

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Four, Episode #12: "The Atomistic Society"

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Episode #12: "The Atomistic Society"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

It is the blue hour, that time just before sunrise when the sky takes on a deep blue color, and the familiar cityscape is suffused with bluish light.

704 3RD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING

Each window pane reflects the bluish hue.

INT. BEDROOM

WARREN LATHAM and FIONA JEFFRIES are in bed. He lies on top of her, moving rhythmically until he releases his passion. Latham rolls to his side of the bed; they both are exhausted and sweaty. Fiona curls under Latham's arm, her hand on his chest, the top sheet across their waists.

Fiona leans over Latham and looks at the clock radio; its luminous dial reads 5:50. She shakes her head and lies on Latham's chest, piquing his curiosity.

FIONA

It's almost 6:00.

Latham glances at the clock radio.

LATHAM

You get any sleep on the plane?

FIONA

No. And we didn't land until 3:00.

LATHAM

(sighs)

I'm sorry, hon.

FIONA

It's alright. At least I got your message on how much you missed me.

Latham grins and gently kisses Fiona's forehead. She nuzzles his neck and ear while sliding her hand beneath the top sheet. Latham's eyes gently squint.

LATHAM

Hon...

FIONA

Just a friendly reminder that my message is also available in Braille.

In the midst of pure ecstasy, Latham smiles.

EXT. MIAMI, FLORIDA - GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL - DAY (DAWN)

INSERT: "Miami, Florida"

Greyhound's signature bus terminal is a distinct rendering of Moderne architecture, an evolution of the art deco theme.

INT. WAITING AREA

Shafts of dust-infused light stream from the front picture windows. A uniformed soldier with an olive-drab duffel bag at his feet shares a long row of back-to-back wooden benches with the city's indigent. On one wall are ticket agent windows for Greyhound and regional bus lines. A Mutual of Omaha Insurance vending machine anchors one end of the ticket windows; at the other end is a shoe shine station whose attendant reads The Daily News. Travelers move slowly at this hour, shuffling to a ticket agent window or plopping down on a seat.

AT THE FAR END OF THE TERMINAL

Is a lunch counter. A fry cook wearing a chef skull cap and an apron sets up the grill while a waitress serves coffee to a customer. Along the wall across from them are storage lockers - larges ones at the bottom and smaller ones above them.

DUNCAN WHITSON

Enters at the far end of the terminal lugging a large duffel bag. He is a hulking six-foot tall with greasy hair and the bloated physique of a professional wrestler. He wears dungarees and a T-shirt with a hard pack of Lucky Strike cigarettes folded into one of his short sleeves.

He stops at one of the large storage lockers with a key in the lock, indicating that it is empty. He sets down the duffel bag and opens the locker door. The weight of the duffel bag is evidenced by the grimace on Whitson's face as he lifts it and slides it inside the locker. He shuts the door, places two quarters in the slot, removes the key and leaves the terminal.

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

Sunlight glistens on the Reflecting Pool. Looming at its far end is a 555-foot marble obelisk: the Washington Monument.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

CIA employees enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham, CARLA DILAURIA, PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY, and BILL NEALY sit at the table. Nealy pulls several large-format photographic prints from his satchel and lays them in a short pile on the table. The top photo shows a small group of young Black men in the Greyhound Bus Terminal watching one of them do push-ups. In the background looking amused are THREE WHITE MEN.

NEALY

Good to have you back, Paul.

BAZZO

Thanks. I still have to see that witch doctor in New York though.

NEALY

When you're through with Dr. Bowman go to Times Square, take in a show.
(winks at Bazzo)
Janice Huyce took these photos.

BAZZO

Who?

LATHAM

She's a journalist with the Associated Negro Press. While you were away, we took her on as an asset for Operation Counterweight.

DILAURIA

Keeping tabs on hate groups.

BAZZO

(snaps)
I know what it is, Carla.

DiLauria broods. Witnessing this, Latham quickly continues.

LATHAM

Right now Huyce is chronicling racism at public lunch counters.

BAZZO

I thought Kennedy settled all that.

LATHAM

You can pass a law but that doesn't change people's behavior overnight.

BAZZO

So, she's our asset, Domestic Ops?

LATHAM

Yes.

BAZZO

Then no offense to you, Mr. Nealy,
but why is she sending her photos
directly to you instead of us?

Nealy is about to answer but Latham interrupts him.

LATHAM

Any report on Kensington's desk that
links Kennedy with race issues finds
its way to the Miami plotters. In
her work, Huyce runs across a lot of
right-wing extremists.

NEALY

People the FBI should investigate
but only occasionally get around to.

LATHAM

If the plotters saw her name in our
FIRs, they might conclude we're
onto them through Counterweight. So
to avoid that, Bill's people in
Miami send her work via a DLD to
his Langley staff for content
review. If it doesn't tick off any
items we think are on the plotters'
checklist, it's sent to Kensington.
Otherwise, it stays here.

He nods to Nealy.

NEALY

This first photo Huyce took was of
these men at the Miami bus station.
Their bus had broken down, so they
passed the time engaged in a push-
up contest. Notice the three men in
the background.

DiLauria, Bazzo and Latham examine the photo closely.

BAZZO

That one looks like Joseph Milteer.

NEALY

It is. Member of the National States
Rights Party and the Constitution
Party, two of the most violent
racist groups in the country. That
big boy is Duncan Whitson, Milteer's
shadow. He's in the same groups.

DILAURIA

The third one's Tyrone Devane, one
of Counterweight's assets.

NEALY

My people in Miami sent me his FIR.

LATHAM

That could've been sent here, Bill.

NEALY

They worried if they sent it to you
it might cross Kensington's desk.
So I get to act as messenger boy.

He pulls Devane's Field Information Report (FIR) from his satchel and lays it on the table before Latham.

INSERT CIA COMMUNIQUE:

SECRET

DATE: 1 August 1963 **EMERGENCY**
TO: DDI
FROM: JMADD
RE: JOSEPH MILTEER
CITE: MSG OPIM NO ALFA ZERO ONE EIGHT FOUR

THIS IS A FIELD INFORMATION REPORT (FIR)
DELETE THIS NOTE PRIOR TO LATERAL DISSEMINATION.

Joseph MILTEER told JMADD and Whitson that President KENNEDY is a marked man. MILTEER said, "That Kennedy, he'll be getting his very soon; it's in the offing."

Later, JMADD learned that several sniper rifles - including a Mauser M59, a Russian Dragunov SVD, a Savage 10FP, and a Heckler & Koch G3 would be delivered to MILTEER within the week, along with ammunition: 7.62x51mm NATO, .308 Winchester, and 7.62x54mmR for the SVD.

END OF MESSAGE

BACK TO SCENE

NEALY (CONT'D)

Devane states that on the day they were in the bus station, Milteer told him and Whitson that President Kennedy is a marked man. He said Kennedy will be getting his very soon; it's in the offing. Later, Devane learned that a Mauser M59, a Dragunov SVD, a Savage 10FP, and a Heckler & Koch G3 would be delivered to Milteer within the week.

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

He'd also get 7.62×54mmR ammo for the SVD, and 7.62×51mm NATO and .308 Winchester rounds for the others.

BAZZO

Those are some serious sniper arms.

Latham flips the photo over where the date is stamped.

LATHAM

This is dated last Tuesday. Have the arms already been delivered?

NEALY

I don't know. No one's heard from Devane since.

DILAURIA

That's not unusual, he's a union organizer, on the road a lot. He tries to check in every two weeks but it's not always possible.

NEALY

Oh. Well, there's two ways to look at this. One is the conversation, coupled with the arms shipment, could mean Kennedy's the target. The other is that it's all wishful thinking on Milteer's part, and the arms are meant for someone else.

DILAURIA

Which would still be unacceptable.

NEALY

Either way, the FBI or the Secret Service should be looking into this.

BAZZO

It'd be the Bureau. But Hoover will just tell the Secret Service that there's no basis to the threat.

Latham mulls this over while Nealy HUFFS, frustrated.

NEALY

So, what's next then, Warren?

Latham goes to his desk and presses BUZZER on the intercom.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

You rang?

LATHAM

Get me a meeting with Carl Durang.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

I should have an excuse for the meet to give to his secretary. She's Mr. Hoover's eyes and ears there.

LATHAM

Say we need to review the agenda for our bi-weekly joint Intel session.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Right.

Latham hangs up and returns to the table.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

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

LOWER MANHATTAN - THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT

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

FEDERAL RESERVE BANK BUILDING

Reminiscent of the Italian Renaissance period, it is architecturally in opposition to its modern neighbors. Yet it stands as an expression of stability, strength, and security.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Polished wood doors, paneling, and trim; a mahogany desk with a multi-line Bell telephone, and a single-line telephone; curtained windows with ascot valances and swags revealing a glimpse of the concrete canyons; a Chesterfield sofa, chairs, and side tables - these are the trappings of wealth and power.

On the sofa sits the BOARD MEMBER. He is 60-ish with a full head of gray hair, and wears a brown herringbone tweed suit with pocket square, white shirt, blue tie and black shoes. His suit jacket is unbuttoned, showing off the vest and a gold chain to a pocket watch. Across from him sits the MAN, the HEAD of THE COMMITTEE to assassinate President Kennedy, seen as usual in silhouette from the rear. The Board Member's SECRETARY, 30, with a bob haircut, serves the Two Men coffee.

BOARD MEMBER

Thank you, dear. No calls, please.

His Secretary nods and leaves.

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)

Remember Michael Rockefeller?

MAN

Yes, one of Nelson's kids. He disappeared two years ago.

BOARD MEMBER

In the Asmat region of Indonesia. Back in '36, one of Allen Dulles's companies found huge deposits of gold there.

The Man is surprised to learn this.

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)

When Allen became CIA Director he developed plans to seize control of the country, ostensibly to destroy the Indonesian Communist Party as a means to split Moscow and Beijing.

MAN

A nice blend of fact and fiction.

BOARD MEMBER

In '61 he partnered with Nelson Rockefeller. Allen asked him to send Michael there to oversee the company. Michael agreed, since he'd planned on making a documentary on the region's indigenous people.

MAN

More phlegmatic than his dad, eh?

BOARD MEMBER

However, a major problem has arisen, one beyond Michael's disappearance. Later today, President Kennedy will announce plans to visit Jakarta early next year, strengthening our ties with President Sukarno. That alone would have sandbagged Allen's plan had Kennedy not fired him.

MAN

Makes Dulles's master plan moot.

The Board Member sets his coffee cup on the near end table.

BOARD MEMBER

Not entirely. Allen's vision to stem the spread of Communism is still the blueprint the Joint Chiefs of Staff follow. Were the CIA to intervene in Indonesia, Allen and Nelson stand to dramatically increase their wealth.

MAN

You too. I assume you'll be storing the gold here - for a fee.

BOARD MEMBER

We don't charge to store gold. We charge a fee for gold transactions, and when it enters or leaves the vault; that's it. But we're not the only ones who'll profit. You'll receive an annuity that'll benefit your family for generations to come.

The Man is nonplussed.

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)

All this depends on two things - your successful removal of President Kennedy, and just as important, your ability to flummox any attempts to investigate Kennedy's death.

MAN

You have my brief. I prepared for that by recruiting the Mafia. They can't wait to get rid of him. So, why are we rehashing this now?

BOARD MEMBER

Given the increased stakes, I'm not convinced your plan is adequate. Other than appeasing the Mafia, I don't see their role as significant.

Annoyed, the Man HUFFS. The Board Member takes exception to this.

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)

Don't take that attitude with me. I'm providing principal funding for this operation; that gives me the right to second guess your brief.

The Man swallows his pride and nods, conceding the point.

MAN

Mobsters have huge egos; they love to overplay their role. I've also fed crumbs to extremist groups. So, anyone looking into this will find that all roads lead back to them.

BOARD MEMBER

And if they should find themselves facing prison, what's to stop them from implicating us in exchange for a get-out-of-jail-free card?

MAN

They can't talk if they're dead.

BOARD MEMBER

True, but that won't deter any post factum investigations - and that's what still has me worried.

MAN

Look, there are always going to be skeptics. Some people are just wired that way. We'll respond by labeling them as kooks and defaming them in the press. I also have assurances from Hoover that he'll bury any leads that contradict the official scenario. I even created a limited hangout involving a CIA officer just in case the cover story fails.

The Board Member sighs, still unconvinced. He gets up, walks to a near window and gazes out at midtown Manhattan.

BOARD MEMBER

I have this nightmare where one of your people develops a conscience and confesses to the New York Times.

MAN

We'd have the story buried.

BOARD MEMBER

What about witnesses? What if all your alphabet agencies fail to frighten them into keeping silent?

MAN

Fatal accidents happen all the time.

BOARD MEMBER

Material witnesses suddenly dying doesn't look suspicious to you?

MAN

Not as long as a medical examiner concludes it was an accidental death, or one by misadventure.

The Board Member returns to the sofa and sits.

BOARD MEMBER

One more thing. You stress that Kennedy's body be flown back to Washington ASAP. Why?

MAN

Because local authorities have jurisdiction. Detectives focus on means and motive.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

If they're anything like the ones here in New York, they might trace this back to us. But, by getting Kennedy's body immediately back to Washington, jurisdiction transfers to the federal government. Our people can then work on the body to avoid any post-mortem issues.

The Board Member responds with a self-conscious nod.

EXT. FORT DEVENS, MASSACHUSETTS - DAY

Stock footage of a retired tank atop a knoll. Emblazoned on its plinth is "U.S. ARMY/FORT DEVENS, MASSACHUSETTS."

AREA CONFINEMENT FACILITY - THE YARD

Is 30 feet by 60 feet, surrounded by a twelve-foot-high chain-link fence topped with coiled barbed wire. The fence itself has been completely covered with a dark fabric for privacy. The stockade barracks abut one side of the yard, while an Administrative Facilities building lies along a near side. Manned guard towers at opposite corners loom ominously. A half mile behind one guard tower is a water tower.

DOMINIC ALLOCO, in a sweatshirt with cut sleeves, fatigue pants and jump boots, jogs inside the yard along its perimeter. He is 44, barrel-chested, six feet and 230 pounds.

FROM A WINDOW OF THE ADMINISTRATIVE FACILITIES BUILDING

U.S. Army Captain EFREM BAILEY, in fatigues, and a man dressed in a gray summer suit, VOLNEY WARNER, watch Alloco.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE FACILITIES BUILDING - OFFICE

Utilitarian, with a full bookcase and a rack of Bell Telephone directories. At the window, Bailey turns to Warner.

BAILEY

Dominic Alloco - his nickname's Icepick. Says he carried out hits on orders directly from Sam Giancana.

WARNER

Must've been quite a few for the Justice Department to step in.

BAILEY

30 people, from what I heard.

WARNER

Geezus... I understand he was taken into custody in Chicago?

BAILEY

That's right.

WARNER

So why isn't he jailed there?

BAILEY

He was, at the MCC. But with Giancana looking to silence him, he was moved to the NAVSTA Great Lakes military base. As I understand it, Robert Kennedy wasn't satisfied his star witness could be protected there. So he called Ed Brooke, the Attorney General here, who called our post commander. Next thing you know, Allico's transferred here in the middle of the night. Meanwhile, everybody still thinks he's in Chicago. If you ask Icepick, he isn't sure where the hell he is.

WARNER

When can I talk to him?

BAILEY

After his workout. Use my office. But he says he'll only speak to this Warren Latham in Washington.

They resume their gaze at Allico, on his jog to nowhere.

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

CIA employees occasionally criss-cross the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

At the table Latham, Nealy, Bazzo and DiLauria stand. Their meeting over, Nealy puts the photos back in his satchel.

NEALY

I hope to have an update on Oswald and Vallee tomorrow. I'll let you know and we can set up a meeting.

He and Latham head to the door with Bazzo and DiLauria in tow. As Latham opens the door, he is mildly surprised to see GWYNETH ALBRIGHT talking with Collette.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters followed by Nealy, DiLauria, and Bazzo.

LATHAM

Are you here to see me, Gwyneth?

GWYNETH

Yes, sir.

Nealy nods to Collette who dials the Red phone. He and Gwyneth recognize each other and smile. Latham sees this. Meanwhile, Bazzo cannot take his eyes off Gwyneth.

LATHAM

You two know each other?

NEALY

Yes. Gwyneth works on Langley's east wing, in CI.

COLLETTE

(overlapping, into phone)
Tell Mr. Nealy's escort he's ready to leave... Oh, I'll tell him.

She hangs up the Red phone.

GWYNETH

I used to. How are you, Mr. Nealy.

NEALY

I'm fine. Where are you working now?

LATHAM

She works for me, in the Comm Room.

NEALY

A promotion. Good for you.

COLLETTE

Your escort's outside, Mr. Nealy.

NEALY

Thanks. Talk to you later, Warren.

He leaves. Gwyneth nods hello to DiLauria then exchanges smiles with Bazzo. Seeing this, Latham turns to Gwyneth.

LATHAM

You haven't met my lead mandarin.
Paul Barry meet Gwyneth Albright.

BAZZO

(shyly)
Hi.

They shake hands. Collette smiles softly at them.

LATHAM

What have you got for me?

Gwyneth refers to her notepad.

GWYNETH

From the Boston station. Your Number Two there, Volney Warner, is at Fort Devens to meet Dominic Alloco. Details to follow.

BAZZO

Geezus, I feel like I've been gone forever. Who's Dominic Alloco?

LATHAM

One of Sam Giancana's foot soldiers turned state's witness. He's asked to speak to me.

BAZZO

You? How'd he get your name?

LATHAM

That's what I sent the Boston Number Two to find out. Oh, Gwyneth, in the future, any communiqués you get, you can hand off to the Duty Desk.

GWYNETH

Yes, sir.

COLLETTE

Carl Durang said he can see you at two.

LATHAM

Good. Okay, back to work.

Bazzo motions for Gwyneth and DiLauria to leave ahead of him. He follows and shuts the door. Latham winks at Collette who smiles back, then he heads into his office.

EXT. FORT DEVENS - ADMINISTRATIVE FACILITIES BUILDING - DAY

Stock footage of the stockade yard and adjacent buildings.

INT. OFFICE

Warner sits at the desk, arms folded. A metal chair with padded arms is across from him. There is a KNOCK on the door, then it opens. Four UNIFORMED MILITARY POLICEMEN (MPs) armed with M1911 pistols escort Alloco inside. Alloco shuffles in, his legs shackled and his arms handcuffed behind his back.

WARNER

Sit down, please, Mr. Alloco.

While MP #3 watches, his hand on his M1911, Alloco sits. MP #1 hands his pistol to MP #4 and removes Alloco's handcuffs. Alloco rubs the ache from his wrists.

MP #1
(to Alloco)
Right hand.

Alloco extends his right hand. MP #1 handcuffs Alloco's wrist to the same-side arm of the chair. MP #2 takes out a second set of handcuffs and hands them to MP #1.

MP #1 (CONT'D)
Now the left.

He and Alloco repeat the sequence, then MP #1 retrieves his pistol from MP #4.

WARNER
Thanks. I'll see him alone.

MP #1
Dial 321 when you're done, sir.

Warner nods. The MPs leave the office, shutting the door.

ALLOCO
So, what do you want?

WARNER
You asked to speak to Warren Latham.

ALLOCO
Yeah, and you ain't him.

WARNER
No, I'm not. I'm Volney Warner.

ALLOCO
You're fuckin' kiddin' me. What kinda name is 'Volney'?

WARNER
It's the one my parents gave me,
Dominic.

ALLOCO
Mr. Alloco to you.

Warner rolls his eyes a bit.

ALLOCO (CONT'D)
You're not FBI. So who are you with?

WARNER
Why?

ALLOCO
'Cause I wanna make sure you're on
the same team as Warren Latham.

WARNER
I work for him.

ALLOCO
Prove it.

Warner takes his CIA bifold from his inside suitcoat pocket and flashes the credentials for Alloco who smirks.

ALLOCO (CONT'D)
I know a guy in L.A. who makes them.

Warner turns and takes the Boston White Pages off the rack and lays it on the desk. He flips through the pages, stops, and runs a forefinger down the listings. He picks up the telephone directory, lays it on Alloco's lap and points to a listing:

Central Intelligence Agency... Copley 3000.

ALLOCO (CONT'D)
What's that supposed to prove?

WARNER
I'll dial the number and put the phone to your ear. When the operator comes on, give her your real name and ask for me, Volney Warner.

He picks up the phone book and lays it on the desk. He spins the phone around so Alloco can see its rotary dial, then Warner dials the number and puts the handset to Alloco's ear.

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)
Central Intelligence Agency.

ALLOCO
Um, this is Dominic Alloco. Let me speak to Volney Warner.

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

Alloco is genuinely surprised. After a moment...

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mr. Warner is unavailable. May I have your number for a callback?

ALLOCO
My number?

Warner firmly shakes his head no.

ALLOCO (CONT'D)
No, forget it. Thanks.

Warner hangs up the phone and sits on the edge of the desk.

ALLOCO (CONT'D)

I'm impressed. But what I gotta say
is still for Latham's ears only.

WARNER

Unless you give me some idea why
you want to speak to him, it's not
going to happen.

ALLOCO

(mutters)

Hm, your mother.

WARNER

What did you say?

ALLOCO

I said, your mother! Now go and
tell Latham that. Tell him exactly
what I said. Your mother!

WARNER

(frustrated)

Fine.

(dials 3-2-1; into phone)

I'm done here.

ACT TWO

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - THE NATIONAL MALL - DAY

Latham and CARL DURANG stroll along the Reflecting Pool.

LATHAM

You know Joseph Milteer?

DURANG

The bigot's bigot? Yeah. He's
always ranting against Kennedy.

LATHAM

Is he violent enough to act on his
hatred, try and kill the president?

DURANG

Maybe. Why? What are you onto?

LATHAM

I'm not sure.

DURANG

Come on, I wanna hear what you
know.

LATHAM

That's just it; I don't know enough.

DURANG

I'm not here 'cause I miss your company, Warren.

LATHAM

(sighs)

We've learned Milteer either has or is about to receive a cache of high-powered sniper rifles.

The look on Durang's face is not one of surprise, as Latham expects, but one of fateful recognition.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

The question is, is President Kennedy his target?

DURANG

Hmm. The other day our agents had Milteer on tape talking to one of his States Rights confederates. They were discussing two assassination scenarios. One's in Tampa.

LATHAM

Santos Trafficante's home base.

DURANG

Yes. When the president's motorcade leaves Dale Mabry Highway on its way downtown, a sniper would shoot at President Kennedy from a palm tree.

LATHAM

A palm tree?

DURANG

I know. The assassin would then be killed by a second sniper.

Latham tries to suppress a sardonic chuckle.

DURANG (CONT'D)

The other plot takes place here in Lafayette Square. A sniper in President's Park shoots at the president when he steps out the West Wing. Again, a second gunman kills him.

LATHAM

You never told me about these two plots.

DURANG

I just learned about them myself. I also don't have the tape, else I would've sent you a copy. The field agents who recorded them sent the tape to their SAC, as per protocol. He felt it was so important he sent it directly to A.D. Tolson. Fortunately, one of the field agents sent his notes on the tape up the chain; that's how I got a copy. Then earlier today, Tolson ordered all copies of the notes be forwarded to his office, PDQ, which is what my efficient secretary did.

LATHAM

Anyone other than Milteer involved?

DURANG

As far as I know, it's just his States Rights group. But I know these clowns; they can't keep their mouths shut. I'm sure their brethren know what Milteer's up to.

LATHAM

So, what are you doing about it?

DURANG

You mean me, personally?

LATHAM

Yeah.

DURANG

I'm monitoring the situation.

LATHAM

That's it?

DURANG

Hey, those are my orders, alright?

LATHAM

Geezus, Carl, we're talking about President Kennedy here.

Durang's growing annoyance finally spills over.

DURANG

You got some nerve, you know that?

LATHAM

What?

DURANG

What... You guys engineer coups all over the world. God knows how many bodies are in your wake. So don't come off all sanctimonious with me.

LATHAM

I'm trying to save Kennedy's life.

DURANG

And I'm not? I've been putting my neck out for you for the past year, you ungrateful prick!

He starts to walk away.

LATHAM

Carl...

DURANG

Go fuck yourself, Latham.

Latham catches up to Durang and grabs his arm. They stop.

LATHAM

Hey, if I offended you, I'm sorry.

DURANG

Bullshit.

LATHAM

No, I mean it. You're right. You've done a lot to help me, and I really appreciate it. It'd be your job if you ignored any orders from Hoover.

For the moment at least, Durang is mollified.

DURANG

Actually, the order came from Clyde Tolson. But everyone knows he can't even take a piss without Hoover's permission.

LATHAM

(amused; thinks aloud)

So, one guy shoots the other to keep him quiet... What, it's supposed to look like a murder-suicide thing?

DURANG

I guess. Geniuses, right?

LATHAM

I'm sure they think so; that's what worries me.

Durang nods his agreement. He looks about and finally realizes where they are - the base of the Lincoln Memorial.

DURANG

You know, it's gonna be mobbed here
in a few weeks.

LATHAM

Huh?

(looks around)

Oh, right - the Civil Rights March.

DURANG

100,000 people - that's Bayard
Rustin's estimate.

LATHAM

I didn't know he was involved.

DURANG

Yeah, behind the scenes. I heard he
wanted to head the organizing
committee, but King and the others
objected. They didn't want him out
front 'cause he'd been a member of
the Young Communists Party.

LATHAM

That was a long time ago, Carl.

DURANG

People don't forget that. Besides,
he's queer. They're afraid all
those southern senators will stand
up on the floor and say the
organizers have this Black Commie
faggot leading the March.

(checks his watch)

I have to get back. I'll keep you
up to date on Milteer.

LATHAM

Thanks. I'll warn the president,
assuming he'll listen to me.

They leave the National Mall, walking in opposite directions.

INT. ROOM - DAY

The lights are off, window blinds shut, and the drapes drawn; the ambient light creates an eerie chiaroscuro. A slide projector on a table throws an image onto a screen. Wisps of cigar smoke and dust waft in the shaft of light from the projector. At the table sit THE COMMITTEE, THREE MEN seen in silhouette from the rear.

On screen is a map of oilfields in Bahrain, Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, Oman, Qatar, Saudi Arabia, and the United Arab Emirates.

MAN

The Middle East is now, and will be for decades to come, defined and demarcated by oil politics.

CLICK. An image of a massive oil refinery in Iraq.

MAN (CONT'D)

In this post-colonial era, regimes will likely nationalize their reserves.

CLICK. Arab men wearing the dishdasha (robe) and ghuthrain (scarf) lead their camels past an oil well in Saudi Arabia.

MAN (CONT'D)

Some may make overtures to the East. But we believe most regimes understand the benefits of a stable relationship with the West.

CLICK. In a cropped photo of a room with bare walls and an armless chair, Iraqi Prime Minister Abd al-Karim Qasim lies on the floor, crumpled in a pool of blood from his head to his feet, his Iraqi Army uniform soiled.

MAN (CONT'D)

This explains why six months ago, putschists, trained and funded by the CIA, captured Iraqi Prime Minister Abd al-Karim Qasim. He was subjected to a snap tribunal and immediately shot. A film clip on Iraqi television showed one of the Ba'athist revolutionaries hold Qasim's corpse up by the hair. He then told the viewers, 'We came to power on a CIA train.'

CLICK. Side-by-side photos of Prime Minister Abd al-Karim Qasim and Russian Premier Nikita Khrushchev.

MAN (CONT'D)

Now, Qasim wasn't a communist; but he'd aligned himself with the Iraqi Communist Party against a younger, pro-West Ba'ath party. It was a marriage of convenience not entirely supported by Qasim's minions.

CLICK. A young Saddam Hussein in Western civilian clothes.

MAN (CONT'D)

In early '59, Qasim had survived a coup attempt. Later that year, a CIA asset named Saddam Hussein botched an assassination attempt. Luckily for Saddam, he escaped and wound up here in a CIA safehouse.

CLICK. Vice President Lyndon Johnson and oil millionaires H. L. Hunt, Clint Murchison, and Hugh Roy Cullen gather around a table with a map of West Texas oil fields.

MAN (CONT'D)

The reason I emphasize Qasim's fate is to show where the true source of power lies - not in the rhetoric of politicians but with visionaries. These are honorable men, men who will shape the future of global alliances. And we're their vanguard.

CLICK. Photo of President Kennedy in the Oval Office.

MAN (CONT'D)

Our responsibility it not only to remove Kennedy, but to guarantee that all future efforts to uncover this putsch do not lead back here, to the men we serve. The Mafia, right-wing extremists, and the Cuban exiles - they're all fair game. The limited hangout involving the CIA's Will Schott is our final diversion. From this moment on, we'll focus on post-event clean-up and maintenance.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Stock footage of the familiar "HOLLYWOOD" sign on Mount Lee.

EAST LOS ANGELES - LOS ANGELES STAMP & PRINTING COMPANY

A four-story warehouse whose upper floors have opaque windows.

INT. OFFICE

Large and sparse, with a desk on which lies a manila envelope, and a long wooden work table. Atop the table are two gray metal tool boxes, both three feet long, a foot wide and half a foot deep, each with two toggle-lock hasp latches. CALVIN HOLMES is at his desk, speaking into the telephone.

HOLMES

Come in here, Stu.

He hangs up and pulls open the right-hand bottom drawer.

Holmes takes out a bottle of whisky and a shot glass, and pours a shot. As he gulps it there is a KNOCK on the door.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Come in.

STUART enters. He is 45, burly, and wearing a welder's apron.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

They gotta be in Jersey by tonight.
Put 'em in a crate and on that
flight out of Burbank to Teterboro.

He tosses the envelope to Stuart who puts it in the pocket of his apron, picks up the boxes with a GRUNT, and leaves.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the cityscape's familiar landmarks.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A handful of CIA officers criss-cross the compound.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 15:45. There is the usual PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones. One wall is covered with a complete map of North America; an adjoining wall has maps of Central America, U.S. Territories, and strategic regions in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and the Caribbean Sea. All maps sport GREEN, YELLOW, WHITE and RED stickpins clustered in major cities or regions.

Maps of Europe occupy a third wall. There is scant evidence of legacy operations from the Western Hemisphere Division here, as only a few cities sport stickpins. DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS. Stokes pores over FIRs. Bazzo sits next to him and reads an earlier edition of The Washington Post.

BAZZO

Musta been one helluva reaction here
to Kennedy announcing the Nuclear
Test-Ban Treaty. Sorry I missed it.

STOKES

Me too.

BAZZO

Yeah, that's right. Sorry. You know,
I don't even remember if thanked you
and Fiona for coming to get me.

STOKES

You did.

BAZZO

Well, thanks again. I owe you one.

STOKES

You'd have done the same for me.

Bazzo pats Stokes's shoulder in gratitude. Gwyneth enters from the Communications Room, holding a folder she hands to Stokes.

GWYNETH

Communiqué from Steven Hunnicutt in Miami. Controller for Operation Counterweight?

Stokes nods. He opens the folder and reads the communiqué. Gwyneth is about to leave when...

STOKES

Hang on, Gwyneth.

Gwyneth pauses. She and Bazzo exchange discreet smiles.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Have a look at this, Paul.

He hands the communiqué to Bazzo who reads it.

BAZZO

Devane missed another meeting with Hunnicutt... Carla said something about this, about the guy's away a lot on union business.

STOKES

But he still calls in. He missed two other meetings while you were out and no one heard from him.

GWYNETH

Will the station send someone over to his place to check on him?

BAZZO

No. We want to keep the fact that he's our joe on the q.t. for now.

GWYNETH

Even within the station?

BAZZO

Especially within the station.

Gwyneth is taken aback. Bazzo dials the Red phone.

DILAURIA (O.S.)

1-1-3-7.

BAZZO

It's Paul. We need to talk to the boss. I'll be up to fill you in.

He hangs up, stands and leaves.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Bazzo and DiLauria sit across from Latham, who is at his desk and unusually fidgety. An empty bottle of 7-Up is on his desk.

BAZZO

He could be ill.

DILAURIA

Or worse, one of Milteer's groups could be onto him. He could be afraid to contact Hunnicutt.

BAZZO

And given this business with - what's her name, Janice Huyce?

He looks to DiLauria for confirmation. She nods.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

We can't risk having the station run a check.

Latham nods.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I could fly down there tonight.

LATHAM

No, not you.

BAZZO

Why not?

LATHAM

If he is under surveillance, you'll have been ID'ed as a contact. If Carla goes, they'll think she's his girlfriend. He is divorced, right?

DiLauria nods. Latham squirms in his seat and turns to Bazzo.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

And you have a date with Dr. Bowman.

BAZZO

That can wait.

LATHAM

No, I want you to keep it.

Bazzo broods.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Go and get briefed. I'll join you
two in the Ops Room.

He squirms as he presses the BUZZER on the intercom.

COLLETTE (O.S.)
Yes?

LATHAM
Call François Bisset. Tell him I
want to see him, soon as possible.

COLLETTE (O.S.)
Right.

Latham hangs up the intercom and quickly stands.

DILAURIA
Problems?

LATHAM
Just the usual right-wing nonsense.

He hurries out his office. DiLauria looks curious.

BAZZO
It's just Nature calling.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. TETERBORO AIRPORT, NEW JERSEY - NIGHT (EVENING)

Sunset. Stock footage of the control tower which displays the
sign "TETERBORO AIRPORT."

AIRPORT ACCESS ROAD

A Ford F-100 pick-up truck leaves the airport with a long
crate on its cargo bed, followed by a 1963 Chrysler 300 sedan.

EXT. HACKENSACK MEADOWLANDS, NEW JERSEY - LANDFILL

Heavy equipment noisily move about. The F-100 pickup and the
Chrysler 300 are parked on a dirt access road. A MAN in
dungarees and a T-shirt is on the bed of the F-100, tearing
open the crate with a crowbar, revealing the two metal tool
boxes. He slides the tool boxes to the driver of the Chrysler
300, THOMAS ARTHUR VALLEE. Vallee loads them into the trunk of
the Chrysler, then gets behind the wheel and drives away.

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

Stock footage of the White House and the West Wing.

THE COLONNADE

Latham and FRANÇOIS BISSET stroll.

BISSET
No, he left already.

LATHAM
I thought the president had meetings right through the evening?

BISSET
He did but he cancelled them and flew up to Cape Cod.

LATHAM
For what?

BISSET
(surprised)
To be with Jackie at Otis Air Force Base Hospital.

LATHAM
That's right, the baby. Can't believe that slipped my mind.

BISSET
His name's Patrick. And he's over at Children's Hospital in Boston.

LATHAM
I didn't know.

BISSET
When you have a child, especially a preemie, things like his name and condition become important to you.

Latham is deeply wounded by this. He would like to lash out at Bisset, show him how wrong he is and tell him about his own son. It takes all of Latham's will to bite his tongue now.

BISSET (CONT'D)
So, what's on your mind, Warren?

The depth of Latham's anger will remain unexplored; he takes a moment to calm down.

BISSET (CONT'D)
Warren?

LATHAM
Yeah, we've learned about two threats against the president from far-right extremists.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

The FBI and Secret Service don't give them much credence, but I thought he should know about them. One is to shoot him from a palm tree.

BISSET

A what - a palm tree?

LATHAM

On his Tampa trip. The other has a sniper in a tree in President's Park taking a shot at him when he steps out the Oval Office.

Bisset chuckles sardonically, confusing Latham.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

BISSET

Do you know what the president would say when he comes back and I tell him this?

Latham shrugs, waiting for Bisset to tell him.

BISSET (CONT'D)

He'd say, 'Right now I really couldn't give a shit, François.'

Latham has heard enough; he's fed up.

LATHAM

Know what? Given that his Secret Service detail feels the same way about him, I think I'll just let him fend for himself from now on.

Bisset is shocked. Latham turns around and heads back.

BISSET

Warren...

He chases after Latham, who keeps walking.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS TURNPIKE - NIGHT

The Chrysler 300 sedan heads east towards Boston, keeping with, but not exceeding, the flow of traffic.

INT. CHRYSLER 300

Vallee drives in the right-hand lane. His window is down, despite this he yawns. His headlights illuminate a "REST AREA" sign. Vallee leaves the highway at that exit.

EXT. REST AREA

Vallee drives along the service road, past a large service station, and a restroom and snack facility with a sign reading "Ludlow Service Plaza." He pulls into a large parking lot and drives to the far end, yawning along the way.

He pulls up to this empty section at the lot's perimeter and BUMPS his front tires against the curb, jolting him to a stop. At the same time, a THUMP followed by a CLANK of metal comes from the trunk. Vallee looks about nervously to see if anyone is looking at him.

OTHER TRAVELERS

Go to or come from the plaza with their snack purchases. A few people glance at Vallee curiously. Some shake their heads in response to Vallee's parking maneuver.

VALLEE

Pulls the key out of the ignition. It is on a key ring with the key to the trunk and a fob that reads "Hertz." He gets out of the car and walks to...

THE REAR OF THE CHRYSLER 300

Vallee opens the trunk part way, revealing the two metal tool boxes. He checks the latches. On one box both latches are still shut, but on the other box the latches have sprung open. A rifle barrel peeks just beneath the lid of the tool box. Vallee opens the lid. The barrel belongs to an M21A5 "Crazy Horse" sniper rifle. Another rifle is also in the box. He anxiously reaches in and pushes the rifle barrel back down into the box and onto a blanket serving as padding. He closes the lid, presses both latches shut and closes the trunk.

VALLEE

Locks the trunk and sighs. He then walks around and locks the driver-side door. He heads toward the plaza when MASSACHUSETTS STATE TROOPER ED WALTERS approaches him.

WALTERS

Excuse me, sir.

Vallee is apprehensive and stops.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

I just saw you run into the curb.

VALLEE

Oh, I've been driving non-stop.

WALTERS

Really. Where you headed?

VALLEE

Boston.

WALTERS

You have your license and registration on you?

VALLEE

Yeah...

WALTERS

May I see them, please?

VALLEE

Why?

WALTERS

I want to be sure you're fit to drive.

Vallee takes his wallet from his back pocket. He takes out his license and a folded copy of a Hertz rental agreement, and hands them to Walters who shines his flashlight on them.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

A rental... Thomas A. Vallee. Did I pronounce that right - Vallee?

VALLEE

Yeah.

WALTERS

Have you been drinking, Mr. Vallee?

VALLEE

No.

WALTERS

Let's step over here buy your car.

He walks Vallee to the parking space next to the Chrysler 300. Walters shines his flashlight on a white line delineating a parking space.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

I want you to walk that white line from the end to the curb here.

VALLEE

I told you I haven't been drinking.

WALTERS

Fine, you can refuse. Then I'll seize your vehicle and take you into custody under suspicion of Driving While Impaired.

VALLEE

Okay, okay! I'll fucking walk it.

WALTERS

Watch your language, Mr. Vallee.

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT

Several travelers watch Vallee walk the white line and touch his nose with his eyes closed without losing his balance.

AT THE CHRYSLER 300

Vallee passes the tests. Walters turns off his flashlight.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

Okay, relax.

Vallee drops his arms to his sides. Walters hands Vallee his license and the car rental agreement.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

Get yourself some coffee. And, uh, go easy on the accelerator pedal.

Vallee puts his license and the rental agreement back in his wallet and heads toward the plaza. Meanwhile, Walters writes the license plate number of the Chrysler 300 on his pocket notepad then heads toward his patrol car.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Accent lights illuminate The National Mall.

CHINATOWN

The streets bustle with people enjoying the warm evening, strolling past restaurants, grocery stores and gift shops.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT

Busy and appropriately noisy. Latham and Fiona sit in a far corner, eating from plates of roast duck, chicken, and steamed vegetables. Latham is upset, though he is trying to keep his emotions at bay as he and Fiona speak sotto voce.

LATHAM

Smug bastard.

FIONA

Bisset?

LATHAM

Yeah. Tells me I can't put kids ahead of all other concerns like his boss because I don't have any.

FIONA

That was insensitive, and unfair.

Latham HUFFS.

FIONA (CONT'D)

He doesn't know about Minh.

LATHAM

It shouldn't matter. I know what's important. And to compare me to his boss. Guy's got a beautiful wife and three kids now. But I guarantee you, come tomorrow he's out chasing anything in a skirt.

FIONA

Hon, you've gone above and beyond what anyone could expect, certainly more than the people around him.

LATHAM

They couldn't care less. Waste of time trying to keep him alive.

FIONA

(sternly)

If you decide you can't protect him anymore, fine. I just hope your decision's based on a lack of resources and not because you've passed judgment on him. How he lives his life is his business.

Latham is taken aback. Fiona's words sting, as the truth is wont to do. For the moment, Latham is nonplussed.

Meanwhile, a couple at a nearby table glance at Latham and Fiona and shrug. It is unclear if the couple's curiosity stems from happenstance, Latham's exchange with Fiona, or the fact that Latham and Fiona are an interracial couple.

Latham is embarrassed now. Fiona gently squeezes his arm. She then appears worried and checks her watch.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Did you call in and let them know you're here?

Latham sighs and shakes his head.

FIONA (CONT'D)

You want to call from here?

Latham glances at the nosy couple at the nearby table.

LATHAM

No, there's a phone on the corner.
I'll tell the waiter. Be right back.

He kisses Fiona then rises from the table. He goes to the WAITER and speaks quietly to him. The Waiter smiles and nods, and Latham hurries out the restaurant.

LATHAM

Enters the phone booth on the corner and puts a dime in the coin slot.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 21:45. The second shift is on duty, including NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY. The Gray phone RINGS; Owens answers it.

OWENS

Yes...

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)

I have a call originating from a phone booth on the corner of 6th and H Streets here in Washington. The caller has identified himself as John Newland. We show that as a working name for Warren Latham, Deputy Director, Domestic Operations. Do you accept the call?

OWENS

Yes, put him through, please.

INT. PHONE BOOTH

LATHAM

This is John Newland.

CROSSCUT OWENS WITH LATHAM

OWENS

Duty Officer Owens here.

LATHAM

I'm having dinner at Full Kee, 920-5080. Anything for me?

OWENS

Yes, sir, from the Boston Number Two: 'Only a partial sale. The goods were of poor quality.'

LATHAM

Can you elaborate, please?

OWENS

We're on an open line, sir.

LATHAM

I've had a long goddamn day, Owens.

OWENS

Yes, sir. Customer knows the L.A. machinist. Kept goods on ice in Chicago with an icepick. His exact message to you is 'your mother.'

LATHAM

Hm, that's something you don't hear every day. Okay, I'm on my way home.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham hangs up and chuckles sardonically. He leaves the phone booth and re-enters the Chinese restaurant.

ACT THREE

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

Stock footage of the cityscape.

3RD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING #704

The shades are up in many of the windows.

INT. KITCHENETTE

Fiona and Latham eat breakfast: poached eggs on sourdough with sautéed mushrooms. They listen to "Sing, Sing, Sing" by BENNY GOODMAN from a portable radio on the counter. The telephone in the living room RINGS. Latham looks at Fiona, who ignores it.

LATHAM

Don't bother to get up.

FIONA

I won't.

She grins archly. Latham sets down his cutlery, wipes his mouth with a napkin, and enters the...

LIVING ROOM

On the coffee table, the telephone's Red light does not blink. Latham is curious as he answers the phone.

LATHAM

Hello...

DURANG (O.S.)

I'm home.

CLICK. Durang hangs up. Latham does the same and hurries back into the...

KITCHENETTE

Fiona has finished eating and washes her plate and cutlery.

LATHAM

That was Durang. Feel like running
a little countersurveillance?

Fiona nods and goes into the bedroom. Latham scrapes the food on his plate into the garbage.

BEDROOM

Fiona slides the dresser away from the wall. In the back she slides open a panel, revealing a cavity where the bottom drawer was. She pulls a small safe with a combination lock from the hole and places it on the floor. She enters the combination, opens the safe, and pulls out a manila envelope.

Latham enters. Fiona hands the envelop to him. He opens it and takes out the instructions for Durang's Dead-Letter Drop.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS - SHOOTING RANGE - DAY (MORNING)

Situated in a glen surrounded by eastern white pine, oak, hickory, and red maple trees. An occasional CRACK of gunfire comes from the only two shooters there.

PARKING LOT

The Chrysler 300 pulls in and parks next to a 1963 Oldsmobile 88 Fiesta station wagon. The driver of the station wagon steps out. He is Hispanic with a medium build, wearing jeans and a white cotton shirt. He walks to the rear of his station wagon. Vallee alights from his Chrysler, self-confident as he walks up to the Hispanic man. Vallee attempts to speak his ninth-grade Spanish, complete with an horrific accent.

VALLEE

Es usted el señor Díaz?

DIAZ

(Spanish-accented English)
I can't understand a fucking word
you're saying. Speak English.

Vallee's jaunty demeanor quickly turns dour.

VALLEE

Are you Mr. Diaz?

DIAZ

Yeah. You got a delivery for me?

VALLEE

In the trunk.

DIAZ

Well, go get it.

Vallee broods and walks to the rear of his Chrysler 300 while Diaz lifts the tail door of his station wagon. Vallee opens the trunk and pulls out the two tool boxes. He hands them to Diaz who puts them in his car and closes the tail door.

VALLEE

Gonna get in a little target practice now?

Diaz glares at Vallee.

DIAZ

You wanna stay alive? Mind your own business. Now, go back and tell them you made the delivery.

Diaz watches as Vallee nervously gets back in the Chrysler 300 and drives away.

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

A panorama of the cityscape, ending with Foggy Bottom.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

CIA officers in summer wear walk across the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters, his satchel tucked under his arm. Collette enters from Latham's Office.

COLLETTE

The files are on your desk.

LATHAM

Thanks. Bazzo leave for New York?

COLLETTE

Early. His appointment's at 10:00.

LATHAM

(disappointed)
Hmm, and Carla's in Miami...

COLLETTE

She said she'd call in before she goes to Tyrone Devane's place. Is there something you need?

LATHAM

Yeah, someone to develop a roll of film for me.

COLLETTE

Why don't you ask your new Comm Officer? She knows how; it's in her 201 file.

Latham is surprised at this. The Gray Phone RINGS; Collette answers it.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Yes?

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)

I have a call from the Century Hotel on Ocean Drive in Miami, Florida. The caller has identified herself as Martha Gilburn. We show that as a working name for Carla DiLauria, Special Operations Section, Domestic Operations Division. Do you accept the call?

COLLETTE

Yes, put her through, please.
(covers the mouthpiece, to Latham)
It's Carla.

LATHAM

Get Gwyneth up here after you finish with Carla.

Collette nods. Latham enters his office, leaving the door open. Collette removes her hand from the mouthpiece.

DILAURIA (O.S.)

Hi, it's Martha.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Well appointed in art deco furnishings. DiLauria sits on the edge of the bed and speaks into the phone.

DILAURIA

I'm off to see the wizard.

CROSSCUT COLLETTE WITH DILAURIA

COLLETTE

Okay, I'll tell the boss. He's lost without you, you know.

DILAURIA

Oh?

COLLETTE

You're not here to develop his film. If he has to do it, all you'll see are blurry pictures.

LATHAM (O.S.)

(loudly from his office)

I heard that.

DILAURIA

I'll check in after I see what's what. Bye.

BACK TO SCENE IN DILAURIA'S HOTEL ROOM

DiLauria hangs up. She gathers her purse, opens it and pulls out a set of lockpicks. She curls a slight smile then puts the set back into her purse, gets up and leaves.

EXT. MIAMI - OVERTON NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY (MORNING)

The contempt shown for Blacks and poor Whites is evidenced by the city's long rows of post-war, concrete three-story tenements.

It is already steamy, with people resigned to remaining inside their apartments where fans HUM and air conditioners RATTLE. DiLauria walks up to the end of one building where a sign reads "VACANT APT. IN THIS BLDG. FREE HOT WATER. FR3-3416."

A PURL of morning television game shows, crying children, and loud adults accompanies DiLauria as she climbs the outside stairs. No one has yet taken refuge from the heat on any of the balconies for each apartment.

DILAURIA

Stops at an apartment on the third floor and KNOCKS on the door. No answer. Seeing no one about, she pulls the set of lockpicks from her purse and easily opens the front door.

INT. TYRONE DEVANE'S STUDIO APARTMENT

DiLauria enters and shuts the door behind her. The air conditioner is off. It is humid. A musty odor pervades, causing Dilauria to crinkle then wipe her nose. She crosses to the kitchenette. It has the barest of essentials, though it is tidy, with only one dish, and a single knife and fork in the plastic dish drainer.

Returning to the living area, it is modestly furnished. An old camelback sofa bed with frayed cushions sits against one wall. A telephone sits on an end table beside the sofa bed.

A 9-inch portable television set sits on its stand in a corner of the room. Across from the sofa bed is a non-functioning fireplace. On its single-panel mantle is a mantle clock, sitting dead center. The time reads 5:42. Curious, DiLauria checks her watch: 10:20. To the left of the mantle clock and near the end of the mantle is a white candlestick in a gray porcelain holder. To the right of the mantle clock, the candlestick and its holder are missing.

DiLauria looks in the fireplace then on the floor. A metal waste basket sits by the nightstand. Crumpled newspaper lies inside. She reaches into the waste basket and takes out the newspaper. There, previously under the newspaper, is the matching white candlestick, though something is awry. She drops the newspaper on the floor and lifts the candlestick from the waste basket. The porcelain base has been broken in two. She takes both halves from the waste basket and fits them neatly together. Dilauria returns all of the candlestick to the waste basket and covers it with the crumpled newspaper.

She heads to the sofa bed, drops to one knee, and feels beneath the sofa. She finds a Bulova watch with only half its leather strap attached. She searches again and finds the other half of the strap with its pin still in place. Dilauria puts the watch and loose strap in her purse. She stands and leaves.

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

The sun beats down upon the compound.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

In a far corner MINNIE, the Chief Communications Officer, enters coded text into a TSEC/KL-7 cipher machine. Latham sits at Gwyneth's desk, speaking into the Gray phone. He has a legal pad before him and picks up a pencil to take notes.

DILAURIA (O.S.)
Someone snatched Tyrone Devane.

LATHAM
Go on.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

DiLauria is on the phone, sitting in a chair at a table.

DILAURIA
You could tell there'd been a fight
and that someone had tried to
square things away.

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

One candlestick was on the far end of the mantle while the other had been broken and dropped in the waste basket.

LATHAM

It could've been knocked off accidentally.

DILAURIA

I know but I also found his watch under the sofa. One end of the leather strap and the pin that holds it in place were missing. I found them under the sofa as well. It had to have come off in the struggle and been kicked there.

LATHAM

Hmm, he could have been snatched. Or maybe someone convinced him its better to get the hell out of town.

DILAURIA

Could be. I didn't think of that.

LATHAM

Who are we talking about? Milteer's friends? Or did Devane have other enemies, like union busters?

DILAURIA

I don't know. I do know if he was snatched, he'd give it up. They'd learn everything he's done for us.

LATHAM

Well, with him gone, there's no point in you pursuing it any further. So just relax and lay low. Catch the first flight back tomorrow. I'll see you then.

BACK TO SCENE

As Latham hangs up, the Red Phone RINGS; Minnie answers it.

MINNIE

0-9-3-9... Yes, it is, Collette... He's here... Okay, I'll tell him.

(hangs up; to Latham)

Mr. Latham, Bill Nealy's in your office.

LATHAM

Thanks, Minnie.

Just then, Gwyneth enters carrying a folder.

GWYNETH
I have the prints, Mr. Latham.

LATHAM
Good. Let me have them.

Gwyneth hands the folder to Latham who gets up and leaves.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham and Nealy sit at the table and look at a photographic print.

INSERT FBI MEMO:

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

MEMORANDUM

CONFIDENTIAL

TO: SAC Los Angeles
Director, FBI

DATE: 8 August 1963

FROM: SAC, Boston (106-7876)(P)

SUBJECT: CHANGED
SANDALIO, HERMINIO DIAZ GARCIA, aka
Herminio Diaz Garcia,
Herminio Diaz,
Diaz Garcia
IS - CUBA

The title is changed to include the full name SANDALIO, HERMINIO DIAZ GARCIA, and the name by which he is commonly known, HERMINIO DIAZ.

DIAZ told CI and Maj. Gen. Edwin Walker, the latter two members of the John Birch Society, that he would soon meet with VALLEE (Thomas Arthur, also of the John Birch Society) outside Boston to receive "materials" he had requested.

Boston

Will continue to investigate activities of HERMINIO DIAZ through appropriate sources and informants.

CONFIDENTIAL

BACK TO SCENE

Latham looks at Nealy.

LATHAM

Diaz we know. Prior to the Bay of Pigs invasion he went into Cuba to tell underground leaders to prepare for an uprising, which never came.

NEALY

I remember telling Director Dulles that there wouldn't be an uprising. And you were saying the same thing to anyone who'd listen.

Latham shrugs.

LATHAM

Doesn't matter now. You were going to report on Oswald and Vallee's movements today. Does this memo fit in with any of that?

NEALY

I'm still waiting on a report on Oswald, but this does fit in with Vallee. Yesterday, he pulled into a rest stop on the Massachusetts Turnpike. A state trooper observed him driving erratically, so he asked Vallee to submit to a sobriety test, which he passed. Just before that Vallee had checked on something in the trunk of his car. This triggered the trooper's suspicion that something was awry, but he didn't have probable cause to examine the car. So he took down the plate number and passed it onto his Watch Commander. We had alerted police in states where the John Birch Society is active to pass onto us anything related to Vallee. And this morning I got this report on him.

LATHAM

Any idea what he had in the trunk?

NEALY

No. The materials maybe?

LATHAM

It seems Vallee is in over his head.

NEALY

I think you're right. According to his DD 201, he's easily led.

Latham gets up and meanders about, thinking aloud.

LATHAM

What puzzles me is the role Diaz plays in this. He lives in Miami and is enmeshed in the Cuban exile community there. Why would he be involved with the Birchers? Or meet with Vallee outside of Boston?

NEALY

General Walker's a Bircher. Now, for some of their other members it might seem like a stretch to be in touch with an anti-Castro Cuban, but not Walker. He's been seen in their company before, in Dallas.

LATHAM

(muses)

So many groups want to kill the president... Miami, those two crazy plots from Milteer's racists...

NEALY

What crazy plots?

LATHAM

Oh, I just learned about them myself. One has a sniper shooting at Kennedy from a palm tree.

NEALY

A palm tree?

LATHAM

Uh huh. The other one's to shoot Kennedy from a tree in President's Park when he leaves the West Wing.

NEALY

Damn tree-obsessed nitwits.

LATHAM

I think we can dismiss them though.

NEALY

Why do you say that?

LATHAM

Carla called earlier from Miami. She says Tyrone Devane was taken from his apartment against his will. Since he was last seen with Milteer and company, she believes one of his groups kidnapped him.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I think someone scared Devane into leaving town. If he was snatched, he'd have been tortured him into revealing everything he told us. Either way, I doubt they'd go for a hit now, not with those two plots.

NEALY

But you think there are others.

LATHAM

Yes, from people desperate to kill Kennedy before he announces his bid for reelection. And General Walker has recruited some of these people, including an anti-Castro Cuban.

EXT. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - DAY

INSERT: "Boston, Massachusetts"

Stock footage of the original John Hancock building, the main library at Copley Square, and Haymarket Square.

CIA'S BOSTON STATION - ONE COURT STREET

In 1963, this imposing office building with no signage was (and still is) the second tallest masonry load-bearing wall structure in the world (currently home to Suffolk University).

INT. VOLNEY WARNER'S OFFICE

Utilitarian, enveloped in bookshelves teeming with arcane government-sponsored titles, a combination-lock file cabinet, and a coat rack. The Gray phone RINGS; Warner answers it.

WARNER

Yes?

BOSTON CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)

I have a call from the Area Confinement Facility at Fort Devens. The caller has identified himself as Army Captain Efrem Bailey. Do you accept the call?

WARNER

Yes, put him through, please.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE FACILITIES BUILDING - OFFICE

Bailey is on the phone at his desk.

BAILEY

It's Captain Bailey. Alloco wants to talk to you. He says it's urgent.

CROSSCUT WARNER WITH BAILEY

WARNER

Yeah? Tell him I'm not interested.
He's got nothing to say.

BAILEY

He says he has plenty to say now.

WARNER

Why now?

BAILEY

He had a visit from his lawyer.
Afterwards, he practically begged
me to speak to you.

Warner DRUMS his fingers on his desk then finally sighs.

WARNER

Alright, when? I don't want to
interrupt his exercise routine.

BAILEY

Say, in a couple of hours?

WARNER

(checks his calendar)
Yeah, okay. See you then.

BACK TO SCENE

Warner hangs up the Gray phone then picks up the Red phone
and dials.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The Red phone RINGS. Collette stops typing and answers it.

COLLETTE

2-3-6-2...

WARNER (O.S.)

It's Volney Warner, Boston Number
Two. May I speak to Mr. Latham,
please?

COLLETTE

He's unavailable at the moment. May
I take a message?

WARNER (O.S.)

Tell him Dominic Alloco has changed
his mind and is anxious to talk to
me. I'm leaving now for Fort Devens.

COLLETTE

I'll deliver your message.

WARNER (O.S.)

Thanks.

CLICK. Warner hangs up the phone, as does Collette.

EXT. MIAMI, FLORIDA - GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL - DAY (DAWN)

Stock footage of this now familiar Greyhound bus terminal.

INT. WAITING AREA

Abuzz with travelers. Some people seated before the storage lockers hold their nose, others move away. A JANITOR arrives with a wash bucket and mop. A couple of travelers point to a large storage locker on the bottom row. The Janitor starts to mop the floor then stops. He bends over, sniffs at the storage locker and gets up. Despite unintelligible complaints and some angry gestures from some travelers, the Janitor leaves and enters the "Manager's Office."

Seconds later the Janitor returns with the building MANAGER. They walk up to the large storage locker. The Manager leans over and recoils from the odor. He turns to the Janitor.

MANAGER

Smells like rotten fish.

TRAVELER #1 turns to TRAVELER #2

TRAVELER #1

Told ya'!

The Manager addresses the assembled throng.

MANAGER

Move to another bench, please.

TRAVELER #1

Open it and let him clean it out!

MANAGER

I can't. I have to get the police here first before I can open it.

He heads back into his office while the travelers relocate.

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

The second shift trickles onto the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Collette is at her desk editing a brief. Latham enters.

COLLETTE
Volney Warner called.

LATHAM
What did he want?

COLLETTE
He's on his way to Fort Devens to
speak with Dominic Alloco.

LATHAM
(angrily)
After that message he had for me,
your mother? I'll bet the whole
night crew loved that.

Collette reads from her notepad.

COLLETTE
Apparently, Alloco met with his
lawyer. Now he wants to speak to
the Boston Number Two urgently.

LATHAM
The hell with him. Warner should've
just hung up the phone.

COLLETTE
In Warner's defense, in his FIR he
wrote Alloco said something like he
knew a guy in L.A. who makes badges.
If he meant Calvin Holmes, he's part
of that Miami circle.

This gets Latham's attention.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
And Alloco did say he carried out
hits on orders from Sam Giancana.
Still, he did swear at you.

Latham reins in his anger and mulls this over.

LATHAM
Your mother... Wait a sec.
(realizes something)
What if he wasn't swearing?

COLLETTE
'Your mother' isn't a swear?

LATHAM
No, it is. But if Alloco does know
Calvin Holmes, and he works for
Giancana... Who in the Agency was
last in touch with Sam Giancana?

Collette shrugs.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Our Counterintelligence Chief,
MOTHER.

COLLETTE
He meant Middleton?

Latham nods.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Oh, my God. He really was trying to
send you a message.

LATHAM
(urgently)
Call Fort Devens. I want Volney
Warner to call me as soon as he
gets there.

COLLETTE
Right.

She picks up the Gray phone.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL - WAITING AREA - DAY

A uniformed Miami-Dade County POLICEMAN and the Janitor watch the Manager use a pass key to open the large storage locker. Behind them a crowd of travelers, bus terminal employees, and a uniformed bus driver or two look on. The Manager looks inside the storage locker, then he reaches in. He strains to pull out the large duffel bag and turns to the Janitor.

MANAGER
Gimme a hand, here.

The Janitor reaches into the locker along with the Manager, yet the Two still struggle. Now the Policeman bends over to help them. Finally, the Three pull out the duffel bag, which drops to the floor with a THUD. The stench is even more evident. The Policeman COUGHS and crinkles his nose. The Manager and the Janitor eye the bag's padlock.

JANITOR
I'll get the bolt cutter.

He scurries away.

POLICEMAN
Geezus, you don't have anything you
can spray that with?

MANAGER
I will - after I open it.

POLICEMAN

We'll all have fainted by then.

TRAVELER #1

You got that right.

The Manager rolls his eyes. A moment later the Janitor returns with the bolt cutter. He puts its jaws around the shank of the padlock and SLAMS the teeth together. With the shank cut in two, the Manager flicks it away from the padlock body and tosses the padlock to the floor. He unzips the duffel bag and leans back; his face contorts in revulsion. Curiosity turns to GASPS and SHRIEKS from the crowd. The Janitor and Policeman stare at the duffel bag's contents in disbelief.

EXT. FORT DEVENS, MASSACHUSETTS - DAY

Stock footage of the retired tank atop its plinth.

AREA CONFINEMENT FACILITY - THE YARD

Alloco jogs along the perimeter. In the guard towers, the MPs are relaxed and chatty. From his office window Bailey looks on. He turns away, his attention diverted by a CORPORAL who approaches him. Bailey checks his watch and nods, then he and the Corporal walk away from the window.

As Alloco jogs, there is the briefest flash, a pinpoint of light from the water tower a half mile away. No sound, just a barely perceptible blink. Alloco trips over his feet and stumbles to the ground, face down on his stomach.

GUARD TOWER #1

The two MPs stand there, waiting for Alloco to get up. They find it humorous and shrug. After a moment they grow anxious, unsure of what to do. Alloco hasn't moved - did he have a stroke? Finally, one of the MPs picks up a phone and dials.

THE YARD

An Army MEDIC rushes over to Alloco. He gets down on one knee and says something to Alloco. No response. With effort, the Medic rolls Alloco on his back. Only then is the neat bullet hole of entry clearly visible in Alloco's throat.

AT THE WATER TOWER

A man dressed in a beige shirt and dark pants climbs down the tower. Slung across his back is a soft rifle case. Once the man reaches ground, he is recognizable - it's Diaz. Near the water tower are parked two vehicles - a Plymouth Valiant and the 1963 Oldsmobile 88 Fiesta station wagon. There is also a man in his mid-30s and dark-complected - Diaz's CONFEDERATE.

Diaz lifts the rifle case over his head and hands it to the Confederate, who puts it into the trunk of the Valiant, gets behind the wheel and drives away. Diaz gets into his station wagon and leaves in the opposite direction to the Valiant.

EXT. MIAMI - DAY

The sun is low in the horizon, causing the buildings, palm trees, signs and streetlamps to cast long shadows.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

DiLauria eats dinner at the table. The television is tuned to the evening news where a male NEWSCASTER announces...

NEWSCASTER

There was a gruesome discovery today at the Greyhound Bus Terminal in downtown Miami. An offensive odor from a storage locker led authorities to a duffel bag stored there. Inside was the body of a man, identified as 29-year-old Tyrone Devane from the Overton section of the city. While the exact circumstances surrounding his death have not yet been released, authorities have ruled out robbery as Devane's wallet was found on his person, with cash and his driver's license still inside. Given the condition of the body, authorities believe Devane has been in the duffel bag for at least a week.

DiLauria seems to be in suspended animation. She has stopped eating and still holds her fork above her plate. Her eyes, transfixed on the television screen, now sadly close.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

A panorama of the cityscape features accent-lighted midtown Manhattan, ending at the Financial District.

FEDERAL RESERVE BANK BUILDING

Stock footage of this home of the U.S. central banking system.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE

The Board Member lounges on the sofa, legs crossed, while the Man, always in silhouette, relaxes in a leather chair across from him. Even at this late hour, tailored business suits are de rigueur. They sip Sherry from glasses containing a generous bowl and a long stem, and they luxuriate in the wine's finish.

MAN

In addition to our primary efforts, there are at least three more peripheral plots. All are destined to fail, of course. However, they all have the participation of actors who remain steadfast in their hatred of the president. Their willingness to announce this to anyone who'll listen gives them the semblance of credibility we need in order to divert attention from our event.

The Board Member is pleased.

BOARD MEMBER

I appreciate hearing that. I can see now how thorough your plans were, despite my concerns. It gives me a great deal of confidence that you'll succeed.

MAN

Thank you. I know what this means to you.

BOARD MEMBER

Do you?

MAN

(curiously)
I believe so.

The Board Member uncrosses his legs, signaling emphasis to what he is about to say.

BOARD MEMBER

Let me tell you what this coup means to me. It means that for every bullet that shreds Kennedy's flesh and tears the life out of him, my profits increase ten-fold.

He raises his glass in a toast. The Man reciprocates, and the Two sip more of their wine.

END