's when Bill and I came to you.

He looks at Nealy who nods in agreement.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

That same day MI5 called Carl Durang at the FBI. Five had a Soviet defector who claimed that Peter Elias Kovács had been caught in a KGB honey-trap years earlier.

BERARD

Kovács is on the Soviet Desk?

LATHAM

Yes. MI5 asked the FBI to put eyes on Kovács because they suspect he's a double agent. Their defector also said that Pyotr Popov had been responsible for exposing a GRU illegal, Margarita Tairova. Durang reviewed the Bureau's case file on her. He believes the FBI's ham-fisted approach to surveillance had compromised Tairova, who was traveling under her working name, Mary Grodnik. However, as Popov was the only who knew Tairova's working name, the spooks in Dzerzhinsky Square believed he had compromised Tairova.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

But, that still left open the possibility that Kovács could have exposed her in order to cast suspicion on Popov.

NEALY

Why would he do that?

LATHAM

Eliot Bleu used to send Popov encrypted letters containing information from his sources. Popov would verify whether the info was true or not. I think Bleu sent him information that was vital. It would expose not only our mole, but a Soviet penetration agent the mole was protecting. Despite all of Bleu's precautions, I believe one of the letters was intercepted and decrypted. That signed Popov's death warrant. The KGB could then take their time and round up Bleu's sources without raising suspicion. That would leave them with the decision to either discredit Bleu or to kill him. And in fact someone did try to assassinate him in Vienna yesterday but failed.

BERARD

I read Stewart's memo on that late last night. Good show, Warren.

LATHAM

Thank you.

NEALY

Why wouldn't the KGB just wait to see if Bleu were discredited?

LATHAM

Because I believe they felt Mr. Kensington might not find him guilty of anything.

Berard nods, ashamedly.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

We'll still have to wait and see what Mr. Kensington says though. I believe Loginov had learned there might be an attempt on Bleu's life. Under interrogation by MI6, he gave up the West train station in Vienna and a locker number.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

The mandarins found an FIR confirming Loginov had placed something in the locker back in May. I think when he learned who the target was, he told his handler at CI who told upper management.

NEALY

And that resulted in Loginov being compromised.

LATHAM

Loginov had gone to Helsinki where I believe he met up with Anatoli Golitsyn, whom CI induced to defect yesterday. I believe Golitsyn told him Bleu was the target and who had ordered the hit.

NEALY

Golitsyn had been recalled to Moscow and had made plane reservations for next month. If there were hard evidence against him, he'd have been asked to return within the week.

LATHAM

That's why he was still allowed to travel.

BERARD

So Loginov was now a threat; he could conceivably expose someone connected to the mole.

LATHAM

Yes, someone outside CIA. And so he was compromised and offered as part of swap - an exchange, by the way, that was quickly facilitated because the KGB knew Loginov was doubling.

BERARD

Through their own efforts.

LATHAM

No, someone volunteered it. And that person also recommended to CI that Loginov might have been redoubled and therefore could no longer be trusted. Middleton wouldn't need any more prodding than that. He'd found a mole and he could make an example of him.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

He'd swap Loginov, knowing full well he'd be executed once he was back behind The Curtain.

BERARD

Yes, that is what I'd expect from Middleton.

LATHAM

Yesterday, the New York station put eyes on Golitsyn to see who'd meet him at the airport. Our people recognized the KGB watchers but had no idea who the men were that met the Golitsyns. We later learned from someone who'd helped with the lift, and who knew the New York #2, that they were CI. They knew we were at the airport and that we we'd followed them.

NEALY

They wanted to send your people a message, I imagine.

LATHAM

Yes. It was a warning that CI were onto us. They knew we were looking into their activities here and in Moscow, and that we should stop.

BERARD

Are you saying we have a mole in Domestic Ops?

LATHAM

No, at least not a witting one. When Kensington came to speak with me, he accused me of being tight-lipped. He also spoke with the mandarins, so I imagine he felt frustrated thinking they were giving him short shrift as well.

BERARD

Were you?

LATHAM

No, I'd just started investigating. But I'm sure he didn't believe me. As you know, Kensington was once in charge of the Soviet Desk. He probably went there to ask his old pals to help him catch up.

BERARD

On any joint operations with Domestic Ops, like a defection.

LATHAM

Yes. Being frustrated like he was, he probably asked some fairly pointed questions. Someone sharp like Kovács would have wondered if Kensington was probing. I think he followed up, and that would have led him into conflict with the mole, and have CI begin looking at us.

NEALY

So you think Kovács is being sacrificed?

LATHAM

Yes, and I believe the person behind it is CI's deputy director, Creighton Long.

Berard and Nealy are nonplussed.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Time and again, memos regarding Popov, Blue, Tairova and Loginov cross his desk last, not Middleton's. Then questionable orders are handed down, like sending Loginov to take pictures of police headquarters in Pretoria.

BERARD

Creighton... I've known him for years.

LATHAM

I'm sorry, sir.

BERARD

You said he's protecting someone.

LATHAM

Yes, and I don't believe it's anyone here. There have long been suspicions that another mole was in MI5. Bill brought up Igor Gouzenko, the GRU code clerk who defected in '45. He had said there was a mole in MI5. Blake confirmed the KGB still have a price on his head. That could only mean that mole is still there. And I believe he's at the top of the food chain.

BERARD  
MI5's chief, Clive Wallace?

LATHAM  
Yes.

BERARD  
(sighs)  
My God...

LATHAM  
And one more thing. This goes to back to something I brought up to Bill. I mentioned that I was having trouble accepting as coincidence that MI5 and MI6 would contact the FBI and us on the same day with revisions on old Ops involving CIA.

NEALY  
That's true, sir. I didn't find anything particularly wrong with it.

LATHAM  
MI6's Fiona Jeffries had told me the Home Office had proposed amalgamating MI6 with MI5,

NEALY  
What? MI6 has always opposed any merger.

LATHAM  
I know. MI5 and MI6 are no different than the FBI and us when it comes to rivalry, except theirs is a bit more insidious. I think both British firms are using us to prove a point for them in their little battle for supremacy.

BERARD  
Good grief!

NEALY  
How?

LATHAM  
If we prove Kovács is doubling, and that the FBI is too clumsy to handle counterintelligence, then MI5 can say they accurately warned us and that they should replace MI6 in our affections.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

If, on the other hand, we act on MI6's information from George Blake and uncover the mole he says is in CIA, and we prove MI6's theory on how Popov was compromised, they get better cooperation via the Special Relationship, and the Home Office gets to eat their amalgamation proposal.

NEALY

This is a day for surprises.

BERARD

So, what do you suggest we do?

LATHAM

Well, we have to wait to hear from Kensington. Then we can decide what to do with Eliot Bleu, if anything, and exactly what information we can pass on to MI5 and MI6.

BERARD

Favoring MI6, I suspect.

LATHAM

Yes, sir.

BERARD

Alright. Let's reconvene after Stewart gets here.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is at his desk reading a report. There is a KNOCK on his door. Without waiting for a response, Kensington enters.

KENSINGTON

I, um, spoke with Berard. That's quite some intuitive work on your part.

LATHAM

Thank you.

Kensington sits.

KENSINGTON

(reluctantly)

I want to thank you for watching over Eliot Bleu and myself in Vienna.

LATHAM

My pleasure.



KENSINGTON

I spent the day speaking with Bleu. He felt the KGB weren't nearly as smart or efficient as we gave them credit for. Given his outsized ego, I wasn't all that surprised to see how complacent he'd become. His attention to his tradecraft was lax at best.

LATHAM

D-Int must have been sorry to hear that.

KENSINGTON

I haven spoken to him yet.

LATHAM

Oh...

KENSINGTON

I'm going to recommend he be given an option to retire. I'm sure we could find an adjunct professorship for him somewhere. But if he refuses, I'll turn him over to CI.

LATHAM

(surprised)

That's really very generous of you.

KENSINGTON

CI may be out to crucify people, but I'm not.

LATHAM

When are you going to see D-Int?

KENSINGTON

That's my next stop. I thought I'd see you first.

LATHAM

Thank you, sir. I appreciate that.

Kensington stands.

KENSINGTON

I guess that shows I have forgotten all my interrogation techniques.

LATHAM

(chagrined)

No, sir. You certainly haven't.

Kensington nods appreciatively then leaves. After a moment Collette enters. Latham is shaking his head in surprise and smiling.

COLLETTE

I see Kensington didn't kill the fatted calf.

LATHAM

No... How about you, Fiona and me doing just that at Joe and Nemo's?

COLLETTE

As long as we stop along the way for some Pepto-Bismol. Those steamed hamburgers... Indigestion City.

They both grin.

LATHAM

I'll call Fiona.

Collette leaves. Latham picks up the Gray phone and dials.

END