

Cool Gray Dawn

Season One, Episode #8: "Training Purposes"

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Cool Gray Dawn
"Training Purposes"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

On a blustery, March afternoon, the patina of power and promise is no more evident than in a panorama from the U.N. Building to the Brooklyn Bridge to...

BROOKLYN - FLATBUSH AVENUE

Where mom-and-pop shops sit beneath a large tenement building.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Sparsely furnished: a sofa bed, a dinette table with two chairs, and a radio atop a chest of drawers.

At the table STEFAN BRODSKY - 55, bespectacled, wearing a flannel shirt - inserts the tip of a mini punch into the loop of the '9' in a 1959 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HALF DOLLAR. The coin splits in two. Using a pair of tweezers, he places a MICRODOT in the obverse half and snaps the 2 halves together.

EXT. FLATBUSH AVENUE - TENEMENT HOUSE - DAY

Wearing a shabby woolen coat and hat, Brodsky leaves the building and wends his way past some boys playing football.

AT THE CORNER NEWSSTAND KIOSK

Brodsky buys a copy of the tabloid "The News." He hands the elderly NEWSY the Franklin Half Dollar. The Newsy pockets the coin and gives Brodsky change. Brodsky leaves.

Moments later, JOHN DOE, 40, buys a copy of "Esquire" magazine. He hands the Newsy a dollar bill and receives the Franklin Half Dollar in change.

STREET

Doe jaywalks. A BLACK SEDAN suddenly SPEEDS UP and SLAMS into him. The Sedan stops briefly, then takes off. ONLOOKERS GATHER. Doe lies motionless, blood streams from his nose and ears. One of his shoes has been knocked off and the change from his pockets lies scattered about.

A POLICEMAN arrives. A WOMAN helping to gather Doe's effects picks up the Franklin Half Dollar - IT SPLITS OPEN. Shocked, she hands it to the Policeman.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

The Capitol Dome dominates the cityscape.

EXT. STREET - RIZIK'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Window-shoppers admire the WOMEN'S WEAR DISPLAY. Among them, WARREN LATHAM uses the window as a mirror to scan faces in the crowd. Recognizing one, he enters the store.

AROUND THE CORNER

Latham hurries out a side door.

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

Latham shows his pass at the guard shack and enters Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The 24-hour wall clock reads 13:05. PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY and COLLETTE DOWD stew over a "Washington Post" article. Latham enters, looking annoyed. Bazzo and Collette look up.

BAZZO

You see the Post? I thought the FBI was going to keep a lid on that hollowed-out coin business.

LATHAM

Hang on. Collette, get the Head of Security on the line.

Bazzo and Collette exchange curious looks; she then dials the Red phone. Latham brusquely heads into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Bazzo follows, shutting the door. The two men sit.

BAZZO

Something up?

The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Security chief on Red.

Latham SNATCHES the Red phone's handset from its cradle.

LATHAM

Brent, am I under a random surveillance check?

BRENT (O.S.)

Tell me you didn't spot him.

LATHAM

Your front tail spent so much time
looking back at me he walked right
into a streetlamp!

(hangs up, disgusted)

It's incompetence, is what it is.

He rummages through reports on his desk. Bazzo smiles.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What are you smiling about?

BAZZO

I flushed mine as well.

LATHAM

What?

BAZZO

They were trailing me, too.

LATHAM

No, Security wouldn't dare break
that rule.

BAZZO

What rule?

LATHAM

They can't follow me without telling
Kensington, and they can't trail a
mandarin without telling me.

BAZZO

The KGB maybe?

LATHAM

It could also be the FBI, using us
to train their recruits.

BAZZO

Could be. They've done it before.

LATHAM

Let's be sure. And if it is, let's
teach them a lesson.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - OLD CITY - DAY

Bazzo strolls past the Blaine Mansion. Across the street
several yards back is BAZZO'S SHADOW, a man in a pea coat.

DUPONT CIRCLE - PARK

Bazzo crosses the promenade and pauses at the Fountain. His
Shadow warily lags far behind.

CONNECTICUT AVENUE

A line of taxis pass. Bazzo RACES from the Park and hails the last one. His Shadow arrives in time to watch Bazzo's taxi disappear into the tunnel under Dupont Circle.

While Bazzo's Shadow hails a taxi, CARLA DILAURIA steps to the curb. She hails the next taxi and follows him.

I/E. DILAURIA'S TAXI

Follows Bazzo's Shadow onto Pennsylvania Avenue where it pulls to the curb. Hers turns the corner and double-parks. DiLauria watches Bazzo's Shadow enter the CANADIAN EMBASSY.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

DiLauria, Bazzo and Latham are in a state of disbelief.

LATHAM
The Canadians?

BAZZO
I thought they had a liaison
arrangement with MI6?

LATHAM
They do - for foreign Intel. For
North America they use the RCMP.

DILAURIA
The Mounties?

BAZZO
Hey, they train with the FBI.

DiLauria scoffs. As Latham crosses to the open door...

DILAURIA
You know why the Mounties go to the
movies in groups of 17 or more?

BAZZO
No. Why?

DILAURIA
'Cause the sign in the box office
says, 'Under 17 not admitted.'

Bazzo chuckles.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette grins, having overheard DiLauria. Latham leans in.

LATHAM

What's the name of the RCMP's
Station Chief here?

COLLETTE

He's new - Marcel Devereaux.

EXT. CANADIAN EMBASSY - DAY

A sign outside the Victorian mansion reads "Embassy of
Canada/Ambassade du Canada."

INT. RCMP OFFICE - DAY

Posh. A Canadian flag drapes around a pole. At his desk is 55-
year-old MARCEL DEVEREAUX - a short, pudgy, obsequious French-
Canadian. On the desk his picture stares at Latham.

DEVEREAUX

I'm happy to finally meet you, Mr.
Latham. But also a bit disappointed.

LATHAM

Why is that?

DEVEREAUX

Because your officer spotted us
following him. J'en suis désolé; I
apologize.

LATHAM

That's not good enough, Monsieur
Devereaux.

Devereaux is taken aback.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

My officers have better things to
do than monitor the shenanigans of
a NATO ally.

DEVEREAUX

(abashed)

Yes... Can I offer you a brandy?

LATHAM

A little early in the day for me.

Devereaux goes to a liquor cabinet and pours himself a drink.

DEVEREAUX

We've only one-tenth the population
of the U.S., and very few of them
qualify to be intelligence
officers, much less mandarins like
your Paul Barry and Carla DiLauria.

LATHAM

You're pretty well-informed for
such a small service.

DEVEREAUX

I'm jealous. I can't even get my
people up to speed, much less form
a Special Operations section.

He sits and sips his brandy.

LATHAM

You've recognized your weaknesses;
that's halfway to correcting them.
But not by playing games with CIA.

DEVEREAUX

No... We have an operation going on
right now, a fairly important one.
Maybe we could do a deal.

LATHAM

What sort of deal?

DEVEREAUX

I'll pass along the results to your
Intelligence Chief, if you'll help
me with operational training.

He takes another sip of brandy.

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

STEWART KENSINGTON waters his plants while Latham explains.

KENSINGTON

The RCMP?

LATHAM

They know they need to improve
their intelligence capabilities or
they'll be left holding the bag.

KENSINGTON

Devereaux... I don't recall meeting
him at any of their Embassy
functions.

LATHAM

Probably too busy working.

KENSINGTON

(petulantly)

He found time to speak to you, he
should come to me. After all, I am
a senior officer here.

LATHAM

Yes. About his offer...

KENSINGTON

He didn't say what this 'important operation' of his was, did he?

LATHAM

No, it didn't seem right to ask.

KENSINGTON

Probably won't amount to much.

LATHAM

Maybe not, but I'm glad they came to us instead of MI6.

KENSINGTON

Why? I thought you and SMOTH were pals again.

LATHAM

Doesn't mean we share all our toys.

The Red phone RINGS. Kensington answers it.

KENSINGTON

Don't waste a lot of time on it.
(into the phone)
3-8-5-3... Yes, he's here... Fine.
(hangs up)
They need you in the Ops Room.

OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of teletype machines, ringing phones and chatter. DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY confer as Latham enters.

LATHAM

What's up, Jared?

STOKES

New York has a walk-in, a Russian cipher clerk named Dimitri Kinski. They've asked if you want local vetting on him.

LATHAM

Yes. Get mandarin Two up there. Tell her if Kinski checks out to pack him off to FANEX. I want the Puzzle Palace to vet him, too.

STOKES

Right.

Stokes dials his Red phone. Percy turns toward Latham.

PERCY

The FBI requested an NT-50 on that John Doe with the trick coin.

LATHAM

Why? He wasn't one of ours, was he?

PERCY

No, but look at this.

(hands Latham a folder)

HT-LINGUAL intercepted a letter from the Mariinsky Hospital in Leningrad to a Stefan Brodsky up in Brooklyn, New York.

Stokes hangs up. Latham reads an excerpt from the letter.

LATHAM

'Your mother is gravely ill. We request your immediate return home.'

STOKES

His 'lettre de cachet' to Lubyanka.

LATHAM

What did the FBI have to say?

PERCY

That the KGB isn't really recalling him; just trying to pull the Bureau away from looking at John Doe.

STOKES

Yeah, right. Brodsky lives only two blocks from where John Doe was run down. I don't know what game the FBI's playing, but you can bet they've already got eyes on him.

PERCY

Anyway, we played along and asked them to put an Agent on Brodsky.

Concerned, Latham picks up a Red phone and dials.

LATHAM

Bill, it's Warren. Can you see what you have on a KGB illegal living in Brooklyn named Stefan Brodsky?... Thanks.

EXT. BROOKLYN - FLATBUSH AVENUE - NIGHT

Derelicts stuff newspaper inside their clothes to keep warm.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

The shades are drawn. The Letter From Leningrad, in Cyrillic, lies open on the table. Brodsky hovers over it; he's sweating. He GULPS a shot of vodka and crosses to the...

CLOSET

Brodsky opens the door, revealing MICRODOT EQUIPMENT. He opens a suitcase and removes a HUNTING KNIFE and a KERCHIEF. He disassembles the equipment and stows it in the suitcase.

EXT. FLATBUSH AVENUE - NIGHT

With his collar turned up against the wind, Brodsky TRUDGES up the street, suitcase in tow. A CAR slowly follows him to a...

SUBWAY STATION ENTRANCE

Brodsky enters the station. The Car pulls to the curb. An FBI AGENT, 40, alights. He follows Brodsky inside.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - STAIRWELL

Dimly lit, dirty and quiet - save for the TAP, TAP, TAP of the FBI Agent's wing-tips as he descends the stairs.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRWELL

Brodsky suddenly appears. The FBI Agent GASPS. Brodsky SHOVES his Kerchief into the Agent's mouth while quickly PLUNGING his Hunting Knife into the Man's stomach. Again and again, the knife RIPS through the Agent's suit.

Finally, the FBI Agent succumbs; blood extrudes from his wounds. Brodsky grabs his suitcase and flees.

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

CIA personnel enter the chain-link fence through Gate #1, passing the sign with CIA's name, logo and the street address.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The 24-hour clock reads 08:15. Latham enters. Collette smiles at him, grabs a file and her notepad, and follows him into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham hangs up his coat and sits.

COLLETTE

Two things...

(hands him the file)

'Stefan Brodsky,' courtesy of D-Int.

Latham pulls out a nearly empty sheet of paper.

LATHAM

Tell me the Intelligence Directorate
ran out of typewriter ribbon.

COLLETTE

It's the first they'd heard of him.

Latham worrisomely drums his fingers on the desk.

LATHAM

I don't like negative checks. Ask
SMOTH to meet me, usual place.

COLLETTE

Right. Also, Carl Durang called.
He'd like you to come by FBI HQ.

LATHAM

He say why?

COLLETTE

(archly)

No. Maybe Hoover heard you were in
the Women's Department at Rizik's.

LATHAM

(slightly annoyed)

Working here is like going cross-
country with a 10-year-old who just
learned to whistle.

Collette grins, then suddenly remembers.

COLLETTE

Oh, and Devereaux's on his way over.

LATHAM

That's three things; you said two.

COLLETTE

I'm a heavy tipper.

Latham grins. As Collette turns to leave...

LATHAM

Hey, don't offer Devereaux any
coffee. I've got better things to
do than explain why the Mounties
shouldn't wear their red uniforms
on a surveillance job.

Collette leaves, WHISTLING. Latham rolls his eyes at her,
then glances at the file again, shaking his head. There's a
KNOCK on the door. Collette re-enters with a grim Devereaux.

COLLETTE
Marcel Devereaux.

She leaves, closing the door. The two men shake hands and sit.

DEVEREAUX
Thank you for seeing me on such short notice. We have a problem. That operation I told you about-

LATHAM
You didn't tell me what it was about.

DEVEREAUX
Oh... We managed to turn a Soviet sleeper agent in New York, Stefan Brodsky. Have you heard of him?

Nothing on Latham's face betrays any knowledge of Brodsky as he shakes his head no.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
He'd been worried the KGB were on to him, so we arranged to lift him.

LATHAM
When?

DEVEREAUX
Yesterday afternoon. We waited at the rendezvous but he never showed. So we went over to his flat but he wasn't there either. Instead, the FBI were there asking-

LATHAM
The FBI?

DEVEREAUX
Yes, they were asking the tenants Brodsky's whereabouts.

LATHAM
Hm, sounds to me like your operation's been rumbled.

DEVEREAUX
No, I don't think so. We were watching the Russian Embassy. No one drove in or out all night.

Latham dismissively waves off Devereaux then gets up and meanders about.

LATHAM

That doesn't mean anything. The KGB could be holding him at a safehouse.

DEVEREAUX

Or he could be in the wind.

LATHAM

Maybe. Did you set up a commo plan?

DEVEREAUX

Yes, a wrong number dialog.

LATHAM

So wait. If he doesn't call in the next 24 hours, he isn't going to.

Devereaux stands abruptly, surprising Latham.

DEVEREAUX

I'd like you to bring him in.

LATHAM

You can't be serious.

Latham walks away and leans against a cabinet.

DEVEREAUX

Mr. Latham, if the KGB get to him, they'll kill him. And if the FBI arrest him, we'll lose any chance of getting all his information.

LATHAM

You realize what you're asking? You want me to subvert the FBI, an agency in my own government.

DEVEREAUX

You know the state of our service!

LATHAM

And I have to answer to mine! Hell, even if I decided to help you, where's the benefit in this for me?

DEVEREAUX

I told you - I'd share information with your Intelligence Chief.

LATHAM

Which could be worthless.

DEVEREAUX

(frustrated)

What else can I offer you?

LATHAM

(a moment, then)

Tell you what... We get to vet
Brodsky first, then he's yours.

DEVEREAUX

What?! We worked long and hard to-

LATHAM

Those are my terms.

Devereaux purses his lips and nods. Latham escorts him to the door and opens it. Collette pricks up her ears.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You can give all the details to
Mission Planning. Collette...

She looks at Latham. As Devereaux brusquely turns and leaves Latham's Office, Latham furtively POINTS to him then downstairs. He shuts his door and sports a victor's grin.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - THE HOLE - DAY

Bazzo reads a report. Latham enters holding Brodsky's file.

LATHAM

You're on your horse, kemo sabe.

BAZZO

Where to?

LATHAM

New York. Devereaux's downstairs in
Mission Planning.

BAZZO

(wryly)

He didn't follow you to work, did
he?

LATHAM

(grins)

They were supposed to lift a KGB
illegal they'd turned, but he was a
no-show - Stefan Brodsky.

BAZZO

The one the FBI's watching in New
York?

LATHAM

Uh huh.

Bazzo scoffs. Latham hands him the file.

BAZZO
When was the lift?

LATHAM
Yesterday afternoon.

Bazzo is beside himself. He SLAMS down the folder on his desk.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
He could be holed up somewhere,
waiting for instructions.

BAZZO
If he's holed up anywhere, it's in
a trunk on its way back to Moscow.

LATHAM
And if he isn't, I need you to get
him to one of our safehouses.

Bazzo does a double-take as he picks up the folder.

BAZZO
You mean one of theirs.

LATHAM
No, I made a deal with Devereaux:
We get to vet Brodsky first, then
we hand him over to the RCMP.

Bazzo grudgingly goes to his locker. As he removes his over-
night bag, overcoat and Ian Fleming's novel "Goldfinger"...

BAZZO
It's a waste of time and you know
it.

LATHAM
Paul, the FBI misled us on Brodsky
and John Doe. I want to know why.

EXT. MONTREAL, QUEBEC - DAY

INSERT: "MONTREAL, QUEBEC"

Period (1960) stock footage of the cityscape.

EXT. OLD MONTREAL - DOMINION SQUARE

Against the backdrop of a modern downtown, Old Montreal is
quaint European charm in decline.

EVE, 25, walks among the tourists. She stops at the statue of
Sir John MacDonald, ostensibly to shake road salt from her
shoe. As she puts it back on, she surreptitiously chalk marks
an 'X' near the base, then leaves.

ACT TWO

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - DAY

A taxi wends its way towards the Department of Justice.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Latham is escorted past gray-suited FBI AGENTS until he enters a door on which is stenciled...

FBI OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

He and saturnine CARL DURANG exchange a perfunctory handshake. Latham takes off his coat and sits.

DURANG

Your people asked us to put eyes on a Stefan Brodsky yesterday.

LATHAM

Based on Intel from HT-LINGUAL.

DURANG

Intel we felt was window dressing.

Durang slides Latham grisly photos of the dead FBI Agent.

DURANG (CONT'D)

That's our New York ASAC. Anything you want to share with me?

LATHAM

I don't know anything about this.

DURANG

No?

LATHAM

No! What the hell's wrong with you?

DURANG

My man was gutted like some goddamn animal, that's what!

LATHAM

So get up off your fat ass and investigate!

DURANG

Oh, I am. And I'm learning just how economical you are with the truth.

LATHAM

Must be like looking in a mirror.

Latham grabs his coat and storms out.

EXT. LAFAYETTE SQUARE PARK - DAY

Latham and MI6's LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) stroll along a path.

JONES

Does Durang know about Devereaux?

LATHAM

If he does, he didn't let on.

JONES

So, you had them put eyes on Brodsky whom it turns out they were already watching. Then in the spirit of cooperation, they accuse you of burning their man, possibly to protect Brodsky and this John Doe whom they think was CIA.

LATHAM

And I thought you weren't listening.

JONES

You didn't, did you?

Latham takes umbrage and glares at Jones.

JONES (CONT'D)

Hey, my lawyer asked me that same thing when my ex-wife's side accused me of sleeping with her sister.

LATHAM

Must've been a rhetorical question.

JONES

(feigns umbrage)

As it happens, I said no. Then they showed me the Polaroids.

FURTHER ALONG THE PATH

The two spies continue their stroll.

JONES

And you think the KGB killed him?

LATHAM

He didn't die of old age, Larry.

JONES

Yes, but targeting the FBI here in the States? That's not like them.

LATHAM

That's why I need you to see if you
have anything on this Brodsky.

Jones nods.

EXT. BROOKLYN - CORNER NEWSSTAND KIOSK - DAY

A TALL MAN, 50, buys a newspaper from the Newsy. He peers in
the open door at the end of the Kiosk. Satisfied, he leaves.

EXT. VIEUX-MONTREAL - OLD PORT - DAY

In a burl in a warehouse sits a small, homey BRASSERIE.

INT. BRASSERIE

French-speaking and crowded. Eve eats alone at a small table;
by her feet, a shopping bag filled with wrapped gifts.

PATRON (O.S.)

Eve... Salut!

Eve raises her glass and takes a drink of wine. Waiting by a
payphone, HUBERT, 30, heads to Eve's table. He casually grabs
her shopping bag and leaves.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ROCKEFELLER CENTER - DAY

Stock footage of people ice-skating at the rink.

INT. CANADIAN EMBASSY - RCMP NEW YORK STATION

A Canadian flag hangs in the corner; a titled picture of
Canadian Prime Minister John Diefenbaker hangs prominently on
the wall. At a work table, RCMP SPECIAL BRANCH OFFICERS FRANK
RAMSEY and LUC BREST sip cognac as Bazzo pores over a file.

RAMSEY

Brodsky had been dithering whether
to stay in place or defect.

BAZZO

But ultimately he decided to jump.

RAMSEY

Yes. He agreed to wait at his place
until just before the rendezvous.
And he was still there when Luc
went to check on him.

Bazzo is stunned. He turns to the self-conceited Brest.

BAZZO

You did what?

BREST

A discreet check. I drove halfway
around Brooklyn first.

BAZZO

Who gives a damn where you went?
You don't go near a defector 24
hours before lift!

Brest is chagrined. Bazzo gets up and crosses to the door.

RAMSEY

This was our first major operation,
Mr. Barry. We had to be sure
Brodsky was following the plan.

BAZZO

Fat lotta good it did you. If the
KGB weren't sure he was jumping
before, they sure as hell are now!

Bazzo leaves.

EXT. BROOKLYN - CORNER NEWSSTAND KIOSK - DAY

The Driver of a panel truck tosses out magazine bundles then
drives off. The grumpy Newsy lugs them inside the...

KIOSK

Ambient light spills in. As the Newsy piles the bundles in a
corner, a shadow CREEPS across his back, blocking the light.

NEWSY

You're in my light, moron.

The Tall Man is in the doorway. The Newsy looks back. Before
he can utter another word - Pfft, Pfft - the Tall Man FIRES
two shots from a SILENCED PISTOL into the Newsy's head.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Collette brings Latham a cup of coffee. Kensington BURSTS IN,
waving a letter. Collette exits, leaving the door ajar.

KENSINGTON

A complaint from the FBI's ADIC.
'Our investigation has been
hampered by a deliberate lack of
interservice cooperation.' How many
times have I read that!

LATHAM

We asked them to surveil Brodsky.
Turns out they already were. Beyond
that, I don't know.

The Outer Office phone RINGS O.S.

COLLETTE (O.S.)
2-3-6-2...

KENSINGTON
Nothing to do with you trying to
impress your new Canuck playmate?

LATHAM
I'm a little too busy for that.

The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)
Carla's bringing Kinski to FANEX.

LATHAM
Excuse me, I need to call the NSA.

He picks up the Gray phone. Kensington leaves in a huff.

EXT. BALTIMORE - AIRPORT SQUARE OFFICE PARK - DAY

Several modernist office buildings abut Friendship Airport.

INT. FANEX OPERATIONS CENTER

Eerily quiet, with long rows of glass-partitioned cubicles. At one cubicle sit DiLauria and CIPHER CLERK JIM PETERS, 35; both wear headsets. Before them are a SHORTWAVE RADIO, BEAT FREQUENCY OSCILLATOR, TAPE RECORDER, a LOCK BOX and a TELEPHONE. There is also a NOTEPAD containing the following:

GG/YL/3/2FG

81638 10556 84099 69465 20257 48082 50069 89448 49890 50557
10589 50591 25471 23369 39585 68799 86441 96470 98884 69874
59347 73633 04732 38483 63933 74342 03843 37549 13572 15058
45839 59843 94784 83744 28483 93843 47539 72384 71276 34491
19383 94833 03484 58393 62193 40231 68444 89402 61846

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
6-2-3-7-5.

LONG PAUSE. Peters writes the numbers on the notepad.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
4-7-6... 9-3.

Peters is about to start a new row when DiLauria stops him.

DILAURIA
Wait. Kinski said this Pianist uses
a 3-2 sign-off. If an agent's
blown, she adds an additional set.

They wait - a welcome silence ensues. Peters records the time then takes two ONE-TIME PADS (OTPs) from the Lock Box.

OTP1 has five-number sets of random numbers, like the Notepad. OTP2 contains a KEY - each page has all 26 letters of the alphabet, randomly matched to numbers from 1 to 26. Page one:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
11	10	20	6	9	21	2	15	8	22	7	18	3
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
5	23	1	19	25	24	14	4	26	17	3	12	16

Peters subtracts the first Set of numbers on OTP1 from the first Set on the Notepad, writing down the DIFFERENCE. He repeats this for all the Sets until, when finished, it reads:

24 9 5 6 23 5 18 12 5 9 17 24 11 10 23 4 14 8 5 14 9 5 6 9 6
11 20 14 8 23 5 11 2 11 8 5 24 14 6 8 9 21 9 5 10 7 9 25

On OTP2 Peters matches the Difference to its corresponding LETTER. He repeats this for each number until it reads:

S	E	N	D	O	N	L	Y	N	E	W	S	A	B	O	U	T	I	N	T	E	N	D	E	D
24	9	5	6	23	5	18	12	5	9	17	24	11	10	23	4	14	8	5	14	9	5	6	9	6
A	C	T	I	O	N	A	G	A	I	N	S	T	D	I	E	F	E	N	B	A	K	E	R	
11	20	14	8	23	5	11	2	11	8	5	24	14	6	8	9	21	9	5	10	11	17	9	25	

Peters writes the decrypted message:

"SEND ONLY NEWS ABOUT INTENDED ACTION AGAINST DIEFENBAKER"

PETERS

The Canadian Prime Minister?

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT (EVENING)

WILSON BERARD puts the papers on his desk into his satchel. He hands Latham an NSA alert.

BERARD

Did you see this?

LATHAM

(reads)

'Possible assassination attempt on John Diefenbaker.' Yes, it's a decrypt from Kinski, New York's walk-in. Mandarin Two sent me a copy. Hard to believe anyone would target Caspar Milquetoast.

BERARD

Even 'Timid Souls' have enemies.

Latham broods. The intercom BUZZES.

AIDE-DE-CAMP (O.S.)
Your car is ready, sir.

BERARD
(into the intercom)
Alright, I'm set here.
(to Latham)
I'd like you to follow up on it.

LATHAM
Did the RCMP ask for our help?

BERARD
Not that I'm aware of.

Berard's AIDE-DE-CAMP enters, takes the satchel and leaves.

LATHAM
Then shouldn't we let the FBI
handle it? They work with them.

BERARD
Did you know J. Edgar Hoover has a
standing rule that all memoranda
must be less than two and a half
pages, with wide margins all around?

LATHAM
No...

BERARD
One day he got a memo that violated
that rule. Someone had managed to
squeeze in more words by reducing
the size of the margins. So Hoover
responded by writing on the memo,
'Watch the borders!' When his
Assistant Director here saw the
note, he ordered hundreds of
Special Agents to go guard our
borders with Canada and Mexico.

Latham shakes his head in disbelief.

BERARD (CONT'D)
I'll be dining at the Blair House
if you need me.

He grabs his coat and leaves, with Latham in tow.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette primps. Latham enters, holding the NSA alert.

COLLETTE
SMOTH called. Nothing on Brodsky.

Latham sighs, distressed.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Are you in trouble?

LATHAM
That's just it - I don't know if I
am or not. Where are you going?

COLLETTE
I have a dinner date. I told you.

LATHAM
What - you mean with that lawyer?

COLLETTE
Jerry McClain.

Latham pours himself a cup of coffee from a nearly empty pot.

LATHAM
Right, the one who shops at the
Five And Dime.

COLLETTE
There's nothing wrong with that.

LATHAM
There is when you're buying a suit.

She throws him a baleful sidelong glance.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
I just thought maybe we'd grab a...
(changes his mind)
Never mind. See if Bill Nealy's
still around first.

She dials the Red phone as Latham enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

He takes a sip of his coffee; it's so bad he spits it back
into his mug. Setting his mug on his desk, he sits and reads
the remainder of the NSA alert.

INSERT EXCERPT FROM NSA ALERT:

**"...We conclude, therefore, that a plot to assassinate
Canadian Prime Minister John Diefenbaker exists involving a
mole in his Cabinet, code-named ASCLEPIUS from the decrypt,
'ASCLEPIUS EVE BOX.' Its exact meaning is TBD."**

BACK TO SCENE

BILL NEALY enters wearing his topcoat. He's anxious.

NEALY

I'm meeting my wife for dinner.

LATHAM

Probably isn't an empty table left
in the city.

NEALY

Huh?

LATHAM

Nothing. Berard's asked me to look
into the NSA alert on Diefenbaker.

NEALY

Not surprised; they're old friends.

Latham is surprised.

LATHAM

So what do you make of it?

NEALY

At first glance it doesn't make any
sense.

LATHAM

That's pretty much what I said.

NEALY

I said at first glance.

Latham is taken aback. Nealy takes a seat.

INSERT: Pathe-type newsreel footage of a hooded IGOR GOUZENKO
at a press interview; Diefenbaker meets with RICHARD NIXON;
Moscow's May Day parade of weapons; a NATO Command meeting.

SUIT WORDS TO NEWSREEL FOOTAGE

NEALY (CONT'D)

You remember Igor Gouzenko? When he
defected he exposed KGB operations
in Canada.

LATHAM

That was a while ago, Bill. Ottawa's
been pretty quiet since then.

NEALY

And with good reason - we're joined
at the hip. Diefenbaker's afraid if
there's a war, Canada will become a
target for Khrushchev's ICBMs.

LATHAM

Along with everyone else in the West.

NEALY

Gouzenko also gave the RCMP a Five Eyes paper in which Diefenbaker blasted Canada's reliance on CIA. Diefenbaker referred to it recently when he proposed reducing their dependency on us by half.

LATHAM

Good. Cuts the number of secrets this Asclepius can pass on by 50%.

BACK TO SCENE

Nealy looks reprovingly at Latham.

NEALY

Warren, if Diefenbaker is assassinated, his opponents will claim that closer ties to CIA would have prevented it. Canada will become firmly ensconced in our camp and receive twice the material they now get. And that means this Asclepius will pass on to the KGB twice the material he now gets.

EXT. VIEUX-MONTREAL - STREET - NIGHT

Lined with seedy rowhouses. A Mercedes pulls up before one, under a streetlamp. There's a TAP on the car horn.

Hubert emerges from a rowhouse with the Shopping Bag. The passenger-side window rolls down. He leaves the Bag on the front seat. The window rolls up and, with its license plate reading "MD-1867," the car pulls away.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - THE BOWERY - NIGHT

On view, the city's detritus: addicts, drunks and whores.

STREET - WHITE HOUSE HOTEL

A neon sign with a broken 'U' and 'S' flashes "WHITE HO__E."

INT. WHITE HOUSE HOTEL

Half-height room doors, dimly-lit corridors - it resembles a sanitarium minus the institutional obsession for cleanliness. Brodsky leaves one of the rooms and heads downstairs.

LOBBY

Residents - some disoriented, most of them disheveled - laze on remanded furniture. The DESK CLERK watches the news on a portable TV set. Brodsky pauses by the Desk Clerk on his way out.

TV NEWSREADER

In Brooklyn, police found the body of an elderly newsstand worker inside his kiosk at Flatbush and Nostrand Avenues. Victim of an apparent robbery, the man suffered two bullet wounds to the head. So far, there have been no arrests.

Brodsky is clearly shaken.

EXT. STREET - WHITE HOUSE HOTEL

Brodsky exits and hurries into a PHONE BOOTH on the corner.

INT. RCMP NEW YORK STATION

Bazzo reads "Goldfinger." Brest reads the tabloid "La Voix de l'Est." The phone RINGS; everyone tenses. Ramsey answers it.

RAMSEY

Deputy Consul Frank Ramsey.

BRODSKY (O.S.)

Is this the Harriman Institute?

Ramsey lays the handset on a speaker cradle. He TOGGLES a switch, putting Brodsky on speaker.

RAMSEY

No, what number were you dialing?

BRODSKY (O.S.)

Enterprise 7-7-5-2.

Ramsey writes down the number.

RAMSEY

Close, but no. Sorry.

He hangs up. As he dials ENT-7752...

BAZZO

You sure he wasn't under duress?

RAMSEY

He'd have said Gravesend Historical Society.

INT. PHONE BOOTH

The phone RINGS; Brodsky quickly answers it.

BRODSKY
You stupid bastards!

CROSSCUT BRODSKY WITH RAMSEY AND BAZZO

Ramsey winces; Brest looks away ashamedly.

RAMSEY
That was a mistake, Cardinal.

BRODSKY
Enough with the code names! If you
knew what you were doing, I would
not have had a Wet Squad on me.

BAZZO
Brodsky, this is Paul Barry, CIA.
That wasn't the KGB, it was the FBI.

Silence. Brodsky is mortified. Looking into the street he sees a POLICE PATROL CAR pull up and double-park. A POLICEMAN alights. He walks toward the Phone Booth, reaching down by his service revolver. Brodsky BLANCHES and turns away while...

BAZZO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Brodsky?... Brodsky, listen to me.
You're in the crosshairs. You can
let me bring you in, or take your
chances with the FBI and the KGB.

Nothing happens. Brodsky looks up to see the Policeman open his ticket book and write up cars at expired parking meters.

BRODSKY
I'm not a fool, Mr. Barry, despite
what those two idiots there think.

BAZZO
Hey, we all want this to end well.

BRODSKY
Then why is the old man dead?

BAZZO
What? Who are you talking about?

BRODSKY
The old man at the newsstand. Their
incompetence probably set him up.

RAMSEY
I don't have to listen to this!

He storms out the room.

BRODSKY

The KGB is cleaning up, Mr. Barry -
just like Black Tom.

CLICK - Brodsky has hung up. Brest and Bazzo stare at each other, both utterly puzzled.

EXT. STREET - PHONE BOOTH

As Brodsky exits and joins a queue boarding a City Bus...

WHITE HOUSE HOTEL

The Tall Man exits and runs to his car, a FORD FALCON, only to be stopped by the Policeman who is writing him a parking ticket. The Tall Man argues in vain as the Bus pulls away.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - WARWICK HOTEL - NIGHT

Stock footage of this classic art deco palace.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

There's a KNOCK on the door; the Tall Man opens it. A BELLHOP hands him a manila envelope. He tips the Bellhop and shuts the door.

The Tall Man pulls two photos from the envelope: one of Bazzo leaving a Chevrolet Bel Air, the second shows him entering an apartment house. He flips over the second photo - on the back is written "110 E 13."

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM

Latham enters. Stokes and Percy sit behind NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL. Latham sits with them.

LATHAM

Why are you two still on duty?

STOKES

Waiting for Bazzo's SITREP. I
figure the RCMP blew the lift.

PERCY

Five bucks says Brodsky froze.

A CLERK puts a GREEN STICKPIN into Ottawa on the wall map.

LATHAM

Is that for the Special Ops team?

OWENS

Yes, sir.

He grabs a clipboard and reads from it.

INSERT: A propjet lands at Uplands Canadian Forces Base; seven rugged men, led by FRANK JENNINGS, 35, alight carrying duffle bags and are met by the RCMP. In a hangar at Andrews Air Force Base, seven more men play cards. In Caracas, Venezuela Jennings hustles RICHARD NIXON into a waiting armored Cadillac while protesters hurl rocks at them.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

OWENS (CONT'D)

Alpha Section left for Uplands CFB at 19:07. The rest are at Andrews AFB. If needed we can have the lot up there in two hours.

LATHAM

Good. Who's on point in Ottawa?

OWENS

Frank Jennings. He led the team that got Nixon out of Caracas.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham nods approvingly. The Red phone RINGS; Farrell answers.

FARRELL

0-9-3-9... Yes, he's right here.
(hands the phone to
Latham)
It's mandarin One.

LATHAM

Yes, Paul...

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM

On a table are an encyclopaedia, a map of New Jersey and the tabloid "The News," open to the Newsy's death. Bazzo is on the Red phone.

BAZZO

The station blew it. Their Number Two ran a check on Brodsky just before the lift.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH BAZZO

Latham points to Percy then motions toward Stokes. Percy grudgingly hands Stokes a five-dollar bill.

LATHAM

Did Brodsky call in?

BAZZO

Yep. And if I'm right, I'll meet him at 02:00. From what he said, it sounds like the KGB are cleaning up the Ring. They hit an old man who ran the newsstand where John Doe was run down.

Latham points to a notepad on Percy's desk; Percy hands it to him. On the notepad Latham writes "Newsy=local agent."

LATHAM

This Newsy - he'd be a local agent.

BAZZO

Most likely, yeah.

LATHAM

Meaning all his contacts would be cut-outs. That way if he's caught, he doesn't know anything of value.

BAZZO

(suddenly realizes)

Geezus, you're right... There was no reason to kill the guy.

LATHAM

Start that and the KGB'll never get anyone local to work for them, no matter how much they pay. Unless... Whoever hit the Newsy didn't know he was a local agent.

BAZZO

Meaning they brought in an outsider. Wow, the KGB must really be worried someone's gonna talk.

LATHAM

Hm, maybe someone already did...
(writes "John Doe?")
I'm gonna send Carla up there, have her check out our John Doe.

BAZZO

Want me to meet her at the airport?

LATHAM

Yes. I'll have the Ops Room call you with her flight details.

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - EASTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT

Town Cars are queued at the curb. DiLauria exits the terminal. She rubs her gloved hands together to ward off the cold.

INT. TOWN CAR

EDDIE, a 30-ish uniformed driver waits.

AT THE CURB

A Chevrolet Bel Air driven by Bazzo pulls up. DiLauria gets in and they drive off. Eddie follows them.

I/E. BROOKLYN-QUEENS EXPRESSWAY - EDDIE'S TOWN CAR

Follows Bazzo's Bel Air.

EXT. CORNER OF 1ST AVENUE AND 32ND STREET

The road is icy; the Bel Air skids to a stop. DiLauria gets out and SLIPS. As she regains her footing - and her dignity - she sees Eddie's Town Car crawl past the corner.

INT. NEW YORK CITY MORGUE

A plaque over the entrance reads "Taceant colloquia. Effugiat risus. Hic locus est ubi mors gaudet succurrere vitae."

INSERT: "Let conversations cease. Let laughter depart. This is the place where death delights in helping the living."

DiLauria opens a double-door and sees a nude male body on an examining table. NEW YORK CITY POLICE DETECTIVE ARTHUR FALLOWS, 45, walks up to her. She nods towards the body.

DILAURIA

John Doe?

FALLOWS

Hobo Joe. Your man's in Potter's Field.

DILAURIA

You buried him already?!

FALLOWS

I had to; the body was unclaimed.

DILAURIA

You could've saved me a trip, Art.

FALLOWS

What, you don't love me anymore?

DILAURIA

You're in all my dreams.

She removes her gloves and playfully slaps him with them. The two walk down the corridor.

FALLOWS

When I was inventorying your guy's stuff, I saw all the labels had been cut out of his clothes.

DILAURIA

Uh huh. He also had a hollowed-out half dollar, detective.

FALLOWS

Yeah, well did you know he also had Morton's neuroma?

DILAURIA

Is that supposed to mean something to me?

FALLOWS

It should. It's an injury to the nerve between the toes. You get it from wearing high-heeled shoes.

They both look at her feet - she's wearing flats.

FALLOWS (CONT'D)

You could, um, also get it if you have bunions or hammer toes-

DILAURIA

Hey, Dr. Scholls, get to the point.

FALLOWS

Your man wore custom-made shoes. The manufacturer's name was stamped inside - Brubacher's up in Ottawa.
(hands her an envelope)
It's all in there.

DiLauria sets down her gloves and goes through the envelope.

DILAURIA

Great. Now I know what the FBI knows.

FALLOWS

No. All their man noticed about his shoes was a bad smell.

The two grin at each other. DiLauria starts to leave.

FALLOWS (CONT'D)

Need a ride?

DILAURIA

That's okay, I'll catch a cab.
(pauses)

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

You don't have anyone tailing me in a black Town Car, do you?

FALLOWS

No... Occupational hazard for you.

She smiles wanly and leaves.

EXT. STREET - MORGUE

Clutching the envelope, DiLauria exits and walks up the street. From the corner Eddie approaches her.

The front door to the Morgue opens. Fallows scurries out, waving DiLauria's gloves.

FALLOWS

Carla, your gloves!

She turns quickly and slips again - just as Eddie pulls out a revolver and FIRES, hitting her. He grabs the envelope and SLIDE-SLIPS into the street. He FIRES at Fallows and misses. Fallows returns FIRE, hitting Eddie.

A POLICEMAN races out of the Morgue. Fallows points to Eddie, lying motionless in the street. As the Policeman cautiously approaches Eddie, Fallows races to DiLauria who lies on the sidewalk, semi-conscious and bleeding.

ACT THREE

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

Only a few apartments have their lights on.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

"Bim Bom" by Joao Gilberto plays on the hi-fi. Latham sits on the floor, completing a Link Diagram on a legal pad:

Problem	Is	Isn't	Difference	Question	Solution
[RCMP, FBI, KGB; Brodsky	KGB	FBI	Asclepius	Connection	MICE
to John Doe	RCMP	RCMP	Interrogate	Accident	Identify
Who	CIA	FBI	Dead	Role	Expose
Asclepius	KGB		Mole	Why kill him	Prevent
Diefenbaker	CAN		KGB Benefits	What are	?
FBI			John Doe	they up to	
Where?	NYC	Mos	Brodsky	Soon	
When?			Canada		

A Red light on the phone BLINKS, then the phone RINGS. Latham yawns then answers it.

LATHAM

Latham...

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 01:35. A grim JAMES OWENS is on the Red phone.

OWENS

It's Owens at the Duty Desk, sir. Mandarin Two was shot outside the New York City Morgue. She's at Beekman Downtown Hospital in surgery.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH OWENS

Latham sits up, very alert now.

LATHAM

How bad?

OWENS

She has a bullet lodged in her left shoulder.

LATHAM

Get someone over there in case she says anything under anesthesia.

OWENS

Mandarin One took care of that. The NYPD called New York Central and they got in touch with him.

LATHAM

What about the shooter?

OWENS

Dead. Seems he was with the Mob.

LATHAM

What? Who confirmed that?

OWENS

The NYPD. New York Central is preparing a SITREP. You want them to call you?

LATHAM

No, I'm coming in.

EXT. JERSEY CITY, NJ - WATERFRONT - NIGHT

Brightly moonlit. Bazzo's Bel Air comes to the end of a dead-end street, makes a U-turn and parks.

BAZZO

Surveils the area - pockmarked with marine supply shops and a lone, ratty Buick. He alights and walks onto...

THE PIER

Black waves lap against the moorings. The Statue Of Liberty looms offshore. Bazzo checks his watch; the luminous dial reads 2:08. Someone approaches - it's Brodsky.

BRODSKY

So, you know about this place.

BAZZO

Black Tom's Pier. In World War One the Germans committed one of the first acts of sabotage on U.S. soil here, blowing up munitions bound for the Allies. The first explosion went off right around this time.

BRODSKY

I guessed you knew your history, Mr. Barry.

BAZZO

I asked a librarian. So, how did the FBI get on to you, Brodsky?

BRODSKY

The RCMP, those bastards. When we targeted them, I gave them information cooked in Moscow. Later, the FBI approached me; they want me to double. They quote the same disinformation I gave to the RCMP, but now as fact. Idiots.

BAZZO

Why did the KGB recall you?

BRODSKY

(scoffs)

I tell you everything now, what reason do you have to keep me alive?

BAZZO

If you don't, I guarantee you I'll have no reason at all.

Brodsky swears under his breath. Finally, he relents.

BRODSKY

You know 'le Reseau de Resistance?'

BAZZO

The Quebec separatist group?

BRODSKY

Yes. Last month they set off three bombs: two in Montreal, another one west of Toronto at a train signal.

BAZZO

Why a train signal?

BRODSKY

To kill John Diefenbaker when he is going home for holiday. The bomb was set to go off when his train passes the signal. Instead, he meets with your Vice President.

Brodsky starts strolling; Bazzo joins him.

BAZZO

Did you supply the bomb materiel?

BRODSKY

No. I argued against assassinating him. But there is a new head of the Collegium; now my opinions are subversive. So they recall me.

BAZZO

And that's when you asked the RCMP to lift you?

BRODSKY

No, I went to Washington Post first.

BAZZO

Why?

BRODSKY

They have contacts to get me asylum. I tell them about the coin, myself - but they want more. So I walked out.

BAZZO

That's when you went to the RCMP?

BRODSKY

Yes. I said, 'Bring me in. Now!'

BAZZO

Really... They said you couldn't make up your mind.

Brodsky grows very animated.

BRODSKY

Liars! They beg me to stay in place. But when I tell them about plot to kill Diefenbaker, they change their minds.

BAZZO

Hm... C'mon, my car's over here.

Bazzo leads Brodsky down a dead-end street toward his car.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

What happened after the RCMP blew the lift?

BRODSKY

I call FBI. Before, I'm their man; so I asked them to bring me in. But they ask so many questions: Who I talk to? What did I say? They are like KGB. So I run.

BAZZO'S CHEVROLET BEL AIR

As Brodsky crosses under a streetlamp to the passenger side, Bazzo notices a Ford Falcon parked up the street.

POP! The passenger-side door mirror FLIES OFF. Bazzo drops to his knees and draws his ACP M1911.

BAZZO

Get down!

Two more POPS quickly follow. Brodsky GROANS and grabs his chest; he crumples to the pavement.

FURTHER UP THE STREET

The Tall Man hurries from the shadow of a marine repair shop vestibule and into the Ford Falcon.

Bazzo returns FIRE, SMASHING the Falcon's rear window. The car's horn BLARES.

BAZZO

Runs up to the Falcon and opens the door. The Tall Man FALLS OUT, shot dead.

Bazzo shuts off the engine. He rummages through the Tall Man's pockets, finding a wallet and a WEST GERMAN PASSPORT. He takes them and walks back to Brodsky's lifeless body.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT

Light streams from the lower floors of all the buildings.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Latham sits at a desk; he's on a Red phone. New York Central's SITREP lies before him.

LATHAM

You'd think the KGB would want Brodsky back to interrogate him.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Bazzo is at a desk, also on a Red phone. He yawns. Before him is the report Fallows gave to DiLauria.

BAZZO

Maybe they figured it's better to just cut their losses.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH BAZZO

LATHAM

Why didn't the Bureau bring him in?

BAZZO

Probably 'cause Brodsky had nothing more to offer. We'd do the same.

LATHAM

Hmm... Anyway, how's Carla?

BAZZO

She's listed in stable condition. I have that report the NYPD gave her.

LATHAM

Cliff's Notes version, please.

BAZZO

Right. Our John Doe wore shoes with prescription orthotics he bought at Brubacher's, a shoe store in Ottawa. Their records show the shoes were sold to a Reginald LeSage.

LATHAM

John Doe finally has a name.

BAZZO

We ran it and got two hits: One, he's got a brother, Henri, up in Ottawa; and two, Reggie's on the RCMP and FBI Watch Lists.

LATHAM

Great. Everyone knew who John Doe was except us.

BAZZO

If the NYPD hadn't shot the Mob's
button man, we still wouldn't know.

LATHAM

And that's another thing. Why would
the Mob target Carla? Hell, how'd
they even know she was in New York,
much less-

He stops himself and thinks for a moment.

BAZZO

What?

LATHAM

Wait... What if Carla wasn't the
one being targeted? You were.

BAZZO

Me?

LATHAM

Say the Mob was hired to keep you
from linking John Doe to LeSage.
But Carla ends up with the NYPD's
report. Now she becomes the target.

BAZZO

The Quebec Separatists.

LATHAM

They're not the only ones who'd
know about LeSage.

BAZZO

You mean the FBI and the RCMP?

LATHAM

Yes. I beginning to wonder if
LeSage's death was an accident.

BAZZO

If it wasn't, then what the hell's
going on here?

INT. FBI OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR - NIGHT

On a sofa sits Durang. SPECIAL AGENT STONE runs a slide
projector. On the window shade is a photo of Brodsky, taken
at the Newsstand Kiosk.

CLICK - The Newsy and John Doe/Reginald LeSage at the Kiosk.

CLICK - Eve on a street corner, talking with Hubert.

CLICK - The words "ASCLEPIUS EVE BOX."

STONE

Scheduled for noon tomorrow, sir.

EXT. OTTAWA, ONTARIO - NIGHT

INSERT: "OTTAWA, ONTARIO"

Stock (period) footage of the cityscape.

EXT. MANOR PARK (OTTAWA) - STREET

A Mercedes with license plate number MD-1867 is parked in front of an elegant townhouse in this tony neighborhood.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DOCTOR'S OFFICE

A typical MD's home office, with a medicine cabinet, a small refrigerator and a mahogany desk with a lit, Tiffany lamp.

On the desk are crumpled GIFT WRAPPING, a METAL BOX and a VIAL CASE. Wearing latex gloves, HENRI LESAGE, 55, takes a metal cylinder from the Box. From it he gingerly removes a vial of OXYLIQUIT, puts it into the Vial Case and places the Case in the refrigerator.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Latham reviews his Link Diagram. He opens a black binder and searches for a name and phone number. He then picks up the Gray phone and dials "Operator."

LATHAM

Yes, Operator, this is Warren Latham, Director, Domestic Operations Division. I'd like to place a person-to-person call to a John Underwood in Ottawa, Ontario. His number is...

INT. HOUSE - FORMAL DEN - NIGHT

The phone RINGS. JOHN UNDERWOOD, 40's, stumbles in, tying his robe. He flips on a table lamp and answers the phone.

UNDERWOOD

Hello?... Yes, I'll accept.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH UNDERWOOD

LATHAM

Mr. Underwood, this is Warren Latham, Frank Jennings' boss.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Sorry to bother you so late, but I need to know if there were any changes in the Prime Minister's schedule for tomorrow.

UNDERWOOD

He's flying home this time.

LATHAM

Commercial or military?

UNDERWOOD

Oh, military of course.

LATHAM

Of course. Any other changes?

UNDERWOOD

No, not with the Prime Minister.

LATHAM

What do you mean?

UNDERWOOD

His son was to be inoculated against polio today. That's been rescheduled for tomorrow.

LATHAM

Where?

UNDERWOOD

Saskatoon. Why, is there a problem?

LATHAM

No. When's Mr. Diefenbaker leaving?

UNDERWOOD

11:00, noon your time. The RCMP can handle this, Mr. Latham. I don't think this really requires any help from your Special Operations team.

LATHAM

Theirs is strictly a support role.

UNDERWOOD

Yes, well this is hardly the time to debate this. By the way, do you know a Paul Barry? He called earlier asking the same sort of questions.

LATHAM

Yes, he works for me. Well, thank you for the information, Mr. Underwood. Good night.

UNDERWOOD

Good night.
(hangs up, annoyed)
What's left of it.

INT. AIR CANADA TERMINAL - DEPARTURE GATE - NIGHT

Bazzo yawns as he queues beside a flight departure board that reads "Gate 20/Air Canada/Flight 307/Ottawa/Departure: 04:50."

EXT. OTTAWA - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Stock footage of the building, including a sign adorned with maple leaves that reads "POLICE HEADQUARTERS."

INT. INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

Well-appointed, with the Canadian flag draped around a pole. A desk clock reads 07:15. "CHIEF INSPECTOR DAVID TISDALE" is on the desk plate. DAVID TISDALE, 45, shows Bazzo a file.

TISDALE

Reginald LeSage... His brother's a Member of Parliament. We keep track of their next of kin, same as your police intelligence units do for politicians in the States.

BAZZO

Being targets for kidnap, extortion and such.

TISDALE

Yes. Henri LeSage is a very vocal anti-secessionist. Some of the more radical Quebecois wouldn't think twice about shooting him.

BAZZO

They hate him that much?

TISDALE

More what he represents. Then again, he's so pro-States even the PM can't stand him sometimes.

This catches Bazzo's attention.

BAZZO

So they're friends?

TISDALE

Oh, very close. But as I said, the Prime Minister has his ideas and Doctor LeSage has his own.

BAZZO
Doctor LeSage?

TISDALE
He's the PM's personal physician.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY (MORNING)

Henri removes the Vial Case from the refrigerator and places it in his Physician's Bag.

EXT. MANOR PARK, OTTAWA - STREET

Henri leaves his townhouse carrying his Physician's Bag. He gets into his Mercedes and drives off.

EXT. OTTAWA - PARLIAMENT HILL - DAY

INSERT: "PARLIAMENT HILL, OTTAWA"

Snow covers the great lawn before the Parliament Building.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

The wall clock reads 09:11. At a table sit Jennings, Bazzo and an exasperated Underwood. Jennings and Bazzo share notes.

JENNINGS
(reading the manifest)
...And the only other thing on the plane are these medical supplies?

UNDERWOOD
Polio vaccine. I told you already.

BAZZO
And Dr. LeSage is flying with you to Saskatoon?

UNDERWOOD
Yes. God, you people are like a broken record.

BAZZO
Just making sure there were no last minute changes.

JENNINGS
If it is 'le Reseau de Resistance,' they're not likely to stop at one bomb attempt.

UNDERWOOD
This isn't New York, Jennings.

JENNINGS

No, but groups committed to violence
don't stop until they've achieved
their goals - or they're all dead.

Underwood scoffs as he gathers his papers together.

UNDERWOOD

How long have you been waiting to
unleash that line?

JENNINGS

(affronted)
Look, Underwood-

UNDERWOOD

No, you look! We're not some third-
world country you've gerrymandered
on behalf of United Fruit. We take
care of our own. You're here as a
political courtesy - that's it!

He leaves in a huff.

JENNINGS

Little prick.

BAZZO

Check out that plane again, Frank.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 10:47. Stokes and Percy go over reports. A haggard Latham enters and approaches Stokes.

LATHAM

You open a direct line to Ottawa?

STOKES

Yes, sir. Mandarin One's at Uplands
on a field phone with the station.

LATHAM

When's the plane scheduled to leave?

PERCY

(checks the wall clock)
Little over an hour.

EXT. UPLANDS CANADIAN FORCES BASE - DAY

INSERT: "UPLANDS CANADIAN FORCES BASE"

Armed guards surround the airfield. A Canadair CL-44 sits on the tarmac. Jennings exits the plane and descends the gantry. A few feet from the plane he SLIPS.

Jennings catches himself and joins Bazzo on the tarmac.

JENNINGS

It's clean. They need to de-ice the
damn tarmac though.

Bazzo anxiously checks his watch.

AT AN ENTRANCE GATE TO THE AIRFIELD

Henri, carrying his Physician's Bag, approaches. He shows his
ID and some official papers.

JENNINGS AND BAZZO

Jennings taps Bazzo and points towards Henri. They cross to
the Gate.

BAZZO

Dr. LeSage?

Henri is haughty and begrudgingly nods.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I'm Paul Barry, this is Frank
Jennings.

(shows his ID)

We've been asked by the RCMP to
supplement security for the Prime
Minister. May I ask why you didn't
come with him?

HENRI

I came directly from home. I'm
dropping off some more vaccine.

JENNINGS

You're not going on this flight?

HENRI

No, I have an appointment. I'll
catch a commercial flight later.

JENNINGS

Where's the vaccine? In there?

He reaches for the Physician's Bag, but Henri pulls it back.

JENNINGS (CONT'D)

May I look in your bag, please?

HENRI

The guard has already cleared it.

CFB GUARD

He is allowed to check it, sir.

Henri grudgingly hands Jennings his Physician's Bag. Jennings opens it and examines the Vial Case. He touches the red-striped tape covering its latches.

HENRI

Proof it hasn't been tampered with.

Jennings puts the Vial Case back into the Physician's Bag but he neglects to zip it shut. He hands the Bag back to Henri.

JENNINGS

Thank you, doctor.

Bazzo and Jennings watch as Henri continues toward...

THE PLANE

The GROUNDS CREW spreads salt on the tarmac. But as Henri nears the gantry, he SLIPS on the same spot as Jennings. Henri's momentum FLINGS his Physician's Bag into the air.

The Vial Case falls out, landing on salted tarmac. The latches POP open. A Vial rolls out, CRACKED OPEN. Oxyliquit OOZES out. A member of the Grounds Crew rushes to the Vial Case.

HENRI

No, don't run! Leave it!

The Oxyliquit IGNITES; a second later it EXPLODES, throwing everyone to the ground - save for Henri who writhes on the gantry steps, ENGULFED IN FLAMES AND SCREAMING.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM

Percy is on the Red phone. He quickly turns to Latham.

PERCY

There was an explosion at Uplands.

LATHAM

Diefenbaker?

PERCY

He's safe. He hadn't arrived yet.

BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Berard and Kensington sip coffee as Latham explains.

LATHAM

Mandarin One thinks it was Oxyliquit; it ignites on contact with dry tarmac. Then any vibration - a plane taxiing, even someone running - could cause it to explode.

KENSINGTON

Then it was that separatist group.

LATHAM

Among others...

Kensington stops sipping his coffee; he's perplexed.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Dr. LeSage belongs to a group of MPs who oppose Diefenbaker's move to distance Canada from us. And it appears that rogue elements of the RCMP colluded with them. Then you have this Asclepius with his pipeline to our secrets.

BERARD

(quotes from Shakespeare's
'Julius Caesar')

Hmm, surrounded by men 'too lean
and hungry' to be trusted.

Kensington struggles with this, shaking his head in denial.

BERARD (CONT'D)

I imagine your wanting to vet
Brotsky took them all by surprise.

LATHAM

That, plus him talking to the Post
and the FBI. Add in the decrypt from
Dimitri Kinski's defection and that
really forced the plotters' hand.

KENSINGTON

Wait. You're saying the FBI was
party to a plot to kill a head of
state? No, I don't accept that.

LATHAM

Brotsky proved they were when the
FBI approached him with the same
disinformation he'd previously
passed on to the RCMP.

KENSINGTON

So they share information. So what?
We do the same with MI6.

LATHAM

Yes, but what the FBI's always
wanted is access to our material.
And that's what the Mounties would
have given them - CIA goodies
marked 'Canada Eyes Only.'

KENSINGTON

But why would it matter if we knew John Doe was this Reginald LeSage?

LATHAM

Because early on he'd passed information on the plot to the FBI. If we knew LeSage was John Doe, the FBI would have known we were on to them. They'd have to intervene.

BERARD

Or admit they had foreknowledge of the plot and did nothing to stop it.

Kensington slumps in his chair and broods.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Any idea whom this Dr. LeSage was working with?

LATHAM

No. He's in a medically-induced coma with burns over 85% of his body. And now with his brother, Brodsky, the Newsy, and that KGB assassin all dead, we may never learn who the other players were, or if Dr. LeSage was in fact this Asclepius.

BERARD

(sighs)

There's a thought to ruin one's day.

He leans back in his chair and kneads his forehead.

KENSINGTON

Why didn't Durang shut it down once he suspected you were on to it?

LATHAM

If he had, Devereaux would have never trusted him again. But if Durang looked like he was going all out to help the RCMP, then their relationship remains in tact, even if the plot fails.

BERARD

And the flow of privileged information to the FBI would continue unabated. Good work, Warren.

He gets up, signaling the end to the meeting. Kensington nods grudgingly to Latham. As he and Latham cross to the door...

BERARD (CONT'D)

Oh, Warren... How's DiLauria doing?

Latham pauses; Kensington leaves. Berard shuts the door.

LATHAM

She should be back by next week.

BERARD

These 'rogue elements' in the RCMP,
does that include Devereaux?

LATHAM

Well, he is French-Canadian.

BERARD

That doesn't mean he's sympathetic
to the separatists.

LATHAM

No, but...

BERARD

He's on your list.

Latham nods with a slight smile.

BERARD (CONT'D)

He's lodged a formal complaint
against us with Undersecretary of
State Richard Rudlin.

LATHAM

Trying to deflect attention away
from himself.

BERARD

Maybe, but I don't have to remind
you Canada is still an important
ally. I expect restraint in your
dealings with Monsieur Devereaux -
and with the FBI.

LATHAM

Yes, sir.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters brusquely. Collette is at her desk, writing.

LATHAM

Who's Canada's Solicitor General?

COLLETTE

William Joseph Browne.

LATHAM

See if Devereaux's in. If he is,
ask him to meet me at this address
at close of play today.

(writes down an address)

Then call TSD; I need some artwork
done, PDQ. I've also got a couple
of letters I need to dictate.

Collette dials the Red phone as Latham heads into his office.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Stock footage of a typical multi-story, self-parking garage.

INT. LOWER LEVEL - STAIRWELL

Devereaux waits by a payphone. Latham enters, looking grim.

DEVEREAUX

We could have met at my office.

LATHAM

I understand you lodged a complaint.

DEVEREAUX

Mr. Latham, had you afforded my
request the respect it deserved,
Brodsky would still be alive and
our operation would have had a
successful conclusion.

LATHAM

Uh huh. Let's talk about your
operation. Poor, undermanned RCMP,
desperate to find Brodsky, enlists
the aid of CIA - to flush him out.

DEVEREAUX

What? We were trying to avoid-

Latham holds up a hand, signaling Devereaux to stop talking.

LATHAM

I've heard that story... Asclepius.

Devereaux is nonplussed. He quickly regains his composure.

DEVEREAUX

You're talking in riddles.

LATHAM

You know, at first I thought it was
your people who tipped off the KGB.
Your station #1 leaving the room,
all pissed off at Brodsky.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Except he really left to call his KGB handler - you. And you told the KGB, To find Brodsky, follow mandarin One.

DEVEREAUX

Is this your attempt at humor?

LATHAM

You see me laughing?

Devereaux is nervous.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You knew mandarin One's every move, thanks to your buddies in the FBI. That's how that KGB assassin was able to find him so easily.

DEVEREAUX

You're delusional.

LATHAM

Brodsky knew you were involved in the plot to kill Diefenbaker, you and your friends in 'le Reseau de Resistance.' That's why you didn't want us to vet him. Too bad the KGB didn't get to him before we did.

Devereaux starts to leave. Latham grabs Devereaux by the shirt and shoves him hard against the wall.

DEVEREAUX

You cannot prove any of this.

LATHAM

I don't have to because you're going to withdraw your complaint...
(pulls two envelopes from his pocket, waves one)
And you're going to sign this.

DEVEREAUX

What - a confession?

LATHAM

Would I do that to a NATO ally? No, it's a letter addressed to your boss, William Joseph Browne, MP, announcing your resignation.

DEVEREAUX

Vous connard.
(translation: You asshole)
You think you can bully me?

LATHAM

I could see that he gets this one
instead.

(waves the second
envelope)

Your suicide note.

Devereaux is aghast. Latham releases his grip and offers
Devereaux a pen.

INT. FBI OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR - DAY (MORNING)

MABEL, Durang's frumpy, 50-ish secretary, enters with a
cardboard mailing tube addressed to Durang. He looks up from
sipping his coffee.

MABEL

This came in from Warren Latham.

She hands him the mailing tube and leaves. Durang opens it
and pulls out a poster.

INSERT: The poster has three titled images connected by plus
signs, followed by an equal sign and the Seal of the FBI:
"The Rod of Asclepius," a serpent-entwined rod used as a
symbol for medicine + a reprint of John William Waterhouse's
"Pandora Opening Box" + a reprint of "Eve, the Serpent and
Death" by Hans Baldung Grien = the Seal of the FBI.

BACK TO SCENE

Durang stares at the poster, mouth agape.

END