

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Two, Episode #13: "No Sympathy, Part Two"

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Cool Gray Dawn
"No Sympathy, Part Two"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

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

Light from TV sets flickers in a few apartment windows.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

WARREN LATHAM is in his pajamas sitting on the side of the bed. He is very distraught. FIONA JEFFRIES sits up in bed.

FIONA
So you sent Paul to go through
Lankford's apartment.

LATHAM
If we were wrong, Lankford would
never know we were there.

FIONA
Could he have used the camera as
part of an operation?

LATHAM
He wasn't a field officer!

FIONA
And of course, I should have known
that!

Latham sighs, clearly regretting his outburst.

LATHAM
No... I'm sorry.

FIONA
Has Paul developed all the film?

LATHAM
No, but he saw documents from the
Bay of Pigs invasion.

FIONA
God... And he was going to retire?

LATHAM
Yeah. Maybe he was hoping for one
last big payday.

FIONA

And Paul made the burglary obvious to scare him?

LATHAM

I thought if Lankford knew someone was onto him, he'd stop - but not by killing himself.

FIONA

I guess a lot of things were going wrong in his life.

LATHAM

And I pushed him to the edge.

FIONA

You don't know that.

LATHAM

I know what I've done... And I'm gonna burn in hell for it.

Distraught, he buries his head in his hands. Fiona holds him.

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

CIA personnel bundled against the cold enter through Gate #1.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD washes down a pill with water. He then starts on his light breakfast while Latham sips tea.

BERARD

That PhD student who was supposedly kidnapped, Carol Blair's protégé...

LATHAM

João Carlo Gamio.

BERARD

Yes. Has he resurfaced?

LATHAM

He walked into our embassy in Santo Domingo earlier claiming he was kidnapped by leftists.

BERARD

As you predicted he would.

(picks up a memo)

Is mandarin One back from Miami?

LATHAM

Yes.

BERARD

The Director wants an opinion on Ed Lankford's mental state. What were Paul's impressions of the General?

LATHAM

He said Lankford seemed melancholy, talked about the future.

BERARD

What did he say?

LATHAM

That Aldous Huxley was right. This world is just another planet's hell.

Berard looks pained.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Did he have any family?

BERARD

A sister. She's seeing to the arrangements. Which reminds me... Lankford had a Military Intelligence pin he wore on his lapel.

LATHAM

I saw it - from the OSS.

BERARD

Yes, he always wore it. For some reason it wasn't on him when the police found him. His sister said he wanted to be buried with it.

LATHAM

I'll have someone check his house. Any idea whom Kennedy will tap to replace him?

BERARD

Yes, but you won't like it.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is there with a very agitated PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY.

BAZZO

Stewart Kensington?!

LATHAM

I know. Elmer Fudd would've been a better choice.

BAZZO

Forget about the communists ninety miles away in Cuba. The real threat's down there in Miami!

LATHAM

Well, if you think about it, maybe Kensington isn't such a bad choice.

BAZZO

You hit your head on the way in?

Latham shoots him a disapproving glance.

LATHAM

I was thinking we could shape his proposals.

BAZZO

How? He has to run everything by the Kennedys and the JCS. Plus, he's finally the big man on campus. You really think he'll want to share any of the glory with you?

Latham sighs resignedly. The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Jared Stokes is on Red.

Latham hangs up and picks up the Red Phone.

LATHAM

Latham...

STOKES (O.S.)

New York has a Soviet walk-in.

LATHAM

Be right down. Call mandarin Two and have her meet me there.

STOKES (O.S.)

Yes, sir.

Latham hangs up.

BAZZO

Want me to take it?

LATHAM

You just came back from a trip; it's Carla's turn. Besides, I need your help with Elmer Fudd in Miami.

The Two get up and leave.

INT. 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. CARLA DILAURIA sits with Stokes. Latham and Bazzo enter.

STOKES

Sorry to hear about the General.

LATHAM

Yeah... Who's the walk-in?

STOKES

Yekaterina Furtseva. She says she knows Nikita Khrushchev intimately.

PERCY

No accounting for taste, is there?

LATHAM

Why is she in New York?

DILAURIA

She's an NGO on a three-month assignment at the U.N. as a disarmament specialist for the Sovs.

BAZZO

How'd she make contact?

STOKES

Through U.N. security. She complained of migraines. So the station #2 slipped in as one of the doctors and did the debrief. He suggested handing her off to you rather than CI on the Soviet Desk.

PERCY

Our ongoing turf war.

NICHOLS

Like the Jets and the Sharks.

PERCY

Who?

NICHOLS

You know, West Side Story?

He SNAPS his fingers rhythmically like the gangs in the film.

LATHAM

Alright. Reid, set up travel and accommodations for mandarin Two.

Nichols nods then swivels around in his seat to a cabinet shelf, pulls out a black binder and flips through it.

DILAURIA

Anything in particular you're looking for, Boss - other than what size shoe Khrushchev wears?

LATHAM

Anything concerning Cuba.

BAZZO

Thinking of Elmer Fudd?

Latham nods. Stokes leans forward toward Latham and Bazzo.

STOKES

(sotto voce)

Just so you know, Wilson, the station #1, suggested Furtseva be handed off to CI. He reamed out Davis for choosing you.

Bazzo and Latham are surprised and worried.

LATHAM

Did Davis say why Wilson objected to having Furtseva assigned here?

STOKES

No, but Wilson's been complaining he could do better if he left the firm.

NICHOLS

Okay, 105 West 13th is available. Or would you prefer The Warwick?

DILAURIA

No, the safehouse. She may have stayed at The Warwick at one time.

NICHOLS

So?

DILAURIA

She may try to slip her nursemaids. The KGB already watch the station. So, if she really was Khrushchev's mistress, they'll put eyes on hotels where they stayed, figuring she might go someplace she knows.

EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY

Stock aerial footage of this landmark building.

CENTER OF THE PENTAGON - PARK

Military and civilian personnel queue at the hot dog stand. LT. COL. EASTON and SENATOR KEN READING, 55, munch on their hot dogs as GENERAL STANS and CAROL BLAIR approach them. Carol and Reading wear "GUEST" badges.

STANS

Surprised to see you here, Senator.

READING

A doctoral student from Columbia University named João Carlo Gamio came into our embassy in Santo Domingo. He says he was kidnapped by leftists there because of some unfavorable article he published on them.

EASTON

Has to be Juan Bosch. That Marxist bastard wants to be sure he's their next president.

READING

Seems that way. Oh, I'm sorry to hear about General Lankford.

STANS

We all are. Oh, Carol, do you know Senator Ken Reading? He's from New York, too.

CAROL

I know of him... Carol Blair.

She and Reading shake hands.

READING

Sorry, but I have a plane to catch. Nice to meet you, Miss Blair. Gentlemen, see you after the break.

He leaves. Easton smirks as he looks at Carol.

EASTON

You're a big wheel. I figured you two would've met at some point.

CAROL

New York's a big city, even for me.

STANS

You up for a hot dog, Carol?

CAROL

No thanks. You know, all the times I've come here, I still can't get over seeing a hot dog stand there.

STANS

It's a gold mine. Wish I'd come up with the idea.

CAROL

Really. And whose idea was it to impeach Jack Kennedy?

Easton and Stans look at each other apprehensively. Finally...

EASTON

Dean's. He felt LBJ was better suited for what we have planned.

CAROL

Then he's just as stupid as Johnson.

EASTON

Hey! We got Johnson in our pocket.

CAROL

You still don't get it. Kennedy's intellect makes him suggestible, even though he believes he's in control. But thanks to you idiots, his people are probably onto us.

EASTON

Just who the hell are you?!

STANS

Easton!

EASTON

Oh, so this broad's in charge now just 'cause she's rich?

CAROL

You're new to this, Easton. So why don't you ask Stans here what happens to people who fuck with me.

Easton SMIRKS and turns to Stans - but Stans is petrified. Slowly, Easton looks away, acknowledging who's boss.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Good. So, who is this Stewart Kensington?

STANS

He's a career Intel man going back to the War. Also a real tight-ass. He was in that group over at CIA in charge of the Bay of Pigs assault.

CAROL

I'm surprised he wasn't retired. Why is he running the Cuban Project?

STANS

He was Lankford's second-in-command. So Jack passed the reins onto him.

Carol GROANS and looks away; Easton is defiant.

EASTON

He's exactly what we need here.

CAROL

Is he... And what if he decides this is his chance to redeem himself?

STANS

Don't worry, he'll listen to us.

CAROL

And what makes you so sure?

STANS

'Cause he doesn't have Latham around to bail him out.

CAROL

Warren Latham at the CIA?

EASTON

The same. He was Kennedy's first choice. The only reason Lankford got the job was because Latham turned it down.

STANS

Thank God he did. Otherwise, he'd have figured out how to make this whole Cuban Project actually work.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI CAMPUS - DAY

INSERT: "University of Miami, Florida"

Crewcut White Men and Cuban Men in T-shirts and fatigues lug duffel bags and carry long crates; civilians crisscross the campus and dodge jeeps driven recklessly about.

INT. OFFICE

STEWART KENSINGTON sits at his desk writing on a legal pad. He grins confidently and sets down his pencil. He gets up, grabs the legal pad and exits into the...

OUTER OFFICE

A pool of women and men are busy typing and on the phones. Kensington lays his legal pad on SECRETARY #1's desk.

KENSINGTON
Memorandum to the SGA.

SECRETARY #1
I'm sorry, Mr. Kensington - the SGA?

KENSINGTON
(annoyed)
Special Group Augmented. Check the list I gave you. And have it back on my desk in an hour so I can proofread it. I'm going to lunch.

SECRETARY #1
Oh, Mr. Latham called. He wants someone to go to General Lankford's house and look for the General's Military Intelligence lapel pin.

KENSINGTON
You're kidding - a lapel pin?

SECRETARY #1
Yes, sir.

KENSINGTON
You tell Latham we have more important things to do here than search for some old war souvenir.

SECRETARY #1
The General's sister and Mr. Berard said he wanted to be buried with it.

KENSINGTON
Fine! Just get that memo typed up.

As he storms off, Secretary #1 mouths the word "asshole."

EXT. SAMUEL GOMPERS PARK - DAY

Latham meets LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) by Gompers' statue.

JONES
No soggy hamburgers today?

LATHAM
(snaps his fingers)
Sorry, I forgot.

JONES
See? I told you eating those things
would make you senile.

LATHAM
Yeah, and bad things come in threes.

JONES
They do. Why do you think I only
see you twice a week?

He grins; Latham rolls his eyes. They stroll.

LATHAM
We have a walk-in in New York,
Yekaterina Furtseva. She's here on
a three-month assignment supporting
the Soviet disarmament delegation
at the U.N. She says she knows
Premier Khrushchev intimately.

JONES
Could be some promising pillow talk.

LATHAM
That's why I sent mandarin Two for a
follow-up. Can you see if London has
any background on her?

JONES
Sure. You, uh, never got back to me
on dinner with the ambassador.

LATHAM
Yeah... Look, I'm still worried it
could cost Fiona her job.

JONES
I told you he's not like that.

LATHAM
I just don't want to risk it, Larry.

Jones nods; he's very disappointed.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
How about the three of us get
together instead?

JONES
No, it's fine. Look, I'll get back
to you on Yekaterina Furtseva.

He turns and walks away, leaving Latham equally upset.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

Stock footage of the bridge and Brooklyn from Manhattan.

BROOKLYN - CORNER OF FLATBUSH AVENUE AND CHURCH AVENUE

A Yellow Cab pulls to the corner. DiLauria alights and enters the Garfield Cafeteria.

INT. GARFIELD CAFETERIA

Mirrored walls, marbleized floors, enormous round pillars where recessed ceiling lights glint off encrusted gold, black and red designs. And the food: Blintzes smothered in sour cream, pumpernickel bread, onion rolls, bialys, lox, cream cheese, Matzoh ball soup and noodle pudding served on white dishes with red and green stripes with a glass of seltzer.

It's crowded. People coming home from work stop in for take-outs. Older customers gather around tables to swap stories and share photographs. Teenagers huddle in their own nook.

DiLauria looks around. In a far corner is a middle-aged woman wearing a green dress and reading the New York Herald Tribune - YEKATERINA FURTSEVA. DiLauria approaches her.

DILAURIA

You mind if I sit here?

YEKATERINA

(in a Russian accent)

That depends... Do you smoke?

DILAURIA

Like a chimney.

YEKATERINA

Then have a seat.

DiLauria sits down. Yekaterina takes a sip of coffee.

YEKATERINA (CONT'D)

I lost my nursemaid on the subway.

DILAURIA

The Transit Police detained him for groping a woman, or so I heard.

Yekaterina looks up from her newspaper and nods approvingly.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Let's go someplace where we can talk.

YEKATERINA

Why not here?

DILAURIA

Some of your fellow Muscovites
might decide to try the food here.

YEKATERINA

You think I am an agent?

DILAURIA

I think it pays to be cautious.
Shall we go?

She and Yekaterina get up and leave.

EXT. MANHATTAN - UPPER WEST SIDE - DAY

Stock footage of the landmark Ansonia building.

INT. APARTMENT 6F - STUDY

DiLauria and Yekaterina are seated at a table on which are a
running tape recorder, legal pads, pencils and cigarettes.
DiLauria takes notes while Yekaterina chain-smokes.

YEKATERINA

Two weeks ago, December 9, I was
with Nikita at his dacha on the
Black Sea. He tells me that the
Saturday before, Defense Minister
Rodion Malinovsky was there. They
are worried about your Jupiter
missiles in Turkey; they only need
ten minutes from launch to land
inside Soviet Union. They also
worry about the number of warheads -
you have so many more than we do.
So Nikita says that perhaps they
should deploy missiles to Cuba to
compensate for this disadvantage.
'Putting one of our hedgehogs down
the Americans' trousers,' he says.

DiLauria can scarcely hide her astonishment at this.

DILAURIA

Did Chairman Khrushchev give any
indication when he would start
sending missiles to Cuba?

YEKATERINA

We are committed to send military
aid to Cuba in May.

(MORE)

YEKATERINA (CONT'D)

That would be an opportunity to send short- and medium-range ballistic missiles along with the tanks, aircraft and air defense equipment.

DILAURIA

Do you have any way to corroborate this? Any memos, requisitions, troop or supply orders?

YEKATERINA

No.

DILAURIA

Alright. You said that in 1959, one of your jobs at the Politburo was to assess American defectors.

YEKATERINA

Yes. The first two were Robert Webster and Lee Harvey Oswald.

EXT. MANHATTAN - BROADWAY AND 72ND STREET - DAY

It's raining. VICTOR stands inside Gray's Papaya eating a hot dog. The Ansonia building looms a block north. Victor finishes eating, leaves the eatery and enters the subway station.

INT. CORRIDOR - ELEVATOR BANK

The doors to an elevator car open; out steps Victor. He walks past glass-walled offices to one end of the corridor where a RECEPTIONIST sits at a Desk. Behind her on the wall is the company logo and name: "CARBLAIR PUBLISHING CO., INC." and a clock that reads 4:55.

RECEPTIONIST

May I help you, sir?

Victor hands her a business card.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Oh, yes. Miss Blair left word you'd be dropping something off for her.

Victor pulls an envelope from his pocket and hands it to her. The Receptionist smiles. Victor heads back to the elevators.

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - NIGHT (EVENING)

Stock footage of a propjet landing in the twilight.

I/E. GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY - CHECKER TAXI

Carol rides in back as the taxi travels south along the East River. The U.N. tower is a surreal black-and-white backdrop.

INT. CORRIDOR - ELEVATOR BANK

Elevator doors open; out steps Carol toting a garment bag. She passes the empty Reception Desk; the wall clock reads 6:55.

EXECUTIVE SUITE

Carol lays her garment bag and coat on a leather couch and goes to her desk. A small, neat pile of mail sits there beside copies of the New York Times, the Washington Post, Heraldo Habanero, and Listín Diario. As she flips through the mail, she pauses at one envelope, simply addressed: "Carol Blair, Esq., Carblair Publishing."

She lays down the rest of the mail and opens it. Carol takes out Lankford's World War II Military Intelligence pin. There is no hint of emotion on Carol's face. She puts the pin in the top-right desk drawer, then returns to opening her mail.

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT (EVENING)

A few CIA OFFICERS leave the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 19:45. COLLETTE DOWD puts a cover over her typewriter as Latham enters from the corridor.

LATHAM
(archly)
Leaving early?

COLLETTE
(mugs)
Fiona called - I can't imagine what she sees in you. Anyway, she said she'll be late. SMOTH has her waiting for a response from London on Yekaterina Furtseva.

LATHAM
Okay, thanks. Are you, um, doing anything Monday, Christmas Day?

COLLETTE
I have to check my calendar.

LATHAM
Collette...

The Gray phone RINGS; Collette answers it.

COLLETTE
Yes?... He is. Just a moment.
(puts the caller on hold)
It's François Bisset.

LATHAM

Have Christmas dinner at my place.

COLLETTE

I don't know, Warren. I'll see.
(points to the Gray phone)
François Bisset?

She leaves. Latham hurries into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

And sits at his desk. He picks up the Gray phone.

LATHAM

Latham...

BISSET (O.S.)

Can you come to the West Wing?

LATHAM

Why? What's going on?

BISSET (O.S.)

Stewart Kensington sent us a six-
phase schedule for the Cuban
Project. This damn thing is so...
Can you just get over here?!

LATHAM

Be there in a half-hour.

He hangs up, then picks up the Red phone and dials.

OWENS (O.S.)

0-4-3-3...

LATHAM

It's Latham. I'll be at the West
Wing with François Bisset.

He hangs up, grabs his overcoat and leaves.

ACT TWO

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - NIGHT

Stock footage taken during the Christmas holiday.

INT. THE ROOSEVELT ROOM

In this windowless room, Latham, PRESIDENT JOHN KENNEDY and his press secretary, FRANÇOIS BISSET, sit at a corner of the conference table. Before each of them is an open folder. Bisset is really worked up as he points to the paperwork.

BISSET

Your Stewart Kensington's crazy.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

He has thirty-two planning tasks for the Cuban Project. Thirty-two!

BISSET

And they're all over the place. Sabotage, Intel activities... And listen to what he writes: 'All meant to develop a strongly motivated political action force within Cuba, capable of generating a revolt resulting in the downfall of the Castro government.' Develop?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Kensington doesn't even believe an anti-Castro movement exists in Cuba! Which contradicts the DIA assessment of a large, well-organized, anti-Castro movement there.

LATHAM

An assessment I've been arguing against for months, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

And you convinced Kensington of this.

LATHAM

No, he got there all on his own.

Bisset SCOFFS. Latham shrugs it off.

BISSET

He wants to send eleven CIA guerrilla teams of 250 men each into Cuba. Each team literally has dozens of tasks, ranging from contaminating sugar shipments to tampering with industrial imports.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I imagine the latter is supposed to give the impression that insurgents are responsible.

LATHAM

I would think so, yes.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

So what was he thinking with his Illumination by Submarine?

LATHAM

Sorry?

BISSET

Page fourteen, Warren.

Latham flips to the page. Kennedy reads the section aloud.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

'After dark on All Souls' Day, November 2, the Navy will fire star shells from a submarine to illuminate the Havana sky. This will be coupled with rumors about portentous events that signify the downfall of the Castro regime and the growing strength of the resistance. Being a deeply religious and superstitious people, the Cubans will believe that the illumination signals the Second Coming of Christ.'

LATHAM

That's a bit out there.

BISSET

This one's even further. 'As a response to Cuba's lack of toilet paper and sanitary napkins, the CIA will air-drop toilet paper with pictures of Castro and Khrushchev on alternate sheets.' That's supposed to drive Castro mad.

Latham laughs.

BISSET (CONT'D)

It's not funny.

Latham shakes his head no. President Kennedy is not amused.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Kensington also suggests a provocation, one that would invite our military to overthrow Castro.

LATHAM

You wanted an operation that would overthrow Castro by October of '62, despite the fact that I've said it isn't feasible. Clearly, Kensington feels this is the only way to get there in ten months' time.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Without plausible deniability? Did he understand that when he put this together?

LATHAM

I wasn't involved in it.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Well, you need to be.

Latham shakes his head no.

BISSET

Warren...

LATHAM

I report directly to Kensington. If I usurp his authority, word'll get around the Agency that I can't be trusted; that I'd sandbag anyone to further my own career. Look, if my officers doubt I have their backs at crunch time, it could mean their lives. No, Kensington's in charge of the Cuban Project. Any changes to it, you tell him yourself.

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

Light from TV sets flickers in most of the apartment windows.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Latham finishes preparing dinner as Fiona sets the table.

FIONA

So, you pissed off the president.

LATHAM

Hard as that is to believe, yes.

FIONA

Well, he doesn't know your sterling personality like I do.

LATHAM

Did you have some of Larry's spicy eggnog tonight?

FIONA

A little bit.

LATHAM

You know, you have to be over 21 to drink here in D.C.

FIONA

Ooh, then I just made it.

Latham grins as he spoons the food onto two plates.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Now you, on the other hand...

LATHAM

Eat.

They start eating.

FIONA

So Kennedy won't be asking for your advice on Cuba anymore.

LATHAM

I'm not sure it matters; Bobby's the one directing everything.

FIONA

Is he an expert in guerilla warfare and counterinsurgency?

LATHAM

You kidding? He went to Harvard. They think they know everything. By the way, did London get back to you on Yekaterina Furtseva?

FIONA

Yes. She graduated from the Russian Academy of Sciences, where they're certain they know everything. She's a member of the Politburo, and she was in Vienna six months ago consulting on disarmament talks. On December 9, she left Moscow on Aeroflot flight 1016 to Sochi, where Khrushchev has a dacha.

LATHAM

So far, so good.

FIONA

She's also been seen with two Americans who defected in 1959, Robert Webster and a Lee Harvey Oswald.

LATHAM

I'll pass all that along to Carla.

The phone RINGS; Latham GROANS. He and Fiona head into the...

LIVING ROOM

The phone's Red light is BLINKING. Latham reaches beneath the phone, rolls the thumbwheel switch then answers it.

LATHAM

Latham...

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 22:35. NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL man the Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY. Owens is on the Red phone.

OWENS

It's Owens, sir. Mandarin Two missed her time check with New York Central.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH OWENS

LATHAM

Was it because she was busy, or...

OWENS

They allowed for that but she missed the secondary one as well.

LATHAM

She was supposed to be debriefing Yekaterina Furtseva.

OWENS

Yes, at the Ansonia safehouse. The station called but no answer. So their #2 went by there to check. He found her notes and tapes properly packaged, but no one was there.

LATHAM

Alright, call mandarin One at home. Tell him to meet me in the Ops Room.

He hangs up. Fiona looks at him worriedly.

FIONA

What's happened?

LATHAM

Carla missed her last two time checks and she's not at the safehouse.

FIONA

Can I help?

LATHAM

I'm going to send Paul up there.

FIONA

If she were snatched, it could be one of the Unwashed's satellite services. They'd watch the station to identify any officers looking for her. But Paul and I could work independent of the station.

LATHAM

Alright, I'll call Larry.

FIONA

I'll get my overnight bag.

She heads into the bedroom. Latham picks up the phone.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT

A few buildings in the compound have offices lit.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Latham, Bazzo, Fiona and Jones huddle with the Night Duty Officers around the Duty Desk. Bradley is on the Gray phone.

LATHAM

And the station notified their police liaison?

OWENS

Yes, but they're limited in what they can do. She needs to be gone 48 hours to be a missing person.

FARRELL

The station's canvassing hospitals in case she was in an accident.

LATHAM

Was she using a working name?

FARRELL

Ellen Winters.

BAZZO

The same one she used in Cleveland that time you gave her your fat suit to wear?

FARRELL

Yeah.

BAZZO

I'm surprised she didn't kick your ass for that.

BRADLEY

(covers the mouthpiece)
That's 'cause he hid in the Infirmary when she returned it.

LATHAM

Alright.

OWENS

Bruce Wilson, the station #1, has them manning the phones 24/7 in case there's a ransom demand.

Latham and Bazzo look at each other, finding this odd.

LATHAM

Who floated that idea?

OWENS

Wilson.

JONES

Are your people holding anyone?

OWENS

Two Bulgarians. But we're swapping them for one of ours.

JONES

You think the KGB might've grabbed her in retaliation for something?

LATHAM

No, Yuri Gvozdev wouldn't let them break that rule.

FIONA

You have rules with the KGB?

BAZZO

An unwritten one: We don't snatch each other's officers here.

FARRELL

I don't know, a KGB satellite service like the DGI might try it.

LATHAM

You need time and a plan to grab someone. How would the DGI know Carla was even in New York? I sent her there at the last minute.

FIONA

What about the walk-in, Furtseva?

OWENS

She was seen this evening in a subcommittee meeting at the U.N.

JONES

Could she have known where the debrief was being held?

LATHAM

No. Look, short of Carla being in an accident, we have to consider the possibility that her being in New York was passed on to someone ready to act on that information.

BAZZO

That would mean someone in New York.

LATHAM

I know.

Everyone's mood grows dark.

OWENS

I wish we could get the police more involved.

LATHAM

There was this detective there who was sweet on Carla.

BAZZO

Art Fallows. He saved her life.

LATHAM

Right. See if he's still around.

Bazzo nods. Bradley hangs up the Gray phone and announces...

BRADLEY

I've booked seats to Idlewild for Paul and Miss Jeffries on Austrian Air. It leaves National at 01:50.

BAZZO

I didn't know there were any flights to New York this late.

BRADLEY

It's the final leg on a connecting flight originating in Vienna. You're staying at the Roosevelt Hotel on 45th and Lexington.

(MORE)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

The reservation's under your working name, Tom Sterling. It's for a two-bedroom suite.

LATHAM

Okay, let's get a move on. I have a call to make. I'll be in my office.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MANHATTAN - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the midtown Manhattan skyline; early-risers brace against the cold on their way to work.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Carol and Reading sit on the couch and drink coffee as they watch the News on a portable television set.

INSERT ON TELEVISION:

On the steps of Saint Andrews Roman Catholic Church in Foley Square, lower Manhattan, Reading faces reporters.

REPORTER #1

Senator Reading, when you addressed the Armed Services Committee earlier, you mocked a Los Angeles organization that said folk music was a tool of communist subversion.

READING

It just shows you the absurd lengths these amateur ferrets of the radical right will go to quell honest dissent in our democracy.

REPORTER #2

Are you saying there is no communist threat?

READING

No, of course not. But nonsense like that diverts attention from the real threats to our liberty. Right now the Soviets are arming Cuba; that's a real threat. If we allow it to continue, what's next on that island, nuclear missiles?

A HUBBUB grows from the Reporters.

READING (CONT'D)

That's all I have for now.

BACK TO SCENE

Carol lowers the volume on the TV and turns to Reading.

CAROL

Nice. I like the way you let it hang in the air at the end there.

READING

It wasn't too dramatic?

CAROL

No, no. More coffee?

READING

Yes, please.

Carol gets up and refills their cups from a service tray.

READING (CONT'D)

I tell you, the idea of missiles in Cuba scares the hell outta me.

CAROL

Good. Fear makes people predictable. You get an arms race plus more doubt about the feasibility of surviving a first strike.

She sits back down.

READING

More missiles but less intent to actually use them.

CAROL

Uh huh. But you have to be careful on how you ratchet up the tension. Just enough to keep the threat alive.

EXT. MANHATTAN - UPPER WEST SIDE - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the Ansonia building.

INT. CORRIDOR

Fiona and ART FALLOWS walk to apartment door 6F. Fiona uses a key to open the door and the two enter.

APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Fiona and Fallows enter and look around.

FIONA

How well did you know Carla?

FALLOWS

Fairly well. She'd have made a damn good detective, I'll tell you that.

Beside the recording equipment on the table is a woolen hat. Fallows picks it up.

FIONA

Carla's?

FALLOWS

She had one like it when I saw her last.

Fiona opens a closet. A woman's overcoat hangs there along with a garment bag. On the floor is an overnight bag and umbrella. Fallows joins her.

FALLOWS (CONT'D)

She wasn't planning to leave.

Fiona nods in agreement.

FALLOWS (CONT'D)

It'd help if you could narrow down the time she went missing.

FIONA

Okay. Meanwhile, can your people search the buildings in the area?

FALLOWS

No crimes been committed, Fiona.

FIONA

I know, but she might still be around here. She could be hurt.

FALLOWS

I understand that. But I can't justify allocating resources to look for someone who officially isn't missing. For all you know she coulda just spent the night watching stag films on 42nd Street.

FIONA

(affronted)

Is that what you think of her?

FALLOWS

No, but my bosses will!

Fiona HUFFS, exasperated, and heads for the door.

FALLOWS (CONT'D)

Doesn't mean I won't take some personal time and look around. I'll also get a list of tenants here.

FIONA

Thanks.

Fiona nods and leaves.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - TIMES SQUARE - DAY (MORNING)

BRUCE WILSON enters a subway station entrance.

INT. TIMES SQUARE - SUBWAY PLATFORM

Wilson boards a crowded Shuttle train to Grand Central.

GRAND CENTRAL - SUBWAY PLATFORM

Wilson exits the subway along with the other passengers. He follows the crowd to the downtown Lexington Avenue IRT line and boards an express subway.

BROOKLYN - BOROUGH HALL SUBWAY PLATFORM

Wilson exits the subway car. He walks through connecting tunnels to another platform. It's crowded. A Manhattan-bound, Broadway IRT subway pulls in. Wilson waits until he is the last person to board the subway car.

As the doors start to close, Wilson BOLTS out the car. The subway doors open part way then SLAM shut. No one else has gotten off the train. It ROARS out the station, leaving Wilson alone on the platform. He heads back to the connecting tunnel.

GRAND CENTRAL - SUBWAY PLATFORM

An uptown Lexington Avenue IRT subway pulls into the station. Wilson and other passengers alight. Most of the passengers head to street exits; Wilson enters a tunnel where a sign reads "Roosevelt Hotel."

INT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (MORNING)

Bazzo and Wilson sit at a table on which is an unfolded map of Manhattan. Wilson refers to his notepad.

WILSON

No traffic in or out any of the Unwashed embassies; no European-bound ships in port; and no trunks with diplomatic tags have passed through Idlewild so far.

Bazzo is frustrated. There is a rhythmic TAP on the door.

He gets up and opens it - it's Fiona. She enters.

BAZZO

Bruce Wilson... Fiona Jeffries, MI6.
She was checking out the Ansonia.

Wilson eyes Fiona coolly. Fiona doffs her coat.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Anything?

FIONA

Carla's hat, coat and bags were
still there, along with her
umbrella.

WILSON

Tell me something I don't know.

FIONA

It rained yesterday, didn't it?

Wilson shrugs "so what"?

FIONA (CONT'D)

If she stepped out, she intended to
come right back.

WILSON

So?

FIONA

Maybe someone was waiting for her in
the hall or in one of the flats. Or
she might have let someone in on the
pretense that he belonged there.

WILSON

Belonged there? What's that mean?

FIONA

In London, no one would think twice
about seeing a man in overalls with
a toolbelt, especially if he said
there's a leak into the flat below.

BAZZO

The same goes for New York, Fiona.
Who knew the Ansonia was in use?

WILSON

Just the station.

FIONA

Are you sure?

WILSON
No one broke protocol!

BAZZO
What's your problem, man?

WILSON
You are! Anything goes wrong here,
it has to be my fault.

BAZZO
Then try showing me something
you've done right for a change.

WILSON
Go fuck yourself!

Bazzo jumps up. Wilson jumps up to meet him. They square off.

FIONA
Stop it, you two!

WILSON
Look, I work my ass off here! And
all I get is grief from you, Latham,
the Ops Desk... I'm sick of it!

BAZZO
You don't like your job? Move on.

WILSON
Fine! But you're not puttin' this
on me. I provided a secure place.

BAZZO
Like you did the last time?

Wilson is chagrined and nonplussed. Fiona is curious.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
Your security did such a great job
they didn't even know Carla had been
set up. She was shot twice,
remember? So knock off the bullshit!

Wilson backs off. They sit down. Bazzo nods to Fiona.

FIONA
What time did Carla last check in?

WILSON
15:00, from the Ansonia.

FIONA
And when was Yekaterina Furtseva
due back at the U.N.?

WILSON

18:00.

FIONA

And the check-in time Carla missed?

WILSON

19:00.

FIONA

So, assuming Furtseva left at 17:00; between then and 19:00 people would have been returning home from work. If she were snatched in the street, someone would have seen it. So it stands to reason something happened inside the building.

BAZZO

You have eyes on the Ansonia?

WILSON

Since 21:00.

FIONA

Art Fallows is there getting a list of tenants.

WILSON

What good'll that do? People illegally sublet those apartments.

BAZZO

And a tenant with a legal right to be there may be someone to talk to.

The phone RINGS; he answers it.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Sterling... Yes... Yeah, I remember you... He asked Gvozdev?... Oh... Thanks... Where do we meet you?... Alright, see you there.

(hangs up)

That was Dina, Yuri Gvozdev's #2 at the Washington rezidentura. Latham asked them if the KGB had snatched Carla. Gvozdev assured him they hadn't and sent Dina here to help us look for her. She'll meet us at the diner on 91st and Second Ave.

WILSON

Latham asked the KGB for help?

BAZZO

No, Gvozdev volunteered Dina without Latham's knowledge. He feels he still owes Latham one.

WILSON

Yeah, I'll bet. You're not really gonna work with them.

BAZZO

(turns to Fiona)
Call the NYPD. Leave word for Fallows on where to meet us.

WILSON

To hell with this. I'm going.

Wilson leaves in a huff as Fiona picks up the phone and dials.

EXT. PARK AVENUE SOUTH AND 28TH STREET - DAY

Stock footage of the Belmore Cafeteria.

INT. BELMORE CAFETERIA

Similar to the Garfield Cafeteria. Wilson and Carol sit at a booth in the corner drinking coffee. Wilson is very upset.

WILSON

It's like I'm their whipping boy.

CAROL

What happened.

WILSON

One of their mandarins went missing.

CAROL

Here in New York?

Wilson sips his coffee then nods.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Was it the woman at the Ansonia?

WILSON

Don't say that out loud. Christ!

CAROL

No one's listening here.

WILSON

You don't know that. You're not even supposed to know about the Ansonia.

CAROL

But I do; you told me. So get off
it. You know what happened to her?

WILSON

No.

CAROL

Yet they're blaming you.

WILSON

That place was secure.

CAROL

It's a big city. People get mugged.

WILSON

Tell that to Latham.

CAROL

No, you tell him. My offer's still
open, Bruce.

Wilson looks at her gratefully.

ACT THREE

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the National Mall and The Capitol.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

CIA personnel fight the cold by hurrying into the compound
through Gate #1.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard's AIDE-DE-CAMP flits in and out of the office, putting
papers in Berard's satchel. Latham enters.

LATHAM

You wanted to see me, sir?

BERARD

Yes. I've been summoned to the Oval
Office. Stewart has submitted a
revised plan for the Cuban Project.

He hands Latham a folder. Latham begins to read through it.

BERARD (CONT'D)

The top sheet's a summary.

LATHAM

(reads aloud)

'Cancel operational plans; treat Cuba as a communist Bloc nation. Exert all possible diplomatic, economic, psychological and all other pressures to overthrow Castro. Commit the U.S. to help Cubans overthrow the Castro regime, including the use of U.S. military force if required at the end; or use a provocation and overthrow the Castro regime using U.S. military force.' Geezus, he's insane!

BERARD

Stewart was supposed to deliver a scaled-down operation, something more plausibly deniable. So, he cancels his scheme of eleven guerilla sabotage teams of 250 men each and their 32 planning tasks, and replaces them with an even more ambitious, U.S.-backed military coup. The man must want the president to fire him.

LATHAM

Whatever his motive, I don't see what this has to do with me.

BERARD

If Stewart is relieved of his command, the Cuban Project is likely to fall in my lap. I'd like to know I can depend on you for advice.

LATHAM

You know I'm against any invasion of Cuba.

BERARD

Yes, but I'll need your help when the Kennedy's are about to fall off the cliff and drag the rest of the world with them.

Berard's Aide-de-Camp re-enters and helps Berard put on his coat.

BERARD'S AIDE-DE-CAMP

Your car's outside, sir.

He leaves carrying Berard's satchel. Berard looks at Latham.

LATHAM

I'll be there when you need me.

BERARD

Good. Any word yet on DiLauria?

LATHAM

Mandarin One and Fiona Jeffries from MI6 are in New York working with an NYPD detective Carla knew. And I learned that Yuri Gvozdev sent his number two there to help us out.

BERARD

You asked the KGB rezident for help?

LATHAM

No. I asked him if the KGB or any of his satellite services were involved. He said no, and I believe him. He decided on his own to send us help.

BERARD

How you've managed a level of trust with a KGB colonel through all this fear and hate, I'll never know. But I'm glad you did.

He heads toward the door; Latham follows.

EXT. LAFAYETTE SQUARE PARK - DAY

A few people walk through the park on their way elsewhere. Latham and Jones stroll.

JONES

Putting aside your in-house theory, if Carla wasn't snatched, it has to be something like a robbery gone bad.

LATHAM

That's a worst-case scenario, Larry.

JONES

Or best-case.

LATHAM

How do you figure that?

JONES

It doesn't upset relations between you and the KGB.

LATHAM

(sighs)

You know, I'm always telling myself, Carla's skilled; she can fend for herself. Then I remember how many times she's nearly been killed and...

JONES

Come on, there has to be some comfort in knowing it's not an Eastern-Bloc service trying to provoke you.

LATHAM

Not much.

JONES

You kidding? If they know anything about you, they know kidnapping one of your officers, especially a mandarin, would be signing their death warrant. You'd personally hunt them down, like the Mossad's Peter Malkin hunted down that Nazi Adolf Eichmann in Argentina.

Latham shrugs; he's preoccupied.

JONES (CONT'D)

Worried about Fiona?

LATHAM

Always. My worst nightmare would be if she were...

Latham stops himself, suddenly realizing something.

JONES

If she were what?

LATHAM

Wait... You said, what would be the point of an Eastern-Bloc service provoking CIA.

JONES

That sounds like me.

LATHAM

And what if it wasn't a mugging gone bad?

JONES

You really think someone in your New York station is involved?

LATHAM

Maybe not the station... I'm going up to New York.

JONES

You want me to go with you?

LATHAM

No, I already have Fiona involved. If I'm right, I don't want to put you at risk as well. I'll call you when I get back.

They part ways and leave the park.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MANHATTAN - DAY

Stock footage of a diner on the Upper East Side.

INT. DINER

Bazzo, Fiona, Fallows and DINA sit at a booth. Dina wears a frumpish, gray dress. Fallows hands each of them a sheet of paper with names followed by the number six and a letter from 'A' to 'Z'. A manila envelope is on the table. Fallows eyes Dina.

DINA

Why are you staring?

FALLOWS

Oh, I'm just surprised - a Soviet Assistant Counsel helping out us decadent Westerners...

DINA

And I thought you were thrilled with my outfit.

FALLOWS

(smiles unctuously)
Yeah, that too.

DINA

You have no taste. This is as stylish as a burlap sack. I wear it to remind myself to keep focused on my work. You should do the same.

Fallows is chagrined. Fiona grins slyly.

BAZZO

Okay, can we get started?

FALLOWS

Yeah. The apartment's on the sixth floor. So we'll start with the tenants there. When you finish, pass the sheet to your left. Maybe someone else can recognize a name. If we don't recognize anyone we move one floor above, then one floor below, and so on. Okay, get started.

Everyone reads their list. It's a quick read. They pass the sheets to their left. Again, they go through the list quickly - nothing. They pass the lists around a third time. This time, Bazzo TAPS the sheet of paper.

BAZZO

Carol Blair's on here, apartment 6D.

FIONA

And we were in 6F.

They look at each other, acknowledging the obvious. Fallows turns to Bazzo and TAPS the check left by the WAITRESS.

FALLOWS

You got this?

Bazzo rolls his eyes and leaves two dollars on the check. Then everyone gets up and leaves.

EXT. EASTERN AIRLINES PROPJET IN FLIGHT - DAY

Stock footage of the iconic airliner soaring above the clouds.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN

All tourist class, as was typical then for frequent flights along the Northeast corridor. Bazzo sits in an aisle seat, his legal pad resting on the seatback tray, pencil in hand.

INSERT ON THE LEGAL PAD:

- Who knew besides the station that Carla was in NYC?
- Who knew about the safehouse?
- Why was Wilson against handing off Furtseva to me?
- Wilson has been lunching with Carol Blair.
- Carol Blair and Lankford - close; yet she never inquired about him after his death. Why?
- Lankford always wore MI lapel pin. Always.
- Gamio disappears; Lankford is dead. Both associated with C. Blair. Gamio resurfaces in time to dispute election process.

BACK TO SCENE

A STEWARDESS pushing a beverage cart stops at Latham's row. She serves passengers on the other side of the aisle then turns to Latham.

STEWARDESS
Something to drink, sir.

Latham is engrossed writing notes.

STEWARDESS (CONT'D)
Sir?

LATHAM
Oh, sorry. Diet Rite Cola, please.

She pours him some and places the plastic cup on the tray.

STEWARDESS
Problem solving?

LATHAM
Pardon?

STEWARDESS
It looks like you're solving a problem.

LATHAM
I was.

The Stewardess smiles and moves on.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MANHATTAN - DAY

Stock footage of the midtown cityscape.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Carol and Reading are on the couch having lunch and watching midday news on television.

CAROL
You hear that? Castro finally admits he's a Marxist-Leninist.

READING
Took him long enough.

CAROL
I'm preparing a photo of Castro in a lavish room with a table loaded with the best Cuban food imaginable. Underneath will be a caption that reads, "My rations are different."

Reading grins; he's a bit sloppy with his food.

READING

That'll go over well.

CAROL

You got egg salad on your face.

READING

Oh. You got any extra napkins?

CAROL

On my desk.

He gets up from the couch and looks in vain about her desk.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Check the top right-hand drawer.

Reading pulls open the drawer. He takes out a napkin and stops. Something catches his eye. He pulls out Lankford's Military Intelligence lapel pin.

READING

Where'd you get this?

CAROL

What?

Reading holds up the lapel pin.

READING

This.

Carol shrugs, feigning indifference.

CAROL

An antique shop on First Avenue.

READING

Wow. Last time I saw one of these was on General Lankford. These things are real treasures. I can't imagine someone just selling one.

CAROL

Well, someone did.

The intercom SCRATCHES.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

A Bruce Wilson is here to see you, Miss Blair.

Carol points to the intercom. Reading sets the lapel pin on the desktop and presses the "Talk" button.

CAROL
Have him come in.

Reading hangs up.

READING
Who's Bruce Wilson?

CAROL
(smiles slyly)
CIA station chief here.

Reading MUGS approvingly. There's a knock on the door; it opens. The RECEPTIONIST ushers Wilson in then leaves, shutting the door. Wilson looks uncomfortable.

WILSON
Is this a bad time?

CAROL
No, sit down. Hungry?

WILSON
Little bit.

CAROL
Well, there's plenty here. You know
Senator Reading?

WILSON
I've seen him but we've never met.

CAROL
Senator Reading... Bruce Wilson, a
good friend of mine.

Wilson and Reading shake hands, then Wilson helps himself to lunch and sits in a chair.

CAROL (CONT'D)
So, what brings you here?

WILSON
I decided to accept your offer.

CAROL
Good.

Reading sits back on the couch.

READING
So, you're going to join the
publishing business. What sort of
work are you leaving?

CAROL

He's been a dedicated civil servant.
He has a good background in foreign
affairs.

READING

He should be real useful to you.

CAROL

Oh, yes.

I/E. NEW YORK CITY - FORD FAIRLANE - DAY

Bazzo, Fiona, Dina are passengers as Fallows drives across
Central Park.

FALLOWS

Building management already knows
me, so I'll take the lead there. The
Concierge will call apartment 6D and
say there's a package for Carol
Blair. She'll also tell them that
Miss Blair's standing instructions
are to have all packages left in the
apartment when she's not there. The
Concierge will bring up the package.
Paul and I will have gone up ahead
and be waiting inside 6F. Fiona and
Dina will cover both ends of the
hallway in case anyone gets by us.

DINA

What if Carla's not in 6D? What do
we do about whoever is there?
They're certain to raise a fuss.

FALLOWS

I'm a cop, I have a badge. We're
searching for a kidnap victim. Let
'em call their congressman and
complain. Meanwhile, we'll move on
and search the basement.

BAZZO

I hope this doesn't get you in hot
water with your boss.

FALLOWS

I got my 20 years in already.

The Ford speeds past traffic.

EXT. THE ANSONIA BUILDING - DAY

The Ford Fairlane parks by a fire hydrant.

Bazzo, Fiona, Dina and Fallows get out of the car. A POLICEMAN strolls by. Fallows shows him his badge, then the Four enter the Ansonia.

INT. LOBBY - CONCIERGE DESK

Fallows approaches the CONCIERGE; she smiles familiarly and speaks to him. Meanwhile, Bazzo, Fiona and Dina wait by the guest chairs. After a minute, Fallows approaches the Three.

FALLOWS

Change of plans. The Concierge says there's two guys up there. One of 'em called down to say he's expecting a pizza delivery from Sonny's. I know the place. It's a family-owned joint just around the corner. The daughter does the deliveries 'cause they tip real well in here. The guy told the Concierge to let her up to the apartment. She's due here soon.

FIONA

I'll take her place.

FALLOWS

No, Dina should. That whole family speaks with an accent. The guy'll probably mistake Dina's accent for the girl's a lot more easily than your English accent.

FIONA

Alright.

FALLOWS

Dina, you'll exchange coats with the girl. If she has a hat that's even better. Paul and I will go upstairs and wait in 6F. Fiona, you cover the closest stairwell. Give us a couple of minutes to go up, Dina, then come up with the pizza. When this guy opens the door-

DINA

I know what to do next.

FALLOWS

Yeah, I kinda figured you did.

INT. CORRIDOR

It's empty. There is a soft PURL of music television programs. Elevator doors open.

Dina steps out carrying a pizza box and wearing a moth-eaten woolen overcoat and a knit hat pulled low over her face. She walks to apartment 6D and knocks on the door. From inside comes a growling male voice...

MAN'S VOICE

Yeah?

DINA

Pizza.

There is some RUSTLING inside. The door opens. It's Victor.

VICTOR

Took you long enough. Two-fifty, right?

Dina nods. A glint of light - a reflection off some shiny metal near the radiator - gets Dina's attention. She peeks inside as Victor fishes through his pockets.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Is it still hot?

DINA

Very.

She opens the pizza box and SHOVES the steaming pizza into his face. Victor SCREAMS. Dina kicks him several times in the groin; Victor doubles over. Bazzo and Fallows race out of apartment 6F and into 6D. Fiona races down the Corridor.

APARTMENT 6D

At the table, HISPANIC MAN #1 from the Gamio kidnapping jumps up and head for a bedroom. Fallows aims his .38 pistol at him.

FALLOWS

Don't move!

Hispanic Man #1 stops, He turns and raises his hands. Fallows shows his NYPD badge, then looks in the corner. Handcuffed to the radiator is DiLauria, barely conscious. Sunlight reflects off her handcuffs. Her nude body is badly beaten. Bazzo rushes to her, takes off his coat and wraps it around her. Fiona rushes in, aghast at what she sees.

FALLOWS (CONT'D)

Where's the key to those handcuffs?

Hispanic Man #1 glares at Fallows who puts his pistol to the Man's head.

FALLOWS (CONT'D)

I'd just as soon blow your fuckin' head off. Now, where's the key?

HISPANIC MAN #1

In my jacket, on the couch.

Hispanic Man #1 points to the couch where the jacket lies. Bazzo goes to the couch and fishes through the pockets. He pulls out the key and removes DiLauria's handcuffs. Bazzo tosses his set of handcuffs to Dina. She YANKS Victor's arms behind his back and handcuffs him.

Fallows handcuffs Hispanic Man #1. Fiona goes to DiLauria and holds her. Fallows gets in the face of Hispanic Man #1.

FALLOWS

You enjoy yourself?

Hispanic Man #1 glares back at Fallows and SMIRKS. Fallows nods, then STRIKES him in the face with the butt of his pistol. Hispanic Man #1 drops to his knees. Fallows then picks up the phone and dials.

EXT. MANHATTAN - THE CHRYSLER BUILDING - DAY

Stock footage of this New York City jewel.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - OFFICE

There's a KNOCK on the door; Latham enters. DAVIS, the station #2, looks up from his typing. He is surprised and stands.

DAVIS

Mr. Latham... I didn't know you were in New York. Mandarin One called. They found mandarin Two.

LATHAM

Alive?

DAVIS

Yes, sir. I'm typing up the F.I.R. on it now.

Latham goes to the typewriter and reads what's there. He seethes.

LATHAM

Where's Wilson?

DAVIS

He stepped out. He left this.

He picks up an envelope and hands it to Latham. It's addressed to "Warren Latham, Head of Domestic Operations Division." Latham opens it and reads the note.

LATHAM

He say where he was going?

DAVIS

No, but like I told you, lately
when he goes out he meets with
Carol Blair.

LATHAM

At her office?

DAVIS

Sometimes.

LATHAM

Alright. Finish the report.

He leaves.

INT. CORRIDOR - ELEVATOR BANK

The doors to an elevator car open; out steps Latham. He walks
to one end of the corridor where the Receptionist sits before
the wall sign, "CARBLAIR PUBLISHING CO., INC."

RECEPTIONIST

May I help you, sir?

LATHAM

Is Carol Blair in?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, may I have your name?

Latham hands her a business card.

LATHAM

She's expecting me.
(points to the glass
doors)
Her office in there?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, but one minute, please.

Latham barges past her, through the glass doors and into
the...

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Carol and Reading are on the couch; Wilson sits in a chair.
The television is on. They all sip a some cognac. Latham
enters brusquely, surprising everyone - especially Wilson.

CAROL

Mr. Latham.

LATHAM

Miss Blair.

The Receptionist hurries in.

RECEPTIONIST
He barged right in, Miss Blair.

CAROL
That's alright. You can go.

The Receptionist leaves, shutting the door.

CAROL (CONT'D)
I don't like people barging into my office without an appointment.

LATHAM
Did you have one, Wilson?

READING
Maybe I should leave, Carol.

LATHAM
No, stay around, Senator.

READING
You know me?

CAROL
Mr. Latham makes it his business to know everyone on The Hill.

READING
Oh, so you're with the FBI?

CAROL
No, he's from another three-letter agency.

WILSON
If you're here to see me...

LATHAM
Later, Wilson. Right now I want to ask Miss Blair a few questions.

CAROL
If these are more questions about João Carlo Gamio-

LATHAM
No, he's resurfaced - just as you planned.

CAROL
Really.

Latham walks to the desk.

LATHAM

Yes, in a country where you're heavily invested. They're about to have elections for the first time in decades, and Gamio magically reappears, blaming the left-wing candidate Juan Bosch for his kidnapping.

CAROL

Hm, imagine that.

Latham SCOFFS and looks down at the desk. Lankford's Military Intelligence pin lies there. Latham fights to rein in his anger.

LATHAM

You know, I'm trying to imagine the sort of woman who's romantically involved with a man but shows no interest at all in him after his purported suicide. Why do you think that is?

CAROL

I have no idea what you're talking about.

LATHAM

Then why do you have Lankford's MI pin?

He picks it up and shows it to her.

CAROL

I got that at an antique store.

Latham flips it over. Etched onto the back are the initials "E.L."

LATHAM

E.L. - Ed Lankford. He never went a day without wearing this pin.

Reading and Wilson are in shock as they look at Carol.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I didn't think it was suicide.

CAROL

Careful, Mr. Latham.

LATHAM

Yeah, if it weren't for the central heating in here, I'd be shaking.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You've been meeting with Wilson here for a while now.

CAROL

He's a family friend who's just decided to take a position here.

LATHAM

Quid pro quo for passing on information about one of my people?

He eyes Wilson who is visibly shaken.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

No one other than the station knew she was here - until he told you.

CAROL

Are you accusing me of something?

Latham shakes his head.

LATHAM

No, I wouldn't waste my time. You'd just get some of your filthy lawyers to get you out of it. You like to come out on top, don't you?

CAROL

Who doesn't?

LATHAM

It's all Monopoly to you, isn't it? Countries, heads of state, arms firms.... Who knows? You probably have Kennedy in your pocket, too. Difference is I know what you're up to, and so will my bosses.

CAROL

Your bosses... Let me tell you something - their friends and half the politicians on The Hill wouldn't turn away one nickel of the profits I give them. So save your 'I work for love and country' speech. This is about power. And money is power. So, if you're finished, I have business to attend to.

LATHAM

So do I.

(brandishes Lankford's MI lapel pin)

I'll make sure the General gets buried with this.

He heads for the door and stops in front of Wilson. Latham pulls the envelope addressed to him from his pocket and shows it to Wilson.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
I accept your resignation.

He leaves.

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

Stock footage of Latham's favorite restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT

Latham, Fiona and Collette share a table. As Fiona fills all their cups with tea, the WAITER sets several sumptuous dishes before them.

LATHAM
Thanks for coming, Collette.

COLLETTE
Thank you both for inviting me.

LATHAM
How 'bout a toast?

The Three raise their tea cups. Suddenly, Fiona jumps in.

FIONA
No, wait!

Jones emerges from the crowd waiting for take-outs and walks to their table.

JONES
Sorry I'm late. Hi, Collette.

COLLETTE
Hi, Larry.

Jones leans over and kisses her on the cheek, surprising her, then he sits.

FIONA
What excuse did you use?

JONES
I told the ambassador I was coming down with flu. He didn't want to risk his kids getting sick, so...

LATHAM
Whatever, I'm glad you made it. We were just about to toast.

Collette pours Jones some tea. They take a moment to look warmly at each other. Then everyone raises their teacups.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

To good friends. Merry Christmas.

The other Three say "Merry Christmas" and sip tea.

JONES

Thank God you didn't bring any of those damn hamburgers. I'm hungry.

Latham grins as Fiona dishes out food to him; Collette does the same for Jones.

END