

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Three, Episode #12: "Perspective"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

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

Stock footage of The National Mall at sunrise.

704 3RD STREET NW - APARTMENT BUILDING

Sunlight reflects sharply against the windows.

INT. BEDROOM

The time on the clock radio is 06:15. WARREN LATHAM and FIONA JEFFRIES are spooned, as usual, and asleep. The telephone RINGS, waking them both. They turn and look at the clock. Latham looks back at Fiona.

FIONA

Uh uh. My boyfriends always wait  
until you're in the shower.

As Latham yawns and gets up...

LATHAM

That's funny. I tell my girlfriends  
the same thing.

FIONA

To call when you're in the shower?

She grins. Latham mugs and leaves.

LIVING ROOM

The Red light on the phone is not blinking. Latham is curious as he answers the phone.

LATHAM

Yes?

DURANG (O.S.)

Latham, it's Carl Durang.

LATHAM

Geezus, Carl, it's 06:00.

DURANG

06:15. Meet me at Sholl's on G  
Street in an hour. It's urgent.

LATHAM

Why, what's going on?

CLICK, then a dial tone. Latham hangs up as Fiona enters.

FIONA

Is everything alright?

LATHAM

Carl Durang wants me to meet him at Sholl's on G Street. Says it's urgent.

FIONA

Didn't President Kennedy eat there?

LATHAM

Yeah, for breakfast. You know, they let the bums eat there for free.

FIONA

That's nice. Try not to stuff your pockets with pastries, dear.

She heads to the bathroom. Latham grins and follows her.

EXT. SHOLL'S COLONIAL CAFETERIA - DAY (MORNING)

Set on the ground floor of an apartment building, the entrance consists of four Doric pilasters supporting an entablature with the words "Sholl's Colonial Cafeteria."

INT. CAFETERIA

A long line of patrons slide their plastic trays past breakfast selections that counterwomen replace every few seconds. Atop the food warmer's aluminum hood are signs on religion and patriotism, such as "**RELIGION AND PATRIOTISM MAKE THIS A NICE PLACE TO WORK.**"

Beside the multiple cash registers are small tables stacked with postcards that read:

**Sholl's Colonial Cafeteria  
NEAR MAYFLOWER HOTEL  
"Live Well for Less Money"**

At a corner table sits CARL DURANG, still pudgy, with a bulldog face resembling J. Edgar Hoover. His briefcase is on the floor beside him. For breakfast he has half a grapefruit and a cup of black coffee. Latham joins him carrying his satchel and a tray with a cup of tea and a fried egg on a slice of toast. Latham eyes Durang's food choices.

LATHAM

Grapefruit and black coffee, Carl?

DURANG

Yeah, so?

LATHAM

At least the men's room's nearby.

Durang looks away, clearly discomfited by Latham's remarks.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm just making conversation.

DURANG

(curtly)

Well, save it.

LATHAM

Geezus, Carl. Don't tell me you're still at it?

Durang HUFFS and spits out a grapefruit seed.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I told you, whoever said I was using you is wrong.

DURANG

Uh huh.

LATHAM

Look, I helped you out because you needed help. And I never asked you for a thing in return.

DURANG

And I was told different.

LATHAM

Well, you were told wrong.

DURANG

Look, Latham - I don't wanna go through this shit right now.

LATHAM

Fine. So, why am I here?

Durang lifts his briefcase and puts it in his lap. He opens it and takes out a paper bag folded around a thin box. He closes his briefcase and slides the paper bag to Latham.

DURANG

That was passed to me. I gave it to Tolson and he gave it back with a note - "NFA." Now it's on you.

He wipes his mouth with a napkin and stands.

DURANG (CONT'D)  
Santos Trafficante and José Aleman.

He walks out, briefcase in hand, leaving Latham bewildered.

EXT. EMBASSY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM - DAY (MORNING)

A wrought-iron gate surrounds the compound. At the entrance is a narrow Guard Shack. Fiona approaches and curiously eyes the GUARD, MR. CLARY, 50.

FIONA  
Are you double-shifting, Mr. Clary?

CLARY  
No, ma'am. Mine hasn't ended yet.

FIONA  
What?

CLARY  
(smiles)  
You're early; it's only 7:30. My shift ends at 08:00.

Fiona checks her watch. She smiles, embarrassed.

FIONA  
Oh, my goodness.

She flashes her ID and is about to enter when...

CLARY  
I'm sorry, but you have to sign in, ma'am. Until 08:00, it's considered after hours.

Clary hands Fiona a pen. She enters the time, signs her name and enters the section where she works - **07:30/Jeffries, Fiona/Security Office**. Her eyes flit to the entry two lines above hers: **"06:45/Myers, Helen/Security Office."**

Fiona pauses, a look of concern flashes across her face. She smiles at Clary and hands him the pen.

CLARY (CONT'D)  
Enjoy the day, ma'am.

Fiona heads toward the main building where the Union Jack flies over its roof.

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

Past the Guard Shack, a small sign on the chain-link fence features a bald eagle and reads **"CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, 2430 E ST. NW."**

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 08:30. PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY and CARLA DILAURIA sit in chairs at either end of the table. A third empty chair sits a few feet back. On the table is a Sony 263-D reel-to-reel tape recorder. Beside it are the paper bag and cardboard carton used to hold 1/4-inch analog audio tape. Latham threads a short leader of audio tape across the magnetic heads and onto an empty reel.

DILAURIA

Doesn't the FBI use half-inch tape?

LATHAM

Yes. Quarter-inch is for commercial use. This is either a copy of their original recording, or they got whatever's on here from another source. Before Durang left Sholl's he said, 'Santos Trafficante and José Aleman.' I figure they're our cast of characters.

He presses the PLAY button, sits and listens to...

TRAFFICANTE

Those fucking Kennedys are not honest, José. They took graft and they did not keep a bargain.

ALEMÁN

Hey, what can you do, Santos? John Kennedy got what he wanted; he's president. He can do whatever he wants now.

TRAFFICANTE

Listen to me. Mark my words, this man Kennedy is in trouble, and he will get what's coming to him.

ALEMÁN

Come on... Kennedy's popular. He's gonna be reelected to a second term.

TRAFFICANTE

No. Kennedy's not going to make it to the election. He is going to be hit, José.

ALEMÁN

What? No, no way.

TRAFFICANTE

I'm telling you. He is going to be hit.

Stunned silence is accompanied by the HISS from the remaining blank tape. Bazzo reaches over and presses the STOP button.

LATHAM

About six months ago, SMOTH told us GCHQ had intercepted commo in Marseilles, remember? It was from Trafficante to a Corsican mobster, Antoine Guerini.

BAZZO

Yeah, Trafficante asked him if he'd take a contract. Then one of Guerini's goons got on the call, Jean Soutre. Guerini told him it was to kill 'le légume le plus élevé.'

DILAURIA

The highest vegetable?

LATHAM

Uh huh. GCHQ took that to mean Charles de Gaulle. That's because in addition to running drugs, Soutre's a member of the Sûreté's Action Service and the OAS. That's why GCHQ believed de Gaulle was the target. Later on I learned it was President Kennedy.

DILAURIA

Why didn't I hear about this?

BAZZO

You were in Berlin then.

DILAURIA

Oh. So this tape confirms the plot's been in the works for awhile now.

LATHAM

Which tells me the Mob isn't going it alone.

The Three reflect on this for a moment.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Durang said he forwarded the tape to Clyde Tolson, who returned it with a note saying 'No Further Action.'

DiLauria throws her hands in the air.

DILAURIA

Geezus! Does Tolson think that's typical Mafia locker-room talk?

BAZZO

I think he has other ideas about what goes on in a locker room.

LATHAM

Alright.

DILAURIA

I always thought the Mob didn't hit politicians.

BAZZO

They don't - unless you're in bed with them, like the Kennedys.

LATHAM

So's Hoover.

DILAURIA

Great. So if Hoover's not going to intervene, then who is?

LATHAM

Durang said it was on me.

BAZZO

That's bullshit! After the way Kennedy used you? No! Throw it right back at Durang!

DILAURIA

I don't know... When you think about it, the Mob, those extremist bastards and the JCS all have one thing in common - and that's CIA.

BAZZO

How do you figure that?

DILAURIA

The JCS are working with us on Operation Mongoose, and we know a number of them are Birchers or in the Klan. Up until last year, the Mob worked with us to kill Castro. So, like it or not, we're the linchpin. We're the ones with the strange bedfellows.

LATHAM

I hope that doesn't include any of our own people.

BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD and STEWART KENSINGTON listen to Latham.



LATHAM

I can't see Hoover sitting on this. He'd be too worried about being blamed if anything did happen to the president.

BERARD

What do you think he'll do?

LATHAM

Keep up surveillance on the Mob and these right-wing groups - for appearances sake, if nothing else.

KENSINGTON

If Durang thought that was enough, I doubt he'd have given you the tape.

BERARD

I agree. The question is, where do you go from here?

KENSINGTON

Has to be the Secret Service. After all, it's their job to protect him.

BERARD

One at which they failed miserably in Mexico City and Springfield. If it weren't for Warren's mandarins, Johnson would be president now.

LATHAM

Hmm...

BERARD

Sorry?

LATHAM

No, just thinking out loud, sir.

KENSINGTON

I hope that doesn't mean you believe the Vice President is involved.

Latham has a look that underscores Kensington's words.

BERARD

Whether that's true or not, Warren, I don't want you or your team working at cross purposes here. The FBI have given you leeway, however obliquely it was done. Use it to keep the current president in office, for the time being at least.

(MORE)

BERARD (CONT'D)

He has enough going on with Cuba at the moment.

KENSINGTON

Hmm, sifting through alternatives to eliminate those Soviet missile sites, I imagine.

LATHAM

Which I warned him about months ago.

KENSINGTON

Except now he has U-2 photographs to substantiate the claim.

Latham resists the urge to respond. Instead, he nods, gets up and heads toward the door. As he opens it...

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

Let me know if I can help.

Latham forces an appreciative smile and leaves.

EXT. EMBASSY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM - DAY

Through the wrought-iron fence, past the red call box, is the main building with a sign that reads "British Embassy."

INT. MI6 OFFICE

LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) eats breakfast at his desk. There is a KNOCK on the door. It opens and Fiona enters.

JONES

Some smoked kippers, Fiona?

FIONA

No, thank you. I don't think oily fish goes well with oatmeal.

JONES

Eh, suit yourself... Did you want something or are you just visiting?

FIONA

You assigned Helen Myers to gather tactical Intel on the Soviet Embassy, am I right?

JONES

Yes...

FIONA

Did that include reading through soft files of our low-level Soviet agents?

Jones is taken aback and stops eating.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
She came in at 06:45 this morning.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY (MORNING) - PAST

An office door opens. HELEN MYERS exits, closes the door, and smiles anxiously as she passes Fiona.

MYERS  
The Ladies' Room is at this end?

FIONA  
No, it's the other end of the  
corridor, all the way down.

Myers nods, turns around and scurries along the corridor.  
Fiona sees her enter the Ladies' Room. Then Fiona enters...

MI6 STAFF OFFICE

Several desks and combination-lock file cabinets clutter the available space. Fiona walks to a desk near the door. There lies a notepad with faint indentations made from a previously written note, and a file with a distribution sheet last signed for by "Helen Myers" attached to its cover. Fiona lifts the sheet; the cover reads "Harold 'Harry' Keene - CONFIDENTIAL."

FIONA (O.S.)  
She was reviewing the soft file on  
Harry Keene.

JONES (O.S.)  
How do you know that?

FIONA (O.S.)  
While she was in the loo I saw the  
file on her desk. She got it from  
the Registry the day before. She  
also wrote something on a notepad.

Fiona takes a pencil from a cup on Myers's desk and lightly scrapes the pencil lead on the notepad. When the writing appears, it reads "Bridget Fox."

FIONA (CONT'D)  
I scraped it with a pencil and up  
came 'Bridget Fox.'

She tears off the top notepad sheet, pockets it, and leaves.

INT. MI6 OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT

Jones is perplexed, but Fiona remains resolute.

JONES

She's not one of our joes, is she?

FIONA

No. She's Harry Keene's girlfriend. London reported he died from a seizure, but they can't rule out death by misadventure.

Jones grows very concerned. Fiona tries to reassure him.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Larry, if London had questions about her, they'd come to you first.

JONES

Unless I'm the one they're worried about.

FIONA

Or the request didn't come from home.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Stock footage of this familiar landmark.

INT. CABINET ROOM

Set on easels at the near end of the conference table are enlarged U-2 photographs of missile launch sites arranged in a five-pointed star. PRESIDENT KENNEDY, ROBERT KENNEDY, ROBERT MCNAMARA, DEAN RUSK, MCGEORGE BUNDY, SENATOR TYSON, GENERAL J. F. CARROLL, and COLONEL H. BEACHEM sit at the table. An array of folders, notes, and smaller photos lies before them. CIA's RANDALL GRAYBEAL and aides stand or mill about behind them.

No japes here, only a sober reading of the facts, backed by a nervous PURL of anticipation and an occasional angry murmur.

MCNAMARA

The photos show a newly discovered medium-range ballistic missile launch site, and two new military encampments on the southern edge of Sierra del Rosario in Western Cuba. One encampment contains a total of 14 canvas-covered missile trailers. The next photo shows the launch site arranged in a five-pointed star pattern.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Have you ever seen this before, General Taylor?

TAYLOR

Uh, sir, we've never seen this kind of installation. We never had this kind of coverage of the Soviet Union like we have of Cuba with the U-2.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

So how do you know, then, that they're medium-range ballistic missiles?

TAYLOR

The length, sir. Mr. Graybeal, our missile man, has photos of similar weapons systems taken during Soviet military parades.

While Graybeal shows President Kennedy missile photos taken during a Moscow May Day military parade, Bundy fumes.

BUNDY

We need to take Cuba away from Castro.

CARROLL

In order to do that, we need to agree here that any air strike against Cuba will be conducted prior to these missiles becoming operational. Because if that happens, I don't believe we can knock them out.

President Kennedy looks worriedly at Rusk.

CARROLL (CONT'D)

Now, once these missiles are launched, there's certain to be pandemonium and chaos on the East Coast; that's anywhere from 600 to 1,000 miles from Cuba. So, what I recommend is that an air strike be directed not only against the missile sites but against all airfields, all encampments and the surrounding areas where aircraft can be hidden. Of course, there'll be civilian casualties associated with these air strikes.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Approximately how many?

CARROLL

In the hundreds, at least; but more likely it'll be thousands of Cubans.

ROBERT KENNEDY

When could such a strike be carried out?

BEACHEM

In a matter of days. But we're prepared to launch an air strike within hours, if that's what's decided on here. That air strike could last for several days, if necessary. However, seven days after the air strike we should be prepared for an invasion, both by air and by sea. If a second phase of this is needed, I believe that would require a declaration of a national emergency.

RUSK

I feel the Soviet Union has quite a different take on this. If those missiles are already armed with nuclear warheads, then an air strike will precipitate a nuclear war.

The discordant MURMURS grow.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

To Dean's point - an invasion of Cuba would also provoke a response from the Soviets, no doubt a nuclear one. I understand why we have to prepare for Armageddon, but let's not presume Judgment Day will come next, for that time is now. We can choose not to make these the final events of our history. We'll continue the reconnaissance flights over Cuba. But as things stand, I'm not ready to commit to a full-scale invasion of that island.

Carroll and Beachem quietly seethe.

GRAYBEAL

Sir, the cloud cover today and tomorrow makes reconnaissance missions that much more difficult.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

As difficult as deciding whether or not to start World War Three, Mr. Graybeal?

Graybeal is chagrined. President Kennedy gets up and leaves.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

President Kennedy and Latham stroll along the path beside the saucer magnolia trees just outside the Oval Office.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
François Bisset says you have an  
urgent word or two for me.

LATHAM  
That's right.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
If it's similar to the ones you  
expressed to him earlier, you  
needn't bother.

LATHAM  
I said all I intend to say on that,  
Mr. President. Whatever happens  
there is between you, your brother,  
and your priest. But I do want to  
make one thing clear before we go  
on.

President Kennedy gestures for Latham to continue.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
If you ever try to use me again,  
I'll expose you and everyone  
connected to you.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
Well, since you've thrown down your  
gauntlet, I'll throw mine. I know  
people far more powerful than you  
or your Agency. And their idea of a  
threat isn't 'exposure.'

LATHAM  
No, their idea of a threat is to  
make sure you don't live to see the  
next election.

President Kennedy stops and stares fretfully at Latham.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
Who told you this?

LATHAM  
From Santos Trafficante's lips to  
José Aleman. The FBI has them on  
tape. Seems Trafficante and other  
members of the Mob feel you welched  
on a deal - one engineered by your  
father.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Plus, your brother's efforts to jail every one of them isn't winning you any new friends either.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Do you understand defamation law, Warren? Because that type of slander could cost you.

LATHAM

I'm not the one hiding behind any pretense.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Stop it. You're a spy. Your whole life is predicated on pretense.

LATHAM

Maybe so. But ask yourself if it's worth it if the cost means your wife loses her husband, and her kids lose their father.

He turns around and walks away. Without looking back...

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You might want to limit your public appearances, Mr. President.

As Latham approaches the Oval Office, he glimpses a BLACK MAN in a dark gray suit by a window. The Man casually slides behind the drapes as Latham walks past.

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

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

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD is at her desk, typing. Latham enters. Collette picks up her pocket notepad and reads from it.

COLLETTE

You had a call from someone named Sam. The call came from a payphone at the Willard Hotel. He asked for you by name and said you'd recognize him as 'the man by the drapes.'

Latham looks perplexed.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

You weren't shopping at Rizik's?

LATHAM

Huh? No! So what did you say?



COLLETTE

I asked him for a callback number.  
He said he'd call again at 14:00.

LATHAM

The Willard... That's only a block  
from the White House.

(checks his watch, 11:40)  
Where are the mandarins?

COLLETTE

In The Hole.

As Latham heads into his office...

LATHAM

Get Bazzo up here.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham goes to his desk, picks up the Gray phone and dials.

FIONA (O.S.)

Security, Miss Jeffries.

LATHAM

Hi, it's Warren. Can you meet me  
for lunch in 30 minutes? I'm going  
to be tied up later.

FIONA (O.S.)

Sure. Is Samuel Gompers Park okay?

LATHAM

It's fine. See you soon, hon.

FIONA (O.S.)

Bye-bye.

Latham hangs up. There's a knock on the door; Bazzo enters  
with a bottle of Coca Cola and sits.

BAZZO

How'd it go?

LATHAM

I passed on the warning, for all  
the good it did. I also spoke to  
the SAC and asked him to add you  
and Carla to the detail for the  
president's trip to Chicago.

BAZZO

Did he agree?

He sips the soda.

LATHAM

Reluctantly. Collette said I got a call from someone named Sam.

BAZZO

Yeah, he called from the Willard and asked for you by name. Said he was standing by the drapes, like that Three Stooges routine.

LATHAM

You would think of that. The last person I saw was a Black man by the window in the Oval Office, probably Secret Service. He had on that dark gray suit all their agents wear.

BAZZO

Boss, there's no Black man in the President's Protective Service.

LATHAM

Wait - didn't Kennedy appoint one?

BAZZO

Yeah, but he's only there for 30 days. They rotate agents among the different field offices during their orientation period.

LATHAM

Well, this one may want to see me. So when he calls back at 14:00, I want you up here to take the call. Tell him you're me. I'll be at the Willard trolling the phone bank.

BAZZO

What do you want me to say to him?

LATHAM

Anything, just keep him talking. He said his name was Sam, right? So get him to repeat it a couple of times so I can find him. Tell him the connection's bad.

BAZZO

Or I'm hard of hearing.

He takes another sip as Latham cocks his head to the side.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm supposed to be you, right?

He grins. Latham rolls his eyes then gets up and leaves.

ACT TWO

EXT. SAMUEL GOMPERS MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

Fiona and Latham stroll hand in hand.

FIONA  
I lost track of time this morning.

LATHAM  
Yeah? What time did you get to work?

FIONA  
7:30.

LATHAM  
Wow, you were early.

FIONA  
So was our transfer, Helen Myers.  
She signed in at 6:45.

LATHAM  
I hope this isn't the beginning of  
a trend.

FIONA  
You hope...

Latham smiles. Fiona grows worrisome.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
Remember in Larry's office we  
discussed Harry Keene the other day?

LATHAM  
The late Harry Keene, yes.

FIONA  
Well, Myers was going through his  
soft file. She wrote down the name  
of his girlfriend on her notepad.

LATHAM  
Bridget Fox, wasn't it?

FIONA  
Pretty good memory for an old man.  
Larry thinks our masters have her  
checking up on him; but I think  
this is more about her.

LATHAM  
Why?

FIONA

Come on, I know you believe there's  
a plant in MI6.

Latham acts surprised.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Yeah, nice try. 'C' hasn't been shy  
about accusing Kim Philby of being  
the third man. Now, I'm sure Myers  
was acting on a request. But it's  
an open question if the request  
came from London, or via London.

LATHAM

Hmm... Is she at lunch now?

FIONA

No, she's waiting until I get back.

LATHAM

She doesn't know any of my people,  
does she?

FIONA

Not unless she's peeking into  
Larry's files.

LATHAM

Come on, let's get to a pay phone.

They hurry out the park and cross L Street to a phone booth.

EXT. WOODWARD & LOTHROP DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Located at the corner of 11th and F Streets, NW, this nine-story building encompasses an entire city block. "FALL SALE" signs share the windows with the displays.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - FIRST FLOOR

A throwback to a time when sophistication was the order of the day, and saleswomen wore white-gloves and were dressed as stylishly as the mannequins. Myers mills about the crowd of shoppers. She buys a scarf which the SALESWOMAN boxes and reluctantly puts in a Woodward & Lothrop shopping bag. Myers heads toward a sign that reads "Electric Stairway." At the DOWN escalator a sign reads "Tunnel to the North Building"; Myers steps onto the escalator. As she descends, DiLauria sidles by the escalator and looks down at...

THE TUNNEL

Myers gets off and stands beside the escalator, ostensibly fiddling in her purse but eyeing the parade of chatty women getting off the DOWN escalator.

She checks her watch and looks down the tunnel. She pulls a Ben Franklin half dollar coin from her purse and palms it, then joins the tunnel crowd.

She walks near the center of the tunnel, excusing herself when her shopping bag brushes against bags carried by women heading in the opposite direction.

Myers carries the shopping bag with two fingers, the other two curled around the coin in her palm. She brushes against a woman heading the other way, DINA ORLOV - a female KGB agent and Yuri Gvozdev's Number Two.

Dina carries the same Woodward & Lothrop shopping bag in her left hand - as does Myers. As they pass, Dina lets go of the outside handle of her shopping bag, leaving it agape. Myers surreptitiously drops the coin into Dina's shopping bag while apologizing. Dina nods, and the Two Women continue on their separate ways.

As Dina nears the UP escalator, she stops in shock - DiLauria stands where Myers had stood. A pile-up of ornery shoppers bumps into Dina who, while trying to regain her composure, stumbles onto the UP escalator with an "Oof."

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

A few CIA officers stroll across the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Bazzo sits at Latham's desk, reading. The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)  
Sam is on line one.

Bazzo picks up the handset for the Gray phone and presses the BLINKING button for line one.

BAZZO  
Yes? How may I help you?

SAM (O.S.)  
Is this Warren Latham?

BAZZO  
I'm sorry, could you repeat that?

INT. WILLARD HOTEL - TELEPHONE BANK

Latham sits in a phone booth with the door open. He hears...

SAM (O.S.)  
It's Sam. Are you Warren Latham?

Latham steps out the phone booth and backs away.

Two of the booths are occupied. One has a woman gesticulating wildly and speaking Turkish; the other has a Black man - SAM.

SAM (CONT'D)  
It's Sam! Aw, the hell with this!

He hangs up with a HUFF and KICKS open the phone booth door.

LATHAM  
Sam? I'm Warren Latham.

Sam looks at Latham with a START. As he steps out the booth, his mouth opens but the words barely find their way out.

SAM  
What's the deal here?

LATHAM  
Just being careful - like you.

SAM  
I'm on my lunch break. I don't have much time.

LATHAM  
You weren't on your lunch break when you called before?

SAM  
No, they had me run out for cigarettes.

LATHAM  
Come on.

Sam follows Latham down the corridor to a door marked "EXIT."

EXT. 14TH STREET, NW - DAY

Latham and Sam leave the hotel. They stroll among the tourists taking pictures with their Kodak, Canonflex, and Polaroid-Land cameras, and sidestep federal workers scurrying back to work.

SAM  
Look, I'm no snitch. I came to you 'cause I heard that press secretary, um, what's his name...

LATHAM  
François Bisset.

SAM  
Yeah. I heard him say that, outside the president's circle, you're one of the few people Kennedy trusts.

LATHAM

So, what do you have to tell me?

SAM

I'm worried for the president.

LATHAM

Why?

SAM

These guys who are supposed to be protecting him? They drink before and after their tours. I don't mean a couple of beers to relax; I'm talking hard liquor here. I was on the detail when Kennedy went to Hyannis Port. Half of them missed their shifts or reported in drunk. At night, when they were supposed to be at the Kennedy compound? They were in town picking up girls and drinking. If somebody wanted to hit the president, there's no way they could stop it.

LATHAM

Did you say anything to them?

SAM

(dispirited)

Yeah, I told the SAC.

EXT. HYANNIS PORT - KENNEDY COMPOUND - NIGHT - PAST

Outside the compound by the dunes, Sam talks with the tall, hulking SPECIAL AGENT in CHARGE (SAC). The SAC suddenly grabs Sam by the lapels of his windbreaker.

SAC

You stupid-ass nigger! You have any idea what you're doing? You keep your fucking mouth shut, you hear?! You're fucking window-dressing, boy. Kennedy wanted a nigger on the team, so we went and got you for a month. Open your mouth again and I'll shut it for you. Permanently.

He shoves Sam away and heads back to the compound.

EXT. 14TH STREET, NW - DAY - PRESENT

Latham is saddened and worried.

LATHAM

I'm sorry. Not everyone's like that.

SAM

Just the same, you get a bunch of lily-white crackers together, what do you expect? Half of them are in the Klan or the John Birch Society. They hate Kennedy. Even if they weren't dragging their drunk asses into work, you really think they'd put themselves between the president and a bullet? I have to get back.

He and Latham head in different directions.

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

A view of Building C.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is at her desk eating lunch. Latham enters.

LATHAM

Is Berard in?

COLLETTE

He's at an ExComm meeting at the White House. But Kensington's in.

Latham reaches for the Red phone on Collette's desk and dials.

LATHAM

It's Latham, sir. May I come up and see you right away?... Thanks.

He hangs up and leaves.

KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

Kensington is at his desk, looking impatient. Latham enters.

KENSINGTON

I hope this won't take long; I have plans for lunch. Take a seat.

Latham sits.

LATHAM

I spoke with a Secret Service recruit doing his rotation at the White House. He's worried the president's detail can't protect him. Says they're drinking before and after their tours.

KENSINGTON

We've had this conversation, Warren.



LATHAM

Yes, but some agents are too drunk to work. And several of them belong to extremist groups like the Klan and the John Birch Society.

KENSINGTON

They know to put personal feelings aside.

LATHAM

When you're drunk, all that matters are personal feelings. The president leaves for Chicago tomorrow and his protection scheme's compromised.

KENSINGTON

So, what do you suggest?

LATHAM

Well, first, this isn't something two mandarins can handle.

KENSINGTON

That's surprising, given how you've always touted your Special Section.

LATHAM

They're special only in that few people are right for the job. With the Secret Service unreliable, they need back up from Army Intel.

KENSINGTON

That request has to come from the chief of the Secret Service.

LATHAM

I was hoping you'd speak to him.

KENSINGTON

We haven't spoken in two years.

LATHAM

This is the president's life we're talking about. That has to be worth more than some broken friendship.

KENSINGTON

Who are you to tell me what a life is worth? I'm not the one sitting here with a pile of dead bodies in my wake! Go to Durang and try to work something out. I'm late.

Embarrassed and frustrated, Latham stands and leaves.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Stock footage of this familiar landmark.

INT. CABINET OFFICE

Berard, President Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, McNamara, Rusk, Tyson, Beachem, Carter and Carroll sit at the conference table.

BERARD

I appreciate the frankness at these ExComm meetings. But given what I have to say, I'd like reassurance from the president to do so.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Um, of course, Wilson. Go ahead.

BERARD

Thank you, sir. My intention isn't to embarrass anyone, but to assess the facts that have led us here. For months this administration and the Joint Chiefs have ignored credible evidence from my staff of increased numbers of Soviet troops in Cuba, and that missile sites were being constructed on that island. The explanation given was that our warnings were refuted by the DIA and CIA analysts who help prepare the National Intelligence Estimates. Over the past five months, this committee has cited a lack of incontrovertible evidence of an offensive military buildup in Cuba; in other words, photographs. Well, now you have them. But what angers me is that the real reasons for what's likely to become a stand-off between us and the Soviets is something that's been apparent since President Kennedy took office. There is not now, nor has there ever been, a missile gap. The Soviet missile fleet is a charade of outdated hardware and hollow tinkertoys paraded for public view. When these U-2 photos verified our contention that the Soviets had placed missiles in Cuba, it was President Kennedy who said that it was politically unacceptable for us to leave those missile sites alone.

(MORE)

BERARD (CONT'D)

Correct me if I'm wrong, Mr.  
President.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

You're correct, Wilson.

BERARD

You didn't say militarily, you said politically. What's made these missiles politically unacceptable is the administration's conspicuous hostility toward the Castro regime - something our allies frankly view as slightly demented. Would we be considering such aggressive tactics against Cuba if the existence of the Castro regime hadn't first been an election issue? The fact that this committee even exists is due to our humiliating defeat at the Bay of Pigs. And let me add, that was not a policy failure of this administration, but a denial of fact by CIA itself. The truth is, the United States is not in mortal danger here. It never has been. The extant Soviet nuclear missile fleet, whether land-based or on submarines, is definitely sufficient to inflict ten times as much damage to this country as the totality of missiles in Cuba - which, by the way, take hours to prepare to launch. But the real risk here has never been a military one. It's always been the credibility of this administration. So I ask all of you, is that worth bringing the world to the brink of annihilation?

Berard sits back in his chair, head bowed as though awaiting penance from a priest. But what ensues is a numbing quiet.

EXT. TUNLAW ROAD NW - RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY

The sign on the gate of the compound reads "Embassy of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics" in English and Cyrillic.

INT. OFFICE OF THE SECOND SECRETARY (KGB)

On a table lie a slide viewer, a box of 35mm cardboard slide mounts, tweezers, and the Ben Franklin half dollar coin. Dina takes one slide mount and separates it into its front and back halves. The edges have an adhesive. She twists the obverse half of the coin clockwise until it separates in two. Inside is a curled, two-inch film negative, 9.2 mm wide.

Using the tweezers, Dina picks up the film strip and lays it across the back half of the slide mount. She lays down the tweezers, picks up the top half of the slide mount and places it over the film strip. As she presses it against the back half of the mount, YURI GVOZDEV enters.

GVOZDEV

Gotovo?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Is it ready?"

DINA

Day mne minutku.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Give me a minute."

She puts the slide in the viewer and presses the button. Gvozdev leans over her shoulder. What appears is:

**Bridget Fox  
12 Ganton St.  
Soho, London, W1F 7QS**

GVOZDEV

Khoroshiy.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Good."

DINA

Mozhet, ne. U nas yest' problemy.  
Karla Di Lauriya byla tam, kogda  
Khelen Mayyers dala mne monetu.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Maybe not. We have a problem. Carla DiLauria was there when Helen Myers gave me the coin."

GVOZDEV

Nikogda ne nedootsenivayte Uorrena  
Letema.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Never underestimate Warren Latham."

DINA

Tak chto zhe nam delat'? Teper' ona  
bespolezna. Vozmozhno, ona  
zakhochet dezertirovat'.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "So what should we do? She's useless now. She may want to defect."

GVOZDEV

Snachala otprav'te adres na  
ploshchad' Dzerzhinskogo. Pridetsya  
posovetovat'sya s nimi po povodu  
Khelen Mayyers.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "First, send the address to Dzerzhinsky Square. I'll have to take advice on Helen Myers."

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. LAFAYETTE SQUARE PARK - DAY

Couples coo and loll about while Latham and Jones stroll.

JONES

You're sure Myers doesn't know?

LATHAM

She was gone when Dina saw Carla in the tunnel. Where's Myers now?

JONES

With a surveillance team... Now that Gvozdev knows Myers is blown, what do you think he'll do next?

LATHAM

He has to assume your people, my people, even the FBI are watching Myers. He won't go near her.

JONES

But Dina's blown as well.

LATHAM

It's not like we didn't know she's KGB. I'm more worried about what Myers might do to save herself. If she tells your Inquisitor Dina's blown, he'll tell State and Dina will be expelled. Moscow will recall Gvozdev and assign him to some gulag on the Arctic Circle.

JONES

What - that's bad?

LATHAM

I don't want that to happen, Larry.

JONES

You know, Myers could also make a scene at the airport when we're taking her back to London.

LATHAM

There's always that risk, sure.

JONES

Yes, but if she yells she's being kidnapped, the FBI will intervene.

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

She'll declare she's a defecting KGB officer and ask for asylum. There's a nice resettlement package in it for her in exchange for all she knows about the KGB. And you won't have to worry about Gvozdev being recalled because he'll be expelled.

LATHAM

She could also tell the Bureau what she knows about MI6 - things even MI5 doesn't know about you.

This gives Jones pause. He HUFFS.

JONES

Damnit, I hate this!

LATHAM

Not here, Larry.

They pick up the pace and leave the park.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - THE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Beachem, Taylor and Carroll - the Joint Chiefs - sit facing President Kennedy who's at his desk. Everyone is tense, but Beachem is angry.

BEACHEM

If we don't do anything to Cuba, they're going to push on Berlin and I mean push real hard because they've got us on the run!

He throws his hands up in frustration.

TAYLOR

Mr. President, we've been meeting regularly since we discovered the missile build-up in Cuba. Now, from the military point of view that means three things. First, attack with surprise all the offensive weapons we've learned about. Second, that would be continued surveillance to see what the effect would be. And third, a blockade to prevent any others from coming in. Again, that's the military part of it, and I want to be clear that we're united on that. There is a point on which we haven't recognized, where we haven't come to any decision.

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Namely, the political part of this which Wilson Berard from the CIA raised at the ExComm meeting.

CARROLL

Personally, I hate to go on record agreeing with anything the CIA says. But Berard had a valid point. We got to have our allies with us when the air strike commences. I hate to think what the world view will be if we don't.

ANTEROOM

Sumptuously appointed. EVELYN LINCOLN, President Kennedy's secretary, sits typing at her desk. FRANÇOIS BISSET enters.

BISSET

Is he still in with the JCS?

EVELYN

Oh, yes. What do you have?

BISSET

His campaign trip to Chicago tomorrow... Mrs. Kennedy changed her mind, she won't be going. I don't want to look foolish and disturb him for that, Mrs. Lincoln. Can you tell him afterwards?

EVELYN

Believe me, François, he's looking for a reason to be disturbed.

She presses the button on the intercom.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Mr. President, you asked to be notified when Mr. Bisset returned.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (O.S.)

Yes, um, send him in.

Evelyn hangs up and motions for Bisset to go into...

THE OVAL OFFICE

The door opens; Bisset enters.

BISSET

Sorry, to disturb you, sir.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

That's alright. Come in.

BISSET

Mrs. Kennedy has decided not to go  
on the campaign trail tomorrow.

CARROLL

I guess you can relax now, huh?

Male snickering follows.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Jealousy won't get you a seat on  
Air Force One, Carroll. I'm going  
to have to call a recess here.  
Let's reconvene in two hours.

He stands. Realizing it's futile to argue, the others exit.  
President Kennedy and Bisset are alone. Now extremely weary,  
President Kennedy turns to Bisset.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

If I do what they want me to do,  
none of us will be alive later to  
tell them they were wrong.

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

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

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Bazzo and DiLauria converse with Latham. The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Durang said he'll see you at 17:00.

LATHAM

Thanks.

Dispirited, he hangs up the intercom. Bazzo shrugs curiously.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I'm going to ask him if he'll  
supplement Kennedy's detail.

BAZZO

I hope so. Us two and a bunch of  
drunks? We can use the help.

LATHAM

You'll ride with the president;  
Carla will be in a follow-up car. I  
want you both carrying either a  
sniper's pistol, or a Smith and  
Wesson Model 29.

Bazzo is surprised.



BAZZO

Geezus, that cannon?

DILAURIA

When's our Secret Service briefing?

LATHAM

At the White House tonight, 09:00.  
Okay, let's move on. Carla, good  
move showing yourself to Dina. SMOTH  
put Myers on a surveillance team.

DILAURIA

Keeping her on ice until the cavalry  
comes to drag her back to London?

LATHAM

Uh huh. But there's a problem. It's  
likely she's passed on the name of  
one of our floaters to the  
rezidentura - Bridget Fox.

DILAURIA

Oh, no...

LATHAM

SMOTH doesn't know Fox is our agent,  
so the KGB will think she's theirs.  
Since they know Myers is blown, they  
may think she's talked, giving up  
just enough to keep herself out of  
Holloway prison.

BAZZO

They'd be worried about retribution  
from MI6 if they went after Fox.

DILAURIA

You know, it's also possible SMOTH  
and the KGB believe that, being  
Harry Keene's girlfriend, Fox knew  
what he was up to. I hate to think  
this, but that could make her a  
liability to both the KGB and MI6.

BAZZO

Christ...

LATHAM

There's another possibility. We  
know Harry Keene was doubling;  
whether SMOTH knew he was is open  
to debate. Now, as far as we know,  
Bridget Fox is only working for us.  
But what if Myers passed on to the  
KGB that Fox wasn't an MI6 asset?

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

The KGB might conclude that the reason Myers alerted them is because Fox is working for CIA.

BAZZO

Then they probably wouldn't kill her, they'd snatch her.

LATHAM

Yes, but she could tell them how we recruited her; how she passed information to her controller.

DILAURIA

She's a floater, boss; she doesn't know that much.

LATHAM

Granted, but every little bit the KGB learns about us helps them to spot our assets.

BAZZO

(warily)

Wait. So, what are you saying?

LATHAM

I'm saying Kensington won't approve protecting a floater, and neither will Berard.

BAZZO

You knew that last week. 'Let them fend for themselves.' Those were Kensington's words. You said so.

Latham doesn't respond. Fearing the worst, Bazzo grows angry.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

What, are you agreeing with him now?

LATHAM

She was warned by her controller to go to ground, just like all our other low-level agents.

BAZZO

But we're not considering leading the KGB to them, are we?

LATHAM

No one's doing that.

BAZZO

But knowing they're a target and doing nothing about it?

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
You might as well be pulling the  
trigger yourself.

DILAURIA  
Paul!

BAZZO  
No! Used to be that killing someone  
was like admitting defeat. So I  
guess now we're finally saying  
we're no better than our enemies.  
Or are we worse?

Latham is gripped by the realization of whom he has become.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
I need to get some air.

He leaves in a HUFF. DiLauria looks empathetically at Latham.  
He leans back in his chair, staring at nothing in particular.

### ACT THREE

EXT. CORNER OF E STREET AND 18TH STREET - DAY

People queue at the bus stop, crowding the sidewalk. Latham  
walks to the mailbox on the corner. He bends over, ostensibly  
to tie his shoe, and makes two small horizontal CHALK MARKS on  
the side of the mailbox at the bottom. He gets up and leaves.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

Stock footage of one of Washington's more prosaic buildings.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS

The door bears the SEAL OF THE FBI. Inside are long rows of  
desks with clean-shaven Agents manning the phones.

FBI OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Is stenciled in reverse on the door glass. Durang is at his  
desk eating a salad as though it's his last meal. MABEL, his  
secretary, escorts Latham inside then leaves.

DURANG  
What the hell's on your mind?

LATHAM  
Why'd you give me a 1/4-inch tape?

Durang is caught off guard. He screws up his face in mid-chew.

DURANG  
What?

LATHAM

You people record on 1/2-inch tape. Our machines accept all formats, you know that. So why didn't your agents just do a direct copy to 1/2-inch tape?

DURANG

What the hell difference does it make? A tape's a tape!

LATHAM

No. It means the copy wasn't made by your agents. And that's because you didn't want them to know that you'd done it.

DURANG

Go back to goddamn Cockroach Alley.

LATHAM

You see, that makes me think that not only was the wiretap of Trafficante illegal, but your field office wasn't even aware of it.

Durang pauses momentarily as Latham has struck a nerve.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

The agents wiretapping Trafficante are under direct orders from Hoover, aren't they? He's keeping tabs on Trafficante for reasons of his own.

DURANG

For your limited information, smart-ass, we're wiretapping all the New York families - with court approval!

LATHAM

Trafficante isn't based in New York.

DURANG

Look, stop pussyfootin' around and get to the point.

LATHAM

When Tolson told you in effect to mind your own business, you knew then Hoover was aware the Mob planned to kill Kennedy. You also felt it was imminent; that's why you came to me. But there's more to it. I think you have orders not to wiretap everyone who's involved.

DURANG

I don't know who else is involved!

LATHAM

I think you do - and they're not in New York.

DURANG

I'm tellin' you, Latham - walk outta here now while you still can.

LATHAM

No. And don't tell me you haven't listened to the tapes of these people. I want to know - who'd be on a list of people wanting Kennedy dead? Carlos Marcello in New Orleans? Bobby Kennedy had him deported to Guatemala, of all places. How about Sam Giancana in Chicago? He fixed the election in Illinois. The deal was the Kennedys would then go easy on the Mob - but they welched. Come on, Carl; it's not like you to be so shy.

Durang is clearly frightened, shaking.

DURANG

Look, you have the tape. Just do something with it.

LATHAM

I need to know what you know.

DURANG

I don't know anything! Jesus Christ! You're close to Kennedy. Get him to change his plans.

LATHAM

I can't! He's way too concerned with his public image of business as usual. Look, my mandarins aren't enough here. At least give me some help. Call your Chicago bureau; have them supplement Kennedy's detail.

DURANG

I can't do that.

LATHAM

Why not?

DURANG

They've been told to stand down.

LATHAM

By whom?

DURANG

Hoover, alright?! Hoover.

LATHAM

And you just follow his lead.

DURANG

Fuck you, Latham! You hear me? Fuck you! I don't give a shit about you or Hoover or Kennedy right now!

Durang is so angry and frightened he's near tears. The edge and volume to his rancor drops somewhat.

DURANG (CONT'D)

I have a family; you know that. And you know Hoover's in bed with those bastards. So what do you think will happen when word gets back to him that I intervened, huh? We're dead! You understand that? So don't ask me anymore questions, alright? I'm sorry. I can't help you.

Latham sighs resignedly. He gets up and leaves.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Stock footage of this familiar landmark, lit by floodlamps.

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE

The Agents sit in chairs and on the couch, pocket notepads and pencils in hand. By the SAC's desk is an easel holding a large pad of white drawing paper. The top sheet contains a labeled drawing of the motorcade route from Chicago's O'Hare Airport to the Northwest Expressway and an off-ramp. The SAC stands there with a black marker in his hand, tracing the route of the presidential motorcade. Sam sits in a far corner.

The door opens. SECRET SERVICE AGENT AARON COLTEN leads DiLauria and Bazzo inside. DiLauria whispers to Bazzo.

DILAURIA

Smells like a distillery in here.

SAC

Well, look who deigns to grace the poor, embattled Secret Service with their presence - CIA's Special Section.

The snickering begins. Colten sits. Bazzo checks his watch.

BAZZO

You said the meeting starts at  
21:00; that's 15 minutes from now.  
Or didn't they teach you how to  
tell time yet?

Chagrined, the SAC points to a couple of empty chairs.

SAC

Take a seat.

Bazzo and DiLauria sit in the two empty chairs. They take out  
their own pocket notepads and pens.

SAC (CONT'D)

We were going over the motorcade  
route. But, uh, before we get back  
to that, I'll let everyone here  
know that Mr. Barry will be in the  
Beast with the president - again.  
This is at Mr. Kennedy's request.

There's a chorus of "oohs" from the Agents.

SAC (CONT'D)

Carla DiLauria here will ride in  
the follow-up car.

COLTEN

Next to me.

DILAURIA

In your dreams.

A surprising "Whoa!" accompanies Colten's embarrassment.

SAC

Alright, alright. As I mentioned  
earlier, Sam won't be with the  
detail in the motorcade. For the  
benefit of the CIA, tell them your  
assignment, Sam.

Sam is humiliated but puts forth a brave face.

SAM

I've been detailed to McCormick  
Place, where the president's  
scheduled to speak.

The SAC smirks; he's determined to humiliate Sam further.

SAC

Come on, Sam. Be specific.

He looks at Bazzo but his wink is for all the White Agents.

SAM

I'm in the washroom in the basement.

The snickering is unrelenting.

SAC

At least you'll be clean.

BAZZO

You wish you could say that.

This catches the SAC off guard, getting his back up.

SAC

What was that, spook? Not you, Sam;  
I mean the spy over here.

BAZZO

You're an illiterate, racist punk.  
Don't assume for a minute that I'm  
one of your confederates.

The SAC takes a menacing step toward Bazzo who quickly stands to confront the SAC. Colten jumps in front of the SAC while DiLauria jumps up with her hand in her pocketbook.

COLTEN

Come on, chief... Settle down.

DILAURIA

I thought this was supposed to be a  
briefing.

The SAC glares at Bazzo who doesn't flinch. Colten nudges the SAC back to his easel; Bazzo returns to his seat.

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

Fiona puts an LP on the hi-fi: Ike Quebec's "Soul Samba." The first track, "Blue Samba," plays. She joins Latham on the sofa. He's still half-dressed, unsure what to do next.

FIONA

You were really late coming home.

LATHAM

I, um - I had to make a stop.

He's in a somber mood, looking as forlorn as a lost child.

FIONA

You want to talk about it?

Latham sighs, frustrated.



LATHAM

Ever feel like you've lost who you are?

FIONA

What do you mean?

LATHAM

Like you just realized you've lied about all the things you cherish, all your values.

FIONA

Sometimes. It's hard not to feel that way in this job.

LATHAM

I look in the mirror and I don't even know who that is anymore.

FIONA

We make choices we hate; even the right ones we hate. Hopefully, it's for the good of the service, which we hope means it's for the good of the country.

LATHAM

At the time I wasn't even aware I was making a choice - not until it was thrown in my face.

FIONA

But it was a choice, wasn't it?

LATHAM

Yes.

FIONA

For me, it can be months or years later; sometimes it's only a minute afterwards when I look back on those choices. It's then when I allow myself to feel ashamed.

Latham lowers his head, as though wishing he could hide. Fiona holds him close, Latham's head held against her bosom.

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of The Loop, The El and the Mercantile Exchange building.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Bazzo grabs a newspaper from the gift shop.

He sees TWO MEN IN SUITS AND TIES milling about. One has a crewcut, the other a receding hairline. Their eyes flit from one guest to another. Bazzo walks to the...

ELEVATOR BANK

And joins a few hotel guests waiting for an elevator. Bazzo sees a MAN IN A SPORTS COAT leaning against the wall, apparently reading a newspaper. When an elevator arrives, Colten steps out with two chatty hotel guests. The guests who are waiting get on the elevator, but the Man In The Sports Coat does not. Colten sees Bazzo and approaches him. Bazzo pulls Colten aside and into the...

HOTEL LOBBY

BAZZO

You saw that guy in the sports coat by the elevators?

COLTEN

Yeah.

BAZZO

He was waiting for one but he didn't get on. Look around.

Colten sees the Two Men In Suits milling about.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

You know those two, the guys in the suits?

COLTEN

No.

BAZZO

They're not local cops or state police?

COLTEN

No. They're not wearing the color of the day, green.

BAZZO

When did they give that order?

COLTEN

This morning, to keep it secret.

BAZZO

Then someone else is here, and they're packing. Go tell your boss.

Colten leaves. Bazzo goes to a house phone and dials.

DILAURIA (O.S.)  
DiLauria...

BAZZO  
It's Paul. We've got guests here in  
the lobby, and they're packing.

DILAURIA (O.S.)  
I'll be right down.

Bazzo hangs up. He keeps his eyes on the Two Men In Suits. A moment later the SAC gets off the elevator with Colten and AGENT #1. He sees Bazzo and walks into the gift shop. Bazzo follows him. Colten and Agent #1 stay in the lobby.

BAZZO  
Those two in the suits. You know  
them?

SAC  
No.

Bazzo eyes him skeptically.

SAC (CONT'D)  
I don't. But the area's secure now.

BAZZO  
What - with you and those two?

He glances at Colten and Agent #1.

SAC  
Get your gear and go to the service  
entrance.

BAZZO  
No, I don't like this.

SAC  
We're staying on schedule. So get  
your gear and go to the service  
entrance.

BAZZO  
My partner's on her way down.

SAC  
I'll talk to her. Now get going.

BAZZO  
You'd better hope I don't find out  
you're in on this.

As Bazzo leaves the gift shop, Colten looks worried. Bazzo sees DiLauria leave the elevator bank and goes up to her.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Something's very wrong here, and that asshole's acting like it's nothing. I'm gonna get my gear and meet them at the service entrance.

DILAURIA

Grab mine too, will you?

BAZZO

Okay. I'll put everything in the trunk of your follow-up car. Look, whatever's going on here, I don't think Colten's in on it.

Bazzo gets into an elevator. DiLauria eyes the Man In The Sports Coat and the Two Men In Suits as she nears the SAC, he bends down toward her.

SAC

I guess your partner filled you in on those two.

DILAURIA

Geezus, breathe downwind, will you?

Embarrassed, the SAC straightens up.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

He also mentioned the one by the elevator.

Surprised, the SAC looks at the elevator bank. DiLauria shakes her head, incredulous.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Great. So, what are you going to do?

SAC

Like I told your partner, we got this. Get to your post.

DILAURIA

You are going to question them, for Chrissakes.

SAC

Just do as you're told.

DiLauria doesn't move. Instead, she eyes him warily.

DILAURIA

Paul was wrong about you. You're not a punk; you're a fucking prick.

Then she leaves.

EXT. NORTHWEST EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Led by state and local police cars and motorcycles, the presidential motorcade makes its way toward The Loop.

I/E. PRESIDENT'S LIMOUSINE

The open top has the wind circling through everyone's hair and HOWLING. Bazzo sits up front with the SAC who's driving. Colten and AGENT #1 sit in jump seats facing President Kennedy who sits alongside KENNETH O'DONNELL. Bazzo and the Agents were earpieces. When Bazzo and the Agents talk to each other, they speak in calm, lowered tones into their lapel microphone.

As the motorcade nears the off ramp it slows, increasing the gap between itself and the lead Agents' car. A warehouse overlooks the roadway where the off ramp joins it. Latham looks at the warehouse. He sees the figure of a MAN crouch on the roof.

BAZZO

Someone's on the roof of that warehouse.

SAC

Local cops, I told you.

BAZZO

He's crouched; he's not observing.

Colten smiles at the president and turns nonchalantly to look at the roof of the warehouse.

COLTEN

Are we clear on the warehouse?

BAZZO

Negative.

They fall further behind the lead Secret Service car.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Pick up the slack.

SAC

Relax.

BAZZO

Why are you slowing down? You're already too far behind.

The SAC HUFFS. Bazzo checks the roof again - the crouched figure of a man is still there.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

There's someone on the warehouse roof.

SAC

Negative. Hold your positions.

Bazzo angrily eyes the SAC. He grows more concerned as the President's limousine continues to fall further back. Bazzo reaches inside his suit coat, takes out his Smith and Wesson Model 29 and lays it on his lap; it's pointed at the SAC.

BAZZO

Pick up the slack.

Colten turns around and looks at Bazzo who faces him.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Protect the client.

Now worried, Colten turns back toward President Kennedy, who blithely chats with O'Donnell. Bazzo looks straight ahead.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Increase your speed.

He cocks the pistol. The SAC glances at Bazzo's Smith and Wesson then increases his speed, quickly closing the gap. The tires SQUEAL on the off ramp. President Kennedy and O'Donnell both grab hold of the hand-straps.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

You trying to set a speed record?

SAC

Just maintaining distance, sir.

The radio-telephone in the back RINGS; Colten answers it.

COLTEN

Yes?

BUNDY (O.S.)

This is McGeorge Bundy. Let me speak to the president.

Colten hands the receiver to President Kennedy.

COLTEN

It's Mr. Bundy, sir.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

What is it, George?... I see... Does Bobby know?... Who's telling the Service?... Alright.

(hangs up)

(MORE)

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
We're going back to Washington.  
(turns to O'Donnell)  
Seems as though I've caught a cold  
and a fever.

The radio-telephone in the front of the limousine RINGS; the SAC answers it.

SAC  
Yes?... Right, I understand. Call  
CATER. Tell them we're coming home.  
I'll inform the detail.  
(hangs up)  
Colten, tell the president I got  
the word; we're heading back to  
Washington.  
(with a hint of  
disappointment)  
Detail, we're aborting the trip.  
Repeat, aborting the trip. We're  
heading back to Washington.

Bazzo holsters his pistol.

STREET

The motorcade leaves the off ramp and continues along the route until, with sirens SCREAMING and lights FLASHING, it makes a U-turn just past an on ramp heading in the opposite direction on the Northwest Expressway.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of The National Mall and Lincoln Memorial.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A view of the compound through Gate #1.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard, Kensington and Latham are there.

BERARD  
So the driver had put the president  
in jeopardy by drastically reducing  
his speed.

LATHAM  
Yes, sir.

KENSINGTON  
Opening him up to fire from that  
warehouse roof, possibly.

Berard nods, acknowledging the worst.

BERARD

And that's why Paul aimed his pistol at the driver.

LATHAM

Yes, to force him to speed up.

BERARD

And what about the man Paul saw crouched on the warehouse roof?

LATHAM

Carla spoke to both the Chicago police and the State police. Neither of them had a man stationed there.

KENSINGTON

That's too bad.

BERARD

Sorry?

KENSINGTON

I'd like to have heard them explain how one observes an area from a crouch while on the rooftop of a building.

Berard is amused.

BERARD

So, what's to be done about this Secret Service Agent in Charge?

LATHAM

I reported him to the Chief of the Secret Service. But I don't know if he'll do anything about it. The SAC is contending he followed protocol.

BERARD

The SAC being the driver of the president's limousine.

LATHAM

Yes, sir.

BERARD

Following protocol right up until the moment the president is shot.

LATHAM

Anyway, that's about the time the president got a call and ordered the driver to turn around.



KENSINGTON

François Bisset announced the president was suffering from a cold and a fever and had to return home.

BERARD

Yes, Cuban flu. Things have come to a head there. The president is being forced to make a decision to either order an immediate air strike, or announce an alternative.

LATHAM

Geezus... Oh, I don't how I almost forgot this, but Paul spotted three men at the hotel carrying firearms.

BERARD

You can thank Stewart for that.

LATHAM

What?

BERARD

He spoke to the Chief of the Secret Service earlier and got an Army Intel unit to fly out there. They were from Fort Holabird, weren't they?

KENSINGTON

Yes.

BERARD

They asked Stewart not to inform you so as to maintain anonymity.

Latham is dumbfounded as he turns to Kensington.

EXT. EMBASSY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM - DAY

Stock footage of the main building flying the Union Jack.

INT. MI6 OFFICE

Jones is on the phone. Fiona stands, waiting...

JONES

They're here... And where's their van?... No?... In handcuffs, I hope... Alright.

He hangs up.

FIONA

I don't like what little I heard.

JONES

Security has gone to the Glory Hole to get Helen Myers. They're using one of our sedans instead of a van to take her to the airport.

FIONA

Why?

JONES

I was reprimanded yesterday for ordering Myers to be shielded leaving the building and secluded inside a van. I was reminded by London that Myers is, and I quote, 'an overweight, middle-aged woman.' They've also requested that we do not appear at her transfer.

FIONA

And what's their reason for that?

JONES

They feel Myers would interpret that as gloating, making her less likely to be cooperative.

FIONA

But the car is still coming around back to pick her up, isn't it?

JONES

No. They want her to see what she's giving up. So they're taking her out the front door.

FIONA

Security's gone mad.

JONES

That's what Warren said.

This catches Fiona by surprise.

EXT. EMBASSY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM - COMPOUND

TWO SECURITY MEN in suits lead Myers out the main building. A trench coat covers her hands which have been handcuffed in front of her. A DRIVER waits behind the wheel of a Ford sedan.

Like a scene from a horror movie, the driver-side, outside door mirror SNAPS off, giving everyone a START. The Driver instinctively ducks below the wheel. Then Myers is literally thrown back off her feet onto the ground. A bullet has RIPPED through her chest. SECURITY MAN #1 stares at the wound.

SECURITY MAN #1

Someone's using a silencer. Get her inside!

The Security Men SCRAMBLE to drag her back into the building.

OBSERVATORY CIRCLE, NW

Set behind a wrought-iron fence that lines one side of a long parking lot, sits a knoll sloping 20 feet high, and partially hidden behind the cars in the parking lot and the heavy, overhanging flora from trees and brush.

Two figures leave, walking in opposite directions. One is a MAN WEARING OVERALLS; he carries a hoe and a tool case. The other is a woman, Dina. She walks away from the fence and disappears among behind the trees.

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

A view of Building C.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The Red phone RINGS; Collette answers it.

COLLETTE

2-3-6-2... Just a moment.

She puts the caller on hold and presses the intercom.

COLLETTE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The Ops Room's on Red.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham picks up the Red phone.

LATHAM

Latham...

OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones. DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS. Stokes is on the Red phone.

STOKES

We just received word there's been a shooting at the British Embassy.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH STOKES

LATHAM

Come on, Jared. Details.

STOKES

We have word one person was shot and killed in the embassy compound, a Helen Myers. She taken inside one of the buildings. No other injuries were reported. Sir, I believe she was a recent transfer to MI6 there.

LATHAM

She was. Alright, keep me posted as things develop.

STOKES (O.S.)

Yes, sir.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham hangs up. He drops his head in his hands for a moment, then gets up, puts on his suit coat and trench coat, then heads into...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette looks up from her typing.

LATHAM

There was a shooting at the British Embassy.

COLLETTE

Oh, my God...

LATHAM

A transfer to MI6 was killed, a Helen Myers. No one else was hurt.

COLLETTE

How'd it happen?

LATHAM

I don't know. Jared'll call when he has further details. I don't want to bother SMOTH or Fiona right now. I'm sure they're tied up with the police.

COLLETTE

No, I won't.

LATHAM

I'm going out for a walk.

He leaves. Collette takes a moment to compose herself, then she gets back to work.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

Latham strolls across the compound. He puts his left hand in his trench coat pocket and pulls out a stick of chalk. He rolls it about in his fingers then puts it back in his pocket as he exits through Gate #1.

END