

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Two, Episode #12: "No Sympathy, Part One"

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Cool Gray Dawn
"No Sympathy, Part One"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SANTO DOMINGO, THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC - NIGHT - PAST

INSERT: "Santo Domingo, The Dominican Republic. May 30, 1961"

Stock footage of the capital city.

CONTEMPORARY HOME

Floodlamps light the driveway where a 1957 Chevrolet Bel Air sits. A CHAUFFEUR in fatigues leans against the car and smokes a cigarette. In an upstairs room a light is on. JESÚS MELCHIOR VIDAL, mid-20s, peeks out its open window.

The front door opens. The Chauffeur hastily snubs out his cigarette and opens a rear car door. GENERAL TRUJILLO, in uniform, exits. His MISTRESS, in a peignoir, waves and watches Trujillo get in the car. The Chauffeur gets behind the wheel and drives away.

In the upstairs window Jesús is on the phone.

STREET CORNER - PHONE BOOTH

A MAN is on the payphone. The Chevrolet Bel Air passes. The Man hangs up and raises a walkie-talkie to his mouth.

SIDE STREET

A 1950 Ford Sedan is parked at the corner. The Bel Air passes. The Ford's headlamps come on and it follows the Bel Air.

I/E. FORD SEDAN

A full moon lights this single-lane road running through a rural stretch of trees and brush. The Bel Air is yards ahead. The DRIVER raises a walkie-talkie to his mouth.

INTERSECTING DIRT ROAD

A 1940's Ford Pick-up Truck turns onto the main road, just ahead of the Bel Air.

MAIN ROAD

The Pick-up Truck runs loud and slow. The Bel Air slows behind it. The Ford Sedan keeps its distance.

OFF THE SOUTHBOUND LANE

A motor scooter lies in tall grass. A young man, call him LUIS, holds a walkie-talkie and anxiously looks up the road.

A HALF-MILE FURTHER SOUTH - OFF THE SOUTHBOUND LANE

Sits a 1956 Oldsmobile. A walkie-talkie lies on the front seat. ROBERTO and Three Men wait on the far side of the car. Two carry M-3 submachine guns; the others, M-1 carbine rifles.

FIFTY YARDS PAST THE OLDSMOBILE

A 1953 Chevrolet Sedan sits off the road. Beside it are MANUEL, 22, and PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY. Manuel holds a walkie-talkie; Bazzo, an M14A1 rifle. Manuel fumbles in his shirt pocket for a cigarette. Bazzo waggles his finger at Manuel, who puts away the cigarette.

BAZZO

It'll stunt your growth.

A northbound truck nears. Bazzo and Manuel crouch behind the Sedan. The truck hauls bananas and RUMBLES past. They stand.

I/E. THE 1957 CHEVROLET BEL AIR

Is still behind the Pick-up Truck. The banana truck passes in the opposite lane. Trujillo SNORES in the back seat.

INT. FORD SEDAN

The banana truck passes heading north. The Driver again raises his walkie-talkie to his mouth.

LUIS

His walkie-talkie CRACKLES in Spanish.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Es primavera.

He sees southbound headlamps approaching; it's the Pick-up Truck. Luis speaks Spanish into his walkie-talkie.

LUIS

Verde, verde.

AT THE OLDSMOBILE

The Four Men scramble to their firing positions at the car.

AT THE CHEVROLET SEDAN

Manuel crouches below a rear-wheel arch. Bazzo assumes a firing position on the hood.

THE KILL ZONE

As the Pick-up Truck enters it slows. The Bel Air's horn BLARES. A volley of SHOTS SMASH the Bel Air's windshield and RIDDLE its side. Three seconds later northbound headlamps approach. Roberto yells at his Cohorts in Spanish.

ROBERTO

Deja de disparar! Deja de disparar!

The Assassins stop firing. The Pick-up Truck picks up speed. The Bel Air veers into the northbound lane. The oncoming car SWERVES. It's horn BLARES as it avoids the Bel Air, which rolls to a stop in the brush off the northbound lane.

AT THE BEL AIR

Trujillo rolls out the car, revolver in hand, SHOOTING wildly. He gets up to run when a single rifle shot CRACKLES. The bullet SLAMS into his chest, knocking him to the ground.

ACROSS THE ROAD

Bazzo dolefully looks up from his firing position. Manuel stares at him in awe. The Ford and Oldsmobile pull up, followed by Luis on his motor scooter. The Four Assassins get out of the Oldsmobile and run across the road to...

THE BEL AIR

Two Men dump Trujillo in the trunk. The other Two pull the dead Chauffeur out the car and dump him alongside Trujillo. Roberto gets in the Bel Air, makes a U-turn and drives north.

BACK ACROSS THE ROAD

Bazzo stows his rifle in the trunk of the Ford Sedan which speeds away, southbound. The Three Assassins race back to the Oldsmobile, get in and drive north. Bazzo and Manuel follow them in the Chevrolet Sedan. Luis trails on his motor scooter.

SANTO DOMINGO - AVENUE REPUBLICA DE COLUMBIA - NIGHT

An upper-class neighborhood. The Bel Air pulls to the curb; Roberto gets out. The Oldsmobile pulls up. He gets in as the Chevrolet Sedan arrives. Both cars drive away. Luis soon putters by on his motor scooter.

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

Mid-December. Stock footage of The Mall and the White House.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

In a corner sits a Christmas tree decorated with gingerbread cookies, sugarplum fairies and candy canes.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY, ROBERT KENNEDY and WARREN LATHAM sit around a conference table.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
The reports we get show growing
opposition to Castro from all
sectors of the Cuban populace.

LATHAM
And they come from the Defense
Intelligence Agency, which you
created, Mr. President.

President Kennedy grins faintly but his brother is offended.

ROBERT KENNEDY
Meaning what?

LATHAM
Meaning you get the intelligence
you want to hear.

ROBERT KENNEDY
That's bullshit, Warren.

LATHAM
Is it? Castro's forces quash even the
smallest opposition movement. There
is no popular dissent, only growing
support for his regime across the
same sectors where your savants at
the DIA see this rising opposition.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Warren, we can't accept a communist
threat ninety miles away. That's
why I asked for your help in this.

LATHAM
And I offered you alternatives that
don't require an invasion of Cuba.

ROBERT KENNEDY
Yes, sanctions and embargoes...

LATHAM
Which can prompt an insurgency. But
it won't happen by October, and you
won't oust Castro without one. And
definitely not with those thugs
left over from the Bay of Pigs.

ROBERT KENNEDY
I knew this was a waste of time.

He turns away. Latham resignedly throws up his hands.

LATHAM

Fine. Just let me add one more thing - the May 30th operation.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

General Trujillo's assassination?

ROBERT KENNEDY

That other mess we inherited. Thank God we amended the CIA's plan else we never would have shot him.

LATHAM

Actually, Trujillo was shot by one of my mandarins. Your people just shot up his car. And your amended plan was a miserable failure.

ROBERT KENNEDY

The hell it was!

LATHAM

The coup that was supposed to happen never did. Instead, that sadistic son of his, Ramfis, took over and rounded up most of the conspirators.

Disconsolate, President Kennedy meanders to the arched doors.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I understand they were all shot.

LATHAM

Some were. Most were taken out into the Caribbean and fed to the sharks. We'd predicted that any attempt at a coalition government involving Ramfis would fail, but you ignored us. Within four months Ramfis was in a power struggle with the military. By the end of September he'd fled the country, taking most of the treasury with him.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Two failures in two months...

ROBERT KENNEDY

The fact is elections will be held in the Dominican Republic for the first time in forty years.

LATHAM

And who's the leading candidate? Juan Bosch, a leftist we don't trust and the Dominican military hates!

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

You could apply those lessons if you change your mind and take the job.

LATHAM

No. The only lesson here is there is no template for regime change.

ROBERT KENNEDY

We intend to isolate Cuba. And that means undertaking as many actions as feasible to weaken Castro.

FRANÇOIS BISSET enters and speaks quietly to the Kennedys. Both brothers look crestfallen. The president turns to Latham.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

You'll have to excuse us, Warren.

The Kennedy brothers leave. Bisset approaches Latham.

BISSET

They're father's had a massive stroke. Come on, I'll see you out.

EXT. SAMUEL GOMPERS PARK - DAY

Latham carries lunch in a paper bag and strolls past the bronze statue of the labor leader. He checks his watch. Finally, MI6's LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) walks up to him.

JONES

You miss me?

LATHAM

Yeah, like a root canal.

JONES

I was with the ambassador plotting revenge on MI5 for that amalgamation ploy of theirs.

LATHAM

The holidays always bring out the best in you, Larry.

He hands Jones a hamburger from the paper bag. Jones frowns.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

It was warm an hour ago.

Jones hands it back. Latham tosses it and the lunch bag into a trash basket as the Two stroll.

JONES

Ever hear of João Carlo Gamio?

LATHAM

No, that's a name I'd remember.

JONES

He's a PhD candidate at Columbia University in New York. An excerpt from an essay of his was going to appear in the Guardian until we quashed it with a D-Notice.

LATHAM

Why?

JONES

It went into detail on MI6. So we went to the source material, his essay 'The Nasser Problem.' He published it in this new Italian journal, Politica Estera.

LATHAM

Everybody and his brother covered Suez. He could've gotten details from any number of sources.

JONES

Not like these.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

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

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham speaks to PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY and CARLA DILAURIA who are eating lunch.

LATHAM

Gamio wrote that an MI6 officer told MI5 chief Dick White something had to be done about Nasser.

BAZZO

Whoa. He actually named MI5's chief?

LATHAM

Yes, and that MI6 had consulted a CIA manual, Assassination Methods.

BAZZO

Oh, great...

LATHAM

He wrote that MI6's Q Division knew about Nasser's weakness for Knopje chocolates.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

So they injected some with a shellfish toxin they got from their lab at Porton Down. Obviously, they never used them.

DILAURIA

Waste of some good chocolate.

LATHAM

Then they were going to pump nerve gas into Nasser's HVAC system, but #10 rejected it. So they suggested using one of our cigarette hard packs containing a poisoned dart.

DILAURIA

Geezus, why not just shoot the guy.

BAZZO

Boy, you've got the holiday spirit.

LATHAM

MI6 tested it on a sheep. Poor thing fell to its knees and foamed at the mouth before it finally died.

DILAURIA

Shoulda tested it on the prick who made the dart.

Latham and Bazzo are a bit surprised at this.

BAZZO

All this was in one article?

LATHAM

And more.

BAZZO

What they do - devote the entire issue to this Gamio?

LATHAM

He wrote that Egypt's G.I.D. were so taken with MI6, they made Ian Fleming's James Bond books required reading in their training courses.

BAZZO

Really. Maybe I should read one.

DILAURIA

I read Casino Royale; it was all sex and sadism, and Bond's just your basic Don Juan. Come to think of it, the plot was pretty stupid, too.

LATHAM

Kennedy likes From Russia, With Love. Do some digging on this Gamio. See who's his source if you can.

The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

The Ops Room is on Red.

LATHAM

Thanks.

He hangs up the intercom and picks of the Red phone.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Latham... I'll be right there.

He hangs up.

BAZZO

Trouble?

LATHAM

There's some sort of announcement coming on the Cuban Project.

OPERATIONS ROOM

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 enters.

LATHAM

Let's have it, Jared.

STOKES

Ed Lankford asked to have his Desk traffic routed to his deputy. Seems the president's appointed him to head the Cuban Project. He's flying up from Miami tomorrow to formally accept the job.

PERCY

Lankford's a mistake for that job.

Latham sighs, clearly sharing Percy's concern.

STOKES

Kennedy's authorized \$50 million annually to overthrow Castro.

NICHOLS

With that kind of money I bet the entire Peace Corps volunteers.

EXT. PALMETTO BAY, FLORIDA - HOUSE - NIGHT (EVENING)

Resembles a tropical, gated estate in Havana. A white, 1960 Lincoln Continental convertible is out front with other cars.

INT. DEN

Very formal. The phone RINGS. GENERAL EDMUND LANKFORD - 58 and casually dressed - enters and answers the phone.

LANKFORD
General Lankford...

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (EVENING)

Contempo design meets op art. CAROL BLAIR - 50, attractive and casually dressed - sits on a chaise lounge beside a window. Her view of rooftops and skyscrapers suggests a high-floor.

CAROL
Ed, it's Carol. You busy?

CROSSCUT LANKFORD WITH CAROL

LANKFORD
No, just a meeting of the minds.

CAROL
Oh, that bunch. Congratulating you on your promotion?

LANKFORD
Something like that. What's up?

CAROL
Jack's father had a massive stroke.

LANKFORD
We know. We also heard he and Bobby left to be with him.

CAROL
They did. I just wondered if this changes any of our plans.

LANKFORD
No, why should it?

CAROL
People sometimes become more enlightened when there's a tragedy.

LANKFORD
Not here.

CAROL

Good. You'll be in D.C. tomorrow?

LANKFORD

Uh huh. See you at your place?

CAROL

Okay. Talk to you tomorrow. 'Bye.

Lankford hangs up.

LIBRARY

Exquisite. LT. COL. EASTON, ADMIRAL CLIFTON, GENERAL STANS and MR. DEAN drink whiskey and smoke cigars. Lankford enters.

LANKFORD

That was our benefactor in New York.

CLIFTON

That loony broad... What she want?

LANKFORD

To tell us Jack and Bobby had gone to be with their father.

STANS

That's one way to get rid of Jack.

LANKFORD

Yeah, okay. Why do you need me?

EASTON

For one thing, you don't like the Kennedys any more than we do. And now that you're CIA's point man on his Cuban Project, you've got access to all those files showing Jack's mistakes - the Bay of Pigs, General Trujillo...

CLIFTON

He's even got the Mob trying to hit Castro. Murder, Incorporated run from the White House!

LANKFORD

That bit on the Mob could backfire. Hoover says they don't exist.

DEAN

Don't worry, I'll take care of it.

LANKFORD

How?

DEAN

I'll have him say his focus was on communist infiltration. Relax. Let's focus here. We release the files in the South, right after New Year's. They hate Jack down there. I figure by August he'll be impeached, and by December he's out.

LANKFORD

Warren Latham's warnings against a Cuban invasion are in those files.

EASTON

Latham... He took charge when all hell broke loose at the Bay of Pigs. He's good. Any chance of bringing him on board?

LANKFORD

No. Look, there's a helluva lot of files on Latin America.

CLIFTON

So? You run the Desk. You can go in the Vault as often as you want and get them.

LANKFORD

You mean copy them, don't you? No one removes files from there unless they're begging to get caught.

Dean glares at Clifton.

EASTON

He meant copy them, Ed.

LANKFORD

I have to sleep on it. It's a big step, and I plan on retiring soon.

DEAN

Sure, we understand. Think it over.

LANKFORD

I mean, it's not like you're planning a hit or anything.

CLIFTON

Not now, anyway.

Lankford is horrified. Dean again glares at Clifton.

EASTON

For Chrissake, Ed, he's joking!

He, Dean, Clifton and Stans are jovial; Lankford nods warily.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - CHINATOWN - NIGHT

The streets are bustling with people dressed against the cold.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT

Very busy. Latham sits alone at a table, sipping tea. Finally, FIONA JEFFRIES enters. Latham checks his watch. He stands and takes her coat, then they both sit.

FIONA

Sorry I'm so late. Larry had me digging on João Carlo Gamio.

LATHAM

That name's gonna play in my head like a broken record.

FIONA

It's mellifluous, isn't it?

LATHAM

Hm, I'd like to see them try and guess 'mellifluous' on Password.

Fiona smiles. The WAITER approaches.

FIONA

Go on, you know what I like.

LATHAM

Roast duck, General Tso's chicken.

The Waiter nods and leaves.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

So, what did you come up with?

FIONA

João published two other essays, on Arbenz and Trujillo. I guess his publisher likes flashpoints.

LATHAM

You mean publishers, plural.

FIONA

No. His earlier works were published in Independent Thought, both owned by Carblair Publishing in New York.

LATHAM

Independent Thought... Never heard of it.

FIONA

That's 'cause it has no pictures.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Stock footage of midtown-Manhattan.

COLUMBUS CIRCLE - BOOKSTORE

JOÃO CARLO GAMIO, 28 and well-dressed, exits the bookstore with a bag filled with books and enters the subway station.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

Gamio sits among a heterogeneous group of passengers as the train ROARS through the tunnel

116TH STREET STATION

The subway pulls in. "COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY" is displayed on the tile walls. Gamio and a few others exit the subway cars. One of the riders, HISPANIC MAN #1, shows Gamio a dollar bill.

HISPANIC MAN #1

Got change for a dollar?

Gamio fishes through his pockets for change. He exchanges money with Hispanic Man #1 who then races up the stairs. The platform is now empty, save for Gamio who slowly climbs the same stairs, his bookstore purchase tucked under one arm.

SUBWAY STATION STAIRWELL

Gamio is halfway up the stairs when TWO HISPANIC MEN descend from street level. The FIRST MAN passes Gamio and quickly YANKS down Gamio's jacket, pinning his arms. Gamio drops his bag; sociopolitical journals spill out.

The SECOND MAN pulls a plastic bag from his pocket. He takes out a cloth and holds it over Gamio's nose and mouth. Both Men look away as Gamio lapses into semi-consciousness. The Second Man shoves the cloth back into the plastic bag, and puts it in his pocket. Both Men exhale and pull Gamio's coat up over his shoulders, hook his arms and walk him up the stairs.

EXT. BROADWAY - SUBWAY STATION ENTRANCE

A handful of people are about. A Ford Sedan is parked there. Another Hispanic Man, the DRIVER, sits behind the wheel. Hispanic Man #1 leans against the curbside rear fender.

The Two Men emerge from the stairwell with the staggering Gamio. Hispanic Man #1 opens a rear passenger door on the Ford. As they slide Gamio onto the backseat, TWO COLLEGE STUDENTS watch curiously. Hispanic Man #1 looks at them and smiles nervously. (He speaks Spanish.)

HISPANIC MAN #1
Está borracho. Entrar, João.

Gamio's captors get in the car on either side of him. Hispanic Man #1 gets in the front seat and the car drives off.

EXT. AMITYVILLE, LONG ISLAND - ZAHN'S AIRPORT - NIGHT

A Beechcraft Baron sits on the taxiway. An ambulance pulls up; its headlights shine on the plane's tail. The plane's door swings open revealing a female NURSE and VICTOR, 40, sporting a Van Dyke - both in scrubs - and the pilot, GARY MACDONALD, 25. Hispanic Man #1 and the Driver, also in scrubs, pull a gurney from the ambulance.

HISPANIC MAN #1
João Carlo Gamio, as requested.

They load Gamio onto the plane. The door shuts. Hispanic Man #1 and the Driver get into the ambulance and drive away. The plane's engines ROAR; it turns onto the runway and takes off. At the hangar, SOMEONE watching this lowers his binoculars.

ACT TWO

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the city and stores in full holiday dress.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Befitting a CEO. Carol Blair picks up the phone and starts to dial when DIANA, 25, enters with galley proofs. Carol quickly hangs up, as though hiding the fact.

DIANA
Here are the galley proofs.

CAROL
Leave them on the desk for now.

Diana lays them on Carol's desk and leaves. Carol picks up the phone again and dials.

INT. SMALL OFFICE

On the open door is a doorplate, "Prof. Clive Hawthorne." CLIVE HAWTHORNE, 50, wearing a tweed jacket, reads a research paper amid politically themed books and a folder labeled "João Carlo Gamio." The phone RINGS; he answers it.

HAWTHORNE
Prof. Hawthorne...

CROSSCUT CAROL WITH HAWTHORNE

CAROL
It's Carol Blair. Is João there?

HAWTHORNE
No. Why?

CAROL
He was supposed to meet me for
brunch. I thought maybe he was
still with you.

HAWTHORNE
No, he didn't show up. I called him
at his flat but no one answered.

CAROL
Hmm, I called him, too.

HAWTHORNE
You know, campus police were here
asking if I'd seen him.

CAROL
Why?

HAWTHORNE
Two of his classmates said they saw
him forced into a car last night.
They said João appeared drunk.

CAROL
Jehovah's Witnesses don't drink.

HAWTHORNE
You're right. I hope João's okay.

CAROL
Me, too. I'll get back to you.

She hangs up, thumbs through her Rolodex then dials the phone.

EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Stock footage of the Main Entrance sign, "MIAMI International
AIRPORT," listing airlines from Pan American to Dominicana.

INT. DEPARTURE TERMINAL

Toting a briefcase, Victor queues with passengers leaving the
Terminal to board a Dominicana propjet on the tarmac.

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

A view of the Guard shack and Gate #1.

INT. BASEMENT - CENTRAL REGISTRY

Walter eats a Danish while Lankford completes a form. A World War II Military Intelligence pin shines on the lapel of Lankford's suitcoat. Over Walter's shoulder is the sign "No Writing Implements Allowed." Lankford hands Walter the form. He puts down his Danish, licks his fingers then spins the sign-in book around. Lankford sweats; he nervously enters his name.

WALTER
You okay, General?

LANKFORD
Yeah, it's just the flu, I think.

Walter reads the form.

WALTER
What's left of the Cuban files is
in row seven.

He presses a button - CLICK. Lankford pulls open the door to THE VAULT and enters.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

WILSON BERARD sips tea then holds up a memo for Latham to see.

BERARD
Ed Lankford sent this to the White House and to senior staff here. I want to quote a section for you: 'There's evidence the Communists' repressive measures, together with disappointments in Castro's economic dependency on the Communist formula, have resulted in an anti-regime atmosphere among the Cuban people. This makes a resistance program a distinct and present possibility.'

LATHAM
He's insane. He knows it's not true.

BERARD
There's more. He's using your Miami station as his base of operations.

LATHAM
And my ongoing operations there?

BERARD
Stewart's left for Florida. It'll be his call to suspend them or not.

Latham is galled, biting his lip.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Oh, one more thing. I received a call from the British ambassador. Do you know a João Carlo Gamio?

LATHAM

Yes, from SMOTH. He wrote an essay for some small Italian journal that went into detail on us and MI6.

Berard hands Latham a file. As Latham looks through it...

BERARD

He's a PhD student at Columbia University. His advisor is Clive Hawthorne, a British national. Gamio failed to show for his regular meeting with him today.

LATHAM

Sounds like a typical student to me.

BERARD

Except Gamio never misses a meeting. He also failed to show for an appointment today with Carol Blair.

LATHAM

The publisher?

BERARD

And playwright. I've known Carol for years. Campus police say two students saw him forced into a car with four men last night. He hasn't been missing long enough to engage the police, so I was hoping you'd look into it - as a favor to me.

THE HOLE

Bazzo reads a report; DiLauria writes notes.

DILAURIA

Visiting your mom for Christmas?

BAZZO

Yeah, looks like it. You?

DILAURIA

No, she didn't invite me.

BAZZO

Oh, you're a riot, Alice.

Just then Latham enters carrying the file from Berard.

LATHAM

Lankford's going to run the Cuban Project out of the Miami station.

Bazzo and DiLauria groan.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Kensington will decide what happens to our Ops. He's working for him.

BAZZO

He'll probably have Lankford fly the Marines into Havana on Air Cubana.

LATHAM

Hmm... Where are we with Gamio?

BAZZO

His CIA references suggest his source is a GS-13 or above.

DILAURIA

Davis, the New York #2, went by Gamio's place but he wasn't in.

LATHAM

That's 'cause he's gone missing.

He hands DiLauria the file. Bazzo looks over her shoulder.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

From Berard. Gamio missed a meeting with his advisor, who's a friend of the British ambassador, who's pals with Berard. Gamio's mentor is another old friend of Berard's, Carol Blair. She and Bazzo got very chummy when she was ambassador to the Dominican Republic.

DILAURIA

Ooh, mingling with high society.

BAZZO

She was about to return home but Trujillo refused to let her leave the embassy. One of her magazines published an article criticizing him. So I went in and got her out.

DILAURIA

Wow, our own James Bond.

LATHAM

Except Bond gets the girl. Bazzo got a free subscription to the magazine.

DILAURIA
Come on... Seriously?

BAZZO
I got 'em stacked up in a closet.

LATHAM
She didn't know he couldn't read.

DiLauria grins. Bazzo feigns being offended.

DILAURIA
Didn't Carol Blair also write that
play 'The Socialites'?

Latham shrugs - he doesn't know. Bazzo nods toward Latham.

BAZZO
The last play he saw was 'My
American Cousin' at Ford's Theater.
Lincoln was there that night.

Now Latham mugs. Bazzo and DiLauria look at the memo again.

DILAURIA
Hm, who'd want to snatch Gamio?

BAZZO
Other than MI6?

LATHAM
No, SMOTH would've given us a heads
up - at least I hope he would. If
Gamio's kidnapping is political, it
won't be because of his Nasser
essay; that was just published.

DILAURIA
So it's probably one of the essays
Fiona found on Arbenz and Trujillo.

BAZZO
And if it's for personal reasons?

LATHAM
Call the police. But first have New
York talk to his advisor, Hawthorne.

BAZZO
Boss, Gamio's probably dead.

LATHAM
I'd still like to know his source.
And Berard wants to know what's
happened to him - even if it means
reporting he left here in a trunk.

Bazzo nods resignedly but this strikes a cord with DiLauria.

DILAURIA

Only if it was a commercial flight.

Latham and Bazzo are perplexed.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Gamio wouldn't have to go out in a trunk if he left in a private plane.

LATHAM

(thinks it over)

Have New York check small airports in a 50-mile radius, working their way into the city. Liaise with the local police. See if anyone entered a departure time in advance of when they actually left.

DILAURIA

Why would someone do that?

BAZZO

To create an alibi. At those tiny airports pilots make their own entries in the flight log.

EXT. AMITYVILLE, LONG ISLAND - ZAHN'S AIRFIELD - DAY

Stock footage of "ZAHN'S" painted on the roof of the hangar.

INT. OPERATIONS BUILDING

On a wall are a 24-hour clock and a schema of the airfield. DAVIS enters with DETECTIVE LOUIS FRITZ. They approach DICK BOWERS, mid-40s, at his desk. Fritz shows his badge.

FRITZ

I'm Detective Fritz. This is Mr. Davis from the Justice Department.

BOWERS

Dick Bowers, we spoke on the phone. I don't know if I can help you. All our pilots live around here. They're on the honor system. They got no reason to fudge the logs.

DAVIS

How about someone who doesn't live in the area?

BOWERS

Anyone who flies in and doesn't park his plane here pays a landing fee.

FRITZ

Could you check that, please?

Bowers reluctantly gets up, pulls open a file cabinet drawer and searches.

DAVIS

Can you fly out of here at night?

BOWERS

Oh, yeah. We shut down after dark but we keep the runway lights on for safety... Oh! How about that. Paid cash. Flew a Beechcraft Baron, tail #N2158E.

He flips open the flight log. Fritz and Bazzo look on. Bowers glances back at them. Fritz and Davis back away as though they were intruding on Bowers' personal space.

BOWERS (CONT'D)

Our logs are a matter of public record. N2158E - pilot's name was Gary MacDonald; home base, Miami. Arrived here at 1030 hours. Listed his destination as Miami and his departure time as 1130 hours.

FRITZ

Is that when he left?

BOWERS

No. I, uh, remember the plane was on the tarmac when we shut down.

DAVIS

You have a night watchman?

BOWERS

Yes. Last night it was Rudy Callas.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

RUDY CALLAS, 65, in his skivvies, watches TV from his perch on the couch. The doorbell BUZZES. Callas gets up and opens the door part way. Fritz flashes his badge.

FRITZ

I'm Detective Fritz, Suffolk County police. Are you Rudy Callas?

CALLAS

Yeah... What's this about?

FRITZ

Don't worry, it's nothing you did.

CALLAS

Well, in that case, come on in.

Davis and Fritz enter; Callas shuts the door. They all sit.

FRITZ

This is Mr. Davis. You were on duty at Zahn's Airfield last night?

CALLAS

On duty? This ain't the Army. They gimme binoculars so's I can spot anyone messin' with the planes.

DAVIS

Any of them take off last night?

Callas's attention wanders to the television.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Mr. Callas?... Mr. Callas!

CALLAS

Why's he yellin'? I'm right here.

FRITZ

Did any planes take off last night?

CALLAS

Yeah, one.

FRITZ

What time?

CALLAS

1:00. No, two. No, it was one.

DAVIS

You know whose plane it was?

CALLAS

No, but I seen the tail number.

FRITZ

How? There's no lights on at night.

CALLAS

This ambulance was there. The headlights was shinin' on the tail. It was N21-something with an 'E' at the end. They had someone on a stretcher they put on the plane.

DAVIS

Any markings on the ambulance?

CALLAS

Yeah, it said 'Ambulance.'

FRITZ

Right. Well, thanks for your help.

Callas nods as Davis and Fritz get up and leave.

EXT. SANTO DOMINGO - OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY - DAY

INSERT: "Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic"

Amid tropical flora is a one-story building with a sign, "CLUB ZANZIBAR." MacDonald drives a Nash past the empty parking lot into the woods behind the club. He pulls alongside a 1960 Chevrolet Impala. MacDonald alights and gets into the Impala.

INT. CHEVROLET IMPALA

Victor is behind the wheel, wearing leather gloves. The seats are covered in clear plastic. A briefcase lies on the seat between Victor and MacDonald.

MACDONALD

What's with the gloves?

VICTOR

Poison ivy.

MacDonald recoils then runs a hand over the seat cover.

MACDONALD

My grandma has this on her sofa.
So, when do I leave here?

VICTOR

Now.

VICTOR

Opens the briefcase, takes out a .25 Colt 1908 and FIRES two shots into MacDonald's head. He puts the gun back. He gets out of the car, walks around to the passenger side and opens the door. He drags MacDonald's body out the car and to the trunk. He opens it, dumps MacDonald's body inside, then locks it. He gets back behind the wheel and drives away.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - DAY

Stock footage of the airport and a sign with its name.

INT. EASTERN AIRLINES DEPARTURE LOUNGE - GATE #8

Typical. Several passengers carry gift-wrapped packages.

GATE AGENT #1

Attention, passengers. Eastern Airlines flight #46 to Washington, D.C.'s National Airport is now boarding first-class passengers at Gate #8... Once again, Eastern Airlines flight #46 to Washington, D.C.'s National Airport is now boarding first-class passengers at Gate #8.

Among the first-class passengers queuing is Carol Blair.

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

Latham and Jones stroll. The White House looms behind them.

JONES

My ambassador wants you to join his family for Christmas dinner.

LATHAM

You know I'll be with Fiona.

JONES

She's invited, too.

LATHAM

Larry...

JONES

His son's married to a Haitian woman.

LATHAM

I'll see how she feels about it.

They walk to the street corner where there is a mailbox. Latham takes a red envelope from his pocket. It is addressed to "Master Minh De, #1 Rue Chernoviz, Paris 16, France."

JONES

Christmas card for your son?

Latham nods and drops it in the mailbox.

JONES (CONT'D)

Last I heard Kao-Ly was spending his nights at the Aviation Club de France in Paris.

LATHAM

Still gambling...

JONES

Ramfis Trujillo was also there.

LATHAM

Hm, must be the go-to destination
for exiled tyrants.

JONES

Ramfis was inviting high-rollers
onto his yacht for a little
gambling and a lot of women.

LATHAM

He'd better be careful. The
Dominican Treasury wants its money
back - or Ramfis in a body bag.

JONES

Well, there's always U.S. aid - in
exchange for a pro-West government.

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

Another view of the compound through Gate #2.

INT. BASEMENT

Lankford leaves the Central Registry carrying his satchel.
Bazzo leaves The Hole carrying a file. Bazzo enters the
Corridor and BUMPS into Lankford who drops his satchel.

BAZZO

Sorry, General. I'll get it.

As Bazzo reaches for the satchel, Lankford explodes.

LANKFORD

No, leave it! Just leave it!

Bazzo stops. Lankford sweats as he picks up his satchel.

BAZZO

I thought you were in Miami?

LANKFORD

I, um, came up to see the president.
That's over so I'm heading back. See
you around, Paul.

He leaves quickly. Bazzo heads in the other direction.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham writes notes on a legal pad. There's a KNOCK on the
door. Bazzo enters and sits.

BAZZO

I ran into General Lankford outside
the Vault - literally.

LATHAM

What did you do, send him to the Infirmary?

BAZZO

No, he dropped his satchel. I went to pick it up and he blew a fuse. The president must've laid down the law when Lankford saw him today.

LATHAM

Not today he didn't.

BAZZO

Yes, Lankford just said he saw him.

LATHAM

Then he's delusional. Kennedy's still in Boston with his father.

BAZZO

Are you sure?

Latham looks up from his legal pad.

LATHAM

I talked to François Bisset this morning. He'll be back tomorrow.

BAZZO

So, why would Lankford lie?

Latham shrugs. Bazzo suddenly realizes...

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Geezus, the satchel...

LATHAM

Don't go there, Bazzo.

BAZZO

He was coming out The Vault.

LATHAM

He's allowed to. He's also planning to retire with two hefty pensions.

BAZZO

You're assuming money's the reason.

LATHAM

I'm not assuming anything. Look, let's get through our own crisis before taking on his. Alright?

Bazzo sighs and nods. He opens the file and reads from it.

BAZZO

A private plane left Zahn's Airport on Long Island at one this morning, 13 hours after it was scheduled to depart for Miami where it had been rented by a Gary MacDonald. The night watchman saw an ambulance there. Someone on a stretcher was put on board the plane. I thought I'd go to Miami and check in with Rich Summers, the police liaison. Let him work this MacDonald.

LATHAM

Okay, let the station know.

BAZZO

We were also copied on this cable from the Mexico City station.

(hands Latham the cable)

The police there found a corpse they identified as Jesús Melchior Vidal, Trujillo's godson.

LATHAM

You worked with him, didn't you?

BAZZO

Yeah... His mother was Trujillo's mistress. Jesús tipped us off when Trujillo left the house. Mexican intelligence say Jesús belonged to a leftist student group. He'd teamed up with a gringo to purchase arms from CIA, a Hugh Kaplan.

LATHAM

Hmm, that's one of Ed Lankford's working names.

BAZZO

They have documents from the group that show Jesús and Kaplan have a relationship with Carol Blair. I checked with D-Int. Blair's worked with Lankford to arm insurgents in Cuba and the Dominican Republic.

LATHAM

And now left-wing groups in Mexico? She suddenly convert to socialism?

He presses the intercom.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Yes?

LATHAM

See if Berard's in. If he is, ask him if I can come up right away.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Right.

Latham hangs up. He gets up and meanders about. Finally...

LATHAM

Kennedy never mentioned Carol Blair.

BAZZO

Maybe he doesn't know what she's up to.

This strikes an unsettling chord with Latham; he stops.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

But I bet Castro does.

Latham mulls this over. The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

He'll see you in five minutes.

LATHAM

You and Carla hang around for a bit.

EXT. FOGGY BOTTOM - THE YORK APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY (DUSK)

Lankford enters, his satchel tucked under his arm.

INT. BEDROOM

Lankford holds his satchel as he opens the closet door - a small safe sits there. Lankford hesitates...

INT. PALMETTO BAY HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT (EVENING) - PAST

Lt. Col. Easton, Adm. Clifton, Gen. Stans, Mr. Dean and Lankford drink whiskey and smoke cigars. Lankford is upset.

LANKFORD

I have to sleep on it. It's a big step, and I plan on retiring soon.

DEAN

Sure, we understand. Think it over.

LANKFORD

I mean, it's not like you're planning a hit or anything.

CLIFTON

Not now, anyway.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY (DUSK) - PRESENT

Reluctantly, Lankford kneels. He sets down his satchel, turns the safe's combination dial and opens it. He takes a Minox-C camera from his satchel and unloads the film cartridge. He puts camera and film in the safe beside more used film and a wad of cash. He closes the safe and spins the dial.

Lankford stands. He shuts the closet door and enters the Bathroom. WE HEAR the sound of water WHOOSH from the shower.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY (DUSK)

Berard swallows a pill with water as Latham watches.

LATHAM

If Lankford's compromised, it puts the whole Cuban operation at risk.

BERARD

So, what do you want to do?

LATHAM

If I take this to the president, I'll be accused of sabotaging the Cuban Project just to prove a point.

BERARD

So you'd like me to do it.

LATHAM

Yes, sir.

BERARD

Alright.

LATHAM

And Carol Blair?

BERARD

Carol... She never was shy about her antipathy to communism, or her support for candidates like Eisenhower and Kennedy.

LATHAM

I remember seeing their names plastered all over her magazines.

Berard gets up and walks to the window.

BERARD

Yes. Ike was so grateful he named her ambassador to the Dominican Republic. That's when the Latin America Desk reached out to her.

LATHAM

So, why would a staunch anti-communist like her provide arms to Mexico's leftist student groups? President Mateos isn't a communist.

BERARD

No, but he did nationalize Mexico's electric company - and Carol was the majority shareholder.

Latham rolls his eyes.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Speaking of Carol, where are you on João Carlo Gamio?

LATHAM

Paul's following up a lead in Miami. Gamio published essays in journals owned by Carol Blair. She might know if one of them roused an old enemy.

BERARD

Hmm... Are you free for dinner?

ACT THREE

EXT. RESTON, VIRGINIA - TUDOR HOUSE - NIGHT (EVENING)

Expensive automobiles cram the driveway and the lawn.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Amid tufted leather furniture, 19th-century wall maps, and an oriental rug, a middle-aged crowd drinks highballs and Tom Collinses. In one group are Carol Blair, Lankford, Berard, his wife, NINA, and another couple. Though Lankford has changed clothes, he still wears his lapel pin. Berard espies Latham.

BERARD

Carol, there's someone I'd like you to meet. Excuse us.

He leads Carol to Latham while Lankford eyes them curiously.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Carol Blair, meet Warren Latham, a dedicated civil servant.

CAROL

You're not drinking, Mr. Latham?

LATHAM

Not tonight, Miss Blair.

BERARD

Well, I'll leave you two to talk.

He rejoins his wife and party.

LATHAM

You mind if we go to another room?

Carol grins lasciviously. Latham leads her out the room.

STUDY

Books are neatly tucked into floor-to-ceiling shelves. Latham and Carol enter. He sits while Carol saunters past the books.

LATHAM

Have you read João's essays?

CAROL

I read everything he writes.

LATHAM

How do you find the time with all your other interests?

CAROL

I always have time for my boys.

LATHAM

João's your son?

CAROL

No. I support several Latin student activists. It wouldn't surprise me if some day João were president of the Dominican Republic.

LATHAM

So that's where he's from.

Carol nods as she runs her fingers across the book spines.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Did his essays provoke any threats?

CAROL

There's always pushback when you print the truth.

LATHAM

Such as...

CAROL

From General Trujillo's son, Ramfis. He threatened to kill João.

LATHAM

Anyone else?

Carol is caught off guard and stops.

CAROL

Who else were you expecting?

LATHAM

Anyone but Ramfis.

CAROL

Why?

LATHAM

A few months after his father was killed, Ramfis fled the country taking most of the treasury with him. Since then he's been living the high life in France where his chief concerns are women and baccarat.

CAROL

I'd say threatening João shows more concern for his father's legacy than you're aware of.

LATHAM

And I'd say the odds Ramfis follows up on his threat are longer than his returning the treasury's money.

Carol sneers as she resumes sauntering about.

CAROL

I'd heard you were smart - if not something of a smart-ass.

LATHAM

I've been called worse. As it turns out, João's words do affect others. His Nasser essay had details on MI6 and CIA that upset a lot of people.

CAROL

Those operations are history now.

LATHAM

Their sources and methods aren't; nor are the names of the current MI6 officers João mentioned.

CAROL

You obviously aren't aware that I helped pay for those operations.

LATHAM

That doesn't give your boy the right
to put people's lives at risk.

CAROL

Where they succeeded he was very
circumspect. But where they failed,
I have no problem with João holding
those in charge accountable. Look,
let's stop dancing here. What's
happened to João?

LATHAM

If Ramfis had João, he'd have killed
him by now and made the body public
as a warning to others. No, I think
this is more of a private matter,
something you're not aware of.

CAROL

I know everything about my boys.

LATHAM

Except what's happened to João.

This cuts Carol to the quick. She HUFFS.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Is João essential to your plans for
Latin America?

CAROL

Anyone who fights communism is
essential. As for my plans, globalism
is the key to sustained success for
any large corporation. Don't make
more of that than there is, Latham.

She storms out the room.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT (EVENING)

Stock footage of Manhattan's Morningside Heights.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - FACULTY HOUSE

Stock footage of this landmark campus building.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM

Men and women in evening wear socialize and are served drinks
and hors d'oeuvres by a uniformed wait staff. Hawthorne speaks
to a MAN and a WOMAN as a rough-hewn Davis approaches.

DAVIS

Prof. Hawthorne? My name's Davis.

HAWTHORNE

Good for you, young man!

Hawthorne's party SNICKERS. Davis ignores them and waits.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

Am I supposed to know you?

DAVIS

We spoke on the phone. You told me to come by your office. One of your colleagues told me you were here.

HAWTHORNE

Oh, yes... Sorry, I forgot.

DAVIS

Carol Blair said I should speak to you about João Carlo Gamio.

HAWTHORNE

She did... Come with me.

CHESS ROOM

Tables with inlaid chess boards and analog chess clocks abound. Hawthorne and Davis enter and sit at a table.

DAVIS

Did Gamio have any problems with anyone here on campus?

HAWTHORNE

None that I'm aware of.

DAVIS

Any problems with drugs or money?

HAWTHORNE

João doesn't smoke or drink. And with Carol, money's never an issue.

DAVIS

Lucky him. The articles he published on Arbenz, Trujillo and Nasser - were they part of his research?

HAWTHORNE

Yes.

DAVIS

He get any threats related to them?

HAWTHORNE

One has to expect some pushback when one prints the truth.

DAVIS

Like kidnapping the author?

HAWTHORNE

The KGB kidnap dissident writers abroad. Red China calls it 'forced repatriation.' And five years ago Raul Galindez was kidnapped from here after publishing his doctoral thesis critical of Trujillo. Given João's pointed criticism of the man, I wouldn't be surprised if his son Ramfis arranged for a similar act of retribution.

DAVIS

I would.

HAWTHORNE

And why is that?

DAVIS

Ramfis is too busy living it up in France on the \$4 million he stole from the treasury.

HAWTHORNE

Really. And how did he manage to get \$4 million out of the country?

DAVIS

Sentimentalist that he is, Ramfis stuffed it in daddy's casket. But let's get back to João. His Nasser essay had intelligence material that wasn't cited.

HAWTHORNE

The essay was intended for a wide audience. I felt discretion was better served if João didn't cite the sources for sensitive material.

DAVIS

But you confirmed it was accurate?

HAWTHORNE

Of course.

DAVIS

If the material was sensitive and uncited, why include it?

HAWTHORNE

Because uncited material can add context and texture to an essay.

DAVIS

Even if it results in a similar act of retribution? No, don't bother answering. Thanks for your time.

He stands and walks out the room.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - FOGGY BOTTOM - NIGHT

Lankford yawns as he approaches the front door of The York apartment house.

INT. ANTEROOM

Lankford hangs his overcoat on the coatrack.

BEDROOM

Lankford flips on the light. The bedside clock reads 4:05. He opens the closet door and freezes - the door to the safe is open. Holes have been drilled into the safe's door.

Frantic, Lankford drops to his knees and looks inside the safe: the cash is there but the camera and film cartridges are gone. He gets up, crosses to the bed, grabs the phone off the nightstand and dials. The line is BUSY. He hangs up and dials again. Still BUSY. After a moment he dials another number.

ANSWERING SERVICE (O.S.)

Answering service. Whom is your message for?

LANKFORD

Carol Blair. The message is 'Please call Ed Lankford at home as soon as you get this.'

ANSWERING SERVICE (O.S.)

Would you like to leave a number?

LANKFORD

No, she knows the number.

Lankford hangs up. He looks pale and quickly covers his mouth. He gets up, races into the bathroom and vomits.

EXT. 675 15TH STREET, NW - OLD EBBITT GRILL - DAY (MORNING)

Two huge, wooden, Christmas Nutcracker soldiers stand on either the side of the entrance.

INT. DINING AREA - NOOK

Carol and Lankford are having breakfast. Again, Lankford wears his Military Intelligence lapel pin. He is agitated and bleary-eyed, and ignores his food.

LANKFORD
I didn't tell anyone.

CAROL
You must have.

LANKFORD
No! For Chrissakes, you wouldn't
know if I didn't just tell you!

At a table across the room, a couple look over.

CAROL
Keep your voice down. And when the
hell were you going to tell me -
after he was impeached?

LANKFORD
I told you, I only learned about it
myself the other night.

CAROL
Those buffoons are going to ruin
this country. They can't see beyond
their own paranoia, and now you've
bought into it. None of you
understand how essential Kennedy is
to everything.

LANKFORD
Alright! So, what do we do?

CAROL
You're sure only the camera and
film were gone?

LANKFORD
Yes.

CAROL
Then there's your message: Back off
Kennedy or they'll expose you, and
through you, the group. When are
you going back to Miami?

LANKFORD
This afternoon. You think this was
Kennedy's people?

CAROL
If it is, they probably won't make a
move unless your people do. So tell
them, don't do anything stupid.

LANKFORD
I hope they don't.

CAROL

What does that mean?

LANKFORD

Nothing... Your phone was busy.

CAROL

What are you talking about? When?

LANKFORD

After I left you. I tried calling to tell you what happened.

CAROL

Oh, I had a couple of drinks after you left. I must've knocked the phone off the hook.

EXT. MIAMI-DADE COUNTY POLICE STATION - DAY

A sign outside the building identifies it.

INT. OFFICE

Typical. Bazzo sits with POLICE CAPTAIN BILL SUMMERS whose nameplate is on his desk.

SUMMERS

Been a while, Paul.

BAZZO

How've you been?

SUMMERS

Good. I saw one of your people down here, Stewart Kensington.

BAZZO

You say hello?

SUMMERS

You kidding? I hid. He's too much of a fuddy-duddy for me. Got some stuff on Gary MacDonald for you, but you're not gonna like it.

Summers gets up and goes to a file cabinet, pulls out a file and brings it back to his desk.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

This came in a couple of hours ago from la Policía Nacional Dominicana in Santo Domingo. There's a death certificate here on one Gary MacDonald, age 25.

(MORE)

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Cause: Death by Misadventure. We've been asked to notify his next of kin.

He hands the file to Bazzo who reads through it.

BAZZO

What was he doing in Santo Domingo?

SUMMERS

No idea. But their report... MacDonald supposedly went to the Club Zanzibar yesterday afternoon; it's a homosexual joint. There he met a man named Octavio de la Maz. They got into a drunken fistfight over something or other and took it outside, which just happens to be at the edge of a cliff overlooking shark-infested waters. MacDonald staggers over the edge of the cliff and falls into the sea, where he's eaten by sharks.

BAZZO

That's tough to swallow, even for a shark. Where'd they get this story?

SUMMERS

From de la Maz; he'd been remanded. Our embassy didn't buy it either and asked to see de la Maz. That's when the police found he'd 'hanged himself' in his cell.

BAZZO

That's convenient. I assume his Beechcraft Baron's still there.

SUMMERS

It's parked at a small airfield outside Cabo Rojo; that's on the border with Haiti. There's no beacon there to guide planes in. You have to know the coordinates.

BAZZO

Sounds great for smugglers.

SUMMERS

I guess that's why he chose it. MacDonald rented the plane from Sunshine Rentals. According to them, he couldn't have flown straight to Cabo Rojo.

(MORE)

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

So, he probably refueled at one of the small airfields here, then flew on to the Dominican.

BAZZO

Hmm, why the Dominican?

SUMMERS

Probably had another job there. Like you said, it's great for smuggling.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI - HINKLE FIELDHOUSE - DAY (DUSK)

Stock footage of this building built in 1928.

INT. HINKLE FIELDHOUSE

Lankford and Kensington oversee a heterogeneous group of men unload crates from unmarked trucks. The Two walk over to a crate. Kensington SHOUTS to one of the men - Victor.

KENSINGTON

Open it.

Victor picks up a crowbar and opens the crate. Packed in straw, are M-1 carbine rifles. Kensington nods and turns to Lankford, who is clearly upset about something.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

These the ones you ordered?

Lankford nods and looks away. Kensington nods to Victor, who replaces the lid and rejoins the other workers.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

They won't be here after the break.
I can move some to Coral Gables...

LANKFORD

We'll talk about it later.

He turns and leaves. Kensington shrugs. Victor eyes Lankford.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS

Grim, crewcut White men in fatigues walk about carrying firearms. Lankford passes them on his way to a building.

INT. OUTER OFFICE

A secretarial pool of men and women are busy typing and on the phones. SECRETARY #1 looks up as Lankford enters.

SECRETARY #1

Cafeteria's closed for the break.
So we ordered pizza and some Cokes.

Lankford nods absently and enters his...

OFFICE

He sits at his desk and stares blankly into space while absently rubbing his Military Intelligence lapel pin.

INT. PALMETTO BAY HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT (EVENING) - PAST

Lt. Col. Easton, Adm. Clifton, Gen. Stans, Mr. Dean and Lankford drink whiskey and smoke cigars.

LANKFORD

I mean, it's not like you're planning a hit or anything.

CLIFTON

Not now, anyway.

Lankford is horrified. Dean again glares at Clifton.

EASTON

For Chrissake, Ed, he's joking!

INT. OFFICE - DAY (DUSK) - PRESENT

After a moment, a distraught Lankford picks up the phone and dials.

LANKFORD

It's Lankford. We need to talk. Someone broke into my safe and took the film I shot of the files. You're gonna have to back off Kennedy...

(there's a KNOCK on the door)

I can't talk now; someone's here. I'll call you back.

(hangs up)

Come in.

Bazzo enters.

BAZZO

I see you're using InterPen.

Lankford shrugs; he's at sea. Bazzo sits.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

(mockingly)

The Intercontinental Penetration Force?

LANKFORD

Oh, they're here to train the Cubans. Why? What's the problem?

BAZZO

I don't trust anyone who sells their loyalty.

LANKFORD

They're anti-communist, Paul.

BAZZO

And every one of those Nazi psychopaths would be in prison for murder if you hadn't hired them.

LANKFORD

They suit our purposes, for now.

BAZZO

Sir, how do you think the New York Times learned about the Bay of Pigs invasion months ahead of time? From that bunch of loudmouths you hired.

LANKFORD

I'll keep an eye on them.

BAZZO

Anyway, I wanted to tell you I'm going back to Washington. MacDonald was a dead end, literally.

LANKFORD

Who?

BAZZO

Gary MacDonald, the pilot. He's dead. Apparently, he got into a fight at a bar in Santo Domingo, fell off a cliff into the sea and was eaten by sharks.

LANKFORD

Oh, my God...

BAZZO

Yeah. Talk about having a bad day... It's all in the file I got from the police. I left you a copy on your desk.

LANKFORD

I'll look at it later.

Bazzo looks concernedly at Lankford.

BAZZO

Is everything alright?

LANKFORD

(wistfully)

Kennedy genuinely likes Warren; he really does. He trusts him. I think if Warren had taken on this job, it would have changed things.

BAZZO

Like what?

LANKFORD

The future. Maybe Aldous Huxley was right. This world is just another planet's hell.

(looks Bazzo in the eye)

You going back to Washington now?

BAZZO

Yes.

LANKFORD

Tell Warren that I...

(changes his mind; smiles)

Nothing. Have a safe trip, Paul.

BAZZO

Thanks, General.

Lankford nods and shakes Bazzo's hand. Bazzo gets up and leaves.

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

A few OFFICERS walk across the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE is busy transcribing from the Dictaphone when Davis walks in. She smiles and lowers her earphones.

COLLETTE

Davis! Merry Christmas to you.

DAVIS

You, too. Is he in?

COLLETTE

Yes. Does he know you're coming?

DAVIS

No, I didn't let him know.

COLLETTE

Oh... Hang on.

(presses the intercom)

(MORE)

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Davis from New York Central is
here.

LATHAM (O.S.)
What? Alright, send him in.

Davis cringes. Collette hangs up.

COLLETTE
Into the lion's den, Daniel.

Davis enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham looks up from his reading. Davis sits.

LATHAM
What are you doing here?

DAVIS
I didn't want to discuss this over
the phone. It's about my meeting
with Clive Hawthorne.

LATHAM
What about it?

DAVIS
Something's up. I felt like he was
trying to lead me to a conclusion.

LATHAM
Go on.

DAVIS
He seemed to have rehearsed his
answers, especially on Gamio being
kidnapped by Ramfis. He brought up
state-sponsored kidnappings by the
KGB and the Chinese.

LATHAM
All that's in your SITREP.

DAVIS
Yes, but then he told me about
General Trujillo's kidnapping of a
doctoral student on the Columbia
campus five years ago, as though it
were a prelude to snatching Gamio.

LATHAM
I have your report here. He says,
'One has to expect some pushback
when one prints the truth.'

DAVIS

That's right.

LATHAM

Hmm, that's pretty much the same thing Carol Blair told me.

DAVIS

Sounds like they rehearsed this.

LATHAM

Could be. Or she could have led him to that conclusion. Why didn't you put this in your report?

DAVIS

Bruce Wilson knows Carol Blair from his time on the Latin America Desk. She calls the station occasionally and they meet for lunch. I didn't want to let on about my suspicions of her pal Hawthorne in case the subject came up between them.

LATHAM

Good. Does he know you're here?

DAVIS

No, I took some personal time.

LATHAM

Okay, have Collette reimburse you from petty cash and then head back.

DAVIS

Right, sir.

He leaves; DiLauria comes in.

DILAURIA

Problems in New York?

LATHAM

Problems with this whole Gamio mess. You have something for me?

DILAURIA

From Paul. According to the police in Santo Domingo, Gary MacDonald, the one who flew the private plane from Long Island to Miami? He died last night.

LATHAM

What was he doing in Santo Domingo?

DILAURIA

No one knows. He supposedly got into a fight at a homosexual bar there and fell off a cliff into the sea. Presumably, he was eaten by sharks. The man who put him in the drink died overnight while in police custody - he'd hanged himself.

Puzzled and frustrated, Latham gets up and meanders about.

LATHAM

What the hell's going on here?

DILAURIA

Maybe someone suspected they knew something but wasn't sure. So, why take a chance? Silence them both.

LATHAM

Yes, but suspected what?

DILAURIA

It has to involve the principals.

LATHAM

The principals... There's João Carlo Gamio, whose mentor is Carol Blair, and Clive Hawthorne, Gamio's adviser. Both of whom swear Gamio's kidnapping is retribution from Ramfis Trujillo, prompted by Gamio's essay critical of his father. The problem is MI6 contradict their version. They say Ramfis is this lazy, no-count playboy-in-exile who could care less about daddy's legacy.

DILAURIA

So neither of them were aware Ramfis had become a good-for-nothing bum.

LATHAM

(mulls it over)

No, they weren't.

DILAURIA

Carol Blair and Hawthorne had to have compared notes beforehand.

LATHAM

Davis thinks so, too. But my sense is she's too controlling to share anything.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I think she looks at her boys and anyone else she supports as sycophants. She'd simply lead Hawthorne to support her views.

DILAURIA

So, how does the late Gary MacDonald fit into this, assuming he does fit in?

LATHAM

We know he rented a plane in Miami and flew to Long Island where he entered a false departure time. The night watchman saw someone taken from an ambulance on a stretcher and put on board MacDonald's plane. MacDonald presumably flew his human package to Miami. He then traveled to Santo Domingo where he and his sparring partner met their maker.

DILAURIA

If only he'd stayed alive...

LATHAM

If Gamio weren't taken by some pissed-off locals, then it's possible he was on that stretcher. That theory's supported by Carol Blair and Hawthorne's own kidnapping comments. And both said they wouldn't be surprised if Gamio were elected president of the Dominican Republic some day.

DiLauria chuckles.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What?

DILAURIA

They sound like proud parents gushing over their kid's future.

LATHAM

Hmm... The way she gushed over Eisenhower and Kennedy's future...

BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard is incredulous as he listens to Latham.

LATHAM

I believe Carol Blair arranged João Carlo Gamio's kidnapping.

BERARD

Why would she do that?

LATHAM

She see's herself as a kingmaker;
that person behind the scenes
pulling the strings to get her man
elected.

BERARD

That could be said of any wealthy
patron.

LATHAM

Yes, but they don't all carry their
ambitions beyond American politics.

BERARD

And what's Carol's part in this?

LATHAM

She used her wealth and publishing
clout to get two of her favorites
elected president. Since then she's
set her sights on Latin America.
SMOTH spoke about how attractive
the Dominican Republic would be to
us as an impoverished nation.

BERARD

As recipients of our foreign aid.

LATHAM

Yes. With the return of elections to
the Dominican Republic, Carol Blair
is trying to cement her influence
there by grooming a candidate who
can promise economic reform and
deliver substantial aid from Uncle
Sam, and her. If not in the upcoming
election, then in the next one.

BERARD

You mean João Carlo Gamio.

LATHAM

Yes, sir.

Berard gets up and goes to the window. He's clearly upset.

BERARD

So, where is Gamio now?

LATHAM

Probably in a safehouse in Santo
Domingo.

BERARD

Waiting for word to 'escape' his captors?

LATHAM

Yes.

BERARD

(disgusted)

And this MacDonald fellow?

LATHAM

He could have spoken to Gamio or overheard something he shouldn't have. But I think it's more likely that Carol Blair was just cleaning up loose ends.

BERARD

My God...

EXT. MIAMI - PALMETTO BAY - NIGHT

A white, 1960 Lincoln Continental convertible turns off the main road onto 139 Street - very narrow and surrounded by thick woods where the trees form a canopy over the road.

139 STREET

A slow-moving, black Ford Sedan rolls just ahead of the Lincoln. The Sedan slows to a stop; it's hazard lights go on. A Man gets out the Sedan waving his arms. He walks back to the Lincoln which has also stopped.

Lankford turns on his high-beams, blinding the Man who throws his hands before his face.

LANKFORD

What's wrong?

As the Man approaches the Lincoln, he lowers his hands - it's Victor.

VICTOR

It just died on me. Can you just push me off the road? I don't want someone to hit the car.

LANKFORD

Okay, just put it in neutral.

VICTOR

Thanks.

He returns to his Sedan, gets in, then puts his hand out the window and waves.

Lankford rolls the Lincoln up to the Sedan and slowly pushes it off the road, where both cars now sit. Victor gets out of his car and walks up to Lankford.

LANKFORD

You need a ride?

VICTOR

No.

He draws a Colt 1911M from his waistband and shoots Lankford in the left temple.

Victor takes out a handkerchief and wipes the gun clean. He lifts Lankford's left hand, wraps Lankford's fingers around the stock and trigger, and places it against the hole in Lankford's temple. Victor then releases Lankford's hand.

Lankford's sleeve button catches on his Military Intelligence lapel pin. The gun drops to the floor. Victor unhooks Lankford's sleeve; his hand drops to his side. Using the handkerchief, Victor turns the ignition key to "Off."

Victor returns to his Sedan and drives away. Just off the side of the road, 50 yards ahead, sits a PICK-UP TRUCK. Victor stops next to it. A CUBAN MAN is at the wheel.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

We're good.

The Cuban Man nods, then both Men drive away.

EXT. 3RD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING #704 - NIGHT

Light from TV sets flickers in the apartments window.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Latham and Fiona cuddle on the sofa watching The Twilight Zone episode, "To Serve Man." The Red light on the phone BLINKS then it RINGS. Latham gets up. He reaches beneath the phone, rolls a thumbwheel switch then answers it.

LATHAM

Latham...

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 22:16. NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL man the Duty Desk along with MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY. Owens is on the Red phone.

OWENS

It's Owens from the Ops Room, sir.
We've received a report from Miami
that General Ed Lankford is dead.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH OWENS

LATHAM

What?!

OWENS

He was found about a mile from his house by a neighbor. He'd been shot once in the head. The police say it's an apparent suicide.

LATHAM

Geezus...

OWENS

Mr. Kensington was notified by the station. He called in the FBI.

LATHAM

Has Berard been told?

OWENS

He wasn't at home when we called.

LATHAM

Alright. Keep trying. I'll be here.

OWENS

Yes, sir. Good night.

Latham hangs up; he is clearly distressed.

FIONA

What is it?

LATHAM

General Lankford's dead. He shot himself.

FIONA

Oh, my God...

LATHAM

I don't know what's going on now.

Fiona and Latham hold each other tightly.

EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Stock footage of the Main Entrance sign.

INT. NATIONAL AIRLINES DEPARTURE LOUNGE

Victor sits in a chair reading Life magazine. The Departure Board reads:

National Airlines Flight #366
Destination: New York
Departure Time: 10:45 P.M.

GATE AGENT #2 (O.S.)
National Airlines flight #366 to
New York's LaGuardia Airport will
begin boarding passengers at Gate
#21 in five minutes... Once again,
National Airlines flight #366 to
New York's LaGuardia Airport will
begin boarding passengers in five
minutes at Gate #21.

END