

Cool Gray Dawn
Season One, Episode #15: "Control"

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

Cool Gray Dawn

"Control"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT

INSERT: "Tuesday, November 8, 1960"

Quiet. Most of the offices in the compound are dark.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

INSERT ON PORTABLE TELEVISION: CBS News's Walter Cronkite hosts coverage of the presidential election returns.

The 24-hour wall clock reads 19:50. WARREN LATHAM and PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY eat Chinese take-out, drink tea and watch TV. The Gray phone RINGS. Neither one is anxious to answer it.

BAZZO

I got the last one.

Latham groans and answers it.

LATHAM

Yes?... Senator Henry Wainwright?
You sure the call's for me?...
Alright, put him through... Latham.

INT. THE NATIONAL PRESS BUILDING - ALCOVE

SENATOR HENRY WAINWRIGHT, 50, speaks into a phone.

WAINWRIGHT

It's Henry Wainwright. I met you
last month in closed session. You
were with Stewart Kensington.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH WAINWRIGHT

LATHAM

I remember. Not to put too fine a
point on it, Senator, but that's
whom you should be speaking to.

WAINWRIGHT

If I wanted that mealy-mouthed
idiot, I'd have asked for him.

LATHAM

Right. What can I do for you?

WAINWRIGHT

I need to speak with you. Can you come by the National Press Club?

LATHAM

I thought that was only for journalists?

WAINWRIGHT

I'm here as a guest. Can you come over here now? It's very important.

LATHAM

I'll meet you but not there. Did you drive into the city?

WAINWRIGHT

Yes.

LATHAM

On Mount Pleasant Street there's a place called The Raven; it's between Irving and Kenyon. Meet me there in a half hour.

WAINWRIGHT

(writes in his notebook)
Mount Pleasant, Irving and Kenyon.

LATHAM

Right, The Raven. See you there.

He hangs up. Bazzo arches an eyebrow.

BAZZO

The Raven's only 15 minutes away.

LATHAM

But it's twice that long from the Press Club. Feel like running a little countersurveillance?

Bazzo shrugs. The Two get up. Latham shuts off the TV.

INT. NATIONAL PRESS BUILDING - THE TAPROOM

Resembles a 1920's speakeasy: noisy, White, and - it's 1960 - all-male. They eat and drink at tables and at a long bar where two portable TVs are tuned to CBS News's election coverage.

WAINWRIGHT

Enters. He sees a tall, thin man at the bar: JOHN MIDDLETON (MOTHER). They exchange nods. Middleton turns and downs whiskey shots with a Slavic man, VIKTOR KOZLOV. Wainwright next sees his sponsor, ROY WILLIAMS, 50, and waves to him.

Williams sits at a table with the FBI's CARL DURANG. They drink and eat scrambled eggs. Durang is already tipsy.

AT THE TABLE

Durang GLARES at Middleton and Kozlov, and mutters...

DURANG

Hm, CIA playing footsie with Boris.

Wainwright approaches. Durang is unpleasantly surprised.

DURANG (CONT'D)

How'd you get in here, Wainwright?

WAINWRIGHT

I'd ask you the same thing, but I figured someone forgot to lock the back door.

WILLIAMS

Henry's my guest, Carl.

DURANG

He ever slip you any tidbits from his Armed Services Committee, Roy? Or you just save them for your pals, Henry, like MOTHER over there.

WILLIAMS

He doesn't talk shop with me.

DURANG

Really. And I thought you mouthed off every chance you got, Henry - like your pal Maynard, that jackass.

WILLIAMS

So, who sponsored you, Carl?

DURANG

Herlihy over at Hearst Newspapers.

WAINWRIGHT

Another new low for Hearst.

They glare at each other. Williams changes the subject.

WILLIAMS

How's Sheila doing, Henry? She okay?

DURANG

Why, what happened?

WILLIAMS

His house was broken into.

DURANG

Yeah? What they take?

WAINWRIGHT

Nothing, they just rifled through my papers.

WILLIAMS

Did Sheila go on ahead to Tahoe?

WAINWRIGHT

Yes, she's still pretty upset.

DURANG

You'll be too, after Nixon kicks Kennedy's ass tonight.

WAINWRIGHT

I'm taking off. Save some egg to wear on your face tomorrow, Durang.

Durang sneers. Wainwright leaves, passing by the bar. On TV a graphic shows Kennedy leading Nixon. Some JEERS are heard. Middleton grins faintly and gulps more shots with Kozlov. He turns and hoists a glass with MI6's LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH).

EXT. STREET - "THE RAVEN" TAVERN - NIGHT

Latham stands in a dark doorway across the street and watches this shanty tavern through pocket binoculars.

LATHAM'S P.O.V. - WAINWRIGHT - BINOCULARS MATTE

Sits at a table. Another man, call him LEONARD PLATT, sits at the bar alongside a SLOVENLY DRUNK. They watch a portable TV. The gruff, 50-ish BARTENDER brings Wainwright a beer.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham puts away his binoculars, goes around the corner and gets into his Sedan. He picks up the radiotelephone handset.

INT. "THE RAVEN" TAVERN

The payphone RINGS. The Slovenly Drunk waves his hand.

SLOVENLY DRUNK

I'm not here.

The Bartender rolls his eyes, steps from behind the bar and answers the phone.

BARTENDER

Raven... Who?...
(looks around)
Hang on.

He drops the handset and approaches Wainwright.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Your name Wayne Wright?

Wainwright nods.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Call for you.

He returns to the bar while Wainwright goes to the payphone.

WAINWRIGHT
Wainwright.

LATHAM (O.S.)
It's Latham. Don't speak. Leave The Raven. Turn left out the door and run to the corner. Turn left there and run up the street. Get going.

WAINWRIGHT

Hangs up and leaves The Raven. He turns left, runs to the corner and turns left again onto Irving Street. There, the passenger door of a Sedan swings open.

LATHAM (O.S.)
Wainwright! Get in!

INT. LATHAM'S SEDAN

Panting and peeved, Wainwright gets in and shuts the door.

WAINWRIGHT
Carrying the cloak-and-dagger bit to the extreme, aren't you?

Latham SHUSHES him and peers through his binoculars.

LATHAM'S P.O.V. - INTERSECTION - BINOCULARS MATTE

Platt runs to the curb and stops. He looks up and down Irving Street, then crosses the intersection - followed by Bazzo.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham puts the binoculars in his pocket.

LATHAM
So, why were you at the Press Club?

WAINWRIGHT
I told you, I was invited. I saw quite a few of your type hanging around there.

LATHAM

My type?

WAINWRIGHT

Spooks - your CI Chief, Middleton;
that former Soviet Army attaché,
Viktor Kozlov... Never thought I'd
see those two doing shots together.

I/E. LATHAM'S SEDAN

Latham hides his curiosity. He starts the car and drives away.

LATHAM

Why'd you want to see me?

WAINWRIGHT

(takes out an envelope)

Someone sent me this.

Latham parks and flips on the dome light. Wainwright hands him the envelope - stamped, with no return address. Latham pulls out an unsigned, typed sheet of paper and reads it aloud.

LATHAM

'You should look at Cletus Maynard's
stance on the Soviet Union.'

WAINWRIGHT

Maynard chairs our Preparedness
Investigating Subcommittee.

LATHAM

When did you get this?

WAINWRIGHT

This morning, I think.

LATHAM

You don't know?

WAINWRIGHT

I've been running around all day; it
was the last thing in my in tray.

LATHAM

Hm, I'm surprised it didn't call
him a communist outright.

WAINWRIGHT

Hoover thinks he is; so does that
A.D. of his, Durang. He was there
tonight. Jackass thinks anyone who
supports civil rights is a Red.

Latham puts the letter back in its envelope.

LATHAM

Let's just stick with Maynard. How well do you know him?

WAINWRIGHT

Well enough to know he could be Jack's pick for Secretary of State.

LATHAM

Means the FBI's already vetted him.

WAINWRIGHT

Which is why Hoover will have a hissy fit if he sees that.

LATHAM

No. He'd wet his drawers at the chance to get a hold on a senator. He'd tell Maynard he has a letter accusing him of being a communist, but he's burying it to protect the government. The threat of exposure would be implicit. From then on, he'd have Maynard in his pocket.

WAINWRIGHT

Maynard's a good friend, Latham. I don't want to see his life ruined over this. Can you talk to him?

LATHAM

This really isn't what I do.

WAINWRIGHT

Please, if you vet him and find anything, anything at all, I promise I'll force him to resign.

LATHAM

Does Maynard know about the letter?

WAINWRIGHT

No.

LATHAM

Set up a meeting between him and me.

WAINWRIGHT

We'd planned to meet for lunch tomorrow; you can see him then. I'll be taking off for Tahoe. The Maynards'll be joining us there on Friday - a celebration, we hope.

He writes in his notepad, tears off the sheet and hands it to Latham.

WAINWRIGHT (CONT'D)

That's my number there.

Latham pockets the note and the envelope, then drives away.

EXT. LAKE TAHOE - NIGHT (EVENING)

INSERT: "Lake Tahoe, straddling California and Nevada"

Stock footage of the lake, a huge lodge with adjoining cabins.

INT. "NEVACALIF LODGE AND CASINO"

Players YANK the arms of slot machines, THROW DICE onto craps tables and watch croupiers SPIN BALLS around roulette wheels.

EXT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT (EVENING)

A faded "TAHOE AUTO REPAIR/CLOSED" sign is tacked onto the garage; behind it is a nondescript RANCH HOUSE.

INT. RANCH HOUSE

Behind drawn drapes are five tables, each with a control unit, a voice actuator, and two idle tape recorders labeled #1 and #2. Each table has a sign: "Cabin #20," "Cabin #21" and so on.

FBI AGENT #1 slouches in his seat at Cabin #21; he wears headphones and does a crossword puzzle. The last line on a legal pad reads: "18:10: FRANK 'SLIM' D'ANTONI - watching TV." FBI AGENT #2 lies on a cot reading *True Crime* magazine.

A RED LIGHT on the voice actuator goes on. Tape recorder #1 STARTS. FBI Agent #1 sits up and puts pencil to legal pad.

INT. "NEVACALIF LODGE AND CASINO" - CABIN #21

The phone RINGS. FRANK "SLIM" D'ANTONI leans back against the headboard, chuckling as he watches a BUGS BUNNY CARTOON on TV. He huffs and grudgingly answers the phone.

SLIM

Hello?

NICKY (O.S.)

Slim, it's Nicky. You watching Cronkite?

SLIM

Yeah, of course.

He gets up and changes the channel to CBS where a graphic shows Kennedy leading Nixon in Illinois. He sits on the bed.

NICKY (O.S.)

Looks like our boy came through.

SLIM

So far. Stupid prick almost blew it,
goin' on TV and guaranteein' a win.

NICKY (O.S.)

Don't worry about it. No one
listens to his bullshit anyway.

SLIM

He'd better hope so.

NICKY (O.S.)

Relax. We already got that little
queer over in Justice, now we're
gonna have the top dog, too. So
when you leavin'?

SLIM

Later. I'm taking the red-eye.

NICKY (O.S.)

I'll meet you back at the lodge.
Don't forget to bring a briefcase.

SLIM

You told me already! I'm gonna hit
the tables now. Talk to you later.
(hangs up)
Shitheel.

He turns the TV channel back to Bugs Bunny.

INT. RANCH HOUSE

FBI AGENT #1

Hey, take a look at this.

FBI Agent #2 walks over. FBI Agent #1 hands him the legal pad.

FBI AGENT #2

Oh, man... Should we wipe the tape?

FBI AGENT #1

Nope, let Frisco deal with it.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - SAMUEL GOMPERS MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

Latham and CLETUS MAYNARD, 57, stroll and eat lunch - hotdogs.

MAYNARD

A poison pen letter - the coward's
'lettre de cachet'... When I was in
college, we saw socialism as the
way to achieve equality. Oh, there
was nothing wrong with the end,
mind you;

(MORE)

MAYNARD (CONT'D)

it was the ascendance of
socialism's dark horse that put
such an ugly twist on the argument.

LATHAM

I take it you mean communism.

MAYNARD

Yes. You know, for years people
have misinterpreted Marx.

LATHAM

Have they...

MAYNARD

You sound worried, Mr. Latham, as
though I were about to wax poetic
on 'The Communist Manifesto.'

LATHAM

Are you, Senator Maynard?

MAYNARD

No. Did you know Marx was in favor
of freedom of speech? He believed
censorship was a tool the powerful
used to oppress the powerless. So I
exercise my right of free speech to
remind The Hill of our inalienable
rights - those endowed by God, like
equality - and some anonymous fool
suggests I'm a communist.

LATHAM

You're right - there is nothing
wrong with the end.

They exchange smiles. Strolling yards behind them is Platt.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

COLLETTE DOWD wears earphones and transcribes from a Dictabelt
machine. Bazzo reads the "New York Times"; its headline reads
"Kennedy's Victory Won By Close Margin." Collette LAUGHS.
Bazzo leans over her shoulder - just as Latham enters.

BAZZO

What's so funny?

Collette stops the Dictabelt and removes her earphones.

COLLETTE

Something the polygraph examiner
said to Viktor Kozlov.

Latham pauses by Collette's desk.

LATHAM

MOTHER thinks he walks on water.
Wainwright saw them together,
boozing it up at the Press Club.

COLLETTE

Well, yesterday's enemies...

BAZZO

So, what did the examiner say?!

COLLETTE

Oh, he called him Viktor 'Kozel.'

Bazzo shrugs, waiting for the translation.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

In Russian, 'kozel' means goat, but
it can also mean asshole.

Bazzo and Latham chuckle.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Warren, don't forget - you're
meeting SMOTH in the park.

Collette resumes her work. Latham and Bazzo enter...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Bazzo sits. As Latham hangs up his coat...

BAZZO

So how'd it go with Senator Maynard?

LATHAM

He's a good guy; I liked him. Talked
a lot but I put that down to nerves.

BAZZO

Was he ever in The Party?

LATHAM

No, he's appalled by communism. So
tell me about Wainwright's shadow.

He sits. Bazzo pulls out his pocket notebook and refers to it.

INSERT SCENES:

- Platt drives off, slowly, in a Plymouth. Bazzo follows him
to Union Station. Inside, Platt enters Savarin's restaurant
and eats. Bazzo waits outside. Platt then buys a ticket and
hurries down the stairs to catch a New York-bound train.

- Bazzo waits in his Sedan outside a parking lot.

After a while, Platt returns. Bazzo checks his watch. Platt drives out the lot and to the Hotel Harrington.

- Platt boards a Trailways bus to Washington, D.C.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

BAZZO

After you shook him, he went back to his car - a rental, there were no dealer markings. I tailed him to Union Station; guy drives slower than molasses moves in January. He went in and ate at Savarin's, then he bought a ticket and took the train to New York.

LATHAM

Sounds like he made you.

BAZZO

Or he was taking evasive action.

LATHAM

If that's the way he was trained.

BAZZO

I thought he was; that's why I hung around. Couple of hours later he came back and drove to The Harrington. Probably got off in Baltimore and took the bus back.

BACK TO SCENE

LATHAM

You get his name?

BAZZO

I got A NAME: Leonard Platt. He checked in with an Illinois license. Chicago Station had the DMV run the license number this morning. Some 250 licences were issued with that same number.

LATHAM

Someone's got a nice racket going.

BAZZO

I've got Gorman and Boswell from Plans sitting in on him.

LATHAM

Yeah, well, he slipped them. I made Platt when I was with Maynard.

Bazzo rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
I hope he hasn't returned the car.
(presses the intercom)
Has TSD finished analyzing
Wainwright's letter?

COLLETTE (O.S.)
Not yet. You're gonna be late.

Latham groans. He hangs up and grabs his coat.

EXT. SCULPTURE GARDEN - DAY (DUSK)

Latham and Jones walk past the objets d'art. Jones drags on a cigarette. Latham occasionally waves away the smoke.

LATHAM
You don't have anyone sitting in on
Senator Henry Wainwright, do you?

JONES
From your Armed Services Committee?

LATHAM
Uh huh.

JONES
No, why?

LATHAM
He thought someone was following
him. Maybe it's the Republicans.

JONES
I heard they're considering mounting
a challenge to Kennedy's victory.

LATHAM
Why?

JONES
You been hiding under a rock again?
They claim the election was stolen.

Latham dismissively waves it off.

JONES (CONT'D)
If I thought it was baseless, I
wouldn't have asked to see you.

LATHAM
And I thought you wanted to see me
'cause no one else could stand you.

JONES

That too.

Latham is amused. Jones's mood grows very serious.

JONES (CONT'D)

68 million people voted yesterday, yet Kennedy only won by 100,000. He barely took Illinois and Texas.

LATHAM

And if Nixon had won, the Democrats would be crying foul. And Eisenhower too. He can't stand Nixon.

JONES

Be that as it may, the numbers were skewed in Kennedy's favor.

LATHAM

Based on what evidence?

JONES

In Chicago there were people who voted for Kennedy whose names were found on tombstones. There's a house there that had been razed, yet 56 votes for Kennedy came from residents of that nonexistent place.

LATHAM

You're pretty well-informed.

Jones shrugs, acknowledging the obvious.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Still, it's Chicago. You can buy a vote there for a pack of Luckies.

JONES

It establishes a pattern, Warren.

LATHAM

Look, if it was enough to change the outcome, why didn't Nixon challenge the results? All he did was hint there might've been fraud.

JONES

Because he knew an FBI investigation would have a foregone conclusion!

Latham is taken aback by Jones's sudden fit of pique.

JONES (CONT'D)

This isn't about some alderman buying rounds at the pub to garner votes. This is about fixing the election of your president through an alliance with organized crime.

LATHAM

Hoover conspiring with the Mob?

JONES

He didn't partner with the Mob, he's their stooge! They've got him on film, 'in flagrante delicto.' He does whatever he's told to do.

LATHAM

Where are you getting all this?

JONES

I'm not revealing my source.

LATHAM

Fine. So if it isn't Hoover, then who's the one in bed with the Mob?

JONES

I don't know.

Latham scoffs.

JONES (CONT'D)

But I know this - they now have a foot in the Oval Office door.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Stock footage of the Golden Gate Bridge, Nob Hill, cable cars.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE

On the wall is the FBI Seal; on the desk, SAC JOSEPH FLYNN's nameplate. FLYNN puts a reel of audiotape in a manila envelope and puts that and a folder into a POUCH marked "PROPERTY U.S. GOV'T./DEPT. OF JUSTICE." He seals it with black and yellow tape and hands it to FBI Agent #1, who puts it in a BRIEFCASE.

I/E. TWA PROPJET - CABIN - NIGHT (EVENING)

FBI Agent #1 sits in Business Class, the Briefcase on his lap.

EXT. 704 THIRD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Quiet. Soft light comes from a couple of apartments.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Latham listens to "Chega De Saudade" by Joao Gilberto. He gazes at the snapshot of ANNE DE and their son, MINH.

The phone's Red light PULSES then it RINGS. Latham answers it.

LATHAM

Latham.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of teletype machines, chatter and ringing phones. NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL man the Duty Desk. Owens is on his Red phone.

OWENS

It's Owens in the Ops Room, sir. We just got word from D.C. Metro that Senator Cletus Maynard is dead.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH OWENS

LATHAM

What?! How'd it happen?

OWENS

A self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head.

LATHAM

Geezus... Who found him?

OWENS

His wife. She also found a suicide note.

LATHAM

(sighs)
Alright, thanks.

He hangs up, devastated.

ACT TWO

EXT. MANASSAS, VIRGINIA - MANOR HOUSE - DAY (MORNING)

A well-tended, suburban estate.

INT. FORMAL DEN

INSERT ON CCTV MONITOR: In a basement room sits a POLYGRAPH EXAMINER and Kozlov, wired to the machine. (There's no sound.) The CCTV Monitor rests in a wall cutout. Middleton and BILL NEALY enter. Middleton smokes. Nealy turns up the volume.

EXAMINER (O.S.)
Did you direct GRU operations in
Norway from 1956 through 1960?

KOZLOV (O.S.)
Yes.

NEALY
Hm, like hell he did.

EXAMINER (O.S.)
Did you run local agents in Norway?

KOZLOV (O.S.)
Yes.

MIDDLETON
Expressing an opinion, Bill?

NEALY
No, a fact. Kozlov told MI5 he ran
operations in the Aegean in '56.

EXAMINER (O.S.)
Did you direct Selmer Nilsen to
report on landings and take-offs at
Bodo Air Station?

KOZLOV (O.S.)
Yes.

MIDDLETON
Five's a leaky ship. I wouldn't
believe a damn thing they had to
say. And you should have the good
sense not to believe them either.

EXAMINER (O.S.)
Did the GRU learn about the U-2
from Nilsen's reports?

KOZLOV (O.S.)
Yes.

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

A crowd of CIA PERSONNEL flash their IDs at the guard shack
and enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD fumes at his desk while Latham broods.

BERARD
Why didn't you tell Stewart?

LATHAM

Wainwright can't stand him; that's why he asked for me.

BERARD

Fits in nicely with your penchant for keeping him in the dark... Any idea who was keeping surveillance on him and Wainwright?

LATHAM

No, Paul's tracing the rental car.

BERARD

I was with Senator Dirksen earlier. He offered condolences to Maynard's wife and she told him Maynard was very upset when he came home.

LATHAM

(puzzled)

That doesn't make any sense. We got along fine. I told him not to worry and he was very pleased with that.

BERARD

Hm, damn anonymous letters...

(walks to the window)

It's like McCarthy and his list of communists in the State Department. A stupid publicity stunt to get himself re-elected ends up ruining God knows how many lives. I assume you had TSD examine the letter.

LATHAM

They say it was typed by someone with a heavy touch, using a manual Smith-Corona Silent Super.

BERARD

Must be a million like that out there. I have one at home, for God sakes. If it gets out you met with Maynard, we'll have hell to pay! The FBI, the IG, MOTHER... I want assurances we weren't involved in Maynard's death. And you can start by speaking to his wife.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters, still brooding. Collette is there, reading.

LATHAM

Where are the mandarins?

COLLETTE

In The Hole.

LATHAM

Get them. Then call Maynard's wife and ask if she can see me today.

COLLETTE

What reason should I give?

LATHAM

I don't know... Say it's standard procedure to speak to the widow.

COLLETTE

I'll go for something less clinical.

As she reaches for the Red phone, Nealy enters.

NEALY

Warren, you got a minute?

Latham gestures toward his office. The Two Men enter...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham shuts the door, then he and Nealy sit.

NEALY

Have you finished your brief on Viktor Kozlov?

LATHAM

Not yet, why?

NEALY

Did you know he first tried to defect to MI5?

LATHAM

No, I didn't know.

NEALY

They boomeranged him because they felt he was a provocateur. When Five learned he'd approached us, they passed their suspicions on to MOTHER. But since the defections of Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess, MOTHER no longer trusts MI5.

LATHAM

It's a rat's nest over there, Bill.

NEALY

Something I'm trying to avoid here. I was in Manassas with MOTHER observing Kozlov being FLUTTERED again, his third or fourth time. Our little Russian said he was in Norway in '56 - except he told MI5 he was in the Aegean then.

LATHAM

What did MOTHER have to say?

NEALY

He dismissed it, and me as well. Look, MI5's reputation has taken a hit, and deservedly so. But that doesn't mean they were wrong about Kozlov.

LATHAM

Okay. Thanks for the heads up.

Nealy stands and exits. CARLA DILAURIA and Bazzo enter. Latham crosses to the doorway and leans toward Collette.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Get me Viktor Kozlov's file.

Leaving the door open, he returns to his desk. Everyone sits.

BAZZO

Problems?

LATHAM

D-Int says Kozlov's a provocateur; meanwhile MOTHER dismisses the idea.

DILAURIA

Ah, business as usual.

LATHAM

Not here. Kozlov's brief is on hold until I can review his playback.

BAZZO

That'll piss MOTHER off.

LATHAM

MOTHER doesn't run Domestic Ops. Now, Berard wants to be sure there's no connection between Maynard's death and my meeting with him.

DILAURIA

I can imagine. The FBI would love to crucify us in the press.

LATHAM

Which is why I'm going to see his widow. She's been saying her husband came home very upset after our meeting.

BAZZO

I thought you two got along?

LATHAM

We did!

Bazzo and DiLauria are taken aback. Latham composes himself.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What happened with Platt?

BAZZO

He hasn't returned the car yet; it's due today. I have those two from Plans waiting at the rental company.

LATHAM

And if Platt screams?

BAZZO

Felix Case from Metro's Intel Unit is also there. If Platt does make a scene, he'll arrest him.

LATHAM

Good. When we're done, go join them. Now, SMOTH told me the Mob conspired with someone to get Kennedy elected, and that Hoover was complicit.

DILAURIA

How?

LATHAM

By looking the other way, I imagine. SMOTH has details on voter fraud in Chicago but he won't reveal his source. So I want you to review Open-Source materials there. Find out who blew the whistle on election fraud.

DILAURIA

Then what?

LATHAM

We'll let Congress decide that.

Collette enters with a folder labeled "VIKTOR KOZLOV/EYES ONLY" and lays it on Latham's desk.

COLLETTE

Ida Maynard will see you if you can
go over there right away.

I/E. LATHAM'S SEDAN - DAY

Latham travels along heavily congested Constitution Avenue.
He slowly rolls by the Department of Justice building.

INT. FBI OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

The title is stenciled in reverse on the door glass. The Pouch
lies on the desk, its striped tape cut. The manila envelope
lies open beside it. A tape recorder runs. Durang is aghast as
he reads through the folder while also listening to the tape.

NICKY (O.S.)

Relax. We already got that little
queer over in Justice, now we're
gonna have the top dog, too.

EXT. PETWORTH (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Latham parks. He alights from his car and rings the doorbell.
IDA MAYNARD, 55, frumpy and saturnine, opens the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Modestly furnished. Ida and Latham enter. He pauses to stare
at an oriental rug with a dark stain.

IDA

I couldn't get all the blood out.

Latham is taken aback by her sober tone. He crosses to the
mantel and eyes two photos: Maynard with Marlon Brando, Harry
Belafonté, Charlton Heston and James Baldwin at the Lincoln
Memorial; the other, Maynard with Martin Luther King.

IDA (CONT'D)

He loved that one with Belafonté.

She points to the sofa; Latham sits. Ida sits in a chair.

IDA (CONT'D)

Coffee?

LATHAM

No, thank you. Mrs. Maynard, I met
with your husband yesterday.

IDA

I know.

LATHAM

Right... We talked a lot about his days at college and civil rights.

IDA

You must've gotten on his good side.

LATHAM

I thought so; he seemed very happy when I left him. That's why I don't understand a comment you made about him being upset when he came home.

IDA

He was. I thought it was because of you... Maybe I was wrong on that.

LATHAM

Did he have any visitors yesterday?

IDA

I wouldn't know; I was at a meeting of the Anti-Defamation League.

LATHAM

Does he usually go with you?

IDA

Sometimes. He wanted to stay home and finish writing some paper.

LATHAM

What was it about?

IDA

I don't know. I can't keep track of everything he and Hank are writing.

LATHAM

Hank - you mean Senator Wainwright?

Ida nods.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I was told your husband left a note.

IDA

You're not married, are you?

LATHAM

No, why?

IDA

'Cause if you were, you'd know better than to step on my feelings.

LATHAM

I'm sorry. I apologize if I sounded insensitive. I just thought maybe if I read the note and his paper, I might understand him more.

Ida nods sympathetically and motions for him to follow her.

THE STUDY

Filled with books. A high-standing desk is near the window. On it sits a manual Smith-Corona Silent Super typewriter. Latham eyes it while Ida looks through the desk drawers. He looks out the window and sees Platt, sitting in a PLYMOUTH parked near the corner. He grows wary, eyeing Platt as he speaks to Ida.

LATHAM

Your husband wrote standing up?

IDA

It's good for the posture. Feels funny at first, but you learn not to press so hard on the keys. Here.

She hands him the suicide note and resumes her search.

LATHAM

Usually the police hold onto these.

IDA

They made a copy... Now where the hell's that paper?

LATHAM

Don't worry about it.

IDA

But he always keeps his work here. That way he can show it to Hank or whoever else comes by.

LATHAM

It's alright. May I borrow this?

Ida nods absently. She's frustrated and bewildered.

EXT. THE MAYNARDS' TOWNHOUSE

Latham exits and gets into his Sedan. Platt drives away.

I/E. LATHAM'S SEDAN

Latham tails him. A GRAY COUPE driven by a MAN WEARING A CAP seemingly comes from nowhere and cuts off Latham. Platt is lost from sight. Latham angrily POUNDS the dashboard.

EXT. "LUCKY RENT-A-CAR" LOT - DAY

GORMAN and BOSWELL, in mechanics' overalls, wander about.

INT. RENTAL CAR OFFICE

Typical. Bazzo and DETECTIVE FELIX CASE, Black, mid-40s, speak to the hyper, late-20s RENTAL CAR AGENT.

RENTAL CAR AGENT

He paid cash. And believe me, he'll want his deposit back; it's \$250.

BAZZO

What's the usual deposit?

RENTAL CAR AGENT

Fifty. But foreigners always lay down too much.

CASE

How do you know he was a foreigner?

RENTAL CAR AGENT

His accent - French. We get a lot of 'em in here.

CASE

With an Illinois license?

RENTAL CAR AGENT

What, it's a crime now to get a license in Chicago?

EXT. "LUCKY RENT-A-CAR" LOT

Bazzo and Case leave the office; there's a faint BEEP. Gorman WHISTLES and points to Case's Sedan. Case runs to it and answers his telephone while Bazzo roams about. Case gets out of his Sedan and waves at Bazzo to come to him.

I/E. CASE'S SEDAN

Case and Bazzo speed across the 14th Street Bridge.

EXT. BUZZARD POINT - SCRAP YARD - DAY

Metal SCREECHES as a crusher squashes a car. Platt's Plymouth sits by a pile of scrap metal. Case's Sedan pulls up; Case and Bazzo alight. POLICE SERGEANT GAINES leads them past onlookers and PARAMEDICS to the Plymouth. He opens the driver-side door: Slumped behind the wheel is Platt's bloodied body.

GAINES

We don't usually see this around here.

Bazzo looks curiously at Case who explains...

CASE
A gangland killing.

GAINES
Shot twice in the chest then six
times in a circle around his mouth.

CASE
A message for everyone else to keep
their mouths shut.

Case seems worried. Bazzo sees this. Gaines waves the
Paramedics over. As they tend to Platt's body...

BAZZO
Would you mind sending his prints
to the Federal Narcotics Bureau?

CASE
Why them?

BAZZO
The Mob brings in heroin through
Marseille. If Platt is French, they
might have a file on him.

CASE
Yeah, why not; it shouldn't take too
long. They're so small they probably
keep everything in a shoebox.

EXT. STREET CORNER - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

The Washington Monument looms in the background. Slim speaks
into the phone then hangs up. He grabs his briefcase and
overnight bag and leaves. At the curb he hails a taxi.

WASHINGTON NATIONAL AIRPORT - TERMINAL - DAY

The taxi pulls up. Slim alights and enters the terminal.

INT. TWA TICKET COUNTER

Slim approaches the TWA TICKET AGENT.

SLIM
One-way to Chicago. Smoking.

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - DAY

Stock footage of the Library of Congress building.

INT. MAIN READING ROOM

Beneath an ornate ceiling and surrounded by marble columns and balustrades adorned with bronze statues are rows of desks. A sign above an archway directs researchers into the...

NEWSPAPER AND CURRENT PERIODICAL READING ROOM

Similar but smaller. Several editions of Chicago newspapers are spread on a desk before DiLauria. On a legal pad she writes: "**Desmond Shaw, Chicago American.**"

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Latham enters with his take-out lunch. He hands Maynard's suicide note to Collette.

LATHAM
Have TSD analyze this.

COLLETTE
Durang called. He'd like you to meet him for dinner at Otello's at 7:30.

LATHAM
Is he kidding? I can't even afford a glass of water there.

COLLETTE
No need, it's on him. Oh, and Kensington's out with the flu.

LATHAM
Hm, news isn't all bad.

Collette grins. Bazzo enters, sans overcoat, wiping his nose.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
What happened with Platt?

BAZZO
He's dead, killed gangland-style.

Latham and Collette are shocked. Bazzo and Latham enter...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Bazzo sits. Latham is confused as he hangs up his coat.

LATHAM
Platt was in the Mob?

BAZZO
Uh huh. And get this - he's French.

LATHAM

How'd you learn that?

BAZZO

The rental car agent recognized his accent. He gets a lot of foreigners.

Latham arches an eyebrow. He sits and eats his hamburger.

LATHAM

I saw Platt outside Maynard's house. When he took off I tried to follow him, but some idiot cut me off.

BAZZO

What would he be doing there?

LATHAM

You tell me.

BAZZO

I can't. So what happened with Mrs. Maynard?

LATHAM

She backed off blaming me. She also said something interesting. Her husband and Wainwright were cowriting a paper. Now it's missing.

BAZZO

She probably forgot where he put it.

LATHAM

No, she was pretty adamant about him being a creature of habit.

BAZZO

Hmm... What was it about?

LATHAM

She didn't know.

This troubles Bazzo; he's antsy and gets up and moves about.

BAZZO

Something doesn't feel right about this... What if Maynard didn't kill himself and this Platt was sent to hit him?

LATHAM

Where'd you go for lunch, The Raven?

BAZZO

I wish. Look, Platt's Mob. He was tailing Wainwright and Maynard, and now this paper of theirs is missing.

LATHAM

Okay, let's run with that and say Platt's after the paper. Maynard's language can be pretty obscure - trust me, I know. So how would some Mob soldier know what to look for?

BAZZO

Maynard could have given it up. Or, Platt could've guessed what it was, if he'd had intelligence training.

LATHAM

You back on that horse? First off, there's no evidence Maynard was hit.

BAZZO

If it's done right, there never is.

This strikes a chord with Latham.

LATHAM

Then why would the Mob kill Platt?

BAZZO

He's a hood; he probably figured he could renegotiate his finder's fee, extort a bit more from the Mob.

LATHAM

It doesn't explain why he was outside Maynard's house.

(suddenly realizes)

Unless...

BAZZO

Unless what?

LATHAM

Instead of extortion, what if Platt were trying to sell the paper?

BAZZO

He's not a Beltway insider, Warren. He wouldn't know who to sell it to.

LATHAM

He could get an idea of potential customers by noting who visited the widow.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

And even if they weren't interested, word about a sensitive document for sale would get around.

BAZZO

Hmm... That car that cut you off... If the Mob were on to him, being a spook, Platt would have spotted him, and that's why he took off.

Latham pulls the slip of paper with Wainwright's phone number from his pocket then presses the intercom.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Yes?

LATHAM

Get me on a red-eye tonight to San Francisco. Then see if the Kearny Street safe-house is free. And have the Ops Room get an address for KL-57302 in Lake Tahoe. I'll call in for it later.

He hangs up, pockets the paper, takes out some petty cash and puts the "VIKTOR KOZLOV/EYES ONLY" folder in his briefcase.

BAZZO

Why not just call Wainwright?

LATHAM

'The only thing that should surprise us is that there are still some things that can surprise us.'

Bazzo looks at him curiously.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Rochefoucauld. I want to know if I've been had. Now, I'm meeting Durang for dinner tonight and I need time to review Kozlov's file. So, I'll call you here Saturday morning. We'll level-set on all of this then.

BAZZO

Saturday?

LATHAM

You'll be off Christmas. I'll have Collette come in too. Where's Carla?

BAZZO

In The Hole, trying to get hold of some reporter in Chicago.

THE HOLE

DiLauria is on the Gray phone, pencil and notepad ready.

DILAURIA
When will Mr. Shaw be in?

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

Reporters TALK on their phones, while staffers BUZZ about. At his desk on the phone is POLITICAL EDITOR LUCIUS BAMFORD, 60.

BAMFORD
He shoulda been here already;
probably tied one on last night. So
tell me, Miss Peterson, you people
do this every time you call?

CROSSCUT DILAURIA WITH BAMFORD

DILAURIA
Do what?

BAMFORD
This bit where you call us then we
call that number in the phone book.
After the first time I didn't think
it'd be necessary to do it again.

DiLauria is surprised to hear this but tempers her response.

DILAURIA
I just wanted you to know you're
talking to someone in the Agency.

BAMFORD
Oh. Can I ask why you're calling?

DILAURIA
I'm trying to help Mr. Shaw bring
out any evidence of election fraud.

BAMFORD
Wow, you people must rehearse that.

DILAURIA
Why do you say that?

BAMFORD
The guy who called Dez on Monday
said pretty much the same thing.

DILAURIA
Oh. So tell me, why do you think
Mr. Shaw's sources came forward
with details on election fraud?

BAMFORD

What, those drunks? Please... You people need to share your notes.

DILAURIA

It's a need-to-know basis here.

BAMFORD

Obviously. Look, Dez stumbled onto this. Your guy told him who to call to get information on voter fraud.

DILAURIA

Hmm... Well, thanks, Mr. Bamford. I'll try Mr. Shaw again later.

BAMFORD

I'll tell him you called. 'Bye.

LAKE MICHIGAN - MONTROSE HARBOR - DAY

A "CHICAGO POLICE DEPT." harbor patrol boat motors toward the pier. TWO FISHERMEN there point to the moorings where the fully-clothed body of a MAN bobs against the pilings.

ACT THREE

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - LINCOLN PARK - DAY (DUSK)

Latham and Jones stroll by the statue of Mary McLeod.

LATHAM

I've got Carla looking into voting fraud, but I'd still like to know your source.

Jones looks askance at Latham.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Right... You hear anything about a government paper on the market?

JONES

One of yours?

LATHAM

No, written by two Senators, Maynard and Wainwright.

JONES

Maynard... The chap who killed himself?

LATHAM

That's how it was reported.

JONES

Come on, right after the election?

LATHAM

Can you think of a better time for a hit to receive less attention?

JONES

And I thought only you participated in that sort of palace intrigue.

LATHAM

No, coups happen here all the time.

JONES

Uh huh. And ships disappear over the horizon. But that doesn't mean they fell off the Earth.

LATHAM

Really?

JONES

Great, I'm talking to a founding father of The Flat Earth Society.

They grin at each other. Latham is putting him on.

JONES (CONT'D)

To answer your question, no, I haven't heard of any paper for sale. But if all one wanted was the paper, why kill Maynard?

LATHAM

Because dead men don't talk.

JONES

It's that sensitive?

LATHAM

I think whoever stole it was himself killed to keep it from surfacing.

This gives Jones pause.

JONES

And Wainwright co-wrote it... From what I overheard at the Press Club, they share the same enemies.

LATHAM

When was this?

JONES

Tuesday.

LATHAM

Who invited you there?

JONES

The Times. Apparently, there is someone else who can stand me.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - "OTELLO" RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Set in a converted townhouse with its name on the awning.

INT. RESTAURANT

Resembles a genuine trattoria, right down to the checkered tablecloths and black-tie waiters. At a far corner table Durang and Latham eat. Durang gulps white wine while quietly fuming. Latham eyes the many hanging bags of garlic.

LATHAM

They've got enough garlic in here to kill every vampire in Europe.

DURANG

I hate this shit. I hate being here. I hate that I can't trust my own people and I gotta come to you.

Latham is surprised but remains cool. Durang gulps more wine.

DURANG (CONT'D)

Last year your man hit me with those damn pics of Bulldog. Now I got these penny ante punks on tape calling him a queer... Right up to Apalachin he wouldn't even acknowledge the Mafia existed. Afterwards, he tells every field office to compile a list of ten hoods. Only ten. Can you imagine that? In New York you got hundreds, maybe thousands of Mafiosi running around. Go to Boseman, Montana and you got agents chasing their tails 'cause there's no goddamn Mobsters out there to begin with!

A woman glances at them. Durang wipes his sweaty face with his napkin and composes himself.

DURANG (CONT'D)

We got hoods on tape in Chicago and Lake Tahoe - all talking about swinging votes for Kennedy.

(MORE)

DURANG (CONT'D)

But every time I bring it up, I'm told to let the locals handle it.

LATHAM

There's always been instances of voting fraud, Carl.

DURANG

Not when it's for president... You know, I joined the Bureau after college. Started out in Siberia, that damn little field office in Omaha. If I pursue this I'll probably end my career there, or get fired. But this tape about Bulldog being in the Mob's pocket... If I send that upstairs, especially with that other bit on it...

LATHAM

How far would he go to quash that?

DURANG

How far do you think?

LATHAM

Come on, Carl...

DURANG

Don't be stupid! Accidents happen. You of all people should know that.

This strikes a nerve with Latham. Durang leans forward.

DURANG (CONT'D)

Look, this is about control. You watch the McClelland Hearings?

LATHAM

What about them?

DURANG

Jack may have been the face on that committee, but it was Bobby who went after the Mafia tooth and nail. You guys see him as just another rich brat. But let me tell you, he's one tough son of a bitch. He had Carlos Marcello taking the Fifth so many times he sounded like a broken record. And remember when he challenged Mickey Cohen? I'm telling you, it's Bobby they're afraid of, not Jack.

LATHAM

Then why would the Mob want to swing votes in Kennedy's favor?

DURANG

'Cause Jack's a pussy hound! You control him by controlling his bedroom. But if big brother appoints Bobby as Attorney General, he'll use the Bureau to go after these hoods. It won't matter what they've got on Bulldog; he won't be able to stop him. The only one who Bobby listens to is Jack. You control him, you control Bobby.

LATHAM

I don't know... Sounds a bit much for the Mob.

DURANG

Why?

LATHAM

Because they have no assurance he's susceptible to any type of coercion. Lots of politicians have mistresses. He's just one more name on the list.

DURANG

I'm telling you, the fix is in.

LATHAM

Look, I can see where the Mob would expect some quid pro quo. But they couldn't pull this off, not alone. There'd have to be someone else.

DURANG

That I wouldn't know about.

LATHAM

So, what do you expect me to do?

DURANG

For chrissakes, what do you need?! My plaque in HQ's Hall of Honor for dead agents?! You know these hoods. Root this thing out for me, please!

EXT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL AIRPORT - TWA TERMINAL - NIGHT

Passengers alight from taxis; Sky Caps tag their luggage.

LATHAM

Buys a wool cap in the GIFT SHOP then goes into a PHONE BOOTH.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Farrell is on his Gray phone, referring to his notes.

FARRELL

He's at 1840 Pine Grove.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH FARRELL

LATHAM

Got it. Anything else?

FARRELL

TSD says Maynard's suicide note was typed on the same typewriter as the letter denouncing him, and with the same signature.

LATHAM

What? The same person typed both?

FARRELL

Those were TSD's findings, sir.

LATHAM

It doesn't make sense. What else?

FARRELL

Carla tried to reach Desmond Shaw, a reporter at the Chicago American. He wasn't in, but his boss, Lucius Bamford, told her someone from CIA had called Shaw on Monday.

LATHAM

Hm, do we know who it was?

FARRELL

No, but he told Shaw whom to call to learn about voting fraud.

LATHAM

Geezus! We need to talk to Shaw.

FARRELL

Can't. His body was found floating off a pier in Lake Michigan.

Latham is exasperated. At that moment...

FLIGHT ANNOUNCEMENT (O.S.)
Trans World Airlines flight 96 to
Chicago and San Francisco is now
boarding first-class passengers
only at Gate 17.

LATHAM
I gotta go. I'll check in later.

He hangs up, grabs his cap, bag and briefcase and leaves.

I/E. TWA PROPJET - FIRST-CLASS CABIN - NIGHT

Latham's open briefcase is on his seat back tray. The "VIKTOR
KOZLOV/EYES ONLY" folder is open to Collette's transcription.
Latham completes the fourth circle of a Venn diagram:

OPERATIONS POSSIBLY COMPROMISED BY KOZLOV

<u>(1)DomOp</u>	<u>(2)Points of Compromise/Overlap</u>	<u>(3)GRU Op</u>
Trinity w/MI5	Mafia don Carlo Benini working w/Agency and IRA	Blackbird
Leonardo	Yacht owned by Carlo Ricci, leased to AM-TRUNK-9; used to ferry exiles into Miami	Trident
White Light	Supplied trucks to move SAs. Trucks reassigned to AM-TRUNK-12	Cadence

(4)Questions

Who else had knowledge of all 3 Ops? CI

STEWARDESS (O.S.)
We'd like to welcome those
passengers who boarded the plane in
Chicago to TWA flight 96 en route
to San Francisco.

FURTHER BACK IN SPARTAN ECONOMY CLASS

Reclining in his window seat and shutting his eyes is Slim.

EXT. AIRPORT - RUNWAY - NIGHT

Stock footage of a TWA propjet landing.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL

Toting an overnight bag and a briefcase, Slim nears a bank of
rental car booths. He sees Latham leave the "Avis" counter.

EXT. PETWORTH (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Driving a Gray Coupe, Slim pulls his cap low and cuts off Latham's Sedan. Slim drives slowly until Platt's Plymouth is lost from sight, then he turns off the road.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL

Slim keeps his distance as he follows Latham.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Slim runs to a waiting Lincoln Continental driven by WILLIE.

INT. LINCOLN

He gets in the back seat with his briefcase and bag.

SLIM

Drive over to the Avis lot.

WILLIE

What, you don't like the Lincoln?

SLIM

Huh? No, no. I think I just saw someone I know. Come on, move it, Willie.

I/E. LINCOLN

Pulls up to the entrance of the Avis lot and stops.

SLIM AND WILLIE

Watch Latham tote his overnight bag, briefcase and Gift Shop purchase and walk up to a Chevrolet Biscayne.

SLIM

What the hell's he doing here?

WILLIE

Rentin' a shitbox.

SLIM

No, I mean... Just follow him.

STREET

The Biscayne exits the lot; the Lincoln follows it to the...

OAKLAND BAY BRIDGE

Both cars pass a sign that reads "To Oakland."

16TH STREET - DAY (MORNING)

Daybreak. The Biscayne goes into a parking lot near the 16th Street Railroad Station. The Lincoln pulls up nearby.

INT. LINCOLN

Slim and Willie watch Latham walk out the parking lot without any bags and head toward the Railroad Station. Slim takes a .22 pistol from his bag and slips it in his waistband.

SLIM

Take my stuff up to the lodge.

EXT. STREET

Slim alights. Willie drives away. Slim hurries to the station.

INT. 16TH STREET RAILROAD STATION - DAY

A beaux arts gem that - even in 1960 - shows signs of neglect.

TICKET WINDOW #1

Latham approaches the RAILWAY TICKET AGENT. Slim is next.

LATHAM

Round-trip to Sacramento, please.

Latham pays for his ticket and leaves. Slim walks up.

SLIM

Sacramento, round-trip.

16TH STREET RAILROAD STATION - GREAT HALL

The information panels on the schedule board start to SPIN.

TRAIN ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

May I have your attention please!
The 5:47 Capitol Corridor Local to
Sacramento will arrive on track two
in two minutes.

Latham skitters past signs for Track #2. Slim follows him.

I/E. TRAIN CAR

Latham sits near the front. At the back of the car, Slim has a window seat. The CONDUCTOR enters there.

CONDUCTOR

Next stop, Emeryville, in two
minutes! Emeryville, next stop!

He reaches Latham and punches his ticket.

LATHAM

Where's the restroom?

CONDUCTOR

Front of the car.

Latham follows him to a leery PLUS-SIZED WOMAN waiting by the restroom door. The Conductor squeezes past Her. Latham does too, but waits on the other side of the restroom door.

PLUS-SIZED WOMAN

I'm next.

BACK OF THE TRAIN CAR

Slim smirks as he watches Latham closely.

EXT. EMERYVILLE STATION

A handful of people wait on the platform. The train comes to a stop; its doors open.

INT. FRONT OF THE TRAIN CAR

The restroom door SWINGS open, hiding Latham. A HEAVY-SET MAN tries to exit as the Woman tries to barge in. The train horn BLARES. As it leaves the station, the Woman PLOPS into the restroom and shuts the door. The Man sits in his seat.

SLIM

Is aghast - Latham is gone. He scrambles into the aisle. He races to the front of the car where - WHAM! - he's met face-first by the restroom door, swung open by the...

PLUS-SIZED WOMAN

There's no toilet paper in there!

EXT. EMERYVILLE TRAIN STATION

Latham enters a phone booth and dials a long-distance number.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Deposit 85 cents for the first three minutes, please.

Latham drops in the change. The phone RINGS O.S.

SECOND OPERATOR (O.S.)

FBI, how may I help you?

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - SAMUEL GOMPERS MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

Bazzo sits on a bench, wiping his nose with a tissue. Case walks up and crosses his fingers to ward off Bazzo's cold.

BAZZO

I did that back in third grade.

Case grins and sits. He takes out his pocket notepad.

CASE

Leonard Platt, real name's François Gariel; he's with the Corsican Mob. Served with something called Service d'Action Civique. Ever hear of them?

BAZZO

No.

CASE

He's also a confidential informant for the Narcotics Bureau.

BAZZO

They told you that?

CASE

His file's red-flagged; that's a get-out-of-jail-free card. The Mob must've found out and that's why they killed him.

BAZZO

I guess.

Case is wary as he puts away his notepad. Bazzo stands.

CASE

Where're you off to?

BAZZO

The john. Must be something I ate.

CASE

Try blackberry brandy. Clogs you right up.

INT. THE HOLE

DiLauria writes notes on a legal pad. Bazzo enters with take-out food and puts DiLauria's on her desk.

DILAURIA

Hope you got me some fish. It's Friday, you know.

Bazzo sets down his lunch and hangs up his coat. DiLauria pulls out a soda, French fries and...

DILAURIA (CONT'D)
A hamburger. I'm going straight to
hell, I know it.

Bazzo is abstracted as he sits and nibbles at his food.
DiLauria curiously lifts the top of the bun and scowls.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)
The bun's all soggy.

BAZZO
Huh?

DILAURIA
The bun - it's wet. Where'd you get
this?

BAZZO
Same place Latham always goes.

Dilauria lifts the patty and shakes her head in disgust.

DILAURIA
I don't believe this; it's steamed.
Who steams a hamburger?

BAZZO
You gonna complain or you gonna eat
it?

DILAURIA
If the fries are like this, you're
gonna wear this meal home, mister.

She starts eating.

BAZZO
How far did you get on Shaw?

DILAURIA
I'm waiting on his phone records.
How'd it go with Case?

BAZZO
Platt's real name is François
Gariel, and he served with those
thugs in Service d'Action Civique.

DILAURIA
So you were right on both counts.

BAZZO
Case asked if I knew about the
French group. I said no; I didn't
want to let on I had suspicions
about Gariel's background.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Then he tells me the guy was a CI for the Narcotics Bureau.

DILAURIA

What, a Confidential Informant?

BAZZO

Uh huh. And that the Mob must've found out and that's why they killed him.

DILAURIA

I thought shooting someone around the mouth was a message to anyone planning to rat out his pals?

BAZZO

It is, and Case knows that. When the Mob goes after a CI, it's vicious. They torture the poor bastard like you couldn't imagine.

DILAURIA

So why would he concoct this story?

BAZZO

I was thinking about that... What if Gariel was his CI and not the Feds? Case could have silenced him to cover up his own involvement.

DILAURIA

(mulls it over)

You ever discuss Maynard with him?

BAZZO

No.

DILAURIA

So, as far as Case knows, you believe Gariel's just another hood.

BAZZO

That's right.

DILAURIA

You're not Internal Affairs, Paul. Why should he care what you think?

Bazzo considers this and shrugs; he has no answer.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Look, I don't doubt Case misled you, but not because he killed Gariel.

BAZZO

Okay, then why?

DILAURIA

What if Case's role was to find someone to silence Maynard and get the paper? Enter Gariel. Someone else doesn't want the paper to surface, so Gariel's hit to prevent him from shopping it. But this person's still nervous. He probably doesn't have the paper yet, and now he's worried about Case.

BAZZO

Because...

DILAURIA

Case's connection to Gariel exposes this person, and Case knows that.

Bazzo gets up and grabs his coat.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Where you going?

BAZZO

To get you some fish and chips.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY (MORNING)

Stock landmarks - cable cars, Coit Tower, Alamo Square.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE

The Seal of the FBI is on the wall. Latham enters. He and Flynn shake hands and sit. Flynn is cordial, but not friendly.

LATHAM

Warren Latham. Thanks for the ride.

FLYNN

Joe Flynn. This is our first time being a taxi service. You and A.D. Durang must be pretty tight.

LATHAM

I only asked him to have you pull the tapes and such. He offered the ride. I apologize if it put you out.

FLYNN

How come you were in Emeryville?

LATHAM
Throwing off a tail, actually.

FLYNN
I see... Playing at spies.

LATHAM
We don't have time for games.

FLYNN
Neither do we, Mr. Latham. In here.

He gets up and leads Latham into the...

CONFERENCE ROOM

On a table are a tape recorder, two audiotapes, folders, legal pad, pencils and a sharpener. Two easels hold a flow chart.

INSERT ON FLOW CHART:

CHICAGO - ITALIAN ORGANIZATION
(Photo of Sam Giancana, name and alias.)

CHICAGO BOSSES IN LAS VEGAS/LAKE TAHOE
(Row of photos of Mafiosi and their aliases.)

CHICAGO LIEUTENANTS IN LAS VEGAS/LAKE TAHOE
(Photos of Mafiosi and a Key Code; includes Frank D'Antoni, aka "Slim" #5, next to Nicoli Fantini, aka "Nicky" #2,4.)

- KEY TO ACTIVITY CODE
1. SUSPECTED OF BEING ACTIVE IN NARCOTICS
 2. GAMBLING
 3. SHYLOCKING
 4. LABOR RACKETEERING
 5. EXTORTION, STRONG ARM AND MURDER
 6. COUNTERFEITING
 7. CRIMINALLY RECEIVING
 8. ALCOHOL TAX VIOLATIONS

BACK TO SCENE

FLYNN
There's two tapes. The folders have transcripts, bio's and photos of the hoods. Those you can have.

LATHAM
Thanks.

Latham examines the flow chart; his eyes fix on Slim's photo.

FLYNN
This has to be a first.

LATHAM

What's that?

FLYNN

The CIA requesting all things Mafia from us. Seems you people already walk in lockstep with these vermin.

LATHAM

That's not open to discussion.

FLYNN

Oh, that's right, I forgot - only the elite have a need to know.

LATHAM

Since it's all coming back to you, I won't have to remind you why you're on the outside looking in.

He sits at the table, puts on the headphones, starts the tape recorder and opens the first folder. Flynn leaves in a huff.

EXT. METROPOLITAN POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY (DUSK)

Black-and-white Studebaker Lark squad cars sit out front.

INT. SQUAD ROOM

Typical. The wall clock reads 5:17. Case types a report. CAPTAIN FRITZ comes by and drops a note on Case's desk.

FRITZ

This clerk over at Kann's on 13th says he heard two men talk about killing the County Commissioner.

Fritz leaves. Case groans; he grabs the note and his coat.

I/E. 13TH STREET - CASE'S SEDAN - DAY (DUSK)

Case drives. A VAN pulls in front of him and stops at a red light. A MOTORCYCLE pulls up on Case's passenger side. The MOTORCYCLIST wears a helmet with a tinted windscreen.

Case notices that his headlights only reflect in the left back-door window of the Van and not the right one. Curious, he flashes his headlights - same result.

A .38 pistol peeks through the glassless right-rear window as the Motorcyclist pulls a .22 pistol from his leather jacket.

Terrified, Case DUCKS below the dashboard. A SHOT from the Van CRACKS the top of the windshield. The Motorcyclist FIRES into the front tire, flattening it. The Motorcycle then ROARS off; the Van SCREECHES away.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT

Most of the offices in the compound are dark.

INT. THE HOLE

Bazzo types a SITREP. The Gray phone RINGS; he answers it.

BAZZO
Yes?... Put him through, please...
What's up, Felix?

EXT. STREET CORNER - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Case is on the phone; he's frantic.

CASE
You gotta get me to a safehouse.

CROSSCUT BAZZO WITH CASE

BAZZO
Why? What's going on?

CASE
Gariel and Maynard. They're afraid
I'm gonna talk.

BAZZO
Who is? Where are you?

Case watches a car slowly pull up. He panics and drops the handset, then takes off running.

BAZZO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Felix, you there? Felix!

Bazzo depresses the cradle once.

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)
Operator.

BAZZO
The trace on that last call, please.

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)
A payphone at the corner of Ninth
and G Streets.

BAZZO
Thank you.

He hangs up and picks up the Red phone.

EXT. G STREET - NIGHT

Those who have fallen through society's cracks - the poor, the homeless, the addicted - end up here in squalor and neglect.

TRANSIENT HOTEL

A flophouse with a "ROOMS TO LET" sign in a front window.

INT. LOBBY - FRONT DESK

The elderly Black DESK CLERK watches TV. Case enters.

CASE

Need a room. Something with clean sheets, preferably in the back.

DESK CLERK

Uh huh. Well, that same door opens out, and you can take your bullshit with you. You'll take what I got or you can take off.

Humiliated, Case grudgingly nods.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

One dollar.

He takes a room key from the rack. Case reaches for it - the Desk Clerk yanks it back.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

In advance.

Case scowls and sets a dollar on the counter. The Desk Clerk takes the money and hands Case the room key.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

Third floor, room two. In the front.

Case glares at him. The Desk Clerk offers Case his dollar back. Case waves him off and disappears up the stairs.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

Good night... Officer!

ROOM #2

The door opens; it's dank. Case pulls the key from the lock. Below the doorknob is an old-style keyhole. The bed has a bare pillow and a holey Army blanket. A bare light bulb hangs from the ceiling. Case pulls its string.

EXT. STREET - TRANSIENT HOTEL

A light goes on in a front room on the third floor.

INT. ROOM #2

Revolted, Case turns off the light and shuts the door. He goes to the window and peeks out the drawn shade. Seeing no one, he goes to the bed; his hands shake as he unhooks his belt holster holding his service revolver. He kicks off his shoes and lays on the blanket, cradling the holster to his chest.

LATER

Ambient light STREAMS through the keyhole. Suddenly, the light narrows, then it's gone. Metal SCRATCHES against metal. A key works its way into the doorlock; the cylinders TUMBLE.

Case is awake. He eases his revolver from its holster, COCKS it and aims at the door. The ambient light quickly returns.

He eases off the bed and sidles next to the door, waiting and listening. Case turns the doorlock, SWINGS open the door and drops to one knee. No one is there.

LOBBY

STATIC and HISS play on the TV. The Desk Clerk lies on the couch, SNORING loudly. Case descends the steps. He walks up to the Desk Clerk, tosses the room key on his chest and leaves.

EXT. G STREET

Deserted, save for the human detritus huddled in doorways. Case walks, flinching when a car slows to pick up a whore. He arrives at Ninth Street - again. A Sedan is parked there; the passenger-side window rolls down. Bazzo leans out.

BAZZO

We've been looking for you. Get in.

Case gets in. DiLauria drives the Sedan away from there.

ACT FOUR

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY (MORNING)

Stock footage of Alcatraz Island, Pier 39 and Telegraph Hill - Coit Tower and the apartments at Kearny and Chestnut Streets.

INT. SAFEHOUSE APARTMENT

Well-appointed. A clock radio reads 6:50. On a desk are the FBI folders, the "VIKTOR KOZLOV/EYES ONLY" folder, a legal pad, wool cap and a Sauer M38 pistol. Latham is half-dressed, hair tousled, and on a secure phone with its Red light lit.

LATHAM

So Carla was right.

INT. THE HOLE

Bazzo is alone, speaking on the Red phone.

BAZZO
Yep, Case knew he might be hit.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH BAZZO

LATHAM
How was he when you got to him?

BAZZO
Scared. Carla asked him why he went to that flophouse, since it was only two blocks from where he called me. He said he didn't know.

LATHAM
You go with what you know. He'd obviously been there before.

BAZZO
He's lucky. Anyone else watching him could have followed him there.

LATHAM
If it were anyone but us he'd be dead. By the way, how many shots were fired into his car?

BAZZO
Two - one at a tire, the other through the windshield.

LATHAM
Hm, that could be a problem. If Case adds that to what happened at the hotel, he might guess he was set up.

BAZZO
That's why we're moving him around - to keep him off balance.

LATHAM
Good. When are you moving him again?

BAZZO
Team B should be there in an hour. I'll be relieving Carla later on.

LATHAM
Alright, then let's get started; we've got a lot of ground to cover.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)
First off, both SMOTH and Durang
say the fix is in...

EXT. NEW YORK AVENUE - DAY (MORNING)

Light industry shares space with low-cost rental apartments,
most of them on the second floor atop the shops.

PRINT SHOP

Operators run a linotype typesetting machine and an offset
printing press - and they're both NOISY.

SAFEHOUSE - SECOND-FLOOR APARTMENT

Two bedrooms. Basic furnishings include a TV and a telephone.
In the living room DiLauria, Gorman and Boswell watch TV amid
the din from the print shop. Case staggers from a bedroom
into the bathroom and vomits. Gorman shakes his head.

GORMAN
What's that - three times already?
Gotta be dry heaves by now.

DILAURIA
See if he's alright.

Gorman grudgingly rises and goes into the bathroom.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)
(to Boswell)
Go to the drugstore and get him
something for his stomach. And
bring back some breakfast; I'm
hungry.

BOSWELL
There's Raisin Bran in the cupboard.

DILAURIA
No, those are just bran flakes.

Boswell suddenly grows pale and RUNS into the bathroom.

GORMAN (O.S.)
Hey, you're cleaning that up!

Gorman storms back in and sits.

GORMAN (CONT'D)
What the hell's his problem?

DILAURIA
Raisins. How's Case?

Gorman looks up. Case lumbers in and sits.

CASE

How long am I gonna be here?

DILAURIA

Not much longer.

CASE

Can I call my wife?

Gorman glances worrisomely at DiLauria.

CASE (CONT'D)

Even when I'm on the job I call her to let her know I'm okay.

DILAURIA

Switch it to an unsecured line.

Gorman toggles a thumbwheel switch underneath the phone.

GORMAN

All yours, chief.

Case dials. The TV picture becomes a mass of wavy lines.

DILAURIA

I thought PEPCO switched this place to its own circuit?

GORMAN

They did, but when they run the two presses, sometimes we get this.

Case hangs up the phone and slumps back; he's disappointed.

CASE

Busy.

DILAURIA

Try the outside camera. I want to keep an eye out for Team B.

Gorman changes the channel; the picture remains fuzzy.

GORMAN

Give it a second; it comes back.

CASE

What if someone tries to get in?

DILAURIA

We'll know; it's the only way up.

CASE

How about from the shop downstairs?

GORMAN

Sealed off. There's an exit in the kitchen that goes to the basement. You come up through the power company manhole out back.

EXT. BACKSTREET

An unmarked van pulls up, stopping over a PEPCO manhole cover. THREE GUNMEN wearing white painter's coveralls alight.

INT. SECOND-FLOOR APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Boswell enters, wiping his mouth with a tissue.

DILAURIA

You alright now?

He nods, sheepishly.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Well?

Boswell grabs his coat and leaves via the rear door.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - BACK DOOR

Opens. Pfft, pfft, pfft. Boswell is felled by three silenced gunshots from GUNMAN #1. GUNMEN #2 and #3 drag Boswell's body back inside. Gunman #1 follows them and shuts the door.

INT. SECOND-FLOOR APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

The ambient noise lessens; the picture returns. DiLauria, Case and Gorman can see a partial view of the Van.

GORMAN

That must be them.

DILAURIA

(checks her watch)

They're early. Why didn't they call?

GORMAN

Maybe they're eating breakfast.

DILAURIA

Go and make sure it's them.

Gorman reluctantly rises. DiLauria goes into the...

KITCHEN

She pulls out a cupboard drawer, slides open its false bottom and removes a .45 Colt M1911 pistol.

DILAURIA
Case, come in here.

LIVING ROOM

Case waves her off. He picks up the phone again and dials.

The back door KICKS open. Pfft, pfft. GUNMAN #2 FIRES over Gorman's crumpled body. Case falls, dead.

DiLauria appears in the kitchen doorway. She kills Gunman #2 in the back doorway with SHOTS to his chest and forehead.

GUNMAN #3 uses Gunman #2's body as a shield and sprays four SHOTS about the living room from a silenced pistol: one explodes the phone; the others rip into the walls.

From a prone position, DiLauria FIRES into Gunman #2, AVULSING the back of his head. Bone and brain matter spray into the face of Gunman #3, blinding him. DiLauria kills him with SHOTS to his head. Footsteps TAP as Gunman #1 runs down the stairs.

DILAURIA

Races toward the back door. The van's motor starts O.S. She hurries to the window in time to see Gunman #1 drive away.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

A view of the compound, serene and nearly empty.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Collette stands by the Dictabelt machine. Nealy sits in her seat with the earphones on, his back to the door. Bazzo enters carrying a file. He does a double-take upon seeing Nealy and points to him. She nods and gestures to Bazzo to say nothing.

BAZZO
My notes from my call with Latham.

He puts the folder on her desk. Nealy removes his earphones and spins around.

COLLETTE
Are you going to relieve Carla now?

BAZZO
Yeah.

NEALY
Hold on a minute, Paul. Collette, I think you're right.

COLLETTE

I knew it! I didn't think it was a slip of the tongue.

BAZZO

What?

COLLETTE

When the examiner called him 'kozel' instead of Kozlov.

NEALY

She mentioned it earlier and said she'd be in today, so I came in to listen. And she's right. The examiner called out Kozlov because he'd spotted a swindler.

BAZZO

But MOTHER think's he's legit.

NEALY

Every defector knows his future lies in the hands of his interrogator. They want to give up information. But Kozlov went out of his way to praise MOTHER, saying the KGB and the GRU were worried he'd see through their plans to disrupt Domestic Ops. But we know Boris is more afraid of Warren. Remember that report MI6 lifted from the KGB?

BAZZO

Yes. SMOTH told Warren the KGB had called him the Griffin, not MOTHER.

NEALY

That's a helluva insult for someone with his huge ego. All Kozlov did was say what MOTHER wanted to hear.

BAZZO

Great. Latham found three joint Ops with CI that the GRU could've compromised.

NEALY

Well, I doubt you'll get MOTHER to walk back the cat on any of them.

The Red phone RINGS; Collette answers it.

COLLETTE

2-3-6-2...

STOKES (O.S.)
This is the Duty Officer. Is
mandarin One still there?

COLLETTE
Yes, hold on.
(gives the phone to Bazzo)
It's the Ops Room.

BAZZO
Mandarin One here.

STOKES (O.S.)
It's Jared. We've had anomalous
activity at the New York Avenue
safehouse.

BAZZO
I'll be right down.

He looks grim and hangs up.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
Something's happened at the
safehouse where Case is stashed.

NEALY
I'll come with you.

OPERATIONS ROOM

DUTY OFFICER JARED STOKES and DEPUTY DUTY OFFICER TOM PERCY
man the Duty Desk. Bazzo and Nealy enter and approach Stokes.

STOKES
Mandarin Two called in; the
safehouse was hit.

BAZZO
Was she damaged?

STOKES
No. I called Crisis Management and
they dispatched a team there.

NEALY
You have a Damage Assessment yet?

STOKES
A preliminary one. Tom...

INSERT SCENES:

- A van sporting an "Ace Carpet Cleaning" logo drives up the
back street and stops at the safehouse. Four MEN wearing dark
coveralls enter through the back door.

At the bottom of the stairwell they find Boswell's body; further up, Gorman lies dead.

- In the doorway to the apartment are Gunmen #2 and #3, lying together. In the apartment, three bullet holes dot the walls; the phone has been obliterated; beside the loveseat lies Case.

- Flash images of a Scorpion SA Vz61 submachine gun and an Enfield EM-2 automatic rifle.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

PERCY

(reads from his notes)

A total of five dead: two from the kill team, two from Team A and the asset. Gorman was shot first, at the bottom of the stairs, then Boswell at the top landing. The hit team burst in and shot Case; both of them were killed by mandarin Two.

STOKES

That coincides with mandarin Two's account.

PERCY

The low number of shots fired and their wide disbursement indicates the gunmen used pistols fitted with suppressors. However, the choice of weapon raises the possibility that there were more targets than the hit team expected.

STOKES

They must have planned on a primary target and just one babysitter.

NEALY

Why, because they used pistols?

BAZZO

You use pistols with four targets, you risk ending up in a firefight. Use an automatic like a Skorpion or an EM2 Short, it's over in seconds.

BACK TO SCENE

Nealy gets it and nods.

STOKES

Carla said there were three on the kill team. One took off in a van.

NEALY

Three shooters for two targets?

PERCY

They're amateurs. They brought more than they needed, just in case.

STOKES

Also, their Intel was out of date.

BAZZO

Hm, means the job was farmed out.

STOKES

Then who paid for the bullets?

They look somberly at each other; Nealy is worried.

NEALY

Where's mandarin Two now?

STOKES

(checks the clock)

Following protocol, she should resurface in about two hours.

NEALY

She may still be a target. Can she stay in the wind for a few days?

BAZZO

If she has to, yeah.

NEALY

How would you get in touch with her?

BAZZO

Starting Monday she'd check a safe address for any comms.

NEALY

Something esoteric, I assume.

BAZZO

A postcard.

NEALY

Good. Let's do that, Paul.

BAZZO

Jared, call Mr. Berard and bring him up to date, and tell Mr. Latham when he checks in.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Have Carla stay put and send a postcard from Chevy Chase to The Brooks Company, room 30, 6925 Willow Street, here in D.C. Write on the card, 'Ate dinner here Tuesday.'

STOKES

Right.

NEALY

You're meeting her in Chevy Chase, Maryland?

BAZZO

No, at the Chevy Chase Theater on Connecticut Ave. at 20:00, Tuesday.

NEALY

Oh. I'll be in my office if you need me.

BAZZO

I'll be in the Hole reviewing Shaw's phone records, Jared.

As Nealy and Bazzo leave, Stokes gets up and weaves past CIA personnel buzzing about to a file cabinet. He pulls open a file drawer, searches and takes out a picture postcard of Chevy Chase, Maryland.

EXT. "AVIS" CAR RENTAL LOT - DAY

With overnight bag, briefcase and cap in hand, Latham leaves the office, bypasses the Biscayne and gets into a Ford Falcon.

I/E. U.S. ROUTE 50 - LATHAM'S FALCON - DAY (DUSK)

Travels through Cox Canyon. Near Lake Tahoe, Latham passes a line of cars entering the Nevacalif Lodge and Casino. Later, he turns onto a road with estates hidden behind high hedge rows. He passes a mailbox stamped "1840 Pine Grove" and parks.

LATHAM

Pulls on leather gloves, checks the safety of his Sauer M38 and puts it in his coat pocket. He alights, donning his coat and cap, and walks back to the mailbox.

He enters the driveway where a Cadillac and a Corvair are parked. Indistinct YELLING comes from inside the Tudor house. Latham ducks behind some sweetbrier and watches.

LATHAM'S P.O.V. - TUDOR HOUSE

An older woman, MRS. WAINWRIGHT, stalks out the front door.

WAINWRIGHT (O.S.)
Sheila... Sheila, wait!

She gets into the Cadillac. A husky BODYGUARD appears in the doorway. Wainwright hurries past him.

WAINWRIGHT (CONT'D)
Just let him go with you!

MRS. WAINWRIGHT
No, damnit!

She drives off. Wainwright motions to the Bodyguard who gets into the Corvair and drives off after her.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham watches Wainwright go back inside the house.

INT. TUDOR HOUSE - DEN

Wainwright closes a sliding glass door leading to the patio and crosses to an étagère. He grabs a bottle of bourbon, pours a shot and drinks. The doorbell RINGS. He reaches behind the spirits, pulls out a .38 revolver then heads into the...

LIVING ROOM

He peeks out the curtains. Seeing no one, Wainwright grows frantic and hurries back toward the...

DEN

Beneath the archway, a hand reaches out from the side and snatches Wainwright's revolver. He SCREAMS and FALLS down.

WAINWRIGHT
Geezus!

LATHAM
You should lock all the doors...
Who are you afraid of?

WAINWRIGHT
Everybody. The FBI... You.

LATHAM
The letter damning Senator Maynard and his suicide note were both typed on his Smith-Corona by the same person, someone who wasn't used to typing while standing. You.

WAINWRIGHT
No, that's not true.

Latham crosses to him. Wainwright crawls onto the couch and cowers. Latham grabs Wainwright by the shirt and aims the revolver at him.

LATHAM

I liked Maynard. You understand that?

He SLAMS Wainwright back against the couch with each word...

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I liked him.

WAINWRIGHT

I didn't type them, for Chrissakes! Why would I do something so crazy?

Less sure now, Latham releases him and steps back.

WAINWRIGHT (CONT'D)

I've been going over there for years. Don't you think I'd be used to using Clete's typewriter by now?!

LATHAM

Why did you involve me?

WAINWRIGHT

Someone ransacked my place looking for that paper we'd written. When they didn't find it, I knew they'd go to his place. I thought if they saw you with him they'd back off.

LATHAM

Like hell. You were worried as much about your own ass as you were about Maynard.

Wainwright is embarrassed; he's shaking. Latham crosses to the étagère and lays down Wainwright's revolver. He pours a jigger of bourbon and hands it to Wainwright.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell Durang? He was there with you at the Press Club.

WAINWRIGHT

I told you - he can't stand me or Clete.

(drinks and ruminates)

He was brilliant, you know. One of those people you talk to once and realize how intensely moral he was.

LATHAM

Unlike some people I've met.

WAINWRIGHT

You got any more digs, huh?! Do you?! Then just say 'em now and get it over with!

He gets up and pours himself a tall glass. Latham sits.

LATHAM

Tell me about the paper.

Wainwright meanders about while drinking and getting buzzed.

WAINWRIGHT

A friend of Clete's was drinking at George and Harry's. He overheard some lush say how he could control Kennedy.

LATHAM

So? Drunks mouth off all the time.

WAINWRIGHT

But these drunks are the Beltway's elite.

LATHAM

So who was this lush?

WAINWRIGHT

Clete's friend didn't know him.

LATHAM

Fine, then who was he talking to?

WAINWRIGHT

Someone from the British Embassy, I think. They got into an argument about Kim Philby. You know him?

LATHAM

Yes, Britain's Intel liaison here a while back.

WAINWRIGHT

He said MI5 had pegged Philby as a KGB mole. But the lush said MI5 was just trying to regain credibility after Hicks and Homer's defection.

LATHAM

Wait, the lush said Hicks and Homer?

WAINWRIGHT

Yeah, why?

LATHAM

(aghast)

You know who those two are?

WAINWRIGHT

Of course - Burgess and MacLean.
What's the big deal? Everyone on
HUAC knows their cryptonyms.

LATHAM

So does everyone else now!

Wainwright finally gets it. He leans against the patio glass.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What's this got to do with Kennedy?

WAINWRIGHT

The lush said the real danger was
the Soviets putting a mole in the
White House.

LATHAM

Who, Kennedy?

WAINWRIGHT

Yes! A couple of weeks later they
came back. Now the lush says he has
proof of voter fraud. That's when
Maynard and I decided to look into
it. We talked to Jack's cronies,
election officials, you name it. We
laid out possible scenarios for the
different players, like-

A glass panel on the patio door CRACKS. Wainwright drops his
glass; a bullet hole is in his cheek. He crumples to the rug.

LATHAM

Dives to the floor and glimpses a MAN run behind the patio.
He gets up, draws his Sauer M38 and runs to the front door.
He opens it and sees a Man with a silenced rifle run into the
driveway.

Latham FIRES, dropping him. He runs up to the Man - it's Slim.
There's a TAP of footsteps on the road. Latham hides behind a
hedgerow.

IN THE DRIVEWAY

Willie draws a .22 pistol from his coat and races up to Slim.

LATHAM (O.S.)
Don't move! Set the gun down.

Willie defiantly spins around, FIRING wildly.

LATHAM

Returns FIRE, killing Willie. He runs up to them and checks their pulse, then stows his Sauer M38. He searches Willie's pockets and finds a wallet with an Illinois driver's license.

He moves to Slim and finds a Nevacalif Lodge and Casino matchbook with Wainwright's address scrawled inside, and a room key with "Cabin 21" on the fob. He pockets the items and hurries into the house.

INT. DEN

Latham enters. He takes the .38 revolver from the étagère and wraps Wainwright's right hand around it. He FIRES through a pristine pane of patio glass, drops the gun and leaves.

EXT. PINE GROVE - NIGHT (EVENING)

Latham walks by Willie's Lincoln. MURMURS emerge from behind the hedges. He gets into his Ford Falcon and drives away.

EXT. "NEVACALIF LODGE AND CASINO" - NIGHT

Latham's Ford Falcon pulls into the lodge's parking lot. Latham alights, wearing his cap, and enters the...

CASINO

Typically noisy. Latham goes to the Gift Shop and buys a pack of gum. He puts a stick in his mouth and leaves.

LATHAM

Exits the Casino. He turns up his coat collar and walks past the lodge and along a row of cabins, stopping at one stamped "21." He unlocks the door with the room key and enters.

INT. CABIN

Latham shuts the door and turns on the light - typically posh. He enters the bathroom and returns with a tube of toothpaste.

LATHAM

Turns the telephone handset upside down on its cradle and squeezes toothpaste onto the mouth- and earpieces.

A table lamp is plugged into an electrical outlet on the baseboard. He unplugs the lamp and covers the socket with toothpaste.

Above the bed's headboard he finds a tiny hole in the wall. He covers it with the remaining toothpaste and drops the tube in a waste basket.

Finally, Latham lifts a mirror from the wall and sees another small hole. He takes the gum from his mouth, covers the hole and replaces the mirror.

Latham checks the closet. He finds Slim's briefcase, lays it on the bed and opens it. Inside is the senators' paper.

INSERT COVER PAGE OF MAYNARD AND WAINWRIGHT'S PAPER:

**PRELIMINARY EVIDENCE OF VOTER FRAUD AND CONSPIRATORIAL
ACTIVITY IN THE ELECTION OF THE 35TH PRESIDENT - INVOLVING
ORGANIZED CRIME, THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, AND THE
INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITY**

**Cletus Maynard Henry Wainwright
U.S. Senator U.S. Senator**

Latham shuts the briefcase. He turns on the TV and sits in a chair, briefcase on the floor. He pulls out his Sauer M38 and screws on a silencer.

ACT FIVE

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT

Barely a handful of offices have their lights on.

INT. THE HOLE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 23:12. Bazzo holds pages of check-marked phone records. He writes them on a blackboard.

INSERT ON BLACKBOARD:

Desmond Shaw, Office Phone (All Times CST)

7-Nov

CALLS RECEIVED

CIA (?) 08:35

CALLS MADE

Nicoli Fantini, 09:20

Chicago Mob

Brock Stevens, 09:30

FBI, Chicago Field Office

James O'Herlihy, 09:55

Cook County Clerk

Walter Rand, 10:13

Licenses & Inspections

Gerald Lamb, 10:21

Cook County Medical Examiner

Cletus Maynard 13:02

Senator

FBI, Chicago 10:51

County Clerk 11:17

British Embassy (?), 14:02
Washington

Licenses & Inspections 15:19
Medical Examiner 16:30

CIA (?) 12:48

8-Nov

Henry Wainwright, 10:55
Senator
Wellman Cemetery 10:21
Starrett Cemetery 10:35

Wellman Cemetery 11:25
Starrett Cemetery 12:00
County Clerk 18:10

FBI HQ (?) 18:21
Sgt. Roy Mason, 18:41
Cook county Sheriff's Office

9-Nov

Sgt. Roy Mason 08:32

Cletus Maynard 08:51
Sam Giancana, 11:32
Chicago Mob boss
CIA (?) 13:19
Kennedy Campaign HQ, 13:25

Cletus Maynard 14:02

10-Nov

CIA, 14:24
mandarin Two

BACK TO SCENE

Owens enters and puts coffee and a roll on Bazzo's desk.

OWENS

Coffee sweet and a roll.

BAZZO

Thanks, Jim.

(sips the coffee)

You and Pete were on duty last weekend. How come you're here now?

OWENS

We swapped with Shields and Carter so we could have next weekend off. Pete's getting married, remember?

BAZZO

Geezus, I forgot.

OWENS

The Ops Room's getting them a wedding gift. You're welcome to chip in if you like.

BAZZO

Sure, how much?

OWENS

Well, since most of us are GS-10's,
two bucks was all we could afford.

Bazzo arches an eyebrow. He takes five dollars from his
wallet and hands it to Owens.

OWENS (CONT'D)

Your name will be first on the card.
Of course, we'll have to use your
working name in case they leave the
card out in the open.

BAZZO

Of course.

They grin. Owens pockets the cash and looks at the chalkboard.

OWENS

Sorry about FBI HQ and MI5. We
asked them who'd talked to Shaw,
but they said they didn't know.

He leaves. Bazzo focuses on the calls to the British Embassy
and FBI HQ.

INT. TELEGRAPH HILL - SAFEHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Latham is on the phone.

LATHAM

Half the spooks in town were at the
Press Club last Tuesday - MOTHER,
Kozlov, Durang... Even SMOTH was
there.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. THE HOLE

Bazzo picks up the Gray phone.

EXT. 1208 15TH STREET, NW - NIGHT

A dark office building with 24-hour underground parking.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - LOWER LEVEL

A Ford sedan descends the entrance ramp and parks by the wall.
Jones alights and walks toward a gray Chrysler Sedan. He
checks the license plate then gets in the passenger side.

CHRYSLER SEDAN

Bazzo is behind the wheel. Jones is sleepy-eyed.

JONES

This couldn't have waited until Monday, or while the sun was up?

BAZZO

Senator Wainwright's dead.

JONES

You mean Senator Maynard.

BAZZO

No, Wainwright. Latham called to tell me. He also said someone from the British Embassy's been meeting his U.S. cousin at George and Harry's and talking out of turn.

JONES

Go down there some time. That describes just about everyone.

BAZZO

Great. But I doubt they all believe Kim Philby's a KGB mole. And they don't all have a reporter named Desmond Shaw calling them.

This gets Jones's attention.

JONES

Are you accusing me of something?

BAZZO

No, just curious. Was he calling you for confirmation or information?

JONES

A little bit of both. He didn't get either one.

BAZZO

How about from your drinking buddy?

JONES

You'd have to ask Shaw that.

BAZZO

I can't; he's dead, too. So's Case, the man who hired Maynard's killer.

Jones's unflappable demeanor slips; he's taken aback by this.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Shaw gave the Intel on voter fraud to your source.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Now why would he do that unless your source were in a position to do something about it?

JONES

I don't know, you tell me.

BAZZO

You told Latham that Hoover's being used by the Mob. Your source must be pretty close to him, close enough to know all the players, to know why Maynard's paper should never surface. Maybe someone who talks too much when he drinks; someone who was at the Press Club on Tuesday - like Carl Durang.

JONES

(scoffs)

You need to get some sleep.

BAZZO

Durang's on the inside and he's in touch with local cops, like Case.

JONES

Good for him! But it beggars belief to presume the FBI's xenophobic houseboy would consort with a Brit. That should tell you something.

Jones storms out of the Sedan, leaving Bazzo puzzled.

EXT. "NEVACALIF LODGE AND CASINO" - CABIN 21 - NIGHT

The lights are on inside the cabin. A MAN in a buttoned-up woolen overcoat walks up to the door.

INT. CABIN 21

Latham watches "The Man from Interpol" on TV. There's a KNOCK on the door. Latham picks up his Sauer M38 pistol from the nightstand, goes to the door and opens it. The Man enters.

LATHAM

Quickly grabs the Man by the throat, presses his Sauer M38 against the Man's temple and kicks the door shut.

MAN

Hey, what the f-

LATHAM

Shh. Do as I say and you'll live through this.

The Man stares at him coldly. Latham spins him around and pats him down. He removes a revolver, dumps its rounds and tosses it on the bed. Next he takes the Man's wallet and pockets it. Latham YANKS down the Man's coat below his shoulders, pinning the Man's arms to his sides. He turns the Man to face him.

Latham takes out the Man's wallet, opens it and pulls out an Illinois driver's license issued to Nicoli Fantini. The Man/NICKY sneers at Latham who puts the license in the wallet and tosses it on the bed. He then pushes Nicky into the...

BATHROOM

Latham slides back the tub's shower curtain.

LATHAM
Get in and sit down.

Nicky grudgingly obliges. Latham turns on the water.

NICKY
What the hell you doin'?

Latham aims his Sauer 38 at Nicky's crotch. Nicky squirms.

NICKY (CONT'D)
Hey, hey! What do you want, huh? I know you're not FBI.

LATHAM
I have a message for Momo. You can either deliver it, or you can be the message.

NICKY
Alright, just relax, huh? I'll tell him.

LATHAM
Good. First, some information. Who ordered the hit on Maynard?

NICKY
(perplexed)
Huh? Momo did - but you know that.

LATHAM
(finds this odd, then...)
Why was he killed?

NICKY
What is this? You serious?

LATHAM
Very.

NICKY

Geezus... To shut him up and get that paper him and Wainwright wrote.

LATHAM

So why'd you hit Gariel?

NICKY

He wanted more money, else he said he was gonna sell the paper. You wanna shut off the water now?

LATHAM

Who killed Gariel? Was it Case?

NICKY

No, Slim... Frankie D'Antoni.

LATHAM

And that order came from Momo?

NICKY

Yeah, of course.

LATHAM

Why was Wainwright killed?

Nicky throws up his hands.

NICKY

What the hell is this, huh? You know why! Same reason as Maynard.

LATHAM

What do you mean, I know why?

NICKY

What are you - on something? Your people ordered the hits, for Chrissakes! You typed the goddamn notes!

Latham is nonplussed. He quickly gathers his wits.

LATHAM

Okay, you tell Momo this: We're even now. You got paid to deliver the paper and silence the critics; so consider it over and done with.

NICKY

Yeah, fine.

LATHAM

One more thing... We'll be calling on Momo to help us with our Cuban problem. That's worth a lot of cash to him. But if one more drop of blood is spilled over that paper, if anyone in the FBI or any of my people so much as cut themselves shaving, he'll be burying his wife and three girls in closed caskets - right alongside yours.

He turns off the water and leaves. Nicky fumes.

INT. CASINO

Latham walks past the main gambling hall to a bank of telephone booths. He enters the last one.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Durang and his 50-ish wife, NOELLE, are in bed asleep. On the nightstand sit a phone and an unlit clock. The phone RINGS. Durang wakes up, GRUMBLING. Noelle awakens but barely stirs; she's used to this. Durang leans over and answers the phone.

DURANG

Durang.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH DURANG

LATHAM

It's Latham.

DURANG

Christ, you know what time it is?

LATHAM

It's late, I know. I need a favor from your Chicago office...

Durang listens for a moment.

DURANG

Right, by courier. I'll call them right after this.

LATHAM (O.S.)

Oh, before you do...

DURANG

What?

LATHAM (O.S.)

It's done, you're safe now, Carl. I'll talk to you later.

DURANG
(sighs, relieved)
Thanks, Warren.

He hangs up and lies on his back. He covers his face with his hands and starts to whimper. Worried, Noelle turns toward him.

NOELLE
Carl... Honey, what's the matter?

Durang lowers his hands and looks at Noelle.

NOELLE (CONT'D)
Oh God, tell me what's wrong?

Durang wipes his eyes. Noelle is anxious.

NOELLE (CONT'D)
Carl, what is it?

DURANG
No, no, I'm fine now. I am.

They look at each other. He embraces her tightly, kisses her, then picks up the phone and dials.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - NIGHT

Stock footage of a quiet airport.

INT. TERMINAL

The overhead Departures Board shows only one flight.

INSERT AIRLINE DEPARTURES BOARD:

Time: 00:44
Departures

Time	To/Via	Flight
00:55	Washington/St. Louis	TWA 125

BACK TO SCENE

TWA DEPARTURE GATE #4

Latham is in a line of passengers walking past the TWA logo on the wall and showing their tickets to the GATE AGENT.

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

A few CIA personnel walk across the compound.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 09:20.

Stokes and Percy are on their Red phones. Latham enters carrying his briefcase. Stokes is very surprised to see him. He hangs up his Red phone.

STOKES
Mr. Latham... It's Sunday.

LATHAM
So why are you two here?

Percy hangs up his Red phone.

STOKES
We switched weekends so we could go to Pete Farrell's wedding Saturday.

LATHAM
Geezus, I forgot all about that.

PERCY
We're getting them a gift. If you'd like to chip in... Bazzo did.

LATHAM
How much did he give you?

PERCY
Five.

Latham pulls some cash from his wallet and hands it to Percy.

LATHAM
Here's six. That should put my name above his on the card.

Percy grins. Latham takes Maynard and Wainwright's paper from his briefcase and hands it to Stokes, who's shocked.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
I want 50 copies of this today; make sure they're bound. And I don't want it done here.

STOKES
Okay... How about the print shop on New York Avenue?

LATHAM
You sure they're in today?

STOKES
Yes, they're copying a translation of 'Novosti' for D-Int.

Latham shrugs; he's at sea.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Novosti's a Serbian tabloid that serves as Moscow's unofficial mouthpiece. They ran two articles: one arguing for the existence of UFOs, the other against them.

PERCY

Hedging their bets in case we're invaded.

LATHAM

If we are, you can ditch the copies. Otherwise, have them here by 17:00. I'm also expecting a courier from the FBI. Oh, and find Bazzo. Have him meet me here this afternoon.

STOKES

Right. You'll be in your office?

LATHAM

For a little while, writing my SITREP. Tell Bazzo I'm leaving it on his desk to read.

STOKES

Yes, sir.

LATHAM

You know if the infirmary's open?

PERCY

Not on the weekends. Are you okay?

LATHAM

Yeah, I'm fine. Call Security and have them unlock the door for me. I'm gonna sack out there afterwards.

INT. PRINT SHOP

A grim CIA OFFICER watches a WORKER print copies of Maynard and Wainwright's report on a Xerox 914 copier. Later, the Worker stacks bound copies of the report on a table.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - INFIRMARY - DAY

A typical, out-patient facility with curtained exam areas, monitors, a sink, locked medicine and supplies cabinets.

The 24-hour wall clock reads 16:00. Latham is asleep on one of the beds. Bazzo enters and SHUTS the door. The noise stirs Latham who rolls on his back and opens his eyes.

BAZZO
Landlord refuse to renew your
lease?

He sits in a chair at the bedside. Latham props himself up.

LATHAM
You ruined a great dream.

BAZZO
Who was she?

LATHAM
Ever see that musical 'Jamaica'?

BAZZO
No.

LATHAM
I saw it in New York three years
ago. Lena Horne starred in it.

BAZZO
Hmm, she's special.

LATHAM
Gotta be the most beautiful woman
God ever created.

BAZZO
Wanna go back to sleep?

LATHAM
No, it didn't end well. Just before
I woke up the bedroom door opened.
Lena and I look over and in the
doorway is Hermione Gingold. Talk
about a nightmare...

Bazzo chuckles. Latham gets up and puts on his shoes.

BAZZO
I met with SMOTH last night. I
thought I could bait him into
giving up his source.

LATHAM
No soap?

BAZZO
I'd have had better luck with
Hermione Gingold.

Latham grins.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I told him I thought it was Durang,
and he made it clear Durang would
never confide in a foreigner.

LATHAM

Durang wouldn't trust the Daughters
of the American Revolution.

BAZZO

God, he is paranoid. But right
after that SMOTH says, 'That should
tell you something.' I'm not sure
if he was chiding me or what.

LATHAM

Hmm... Seems both our hunches were
wrong. I'm hoping my last gambit
pays off.

The Red phone RINGS. Latham slides off the bed.

BAZZO

You on call, doc?

LATHAM

(answers the phone)

Latham... Be right there.

(hangs up)

My delivery order's here.

CORRIDOR

Latham and Bazzo walk past closed office doors to the
stairwell.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Latham and Bazzo enter. Stokes hands Latham a manila envelope
off his desk. Latham opens it and pulls out an audiotape.

LATHAM

Get Communications on the phone.

Stokes picks up his Red phone and dials.

PERCY

We got the copies of the report.

LATHAM

Put one in my briefcase and put the
rest plus the original in the safe.

STOKES

(into phone)

This is the Duty Officer...

COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Small and windowless, with baffles on the ceiling, a TSEC/KL-7 cipher machine in a corner and a tape recorder atop a table. An audiotape is threaded. Latham and Bazzo sit at the table.

Latham starts the tape recorder. A phone RINGS O.S.
[Expletives should be bleeped out.]

MIDDLETON (O.S.)

Middleton.

MOMO (O.S.)

(angrily)

It's Momo.

MIDDLETON (O.S.)

I told you not to call me here unless-

MOMO (O.S.)

[Fuck] you! Just shut the [fuck] up and listen, you prick! Who the [fuck] you think you are, huh?

MIDDLETON (O.S.)

What are you talking about?

MOMO (O.S.)

I said to shut the [fuck] up! There's nothing you gotta say I wanna hear, you [fucking] asshole! You want this over? Well, you got it! Don't you call me for anything, you piece of shit [cocksucker]!

MIDDLETON (O.S.)

Hey, Momo, calm down. What's happened?

MOMO (O.S.)

[Fuck] you! I'm telling you now, if anything happens to my kids or my wife, that snot-nosed little brat of yours will never make it home from that bullshit prep school.

MIDDLETON (O.S.)

Look, I don't know what this is about, but don't you ever threaten my son.

MOMO (O.S.)

I'll send that [fucking] kid home to you, one piece at a time.

(MORE)

MOMO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And I'll go down to New Mexico and
send you back your wife's heart
wrapped in a [fucking] douchebag.

MIDDLETON (O.S.)
Momo-

MOMO (O.S.)
Shut up, Middleton! Don't call me,
you understand?! I don't wanna hear
from you and I better not see you.
Any business the CIA got for me,
somebody else better show up,
'cause if I see you or any of those
fags workin' for you, I'll kill
every [fucking] one of you!

CLICK. The call ends. Latham stops the tape recorder.

BAZZO
Now I know what SMOTH meant.

EXT. EASTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT

Latham alights from a taxi and enters the terminal.

INT. TERMINAL - TICKET COUNTER

Latham leaves the counter, ticket and briefcase in hand, and
heads to GATE 32, EASTERN AIRLINES/FLIGHT 114/TO: BOSTON.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - NIGHT

Stock footage of an Eastern Airlines propjet taking off.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - EASTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL

With his briefcase in hand, Latham approaches an "Avis" Car
Rental booth.

I/E. ROUTE 3 - SEDAN - NIGHT

Latham drives a Chevrolet Impala, his briefcase on the seat.

EXT. CAPE COD, MASSACHUSETTS - NANTUCKET SOUND - LATER

On a shore road, the car's headlights illuminate a picket
fence along the bluff. Latham pulls into the driveway of a
large, SHINGLE-STYLE HOME.

FRONT DOOR

Latham RINGS the doorbell. The door opens, revealing a SHORT
MAN, 34, with bushy eyebrows, wearing chinos and a check
shirt. A soft MURMUR from the television can be heard.

SHORT MAN
Yes, may I help you?

LATHAM
(in French)
Je suis Warren Latham. J'ai promis
de vous apporter quelque chose de
très important à lire.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I'm Warren Latham. I promised to bring
you something very important to read."

SHORT MAN
(also in French)
Oh, oui. Nous avons parlé au
téléphone plus tôt.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Oh, yes. We spoke on the phone earlier."

Latham opens the briefcase, revealing Maynard and Wainwright's
paper. He closes it and hands it to the Short Man.

LATHAM
S'il vous plaît offrir mes
félicitations au sénateur pour sa
victoire.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Please offer my congratulations to the
senator on his victory."

SHORT MAN
Bien sûr. Au revoir, monsieur
Latham.

Latham leaves. The Short Man shuts the door.

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

CIA OFFICERS flash their badges as they pass the guard shack
on their way through Gate #1.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard sits at his desk looking frustrated as he sips his
tea. Across from him Latham sits in a chair.

BERARD
So MOTHER typed the suicide note
and the letter defaming Wainwright.

LATHAM
Yes, sir. His people broke into
Wainwright's house looking for the
paper. When they couldn't find it,
I believe he came up with a plan to
get it and silence the two of them.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

That was probably MOTHER's first visit to Maynard's place.

BERARD

Why didn't he use a cutout instead of going to the Mob directly?

LATHAM

My guess is to keep everything on a strictly need-to-know basis. I mean, look what he was trying to do.

BERARD

And the FBI?

LATHAM

Hoover's in the Mob's pocket. MOTHER knew any investigation of voter fraud would go nowhere.

BERARD

Why would he threaten Carl Durang?

LATHAM

He didn't, not directly. That was the Mob run amuck. Like MOTHER said, you start something and let others run with it. They weren't worried about controlling Hoover or Durang; their worry is Bobby Kennedy. The way he went after them in the hearings convinced the Mob that they needed to control big brother Jack, and keep him from appointing Bobby as Attorney General.

BERARD

And MOTHER believed he could control the new president?

LATHAM

He certainly planned to get enough dirt on him to do so, from the Mob and Viktor Kozlov.

BERARD

What did Kozlov have on Kennedy?

LATHAM

He told MOTHER that Kennedy was a KGB plant. He said the same thing to MI5, but they wouldn't have anything to do with him.

BERARD

He'd always been so circumspect, so careful to weigh all possibilities - until Burgess and MacLean defected.

LATHAM

But they worked for MI5, not us.

Berard gets up and goes to the window, briefly gazing at the street.

BERARD

You don't understand; MOTHER put great stock in those two. They were fellow drunks, especially Burgess. Can you imagine how MOTHER felt when he learned of their defection, and the fact that they were homosexual? He's heard the snickers now for years, how people have included him in their sexual escapades. I guess his refusal to believe anything from MI5 was a way of further distancing himself from them.

LATHAM

Classic KGB - they find a weakness and prey upon it. All Kozlov had to do was stroke MOTHER's ego.

BERARD

Please, Warren - your choice of words.

LATHAM

Stroke? Oh, sorry.

BERARD

And MOTHER had discussed all this with SMOTH?

LATHAM

Yes, over several drinks.

BERARD

He always did talk to much when he drank.

LATHAM

SMOTH gave us just enough to make us aware of what was going on without betraying MOTHER's confidence.

BERARD

Why do you think he did that?

LATHAM

MOTHER's a great source of Intel,
especially NOFORN.

BERARD

So all U.S. EYES ONLY material
remains U.S./U.K. material.

LATHAM

Yes. SMOTH obviously didn't want to
cut off that spigot by revealing
his source.

BERARD

Clever man. I once heard MOTHER call
Nixon a pusillanimous little
bureaucrat who was jealous of the
Beltway elite. He believed Nixon's
idea of power was to rub their noses
in it. That's why MOTHER never
trusted him with hard Intel. I can't
imagine what made him think Kennedy
would be easier to control. And now
Maynard and Wainwright are dead, and
for what? So one man could impose
his will on the president.

LATHAM

Well, we might not be able to prove
it in court, but at least we've
stopped him.

Berard looks intently at Latham.

BERARD

For now.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is at his desk, writing. There's a KNOCK on the door.

LATHAM

Come in.

Nealy enters.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What's up, Bill?

Nealy sits.

NEALY

MOTHER didn't come in today. I
heard from his deputy director that
he's on his way to New Hampshire to
pick up his son.

LATHAM

That's nice of him.

NEALY

Considering how eager he was to slough off responsibility for his kid to some strangers, I'd call it a dramatic change of heart.

LATHAM

Nice to know he has one.

NEALY

(archly)

Nice of you to help him rediscover it.

Latham leans back in his chair.

LATHAM

Was that it?

NEALY

No, I wanted to know if Carla's alright.

LATHAM

That's right - you were here on Saturday.

NEALY

Uh huh.

LATHAM

She should be coming in tomorrow.

NEALY

She'll be safe?

LATHAM

Yeah.

NEALY

Good. Oh, by the way, I hear our new president intends to reach out to the Agency.

LATHAM

Makes sense; get the third floor on board with his policies.

NEALY

I also hear there's one director he'd especially like to attend his PDB, one who normally wouldn't be there... You.

LATHAM
(genuinely surprised)
I haven't heard that.

NEALY
Well, it's true. His press
secretary's a good friend of mine.
He says the president is anxious
for more Agency insight on the
'domestic front.'

He throws a sly look at Latham, gets up and leaves.

EXT. CHEVY CHASE THEATER - NIGHT

Bazzo stands outside. He checks his watch: 19:59. A woman
approaches - it's DiLauria.

DILAURIA
Aren't you cold standing out here?

BAZZO
Yeah. What do you say we go inside
and watch the movie?

He holds up two tickets. They enter the theater, passing a
movie poster for Alfred Hitchcock's "North By Northwest."

END