

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Two, Episode #16: "Early Departure, Part Two"

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"Early Departure, Part Two"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

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

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

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD signs a memorandum as WARREN LATHAM enters.

LATHAM

You wanted to see me, sir?

BERARD

Yes. Close the door.

Latham grows anxious as he closes the door.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Were you aware the president is making an unscheduled trip to Mexico City tonight?

LATHAM

(surprised)

No.

BERARD

He's meeting with President Mateos.

LATHAM

When was this announced?

BERARD

I just learned about it; so did our Mexican ambassador.

LATHAM

Why wouldn't the White House let him know so he could prepare for it?

BERARD

Apparently, that was the point. The president wanted to keep this low key. Knowing your concerns, I asked about Kennedy's protection scheme.

LATHAM

And?

BERARD

The Secret Service have already coordinated with Mexico's Federales.

LATHAM

What about the 470th M.I. Brigade in Fort Sam?

BERARD

They weren't needed. They received word from INSCOM to stand down.

LATHAM

What's going on here?

BERARD

Maybe nothing. Before Nixon went there the Secret Service coordinated with the Federales. They didn't see a need for any additional support.

LATHAM

They didn't have advance notice of an assassination.

BERARD

There are always threats, Warren. I'm only telling you this because of Nagel's threat.

LATHAM

Thank you, sir.

KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

STEWART KENSINGTON is on the Gray phone, speaking furtively.

KENSINGTON

I know she's in Washington... I'd rather not phone Senator Reading. You're her assistant. She must check in with you... Could you ask Miss Blair to call me here?... She knows the number... Right, Stewart Kensington... Thank you.

He hangs up, straightens his tie and opens a report.

EXT. UNION STATION - DAY

Panorama from the railway station across the street to the...

PARKING GARAGE

A man in a peacoat and knit hat, PALEY, 40, enters the garage through a stairwell door.

TOP LEVEL

Paley emerges from the stairwell. He pulls a notebook from his pocket and flips it open:

**Ford Falcon LWL-536  
Union Station Garage - Top Level  
520 Atlantic St. SE, Apt. 5E**

He walks to Connor's Ford Falcon and looks about. Seeing no one, he uses a "bump key" to unlock the door and get inside.

I/E. FORD FALCON

Paley starts the car. He opens the glove box, takes out the garage ticket, then drives down the exit ramp.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - 30TH STREET RAILWAY STATION - DAY

A passenger train pulls into the railway station.

INT. TRAIN CAR

The CONDUCTOR walks through the car, approaching Connor.

CONDUCTOR

This stop is 30th Street Station,  
Philadelphia. 30th Street Station.

CONNOR

How far's the airport from here?

CONDUCTOR

Not far. About a half hour by cab.

CONNOR grabs his suitcase and stands. CARLA DILAURIA gets up.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

This is Philly, Miss, not New York.

DiLauria smiles and hurries to the train door. The Conductor shakes his head and MUTTERS to himself as he moves on.

EXT. 30TH STREET RAILWAY STATION - TAXI STAND

Connor waits as the taxis pull up. DiLauria is right behind him. He gets into the first taxi; she grabs the next one.

PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Stock footage of the main terminal.

INT. EASTERN AIRLINES DEPARTURE LOUNGE

Looking anxious, Connor sits with the other passengers.

PAYPHONE BANK - PHONE BOOTH

DiLauria is on the phone. Connor is in her line of sight.

DILAURIA

I'm at PHL heading to MEX.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is on the Gray phone.

LATHAM

Are you waiting on a connection?

CROSSCUT DILAURIA WITH LATHAM

DILAURIA

No, I rode the rails here with the joker.

LATHAM

Okay, I'll call ahead for you.

GATE AGENT #1 (O.S.)

Eastern Airlines flight 79 to Mexico City, with a stopover in St. Louis, now boarding at Gate 12.

DILAURIA

That's my queue. Oh, I left the pool car on G Place near First.

LATHAM

I'll send someone to get it. Go.

BACK TO SCENE

He hangs up. COLLETTE DOWD enters, notepad in hand. Latham is abstracted.

COLLETTE

You're meeting Durang at 14:30. SMOTH wants to meet at 16:00, and Bisset will see you at the Society of the Cincinnati at 17:30.

Latham nods listlessly.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

You want me to cancel one of them?

LATHAM

Why would this neo-Nazi Carla's watching take a train to Philly, then fly to Mexico City when he could've left from BWI or National?

COLLETTE

He's using someone else's ticket?

This strikes a chord with Latham.

EXT. THE TABARD INN - DAY

The oldest continuing running hotel in Washington, D.C.

INT. LOUNGE

A fireplace, antiques and oil paintings adorn the room. Light falls through trellised windows. Kensington and CAROL BLAIR sip tea on the sofa to the soft THRUM of bossa nova.

CAROL

Looking to get back in the game?

KENSINGTON

Yes.

CAROL

You know Latham argued to keep you as head of the Cuban Project.

KENSINGTON

I heard something to that effect.

CAROL

Kennedy should've listened... I'm working with a group to stop Castro from exporting his revolution to Latin America, starting with Mexico. In fact, we're running an operation there right now. Is that something you'd be interested in?

KENSINGTON

Yes, very much so.

EXT. MEXICO CITY - HISTORIC DISTRICT - DAY

INSERT: "Mexico City, Historic District"

Street merchants sell their wares on Moneda, a closed street. FEDERALES AGENT GUSTAVO, PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY and WILL SCHOTT walk into the HOTEL MONEDA. Schott turns to Bazzo...

SCHOTT

The Desk Clerk's our joe.

INT. LOBBY

Typical one-star hotel. Guests mill about. Schott pulls young DESK CLERK #1 aside. Bazzo and Gustavo give them space but bits of their chat could still be heard.

DESK CLERK #1  
Bruce Wilson? No...

After a moment, Schott rejoins them, brandishing a room key.

BAZZO  
Wilson isn't registered here?

SCHOTT  
Oh, you heard. That was my mistake.  
He's registered as Thomas Rhodes, a  
reporter for the Philadelphia  
Evening Herald. Ring a bell?

Bazzo shakes his head. The Three head up the stairs.

HOTEL ROOM

Typical. The Three Men enter. Gustavo waits by the door. Bazzo looks through the dresser; Schott checks the closet. He finds luggage, a camera bag and two boxes - one has leaflets, the other, copies of the John Birch Society Blue Book. Schott holds up a Blue Book. Gustavo is livid.

GUSTAVO  
Hoy, tu maldita Sociedad John Birch  
dice que el presidente Mateos  
debería ser fusilado.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Your goddamn John Birch Society says President Mateos should be shot."

Schott returns the book. He opens the camera bag and pulls out a Polaroid-Land camera. Meanwhile, Bazzo finds a cork board under the bed and pulls it out. Pinned to it are photos of Zócalo Plaza and environs, the two churches, the Cadillacs, Mateos and bodyguard. He looks up at Schott, who joins him.

SCHOTT  
Hm, Wilson's taking trophy snaps.

BAZZO  
I hope not. The last thing we want  
is a hit on President Mateos. The  
blowback will fall on us. All of  
Latin America will side with the  
Soviets.

SCHOTT  
An ominous warning from Mother K.

BAZZO  
Huh? Wilson used to say that all  
the time... Have you spoken to him?

Schott guiltily looks away. Bazzo stands and confronts him.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I asked you a question.

SCHOTT

And I got one for you: Why the hell are you really here?

BAZZO

You prick! You've been talking to him all along.

SCHOTT

Kiss my ass!

He shoves Bazzo aside. Bazzo quickly SLAMS him against the wall. Schott reaches for his gun. Bazzo PUNCHES Schott in the stomach and WRENCHES the gun away. Schott doubles over in pain and gasps. Gustavo races over and pushes Bazzo away.

GUSTAVO

Basta! Qué les pasa idiotas?

Gustavo tries to assist Schott but he waves away Gustavo.

BAZZO

Waste my time on your bullshit!

SCHOTT

You should talk. Come here looking for dirt so's you can write me up, force me out like you did Wilson.

BAZZO

I'm not here on a Ferret Search!

SCHOTT

That's not how Wilson tells it.

BAZZO

He's lucky he's not in jail. Here.

Bazzo calms down and hands Schott his gun, surprising Schott.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I just want to know why he's here.

SCHOTT

Carol Blair sent him to assess how much right-wing influence there is.

BAZZO

There isn't any here.

SCHOTT

Tell her that! Crazy broad always has her own agenda.



BAZZO

But the photos all suggest a hit.

SCHOTT

You know more about hits than me.

BAZZO

(hurt by this)

It's not something I enjoy doing.

SCHOTT

But if Latham or that faggot  
Kensington wants someone hit,  
you'll do it, like with Trujillo.

BAZZO

Circumstances had changed with him.

SCHOTT

No shit, Sherlock! We love Mateos  
today, but if circumstances change,  
he's out. And no one'll care which  
way the fucking wind blows!

Bazzo turns away and sees crumpled paper in the waste basket.  
He reaches in, pulls out a telegram and lays it on the floor:

**=WU002 NL PD=WASHINGTON, DC JAN 28=  
=THOMAS RHODES=  
=C/O HOTEL MONEDA, MONEDA 8, CENTRO HISTÓRICO DE LA CDAD=  
=06000 CIUDAD DE MÉXICO=  
=PAPA CONFIRMS WEEKEND VISIT=  
=DAVID HEROLD=**

**2122P**

Bazzo takes a Minox B camera from his pocket and snaps photos  
of it and the corkboard. Schott leans over and reads it.

SCHOTT (CONT'D)

You know this David Herold or Papa?

BAZZO

No. Anything going on here tomorrow  
or Sunday?

SCHOTT

Nothing. Gustavo, pasa algo especial  
en Zócalo este fin de semana?

Gustavo shrugs his "no."

BAZZO

Okay. Keep up your surveillance on  
Wilson. Let's clean up here and go.

He crumples the telegram and tosses it into the waste basket.

EXT. HOTEL MONEDA - DAY

The Three leave the hotel and get into a 1955 Ford Fairlane.

INT. FORD FAIRLANE

Gustavo pulls his walkie-talkie from his jacket and turns it on; it CRACKLES.

FEDERALES AGENT (O.S.)  
Teniente...

Gustavo puts the walkie-talkie to his ear.

GUSTAVO  
Si?... Dónde?... Nosotros estamos  
en nuestro camino.  
(to Bazzo and Schott)  
Wilson se ha ido en un auto. Mis  
hombres lo están siguiendo. Podemos  
unirnos a ellos; está a una hora de  
distancia.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Wilson's driven off. My men are following him. We can join them; it's about an hour away."

SCHOTT  
I gotta get back. I'll take a cab.

Schott gets out of the car. Gustavo and Bazzo drive off.

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

Stock footage of this familiar D.C. landmark.

INT. CARL DURANG'S OFFICE

On the wall is the FBI Seal; in the corner, an American flag. A nameplate on the desk reads "Asst. Dir. Carl Durang." Chubby CARL DURANG stays seated as Latham enters and sits.

DURANG  
And my day was going so well...

LATHAM  
Sorry to interrupt your nap, but  
did you come up with anything?

DURANG  
Before we get into that, tell me  
the real reason you're so  
interested in extremist groups.

LATHAM  
I told you. They're as much a threat  
to national security as communism.

DURANG

Mr. Hoover doesn't share your view.

LATHAM

I'm not surprised. So, have any of them threatened the president?

DURANG

You asked me that on the phone. You sound like a broken record.

(into the Intercom)

Mabel, bring me that file on The Messenger.

(hangs up)

Is there something in the wind?

LATHAM

A \$100,000 bounty on Kennedy.

Durang is aghast. MABEL, 50, Durang's crotchety secretary, enters with a folder. She hands it to Durang and leaves. He opens the file to an FBI memorandum that starts...

**"Reference is made to an article alleging membership by Vice President Johnson in the Ku Klux Klan in the 12-Jan-62 issue of "The Messenger." The magazine identifies itself as having been published by the Citizens' Militia of Louisiana..."**

Durang hands the memo to Latham who reads it.

DURANG

The D.A. in Orleans Parish asked us to look into the Citizens' Militia after that story appeared in their magazine, The Messenger. Turns out their editor's a C.I. of ours, and a member of the Original Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. He claims he has proof Johnson was a Klan member back in Texas.

LATHAM

The article also says the New Orleans chapter of the Communist Party supports President Kennedy.

DURANG

That chapter's got four members. Four. Half the time they meet inside the Party leader's Buick.

LATHAM

So why is the Klan making Kennedy out to be this Communist poster boy?

Durang grows grim and hands Latham another memorandum.

DURANG

I asked around for more on them, the John Birch Society - all of 'em. ATF said a defector from the Minutemen told them plots to kill Kennedy and Martin Luther King were in the works. They said all these groups have plots in the works!

Latham is incredulous; Durang's anger grows.

DURANG (CONT'D)

One group has the president number one, Bobby number two, and Ted the number three Kennedy they plan to assassinate. I sent a report to Mr. Hoover and he replied that I should get back to work looking for the communists behind King!

LATHAM

What if someone close to Kennedy were a member of one of these groups, maybe even in on the planning?

DURANG

You saying someone from his Cabinet?

LATHAM

The JCS, maybe even Carol Blair.

DURANG

Who, the publisher? Come on...

LATHAM

She's worked with him financing covert missions in Latin America. We've learned she's been linked to the John Birch Society and the National Renaissance Party; it's an offshoot of Lincoln Rockwell's American Nazi Party. They also have ties to the Ku Klux Klan. When their leader Danny Burrell was killed, the New York City police were concerned enough to go see her.

Durang is stupefied.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Carl, Kennedy's making an unscheduled trip to Mexico City tonight with only basic protection.

Durang looks up, equally as worried as Latham.

EXT. N STREET, NW - DAY

Carol walks by a newsstand. Two magazines with splashy covers catch her eye: Washington Word and New York Today.

EXT. THE TABARD INN

Stock footage of this elegant little hotel.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM

Luxurious. On the table are the two magazines. Carol sits there, picks up the phone and dials.

READING'S SECRETARY (O.S.)  
Senator Reading's office.

CAROL  
It's Carol Blair. Is the senator in?

READING'S SECRETARY (O.S.)  
Yes. One moment, Miss Blair.

INT. SENATOR READING'S OFFICE

The magazines lie on the desk. KEN READING picks up the phone.

READING  
Carol? It's Ken.

CROSSCUT CAROL WITH READING

CAROL  
Both magazines hit the newsstand,  
just in time for the weekend.

READING  
I just got them. I haven't had a  
chance to read them yet.

CAROL  
Well, both have Cuba's attempts to  
force regime change in Mexico.

READING  
And the sidebars?

CAROL  
One on the John Birch Society and  
another on the Ku Klux Klan.

READING  
Angry with Kennedy, right?

CAROL  
Yes. Oh, I got Kensington involved.

READING

What?! Why the hell'd you do that?!

CAROL

Calm down. He offered to help.

READING

Who gives a shit?! Geezus, what's wrong with you? Are you just making this shit up as you go along?!

CAROL

He makes it more convincing, Ken.

READING

You should've told me first.

BACK TO SCENE

CAROL

Well, I'm telling you now. We'll talk later.

Carol hangs up.

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

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

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

Kensington gathers the folders on his desk into a neat pile. His AIDE-DE-CAMP enters. Kensington points to it.

KENSINGTON

They go in The Vault. I'll be checking in with the Ops Room periodically, in case anyone needs to get in touch with me.

AIDE-DE-CAMP

Will you be out of the country, sir?

KENSINGTON

No, of course not! I would've cleared it with Security.

His Aide-de-camp picks up the folders. Kensington dons his coat and hat and follows his Aide-de-camp out the door.

EXT. WASHINGTON HIGHLANDS - DAY

A neglected apartment complex typifies this poor neighborhood. Stuffed animals lay at the base of a tree, two deflated "Happy Birthday" balloons hang from a branch - a makeshift memorial. A white utility van for "AJAX CLEANING" pulls up and parks.

INT. UTILITY VAN

Paley is at the wheel; a MAN wearing coveralls rides along with him. Paley pulls a notebook from his pocket, checks the address then stows the notebook. He grabs a pair of coveralls from between the seats, then he and the other Man alight.

EXT. ATLANTIC STREET, SE - UTILITY VAN

Paley removes his peacoat and knit hat and leaves them in the van. He dons the coveralls then he and the other Man put on painter's caps and carry work gloves. Paley opens the van's rear door. They each take out a duffel bag and utility box then Paley locks the van. They enter an apartment building through a Service Entrance door with a broken lock.

INT. HALLWAY

Noisy - loud music, TVs, arguments - but no one other than Paley and the Man are in the hallway. The Two approach apartment 5E. Paley uses a lock-pick to enter the apartment.

APARTMENT 5E

Paley and the Man begin their search. They gather pictures, bills, mail, prescription medicines - anything with a name, address or a face - and put them into the duffel bags.

They open their utility boxes and take out letters, matchbook covers with addresses scribbled inside them, snapshots of a gay tryst, and legal pads with notes. They scatter them in drawers and leave some in a shoebox on a closet shelf.

EXT. STREET - APARTMENT BUILDING

Paley and the Man exit, duffel bags slung over their shoulders, utility boxes in hand. They throw everything into the back of the van then get in the front.

INT. UTILITY VAN

Paley opens the floor-mounted storage bin; inside is a radio-telephone. He picks up the handset and dials.

INT. LT. COLONEL EASTON'S OFFICE

Befitting a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Pictures of Presidents Kennedy and Eisenhower are on the wall. Uniformed LT. COLONEL EASTON writes at his desk. The phone RINGS; he answers it.

EASTON  
Lt. Colonel Easton...

CROSSCUT PALEY WITH EASTON

PALEY

Angel-One here. We removed the trash. Goods are ready to be sold.

EASTON

Fine, Angel-One. Go to lunch.

BACK TO SCENE

Paley hangs up, starts the van and drives away.

EXT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Stock footage of the airport.

INT. AEROMEXICO DEPARTURE GATE 24

The airline logo is on the wall. The Flight Board reads:

**AEROMEXICO FLT. 157  
TO: MEXICO CITY  
VIA HOUSTON  
DEPARTURE TIME: 16:55**

Kensington approaches GATE AGENT #2 and hands her his ticket. She checkmarks the manifest and hands him back the ticket.

GATE AGENT #2

You're all checked in, Mr. Moran. You have quite a lot of time before departure. Perhaps you'd like to relax in the International Lounge.

KENSINGTON

Yes, I think I will. Thank you.

Gate Agent #2 smiles as Kensington heads to the lounge.

## ACT TWO

EXT. MEXICO CITY - IZTAPALAPA - DAY

Densely populated and beggarly poor. Street markets sell cheap and stolen goods. Abandoned cars are stripped; those that run are a patchwork of parts. Half the shops are shuttered. Many of the single-story homes look like converted garages.

WAREHOUSE

Several pit bulls sit on the roof. A Chevrolet Biscayne pulls up. Wilson gets out and RAPS three times on the door. It opens to reveal a SWARTHY, UNSHAVEN MAN pointing a gun at Wilson. He motions for Wilson to step inside then closes the door.



PARKED FARTHER UP THE STREET

Bazzo and Gustavo wait inside the Ford Fairlane. Across the street two FEDERALES AGENTS sit in a NASH RAMBLER.

INT. FORD FAIRLANE

Two walkie-talkies lie on the seat between Gustavo and Bazzo who each lower their binoculars.

BAZZO

Dile a tus hombres que se vayan. No quiero que Wilson vuelva a ver sus auto.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Tell your men to leave. I don't want Wilson seeing their car again."

Gustavo picks up his walkie-talkie and speaks into it.

GUSTAVO

Suegro, vuelve a casa.

He lays down the walkie-talkie. He and Bazzo watch the Nash Rambler drive away.

BAZZO

Estás seguro de que el sol se pone detrás de nosotros? No quiero que se refleje en las lentes.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You're sure the sun sets behind us? I don't want it reflecting off the lenses."

Gustavo nods.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Señor Wilson seguramente eligió una buena parte de la ciudad.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Wilson sure picked a nice part of town."

GUSTAVO

Iztapalapa es el peor barrio de la ciudad. Novecientos cuarenta homicidios aquí el año pasado; resolvimos cuarenta de ellos.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Iztapalapa is the worst neighborhood in the city. 940 homicides here last year; we solved 40 of them."

THE WAREHOUSE

The door opens. Wilson exits cradling a thick, wrapped package about a foot square. He gets into his car and drives away.

I/E. FORD FAIRLANE

Gustavo starts the car. They follow Wilson's Biscayne along Río de la Piedad to the Historic District, then to Estación Buenavista (Buenavista Railway Station). Wilson parks in an open-air lot. Gustavo and Bazzo pull to the curb.

BAZZO

Dame las llaves. Si tenemos que separarnos, te quedas con Wilson; toma un taxi. Mantienes en contacto por radio.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Give me the keys. If we have to separate, you stay with Wilson; take a taxi. Keep in touch by radio."

Gustavo hands Bazzo the car keys. They pocket their walkie-talkies in their windbreakers and alight.

EXT. ESTACIÓN BUENAVISTA (RAILWAY STATION) - DAY

The name is spelled out atop the facade. Only a few people are about. Bazzo and Gustavo follow Wilson into the station.

INT. ESTACIÓN BUENAVISTA - GRAND HALL

A huge, two-tiered space with offices on the upper level. The benches are empty save for a few people. Wilson enters toting a shopping bag. He sits in an empty row near the back. Bazzo and Gustavo are on opposite sides of the Grand Hall. Gustavo loiters by a newsstand. At a bank of phone booths, Bazzo sits inside one, holding the handset to his ear.

From the middle row of benches, JOHN DUMARS, 40, gets up. He GRABS an overnight bag from the bench, folds it and tucks it under his arm, then walks into the restroom. Now Wilson gets up and totes his shopping bag into the restroom. Seconds later, Dumars exits, carrying his overnight bag by its handle.

BAZZO

Eyes the overnight bag. Suspicious, he hangs up, leaves the booth and follows Dumars.

EXT. ESTACIÓN BUENAVISTA

Dumars leaves the railway station and hails a taxi. Bazzo jogs across the road and gets into the Ford Fairlane. He starts the car and drives away, following Dumars' taxi.

BERNARDINO DE SAHAGUN (MEXICO CITY NEIGHBORHOOD)

Middle-class homes, apartment buildings and a hotel: HOTEL DEL COMERCIO. Dumars' taxi pulls up to the hotel behind a tour bus. Several gabby, older AMERICAN TOURISTS get off the bus there and enter the hotel with Dumars.

BAZZO

Parks. He puts the walkie-talkie in the glove box then gets out of the car. He locks the doors and heads into the hotel.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

While a TOUR GUIDE tries to corral the noisy Tourists, Dumars approaches DESK CLERK #2, putting the overnight bag on the floor beside him.

DUMARS

John Dumars. I have a reservation.

While Desk Clerk #2 checks the reservation book, Bazzo ambles behind Dumars and grabs an Historic District brochure off the counter. He then melds with the Tour Group.

DESK CLERK #2

I have it here, señor; prepaid for the weekend. Sign here, please.

As Dumars signs, Desk Clerk #2 TAPS a small bell. A young BELLHOP runs up, wearing an oversized uniform. Desk Clerk #2 hands the Bellhop the room key with a fob stamped "409."

BELLHOP

This way, señor.

As he reaches for Dumars' overnight bag...

DUMARS

No!

EVERYONE IS STARTLED. Dumars grabs the overnight bag by its handle. As the shaken Bellhop leads Dumars to the elevator, a DOTTY WOMAN in the tour group turns to HER FEMALE FRIEND.

DOTTY WOMAN

See! 'No' means no, even in Spanish.

BAZZO

Follows an arrow sign, "Teléfono," down a corridor to a phone booth. The phone number on the dial is 226-3708. He puts a coin in the slot and dials...

BAZZO

This is Tom Sterling. I'd like to speak to Carmine Morosi, please.

SCHOTT (O.S.)

There's no one here by that name.

BAZZO

Hmm, is this 226-3708?

SCHOTT (O.S.)  
Nope, you're one off.

BAZZO  
My mistake.

He hangs up and hurriedly leaves the phone booth.

EXT. STREET - HOTEL DEL COMERCIO

Bazzo leaves the hotel, gets in his car and drives away.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the Washington Monument.

SAMUEL GOMPERS PARK

Latham and FIONA JEFFRIES stroll arm-in-arm.

FIONA  
The ambassador pulled Larry into a meeting. Disappointed?

LATHAM  
Oh, absolutely.

Fiona punches him in the arm as they continue to stroll.

INSERT THE FOLLOWING RUSSIAN MILITARY SCENES:

- Warships hold drills in the Bering Sea.
- Paratroopers walk out the door of a plane in flight.
- ICBMs under tarpaulins are towed at night along the road.
- Medium-range bombers fly overhead.
- At Anadyr military base, soldiers in bulky arctic clothes pose with their skis before two signs: one points to "Anadyr, 1 km"; the other points to "Alaska, U.S.A., 1,564 km."

SUIT WORDS TO IMAGES

FIONA  
The Russians say they've begun military exercises in the Bering Sea and at their base in Anadyr. But GCHQ has SIGINT of locals talking about long flatbeds heading to Anadyr after midnight.

LATHAM  
ICBMs... Had NATO been moving troops to the border prior to this?

FIONA

No. We think the Soviets are taking up defensive positions against a possible attack from your people.

LATHAM

Why the hell would they think that?

FIONA

GCHQ heard Russian troops talking to their wives and girlfriends. They repeated a lot of hawkish rhetoric from your Joint Chiefs. They also said they were going to a cold region for six months or more.

LATHAM

And winter exercises normally last a few weeks... Are their troops normally so chatty?

FIONA

These were. They're so happy to get new skis, boots and parkas they couldn't contain themselves.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham and Fiona pass by the reflecting pool.

LATHAM

What's been NATO's response?

FIONA

The French say you're provoking the Soviets, who are simply conducting their biennial drills. They cite Radio Moscow reporting Khrushchev's pending visit to Anadyr. He'll be telling the locals they're getting new agricultural equipment.

LATHAM

What a charmer.

FIONA

But here's the kicker. We also learned that four regiments from the northern Leningrad Military District will be sent to Cuba.

LATHAM

(curiously)

That's way at the other end of the Soviet Union, near Finland.

FIONA

Yes. If you're going to transfer men from a frigid zone to a warm one, why not the ones at Anadyr? Khrushchev's visit is a goodwill gesture. So why not replace those troops with ones from the exercises, especially since the first transfer is for 500 men?

Latham is stunned. They immediately stop their stroll.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I know; that's the same number of troops Nagel said would go to Cuba.

EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY

Stock footage of the landmark building.

INT. GENERAL STANS' OFFICE

Befits a senior member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. GENERAL STANS reads National Review; Easton gulps a whiskey shot.

STANS

You read this piece on Robert Welch? Buckley calls him a fucking lunatic. Says the GOP should distance itself from his John Birch Society.

Easton checks his watch then picks up the phone and dials...

SECRETARY (O.S.)

John Birch Society...

EASTON

Hi, this is Thomas Rhodes. May I speak to Mr. Welch, please?

SECRETARY (O.S.)

He just left, Mr. Rhodes. Can I take a message?

EASTON

Yes, tell him I called and I'll call back when the job is done.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

I will. Goodbye, Mr. Rhodes.

Easton hangs up and grins.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Collette types while BILL NEALY waits.

Latham enters; he is mildly surprised to see Nealy.

NEALY

Got a minute for me, Warren?

Latham nods and motions for Nealy to enter...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham follows Nealy, doffs his coat, then he and Nealy sit.

NEALY

Moscow's sending four regiments  
from the Leningrad Military  
District to Cuba.

LATHAM

I know; Fiona just told me. The  
first transfer is for 500 men.

NEALY

Which supports your theory.

LATHAM

About the DIA's operation?

NEALY

(corrects him)

About the Russians building a  
submarine base in Cuba.

LATHAM

Bill, they have thousands of troops  
there. So why send only 500, the  
same number Nagel predicted?

Collette brings in coffee for both men, then she leaves.

NEALY

Työmies is a Marxist newspaper  
published in Helsinki. It's a  
pretty reliable Kremlin mouthpiece.  
They reported that local merchants  
in Ivalo - that's a town on the  
Finnish border with Russia - they  
were sad because the Russians who  
come there and buy a lot of Western  
goods would be leaving soon.

LATHAM

Bill, there's thousands of Russian  
ground troops based there.

NEALY

With virtually no freedom to move  
about and no money to spend.

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

On the other hand, the submarine technicians at Murmansk have far more freedom and lots more money.

Latham gets up and meanders about, consternated.

LATHAM

That Finnish newspaper...

NEALY

Työmies.

LATHAM

Right. Why would they print that story? Troops are always being rotated between bases.

NEALY

That's true. And by itself, there's nothing unusual or of strategic importance in it. But right after it was published Moscow released news of its Bering Sea exercises and Khrushchev's goodwill visit.

Latham stops. He realizes what is going on.

LATHAM

So the story inadvertently drew attention to a troop movement the Russians wanted to remain hidden.

NEALY

That's what I believe.

LATHAM

And the SIGINT, the Radio Moscow broadcast - all disinformation to conceal the real reason 500 men were going to Cuba.

NEALY

Yes, but what's worrying me is that the Russians' whole response to this also fits your theory of a DIA counterespionage operation.

LATHAM

One that's been co-opted by someone intent on killing the president.

Nealy sighs and slumps back in his chair.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - IDLEWILD AIRPORT - DAY

An Aeromexico propjet taxis off the tarmac onto a taxiway.



INT. AEROMEXICO CABIN

Kensington sits in the first-class section. A STEWARDESS moves to the bulkhead and grabs a microphone.

STEWARDESS

Good evening and welcome aboard  
Aeromexico flight 157 to Mexico City  
with a stopover in Houston, Texas.  
Our travel time to Houston will be  
four hours and 15 minutes. We ask  
that you fasten your seatbelts and  
put your seatbacks in the full  
upright position...

As she speaks, Kensington, seatbelt already buckled, grins.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. MEXICO CITY - HOTEL AMIGO - DAY

The sun shines on the hand-painted hotel sign.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Bazzo sits at the table sipping a Coca-Cola. He's sweating. An M1911 Colt pistol is on the table. There is a rhythmic KNOCK on the door. Bazzo grabs the M1911 and goes to the door.

BAZZO

Yes?

SCHOTT

It's the Footman.

Bazzo opens the door. In steps Schott carrying a paper bag.

BAZZO

Want a Coke?

Schott pulls a bottle of Modelo beer from the paper bag. They both sit at the table. Bazzo lays down his M1911.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Why'd you warn me off?

SCHOTT

The DGI use Hotel del Comercio as a  
safehouse. I knew you were in Cuba,  
so I got you outta there in case  
one of them recognized you.

BAZZO

(apologetically)

Thanks... I wonder if this John  
Dumars I was following knew that.

SCHOTT

Would that change the script?

BAZZO

I don't know... Complicates it.

SCHOTT

Well, I have film on the place from  
an O.P. up the street.

BAZZO

Good, let's get over there.

SCHOTT

Wait, I haven't finish my beer yet.  
Any idea what's in that package  
your guy's carrying?

BAZZO

No. You spoke to Gustavo.

SCHOTT

He called the station when he  
couldn't get you on the radio.

BAZZO

I left it in the car while I was in  
the hotel. I have it here.

He points to the walkie-talkie lying on the bed.

SCHOTT

He said Wilson left the men's room  
empty-handed.

BAZZO

At least I followed the right one.

SCHOTT

Where's the car?

BAZZO

Not far. I parked it in front of  
the store where I bought the soda.

SCHOTT

Smart. The locals will think you  
know the owner.

BAZZO

Who's watching Wilson now?

SCHOTT

Gustavo and my Number Three. They're  
at the Moneda. Latham called while  
we were out.

(MORE)

SCHOTT (CONT'D)  
Your mandarin Two's coming here.  
Wait'll she sees this dump.

BAZZO  
It won't bother her.

SCHOTT  
No? What is she, a dyke?

BAZZO  
Oh, she's gonna love you.

He gets up, grabs the walkie-talkie, then he and Schott leave.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MANHATTAN - DAY

Stock footage of the midtown cityscape.

INT. CORRIDOR

At the far end is a wall sign bearing the company logo and name, "CARBLAIR PUBLISHING CO., INC."

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

DIANA, Carol Blair's assistant, watches two dark-suited FBI AGENTS leave. She then picks up the phone and dials.

INT. THE TABARD INN - HOTEL SUITE

The phone RINGS; Carol answers it.

CAROL  
Hello?

CROSSCUT DIANA WITH CAROL

DIANA  
It's Diana, Miss Blair. Two FBI agents were just here, asking about Robert Welch and someone named Danny Burrell. The same questions the police asked a few weeks ago.

CAROL  
How did you leave it with them?

DIANA  
I said I didn't know either of them. But they implied that you did.

CAROL  
Did you tell them I'm in Washington?

DIANA

I told them you were out seeing clients. They asked if that meant you were going to Mexico.

CAROL

Hmm... Well, if they return, tell them I'll be back in New York on Monday. Meanwhile, I want you to send a telegram for me.

BACK TO SCENE

DIANA

I'll just get a pencil and paper.

EXT. BERNARDINO DE SAHAGUN (MEXICO CITY NEIGHBORHOOD) - DAY

A panorama from the Hotel del Comercio, up the street to an apartment building, five-stories high.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Sparsely furnished. A PULSE CAMERA with telephoto lens and a spotting scope are mounted on tripods and face the entrance of the Hotel del Comercio. CIA OFFICERS FRED MAXWELL and JEFF GREER have 35mm SLR cameras slung from their necks. There is a KNOCK on the door. Maxwell leaves the room. When he re-enters, it's with Bazzo and Schott.

SCHOTT

Fred Maxwell, Jeff Greer, meet Paul Barry, a mandarin and head of Latham's Special Section back home.

They shake hands. Bazzo walks over to the pulse camera.

BAZZO

What type of camera is this?

GREER

A pulse camera.

BAZZO

First time I've ever seen one.

INSERT: A close look at the pulse camera, the boxy trigger, the spotting scope; the front door of Hotel Del Comercio, focusing on the door latch; a view of people from the waist up passing by the door; the large film magazine; rows of kilowatt meters; men in company shirts seated before a grid display.

SUIT WORDS TO IMAGES

As the pulse camera occasionally CLICKS, Greer joins Bazzo and points out the camera's functions.

GREER

This cable runs from the shutter to this triggering device, which is attached to the spotting scope here. The trigger's activated by changes in light intensity.

BAZZO

Like sunlight to shade?

GREER

Sorta. The spotting scope is trained on a tiny area of the hotel's front door latch. The trigger's activated when someone passes between the scope and the door latch. The camera has a wider field of vision than the scope, so it takes a photo of the person from the waist up.

BAZZO

But it's a hotel. People are constantly going in and out.

GREER

This magazine holds 1000 feet of film. We can get a thousand shots a day for two weeks on one of these.

BAZZO

I don't see anything plugged in. It's 120 volts here, isn't it?

MAXWELL

Yes, but the constant burst of amps would alert someone at CFE.

SCHOTT

That's the power company. The DGI have a joe there. They're more heavily invested here than the KGB.

BACK TO SCENE

MAXWELL

The whole set-up is battery-powered. We get a lot of sunlight. Lets us use rechargeable solar batteries.

BAZZO

And somewhere in those 1000 feet is my man, John Dumars.

GREER

What time were you at the hotel?

BAZZO  
Around 14:30.

Greer and Maxwell grin.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
What?

MAXWELL  
That's siesta; still is. Everything  
shuts down. We changed the mag at  
14:00. The roll's practically empty.

BAZZO  
Sorry, but I need him ID'ed so the  
station can put eyes on him.

Greer and Maxwell groan and give Bazzo sidelong glances.

SCHOTT  
We can have it developed tonight.

BAZZO  
Don't you have to send it to  
Cockroach Alley?

SCHOTT  
No, we have a photo lab in the  
basement of the embassy.

BAZZO  
Too bad you don't have anyone in  
the hotel on the payroll.

Just then Bazzo's walkie-talkie CRACKLES. He pulls it from  
his jacket pocket and puts it to his ear.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
Observador... Qué?!... Está bien.  
Estamos afuera del Hotel del  
Comercio. Necesitaremos algunos  
pares de ojos adicionales...  
(looks at Schott)  
Wilson just packed up his things  
and went to the airport.

SCHOTT  
What?!

BAZZO  
He's booked on Aeroméxico flight 120  
to New York. You have a secure phone  
here?

SCHOTT  
On the table.

As Bazzo walks to the table, Greer looks at the hotel through his camera's telephoto lens.

GREER  
Taxi approaching.

As Bazzo starts to dial, Schott picks up binoculars from a table. Maxwell peers through his camera's telephoto lens. Connor alights from the taxi carrying his suitcase.

SCHOTT  
He looks just like Wilson.

Bazzo puts down the phone and looks through the pulse camera's viewfinder.

BAZZO  
No, I know this guy. He's one of  
Lincoln Rockwell's Nazis.

Connor walks into the hotel. The pulse camera CLICKS. Another taxi quickly pulls up. DiLauria alights without any luggage.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
Oh, man, that's mandarin Two! I  
gotta get her out of there.

SCHOTT  
Why?

BAZZO  
She was in Cuba last year.

He lays his walkie-talkie on the table and hurries out the door as the pulse camera CLICKS.

INT. HOTEL DEL COMERCIO - LOBBY

The Tour Guide ushers his noisy charges into the restaurant. Connor lays an I.D. on the counter for Desk Clerk #2. DiLauria leafs through a brochure and walks behind Connor, glancing at the picture I.D. Desk Clerk #2 checks the reservation book.

DESK CLERK #2  
Yes, we have your reservation.

Connor scoops up his I.D. Bazzo walks behind him and brushes past DiLauria. He then walks outside. DiLauria follows him.

EXT. HOTEL DEL COMERCIO - STREET - DAY

Bazzo waits. DiLauria leaves the hotel and meets him. He takes her hand and they jauntily walk up the street.

DILAURIA  
What's going on?

BAZZO

The hotel's a haven for the DGI.

DILAURIA

Oh, great. Where are we going?

BAZZO

To an O.P. up the street. C'mon, I gotta call the boss. We can bring each other up to speed on the way.

They hurry their pace.

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

Stock Footage of the Washington Monument.

DUPONT CIRCLE - ANDERSON HOUSE

Stock footage of this gaudy, fifty-room mansion.

INT. HALLWAY

Carved wood walls, gilded papier-mâché ceiling, floor-to-ceiling tapestries and an intricate marble floor Latham and FRANÇOIS BISSET stroll, keeping their voices low.

BISSET

The president's brooding 'cause the grand poobahs of the Klan and the John Birch Society called him a traitor. I told him to ignore them but... So, why'd you wanna see me?

LATHAM

Why did the president go to Mexico?

BISSET

President Mateos' wife loves Jackie. No, let me restate that. She's obsessed with her. She wanted a First Lady confab, and Jack agreed.

LATHAM

What about his security coverage?

BISSET

The Secret Service arranged it. Why?

LATHAM

I don't know any other way to say this except straight out. Do you know if any of the Joint Chiefs are members of extremist groups like the Klan, the John Birch Society, or the Minutemen?



BISSET

Even if they were, it's not a crime.

LATHAM

It was enough for Kennedy to fire General Walker. The guy was trying to indoctrinate his troops with the Birchers' right-wing garbage.

BISSET

He did go too far, especially accusing Dean Acheson of being a communist. That was just crazy.

LATHAM

Was he the only one?

BISSET

I think General Stans is a Bircher, or a Minuteman, I forget which. Why are you looking into this?

LATHAM

Because Hoover's not interested.

BISSET

Maybe he isn't but his Assistant Director is. Durang called me asking the same types of questions.

LATHAM

What did you tell him?

BISSET

Same thing I'm telling you, plus this ongoing feud Stans and Colonel Easton have with the president. Durang was worried about an assassination, but I told him I doubt that's the case.

LATHAM

Not all plots have actors who scream their intentions from the loge, François.

BISSET

(sighs)

Touché. Those two have been going at it with the president since day one. A few weeks ago they really got on his nerves. They were pushing their black-and-white views of international affairs when Kennedy got fed up and yelled, 'Will you two idiots back off!'

Latham is very troubled at this.

BISSET (CONT'D)  
We're the young Turks with this  
rich, eastern liberal telling them  
what to do. So they resent us.

LATHAM  
Does Carol Blair feel that way?

BISSET  
You kidding? She'll support anyone  
who can help her rule the world.  
(checks his watch)  
I have to get back. I'm taking a  
red-eye MAT flight out there.

LATHAM  
Can you get me Kennedy's itinerary  
for the weekend?

BISSET  
I'll have it sent over to you.

They head for the grand foyer.

INT. AEROMEXICO DEPARTURE LOUNGE - DAY (DUSK)

The Departure Board on the wall reads:

**Aeromexico Vuelo 191**  
**A: New York City (Nueva York)**  
**Hora de salida: 18:35**

Wilson sits away from the other passengers. He reaches into  
his pocket and pulls out a Western Union telegram:

**=WU0102 NL PD=NEW YORK CITY, NY JAN 29=  
=THOMAS RHODES=  
=C/O HOTEL MONEDA, MONEDA 8, CENTRO HISTÓRICO DE LA CDAD=  
=06000 CIUDAD DE MÉXICO=  
=SHOW CANCELED COME HOME=  
=CARBLAIR PUBLISHING=  
1536P**

Wilson muses...

INT. HOTEL MONEDA - ROOM - DAY - PAST

Wilson is on the phone.

DUMARS (O.S.)  
Dumars.

WILSON  
The show's been canceled.

DUMARS (O.S.)  
You need to refund the tickets?

WILSON  
No. Maybe you can use them when it  
goes on the road.

DUMARS (O.S.)  
Sounds good.

Wilson hangs up.

INT. AEROMEXICO DEPARTURE LOUNGE - PRESENT

Wilson sighs and puts the telegram back in his pocket.

GATE AGENT #3 (O.S.)  
(in Spanish)  
Atención pasajeros, el vuelo ciento  
noventa y uno de Aeroméxico a Nueva  
York ahora está abordando en la  
Puerta doce. Presente sus pases de  
abordar en la puerta.

(in English)  
Attention passengers, Aeromexico  
flight 191 to New York is now  
boarding at Gate 12. Please present  
your boarding passes at the gate.

Wilson gets up, takes his boarding pass from his pocket, and  
joins the queue at the Gate.

### ACT THREE

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT (EVENING)

As Collette types, Latham enters. She picks up her notepad.

COLLETTE  
Paul called. I'm just typing it up.

LATHAM  
Let me here it.

COLLETTE  
Bruce Wilson had been staying at  
the Hotel Moneda. He'd registered  
under an alias, Thomas Rhodes,  
reporter for the Philadelphia  
Evening Herald.

LATHAM  
He's not there anymore?

COLLETTE

He's on a plane back to New York. Earlier, he picked up a package in some wretched part of the city and passed it to a man named John Dumars at the main railway terminal. Dumars then checked into the Hotel del Comercio, a known DGI safehouse.

LATHAM

Great.

COLLETTE

Carla's joker also checked into the Hotel del Comercio. He registered under the same alias as Wilson.

LATHAM

What?!

COLLETTE

Thomas Rhodes, reporter for the Philadelphia Evening Herald.

LATHAM

You have Wilson's flight details?

COLLETTE

Yes, here.

She hands Latham her notebook.

LATHAM

Call the Ops Room. Have them put me on the next flight to New York. I'll call the station.

Collette picks up the Red phone. Latham goes into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

He doesn't bother to take off his coat. Latham sits at his desk, gets a free line on his Red phone and dials.

DUTY OPS OFFICER (O.S.)

4-3-1...

LATHAM

It's Warren Latham. Is Davis there?

DUTY OPS OFFICER (O.S.)

He just walked out.

LATHAM

Get him!

Latham reads the details on Collette's notepad.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - ANTEROOM - NIGHT

DAVIS hurries in wearing his overcoat and accompanied by the DUTY OPS OFFICER. Davis picks up the Red phone.

DAVIS  
It's Davis.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH DAVIS

LATHAM  
Latham here. Bruce Wilson is due to land at Idlewild at 00:30 on Aeromexico flight 191 from Mexico City. I want Security to take him into custody.

DAVIS  
Wilson?

LATHAM  
Just listen! I don't want them to do it at the airport; he might scream. I want two men there to put eyes on him. Do you know if he still lives at the same address?

DAVIS  
He separated from his wife and moved to a place in Long Island City.

LATHAM  
Have two more men waiting there.

DAVIS  
May I ask what this is about, sir?

LATHAM  
Wilson's involved in a plot to kill the president.

DAVIS  
That sonovabitch!

LATHAM  
I want him someplace isolated. Take him to the Hangar. I'm leaving now for New York. I want you to meet me at the airport. My P.A. will call you soon with the details.

DAVIS  
Right. That's Aeromexico flight 191 from Mexico City, arriving at 00:30.

LATHAM

Correct. Get to it.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham hangs up. Collette enters holding an envelope.

COLLETTE

You're booked on Braniff flight 30 to Idlewild. It leaves National at 20:10. Security will take you to the airport.

LATHAM

Good, call Davis with the details.

COLLETTE

Here's the president's itinerary, and a telegram Paul found in a waste basket in Wilson's hotel room. I wrote it in Western Union's format as he read it to me.

She hands the envelope to Latham. He suddenly looks guilty.

LATHAM

Thanks. I know you had plans tonight.

COLLETTE

It's okay. I called SMOTH.

LATHAM

What for?

COLLETTE

He was taking me to the movies. We'll catch the 10:00 show.

LATHAM

Oh, tell the Ops Room I'll be down in a minute. I need to call Fiona.

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

EXT. PLAZA DEL ZÓCALO - HOTEL DEL COMERCIO - NIGHT

Stock footage of the hotel.

INT. DUMARS' ROOM

Dumars is in his pants and T-shirt, asleep on the bed spread. The clock radio comes on, waking him to music. He sits up and looks at the time, 8:00. He gets up, pulls out his travel bag from under the bed, sets it on the bed and opens it.

He pulls out the package and an envelope, then takes a pocket knife from the travel bag and slits open the package wrapping. Inside is thick cotton wadding. He cuts this away to find blasting caps and fuses, a Beretta 71 pistol with six .22 caliber bullets wrapped in plastic and taped to the gun, a hard pack of cigarettes, and a cardboard box.

Dumars opens the box. Inside is a .22 caliber hose nipple ZIP GUN made from pipe fittings. It has a threaded copper pipe with a brass hose nipple for a barrel. Dumars tests it by pulling back the striker, which is attached to a spring and a length of wire rope. A slot opens up where a bullet is inserted. He releases the striker to a CLANK of metal. Six more .22 caliber bullets are wrapped in plastic. Dumars opens the envelope and takes out a typewritten note:

**Thomas Rhodes, Reporter, Philadelphia Evening Herald  
Hotel del Comercio, Room 8  
Beretta has squib round in the barrel.  
Its ammo reloaded to facilitate blowback.**

From the travel bag Dumars pulls out a knapsack and a light jacket. He checks the barrel of the Beretta and sees the jammed round, then loads the bullets. He wraps the blasting caps, fuses and hard pack in cotton, puts them and the Beretta in the knapsack. He puts the Zip Gun and bullets in a zippered pocket on the jacket. He then picks up the phone and dials.

CONNOR'S HOTEL ROOM

Connor watches "Leave It To Beaver" dubbed in Spanish on TV. The Phone RINGS; he answers it.

CONNOR

Hello?

DUMARS (O.S.)

Is this Mr. Rhodes from the Philadelphia Evening Herald?

CONNOR

Um, yes, this is Mr. Rhodes.

DUMARS (O.S.)

We have a mutual friend at the Roger Smith Hotel.

CONNOR

Oh, right! Right.

DUMARS (O.S.)

I'm downstairs; I'll be right up. I'll knock three times.

CONNOR

Sounds good.

He hangs up.

EXT. HISTORIC DISTRICT - PLAZA DEL ZÓCALO - NIGHT

Filled with street merchants, tourists and locals. Connor and Dumars walk by the Metropolitan Cathedral. Connor carries the knapsack; Dumars wears his light jacket. Dumars points to a spot on the ground by the Cathedral. Connor reaches for his knapsack but Dumars stops him. The Two continue on to the smaller church, Sagrario Metropolitan. Dumars points to the church door, then they walk to the National Palace.

Meanwhile, Connor and Dumars are being observed by the pairs Bazzo and Gustavo, and DiLauria and Schott, who rotate their positions.

EXT. HISTORIC DISTRICT - NIGHT

Connor and Dumars pass by the Hotel Moneda as a taxi pulls up. In the crowd across the street, Bazzo, Gustavo, DiLauria and Schott watch as Kensington alights and waits imperiously.

BAZZO

What the hell's he doing here?

The Hack finally gets out, opens the trunk and takes out Kensington's suitcase. He waits for a tip, but Kensington ignores him, picks up his suitcase and enters the hotel. On his way back into his taxi, the Hack mutters...

HACK

Cabrón.

EXT. BRANIFF PROPJET IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Stock footage of the plane lit by moonlight.

INT. BUSINESS-CLASS CABIN

Latham sits alone in his row. His seat tray is down; his legal pad rests on it and bears Latham's notes:

**Is this a hit? Extremist groups? Traitor.  
Stans and Easton? Blair, what would she have to gain?  
Who is David Herold?**

Latham looks at the President's Appointments:

**THE PRESIDENT'S APPOINTMENTS  
SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1962**

**8:00 am           The President and Mrs. Kennedy meet with  
                  President and Mrs. Mateos for breakfast.**

**10:00 am           The President and Mrs. Kennedy, President and  
                  Mrs. Mateos leave President Mateos' estate and**



travel by motorcade to Sagrario Metropolitan  
(Church) for special Saturday service.

11:30 am The President and Mrs. Kennedy, President  
and Mrs. Mateos meet with Oleg Cassini.

2:30 pm Lunch at Casa de los Azulejos

4:30 pm Trip to Coyoacán to visit the home of Leon  
Trotsky and sidewalk cafes.

8:00 pm Dinner at the estate of President Mateos.

He looks at his notes again, then at Collette's rendering of  
the telegram:

WU002 NL PD=WASHINGTON, DC JAN 28  
THOMAS RHODES  
C/O HOTEL MONEDA, MONEDA 8, CENTRO HISTÓRICO DE LA CDAD  
06000 CIUDAD DE MÉXICO  
PAPA CONFIRMS WEEKEND VISIT  
DAVID HEROLD  
2122P

Suddenly, Latham realizes something. He goes back to the legal  
pad and CIRCLES "Who is David Herold?" Then he pulls up the  
President's Appointments and CIRCLES the 10:00 am appointment.  
He TAPS his pencil on the legal pad and lays it down, nodding  
to himself.

EXT. IDLEWILD AIRPORT - BRANIFF TERMINAL - NIGHT

Stock footage of the airport.

INT. BRANIFF TERMINAL - GATE 27

As the passengers deplane, Davis meets Latham.

LATHAM

I need to call the Ops Room.

They head to a bank of phone booths.

PHONE BOOTH - LATHAM

Puts a coin in the slot and dials.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of ringing phones, teletype machines and  
chatter. Staff includes NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and  
PETE FARRELL, and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY. The  
Black phone RINGS; Owens answers it.

OWENS

Yes?

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH OWENS

LATHAM

It's Latham.

OWENS

Duty Ops Officer Owens here, sir.

LATHAM

I'm at Idlewild. I'll be at the Hangar in an hour or so.

OWENS

Right. Sir, D-Int is here and wishes to speak with you.

He hands the phone to Nealy.

NEALY

Warren, it's Bill.

LATHAM

What are you doing there so late?

NEALY

MI6 and ONI both report that four attack submarines from the Soviet 69th Submarine Brigade - a B-4, B-36, B-59, and B-130 - left Sayda Bay, near Murmansk. They're likely headed for Mariel Bay, Cuba. More support for your theory about a submarine base there.

LATHAM

And what you said about the 500 technicians. I just wish it didn't dovetail with Nagel's warning.

NEALY

Me, too.

LATHAM

Okay, thanks for the update, Bill.

NEALY

I'll put James back on.

He hands the phone to Owens.

LATHAM

Find Schott in Mexico City. I want an open line with the station.

OWENS

Yes, sir.

BACK TO SCENE

LATHAM

I'll call you from the Hangar.

He hangs up and exits the booth. Then he and Davis leave the terminal.

EXT. NEAR ISLIP AIRPORT - QUONSET HUT

An apparent relic from World War II, set in the shadow of the airport, off a service road.

INT. QUONSET HUT

Reinforced and modernized, at one end it is partitioned into offices manned by Davis; the other end is sealed off by a metal wall with a door fastened by oversized hinges - a Holding Cell.

Four MEN in civilian clothes enter. Three of them are with the SECURITY TEAM; the other is Wilson, gagged and handcuffed. Two members of the Security Team strong-arm Wilson as they follow their third member. Davis leads them to the Holding Cell.

HOLDING CELL

On one side two klieg lamps are trained on a high-backed wooden chair with thick leather straps. A desk and chairs sit behind the lamps. Against the wall is a metal cabinet and a portable, high-voltage charger with alligator clips. In the corner is a sink with running water. Attached to the spigot is a long hose. Draped over the edge of the sink is a black hood; beneath the sink, a large metal wash bucket.

On the other side Latham sits at the end of a couch, a reading lamp just off the arm. He reviews his notes on the legal pad. The door opens. Davis leads the Security Team and Wilson inside, then Davis leaves, closing the door behind him.

The Security Team remove Wilson's handcuffs and strap him to the chair. They remove his gag. Latham gets up. He takes his legal pad with him and sits behind the desk. The Security Team join him. Wilson is anxious and breathes heavily.

WILSON

Who the hell you think you are?!  
I'm a private citizen.

LATHAM

Who's engaged in efforts that  
threaten the presidency. Cut the  
bullshit, Bruce.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

These are your former colleagues.  
They know you better than anyone.  
And they'd like nothing better than  
to go at you with what's in the  
cabinet.

WILSON

What do you want?!

LATHAM

Why did Carol Blair send you to  
Mexico City?

WILSON

To assess the influence of right-  
wing extremist groups.

Latham chuckles sardonically and looks at the Security Team. He points to the cabinet. The TEAM LEADER goes to the cabinet, opens it and removes a long leather roll. He brings it to the desk. Latham unrolls it to reveal medieval scalpels, a saw, what look like fireplace pokers, pliers, a hand-drill, a scythe and more. Latham turns to the Security Team.

LATHAM

Shine a klieg light on the desk and  
turn the other one off.

A Member of the team does as Latham requests.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You see what I've got here, Bruce.

WILSON

Your not gonna use that shit on me.

LATHAM

For some reason, you're under the  
impression that I care what happens  
to you.

Wilson quickly grows frightened.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You're going to give me a straight  
answer, or I'm going to have you  
carved up worse than a Thanksgiving  
turkey.

(to Security Team)

Shine both lights on him. I have a  
feeling they aren't the only light  
he sees now.

EXT. MEXICO CITY - HOTEL AMIGO - NIGHT

A streetlamp casts faint light on the hand-painted hotel sign.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Bazzo sits at the table sipping a Coca-Cola, his M1911 Colt pistol on the table. DiLauria lies on the bed, fidgeting.

BAZZO

Your joker meets with Dumars who got a package from Wilson. He and the joker check into different hotels and use the same alias.

DILAURIA

Unless my joker is Thomas Rhodes, then it's Wilson using an alias. Either way, they're all connected.

BAZZO

Yes, but for what reason? And then Kensington's here. He's not on vacation.

DILAURIA

No, but Kennedy and his wife are, and almost no one was told beforehand.

BAZZO

Hmm, Latham thought a hit was on, but that rules it out.

DILAURIA

No time for any planning.

Latham nods. There's a rhythmic KNOCK on the door.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

You get many visitors at three AM?

Bazzo picks up his M1911 and sidles next to the door, while DiLauria draws her M1911 from her handbag, rolls off the bed and into a prone firing position.

BAZZO

Yes?

SCHOTT

It's the footman.

Bazzo opens the door. Schott shuffles in looking worn out. Bazzo shuts the door. DiLauria stands and stows her M1911.

BAZZO

Something must be up.

SCHOTT

Don't your people ever sleep?

Schott and Bazzo sit at the table; DiLauria sits on the bed. Schott reaches into his pocket and pulls out a folded sheet of paper. He hands it to Bazzo.

SCHOTT (CONT'D)

Latham called. That's Kennedy's appointment schedule.

BAZZO

I can barely read it.

SCHOTT

Let's see how legible your handwriting is at two AM. He'd just spoken to Wilson. Seems Carol Blair sent him here as part of her plan to prove Castro was exporting his revolution to Latin America. Wilson got these explosive charges this Dumars character was to set at the cathedrals in Zócalo.

DILAURIA

Showing Castro's hatred of religion?

SCHOTT

Yep.

BAZZO

That explains why Wilson was handing out leaflets saying communists hate Catholicism. But what about the John Birch Society Blue Book?

SCHOTT

To persuade Kennedy that he has the backing of the right wing.

BAZZO

He say anything about Kensington?

SCHOTT

Your boy Kensington asked Blair to be part of the mix. What he didn't know was that the plan was for him to be at Sagrario Metropolitan when one of the charges went off.

DILAURIA

She was going to kill him?

SCHOTT

Dead or injured, she figured it would impel Kennedy to act.

Bazzo and DiLauria are incredulous.

SCHOTT (CONT'D)

But Wilson says Blair called it off. He got a telegram that said, 'show canceled, come home.'

DILAURIA

Except my Thomas Rhodes and this Dumars are still here.

BAZZO

You know, at first Latham believed this was a DIA exercise that had been co-opted to kill Kennedy.

SCHOTT

He still does. That telegram you found in Wilson's basket...

BAZZO

What about it?

SCHOTT

Remember who sent it?

BAZZO

David Herold, I think it was.

SCHOTT

Know who he is?

Bazzo and DiLauria shrug; they both are at sea.

SCHOTT (CONT'D)

Latham told me. David Herold was John Wilkes Booth's co-conspirator.

The realization that something is up grips them all.

SCHOTT (CONT'D)

He said to pay attention to Kennedy's 10:00 appointment.

EXT. HISTORIC DISTRICT - PLAZA DEL ZÓCALO - DAWN

Pigeons gather around an OLD WOMAN throwing scraps of bread on the ground. People begin to wander in and through the square. Merchants slowly pour in and set up their market stalls.

FEDERALES and SECRET SERVICE AGENTS mill about. Some enter the churches or hover around the market stalls. As the number of strollers swells, the security detail becomes less noticeable.

INT. HOTEL AMIGO - ROOM - DAY (MORNING)

DiLauria is asleep on the bed. Bazzo and Schott are fast asleep in their chairs with their heads down on the table.

The alarm clock goes off at 07:00, sounding like a fire alarm drill and startling everyone awake. DiLauria gets up first.

DILAURIA

Go on and pee, boys. Then I got the shower.

Schott gets up and heads into the bathroom.

EXT. HISTORIC DISTRICT - HOTEL MONEDA - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the hotel.

INT. RESTAURANT

Modestly furnished. Kensington, dressed in Oxford cotton, button-down shirt, chinos, and blazer, eats breakfast. He checks his watch, 9:35, and finishes eating.

EXT. HOTEL MONEDA

Kensington leaves the hotel.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

This is the five-story building housing CIA's Observation Post.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Greer and Maxwell munch on pastries as they take turns keeping an eye on the entrance of the Hotel del Comercio. Maxwell suddenly raises his camera to look through its telephoto lens.

MAXWELL

Hey, come here.

Greer crosses to the window. The pulse camera CLICKS.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Isn't that what's-his-name, Dumars, the guy mandarin One's watching?

Greer raises his camera.

GREER

Yeah.

The pulse camera CLICKS again.

GREER (CONT'D)

And that's mandarin Two's guy, Thomas Rhodes, I think.

Dumars and Connor are dressed like bohemians. Connor carries the knapsack; Dumars wears his light jacket.



MAXWELL

They must be at the end of a wash cycle. I'll let Schott know.

He walks to the table and picks up a walkie-talkie.

EXT. PLAZA DEL ZÓCALO - DAY

The crowd is still small but growing. The Tour Guide leads his cackling group of older adults into the square.

TOUR GUIDE

Ladies, keep your hands on your handbags. And men, keep your wallets in your front pockets, not your back pockets.

The Men all switch their wallets to their front pockets as they mingle. Meanwhile, Four police officers clear room in front of the smaller church, Sagrario Metropolitan. They stand there, forming a loose cordon.

BAZZO AND DILAURIA

Walk about the square, eyeing the crowd and the environs. They come to the National Palace, walk past a Secret Service Agent and Federales on their way through Cortés' Palace to...

THE NATIONAL PALACE GARDEN

A botanical garden of local flora. There, Bazzo and DiLauria meet up with Schott and Gustavo.

SCHOTT

Rhodes and Dumars left the hotel.

BAZZO

We heard it over the radio.

GUSTAVO

Si vemos a cualquiera de ellos, los arrestaremos.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "If we see either of them, we'll arrest them."

BAZZO

Recuerde, uno o ambos pueden tener casquillos de explosión y algún tipo de explosivo. Tus hombres necesitan escoltarlos discretamente fuera de la plaza.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Remember, one or both of them may have blasting caps and some type of explosive. Your men need to discreetly escort them out of the plaza."

GUSTAVO  
(affronted)  
We know how to do our job, señor.

He leaves.

DILAURIA  
At least you didn't offend him.

Chagrined, Bazzo leaves. DiLauria and Schott follow suit.

PLAZA DEL ZÓCALO

Bazzo walks behind the crowd at the market stalls. He pulls out a pair of pocket binoculars and looks around. By the Metropolitan Cathedral, he sees Connor and Dumars. He leans over, pulls up his walkie-talkie and speaks into his jacket.

BAZZO  
Red-Two, this is Red-One. T-1 and T-2 are at the east face of the Metropolitan Cathedral.

DILAURIA (O.S.)  
10-4, Red-One.

He turns the squelch knob and heads to the small church.

METROPOLITAN CATHEDRAL

Connor slips off his knapsack, takes a pack of cigarettes from it and lays it at the base of the church. Dumars keeps watch.

DUMARS  
Anyone approaches, in uniform or plainclothes, they're commies who've infiltrated the police force. They'll even impersonate the Secret Service. Don't let yourself get arrested; you'll never make it to the police station. You understand?

CONNOR  
Yeah.

Dumars checks his watch. Connor takes the Beretta from the knapsack and puts it in his pocket. As They walk to the smaller church, Kensington appears at the same corner of the Metropolitan Cathedral.

ACROSS THE PLAZA

DiLauria looks through her binoculars and sees Kensington.

DILAURIA  
Damn it!

She puts the binoculars in her bag and races toward him.

SAGRARIO METROPOLITAN

A small crowd has assembled behind the four police officers. As Connor and Dumars work their way into the crowd, the four police officers push the crowd back a foot.

The two black Cadillac limousine convertibles enter the square. Connor and Dumars separate. As the lead Cadillac pulls up and stops in front of the smaller church, Gustavo approaches Connor and shows his badge.

METROPOLITAN CATHEDRAL

Kensington looks around and is shocked to see DiLauria running up to him.

KENSINGTON

What are you doing here?

DILAURIA

Saving your life!

She drags Kensington away. He tries to resist but DiLauria is much stronger than him. Just then the explosive charge at the Metropolitan Cathedral GOES OFF. DiLauria and Kensington are thrown to the ground.

THE CROWD AT SAGRARIO METROPOLITAN

React to the BANG with curiosity, as it sounds like an M-80 firecracker. Gustavo tries to grab Connor's arm. Connor pulls the Beretta from his pocket and FIRES. The pistol EXPLODES. The blowback of shrapnel from the pistol RIPS into Connor's face and body.

Dumars pulls his zip gun from his pocket and lunges to the front of the crowd, across from the limousine carrying the presidents and their wives. He FIRES just as a police officer steps in front of him. The bullet strikes the police officer in the chest, felling him. Right behind the police officer is Bazzo. He FIRES his M1911, striking Dumars three times in the chest and stomach as the crowd SHRIEKS and runs for cover. The two limousines take off, tires SCREECHING. Federales, Secret Service, police, and Schott close on the scene.

METROPOLITAN CATHEDRAL

DiLauria helps Kensington to his feet.

DILAURIA

Are you hurt?

KENSINGTON

Only my pride. Thank you.

DILAURIA

Thank Mr. Latham. Now let's get out of here before the police arrive.

She leads Kensington away from the square.

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

A view of the compound from the Guard Shack.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham and Berard are having tea.

BERARD

No idea who this Thomas Rhodes and John Dumars really are?

LATHAM

No. We do know Wilson didn't know about the hit. He was told to expect additional instructions, but he wasn't told who was sending them.

BERARD

Hmm, supports your theory of a co-opted DIA operation.

LATHAM

When I saw Durang at the Bureau, he said several extremist groups have plans to assassinate the president. And there are men in the Pentagon who belong to these groups.

BERARD

Was the JCS in on it?

LATHAM

I'd just as soon not speculate on that.

BERARD

You know Stewart went there without notifying Security or the station.

LATHAM

I know.

BERARD

And he's been quite hard on you recently for not following the rules.

Latham shrugs.

BERARD (CONT'D)

You don't need to show any false modesty, Warren. Stewart was wrong - about your theory and about you. If it weren't for you, he'd be dead.

LATHAM

Sir, I just take that as Kensington being himself. If I'd been shunted aside the way he was by the Kennedys, I might feel the same way.

BERARD

Alright, I'll drop the matter here. Seeing as it's the second time you've saved his life, I suspect he'll be inviting you to the Yale Club for meals for the next month.

LATHAM

(sarcastically)

I didn't think the idea was to punish me, sir.

Berard looks at Latham, trying hard to suppress a grin.

BERARD

That's all.

Latham gets up and leaves - grinning.

END