

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Four, Episode #8: "A Farewell Trip"

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Episode #8: "A Farewell Trip"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MOSCOW, RUSSIA - NIGHT

INSERT: "Moscow"

Stock footage of Red Square and...

2 DZERZHINSKY SQUARE - LUBYANKA

While it appears to be one enormous building with solid walls all around, the Lubyanka prison complex actually contains the two original buildings plus several smaller ones, along with a number of courtyards within the complex. The ornate façade of the main building includes two female figures representing Justice and Solace. Just outside the main building is a statue of Felix Dzerzhinsky, founder of Russia's secret police.

INT. PRISON CELL

8 feet by 4 feet, with an overhead light that is constantly on. There is a metal bed frame - no mattress - and a "slop jar," a bucket to relieve oneself. On one wall is a tiny window above eye level. The iron cell door contains a peephole from which the prisoner can be observed without his knowledge. HENRY JENSEN sits on the edge of the bed frame, head down and exhausted. He wears gray, loose-fitting trousers and a shirt. The door opens a crack. Burly KGB OFFICER #1 in street clothes leans in. (He speaks English.)

KGB OFFICER #1

Get up and get ready. And fast.

He closes the door. Jensen struggles to his feet; he wobbles, as though suffering from vertigo.

KGB OFFICER #1 AND KGB OFFICER #2

Burst in. They blindfold Jensen then lead him out the cell, down a corridor and into a freight elevator. It rises slowly amid the THUNDERING ROAR of motors, finally stopping at...

THE 6TH FLOOR

The KGB Officers lead Jensen into a windowless...

INTERROGATION ROOM

KGB Officer #1 removes Jensen's blindfold.

He positions Jensen in the center of the room where an intense overhead light shines in Jensen's eyes. Both KGB Officers then retreat to the back of the room behind the interrogator - a middle-aged, blond giant named VIKTOR ABAKUMOV. He checks his watch: 2:15. Abakumov sits in relative shadow, watching Jensen replace his fear with defiance.

ABAKUMOV

So, how is your mood?

JENSEN

Fine.

ABAKUMOV

Prisoners are usually in a bad mood on the first day, when you realize that you are under arrest and that it is for a long time. Tell me, would you say that there is a day in a prisoner's life that is even worse than the first day?

JENSEN

I don't know. Which day is that?

ABAKUMOV

The last day of his life.

JENSEN

But I haven't done anything.

ABAKUMOV

Oh, but you are well-known to us, Henry Jensen, and your case is quite clear.

JENSEN

Look, all I did was try to get a visa to go to East Berlin. So why am I here - wherever this is?

ABAKUMOV

Lubyanka.

At this one word, Jensen drops the bravado. His lower lip quivers. Abakumov shows mock concern.

ABAKUMOV (CONT'D)

Familiar, eh? You were referred to us by the East German State Security because you were discovered to have false travel papers on your person. That makes you a spy. As you are an American, that makes you a spy for the CIA.

JENSEN

I don't know what you're talking about.

ABAKUMOV

Let's be clear about something, Jensen. Your embassy denies knowing you. You are in essence a messenger boy, and an expendable one at that. Nobody cares about you.

Jensen starts to sweat profusely under the intense heat from the lights.

ABAKUMOV (CONT'D)

Tell me, have you ever read Victor Hugo's novel 'Ninety-Three'?

JENSEN

What?

Jensen shakes his head; he is flummoxed trying to ascertain the type of interrogation method being used.

ABAKUMOV

Victor Hugo, the writer. You must have read him.

JENSEN

Yes, yes - but not 'Ninety-Three'.

ABAKUMOV

Well, at the end of the novel the hero is guillotined.

This makes Jensen quiver. Abakumov eyes him closely.

ABAKUMOV (CONT'D)

I understand that the victim is still conscious for 20 seconds after his head is severed. Even worse, he still feels the pain.

JENSEN

No one's beheaded in Russia nowadays.

ABAKUMOV

How would you know what goes on behind closed doors here? We can put you on trial for espionage, then tell the world you were stood up against the wall and shot. Your friends will hang your photograph on their walls; that will be your only consolation.

(MORE)

ABAKUMOV (CONT'D)
You can think about that for the
last 20 seconds of your life.

EXT. MIAMI, FLORIDA - DAY (MORNING)

INSERT: "Miami"

Vintage stock footage of the city.

LITTLE HAVANA

A street sign reads "WELCOME TO CALLE OCHO."

MÁXIMO GÓMEZ PARK

"Domino Park" to the locals. This little gem on 8th Street is popular with Cuban ex-pats, even at this early-morning hour. WILL SCHOTT and FRED CROSBY stroll. Crosby is casually dressed, while Schott wears a basket-weave, linen-silk suit.

SCHOTT
You don't have any other way to get
in touch with Holmes?

CROSBY
No! I told you - Jensen was his
controller. I always went through
him. Besides, Holmes is the type
who wants to limit his exposure to
spooks. He doesn't trust us.

SCHOTT
Yeah, with good fuckin' reason. Why
the hell was Jensen chosen to go to
East Berlin anyway? And right when
I needed him to do work for me?

CROSBY
Ask Warren Latham. Jensen reports
to him, just like me and everyone
else in Domestic Ops.

SCHOTT
Uh huh. Maybe you're the one who
suggested it to Latham.

CROSBY
Fuck you, Schott!

He turns away and walks in the opposite direction. Schott lumbers after him.

SCHOTT
Hey, Crosby! Crosby, wait up!

Crosby slows his pace. Schott finally catches up to him.

SCHOTT (CONT'D)

I told you, I'm being set up.

CROSBY

There's nothing I can do about that!
I came to tell you what's up. You
wanna think I'm in on it? That's up
to you. I couldn't care less. Just
get the hell out of Miami before
someone sees you. Go back to Rome.

Schott unbuttons his suit jacket, revealing his shoulder-holstered, pearl-handled .38 Colt pistol. Crosby is unfazed.

CROSBY (CONT'D)

Use it on yourself, jackass.

As he leaves, a CUBAN MAN playing checkers eyes Schott.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI, FLORIDA

INSERT: "University of Miami, Florida"

Crosby crosses the campus quadrangle, passing THREE CREWCUT, SHIRTLESS MEN in fatigue pants who eye Crosby with disdain.

INT. ANTECHAMBER

STEWART KENSINGTON speaks with BETH, Crosby's administrative assistant. Crosby enters, surprised to see Kensington.

KENSINGTON

How was your meeting with your
confidential source?

CROSBY

Fine. Were you waiting for me, sir?

KENSINGTON

Yes. It seems a call intended for
you was routed to me instead. It
was from John Middleton at CI.

CROSBY

Oh. I'll call him back.

KENSINGTON

I didn't know we had any ongoing CI
operations.

CROSBY

We don't, as far as I know.

KENSINGTON

Well, if we did, I'd expect to be
kept informed, Crosby.

CROSBY

Yes, sir.

As Kensington leaves in a huff, Beth rolls her eyes. Crosby enters...

CROSBY'S OFFICE

He sits at his desk, dials the Red phone and waits.

MIDDLETON (O.S.)

8-1-1-1...

CROSBY

Its Fred Crosby, Mr. Middleton.

MIDDLETON (O.S.)

Go to a payphone and call me. We have a few things to discuss.

Crosby hangs up and leaves.

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

Stock footage of the city's familiar landmarks.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

CIA employees enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

The antique brass rolling tea cart sports a teapot covered by a blue tea cozy, and china featuring a traditional Blue Willow pattern. WILSON BERARD and WARREN LATHAM sip tea. On Berard's desk are two files, one of which is open.

BERARD

I read your report on Henry Jensen.
A bit short on detail.

LATHAM

There wasn't much available. Most of what's there came from intercepted Stasi radio transmissions.

BERARD

Jensen was East Berlin oriented...

LATHAM

And fully backstopped.

BERARD

Yet, he was arrested at the Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse checkpoint. And now he's in Lubyanka.

LATHAM

The Stasi handed him over to the KGB after they found Temporary Travel documents on him for the Schalks.

BERARD

Yes, that's all in your report. Poor fellow... It seems your suspicions were correct.

LATHAM

Sir?

BERARD

About there being a double agent in our West Berlin station.

LATHAM

Oh. Yes, he'd have exposed Jensen.

BERARD

You say here that the embassy's denied knowing him.

LATHAM

Gives us time to see if we're holding anyone worth swapping.

BERARD

I see. And what about the Schalks?

LATHAM

They're still in the wind for now.

BERARD

I suppose that's some good news.

LATHAM

Their brief directs them to travel to Poland. But with the border guards on high alert, that's not possible now.

BERARD

So, we're just abandoning them?

LATHAM

No. Two years ago they were given the option of going over the Wall.

BERARD

Over the Wall...

LATHAM

There are still stretches without the Death Strip.

BERARD

They're almost my age, Warren.

LATHAM

When the brick and mortar sections went up, handhelds were installed by the workers. They haven't all been removed yet. The Schalks will use them to go over the Wall after dark, sometime this week.

BERARD

Let's hope they make it. Now, if I can turn your attention here... Have you heard of Dolores Clairborne?

He hands Latham the unopened file, which Latham reads.

LATHAM

Yes, she's one of the Boston Brahmins. Very wealthy. I think she's married to an Englishman.

BERARD

Sir Lloyd Hensley, an agronomist, and quite wealthy in his own right.

LATHAM

He would be.

BERARD

Easy now... Sir Lloyd was her second marriage. Her first husband died after the birth of her son, Michael.

LATHAM

Hmm... She didn't take on either of her husbands' surnames, did she?

BERARD

No. She's, um, progressive that way. She had two children with Sir Lloyd: William races cars on the Grand Prix circuit, and Beatrice is an actress.

LATHAM

You know the family pretty well.

BERARD

Yes. Dolores is quite the patron of the arts, a trait she's passed onto Michael. Yesterday, President Kennedy offered him the chairmanship of the Advisory Council on the Arts.

This gives Latham pause.

LATHAM

A government position - that means a background check by the FBI. I hope there's no skeletons in his closet.

BERARD

I have no idea what he keeps in there. I do know the Clairbornes are on J. Edgar Hoover's list of subversive Eastern liberals.

LATHAM

I'm not surprised. He thinks they're all Communist dupes.

BERARD

With Dolores, I believe it was her friendship with Eleanor Roosevelt, whom he hated. After her death last year, Dolores assumed her role as the FBI's leading critic, as well as being a champion for civil rights.

LATHAM

Hoover must be foaming at the mouth.

BERARD

I was hoping you'd look into Michael's background for me, sort of pre-empt the FBI's check. Make sure there's nothing Hoover could use to blackmail the family.

LATHAM

Sir, if COINTELPRO's proven anything, it's that the FBI will invent dirt where none exists.

BERARD

Yes... Dolores has never shied away from a fight. She has good contacts in the press and she's made fools of people like Hoover before. But Michael... He's, well, he's not as strong as his mother. He, uh, tends to run from conflict.

Latham is still clearly reluctant to take on the job.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Do this as a favor to me, Warren. I'd be very grateful.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD is at her desk, earphones on, and transcribing.

Latham enters with the Clairborne file in hand. Collette lowers her earphones, stops typing and looks up at him.

LATHAM

Where are the mandarins?

COLLETTE

In The Hole.

LATHAM

Get them up here for me, will you?
And call François Bisset at the
White House. See if he can get me
an appointment with the President.

COLLETTE

Right.

She picks up the Red phone and dials while Latham enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

And sits at his desk. He opens the Clairborne file and skims through it. There is a KNOCK on his open office door. Latham looks up as CARLA DILAURIA and PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY enter.

BAZZO

You wanted to see us, boss?

LATHAM

Yes, take a seat.

BAZZO

You want us to share a seat, or...

LATHAM

Huh? Sit down!

Bazzo and DiLauria grin mischievously as they sit.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Why are you in such a good mood?

BAZZO

It's pay day, and the rent's due.

DILAURIA

And I can finally get that sofa bed
I've got on layaway.

LATHAM

There's a cost-of-living raise
coming next month. It's not much.

BAZZO

Any extra cash will help.

LATHAM

Hmm, every time Kensington complains you guys get paid to sit on your backsides in The Hole, I tell him it's in the field where you earn your pay. And I have a hard time asking you two to risk your lives for the same money a mailman makes.

BAZZO

If you're feeling bad for sending that prick Jensen to Berlin, don't; it's not your fault.

LATHAM

It was, Bazzo.

BAZZO

Boss...

LATHAM

No, hear me out. I'd made separate arrangements with SMOTH for MI6 to rescue the Schalks. I had him tell MI6's Berlin station about our operation, who would then tell our station there that they were keeping clear of Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse, and that our people should do the same. If someone at our Berlin station is doubling, which I believe is the case, he'd pass on the information to the KGB, who'd tell the Stasi.

BAZZO

Geezus, why'd you do that?

LATHAM

Because Jensen was being sent on a dummy run to clear the way for MI6 to lift the Schalks. Their man will lead them over the Wall tonight, about ten miles from where Carla crossed over the Death Strip.

DILAURIA

Where it hadn't been completed yet.

LATHAM

Still hasn't. If you guys knew this, you'd have assumed I set Jensen up because he's involved with the John Birch Society. And we know some of them have been plotting to kill President Kennedy for a while now.

BAZZO

Then if Jensen had gotten into East Berlin, he'd have assumed the reason the Schalks didn't make the rendezvous was because the VoPo had already picked them up.

DILAURIA

As it turns out then, you were right; someone in our Berlin station is doubling.

BAZZO

Does Berard know about this?

LATHAM

Only that there's a double agent in our Berlin station. Losing Jensen also means the Miami plot's been disrupted again. And I'm not sorry about that.

BAZZO

Neither are we. But we are glad you kept your word to the Schalks.

DiLauria nods her agreement.

LATHAM

Anyway, let's move on. I need you to do some digging for me. Here.

He hands Bazzo the file. DiLauria moves her chair next to Bazzo so she can read over his shoulder.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Dolores Clairborne. Heard of her?

DILAURIA

Society gal, with more money than the Mafia.

LATHAM

That's one way to put it. The president offered the chairmanship of the Advisory Council on the Arts to her son, Michael.

BAZZO

The Advisory Council on the Arts?

LATHAM

Look, the point is all prospective government appointees have to undergo a background check by the FBI.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Berard's worried Hoover might find something he can use to blackmail the family. So he wants us to look into Michael's background first.

DILAURIA

And if we find something?

LATHAM

We'll persuade Michael to withdraw his name from consideration.

BAZZO

When do you need this?

LATHAM

Yesterday.

BAZZO

Ah, situation normal.

Bazzo grins, then he and DiLauria get up and leave.

EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Stock footage of the old main terminal with signs atop it welcoming travelers to "Miami International Airport."

INT. 20TH STREET TERMINAL - CONCOURSE FOUR

Passengers crisscross the terminal with their luggage.

BANK OF PHONE BOOTHS

Inside a phone booth, Schott drops lots of change into the payphone's coin slot. He's animated, his shouts into the phone muted against the PURL of conversations and PA announcements.

INSIDE THE PHONE BOOTH

SCHOTT

Are you gonna be there or not?!...
Then why not just say so?! I'll call
you after I land. And don't fuckin'
tell anyone! I mean it... No, I'm
not threatening you. I just don't
want anyone to know. Okay?

He gets the response he wanted and hangs up.

SCHOTT

Leaves the phone booth and walks to the Pan Am ticket counter with several female TICKET AGENTS on duty. He waddles up to one who is available - BETTY, on her nametag - and pulls his airline ticket and a flight schedule from his suitcoat pocket.

SCHOTT

My ticket's for a 1:30 flight to Rome, but I'd like to exchange it for that flight to Lisbon, the one leaving in 15 minutes.

BETTY

Don't care much for Rome, huh?

SCHOTT

Something like that.

BETTY

It may not be the same fare.

SCHOTT

I don't care.

BETTY

Can I have your ticket please?

Schott hands her his ticket. Betty checks the flight details.

BETTY (CONT'D)

It makes one stop, in Tangier... Ah, you're lucky. It has two seats available, and it's the same fare. You won't need a visa as long as your stay doesn't exceed 90 days.

SCHOTT

It damn well better not.

This unsettles Betty. Schott pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

BETTY

Will that be smoking or non-smoking?

Schott takes a puff and exhales Betty's way. She coughs.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Smoking.

She prints out a new ticket and hands it to Schott.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Gate number five. You'd better hurry. You only have a few minutes.

SCHOTT

(mutters)

I hate fuckin' running.

He grabs his luggage and lumbers down the terminal toward a sign that reads "GATES 1 - 5."

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the Lincoln Memorial and the National Mall.

SAMUEL GOMPERS MEMORIAL PARK

People laze about, eating their lunch. Latham and FIONA JEFFRIES hold hands as they stroll by Samuel Gompers' statue. Latham carries the familiar large white paper bag from his favorite restaurant, Joe and Nemo's.

LATHAM

You sure you're not hungry?

FIONA

I'm still trying to digest that bangers and mash. Last time I let Larry talk me into joining him for brunch. You go on and eat, hon.

Latham opens the bag, takes out a steamed hamburger and starts munching.

FIONA (CONT'D)

You have the soda's in there?

Latham nods.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Let me have one. I'm so bloated. All that carbonation is bound to give me terrible wind, but I need it.

LATHAM

Wind - you don't mean break wind.

FIONA

What, you mean fart?

LATHAM

Yes.

FIONA

Noddy! In the U.K. wind means burp.

LATHAM

Oh... Here.

He hands Fiona a bottle of 7-Up from the bag.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

They were out of Diet Rite Cola, so I got 7-Up.

Fiona pulls her Swiss Army knife from her pocketbook. She lifts off the cap and hands the bottle back to Latham.

He hands her the second bottle. She opens it then takes a sip.

FIONA
Mmm, I like it.

LATHAM
What did you call me, a Noddy?

FIONA
Yes, it means idiot.

Latham chuckles.

LATHAM
Tell me, what do you know about Sir
Lloyd Hensley?

FIONA
He's married to that rich woman from
the States, Dolores Clairborne.

LATHAM
So he's well known across the pond?

FIONA
Uh huh. Broke a lot of women's
hearts when he married her.

LATHAM
Why, is he really handsome?

FIONA
No, he's really wealthy. Why do you
ask?

LATHAM
Berard's asked me to do a background
check on his stepson, Michael, from
Dolores Clairborne's first marriage.
Kennedy wants him to head up the
Advisory Council on the Arts.

FIONA
I thought the FBI runs those checks.

LATHAM
They do, but Hoover hates Miss
Clairborne. Berard's worried he'll
use anything they find to blackmail
her. If I find anything, I'll just
ask Michael to decline the position.

FIONA
Assuming you find it before the FBI
does.

LATHAM

I was gonna ask Larry to look into Michael's background since he went to school in the U.K. But I figured I'd just tell you instead.

FIONA

No, ask him. He's still feeling a bit forgotten. It'll lift his spirits, knowing you need his help.

Latham nods. The couple continue their stroll.

EXT. TUNLAW ROAD, NW - RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY

Stock footage of the Russian Embassy compound. The sign on the wrought-iron gate reads "Embassy of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics" in English and Cyrillic.

INT. ANTEROOM

A SECRETARY carrying a folder KNOCKS on an office door. YURI GVOZDEV, the KGB's Washington, D.C. resident, opens it. She hands him the folder and leaves.

GVOZDEV'S OFFICE

A photo of Nikita Khrushchev hangs on the wall. Gvozdev shuts the door. His Number Two, DINA, looks up from her desk. Gvozdev opens the folder; it contains a cable in Cyrillic. He goes to a safe, enters the combination and opens it. He takes out a one-time pad and locks the safe. Gvozdev then sits at his desk and decrypts the cable. (They speak Russian.)

DINA

Iz tsentra Moskvyy?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "From Moscow Center?"

GVOZDEV

Da.

He remains silent as he decrypts the message. Dina grows increasingly worried.

DINA

Pochemu ty takoy tikhiy? Menya otzyvayut v Moskvu?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Why are you so quiet? Am I being recalled to Moscow?"

GVOZDEV

Eto ne o vas. Nam bylo porucheno periodicheski informirovat' Tsentr o pereizbranii prezidenta Kennedi.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "It's not about you. We've been instructed to periodically update the Center on President Kennedy's re-election campaign."

DINA
(snidely)
Perezhivayet li «Petr Velikiy»,
chto yego priyatel' ne budet
pereizbran?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Is 'Peter the Great' worried his pal won't be re-elected?"

GVOZDEV
Prem'yer Khrushchev, vam.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Premier Khrushchev, to you."

Dina broods. Gvozdev locks the message in his desk.

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)
Ya idu obedat'. Vse gamburgery
zdes' na vkus kak salo.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I'm going out to lunch. All the burgers here taste like lard."

As he gets up and heads for the door...

DINA
Yesli ty idesh' k Dzho i Nemo,
prinesi mne gamburger, pozhaluysta.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "If you're going to Joe and Nemo's, bring me back a burger, please."

EXT. CORNER OF E STREET AND 18TH STREET, NW - DAY

Gvozdev walks to the mailbox, pulls a postcard from his inside suitcoat pocket and drops it in the mail slot. He bends over to re-tie his shoes. He reaches into his side suitcoat pocket, takes out a stick of chalk, and makes three CHALK MARKS on the side of the mailbox. Gvozdev then stands and walks away.

EXT. SAMUEL GOMPERS MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

Latham and Fiona kiss then part, heading out the park in opposite directions. Latham walks along L Street to...

7TH STREET, NW

He waits at the corner. A city bus arrives; Latham boards it.

I/E. CITY BUS

Latham sits in an aisle seat as the bus pulls away.

CORNER OF D STREET AND 17TH STREET, NW

The bus pulls to the curb. Latham alights. He walks his usual route up 17th Street, turns onto E street, then walks to the corner of 18th Street where he casually walks toward the mailbox. There, something catches his eye.

LATHAM

Sees THREE SMALL VERTICAL CHALK MARKS on the east side of the mailbox at the bottom. He pulls a pocket pack of tissues from his suitcoat pocket, takes one out and dabs at his nose, then squats to re-tie his shoe. He uses the tissue to wipe the chalk marks off the mailbox, then stands and hails a taxi.

ACT TWO

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

Latham shows his picture ID to the UNIFORMED MARINE CORPS GUARD on duty at the guard shack and enters through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is brown-bagging it at her desk. Latham enters. She puts down her ham sandwich with savory spread, wipes her mouth and hands, then picks up her notepad.

COLLETTE

François Bisset called. President Kennedy will see you if you can be there between 14:30 and 15:00. After that, the president's busy for the rest of the day into the evening. Also, the Miami Number One, Fred Crosby, called. He said he'd call you back.

LATHAM

Crosby say what it was about?

She shakes her head no then looks at the 24-hour wall clock; it reads 14:05.

COLLETTE

You'd better get a move on.

LATHAM

Yes, ma'am.

COLLETTE

Oh, one more thing. D-Int called. He'll be on site around 16:00 and would like to see you if you're available.

LATHAM

Call him back and tell him I'll be here. And let the mandarins and the Ops Room know where I'm going.

Collette nods. She picks up the Red phone as Latham leaves.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - DAY

Stock footage of this very familiar D.C. landmark.

THE ROSE GARDEN

PRESIDENT KENNEDY and Latham stroll along a path past a hedgerow interspersed with red, yellow and white roses.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

You realize I had to shorten my meeting with President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan of India to see you.

LATHAM

I apologize for that.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Don't. You saved me considerable embarrassment.

LATHAM

Sorry?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

René Verdon, our chef, is serving sautéed calf's liver for dinner.

He grins mischievously.

LATHAM

I understand you asked Michael Clairborne to be chairman of your Advisory Council on the Arts.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Yes, but it hasn't been formally announced. How'd you learn about it?

LATHAM

My boss, Wilson Berard.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Wilson... A very outspoken man, very honest too. One of the few people at the CIA whom I can trust - present company included.

Latham shyly flashes an appreciative smile.

LATHAM

Since no formal announcement's been made, am I right in assuming your people haven't submitted his name to the FBI for a background check?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

You are, but they will by the end of the week.

LATHAM

I'd like you to hold off on that. Let me do a background check first.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Why? That's the FBI's job.

LATHAM

Sir, the White House is about to be drawn into two major scandals - the Senate's investigation of Bobby Baker, and Billie Sol Estes, who was sentenced last week to 15 years in prison for mail and wire fraud.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

You say 'the White House,' but any scandal involving those two would specifically point fingers at the vice president.

LATHAM

Whose name still occupies the lesser half of a Kennedy-Johnson ticket.

President Kennedy grins, getting Latham's point.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

You know, Warren, if I'm re-elected, I plan to spend more time making government service an honorable career. I'll advocate changing some of the more outmoded rules and regulations in Congress, such as the seniority rule. But to do this I'll need as a running mate a man who thinks the way I do. It's too early to make an announcement about another running mate, but I have a fund-raising trip through Texas coming up in the fall. I guess you could call it a farewell trip. At that time, around Thanksgiving, I'll have something to announce.

He stops; Latham follows suit.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

As for the chairmanship of the
Advisory Council on the Arts, I'll
hold off on any formal announcement
until I hear back from you.

They turn around and head back toward the Oval Office.

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

The compound resembles a college campus - with aging students.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

BILL NEALY (D-Int) waits, his satchel on his lap. He reads the
Washington Post while Collette edits her transcription. Latham
enters. Nealy lowers the newspaper and looks at him.

NEALY

Finally.

LATHAM

What? You told Collette 16:00.

Nealy pointedly looks at the 24-hour wall clock; it reads
17:30. Latham glances at it then sheepishly rolls his eyes.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Fussbudget.

Nealy sticks out his tongue at Latham. He folds his newspaper,
grabs his satchel, stands and follows Latham into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham sits at his desk; Nealy sits across from him.

NEALY

You know where Will Schott is now?

LATHAM

Yeah, he's in Rome.

NEALY

Try Little Havana, Miami, talking
with your Number One there.

LATHAM

That fat son of a bitch. What about?

NEALY

(shrugs)

I don't know. But when the ousted
head of ZR/RIFLE meets with its
current one, I have to suspect
something's up.

LATHAM

And right under Kensington's nose.

NEALY

Kensington's only a caretaker, like McCone. He's not really involved in any of the day-to-day operations.

LATHAM

My understanding is Schott was sent into exile at the Rome station. He was supposed to lay low there while McCone decided what to do with him.

NEALY

That's my understanding too. Could be he's following a brief.

LATHAM

Whose?

NEALY

Someone outside the Rome station.

LATHAM

And he's in Miami... You think he's in with the plotters there?

NEALY

If he is, he wasn't welcomed with open arms. He and Crosby were seen having one hell of an argument.

LATHAM

Hmm... Then what's he up to?

Nealy throws up his hands; he doesn't know.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Is he still there, in Miami?

NEALY

He was last seen at Miami Airport, so who knows where he is now. But anytime Schott's involved, I worry someone's going to be hit.

(checks his watch)

I'm really late. I'll let you know if I hear any more.

LATHAM

Thanks, Bill. Sorry to keep you waiting.

Nealy smiles and leaves. Latham mulls over their brief chat. He eyes the 24-hour wall clock, then gets up and heads into...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette edits the same paper. Latham stops at her desk.

LATHAM

I have to go meet someone. I'll probably be awhile, so you might as well just go on home.

COLLETTE

Fine by me. Where are you going?

LATHAM

Rizik's.

COLLETTE

Oh. Buying something nice for Fiona?

LATHAM

I might.

Taken aback by Latham's reply, Collette watches him leave.

EXT. RIZIK'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

The store windows feature women's winter wear, all "On Sale."

INT. MAIN FLOOR

Latham rides the 'Up' escalator. His eyes flit about, from women crowding the fragrance counter to men eyeing the women.

SECOND FLOOR - WOMEN'S WEAR

Racks of stylish clothes display markdown signs of 40% to 60% - almost reasonably priced. Gvozdev eyes a red wool jacket and skirt suit. Latham gets off the escalator and walks up to him.

LATHAM

You don't look good in cherry red.

GVOZDEV

Not even with a pillbox hat?

He follows Latham who walks between racks of woolen overcoats.

LATHAM

I don't see your shadow anywhere.

GVOZDEV

That's because I don't have one. I'm the one who assigns minders now.

LATHAM

While Moscow Center keeps close watch on the family back home?

Gvozdev doesn't answer; he doesn't need to. He just tilts his head and shrugs. They continue their stroll.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Why did you want to see me, Yuri?

GVOZDEV

We have your man, Henry Jensen.

LATHAM

Do you...

GVOZDEV

Your embassy in Moscow has denied knowing him. That is unfortunate for Jensen.

INT. LUBYANKA - PRISON CELL - NIGHT - PAST

Several plainclothes KGB OFFICERS strip Jensen naked.

GVOZDEV (V.O.)

His interrogator wants information, intelligence information. It is no different than when you detain someone for spying.

LATHAM (V.O.)

Meaning your people have beaten the hell out of him.

INTERROGATION ROOM

Jensen is strapped to a straight-back wooden chair. While Abakumov looks on, KGB Officers #1 and #2 take turns PUNCHING Jensen in the stomach, causing him to finally vomit.

GVOZDEV (V.O.)

When you sense a prisoner is afraid of being beaten, you use that fear to learn everything he knows. But, of course, that was under Stalin.

PRISON CELL

The cells on the lowest floor at Lubyanka have sloped floors. Jensen stands naked against the wall at the high end of the cell, barely able to stay awake and on his feet. Meanwhile, KGB MAINTENANCE MEN in overalls throw buckets of ice water on the floor where it pools at the lower end.

GVOZDEV (V.O.)

You may think of KGB interrogators as sadists, flogging prisoners in the dark while no one watches;

(MORE)

GVOZDEV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
that is because the advertisement
of torture can be as effective as
torture itself. Today, though, it
is humiliation and sleep
deprivation. I'm sure your people
have advanced this to an art.

KGB Officers #1 and #2 force Jensen to pace continuously in
his cell. Exhausted, Jensen takes a step and finally falls
asleep - only to roll down the sloped floor into the ice-cold
water and wake up SCREAMING.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - WOMEN'S WEAR - DAY - PRESENT

Gvozdev and Latham avoid a group of women gathered at a rack
of knockoff pink woolen suits. Atop the rack is a photo of
Jackie Kennedy standing on the mobile steps to Air Force One.
She wears the original design.

GVOZDEV
This approach has produced some
unexpected results.

LATHAM
Such as...

GVOZDEV
Jensen said he is involved with a
group of extremists he calls
Birchers. They are adamant that
President Kennedy is a threat to
peace, referring to him as a dirty
Communist - something I personally
find repugnant. Jensen said that
some of these Birchers want to
replace the ballot box with bullets
as a way to determine who will
serve as president.

LATHAM
This is really more for the FBI and
the Secret Service to look into.

Gvozdev is deeply hurt. He stops, as does Latham.

GVOZDEV
I thought you and I had a better
relationship than that.

LATHAM
What? What did I say?

GVOZDEV
Your FBI would like nothing better
than to see President Kennedy out of
office. And your Secret Service...

(MORE)

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)

A collection of lewd alcoholics.
Don't insult my intelligence,
Warren.

LATHAM

I apologize, Yuri. Believe me, I
thought the problems both agencies
had was a lot closer to the vest.

GVOZDEV

(doesn't get the idiom)
Closer to...

LATHAM

(explains)
Less well known.

GVOZDEV

Oh.

LATHAM

There are always threats against
President Kennedy. In the last three
months the Secret Service has
received over 400 of them. The
problem is they're so used to it
now, they just downplay the threats.

GVOZDEV

In our profession, I think we also
get used to the idea of being a
target of an assassin's bullet.

LATHAM

True, but I try not to think about
it too much.

GVOZDEV

You should think about it more.
Jensen told his interrogator that
he considered you to be Kennedy's
equal, something he discussed with
other Birchers who agreed with him.

This strikes a worrisome chord with Latham.

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

The bluish-white light from TV sets flickers in many windows,
most of which are half open.

INT. LIVING ROOM

"Desafinado" by Stan Getz and Joao Gilberto plays on the hi-
fi. Latham and Fiona sit on the sofa eating fish and chips.

FIONA

Enemies are part of the landscape.
At least the unwashed abide by the
unwritten rule against killing the
opposition on their host's soil.

LATHAM

Yeah, they just snatch our people
and bring 'em back to the motherland
in a trunk where they can shoot 'em.

FIONA

Whereas your homegrown subversives
can eliminate all that unnecessary
travel.

LATHAM

I feel so much better knowing that.

Fiona grins and checks her watch. She wipes her hands with a
napkin, gets up and turns on the TV set. While it warms up,
she turns off the hi-fi, places the LP back in its sleeve and
rejoins Latham on the sofa. "The Twilight Zone" opening
introduction and narration begins.

BEDROOM - LATER

Latham and Fiona are in bed asleep. There is a DEAFENING BANG.
The Two wake with a start. They quickly roll out their
respective sides of the bed onto the floor while reaching
beneath the bed and grabbing Browning Hi-Power Semi-Automatic
Pistols. They aim their weapons at the bedroom door.

A moment passes. Silence. There is a faint CRACKLING of glass.
Fiona gets up and sidles to the window; the moonlight through
her nightgown accentuates her curves. She looks out the window
then exhales deeply, lowering her pistol. An argument in a
faint, indecipherable language ensues from the street below.

FIONA

Two taxis decided to meet head on.

Latham's face, a mask of tension, eases as he also exhales
deeply. He lowers his pistol.

LATHAM

Anyone hurt?

FIONA

Only if you count their pride.

They replace their pistols and climb back into bed.

EXT. LISBON, PORTUGAL - AIRPORT - DAY (MORNING)

INSERT: "Lisbon, Portugal"

A Pan American 707 jetliner lands. It taxis past the main terminal - which includes the air traffic control tower - where a sign on the roof reads "LISBOA." People sit beneath canopy umbrellas on the terminal's outside observation deck, watching the planes come and go.

INT. TERMINAL - TELEPHONE BANK

An overhead 24-hour clock reads 08:55. Schott is yet again in a phone booth, speaking into a telephone.

SCHOTT

Spittle flies from his mouth as he shouts. Travelers and well-wishers saunter by, their slow gait and Portuguese patois is a gentle PURL to Schott's gesticulations and screaming.

He hangs up and leaves the phone booth, luggage in hand, and heads into a shop with the sign "DUTY-FREE STORE." He buys two cartons of Dunhill cigarettes. They feature the brand's name and, just above it, a royal warrant - the British Coat of Arms followed by the caption: "By appointment to Her Majesty the Queen, tobacconists, Dunhill Ltd, London W1."

He buys two bottles of Glenfiddich, The Original Single Malt Scotch Whisky (yes, Whisky not "Whiskey") then goes to the...

MEN'S ROOM

Unconcerned with the men using the facilities, Schott shoves his luggage beneath one of the sinks. He takes one box of whisky from the bag holding his duty-free purchases and puts the bag on the floor beside his luggage.

Schott's hands are shaking as he opens the box and takes out the bottle. He takes a Swiss Army knife from his suitcoat pocket, opens the bottle and takes a long swig. A PORTUGUESE MAN washing his hands glances at Schott with disdain.

SCHOTT

What are you looking at?

PORTUGUESE MAN

Porco bêbado.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Drunken pig."

SCHOTT

What did you say?

PORTUGUESE MAN

(in English)

Nothing.

He leaves. The other MEN there ignore Schott who takes another long swig.

EXT. TERMINAL - OBSERVATION DECK

Schott enters with his luggage and duty-free goods. He lumbers to a table at the far end, stacking everything on a chair. It's warm, but Schott breathes and sweats as though he were in the desert. He lights a cigarette. A man in casual clothes arrives - JEAN SOUETRE. He crosses to Schott's table and sits.

SCHOTT

Why'd the OAS have to set up shop here in Lisbon, Jean? Too fuckin' hot for me.

SOUETRE

Because France is too hot for us. Everywhere is too hot for you.

SCHOTT

Anyway, I need a favor from you.

SOUETRE

I know, a passport. You said that when you called me from the States.

Schott puts out his half-smoked cigarette and lights another.

SOUETRE (CONT'D)

So you fly all the way from Miami just for that. Hm, you're so full of shit, Will.

SCHOTT

What? I'm asking you for help.

SOUETRE

Really. Tell me, what game is the CIA playing this time?

SCHOTT

I told you! I'm being set up.

SOUETRE

Set up for what?

SCHOTT

I don't know! But I need to be able to move around without the Company or the Mob knowing what I'm up to.

A few people lounging about glance at Schott and Souetre.

SOUETRE

You think I'm stupid, don't you?

SCHOTT

Huh? What are you getting at?

SOUETRE
(chuckles sardonically)
You people need to learn when to
drop the pretense.

SCHOTT
Jesus H. Christ, man! What the fuck
are you talkin' about?!

More people glance at them. Souetre studies Schott, who is red
as a beet, veins bulging on his face and neck, looking as
though he might faint or explode at any moment.

SOUETRE
You're not following up on the
Company's earlier visit?

SCHOTT
What earlier visit? Will you fuckin'
make sense, for Chrissakes?!

His outburst now attracts long stares from people on the
observation deck. (Souetre speaks sotto voce.)

SOUETRE
Calm down.

Schott grabs the opened bottle of whisky off the chair and
takes a long swig. (Both men speak sotto voce.)

SOUETRE (CONT'D)
Last week we sent a request to the
CIA station chief here.

SCHOTT
'We' meaning who? Who's 'we'?

SOUETRE
The OAS. We asked the Company to
help us remove de Gaulle. Three days
ago, two men came here. One of them
I know for sure was from the U.S.
Army Security Agency; the other one
I think was CIA. They refused our
request. I thought maybe they are
testing us in some strange way,
seeing if we're serious. I thought
that's why you came here.

SCHOTT
No. My being here has nothing to do
with the Company. They don't even
know I'm here.

SOUETRE
But those two still are.

SCHOTT

The ones who turned you down?

Souetre nods.

SOUETRE

They want to speak to Jose Romero,
but he's not here at the moment.

SCHOTT

Romero, who's he? OAS?

SOUETRE

Yes, and a deserter from the army.

SCHOTT

What did they want with him?

SOUETRE

I don't know, but Jose told me that
two years ago, an American asked
him to kill President Kennedy when
he made his State visit to Paris.

SCHOTT

Obviously, Jose missed his target.

SOUETRE

That's because Jose said no. He had
just deserted, and the national
police, the gendarmerie - they were
all looking for him.

SCHOTT

Oh. So, anyone approach you to kill
that son of a bitch, Kennedy?

SOUETRE

(grins)

Let's talk about that passport you
need.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Echinacea, magnolias and water lilies bloom on the grounds
surrounding the Capitol building, and at...

THE HILLWOOD MUSEUM AND GARDENS

Latham and Gvozdev stroll through the French parterre garden.

GVOZDEV

Henry Jensen was broken, completely.

LATHAM

It was only a matter of time.

GVOZDEV

Time is not on your side, my friend.

EXT. DZERZHINSKY SQUARE - LUBYANKA - NIGHT - PAST

Dim streetlamps effect an ominous tone to KGB headquarters.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Jensen stands naked under the harsh light while in shadow Abakumov sits at a table flanked by KGB Officers #1 and #2.

ABAKUMOV

I understand you're undergoing a crisis of confidence in the CIA. Your minders tell me you've been hallucinating during your trips around your cell. You say things like, Warren Latham is monitoring you here at Lubyanka, and you call him the devil incarnate. It is a running commentary.

JENSEN

You're making this shit up.

ABAKUMOV

No, it is the truth. Latham led you into a trap of his own making and left you to rot here.

JENSEN

Go to hell.

ABAKUMOV

It is you who are already in hell. The devil incarnate put you here, knowing you won't ever return. You discussed Latham with these men, these Birchers. Rich men. Powerful men who always get what they want. You gave us their names. But I want to know what makes them who they are. What do they love? What do they fear most? Are they religious men? Atheists? Talk to me, Henry...

EXT. THE HILLWOOD MUSEUM AND GARDENS - DAY - PRESENT

Latham and Gvozdev continue their stroll through the French parterre garden, passing by admirers of the blooming flora.

GVOZDEV

What it means is that whoever comes at you will be someone you know. It could be a warm day, like today.

(MORE)

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)

You'll feel safe because you know the person. They'll ask you to meet them, or join them for a walk or a ride in a car. From then on, Fiona will never see you again.

Gvozdev stops, as does Latham. Both men are very somber.

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)

Just stay aware, Warren. I would hate to lose someone I trust.

He walks away. Latham heads in the opposite direction.

ACT THREE

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

A view of the compound and the south façade of Building C.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The Red phone RINGS; Collette answers it.

COLLETTE

2-3-6-2...

CROSBY

It's Fred Crosby. Mr. Latham there?

COLLETTE

He's in a meeting. Can I take a message?

CROSBY

No, I'll call him back.

CLICK. Crosby has hung up. Collette does the same.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Bazzo and DiLauria each refer to their legal notepads as they give their report to Latham.

BAZZO

A lot of this SMOTH already knows, so you may be hearing it twice.

LATHAM

Let's hear it from you first.

BAZZO

Okay. Michael Clairborne has dual citizenship, here and the U.K. His father died soon after he was born.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

His mother, Dolores Clairborne, whose family can be traced back to the Mayflower, was a close friend of Eleanor Roosevelt, and has taken up her cause célèbre: improving conditions for minorities. After her first husband's death, Miss Clairborne married an Englishman named Sir Lloyd Hensley, the Queen's chief agronomist. He spends most of his time in India.

LATHAM

That much I learned from Berard.

Bazzo shrugs. DiLauria chimes in.

DILAURIA

Michael attended Trinity College at Cambridge in the late '30s, where he was a member of the Apostles.

LATHAM

I take it these Apostles aren't like Peter, John or even Judas Iscariot.

DILAURIA

No, they're a secret society whose members embraced Marxism back then.

LATHAM

And what are Michael Clairborne's views on Marxism today?

DILAURIA

He was asked about that in an interview the family gave to the London Sunday Times. He said it was just a dalliance, an effort to combat the rise of fascism in Europe. He wasn't alone. We know many upper-class Brits felt that way back then.

LATHAM

Not that many, Carla - but go on.

DILAURIA

Michael severed ties with the Apostles after the War when, and I quote, 'it became clear that Mother Russia had no intention of providing a workers' paradise for its oppressed minions,' unquote. He's since gone on record a number of times with his anti-Communist views.

BAZZO

JFK's father, Joseph Kennedy... He was an appeaser who welcomed Hitler. Plus, he was anti-Communist and anti-Semitic.

DILAURIA

I remember reading Intel where he said that the Jews were about to set a match to the fuse of the world.

LATHAM

And what's all that got to do with the Clairbornes?

BAZZO

I figure if Hoover couldn't disgrace JFK with that, then Michael being an Apostle shouldn't amount to much.

LATHAM

Hmm, good point.

DILAURIA

There's probably another reason why Michael's distanced himself from the Apostles. In the '30s, a lot of their members were homosexual, like Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean.

LATHAM

For the record, Burgess was - but Maclean was bisexual. He was married but he also slept with men.

BAZZO

Married to Melinda Marling, right?

LATHAM

Yes. When I was posted to Berlin, a KGB defector told us Maclean had had an affair with a British woman named Kitty Harris. He said Harris was KGB, and that she was Maclean's controller from 1937 to 1940.

DILAURIA

Geezus...

LATHAM

One more side note on this and then you can go on. That defector said that the night Maclean and Burgess left for Moscow, Maclean had torn a postcard in two and given one half to Melinda.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

A year later, a Soviet illegal approached her and produced the other half of the postcard.

BAZZO

Did MI5 know about this?

LATHAM

Yes, but Five didn't believe the defector's story. They said Melinda was genuinely surprised by her husband's duplicity. In their words, she was too prim, too self-indulgent to have been involved in her husband's secret life.

BAZZO

Famous last words.

LATHAM

Anyway, let's hear the rest, Carla.

DILAURIA

That's pretty much it. Michael's divorced, no kids. I think that guilt by association - that he must be homosexual because some of the Apostles were - was another reason he cut them off after graduating. So, unless there's a Kitty Harris or a Melinda Marling in his life, I don't see anything that Hoover can use against him.

Latham nods but with some reservation.

LATHAM

Do we know where Michael is now?

DILAURIA

In his office at the Clairborne Group. He's there until 5:30.

LATHAM

You have his home address?

DILAURIA

Uh huh.

LATHAM

Check out his place. Anything untoward, I want photographs.

DILAURIA

Right.

LATHAM

I'm going to meet with SMOTH, see what he has on Michael Clairborne.

The Three get up and leave, entering...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

As they pass Collette's desk, she quickly stands.

COLLETTE

Fred Crosby called.

Latham, Bazzo and DiLauria pause.

DILAURIA

Kensington must've driven him nuts.

BAZZO

Hey, don't forget - Crosby's in on the Miami plot.

DILAURIA

Only to the extent that he believes it's all anti-Castro demonstrations.

LATHAM

Alright. What did Crosby want?

COLLETTE

He didn't say. I told him you were in a meeting, and he said he'd call right back.

Latham turns to Bazzo.

LATHAM

Stay up here in my office for when he calls back. See what he wants.

BAZZO

Right.

Latham opens the door for DiLauria. She leaves with Latham following right behind her.

COLLETTE

Where's he going?

BAZZO

To see SMOTH.

EXT. EMBASSY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM - DAY

Through the wrought-iron fence, past the iconic red call box, is the main building with the Union Jack flying atop its roof.

INT. MI6 OFFICE

LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) sits in a tufted leather chair, sipping tea. A file is on the end table next to him. Latham sits on the Chesterfield couch. He pours from a bottle of 7-Up into a cup, then places the half-empty bottle on a coaster atop a Parson's table. Latham takes a drink; he glances at the Parson's table and frowns.

JONES

The soda - is it warm?

LATHAM

No, it's fine.

JONES

Then why the face?

LATHAM

This end table... Why'd you get rid of the old one?

JONES

To brighten things up. It's a Parson's table.

Latham shrugs.

JONES (CONT'D)

It's Art Deco, Warren.

LATHAM

It's out of place, Larry.

JONES

Says you. Since when did you give up that no-calorie cola for 7-Up?

LATHAM

I didn't. The store was out of Diet Rite so I got a 7-Up. Tell you what. Since I challenged your sense of interior decoration, I'll let you return the bottle for the deposit.

JONES

Wow, two cents. You're so kind.

LATHAM

I know. So, what can you tell me about Michael Clairborne?

JONES

Probably what you already know. Trinity College, the Apostles, divorced, wealthy step-father...

LATHAM

You can skip the Reader's Digest version. What else?

JONES

Since his divorce, he's been seen in London with Kalliroe Patronicola, stepsister of Aristotle Onassis, your favorite Greek shipping tycoon.

Latham shrugs.

LATHAM

So Michael graduates from wealthy to filthy rich. Why is that notable?

JONES

Onassis still resents the U.S. and the CIA for ruining his deal with Saudi Arabia. He would have had exclusive control over the flow of oil through the Persian Gulf had it gone through.

LATHAM

That may be an issue in any future dealings with us, but it's not something Hoover could use against the Clairbornes. However... It could make Michael Clairborne the apple of Hoover's eye.

JONES

How so?

LATHAM

I don't know if Clairborne has any political ambitions, but I can see Hoover endorsing him for office.

JONES

Funny you should say that because there's been talk from the Onassis camp that Michael would make an excellent U.S. president. And their pockets are a lot deeper than the Kennedys'.

This strikes a somber chord with Latham.

LATHAM

I want to know more about Michael's time at Cambridge. I understand he dabbled in Communism then; that's also when Burgess and Maclean were there.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Have you or MI5 connected him to those two?

JONES

We haven't. And I'm not aware of Five having done so either. But let's not overlook the fact that he's denounced Communism at every turn since leaving Cambridge.

LATHAM

Which could be a ruse.

JONES

I know, I know. But with no evidence to the contrary, you have to take the man at his word.

Latham sighs resignedly and finishes his soda.

LATHAM

Well, if nothing else, I learned whom to contact for a loan.

Jones grins.

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

CIA personnel leave the compound via Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters. The 24-hour wall clock reads 19:10. Collette is still at her desk, typing away. Latham crosses into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Where Bazzo and DiLauria sit at the table. There are two files there: the Clairborne file which is closed, and an open file with three photographs of a "Happy Birthday" card - the front, the back, and the inside where a handwritten inscription reads "**Happy Birthday, Nigel, and many more. Love, Kalli.**" Latham approaches Bazzo and DiLauria.

LATHAM

Did Crosby call back?

BAZZO

No. I guess it wasn't important.

Latham shrugs, but he is clearly concerned about something.

LATHAM

Carla, on your way back here, did you notice anyone tailing you?

DILAURIA

No, why? Were you tailed?

LATHAM

I thought I was. Maybe I was wrong.

BAZZO

Is everything okay, boss?

LATHAM

Huh? Yes, everything's fine.

Bazzo is unconvinced. Latham eyes the photographs.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

These are from Clairborne's place?

DILAURIA

Uh huh. I didn't see anything out of the ordinary - no false bottoms or caches in the walls or light fixtures, and no safe. Then when I was looking through the dresser drawer in his bedroom, I saw this 'Happy Birthday' card.

Latham picks up the photograph with the inscription.

LATHAM

'Happy Birthday, Nigel, and many more. Love, Kalli.' Nigel?

DILAURIA

They probably have pet names for each other.

LATHAM

Maybe.

DILAURIA

I can check with D-Int's people, see if Nigel means anything to them.

LATHAM

Okay.

(mulls it over)

SMOTH told me Michael's dating the stepsister of Aristotle Onassis, Kalliroe Patronicola. My guess is she's Kalli.

BAZZO

Hm, I never meet women like that.

DILAURIA

Lucky for them.

While Bazzo mugs, Latham muses.

LATHAM

Nigel... If it is a pet name, it isn't a very complimentary one.

DILAURIA

Why do you say that?

LATHAM

A few years ago I worked with ASIS, the Australian Secret Intelligence Service. The slang those Aussies used - well, it's something else. For instance, when a guy's unpopular or awkward with women, they call him a Nigel.

Concerned, Bazzo taps the Clairborne file.

BAZZO

There's nothing in here about Michael being called Nigel.

DILAURIA

Maybe Kalli only calls him that in private.

Bazzo nods. Latham places the photograph back in the file.

LATHAM

Was that all you found?

DILAURIA

Yes.

LATHAM

You two might as well take off then.

BAZZO

You sure?

LATHAM

Yes, I'll see you tomorrow.

BAZZO

Good. I have a date tonight.

LATHAM

Oh?

DILAURIA

His mother's in town.

Bazzo mugs again as he collects the two files.

LATHAM

Leave them. I'll put them away.

Bazzo smiles gratefully, then he and DiLauria get up.

DILAURIA

'Night, boss.

BAZZO

See you tomorrow.

Latham nods to them as they leave. He picks up the two files and goes to the combination-lock file cabinet. He enters the combination, pulls open the cabinet door and places the files inside the cabinet. Latham then shuts the door and spins the dial. He sits at his desk, his mood somber and reflective.

LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY - PAST

Nealy sits across from Latham who is at his desk.

NEALY

You know where Will Schott is now?

LATHAM

Yeah, he's in Rome.

NEALY

Try Little Havana, Miami, talking with your Number One there.

LATHAM

That fat son of a bitch. What about?

NEALY

I don't know. But when the ousted head of ZR/RIFLE meets with its current one, I have to suspect something's up.

LATHAM

And he's in Miami... You think he's in with the plotters there?

NEALY

If he is, he wasn't welcomed with open arms. He and Crosby were seen having one hell of an argument.

LATHAM

Hmm, then what's he up to?

Nealy shrugs, throwing up his hands; he doesn't know.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Is he still there, in Miami?

NEALY

He was last seen at Miami Airport, so who knows where he is now. But anytime Schott's involved, I worry someone's going to be hit.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT

Latham starts to get up when the intercom BUZZES; he answers it.

LATHAM

Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

The Ops Room called. MI6 just sent a signal. Their man is moving the Schalks out of East Berlin.

LATHAM

Tell Owens I'm on my way down.

OPERATIONS ROOM

There is the usual PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones. The 24-hour wall clock reads 20:01. Above maps of Europe are several 24-hour clocks showing local time. Above Germany the clock reads 02:01. NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY man the Duty Desk. Latham enters. Before he can ask a question, Owens speaks up.

OWENS

Sir, MI6's man is code-named OCULUS. He's smuggling the Schalks out of East Berlin as we speak.

LATHAM

How'd you learn this?

OWENS

SMOTH. He gave us a numbers station to monitor. London began the transmission with the first few bars from Chubby Checker's 'The Twist'. Then the record skipped like it had been scratched and picked up the rest of the song a few bars later.

LATHAM

Signaling their joe in East Berlin.

OWENS

Yes. That way, if the Stasi were listening in, they'd think it was Radio Free Europe.

FARRELL

They're always trying to corrupt the East Germans with that decadent Western music.

LATHAM

I assume their joe then told OCULUS.

OWENS

Yes, that put him on the move.

LATHAM

Will we get reports en route?

FARRELL

Too risky. We'll know if they've made it if we hear 'Do You Want To Know A Secret' by The Beatles.

LATHAM

Who?

FARRELL

The Beatles. They're a new pop group from England. They're cool.

LATHAM

Right. And if they don't make it?

FARRELL

We'll hear 'Misery' by The Beatles.

EXT. EAST BERLIN - ROAD - NIGHT

A black, 1963 BMW Isetta motors south along Mauerweg, a road running parallel to, and in the shadow of, The Berlin Wall.

I/E. BMW ISETTA

OCULUS drives. He is 40, with a weathered face. His two middle-aged passengers are Mr. And Mrs. Schalk. Mr. Schalk is anxious and upset. (They all speak German.)

MR. SCHALK

Warum gehen wir nach Süden? Am Kontrollpunkt Bornholmer Strasse ist mehr Verkehr, mehr Menschen. Die Grenzer sind frustriert und suchen nicht so gründlich.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Why are we going south? At the checkpoint at Bornholmer Strasse there's more traffic, more people. The Grenzer get frustrated and don't search as thoroughly."

Oculus responds in a measured manner.

OCULUS

Genau deswegen gehen wir da nicht hin. Der Grenzer wird erwarten, dass wir einen nördlicheren Kontrollpunkt benutzen, der von West-Berlinern frequentiert wird.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "That's precisely why we aren't going there. The Grenzer will expect us to use a northern checkpoint that's frequented by West Berliners."

MRS. SCHALK

Wohin gehen wir dann?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Then where are we going?"

OCULUS

Südlich des Checkpoints Sonnenallee.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "South of the Sonnenallee checkpoint."

MR. SCHALK

In der nahe der Lager?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Near the warehouses?"

OCULUS

Ja.

The Isetta well exceeds the posted speed limit of 40 km/h.

MR. SCHALK

Du fährst zu schnell.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You're driving too fast."

OCULUS

Auf dieser strasse fahren alle schnell. Wenn ich unter dem tempolimit fahre, werde ich verdacht erregen. Lehnen sie sich jetzt bitte zurück und bleiben sie ruhig.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Everybody drives fast on this road. If I drive below the speed limit, I'll raise suspicion. Now please, just sit back and remain quiet."

Disgruntled, the Schalks settle back in their seats.

AT THE WAREHOUSES

The Isetta pulls into an alley and stops.

INT. BMW ISETTA

Oculus checks his wristwatch then faces the Schalks.

OCULUS

Die Kettenglieder an der Unterseite des zauns sind bereits geschnitten. Hier gibt es nur eine Wand, das heisst also kein Todesstreifen. Der Turmwächter macht bald eine toilettenpause. Der Suchscheinwerfer für etwa eine halbe minute oder weniger, je nachdem wie viel er getrunken hat. Dann folgst du mir zur Mauer. Dort gibt es Handhelds. Verwenden Sie sie zum Klettern. Sobald Sie über der Mauer sind, können Sie auf den Boden springen. Es hat geregnet, daher ist der Boden weich und schlammig. Wir werden auf der anderen Seite von einem Freund von mir empfangen. Ist das klar?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "The chain links at the bottom of the fence have already been cut. There's only one wall here, so that means no Death Strip. The tower guard will take a toilet break soon. The searchlight will stop moving for about one minute or less, depending on how much he's been drinking. That's when you'll follow me to the Wall. There are handhelds there. Use them to climb. Once you're over the top of the Wall you can jump to the ground. It's been raining, so the ground's soft and muddy. We'll be met on the other side by a friend of mine. Is that clear?"

The Schalks nod.

OCULUS (CONT'D)

Okay, dann folge mir.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Okay, then follow me."

EXT. ALLEY

Oculus and the Schalks alight. The couple follow him through mud to the fence where several chain links at the bottom have been cut. Beyond the fence, about 10 yards, is the Wall. The beam from a searchlight sweeps along it from left to right.

The Schalks lie beside Oculus as the beam approaches. It passes the spot on the Wall where the handhelds remain. Seconds later it sweeps back, receding to a faint dot as it follows the wall into the night.

From a distance the beam starts another sweep then suddenly stops. Oculus looks at the Schalks and nods. With one hand he pushes the bottom of the chain-link fence away from him, with the other hand he waves for the Schalks to crawl beneath it.

After the couple reach the other side of the fence and wait, Oculus crawls through.

As he lets go of the fence, the sharp edges where the links were cut scrape his legs. Oculus winces but continues, leading the Schalks to the Wall.

AT THE WALL

Mr. Schalk climbs the handhelds first then Mrs. Schalk, who is boosted up by Oculus. She is heavy and painfully slow.

OCULUS
(anxiously, sotto voce)
Komm schon, beeil dich!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Come on, hurry up!"

The searchlight beam starts moving again, growing brighter. Its highlighted spot on the wall shows more and more detail as it comes closer to them. Finally, Mrs. Schalk reaches the top of the Wall. As her husband pulls her over, they both jump - or fall - onto West Berlin soil. Oculus starts to climb, but by now the searchlight beam has found him.

TOWER GUARD
(through a megaphone)
Halt!

Oculus continues to climb, placing a hand on top of the Wall.

TOWER GUARD (CONT'D)
Ich sagte halt!

Oculus is about to vault a leg over the Wall when a rifle shot CRACKLES. Oculus YELPS and grimaces. He reaches around to his spine. From the other side of the Wall, a British-accented voice yells...

MI6 OFFICER (O.S.)
Jump, man! Jump!

A second shot RINGS OUT. Oculus falls back into the mud in East Berlin. He lies there - motionless.

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

A red and orange twilight has settled on the city.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

MINNIE, the Chief Communications Officer, leaves the Communications Room and approaches the Duty Desk.

MINNIE
(soberly)
'Do You Want To Know A Secret' by
The Beatles came over the numbers
station.

Farrell and Bradley smile broadly but Owens and Latham are perplexed by Minnie's dour mood.

OWENS

Why so glum, Minnie? They made it!

MINNIE

It was followed by 'Misery'.

OWENS

Oh, God...

LATHAM

Do we know who made it over the Wall?

MINNIE

Not yet, sir. Once their identity is confirmed, MI6 will send us an encoded message.

Latham nods then gets up and leaves.

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

Latham exits the compound through Gate #1.

LATHAM

Heads east on E Street, stopping at 19th Street to wait for the traffic light to change. Several people wait there with him. Latham discreetly eyes their faces. They all appear so self-absorbed, yet there is that one glance back at him that moves Latham from wary to being on edge. The traffic light changes but Latham does not cross the street.

Instead, he sidles up to a fence at the corner where there is a small park. He bends over and re-ties his shoe. After the crowd has crossed the street, he continues along E Street. At 17th Street he turns north, continuing on to...

I STREET, NW

Where Latham joins a queue waiting for the number 33 bus. It arrives.

INT. BUS

The people in the queue take all the remaining seats. Latham stands near the front of the bus and eyes the passengers. The bus stops twice to let people off and on. At Pennsylvania Avenue and 24th Street the bus stops again. As the BUS DRIVER shuts the front door, Latham rushes up to him.

LATHAM

Sorry, I'm getting off here.

The Bus Driver opens the door and Latham scurries out.

EXT. WASHINGTON CIRCLE

The bus pulls away. The streetlamps are on. Latham walks north on K Street, NW to Connecticut Avenue where he hails a taxi and gets in. The taxi heads northeast on New Hampshire Avenue.

DUPONT CIRCLE

The taxi pulls to the curb. Latham alights. He walks around the rotary, against the counter-clockwise flow of traffic, until he comes to Massachusetts Avenue. Here, he hails another taxi. He gets in and the taxi pulls away.

EXT. ROME, ITALY - NIGHT

INSERT: "Rome"

A panorama of St. Peter's Basilica, the Pantheon, and the Piazza del Popolo ends in a downtown neighborhood...

CENTRO STORICO - TRASTEVERE

Is Rome's answer to 1960s Greenwich Village. The artist Cristo has wrapped an ancient sculpture of a woman in a polythene sheet. At the Caffè Via Veneto, a late-night crowd hobnobs with film celebrities. Hole-in-the-wall bars, bookstores, bistros, a small English-language movie theater, the Pasquino, and many inexpensive apartment buildings dot the area.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Moonlight peeks through the window, falling on Schott who is on his back in his skivvies, asleep on the bed and snoring the way all drunks do - loudly. The top sheet has been kicked to the end of the bed. On the nightstand is a half-empty bottle of Glenfiddich, but no tumbler. A ceiling fan slowly spreads hot air about the room.

A shadow slowly creeps from the top sheet to Schott's chin. Suddenly, a gloved hand covers Schott's mouth. Two pairs of hands pin his arms and shoulders to the mattress, two more pin his legs. Schott awakens with a START. A single hand puts the barrel of a Colt M1911 just inches from his face.

Schott squirms and tries to speak, but his voice is muffled by the gloved hand. At the other end of that hand is a MAN WEARING A SKI MASK. The other four home invaders also wear gloves and ski masks.

SKI MASK MAN #1
(firmly but not loudly)
Shut up and lie still.

Schott still tries to free himself.

SKI MASK MAN #1 slams the butt of his M1911 into Schott's belly. Schott's muffled scream sounds more like a TIRE SCREECH. Ski Mask Man #1 points his pistol at Schott's groin.

SKI MASK MAN #1 (CONT'D)
You gonna keep still, or you want
me to put a round in your balls?

Schott lies still, but he MOANS from the body blow.

SKI MASK MAN #1 (CONT'D)
Good. Now listen carefully, Schott.
You're putting your nose where it
don't belong. Stay the hell outta
Miami and away from the Corsicans.
If you contact any of them again,
whatever friends you've got left in
this world will find pieces of you
in that river near here. Do I make
myself clear?

Schott's eyes flit amongst all three men.

SKI MASK MAN #1 (CONT'D)
Nod your head, you moron!

Schott nods. Ski Mask Man #1 RAPS Schott on the right temple with the gun barrel, rendering him unconscious. The five masked men release Schott, whose arms and legs lie akimbo. The shadow across Schott's body recedes with only the faintest SQUEAK from the sneakers the five men wear as they leave.

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

CIA personnel pass by the guard shack and enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette puts file folders into her combination-lock file cabinet. The Red phone RINGS; she answers it.

COLLETTE
2-3-6-2... One second, please.

She puts the caller on Hold then presses the intercom BUZZER.

LATHAM (O.S.)
Yes?

COLLETTE
D-Int is on Red.

LATHAM (O.S.)
Thanks.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is at his desk writing a brief. He sets down his pencil and answers the Red Phone.

LATHAM

Latham...

INT. NEALY'S OFFICE

Nealy is at his desk on the Red phone.

NEALY

Warren, it's Bill. Carla called me yesterday; she managed to get me while I was on my way out the door. She asked if my people could check on the word 'Nigel', see if it meant anything to us. So they ran it through the computer - half the night, I understand - and got an interesting return. It's something you should see for yourself.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH NEALY

LATHAM

Hmm... Hang on one second, Bill.

He puts Nealy on Hold and presses his intercom BUZZER.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

You rang?

LATHAM

What's my schedule look like?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Um... Nothing. You're free.

LATHAM

Good. Call Transport and get me a pool car. I'm going up to Langley.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Right.

Latham hangs up the intercom then takes Nealy off Hold.

LATHAM

You there, Bill?

NEALY

Still here.

LATHAM

I'm getting a pool car, so I should be there in an hour or so.

NEALY

Okay, see you then.

He hangs up.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham hangs up. He puts the brief he was writing into the center desk drawer and locks it. He gets up and enters...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is on the Red phone. She holds up a hand, signaling for Latham to wait.

COLLETTE

Okay, thanks. I'll tell him.

(hangs up; to Latham)

There's a car in reserved space #2 you can use. You can pick up the keys and fill out all the forms in triplicate at the Transport Desk.

LATHAM

I could rent one from Hertz with less trouble.

COLLETTE

With air conditioning.

Latham is amused.

LATHAM

Call the mandarins and the Ops Room, let them know where I'm going. I should be back around noon.

COLLETTE

Right.

Latham leaves. Collette dials the Red phone.

BAZZO (O.S.)

1-1-3-7...

COLLETTE

It's Collette, Paul. Warren's on his way to Langley to speak with D-Int. He expects to be back around noon.

BAZZO (O.S.)

Oh, okay.

COLLETTE

Would you tell the Ops Room for me?

BAZZO (O.S.)

Sure, no problem.

COLLETTE

Thanks.

She hangs up then grabs a pile of files from her desk, crosses to the file cabinet and resumes filing. The Gray phone RINGS. Collette sets the files on a shelf in the file cabinet, then goes to her desk and answers the Gray phone.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Yes...

OPERATOR (O.S.)

This is DC-COMM.

COLLETTE

P.A. to D-Ops, Domestic here.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

I have Racerunner calling from a payphone near Washington Circle.

COLLETTE

Okay, put Racerunner through.

CROSBY (O.S.)

This is Racerunner. Can I speak to Mr. Latham?

COLLETTE

You said you'd call back yesterday.

CROSBY

I was, um, tied up.

COLLETTE

Well, he's out at the moment, Fred. Can I take a message?

CROSBY (O.S.)

Um... You know when he'll be back?

COLLETTE

After 12:00, I believe.

CROSBY (O.S.)

I'll call back then.

COLLETTE

Wait! Leave a number where he-

CLICK. Crosby has hung up. Frustrated, Collette mutters an obscenity and hangs up. She writes on her notepad:

Fred Crosby called on Gray again at 09:15. Used designated codename, Racerunner, instead of his name. Is he under duress?

ACT FOUR

EXT. LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Aerial stock footage of the familiar building.

INT. NEALY'S OFFICE

Nealy is at his desk. The door opens and in walks Latham. Nealy gets up and points to the small, expandable conference table and four chairs.

NEALY

Have a seat.

Latham sits there while Nealy fetches a file from his desk.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Want something to drink - coffee, tea or anything?

LATHAM

No, I'm good, thanks.

Nealy joins him at the table. He lays the file on the table and opens it so that they can read its contents together.

NEALY

This is what the computer spit out. Mostly, it's men whose first name really is Nigel rather than an alias. One of my people, Darleen, also works on the Venona Project. She started with the Army's Signal Intelligence Service before joining us.

INT. CODEBREAKING ROOM - DAY - PAST

Desks are crammed together in groups of four to six, their desktops crowded with photos of family and pets, multi-line phones, In- and Out trays, manual typewriters, legal notepads, English-Russian dictionaries, and thick binders of decrypted KGB text in Cyrillic and English.

The cryptanalysts are all WOMEN, casually dressed, who decipher reams of ciphertext. Often, two women share a desk. Most of them are White but about one third are Women of Color.

DARLEEN is Black, mid 30s. With a Red pencil she circles enciphered text then writes 'NIGEL' on a legal notepad. She goes to an IBM 29 Card Punch keyboard and begins typing.

NEALY (V.O.)

Darleen suggested we check Venona,
since a lot of the post-War
decryptions concerned Soviet Intel.

INT. NEALY'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT

Nealy slides the top document in the file to Latham.

NEALY

Here, take a look at this.

INSERT VENONA DOCUMENT:

VENONA	
T O P S E C R E T	
USSR	Ref. No. 1311 Issued 25/04/1962 Copy #: 140
MEETING BETWEEN "MAYOR" AND "BLUESTONE" - DECISION TO MAINTAIN CONTACT WITH "NIGEL" (1951)	
<p>On 5th February a meeting took place between "MAYOR" and "BLUESTONE." Beforehand, BLUESTONE assured MAYOR that "NIGEL" was aware of whom he was working with. MAYOR met with "HICKS" who suggests that NIGEL be viewed as a potential top politico - a long-term sleeper candidate. NIGEL's considerable wealth means no covert financial support is necessary, should NIGEL indeed decide to run for political office. BLUESTONE had told NIGEL to stop sending the Daily Worker in Britain £1200 every year, even though funds were sent through a front. NIGEL's family saw the end of his largesse as a repudiation of Communism.</p>	

BACK TO SCENE

Latham is troubled by what he has just read.

NEALY (CONT'D)

She used the window index and found
the codename MAYOR had appeared in
56 Venona decryptions so far.

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

It's been connected to Iskhak Akhmerov, deputy chief of the KGB's Directorate 'S', the illegals section. We don't know who BLUESTONE is, other than that he's NIGEL's KGB controller. As for HICKS, Darleen identified him as Guy Burgess.

LATHAM

Burgess... So him endorsing NIGEL probably means they were both recruited while at Cambridge.

NEALY

I'd agree with that.

LATHAM

(mutters)
Potential top politico...

NEALY

Pardon?

LATHAM

No, I was just wondering how those extremists on the right would feel if a real Communist were in the White House.

NEALY

Knowing them, they'd probably call him a patriot.

LATHAM

Hmm. GCHQ is also working on Venona. So they must know this as well.

NEALY

Except for the part about NIGEL, yes.

LATHAM

Can I tell SMOTH?

NEALY

You can, but tell him to keep it to himself until we formally share it with GCHQ.

LATHAM

Okay. Can I use your phone? I want to meet with him as soon as I can.

NEALY

Sure.

Latham picks up the Gray phone and dials.

EXT. EMBASSY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM - DAY

The Union Jack flies atop the main building.

INT. MI6 OFFICE

Jones sits at his desk listening intently to Latham.

LATHAM

I believe Michael Clairborne is NIGEL, and he was recommended as a possible long-term sleeper for the KGB by Guy Burgess.

Jones is nonplussed. He briefly closes his eyes and kneads his forehead, as though he were suffering from a migraine.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

But I think the more salient question for you right now is how many more Cambridge Apostles were recruited to spy for the KGB.

JONES

My God... With this and Philby's defection, I don't think the P.M. and his lot can survive much longer.

LATHAM

Sorry, Larry. I know how much you like him.

JONES

It's not just that. Neither we nor MI5 saw this coming. This could be what ends the Special Relationship.

This strikes an inspired chord with Latham.

LATHAM

Not if you presented it to MI5.

JONES

Why would that make a difference?

LATHAM

You can say that as you were vetting Michael Clairborne for me, you ran across the evidence from extant Venona releases. That way you won't be revealing any information that GCHQ hasn't seen yet.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You made a logical assumption based upon: one, fellow students Guy Burgess met while at Cambridge; two, the fact that both he and Clairborne were Apostles; and three, Burgess's communique with the KGB's Iskhak Akhmerov.

JONES

But that all hinges on Clairborne confessing to at least being recruited by the KGB, if not in fact actually spying for them.

LATHAM

Yes... Let me talk to him. I'll get back to you, if not by close of play today, then I'll call you at home tonight.

Jones is anxious but hopeful. He stands and extends a hand to Latham, who gets up and shakes it.

JONES

I appreciate it, Warren. If you can get him to confess, I'll be indebted to you forever.

LATHAM

(smiles softly)

How can a friend be in debt?

Jones smiles back; the crinkle around his eyes holds back a grateful tear. He fights the emotion by clearing his throat.

JONES

Come on, I'll escort you out.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The 24-hour wall clock reads 13:25. Collette is on the Gray phone.

COLLETTE

No, I'm sorry he's not-

Latham enters.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Wait! Hold on. He just walked in.

Latham mouths the word "Who?" Collette puts the call on Hold.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Fred Crosby. He called earlier, just after you left.

She shows Latham her notes from Crosby's earlier call. Latham nods and holds out his hand. Collette hands him the handset.

LATHAM

Take notes.

Collette gathers her notepad and a pencil. Latham takes the call off Hold and speaks into the phone.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Latham here.

CROSBY (O.S.)

DuPont 2-2-2-7. Dupont 2-2-2-7.

LATHAM

DuPont 2-2-2-7.

Collette writes the number in her notepad.

CROSBY (O.S.)

Use a payphone. Ten minutes.

CLICK. Crosby has hung up; Latham does the same.

LATHAM

He wants me to call him from a payphone in ten minutes.

COLLETTE

'Cause he knows all calls on Gray are recorded. You want this?

She shows him the notepad with the phone number.

LATHAM

No, I'll remember it. Do you have Michael Clairborne's work number?

COLLETTE

Yes, from Carla.

LATHAM

Call him. Tell him I need to see him right away. Say it's part of the vetting process for anyone chosen to head a government agency. Meanwhile, I'm going to find out just what the hell's going on with Crosby. Be back in a few.

He leaves.

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

Latham leaves the compound and heads east, towards...

23RD STREET, NW

He walks toward the State Department's D Street entrance. On the corner is a phone booth that Latham enters.

INT. PHONE BOOTH

Latham checks his watch. After a moment, he puts a dime into the coin slot and dials. The phone at the other end of the line RINGS once then it is answered.

CROSBY (O.S.)

Hello?

LATHAM

Is this DuPont 2-2-2-6?

FARRAGUT SQUARE

Is a small park bordered on its southwest corner by I Street and 17th Street. Crosby uses a phone booth there.

CROSBY

No, it's DuPont 2-2-2-7. Thanks for calling back, Mr. Latham.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH CROSBY

LATHAM

What the hell's going on, Crosby?

CROSBY

I need to speak to you about these so-called demonstrations the Cuban exiles are planning.

LATHAM

Then why the hell didn't you just come into my office? You're in Washington! And why all this 'playing at spies' business?

CROSBY

I don't want anyone at Cockroach Alley to see me. It could get reported back to the Miami station.

LATHAM

You should have used the Red circuit then and called me from Miami.

CROSBY

No, no. Too many ears down there. I need to meet with you, sir. Please.

Latham is annoyed and frustrated but also quite intrigued.

LATHAM

I can't right now; I have a meeting coming up. Where are you staying?

CROSBY

I was in a hotel but I checked out already. I thought a good place to meet would be near DuPont Circle where the trolleys used to come up from underground - 19th Street.

LATHAM

You mean the tunnel entrance.

CROSBY

Yes, sir. The teenagers might be using it late at night, but at least we won't be bothered there.

LATHAM

Well, as I said, I have a meeting now. And I'm definitely not going there late at night. So, let's meet there at, say, 1930 hours.

CROSBY

Okay. The tunnel entrance, 7:30.

LATHAM

Be there, Crosby.

Latham hangs up and leaves the phone booth.

EXT. 1800 G STREET, NW - DAY

This 1960s era, ten-story office building encompasses an entire city block.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Very quiet. At a glass topped, mahogany laminate reception desk - curved at one end - a RECEPTIONIST seemingly whispers into the phone. On the wall behind her is the company's name:

THE CLAIRBORNE GROUP

Washington, DC New York London Paris Sydney

MICHAEL CLAIRBORNE'S OFFICE

This business environment is a contrast of styles. The desk is covered in files, reports, envelopes, and a mug stained with the residue of Maxwell House; the idea being that busy executives have no time to spend organizing their workspace.

What should be leveraged but is instead lost in the obsessive, eye-catching clutter is a recessed area across the room. Here, paintings by abstract impressionists Mark Rothko, Jasper Johns and Helen Frankenthaler fill the mind with awe; leather chairs, mahogany end tables and a coffee table allow one to relax while meeting and enjoying one's beverage of choice.

Latham and MICHAEL CLAIRBORNE - mid-40s, dark-haired, suave in that manner ascribed to men who always seem poised to seduce a woman - occupy two leather chairs. Latham watches Clairborne pour himself a snifter of cognac from a decanter.

CLAIRBORNE

You sure you won't change your mind? It's Rémy Martin, Napoléon.

LATHAM

No, thank you, Mr. Clairborne.

CLAIRBORNE

Please, call me Michael.

LATHAM

Michael. But I still have to take a pass.

CLAIRBORNE

Well, your loss.

(takes a sip)

I've never been vetted before. Is this the usual process?

LATHAM

All top-level government positions require a security clearance. There's nothing pernicious about it; it's simply a way to learn more about you.

CLAIRBORNE

Oh. So, how do we go about this?

LATHAM

Well, I have some government forms for you to fill out.

He takes an intimidating, thick manila envelope from his satchel and sets it on the coffee table.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I'll leave them here with you. When you're done, you can just call my office and I'll send someone over to pick them up. In the meantime, my staff will look into your background.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

As for right now, I'll ask you some preliminary questions and note your answers.

He pulls a legal notepad and pen from his satchel, and brandishes it before Clairborne, whose blithe demeanor slowly grows chary.

CLAIRBORNE

Um, just curious... What if I refuse to go through with this?

LATHAM

You won't get the job.

CLAIRBORNE

I assumed as much. I was wondering if there were any... Repercussions.

LATHAM

Such as...

CLAIRBORNE

I don't know. Legal ones, perhaps.

LATHAM

You weren't in on that Brink's robbery in Boston a few years back, were you?

CLAIRBORNE

(amused)

No.

LATHAM

Then I wouldn't worry. Besides, you don't strike me as someone with anything to hide.

CLAIRBORNE

We're not all so equally trustworthy, are we, Mr. Latham?

LATHAM

(reminds Clairborne)

Warren.

CLAIRBORNE

Warren.

LATHAM

(pointedly)

No, Michael - we're not.

This strikes a worrisome chord in Clairborne who gulps his cognac.

CLAIRBORNE

And if I fail your vetting process?

LATHAM

Same deal. Look, if you're worried about who sees your information, don't; it's kept within the confines of the Justice Department.

CLAIRBORNE

I see... So, exactly what are you looking into and what are you looking for?

LATHAM

We're trying to assess your honesty and your loyalty, and see if you're at risk for blackmail. We'll ask you about your experiences, your current and past sexual relationships, your drinking habits...

Clairborne quickly sets his snifter on the coffee table.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Any drug use, your finances, and any foreign travel. That will include your days at Cambridge University in the late '30s.

CLAIRBORNE

Ah, yes, good ol' Trinity College. Um, are we starting now?

LATHAM

Yes. Were you a member of any clubs or societies while at Cambridge?

CLAIRBORNE

What - you mean like a bridge club?

LATHAM

I'm thinking more along the lines of those secret societies Ivy League schools inherited from the British, like Yale's Skull and Bones Society.

Clairborne hesitates. He searches Latham's face, trying to ascertain what Latham really wants.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Michael?

CLAIRBORNE

I was a member of the Apostles.

LATHAM

The Apostles?

CLAIRBORNE

Yes, it was an intellectual society,
not as ominous as Skull and Bones.

LATHAM

Guy Burgess was an Apostle.

CLAIRBORNE

I'm sorry, who?

LATHAM

The Soviet agent who defected to
Moscow a few years back with Donald
Maclean. In fact, Maclean was an
Apostle as well.

CLAIRBORNE

Was he...

LATHAM

Yes, during the late '30s. The same
time you were there, and an Apostle.

Clairborne fidgets in his chair.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I read somewhere that the Apostles
were all homosexual.

CLAIRBORNE

(defiantly)

No, not all of them. I wasn't.

LATHAM

No, of course not. I imagine if
Burgess and Maclean hadn't defected
they'd have spent the next 40 years
behind bars. From what I know about
those two, they probably wouldn't
mind all the sodomy that goes on
there. Then again, you don't get to
choose your partner in prison.

CLAIRBORNE

You seem preoccupied with deviant
behavior, Warren.

LATHAM

No, just trying to rule out those
factors that could make you
susceptible to blackmail, Michael -
or to being called upon for future
services.

CLAIRBORNE

What do you mean, future services?
What are you talking about?

LATHAM

You, Burgess, Maclean, and now Kim
Philby. Same school, same time,
same secret society.

CLAIRBORNE

You're reaching, Warren. And you
have no proof whatsoever.

LATHAM

Oh, but I do - Nigel.

Clairborne is nonplussed. He freezes, his mouth caught agape; but the words cannot find their way out. He begins to breathe heavily. Latham reaches over, picks up the decanter and pours some cognac into Clairborne's snifter. He sets down the decanter and hands the snifter to Clairborne.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Drink.

Clairborne gulps down a generous portion of cognac.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Now, here's how this is going to work. You're going to withdraw your name from consideration for the Arts post, citing commitments to the family business. You're going to write an exposé detailing who recruited you, your controller and other contacts in the KGB, fellow KGB agents among your peers at Cambridge University, and what information you've already passed onto the KGB. You're also going to meet with MI6's man here in Washington. Later, we'll tell you what specific information you'll give to the FBI.

CLAIRBORNE

(shocked)

What? But your credentials... It said that you were FBI.

LATHAM

I'll explain it this way. The FBI wants to send all Soviet spies to prison for life;

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)
whereas, despite your schoolboy
politics and your idiotic belief in
your own self-importance, my people
are willing to let you go on with
your life - provided you comply.

CLAIRBORNE
And if I don't?

LATHAM
We're not like the FBI, Michael.
We're not interested in seeing you
rot forever in some cell; certainly
not as much as we're determined you
never see the light of day again.

An involuntary spasm comes over Clairborne. Latham lays the
legal notepad and pen before Clairborne.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Now start writing.

Clairborne picks up the pen and slides the legal notepad
closer to him.

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

The sun is low in the sky. The trees and lampposts throw long
shadows across the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 19:10. Collette is at her desk
putting reports in file folders when Latham enters, his mood
bordering on jubilant.

LATHAM
SMOTH's left for the day, hasn't he?

Collette glances at the 24-hour clock.

COLLETTE
Yes.

LATHAM
If this isn't too personal, are you
seeing him later on?

COLLETTE
Yes, for dinner. Why?

LATHAM
(enthusiastically)
Tell him Michael Clairborne
confessed.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Starting tomorrow, he'll meet with
SMOTH and me for a series of
debriefings.

COLLETTE
(impassively)
Uh huh.

Latham finds her lack of reaction curious, but he continues.

LATHAM
Later, we'll have Clairborne meet
with the FBI and MI5 - but that'll
be after Larry and I get him to
limit his exposure to just being
recruited by the KGB. I don't want
Hoover's boys to get giddy and
arrest the man.

Collette nods, abstractedly. Now, Latham is concerned.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Is something wrong?

COLLETTE
The Ops Room called. MI6's man -
Oculus? - he was shot and killed at
the Wall by a border guard.

LATHAM
Oh, geezus... Tell Larry I'm sorry.

Collette nods. Latham looks at the 24-hour wall clock: 19:15.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Damn! I have to meet Crosby near
DuPont Circle at 19:30.

COLLETTE
You want me to wait for you?

LATHAM
No, go meet Larry. Tell him I'll
call him first thing in the
morning. Oh, and make a note for me
to call Security tomorrow. Someone
in our Berlin station is doubling.

Collette nods. Latham puts his satchel on her desk.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Lock this in my office before you
go, please.

Collette nods. Latham turns and hurries out the door.

ACT FIVE

EXT. DUPONT CIRCLE - PARK - DAY (DUSK)

Sunset yields a dramatic orange hue through wisps of cirrus clouds. It is past rush hour, and the few passers-by are less interested in Latham and more eager to be some place else.

Latham leaves the park at the confluence of Massachusetts and Connecticut Avenues, and 19th Street, on which he heads south. Here, the trolley tunnel entrance splits 19th Street in two.

THE TROLLEY TUNNEL ENTRANCE

Inclines from 25 feet under DuPont Circle to street level at N Street. Though no longer in use it remains open, like a dark, gaping yawn. Overhead, the catenary is still taut and intact - with 600 volts coursing through its wires. The sidewalls and the street base of the south portal are four feet high with railings above them, and beveled just below street level.

LATHAM

Waits at the corner of 19th Street and N Street. Catty-cornered are several trees, overgrown brush and thistle. On the opposite side of 19th Street, Crosby leans against the outside of the tunnel's far sidewall.

ON N STREET

Latham crosses 19th Street to the tunnel's near sidewall. Meanwhile, Crosby walks a few feet along the inside of the far sidewall, down the slope toward the trolley tunnel entrance. He motions for Latham to join him. Latham steps onto the dirt and gravel as he crosses the tracks, half-expecting to hear the CLANG of a trolley's bell as it roars up from the tunnel.

LATHAM AND CROSBY

Meet by the far (east) tunnel sidewall, They are no longer visible from the south side of N Street. They stop short of the dark shadow thrown by the sidewalls and the south portal, briefly staring at each other, like gunfighters ready to settle an old score. Latham is impatient.

LATHAM

Well, come on, let's hear it.

Crosby is anxious, looking past Latham rather than at him. Latham turns around. A MAN approaches wearing gray workman's overalls unbuttoned above the belt, and a white hardhat. His right hand is inside his overalls, looking like a menacing Napoleon. Latham looks back at Crosby.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on?

Crosby is too nervous to respond. A faint SCRAPE of hard leather against gravel grows louder as a SECOND MAN and a THIRD MAN, both similarly dressed, enter the tunnel from the same far sidewall as Crosby. Both these Men pull silenced Colt M1911 from inside their overalls and hold them by their sides. They are the same three crewcut, shirtless MEN in fatigue pants whom Crosby had passed earlier in the quadrangle at the University of Miami.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You bastard.

Oddly, Crosby is ashamed at hearing this. The FIRST MAN is now right behind Latham.

FIRST MAN

Easy, Latham.

Latham looks back at him then at the other two Men.

LATHAM

(scoffs)

Interpen, right?

The Third Man grins. Latham glares at Crosby who now appears helpless.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Let me guess... You and these Nazi clowns plan to blame this on the Cubans.

SECOND MAN

I oughtta blow his fuckin' head off right here.

FIRST MAN

Shut up! Down the tunnel, Latham.

CROSBY

No, No. Wait a second. I thought we were only going to-

Pfft. Pfft. Crosby falls to his knees and rolls to the ground. Two bullets from the Third Man's silenced Colt M1911 have entered Crosby's back. Crosby GASPS. The Third Man aims his M1911 at Crosby's head. Pfft. The shot shatters Crosby's left cheekbone. Latham glares at the Third Man.

LATHAM

Why?

THIRD MAN

Orders.

There is a faint SNAP, like an echo from a toy cap pistol.

But this SNAP is dislocated. Latham, the First Man and the Second Man look about, unsure where it came from. The Third Man falls to the ground. A frangible bullet has entered his right temple, avulsing the hair and scalp on his left side.

FIRST MAN

Christ!

Latham dives to the ground, getting the First Man's attention. SNAP. The First Man falls on his right side, another frangible bullet has RIPPED open the left side of his face.

The Second Man crouches, frantically looking about for the shooter. He's terrified.

SECOND MAN

No! No! No!

SNAP. A bullet rips through the back of the Second Man's throat, exiting through a gaping hole above his Adam's apple. He falls to the ground.

LATHAM

Lies still, his head facing the trolley tunnel entrance. He sees a Man lying prone on the bevel at the nook of the near sidewall and south portal. The Man rises and climbs over the railing. He walks beside the near sidewall toward N Street, carrying a black gym bag with two handles. Latham gets up and scurries to the near sidewall. Sidling against it, he edges toward N Street and a meeting with the probable gunman.

N STREET

The Man rounds the corner and walks down the incline toward Latham, who cannot believe his eyes.

LATHAM

Yuri?

GVOZDEV

Come. Walk quickly but don't run.

They leave the tunnel entrance and head west on N Street.

LATHAM AND GVOZDEV

Turn north on 20th Street and stroll with the flow of traffic.

LATHAM

Was it you following me?

GVOZDEV

Yes, since our last meeting - but I wasn't alone.

(MORE)

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)

I saw the man in casual clothes in three different locations while I was trailing you. So, after the third time I broke off and trailed him. He met with those three. They don't wear worker's clothes then but their faces and haircut are easy to remember. Last night the four of them walked around DuPont Circle, but soon they focused on the tunnel entrance. Two of them went into the tunnel for a few minutes. I believe that is where they will kill you, so this morning I take a chance and come here early. I waited in that park on N Street. The four of them showed up again, but now three of them wear worker's overalls. I followed the man in casual clothes. Twice he made calls from a telephone booth. My guess was he called you to meet him here.

LATHAM

Good guess. What the hell type of gun did you use?

GVOZDEV

Remington XP-100R sniper's pistol.

LATHAM

Geezus, you know its internal magazine only holds four rounds.

GVOZDEV

I know.

Latham shakes his head; he's incredulous.

LATHAM

You saved my life, Yuri. I don't know how to thank you.

GVOZDEV

You remember about two years ago, the purge in Moscow Center?

LATHAM

I remember. You'd been recalled.

GVOZDEV

Maybe they send me and my family to some Siberian outpost or gulag. But it's more likely they would kill me. You helped me. You saved my job here, and that saved my life.

(MORE)

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)

I'm happy to return the favor to
such a good friend.

LATHAM

(sighs gratefully)

There's only a handful of people I
trust, Yuri. And you top that list.

They approach the cross street of Massachusetts Avenue. A crowd waits on the corner. Police and ambulance sirens BLARE, growing louder until finally a loose caravan of the vehicles WHIZ past them on Massachusetts Avenue toward DuPont Circle. Gvozdev and Latham look at each other knowingly. After a moment, the crowd crosses Massachusetts Avenue, with Gvozdev and Latham strolling with them.

END