

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Four, Episode #15: "Unnatural Phenomena"

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Episode #15: "Unnatural Phenomena"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. STONEWALL, TEXAS - LYNDON JOHNSON'S RANCH - DAY

A sprawling, multi-acre estate with an airplane hangar and a swimming pool, it seemingly extends to the horizon.

KAISER-WILLYS JEEP

VICE PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON drives his henchman, MALCOLM "MAC" WALLACE, across the ranch. It is late in the day and the shadows from the flora are long and dark. The Jeep slows to a stop at the gates of the Johnson family cemetery.

WALLACE

What are you doin'?

Johnson does not respond. He gets out of the Jeep, lumbers over to the gates and opens them, and gets back into the Jeep.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Come on, Lyndon. I'm not in the mood to visit all your dead kin.

JOHNSON

Why not? You put one of 'em here.

WALLACE

If I hadn't, you'd be talkin' to me from behind bars at Leavenworth.

Johnson SCOFFS. He slowly drives into...

THE CEMETERY

And stops. He gets out of the Jeep. Wallace HUFFS, reluctantly joining Johnson. Passing by a few gravesites, they stop at a tombstone that reads:

**Josefa Johnson**  
**Beloved daughter of Samuel Ealy Johnson, Jr.**  
**and Rebekah Baines Johnson**  
**Born: 1912 Died: 1961**

JOHNSON

That girl loved to drink and cavort;  
but mostly she liked to talk.

Wallace has no capacity for morality and remains emotionless.

WALLACE

With her mouth, she was lucky to last until Christmas.

JOHNSON

I'll tell you, Malcolm - you ain't nothing if not cold-blooded.

Wallace shrugs, unfazed. Johnson checks his wristwatch.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

C'mon, Clark oughtta be at the house by now.

The Two leave the gravesite and get back into the Jeep.

EXT. JOHNSON'S RANCH HOUSE

Large though unspectacular, considering Johnson's appetites.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Wood paneling, light blue leather and floral print upholstery abound. A small but well-stocked bar is along one wall. The only incongruous aspect in this home-spun setting are two black, multi-line telephones - one by the couch, the other on an end table. ED CLARK, Johnson's lawyer, sits in a chair and sips bourbon from a tumbler. Johnson and Wallace enter. Clark stands as though royalty has entered the room.

CLARK

I helped myself to some bourbon.

JOHNSON

So I see.

CLARK

You should pour yourself some. You're gonna need it.

Johnson grows grim. He goes to the bar, pours two tumblers of bourbon and hands one to Wallace. He takes his drink and sits on the couch. Wallace grabs a chair then Clark sits back down.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I don't have to tell you that the Senate investigation into Bobby Baker's dealings is expanding rapidly. Even some of your fellow Democrats are cooperating. A lot of damaging stuff is going to come out. I'm also told that Kennedy spoke to Terry Sanford about replacing you as the next vice president.

JOHNSON

That asshole. And Sanford's supposed to be a friend. Fuckin' tar heel.

CLARK

There's also the matter of your old pal Billie Sol Estes. I thought when I had John Cofer represent him, he'd get Estes off like he did you, Mac.

WALLACE

No, he got me a suspended sentence.

CLARK

My mistake. Then he'd be acquitted. Now it looks like the boy's gonna have to do some serious jail time.

JOHNSON

Why are they gonna come down so hard on Billie Sol?

CLARK

A lot of it has to do with what Mac's been up to.

WALLACE

Hey, don't drag me into this! I wasn't involved in any of Billie Sol's fuckin' schemes!

CLARK

You remember Henry Marshall from the Agriculture Bureau; he investigated Billie Sol's cotton allotments. To do less time, Estes says he'll give them details on how you killed Marshall.

WALLACE

The county ruled it a suicide.

JOHNSON

Only because you botched the job.

CLARK

Suicide... You hit Marshall in the head with the butt of his own rifle. While he's unconscious you feed him carbon monoxide from a hose attached to the exhaust on your truck. Then you shoot the man five times with his bolt-action rifle before dumping him on the outskirts of his farm. Don't tell me you weren't involved, boy.

WALLACE

I heard someone comin' up the drive to his house. I had to shoot him.

CLARK

Uh huh. It cost us a lot to get the coroner to call it a suicide.

JOHNSON

That fuckin' Marshall... I had him promoted to move him the hell outta Texas - and he turns down the job!

CLARK

He was no dummy. He knew a bribe when he saw one.

JOHNSON

The man left me no choice. I had to get rid of him.

CLARK

It won't end there either. Estes is gonna give the judge a roll call of names you ordered Mac here to kill - people like George Krutilek, Estes' chief accountant; Howard Pratt of Commercial Solvents, who supplied Estes with farm products; Coleman Wade, a buddy of Billie Sol's pilot who knew way too much; and your own sister, Lyndon - Josefa.

JOHNSON

So, come on, Ed! What can we do about this?

CLARK

Offer Billie Sol a deal, an oral agreement. We can't let him walk or get a suspended sentence like Mac got when he shot Kinser. That'd leave Estes free to talk, and he knows way too much. But if he's convicted, while he's in prison, his word would always be doubted.

JOHNSON

(impatient)

Get to the deal, Ed!

CLARK

We offer him \$500,000. That way, Estes would be able to keep his family together and living in comfort.

(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

Following his prison term, Estes can return to his family and his former life - with a little grease from us, of course.

JOHNSON

Hmm... You think he'll go for that?

CLARK

Billie Sol's a practical man - and he's greedy. A chance to have more money in the bank than he's ever had, and continue with his, uh, business savvy when he gets out? Yeah, he'll play along, knowing the unspoken alternative is Mac helping him commit suicide after he's out.

JOHNSON

And this business with Bobby Baker?

CLARK

By Thanksgiving, Kennedy will no longer be president.

Silence. A slow gleam of satisfaction creases Johnson's face.

CLARK (CONT'D)

The Senate will drop the Baker investigation, and you won't need a Get-Out-Of-Jail-Free card. But, first things first. Roscoe White will be in Dallas later to meet up with J.D. Tippit. I want Malcolm to hook up with them. You know Tippit, don't you, Malcolm?

WALLACE

Yeah, I know J.D. Why am I meeting with him and Roscoe?

CLARK

To help Lyndon become president.

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

The sun shimmers on the Reflecting Pool at the National Mall.

DUPONT CIRCLE - Q STREET PARK

In this small park, LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) and WARREN LATHAM stroll, passing people on their way to work.

JONES

Believe me, I knew nothing about the hit on Hans Schlager.

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

I thought Night Jackal was a straight CE operation. Instead, London double-crossed us both.

LATHAM

It would've made more sense to let Schlager do a few interviews over the Voice of America. At least then Whitehall could claim the Stasi were incensed by his revelations on life behind The Curtain, and carried out his sentence of death in absentia.

JONES

I agree. I think 'C' panicked.

LATHAM

Sir Richard White panic? I'd always heard he's as cool as they come.

JONES

He's under a lot of pressure over Kim Philby's defection. Fleet Street has been lambasting MI6 over it. 'C' probably felt something dramatic was needed to return public attention to the KGB and its satellite services.

LATHAM

Why didn't Macmillan issue a D-Notice to keep a lid on the story?

JONES

Because it's already being debated in Parliament. Plus, truth be told, intelligence matters really aren't on the P.M.'s mind at the moment.

LATHAM

No?

JONES

Last week one of the tabloids printed a story about his wife's 30-year affair with Robert Boothby.

LATHAM

Who the hell's Robert Boothby?

JONES

Some idiot Tory backbencher.

Latham shrugs; it means nothing to him.

JONES (CONT'D)

The point is Macmillan was exposed. That persona of his, the cool demeanor? All a façade. And now he's been emasculated in public. Frankly, I can't see him remain as Prime Minister for much longer.

LATHAM

Fiona says she was kept in the dark about all this.

JONES

She was. Ormsby-Gore has temporarily expropriated her from intelligence duties to work exclusively with him. He says it was her counter-argument to Kennedy's demand to kill Minister Cheddi Jagan that saved the man's life. He's recommended Fiona for an MBE, a Member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.

LATHAM

Does she know about this?

JONES

No, and please don't tell her. It's supposed to be a surprise.

They continue their stroll.

EXT. MIAMI, FLORIDA - DAY (MORNING)

Vintage stock footage of the city: the beach, the signature palm trees, and the many pastel-colored homes.

22ND AVENUE

A taxi crosses a drawbridge. On the other side a street sign reads "WELCOME TO CALLE OCHO."

INSERT: "Little Havana - Miami, Florida"

Here, a small restaurant...

BADIAS SANDWICH SHOP

Is typical of those in the community; i.e., the counter faces the sidewalk. The taxi stops at the restaurant. Out steps STEWART KENSINGTON, satchel in hand; he walks up to the Shop where the COUNTERMAN greets him with a smile.

COUNTERMAN

Buenos días, señor.



Kensington's reply is several Berlitz courses shy of fluency in Spanish; he pauses after each word.

KENSINGTON  
Um, buenos días a ti también.

To avoid more pain to his ears, the Counterman speaks English.

COUNTERMAN  
What would you like today, sir?

KENSINGTON  
(relieved)  
I want to try something local for breakfast. What do you recommend?

COUNTERMAN  
Local... Do you have a sweet tooth?

KENSINGTON  
No, I have to watch my weigh. The curse of the Affluent Society.

The Counterman feigns sympathy while fighting the urge to roll his eyes.

COUNTERMAN  
How about a pastelito?

KENSINGTON  
Um, what's that?

COUNTERMAN  
It's a baked puff pastry filled with cream cheese. Very delicious.

KENSINGTON  
Okay, I'll try it. Just one though.

The Counterman reaches into the bakery display and takes out a tray of pastelitos. He wraps one in waxed paper, places it in a brown paperbag along with some napkins then returns the tray to the display. He sets the paperbag on the counter.

COUNTERMAN  
Anything to drink, sir?

KENSINGTON  
No, no, just the pastry.

COUNTERMAN  
(replies automatically)  
Diez centavos, por favor.

Kensington is flummoxed. The Counterman quickly corrects himself and returns to speaking English.

COUNTERMAN (CONT'D)

Ten cents, please.

KENSINGTON

My, that's very reasonable.

COUNTERMAN

I think so too.

Kensington pulls a dime from his pocket and hands it to the Counterman, who rings up the transaction. Kensington takes the paperbag and walks to the curb, looking for a taxi. The Counterman calls out to Kensington.

COUNTERMAN (CONT'D)

It's easier to hail a taxi if you walk to the corner by the park.

KENSINGTON

Gracias.

The Counterman smiles and turns away, rolling his eyes.

KENSINGTON

Walks to the park. Here older Cuban men begin to gather at the tables to play dominoes. On a bench he sees two men talking - they look familiar. He looks for a taxi before discreetly eyeing the two men again. One is FRED CROSBY, the Miami station Number One; the other is CIA's DAVID PHILLIPS.

Kensington hails a taxi. The driver pulls over and Kensington gets in. As the taxi pulls away, Kensington eyes Crosby and Phillips with a concern that borders on ominous.

INT. STEWART KENSINGTON'S MIAMI OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 08:55. On the desk are Red and Gray phones, a brown paperbag and waxed paper, and a cup of tea. A teabag label hangs over the rim of the cup; it reads "Earl Grey." Kensington munches on his pastelito when the intercom BUZZES. Kensington swallows his food. He picks up a paper napkin and uses it to press the TALK button.

KENSINGTON

Yes?

BETH (O.S.)

Fred Crosby is here, Mr. Kensington.

KENSINGTON

Send him in, please.

He hangs up the intercom and wipes his mouth with the napkin. His office door opens and Crosby enters.

CROSBY

You wanted to see me, sir?

KENSINGTON

Yes.

Crosby waits to be told to sit, but no offer is forthcoming; this is to be more of an interrogation than a discussion.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

I was in Little Havana earlier and saw you there with Dave Phillips.

CROSBY

Really.

KENSINGTON

(scowls)

It's funny how often people with something to hide begin by saying, 'Really.'

Crosby shrugs nervously, as one does when one is exposed.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

You're aware that protocol requires staff not assigned to a station to report there when they arrive.

CROSBY

Yes.

KENSINGTON

It avoids any misunderstanding of why the officer is there - such as we have here. When I was in Vienna, an officer arriving unannounced could be assumed to be defecting. So, why wasn't I notified that Phillips, who's assigned to Mexico City, is now here in Miami?

CROSBY

I thought you knew he was here.

KENSINGTON

Did you... I have a subordinate back on Navy Hill who has a penchant for creating fiction. I wouldn't follow in his footsteps if I were you.

Crosby broods.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

So, I'll ask you again. Why wasn't I notified that Phillips is in Miami?

CROSBY

I don't know why he didn't report.  
All I know is he was sent here to  
speak with members of Alpha 66.

KENSINGTON

Sent by whom?

CROSBY

Sir?

KENSINGTON

If I have to repeat myself, you'll  
be vying for the janitor's job.

CROSBY

(apprehensively)

Deputy Director Helms sent him.

Being inherently self-centered, Kensington misses the point,  
that Helms and Phillips are purposely circumventing him.

KENSINGTON

(morosely)

If Plans Division wants to run an  
operation here, then I should be  
notified beforehand! All operations  
against Castro are to be approved by  
me, whether they originate with the  
Attorney General or Langley. Where's  
Phillips now?

CROSBY

I don't know.

KENSINGTON

Damnit, Crosby!

CROSBY

It's the truth, sir. He said he was  
going to speak with Antonio Veciana,  
but he didn't say when or where.

KENSINGTON

If he contacts you again, I want to  
know about it. Is that understood?

CROSBY

Yes, sir.

KENSINGTON

That's all.

Still brooding, Crosby leaves. Self-satisfied, Kensington  
returns to what is left of his pastelito.

EXT. FONTAINEBLEAU HOTEL, MIAMI BEACH - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of this oceanfront marvel, the largest and most luxurious hotel in South Florida.

HOTEL OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Fontainebleau Hotel, Miami Beach...

CROSBY (O.S.)  
Would you connect me to Maurice  
Bishop, please. He's in room 307.

HOTEL OPERATOR (O.S.)  
One moment, sir.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Spacious and nicely furnished in pastel colors and wicker. The curtains are parted, including those on the sliding-glass doors that open to a balcony overlooking a huge swimming pool. Phillips, aka Maurice Bishop, sits in his robe at the table by the sliding-glass doors. He answers the RINGING phone.

PHILLIPS  
Bishop here.

CROSBY (O.S.)  
It's Der Bingle.

PHILLIPS  
Where are you?

EXT. SINCLAIR GASOLINE SERVICE STATION

Behind white gasoline pumps with the logo of a green dinosaur beneath the brand name "Sinclair," and near a service bay sits a phone booth. Crosby is inside it; the folding door is shut.

CROSBY  
At a gas station.

CROSSCUT PHILLIPS WITH CROSBY

PHILLIPS  
I was supposed to call you.

CROSBY  
I know, but this is important.  
Kensington was in Little Havana  
earlier. He saw us.

Phillips' SIGH comes through the receiver of Crosby's handset.

CROSBY (CONT'D)  
He knew something was up because  
you hadn't reported to the station.

PHILLIPS

What did you tell him?

CROSBY

That Helms sent you to speak with Alpha 66.

PHILLIPS

What?!

CROSBY

Hey! If Kensington thinks Alpha 66 is planning a hit-and-run on the Cuban coastline, it's no different than MONGOOSE. He'll think that by him exposing the Op to me, you'll have to shut it down.

Phillips calms down, realizing Crosby is right.

PHILLIPS

He say anything else?

CROSBY

He wants me to tell him if you contact me again.

PHILLIPS

Good - that's excellent.

CROSBY

Huh?

PHILLIPS

At close of play today, tell him I called you and that you told me he saw us in the park. Tell him I've shut down the Op.

CROSBY

Have you?

PHILLIPS

Don't be stupid. Look, I have to make a few calls. Meet me here in my room at 21:00.

BACK TO SCENE

CLICK - Phillips has hung up. Crosby does the same. He leaves the phone booth and walks to his car, a Plymouth Valiant.

EXT. LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the now-familiar, modernist spy headquarters.

INT. MIDDLETON'S OFFICE SPACE

Located on the southwest corner of the second floor, it takes up most of two corridors of the building's center and side wings. Combination, push-button locks are on every door.

MIDDLETON'S OUTER OFFICE

Is a large reception room with a sofa and chairs, and a coffee table sporting magazines on lepidopterology and orchidaceae. Several large, imposing black safes dot the beige walls. Three SECRETARIES are busily typing away. One of three Gray phones RINGS. SECRETARY #1 answers it.

SECRETARY #1

Yes...

MIDDLETON'S OFFICE

Large. The windows' venetian blinds are closed. JOHN MIDDLETON (MOTHER) sits in a high-backed leather chair at an executive-style desk that dominates the room. Books and journals on prewar Soviet intelligence operations sit in a wall space to Middleton's right. He is writing as the intercom BUZZES; he answers it.

MIDDLETON

Yes?

SECRETARY #1

Maurice Bishop is on Gray, line one, Mr. Middleton.

MIDDLETON

Thank you.

He hangs up the intercom then presses the blinking button on his Gray phone.

MIDDLETON (CONT'D)

Middleton...

PHILLIPS (O.S.)

Call me back on a secure line. I'm at the Fontainebleau Hotel, Miami Beach, room 307, 305-535-3283.

CLICK. Phillips has hung up. Middleton does the same. He picks up the Red phone and dials. After two short RINGS...

HOTEL OPERATOR (O.S.)

Fontainebleau Hotel, Miami Beach...

MIDDLETON

Room 307, Maurice Bishop, please.

HOTEL OPERATOR (O.S.)  
One moment, sir.

PHILLIPS (O.S.)  
Bishop here.

MIDDLETON  
It's Middleton. Remember, your end  
is still an open line.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Phillips is on the phone.

PHILLIPS  
I know. We have a problem.

MIDDLETON (O.S.)  
Go on.

PHILLIPS  
Number One Son here told his dad  
about us.

CROSSCUT MIDDLETON WITH PHILLIPS

MIDDLETON  
To what extent?

PHILLIPS  
Enough to question why I didn't  
tell him I was dating his daughter.  
He thinks we might be sneaking off  
to see the bright lights of Havana.

MIDDLETON  
Okay... Okay. I'll need to cover  
this with our neighbors. It's  
lunchtime, so they'll be at Ground  
Zero. I'll also tell Helms and take  
care of things here. You stay on  
track.

PHILLIPS  
Number One Son is meeting me here  
tonight at nine. You want to weigh  
in on this?

BACK TO SCENE

MIDDLETON  
Let me think about it and call you  
back. If you're out, I'll leave  
word with the Concierge.

He hangs up then presses the TALK button on the intercom.



SECRETARY #1

Yes, sir?

MIDDLETON

Come in here, please. I need you to take dictation.

He hangs up the intercom.

ACT TWO

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

A panorama of the cityscape, ending with...

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A CIA officer strolls across the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 10:22. BILL NEALY and Latham sit at the table. Nealy refers to his notepad.

NEALY

I hope I'm not taking you away from anything important.

LATHAM

No, no. What have you got?

NEALY

Someone showed up at the Cuban Embassy in Mexico City saying he was Lee Oswald.

LATHAM

Geezus, not again...

NEALY

He asked for a transit visa to Cuba. He said he wants to go on to Russia and produced a lot of documentation: Two passports; old Soviet docs from his time in Russia; letters to and from the American Communist Party; a membership card showing him as president of the New Orleans chapter of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee; newspaper clippings of his arrest after his altercation with Carlos Bringuier in New Orleans; and a photo of him, Oswald, in police custody with two New Orleans police officers, one holding each arm.

LATHAM

Talk about overkill...

NEALY

That last item's where things start to unravel. The photo of him in police custody with two cops? Never happened. New Orleans police say no such photo was ever taken of Oswald while he was in police custody.

Latham shakes his head in disgust.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Silvia Durán processes visa applications at the Cuban Consulate. She thought the whole thing was staged. If Oswald were a member of the Communist Party, why hadn't he arranged for his visa in the usual way, by applying in advance to the Communist Party in Cuba?

LATHAM

Someone wanted her to remember him.

NEALY

Yes. Durán told Oswald he needed passport photos to start the process, and told him where to get them. She said Oswald looked dejected, but off he went. He returned later with the photos. Durán accepts the application and tells him to call back in a week. Oswald protests, saying he can only stay in Mexico City for three days, but he leaves the consulate. Late that afternoon, he shows up again.

LATHAM

Talk about your bad penny...

NEALY

The consulate was closed but Oswald managed to talk his way in and hurried into Durán's office. He tells her he's been to the Soviet Embassy and he's confident he'll get the Russian visa, and asks her to give him a visa right away. She calls the Russian Embassy. They say a Lee Henry Oswald was just there.

LATHAM

Henry, not Harvey?

NEALY

Uh huh. The Russians told him it could take up to four months just for officials to decide if he should even get a visa.

LATHAM

Does Mexico City have them on tape?

NEALY

Yes.

LATHAM

If this follows suit, Oswald will make a scene in front of Durán.

NEALY

He does. He screams he can't wait that long. So Durán gets the Cuban Consul, Eusebio Azcue. He rebukes Oswald, telling him he's hurting the Communist cause rather than helping it. He examines Oswald's Communist Party ID card - it looks brand new to him, like it had never been touched. Now, we know from George de Mohrenschildt, Oswald's controller, that Oswald never joined the Communist Party, either in Russia or in the U.S. That's when this Oswald leaves. Again.

LATHAM

Someone didn't do their homework.

NEALY

Or they didn't have the access they needed.

LATHAM

Either way, that's quite a source you have at the Cuban Consulate.

Nealy grins.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Was that the last the Cubans saw of this Lee Henry Oswald?

NEALY

Yes, but the next day he shows up again at the Russian Embassy where he's met by three embassy staff.

LATHAM

KGB.

NEALY

From my source there I learned that Oswald demanded he be given a visa. They suspect he's a provocateur and tell him to apply for one at the Russian Embassy in the U.S. Oswald then tells them he's being followed and shows them a .38 he's got tucked in the waistband of his pants.

LATHAM

That's a pretty clumsy way to prove his bonafides, Bill.

NEALY

Reminds me of how the Army Security Agency operates. Now, as you know, we have cameras trained on the Cuban and Russian Embassies in Mexico City. I talked with Win Scott, our station chief there. He'd love to know what's going on and sent me photos of this Oswald.

He reaches into his satchel and pulls out two prints of a tall, stocky, crewcut man wearing a windbreaker, taken just outside the Cuban Consulate and the Russian Embassy.

NEALY (CONT'D)

The real Oswald's 24, five feet nine and 160 pounds. This guy's 35, six feet, crewcut, and over 200 pounds.

LATHAM

I know him. He was with the ASA, now he's with those clowns at INTERPEN.

NEALY

Something's happened to speed up the plotters' timetable again.

Latham nods as he considers this. Nealy realizes something.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Talking about the Army Security Agency... Last year, George de Mohrenschildt got Oswald a job at Jaggars-Chiles-Stovall. They do advertisements and catalogs, but they also have a contract with the Army's Map Service that involves working with U-2 photos. Anyone who works with these photos is supposed to have a Compartmented Security Clearance.

LATHAM

Yet, here's Oswald, an ex-Marine who'd defected to Russia.

NEALY

Oswald told de Mohrenschildt that the area where he worked was so cramped, security was impossible; everyone there saw the U-2 photos. While he was there, Oswald became friends with an employee who also worked with the U-2 photos, named Dennis Ofstein. He previously served with the Army Security Agency.

Latham is dumbfounded.

NEALY (CONT'D)

And get this - Ofstein even knew how to speak Russian.

LATHAM

Man was an ASA plant.

NEALY

According to de Mohrenschildt, Ofstein once told Oswald detailed background information on one of the U-2 photos. He described the military headquarters in Russia where the photo was taken, the number of guards there, and that they were armed with orders to shoot any and all trespassers.

LATHAM

Wait. When did de Mohrenschildt report all of this to you?

NEALY

Yesterday. And that bothers me just as much as it bothers you.

LATHAM

Mind if a mandarin speaks to him?

NEALY

No, but remember - I need him.

OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 12:05. There is the usual PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones. One wall is covered with a complete map of North America; an adjoining wall has maps of Central America, U.S.

Territories, and strategic regions in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and the Caribbean Sea. All maps sport GREEN, YELLOW, WHITE and RED stickpins clustered in major cities or regions. Maps of Europe occupy a third wall. Only a few major cities have stickpins, representing legacy operations.

DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS. Sitting with them are PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY and CARLA DILAURIA, who reads through a file as she's being briefed. Latham enters.

NICHOLS

Carla, you'll use the working name Martha Gilburn. You'll fly Braniff from Dulles at 14:50, and land at Dallas's Love Field at 18:05 local time. There, you'll rent a car.

PERCY

Later, you'll meet up with the Dallas Number Two, Anthony Reardon.

DILAURIA

Why is he being brought into this?

STOKES

Because de Mohrenschildt's asked for Moscow Rules.

DILAURIA

What, in Dallas?

LATHAM

He's afraid, Carla.

Those at the Duty Desk look at Latham curiously.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

He fought the Nazis while pretending to be a sympathizer. He shared a house here with MI6 officer and KGB spy Kim Philby. In the '50s, he hung out at the Racquet Club in New York, where the KGB tried to recruit people to spy for them. And he was seen there with Jake Cogswell.

STOKES

He's with CI in Langley now.

LATHAM

Given all this, de Mohrenschildt may have good reason to worry.

STOKES

I think it's best we go along. The less we upset de Mohrenschildt, the more cooperative he'll be.

Latham nods approvingly.

STOKES (CONT'D)

After he and Reardon successfully follow Moscow Rules, Carla will meet up with them at The Library Bar at 21:00; it's in the Warwick Melrose Hotel. Reardon chose the spot because it has a reputation for being the most boisterous bar in the city. So you're guaranteed your conversation won't be overheard.

BAZZO

Good.

STOKES

Your recognition signal will go like this: You'll carry a shoulder bag over your left shoulder. If memory serves, I think you already own one.

DILAURIA

Yes.

STOKES

De Mohrenschildt and Reardon will be at a table farthest from the bar. De Mohrenschildt will have a folded copy of the June issue of Science and Mechanics Magazine folded with the name visible. If it's not visible about the meet. Approach their table and ask if you can join them in a round of peppermint schnapps; it's de Mohrenschildt's favorite. He'll then invite you to sit down and join them.

LATHAM

Did you cover what she should eat before a night of heavy drinking?

STOKES

I was just about to, sir.

Latham holds up his palms, signaling that he apologizes.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Eat a protein-rich food before you go out, preferably some eggs.

(MORE)

STOKES (CONT'D)

It slows how your stomach empties  
and delays alcohol absorption.  
They're also a great macronutrient.  
You'll feel full for longer, which  
will reduce the risk of an alcohol-  
induced food binge later on.

LATHAM

Will you be armed, Carla?

DILAURIA

Yes. Jared thinks it's necessary.

STOKES

It's unlikely anything will happen,  
but if de Mohrenschildt's  
frightened enough to demand Moscow  
Rules, she should be prepared for  
the worst. I called The Vault. They  
reserved a Beretta for Carla.

LATHAM

Find out why he only just told D-Int  
about Oswald's exploits last year,  
and who else may be whispering in  
Oswald's ear.

DiLauria nods. Nichols hands her a manila envelope. While he  
explains its contents to DiLauria, the Red phone RINGS. Percy  
answers it.

PERCY

(overlapping)  
0-4-3-3... Just a moment, sir.

NICHOLS

Pocket litter, tickets, expense  
money, and photos of de  
Mohrenschildt and Reardon.

DILAURIA

I met Reardon before.

As Nichols explains why Reardon's photo has been included,  
Percy covers the mouthpiece and waggles it at Latham.

NICHOLS

I'm told Reardon's put on some  
weight recently - sympathy pounds  
'cause his wife's pregnant.

The crew at the Duty Desk are amused.

PERCY

(overlapping to Latham)  
It's Mr. Berard, sir.



He gives Latham the handset.

LATHAM  
(into the Red phone)  
Warren Latham... Right away, sir.  
(hangs up and stands)  
I'll be in Berard's office.

He leaves. Meanwhile, Bazzo sees GWYNETH ALBRIGHT leave the Communications Room and enter the Break Room.

STOKES  
Any questions?

DILAURIA  
No. I'll go get my travel bag.  
Reid, can you get me a cab, please?

NICHOLS  
Sure.

He picks up the Gray phone and dials. DiLauria gets up and leaves. Bazzo heads towards the...

BREAK ROOM

Gwyneth is buying a bottle of Coca-Cola from a vending machine. Empty Coke bottles are stacked beside it. Bazzo enters. Gwyneth turns to him and smiles.

GWYNETH  
Hi.

BAZZO  
Hi, Gwyneth.

GWYNETH  
With that two-cent deposit on each bottle, I'm tempted to take them all to my local grocery store.

BAZZO  
The vendor only comes once a month. Um, if I'm outta line, I apologize.

GWYNETH  
For what?

BAZZO  
I was wondering if you might like to see a show and have dinner afterwards - or vice versa.

GWYNETH  
I prefer the vice versa.

Bazzo is so pleased he can barely contain himself.

BAZZO

Is right after work, okay - I mean,  
if you don't have any other plans?

GWYNETH

No, no plans. I'll call you after  
turnover. We can meet by Gate #1.

BAZZO

Okay. Talk to you later then.

Gwyneth smiles and leaves. Bazzo puts a dime in the slot of the Coke machine and presses the Red button beneath an image of a Coca-Cola bottle. As he retrieves his bottle of Coke, he quietly sings the Coca-Cola advertising jingle.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

'Things go better with Coke.'

MID-SHOW BREAK

BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD is at his desk. Beside him is his familiar serving cart, on which are a cloche covering a dish of food, a pitcher of ice water, a bottle of white wine, flatware wrapped in an embroidered cloth napkin, a tumbler and a wine glass, and a corkscrew wine bottle opener.

Latham sits in a chair opposite Berard, who lifts the cloche revealing a light but sumptuous dish of poached halibut in a lemon and herb sauce.

BERARD

Care for some poached halibut?

LATHAM

Oh, no thank you, sir.

BERARD

Do you mind if I...

LATHAM

No, of course not. Here, let me  
open the wine bottle for you.

BERARD

Thank you.

Latham gets up. He uses the corkscrew opener to remove the cork from the wine bottle and pours Berard a glass of wine. Berard sets the plate of food on his desk and unwraps the napkin surrounding his flatware. During all this, Berard explains why he has asked to see Latham.

BERARD (CONT'D)

I received a memo from Dick Helms. He spoke with the Director, and they feel Mr. Kensington has brought order to the Miami station, thus his stewardship there is no longer required. Effective immediately, the station reverts back to you with its Number One in charge, unless you deem otherwise.

Latham returns to his seat. Berard starts eating.

LATHAM

No, that's fine. Is Mr. Kensington returning to his old role here?

BERARD

Yes. I'd like to think this heralds the beginning of a more harmonious relationship between you two.

Latham shrugs, a sign that he does not agree.

BERARD (CONT'D)

With an assassination a possibility, I need you focused, and that means working with Stewart - not against him.

LATHAM

(troubled)

Sir, this decision to recall Mr. Kensington - was it made today?

BERARD

Yes. Why?

LATHAM

It just seems to dovetail too neatly with a few other things that have just happened.

BERARD

Such as?

LATHAM

A second Oswald imposter went to the Cuban Consulate in Mexico City three times in one day. He demanded a transit visa to Cuba. The same man also went to the Russian Embassy there twice to get a visa. At the Cuban Consulate and at the Russian Embassy he made a scene that both groups believe was staged.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Then there's Oswald's controller. He told D-Int that he'd gotten Oswald a job at Jaggars-Chiles-Stovall last year. They do photographic work involving the U-2.

BERARD

Hmm... Oswald was a false defector.

LATHAM

Yes, part of ONI's program.

BERARD

He'd need a high security clearance to work with U-2 photographs. How could he be given one when, as far as the world knows, he'd defected to Russia of his own accord?

LATHAM

I don't know. But while Oswald worked there, one of his co-workers had been with the Army Security Agency - and the man spoke Russian.

Berard is aghast and stops eating.

BERARD

My God. It stands to reason, then, that the Army Security Agency must have a file on Oswald.

This strikes a troublesome chord with Latham.

LATHAM

Means they're far more involved in the plot than I thought.

BERARD

When did D-Int learn all this?

LATHAM

Yesterday, from Oswald's controller - George de Mohrenschildt.

BERARD

I assume you want to speak with him.

LATHAM

Mandarin Two's on her way to Dallas to do just that. De Mohrenschildt's demanded we follow Moscow Rules.

BERARD

He's worried about being killed or kidnapped.

(MORE)

BERARD (CONT'D)

What's your opinion on why all this has suddenly happened?

LATHAM

I think the plotters have decided when and where they're going to kill President Kennedy.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DALLAS - THE ADOLPHUS HOTEL - DAY

In the picture windows of the Grand Lobby of this Beaux-Arts luxe exemplar, "China Comes to Texas" signs celebrate a fortnight tribute to China (Taiwan, actually), showcasing food, performances, and artisans on different hotel floors - all sponsored by Neiman Marcus. A uniformed, white-gloved DOORMAN stands beneath the overhang and by the glass-paneled front doors, greeting hotel guests and visitors. A few steps in front of him, near the curb, waits Mac Wallace.

A black, 4-door, 1963 Ford Galaxie 500 with "DALLAS POLICE" stenciled on its front doors pulls up. A whip antenna sways on the passenger front fender; on the roof are two red emergency lights - small round blinkers known colloquially as "Mickey Mouse lights" - and a loudspeaker for voice and siren.

Behind the wheel is Dallas Police Officer J.D. TIPPIT, in uniform. On the passenger side of the front seat sits ROSCOE WHITE. The passenger window has already been rolled down - no air conditioning in this car. White calls to Wallace.

WHITE

Mac, hop in the back.

Wallace opens the passenger-side back door, gets in and pulls the door shut using the armrest.

INT. POLICE CRUISER

There are no operable door handles on either back door, and the back windows have been rolled down only a few inches. Wallace tries to turn the window crank but it does not allow for the window to open any further.

WALLACE

Man, it's hot in here.

WHITE

It's only a short ride.

The police cruiser pulls away.

WALLACE

Feel like a criminal back here.

TIPPIT

Hey, someday maybe.

He and White grin, but not Wallace - he has no sense of humor.

WALLACE

So, where we headin'?

TIPPIT

The Trade Mart.

EXT. TIPPIT'S POLICE CRUISER

Travels west on Elm Street, crosses Houston Street and into...

DEALEY PLAZA

Where it passes the Texas School Book Depository. Tippit's police cruiser then joins the Stemmons Freeway heading north.

THE DALLAS TRADE MART

Is over 5 million square feet of adjoining buildings where buyers and sellers meet to conduct business. Tippit's police cruiser pulls into the parking lot. Tippit and White alight; White opens the passenger back door for Wallace to get out.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE

Tippit, White and Wallace enter. Tippit approaches JEFF SKINNER, the portly, uniformed security chief. He sits at his desk, brown-bagging his lunch: an egg salad sandwich and a bottle of RC cola.

SKINNER

What's shakin', J.D.?

TIPPIT

Not much. How 'bout yourself?

SKINNER

Same ol', same ol'. I hear you joined Dallas's Finest, Roscoe.

WHITE

Yep.

SKINNER

You too, Mac?

TIPPIT

Naw, he's here as LBJ's front man.

SKINNER

Huh. So, what can I do for you boys?

TIPPIT

The president's gonna speak at a luncheon here in November.

(MORE)

TIPPIT (CONT'D)

We're here to check for any areas that might compromise his safety.

SKINNER

Well, now - that Grand Court is wide open; ain't no place to hide there.

TIPPIT

What about overhead?

SKINNER

You mean the catwalk?

TIPPIT

Yeah.

SKINNER

That could be an area of concern.

TIPPIT

Mind if we take a look?

SKINNER

No. Want one of my boys to go with you?

TIPPIT

Naw, I know my way. Just tell your boys we're there. I don't want no one pointin' a pistol at me.

SKINNER

Sure thing, Hoss.

As he grabs the microphone on his transceiver, Tippit, White and Wallace leave.

ABOVE THE GRAND COURT - CATWALKS

Tippit, White and Wallace emerge from a door on the Third Tier that leads directly to a long catwalk across the Grand Court. The Three men walk onto it and look around. Another catwalk crosses the court just below them on Tier Two. On the floor a stage has been erected. A sign above it reads "Welcome U.T. Freshmen." A thousand folding chairs face the stage.

WHITE

How far would you say the stage is from here, J.D.?

TIPPIT

About 50 yards or so.

White looks down at the catwalk on which they're standing. Its floor is actually two layers of lattice-framed steel spaced six inches apart.

Klieg lights hang from the bottom layer. Doors have been hinged into the top layer so that the lights and their cabling can be serviced.

WHITE

If you're down on the floor with them lights in your eyes, you can't see anyone up here on the catwalk.

TIPPIT

Plus, everything back of them lights will be in a deep shadow.

WHITE

How accurate are you from this distance, Mac?

WALLACE

Pretty accurate.

WHITE

Pretty accurate ain't gonna cut it.

TIPPIT

You gotta be able to shoot a hole through a nickel from here, Mac.

WHITE

It don't matter. I got boys back at the ranch who can do the job, including that Cuban who took out that Mafia hitman, Dominic Alloco. When you're out at the ranch, Mac, we'll see how good your aim is.

Wallace shrugs. He is not offended by the critique, as he only thinks in terms of what is needed to do the job.

WHITE (CONT'D)

J.D., what if we put that bolt-action rifle in that space here in the floor of the catwalk?

TIPPIT

(grins)

I like it. You get the boy's palm print on it and we're good to go.

White nods. The Three Men then leave the catwalk through the same door they entered.

EXT. SAMUEL GOMPERS MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

FIONA JEFFRIES and Latham stroll hand in hand, past people eating a late lunch or just lazing about.



LATHAM

Sorry I couldn't make lunch, hon.  
Kensington's coming back, and I had  
to clean up all the graffiti I  
wrote on his office walls.

FIONA

You're sick.

LATHAM

I know. I'm so ashamed.

He grins impishly. Fiona playfully whacks Latham on his butt.

FIONA

Well, I have some good news, mister.  
Ambassador Ormsby-Gore told me he's  
recommended me for an MBE, a Member  
of the Most Excellent Order of the  
British Empire.

Her proud smile is a mile wide. Latham does not betray his  
prior knowledge of this and hugs Fiona warmly.

LATHAM

That's fantastic!

FIONA

I know. I can hardly believe it.

LATHAM

He's recommended you... Does that  
mean it's a done deal, or do you  
have to wait and see if it happens?

FIONA

It's a done deal. There'll be a  
ceremony next month at Downing  
Street. The invitation will read,  
'Fiona Jeffries, Plus One.'

LATHAM

Can I be your Plus One?

FIONA

Only if Mr. Kensington's office is  
spotless.

LATHAM

Hmm, then I'd better get some help  
cleaning up in there.

FIONA

I'll bet you were a real problem  
child in school.

LATHAM  
(amused)  
Will Larry be there?

FIONA  
No, he has to stay here and cover  
the station. London's orders.

LATHAM  
That doesn't seem fair.

FIONA  
It isn't. I realize I'm the flavor  
of the month, but Larry deserves  
better. I know he's upset with  
London over something else, but he  
won't talk about it. He says it's  
best just to leave it alone.

Latham nods sympathetically.

LATHAM  
London treats your station here like  
you guys are a bunch of lepers.

FIONA  
I wish - even lepers get some  
sympathy... Tell me, how would you  
feel if we had Larry over for dinner  
tonight? He's pretty cheesed off at  
HQ, and I thought it would show him  
that at least we appreciate him.

LATHAM  
Sure.

FIONA  
Have him bring Collette along.

LATHAM  
I'll mention it to her.

Fiona kisses Latham then they continue their stroll.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI - CAMPUS QUADRANGLE - DAY

INSERT: "University of Miami, CIA's JM/WAVE Station"

TWO YOUNG CUBAN MEN and a couple of White, 30-ish, crewcut MEN  
FROM INTERPEN, all in fatigue pants and olive-drab T-shirts,  
carry metal ammunition cases with handles, two men to a box.

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

The blinds are open on the windows. A couple of open carboard  
boxes are on the desk.

Kensington takes files from a combination-lock file cabinet and puts them in one of the boxes. Crosby looks through a row of files in a second file cabinet. Kensington turns to him.

KENSINGTON

No, no, those stay here. The ones  
I'm taking back to Washington are  
all DD-201 files I brought with me.

Crosby nods and glances out the window. He sees the Four Men carrying the ammunition cases and grows alarmed.

CROSBY

I'll be right back.

He is already halfway out the office when Kensington asks...

KENSINGTON

Where are you off to?

Kensington snorts and continues packing.

EXT. CAMPUS QUADRANGLE

Crosby jogs toward the Four Men lugging the ammunition cases.

CROSBY

Hey, hold on!

At first, the Four Men ignore him.

CROSBY (CONT'D)

I said, stop, you guys! Right there!

The Cubans look at the Men from INTERPEN and await their lead. INTERPEN #1 nods; they wait until Crosby catches up to them.

CROSBY (CONT'D)

What have you got there?

They all hesitate to answer.

CROSBY (CONT'D)

I asked you a question. You want me  
to get a security detail over here?

INTERPEN #1

Ammo. It came in from L.A.

CROSBY

Where are you going with it?

INTERPEN #1

Mr. Bishop said to deliver it to  
Alpha 66.

CROSBY

Why? There's nothing planned involving them, far as I know.

INTERPEN #1

Hey, I just follow orders.

CROSBY

(warily)

Open one of the cases for me.

INTERPEN #1

Why?

CROSBY

Because I asked you to.

INTERPEN #1

Mr. Bishop's in charge of this operation. I'd need his permission.

CROSBY

As of right now, I'm in charge of the station. So open up one of those cases or I'll have the four of you arrested. Tú entiendes?

CUBAN MAN #1

Mierda! Haz lo que el quiera; esta maldita cosa es pesada!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Shit! Do what he wants; this damn thing's heavy!"

The Four Men set down the two ammunition cases. INTERPEN #1 opens his case, revealing rows of cartridge boxes.

INTERPEN #1

Bullets. Alright?

Crosby reaches in and takes out a box labeled:

**WINCHESTER**

**.32 AUTO COLT-7.65 m/m BROWNING**

An image of a bullet is stamped just beneath the label.

Crosby opens a cartridge box and takes out one bullet. He is horrified to see a cross (+) carved into its nose.

CROSBY

The Cuban groups were only supposed to mount demonstrations against Castro. So, why would they need to be armed with fragmentation rounds?

INTERPEN #1

Ask Bishop. He ordered them.

Crosby puts the bullet back in the box and tosses it to INTERPEN #1.

CROSBY

I want both these cases in my office. Now!

INTERPEN #1 returns the cartridge box to the ammunition case. The Four Men reverse track and head towards the Administration Building, followed by Crosby.

ACT THREE

EXT. LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

More stock footage of the modernist spy headquarters.

MIDDLETON'S OFFICE

Middleton is at his desk, on the Gray phone; he is seething.

MIDDLETON

So, how did you explain it away?

INT. FONTAINEBLEAU HOTEL, MIAMI BEACH - LOWER LEVEL

A shoe-shine stand is a few steps from a public Men's Room. With a CUSTOMER occupying its leather chair, the BOOTBLACK buffs a shine onto the man's shoes, starting with the left one. His towel makes a distinctive THWAP, THWAP as the Bootblack snaps it following a few passes across the shoe. When finished, the Bootblack buffs the Customer's right shoe, all the while HUMMING an indistinct tune. Near the stairwell is a telephone booth; inside is Phillips.

PHILLIPS

I told Crosby it was a screw-up, a legacy Op that hadn't been aborted.

CROSSCUT MIDDLETON WITH PHILLIPS

MIDDLETON

Did he accept it?

PHILLIPS

Yes. The operation's so compartmentalized, it sounds reasonable. Plus, he wants to believe we've tamped down on the raids. He sounded relieved when I told him I'd return the ammo cases to Holmes myself.

MIDDLETON

I believe Crosby was told that the ammunition to be used in anti-Castro demonstrations has been modified so it's underpowered, meaning it can't hurt anyone.

PHILLIPS

That's what he was told from Day One.

BACK TO SCENE

MIDDLETON

Then your meeting tonight had better end any doubts he may have.

Without waiting for a response, Middleton SLAMS the handset onto the Gray phone's cradle.

IN THE PHONEBOOTH

As the CLICK crashes through the receiver, Phillips jerks his handset away from his ear. He hangs up and mutters...

PHILLIPS

Asshole.

He then pulls a dime from his pocket, puts it in the coin slot, and whips through seven numbers on the rotary dial. After a moment, the phone at the other end of the line RINGS. Finally, someone answers the call.

VECIANA (O.S.)

Antonio Veciana...

PHILLIPS

It's Maurice Bishop...

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

The late-day shadow from the Washington Monument is long and dark.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - GATE #1

CIA officers leave the compound through the gate where Gwyneth waits off to the side. Bazzo jogs up to her.

BAZZO

Sorry. I didn't mean to keep you waiting.

GWYNETH

No, it's only been a few minutes. Where are we going for dinner?

BAZZO  
Joe and Nemo's.

GWYNETH  
What?

BAZZO  
I'm kidding. Latham loves that dive.  
We're going to The Old Ebbitt.

GWYNETH  
Ooh, fancy. What show are we going  
to see?

BAZZO  
The Manchurian Candidate. They're  
running it again at the MacArthur.  
I hope you haven't seen it.

GWYNETH  
I haven't had time.

BAZZO  
Good. We'll catch the 8:30 show.

They leave through the gate, walk past the guard shack and  
onto the street.

EXT. DALLAS, TEXAS - LOVE FIELD - DAY

A low sun and stratus clouds yield a blast of blazing orange  
and blue in the sky. On the main terminal a sign reads  
"DALLAS LOVE FIELD." A Braniff propjet lands on the runway so  
gently and with so little tire squeal that, among pilots, it  
is known as "painting it on."

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - HERTZ CAR RENTAL COUNTER

DiLauria leaves, a travel bag slung over her left shoulder and  
a wad of rental car forms in hand. She passes an advertisement  
for "Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge and Restaurant."

EXT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S MOTOR LODGE AND RESTAURANT - DAY

An ubiquitous sight along every major thoroughfare was their  
huge sign and bright orange roof.

INT. RESTAURANT

DiLauria sits in a booth, her travel bag beside her on the  
seat. A WAITRESS sets a plate of scrambled eggs and slices of  
toast before her.

WAITRESS  
Here you go, honey.

She leaves. DiLauria begins to load up on macronutrients.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT (EVENING)

The sun has just set; twilight is taking hold, bathing the city in an eerie purple and orange glow.

704 3RD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING

From open windows the sounds of television programs - from the news to cartoons - and chatter herald another evening at home is about to begin.

INT. KITCHENETTE

"Mas, Que Nada!" by Jorge Ben Jor plays on the hi-fi in the living room. Jones, COLLETTE DOWD, and Fiona are seated at the table. Latham places his finished dishes on the table where a bottle of white wine has already been opened.

JONES

Who's this singing?

LATHAM

Me.

FIONA

Keep dreaming. It's Jorge Ben Jor. The song's called 'Mas, Que Nada.'

COLLETTE

This is samba, right? From Brazil?

LATHAM

Yes.

COLLETTE

I love it.

Fiona and Latham smile appreciatively. Latham points to each dish as he explains what he has prepared.

LATHAM

Okay... Here we have pan-seared salmon in ginger and soy sauce, topped with scallions. These are roasted potatoes and sautéed mushrooms. And in this bowl we have plain ol' white rice. Larry, if you'll pour the wine...

He sits. Jones pours the wine and everyone serves themselves.

EXT. FONTAINEBLEAU HOTEL, MIAMI BEACH - NIGHT (EVENING)

More picturesque footage of this mammoth hotel.



INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

Crosby approaches room 307 and knocks on the door. There is rustling from inside the room - a chair SCREECHES as it slides across the floor. The door opens, revealing Phillips. Crosby edges to his right to see inside the room. Two men seated at the table slowly come into view. Crosby recognizes them. They are the same two Cuban Men Crosby encountered at CIA's Miami station who, along with the two thugs from INTERPEN, were carrying ammunition cases.

PHILLIPS

Come on in.

Crosby hesitates. Phillips sees him eyeing the Two Cubans.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Relax. They're here to explain what Alpha 66 has planned for Kennedy's visit here in November.

Crosby grudgingly accepts Phillips' explanation and enters the hotel room.

EXT. HARRY HINES BOULEVARD - NIGHT (EVENING)

A 1963 Chevrolet Corvaair Monza Spyder convertible cruises along with the traffic, passing one motel after another.

I/E. CORVAIR MONZA SPYDER

DiLauria wears a head scarf. She smoothly shifts the manual transmission from second gear to third while passing a huge store with a sign that reads "DALLAS WHOLESALE SHIRTS/CAPS."

EXT. THE WARWICK MELROSE HOTEL - NIGHT

Located in the fashionable Oak Lawn neighborhood near Turtle Creek, this brick, Chicago School-style hotel uses ornament and design to delineate this tall building into three parts: an entry level with prominent window and door openings, a mid-section with bands of windows with vertical piers, and a top with decorative cornice - all highlighted by accent lights.

INT. THE LIBRARY BAR

This piano bar could come straight from a budding Dionysian scene at the Playboy Club. It is the meeting place in Dallas for business and pleasure. The chatter is boisterous. When a male hand tends to wander, the woman either accepts the overture or rebukes the man - sharply, if necessary.

FARTHEST AWAY FROM THE PIANO

Sits the Dallas Number Two, ANTHONY REARDON, 30, slightly built with a receding hairline.

He could easily pass for Lee Harvey Oswald. He is alone, nursing a beer.

DiLauria looks around. No one appears to be paying any attention to Reardon, so she approaches his table. Reardon remains seated. DiLauria smiles and surreptitiously signals for Reardon to stand. He is slow on the uptake - apparently mixing his drinks, given the array of shot glasses and the beer mug on the table - but he finally does get up.

DILAURIA

How are you, Anthony?

REARDON

(worriedly)

Not too good, Carla.

DILAURIA

(sternly, sotto voce)

Martha Gilburn, you idiot. Smile.

Reardon forces a smile. DiLauria waits. She glares at Reardon.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Get up and hold the chair for me.

Reardon shuffles over, and pulls out DiLauria's chair, then tucks it under her as she sits. He returns to his seat.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

What the hell's wrong with you, huh?

REARDON

I'm sorry, I'm...

He shrugs. DiLauria forces a smile as she reprimands him.

DILAURIA

That's not good enough. Your manners should be second nature to you, especially down here.

A particularly loud GIGGLE comes from a WOMAN whose paramour has drunkenly nuzzled her. This captures DiLauria's and Reardon's attention. The Woman gently but determinedly pushes him aside, accompanied with a look that says, Not here. The Man holds up a hand as if to say, I apologize.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Even drunken louts like him show some courtesy. So get with it. Now, where's de Mohrenschildt?

Reardon swigs his beer, as though to give him courage.

REARDON

He left.

DILAURIA

Why?

REARDON

I don't know. He was looking around and said he didn't feel safe. Then he just got up and left.

DILAURIA

Was there a threat?

REARDON

None that I saw.

DILAURIA

Then why the hell didn't you try to reassure him that it was safe here?

REARDON

I did, but he left anyway!

He reaches for his beer mug but DiLauria grabs it first, moving the mug away from Reardon's reach.

REARDON (CONT'D)

Fuck it. I'll just order another one.

DILAURIA

You do, and it'll be your last act for The Company.

Reardon is taken aback. Despite his growing inebriety, DiLauria's steely eyes assure him that this is no idle threat.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Give me de Mohrenschildt's address.

REARDON

You can't go to his house.

DILAURIA

Why not?

REARDON

'Cause he won't be there long. He told me LBJ got him a job in Haiti as oil advisor to Papa Doc Duvalier.

DILAURIA

(incredulously)

Wait. Vice President Johnson got de Mohrenschildt a job in Haiti?

REARDON

Yeah, the vice president. Johnson.  
Ol' LBJ. Imagine that.

DiLauria can barely contain her shock.

REARDON (CONT'D)

De Mohrenschildt said his wife isn't  
crazy about life down there, so they  
split their time between here and  
Port-au-Prince. They're going back  
to Haiti early in the morning.

DILAURIA

(thinking aloud)

So, that's why de Mohrenschildt only  
recently told D-Int what Oswald's  
been doing the past year. He hasn't  
been here to give us an update.

She pulls a pocket notepad and pencil from her shoulder bag  
and hands it to Reardon.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Your hands steady enough to write?

REARDON

Yeah.

DILAURIA

De Mohrenschildt's address.

Reardon writes it down. He hands the notepad and pencil back  
to DiLauria who puts them back in her shoulder bag.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Are you paid up here?

REARDON

Yeah.

DILAURIA

Then get up; we're going. And don't  
forget to hold my chair.

Reardon stands. He goes behind DiLauria and unsteadily pulls  
out her chair. She stands and grabs hold of Reardon's arm to  
keep him from wobbling.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Did you drive here?

REARDON

Yeah. Why, you need a lift?

DILAURIA

Leave your car. You're not fit to drive.

In the illogic that often spills from the mouths of people who've had too much alcohol, Reardon worries aloud...

REARDON

What if someone steals my car?

DILAURIA

You should be so lucky.

She hooks Reardon's arm and The Two leave the bar.

I/E. CORVAIR MONZA SPYDER - NIGHT

On the road, DiLauria pulls up to a red traffic light and stops. She looks over at Reardon whose head bobs as though it were too heavy.

DILAURIA

How far is his house from here?

Reardon doesn't answer. DiLauria leans over and BACKHANDS him across his left cheek. Reardon YELPS.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Stay alert, damnit!

Adrenaline and anger sober Reardon enough to where he places his left hand gingerly to his cheek.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

I need you to direct me to de Mohrenschildt's place. Now, how far?

REARDON

Next traffic light turn right. It's the second house on the left... You didn't have to fucking hit me.

The traffic light turns green. DiLauria pulls away.

DILAURIA

No, I didn't. I could've just shot you and be done with it. But I need you because de Mohrenschildt's never met me.

TREE-LINED STREET

Lined with elegant single-family homes. The Monza Spyder pulls into the driveway of a...

TUDOR HOUSE

And stops behind a Chrysler 300 convertible parked there. No lights are on in the house.

DILAURIA  
Is that his car?

REARDON  
That's his.

DiLauria looks about: no cars parked on the street, all are in the driveways of their owners.

DILAURIA  
Come on.

She alights, followed by Reardon who ambles after her.

AT THE FRONT DOOR OF THE HOUSE

Reardon catches up to DiLauria.

DILAURIA  
When you call on de Mohrenschildt,  
do you just ring the doorbell, use  
some variation of the Tap Code...

REARDON  
Two quick taps on the doorbell.

DiLauria TAPS the doorbell twice. The door cracks open an inch. From the darkness inside the house comes a voice...

DE MOHRENSCHILDT  
(sotto voce)  
Go around back.

He speaks in a dulcet baritone with an accent that is unusual, even to a trained ear. It is that of a German-Russian pidgin known as Deutschrussisch in German, or Nemrus in Russian.

The door closes. DiLauria and Reardon go around back. They cross a brick patio without furniture. The back door CREAKS open. GEORGE DE MOHRENSCHILDT appears in the moonlight wearing a shirt, slacks and shoes - probably the same outfit he wore earlier, sans sport jacket. What he has added to his attire is the 12-gauge shotgun he points at an alarmed Reardon.

REARDON  
Geezus, George, put that away.

De Mohrenschildt shifts the aim of his shotgun to DiLauria.

DE MOHRENSCHILDT  
And who is she?

DILAURIA  
(interrupts Reardon)  
Martha Gilburn, Domestic Operations.

DE MOHRENSCHILDT  
(warily)  
Alright. Hurry up and come inside.

He lowers his shotgun. DiLauria and Reardon hurry inside the house.

INT. TUDOR HOME - DEN

De Mohrenschildt shuts the back door. Ambient light from the moon and streetlamps streams through the windows, providing hints of the room's formal European furnishings. It also gives shape to the faces of DiLauria, Reardon and de Mohrenschildt.

DE MOHRENSCHILDT  
My wife is asleep upstairs. So,  
please, keep your voices down.

DILAURIA  
Why the shotgun?

DE MOHRENSCHILDT  
I am under surveillance.

DILAURIA  
Why do you think that?

DE MOHRENSCHILDT  
The chalk mark I left on the  
lamppost for Mr. Reardon was smudged  
when I came back to check on it.

DILAURIA  
Is that why you didn't wait for me  
at the bar?

DE MOHRENSCHILDT  
In part. There was also this one  
man acting more drunk than he  
really was. KGB hoodlums are prone  
to do that. So I left.

REARDON  
Turn on some lights, huh? And let's  
go to the living room and sit down.

DE MOHRENSCHILDT  
No. I'm not going to turn on the  
lights and we're not going anywhere.  
You will explain why you are here  
when my leaving the bar meant the  
meeting should have been aborted.

DILAURIA

We have a lot of questions about your interaction with Lee Oswald.

DE MOHRENSCHILDT

What questions?

DILAURIA

For one, exactly what have you been telling him to do?

DE MOHRENSCHILDT

Whatever I'm told to tell him.

DILAURIA

By whom?

REARDON

Come on, who else would tell him?

DILAURIA

Let him answer me.

DE MOHRENSCHILDT

I get few specific instructions from your people. Those I do get are from your Intelligence Division.

DILAURIA

Why did it take you so long to report on Oswald's activities last year?

DE MOHRENSCHILDT

I've been very busy.

DILAURIA

Six months? Doing what?

DE MOHRENSCHILDT

Next question. And restrict them to Lee.

DILAURIA

Why did he quit his job here at Jaggars-Chiles-Stovall?

DE MOHRENSCHILDT

So he could move on to New Orleans.

DILAURIA

Did you receive orders for him to do that?

DE MOHRENSCHILDT

No, he did it on his own.



DILAURIA

Really. Why would he leave a good-paying job here, travel to New Orleans, and work for pennies at the Reilly Coffee Company there?

DE MOHRENSCHILDT

I can't, um - I can't answer that.

DILAURIA

Why not? You're his friend, as well as his controller.

DE MOHRENSCHILDT

How dare you come down here to interrogate me! I'm not one of your stooges, ready to go whichever way the wind blows, like Lee Oswald.

DILAURIA

I'm sorry. Please, put yourself in my place. Then ask yourself why Oswald would compliment President Kennedy so effusively, as your reports indicate, travel to New Orleans, then suddenly turn pro-Communist, distribute Fair Play for Cuba leaflets and get into a staged fight with Carlos Bringuier, an anti-Communist, anti-Kennedy militant whom Oswald had had a friendly visit with the day before.

De Mohrenschildt's breathing grows harsh and shallow; his voice quavers.

DE MOHRENSCHILDT

I want you to go - both of you.

DILAURIA

Did you give Oswald financial support while he was in New Orleans?

DE MOHRENSCHILDT

Please, you must go. Now.

DILAURIA

What are you afraid of?

DE MOHRENSCHILDT

Everybody. Look, I am no different than you. I just follow orders.

DILAURIA

Who else is giving you orders?

DE MOHRENSCHILDT

Oh, no. No, no.

DILAURIA

Have you been threatened?

DE MOHRENSCHILDT

Please, I do not wish to see any blood spilled.

DILAURIA

Whose blood?

DE MOHRENSCHILDT

I have said enough. This is it for me. I have done my job and I am finished. I work in Haiti now. I won't be back in the United States until next year. Until then, I have nothing more to say.

DILAURIA

You can't please two masters forever. Let me help you.

De Mohrenschildt raises his shotgun and points it at DiLauria.

DE MOHRENSCHILDT

No. I asked you to leave. Now, I demand that you go.

DILAURIA

Fine. We're leaving.

De Mohrenschildt opens the back door. DiLauria and Reardon leave; de Mohrenschildt quickly shuts the door behind them.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Accent lights highlight the National Mall.

704 3RD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING

Bluish-white light from television sets flickers in many of the windows, some of which are partly open.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jones and Collette lounge on the sofa, while Fiona and Latham sit in the two accompanying set of cloth chairs. On the hi-fi, "Só Danço Samba (I Only Dance Samba)" by Stan Getz and Luiz Bonfá plays. The two couples sip white wine, finishing the bottle, and luxuriate in the music - and each other.

Their reverie is interrupted by the RING of the telephone on an end table by the sofa. The Red light on the phone BLINKS.

Fiona, Jones and Collette look concernedly at Latham who gets up and crosses to the phone. Fiona stands, goes to the hi-fi and lowers the volume. Latham reaches beneath the phone, rolls a thumbwheel switch, sets the phone down and answers it.

LATHAM

Latham... Where was he found?... I see... Thanks, James.

He hangs up. His grim expression raises the expectancy of the others who wait to learn what has happened.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

The Miami Number Two, Fred Crosby, is dead.

COLLETTE

Oh, my God...

LATHAM

They found him in the Cypress Creek Canal, his wallet still on him. The police notified his wife, who identified the body. More details to come.

A pall hangs over everyone. Fiona crosses to Latham and takes his hand.

JONES

I'm sorry, Warren.

Latham seethes.

END