

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Two, Episode #14: "The Ruling Class"

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Cool Gray Dawn  
"The Ruling Class"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. PUNTA DEL ESTE, URUGUAY - DAY

Black and white, Pathé-like newsreel footage shows a panorama of this coastal resort town.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Punta del Este, a resort town in  
southeastern Uruguay, is host to a  
meeting of the Organization of  
American States.

INT. MEETING ROOM

More stock newsreel footage of a meeting of brooding representatives from the Organization of American States in what resembles a court room.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Representatives from all 20 member  
countries support a resolution to  
exclude Cuba and its communist  
regime, led by Fidel Castro, from  
further participation in the inter-  
American treaty.

EXT. HAVANA, CUBA - DAY

INSERT: "Havana, Cuba"

Stock footage of Havana.

VEDADO NEIGHBORHOOD

Crowds of people head toward Revolution Square. One Man, DGI AGENT #1, breaks away and stops at a newsstand kiosk outside a bodega.

NEWSTAND KIOSK

Agent #1 picks up a copy of Chic magazine and thumbs through it, pausing at an advertisement for Playboy magazine.

INSERT ADVERTISEMENT COPY (IN SPANISH): **"Cuando lo pienso, puedo decir que definitivamente Playboy tuvo mucho que ver con la cámara que compré y la ropa que uso."**

BACK TO SCENE

The PROPRIETOR is peeved. He leans out the kiosk.

PROPRIETOR  
(growls)  
Esto no es una biblioteca.

Agent #1 sneers and pulls a 50 centavos coin from his pocket, hands it to the proprietor and walks to...

PLAZA DE LA REVOLUCIÓN JOSÉ MARTÍ

INSERT: "Jose Marti Revolution Square"

Pathe-like newsreel footage shows a huge crowd. Agent #1 approaches the edges of the crowd, the magazine rolled up in his left hand. A MAN WITH HIS BACK TO US and a magazine rolled up in his left hand walks toward Agent #1. They execute a seamless BRUSH PASS, exchanging magazines. Agent #1 then veers off and enters an office building with the sign, "Ministerio del Interior de la República de Cuba."

IN THE HEART OF REVOLUTION SQUARE

More Pathe-like newsreel footage shows FIDEL CASTRO climbing the steps onto the podium. The crowd CHEERS.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Later in Havana, an angry Fidel  
Castro addresses the Cuban people.

In the crowd and dressed as a local, FIONA JEFFRIES settles down with everyone to hear Castro speak.

INSERT IMAGES: Castro with CHE GUEVARA, with NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV; Castro addresses the United Nations General Assembly, followed by PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY addressing them; Cuban troops at the Bay of Pigs capture U.S.-trained Cuban Brigade 2506; graffiti scrawled on the door of a building in Havana reads "VIVA FIDEL."

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

CASTRO  
(speaks Spanish)  
La O.E.A. fue desenmascarada por lo que es: un Ministerio de Colonias yanqui y un bloque militar contra los pueblos de América Latina. Pero resistiremos en cada sitio de batalla: resistiremos en el campo de batalla económica, persistiremos en avanzar en el frente cultural... Nuestra Patria no se está esforzando por hoy. Más bien, nuestra Patria suda para mañana.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "The O.A.S. was unmasked for what it is - a Yankee Ministry of Colonies and a military bloc against the peoples of Latin America. But we will resist on every single battle site: we will resist on the economic battleground, we will persist in advancing on the cultural front... Our Fatherland is not toiling away for today. Rather, our Fatherland sweats for tomorrow!"

BACK TO SCENE

The crowd ROARS its approval; Fiona CLAPS along with them.

INT. MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR - OFFICE - DAY

At a desk on which lies a white sheet of paper, Agent #1 opens the copy of Chic to the Playboy advertisement. Using an X-Acto knife, he peels off the period denoting the end of the copy and slides it into a small cellophane bag.

Agent #1 carefully folds over the open end of the cellophane bag and leaves the office.

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

It's the end of a short, crisp winter's day. Stock footage of the National Mall and the Capitol Building.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

The sun is setting behind the rooftops on the compound.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of ringing phones, teletype machines and chatter is a bit louder as DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY at the Duty Desk, along with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS, give turnover to the NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY. Other CIA personnel give turnover to their shift replacements.

WARREN LATHAM and LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) sit across from the Duty Desk. Owens looks over at Latham.

OWENS

Sir, this is all routine; neither of you have to stay. Miss Jeffries is only in Havana to observe; she's not contacting anyone.

JONES

He can't help it; he's a worry-wart.

Latham gives Jones a sidelong glance. Jones grins.

OWENS

We can call you when Miss Jeffries leaves for Mexico City.

LATHAM

What are you talking about? Her return flight's to New York.

There is a pause in the turnover.

STOKES

No, sir. Pan-Am no longer has commercial flights to Havana.

LATHAM

Since when? I thought only Delta and National stopped flying there.

STOKES

No. Earlier, when you and Mr. Jones were in meetings, Castro limited Pan-Am to ferrying diplomatic personnel.

He turns to Nichols who hands him a wire copy from Reuters. Stokes gives it to Latham.

NICHOLS

The only commercial routes Castro allows now are Moscow and Prague on their national airlines, and Mexico City on Cuba's Cubana de Aviación.

BRADLEY

But he still has that arrangement with Air Canada to fly to Montreal.

JONES

You mean the one where they cram in sacks of sugar with the passengers?

NICHOLS

Yes. But getting a seat's always hit or miss. Cubana has two flights a day to Mexico City. I got Miss Jeffries on the one A.M. red-eye.

LATHAM

What about the bolthole? You were still finalizing arrangements.

STOKES

MI6 got a British Embassy staffer to help us out, Enrique Sosa. He's a local. He'll park his car by the Havana safehouse and leave his keys in the apartment.

PERCY

Sosa's with the Alzados, the anti-Castro revolutionaries.

STOKES

If for some reason Miss Jeffries misses the flight, she'll drive the car to Canasí; it's a small coastal town 43 miles east of Havana. She'll have use of Sosa's house there for 24 hours. At 04:00 there'll be a boat offshore to take her to Nassau. She'll signal them and they'll pull up to the dock to get her.

JONES

Signal them how?

STOKES

Sosa has a torch there she can use.

BRADLEY

A torch?

PERCY

It's British for flashlight.

BRADLEY

(shrugs, embarrassed)  
Hell, I didn't know.

STOKES

One long, two short flashes.

OWENS

I've been to Canasí. Lots of heavy foliage and coves along the coast - a perfect place to hide after dark.

NICHOLS

In Nassau she can take a scheduled flight to Miami and change there.

LATHAM

How will we know if she's left Havana by plane or by boat?

PERCY

Six got us another member of the Alzados to watch the safehouse, name of Juan Garcia. He'll radio the embassy and tell them if she drove south to the airport or took the coast road to the bolthole.

Latham nods and hands the wire copy back to Stokes.

LATHAM

Just the same, I'll wait it out in my office.

JONES

Well, I'm going home. Call me in the morning, Warren.

EXT. OLD HAVANA (LA HABANA VIEJA) CUBA - NIGHT (EVENING)

Locals stroll along narrow streets of balconied apartment houses. Telephone and electrical wires perilously droop overhead. 1950s automobiles dot the curb.

FIONA

Walks down one of the streets, turns into an alley and enters the side door of an apartment house.

INT. CORRIDOR

Fiona emerges from the stairwell. As she walks to an apartment door, Agent #1 approaches from the far end. Fiona turns around and heads back to the stairwell. DGI AGENT #2 comes down the stairs from the upper floor. DGI AGENTS #3 and #4 appear on the landing of the lower floor.

Agents #1 and #2 quickly come up to Fiona, hook her arms then "escort" her down the stairs.

EXT. ALLEY

Agents #3 and #4 get into the front seat of a 1955 Chevrolet Bel Air four-door sedan. Agents #1 and #2 get into the back seat on either side of Fiona. The Bel Air then speeds off.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Stock footage of the Capitol Building, then the White House.

THE BLAIR HOUSE

Stock footage of the four connected townhouses for White House guests that sits across the street from the Oval Office.

INT. LEE DRAWING ROOM

Unoccupied for the moment; decorated in Chinese wallpaper. A portrait of Robert E. Lee hangs on one wall. At the opposite end of the room a small, wrought-iron stand, on which rests a New Yorker magazine, sits between two yellow chairs, all in front of trellised doors that open onto a small garden.

CAROL BLAIR, dressed in an evening gown, overcoat slung across her arm, clutch in hand, enters and sits in a yellow chair.

She places her clutch on the stand, drapes her overcoat over the arm of the chair, then picks up the New Yorker magazine. On one page is an advertisement for Playboy magazine.

INSERT ADVERTISEMENT COPY: **"When I think about it, I can say definitely Playboy had a lot to do with the camera I bought and the clothes I wear."**

BACK TO SCENE

A UNIFORMED BUTLER carrying a silver tray on which lies a mustard-colored envelope from Western Union and a letter opener approaches Carol.

BUTLER  
Telegraph for you, Miss Blair.

Carol smiles and takes the envelope and letter opener from the tray. The Butler leaves. Carol slits open the envelope, lays the letter opener by her clutch, and pulls out the telegram.

INSERT WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM:

**=WU005 NL PD=NEW YORK CITY, NY JAN 12=  
=MISS CAROL BLAIR=  
=C/O BLAIR HOUSE, 1651 PENNSYLVANIA AVE NW, WASHINGTON, DC=  
=TWO SONS WILL SOON ACHIEVE RARE HEIGHTS=  
=CARBLAIR PUBLISHING=  
822A**

BACK TO SCENE

Carol puts the telegram in its envelope and places it in her clutch. SENATOR KEN READING, LT. COL. EASTON, and GENERAL STANS enter. All are dressed in tuxedos under their overcoats.

READING  
Shall we go?

Carol stands, grabs her coat and clutch, and they leave.

EXT. THE NATIONAL PRESS CLUB - NIGHT

Stock footage of this Washington landmark.

INT. BALLROOM

A banner for "The American Society of Newspaper Editors" hangs above the stage. PRESIDENT KENNEDY, in formal wear, addresses an audience dressed for the evening.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
The message of Cuba, of Laos, of  
the rising din of Communist voices  
in Asia and Latin America - these  
messages are all the same.  
(MORE)



PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

The complacent, the self-indulgent,  
the soft societies are about to be  
swept away with the debris of  
history. Only the strong, only the  
industrious, only the determined,  
only the courageous, only the  
visionary who determine the real  
nature of our struggle can possibly  
survive.

Seated at a table are Easton, Stans, Reading and Carol.

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

Lights are on in a couple of buildings in the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

The wall clock reads 00:40. Latham has his head down on his  
desk, fast asleep. The Red phone RINGS, startling him awake.  
He answers the phone while fighting off a yawn.

LATHAM

2-3-6-2.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Owens is on his Red phone. Everyone is busy as usual.

OWENS

Sir, it's Owens. We've received no  
word on whether Miss Jeffries made  
the flight to Mexico City or drove  
to the bolthole.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH OWENS

LATHAM

You check with MI6?

OWENS

Several times. They still haven't  
heard from Juan Garcia, the Alzados  
agent who had eyes on the safehouse.

LATHAM

Open a line with MI6. I want to know  
what's going on as soon as they do.

OWENS

Did that. I'll keep you posted.

LATHAM

No, I'll be right down.

Latham hangs up. Anxious, he hurries out his office.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Seemingly everyone is on the phone. Latham enters and approaches Owens at the Duty Desk.

LATHAM

When was the last time MI6 reported eyes on Miss Jeffries?

OWENS

(checks the logs)

15:30. The station #2 was at the rally in Revolution Square where he saw Miss Jeffries. We weren't scheduled for another report from MI6 until 23:30, saying she'd either driven to the airport or to the bolthole.

LATHAM

Why the long interval?

FARRELL

The KGB now monitor the embassy's trunk lines for Castro.

LATHAM

They're tapping them as well?

FARRELL

No, just scanning for usage. Any more than the usual chatter between us would have alerted them that something was up.

LATHAM

So, what did you do when MI6 didn't report as scheduled?

OWENS

I gave them the usual 15 minutes grace then sent an encrypted query. They responded saying Garcia hadn't reported in and that the station #1 had left to see if he was home. Just after midnight they reported that Garcia wasn't at his apartment. The Station #1 had also driven by the safehouse. Enrique Sosa's car was still there. The Station #1 called Garcia again, and he tried Sosa, but couldn't get hold of either one.

LATHAM

Damnit! Has anyone heard from SMOTH?!

FARRELL

I did. He's in his office now,  
trying to get more information.  
Sir, he's just as worried about  
Miss Jeffries as we are.

Latham sighs and nods apologetically.

FARRELL (CONT'D)

Maybe we should be more proactive  
here and prepare for a swap.

OWENS

No! We don't know for certain if  
the DGI have her. We contact the  
Bureau now for trade bait and it'll  
be all over the street by morning.

BRADLEY

Plus, we'd need clearance for that.

OWENS

That's beside the point. We don't  
know where she is or what's going  
on.

FARRELL

We know she's missing!

OWENS

She could've been in an accident  
and never made it back to the  
safehouse! Garcia could be a  
layabout for all we know, and  
Sosa's probably out doing God knows  
what. He was only tasked with  
providing the car and a bolthole!

LATHAM

Alright. I appreciate what you're  
trying to do, Pete... All of you.  
You know my feelings toward Fiona,  
but James is right. Until we know  
more, we just have to sit and wait.

Disconsolate, Latham slumps in a chair by the Duty Desk.

EXT. OLD HAVANA, CUBA - DAY (MORNING)

It's dawn. No one stirs on these narrow streets dotted with  
small movie houses. The Bel Air motors past them.

MIRAFLORES - VENTO ROAD CAUSEWAY (CALZADA ELEVADA DE VENTO)

The Bel Air speeds along a tree-lined boulevard through this  
middle-class Havana neighborhood.

HAVANA - JOSÉ MARTÍ AIRPORT

Stock footage of the departure terminal. The sign on its facade reads "AEROPUERTO INTERNACIONAL/JOSE MARTI-LA HABANA."

DEPARTURE TERMINAL - CURBSIDE

Cars and taxis pull to the curb. Skycaps meet civilians and Soviets in military uniform and tag their luggage. The Bel Air pulls up. A Skycap rushes up. Agent #1 and Fiona step out. Agent #2 alights with Fiona's travel bag. He hands it to the Skycap who tags it, hands the receipt to Agent #2 and puts the bag on a luggage trolley. Agents #1 and #2 escort Fiona inside the terminal.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - SAMUEL GOMPERS PARK - DAY (MORNING)

The White House looms in the distance. Latham meets Jones by Gompers' statue. Both Men are on edge as they stroll.

LATHAM

Your Havana station told us the DGI just put Fiona on that flight to Montreal. Your people were supposed to be our eyes and ears on the ground there. What happened?

JONES

It seems the DGI were waiting for Fiona at the safehouse. A neighbor saw them leave with her. That's all we know until they put her on the plane.

LATHAM

What about those two Alzados agents? Did they ever turn up?

JONES

No. Havana station thinks they were sold, possibly by someone in Miami.

LATHAM

No one there outside of Kensington knew about the operation, Larry.

JONES

Yes, well...

LATHAM

Oh, don't be stupid.

JONES

He's been out to prove something ever since the Bay of Pigs.

LATHAM

Kensington's no more likely to double than you or me.

JONES

Maybe so, but he's just the type to blow his own trumpet over something as simple as an observation job.

LATHAM

Not on this one.

JONES

Warren...

LATHAM

Kensington was also worried about informers! That's why he didn't task the Cuban Desk. When he asked me, I said I'd come up with something, but I never told him I was sending Fiona. And while we're at it, your people knew more about the operation than Kensington did.

JONES

(chagrined)

I'll ask our IGI to look into this.

Latham seethes as the Two continue their stroll.

EXT. SKIES OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY (MORNING)

An Air Canada propjet soars through wispy clouds.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN

Filled with passengers and crates of bananas. At the bulkhead a STEWARDESS grabs a microphone. Fiona sits in a window seat, her expression numb.

STEWARDESS (O.S.)

(speaks Spanish)

Bienvenido al vuelo uno cero seis de Cubana Airlines sin escalas a Montreal. Nuestro tiempo de viaje es de cuatro horas, veinte minutos.

(speaks French)

Bienvenue sur le vol un zéro six de Cubana Airlines sans escale vers Montréal. Notre temps de voyage est de quatre heures et vingt minutes.

EXT. PORT OF HAVANA - NIGHT (EVENING) - PAST

A stock-footage panorama of Old Havana and the harbor.

THE PIER

Sea water laps at the pilings. The Bel Air pulls alongside a decrepit warehouse and stops. Agents #1 and #2 alight from the backseat with Fiona and escort her inside the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Dimly lit by two bare light bulbs. Wires suspended from pulleys at the ceiling reach the floor where they lie loose.

Agents #1 and #2 escort Fiona to where TWO NAKED CUBAN MEN are arrayed in shadow. FOUR DGI GUARDS with sidearms and cattle prods stand beside them. Seeing Fiona, the Two Naked Men weakly cover their genitalia with their hands. Agent #1 looks at Guard #1, then points to the Two Naked Cuban Men.

AGENT #1  
(speaks Spanish)  
Hazlo.

Guard #1 grabs one end of a wire. Two other Guards restrain one of the Naked Cubans while Guard #1 wraps the wire around the Man's testicles. The Naked Cuban SCREAMS and BEGS FOR MERCY. Guard #1 smirks while he twists the wire tight.

Guard #1 and the two other Guards then grab the other end of the wire and pull, hoisting the Naked Cuban Man up into the darkness, his SCREAMS ECHO grotesquely. The Guards secure the wire then do the same to the second Naked Cuban Man. Agent #1 turns to a horrified Fiona.

AGENT #1 (CONT'D)  
Estos dos hombres, Enrique Sosa y  
Juan García, estas víboras,  
traicionaron a la Revolución  
actuando como agentes de la CIA.  
Regresa y diles a los  
estadounidenses lo que hemos hecho  
aquí.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "These two, Enrique Sosa and Juan Garcia, these vipers, betrayed the Revolution by acting as agents for the CIA. Go back and tell the Americans what we've done here."

He and Agent #2 then escort Fiona out the warehouse.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY (MORNING) - PRESENT

Fiona continues to gaze numbly out the window while the other passengers are abuzz in French.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the White House.

INT. THE EAST ROOM

President Kennedy sits at a conference table with his brother ROBERT, FRANÇOIS BISSET and SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT ARTHUR SCHLESINGER. All are dressed casually. They sip coffee as they review the contents of folders set before them: clippings from various newspapers and official memoranda.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Our allies think we're slightly demented on the subject of Cuba.

BISSET

They're not alone, Jack.

(pulls out clippings)

The Times says we're obsessed with Castro. Even your hometown Boston Globe took a shot at us. They quoted that jackass Senator Reading, saying our Cuban policy makes us look weak to the rest of the world.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Remind me to cancel my subscription.

SCHLESINGER

Hm, proves you can't manipulate public opinion without becoming a slave to it.

President Kennedy shrugs and leans back in his chair, grimacing slightly.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Nowhere, not in Africa or anywhere else under colonial domination, was the humiliation, the exploitation and outright barbarism worse than in Cuba under Batista. Yet we tolerated that repressive bastard because he was anti-communist.

ROBERT KENNEDY

If Nixon hadn't rejected Castro out of hand, we wouldn't have this mess.

SCHLESINGER

Look, we're being judged by what we do now. The question is, Are we going about it the right way? We've got conflicting opinions from the Joint Chiefs, our allies, the CIA...

Sifting through the folder's contents, the president stops.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Arthur...

(holds up a memo)

Did you see this CIA memo?

Schlesinger pulls the memo from his folder.

SCHLESINGER

Yes. I'm surprised; I didn't think there were any doves over there.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

It says it's from Wilson Berard's desk, but I know it actually originated with Warren Latham.

SCHLESINGER

Who?

BISSET

Warren Latham. He heads the Domestic Operations Division. One of the few people over there I trust.

ROBERT KENNEDY

I don't. He turned us down when we offered him the Cuban Project.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

That being said, he says here instead of looking for ways to hurt Castro, we should look to entice him over to our side.

SCHLESINGER

Makes sense, especially when you consider that if we do invade Cuba, the Soviets will be obliged to respond.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Come on, Khrushchev isn't going to start World War Three, Arthur!

SCHLESINGER

No offense, Bobby, but I'm not about to risk the lives of 50 million people on your intuition alone.

Robert Kennedy broods.

SCHLESINGER (CONT'D)

If he's pushed, Khrushchev will bring a real war right to our eastern seaboard.



PRESIDENT KENNEDY

So, what do we do? I don't want to risk getting the Soviets involved.

ROBERT KENNEDY

We should take control over the entire Cuban Project. We decide what happens and how, and all the agencies involved report directly to us instead of those cowboys at the CIA.

SCHLESINGER

And who'll run the show?

ROBERT KENNEDY

We'll run it out of my office.

Schlesinger and the president mull it over. Schlesinger nods.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Alright, go ahead.

EXT. MONTREAL, QUEBEC - MCGILL UNIVERSITY - DAY (DUSK)

INSERT: "Montréal, Quebec"

Stock footage of Old Montreal (Vieux Montréal), then McGill University.

BRITISH CONSULATE-GENERAL

On the facade of a McGill University office building, a sign reads "Consulat Général de la Grande-Bretagne."

FIONA

Looks spent as she leaves the consulate office building and walks to Sherbrooke Street. There, she hails a taxi.

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

Light from television sets flickers in the apartment windows.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Latham sits on the couch watching "The Twilight Zone" on TV. The front doorlock CLACKS, then the door SQUEAKS open.

LATHAM

Fiona?

FIONA (O.S.)

Yes.

Latham jumps up as the door SLAMS shut. Fiona enters.

She is pensive. Latham takes her travel bag and lays it on the couch, then he hugs her warmly, her face buried in his chest.

LATHAM  
Are you alright?

FIONA  
Yes. Did you get my F.I.R.?

LATHAM  
Yeah. Larry said you filed it from your Montreal station.

FIONA  
I just wanted to get it over with.

LATHAM  
I know, hon.

Fiona moves toward the couch. Latham changes the subject.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
I made dinner. I'll go heat it up.

He takes a step toward the kitchen.

FIONA  
No, I'm not hungry. I think I'll just go to bed.

LATHAM  
Okay.

He picks up Fiona's travel bag and walks with his arm around her into the bedroom.

BEDROOM - LATER

Latham is sound asleep but Fiona is having a nightmare. She MUMBLES and MOANS... Then she SCREAMS - her eyes open wide. Latham wakes up with a start. He reaches over and holds her.

LATHAM  
What is it? Fiona... Fiona.

Fiona CRIES uncontrollably. Latham holds her tightly.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
It's alright... It's alright.

## ACT TWO

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

Stock footage of the midtown cityscape.

INT. CORRIDOR

At the far end, the RECEPTIONIST sits behind a Desk before a wall sign of the company logo and name, "CARBLAIR PUBLISHING CO., INC." A wall clock reads 8:45.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Carol and Reading sit on the couch, drinking coffee and eating pastries as they watch the "Today" show on a portable TV. VICE PRESIDENT LYNDON JOHNSON is being interviewed in the White House. The volume is low; the interview, background PURL.

READING

I still can't believe Johnson  
agreed to play second fiddle to  
Kennedy.

CAROL

He seemed to take it in stride.

READING

Only 'cause you persuaded him to.

CAROL

Hmm... You know, come to think of  
it, he was a bit pointed when I  
asked if he'd mind being on the  
ticket as Jack's VP.

READING

Yeah? What did he say?

CAROL

'At least I'm only one heart beat  
away from the job I really want.'

READING

If I were Jack, I'd be very careful.

CAROL

He didn't mean it that way.

READING

Uh huh. Ever hear of Henry Marshall?

Carol shakes her head no then sips her coffee.

READING (CONT'D)

He was with the Department of  
Agriculture investigating LBJ's  
business partner, Billy Sol Estes.

CAROL

Estes... That slimy bastard.

READING

They found Marshall shot five times with his own rifle. The County Sheriff ruled it a suicide.

CAROL

You're kidding.

READING

Nope. Everyone knew LBJ was behind it. Probably had one of his goons take care of things for his ol' buddy, Estes.

CAROL

So, you're one of those who knows where all the bodies are buried.

READING

Yup, literally.

Carol rolls her eyes and drinks more coffee.

READING (CONT'D)

Ever hear of John Kinser?

CAROL

Geezus, Ken. What have you got, an entire list?

READING

Kinser owned a golf course in Austin, and he dated LBJ's sister, Josefa. You knew her pretty well.

CAROL

Yes, I found a place for her to dry out, once. She was such a lush, but kind of a free spirit, too.

READING

Well, turns out Wallace was dating her, too. So he went to Kinser's golf course, pulled out a gun and shot him - dead. LBJ got Wallace off with a suspended sentence.

CAROL

Hm, I guess jealousy really is cruel as the grave.

READING

It's not just jealousy. When Josefa drank, she talked, especially about big brother's business affairs. Word has it that's why he silenced her.

CAROL

She died from a stroke, Ken.

READING

So how come LBJ wouldn't allow an autopsy? It's Texas law.

Reading returns to watching TV while Carol muses over this.

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

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

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD, BILL NEALY and Latham are there.

BERARD

Let me understand this... We were running the two Cuban agents - these Alzados - in tandem with MI6.

LATHAM

No, MI6 was running them.

BERARD

And they were strung up by their genitals.

LATHAM

Yes, the DGI letting us know how they've emasculated us.

Berard cringes and takes a pill with water.

NEALY

And a warning to MI6 not to mount any operations on our behalf, what with our embassy there now closed.

BERARD

And why was SMOTH's #2 in Cuba?

LATHAM

To monitor Castro's reaction to Cuba's expulsion from the OAS. She was there on our behalf because both mandarins are out on assignment.

BERARD

She'd never been there before?

LATHAM

No, that's why she was chosen.

BERARD

Yet, the DGI knew she was there.

LATHAM

Castro's informers are everywhere.  
I've said this I don't know how  
many times.

BERARD

I know; I've heard most of them.  
(changes the subject)  
Now, as for why you're here... I'm  
meeting with the president later to  
discuss the Cuban Project.

NEALY

He tell Stewart yet you've replaced  
him as head of the operation?

BERARD

No, that's part of today's meeting.  
I've talked to Stewart. He's known  
for a couple of weeks now that  
Kennedy wants to replace him.

LATHAM

That has to hurt.

BERARD

Yes. But right now I'm more worried  
about the plan. The more I read it,  
the more I want to push back. I  
assume you still feel that way,  
Bill. I know Warren does.

NEALY

Yes, I agree with Warren.

BERARD

Then can either of you give me  
something more to argue against it?

LATHAM

Well, we have to assume MONGOOSE is  
blown. At the very least, the DGI  
will have learned our Basic Action  
Plan from MI6's two Alzados agents.  
That means they'll have...

(counts on his fingers)

The names of penetration and  
principal agents, their handlers,  
the locations of our safehouses and  
the weapons caches there. Kennedy  
needs to cancel all further covert  
action and try offering an olive  
branch to Castro.

BERARD

Yes, you said that in your memo.

NEALY

That last bit isn't going to happen.

LATHAM

Why not?!

BERARD

Warren... Explain why, Bill.

NEALY

Kennedy ran on a platform accusing Eisenhower of being soft on communism. He can't be seen now as appeasing Khrushchev's puppet. Plus, his brother's got the bit between his teeth. He's fanatical about effecting regime change in Cuba.

Berard sighs, frustrated and searching for answers.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Their sabotage campaign's likely to provoke the bear into a larger Soviet military presence in Cuba.

BERARD

Will you stand by that opinion before the president?

NEALY

Yes. A Soviet military build-up in Cuba makes a confrontation between us inevitable.

BERARD

We can't let it come to that. I'll present both your views to the president. He has children of his own, so I'm hoping he'll see the value in guaranteeing them a future.  
(the intercom BUZZES; he answers it)

Yes...

BERARD'S AIDE-DE-CAMP (O.S.)

Jared Stokes from the Operations Room is on the Red circuit for Mr. Latham, sir.

Berard hangs up and nods to Latham who picks up the Red phone.

LATHAM

Latham...

STOKES (O.S.)  
The Cuban Desk overheard a  
conversation in Havana referencing  
'un nido de víboras.'

LATHAM  
Víboras?

STOKES (O.S.)  
Yes, sir - vipers.

LATHAM  
Hmm, I'll be right down.  
(hangs up)  
The Cuban Desk picked up a reference  
to 'un nido de víboras' in Havana.

BERARD  
'A nest of vipers.'

LATHAM  
MI6 says that's how the Alzados  
referred to themselves.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Stokes, Percy and Nichols man the Duty Desk. Latham enters.

LATHAM  
Let's have it, Jared.

STOKES  
Two days ago, the Cuban Desk heard  
a conversation between the captain  
of the 'Nikolay Burdenko,' a Soviet  
cargo ship docked at Cuba's Mariel  
port, and an official at the  
Ministry of the Interior in Havana.

LATHAM  
And they're just sharing it with us  
now?! Geezus... Go on.

STOKES  
The official said they were sending  
100 DGI agents to the ship,  
presumably for training in Moscow.

EXT. OLD HAVANA, CUBA - NIGHT - PAST

Stock footage of small apartment houses on a narrow street.

INT. BEDROOM

PEDRO BOITEL and his wife, ADRIANA, are asleep; their six-month-old BABY is asleep in his crib.



There is a KNOCK on the front door. Pedro and Adriana stir; the Baby CRIES. Adriana gets up and tends to her. There's another KNOCK on the door.

STOKES (V.O.)

The ship's captain expected more,  
but the official said they were too  
busy rounding up a nest of vipers.

Pedro gets up and starts for the Living Room. Adriana reaches in vain for his arm. (Everyone speaks Spanish.)

BOITEL

Tengo que. Cuida al bebé.

He heads into the...

LIVING ROOM

Modestly furnished. Boitel turns on a lamp and goes to the door.

BOITEL

Quién es?

POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.S.)

La policía. Abre la puerta, Boitel.

The door bursts open. POLICE OFFICER #1 in uniform and three ragtag LA GUARDA MEMBERS in fatigues race in. They grab Boitel, throw him to the floor and put him in a chokehold. As he is handcuffed, Adriana races in (without the Baby).

ADRIANA

Qué le está haciendo? Déjalo en  
paz!

They ignore her and drag Boitel out of the apartment.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

Spare, and antiseptic. Boitel is nude and strapped to a high-backed chair - at his feet, a pool of his urine. A MAN IN A WHITE SHIRT with rolled-up sleeves, and wielding a cattle prod, approaches Boitel.

Sitting at a table across from them, a SECOND MAN, similarly dressed, puts a fresh reel on the tape recorder. He nods, flips on the machine and waits while WE HEAR a short SNAP of electricity, followed by Boitel's SCREAMS.

EXT. OLD HAVANA, CUBA - ALLEY - NIGHT

A MAN wearing only his trousers runs pell-mell, his long shadow wavering behind him. Flashlights dart about, capturing a fleeting glimpse of Him hopping over a fence.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE

The Man is met in the face by the HARD BUTT of a rifle. He slumps to the ground as two more LA GUARDA MEMBERS, rifles slung over their shoulders, drag him away.

INT. APARTMENT HOUSE - CORRIDOR

A casually dressed YOUNG WOMAN, large handbag slung over her shoulder, approaches the door to her apartment. She pulls her handbag in front of her and reaches into it for her key.

POLICE OFFICER #2 (O.S.)  
Señorita...

The Young Woman looks behind her. On the stairs are POLICE OFFICER #2 and a LA GUARDA MEMBER.

POLICE OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)  
Ven con nosotros, por favor.

The Young Woman nods. As she turns around, she quickly pulls from her handbag a small, silenced Beretta Minx .22 Short. She fires, hitting both Men, then races toward the back stairs.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The young Woman hurries out the back door of the apartment house. She scans both ends of the alley, then runs toward one end. She reaches the end of the alley at the street and stops. A LA GUARDA MEMBER stands there blithely smoking a cigarette.

The Young Woman turns onto the street. The La Guarda Member looks at her. She smiles at him; he smiles back. She smooths her skirt, as though she had raised it. The La Guarda Member grins and shakes his head. The Young Woman sashays away to a cross street, turns onto it and hurries out of there.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - PRESENT

While phones RING and the teletype CLACKS away, a pensive Latham speaks to Stokes.

LATHAM  
In her F.I.R., Fiona said the lead DGI Agent called the Alzados 'vipers.' So, did he use that as a swear word? Did the DGI sweat it out of them or some other agent? Did they know about 'las víboras' well beforehand?

STOKES  
I'd never heard it used before MI6 said that's what the Alzados called themselves.

NICHOLS

Sounds more like a slur to me.

PERCY

No, I can see the Alzados calling themselves vipers. And it makes sense the DGI would say they're rounding up a nest of them.

STOKES

Could also be a colloquial phrase.

LATHAM

Hmm, let's find out. Get onto MI6; ask them when they first heard the term 'vipers.' Also ask the Miami station if anyone there uses it. And check with the Cuban Desk - see if it's in any chatter among the community and the Alzados in Cuba.

STOKES

And what if the insurgents never used the word 'vipers?'

Latham sighs worriedly as Stokes reaches for the Gray phone.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - OBSERVATORY CIRCLE - DAY

Stock footage of this affluent neighborhood, ending with the stately, gated compound of the British Embassy.

INT. FIONA'S OFFICE

Fiona reads teletype copy at her desk when Jones enters.

JONES

Any luck looking for vipers?

Fiona doesn't respond, staying focused reading the material.

JONES (CONT'D)

Fiona?

FIONA

Yes?!

JONES

Have you found any reference to vipers or víboras?

FIONA

No, not yet. Now, may I please get back to work, sir?

Jones is taken aback by Fiona's insolence. He approaches her desk. Fiona HUFFS and SLAMS down the report she's reading.

JONES

What's going on with you?

FIONA

Nothing. I'm just trying to get through this.

JONES

Look, if you don't want to talk about it, that's fine. But I won't take that tone from you or anyone. You're through for the day. Go home. Come back tomorrow in a better mood.

He turns around and leaves. Fiona stops what she's doing. She slumps back in her chair and starts to CRY.

CORRIDOR, JUST OUTSIDE FIONA'S OFFICE DOOR

Jones stands there listening to Fiona SOB. He sighs sadly and leaves.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the White House.

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE

Against one wall is a Remington bronze statue; above it, a portrait of Andrew Jackson. At an opposite wall a table has a model of the historic Cutty Sark. Before draped, trellised windows with a view of a small garden is the president's desk; a sofa and chairs are on either side.

President Kennedy sits at his desk, poring over the contents of a folder. Schlesinger sits in a chair, hand stroking his chin in contemplation. Berard and Nealy sit on the sofa - both look anxious. STEWART KENSINGTON sits in a chair looking very disconsolate. The president briefly looks up at them.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Thank you, gentlemen.

Berard and Nealy nod and close their satchels. Then the Two and Kensington get up and leave. Kennedy looks at Schlesinger.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

What do you think?

SCHLESINGER

They have a point.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

If I follow the CIA's advice and open a dialogue with Castro, I might as well resign right now.

SCHLESINGER

You could use backchannel commo.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

No, it would be on the streets of Miami the next day.

SCHLESINGER

Well, another option would be to trap him in an action that could be used as a pretext for an invasion.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Arthur, I'm trying to avoid another Bay of Pigs.

SCHLESINGER

Hear me out. A black Op in Haiti could lure Castro into sending a few boatloads of men there. We portray that as an effort to overthrow Papa Doc's regime, which bolsters our contention that Castro intends to spread his brand of revolution. We then leave him with a choice: Open a dialogue with us, or risk an invasion, supported by our Caribbean allies.

The president stands, arches his back, and walks to the window.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Castro isn't the elephant in the room; it's Khrushchev. What if he accepts the gauntlet and sends more troops to Cuba? Or worse, missiles?

SCHLESINGER

Like Senator Reading believes?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Yes.

SCHLESINGER

Then we're fucked.

A gray, 18-button, rotary dial Western Electric Call Director phone RINGS. Kennedy looks at the two BLINKING buttons.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
Evelyn... Probably reminding me of  
my call to President Mateos.

SCHLESINGER  
When are you going to Mexico City?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
June.  
(presses a phone button,  
putting it on speaker)  
Yes, Evelyn.

EVELYN LINCOLN (O.S.)  
Carol Blair is on line four.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
Thank you.

He hangs up the call with Evelyn. Schlesinger stands.

SCHLESINGER  
I'll be in my office.

He leaves. President Kennedy presses the button for line four  
and picks up the receiver.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
Carol, are you here in Washington?

CAROL (O.S.)  
No, I'm in New York. Listen...

EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY

Stock footage of this familiar landmark building.

INT. GENERAL STANS'S OFFICE

Large and plush, befitting a senior rank. Stans sits in a  
leather chair and smokes a cigar. Easton sits across from him.  
On the coffee table is a bottle of Jack Daniels and two shot  
glasses with the residue of whiskey at the bottom.

EASTON  
We're thinking of going in the  
summer.

STANS  
Have you set a date?

EASTON  
No, not yet. We have a few in mind.

STANS  
Like June?

EASTON

That's one. It's summer, lots of street festivals, huge crowds.

STANS

You been down there recently?

As he refills their shot glasses, Easton shakes his head no.

STANS (CONT'D)

No one's using Los Pinos anymore.

EASTON

I thought they all slept there.

STANS

Mateos says it symbolizes the old ruling class. He just announced he won't be staying there anymore.

Easton is very disappointed and frustrated.

STANS (CONT'D)

How far does that set you back?

EASTON

Three or four months maybe.

STANS

So, I guess June's out.

EASTON

Maybe not. We'd already planned to send someone there. If he thinks the logistics still work, we'll go.

STANS

How much does this person know?

EASTON

About as much as Mama Blair, which is to say, next to nothing.

STANS

Good. Keep it that way.

They both gulp down their shots.

EXT. U.S. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

More stock footage of this Washington landmark.

INT. OFFICE OF SENATOR READING

Plush, with a leather chair, mahogany desk with his nameplate, and photos on the walls. The drapes are pulled.

Next to the desk is a stand with a running 16mm film projector. At the opposite end of the room is a portable projection screen. Reading sits at his desk, suitcoat on the coatrack, sleeves rolled up, watching a black-and-white film.

INSERT ON THE PROJECTION SCREEN:

A LECTURER in a dark suit stands before a stage curtain on a dais behind a lectern with a sign reading "John Birch Society." He speaks and gesticulates like a fiery preacher.

LECTURER

He is the John F. Kennedy with whose blessing and support the Central Intelligence Agency staged a fake invasion of Cuba designed to strengthen our mortal enemies there and to disgrace us - disgrace not merely by failure, but by the inhuman crime of having lured brave Cuban exiles into a trap and sent them to suffering and death. He is the John F. Kennedy who collaborated with Khrushchev to stage the phoney embargo on Cuba this month. He is the John F. Kennedy who, by shameless intimidation, bribery, and blackmail, induced weaklings in Congress to approve treasonable acts designed to disarm us and to make us the helpless prey of the affiliated criminals and savages of the United Nations.

BACK TO SCENE

Reading shuts off the projector. He gets up and parts the drapes. He sits in his seat and begins to write notes on a document on his desk entitled "MEXICAN PLAN."

INSERT DOCUMENT, "MEXICAN PLAN":

**MEXICAN PLAN**

**A. BASIC ACTION PLAN**

**INSIDE MEXICO, PHASE I (January, 1962)**

**OPERATION IN MEXICO**

a. Establish three "pathfinder" agent operations in key areas selected by COMMITTEE for leafletting.

**PURPOSE:**

Explore operational conditions and requirements. Report on potential and active resistance elements - local and DETAIL - and situation for exploitation by TECHNICIANS. Lay groundwork for bringing in additional teams as conditions warrant.



**CONSIDERATIONS:**

Agent operations must stay active until EVENT, make useful contacts and communicate accurately with base. Risk to the personnel is substantial due to lack of current intelligence, but mission is essential to planning and operations.

**A.a.1. CONFERENCE ROOM TECHNIQUE**

- (a) Explosives
- (b) Silent firearms
- (c) Submachine guns
- (d) Edge weapons

**A.a.2. OPEN-AIR EN ROUTE TECHNIQUE**

- (a) Ambush
- (b) Crowd strike
- (c) Single strike

BACK TO SCENE

Reading's intercom BUZZES; he answers it.

READING

Yes?

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Bruce Wilson is here.

READING

Send him right in.

He hangs up and places the MEXICAN PLAN inside the middle desk drawer. A moment later, BRUCE WILSON enters. They shake hands.

READING (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

Wilson sits in a wingback chair; Reading sits at his desk.

WILSON

Watching a movie?

READING

A short film. You just get in?

WILSON

A couple of hours ago.

READING

Did Carol go over any of this?

WILSON

A little. Sounds like a simple surveillance job.

READING

A little more than that.

He reaches into a side desk drawer, pulls out a blue paperback book and hands it to Wilson. The cover reads "The Blue Book of THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY."

READING (CONT'D)

Seen that before?

WILSON

The John Birch Society Blue Book.  
Yeah, it's pretty seditious.

He opens it to the first page.

INSERT TABLE OF CONTENTS:

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BACK TO SCENE

Wilson flips through the Blue Book's pages as Reading speaks.

READING

We want to convince Kennedy that  
President Mateos supports communism.

WILSON

Mateos is Marxist-leaning, but he's  
not a communist.

READING

Well, we'd like to tilt him in that  
direction. As you probably know,  
there's a lot of U.S. investment in  
the border zone. If our companies  
pulled out, it'd create an economic  
vacuum there.

WILSON

And some of that investment is  
Carol Blair's.

Reading grins archly.

WILSON (CONT'D)

So, what do you have planned?

READING

We're going to hype the growth of the Socialist Workers' Party in Mexico - Partido Socialista Obrero. That means taking out ads in the paper, and some leafleting.

He reaches into his side desk drawer again, pulls out a leaflet and hands it to Wilson.

INSERT LEAFLET: An image of two hands breaking in two the Crucifix. At the top it reads "**O Comunismo y asim!**" Beneath the image it reads "**El comunismo desprecia tu religión.**" At the bottom, "**Ley y policía/Servicio Publicitario.**"

BACK TO SCENE

Wilson looks at the leaflet and reads part of it aloud.

WILSON

'Communism despises your religion.'

READING

You'll recruit people to help you hand out leaflets like that, along with a copy of the Blue Book.

WILSON

Look, Mateos is very popular. There isn't much interest in right-wing literature there.

READING

Doesn't have to be. You just need to be visible. When Mateos hears the John Birch Society's there, he'll raise a stink with Kennedy. And since Kennedy can't stand them, we feel he'll turn to the Agency for International Development for more aid to Mexico.

WILSON

Keeping the old liaison with CIA?

READING

Hey, they're loaded. The point is Mexicans will see an alternative to their leftist government.

Wilson puts the Blue Book on the desk.

WILSON

You know word of this will get back to the Birchers.

READING

Who hate communists. They'll see you as doing their work for them.

WILSON

What about CIA? Their Mexico City station will have eyes all over me.

READING

Good. We want them to report what's going on. Makes it more imperative that Kennedy act.

Wilson isn't very enthusiastic.

WILSON

How long will you need me there?

READING

This isn't a weekend operation, Bruce. Figure you'll be there until the summer.

WILSON

Geezus!

READING

Don't worry. Carol will take care of whatever expenses you have in New York, on top of your salary. Now, I'm going to call General Stans. We'll meet with him and Colonel Easton at the Pentagon to go over the specifics.

Wilson slumps in his chair as Reading picks up the phone.

### ACT THREE

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

Employees leave the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD places files in the combination-lock cabinet. Latham enters from his office with a file and hands it to her.

LATHAM

Here's another one for you.

Collette flips through the pages. Latham eyes her curiously.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What?

COLLETTE

Just want to be sure I can read  
your chicken scratch.

LATHAM

Next time I'll print.

COLLETTE

Like that'll help.

She sits at her desk. Latham stands there looking pensive.  
Collette looks up at him; she's a bit worried.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Your penmanship's fine, Warren.

LATHAM

No, no, it's not that... You ever  
see a reference to a nest of vipers  
in any memos on the Cuban Project?

COLLETTE

Not in any of the SITREPS. You've  
heard nothing from the Ops Room?

LATHAM

No, which leaves us still wondering  
how MI6 learned it.

COLLETTE

Well, it wouldn't surprise me if  
the Alzados called themselves that  
privately. I mean, after all, we  
call the operation 'MONGOOSE.'

LATHAM

That's true. It's not a word you  
hear much in casual conversation.

COLLETTE

More like something you'd read in a  
book or hear on TV.

Latham nods in agreement.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

If they did call themselves vipers,  
you'd think someone working directly  
with them would've heard it.

Now Latham goes deep in thought over this.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
Unless they were talking about  
snakes.

Latham doesn't react. Collette checks the 24-hour wall clock,  
17:45.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
What time are you meeting Fiona for  
dinner?

LATHAM  
Huh? Oh, in a couple of hours.

COLLETTE  
How's she doing?

Latham sighs and shrugs sadly; his mind is on something else.

LATHAM  
Call François Bisset. See if he can  
meet me right away.

Collette picks up the Gray phone. Latham goes into his office.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - WHITE HOUSE MESS - NIGHT (EVENING)

Latham and FRANÇOIS BISSET, stroll along West Executive  
Avenue, past the canopied entrance to the Mess.

BISSET  
I've only got a minute, Warren.  
It's pretty hectic around here.

LATHAM  
When did you last speak with Stewart  
Kensington - before today?

BISSET  
A couple of weeks ago, when he was  
here to discuss the Cuban Project.

LATHAM  
How'd that go?

BISSET  
You kidding? They thought his plan  
was so off the wall they couldn't  
wait to fire him.

LATHAM  
He must have been pretty upset.

BISSET  
Wouldn't you be?

LATHAM

Was he cursing? Did he curse at all?

BISSET

What are you, his mother? You gonna wash his mouth out with soap?

LATHAM

Just tell me.

BISSET

You know Kensington doesn't curse - not like we do, anyway.

LATHAM

That's what I'm getting at. When he gets really angry he tends to sound a little homespun.

BISSET

Yeah, makes me laugh.

LATHAM

Do you remember if he used the word 'viper' as a curse word?

BISSET

He did, in fact. When he was talking about the insurgents in Cuba, I think he called them 'a nest of vipers.' Anyway, he got pissed off at Bobby and called him a viper. Confused the hell out of everybody.

LATHAM

Who was there when he said it?

BISSET

Jack, Bobby, Arthur, Ken O'Donnell.

LATHAM

That's all?

BISSET

Who else were you expecting?

LATHAM

Could anyone have overheard him?

BISSET

Hmm... Not the part about Bobby.

LATHAM

Come on, François, who was it?!

BISSET

Carol Blair. She was on the phone with Jack. Evelyn always puts her call through.

LATHAM

She was on the phone with the president when Kensington was talking about 'a nest of vipers?'

BISSET

Yes, but by the time he got around to insulting Bobby, they'd hung up.  
(checks his watch)  
I have to go. Come on, I'll get you a ride back.

He and Latham walk to the entrance of the West Wing.

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

Stock footage of Latham's favorite Chinese restaurant.

INT. DINING ROOM

As usual, it's crowded and noisy. Waiters bustle about. Latham is eating but Fiona just dabs at her plate.

LATHAM

You want to order something else?

FIONA

No, this is fine.

At a nearby table, a group of five White men and women are eating. A WAITER brings them beef strips on a stick.

One MAN, mid-20s, is PEEVED as he tastes one and spits it out.

PEEVED MAN

Shit tastes like rubber!

His WOMAN COMPANION shrugs it off.

WOMAN COMPANION

So don't eat it, then.

PEEVED MAN

Assholes. They're not gettin' away with this.

His MALE FRIEND leans over and pleads.

MALE FRIEND

Just forget it, man. Don't start.



PEEVED MAN

Don't tell me what to do. Hey,  
Waiter!

Latham, Fiona and others look over at them.

WOMAN COMPANION

Here he goes again.

PEEVED MAN

What? He gave me dried-up beef.  
Chinks always do this. They're  
always trying to get away with  
something!

MALE FRIEND

Will you keep it down?

PEEVED MAN

No! Goddamn chinks! Hey, get over  
here and take this back!

The Waiter is too frightened to move.

WOMAN COMPANION

Will you just stop it, please?!

PEEVED MAN

Hey, chink! I said come over here!

Fiona gets up. She looks determined but not angry.

LATHAM

Where're you going?

Fiona approaches the Peeved Man, who looks up.

PEEVED MAN

What do you want?

FIONA

I want you to keep it down. You're  
disturbing me and the other guests.

The Peeved Man looks at his friends and jeers.

PEEVED MAN

Can you believe this shit? A nigger  
sticking up for a chink!

FIONA

What did you say?

WOMAN COMPANION

Please, miss, we're sorry.

PEEVED MAN

Why are you apologizing to her?  
Don't apologize for me!  
(to Fiona)  
I said you're a stupid nigger for  
sticking up for that dumb chink!

FIONA

That's what I thought.

Fiona quickly drives the palm of her hand into the bridge of the Peeved Man's nose. He SCREAMS. Then she karate chops him in the throat. The Peeved Man reaches for his throat, GASPING for air as he writhes in pain. Blood flows from his nose onto his lips. His four companions quickly jump up - some to his aid, others to confront Fiona. Latham races over to her.

LATHAM

That's enough!

The Male Friend moves toward Fiona. Latham steps between them.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I said that's enough.

MALE FRIEND

What are you gonna do?

LATHAM

Everybody, just take a step back.

MALE FRIEND

Fuck you!

LATHAM

(sighs)

Fine. Come on, loudmouth, I haven't  
got all night.

The Male Friend raises his hand to punch Latham only to get a SWIFT KICK in the groin from Fiona. The Male Friend slumps to his knees, his face creased in pain. Fiona glares at him. Suddenly, she's frightened. Latham puts his arm around her.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Let's go.

He and Fiona walk back to their table. Latham lays down a \$10 bill and grabs both their overcoats. They head for the door. As they pass the CASHIER and the Waiter...

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for this.

As he helps Fiona with her coat, the Waiter walks up to her.

WAITER

Thank you for helping me.

Fiona nods. Latham puts on his coat, then he and Fiona leave.

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

Most of the apartment windows are dark.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Latham and Fiona are in bed. She lies on her side, away from him, eyes open. Latham sits up.

LATHAM

You can't go on like this.

FIONA

I'm fine. Just leave me alone.

LATHAM

You're not fine. Ever since you got back from Cuba you cry all night, you snap at me and at Larry...

FIONA

He should mind his own business.

LATHAM

It is his business, as well as ours.

FIONA

Can you just leave it alone for now, please?

LATHAM

No! I thought you were going to kill that guy in the restaurant.

FIONA

He deserved it.

LATHAM

That's not the point and you know it. You're losing control, and that's not you. I know you don't want to talk to me about it, but you need to talk to someone.

Fiona starts to SOB. Latham reaches for her shoulder and gently rolls her toward him.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Fiona, please... Let me help. There's a doctor I spoke to a couple of years ago when I lost a friend.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Talk to him. If you don't like him, walk out. But at least try talking this out. He's not even here in Washington, so no one'll know what's going on... Please, let me call him.

He holds Fiona tightly.

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

Employees enter through Gate #1 onto the compound.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

Latham speaks to Berard, who is having his breakfast. He looks incredulous as he takes a pill with water.

BERARD

Carol Blair? Are you sure?

LATHAM

The Ops Room hasn't heard from anyone who refers to the insurgents as a nest of vipers. Now, Kensington spoke to the leader of the Alzados, as you would expect when he headed the Cuban Project. But he'd always call them insurgents, not even Alzados. He's not the type to use colloquial expressions, as you know, except when he's angry - and he was really angry when he met with the president and his staff two weeks ago. That's when he referred to the Alzados as 'a nest of vipers' - which is what they call themselves. And he did so while the president had Carol Blair on the phone.

BERARD

Say she did overhear Stewart. Why would she tell anyone, especially the DGI?

LATHAM

Well, for one thing, she wouldn't tell them, her people would. And who better to spread the word to MI6 and the DGI than Bruce Wilson, my former head of the New York station. I'm sure a lot of his contacts still think he's with us.

BERARD

That doesn't explain why she'd do it, Warren.

LATHAM

François Bisset, the president's press secretary, says Kennedy always takes her call.

BERARD

(admonishingly)

Warren...

LATHAM

I'm not implying there's something sexual going on. To me it means he trusts her more than those Irish Mafia pals of his. I think she's running her own Cuban operation - and she's running it on his behalf.

BERARD

In addition to our Cuban Project?

LATHAM

Yes. I also believe she purposely sabotaged the Cuban Project, passing on to the DGI just enough so they'd be onto the insurgents.

BERARD

My God... Why would she do this?

LATHAM

To make her own operation look more capable than ours.

BERARD

So, this is all part of her master plan for Latin America?

LATHAM

I think so. She'll get the lion's share of the funding for MONGOOSE, which means she doesn't have to finance her anti-communist campaign from her own pocket. And she has the autonomy to select her own targets. Considering how heavily invested she is in Latin America, she can choose her own enemies.

BERARD

Indeed.

LATHAM

The president also benefits here. He gets to deny any U.S. involvement in her attacks on Russian ships or Cuba's infrastructure.

BERARD

As well as running a shadow foreign policy, one hidden from Congress, the American people, and us.

LATHAM

I know.

BERARD

We can't let the administration know we're on to them, but we need to stop Carol Blair. Her actions could precipitate a confrontation with the Soviets.

LATHAM

I could mount my own operation against her, irrespective of the Cuban Desk or OPERATION MONGOOSE.

BERARD

You'll have to be very quiet about it. If any of your people are caught, I won't be able to back you.

LATHAM

Understood, sir.

BERARD

If she could get away with this, with the president's approval, what's she doing that he knows nothing about?

EXT. SAMUEL GOMPERS PARK - DAY (MORNING)

Latham and Jones stroll about the park, passing people on their way to someplace.

JONES

Turns out the Havana #3, Moira, was in contact with Bruce Wilson.

LATHAM

I'm not going to blame her, Larry. There's a long list of people who didn't know my man had resigned.

JONES

Too bad his leaving CIA wasn't a rumor. Everyone in the station would have known by now.

Latham is amused.

JONES (CONT'D)

What are your plans for Carol Blair?

LATHAM

Wait for her next move, then I'll counter-move - and end it.

JONES

I almost feel sorry for her... Hey, I'm glad Fiona listened to your advice and took some time off. I hope things work out.

Latham nods. Jones pats him on the back as they continue their stroll.

EXT. MANHATTAN - UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

Stock footage of the magnificent apartment buildings, elegant townhomes, and one particular townhome/psychiatrist's office.

INT. BAUMAN'S OFFICE

The drapes are drawn. Fiona lies on the couch, staring at the ceiling. She looks anguished. Dr. DAVID BOWMAN, in a suit and bow tie, leans back in his leather chair and takes notes. A pitcher of water and a stirrer sit on a table near his desk.

FIONA

They were naked, hoisted up to the rafters by their genitals. Who could imagine something that horrible? Those two men screaming and begging for their lives... I've never heard screams like that before... I remember our training... The purpose of torture is to get you to reveal secrets - but it's also a way to destroy a person's soul. You keep their body alive so they'll have to suffer through the memories. If that's the endgame, then what was the point of hanging them from a wire wrapped around their testicles until they were dead?

Fiona SOBS and reaches for a box of tissues near the couch. Bowman winces slightly, his eyes welling with tears. He discreetly dabs at them with his handkerchief.

BOWMAN

It's just brutal, unrestrained sadism. Their way of saying who's powerful and who's weak.

Fiona SHUDDERS, then looks at Bowman.

FIONA

I didn't want to be here talking about this. If you think my reliving all this is supposed to help me, then you're wrong.

BOWMAN

Did you want something to help you with this?

FIONA

What - you mean medication?

BOWMAN

That's one possibility.

FIONA

No... You look surprised.

BOWMAN

Do I? Sorry, I didn't mean to. I thought I'd heard all the inhuman things people could do to one another. Obviously, I haven't.

FIONA

Well, I watched it all and there was nothing I could do to stop it. What are you dealing with? A sore hand from writing your notes?

BOWMAN

I know you're angry.

FIONA

Of course I'm angry!  
(sits up and huffs)  
To hell with this. I'm going.

BOWMAN

I'd like to finish the session.

FIONA

We are finished, Dr. Bowman.

Fiona waves him off and gets up.

BOWMAN

Please, Fiona, let's continue.

Fiona grabs her overcoat.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

You don't have to lie down if you don't want to.



FIONA

I don't intend to.

BOWMAN

How about something to drink? I've got some Kool-Aid packs here. We can mix them in some water.

Fiona is caught completely off-guard.

FIONA

Are you serious? Kool-Aid?

Bowman takes several packets from a desk drawer.

BOWMAN

Which one do you want. I like the cherry-flavored myself.

FIONA

I don't believe this. Fine, I'll try the cherry.

BOWMAN

We'll have the cherry!

Bowman tears open a pack of cherry-flavored Kool-Aid and stirs it into the pitcher of water. Fiona sits on the couch.

FIONA

I haven't had Kool-Aid since I was a child.

BOWMAN

I guess I never grew up. I keep plenty of it in my desk.

He pours two glasses of cherry-flavored Kool-Aid, hands one to Fiona and holds up the other for a toast.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

To simpler times.

They touch glasses with a CLINK and drink. Bowman sits back in his chair. Fiona looks at her glass. A faint smile crosses her lips, followed by a tinge of sadness.

FIONA

My mum used to make this every weekend.

BOWMAN

Sometimes we have to grieve over the simpler things we've lost, just so we don't go crazy facing the world today.

Fiona nods. She sets her glass on a coffee table and lays her overcoat across the arm of the couch. She sighs and sits down.

END