

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Four, Episode #6: "Occam's Razor, Revisited"

WGA Registered. This teleplay may not be used or reproduced
without the expressed, written permission of the author.

tony garcia
1629 S. Mole Street
Philadelphia, PA 19145
(215) 908-9152
tonyg030652@gmail.com

Cool Gray Dawn

Episode #6: "Occam's Razor, Revisited"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A panorama of the cityscape from midtown Manhattan to...

THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT

Where the street signs "Wall St." and "Broadway" hang from a streetlamp.

FEDERAL RESERVE BANK BUILDING

This 22-floor headquarters of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, with its rusticated ashlar façade of alternating blocks of limestone and sandstone, is reminiscent of the Italian Renaissance period. While architecturally out of sync with the mid-twentieth century - the emerging steel and glass monoliths rising to surround it - it stands as a structural expression of strength, stability, and security.

INT. GRAND ENTRANCE HALL

Vaulted ceilings made in the Guastavino tile arch system, stone walls and ornamental ironwork in the public spaces add to the building's grandeur, and to its haughtiness.

THE VAULT - LEVEL E

In this brilliantly lighted blue-and-white stronghold, the deepest sanctuary of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, are \$90 billion worth of gold bars - some 550,000 of them.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

The polished wood doors, paneling, and trim work give the appearance of having been recently oiled. The curtained windows behind and to one side of the mahogany desk have ascot valances and swags.

On the desk, to the side of the Bell Telephone multi-line, conference-call speakerphone with rotary dial is a black, single-line telephone; it RINGS.

A MAN enters; he is in his late 50s to early 60s with a full head of gray hair. His clothing denotes his status as someone important, perhaps a MEMBER of the BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

He wears a tailored, gray herringbone tweed suit and waistcoat with a Hamburg charcoal tweed tie and pocket square, and a Full Hunter pocket watch. He sits in his leather chair and answers the phone.

BOARD MEMBER

Yes?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The venetian blinds on the large windows are drawn, muting the ambient light. From behind a high-back leather chair at the executive-style desk sits its male occupant, obscured save for the back and top of his head, graying hair parted on the left. This is the coordinator of The Big Event, as yet unidentified and known only as THE MAN. He is on the telephone.

MAN

I have an update on The Big Event.

CROSSCUT THE BOARD MEMBER WITH THE MAN

BOARD MEMBER

Let's hear it.

MAN

Actions against conservative targets Walker and Welch were both successful. Reports of the incidents by local police were sent to Speed at the FBI.

BOARD MEMBER

Are you sure he'll act on it?

MAN

Positive. Back in the '40s, Speed asked a trusted Bureau inspector named Jimmy Corcoran to deal with a serious problem. Speed had been arrested on sex charges involving a young man during a trip he'd made to New Orleans. Corcoran used his contacts in the state to cover it up.

BOARD MEMBER

I'd heard something to that effect.

MAN

Corcoran's also our man at the FBI. He said Speed will hold a press conference denouncing the Left as perpetrators. This should imbue a sense of sympathy with the targets.

BOARD MEMBER

Good.

MAN

I need your approval to proceed to the next phase - and, of course, I need you to release the additional funds.

BOARD MEMBER

You'll understand if I'm hesitant to agree to your requests based upon the incident at Hyannisport. I was told you never make such mistakes.

MAN

That was a rogue operation, sir. Extreme measures have been dealt to the individuals involved.

BOARD MEMBER

Should there be any more incidents, I'll expect you to shut down your operation, or I'll have it exposed.

MAN

Understood.

BOARD MEMBER

Fine. Then I'll agree to both your requests provided Speed holds this press conference.

BACK TO SCENE

The Board Member hangs up. On his desk is a handmade, Spanish cedar wood cigar humidor and hygrometer with a clear glass top. He opens the humidor and takes out a cigar, a double guillotine cigar cutter, and a butane lighter.

He places one end of the cigar into the cutter and clips off the tip, leaving a V-cut. The Board Member flicks on the lighter, keeping the cigar above and near the high flame but never letting the two touch. He rotates the cigar so all parts of its tip are equally heated. When there is a glowing ring all the way around the cigar's tip and the edges are thinly blackened, he raises the cigar to his mouth and takes a puff.

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

Stock footage of the familiar cityscape.

SAMUEL GOMPERS MEMORIAL PARK

WARREN LATHAM and LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) carry their satchels and stroll while others scurry on their way to work.

LATHAM
Operation HORNBEAM?

JONES
Yes. The blokes we recruit are given a book of silhouettes of Soviet naval vessels, radars, antennae, and guided missile systems. In general, they look for anything unusual. One of them was a diver with the Royal Navy, Commander Lionel Crabb. Last week he took photos of the Soviets' nuclear-powered cruiser.

LATHAM
That's gold, Larry.

JONES
I know. Unfortunately, last night Crabb was on another mission when he didn't return.

LATHAM
Why? What happened?

EXT. PORTSMOUTH SHIPYARD, BRITAIN - NIGHT - PAST

Under a caliginous sky is a rough sea, with waves SLAPPING against the dock. COMMANDER LIONEL CRABB, 50, in a wetsuit with scuba gear and headlamp, and his controller, SYDNEY KNOWLES, same age, wearing a pea coat, knit cap, dark trousers and carrying a knapsack, skulk past the HMS Vanguard to the Russian ship, Provornyy, a Kashin-class destroyer.

JONES (V.O.)
Crabb was supposed to photograph the hull and propeller of the Provornyy, a new Soviet destroyer. It was in Portsmouth while Khrushchev was in the UK on a state visit. He and his controller went down to the dock.

There are no sailors on the deck of the Provornyy, and this area of the dock is absent any Royal Navy Police. Crabb is apprehensive; he turns and whispers to Knowles.

CRABB
Why isn't there anyone here from the RNP watching the ship?

KNOWLES
They were forewarned to keep a discreet presence on the dock.

An inky black tidal surge swells over the bulkhead of the dock, catching Crabb's attention.

CRABB

There's a helluva rip current out there. I hope Jenkins knows.

KNOWLES

Jenkins? I didn't know he was diving with you tonight.

CRABB

They gave me a buddy diver in case of emergency, or I get caught.

KNOWLES

Thoughtful bunch, our masters. Well, let's get on with it. Fifteen minutes starts... Now.

He starts the timer on his wristwatch. Crabb slides off the dock and into the water. He turns on his headlamp. Knowles hands him the camera from his knapsack, then Crabb submerges.

UNDERWATER - BENEATH THE RUSSIAN SHIP "PROVORNYI"

As Crabb SNAPS photos of the hull, another diver approaches. Crabb assumes it's Jenkins and waves. Instead, it is a CREW MEMBER from the Provornyy. He quickly swims up to Crabb who realizes too late that this isn't Jenkins. The Crew Member slits Crabb's air hose with a knife, then Crabb's throat.

ON THE DOCK

There is movement on the deck of the Provornyy. Knowles hears this and slinks back from the bulkhead into the shadows. He's anxious and checks his luminous-dial wristwatch.

JONES (V.O.)

Crabb had been in the water for well over an hour.

KNOWLES

Christ, come on...

JONES (V.O.)

Knowles couldn't wait any longer. He figured Crabb had been swept away by the current. He had no choice.

Knowles glances at the deck of the Provornyy then stares at the water. Crabb never resurfaces. Finally, Knowles leaves.

EXT. SAMUEL GOMPERS MEMORIAL PARK - DAY (MORNING) - PRESENT

Jones and Latham are somber as they continue their stroll.

LATHAM

I'm sorry to hear that.

JONES

Your Department of the Navy thinks we're a leaky ship, what with Philby's defection. So we're passing Crabb's photos of the Soviet cruiser onto you as corroboration of similar Intel the Norwegians gathered through their Operation DELFINIUS.

He takes a manila envelope from his satchel and hands it to Latham.

LATHAM

Presumably, the Norwegians shared their Intel with NATO.

JONES

They did.

LATHAM

So, why give me the photos instead of someone on the Intelligence Desk?

JONES

Because you worked with one of HORNBEAM's recruits during the Berlin Airlift - Mason Redfern.

LATHAM

Mason... He's a good man.

JONES

We know you two have kept in touch, sharing Intel on walk-ins despite our, uh, occasional missteps.

LATHAM

All part of the Special Relationship, Larry.

JONES

I know - and London's very grateful.

LATHAM

Well, since you're determined to boost my career...

(puts the envelope in his satchel)

Anything else?

JONES

Just one more thing. Sorry I'm late with this, but I only got word from the FCO at close of play yesterday. They received a report from our station chief in Marseilles.

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

A man using the name Lucien Sabatier
left there for New York ten days
ago.

LATHAM

Sabatier... No, doesn't register.

JONES

Apparently, it's an alias used by a
Corsican drug trafficker named
Lucien Sarti.

LATHAM

Sarti? His name came up last week
when I was looking into Roger
Kingston's suicide.

JONES

Well, according to our Paris
station, two years ago Sarti was
involved in the murder of a Belgian
police constable named Albert de
Leener. He'd been ambushed by a
group of French criminals. He was
shot and his body dumped into the
trunk of a car. Apparently, when
the body was lifted up, a small
piece of cardboard fell from the
pocket of one of the killers.
Investigators later found it on the
pavement. It was a fake identity
card bearing the name 'Lucien
Sabatier'. It had a photo of a man
about thirty who had a record under
that name at the Quai des Orfèvres.

LATHAM

The HQ of the police judiciaire.

JONES

Yes. Their records showed that
'Lucien Sabatier' was an alias used
by Lucien Sarti.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA - DAY

Stock footage of Mardi Gras, the Latin Quarter and...

ST. CHARLES AVENUE

Where ceramic, 19th-century street-name tiles embedded in the
sidewalk spell out the name of the street. Here, the St.
Charles Streetcar line, the oldest continuously operating
streetcar line in the world, carries passengers along its
eponymous route, a tree-lined boulevard featuring dozens of
columned mansions, including...

THE HUBBARD MANSION

An elegant Greek revival home.

THE VERANDA

Overlooks St. Charles Avenue and is replete with Louis XIV sconces on the walls and French provincial furniture. LUCIEN SARTI and CARLOS MARCELLO enter. Marcello is portly, barely 5-foot, 2-inches tall, and wears a smoking jacket; he cradles a leather pouch under one arm.

SARTI

Looks like the tomato business is doing alright.

Marcello grins. They take seats in chairs near each other.

MARCELLO

So, how'd it go up there?

SARTI

Good. One near-miss and one hit.

MARCELLO

And now you're off to Mexico City?

SARTI

Yeah, but with a change in plans.

MARCELLO

Hold on. You're supposed to finish off this deal I got with Ricord.

SARTI

He got someone else to do it.

MARCELLO

Why?

SARTI

'Cause that fat psycho in Rome has me meeting one of his CIA people in Mexico City, a Maurice Bishop.

MARCELLO

(recognizes the name)

Bishop... How come?

SARTI

Future plans, Mr. Marcello. That's all I was told.

MARCELLO

Uh huh. Well, just keep a low profile there.

(MORE)

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

I got a lotta money tied up in this deal, and I don't want you fuckin' things up.

Sarti smirks. Marcello points a finger at him.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

I mean it.

SARTI

Okay, okay!

MARCELLO

You still need that passport I got for you?

SARTI

Yeah.

Marcello unzips the leather pouch, pulls out a U.S. passport and hands it to Sarti who looks curiously at the photo.

SARTI (CONT'D)

Raoul Esquivel. He's a real person, I hope.

MARCELLO

He's a state cop here.

SARTI

Geezus, are you crazy?!

MARCELLO

Relax. He trained the Cubans for that Bay of Pigs mess. He hates Kennedy for that and for sucking up to that nigger, Martin Luther King. Plus, he's on the payroll.

SARTI

You shoulda told me that part first.

MARCELLO

I like seeing you sweat.

SARTI

Jerk. So, how's things with you?

Marcello pulls a folder from the pouch and hands it to Sarti.

MARCELLO

Here, look at this. It's a report by that FBI prick who's been dogging me around, that Regis Kennedy. Hm, another fuckin' Kennedy - can you believe it?

Sarti opens the folder and reads aloud the report's title.

SARTI

'Investigation of Carlos Marcello, December 1957 to the Present.' You carry this shit around with you?

MARCELLO

No, smart-ass. I just got it this morning. I was readin' it when you came over. Go to the last page. Read the Conclusion.

Sarti flips to the last page of the report.

SARTI

'Continued investigation of Carlos Marcello since December 1957 has failed to develop vulnerable areas wherein Marcello may be in violation of statutes within the FBI's jurisdiction.'

MARCELLO

See where that faggot, Hoover, signed off on it? Means that little shit, Bobby Kennedy, can't do a fuckin' thing to me.

SARTI

For now, you mean.

MARCELLO

Uh uh. Forever.

EXT. BALTIMORE, MARYLAND - FORT HOLABIRD - DAY

A sign outside the main gate reads "U.S. ARMY FORT HOLABIRD."

ARMY INTELLIGENCE COMMAND - MAIN BUILDING

Outside this nondescript, three-story building sits a replica of the Sphinx atop a plinth. On the building's façade beside the entrance doors a sign reads "ARMY INTELLIGENCE COMMAND."

INT. BASEMENT

Above code-key entry double-doors, a sign reads...

CENTRAL RECORDS FACILITY

Cavernous, with seemingly endless rows of four-drawer gray file cabinets with overhead signs denoting sections. SERGEANT JEFFREY A. SMITH - 36, fit, and wearing a U.S. Army uniform - pulls out a file drawer in a section marked "Perversions, Sexual - US ARMY, CONUS." He removes a file and leaves.

OFFICE

A large room with cubicles partitioned by frosted plexiglass. Smith looks about anxiously then sits at his...

DESK

A testament to his job is the certificate on the back wall:

The Counter Intelligence Corps School Fort Holabird Maryland	
This is to certify that	
_____ JEFFREY A. SMITH	
HAS SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED THE _____ Counterintelligence Investigations Course FROM 30 July 1962 TO 8 November 1962 APPROPRIATE NOTATION OF SUCH ACCOMPLISHMENT HAS BEEN ENTERED ON HIS RECORD.	
ASA/CIC _____ (signature)	_____ (signature)
Seal M.C. Gallagher Colonel ASSISTANT COMMANDANT	F.C. Green Brig General COMMANDANT
RECORDED: _____ (signature)	
Carl H. Decker Major	
THIS CERTIFICATE IS NOT TO BE CONSTRUED AS A CLEARANCE FOR INTELLIGENCE DUTIES	

On the upper left-hand corner of the desk lie two U.S. Army manuals, "U.S. ARMY HUMAN INTELLIGENCE COLLECTOR FIELD MANUAL" and "U.S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE AND INTERROGATION HANDBOOK."

Copies of MI MAGAZINE and ENCOUNTER magazine, both April 1963, lie haphazardly as though recently read. There is a desk calendar showing April 1963, and beside it a cardboard slick:

8-DAY WORKOUT PLAN ACCORDING TO AGE AGE 35-45
MONDAY
-15 push-ups
-20 lunges
-20 sit-ups
-40 sec plank
-24 butt kicks

TUESDAY -23 squats -30 butt kicks -40 sec plank -10 crunches -30 push-ups
WEDNESDAY -30 butt kicks -20 push-ups -30 jumping jacks -20 sec wall sit -20 squats
THURSDAY -45 sec plank -20 crunches -15 push-ups -20 sit-ups -30 sec wall sit
FRIDAY -15 lunges -35 butt kicks -40 jumping jacks -20 crunches -30 squats

Smith opens the file and flips through it: reports and photos - headshots and en flagrante - of U.S. politicians, private citizens, members of the armed services and the alphabet agencies. He pulls out photos and a report on J. Edgar Hoover.

Disgusted, Smith shakes his head. He unlocks the middle desk draw and takes out a folder labeled "POI." Inside the folder are handwritten notes and a legal notepad. On the notepad is a legend followed by a list:

Bp: Biastophilia Ex: Exhibitionism Fr: Frotteurism
H: Homosexual L: Lesbian Ma: Maschalagnia Mz: Mazophilia
Pa: Polyamory Pi: Pictophilia SM: Sodomasochism
T: Toucherism Tr: Troilism Tv: Transvestite V: Voyeurism

BEACHEM, Harrison - spouse: Eleanor; U.S. Army colonel - Ex,T
member Armed Services Committee
CARROLL, J. F. - spouse: Cheryl; U.S. Army general - Ma,Mz
member Armed Services Committee
TYSON, Gerald - spouse: Ingrid; U.S. senator - Fr,SM
member Armed Services Committee
KINGSTON, Justine - spouse: Roger, CIA Intel Analyst - L
(spouse deceased)
MCFARLAND, Mary - spouse: Leyland, CIA CI/SIG - Pa,Pi
JOHNSON, Lyndon - spouse: Claudia; Vice President - Tr,V
DOUGLAS, William - spouse: Joan; U.S. Supreme Court - T
justice
SCHOTT, Will - spouse: Agatha; CIA Plans Division - Bp,V

WALKER, Edwin - unmarried; U.S. Army general, res. - Ex,V

Smith copies the following information from the official file onto the notepad in the POI file:

HOOVER, J. Edgar - unmarried, FBI Director - H,Pi,Tv,V

He closes the POI file, puts it back in the middle desk drawer and locks it. He checks the distribution list on the official file then puts it in a file-and-letter delivery cart. Smith then rises and pushes the cart out the office.

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

An occasional CIA employee strolls across the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD is at her desk editing a paper. Latham's office door is shut. The outer office door opens and PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY enters, file in hand. Collette looks up; they smile at each other. Bazzo points to Latham's office door.

BAZZO

Is he busy?

COLLETTE

No, go on in.

Bazzo KNOCKS on Latham's office door and enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is putting a file binder back inside the combination-lock file cabinet. He looks at Bazzo who smiles.

BAZZO

Hey, boss.

LATHAM

How're you feeling?

BAZZO

Good. Got some things off my chest.

LATHAM

So, is this a social call, or...

BAZZO

Yeah - and a business one too. We received a memo from the Boston Number One. Did you know there was an attempt on Robert Welch's life?

LATHAM

The head of the John Birch Society?

BAZZO

Uh huh. Apparently, the Belmont police were tipped off to the hit and told Welch's security people.

LATHAM

Hmm, judging by the word 'attempt' I'm assuming it wasn't successful.

BAZZO

No, his security people shot the would-be assassin, someone we both know - Robert Emmett Johnson.

This gets Latham's rapt attention. Both men take a seat.

LATHAM

Son of a bitch... So he's dead.

BAZZO

That's what the Belmont Herald reported. Turns out they were wrong.

LATHAM

What - meaning it wasn't Johnson?

BAZZO

Meaning Johnson survived a point blank shot to the head. He was in a coma for two days. When he came out of it, he had no recollection of ever being at Welch's estate.

LATHAM

Hm, bastard would pull through.

BAZZO

When I was reading this I thought about D-Int. His source at the FBI got his Intel from Johnson.

Latham nods, acknowledging this.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I hope D-Int doesn't think we pulled the trigger. He's been on our side from day one. I'd hate to lose him.

LATHAM

So would I.

BAZZO

Oh, geezus...

LATHAM

What?

BAZZO

Carl Durang. What if he thinks it was us? We're barely talking as it is. We lose him, we lose our only real source in the Bureau. And that means any more Intel on the plot against President Kennedy.

LATHAM

(sighs)

I'll speak with both of them.

BAZZO

Good.

LATHAM

(changes the subject)

I met with SMOTH earlier. Does the name Lucien Sabatier ring any bells?

Bazzo shakes his head no.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

London told him Lucien Sarti left Marseilles for New York over a week ago, using Sabatier as an alias.

BAZZO

Lucien Sarti? That Corsican mechanic Schott recruited for ZR/RIFLE?

LATHAM

Uh huh.

BAZZO

Man, if we'd known that, we'd have believed he killed Roger Kingston.

LATHAM

Yeah, you're probably right.

BAZZO

So, why is Sarti here in the States?

LATHAM

Beats me. But I doubt it's for tourism.

There is a KNOCK on the door. Collette enters.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

You just had a call on Gray from a Mr. Smith.

LATHAM

Smith? I don't know any Mr. Smith.

COLLETTE

I know. While he was on hold, I checked if 'Smith' is scheduled as a password for entry into our area safehouses. It doesn't come into play until June.

LATHAM

Hmm... And he asked for me by name?

COLLETTE

Yes.

LATHAM

Did he say what he wanted to talk to me about?

COLLETTE

No, just that it was urgent. He got impatient and asked the Operator to have you call him back in an hour at this number, then he hung up.

She tears the top sheet off her notepad and hands it to Latham.

LATHAM

Okay, thanks.

Collette leaves, shutting the door.

BAZZO

Another one. Maybe it's one of those college pranksters again.

LATHAM

Hmm... You mind handling it for me?

BAZZO

No, no problem.

Latham hands him the notepad sheet with the phone number. Bazzo looks curiously at the phone number.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Calvert 1169... You know, Calvert 1166 is Sears and Roebuck's on North Avenue up in Baltimore.

LATHAM

(surprised and amused)
Really.

BAZZO

Yeah. They carry some nice clothes. This could be a payphone there.

LATHAM

Well, if it ends up in a meet, be
sure to bring Carla along.

Bazzo nods then gets up and leaves.

EXT. BALTIMORE - SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. BUILDING - DAY

This windowless building at Harford Road and North Avenue is
reminiscent of Bell Telephone & Telegraph buildings of the
day; i.e., designed to deny prying eyes from seeing inside.

INT. REAR LOBBY - TELEPHONE BANK

Half the phone booths are occupied. Smith sits in an end
booth. The one next to his is empty.

SMITH'S TELEPHONE BOOTH

The payphone RINGS; Smith quickly answers it.

SMITH

Yes?

BAZZO (O.S.)

Mr. Smith?

SMITH

Call Calvert 1168. Calvert 1168.

He hangs up, leaves the telephone booth and enters the
unoccupied booth next to it.

SMITH

Peels off a handwritten sign, "OUT OF ORDER," that had been
cellophane-taped over the faceplate, revealing the exchange
and number: CALvert 1168. The payphone RINGS; he answers it.

SMITH

Yes?

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

A teletype machine CLACKS away. Meanwhile, a CIA OFFICER
monitors a KW-26 encryption machine as it prints out rows of a
series of apparently random five-digit numbers. In the corner,
a tape recorder runs as Bazzo speaks on the Gray phone.

BAZZO

Who am I speaking to?

CROSSCUT SMITH WITH BAZZO

SMITH

Mr. Smith. Who are you?

BAZZO

Mr. Sterling. I'm an associate of the person you asked to speak to.

SMITH

No good. I wanna talk to Mr. Latham.

BAZZO

Not until I know what it's about and I can verify who you are.

SMITH

This is important, goddamnit!

BAZZO

Then stop pussyfootin' around! You either talk to me now or I hang up.

SMITH

Alright, already! I'm with the ASA. Something's going on here, something about the people we're watching; it's wrong.

BAZZO

Before you go on, I need proof of who you are. What's your full name?

SMITH

(huffs)

Sergeant Jeffrey A. Smith. Look, I don't wanna say any more. Let's meet at The Owl Bar tonight. It's in the Hotel Belvedere in Baltimore.

BAZZO

What time?

SMITH

21:00. How will I know you?

BAZZO

Is there a maître d' at this place?

SMITH

Yeah, sort of.

BAZZO

Well is there one or not?!

SMITH

Yes!

BAZZO

Fine. I'll leave my name with him. I'll be at a table.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

When you come over, ask if I'll
share a bottle of Sherry with you.

SMITH

Yeah, okay. Just come alone.

BACK TO SCENE

Smith hangs up and leaves the telephone booth.

ACT TWO

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Picturesque footage of the National Mall and Reflecting Pool.

THE NATIONAL PRESS BUILDING

A stock image of this Washington landmark.

INT. BALLROOM

A banner with the Seal of the Federal Bureau of Investigation hangs above the stage. From a dais, FBI Director J. EDGAR HOOVER briefs a throng of reporters while also being recorded on newsreel film and videotape.

HOOVER

The would-be assassin's identity has not been fully verified due to a number of aliases; but that information will be forthcoming. It has been established with certainty that the man was on a mission to kill a loyal and patriotic American, Robert Welch, the founder of the John Birch Society. The man was intercepted and shot by members of Mr. Welch's security team while he was on the Welch estate. I will not reveal the methods used to locate this man, as that would reveal important elements of our investigation that will later be presented 'in camera' to a grand jury. Suffice it to say, however, in the motel room of the would-be assassin was a box of leaflets printed by the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. These leaflets promoted sympathy for the Castro regime, and thus to the Communists in the Soviet Union who support Fidel Castro.

(MORE)

HOOVER (CONT'D)

I do fear for the loyal liberal and progressive who has been hoodwinked and duped into joining hands with the Communists. Their propaganda is always slanted in the hope that the Communist may be aligned with liberal progressive causes. Honest liberals and progressives should be alert to the Communists' devious machinations. The real liberals and progressives who understand this can be the Communists' most effective foes. The size of this organization, this Fair Play for Cuba Committee, though small, is relatively unimportant because of the enthusiasm and iron-clad discipline under which the Communists operate. It should be remembered that in 1917, when Communists overthrew the Russian government, there was one Communist for every 2,277 persons in Russia. In the United States today there is one Communist for every 1,814 persons in this country.

AT THE BACK OF THE BALLROOM

Latham sits beside CARL DURANG. They speak sotto voce while Hoover speaks.

LATHAM

It wasn't us, Carl. I promise you.

DURANG

So you say.

LATHAM

Come on... We have mutual interests here. Why would I jeopardize things by putting out a hit on Johnson?

DURANG

If it wasn't you, then who alerted Welch's security people?

LATHAM

I don't know. It could have been a Granny or another informant; maybe even an agent who overheard it and took it upon himself to warn Welch.

DURANG

(defiantly)

If it was a Special Agent, he'd have noted it in his field report.

LATHAM

Assuming he shares your sympathies.

Durang arches an eyebrow.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

So we're good, right?

After a moment, Durang sighs then nods.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You got anything for me?

DURANG

Have your people in New Orleans
keep an eye on Carlos Marcello.

LATHAM

Why? What's he up to?

DURANG

Just keep an eye on him.

He slips a tiny 110-format film cannister into Latham's hand.

TWO ROWS IN FRONT OF LATHAM AND DURANG

TWO REPORTERS sitting alone have an exchange that Latham and Durang overhear.

REPORTER #1

You know what Roosevelt used to call
Hoover?

REPORTER #2

What - you mean, Bulldog?

REPORTER #1

A YMCA secretary. You know, swishy.

REPORTER #1 wiggles his hand to denote homosexuality. REPORTER #2 grins. Durang clenches his teeth. Latham leans over to him.

LATHAM

Ignore them... I am.

Durang nods gratefully.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL PARKWAY - DAY

Three signs above the multi-lane roadway read, from right to left, "Route 123," "Route 123" and "BPR."

LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - CIA HEADQUARTERS

Stock footage of the now-familiar building and parking lot.

INT. LOBBY

Past the turnstiles are the flag of the United States and CIA's ceremonial flag. Emblazoned on the marble floor is CIA's logo. On the Ceremonial Wall are several five-pointed stars, denoting CIA officers who died in the line of duty.

CONFERENCE ROOM

At a table sit CIA Deputy Director MARSHALL CARTER (also a U.S. Army LT. GENERAL); the Navy's Chief of Naval Operations, ADMIRAL CLIFTON; the Navy's Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, ADMIRAL DENNISON (all three wear military dress uniforms); and Latham. At the far end of the table is an overhead projector operated by CIA Director of Intelligence, BILL NEALY.

NEALY

Our photo team did a great job preparing the transparencies on such short notice.

He places a transparency over the lighted glass. On the wall is an image of a ship - a Russian cruiser.

NEALY (CONT'D)

This is the Frunze, a Kirov-class battlecruiser, and Russia's first nuclear-powered cruiser. It falls under their Navy's classification as a 'heavy nuclear-powered guided missile cruiser.'

There is unintelligible MURMURING from the Admirals.

CARTER

How'd you come by this, Bill?

NEALY

I got it from Warren Latham.

CARTER

Warren...

LATHAM

The photos were taken a week ago by a Royal Navy diver. SMOTH shared it with me as part of the Special Relationship.

Nealy lays down a new transparency showing the ship's hull.

NEALY

These photos corroborate similar Intel gathered by the Norwegians through their Operation DELFINIUS, and shared with our NATO allies.

CARTER

Good. Very good, Warren.

Latham nods slightly.

CLIFTON

You know, if it weren't for the two different sources of this Intel, I'd be tempted to say our British cousins had been fucked in the ass again.

DENNISON

I agree. MI6 has more leaks than the Titanic. And now that Philby's gone over, its hard to believe anything coming out of London is secret anymore.

CARTER

(chuckles sardonically)

I was there two weeks ago. I was in a cab going from the hotel to the FCO when the hack points to a building and announces, 'This here's Westminster Bridge Road. On the right there is number 100; that's Century House, home of MI6, or the Secret Intelligence Service, as they call it nowadays.'

The military side of the room CHUCKLES while Nealy and Latham remain stoic, hiding their disquiet.

NEALY'S OFFICE

Is yet another reminder of the perks afforded to senior CIA officers - leather and mahogany, with electric appurtenances. Nealy and Latham enter in mid-conversation.

NEALY

I figured it was Johnson who killed Walter Monroe, your Boston Number Two. I know if Monroe had worked for me, I'd certainly want retribution.

He sits on the couch; Latham sits in a nearby chair.

LATHAM

But I know how important he is to your source at the FBI. Believe me, Bill, we didn't go after him. In fact, with your people watching Interpen, I was hoping you could tell me why Johnson was trying to kill Welch in the first place.

NEALY

Doesn't make any sense to me. The interests of the John Birch Society and Interpen couldn't be any more aligned.

LATHAM

I know. Any word from your people on station what Johnson was up to?

NEALY

Last I heard, he'd met with your Miami Number One. Afterwards, he left the city and we lost track of him. I didn't know what the hell he was up to until I got the memo from the Boston station, same as you.

LATHAM

And now he has no recollection of ever being at Welch's home - or so he says.

NEALY

Hm, makes for a nice insanity plea.

Latham nods and stands; Nealy also stands.

LATHAM

Anyway, I just wanted to clear the air on that.

NEALY

I'm glad you did, Warren.

Latham turns and is about to leave when...

NEALY (CONT'D)

Oh, there is one thing my people in Miami brought to my attention. Do you have any ongoing operations in Mexico City?

LATHAM

Not at the moment. Why?

NEALY

Then this doesn't really concern you.

LATHAM

So? Tell me anyway.

NEALY

One of Interpen's goons, Loran Hall, left for Mexico City yesterday.

LATHAM

Wasn't it he and Gerry Hemming who met with Oswald in Dallas?

NEALY

Yes, but I don't know if this is in any way related to that.

LATHAM

Okay. Thanks, Bill.

NEALY

I'll call for your escort.

EXT. MEXICO CITY - DAY

INSERT: "Mexico City"

A panorama of the cityscape, from the TORRE LATINOAMERICANA skyscraper to the...

PLAZA DEL ZÓCALO

Home of Mexico's Day of the Dead celebration and crammed with tourists and locals. Sarti meanders about, a knapsack on his back and a copy of the International Herald Tribune in hand. He eyes the crowd. Vendors sell their artisanal crafts and food; tourists move about, stopping to buy from them or take pictures of the Metropolitan Cathedral.

One man stands in front of Sagrario Metropolitan, a small church next to the cathedral. He has a camera slung from his neck, but his focus is intently on the Metropolitan Cathedral. He is LORAN HALL, Caucasian, about six feet tall with receding, dirty-blond crewcut hair.

Another man walks about the cathedral, a folded copy of the International Herald Tribune cupped in his left hand. He is MAURICE BISHOP, a nom de guerre for this CIA officer. Bishop checks his wristwatch; it reads 18:45. Frustrated, he slaps the newspaper against his thigh. At this point Hall approaches Bishop, who is unhappily surprised.

HALL

Looks like Sarti's a no-show.

BISHOP

Or he's looking to see if anyone besides me is here waiting for him. Come on, let's go.

Hall broods. Meanwhile, Sarti watches them leave the plaza.

EXT. HOSTAL AMIGO - DAY (DUSK)

A skid-row rooming house with a hand-drawn sign out front.

INT. FOYER

The front desk sits between storage lockers and a staircase where the wall has a mural of a masked Mexican wrestler hovering over Mexico City's downtown cityscape, drawn with a black felt-tip marker. Bishop stops at the front desk and addresses the CONCIERGE - a barely awake, half-drunk, swarthy and unkempt middle-aged man. (The Two Men speak Spanish.)

BISHOP
Mi llave, por favor.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "My key, please."

CONCIERGE
Era ese el número cinco, um, Sr.
Frígido?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Was that number five, um, Mr. Frigid?"

BISHOP
Ese es Frigault - Sr. Frigault. Y,
sí, es la habitación número cinco.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "That's Frigault - Mr. Frigault. And, yes, it's room number five."

Bishop rolls his eyes. The Concierge hands Bishop the room key, attached to an oversized key fob sporting the number '5'. Bishop crosses to the staircase.

CORRIDOR

Bishop eyes the open door at the far end which reveals the communal bathroom as he emerges from the stairwell.

GUEST ROOM

More hobo junction than anything resembling a hotel room. On a table by an open window is a copy of the International Herald Tribune and a half bottle of Jimador Blanco tequila. Bishop is sitting at the table, feet up and sipping tequila from a tumbler. There is a KNOCK on the door. Bishop sets down the tumbler and crosses to the door. (Everyone speaks Spanish.)

BISHOP
Quién es?

SARTI (O.S.)
Cabeza de Hierro.

Bishop opens the door. There is Sarti with a knapsack and his copy of the same newspaper. (They now speak English.)

BISHOP
Come on in, Mr. Ironhead.

Sarti enters; Bishop shuts the door behind him. Sarti smirks.

SARTI
No room at the Hilton?

BISHOP
You were supposed to meet me by the
cathedral - that was two hours ago.

Sarti shrugs off the rebuke.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
How'd you know where to find me?

SARTI
I followed you, Mr. Bishop. Or is
it, Monsieur Frigault?

BISHOP
(ignoring the snark)
Want a drink?

SARTI
Yeah.

Sarti sits at the table. He sets his newspaper on top of the one there and puts his knapsack on the floor. Bishop grabs another tumbler and joins Sarti. He pours a shot of tequila into the tumbler and slides it to Sarti who gulps the shot.

SARTI (CONT'D)
When it's my first time meeting
someone and I see they've got a
shadow, I back off.

BISHOP
What are you talking about?

SARTI
Your boyfriend, that blond doofus
with the crewcut.

He reaches into his knapsack, pulls out a Beretta M1935 semi-automatic pistol and aims it at Bishop's face.

BISHOP
You don't need that.

SARTI
Two things, Bishop: I never walk
into a place I can't walk out of,
and I hate people who think they
can fuck with me.

BISHOP
It's my job to be careful, Sarti.

SARTI

Then this could be your last job.

BISHOP

Calm down. Why don't you just put that away and we'll talk business.

SARTI

No, call it my security blanket. Now, why do you want to see me?

BISHOP

(sighs resignedly)

From now until the fall, I want you to lie low. That means you don't return to France; you stay away from any of Ricord's business, and any private dealings of your own. Do that and I'll give you a hundred thousand dollars now, plus another fifty grand each month thereafter.

SARTI

Uh huh. You're full of shit.

BISHOP

I've already discussed this with Ricord, and he's on board; that's why he agreed to send you to me.

SARTI

Agreed to what?

BISHOP

I'm getting to that. Now, I can have the cash delivered directly to you, or deposited in the bank of your choice. I just need the particulars.

SARTI

And where am I supposed to stay all this time?

BISHOP

Preferably, here in Mexico City.

SARTI

Why here?

BISHOP

So I can reach you when it's time.

SARTI

Time for what?

Bishop hesitates. Sarti cocks the Beretta.

BISHOP

Easy. I need you to do a hit. It'll be here in the U.S., most likely in the south. When the job's completed, you'll receive another two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

SARTI

That's a helluva lot of money. Must be a once-in-a-lifetime job, eh? So, who's the target?

BISHOP

I'd rather not say right now.

Sarti waggles his Beretta under Bishop's nose.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

You know, I was told you're a smart man, Sarti; not someone prone to make stupid mistakes. So, do like I asked you to and put that away.

Sarti grins and puts the Beretta back in his knapsack.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

For this kind of money, all you need to know is what's pertinent at any given moment. That way there's no leaks and no screw-ups. When the time comes you'll learn the target, your associates' names, the place, and a practice site.

SARTI

That bit about staying here in Mexico City; that's not acceptable.

BISHOP

Why not? You'll have more than enough cash to live on.

SARTI

And it's because you keep waving all your money around that I don't trust you, Bishop.

BISHOP

Look, we both know money buys more loyalty than friendship does. In this case, I have to be able to reach you at a moment's notice.

SARTI

No, I'll stay in Peru with people I trust. I'll give you their number.

(MORE)

SARTI (CONT'D)

Now, exactly when do I get this first one hundred thousand?

BISHOP

Tomorrow.

SARTI

Okay, but know this. I see anyone like that crewcut clown again, or I don't get my money, I'll hunt you down and I'll kill you. Now, get out your pencil and paper.

EXT. BALTIMORE - THE HOTEL BELVEDERE - NIGHT

The city's first hotel skyscraper is highlighted by accent lamps, a beautiful French Beaux Arts-style form brandishing "The Belvedere" at the ends of its awning. It has a mansard roof and is elaborately decorated.

INT. THE OWL BAR

Dark, with amber lighting that lends an ambience of a smokey, though noisy, nightclub. At the entrance, a gauntlet of celebrity 8x10 photos - from Warren G. Harding to Robert Mitchum - line the walls. Chock full of dead animal heads and exposed brick, the dark-stained bar runs the full width of the room. The owl theme here once served a purpose; it was a speakeasy where two prominently displayed ornamental owls tipped off patrons - an eye blinked on each owl when liquor was available and the coast was clear of federal agents.

Packed with patrons and quite noisy, the many tables seat two but no more than four people. At a table in the back of the room sit Bazzo and CARLA DILAURIA, both sipping a glass of Sherry. Frustrated, Bazzo checks his wristwatch.

BAZZO

10:30. Smith was supposed to meet us at 9:00.

DILAURIA

Maybe he forgot your name, Mr. Sterling.

BAZZO

I doubt it. He was so particular about his tradecraft, like he'd seen 'The Third Man' over and over. I'll give him another half hour.

DILAURIA

We'll be drunk by then.

BAZZO

It is good Sherry, isn't it?

DILAURIA

If Smith does turn up, you play
hard case. I'll be the sweet one.

BAZZO

Playing against type, aren't you?

DiLauria mugs. Some men from the bar pass by her and Bazzo on their way to the men's room. The last one in line stops beside Bazzo - it's Smith.

SMITH

Would you like to share a bottle of
Sherry?

BAZZO

Why not? Sit down.

Smith sits next to DiLauria. (All Three speak sotto voce.)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

You're an hour and a half late, pal.

SMITH

And I asked you to come alone.

BAZZO

Right. So instead of you looking
like a friend joining a couple for a
drink - no big deal - you and I end
up looking like two fags secretly
hooking up. The whole place would be
staring at us, for Chrissakes.

Smith broods; he clearly hadn't thought of that.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Before we go on I wanna see some ID.

SMITH

Huh?

BAZZO

You heard me.

DILAURIA

(entreatingly)

We have to verify that you are who
you say you are.

SMITH

You gotta understand, my life's in
danger just being here.

BAZZO

Forget it. He's wasting our time.

DILAURIA

Wait. Why is your life in danger?

SMITH

'Cause of the material I've seen.

DILAURIA

Look, you can't expect us to accept that just on your say-so. We need to see proof of who you are.

BAZZO

Show us some ID or we're leaving.

Smith is mentally spent. Finally, he pulls a credential wallet from his sport jacket's inside pocket and hands it to Bazzo who opens it. Verso is a badge with eagle's wings over the words "DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY." Below it is the Seal of the U.S. Army, with the initials 'U' and 'S' on either side. At the bottom it reads "COUNTERINTELLIGENCE."

The right-hand side has Smith's photo on the left, with the number '1241' beneath it. To the right it reads "DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY"; and below that, "THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT 'Jeffrey A. Smith' IS A DULY ACCREDITED COUNTERINTELLIGENCE SPECIAL AGENT." In the lower right-hand corner it reads "CCN 18-0261." Bazzo passes it to DiLauria, who looks at it and hands it back to Smith. He puts the wallet back in his sports jacket's inside pocket.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

What's your M.O.S., Smith?

SMITH

35 Echo.

He looks about the room, turning slowly to face the bar. He quickly grows apprehensive.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Oh, no...

BAZZO

What is it?

Smith's breathing becomes shallow; he's terrified.

DILAURIA

What's the matter? Tell us.

Smith takes a folded, letter-sized envelope from his jacket pocket and slips it beneath the table to a surprised DiLauria.

SMITH

I gotta go. I'll try and call you tomorrow.

He quickly stands.

BAZZO
Where're you going? Hey...

Smith hurriedly heads towards the men's room. DiLauria turns her head to see where Smith is going.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
No, don't look at him.

DiLauria turns her attention to Bazzo.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
If someone is following Smith, let him think Smith went to the toilet. There's probably a back door there.

DILAURIA
He slipped me an envelope.
(puts it in her purse)
At first, I thought he was getting fresh. I was gonna smack him.

BAZZO
I'm glad you didn't. Let's take one last sip and get the check.

They finish what is left of the Sherry in their glasses, then Bazzo signals for the waiter.

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

Many of the windows flicker from bluish-black to white, as the residents are transfixed by whatever is on television.

INT. LIVING ROOM

"Night and Day," a recording by Stan Getz, plays on the hi-fi. On the sofa, FIONA JEFFRIES reads The Times, London's daily newspaper. Latham has three 8x10 photographic prints of an FBI report. He lays print one - the cover sheet - face down on the coffee table, then reads print two, page two.

INSERT PAGE TWO OF THE FBI REPORT:

One of the things that distinguishes the New Orleans branch of organized crime is its talent at high finance. So adept has it become at handling large sums of money--both for itself and for the national organization--that it is sometimes called the Wall Street of La Cosa Nostra. Its per annum income runs to \$1,114,000,000, making it by far the State's largest industry, according to the New Orleans Crime Commission.

This sum is all the more remarkable in that it compares with the estimated \$2 billion racketeer take in Chicago and environs, an area with more than five times the population of metropolitan New Orleans.

CROSSCUT BETWEEN LATHAM, FIONA AND THE REPORT

LATHAM

Listen to this...

Fiona lowers The Times to her lap and listens as Latham reads page two aloud.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

'One of the things that distinguishes the New Orleans branch of organized crime is its talent at high finance. So adept has it become at handling large sums of money-- both for itself and for the national organization--that it is sometimes called the Wall Street of La Cosa Nostra. Its per annum income runs to \$1,114,000,000, making it by far the State's largest industry, according to the New Orleans Crime Commission.'

FIONA

My God...

Fiona lays her newspaper on the coffee table. Latham hands her the print for page two and reads page three aloud.

INSERT PAGE THREE OF THE FBI REPORT:

The profits for organized crime are comparable to those of the 10 largest industrial corporations combined - General Motors, Standard Oil, Ford, General Electric, Chrysler, IBM, Mobile Oil, Texaco, Gulf, and U.S. Steel.

LATHAM

'The profits for organized crime are comparable to those of the 10 largest industrial corporations combined - General Motors, Standard Oil, Ford, General Electric, Chrysler, IBM, Mobile Oil, Texaco, Gulf, and U.S. Steel.'

BACK TO SCENE

Latham is astounded. He hands the page three print to Fiona.

FIONA

Where did you get this?

LATHAM
From Carl Durang.

FIONA
You realize if Robert Kennedy ever
does put Carlos Marcello in jail,
your entire economy would collapse.

Rather than being amused, Latham looks grim. Fiona sees this;
she is slightly abashed.

FIONA (CONT'D)
That was meant partly as a joke,
Warren.

Latham ignores this, his mind intensely focused elsewhere.

LATHAM
Durang told me to keep an eye on
Marcello. He knows money was part
of the reason they went after Bobby
Kennedy. But if the Mob were to
lose its total take, I'm talking
nationally...

FIONA
Okay, wait. Yes, anyone can target
President Kennedy. But the Mafia,
those gits in the John Birch
Society, and your own people? It's
too much to believe they'd all join
forces to kill the president.

LATHAM
Until you realize that they believe
it's only a plot meant to force the
president's hand on Cuba.

FIONA
Oh. I see now. Even if you exposed
what you know of the plot, all
you'd learn is that most Americans
are in favor of removing Castro.

LATHAM
And I'd be looked at as a traitor.

Latham leans back, his face a mask of anguish. Fiona sighs.

FIONA
That's why Mr. Berard can't say
anything either.

LATHAM
I know what's going to happen; I
just don't know enough to stop it.

ACT THREE

EXT. PILSEY ISLAND, CHICHESTER, ENGLAND - DAY

The sea is calm. TWO FISHERMEN on board their trawler in Chichester Harbour haul in their net. One man wears a heavy trousers, a mackintosh over a woolen sweater, and a wool tam; the other is similarly dressed but with a knit hat.

When the net reaches the surface, the Two Fishermen notice that something odd has been caught. Reeling the net aboard, they are aghast at what they see: the body of a headless man in a Heinke diving suit.

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

The sun, low in the horizon, glitters off the National Mall's Reflecting Pool, with the Washington Monument looming.

3100 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE NW - EMBASSY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

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

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

A Teletype Model 33 CLACKS as it prints a report in UPPER-CASE LETTERS on yellow-colored paper:

MHR132

(HUMAN REMAINS)

(LONDON) A U.K. ROYAL NAVY SPOKESMAN SAID THAT, OFF PILSEY ISLAND IN CHICHESTER HARBOUR, THE BODY OF A HEADLESS MAN IN A DIVING SUIT WAS BROUGHT FROM THE WATERS ENTRAPPED IN THE NET OF A FISHING TRAWLER. THE BODY REMAINS UNIDENTIFIED.

A LOCAL CONSTABLE FORMERLY ATTACHED TO THE ROYAL NAVY DESCRIBED THE DIVING SUIT AS BEING A HEINKE MODEL, ONE USED BY ROYAL NAVY DIVERS.

CSA146PES11/22...

MI6 OFFICE

Jones eats breakfast at his desk while he reads the U.K. newspaper The Daily Telegraph. There is a KNOCK on the door; it opens and Fiona enters holding the teletype copy and looking worried.

FIONA

This just came into the Comm Room.

Jones sets down his bacon-and-egg sandwich and wipes his mouth and fingers with a napkin. Fiona hands him the teletype. Jones reads it and is shocked.

FIONA (CONT'D)

You think it's Commander Crabb?

JONES

(nods)

I can just see the lead in tomorrow's Pravda: 'British conduct underwater espionage operation during peaceful visit by Premier Khrushchev.'

FIONA

If we've sanitized the hotel where he and Knowles stayed we should be okay.

JONES

Not if the press gets its hands on the hotel's registration book first.

FIONA

The Firm will just issue a D-Notice.

Jones shakes his head no. Fiona finds his response odd. Stressed, Jones gets up and meanders about, a la Latham.

JONES

A D-Notice isn't going to stop some whistleblower from bringing this to light with the foreign press - especially if it's someone hell-bent on bringing down the government.

FIONA

20 years in Dartmoor for violating the Official Secrets Act might.

JONES

Not if you don't know who it is.

Fiona shrugs, conceding the point.

JONES (CONT'D)

You don't understand. Number 10 will do anything to hold onto power; that includes sacking everyone at MI6 if it avoids another scandal.

FIONA

I doubt he'd go that far, Larry.

JONES

No? That Profumo business was still wet paint on the walls at Whitehall when along came Philby's defection!

FIONA

I get that. But London must have had a cover story for the operation.

JONES

In the end it may not be enough to save the Special Relationship; that's what this is all about, you know. Without it we might as well all pack up and go home - assuming they don't sack us first.

FIONA

Aren't you exaggerating a bit here? This has got nothing to do with us.

JONES

It would send a signal to Washington that Whitehall's willing to purge any vestige of the regime that let this happen, including 'C' himself.

Fiona despairs as Jones has convinced her.

JONES (CONT'D)

Anyway, you won't have to worry.

FIONA

What do you mean?

JONES

Latham would bring you into the CIA in a heartbeat. I'd end up driving for London Transport.

Fiona sighs and mulls things over, then...

FIONA

What if there were a cover story that had a false confirmation?

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

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

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham listens intently as Fiona and, to a lesser extent, Jones explain the false confirmation.

FIONA

We get a more or less neutral third party like Finland to confirm the cover story. Your people feed an article to the Finnish newspaper Maakansa about the Finnish Navy having to moor further out to sea due to our Royal Navy conducting training drills for its divers at Chichester Harbour.

(MORE)

FIONA (CONT'D)

It's substantiated further by the local water taxi company complaining about strong currents taking their boats off course while ferrying Finnish crew members to shore.

LATHAM

Making it plausible for Crabb's body to be found a few miles from where the Provornyy was docked.

FIONA

Yes.

LATHAM

What about Crabb's missing head?

FIONA

The Telegraph has a photo of a Great White Shark taken off Worthing coast in West Sussex two weeks ago.

LATHAM

Hmm, and London's fine with your cover story, the training exercise?

JONES

Yes, we already ran it by them.

FIONA

Better than the one they prepared.

LATHAM

Which was?

FIONA

The Royal Navy doing repairs on the hull - in the middle of the night, no less.

LATHAM

Okay. I'll have to run this by our Intelligence Director first.

JONES

Soon as you can, Warren. Time isn't on our side.

Latham BUZZES Collette using the TALK button on the intercom.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

You rang?

LATHAM

Get Bill Nealy on the line, please.

He hangs up.

JONES

You just saved the Special Relationship, Warren - not to mention our jobs.

LATHAM

You mean, Fiona did.

Jones yields with an embarrassed grin while Fiona curls a slight smile.

THE HOLE

The envelope Smith gave to DiLauria lies open on the table beside Smith's POI list, two half-filled legal notepads, several pencils, two erasers and a plastic pencil sharpener.

INSERT SMITH'S POI LIST:

**Bp: Biastophilia Ex: Exhibitionism Fr: Frotteurism
H: Homosexual L: Lesbian Ma: Maschalagnia Mz: Mazophilia
Pa: Polyamory Pi: Pictophilia SM: Sadomasochism
T: Toucherism Tr: Troilism Tv: Transvestite V: Voyeurism**

**BEACHEM, Harrison - spouse: Eleanor; U.S. Army colonel - Ex,T
member Armed Services Committee
CARROLL, J. F. - spouse: Cheryl; U.S. Army general - Ma,Mz
member Armed Services Committee
TYSON, Gerald - spouse: Ingrid; U.S. senator - Fr,SM
member Armed Services Committee
KINGSTON, Justine - spouse: Roger, CIA Intel Analyst - L
(spouse deceased)
MCFARLAND, Mary - spouse: Leyland, CIA CI/SIG - Pa,Pi
JOHNSON, Lyndon - spouse: Claudia; Vice President - Tr,V
DOUGLAS, William - spouse: Joan; U.S. Supreme Court - T
justice
SCHOTT, Will - spouse: Agatha; CIA Plans Division - Bp,V
WALKER, Edwin - unmarried; U.S. Army general, res. - Ex,V
HOOVER, J. Edgar - unmarried, FBI Director - H,Pi,
Tv,V**

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo and DiLauria are in the midst of poring over the list.

DILAURIA

It's handwritten, so it's probably a subset from something larger.

BAZZO

Hmm, really goes into the sewers... I could see Hoover compiling a list like this - except he's on it.

DILAURIA

Maybe the Army Security Agency was doing just that - you know, trying to gain leverage over their enemies.

BAZZO

Not this group. If anything, they'd be on the same page as the ASA.

DiLauria shrugs, conceding the point.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

When I saw Justine Kingston's name, I thought this was related to the Miami plot - given what her husband was working on.

DILAURIA

Me too, especially with Schott and those two from the JCS on it.

BAZZO

Don't forget Lyin' Lyndon.

DILAURIA

Yeah, definitely him. But why is Senator Tyson on the list?

BAZZO

'Cause the guy's a poodle running between Carroll and Beachem.

DiLauria is amused, but Bazzo has a change of heart.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

No, that doesn't fit. Mary McFarland's a staunch liberal.

DILAURIA

Hmm, maybe she's there 'cause she knows her husband works for us, like Mrs. Kingston did.

Bazzo nods, acknowledging the possibility.

BAZZO

Leyland McFarland, CI/SIG... Didn't he work with a contract agent on ZR/RIFLE, recruiting mechanics? What was that guy's name...

DILAURIA

David Tzivitch, I think.

BAZZO

Yes! They reported to Will Schott.

DILAURIA

Who's also on this list. Another tie-in to Miami, Paul.

BAZZO

What about Justice Douglas and J. Edgar Hoover? There's nothing to suggest those two are involved.

DILAURIA

But if we exclude Justice Douglas...

BAZZO

And put Hoover in with that bunch?

DILAURIA

Why not? He hates the Kennedys.

BAZZO

No, he's not stupid enough to be in on a plot to kill the president.

DILAURIA

Okay, that's you. But the way I see it, hate's an imitation of love - both can make you do stupid things.

Just then the door opens; Latham enters.

LATHAM

Where are you with that list you got last night?

BAZZO

Carla thinks it's a list of people related to the Miami plot.

LATHAM

And you don't?

BAZZO

Justice Douglas is on it. I can't imagine how or why he'd be involved.

DILAURIA

But LBJ's on it. And he certainly has the most to gain if Kennedy's assassinated. Hoover does too.

LATHAM

Hmm, those same Mob bosses who give Hoover free room and board at their casinos also told him that they'd fixed the election for Kennedy. They believed it gave them free rein to fleece the country.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Then JFK appoints brother Bobby as attorney general - and we all know how that's gone.

BAZZO

Oh, yeah.

LATHAM

On the other hand, the Kennedys know about Hoover being light in the loafers from their own Mob contacts.

DILAURIA

There you go.

BAZZO

No, sounds like a Mexican standoff.

LATHAM

I don't know. LBJ is Hoover's boy, always has been. But when Kennedy drops him from the ticket, Hoover's out, regardless of how much dirt he has on the Kennedys. But if LBJ were to become president...

BAZZO

Okay, okay. But why is Justice Douglas on the list?

DILAURIA

Killing Kennedy is a coup d'état, Paul, no different than any of our own Ops. The usurpers have to control the aftermath - to the extent that's possible. What better way to facilitate that than to get a Supreme Court justice on board?

Latham grows circumspect at this point.

LATHAM

Wait. Normally, this leads us down the right path. But in this case you still don't know why Smith, or whoever, created the list. If even half of what you're saying is true, then the Miami plot could be larger and more complex than we first thought. We're talking beyond the president's known enemies, people. So, before you dive further into this rabbit hole, I want to know why this list was created. When are you supposed to meet with this Smith character again?

DILAURIA

He said he'd call us today.

LATHAM

When he does, set up a meet; soon
as you can.

DiLauria nods. Latham turns to leave then stops.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Oh, one more thing. I spoke with D-
Int before coming down here. That
false defector in Dallas, Oswald...

BAZZO

The one who met with those two
Nazis from Interpen.

LATHAM

Yes. He's in New Orleans now.

DILAURIA

What's he doing there?

LATHAM

I don't know. Now, this may just be
a coincidence but earlier Durang
told me to keep an eye on Carlos
Marcello, who lives down there.

This piques the curiosity of Bazzo and DiLauria.

BAZZO

Want me to call the station?

LATHAM

Yes, but tell them to keep it low
key. Durang told me that in
confidence. I don't want Bureau
agents there wondering why we're
looking at either one of them.

BAZZO

Right.

As Latham leaves, Bazzo dials the Red phone.

EXT. MEXICO CITY - DAY

Stock footage of the cityscape, featuring the TORRE
LATINOAMERICANA skyscraper.

CENTRO HISTÓRICO DISTRICT - EL GALLO DE ORO

Hidden behind red walls, green awnings and a pair of swinging
double doors is the oldest cantina in the Historic District.

INT. EL GALLO DE ORO

Unpretentious, with a long bar and cozy wooden booths, it also sports an influence of the saintly with its stained glass windows. The place is packed, mostly with locals drinking and enjoying the buffet of roasted meats and pastries.

Sarti sits at the bar. Before him are three shot glasses, two of which are empty. The BARTENDER fills the third one with tequila which Sarti immediately gulps down, much to the astonishment of the Bartender. (Everyone speaks Spanish.)

BARTENDER

Señor, creo que deberías probar nuestro buffet ahora. Has tomado más de tres tragos, así que el buffet es gratis.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Sir, I think you should try our buffet now. You've had more than three drinks, so the buffet's free."

SARTI

En un minuto. Dame otro trago.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "In a minute. Give me another shot."

He lays three 20-peso banknotes on the bar while the Bartender pours another shot of tequila. Sarti picks up the shot glass and looks about. At the far end of the bar he sees a familiar face: Hall. Sarti downs the shot then looks at the Bartender.

SARTI (CONT'D)

Quédese con el cambio.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Keep the change."

He gets up and leaves. In short order, Hall follows him.

SARTI

Walks through the Historic District along Justo Sierra with its many shops. He turns onto Calle del Carmen, a pedestrian thoroughfare where many of the businesses are shuttered, and slips into an alley.

CALLE DEL CARMEN

Hall turns onto this street. He looks about, confused. Sarti quickly emerges from the alley and puts Hall in a headlock. Two CHILDREN peek in from the corner. When Sarti pulls out a switchblade and holds it to Hall's throat, the Children run away. Sarti drags Hall into the...

ALLEY

And SLAMS Hall's head against a brick wall.

Crumbling mortar falls to the ground. Sarti kicks Hall in the crook of a knee, dropping him to the ground, then presses the blade of his knife against Hall's Adam's Apple.

SARTI

Move and I'll cut it open.

He releases his headlock on Hall and rummages through Hall's back pockets, pulling out a wallet. Sarti flips it open and, in the wallet's window sleeve, sees a Texas driver's license in the name of Lee H. Oswald.

SARTI (CONT'D)

Lee Oswald, huh? Well, Mr. Oswald, your boss doesn't listen. So, you're going to take a message back to him.

Using the point of the knife, he pricks the side of Hall's neck at the carotid artery. In rhythm to Hall's heartbeat, blood spurts from the small hole like a tiny geyser. Hall clutches his neck; blood seeps between his fingers. Sarti tosses the wallet on the ground next to Hall.

SARTI (CONT'D)

Next time, it'll be your heart -
and your boss's.

Hall picks up his wallet and staggers to his feet. He stumbles out the alley onto Calle del Carmen while Sarti runs in the opposite direction. A moment later come faint SCREAMS and cries of "Ay, dios mío! Él está sangrando!"

INT. ROOM - DAY

The lights are off, the window blinds shut, and the drapes drawn over them. The only light comes from a slide projector throwing an image onto a projection screen. Wisps of cigarette smoke laze about. Sitting at a table in familiar silhouette are the THREE MEN. On the screen is a photo of Bazzo and DiLauria, taken surreptitiously at The Owl Bar.

MAN

Paul Barry and Carla Dilauria. They work in the Special Section of the CIA's Domestic Operations Division.

MAN #2

I believe they have a nickname.

MAN

Yes, mandarins.

MAN #3

Hm, sounds Red Chinese.

MAN

A slightly different meaning here.

CLICK. A file photograph of Latham appears on the screen.

MAN (CONT'D)

Warren Latham, head of Domestic Operations. The mandarins report to him.

MAN #3

Guy's a real son of a bitch.

MAN

You don't like him because he's smart. Too bad he's not on the team.

CLICK. Sergeant Smith's photo is on the screen.

MAN (CONT'D)

And Sergeant Jeffrey Smith, CIG. He met with the mandarins last night.

MAN #2

Oh, Christ...

MAN #3

Wait. The guy's only a file clerk, right?

MAN

But with a Top Secret clearance and access to files in Central Records. He was seen copying CONUS names from the sexual perversions section.

MAN #2

Which ones?

MAN

We don't know them all. What we do know is that some of them are the same people we're tracking.

MAN #2

So, he and those three at the CIA are a problem now.

MAN

Yes, very much so.

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

CIA employees drift in and out of Gate #1.

INT. THE HOLE

Bazzo and DiLauria are still at their desks, their legal notepads filled with notes on Sergeant Smith's POI file. DiLauria looks up at the 24-hour wall clock; it reads 16:50.

DILAURIA
Smith should have called us by now.

BAZZO
He said he'd try.

DILAURIA
You want to call him?

BAZZO
I don't know. He could be waiting 'til he's off duty.

DILAURIA
Still, I think it's pretty safe to call him. I doubt he's told anyone there about you, Mr. Sterling.

BAZZO
That's not what worries me.

DILAURIA
Then what?

BAZZO
If the ASA did have eyes on him last night, they could've overheard him ask for me with the maître d'.

DILAURIA
Hmm, that's true... Why don't I call him then? If anyone asks, I'll just say I'm his girlfriend.

BAZZO
(sighs, then reluctantly)
Yeah, I guess. Go ahead.

DiLauria gets up and goes to a bookcase filled with White- and Yellow Pages directories. She picks out the White Pages for Baltimore County and returns to her desk. She looks up U.S. Government and runs her finger down to Fort Holabird. She picks up the Gray phone, dials '9' and gets a DIAL TONE, then dials the fort's number.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Fort Holabird.

DILAURIA
Sergeant Jeffrey Smith, please. I believe he's with the Counter-intelligence Group.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
One moment, please.

There is a long, uncomfortable silence. Bazzo looks curiously at DiLauria who can only shrug as she waits. Finally...

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, but I'll have to transfer you to the Post Information Officer. Please hold.

Finding this curious, DiLauria covers the mouthpiece with her hand and speaks sotto voce to Bazzo.

DILAURIA
I'm being transferred to the Post Information Officer.

Bazzo grows wary.

LT. BARNES (O.S.)
Lieutenant Barnes, Post Information Officer.

DILAURIA
Um, I was trying to reach Sergeant Jeffrey Smith.

LT. BARNES (O.S.)
And you are...

DILAURIA
Amelia Haley, a friend of his.

LT. BARNES (O.S.)
I'm sorry, Miss Haley, but Sergeant Smith is unavailable at this time.

DILAURIA
Unavailable - what does that mean? I don't understand.

LT. BARNES (O.S.)
It means we're not fielding any inquiries on Sergeant Smith at the present time.

DILAURIA
But, Lieutenant-

LT. BARNES (O.S.)
(interrupts her)
I'm sorry, Miss Haley, but I have
to go. Please feel free to call
back tomorrow. Goodbye.

CLICK. DiLauria looks incredulously at the phone's handset
then hangs up.

BAZZO
What's up?

DILAURIA
That was a Lieutenant Barnes, the
Post Information Officer. He said
they're not fielding any inquiries
on Sergeant Smith and to call back
tomorrow.

BAZZO
(despairingly)
Aw, man...

DILAURIA
You think he's been arrested?

BAZZO
(grimly)
If he's lucky.

DILAURIA
(stunned)
Why do you say that?

BAZZO
'Cause he's probably dead.

END