

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Four, Episode #10: "Moral Luck"

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Episode #10: "Moral Luck"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the National Mall and Foggy Bottom.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

CIA employees crisscross the compound.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

There is the usual PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones. One wall contains maps of North America; another features maps of Central America, U.S. Territories, and strategic regions in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and the Caribbean Sea. They sport 24-hour clocks with local time, and RED, GREEN, YELLOW and WHITE PUSHpins in major cities.

Maps of Europe and Asia are on a third wall. They also have 24-hour clocks but fewer pushpins, indicating legacy operations. DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY, who man the Duty Desk along with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS, are all on their Red phones.

At an unoccupied desk near the Duty Desk sits CARLA DILAURIA, glancing at the 24-hour wall clock that reads 14:35.

STOKES

(into phone)

Is his last name's spelled L-I-N-S-E?... Yes, I know who he is. I'll let him know.

He hangs up. This has gotten DiLauria's attention. She looks at Stokes curiously.

DILAURIA

What's up?

STOKES

The Stasi kidnapped a member of The Committee of Free Jurists, Dr. Walter Linse.

DILAURIA

So, why is the Berlin Desk telling you? That has nothing to do with Domestic Operations.

STOKES

Mr. Latham helped funnel money to The Free Jurists when he was posted to Berlin. I know he and Dr. Linse became friends.

DILAURIA

Oh...

She looks at the wall clock again, clearly worried. As Stokes fills out a SITREP (Situational Report), he glances at her.

STOKES

Still no word from mandarin One?

DILAURIA

He was supposed to check in at 2:00.

As Stokes continues to write...

STOKES

But that wasn't part of his brief. That was an informal arrangement you two had.

DiLauria shrugs; she knows Stokes is right. Percy has also ended his phone call and is listening to DiLauria and Stokes.

PERCY

Maybe something's happened to him.

This only heightens DiLauria's worry and disconcerts Stokes. He looks at The Netherlands' 24-hour clock on the wall map.

STOKES

It's 20:36 CEST in Holland. If it were you, why would you miss a time check?

DILAURIA

Like Tom said, something happened. I wish we could've had eyes on the ground there.

STOKES

Which might be the reason he hasn't contacted us.

DILAURIA

Huh? You've lost me.

Stokes stops writing for a moment.

STOKES

Say Paul spotted one of our station personnel.

(MORE)

STOKES (CONT'D)

They weren't informed he'd be on site, which is protocol. So he'd want to avoid being seen by them. He'd lay low.

DILAURIA

He wouldn't have to worry about that if he's in his hotel room.

STOKES

And if he isn't at the hotel?

DILAURIA

That's where he said he'd be, Jared.

STOKES

The Cuban Embassy could've invited him to dinner. Saying no would raise suspicion, especially since he went there specifically to see this Maria Snethlage.

DiLauria sighs and shrugs, conceding the point.

PERCY

Since he missed 2:00, he'll wait out the grace period and call at 4:00.

DILAURIA

Assuming he can call.

STOKES

Okay, let's do this. We'll follow protocol and raise the operational status. Hopefully, we'll hear from him by 16:00.

DiLauria nods appreciatively. Stokes looks toward MARGE, late-20s, sitting at a desk cluttered with black binders.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Marge...

She looks over at him.

STOKES (CONT'D)

On The Hague operation, raise the status a rung, then take this SITREP to Mr. Latham's P.A.

Marge nods. She looks at the wall map of Western Europe then reaches into a plexiglass tray with sections of colored pushpins. She gets up and goes to the wall map. In The Netherlands are two Green pushpins - one in Amsterdam and the other at The Hague. Marge pulls the Green pushpin from the Hague and replaces it with a Yellow one.

She crosses to Stokes's desk. Stokes puts the SITREP in a distribution envelope. He writes "Warren Latham, Domestic Operations" as the first recipient then hands the envelope to Marge.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

WARREN LATHAM and WILSON BERARD are engaged in a serious discussion. Berard takes a sip of ice water.

BERARD

What I'm going to tell you is privileged information. Richard Helms called this morning and asked me to meet him at his office.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL PARKWAY - DAY - PAST

Just south of Turkey Run, Virginia, are three signs above the multi-lane roadway that read, from right to left, "Route 123," "Route 123" and "BPR" (Bureau of Public Roads).

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

Stock footage of the now-familiar headquarters building.

BERARD (V.O.)

I went to Langley and...

INT. LOBBY

Past the turnstiles at the entrance, past five rows of exposed internal support beams, past the flag of the United States and CIA's own ceremonial flag and beneath recessed lighting, emblazoned on the marble floor is CIA's logo. RICHARD HELMS stands on the logo, arms folded, as though he alone symbolizes CIA. Berard and his UNIFORMED MARINE CORPS ESCORT approach Helms, who nods and shakes Berard's hand. Helms then waves away the Marine Corps escort.

BERARD (V.O.)

Helms surprised me by meeting me in the lobby. He said he had something to tell me. Um, first, let me back up a bit.

Helms and Berard walk past the elevator bank and down the corridor.

BERARD (V.O.)

Rick and I have always gotten along, to the point where he's discussed things in his life with me even before telling his wife. Sometimes I think I was the only one who knew what was on his mind.

EXT. COURTYARD

Surrounded by the original headquarters building and its extensions, and huddled by two new additional buildings for electronic intelligence and communications, whose connecting pedway is obscured by a row of tall, leafy trees. Helms and Berard stroll along the concrete pathway. Helms is alternately serious and jovial.

BERARD (V.O.)

We went out to the courtyard and walked around a bit before he finally said that he'd broken up with his wife. He'd moved into his country club in anticipation of a divorce. All this from a man who'd carefully crafted an image of a devoted family man.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - DAY

Stock footage of this landmark on an overcast day.

INT. LYNDON JOHNSON'S WEST WING OFFICE

VICE PRESIDENT LYNDON JOHNSON sits at his desk, leaning forward with his right arm on the armrest of his leather chair and his left hand resting on his lap. Helms sits across from him, legs crossed, relaxed yet focused.

BERARD (V.O.)

He then told me Vice President Johnson had asked him to come to his Texas ranch last weekend. He said he and LBJ had become close confidants the past few months, Johnson being like-minded, according to Helms. I found that hard to believe at first, but now...

EXT. LYNDON JOHNSON'S TEXAS RANCH - DAY

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

BERARD (V.O.)

Anyway, Helms said that when he and LBJ weren't riding around the ranch in his jeep at top speed, they were discussing the future of the Agency. Johnson believed our present DCI, McCone, wasn't the best choice to lead us through the Cold War.

(MORE)

BERARD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
According to LBJ you have to be as
ruthless as your enemies if you
want to meet them head on, and
McCone just wasn't ruthless enough.

ON THE PATIO

Johnson and Helms sit at a table surrounded by unoccupied lawn
chairs and long recliners. They are alone, even the Secret
Service are apparently absent.

BERARD (V.O.)
LBJ detested McCone, whom he felt
was weak and wore the role of DCI
as that of a diplomat. Johnson
believed Helms was more than a
match for the KGB's Yuri Andropov.

INSERT: Stock photos of CIA Director John McCone and KGB head
Yuri Andropov.

BERARD (V.O.)
Helms would give the spooks from
Moscow a run for their money.

BACK TO SCENE AT THE JOHNSON RANCH

Johnson leans over to Helms as though speaking in confidence.

BERARD (V.O.)
He then asked Helms how he'd feel
about becoming the next Deputy
Director, then heading the Agency
shortly thereafter.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT

Latham is beside himself. Berard fills his glass with ice
water from a pitcher on the tea cart.

BERARD
While Helms was telling me this, I
couldn't help but wonder why he
couldn't have just summoned Helms
to his office here; or if that was
inopportune, call him on the phone.
I could see Helms was assessing my
reaction to all this, so I didn't
say anything. I guess he took my
silence as an endorsement of our
confidentiality pact. He told me
Johnson said he obviously couldn't
predict the future, but he could
see where circumstances might arise
that give him the authority to make
these appointments happen.

(MORE)

BERARD (CONT'D)

I congratulated Helms - not because I was happy for him, but because I realized then how wrong I'd been.

LATHAM

Wrong about what?

BERARD

Your assessment of the vice president; that he's involved in the Miami plot to assassinate President Kennedy. There is no way a conversation like this could take place between LBJ and Helms without at least the tacit approval of the plot by Johnson - and maybe by Helms as well.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD is at her desk reading Stokes's SITREP. Latham enters.

COLLETTE

Two things, Warren. SMOTH called regarding a license plate on a car that had followed Paul from Rotterdam to The Hague. Carla had asked for his help, since our station isn't supposed to know Paul's there.

LATHAM

Smart move.

COLLETTE

Larry says the car's registered to a rental company in The Hague called SIXT, S-I-X-T. Here's the note on that.

She tears off a sheet from her notepad and hands it to Latham who reads the information.

LATHAM

No idea who rented it, huh?

COLLETTE

No. He said the clerk there was growing wary, so MI6's man backed off asking any further questions.

LATHAM

Okay, I'll let Carla know.

COLLETTE
Did that already.

LATHAM
Oh. What's the other thing?

COLLETTE
This.

She hands Latham the SITREP and its envelope.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Oh, Carla said she expected Paul to check in at 14:00 but he never called. So Jared raised the alert status on the operation to Yellow.

LATHAM
He did the right thing.

Latham is concerned as he heads into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

And sits at his desk. He lays Collette's note, the SITREP and its envelope on the desk, then dials the Red phone.

STOKES (O.S.)
0-9-3-9...

LATHAM
It's Latham. Let me speak to mandarin Two.

CROSSCUT STOKES AND DILAURIA WITH LATHAM

STOKES
One minute, sir.

He puts the call on Hold and looks to DiLauria, who waits at a desk, looking like a sad seraph.

STOKES (CONT'D)
Carla, it's Mr. Latham for you.
Line two.

DiLauria presses the blinking line two button on her Red phone and answers the call.

DILAURIA
Mandarin Two here.

LATHAM
Any update on Paul?

DILAURIA

No, sir. I'm waiting to see if he calls at 16:00...

(looks at the wall clock)

About twenty minutes from now.

LATHAM

Let me know either way. We can't alert the station but we can ask MI6 for help.

DILAURIA

Right. I'll keep you updated, sir.

BACK TO SCENE

LATHAM

Thanks.

He hangs up the Red phone and slides the SITREP before him. As he reads he grows despondent.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Oh, no...

He checks his 24-hour wall clock then presses the BUZZER on the intercom.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Yes?

LATHAM

See if D-Int's available. I know he's usually tied up around this time but I need to talk to him. And call SMOTH. See if he can meet me around 5:00 at Samuel Gompers, Otherwise, I'll stop by the British Embassy at that time.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Will do.

Latham hangs up the intercom. There is a KNOCK on his door. It opens and Collette enters, followed by BILL NEALY (D-Int). Latham is taken aback.

LATHAM

Geezus, I just asked Collette to call you.

NEALY

I must have felt her vibrations.

LATHAM

Good grief.

Collette grins and leaves, shutting the door.

NEALY

I was at a meeting at the White House. I thought I'd pop in before I headed back to Langley.

LATHAM

I'm glad. Take a seat.

Nealy sits at the table. Latham gets up and joins him there.

NEALY

So, what can I do for you?

LATHAM

The Ops Room learned the Stasi had kidnapped Dr. Walter Linse.

NEALY

I know. That's well over a hundred German anti-Communists they've kidnapped over the last ten years.

Latham shakes his head in disgust.

NEALY (CONT'D)

I'm curious why your Ops Room was alerted. Did you run him at some point?

LATHAM

Yes, when I was posted to West Berlin years back. We funded The Committee of the Free Jurists through him. He was a good man.

NEALY

They're all an amazing bunch. Still active, publishing evidence of crimes committed by the East German government against its people, and exposing the tactics of the Stasi.

LATHAM

You know any of the details of his kidnapping?

NEALY

According to the West Berlin police, Dr. Linse was grabbed as he left his home on Gerichtsstrasse at around 07:30 CEST. He was roughed up and thrown into a cab. On the sidewalk the police found a shoe he lost in the struggle.

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

A woman who saw what happened screamed for help. A truck driver heard her and chased after the cab. He said the kidnappers fired shots at him and dropped caltrops - you know, those spiked metal devices?

LATHAM

I know what they are.

NEALY

The caltrops punctured two of the truck's tires, ending the chase.

LATHAM

What's our embassy done about it?

NEALY

(despondently)

You have to understand, since the stand-off at the Wall two years ago, the State Department's been pretty timid about responding to these kidnappings. They're afraid anything other than issuing a complaint to the Soviets could escalate into war.

LATHAM

(angrily)

Great - that's just great!

He gets up and storms over to the window.

NEALY

You can't blame them. Remember the stand-off in '61 when Kennedy said it wasn't worth risking an all-out war with the Soviets over Berlin?

LATHAM

Yes.

NEALY

Well, nothing's changed.

LATHAM

And we end up giving the Stasi a license to do whatever they want.

NEALY

Come on, that's not fair. Anyway, it's a matter for the West Berlin police, not us.

Angry and helpless, all Latham can do is drop his head toward his chest.

The intercom BUZZES; Latham goes to his desk and answers it.

LATHAM

Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

SMOTH said he'll meet you at the embassy at 5:30.

LATHAM

Thanks.

He hangs up the intercom. Nealy gets up.

NEALY

Was there anything else, Warren?

LATHAM

No, that was it.

NEALY

Oh, did Paul get in touch with Maria Snethlage?

LATHAM

I don't know. He missed a 2:00 time check.

NEALY

Hmm, I hope he's alright.

LATHAM

Carla's in the Ops Room waiting to see if he calls at four.

NEALY

Let me know if I can help.

He leaves. Latham remains at his desk, his mood pensive.

OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 16:18. DiLauria is bereft of hope, as is Stokes. He picks up his Red Phone and dials.

STOKES

It's Jared. Can you come to the Duty Desk, please?

After hearing a response he hangs up. As DiLauria waits anxiously, MINNIE enters from the Communications Room.

STOKES (CONT'D)

I want you to listen in on the radio frequencies for the Dutch MID and their national police force.

MINNIE

The same ones we used to listen to?

STOKES

Uh huh. Record everything.

MINNIE

What are we looking for?

Just then DiLauria picks up the Red phone and dials. Stokes holds up his hand to Minnie, indicating that they pause and listen to DiLauria.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

2-3-6-2...

DILAURIA

It's Carla. Let me speak to Mr. Latham, please.

Now Stokes answers Minnie's question.

STOKES

Any chatter regarding Paul Barry or his working name, Eduardo Rodríguez.

Minnie nods.

STOKES (CONT'D)

I'll check with the area hospitals.

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

FIONA JEFFRIES leads Latham inside the empty office. They take a seat on the Chesterfield couch.

LATHAM

Where's Larry?

FIONA

He stepped out for a minute. He should be back already.

Just then LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) enters holding a paperbag wrapped around the shape of a long-neck bottle.

JONES

Sorry, I'm late.

He sits at his desk, setting the paperbag on the desktop.

FIONA

Which one did you get?

JONES

Huh? Oh, the Pabst. The, um, Blue Ribbon one.

LATHAM

What, you bought beer?

Jones nods shyly.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I never saw you drink beer before?

FIONA

It's for his hair.

Latham arches an eyebrow. Jones grows red-faced.

JONES

I don't want to talk about this.

FIONA

Why? Don't be embarrassed. Larry's going to use the beer to add body.

LATHAM

You're gonna wash your hair in it?

JONES

No, I'll wash my hair with shampoo, then I'll rinse it with beer.

FIONA

It makes it look fuller, thicker.

LATHAM

I can't believe I'm asking this, but what's wrong with your hair the way it is now?

JONES

(sighs)

My father went bald when he was 40. Both my grandfathers were bald by the time they hit 40.

LATHAM

Okay, but you're not bald, and you're - what - 45?

JONES

(takes offense)

42. Now, can we change the subject?

Latham shrugs. Fiona gets up.

FIONA
I'll leave you two alone.

LATHAM
No, no - stay. Please...

Fiona reclaims her seat on the couch. Jones looks at the two of them then back at the paperbag. He quickly stows his purchase in a bottom desk drawer.

JONES
What did you want to see me about?

LATHAM
Paul Barry. You know he's in Holland.

JONES
Yes. Carla had asked me to get information on a Volvo that was tailing him.

LATHAM
She'd arranged for him to check in with her at 14:00. He missed that and the grace period call at 16:00.

JONES
Oh... As I understand it, you can't ask your stations there for help. And you obviously can't ask the Cubans.

LATHAM
Actually, I did consider asking them, in a roundabout way. But that could expose our source there.

JONES
Did anyone call the hospitals?

LATHAM
Jared did. No record of a patient named Paul Barry or his working name, Eduardo Rodríguez.

JONES
If he arrived there unconscious or in shock, he'd be under a John Doe.

FIONA
They wouldn't give out that information to Jared.

JONES

Why not?

FIONA

The Dutch are very big on patient confidentiality. A few years ago I worked on an operation involving a hospital in Amsterdam. When patients arrived without identification and were unable to communicate, they were listed as a John or Jane Doe, like you said. But all information on them was given to the national police; that's to help identify them in case they didn't survive.

LATHAM

I was hoping you'd ask your station at The Hague to liaise with the national police - ask the hospitals if they have a John Doe, injured or otherwise.

JONES

I can. London's anxious to get back into CIA's good graces. But then we'd have to give them or MID a cover story, one that admits we have an extant operation there.

FIONA

Imagine how angry they'd be. A NATO member running an espionage operation on another member's soil.

LATHAM

Yeah, that's true.

JONES

(thinking aloud)

We could say Paul had visited a friend who works at our embassy at The Hague. He was supposed to come back for dinner but never showed.

FIONA

No, that wouldn't work.

JONES

Why not?

FIONA

Say the police find Paul and he's alive and alert. It's unlikely he knows any of our station personnel there.

(MORE)

FIONA (CONT'D)

He'd suspect that anyone looking for him are the same people who've targeted that woman at the Cuban Embassy.

JONES

Right, so a request can't come from Six.

FIONA

Or the embassy. Paul isn't a British national.

Jones shrugs and throws up his hands, conceding.

LATHAM

Hmm, his pocket litter identifies him as a Uruguayan.

FIONA

Wait... What if someone turned up in Rotterdam, saying they were supposed to meet up with Eduardo Rodríguez? That person could go to the national police for help.

LATHAM

Hold on. We know Paul was being followed. So someone knew he was in Rotterdam. If it's the group who intend to kill our source at the Cuban Embassy, they may not have known what she looked like, or they had an idea but weren't sure.

FIONA

So they followed Paul to see whom he contacted.

JONES

Then using your scenario, Warren can't send Carla because it's likely these people know who his mandarins are.

LATHAM

Yes, but they might not know Jared Stokes.

FIONA

Or me.

LATHAM

Huh? I doubt London would give permission for you to go.

JONES

No, I think they would. Like I said, they're anxious to get back on CIA's good side.

This isn't what Latham wanted to hear, as he fights to hide his anxiety over this.

JONES (CONT'D)

Even better, she and Stokes could be a married couple looking to meet their friend in Holland.

FIONA

Does he speak Spanish?

LATHAM

Um, yes.

FIONA

Great. We can be from Montevideo.

JONES

Excellent. I'll ask London and get back to you, Warren.

LATHAM

(unenthused)

Yeah, let me know.

Jones gets up, as do Fiona and Latham. Jones approaches Latham and pats him on the back.

JONES

We'll find Paul. Come on, we'll escort you out.

Latham leaves the office as though in a stupor, flanked by Jones and Fiona.

ACT TWO

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

Bluish-white light from television sets flickers in more than half the windows, most of which are open.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Fiona and Latham eat white fish roasted with lemon, garlic and a mix of tomatoes, onions and olives. They sip a chilled Sauvignon Blanc. From the hi-fi comes the haunting jazz guitar of Wes Montgomery playing "Canadian Sunset."

Latham is quiet, eating his food as though he were conducting a class on comportment. This annoys Fiona. She CLANKS her fork on her plate to get his attention, then she stops eating and faces him.

FIONA

You want to tell me what's bothering you?

LATHAM

(disingenuously)
Nothing.

FIONA

Then maybe I better turn up the music because I'm about to let you have it.

LATHAM

For what?

FIONA

Your attitude.

LATHAM

What's wrong with my attitude?

FIONA

Everything. You come home and I don't hear two words out of you.

LATHAM

You want me to just babble on when I have nothing to say?

FIONA

At least then you might slip up and say what's really going on with you.

Latham sighs and sets down his cutlery.

LATHAM

Why did you have to volunteer to go to Holland?

FIONA

(incredulous)
To help you out, damnit! What do you think?

LATHAM

Bazzo's missing. He could have been kidnapped or...

FIONA

He could have been in an accident.

LATHAM

Yeah, one caused by those goddamn pricks who want our Cuban source dead.

FIONA

You don't know if that's true! You don't know what's happened to him - that's why you need some friendly eyes on the ground.

LATHAM

But why you?

FIONA

Why not me? Look, I'm a special operations officer; it's what I do. What the hell's wrong with you?

LATHAM

Those bastards have no compunction about killing a woman, Fiona.

FIONA

That's why it makes even more sense to have Jared with me.

LATHAM

That's not adequate backup. He's not a field agent.

FIONA

No, that's not it; not all of it.

LATHAM

What?

FIONA

You're not worried about my backup; you're trying to wrap me up because we're living together.

LATHAM

(his voice quivers)

I'm trying to save your life, for Chrissakes! I don't want to lose you.

Fiona reaches over and holds his hands.

FIONA

I've been in much worse situations, hon. Remember the hijackers on that Indonesian plane?

Latham nods.

FIONA (CONT'D)

They could have killed me and everyone on board at any moment. This is what I was trained to do. I love you, Warren, but I don't want that to mean I have to stop doing my job.

Latham looks helpless.

LATHAM

I'm flesh and blood, Fiona. I worry about you and I get scared that something could happen and I'll lose you.

FIONA

I can't walk on eggshells because you're frightened. Look, I'm not going to be overly heroic and purposely put myself in jeopardy. I'm just asking you to let me do my job.

Latham nods then quickly and passionately embraces Fiona.

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

CIA employees enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

Once again, the antique brass rolling tea cart rests alongside Berard's desk, sporting its usual china. Berard and Latham sip tea.

BERARD

Hmm, Mandarin One missing both time checks... What else can one assume here other than that he's dead?

LATHAM

He could be alive but incapacitated.

BERARD

How do you go about finding him? You said you can't enlist the station to help you. Why is that?

LATHAM

Paul was being followed. That happened because Mr. Kensington called around and asked one of my communication officers his whereabouts.

BERARD

You're not suggesting Stewart set up your mandarin, are you?

LATHAM

No, sir. I'm saying the information he received was inadvertently revealed to the Miami plotters at JM/WAVE. They alerted confederates in Holland, probably at The Hague, who rented a car and followed Paul.

BERARD

So, it's possible he may have been injured trying to warn or protect our source at the Cuban embassy.

LATHAM

Maria Snethlage, yes.

BERARD

You said you're sending Jared Stokes and Miss Jeffries from MI6 to Holland.

LATHAM

That's right.

BERARD

Why aren't you sending mandarin Two? She's qualified to handle situations like this.

LATHAM

Whoever followed Paul knew who he was, which means they know Carla's my mandarin Two. If I sent her she'd be a clay pigeon.

BERARD

I see... May I ask you a personal question?

LATHAM

Yes, of course.

BERARD

You're comfortable sending Miss Jeffries on a mission like this?

Latham throws up his hands in frustration.

LATHAM

No, sir, I'm not. We, um, argued about it last night.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Truth is, Fiona's as qualified at this as my mandarins - maybe even more so. It's the right move, even if my heart isn't in it.

BERARD

And London signed off on allowing us to use her?

LATHAM

Immediately. SMOTH had said that his masters would do anything to get back in our good graces - and he was right.

BERARD

Alright. Was there anything else?

LATHAM

Yes. The Stasi kidnapped Dr. Walter Linse, one of the Free Jurists.

BERARD

I heard about that yesterday. I understand you worked with him in Berlin several years ago.

LATHAM

I did. He's a good man. There has to be a way to help him. A swap maybe?

BERARD

Moscow has directed its satellites to work with the State Department rather than CIA.

LATHAM

Why?

BERARD

I imagine this stems from the recent thaw in relations between Premier Khrushchev and President Kennedy.

LATHAM

Still, why exclude us?

BERARD

Because, while President Kennedy has a great deal of faith in you, he doesn't share this sentiment with the rest of the Agency. If you want something done on that front, you should probably speak to him yourself, or to Dean Rusk.

LATHAM

Understood.

He gets up and sets his tea cup on the cart.

BERARD

Warren, I understand the dilemma you're facing as it regards Miss Jeffries. If I can be of any help, let me know.

LATHAM

Thank you, sir.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Fiona, Stokes and Jones sit at the table across from the Duty Desk along with Percy, Nichols and WEAPONS OFFICER JAMES TOLSON, who has two Iberia shoulder bags on the table.

PERCY

You're Mr. and Mrs. Gutierrez, close friends of Eduardo Rodríguez, whom you're meeting in Rotterdam. Now, Minnie's going through the chatter on the legacy frequencies. If she finds anything we'll send a cable to the hotel. All we know is that as of 14:00 CEST, mandarin One had not checked out of the Hotel New York.

FIONA

Then unless he's been snatched, he should still be in Holland.

PERCY

Right. As we discussed, you need to be armed. Since you'll be acting independent of the station, I'll let Mr. Tolson take over from here.

TOLSON

Ladies first. Miss Jeffries, Mr. Jones said that you preferred a Browning Hi-Power Semi-Automatic.

FIONA

Yes, I qualified with one.

TOLSON

Check this one out.

Just then Latham enters and joins everyone at the table.

LATHAM

Continue, please.

Tolson unzips one of the two Iberia shoulder bags and pulls out a Browning Hi-Power Semi-Automatic pistol and a direct-thread, stainless steel suppressor. He sets them on the table before Fiona.

Fiona examines the weapon. She removes the magazine then locks the slide back, making sure no bullets are in the chamber. She operates the slide to test its smoothness and its lock and release. She then tests the trigger by doing some dry firing.

FIONA

No binding or grip. Reset's fine.

She tests the external safety. With it on, the trigger can't be pulled. Fiona makes sure the magazine goes in smoothly and locks into place, and sees that it drops freely without having to be pulled out. Next, she inspects the sites; they are tight and do not wiggle. She eyes them closely.

TOLSON

There's no drift.

Fiona nods. She holds the gun in her hand and aims it.

TOLSON (CONT'D)

Comfortable?

FIONA

Yes.

TOLSON

It's been field-stripped; didn't need any refurbishing. Only 500 rounds have been fired through it.

Fiona picks up the direct-thread, stainless steel suppressor and screws it onto the barrel.

TOLSON (CONT'D)

Light enough?

FIONA

Yes. Stainless steel?

TOLSON

Uh huh.

Jones is impressed. He turns to Latham and smiles. At the Duty Desk, where Marge sits during the briefing, the Gray phone RINGS; she answers it.

MARGE

Yes?... This is the P.A. to the Duty Ops Officer... Hold on, please.
(calls to Latham)
Call for you Mr. Latham.

Latham gets up and crosses to the Duty Desk. Marge hands him the handset.

LATHAM

Latham.

DURANG (O.S.)

I'm going to lunch now.

CLICK. Durang hangs up, as does Latham.

LATHAM

Guys, I have to run. Carla, you'll be down here?

DILAURIA

Yes, sir.

LATHAM

Okay. Jared, Fiona - good luck. Come back safe.

STOKES

Will do, boss.

Fiona smiles and nods. Latham leaves.

TOLSON

Jared, I know you qualified on a SIG P210-2. This one has an eight-round, single stack.

He reaches into the other Iberia livery and pulls out a SIG Sauer P210-2 and another stainless-steel suppressor.

MID-SHOW BREAK

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

A few CIA officers criss-cross the compound.

INT. DARKROOM

DiLauria does a last rinse of prints and a contact sheet in cold running water.

OPERATIONS ROOM

It is relatively uneventful. Latham waits at the Duty Desk with Percy and Nichols. Marge crosses to the wall map of Central America. She removes a Yellow pushpin from Guatemala City, Guatemala and replaces it with a Red one.

LATHAM

What's that for?

PERCY

While you were out, word came in from Reuters on that workers' activist, Stalyn Ramazzini; he was found dead in his prison cell in Guatemala City. President Azurdia had been fighting with the courts over the man's sentence.

LATHAM

Why are we still monitoring it? I thought Langley took it over.

NICHOLS

We just learned that Ramazzini's new lawyer is Hiram Brodsky, a law professor at Yale. So Langley's given it back to us to monitor.

LATHAM

Where's the report on this?

PERCY

Jared sent it upstairs earlier.

LATHAM

Okay.

PERCY

Apparently, President Azurdia wanted Ramazzini executed, while Brodsky was arguing for time served and a maximum sentence of five years.

LATHAM

Looks like President Azurdia won.

Percy and Nichols nod sadly. Meanwhile, DiLauria enters with a cardboard box of photographic prints.

DILAURIA

I have those prints, Mr. Latham.

She sets the box on the table. Latham gets up and joins her while Percy and Nichols watch them intently.

LATHAM

Okay, let's have a look.

He fans through the prints - a sheet of acid-free interleaving tissue lies between each print.

DILAURIA

They're transcripts of a telephone conversation.

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

The fact that the FBI couldn't identify one of the parties means they bugged Calvin Holmes' phone.

Latham looks at the first print of transcripts.

INSERT PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINT:

Unidentified Speaker: Packages were sent for delivery to The Hague and to Rotterdam.

Calvin Holmes: You sent them?

Unidentified Speaker: No.

Calvin Holmes: You don't know who sent them?

Unidentified Speaker: We've since learned who. Seems the return receipts haven't arrived.

Calvin Holmes: Mail delivery's usually pretty good in Europe.

Unidentified Speaker: Well, with one or both of the recipients refusing to accept their package, we don't want any further attempts at delivery. We'd like you to relay this information to the mail carriers.

Calvin Holmes: When?

Unidentified Speaker: Can you leave right away?

Calvin Holmes: Right away. Geezus, you fucking people...

Unidentified Speaker: Your attorney has your travelogue.

Calvin Holmes: He'd better have deep pockets too.

Unidentified Speaker: I'm sure he understands that.

Calvin Holmes: Fine. I'll call him.

Unidentified Speaker: We'd prefer you just go over and see him right away, please.

Calvin Holmes: Yeah, alright.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham flips to the next print. It shows a round-trip, Air France ticket from Los Angeles to Rotterdam with stops in New York City and London; passenger name is "William Blake." There is a hand-written note below the ticket that reads, "Holmes traveled on this ticket." Latham is concerned.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)
Maria Snethlage and Paul?

Latham shrugs; he has already considered the possibility.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)
It would explain why Durang sent this.

LATHAM
Except I haven't spoken to him.

DILAURIA
Oh... Would Fiona and Jared know Calvin Holmes if they saw him?

LATHAM
Jared would - but we can't contact them now. They're over the Atlantic.

NICHOLS
We could have them paged after they land at Rotterdam airport.

DILAURIA
Or I can leave word with the concierge at the Hotel New York: Have Mr. and Mrs. Gutierrez call home as soon as they arrive.

LATHAM
Okay, do both. If they answer the page at the airport...

DILAURIA
Ignore the one from the concierge.

Latham nods. He checks the 24-hour wall clock.

LATHAM
I have an appointment at the State Department. You'll be here in the Ops Room, Carla?

DILAURIA
For as long as it takes, sir.

LATHAM

Good.

He gets up and leaves.

EXT. STATE DEPARTMENT EXTENSION BUILDING - DAY

Stock footage of the building.

INT. OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE

Latham is ushered into the office by Dean Rusk's SECRETARY.

SECRETARY

Warren Latham from the CIA,
Secretary Rusk.

She leaves. DEAN RUSK rises from his desk and shakes hands with Latham.

RUSK

Good to see you again, Warren. Have
a seat.

He and Latham sit in leather chairs on either side of a small table sporting a large aluminum and brass table lamp with a straight-sided, green gallery shade.

RUSK (CONT'D)

How are things in the cloak and
dagger business?

LATHAM

More cloak than dagger, lately.

RUSK

Françoise Bisset said you needed to
see me urgently, so I delayed a
meeting with McNamara - which isn't
an altogether bad thing.

LATHAM

A member of The Committee of Free
Jurists, Dr. Walter Linse, was
kidnapped by the Stasi, the East
Germany State Security Service.

RUSK

The Committee of Free Jurists...
The West German group?

LATHAM

Yes.

RUSK

I'm sorry to hear that. Any idea why the Stasi did this?

LATHAM

I imagine it was to intimidate the other jurists from investigating human rights abuses in East Germany and other Soviet-bloc countries.

RUSK

The Stasi don't usually make such wide-sweeping moves.

LATHAM

I'm sure they were acting under orders from the KGB.

RUSK

You're probably right; you have first-hand experience in these matters. But, other than issuing a condemnation, I don't see how this involves the State Department.

LATHAM

I believe Dr. Linse will be turned over to the KGB sooner rather than later. In my opinion, that's a death sentence.

RUSK

I still don't see how that involves us.

LATHAM

I want to arrange a swap before the KGB can get at Dr. Linse. I know you're involved in one for Boris Kalkov, a KGB agent the British are holding, for Henry Jensen.

RUSK

Yes, we were approached on that by the Soviets' Foreign Minister, Andrei Gromyko. At his request, the CIA's been excluded from the negotiations.

LATHAM

Why? Jensen's our man.

RUSK

I believe Mr. Gromyko cited a pronounced distrust of the CIA.

LATHAM

Dean, we're in the business of not trusting each other.

RUSK

True, but as Mr. Gromyko tells it, the Kremlin's current dubiety stems from the CIA's recent unwillingness to follow prisoner swaps to the letter.

LATHAM

That's a load of bull.

RUSK

Not as far as Moscow's concerned. It also doesn't help that, save for you personally, President Kennedy doesn't trust the CIA to tell him the truth on all matters.

LATHAM

Look, I can't speak to what senior management have or haven't said to the president. All I can do is address this specific situation.

RUSK

Arrange a swap.

LATHAM

Yes. Negotiate Dr. Linse's release as part of the Kalkov-Jensen swap.

Rusk shakes his head, ending with a mild but sardonic chuckle.

RUSK

You're asking me to include an unrelated incident that will, in effect, sandbag the prisoner swap.

LATHAM

I'm trying to save the man's life.

RUSK

And I'm trying to save millions.

LATHAM

Wait. Are you talking about money?

RUSK

At this moment there are sensitive negotiations between us and the Soviets to introduce a treaty that will ban further testing of nuclear weapons.

LATHAM

I know about the test-ban treaty.

RUSK

It's my turn to talk, Warren.

Latham is taken aback.

RUSK (CONT'D)

This treaty will align our countries toward a common purpose: an end to the Cold War and the arms race. Now, I'm not saying the Jurists' work isn't important; but Dr. Linse's life doesn't balance against the millions of lives world-wide that this treaty will save. I'm sorry, but I will not do anything that could sabotage these negotiations.

Latham looks away, realizing the argument is lost.

RUSK (CONT'D)

You'll have to excuse me. I've kept Bob McNamara waiting long enough.

He gets up, goes to his desk and presses the BUZZER on his intercom.

RUSK (CONT'D)

Is Mr. Latham's escort still there?

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Yes, he's just outside.

RUSK

Tell him Mr. Latham is leaving.

He hangs up. Latham stands, crosses to the door and leaves.

EXT. SAMUEL GOMPERS MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

Latham and Jones stroll past the statue of Samuel Gompers.

JONES

You know Rusk is right.

LATHAM

I know Dr. Linse's life doesn't mean a damn thing to him.

JONES

That's not true. He's concerned with people's lives on both sides of the Curtain. Linse just got caught up in the machinery.

LATHAM

So did Jensen and that bastard your people are holding, Kalkov - but they're about to go home.

JONES

And there are plenty of others who won't.

LATHAM

(sighs sadly)

I just wish there were something I could do for him.

JONES

I know. We shouldn't have to weigh one life against others but that's the world we live in. The hope is that this Nuclear Test Ban Treaty is a start, one that makes all of this moot at some future date.

Latham looks away, less than convinced in the promise Jones sees.

JONES (CONT'D)

I know you admire this man, but don't let it affect your judgment.

LATHAM

I told you; it's already been decided for me.

JONES

What I mean is, don't do anything foolish - unless you're intent on throwing away your career.

Latham is embarrassed at how well Jones knows him.

LATHAM

Normally, I'd hate it when you're right - but it happens so rarely.

JONES

Uh huh. Are you going home now?

LATHAM

No, I'm going back to the Ops Room and see this damn thing through. If I can't save Dr. Linse, at least I can still try and save Paul - if he's still alive.

JONES

Want some company?

LATHAM

No, you made your point. I'll be on my best behavior.

JONES

It's not just that. I have a stake in this too.

Latham looks at him curiously. Jones is offended.

JONES (CONT'D)

Fiona Jeffries? She's my Number Two.

LATHAM

Sorry. Let's, um, grab a take-out. We could be there a while.

They leave the park.

ACT THREE

EXT. ROTTERDAM THE HAGUE AIRPORT - DAY (MORNING)

A sign on the main terminal's façade reads "ROTTERDAM THE HAGUE AIRPORT" - a minor airport, meaning it serves short- and medium-haul routes. Stock images of the airport feature a mid-20th century terminal, Boeing 707 and 727 jets under the carriers Air France, Iberia, KLM and SAS, and a Russian Tupolev Tu-134 flown by Aeroflot.

INT. TERMINAL

Rows of ochre-colored, attached vinyl-and-metal chairs are everywhere. Beneath them is someone's curious decision to have dark wood laminate flooring for these high-traffic areas. This gives the building a sense that it is always near dusk, even at mid-day with huge floor-to-ceiling picture windows.

TELEPHONE BANK

Fiona is inside a phone booth, speaking on the phone. Stokes waits outside the booth. Fiona nods as she speaks and finally hangs up the phone and alights from the booth.

STOKES

What did Mr. Latham have to say?

FIONA

Calvin Holmes is here, traveling as William Blake.

STOKES

William Blake - the English poet?

Fiona shrugs. They head toward the main exit.

FIONA

Two people - one in Rotterdam, the other at The Hague - were targeted for a hit by someone who wasn't authorized to do so. The mechanics failed to kill their targets. Holmes was sent here to make sure they don't try again. Since you know what he looks like, I'm depending on you to tell me when you see him.

STOKES

I hope he isn't here to complete the job for them.

EXT. TERMINAL

Fiona and Stokes get into a taxi which then pulls away.

EXT. ROTTERDAM - HOTEL NEW YORK - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of the building, featuring its roof-level sign on the façade, HOLLAND AMERIKA LUN. The taxi pulls up. The Doorman opens the passenger-side door. Stokes and Fiona alight with their carry-on luggage and Iberia liveries over their shoulders. A PORTER rushes up with a luggage cart. The Doorman eyes their Iberia livery. (He and Stokes speak Spanish.)

DOORMAN

Bienvenido al Hotel Nueva York.

STOKES

Gracias, es agradable estar aquí.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Thanks, It's nice to be here."

DOORMAN

Me ocuparé de tu equipaje por ti.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I'll take care of your luggage for you."

He SNAPS his fingers at the Porter who puts the two suitcases on the luggage cart. After a second or two, the Doorman emits a slight cough.

STOKES

Oh, si.

He pulls a guilder from his pocket and hands it to the Doorman who holds open the door for Fiona, Stokes and the Porter.

INT. FRONT DESK

ANNEKE, the front desk agent, is in her early 30s, dressed in a skirt and blazer featuring 'Anneke' on a nameplate on the breast pocket, and the hotel's name just above it.

Off to the side sits the CONCIERGE.

ANNEKE
(in Dutch)
Mag ik u helpen?

Fiona and Stokes appear bewildered. Anneke switches to Dutch-accented English.

ANNEKE (CONT'D)
May I help you?

Fiona and Stokes flash a smile of relief. (They speak in Spanish-accented English.)

STOKES
Mr. And Mrs. Gutierrez from
Montevideo. We have a reservation.

ANNEKE
One moment, please.
(checks the reservations
book)
Ah, yes - two nights. May I see
your passports, please?

Stokes makes a point of speaking Spanish to Fiona.

STOKES
Ella quiere ver nuestros
pasaportes, querida.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "She wants to see our passports, dear."

Fiona and Stokes take out their passports and hand them to Anneke. She records their information in the registration book then hands the passports back to them.

ANNEKE
Thank you. You're in room 302. Oh,
and I have a message for you.

She takes an envelope from room 302's pigeon hole and hands it to Stokes. He opens it and shares the contents with Fiona.

ANNEKE (CONT'D)
I hope everything is alright.

STOKES
Just my folks asking me to call
them when we arrive. A friend of
ours from Montevideo is staying
here, Eduardo Rodríguez. Can you
tell us what room he is in?

Having overheard this, the Concierge perks up.

While Anneke looks up the registered guests, the Concierge joins everyone at the desk. (She also speaks in Dutch-accented English.)

CONCIERGE

Excuse me, I'm the Concierge here.
I heard you asking for an Eduardo
Rodríguez, am I correct?

STOKES

Yes, we are to meet him here.

Anneke turns to the Concierge.

ANNEKE

(in Dutch)

Toen hij gisteren niet terugkwam,
hebben we zijn spullen naar de
opslagruimte verplaatst.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "When he didn't come back yesterday, we moved his stuff to the storage room."

CONCIERGE

Two days ago, Mr. Rodríguez wanted
to get something to eat but our
kitchen was in transition then,
preparing for dinner. He asked me
for a nearby restaurant, so I
directed him to one a few streets
away. We haven't seen him since.

Fiona and Stokes look at each other worriedly.

FIONA

What happened to him?

CONCIERGE

We don't know. Sometimes guests -
especially the single men - go to
'the Rossebuurt.'

FIONA

What is that?

CONCIERGE

It's the, um, red light district.

Fiona throws an admonishing glare at Stokes.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

The guests don't always find their
way back to the hotel right away,
so we give them a 24-hour grace
period.

(MORE)

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

If they do not return by then, we check them out and put their things into storage, where Mr. Rodríguez' things are now. If he doesn't claim them by tomorrow, we will inform the police who will take custody of his belongings.

STOKES

I see. Can you tell me the name of the restaurant you sent him to?

CONCIERGE

Loetje Rotterdam. You turn left when you leave the hotel; it's just a few streets away.

FIONA

Maybe he went out of town instead.

CONCIERGE

I don't think so.

FIONA

Why?

CONCIERGE

His passport was still in his room. Usually, visitors do not leave the hotel without their passport, but Mr. Rodríguez' decision to go to a restaurant was made on the, uh, spur of the moment? He didn't think to bring his passport with him.

STOKES

(smiles wryly)

I'm betting he met up with a woman.

Fiona feigns disapproval while the Concierge grins knowingly.

FIONA

What is the state of his bill, please?

CONCIERGE

He prepaid for the two days, but not for the one-day grace period.

FIONA

We'll take care of it. Just add the charge to our bill.

The Concierge is surprised. She nods to Anneke who makes a notation in the registry.

CONCIERGE

I hope Mr. Rodríguez appreciates
what good friends you are.

FIONA

I'm sure he does.

ANNEKE

Now, if you will sign the
registration card...

She sets the card on the counter. Stokes signs it "Mr. And
Mrs. Antonio Gutierrez" and hands the card back to Anneke.

ANNEKE (CONT'D)

You are all set.

Anneke nods to the Porter and points to the elevator bank. The
Porter leads Fiona and Stokes that way while Anneke and the
Concierge quietly confer and giggle.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Accent lights highlight the National Mall.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

The lights are on in two of the buildings in the compound.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 03:25. Even at this hour the
usual PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones
continues. NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL,
and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY man the Duty Desk.

Fans WHIR on many of the desks, blowing cooler air in the
faces of busy CIA officers filling out or reading reports,
manning the Red and Gray phones, or conferring with
colleagues. Still, loosened ties and sweat-stained shirts and
blouses are the norm. The Officers smoke too many cigarettes
and sip endless amounts of coffee, tea, Coca Cola or 7-Up,
prompting frequent trips to the appropriate lavatory.

Latham, DiLauria and Jones sit at a table across from the
Duty Desk. With them are two members of the now off-duty day
shift crew, Percy and Nichols. A portable fan sits on the
table, rotating from left to right and back again, whirling
its blades at the five anxious faces. They wait anxiously for
word - any word - from Rotterdam. When there is a relative
lull, the Night Duty Desk Officers join them in their vigil.

EXT. ROTTERDAM - HOTEL NEW YORK - DAY (MORNING)

Fiona and Stokes leave the hotel with their Iberia liveries
slung over their shoulders.

They turn left and walk along Koninginnenhoofd, the main street. A few people walk by. The many small stores entertain only a few patrons. Vehicle traffic is light and moves along at a leisurely pace.

STOKES

It's all so... Normal. What could have happened to Paul?

Fiona shrugs; it's a rhetorical question.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Funny, we're about the only thing out of the ordinary here.

FIONA

The only Black couple, you mean.

STOKES

The only Blacks here period - though no one seems to care much.

FIONA

Could be because of the proximity to The Hague. Folks here get used to seeing Blacks because of all the embassies.

STOKES

Washington's home to embassies from all over the world, yet it's barely made a dent in how Whites treat us. It's gotta be even worse for you and Mr. Latham.

Before Fiona responds, she eyes a white Volvo P1800, license plate number HZ-83-FK, go past them in the same direction as they're walking. The Volvo turns right at the next corner.

FIONA

That Volvo that just went past us - a P1800, license number HZ-83-FK.

STOKES

I saw it. Think it's tailing us?

FIONA

I don't believe in coincidences, Jared. I think someone's leaked our arrival to the Army Security Agency.

STOKES

Why would they do that?

FIONA

I don't know.

They cross Landverhuizersplein (Removers Square), where the Volvo turned the corner; it is now parked in the oncoming lane facing toward them. Stokes sees this and looks at Fiona.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I see it.

TWO BLOCKS AHEAD OF FIONA AND STOKES

A gray, 1963 Daffodil MF-31-44 sedan turns from a cross street, Westerdam, onto the main road. Two Men are in the car. The driver- and passenger-side windows have been rolled down. A Mercedes-Benz 190 sedan pulls behind the Daffodil, it's driver- and passenger-side windows are also rolled down.

FIONA AND STOKES

Continue to stroll, albeit with a deliberate vigilance. Both of them have moved their Iberia liveries under their right arm, sliding the zipper open and resting their right hands partway inside the livery.

ON THE MAIN ROAD

The Daffodil MF-31-44 sedan slows to a stop at a traffic light half a block ahead of Fiona and Stokes. The PASSENGER stares out his window at them. Fiona and Stokes glance behind them looking for the Volvo. The Passenger looks down at his lap. The Mercedes-Benz 190 pulls alongside the driver of the Daffodil sedan. The Daffodil's DRIVER casually glances at the Mercedes-Benz 190. His face quickly fills with horror.

Pfft. Pfft. Two 9mm bullets pierce the Daffodil Driver's face just below his eyes at over 100 mph. The two sabots fragment, avulsing hair, brain matter, skin, and bone fragments at the back of the Man's skull. Blood splatters on the seat and the roof, and against the rear window.

Momentarily confused, the Passenger reflexively raises his left arm to shield his face. Regaining his senses, he raises the pistol from his lap, but - Pfft - a shot to his right shoulder loosens his grip on the gun. Pfft. This shot rips through the Passenger's Adam's Apple - bullet fragments explode through his body. Some strike his spinal chord, causing his arms and legs to splay rigidly. Meanwhile...

FIONA AND STOKES

Having witnessed this, immediately dive to the ground. Two PEDESTRIANS there are stunned - not at the execution of the Men in the Daffodil but at the Black couple's evasive action. The shooting itself has been quick and quietly unobtrusive.

THE TRAFFIC LIGHT CHANGES

But the Daffodil MF-31-44 sedan doesn't move.

The dead Driver has his foot off the brake, but the manual transmission is in neutral, leaving the car to sit idling where it is. The Mercedes-Benz 190 pulls away without speeding, turning left at the intersection, cutting off oncoming traffic. Car horns now BLARE as drivers in the queue of vehicles behind the Daffodil MF-31-44 sedan grow impatient.

ON LANDVERHUIZERSPLEIN

The Mercedes-Benz 190 slowly passes by the Volvo P1800, which is still parked there. There is virtually no other traffic on the street. The Mercedes makes a U-turn at the corner. Slowly, it pulls alongside the Volvo which has its driver-side window rolled down. The VOLVO'S DRIVER looks at the Mercedes-Benz; he smiles, recognizing its driver. Pfft. Pfft. The bullets enter the Volvo Driver's left temple with a force great enough to face-plant him onto the passenger seat. The Mercedes-Benz 190 pulls away, picking up speed.

FIONA AND STOKES

Get to their feet.

FIONA

Let's get back to the hotel.

They leave, ignoring complaints in Dutch from the two Locals. When they are half a block from Landverhuizersplein, the Mercedes-Benz 190 speeds through the intersection and turns left - away from them, tires SCREECHING. Fiona and Stokes race to the corner. They look down the street and see the Volvo - parked - but they do not see anyone in the car.

STOKES

What the hell's going on here?

FIONA

Come on.

She hooks his arm and they continue toward the...

HOTEL NEW YORK

The Doorman holds open the door for Fiona and Stokes, who ignores the Doorman's conspicuously open right hand.

INT. LOBBY - FRONT DESK

Anneke and the Concierge are surprised to see Fiona and Stokes, who are sweaty.

CONCIERGE

You didn't find the restaurant?

FIONA

We did, but there was an accident.

CONCIERGE

Oh, no...

The sing-song sirens of ambulances and police cars momentarily interrupt them. The Doorman enters. He looks at Anneke, who looks back entreatingly. The Doorman is at sea and shrugs. Fiona suddenly realizes something.

FIONA

What's the name of the hospital
where the ambulance will take them?

CONCIERGE

Dijkzigt Hospital. Right, Anneke?

Anneke nods, confirming this.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

It's about two streets past Loetje
Rotterdam.

FIONA

(pronounces it slowly)
Dijkzigt Hospital...

CONCIERGE

Yes.

FIONA

Thank you.
(turns to Anneke)
Could we have our room key, please?

Anneke gets the key, bypasses Fiona and hands it to Stokes. Fiona bites her lip - an effort to hide this traditional sexist affront from Anneke. She and Stokes then head to the elevators.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

On the far side of the room, Minnie monitors an active TSEC/KL-7 cipher machine while DOLLY, Minnie's underling, sits before a TC-53 cipher machine entering unencrypted text. Latham speaks on the Gray phone. Near him, a reel-to-reel tape recorder spins slowly, capturing his conversation.

LATHAM

(stunned)
What?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Stokes leaves the bathroom wiping his face with a damp wash cloth; he sits at the table. Fiona sits on the edge of the bed and speaks into the phone.

FIONA

I said someone's been whispering in Colonel Denton's ear. We saw that same Volvo P1800 our friend saw. It followed us after we left the hotel.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH FIONA

LATHAM

The driver - was it our man in L.A., the one in the transcript?

FIONA

No, Jared says that wasn't him. We did learn that our friend here had gone out to eat that day.

LATHAM

Really. He told his Number Two he planned to stay in the hotel.

FIONA

Apparently, he was hungry and the hotel kitchen was switching over to their dinner menu. The Concierge said our friend made a last-second decision to go out to eat.

LATHAM

Last second - she knew that for a fact.

FIONA

He left his passport in his room. Anyway, we decided to trace his footsteps to the restaurant she recommended; that's when we saw the Volvo. A couple of minutes later all hell broke loose.

LATHAM

Please tell me guns weren't drawn.

FIONA

Ours weren't. There was a small car a block ahead of us, coming our way. Two men were inside. It was waiting for the traffic light to change when a Mercedes-Benz pulled alongside it. Only the driver was in the Mercedes. Now, we were still concerned with the Volvo, so we didn't initially grasp what was happening.

LATHAM

Which was...

FIONA

The man in the Mercedes had pointed a pistol at the two men in the small car. We couldn't hear the gun being fired because it was silenced, but you could see the driver's head jerk back when he was hit. Then the passenger was hit - that one was violent. He went ramrod straight, so a bullet or fragment must have nicked his spinal chord. There was also a lot of blood splatter from both victims, so the rounds must have been frangible.

LATHAM

Did you see the shooter's face?

FIONA

Not to make excuses but the sun was reflecting off his windshield. Plus, we were lying prone on the sidewalk by then. All we can say for certain is that he wore sunglasses, the type pilots wear. The fact that we dived to avoid being in the line of fire got more attention from the two bystanders than the actual hit did.

LATHAM

Where was the Volvo during all this?

FIONA

On our way back to the hotel, we saw it parked on the same street where it had turned off - but we didn't see anyone in it. We did see a Mercedes-Benz 190 drive up that street; it was gray, like the shooter's car. But Mr. Gutierrez reminded me that the 190 model - especially the gray ones - are very popular here. And we were too far away to read the license plate or recognize the driver.

LATHAM

Hmm... Our friend sees the Volvo and goes missing. You two see it and end up in the middle of 'Gunfight at the O.K. Corral.' Meanwhile, the fellow from L.A. is there to make sure no further deliveries are made.

FIONA

As I said, we can't say with any certainty that it was him in the Mercedes-Benz.

Latham sighs, frustrated.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Anyway, I had a thought. Say our friend were involved in something like this; he'd have been taken to hospital.

LATHAM

Go on.

FIONA

The nearest one is Dijkzigt Hospital. Now, considering he left without his passport, and if he weren't able to talk...

LATHAM

He'd be under a 'John Doe.'
Alright, let me know what you find.
And be careful.

FIONA

I will.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham hangs up the Gray phone. Two seconds later the tape recorder stops itself automatically with a loud DOUBLE-CLICK. Latham is a snapshot of a man fighting his worst fears. He gets up and leaves.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Latham enters and sits back at the table with DiLauria, Jones, Percy and Nichols.

LATHAM

That was Fiona. She and Jared saw the same Volvo P1800 that mandarin One had spotted. It tailed them for a bit, then they witnessed a mob-style hit. A man in a Mercedes drove up to another car that had two men inside. He then opened fire on those two with a silenced pistol.

JONES

Geezus! Were Fiona or Jared damaged?

LATHAM

No.

Jones sighs, relieved.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

They headed back to the hotel where they saw the Volvo again, but they didn't see the driver.

JONES

Then what the hell's going on?

LATHAM

Hm, you tell me. They're still trying to find Paul. She'll call back in a few hours.

JONES

(yawns)

I'm sorry, Warren; I don't think I have a few hours left in me.

LATHAM

Go on home, Larry. You know I'll call you if anything turns up.

Jones nods. He and Latham stand, then Nichols gets up.

NICHOLS

I was gonna go outside for some fresh air. I'll see Mr. Jones to his car.

LATHAM

Alright.

He and Jones shake hands. Nichols then escorts Jones out the room. Latham, meanwhile, has something on his mind.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You still awake, Tom?

PERCY

Bright-eyed if not bushy-tailed.

LATHAM

Um, yeah. Any calls from Rotterdam, you take them. I'll be back in a few.

PERCY

Yes, sir.

LATHAM

Carla, come with me.

DiLauria gets up. She and Latham leave.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

DiLauria and Latham enter. DiLauria sits in a chair while Latham leans back against his desk.

LATHAM

We know from the FBI transcript that Calvin Holmes went to Rotterdam to stop any further attempts to kill Paul and Maria Snethlage.

DILAURIA

Presumably. They weren't mentioned by name in the transcript.

LATHAM

Yes, but considering that Miss Snethlage leaked the information on Oswald, Paul went there to warn her, and Holmes is in on the plot to kill Kennedy, it's a fair assumption.

DILAURIA

Okay.

LATHAM

It follows, then, that Holmes killed the two men in the car. He probably killed the guy in the Volvo, since he was involved in the attempts on Maria Snethlage and Paul.

DILAURIA

Assuming it wasn't some unrelated killing.

LATHAM

Related to what?

DILAURIA

Drugs. There's quite a lot of them there, and they flow pretty freely.

LATHAM

True, but Paul saw the Volvo and it was seen again by Fiona and Jared. I don't believe in coincidences.

DILAURIA

That would mean someone leaked their arrival.

LATHAM

I agree. But who?

DILAURIA

Other than the Duty Desk, no one else knew you were sending Jared and Fiona, unless you told Mr. Berard.

LATHAM

I haven't said anything to him yet. Even if I had, he wouldn't tell Kensington, nor would anyone at the Duty Desk. But someone alerted that cabal in Florida, who sent Holmes.

He gets up and meanders about. DiLauria muses.

DILAURIA

The travel vouchers to Holland... They would have alerted Mr. Kensington that something was up.

LATHAM

Collette doesn't send them out until the end of the month.

DILAURIA

Hmm, no memos, no cables... Yet, there had to be some communication between here and Florida.

Latham stops. DiLauria's words have struck a chord.

LATHAM

Communication... That's it.

DILAURIA

What?

LATHAM

How did Kensington learn Paul was in Rotterdam?

DILAURIA

From Comm Officer Number Two, Dolly.

LATHAM

Uh huh.

DILAURIA

Now, wait. She told Mr. Kensington where Paul was because he asked her, remember? She had to tell him.

LATHAM

What if he didn't ask her? What if she volunteered the information?

DiLauria realizes where Latham is going with this.

DILAURIA

Oh, Christ... She's the leak.

LATHAM

Imagine that. A mole - not for the KGB but for those bastards here who want to kill the president.

DILAURIA

But how can you prove it? Mr. Kensington will say it's her duty to tell him what the mandarins are up to because you're his direct report. Plus, he doesn't exactly trust you.

LATHAM

Thank you for the reminder.

DILAURIA

Sorry.

LATHAM

No, you're right - on both counts.

DILAURIA

And Dolly certainly isn't going to admit she's spying for the cabal.

LATHAM

No. If I bring her before the I.G., I'll have more explaining to do than she will.

DILAURIA

About the plot, you mean.

LATHAM

Yes. And once the cabal got wind of it, they'd go to ground. We wouldn't learn any more about their plans until it was too late.

DILAURIA

Meanwhile, you'd be the one under the microscope.

LATHAM

Hm, I'd be transferred to Greenland or some other damn place. Out of the way just long enough.

DILAURIA

So, what do we do?

LATHAM

For now? Nothing.

DiLauria is stunned - and disheartened.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

We just have to bide our time.

Clearly, something else is on DiLauria's mind.

EXT. ROTTERDAM - DIJKZIGT HOSPITAL - DAY

A huge, multi-story facility, it gives the appearance of three towers buttressed together. Two four-story, adjoining wings jut from the buttresses. There are also several adjacent, smaller buildings, giving the feel of a sterile corporate campus.

INT. ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE

As expected, richly appointed. Fiona and Stokes show the hospital administrator, DOCTOR LARIVE, a photo of Paul Barry. He picks up the phone and dials. (He speaks Dutch.)

LARIVE

Dit is dokter Larive. Ik heb hier een stel dat op zoek is naar een vriend die mogelijk een ongeluk heeft gehad. Ze hebben een foto van hem. Ik vroeg me af of we de afgelopen week iemand hebben toegelaten die we nog niet kunnen identificeren.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "This is Doctor Larive. I have a couple here looking for a friend who may have been in an accident. They have a photograph of him. I was wondering if we have admitted anyone within the past week whom we are as yet unable to identify."

INT. HOSPITAL WARD

Light green walls, an off-white ceiling, ochre tile floor, and windows with beige, floral pattern curtains signal quiet if not tranquility. There are six beds separated by sliding floor-to-ceiling curtains for privacy. Nurses in white uniforms and bob weave hairstyles tend to three of the patients. Two more patients are asleep.

The nursing supervisor, MISS VAN DIJK, leads Dr. Larive, Fiona and Stokes to the sixth bed. Miss Van Dijk slides open the curtain - there lies PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY. His eyes are open but unfocused. Larive turns to Fiona and Stokes. (He speaks English with a Dutch accent.)

LARIVE

Is that your friend, Eduardo Rodríguez?

Fiona and Stokes are both relieved. They smile warmly.

FIONA

Yes, it's him.

NURSE VAN DIJK

(speaks Dutch to Larive)

De patiënt kwam bij ons in hypovolemische shock met schotwonden in de schouder en de nek. Hij had veel bloed verloren. Na de operatie bleef hij semi-comateus vanwege enkele van de tijdens de operatie toegediende medicijnen. Gisteren was hij alerter, maar nog steeds verward en niet in staat om te reageren.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "The patient came to us in hypovolemic shock with gunshot wounds to the shoulder and the neck. He had lost a lot of blood. After surgery he remained semi-comatose due to some of the drugs administered during surgery. Yesterday, he was more alert, though still confused and unable to respond."

Stokes steps forward and takes hold of Bazzo's hand. (He speaks Spanish.)

STOKES

Pasaste por todo esto solo para poder observar a todas las enfermeras bonitas?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "You went through all this just so you could eyeball all the pretty nurses?"

He winks. A slow smile curls Bazzo's lips. Dr. Larive is surprised; he turns to Nurse Van Dijk. (Again, he and Van Dijk speak Dutch.)

LARIVE

Heeft u of iemand geprobeerd in het Spaans met hem te praten?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Did you or anyone try speaking to him in Spanish?"

NURSE VAN DIJK

Niemand hier spreekt Spaans, dokter.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "No one here speaks Spanish, Doctor."

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

The sun glints against the Reflecting Pool at The National Mall.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

Day-shift employees enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Minnie and Dolly give turnover to the TWO DAY-SHIFT COMMUNICATIONS OFFICERS.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Percy and Nichols sit with Owens, Farrell and Bradley taking turnover. Latham and DiLauria sit at the table. The Gray phone RINGS; Owens answers it.

OWENS

Yes... This is First Duty Officer James Owens... One moment, please.
(he holds up the receiver)
It's for you, Mr. Latham.

Latham gets up and takes the handset from Owens who continues with the turnover briefing.

LATHAM

Latham...
(smiles gratefully)
Good... No, I want you to stay there until he's well enough to travel... I'll tell Larry. Are you okay?... And Jared?... Good. Keep me updated... No, I'll be here... No, no, I'm staying here until the two of you are back safe... Me too.

He hangs up. Everyone at the Duty Desk has stopped to listen. DiLauria waits anxiously at the table.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

They found mandarin One. He'd been shot in the shoulder. A fragment also pierced his neck, but he's going to be alright.

A huge sigh of relief spreads from the Duty Desk to DiLauria.

NICHOLS

Thank God for that.

BRADLEY

I hear you.

PERCY

When's he coming back?

LATHAM

In a couple of days. Jared and Miss Jeffries will stay with him until then.

The Red phone RINGS; Owens answers it.

OWENS

0-9-3-9... Uh huh, go on... When?...
You sure?... Yeah, I'll tell him.

It was a long phone call. Owens hangs up the Red phone. His face is grim as he looks at Latham.

LATHAM

What?

OWENS

That was Dolly in the Comm Room. As you know, our legacy East Berlin Ops still listen in on the Stasi frequency.

LATHAM

What did they hear, James?

OWENS

An Aeroflot plane landed at East Berlin's Schönefeld Airport, taxied to the end of the runway and waited on the apron. About two hours later, a van pulled up. Two male nurses unloaded a stretcher from the van. A man was strapped down on the stretcher. They boarded the plane with him. The plane then took off from Schönefeld about a half hour later. Word is the patient was Dr. Linse.

Latham looks away, angry and saddened. DiLauria seethes.

OWENS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Mr. Latham.

DiLauria approaches Latham.

DILAURIA

Boss, if it's okay with you, I'd like to go home, grab some sleep then come back after lunch.

LATHAM

Alright.

DILAURIA
I'm sorry about Dr. Linse.

Latham nods. DiLauria leaves.

LATHAM
Continue with the turnover, James.

He takes a seat at the table.

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

This poor, all-White enclave of working-class migrants sits in southeast Washington, D.C. An overwhelming number of White men in overalls or jeans form long queues at the bus stops.

215 OAKWOOD STREET, SE - APARTMENT BUILDING

Occupying half the city block, its barred windows relate all that one need know about the state of the neighborhood. The grounds are virtually devoid of people, though there are adults YELLING, babies CRYING, and loud television morning fare coming from the many open windows.

After a moment, Dilauria emerges from around the rear entrance to the building. She looks about warily, then walks away, head down.

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

The compound is still.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 14:05. Latham is at his desk, reading through a report. There is a KNOCK on the door; Collette steps in. Latham looks up.

COLLETTE
Carla just called in. She's in The Hole if you need her.

LATHAM
Okay.

COLLETTE
Also, you're going to be down one person in the Ops Room.

LATHAM
Yes, until Jared returns.

COLLETTE
No.

This grabs Latham's attention.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Dolly McMurtry is dead.

LATHAM
The Comm Room Number Two?

COLLETTE
Yes.

Latham is stunned.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
The police found her unconscious
and unresponsive in her apartment.
The neighbors had reported a smell
of gas coming from her place.
Apparently, she fell asleep with
the stove on.

Latham nods - something is on his mind.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
You know she lived in Congress
Heights, one of the poorest
neighborhoods in the city.

LATHAM
I know.

COLLETTE
I guess the gas company wasn't too
anxious to get over there.

LATHAM
Were there any rags stuffed under
the doors?

COLLETTE
No. It wasn't a suicide, Warren; it
was an accident.

LATHAM
(warily)
Yeah, I guess it was.

END