

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Four, Episode #13: "The Third Option"

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

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

Cool Gray Dawn

Episode #13: "The Third Option"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A panorama of the cityscape, midtown to Lower Manhattan, from the New Jersey side of the Hudson River.

THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT

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

FEDERAL RESERVE BANK BUILDING

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

CONFERENCE ROOM

A cavernous space that echoes wealth. Under recessed lighting and centered is a 17-foot long conference table with a diamond-stitched leather centerpiece that matches the 12 high-back, black leather chairs with padded armrests. The large windows sport motorized solar roller shades; these lower as the meeting begins. The walls feature the best of Abstract Expressionism with original artwork by Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning and Barnett Newman.

Squat against one wall is a walnut sideboard. Its glass doors are encased in stainless steel, with opaque glass arranged in a honeycomb pattern, adding intrigue to what is stored within. At the head of the table sits a familiar figure: the BOARD MEMBER, dressed to the nines, as usual. At the opposite end of the table sits the MAN, HEAD of THE COMMITTEE to assassinate President Kennedy - seen only from behind or in silhouette.

Filling the remaining 10 seats are oil magnates, bankers, and industrialist: Jean Paul Getty Sr., Alfred Pritchard Sloan Jr., Clint Murchison, H.L. Hunt, Hugh Roy Cullen, Sid Richardson, John D. Rockefeller III, Ailsa Mellon Bruce, and Richard King Mellon; their names here represent archetypes.

The Board Member's SECRETARY serves everyone coffee from a sterling-silver serving cart, then leaves when that is done. Meanwhile, some of the participants smoke cigarettes.

BOARD MEMBER

Thank you all for coming. Before we go through the agenda, I'd like to address a couple of issues that came up recently.

(MORE)

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)
They're interrelated but I'd like to
address them separately, beginning
with authority bias.

The wealthy guests look on with amused curiosity.

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)
That is to say, why us?

GETTY
Why us, indeed.

BOARD MEMBER
When I was thinking of how to answer
this, I remembered an event in the
summer of '45. On July 16th we
detonated the first atomic bomb,
code-named Trinity, in the desert
near Socorro, New Mexico. Twenty
days later, a UFO landed there.

Eyes roll - some discreetly; others, not so.

SLOAN
Flying saucers...

BOARD MEMBER
Remember, I said this was 1945. The
phrase 'flying saucer' wouldn't
even enter the lexicon until '47
when Kenneth Arnold described what
he saw while flying past Mount
Ranier. This is also two years
before the Roswell incident. So the
public hadn't even heard of UFOs.

SLOAN
I stand corrected - for the moment.

ROCKEFFELLER
Want him to stand in the corner too?

BOARD MEMBER
Later. Two children - a girl, age
nine, and her brother, age eleven -
saw what they described as an
avocado-shaped craft land there.

SLOAN
An avocado...

BOARD MEMBER
It's a shape they were familiar
with.

Sloan shrugs dismissively.

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)

Halfway up the craft a side panel opened and mechanical stairs lowered to the ground. Three humanoid figures emerged. The kids described them as being about three-feet tall with large black eyes that sort of wrapped around. They had a tiny mouth, long arms and legs, and were very skinny. They descended the stairs and began wandering about, like tourists on vacation. When they were far enough away from the craft, the boy said he wanted to go look inside. His sister was too scared and refused to go with him.

MURCHISON

Smart kid.

BOARD MEMBER

But the boy went anyway.

CULLEN

He's got guts, I'll say that.

BOARD MEMBER

The boy climbed the steps to the craft. When he got to the top step he could hear a soft, steady hum. Then he looked inside the opening. The first thing he noticed was the floor. It was flat and even with the bottom of the panel opening, and it was lit from underneath. Now, remember - the floor begins halfway up the craft. This means that beneath the floor is this huge cavity, about half the spaceship. Most likely it houses the propulsion system. Maybe it receives energy from some source, or it produces its own energy. Either way, it's so far advanced we can't even imagine how it works. The boy also saw some interior stairs. When he looked up to see where they went, the steps seemed to go on forever. Finally, the beings began making their way back to their ship. The boy heard this, climbed down the outside steps and ran back to his sister. The beings re-entered their spacecraft and, seconds later, it took off.

The assembled expressions range from awe to incredulity.

ROCKEFFELLER

Sounds like one of those comic books my grandchildren read.

GETTY

These beings just let the boy climb up the steps of their craft. They didn't try and stop him?

BOARD MEMBER

No. Could be they wanted him to look inside.

SLOAN

Where are you going with this?

BOARD MEMBER

Look, we detonate an atomic bomb and think, now we're in the club. We've made it to the top. So they land here in their interstellar craft as if to say, 'Oh yeah? Well, take a look at this.'

CULLEN

I get that they are so far beyond the horizon; but do they have to be so smug about it?

This prompts amusement, though some of it is nervous laughter from a few frightened by the idea of alien visitation.

GETTY

The Army ran the Trinity site. Did they know something had landed there?

BOARD MEMBER

Yes. After the craft took off, Security came by, gathered the children and interviewed them.

ROCKEFFELLER

So, the Pentagon's aware of this.

BOARD MEMBER

No.

ROCKEFFELLER

No?

BOARD MEMBER

The civilians who worked on the Manhattan Project, as well as Army personnel there, all had various levels of security clearances.

(MORE)

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)

But only those scientists working on the bomb had a Top Secret Security Clearance.

GETTY

The white security badges, if I remember correctly.

BOARD MEMBER

Yes. Since '46, the Atomic Energy Commission has called it a 'Q' Clearance, which you need for access to its National Security Information and Restricted Data. A 'Q' Clearance is equivalent to a Department of Defense Top Secret Security Clearance, but having one doesn't mean you have access to the other agency's Top Secret documents.

There is a look of genuine surprise on a few faces.

MELLON

So, no one at the Pentagon knows about this?

BOARD MEMBER

The Defense Department has no record of it. A select few among the JCS know, but no one else.

CULLEN

What about the other two branches?

BOARD MEMBER

No one on The Hill was told about it. And the Executive Branch has been kept out of the loop.

SLOAN

Good. They're all temps anyway.

BOARD MEMBER

This illustrates how sensitive information is shared only among the few - the elite for lack of a better word. We here share a knowledge of global importance. It not only makes us elite, it defines us as a natural aristocracy - answering, 'Why us.'

The participants curl smiles, exulting at being a cabal.

MAN

If I may, I'd like to expand upon this further.

BOARD MEMBER

Please...

MAN

With regard to our current project, this means distance - distance from everyone involved, at every level. Only the most determined sleuth will get beyond the misinformation and red herrings that have been set up. And those who do will find key individuals unable to provide any more information. At this juncture, investigators will find themselves slowly climbing ladders that lead to a myriad of plausible suspects: the alphabet agencies, Castro, Cuban expats, right-wing extremists, the Mafia, and even the Pentagon itself. Determining who was involved and at what phase will be like walking through a wilderness of mirrors, to quote the CIA's Counterintelligence Director. More importantly, there is nothing on paper that links anyone in this room to this project.

BOARD MEMBER

And that addresses my second issue.

A look of relief floats about the room like wafts of cigarette smoke.

BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)

Okay, let's move on to the first item on the agenda.

ROCKEFFELLER

The brutal fact is we're facing a population explosion of Black and Brown people, and poor Whites, mostly in the South. It's one this country cannot survive. Only the people in this room can stop this, as we are born to rule. And as such, we are duty bound to make the rules governing who will be born.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock of the cityscape, ending with Foggy Bottom.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A lone CIA officer crosses the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

WARREN LATHAM and BILL NEALY sit at the table. Nealy reaches into his satchel, pulls out a CIA communiqué, and lays it on the table for Latham to read.

NEALY

I know I promised you an update on Lee Oswald, but I wanted you to see this first.

INSERT CIA MESSAGE:

**CLASSIFIED MESSAGE
SECRET**

ORIG: T. WALSH
UNIT: HE/SPO
EXT.: 7700
DATE: 11 Aug 63
TO : D/DI

PRIORITY

TO : BOOK CABLE
HAGU-LANG

FOLLOWING IS BACKGROUND TO ASSIST IN EVALUATING GP/FLOOR

ACCORDING TO MARIA SNETHLAGE, OUR CUBAN EMBASSY SOURCE AT THE HAGUE, SHE RECENTLY MET A MAN CALLING HIMSELF LEE OSWALD ON AUGUST 9 WHILE IN HAVANA FOR MEETINGS WITH REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE DGI. SHE DESCRIBED "OSWALD" AS A MAN OF VIOLENCE AND ENTIRELY FULL OF HATE. OSWALD INDICATED THAT HE HAD BEEN MISUSED BY A GROUP. SHE PASSED THIS INFORMATION ONTO HER CONTROLLER, GIBSON, WHO THEN FORWARDED IT TO LANGLEY. (NOTE: GIBSON IS IN THE FAIR PLAY FOR CUBA COMMITTEE IN THE HAGUE). SHE FURTHER STATED THAT IT WAS CLEAR TO HER THAT THE REAL MR. OSWALD HAD BEEN PURPOSELY SLANDERED BY AN IMPOSTER.

NOTE: THE HEAD OF THE FAIR PLAY FOR CUBA COMMITTEE IN NEW YORK IS VINCENT THEODORE LEE WHO MATCHES THE DESCRIPTION SNETHLAGE GAVE.

END OF MESSAGE

BACK TO SCENE

NEALY (CONT'D)

We can confirm Miss Snethlage's account.

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

On August 9th, Lee Oswald was in New Orleans handing out leaflets for the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. He got into a scuffle with Carlos Bringuier of the Student Revolutionary Directorate, the DRE.

LATHAM

They're anti-Castro and anti-Kennedy.

NEALY

According to the arresting officer's notes, he believed the altercation was staged. Anyway, he arrested Oswald. Two days later Oswald's in court and ordered to pay a ten dollar fine.

LATHAM

Hm, Oswald meets with those right-wing idiots at INTERPEN and now he's a leftist... What does his controller, de Mohrenschildt, say?

NEALY

He wondered if I was manipulating Oswald.

LATHAM

Well, someone is. But why have him straddle both sides of the fence?

NEALY

I don't know. Maybe you should ask your old pal Carl Durang.

LATHAM

He doesn't know.

NEALY

Warren, when Oswald was arrested, he requested a meeting with an FBI agent named John Quigley.

Latham quickly grabs a legal notepad and pencil and writes down the name.

NEALY (CONT'D)

I don't know what was said, but Oswald could have been debriefed.

LATHAM

The FBI, ONI, INTERPEN, us... No one can serve four masters, Bill.

NEALY

Unless he's been led to believe
he's only serving one.

LATHAM

You think that's the case?

NEALY

His DD 201 states that he's easily
led. Oh, when you meet with Durang,
don't let on that Dominic Alloco
knew about you through Giancana and
MOTHER. Let Durang tell you what he
wants to, then you fit the pieces
in later.

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

NEALY (CONT'D)

I have to go. Wilson and I have
been summoned to the White House.
I'll bring him up to date on this.

LATHAM

Thanks.

Nealy gets up. Leaving the notepad on the table, Latham stands
and follows Nealy into...

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD is at her desk, earphones on, transcribing from
a Dictaphone machine. She removes them when Nealy and Latham
enter.

COLLETTE

Your escort's outside in the hall,
Mr. Nealy.

NEALY

Thanks.

He leaves. Latham turns to Collette.

LATHAM

Get me an appointment with Carl
Durang. Make the usual noises so
that that nosy secretary of his has
nothing to tell Hoover.

COLLETTE

Right.

She picks up the Gray phone and dials as Latham heads back
into his office.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Stock footage of this familiar landmark.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

PRESIDENT KENNEDY, Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs MCGEORGE BUNDY, WILSON BERARD and Nealy sit at the conference table, open folders before them.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I'm meeting with British Ambassador David Ormsby-Gore later today, and I intend to made it clear that an independent state of British Guiana, led by Chief Minister Cheddi Jagan, is unacceptable.

BUNDY

As you can see in the Defense Intelligence Agency brief, they've concluded that Jagan is a Communist.

NEALY

Just a moment. We agree Dr. Jagan's a Communist, George, but he's not under the sway of Moscow.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Nonetheless, we can't afford to see another Castro-type country in this hemisphere. We're unequivocal about this and I intend to make that clear to Ormsby-Gore.

BUNDY

Our objective is an independent British Guiana under another leader. Our recommendation is that Jagan be ousted from power, and that he should not accede to power again.

BERARD

Which, not surprisingly, is the same conclusion the DIA reached in their brief.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Your point being, Wilson?

BERARD

It's my impression that the Defense Intelligence Agency is not 'au fait' with British Guiana and its peoples.

President Kennedy is somewhat taken aback and grins.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
'Au fait'? I haven't heard that
since Harvard.

Berard curls a slight smile.

BERARD
I have my moments, Mr. President.
But my point is that assassination
should not be on the table here.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
The DIA views this as necessary to
impede further encroachment of
Communism into South America.

BERARD
The DIA is effectively tailoring
its Intel to fit your prescription.

BUNDY
Taking potshots at your rival?

BERARD
Just calling out the trash.

NEALY
The DIA's assessments are made from
far too distant a perspective.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Give me an example.

NEALY
They charge the British Colonial
Government with racism against the
Indians, refusing to allow them into
schools dominated by Blacks. They
claim this is deliberate colonial
policy. The fact is the Indians are
reluctant to enter British Christian
schools because they worry they
would compromise their own religion.

BUNDY
And the DIA contradict this, citing
the blatant racism of Jagan's people
in their dealings with the Indians.

NEALY
Look, no one can control nativist
sentiments from Jagan's supporters
who are out there urging people to
'vote for their own.' Dr. Jagan has
been speaking out against racism at
every opportunity.

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

Yet here again, the DIA tailors its Intel to be in your favor. You support Forbes Burnham, leader of the opposition party, the People's National Congress. So the DIA omit from their brief that Burnham's people also play the race card.

BUNDY

Sounds more like sour grapes because you weren't tasked to provide the assessment.

NEALY

Somehow I see you in school with a 'kick me' sign on your back, George.

BERARD

Look, the DIA distort conditions there because of their own racist proclivities. I also think it's particularly naïve to blame a single party or individual for the circumstances in British Guiana. The Guianese are not benighted people, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

You're right. But where an emerging nation's probable leader poses a credible threat to democracy in this hemisphere, I'm compelled to act upon an intelligence assessment that confirms not only my opinions, but those of my Cabinet and consular officials I've spoken to. And that's why I'll authorize covert action by the DIA.

BERARD

You could propose an operation to influence the plebiscite; instead, you'd rather kill Jagan. Why? You know you won't win any friends in Downing Street with that.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I believe we can, if we state our case strongly enough to Prime Minister Macmillan. And as for assigning this covert action to the DIA rather than you people, I hardly need to remind you that your recent efforts in this regard have neither been covert nor very successful.

NEALY

That's not entirely true, sir.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

No? I've spent the first half of my presidency falling on the sword for your agency's more brazen failures.

BERARD

Then why did you ask us here?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Because I want the CIA to develop a detailed campaign to discredit Dr. Jagan - post factum.

Berard is dismayed and shakes his head.

BERARD

It doesn't bother you that all this makes a mockery of your Pax Americana speech?

BUNDY

That's enough, Wilson.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

No, George. As offensive as it is to be called a hypocrite, I want to hear his reasons why.

BERARD

You're a student of history. So you'll recall that on August the 14th, 1941, Roosevelt and Churchill issued the Atlantic Charter, a joint statement of our two countries' post-war goals. Do you remember Article Three?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Go on.

BERARD

In part it read that both countries would respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live; and they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Yes, the basis for the United Nations.

BERARD

Since then we've persistently followed the spirit of the Charter, taking a stance against colonialism and later against Communism.

BUNDY

Geezus, Wilson! We don't need a goddamn history lesson!

BERARD

I think you do.

President Kennedy holds up his hand to Bundy, in effect, telling him to be quiet and let Berard continue.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Believe what you will, but Stalin intended the Eastern Bloc as a buffer against future attacks by the West on the Soviet Union. Instead, the hardliners who followed him used this as an excuse to subjugate their people into compliance. Everyone at CIA supports your efforts to stop the spread of Communism; but to do so at the expense of the basic principles in the Atlantic Charter has us now drinking from the same poisoned trough as the Soviets.

Bundy snorts, rejecting this. President Kennedy, however, is somewhat embarrassed. He has a more sober response.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Those truly were noble aims. But to pursue them with some puerile notion that the Soviets will acquiesce is a fairy tale. We can't refuse to respond to the heinous actions of our enemies out of sentiment to some higher ground. There are instances like this where we're forced to drink from that same trough.

BERARD

Mr. President, I read fairy tales to my grandchildren - but I live in a world where decisions made in the comfort of this office have bloody consequences. My people are at the sharp end of your stick when you choose that over the carrot. And sometimes they pay for decisions made here with their lives.

BUNDY

(snaps)

And sometimes your people act in spite of administration policy.

BERARD

Speaking for my people, those in the Western Hemisphere Division, that is patently untrue.

Bundy resents being upbraided before his boss and broods. Nealy takes advantage of this to speak up.

NEALY

What the DIA is doing is destroying the integrity of intelligence analysis. They've blurred the line between an impartial Intel product and cheerleading. I strongly suggest that, in your discussions with Ambassador Ormsby-Gore, you pivot from an assassination and pursue the course you've outlined for CIA.

President Kennedy does not acknowledge this entreaty. Instead, he leans back in his executive chair, a study in impassivity.

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

On one of the summer's hotter days, a CIA officer lazily walks across the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette sits at her beige IBM Selectric typewriter and transcribes her notes into a memo. Latham enters and sets a file folder on her desk. Collette stops typing and looks up.

LATHAM

Travel voucher for Bazzo, round-trip to New York. Put it in his file, would you, please?

Collette nods. Latham is about to re-enter to his office when the Gray phone RINGS. He pauses as Collette answers it.

COLLETTE

Yes...

OPERATOR (O.S.)

This is DC-COMM.

COLLETTE

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

OPERATOR (O.S.)

I have a call for Warren Latham
from a John Taylor, calling from a
payphone.

Collette covers the mouthpiece with her palm and turns to
Latham.

COLLETTE

It's Carl Durang calling as John
Taylor.

LATHAM

You made the appointment with him
for 15:00, right?

Collette nods. Latham is perplexed and motions for her to
hand him the handset. First, she replies into the phone.

COLLETTE

Put him through, please.

She gives the handset to Latham.

LATHAM

Latham here.

DURANG (O.S.)

I'm going to lunch now.

CLICK. Carl Durang hangs up, as does Latham. Collette looks
at Latham curiously.

LATHAM

He wants me to service one of his
Dead-Letter Drops.

COLLETTE

Why, when you're meeting with him
later on?

LATHAM

I know... Something's up.

COLLETTE

You want Carla to run counter-
surveillance?

LATHAM

Yes. Tell her to bring Gwyneth
along. And I want both of them
armed.

Collette looks very worried. She picks up the Red phone as
Latham heads back into his office.

ACT TWO

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - 600 BLOCK OF E STREET - DAY

An underground parking garage's entrance/exit is near the corner of 8th Street. CARLA DILAURIA walks up the ramp from the garage. She crosses E Street to a bohemian café where one can sip various espresso drinks 'al fresco' beneath a parasol table or indoors behind tinted casement windows.

INT. CAFÉ

GWYNETH ALBRIGHT sits at the window sipping a caffè latte. DiLauria enters and sits at Gwyneth's table. The WAITRESS approaches. She wears a Pakistan Early Ramona Rull - pants in a mix of black, caramel, and off-white, and a cotton tunic in a floral paisley block-print.

DILAURIA
Cappuccino, please.

The Waitress leaves. Gwyneth looks at DiLauria entreatingly.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)
No one lurking about. Just the parking attendant who had his nose buried in this month's Playboy.

GWYNETH
And Transport had nothing left?

DILAURIA
Nope. D-Int and Berard took out the last pool car.

GWYNETH
Nice of Tom Percy to let us use his little sportscar, that MGA.

DILAURIA
He says if we scratch it he'll kill us both.

GWYNETH
Sounds fair.

The Two women are amused at this. The Waitress returns with DiLauria's cappuccino then leaves. DiLauria takes a sip.

GWYNETH (CONT'D)
I'm still surprised Mr. Latham wanted me to come along.

DILAURIA
Two girls sipping coffee isn't likely to raise any eyebrows.

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

And according to your DD 201 file,
you're a crack shot.

GWYNETH

You know, it's the first time I've
been armed since I left The Farm.

DILAURIA

It's been a couple of years since
I've carried a piece in the city.

GWYNETH

Hope I don't have to use it.

DiLauria shrugs; she'll do whatever is necessary.

GWYNETH (CONT'D)

You said Mr. Latham had already set
up a meeting with Carl Durang.

DILAURIA

That's right.

GWYNETH

Then Durang calls him back signaling
for him to service a letter box?

DILAURIA

I know. If Durang had a package, he
could just give it to Mr. Latham at
their meeting. So, something's
definitely wrong here.

They look out the window at the underground parking garage.

GWYNETH

How long before Mr. Latham arrives?

DILAURIA

Depends. He's shaking off the dogs.

Gwyneth nods. As she and DiLauria keep vigil, across the
street a 30-ish MAN IN A BROWN SUIT with his jacket unbuttoned
walks past the parking garage to the corner. He crosses 8th
Street and sits on an empty bench used by people waiting for a
city bus. He looks around, rubbing his chin as though in deep
thought, then shifts in his seat to face the parking garage.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

That guy on the bench...

Gwyneth nods; she has also been eyeing him.

GWYNETH

Kind of over-dramatizing the deep
thinker bit.

CORNER OF E STREET AND 8TH STREET

The Man In The Brown Suit takes a pack of Marlboro cigarettes from his suitcoat pocket, shakes one loose and pops it in his mouth. He pulls a stainless steel butane lighter from his right-hand jacket pocket. He flicks the spark wheel several times but no flame appears. He looks at the lighter - a quick flash of embarrassment crosses his face. He puts the lighter back in his pocket, reaches into his left-hand jacket pocket and pulls out another butane lighter. This time he strikes the spark wheel and a bluish flame rises. He lights his cigarette and puts the lighter back in his left-hand jacket pocket.

INT. CAFÉ

DiLauria and Gwyneth exchange sly grins. From her bag Gwyneth takes a palm-sized Minolta Minoltina P camera with a wide-angle lens (the smallest camera of its kind in 1963). She adjusts the lone exposure control on the lens barrel - it also adjusts aperture and shutter speed at the same time. A second needle swings within the gauge. She aligns the two needles and sets the aperture to automatic and aims the camera at the Man. She CLICKS the shutter twice, taking remarkably quiet photos.

DILAURIA

Idiot forgot which lighter's for
butts and which one's for pictures.
He's already run off six shots of
his thumb.

GWYNETH

Recognize him?

DILAURIA

No, but then all White guys look
alike to me.

GWYNETH

(grins)

You think he's here to put eyes on
Mr. Latham or Carl Durang?

Just CARL DURANG walks along E Street toward the parking garage. DiLauria and Gwyneth turn their attention to him then back to the Man In The Brown Suit. He drops his cigarette to the ground and steps on it, then shakes another from his Marlboro pack. He attempts to light it with his hidden camera butane lighter, which he has hastily pulled from his right-hand jacket pocket.

DILAURIA

The smart money's says he's waiting
on Carl Durang.

GWYNETH

How'd he know Durang would be here?

DILAURIA

Could be part of a surveillance team and he's doing a front tail, or he guessed where Durang's going.

Durang walks down the ramp into the parking garage. The Man In The Brown Suit watches Durang intently until he disappears underground. Just then a taxi rumbles down 8th Street and stops at the corner of E Street. Latham alights. He casually makes his way down the parking garage ramp. After a moment, the Man In The Brown Suit gets up, crosses the street, and ambles down the ramp. DiLauria gets up.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

If the idiot runs, use your discretion.

Gwyneth nods. DiLauria leaves the café and walks down the parking garage ramp.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LOWER LEVEL - STAIRWELL

The outer walls of the stairwell are cement and about four-feet high. A payphone is attached to a plate that is screwed into a support beam, leaving a gap between it and the concrete. Durang waits, nervously looking about and breathing in short gasps. The door opens and Latham enters.

DURANG

Thanks for meeting me, Warren.

LATHAM

What's wrong, Carl?

DURANG

Someone's got me under surveillance.

LATHAM

You sure?

DURANG

(nods, then suspiciously)
You don't know anything about it, do you?

LATHAM

I don't like you that much. When did you first notice this?

DURANG

The day after Dominic Allico was shot. I was on my way to work, stopping occasionally to look into the windows to see if I had a tail. Habit, you know how it is.

Latham nods.

DURANG (CONT'D)

That's when I saw this guy, about five-ten and wearing a hat. It's 85 fucking degrees out and he's wearing a wool hat. I just thought he was stupid. But after you rang me earlier, I went out to get a Danish.

Latham raises an admonishing eyebrow.

DURANG (CONT'D)

Not now, okay? I saw him again, this time wearing a brown suit.

LATHAM

Could he be one of your people?

DURANG

I thought about that. Mabel sees Commies under every rock. She could have said something to Mr. Hoover who brought in someone from Omaha, someone I wouldn't know.

He takes a pack of Lucky Strike cigarettes from his pocket and fumbles to get one out of the pack.

LATHAM

What the hell are you doing?

DURANG

I'm lighting up. What do you think?

LATHAM

You trying to send smoke signals to whoever's following you?

Embarrassed, Durang returns the cigarette pack to his pocket.

DURANG

Shit, I'm sorry. I'm just...

LATHAM

I know. I'll have someone look over your shoulder for a while, alright?

DURANG

I'd appreciate that.

LATHAM

Don't worry.

Durang nods, relieved. He sighs deeply, reining in his emotions.

DURANG

So, why did you wanna see me?

LATHAM

Oh. I wanted to know what you're doing with Lee Harvey Oswald.

Durang is suddenly reluctant to answer. Latham is annoyed.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

He meets with those clowns at INTERPEN, then he's out distributing Fair Play for Cuba leaflets. So I wonder if you're sheep-dipping him.

DURANG

Considering his latest pivot back to the left, I was thinking the same thing about you people.

LATHAM

Don't play games with me, Carl. Oswald met with Agent John Quigley after his arrest in New Orleans. I'd call that a debriefing.

DURANG

Alright. He's a CI at \$200 a month.

LATHAM

What - to spy on both sides?

Berard nods. Latham grows testy.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Including any information he gets from his controller, meaning us.

DURANG

Look, you got your confession.

LATHAM

I oughtta just let you squirm. I'll see you at our 3:00 meeting.

DURANG

Wait. If my people are watching me, won't that look suspicious?

LATHAM

It will if we don't meet.

EXT. E STREET - PARKING GARAGE

The Man In The Brown Suit quickly walks up the ramp.

INT. CAFÉ

Gwyneth opens her handbag. She reaches in and surreptitiously screws a silencer onto a SIG P210 semi-automatic pistol.

Just then DiLauria emerges from the ramp, driving the MGA. She looks at the café and quickly shakes her head no.

EXT. CAFÉ

DiLauria pulls up to the café. She sees Gwyneth leave a tip for the Waitress then hurry outside and into the MGA. They watch the Man In The Brown Suit hail a taxi and follow him.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

The taxi pulls to the curb. The MGA does so about a block behind it. The Man In The Brown Suit alights. He hails another taxi, which DiLauria and Gwyneth follow.

FOXSTONE PARK - VIENNA, VIRGINIA

The taxi pulls up to the entrance. The Man In The Brown Suit leans over the seatback and says something to the HACK who nods. The Man In The Brown Suit alights and the taxi pulls away. He enters the park amid a few strollers. At a footbridge over a CRACKLING stream, he waits until the strollers have left, then reaches into his inside jacket pocket and pulls out a small, tightly wrapped package. He places it under the footbridge, buttressing it with two heavy stones.

IN A THICKET SEVERAL YARDS AWAY

Gwyneth quietly snaps photos.

THE MAN IN THE BROWN SUIT

Strolls to the entrance of Foxstone Park. He pulls a small roll of white tape from his right jacket pocket, tears off a strip and places it on the entrance sign. He pockets the roll of tape, walks to Maple Avenue East, and waits. In a few moments, the same taxi that brought him there returns to pick him up.

DIRT ROAD BETWEEN FOXSTONE PARK AND MAPLE AVENUE EAST

Parked off to the side is the MGA. Gwyneth turns to DiLauria.

DILAURIA

I'll stay here and see who picks up
the package. You follow the taxi
and come back to get me.

Gwyneth nods. DiLauria alights. Gwyneth gets in and follows the taxi. DiLauria pulls her own Minolta Minoltina P from her shoulder bag and snaps a photo of the entrance sign.

WASHINGTON, D.C. - PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

The taxi stops a block past the Department of Justice Building. Gwyneth pulls to the curb. The Man In The Brown Suit alights and enters a side door to the Department of Justice.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY

The Greek-Revival and art deco-inspired design seems to clash rather than blends, creating a unitary whole that overwhelms the visitor rather than inspiring awe.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

A 20-foot high vaulted ceiling, wood-paneled walls with portraits of past Justice Department officials, and large windows surround a long mahogany table, giving one less a feeling of majesty than of privilege. Latham and Durang sit at one corner of the table, where legal notepads, pencils and a short pile of file folders lie before them.

LATHAM

I want to finish up on Dominic Allico.

DURANG

Why? The guy's already been put to bed with a shovel.

LATHAM

'Cause he asked for me directly. My Boston Number Two told me Sam Giancana had a contract out on him.

DURANG

That's what I heard too.

LATHAM

Cut the shit, will you, Carl? He didn't die of old age.

DURANG

We've got wiretaps in Giancana's home, his restaurants, even that social club of his. But he didn't even know Allico was dead. He was genuinely surprised when he learned about it. He asked who did it, but none of his capos knew, and his button man confessed it wasn't him.

LATHAM

Hmm... I heard Allico was Bobby Kennedy's star witness.

DURANG

Against who? Giancana?

LATHAM

No, in the Lindberg case. Of course Giancana!

DURANG

Look, you - Bobby Kennedy told our Chicago office to find Allico. They got an anonymous tip and Robert Kennedy ordered them to pick him up.

LATHAM

And that order went up to Hoover?

DURANG

No. No AIRTEL ever crossed my desk ordering us to arrest Allico.

LATHAM

Could Bobby Kennedy have bypassed the FBI because of the feud between him and Hoover?

Durang shrugs.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

But Giancana did have a contract on Allico.

DURANG

Yes.

LATHAM

So, could the plan have been for Allico testify 'in camera'?

DURANG

I guess. If there was such a plan, no one told me about it.

LATHAM

Then why arrest him and move him around in the middle of the night if you have no plans for him to testify before a grand jury?

DURANG

Orders - not from Mr. Hoover but from the Attorney General.

LATHAM

You have to help me out here. Allico knew who I was and demanded to speak to me.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

So, what can you tell me about him, besides his nickname, Icepick?

DURANG

He was involved with INTERPEN. And before you ask - no, they're not under investigation. We're just keeping an eye on them.

LATHAM

How recent was his involvement?

DURANG

Last month.

LATHAM

You realize the president shut down all raids and future assassination attempts against Castro.

DURANG

Maybe someone didn't get the memo.

EXT. FOXSTONE PARK - DAY

The sun is lower in the horizon, with deep shadows creating premature darkness. The tape on the entrance sign is gone.

SEVERAL YARDS FROM THE FOOTBRIDGE

DiLauria sits, legs crossed, in the crook of a lower tree limb, hidden by leaves and tall brush. Her hands rest on her shoulder bag in her lap where she holds her camera. She checks her watch. The distant sound of leaves CRUNCHING under foot grows louder. DINA, YURI GVOZDEV's young, female KGB assistant, approaches wearing dungarees and a cotton shirt with a backpack slung over one shoulder. Coinciding with the CRUNCHES of leaves, DiLauria snaps two photos. Dina looks about then reaches beneath the footbridge and moves the two large stones to the side.

CLICK. CLICK. Two more photos of Dina retrieving the package. She puts it in her backpack and leaves. Later, DiLauria climbs down from the tree, stretches her aching limbs, and leaves.

EXT. EMBASSY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM - DAY

Past the wrought-iron fence and iconic red call box is the main building where the Union Jack flaps lazily atop its roof.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Stately in rich dark wood, the room has been modernized to include moveable soundproof walls, a lounge and a bespoke bar area.

President Kennedy, Bundy, AMBASSADOR DAVID ORMSBY-GORE, FIONA JEFFRIES and LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) sit at a conference table. Spread out on the table are charts and notes. Beside the table on a sterling silver cart are several small bottles of Schweppes Ginger Ale and tumblers, along with platters of cucumber sandwiches of fresh dill, chives, thinly sliced garlic and an herb cream cheese, and a plate of melon slices.

INSERT TOP SHEET OF NOTES FROM THE OVAL OFFICE:

MINUTE SHEET

Reference FF.97283

311

D.C., O.O. through D.I.A.

A brief to replace Dr. Cheddi JAGAN, acknowledged leader of the Peoples' Progressive Party in British Guiana, with L.F.S. BURNHAM, the Chairman of the Party and de facto appointee as Prime Minister by her Majesty's Government upon independence.

President John Kennedy wishes to discuss with British Prime Minister Harold Wilson the subject of United Kingdom participation in the multilateral force to permanently Oust (overthrow) Dr. Cheddi Jagan, Chief Minister of of British Guiana, through assassination.

It is the United States government's recommendation that, post-factum, CIA funding through a program run by the AFL-CIO, help foment labor unrest, race riots, and general chaos to justify JAGAN's removal from office.

BACK TO SCENE

Ambassador Ormsby-Gore, Fiona, and Jones are clearly displeased with President Kennedy and Bundy.

ORMSBY-GORE

Mr. President, the FCO is not a foreign-assistance spigot. Number Ten has made every effort on Dr. Jagan's behalf to squeeze more blood from the exchequer's stone, but that cupboard is bare, which is why Dr. Jagan has twice turned to you for assistance.

President Kennedy holds out his hand toward Bundy who reaches into his briefcase, pulls out a folder, and hands it to the president.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Well, since it seems to be a day for frankness, let me point out that during the past two years, my administration has provided about \$500,000 per year to British Guiana for technical assistance projects covering road improvements, education, and public health.

JONES

Barely enough to fill the potholes here on Pennsylvania Avenue.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Is it? I'll have to ride down the avenue more to test that theory.

ORMSBY-GORE

Meanwhile, Dr. Jagan has stated repeatedly that he needs a sum in the \$60 to \$250 million dollar range to fulfill the country's needs. Your response has been to put an implied cap on its foreign aid. So, where else can one logically expect Dr. Jagan to turn but to the Soviets to fill the gap between what we can afford to provide, and what you won't?

BUNDY

Mr. Ambassador, the United States did raise its assistance offer to \$5 million. However, we see Dr. Jagan as playing our offer against that of the Soviets. And that just won't do.

ORMSBY-GORE

So, in response, your Defense Intelligence Agency proposes to assassinate Dr. Jagan as a solution. Given the level of talent in the White House, I'm surprised by this ham-fisted approach.

BUNDY

I don't see it as such.

FIONA

Mr. Bundy, since the failure at the Bay of Pigs, the U.S. has had difficulty appreciating that different political traditions applied in different lands do not always yield the same ideology.

(MORE)

FIONA (CONT'D)

Communism is not a monolithic, Soviet-led international movement. We see quite clearly that, in Latin America, Communism is no more than the expression of an indigenous desire for social reform.

ORMSBY-GORE

I believe Miss Jeffries has exposed a flaw in your DIA's interpretation of strategic intelligence.

BUNDY

With all due respect, I disagree. I think their brief is a blueprint on how to accomplish regime change.

FIONA

Excuse me, Mr. Bundy, but the DIA has yet to show any capability of successfully manipulating an election since its inception.

Bundy is embarrassed and clearly growing frustrated.

FIONA (CONT'D)

And having the CIA pursue a post-election play of disruption to justify the assassination only lays bare the Defense Intelligence Agency's weak rationale. Even in South America, politicians know better than to allow one's machismo to guide foreign policy.

With Bundy being put upon, President Kennedy intervenes.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

We can sit here and argue that Dr. Jagan is less of a communist than he is a naïve London School of Economics Marxist filled with charm. But that does not change our opinion of him as a post-colonial leader who will move to strengthen ties with Moscow.

BUNDY

I think Miss Jeffries has forgotten just how well regime change worked in Iran with the Shah.

FIONA

That was ten years ago. The world has changed quite a bit since then.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Still, we strongly urge Prime Minister Macmillan to delay independence for British Guiana until a more ideologically favorable regime is in office.

ORMSBY-GORE

(exasperated)

The United States is becoming a very difficult dance partner.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

It's our two left feet - when they're not in our mouths, that is.

ORMSBY-GORE

Which certainly has been the case in the General Assembly lately.

President Kennedy arches a curious eyebrow.

ORMSBY-GORE (CONT'D)

Your public rhetoric chastising NATO's pace of decolonization. At the same time you pursue the Monroe Doctrine and intervene at will in Latin America. Frankly, it's embarrassing having to defend you.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I'll broach that with Adlai.

FIONA

Before we wind this up, I'd like to ask Mr. Bundy if he realizes that Dr. Jagan was elected on a democratic ballot, and thus reflects the political inclination of the majority of Guyanese people.

Bundy has had it with Fiona's effective counterpunching.

BUNDY

Excuse me, Miss Jeffries, but I have to say this. I wonder if your nativist sympathies would be so prominent if, say, we were discussing Argentina.

Fiona is offended but Ormsby-Gore and Jones are livid.

JONES

Why stop there, Mr. Bundy? Why not go all the way north to Sweden where they have an all-White majority?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I think you're overreaching now;
that was not George's intention.

ORMSBY-GORE

I think Mr. Bundy expressed himself quite clearly. Though I have to admit, I expect comments like that from the Rhodesian Front, or the Grand Dragon of your Ku Klux Klan.

BUNDY

That's not what I meant!

ORMSBY-GORE

I haven't finished. Miss Jeffries has an excellent political acumen. Moreover, she is my right arm here. For you to impugn her judgment because of her ethnicity is something I will not stand for.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Please, my administration has only the highest regard for Miss Jeffries. I apologize to you, Miss Jeffries, to Mr. Jones and to you, Mr. Ambassador, for any misbelief.

ORMSBY-GORE

I have one more thing to say before I end this meeting. There has been something purely Machiavellian in your approach today. And frankly, I am ashamed to be part of it. I won't support your proposal to assassinate Dr. Jagan. I will, however, present it to the Prime Minister along with my recommendation that you find a way to work with Dr. Jagan rather than against him.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - THE EAST SIDE - NIGHT (EVENING)

A panorama from the United Nations to...

LENOX HILL - 23 EAST 74TH STREET

This Italian-Renaissance-palazzo style doorman building is one of the finest pre-war apartment buildings in the city.

INT. APARTMENT

On the sixth floor, two combined apartments provide 2,100 square feet of space. In New York City, this defines one as an exemplar of success.

A spacious foyer leads to the 31-by-19-foot living room, where there is a custom-built dry bar. The oversized windows provide treetop views of 74th Street and 5th Avenue. Off the living room is a formal dining room with built-in shelves and cabinets filled with literary and achievement awards. The large, windowed kitchen is equipped with wood cabinets, a breakfast nook and a pantry.

At the opposite end of the apartment is the bedroom suite, which measures 18 by 24 feet, and features a carved-out home office with built-in bookshelves, a roomy dressing area and a marble bathroom. The bedroom is layered with hand-knotted carpets and soft red pillows – what one might imagine in the “Arabian Nights.”

A cocktail party is underway. Drinks and light refreshments are served by a uniformed staff of three: a male Black bartender and two female Black servers. Dress is semi-formal; the guest list is limited to the eugenics crowd: the Board Member, the Man, Jean Paul Getty Sr., Alfred P. Sloan Jr., Clint Murchison, H.L. Hunt, Hugh Roy Cullen, Sid Richardson, John D. Rockefeller III, Ailsa Mellon Bruce, and Richard King Mellon. Ms. Bruce is the evening’s host, instructing the staff to frequently circulate among the guests with hors d’oeuvres. She holds a glass of champagne and CLINKS its side with a fork to get everyone’s attention.

MS. BRUCE

I understand from Dr. Hardy that I’ll soon be getting a new neighbor on the fifth floor, just below me – a Miss Lena Horne.

ROCKEFFELLER

The actress?

MS. BRUCE

Yes. Apparently, she’ll be taking up residence in the building whenever she’s in town performing – in a play or some such thing.

ROCKEFFELLER

I’m surprised. I remember when Harry Belafonte wanted to move in here but was denied.

MS. BRUCE

Yes, that was too bad; he’s quite the delectable young man, just not quite as attractive as Miss Horne, apparently.

There is amused murmuring.

MS. BRUCE (CONT'D)

Now, there is a theory extant that the right to an adequate standard of living requires, at a minimum, that everyone shall enjoy the necessary subsistence rights: adequate food and nutrition, clothing, housing and the necessary conditions of care when required. The essential point is that everyone shall be able, without shame and without unreasonable obstacles, to be a full participant in ordinary, everyday interaction with other people. But, can this be accomplished in places like New Delhi, or the shanty towns of Nairobi? What about the favelas of Rio de Janeiro, or the shacks of our own rural South? Can the World Bank ensure that this minimum standard of living is met worldwide? We have its leader right here, and he has emphatically stated that the answer is no. Our mandate, therefore, is to act, swiftly and decisively, and to act now. We have at our disposal a surgeon's scalpel, if you will - a tool with which we can excise society's detritus. But first that means removing the obstacles to selective survival, a process that has already begun. Its end is now near enough to signal the beginning of a truly new Frontier.

She raises her glass and is followed by her guests, who then sip champagne.

ACT THREE

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

Stock footage of the cityscape.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

CIA officers show their badges at the guard shack and enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 10:00. Latham sits on the edge of Collette's desk while she sits in her chair; they watch President Kennedy's news conference on her portable TV set.

INSERT ON THE PORTABLE TELEVISION SET:

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT AUDITORIUM

President Kennedy holds a press conference.

REPORTER #1

Mr. President, it's been pretty generally acknowledged that your Administration has done more for the cause of civil rights than any previous one. Do you find that today's upcoming demonstration, which will take place on the National Mall, is a handicap to you, specifically in advancing your civil rights agenda?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

No, I think the way the Washington March has developed, which is a peaceful assembly calling for a redress of grievances, is in keeping with my administration's policies to secure equal treatment and equal opportunity for all.

REPORTER #2

Mr. President, in the last week, the Governors of Alabama and Mississippi, and the Attorney General of Arkansas have all testified before the Senate Commerce Committee, insisting that the integration move was Communist-inspired.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

We have no evidence that any of the leaders of the civil rights movements in the United States are Communists; nor do we have any evidence that the demonstrations are Communist-inspired. Let's be clear: the cause of 20 million Negroes is as old as this Nation - that is, translating civil rights for every man from principles into practices. Today and going forward, the Executive Branch of the Federal Government will continue its efforts to obtain increased employment and to eliminate discrimination in employment practices, two of the prime goals of the March.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham gets up and lowers the volume on the television set.

COLLETTE

At least no one asked him about the Test-Ban Treaty or LBJ or Cuba.

LATHAM

It's only 10:00 - too early for the vultures to start circling.

Latham pours two cups of coffee and hands one to Collette.

COLLETTE

They estimate a crowd of 100,000 or more on the Mall. I can just see armed Klansmen roaming throughout the crowd.

LATHAM

Federal marshals are supposed to be there to protect the marchers.

COLLETTE

We'll see. Is the president going to address the marchers?

LATHAM

No, he's going to meet with their representatives later at the Oval Office.

Collette looks at the top folder on the short pile of folders on her desk.

COLLETTE

Oh, did you read Carla's FIR?

LATHAM

Yes, the KGB have a low-level plant inside the FBI.

COLLETTE

A real idiot by her account.

LATHAM

Hmm...

COLLETTE

But you still have Carla and Gwyneth running countersurveillance on him.

LATHAM

I want to be sure he's the only one following Durang.

COLLETTE

Oh. So, when are you going to tell him about the plant?

LATHAM

Today. I'll turn over the photos to Durang so he can have him present them to Hoover - a Soviet spy in FBI headquarters which Durang managed to uncover. That should be enough to embarrass Hoover and get him off Durang's back.

COLLETTE

(pleased)

Nice. I take back all the nasty things I ever said about you.

Latham curls a half smile, but his mind is elsewhere. Collette sees this.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

A penny for them...

LATHAM

Huh? Oh, I was thinking about the late Dominic Alloco.

COLLETTE

The Mob hitman killed at Fort Devens?

LATHAM

Yes. Bobby Kennedy had him arrested and spirited out of Chicago and into Fort Devens in the middle of the night, ostensibly because Alloco was his star witness. But Durang says the Bureau had no current criminal proceedings involving Alloco. Meanwhile, Alloco hints to the Boston Number Two that he knows about me through Giancana's association with MOTHER, and specifically asks to see me.

COLLETTE

Why?

LATHAM

I don't know. Then, while no one supposedly knows where Alloco is, a sniper kills him.

COLLETTE

Giancana had a contract out on him.

LATHAM

But Durang says Giancana's hitman admitted he didn't do the killing.

COLLETTE

Then maybe it was something else
Alloco was involved in.

LATHAM

Maybe... According to Durang, last month Alloco worked with INTERPEN.

COLLETTE

That group conducting raids on Cuba?

LATHAM

Yes, until last month when the president ordered them stopped.

COLLETTE

Then what else would Alloco be doing for them?

LATHAM

(shrugs)

I don't know... Maybe they needed a fourth for bridge.

Collette arches an eyebrow.

COLLETTE

All INTERPEN does is train Cuban exiles for raids on Cuba, right?

LATHAM

Yes, but not without someone first giving them the go-ahead.

COLLETTE

Like who? There's us, the JCS...

Latham defiantly shakes his head no.

LATHAM

No, INTERPEN get their marching orders and their funding from us, the president or his brother.

COLLETTE

Hmm, rules out Mr. Kensington.

Latham nods, amused. He then suddenly cuts his reverie short - a more sober thought crosses his mind. He thinks aloud...

LATHAM

It rules him out.

He sets down his coffee cup on Collette's desk and reaches for the Gray phone.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY

Familiar and now more imposing.

INT. ANTE-ROOM

Latham enters and stands before ROBERT KENNEDY'S SECRETARY who is at her desk.

LATHAM

Warren Latham to see the Attorney General. I called earlier.

ROBERT KENNEDY'S SECRETARY

Oh, yes.

She presses the TALK button on the intercom.

ROBERT KENNEDY (O.S.)

Yes?

ROBERT KENNEDY'S SECRETARY

Warren Latham from the CIA is here to see you, Mr. Kennedy.

ROBERT KENNEDY (O.S.)

Send him in, please.

Robert Kennedy's Secretary hangs up the intercom and stands.

ROBERT KENNEDY'S SECRETARY

In here, please.

She opens the door to the Attorney General's office.

ROBERT KENNEDY'S SECRETARY (CONT'D)

This is Warren Latham, Mr. Kennedy.

Latham enters...

THE UNITED STATES ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE

Robert Kennedy's Secretary shuts the door behind Latham. On Robert Kennedy's desk are a few of his personal items - his eyeglasses, pens and pencils, and his leather-bound personal telephone book. Taped to the wall behind the desk are drawings from his young children. On a bookshelf is a bust of Winston Churchill and an autographed copy of Churchill's "We Shall Never Surrender" speech to the House of Commons. Beside the bookcase is a picture of President Kennedy.

ROBERT KENNEDY stands and extends his hand to Latham, who shakes it.

Robert Kennedy then points to one of two leather chairs that face each other a few feet before the desk. Latham sits in one of them; Robert Kennedy sits in the other one.

ROBERT KENNEDY

I hope this isn't going to take too long, Warren. I'm supposed to meet my brother at the Oval Office now.

LATHAM

I'll be brief, Mr. Kennedy.

ROBERT KENNEDY

(corrects Latham genially)
Bobby.

LATHAM

Last week, Dominic Allico, one of Sam Giancana's hitmen was killed by a sniper while at Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Your office had Allico transferred there from the NAVSTA Great Lakes military base outside of Chicago.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Is this to be a history lesson?

LATHAM

Just recent history. According to officials at Fort Devens, you referred to Allico as your star witness. Yet, no one at the FBI field office in Boston or here in Washington knows of any criminal proceeding involving Mr. Allico. Correct, so far?

ROBERT KENNEDY

As far as it goes.

LATHAM

Now, given the rivalry between you and Mr. Hoover - and some of his questionable associations- it's possible you were playing your cards close to the vest.

ROBERT KENNEDY

It's possible.

LATHAM

I also learned Giancana had put out a contract on Allico, which also could have prompted all the surrounding secrecy.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

An informant within the ranks at Fort Devens could have slipped Alloco's location to people looking to kill him. Except that didn't happen.

ROBERT KENNEDY

(stunned)

No?

LATHAM

No. For one thing, wiretaps revealed that Sam Giancana was genuinely shocked Alloco had been killed. And Giancana's own hitman who'd been assigned the contract confessed that he hadn't killed Alloco. So then who did?

ROBERT KENNEDY

If this is a rhetorical question, then get on with your answer.

LATHAM

Last month, Alloco met with members of INTERPEN, a group you're very familiar with. At that time your brother had called a halt to all raids against Cuba and to all assassination attempts against Fidel Castro as part of the agreement with the Soviets to withdraw their missiles. INTERPEN was told to stand down. Now, they get their marching orders from only three people - that's the president himself, the head of our JM/WAVE station, and you.

ROBERT KENNEDY

The Cuban exiles are always ready to ignore orders proscribing them from conducting raids against Cuba.

LATHAM

No, the DRE would never move ahead without direct orders. They're too afraid of losing our support. So, without orders from the president, or Stewart Kensington who's currently running JM/WAVE, that leaves us with a situation where Alloco is meeting with INTERPEN to conduct raids on Cuba, authorized by the only person left who can do so - and that's you, Mr. Kennedy.

ROBERT KENNEDY

(furious)

Where do you get the balls to come in here and accuse me of going behind my brother's back?

LATHAM

I got them from Alloco. He knew who I was and asked to see me. I believe he wanted to make a deal, one that would keep him out of jail if he exposed you for conducting raids against Cuba despite the ban. Alloco was insistent on meeting me, so much so that he let word of it get around. Eventually, it got back to you. Imagine the scenario Alloco was about to paint: the Attorney General, without the knowledge or consent of his brother, the president, defies orders not to attack Cuban targets, including Castro. It doesn't get any more embarrassing than that. So you used your connections within the Cuban exile community to have Alloco killed. Most likely you enlisted Herminio Diaz, a sniper who was with Castro's 26th of July Movement before switching sides.

ROBERT KENNEDY

You've been living inside that spook bubble of yours far too long.

LATHAM

Long enough to know that you've unleashed forces you can't control. You've just given the exiles free rein to kill on U.S. soil. And I don't think you realize what you've done.

ROBERT KENNEDY

(sighs, exasperated)

This is nothing more than speculation on your part.

LATHAM

I get paid to speculate, Mr. Kennedy.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Then without proof, I suggest you keep your opinions to yourself, lest things spiral out of control.

Latham leans forward with controlled anger.

LATHAM

Look, you - I'm not one of your punk cronies from school. You step outside the law, then you'd better be prepared to pay the consequences.

(glares at Robert Kennedy)

And one more thing - don't you ever threaten me again.

He storms out the office.

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

CIA employees criss-cross the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham is at his desk writing notes in pencil on a legal notepad. The TV set is off. There is a KNOCK on the door.

LATHAM

Come.

Nealy enters. Latham is mildly surprised.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What are you, homesick?

Nealy takes a seat.

NEALY

Sometimes I have to remind myself how lucky I am by seeing how the other half lives.

(grins archly)

You're not watching the march?

LATHAM

No, what's up?

NEALY

Yesterday, someone claiming to be Lee Harvey Oswald visited the Cuban Consulate in Mexico City.

Latham lays down his pencil and leans back in his chair.

LATHAM

Claiming to be Oswald...

NEALY

He was about six-foot two, 250 pounds, dirty blond with a gyrene crewcut.

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

The real Oswald's about five-feet eight and 135 pounds soaking wet.

LATHAM

Geezus...

NEALY

Win Scott, the Mexico City Station Chief, sent a query to Langley asking to identify the man.

LATHAM

Was it one of our people?

NEALY

No. My people at JM/WAVE identified him as Loran Hall from INTERPEN.

LATHAM

Those bastards...

NEALY

Oh, and the memo Scott sent to HQ requesting an ID? It was distributed to Tom Karamessines, Helms' assistant, and Jane Roman, one of MOTHER's senior aides. Jane issued a response on MOTHER's behalf stating that it was in fact Lee Oswald at the Cuban Consulate.

LATHAM

What?

NEALY

When I spoke to her, she admitted she knew she was signing off on something that wasn't true.

LATHAM

What the hell are Helms and MOTHER doing with Oswald?

Nealy shrugs, letting the question hang in the air. He gets up.

NEALY

Anyway, I'm going to watch the marchers on the Mall with Wilson.

LATHAM

You're going down to the Mall?

NEALY

Why not? No one knows who we are. Want to join us?

LATHAM

No, I'm meeting SMOTH later.

NEALY

Okay. I'll see you.

He leaves.

EXT. FOGGY BOTTOM - RAWLINS PARK - DAY

Located between the George Washington University campus and the Department of the Interior building. Latham and Jones stroll by a bubbling fountain.

JONES

Ambassador Ormsby-Gore heard from Arthur Schlesinger, one of Kennedy's advisors on Latin America. He told the ambassador that it was idle to suppose that communism in Latin America was no more than the expression of an indigenous desire for social reform, completing contradicting Fiona's assessment, which was correct by the way.

LATHAM

The president and his advisors are paranoid about another Communist government in this hemisphere.

JONES

Someone should remind them that it was Nixon's paranoia about Castro that pushed him to the Soviet camp. You'd think recent history would have taught them something.

LATHAM

It seems recent history only impels the government to be more devious.

JONES

You mean about British Guiana?

LATHAM

Huh? Yes, of course.

JONES

That's such a slippery slope.

Latham looks at Jones curiously.

LATHAM

What?

JONES

Assassination. Sacrificing one life to save many... The moment you start to think of it as a utilitarian action, you end up cut off from any of the emotions that would have caused you to stop and think twice.

LATHAM

It's the idea of the greater good versus one individual, Larry.

JONES

Is it? I'm sorry but the only thing challenging about that isn't it's morality but whether or not it can be done effectively. You can't claim that this isn't war or self-defense - it's murder. Period.

LATHAM

A Cold War is still war, Larry.

JONES

If you're people want to delude themselves into believing they have the moral high ground, then they're no better than those psychopaths who stalk President Kennedy.

This strikes at Latham's conscience, leaving him nonplussed.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

The compound is virtually empty.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

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 with only a handful 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. Sitting near the Duty Desk with loosened ties are NIGHT DUTY OFFICERS JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL, and MISSION PLANNING'S WILSON BRADLEY.

Latham, DiLauria, MINNIE, and Gwyneth have taken seats near the Duty Desk where they can watch one of several portable televisions set up so that every employee can see them.

INSERT ON TELEVISION:

DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. addresses the assembled throng on the National Mall.

KING

But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languished in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. And so we've come here today to dramatize a shameful condition.

EXT. EMBASSY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM - DAY

Atop the main building flies the Union Jack.

INT. MI6 OFFICE

Jones sits at his desk; Fiona sit in a leather chair. Both sip tea and watch a portable television set atop a table.

INSERT ON THE TELEVISION:

KING

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. Nineteen sixty-three is not an end, but a beginning. And those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual. And there will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights.

(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)

The whirlwinds of revolt will
continue to shake the foundations
of our nation until the bright day
of justice emerges.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Stock footage of the midtown cityscape.

THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT

Beneath the "Wall St." and "Broadway" street signs hanging
from a streetlamp, people bustle about.

FEDERAL RESERVE BANK BUILDING

Stock footage of this now-familiar building.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Polished wood doors, paneling, and trim; a mahogany desk; and
curtained windows with ascot valances and swags define wealth.
Across the room an entertainment console features an AM/FM
radio, stereophonic hi-fi, a multiplexing tape deck, and a
portable television, all set off by a matching bookcase. The
Board Member, impeccably dressed as always, sits on his
Chesterfield sofa and leans against one of its large, rolled
arms that are the same height as the back.

Joining the Board Member on the sofa and on several leather
chairs are the Eugenics crowd of Getty Sr., Sloan Jr.,
Murchison, Hunt, Cullen, Richardson, Rockefeller III, Ailsa,
and Richard Mellon. The Man from The Committee is not there.
The attendees sip their drinks - cognac or a Tom Collins - and
watch television, where Dr. King addresses the marchers.

INSERT ON TELEVISION:

KING

There are those who are asking the
devotees of civil rights, 'When will
you be satisfied?' We can never be
satisfied as long as the Negro is
the victim of the unspeakable
horrors of police brutality. We can
never be satisfied as long as our
bodies, heavy with the fatigue of
travel, cannot gain lodging in the
motels of the highways and the
hotels of the cities. We cannot be
satisfied as long as the Negro's
basic mobility is from a smaller
ghetto to a larger one.

(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)

We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their self-hood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating: 'For Whites Only.' We cannot be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote. No, no, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until 'justice rolls down like waters, and righteousness like a mighty stream.'

INT. ROOM - DAY

The lights are off, window blinds shut, and the drapes drawn; wisps of cigar smoke and dust waft in the ambient light. Sitting on a table, the images on a portable television flicker, adding a bluish light to this eerie chiaroscuro. On the sofa and chairs opposite the television sit THE COMMITTEE, THREE MEN seen in silhouette from the rear.

INSERT ON THE TELEVISION:

KING

Let us not wallow in the valley of despair, I say to you today, my friends. And so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream. I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.'

BACK TO SCENE

The MAN, sitting in a chair, turns toward MAN #2 and MAN #3.

MAN

It won't be tomorrow, or even next year, but mark my words, he'll be next.

END