

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Four, Episode #2: "The Walk-In"

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Episode #2: "The Walk-In"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

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

Stock footage of the National Mall, Lincoln Memorial and...

UNION STATION

Taxis queue outside this soaring neoclassical masterpiece.

INT. MAIN HALL

Teeming with commuter and national rail passengers.

STATION ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Your attention, please. Pennsylvania
Railroad train number 510 from New
York City via Philadelphia arriving
on Track 16. Again, Pennsylvania
Railroad train number 510 from New
York City via Philadelphia now
arriving on Track 16.

TRACK 16 - UP ESCALATOR

SERGEI TARASENKO, 42, steps off the crowded escalator and crosses to the Information Booth. A large, ornate clock there reads 7:20. Tarasenko speaks to the CLERK, their voices lost among the PURL of a metered bell from an incoming train, hundreds of footsteps and indecipherable chatter from civilians and men in military uniform, and the rumbling of luggage trolleys pushed by REDCAPS.

EXT. UNION STATION

Tarasenko gets into a taxi, which then pulls away.

I/E. TAXI

On Indiana Avenue, NW, Tarasenko looks out the window at the heavy traffic and pedestrians, worry lining his face.

EXT. D.C. MUNICIPAL CENTER BUILDING - DAY (MORNING)

300 Indiana Avenue, NW houses many departments, including the headquarters of the METROPOLITAN POLICE. Parked at an angle to the curb is a line of patrol cars, Studebakers and Fords. The former are all black with white lettering, "METROPOLITAN" arched above "POLICE" on the doors.

The latter are two-toned white with blue, with "POLICE" in gold lettering on the fenders (front or rear), and a gold, simulated police badge on the doors. Both feature a red, whirling "bubblegum machine" on the roof. The taxi pulls up. Tarasenko alights and enters the building.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Ten by fifteen feet and two-toned in light blue and gray. One wall has a window with closed venetian blinds. In the center is a metal table. A metal chair with a perforated back and seat is bolted to the floor on one side of the table. A two-way mirror is on a side wall. An overhead light tilts slightly on the chair, leaving the room in muted lighting. Tarasenko sits in the chair, shielding his eyes. He turns sideways; his fingers impatiently TAP on the tabletop.

The door opens. DETECTIVE PATRICK CORSO, 40, enters holding a metal folding chair. He places it on the opposite side of the table, facing Tarasenko, and sits.

CORSO

I'm Detective Pat Corso. I'll be conducting a preliminary interview with you, Mister...

TARASENKO

Sergei Tarasenko. Do not waste my time. I wish to speak with Warren Latham from the CIA.

CORSO

First, I need to know why you're here.

TARASENKO

I told the policeman downstairs. I am major in the KGB and I wish to defect. I run two spy Rings in New York. Is that enough for you?

CORSO

I'd say it's a start.

TARASENKO

Good! Then get Warren Latham. I have nothing further to say to you.

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

CIA employees enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD sits at his desk, sipping tea from an exquisite emerald-glazed teacup with a hand-painted golden rim.

Beside the desk, a tea service sits atop a tea trolley with large brass wheels and two removable, perforated brass trays, each with a glass layer. The top tray holds a teapot with handles and three teacups turned upside down on white napkins with a hemstitch border. STEWART KENSINGTON and WARREN LATHAM sit opposite Berard and sip tea from the teacups.

LATHAM

Grady never met directly with any clients; he used a cut-out - one of his agents - to recruit and extort money from them. The plant would have told the client that Grady was not only the girl's pimp, but also her controller.

BERARD

And you believe this plant's other master could just as well be a friendly as one of the unwashed?

LATHAM

Yes, sir.

BERARD

Hmm... How old were Grady's agents?

LATHAM

Late teens to mid-20s, generally.

BERARD

Generally? Meaning...

LATHAM

One of the girls was only 14.

BERARD

(sighs sadly)
Same age as my granddaughter.

KENSINGTON

Appalling as it is disgusting.

Latham eyes him curiously. Kensington turns defensive.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

That they're forced into this life.

LATHAM

Truth is there really aren't many opportunities for women in Vienna.

KENSINGTON

The War's been over for 18 years, Warren. Surely, things have changed there during all this time.

LATHAM

According to Grady's Intel, Austrian society is still patriarchal. The legal system champions the same views of women's roles as it always has; and that's reflected in its leniency toward prostitution, which they consider a harmless vice.

BERARD

Hmm, with all the progressive reform going on in the world...

LATHAM

There is a burgeoning counter-movement questioning the role of women in Austrian society. They're trying to steer public discourse towards issues like women's rights, health care, career opportunities...

BERARD

Is that why the police there refuse to cooperate with us?

LATHAM

Partly. This counter-movement is pressuring them to treat sex-trade homicides like all others.

KENSINGTON

And the police suspect the station may be involved in Grady's death.

BERARD

But why kill Grady in the first place? Was it just out of anger?

LATHAM

And a warning. It also serves to disrupt station operations. We do the same to unwashed stations.

BERARD

I hope that doesn't mean killing their agents to get things started.

LATHAM

No... Not always.

BERARD

One of our nastier little ploys.

LATHAM

Mr. Kensington has asked S.I.G. to investigate the Vienna station.

Caught off guard, Kensington tries hard to hide his surprise.

BERARD

Oh?

LATHAM

He suggested - and I agreed - that having MOTHER put the station under a microscope would bring the plant's activities to a full stop.

BERARD

As well as station business, Warren.

LATHAM

A necessary evil in this case, sir.

BERARD

You believe it's necessary, Stewart?

KENSINGTON

Um, yes. Yes, I do.

BERARD

Well, I applaud your courage.

Kensington beams.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Moving on, where are you on finding a replacement for Walt Atkins?

LATHAM

It'll either be someone from the ranks or a station transfer.

BERARD

And his cause of death again was...

LATHAM

A single-car accident on US-101.

KENSINGTON

The second-most dangerous stretch of road in Los Angeles.

LATHAM

Yes... I'm still waiting on the full police report.

BERARD

Alright. Let me know your decision. Thanks for the update, gentlemen.

Kensington and Latham rise. They set down their teacups on the tea trolley and head for the door.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Oh, Warren. About Paul Barry...

Realizing this discussion does not involve him, Kensington leaves. Latham shuts the door and approaches Berard's desk.

BERARD (CONT'D)

How's he doing?

LATHAM

Good. He's been meeting with Dr. Bauman. He should be back tomorrow.

BERARD

Does, um, Barry have a girlfriend?

LATHAM

Not a permanent one. It's hard on a relationship when you have to keep her in the dark. And we're not exactly teeming with women he can meet here. Why do you ask, sir?

BERARD

Puts Barry in a position not unlike one of Grady's clients, doesn't it?

Latham remembers his first moments with Fiona Jeffries.

EXT. FOGGY BOTTOM (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - DAY - PAST

The streets are virtually empty. Latham wanders past federal offices, George Washington University's academic buildings, and the occasional coffee shop and café - all closed.

FIONA (O.S.)

Mr. Latham!

Latham looks about. Across the street a woman waves at him.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Mr. Latham!

Latham waves back. FIONA JEFFRIES jogs up to him.

LATHAM

You just out for some air?

FIONA

No, a late lunch - except nothing's open. What about you? Just out for a stroll?

LATHAM

Yeah. I like it when it's quiet like this.

FIONA

Me too.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY (MORNING) - PRESENT

Latham returns from his reverie and nods to Berard.

BERARD

One other thing I want to ask you.
Any further Intel on attempts on
the president's life?

LATHAM

Colonel Beachem held a meeting at
the Del Charro Hotel in California.

BERARD

Where Hoover and that toady Clyde
Tolson take their joint vacations?

LATHAM

Yes. Fred Crosby, our Miami Number
One was there. So was this contract
agent named Calvin Holmes, and an
attorney, William Robertson.

BERARD

How'd you come by this?

LATHAM

Carl Durang. Turns out Robertson's
a former FBI agent.

BERARD

Who hates Kennedy.

LATHAM

(surprised)
You know him.

BERARD

We met at a social two years back
given by Carol Blair.

(the memory briefly
saddens him)

Did you know Robertson's a member
of the John Birch Society?

LATHAM

No. I do know that some of their
members were in on two earlier
plots against Kennedy.

BERARD

Do you think the Birchers are behind
these assassination attempts?

LATHAM

No, they advocate electing ultra-conservatives. That very fact attracts people who favor a violent overthrow of the government.

BERARD

Hmm... Any idea what this group discussed?

LATHAM

They plan to set up demonstrations by right-wing and Cuban exile groups to pressure Kennedy to remove Castro. Given the violent nature of these groups, I think the president's their real target.

BERARD

Hmm... Stay on top of this, Warren.

Latham nods and leaves.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD is at her desk, reading. When Latham enters, she picks up her notepad and reads from its shorthand.

COLLETTE

You're wanted in the Ops Room.
Metro police have a walk-in.

OPERATIONS ROOM

There is the usual PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones. DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS. Latham enters and approaches the Duty Desk.

LATHAM

What's this about a walk-in, Jared?

Stokes refers to his notepad as Latham sits.

STOKES

Sergei Tarasenko - claims to be a KGB major running two Rings in New York. He walked into Metro HQ and announced he was defecting.

LATHAM

Any excess chatter from the Russians?

STOKES

None. Seems they don't know yet.

LATHAM

If he's legit... Why'd he come here?

STOKES

He says the KGB have our New York station under surveillance. Plus, he wants to speak to you, and you only.

LATHAM

Really. He say how he got my name?

STOKES

No, sir. He could be here to identify new station personnel, using your name to get interviewed.

PERCY

Or it could be a prank. Those smart-ass professors at Georgetown could be at it again.

LATHAM

Hm, Tech Services gives them LSD to give to their students and those idiots end up taking it themselves.

STOKES

Want me to send mandarin Two over there under State Department cover?

LATHAM

Yes, but not right away. Let this Tarasenko stew for a bit, in case it is a prank.

Stokes nods. Just then Kensington imperiously struts in.

KENSINGTON

I understand we have a walk-in at Metro. Who's debriefing him?

LATHAM

Mandarin Two, but that's later on. I want to make sure he's serious and not another language professor.

KENSINGTON

Oh, quite right. Um, may I speak to you for a moment in the Break Room?

Latham gets up and follows Kensington into the...

BREAK ROOM

HENRY JENSEN is there getting a Milky Way candy bar from a vending machine.

He half-smiles at Kensington as he leaves. Kensington then shuts the door.

KENSINGTON

That vacancy in Los Angeles...

LATHAM

I plan to send Paul there, TDY.

KENSINGTON

Oh? Um, I understand Henry Jensen's put in a Request for Transfer.

He waits for Latham to say something. When Latham doesn't, Kensington grows anxious and blurts out...

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

Well, how about sending Jensen as their new Number Two?

LATHAM

You need to be fairly sociable, sir.

KENSINGTON

Moore, the station Number One, can help him with that. It's not as though Jensen's a wallflower.

LATHAM

But he requested an analyst's post with assignments from D-Int, CI and me - same as he has now.

KENSINGTON

He just has to shift focus from Europe to the Pacific Rim. I'm sure D-Int and MOTHER wouldn't mind.

LATHAM

I might.

KENSINGTON

Oh... Yes... Um, I really think it'd be a good career move for Jensen.

LATHAM

You mentioned this to MOTHER?

KENSINGTON

In passing is all.

LATHAM

Anyway, it's all academic. He hasn't expressed any interest in the job.

Kensington is frustrated and can't maintain his composure.

KENSINGTON

He has to me! Could you arrange it?

Latham nods reluctantly. Kensington smiles and leaves.

EXT. NATIONAL PRESS CLUB BUILDING - DAY

A 14-story monolith on the corner of 14th and F Streets, NW.

INT. MURROW ROOM

Senior male journalists - pencils and notebooks in hand - sit around an elongated table. Junior members of the National Press Club and guests are seated along the dark periphery of the room. At the head of the table Congressman PAUL GLOVER, (D) Florida, identified by a nameplate, addresses them.

GLOVER

We have serious kinks in our intelligence system. What proof do we have that the CIA, which in many respects has the power to preempt foreign policy, is not actually conducting itself in ways that are contradictory to the policy objectives of this government? So, it is within this context that I call for a joint Congressional committee to oversee the CIA.

MURMURS ripple around the room. In the back, lost in shadow, is a taciturn JOHN MIDDLETON (MOTHER).

EXT. LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Stock footage of the familiar, modernist spy center.

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 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 walls. THREE SECRETARIES handle administrative duties.

MIDDLETON'S OFFICE

Large, 20 by 25 feet. The windows have venetian blinds that are closed. Middleton sits in a high-backed leather chair behind a large, executive-style desk that dominates the room.

One gets the sense of being in a fortress, laid out so that no one could stand behind him. Books and journals on prewar Soviet intelligence operations sit in a wall space to Middleton's right. He is on the Red phone.

MIDDLETON

Glover's just the sort of imbecile to introduce a Gordian Knot into the game. So I want you to go to Los Angeles and meet with our Hollywood confrère. Tell him as a result of these hearings, some logistics on his end will be curtailed.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI - HINKLE FIELDHOUSE - DAY

Latinos and White mercenaries crisscross the campus.

INT. HINKLE FIELDHOUSE

Crates of M-1 carbine rifles lie open. Latinos in fatigues pack them with straw. They are overseen by a crewcut MERCENARY barking orders, interspersing a word or two in Spanish.

MERCENARY

Get a move on! Muévelo! All this shit's gotta go back! You can thank that faggot Kennedy for this.

As the men MURMUR and work, FRED CROSBY is on a Red wall phone a few yards away, a finger to his open ear to hear better.

CROSBY

I imagine this moves the date back for the demonstrations.

CROSSCUT MIDDLETON WITH CROSBY

MIDDLETON

Yes, probably to later in the year.

CROSBY

With MONGOOSE ending, the travel voucher has to cross Latham's desk. How do I justify the trip?

MIDDLETON

Say you felt faint and went home. You have high blood pressure.

CROSBY

I do, as a matter of fact.

MIDDLETON

I know. Tell Latham you took a couple of days off to recuperate.

(MORE)

MIDDLETON (CONT'D)

Just use petty cash. I'll reimburse you.

CROSBY

Okay, I'll fly out there tonight.

BACK TO SCENE

MIDDLETON

Stay clear of the station. And, uh, give my regards to Handsome Johnny.

He hangs up the phone.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

A familiar view of this landmark building.

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE

PRESIDENT KENNEDY reads a letter from Chairman Khrushchev.

KHRUSHCHEV (V.O.)

Mr. President, we and you ought not now to pull on the ends of the rope in which you have tied the knot of war, because the more the two of us pull, the tighter that knot will be tied. And a moment may come when that knot will be tied so tight that even he who tied it will not have the strength to untie it, and then it will be necessary to cut that knot. And what that would mean is not for me to explain to you, because you yourself understand perfectly of what terrible forces our countries dispose.

There is a KNOCK on the office door.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Come in.

FRANÇOIS BISSET, Kennedy's press secretary, enters chewing gum. He leans over the president's desk to peek at the letter.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

That Juicy Fruit gum?

BISSET

Yeah. Is that the letter Khrushchev sent you during the missile crisis?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Yes. Sit down, François.

Bisset takes a seat.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)
We were both too naïve and much too stupid. The dangers were far greater than either of us understood then.

BISSET
But now you've ended up partners.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Out of fear more than anything else.

BISSET
Still, most people would consider that a step in the right direction.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Hmm, sort of reminds me of baseball.

BISSET
Baseball?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Their unwritten rules. Now we have our own set to govern future engagement with the Soviets.

BISSET
Oh, okay. You, uh, wanted to see me about something?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Momentum's on our side now, and I want to take advantage of it.

BISSET
What did you have in mind?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Revive arms negotiations and a test ban treaty with the Russians.

BISSET
You know the Joint Chiefs aren't going to stand for that.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
To hell with them!

BISSET
Jack, we have to have the JCS on board. Remember that poll on nuclear testing two years ago? Two-thirds of the public approved of nuclear testing.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

And this past October, everyone who participated in that poll could have been wiped off the face of the Earth with the nuclear weapons already on hand. Both sides of the Iron Curtain live by a balance of fear, François; that has to end.

BISSET

So, what are you planning to do?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Meet with a few of the JCS and the IC to start. I'll ask Wilson Berard and Bill Nealy to be there. The more voices of sanity in the room the better. I want you to prepare a press release, something the Soviets will look upon favorably.

BISSET

I'll get started on it right away.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Good. Um, send Mrs. Lincoln in.

Bisset nods. He stands and starts to leave when...

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

You're not gonna offer me any gum?

Bisset grins. He pulls the pack of Juicy Fruit gum from his pocket, hands a stick to President Kennedy, then leaves. The president unwraps the gum, pops it in his mouth and pockets the wrapper. He then returns to Khrushchev's letter.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A stock footage panorama of the cityscape, from the Chrysler Building in midtown, to the...

UPPER EAST SIDE

Its townhomes and Dr. David Bowman's elegant townhome/office.

INT. BAUMAN'S OFFICE

Bazzo sits in a leather chair. He looks about the room and at DAVID BAUMAN, MD, PhD, now 48 and with a graying goatee. Bauman is dressed like a tweeded, Ivy League professor.

BAZZO

I felt like I was hovering above the tub looking down.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

All I could see was Grady's stomach cut open, his intestines everywhere. The tub was filled with water; these little bubbles rising up, floating around and popping... After that I guess I kinda went on automatic looking for his client books. I don't remember exactly.

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

It's a quiescent compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

The two reels of a tape recorder spin slowly. Latham sips tea as he listens to Dr. Bauman's notes on Bazzo.

DR. BAUMAN (O.S.)

A general explanation is that Mr. Barry's constrictions of sensation, perception, and memory are due to his brain naturally trying to tone down the hyperarousal occurring from a traumatic incident. He was able to function through the experience using 'mental autopilot' responses.

INSERT SCENES AND SUIT TO BAUMAN'S ANALYSIS:

- In a tub filled with reddish-tinged water up to its rim lies DENNIS GRADY, 40, disemboweled, entrails floating about.
- In the bedroom, Bazzo checks the dresser, shuffling through men's socks, pantyhose, peignoirs and blouses. He looks under the bed.
- In the living room he looks beneath the sofa cushions.
- Bazzo unleashes a flurry of blows to HENRY JENSEN's head.
- Latham and Bazzo have a verbal confrontation in Latham's office. Bazzo leaves in a huff.
- Bazzo is half drunk at the Showtime Lounge, downing shots and smoking cigarettes.

DR. BAUMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This first type of trauma reaction usually involves a transitory period of post-incident distress that most people are able to resolve within a few weeks, largely by self-coping efforts. Mr. Barry's distress does not appear to substantially affect his daily functioning.

(MORE)

DR. BAUMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

However, a second type of reaction is possible. It's a more intense, intermediate response that can persist for several weeks or months. His daily functioning may be impaired, often with a 'good days/bad days' pattern. He may feel anger and resentment toward his peers, experience headaches, nausea, fatigue, muscle tension or tics, and changes in appetite and sexual functioning. His sleep may be impaired, with frequent awakenings and nightmares. There may be intrusive imagery in the form of flashbacks, distorted memories, and feelings of déjà vu. Substance abuse may be a risk.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham's level of concern rises. There is a KNOCK on the door.

LATHAM

Come in.

Collette enters, folder in hand. Latham puts a finger to his lips for quiet.

DR. BAUMAN (O.S.)

Short-term crisis counseling can help him work through this phase, should it occur. Now, all mandarins share certain psychological traits. But it's Mr. Barry's personality and experience that will influence the post-event reactions he experiences.

Latham shuts off the tape recorder. He looks at Collette.

COLLETTE

The police findings on Walt Atkins.
(hands Latham the folder)
The toxicology report showed his blood was two parts booze. Figures, I guess, since they found a bottle of whiskey on the floor of his car.

LATHAM

No, no. Atkins was a lush but he only drank vodka. He figured that, without the liquor breath, no one would know he was loaded.

COLLETTE

Then someone assumed it was whiskey.

Latham is skeptical.

ACT TWO

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

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

INT. THE HOLE

CARLA DILAURIA is at her desk, a stack of folders pushed to one side. Latham sits at Bazzo's empty desk.

DILAURIA

I spoke with Jared about Tarasenko.

Latham checks the 24-hour wall clock: 16:50.

LATHAM

Give him another hour; see how he reacts to a day in a police station.

DILAURIA

Should shake him up if it's a stunt, or piss him off if he's legit.

LATHAM

D-Int and SMOTH are seeing if they have a file on him. But right now I want to go back to the Del Charro tape. Crosby mentioned Atkins's name.

DILAURIA

Yeah, he told Calvin Holmes that Atkins would be his controller.

LATHAM

I just got the full police report. The LAPD found an empty whiskey bottle in Atkins's car.

DiLauria shrugs "So?" She is not surprised by this.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Carla, the man only drank vodka.

DILAURIA

So you think he was murdered because they found whiskey instead of vodka?

LATHAM

I think something happened that made Atkins expendable.

DILAURIA

No chance the bottle was left there
by a drunk fellow passenger?

LATHAM

How often has someone left an empty,
open liquor bottle in your car -
especially one you don't drink?

DiLauria sighs, conceding the point but still skeptical.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Atkins was a closet drinker, always
trying to give the impression he
was sober. The guy wasn't exactly
fastidious, but no way he'd have an
empty liquor bottle in the car.

DILAURIA

Tell that to the LAPD and they'll
laugh you out the door. They'll say
Atkins was just another boozehound
who drove drunk and paid for it.

Latham realizes she is right. He gets up and meanders about.

LATHAM

I was hoping to put pressure on him
with a G.A.O. audit.

DILAURIA

I didn't know there was one.

LATHAM

There isn't. I thought if I got him
off kilter enough, he'd screw up
whatever his part of the plan was.

DILAURIA

Stir up some friction between him
and the Del Charro group. You still
feel President Kennedy's their
target?

LATHAM

The actors may change, not the plot.

DILAURIA

Well, there goes our chance to learn
his role - or see the plan for that
matter.

LATHAM

We wouldn't have seen it anyway;
there's nothing on paper. All
instructions are given verbally.

DILAURIA

To lessen the chance of discovery?

LATHAM

And maintain plausible deniability;
each level knowing only what's
necessary for them to do their job.

DILAURIA

Sounds a lot like one of our Ops.

This gives Latham pause. He muses aloud.

LATHAM

Somewhere, though, there's a plan.
One of the plotters probably has it.

DILAURIA

You just said nothing's on paper.

LATHAM

Don't think of this like one of our
Ops where every step is detailed.

DILAURIA

We improvise too, Boss.

LATHAM

Not like this, Carla. Their plan has
to be mutable. Berlin could flare up
again, someone could mess up, or
Kennedy's plans could change.
Anything like that happens and their
blueprint for assassination has to
be revised. New logistics means new
instructions. And it all has to be
relayed verbally.

DILAURIA

The Del Charro group... Are they
the plotters?

LATHAM

No. More likely they're mid-level
players.

DILAURIA

Seems overly complicated to me.

LATHAM

That's because the plotters are no
doubt spooks and the military. With
those huge egos comes complexity.
Someone's Plan A will have a
competing plan, and those plans
will have several fallback options.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

The logistics become more complex because they have to account for every possible permutation of all the plans.

DILAURIA

Geezus! Sounds like half the federal government's in on it.

LATHAM

No, just a few men at the top. And they don't have to recruit other agencies. All they need to know is how those agencies will respond to specific situations, then the agencies themselves become unwitting accomplices. Look, this isn't going to be John Wilkes Booth shooting the president in the head from a foot away. This group will use their anti-Castro demonstrations to divert attention from the kill zone.

(sits in Bazzo's chair)

That plan's definitely in someone's safe. And that's to our benefit.

DILAURIA

How?

LATHAM

It makes the actors predictable.

EXT. MUNICIPAL CENTER BUILDING - DAY

Fewer patrol cars are parked there than earlier.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Tarasenko sits sideways in the chair, fingers impatiently TAPPING on the tabletop. He gets up and crosses to the window.

TARASENKO

(in Russian)

Pochemu ya zdes' tak dolgo?!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Why have I been here for so long?!"

He parts two slats of the venetian blinds and peeks out at the guard shack on Third Street. Tarasenko crosses to the door and tries the doorknob; the door is locked. He shrugs; he's tried the doorknob before. He POUNDS on the door with his fist.

TARASENKO (CONT'D)

Anybody there?!

(in Russian)

Pridurki!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Assholes!"

He sits. The door opens. A POLICE OFFICER enters with a folding chair and sets it at the table opposite Tarasenko. DiLauria enters carrying a satchel and sits. The Police Officer leaves.

TARASENKO (CONT'D)
(disdainfully)
What, this is a joke? Who are you?

DILAURIA
Miss Lorenzen.

TARASENKO
You are an intelligence officer?

DILAURIA
I'm with the State Department.

TARASENKO
I asked to speak to Warren Latham.

DILAURIA
You'll speak to me first.

TARASENKO
Look, no one knows what I am going to say. If they did, they would kill me. So why I should risk my life talking to you?

DILAURIA
Because I'm the one who'll determine whether or not you go on from here.

TARASENKO
No! I do not accept those terms!

DILAURIA
Look, you volunteered, Tarasenko. So we can either do things my way, or I can put you back out on the street where you can take your chances.

Tarasenko HUFFS. DiLauria takes a notepad and pencil from her satchel. Tarasenko faces her, shielding his eyes.

TARASENKO
Shining light in my eyes... Is supposed to make me uncomfortable?

DILAURIA
The sooner we get started, the sooner you can get out of here.

TARASENKO

And go where?

DILAURIA

Someplace more comfortable.

Tarasenko sits askew, looking down to avoid the light.

TARASENKO

I have not eaten today. I would like to go to Joe and Nemo's.

DILAURIA

Didn't the police offer you food?

TARASENKO

I don't take chance they put drugs in it. So I don't eat it.

DILAURIA

Okay... Do you want to continue in English or speak Russian?

TARASENKO

Either one. Makes no difference.

DILAURIA

We'll stay with English then. Your name?

TARASENKO

You know it - Sergei Tarasenko!

DILAURIA

Date of birth and the city where you were born.

TARASENKO

August 19, 1921 in Petrograd.

DILAURIA

What are your parents' names?

TARASENKO

Doesn't matter; they are dead. Killed during siege of Leningrad.

DILAURIA

You speak English fairly well. Where'd you learn it?

TARASENKO

Lomonosov Moscow State University, where I also study electronic engineering.

DILAURIA

And whom do you work for now?

TARASENKO

KGB, First Chief Directorate,
Special Services Two.

DILAURIA

So you're an illegal.

TARASENKO

Yes, yes. I am an illegal.

DILAURIA

Since illegals work alone, why did
you tell the interviewing officer
you ran two Rings in New York City?

TARASENKO

Why should I tell that ignorant
bastard anything?! He has no
authority! He cannot guarantee my
safety!

DILAURIA

Alright! So, what were your duties?

TARASENKO

Check your file on me. What I have
already told you should answer that.

DILAURIA

And your answers will be correlated
against them. Look, I've interviewed
several Warsaw Pact defectors, and
none of them were as difficult as
you. Keep this up, and I'll drop you
off at the Russian Embassy myself.

For the first time, fear is evident in Tarasenko's eyes.

TARASENKO

For two years I monitor John Birch
Society in Seattle then in New York.

DILAURIA

What was your cover name and legend?

TARASENKO

Anton Wisnewski. I fought against
Nazis for the Home Army, Polish
resistance. After the war, Soviet
forces occupy Poland and I attend
University of Wrocław. After
graduation I work for East European
Steel Mission in London.

(MORE)

TARASENKO (CONT'D)

From there I am sent to United States where I approach John Birch Society. I give them background material on the Poles and occupying Russian forces.

DILAURIA

Why did the KGB have you monitor the John Birch Society?

Tarasenko shifts in his seat to look DiLauria squarely in the face. At times he wags his finger at her to make a point.

TARASENKO

They embrace conspiracy theories that have found receptive audience in Republican Party. Your scholarly work focuses on intellectuals and the Liberal Left, but almost nothing on the Extremist Right. You and the FBI dismiss them as crazy; that is a mistake on your part. The Presidium feels the Right is a threat to our negotiations with President Kennedy.

DILAURIA

How do you support yourself here?

TARASENKO

With funds from KGB by dead drop.

DILAURIA

So, who's your controller?

TARASENKO

I have no controller. Communication is by radio and also dead drop.

DILAURIA

Where's your radio?

TARASENKO

Somewhere on East Coast. That is enough for now. I have no more to say until I see Warren Latham.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. NEW SENATE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY (DUSK)

The bronze entrance doors sport an emblem featuring a bald eagle encircled by the words "THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

ROOM A

The seats around the horseshoe desk are only half-filled.

Sitting there are KENNETH O'DONNELL, GENERAL CARTER, GENERAL CARROLL, COLONEL BEACHEM, BILL NEALY, Berard, ATTORNEY GENERAL ROBERT KENNEDY and President Kennedy.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

There's a basic unsoundness in a defense posture based on weapons indiscriminately destructive and suicidal in their implications.

CARROLL

That's a posture we share with the Russians. It assures both sides will preempt a first strike.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Some assurance. You recommended a first strike a week into the Cuban Missile Crisis. And intelligence from the CIA showed the Russians were poised to do the same thing.

CARROLL

If you remember, Mr. Kennedy, all options were on the table then, as per request of the president. Some obviously carried more weight than others. It made no sense to proceed with one hand tied behind our back.

BERARD

And had the president followed your advice, the Russians would have retaliated. Everyone in this room and our entire eastern seaboard would have both feet in the grave now.

Carroll glares at Berard then at Robert Kennedy.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Well, since I still have both my hands and feet, let's move on. I've been reexamining our national security policy. Since the end of World War Two, Communist revolution has been its sole focus. Yet, their revolution has spread beyond its European borders while our response to it hasn't changed since 1950.

BEACHEM

Our response has kept us in good stead through two administrations.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Therein lies the problem, Colonel. We relied then as we do now on the hydrogen bomb as the basis for our security. When faced with a major crisis, this gives us no better choice than to capitulate or precipitate a damn global war. The missile crisis in Cuba showed us how woefully unprepared we are.

NEALY

It also showed the benefit of an intelligence product that wasn't tethered to any previous policy.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Quite true, Bill. Predictably, Latin America resents what they describe as our neo-colonialism. This is what's led to their embrace of Communist revolution. The same is true of Southeast Asia.

CARTER

The inevitable effect of Communist propaganda, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Regardless, neither situation lends itself to resolution by raising the specter of nuclear war. Yet, what other options can we offer here?

He looks at Carroll, Carter, and Beachem. None of them have an answer.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Instead of leading a worldwide revolution against Communism, we sit by and watch one country after another succumb to an idealism that attracts a younger generation of Asians and Latin Americans.

CARTER

That's because truth pales in comparison to what these preening parade horses like Che Guevara are offering. Besides, those people are easily persuaded.

BERARD

I don't think it does us any good to denigrate or underestimate the intelligence of Latin Americans.

CARTER

That's not what I intended, Wilson.

BERARD

No? In essence, you referred to them as sheep, blindly following Che. Look, I get that hate's a powerful motivator. We have a far right in this country built on a rabid enmity toward Blacks and Jews. But Latin Americans embrace Communism because they see it as the antithesis to repressive regimes propped up by Uncle Sam.

BEACHEM

Christ, you sound like a Red.

BERARD

No, I sound like someone who views the world honestly and objectively.

O'DONNELL

Wilson's right. We can't be this reactionary gendarme propping up unpopular but ideologically reliable regimes against indigenous peoples. You see the result: revolution.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Power is as much a function of perception as it is hardware. If we're to persuade nations to side with democracy, we have to offer a wider choice than humiliation or all-out nuclear war. And that choice has to come through economic diversity. By extending aid we can create partnerships throughout the world. We're the key, the arch-stone in the strength of the free world. That has to replace fear as the basis of our national security policy.

CARROLL

It's our nuclear superiority that guarantees our security!

NEALY

The only thing it guarantees is the likelihood the Soviets will strike first in order to nullify it.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Look, I'm not saying we relinquish our strategic advantage, General.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)
This is about securing peace through
a broader range of global partners.

EXT. THE PENTAGON - NIGHT (EVENING)

Stock footage of the familiar five-sided building.

THE CENTER OF THE PENTAGON - OPEN-AIR PARK

The hot dog stand is closed. The grounds are empty save for
Carroll and Beachem who stroll.

CARROLL
Kennedy's first instinct is to
always go soft.

BEACHEM
Mine was to punch him in the mouth -
him and his buddies, Nealy and
Berard. They're so concerned with
saving Russian lives when the whole
idea is to kill the bastards.

CARROLL
He did make a good point though. It
makes sense to engage Latin America.

BEACHEM
Don't tell me you're for making them
partners too?

CARROLL
Limited partners, yes.

BEACHEM
No, not if they're kissing Che's
ass! Look, we've got 170 atomic and
hydrogen bombs we can use against
Moscow alone. We can wipe out every
major Soviet, Chinese, and Eastern
European city.
(snaps his fingers)
Just like that! We do that and we
don't have to worry which way the
wind blows south of the border.

CARROLL
Problem is Kennedy's got support on
both sides of the aisle. And some of
them are saying we're sandbagging
his foreign policy - us and senior
management at the CIA.

BEACHEM
You mean that congressman, Glover.

CARROLL

For now, he just wants oversight of the CIA.

BEACHEM

Good. Better them than us.

CARROLL

No. You put the spotlight on them and eventually it'll fall on us. I spoke with MOTHER earlier. He's sending Crosby to L.A. tonight. He'll see Roselli who'll talk to Giancana and Trafficante.

BEACHEM

About what?

CARROLL

MOTHER agrees with me in that we should do like Kennedy and enlist the support of our global partners.

He grins as the Two continue their stroll.

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

Past the wrought-iron fence and iconic red call box, embassy staff raise the Union Jack on the roof of the main building.

INT. MI6 OFFICE

LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) is at his desk; Latham sits in a chair. Fiona and DiLauria share the couch.

DILAURIA

Tarasenko's such an arrogant little prick. Thinks he's so all important.

FIONA

Every KGB defector I debriefed was that way.

JONES

Where's he now, Tarasenko?

LATHAM

Metro Police headquarters. When we can verify more of his bonafides I'll move him to a safehouse.

DILAURIA

I hope he's not in a coma by then.

LATHAM

What? Why should he be?

DILAURIA

He won't eat their food; says it's drugged. Keeps demanding we take him to Joe and Nemo's.

LATHAM

Hmm, I like him already.

JONES

You would. I queried London for background on him.

(opens a file on his desk)

Tarasenko's age and place of birth correspond with what you gave me, Carla; same with his parents being killed during the siege of Leningrad. But then we lost track of him for three years. We picked him up attending Lomonosov Moscow State University where he studied English and electronics.

DILAURIA

I got that from him as well.

FIONA

Could all be part of his legend.

Latham nods, accepting the possibility.

JONES

After graduation Tarasenko joined the Foreign Ministry. In '54 he was recruited by the KGB. After that, we lost track of him again until now.

Now Latham is concerned. Jones sees this.

JONES (CONT'D)

The missing years bothers you?

LATHAM

Yes, but we have even less on him than you do. So...

DILAURIA

Could Tarasenko be a paper merchant?

FIONA

What - you mean like Felipe Fernandez?

Jones and Latham smile; the reference brings back memories.

DILAURIA

Who?

JONES

We called him GARBO.

LATHAM

The German Abwehr called him ARABEL.

DILAURIA

Call him anything you want; I still don't know who he is.

JONES

He was a Lefty journalist from Madrid with quite an imagination. In '41 he offered his services to S.I.S. but we rejected him because of his Communist leanings. So he turned to the Nazis, selling them phony intelligence reports. He returned to us, documented his Nazi contacts, and then became our joe.

DILAURIA

GARBO...

JONES

By the time the war ended, GARBO had given the Nazis hundreds of phony reports for which they paid him over 20,000 pounds.

DiLauria is impressed.

LATHAM

The Germans awarded him the Iron Cross.

FIONA

We gave him the King's Medal for Service in the Cause for Freedom.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the "HOLLYWOOD" sign in the Hollywood Hills.

MALIBU - PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY

This stretch of California Highway One runs along the edge of the continent on a sliver of land separating the Santa Monica Mountains from the Pacific Ocean. Traveling north along this beautiful highway is a 1962 Studebaker Avanti Coupe. (With a top speed of 178 mph, it was the fastest production car in the world at that time.)

I/E. STUDEBAKER AVANTI COUPE

CALVIN HOLMES is behind the wheel; Crosby is his passenger.

HOLMES

It's certain Congress wants oversight of the Agency?

CROSBY

It's certain Glover's pushing for it. So, while the hearings are going on, we're gonna scale back our activities out here. Keep a low profile for now. We'll let you know when we ramp things up again.

HOLMES

I'm still gonna get paid though.

CROSBY

Yes, through Leeman Bryant.

HOLMES

Who's gonna be my controller?

CROSBY

It's still a wait-and-see on that.

HOLMES

You know, I haven't found that arms re-manufacturer yet. You still want me to keep looking for it or not?

CROSBY

Yes, just don't make any offers. How much further to Roselli's place?

HOLMES

(admonishingly)

He doesn't like any Agency people calling him by his name.

CROSBY

What?

HOLMES

When he started working with the Agency, he asked Will Schott for a cover name to protect himself. They agreed on John Stewart.

CROSBY

(smirks)

What's that - one of his underworld aliases?

HOLMES

You know you sound like a prick right now, Crosby.

CROSBY

Look, Will Schott's not running
ZR/RIFLE anymore, I am. And it's
time he people got up to date.

HOLMES

I just told you, 'John Stewart' is
all Mr. Roselli wants to hear from
anyone in the Agency, including you.

CROSBY

Christ, the games we have to play to
accommodate these fucking idiots.

HOLMES

Hey, get your head out your ass,
pal! With the Agency it's all about
plausible deniability, right? Well,
Mr. Roselli wants the same shield
in case you people fuck up. You
call him anything but John Stewart
and he'll think something must be
up. And because I'm here with you,
I must be in on it. You put me in
that position, Crosby, and I
guarantee you - you're a dead man.

The self-conceit drains from Crosby's face, replaced by fear.
He leans against the door. Holmes glances at him.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Just sit back and enjoy the ride.
You got Heaven right here on Earth.

Crosby sits back in his seat and gazes at the scenery.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

I tell ya', it's a fun road to
drive on - unless you're drunk.

He grins archly as the Avanti speeds along the highway.

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

A view of the southern façade of Building C.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard and Latham are there, sitting across from one another.

LATHAM

He said if anyone knew what he's
going to tell me, they'd kill him.

BERARD

Meaning the KGB.

LATHAM

He didn't say them specifically.

BERARD

Then who's Tarasenko worried about?

LATHAM

I don't know.

BERARD

So, why hasn't he told mandarin Two what he has to say to you?

LATHAM

Seems she has to pass some sort of test before he trusts her enough.

BERARD

All this hectoring... Could be a ploy to focus attention on him and away from someone else.

LATHAM

It's possible, sure. I just don't know who that could be.

BERARD

Alright. Where are you with finding a replacement for Atkins?

LATHAM

I intended to send Paul Barry, TDY; he's back today. But Mr. Kensington suggested Henry Jensen.

BERARD

Jensen?

LATHAM

He's an analyst here. He focuses on my operations that extend into the Eastern Bloc. He shares his analyses with D-Int and CI.

BERARD

Would that include Tarasenko?

LATHAM

Yes. The debriefs are taped. He gets a copy of the transcripts.

BERARD

Didn't he have a set-to with Barry?

LATHAM

Yes, sir. He did.

BERARD

Hmm, can you afford to lose Jensen?

LATHAM

I can't afford to lose Paul Barry.

ACT THREE

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - MUNICIPAL CENTER BUILDING - DAY

Again, the Studebaker and Ford patrol cars are angle-parked before the Headquarters of the Metropolitan Police.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Tarasenko paces, clenching and unclenching his fists. The Police Officer enters, this time with two folding chairs. He sets them opposite Tarasenko's chair then he leaves. DiLauria enters followed by Bazzo.

DILAURIA

Sergei Tarasenko, this is Adam Wright. He works with Mr. Latham.

BAZZO

Mr. Tarasenko...

He nods, then he and DiLauria sit - but Tarasenko stands.

TARASENKO

You make me stay here overnight, and I am very hungry.

DILAURIA

Then stop refusing the food the police offer you.

TARASENKO

I told you, I don't trust them!

DILAURIA

So what do you expect me to do?

TARASENKO

Am I prisoner here?

DILAURIA

No.

TARASENKO

Then I want to go to Joe and Nemo's! If I pass out from hunger, you get nothing from me.

Bazzo looks away rather than roll his eyes.

DILAURIA

Let's get on with the debriefing.
Then we'll see about Joe and Nemo's.

Tarasenko waves off DiLauria in disgust and turns to Bazzo.

TARASENKO

Why are you here, Mr. Wright?

BAZZO

Another set of ears to evaluate
your story.

TARASENKO

Ah! Your file on me is not complete.

BAZZO

So, what do you say we try to fill
in the gaps then, okay?

DILAURIA

Sit down, Mr. Tarasenko.

TARASENKO

No! No more games with the light in
my eyes! I stand.

BAZZO

(determinedly)

Mr. Tarasenko, we're not here to
play games with you. The only way
to advance your case is for you to
tell us why you're here.

TARASENKO

I want to speak with Warren Latham.

BAZZO

That won't happen until you tell me.

Tarasenko spits on the floor.

TARASENKO

You people... You have big problem
and you don't even know it.

BAZZO

And what's that?

TARASENKO

You have traitors in the CIA!

BAZZO

Considering you're here to defect,
I'd say the KGB has a similar
problem.

Tarassenko leans on the table and glares at Bazzo.

TARASENKO

I am not talking about KGB plant in the CIA. Your own people are working to overthrow your government.

DiLauria is taken aback but Bazzo betrays no emotion.

BAZZO

How many traitors are there?

TARASENKO

I don't know exact numbers.

BAZZO

Then what do you know?

TARASENKO

I hear them at the meeting.

BAZZO

A John Birch Society meeting?

TARASENKO

Yes. They are drunk. One man talks very loud about Warren Latham. I believe Latham is his superior.

BAZZO

What's his name?

TARASENKO

I don't know his name. He is behind me talking to a man who has his back to me. I only hear part of their conversation, but the man facing my way said he knew Latham would not compromise. They had to be more careful this time because Latham is smart. He had already stopped two attempts. That's when the man I am talking to gets up.

BAZZO

Who were you talking to?

TARASENKO

Bill.

DILAURIA

Bill who?

TARASENKO

I do not know his last name! I turn around and see him approach them.

(MORE)

TARASENKO (CONT'D)

He tells them to change the subject or shut up. They say nothing more.

BAZZO

When was this?

TARASENKO

Last year, September.

BAZZO

Yet you waited five months to defect and tell us. Why?

TARASENKO

Because I hear nothing after this until last week. Bill is there. He talks to a man who is angry with Kennedy. The man says we should do away with him. Bill tells him to calm down; it is all taken care of. I now know this is assassination plot. I don't want to be party to this, so I defect.

DILAURIA

Back up a bit. You said there were two men behind you talking. One had his back to you; the one talking about Latham was facing you when you turned around, right?

TARASENKO

Yes.

DILAURIA

Describe him.

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

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

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

DiLauria and Bazzo sit in chairs. Latham sits at his desk.

LATHAM

Short and fat?

DILAURIA

Carries a gun and reports to you. At least, Tarasenko believes he does.

BAZZO

I don't know anyone like that at any of our domestic stations.

LATHAM

Me either. With that attitude, though, my money would have been on either Crosby or Atkins. That's why I don't play the ponies.

BAZZO

Hmm... Could be Tarasenko's lying.

DILAURIA

What makes you think so?

BAZZO

His whole story - it's tailor-made for someone from Domestic Ops.

DILAURIA

Wait. Are you saying I'm a dupe?

BAZZO

We have almost nothing on Tarasenko, right? Yet, our trusted ally, MI6, conveniently fills in some of the gaps in his background.

DILAURIA

So? How is that unusual?

BAZZO

It isn't. We expect them to, and so does the KGB. Look, Tarasenko thinks the police are ignorant and devious. He distrusts the FBI, says they're clumsy. It's all calculated to win sympathy from us because we feel the same way. He mentions the prior two attempts on the president's life, knowing we feel the Secret Service aren't up to the job of protecting him. All these Warsaw-Pact defectors know they'll first be debriefed by the station, then by CI. We know how disruptive a CI debriefing can be on a station. Tarasenko plays on that; he avoids the chaos CI causes by demanding to speak to the boss.

LATHAM

Okay, say you're right.

DILAURIA

No, I don't think he is!

LATHAM

Let me finish.

DiLauria broods.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Paul, will you agree that all defectors are afraid of retribution from their home service?

BAZZO

Yeah, of course.

LATHAM

Well, Tarasenko didn't say he was afraid of the KGB. He said 'they' would kill him.

Bazzo dismisses this with a wave. He gets up and walks about.

BAZZO

For God sakes, that's semantics. He meant the KGB.

LATHAM

I don't know. Tarasenko's been pretty specific. If he'd meant the KGB, I think he would have said so.

DILAURIA

Maybe he's afraid of someone he met at a John Birch Society meeting - this 'Bill' person, for instance.

BAZZO

Even so, he could still be an agent provocateur.

DILAURIA

Well, I think he's legit.

LATHAM

If he is, it would benefit us if he'd remain an agent-in-place.

BAZZO

He won't do it, Boss. Legit or not, he's intent on defecting.

DILAURIA

We could try being more persuasive.

BAZZO

You already asked Tarasenko and he said he won't do it. What else do you need to hear? Geezus, just let it go!

He goes to the window. Latham quickly adopts a calmer tone.

LATHAM

Okay, let's leave it at that for now. Carla, get in touch with Security. Have them take Tarasenko to Joe and Nemo's later so he doesn't pass out. Then have them take him to the Middleburg safehouse. You two can continue debriefing him there tomorrow.

DILAURIA

Middleburg's available?

LATHAM

Yes, I checked on it earlier.

DILAURIA

I'll set it up.

LATHAM

Okay, let's get a move on.

DiLauria and Bazzo leave.

CORRIDOR - STAIRWELL

As Jensen climbs the stairs, DiLauria then Bazzo enter. She nods to Jensen as she passes him and starts down the stairs. Jensen steps onto the landing and comes face-to-face with Bazzo. They stop and stare at each other. DiLauria stops.

EXT. BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS - NIGHT (EVENING) - PAST

INSERT: "Belmont, Massachusetts"

Stock footage of this suburb, just minutes west of Boston.

OFFICES OF THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY

A no-nonsense, rectangular red-brick building with no signage sits between an equally drab post office and public library.

INT. MEETING ROOM

Large, with exposed brick. The walls are bare, save for a photo of Captain John Birch in his U.S. Army dress uniform. A caption reads:

"Army Captain John Birch, killed August 25, 1945 (age 27) by Chinese Communist soldiers in Xuzhou, Jiangsu, China. The first casualty of the Cold War."

There are several round tables with bottles of hard liquor on them. A few tables have lamps with low-wattage bulbs, giving the room a night club air. Cigarette and cigar smoke swirl. Several chairs surround the tables;

others are haphazardly grouped into semi-circles. Some of the chairs have their backs against the three couches.

The liquor flows freely, resulting in a PURL of slurred speech from the thirty or so men there.

Tarasenko sits alone on a couch, a drink in one hand and a cigar in the other, talking to someone as yet unseen. Two MEN sitting directly behind him are engaged in an animated conversation. The MAN directly behind Tarasenko has his back to him. Their antics catch Tarasenko's attention, causing him to pause his own chat with the man sitting across from him in a cloth chair - WILLIAM ROBERTSON. Annoyed, Robertson looks past Tarasenko, gets up and walks behind the couch. Tarasenko turns his head to follow Robertson, who confronts the two Men. Tarasenko can now see one of them, the man facing him. He is short and fat, with a revolver holstered on his right hip - WILL SCHOTT.

ROBERTSON

Either you two change the subject
or shut up.

As Robertson walks back to his seat, Schott sneers behind his back and looks at his partner in conversational crime, the man with his back to Tarasenko - Jensen.

CORRIDOR - STAIRWELL - PRESENT

Haughtiness now replaces anxiety on Jensen's face. Bazzo's gaze remains steely-eyed.

DILAURIA

Paul...

Bazzo shifts his attention to DiLauria. He walks past Jensen and follows her downstairs while Jensen continues up a flight.

EXT. ROME, ITALY - NIGHT (EVENING)

INSERT: "Rome"

Stock footage of the city, including the Trevi Fountain, a cobblestone street of cafés with al fresco dining, apartment houses and the ubiquitous Vespa motor scooters.

2 VIA GUIDO D'AREZZO - LUCA CORDARO

A beautiful, mixed-use residential and commercial building with apartments and suites for dentists.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Schott is in his underwear, half-asleep on a couch and looking like a beached whale. A two-thirds empty bottle of whiskey and a shot glass sit on the end table alongside the telephone.

His holstered revolver lie on the coffee table. A black and white portable television set and its stand sit across from Schott against the wall. It is tuned to "Il cantatutto," a musical variety show. The phone RINGS. Inebriated, Schott grudgingly answers the phone in American-accented Italian.

SCHOTT

Pronto.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

(in Italian)

Ho una chiamata da persona a persona dagli Stati Uniti da un certo Mr. John Stewart per Will Schott.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I have a person-to-person, call from the United States from a Mr. John Stewart for Will Schott."

SCHOTT

Huh? John Stewart?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Si, signore.

SCHOTT

Oh, uh, questo è Will Schott. Accetto la chiamata.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "This is Will Schott. I accept the call."

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

Stock footage of the National Mall and Lincoln Memorial.

MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, NW

A gray Plymouth sedan motors along with the heavy traffic.

I/E. PLYMOUTH SEDAN

SECURITY MAN #1 drives. In the backseat are SECURITY MAN #2 and Tarasenko.

SECURITY MAN #2

You can eat anywhere, Tarasenko. Why the hell you wanna go to Joe and Nemo's?

TARASENKO

I had hamburgers from there when I was here last. Delicious.

SECURITY MAN #2

Yeah? Man, I hate to think what you usually eat.

TARASENKO

That is typical problem in this country. You do not know what is like to suffer with no choices. I like the taste of Joe and Nemo's hamburgers.

SECURITY MAN #1

Me too. I go there for lunch all the time.

SECURITY MAN #2

Geezus, the both of you need help. You can wait in line with him while I go check the place out.

TARASENKO

I can see them prepare the food. So I know it is safe.

SECURITY MAN #2

That's a matter of opinion.

EXT. JOE AND NEMO'S HAMBURGER STAND

There are queues for take-out and for inside seating.

THE PLYMOUTH SEDAN

Slowly passes a 1959 Cadillac Eldorado Biarritz convertible in gold metal flake paint. Inside are a BLACK MAN and BLACK WOMAN, both in their 30s, giggling conspiratorially as is the wont of people who are high. Security Guard #2 glimpses them and shakes his head in disgust. He turns to Tarasenko.

SECURITY MAN #2

This neighborhood's kinda dicey.

TARASENKO

Meaning what?

SECURITY MAN #2

Just be careful, okay?

Tarasenko pays no attention to him. Security Man #1 parks the car. He, Security Man #2 and Tarasenko alight.

SIDEWALK OUTSIDE JOE AND NEMO'S HAMBURGER STAND

The queues have a range of customers, from the middle-class to drunks and addicts - Blacks and Whites - barely able to stand. From a portable radio in the restaurant, "Don't Say Nothin' (Bad About My Baby)" by The Cookies fills the air. Security Man #2 goes inside, drawing remarks from people waiting in line for seats, such as, "Where the fuck you think you're goin'?"

The Couple in the Cadillac alight, speaking a muddled version of jive. Security Man #1 takes notice of this.

SECURITY MAN #1
You mind if we just get a take out?

TARASENKO
Is fine with me.

They get in the take-out line. The Couple saunter over and cut in front of Tarasenko and Security Man #1, angering Tarasenko.

TARASENKO (CONT'D)
What are you doing? Go to the back of the line!

The Black Woman turns to her companion.

BLACK WOMAN
Tell this fuckin' cracker to shut the fuck up.

BLACK MAN
Shut the fuck up, cracker.

The Couple laugh derisively.

TARASENKO
You don't tell me to shut up! You shut up! You are in the wrong!

BLACK MAN
Man, fuck you!

SECURITY MAN #1
Forget it, Tarasenko.

TARASENKO
No! We are here first.

SECURITY MAN #1
We'll be ordering in a minute. Don't want to start anything.

TARASENKO
If this were Russia, they would be moved to the back of the line.

BLACK MAN
Oh, yeah? So move my black ass.

The Black Woman laughs.

BLACK MAN (CONT'D)
Come on! Or you just all mouth?

TARASENKO

This is what is wrong with this country.

SECURITY MAN #1

Enough, Tarasenko.

TARASENKO

No! You let these insolent pigs do whatever they want.

BLACK MAN

Mother fucker, what you call me?

SECURITY MAN #1

(to the Black Man)

He's sorry. He didn't mean anything.

TARASENKO

I mean every word what I say.

SECURITY MAN #1

Will you shut up?!

TARASENKO

No! This is why they call these people niggers.

BLACK MAN

Mother fuck you, man!

He pulls a pistol from his waistband and FIRES two shots into Tarasenko. SCREAMS and PANIC spread amongst those in the queues sober enough to grasp what has happened. Security Man #1 quickly reached for his Colt 1911 pistol in its holster, but the Black Man shoots him in the chest before he can pull out the gun.

Security Man #2 rushes out Joe and Nemo's and is shot twice by the Black Woman, who quickly puts her .25-caliber pistol back in her purse.

The Couple are now very sober; their previous behavior a well-rehearsed choreography. Dropping their caricatured personae, they act determinedly.

BLACK WOMAN

Come on, let's go.

The Couple run back to the Cadillac, get in and drive away.

EXT. THE CAPITOL BUILDING - NIGHT (EVENING)

Stock footage of this familiar, neoclassical landmark.

INT. LOWER CHAMBER OF THE HOUSE

The walnut rostrum is decorated sparingly with symbolic low-relief carvings. A top tier, where the Speaker presides, is carved with four laurel branches; the bottom tier is carved with oak branch wreaths. Tall-backed leather chairs complete the set. It is flanked by two bronze fasces; behind it is the American flag. There is seating for all the staff needed to keep sessions moving.

AT THE ROSTRUM

Is white-haired, bespectacled ALLEN DULLES, former Director of Central Intelligence (CIA), who is at the end of his testimony.

DULLES

We behave as if our real objective is to sit by our pools contemplating the spare tires around our middles. The key consideration is not that our Grand Objective be exactly right, it is that we have one and that we start moving toward it.

Dulles leaves and returns to his seat. The SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE addresses the members of Congress and guests.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

Thank you, Mr. Dulles. The gentleman from Florida, Mr. Glover, is recognized for ten minutes.

Representative Glover ascends the rostrum.

GLOVER

Mr. Speaker, truth does not exist in the statements by Mr. Dulles, the former Director of Central Intelligence, or by its present Director, Mr. McCone, who spoke earlier. Their contention that the Kremlin is an accomplished antagonist is true only to the extent that the CIA deems it so for its own purposes. The evidence of recent years shows us that the CIA might not be quite the instrument it was designed to be. I bring to your attention the U-2 incident of the Eisenhower administration, the Bay of Pigs fiasco two years ago, and the intelligence data - or lack of same - surrounding the build-up of missiles in Cuba.

(MORE)

GLOVER (CONT'D)

This Agency, charged with conducting operations to safeguard the security of the United States, cannot be exempt from scrutiny, despite efforts necessary to be successful in this Cold War. Those very efforts can, in fact, be extended to pursue policies of the Agency's own making. Given this, I refute Mr. Dulles's claim that the American people can trust its leading clandestine Agency, the CIA, for it is led by honorable men. No, sir. It is not.

END