

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Five, Episode #4: "Hobson's Choice"

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 #4: "Hobson's Choice"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. STONEWALL, TEXAS - LYNDON JOHNSON'S RANCH - DAY (DUSK)

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

IN A KAISER-WILLYS JEEP

VICE PRESIDENT LYNDON JOHNSON, wearing his Stetson Open Road hat, drives MALCOLM "MAC" WALLACE, across the ranch to...

THE MAIN RANCH HOUSE

Large though unspectacular, considering Johnson's appetites. Johnson and Wallace alight from the Jeep and enter the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Wood paneling, light blue leather and floral print upholstery abound. A small but well-stocked bar is along one wall. The only incongruous aspect in this home-spun setting are two black, multi-line telephones - one by the couch, the other on an end table. Johnson sits on the couch gulping whiskey from a large tumbler while Wallace sips the same from a shot glass.

JOHNSON

I got Carter's side of what happened, now I wanna hear yours.

WALLACE

I followed Monica Hodges into this brothel where I was gonna, you know, extract what you wanted from her. But it didn't work out that way.

JOHNSON

'Cause you shot her.

WALLACE

Yeah.

JOHNSON

Why?

WALLACE

Why not? Unless you're in touch with the spirit world, whatever Dinkin told her is history now.

JOHNSON

You were supposed to get his evidence, Mac.

Wallace shrugs. Johnson gets up and refills his tumbler.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

You'd better hope she's dead.

WALLACE

She looked it. Anyway, there wasn't time. Some clown tried to be a hero and grabbed me. I got loose from him and ran out before the police came. Later, I broke into her hotel room and searched it, but there weren't nothing there.

JOHNSON

I spoke to Dinkin's base commander. When that boy finally does show up, they're gonna muzzle him and put him in a padded cell. Meantime, you're going back to Dallas to hook up with Roscoe White.

WALLACE

Why?

EXT. MCLEAN, VIRGINIA - NIGHT - PAST

Several expensive automobiles - Cadillacs, Lincolns, Chrysler Imperials - are parked in the long driveway outside Hickory Hill, Robert Kennedy's large brick mansion. The shades are drawn and curtains closed, but the lights inside the house are clearly on. The thrum from popular Top-40 rhythm and blues tunes collides with raucous laughter and chatter.

INT. LIVING ROOM

A stag party is under way. Men and women in various stages of undress are in the throes of passion, fueled by alcohol and a black-and-white stag film projected onto a blank wall. In a corner, ROBERT KENNEDY and one of his aides, RON KINTON, speak excitedly, their words muted against the sound and fury of the night's bacchanalia. Johnson wanders over, glass of whiskey in hand, trying to interlope on their conversation. As he hovers about them waiting for a lull, Robert Kennedy's eyes briefly flit to Johnson, but he neither interrupts his chat with Kinton nor acknowledges the vice president. Dejected, Johnson sighs then turns and walks away. Kinton eyes him then turns to Robert Kennedy.

KINTON

Bobby, I think we just insulted the vice president of the United States.

ROBERT KENNEDY

So? Fuck him!

Only a few feet away, Johnson hears this. He stops in mid-step and whirls around to face Bobby Kennedy and Kinton. He stands there, indignant and proud, but says nothing. Finally, he walks away, quickly losing himself among the half-naked crowd.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (DUSK) - PRESENT

Johnson takes a long gulp of whiskey, emptying his tumbler.

JOHNSON

You're gonna make sure them fucking Kennedys never embarrass me again.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT (EVENING)

The lights are off, the venetian blinds drawn. Dim shafts of light from offices in the office park and streetlamps peek through the slats. Wisps of cigar smoke waft through the beam from a slide projector. On the projection screen is a photo of portly WILL SCHOTT. At a table TWO MEN sit on one side of the projector; one MAN sits on the other side. They are the architects of The Big Event, seen from behind in silhouette. THE MAN angrily POUNDS the table with his fist.

THE MAN

Rogue operators silencing people at this late stage? This has to stop! That warning was meant to guarantee Will Schott's silence. So who ordered his termination?

MAN #2

The CIA's Rome station didn't want the local authorities inquiring into Schott's injuries, which were pretty severe. So they decided he should be treated at Walter Reed. He was flown on a MATS flight to Andrews Air Force Base. During the flight, Schott told the flight crew about The Big Event. When the plane landed, the crew told Lieutenant Colonel Bateman of Air Mobility Command. He coordinates all Air Force One and Two flights.

MAN #3

Bateman's also a Kennedy favorite.

MAN #2

He sent Schott's warning up the chain of command and to the Secret Service.

(MORE)

MAN #2 (CONT'D)

When our people in The Company heard about it, they decided they'd had enough, and Schott had to go.

THE MAN

But why would Schott talk?

MAN #2

He was a dead man walking. He knew he'd be sacrificed in a limited hangout, so he took his revenge on us all by exposing the operation.

MAN #3

You wanna stop this? You gotta silence all these goddamn thugs.

MAN #2

You can't kill everyone who talks! You'll just raise suspicion. Any final decision should be based on how damaging their story is.

THE MAN

Agreed. Let's move on to Materiel.

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES - DAY (MORNING)

An urban apocalypse has many signs - ramshackle homes, vacant lots, an absence of chain stores, automotive chop shops, and commercial enterprises of a dubious nature define this one.

EXT. THE LOS ANGELES STAMP AND STATIONARY COMPANY

A three-story brick warehouse with a modest, stenciled sign.

INT. OFFICE

CALVIN HOLMES examines a contact sheet with photos of men. Beside him stands a WORKER wearing a leather shop apron.

HOLMES

The background's too dark; it has to be lighter. And use high-res stock.

He hands the contact sheet back to the Worker. The intercom BUZZES; Holmes answers it.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Yeah?

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

A Mister Jones is here to see you.

HOLMES

Jones? Yeah, okay. Send him in.

The Worker opens the door; on his way out "JONES" enters. He is a familiar face: THE CATERER. He wears an Eisenhower jacket, dark shirt and slacks, and carries a briefcase. He eschews a handshake and sits, his briefcase on his lap.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

What happened to Davidson?

CATERER

I don't know. I wish he was here. I hate East L.A. Goddamn toilet.

HOLMES

It's good cover. What have you got?

The Caterer takes a folder from his briefcase and hands it to Holmes who opens it. Inside are photos of badges for the U.S. Army Counter-intelligence Corps, the Secret Service, and the FBI; plus photos of a lapel pin, additional Secret Service credentials, and a sheet with specifications for every item.

Stapled to the top of the spec sheet is the top half of a playing card, the Jack of Spades; its bottom half has been jaggedly cut off. Holmes reaches into his middle desk drawer and takes out the bottom half of a Jack of Spades. The jagged cut at the top of Holmes's playing card fits neatly with the Jack of Spades stapled to the spec sheet.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

So, Twombly wants copies of these.

CATERER

Who's Twombly? I didn't say anyone named Twombly sent me.

HOLMES

Always some fucking moron trying to act smart. Twombly was Davidson's handler; so that makes him yours.

His gibe cuts deep, evidenced by the Caterer's facial tic.

CATERER

He wants copies of everything here.

HOLMES

I got templates for these Army CIC, Secret Service and FBI badges. First time I've seen these Secret Service credentials. What's this pin for?

CATERER

Some kinda recognition symbol. They wear it on their suit jackets, makes it easy to identify them as Secret Service.

(MORE)

CATERER (CONT'D)

I think that stripe on the pin is a different color every day.

HOLMES

Hmm, says so here on the spec sheet. November 22nd, pin: navy blue.

CATERER

Whatever. It's all gotta be ready by November 15th; that's when you take everything to Dallas.

HOLMES

Where in Dallas?

CATERER

I don't know. You get the address next week. For now, just concentrate on getting everything ready by then.

HOLMES

I don't like that.

CATERER

What?

HOLMES

Some fucking errand boy telling me to concentrate.

CATERER

Hm, from what I hear, you're the moron who needs to do more of it.

HOLMES

When you get back, be sure to give Mr. Twombly the receipt.

The Caterer is at sea. Holmes stands and walks around his desk to the Caterer. Suddenly, Holmes grabs the Caterer's right hand and bends the wrist back and counter-clockwise. The Caterer YELPS and drops his briefcase. Holmes twists the man's wrist further, causing the Caterer and the chair to topple onto the floor. With the Caterer restrained in a painful wrist-lock, Holmes drags him to the desk. With his free hand, Holmes pulls a snub-nosed revolver from a drawer.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

A Charter Arms .38 Special. The Mob likes to use 'em for hits up close.

JONES

No, don't! Please!

Holmes STRIKES the Caterer twice on the cheek with the butt of the revolver. With each blow the Caterer SHRIEKS.

HOLMES

Tell Twombly this is what he'll get  
if I hear anymore criticism.

He releases the Caterer's right hand. Blood runs from the Caterer's cheek. Holmes takes two rags from a desk drawer. He tosses one to the Caterer, who holds it to his wounds; with the other rag, Holmes wipes clean the butt of his revolver.

HOLMES (CONT'D)

Now get lost, errand boy!

The Caterer grabs his briefcase, gets to his feet and leaves.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

A mild autumn Friday. The *vorfreude* of an upcoming week-end is everywhere as locals and tourists alike explore The National Mall, DuPont Circle, and the antique shops in Georgetown.

704 3RD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING

Children play stickball in the street. WARREN LATHAM and FIONA JEFFRIES, each with a bag of groceries, approach the building.

LATHAM

I feel like I'm playing hooky.

FIONA

Stop. You only left work at three.  
It's not like you took the day off.

INT. APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY

The phone RINGS. The front door opens. Fiona enters, followed by Latham. He sets his bag of groceries on the hall table and hurries into...

THE LIVING ROOM

A Felix The Cat wall clock shows the time, 5:05. The phone's Red light BLINKS. Latham enters. He picks up the phone from the coffee table, turns it upside down and rolls the thumbnail switch. He glimpses Fiona carrying both bags of groceries on her way into the kitchenette as he answers the call.

LATHAM

Latham...

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DUTY DESK

There is the usual PURL of teletype machines, RINGING phones, and chatter. DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty Desk along with MISSION PLANNING'S REID NICHOLS; PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY sits with them. Stokes is on the Red phone.



STOKES

It's Stokes from the Duty Desk, sir.  
We received a call from the Geneva  
station. Mandarin Two's been shot.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH STOKES

Fiona enters the living room, looking pensive.

LATHAM

Is she alive?

STOKES

Yes. She's in Geneva General  
Hospital in stable condition.

LATHAM

I hope the station didn't put  
anyone with her at the hospital.

STOKES

They didn't. The Station Number Two  
asked me if he should. I told him  
mandarin Two's ostensibly a tourist.  
Putting Security on site would only  
raise concern and blow her cover.

LATHAM

Good. Does Paul Barry know?

STOKES

Yes, he's right here.

LATHAM

Alright, inform D-Int.

STOKES

What about Mr. Berard?

BACK TO SCENE

LATHAM

No, not yet. I'm coming in.

He hangs up and turns to Fiona.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Carla's been shot.

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

Night shift CIA officers trickle into the compound.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 17:30.

One wall has a map of North America; an adjoining wall has maps of Central America, U.S. Territories, 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 where only a few major cities have stickpins representing legacy operations.

At the Duty Desk are Stokes, Percy, Nichols and Bazzo. CLICK. The door opens and Latham enters. CATHERINE, a CIA Officer, crosses to the wall map of Europe and replaces the Yellow stickpin in Geneva with a Red one as Latham takes a seat.

STOKES

I couldn't reach D-Int; he and his wife are driving to Cape Cod. I do have a phone number for him there.

LATHAM

Let the night shift tell him about his damn low-risk operation. How did we learn about the shooting?

BAZZO

The Geneva police asked our embassy to contact Monica Hodges's family. The chargé d'affaires followed protocol and asked the station chief if Hodges was a Company employee.

LATHAM

Okay. When and where was she shot?

STOKES

Around 20:00 CET, in a transient hotel in Pâquis - that's Geneva's Red Light district.

LATHAM

Hmm... Had she reported in earlier?

STOKES

No, but that's normal for mandarin Two. We usually don't hear from her until the mission's over.

LATHAM

So, we don't know why she was there.

BAZZO

If it was to meet with Dinkin, then something had to have gone wrong.

PERCY

I don't know. Could be she asked to meet him there.

(MORE)

PERCY (CONT'D)

A young guy looking to hook up in the Pâquis district isn't going to raise any eyebrows.

STOKES

It would raise mine.

This gets everyone's attention, especially Latham's.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Mandarin Two's a publishing exec, yet here she is in Geneva's version of The Combat Zone. If Carla did suggest they meet there, wouldn't that cause Dinkin to have second thoughts about her? Why meet there instead of the park or at her hotel?

PERCY

Could be he trusts her.

STOKES

Enough to go some place he knows damn well he could be robbed or killed?

Murmurs of doubt and agreement with Stokes arise around the Duty Desk.

LATHAM

Alright. The only way we'll know anything is to put Paul on site. When's the next flight to Geneva?

NICHOLS

Paul already had me check on that. There's a Swissair flight leaving National at 20:45. It makes two stops, at Heathrow and at Orly, then arrives in Geneva tomorrow at 13:55 CET. I, uh, went ahead and made a reservation for him at the Hotel Beau-Rivage.

LATHAM

The same five-star hotel where mandarin Two is staying?

NICHOLS

Yes, sir.

LATHAM

Who's idea was that?

Nichols hesitates and nervously looks at Bazzo, who sports a sheepish grin. Latham looks at Bazzo admonishingly.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

That's your vacation. Was Carla conscious when the police arrived?

STOKES

We don't know, sir.

LATHAM

If she wasn't, the police would have gone through her things for an ID. How well was she back-stopped?

Stokes opens a file and reads aloud from it.

STOKES

Monica Hodges, credentialed employee for Life Magazine, New York office. Pocket litter includes a New York State driver's license, passport, Diners Club card and two hundred-fifty dollars in traveler's checks.

LATHAM

And the real Monica Hodges?

BAZZO

In Alberta, Canada for three weeks.

LATHAM

What about Carla's medical coverage?

PERCY

Blue Cross/Blue Shield as Hodges.

NICHOLS

Let's hope the hospital takes it.

STOKES

She has the traveler's checks and Diners Club if they don't.

LATHAM

Okay. What about Paul's legend?

PERCY

The real Monica Hodges has a brother who's a GP in Toledo. But we decided against using him in case Paul was asked a medical question.

BAZZO

I'll be using my working name, Tom Sterling. I'm her cousin with my own plumbing supply business in Detroit.

LATHAM

That's certainly bland enough.

PERCY

Nobody'll wanna check out Detroit.

This lightens the mood for everyone at the Duty Desk.

STOKES

Paul has appropriate pocket litter,  
and there's no need for TSD to  
create a visa since he'll be in  
Switzerland for less than 90 days.

The door CLICKS and opens. JAMES OWENS, PETE FARRELL, and  
WILSON BRADLEY - Night Duty Desk Officers - enter, followed by  
other CIA Officers ready to take turnover from the day shift.

LATHAM

If you can't bring her back right  
away, Paul, call in. I'll have  
someone relieve you. Meantime, I'll  
be in my office.

BAZZO

No need, boss; we're all set here.  
Go on home.

LATHAM

No. I never should have left early  
in the first place.

As he leaves, the Night Duty Officers sit beside their day-  
shift counterparts, and the transfer of duties begins.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY (DUSK)

The familiar landmark appears gray under a periwinkle sky.

INT. CABINET ROOM

PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY sits at the head of a long mahogany  
conference table. Behind him are the American flag and,  
embedded into the wall, the Great Seal of the United States.  
Familiar faces sit around the conference table, facing the  
president: ATTORNEY GENERAL ROBERT KENNEDY; SECRETARY OF  
DEFENSE ROBERT MCNAMARA; SECRETARY OF STATE DEAN RUSK;  
APPOINTMENTS SECRETARY KENNETH O'DONNELL; UNDER SECRETARY OF  
STATE GEORGE BALL; NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR MCGEORGE BUNDY;  
CIA DIRECTOR JOHN MCCONE; DIA DIRECTOR GENERAL J. F. CARROLL;  
and DEPUTY NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR WALT ROSTOW. President  
Kennedy checks his watch: 6:35.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

We're running over, so let's wrap  
things up.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Dean, you sent a cable to Ambassador Lodge, outlining my preliminary thinking on the coup in Saigon. Would you, uh, summarize our position as stated in the cable?

RUSK

We expect to emphasize prompt and evident popular support for this move by the senior staff of South Vietnam's armed forces and civilian leaders. Our aim, like that of the junta, is the prompt restoration of constitutional government.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Worded to avoid comparison with CIA-sponsored events in Latin America.

McCone bristles at this brusque rebuke of CIA operations.

BALL

Before we go, there've been more demonstrations at Yale regarding Professor Frederick Barghoorn.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Barghoorn... He's the one Moscow's holding on charges of espionage?

BALL

Trumped up charges, yes.

EXT. MOSCOW - HOTEL METROPOL - DAY - PAST

INSERT: "Hotel Metropol, Moscow, Russia"

Located in Moscow center, near the Kremlin and the Bolshoi theatre, this Art Nouveau hotel combines avant-garde British design with décor drawn from Russian folklore.

With typical Communist disregard for the bourgeois trappings of taste, this erstwhile paean to luxury has fallen into a state of disrepair, though it remains the best of a bad bunch of Moscow hotels. Its neon-lit, first-floor windows provide a glimpse of doors, behind which lie *cabinets privés* where dissolute youth and debauched old, gay and straight, are trafficked for rubles, champagne, and honey traps. Russian authorities "encourage" American consular officials and tourists to reside here.

AT THE CURB IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL METROPOL

PROFESSOR FREDERICK BARGHOORN alights from a Volga taxi. He is a 40-ish American, White, with the paunch of one who sits a lot and exercises little.

Barghoorn is bundled in a *shuba* - a fur overcoat with a wide collar - and a fur *shapka* (Russian for "hat"). To render himself less conspicuous, Barghoorn adopts the dour mien common to the Soviet elite.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (V.O.)  
What was Barghoorn doing in Moscow?

BALL (V.O.)  
Interviewing Russian professors for a book he's writing. He's been in and out of Russia several times, and always without incident.

As the taxi pulls away, a similarly dressed man, a STRANGER, walks up to Barghoorn. (Everyone speaks Russian.)

STRANGER  
Vy amerikanets?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Are you an American?"

Before Barghoorn can answer, the Stranger slaps a roll of typed papers into Barghoorn's hand, startling him.

BARGHOORN  
Privet! Chto eto?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Hey! What's this?"

The Stranger ignores Barghoorn and leaves. Meanwhile, two MILITSIONERS - members of the Militsiya (Moscow Police) - appear, seemingly out of nowhere. They wear green woolen overcoats with a police badge affixed to the lapel, and a fur shapka. Two KGB AGENTS in black leather jackets *sans* hats emerge from the hotel. MILITSIONER #2 and the KGB Agents restrain Barghoorn while MILITSIONER #1 puts him in handcuffs.

BARGHOORN (CONT'D)  
Ya ne ponimayu. Chto ty delayesh'?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I don't understand. What have I done?"

Neither the Militsioners nor the KGB Agents say anything. A blue-on-yellow GAZ-24 Volga police car quickly pulls up. The Militsioners shove Barghoorn into the backseat of the Volga.

BARGHOORN (CONT'D)  
Zhdat'!

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Wait!"

Militsioner #2 gets in beside Barghoorn while Militsioner #1 gets into the front passenger seat. The KGB Agents get into a black GAZ-24 Volga parked a few feet away. As the police car pulls away, the KGB Agents follow it.

INT. CABINET ROOM - DAY (DUSK) - PRESENT

President Kennedy mulls over Barghoorn's situation.

BALL

We've already denounced his arrest as unjustified, but the family want to know what else we're doing to secure his release.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I'll hold a press conference on Monday. I'll refer to Barghoorn's detention then as a serious matter, one that could greatly damage our relations with the Soviet Union.

MCNAMARA

One witless professor is going to damage our relations with Russia?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

What would you rather I say to the Kremlin, Bob - keep him?

BALL

Sir, I wonder if it might be prudent to hint to the family that back-channel negotiations are ongoing.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I'd strongly advise against a leak of that sort, George - especially as I've had no such discussions with Premier Khrushchev.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Was Barghoorn on some kind of intelligence mission, John?

MCCONE

Not that I'm aware of.

General Carroll shakes his head as well. There is a KNOCK on the door. NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL STAFFER MICHAEL FORRESTAL barges in holding a cable. President grins jocularly.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

We've got the room booked, Mike.

FORRESTAL

I'm sorry but this is urgent, sir. South Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem and his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu were assassinated at approximately 07:00 ICT, Indo-China Time;

(MORE)



FORRESTAL (CONT'D)  
some two hours ago on what is now  
Saturday there.

President Kennedy blanches; Robert Kennedy seethes. McCone eyes them with disbelief.

MCCONE  
Excuse me, but I have to admit to  
being a little surprised here.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
Yes... I didn't expect the junta  
would kill Diem and his brother.

MCCONE  
Frankly speaking, it's your reaction  
and the attorney general's that I  
find surprising, considering how  
unpredictable any coup d'etat is.

ROSTOW  
John, we understood that once the  
Diem brothers surrendered, they'd  
be allowed to leave the country.

MCCONE  
Exile is not an inalienable right.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
Walt, call Ambassador Lodge. I want  
to know why this has happened.

Rostow nods. President Kennedy and his brother leave.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT (EVENING)

The familiar landmark is illuminated by accent lights.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

President Kennedy stares forlornly out a glass-paned door  
leading to the Rose Garden. Robert Kennedy stands beside him.  
O'Donnell enters and sits on the sofa.

O'DONNELL  
Hell of a thing, isn't it?

ROBERT KENNEDY  
Truth is, it's the CIA's doing.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
True or not, the responsibility for  
Diem's death falls on me.

Robert Kennedy gently squeezes his brother's shoulder then  
goes to the desk, picks up the phone and dials.

ROBERT KENNEDY

It's Robert Kennedy. Could you bring us some ice water, glasses and a warm towel for the president, please? We're in the Oval Office.

He hangs up. Meanwhile, President Kennedy crosses to his desk and slumps into his chair.

O'DONNELL

Don't beat yourself up over this, Jack. You opposed a coup initially.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

But in the end I agreed to it. And in my naïveté or my stupidity I believed it would be bloodless.

O'DONNELL

'Cause McNamara said it would be.

The intercom BUZZES.

MRS. LINCOLN (O.S.)

Mr. Jenkins is here.

MR. JENKINS, mid-50s and Black, enters. He wears a gray waistcoat over a white shirt and black pants. He pushes a serving cart with a pitcher of ice water, glass tumblers, a stainless-steel cloche, cloth napkins, and utility tongs. He lifts the cloche, revealing a folded towel on a china plate. Using the tongs, he grabs the towel and hands it to President Kennedy.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Thank you, Mr. Jenkins.

Mr. Jenkins nods and leaves. President Kennedy buries his face in the towel, drags it down to his chin, then lays it back on the plate. Robert Kennedy pours ice water into a tumbler. He hands it to his brother who takes a sip. It is an elixir, bringing some resolve to President Kennedy's demeanor.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

There's a familiarity about this.

O'DONNELL

The junta executing Diem?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

I was thinking more of Diem's regime. These autocracies... Soon as they sense they're losing control they become more repressive and more isolated - to a point where even their staunchest allies turn a blind eye.

O'DONNELL

It's a cycle, and it's repeated ad nauseum throughout the Third World.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Because these cycles have their roots firmly planted in colonialism.

O'DONNELL

Some latent *noblesse oblige*, Bobby?

ROBERT KENNEDY

It doesn't take a genius or wealth to see how colonialism's negative impact outlasts colonial rule.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

You don't think colonialism's at the heart of instability in Vietnam or these emerging African nations, Ken?

O'DONNELL

I think it has as much to do with the people there as anything else.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Wow, someone's done a one-eighty.

O'DONNELL

No.

ROBERT KENNEDY

No? I remember you arguing Kipling's 'The White Man's Burden' was jingoistic satire. I guess that was just your liberal pose back then.

O'DONNELL

Call it what you want. What I am is a realist. And you were too once, before you became an honorary Negro.

ROBERT KENNEDY

You goddamn son of a bitch!

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

What the hell is this all about?

O'DONNELL

Remember that meeting Bobby went to, the one with James Baldwin, Harry Belafonte and those other Negroes?

ROBERT KENNEDY

Rip Torn the actor was there - and he's White.

O'DONNELL

Fine, one guy in white-face.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Wait. Are you saying you objected to Bobby meeting with them?

O'DONNELL

I'm saying you go to a meeting like that expecting to find moderates and what you get are militants.

ROBERT KENNEDY

What you get are people looking to finally bare their souls.

O'DONNELL

Yeah, yeah - lynchings, beatings, poverty... Fine, I get it. I don't need to hear them belabor the point.

ROBERT KENNEDY

That is the point. I was naïve to look past it; though in your case I can see it's for another reason.

O'DONNELL

Don't you dare! Don't you fucking dare, Bobby! I've never said one word, not one word against Negroes!

ROBERT KENNEDY

Yes, you've always been savvy enough to avoid using that word.

O'DONNELL

I don't have to listen to this shit.

He storms out the office, leaving President Kennedy aghast.

## ACT TWO

EXT. GENEVA, SWITZERLAND - DAY (MORNING)

With the sun behind Mont Blanc, Lake Geneva and the Riviera Water Fountain are a surreal violet palette rather than blue.

GENEVA GENERAL HOSPITAL

A dull, red brick, three-story building on a campus that also features a pediatric ward, a reformatory, and an asylum.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM

A woman's clothes are draped across the back of a chair.

CARLA DILAURIA lies on her left side, propped by several pillows behind her and one between her thighs. She wears a hospital gown. A sheet and blanket are pulled up just below her waist, revealing a drainage tube running from the right-front side of her waist to a rubber bulb pinned to her gown. A NURSE checks the bulb for fluid.

NURSE  
(French-accented English)  
Good, no fluid. Means no infection.

There is a KNOCK on the door, then a male voice speaks French.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Est-il sécuritaire d'entrer?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Is it safe to enter?"

NURSE  
Do you mind a little company, Miss?

DILAURIA  
No, I don't mind.

The Nurse pulls the sheet and blanket over the exposed parts of DiLauria's body. (The Nurse speaks French to the man.)

NURSE  
Entrez.

The door opens and a sandy-haired man in a dark suit and overcoat enters. He is Detective PHILIPPE DENIER, 40s, from Geneva's Municipal Police Force. (He speaks French.)

DENIER  
Bonjour, Mademoiselle Hodges.

NURSE  
Parler anglais à la dame.

DENIER  
(switches to English)  
I am Detective Philippe Dernier from  
the Municipal Police, Miss Hodges.  
(shows DiLauria his ID)  
I would like to speak to you - in  
private, if I may?

The Nurse nods perfunctorily to Denier and leaves.

DENIER (CONT'D)  
How are you feeling?

DILAURIA  
Better, thank you. I've already  
given a statement to a policeman.

DENIER

Yes, I read his report. I only have a few brief questions. You are a journalist from New York?

DILAURIA

A senior editor at Life Magazine.

DENIER

You are registered at the Hotel Beau-Rivage, very nice; yet you were shot at a brothel in the Pâquis district.

DILAURIA

I went there to interview women who come here to work in the sex trade.

DENIER

I see. Were these women forthcoming?

DILAURIA

Some of them were.

DENIER

Enough to have their pictures taken?

DILAURIA

They spoke to me on the condition of anonymity, detective.

DENIER

Really... Then I cannot understand why you would betray their trust.

DILAURIA

What are you talking about?

Dernier pulls a black Minox One camera from his left-hand pocket. As he places it on the bedstand, DiLauria notices he wears a large-face, Uranus Swiss watch on his right wrist.

DENIER

Your bag was on the floor beside you in the brothel. The ambulance driver collected it and gave it to hospital security. By law, police must be present when a patient's personal effects are searched to determine their identity. Your wallet and the camera were found in your bag.

He waits, flummoxed, as DiLauria's face gives nothing away.

DENIER (CONT'D)

These, um, Minox cameras are quite expensive;

(MORE)

DENIER (CONT'D)  
excellent for taking pictures  
secretly. Probably why it is the  
camera of choice for spies.

DILAURIA  
I wouldn't know.

DENIER  
Where did you get yours?

DILAURIA  
Neiman Marcus.

Denier scrunches up his face; he is at sea.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
It's an expensive store in Chicago.

DENIER  
I am not surprised you shop at such  
stores. The labels in your clothes  
attest to that. Being an expensive  
camera, the market would be limited.  
So I called the Minox Corporation.  
Their cameras are only available in  
select stores in America and Europe.

DILAURIA  
So we can put this subject to bed?

DENIER  
Not quite. I also called Kurt Lohn  
in New York. He is in charge of  
distribution in the U.S. for Minox.  
I asked if he could tell me where  
your camera was purchased. For that,  
he needed the serial number. This  
meant opening the camera body.  
Fortunately, you had no film loaded.

DILAURIA  
Lucky me.

DENIER  
Monsieur Lohn said all Minox One  
cameras for sale in the U.S. have a  
six-digit number starting with 1-3-  
5-0-0-0. The serial number on your  
camera is 9-8-3-4-8, only five  
digits. It seems your camera was  
never available for commercial sale  
in America, or any other country.

DILAURIA  
Hmm...

DENIER

Mind you, I said commercial sale. Your camera's serial number falls in a range for sale only to government organizations - like the CIA.

DILAURIA

Well, I don't work for the CIA. And all you've learned is that a Minox camera intended for government use was mistakenly included with cameras for commercial sale.

DENIER

Perhaps, but it raises the question of your right to legally own it.

DILAURIA

As far as I know, that's not a crime in the U.S. or Switzerland.

DENIER

I would be interested in your government's opinion on that.

DILAURIA

What you do is your business.

DENIER

Yes... Switzerland is both neutral and non-aligned. My government would be displeased to learn the CIA were conducting espionage operations on our soil. At the least, we might seek to expel your Ambassador Davis.

DILAURIA

Look, you have a complaint? File it with the CIA, but don't threaten me. And as for my camera, I expect you to put it back where you found it. I doubt your neutral and non-aligned government allows its policemen to appropriate private property.

DENIER

Quite true. However, I will hold onto it and your passport while I investigate the matter. Until such time as this is resolved, I must insist that you stay within the Geneva city limits. Oh, should you have any complaints, feel free to file them with the Municipal Police.

He grabs the Minox camera off the nightstand and pockets it.



DENIER (CONT'D)  
Au revoir, Mademoiselle Hodges.

He leaves. DiLauria leans off the bed toward the chair. She grabs her shoulder bag and opens it. Inside is a zippered pocket. She unzips it and reaches inside. Nothing. She frantically searches the shoulder bag, dumping its contents on the bed. Finally, she SLAMS the bag down onto the bed.

DILAURIA  
Damn! He has the film.

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

In the early morning sun, the Washington Monument casts a long shadow across the National Mall.

AT BUS STOPS AROUND THE CITY

Managers and the rank and file of the retail trade pile into public buses on their way to work.

TUNLAW ROAD, NW - RUSSIAN EMBASSY

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

INT. YURI GVOZDEV'S OFFICE

On the wall is a photo of Nikita Khrushchev. KGB resident YURI GVOZDEV, casually dressed, sits at his desk reading a cable written in Cyrillic. He grows apprehensive. He reaches inside the center desk drawer, pulls out a postcard and a stick of chalk, and puts them in his shirt pocket. The office door opens. Gvozdev's Number Two, DINA, enters and sits at her desk as Gvozdev shuts his desk drawer. (They speak Russian.)

DINA  
Iz tsentra Moskvyy?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "From Moscow Center?"

Gvozdev nods. Dina anxiously TAPS her fingers on the desktop.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Kabel' obo mne??

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Is it about me?"

GVOZDEV  
Nyet... Ya.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Nope... Me."

Gvozdev folds the cable and puts it back in its envelope.

He gets up, grabs his overcoat off the coat rack and puts the envelope in his coat's inside pocket.

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)  
Ya vykhozhu na neskol'ko minut.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I'm going out for a few minutes."

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

A taxi pulls to the curb. Gvozdev alights and walks to a mailbox. He takes the stick of chalk and the postcard from his shirt pocket and drops the postcard in the mail slot. He then kneels to tie his shoe. With the chalk he has cupped in his hand, he makes two vertical MARKS near the bottom of the mailbox. He stands, crosses the street and hails a taxi.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A UNIFORMED MARINE CORPS GUARD sits in the guard shack.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE

The door is closed. Latham is asleep at his desk; his head lies on the desk pad. There is a KNOCK on the door. Latham stirs, not fully awake. The door opens. COLLETTE DOWD enters followed by Fiona who carries two brown paper bags. Collette CLEARS her throat, waking a somewhat disoriented Latham. He rubs his eyes and looks at the 24-hour wall clock: 07:45.

LATHAM  
What are you two doing here?

FIONA  
I got worried when you didn't call.

LATHAM  
Oh, I'm sorry.

FIONA  
I asked Collette to escort me in.  
Here, I brought you some tea.

She takes a paper cup from one of the bags; a threaded tag for Tetley Tea hangs off its side. She hands the cup to Latham. He takes a sip and flinches.

LATHAM  
Ooh, that's hot.

Fiona then takes a breakfast sandwich - ham and egg on a roll - out the other paper bag and sets it before Latham.

COLLETTE  
You didn't make your rounds, did you?

Embarrassed, Latham shakes his head no.

FIONA  
Come on, let's go.

LATHAM  
Can I finish my breakfast first?

FIONA  
You can eat it along the way.

She grabs his sandwich and puts it back in the paper bag. Latham grumbles as he reaches into his middle desk drawer. He takes out a stick of white chalk and an addressed postcard, pockets them both, and follows Fiona out his office.

EXT. CORNER OF E STREET AND 17TH STREET, NW - DAY (MORNING)

A Yellow Cab pulls to the curb. Latham and Fiona alight. They walk west on E Street to the corner of 18th Street and the mailbox. Latham pulls the postcard from his pocket and drops it in the mail slot. He kneels to tie his shoe and sees the two chalk marks made by Gvozdev. He takes the chalk from his pocket and draws a diagonal line across the right-hand chalk mark. He pockets the chalk and stands, then he and Fiona cross E street and hail a Yellow Cab.

I/E. YELLOW CAB

Turns north on 17th Street; the White House looms in the background. In the backseat Latham turns to Fiona.

LATHAM  
I'll get off up here. You take the cab on home.

FIONA  
But you won't have any backup.

LATHAM  
I'll be alright. I'll call you afterwards. I promise.

He leans over the back of the front bench seat near the HACK.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Let me off here at G Street, then take her wherever she wants to go.

The Yellow Cab pulls to the curb at...

THE CORNER OF G STREET AND 17TH STREET, NW

Latham alights then the Yellow Cab leaves. He crosses onto G Street and hails another taxi.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY (MORNING)

Autumn leaves fall about this world-wide symbol of democracy.

INT. KENNETH O'DONNELL'S OFFICE

O'Donnell sits at a cluttered desk; he is on the phone. In the corner is the U.S. flag. On the wall behind him are three photos: one of President Kennedy, another of himself and Robert Kennedy, and one of himself with both John and Robert Kennedy. Sitting across from O'Donnell is FRANÇOIS BISSET. Both men wear white shirts with the sleeves rolled up but no ties - unseemly for the times. Their suit jackets are draped across the backs of their chairs. O'Donnell is strangely subdued as he speaks with Jerry Bruno over the speakerphone.

O'DONNELL

Why won't Connally hold the luncheon  
at the Women's Building?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY (MORNING)

Well-appointed - indicative of a five-star hotel. On the phone is JERRY BRUNO, 45, advance man for President Kennedy's trips.

BRUNO

'Cause he insists on the Trade Mart.

CROSSCUT O'DONNELL WITH BRUNO

O'DONNELL

Which you don't like because of the  
catwalks. Right?

BRUNO

Uh huh.

O'DONNELL

Just how many are there?

BRUNO

Ten. Six of them go right over the  
area where the luncheon's gonna be  
held. But that's only part of the  
problem. The Trade Mart has sixty  
fucking entrances! We don't have the  
staff to cover them all. The Women's  
Building has only two, and you can  
drive right inside it. From a  
security standpoint, it's clearly  
the better choice; but Connally went  
ballistic when I mentioned it. He  
said it was a dump and demanded we  
hold the luncheon at the Trade Mart.

O'Donnell sighs heavily and waves his hand dismissively.

O'DONNELL

The hell with it then; hold the luncheon at the Trade Mart.

BRUNO

Have you heard a word I said, Kenny? The Trade Mart isn't safe!

O'DONNELL

I really don't care anymore, Jerry.

BRUNO

What's up with you? You and Jack have a falling out or something?

O'DONNELL

Look, I'll tell Agent Behn to contact the Secret Service in Dallas. Let them figure out how to protect the president there.

BRUNO

This is a really bad move, Kenny.

BACK TO SCENE

O'DONNELL

I heard you. Now go and tell Connally and Cliff Carter.

He hangs up. Bisset looks very worried.

BISSET

Last week those right-wing clowns down there attacked Adlai. What's to stop them from going after Jack?

O'DONNELL

The Secret Service.

BISSET

Yeah? You didn't hear them earlier.

O'DONNELL

Why? What'd they have to say?

BISSET

They're all gloating about how they stopped the Chicago plot. But Jackie told me it was an MI6 agent who told her about it. Meantime, Jack's Secret Service detail is going out tonight to get loaded.

O'DONNELL

Hm, bunch of useless drunks.

EXT. 21ST STREET, NW - MUNICIPAL PARKING LOT - DAY

A typical multi-level, underground parking facility.

INT. STAIRWELL

Latham descends the stairs to the...

LOWER LEVEL LANDING

A pay phone is affixed to the wall. He feels beneath the coin box and peels off a slip of paper taped there. He unfolds it and reads "HJ1-633." He pockets the paper and exits into...

THE LOWER LEVEL

Poorly lit and half-filled with cars. Latham walks around, eyeing the cars. In a far corner he spots a Rambler American with license plate number HJ1-633. Latham looks through the windscreen and sees Gvozdev, then he gets into the...

RAMBLER AMERICAN

And shuts the passenger-side door. Gvozdev discreetly twirls the top of a ballpoint pen in his breast pocket clockwise.

LATHAM

A Rambler American again, Yuri?

GVOZDEV

The most proletarian U.S. car that Avis rents.

LATHAM

You mean cheap. I also see you lost your FBI shadow.

GVOZDEV

Right now they are following my driver in the ZIL.

LATHAM

What the hell's a ZIL?

GVOZDEV

A very dramatic new car. Moscow just delivered it to us. Did you know it is the largest car in the world?

LATHAM

I do now.

GVOZDEV

The FBI assume all senior Soviet Embassy staff are elitist, like our Western counterparts.

(MORE)

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)

They think we would never be seen  
in a Rambler.

LATHAM

I know I wouldn't. So why am I here?

GVOZDEV

Do you know the name Igor Vaganov?

LATHAM

The chauffeur - wait, let me correct  
myself here - the former chauffeur  
for Amtorg, your state trade agency.

GVOZDEV

Whom you falsely accused of spying.

LATHAM

Falsely? When the FBI stopped  
Vaganov's car - which, by the way,  
was a Cadillac - an engineer with  
ITT, John Butenko, and two Russian  
diplomats were in the back, along  
with a Minox spy camera, rolls of  
film, and one-time pads. Butenko  
had Top Secret NATO documents in  
his briefcase. And when the film  
was developed, they showed avionics  
specs for General Dynamics' F-111C  
attack plane.

GVOZDEV

Circumstantial evidence. None of the  
items were in Vaganov's possession.

LATHAM

It's reason enough for the  
government to keep him in custody.

GVOZDEV

You cannot continue to hold him,  
certainly not at that absurd bail  
of \$100,000.

LATHAM

The judge knows the Kremlin won't  
pay that kind of money. So Vaganov  
will remain in jail until his trial.

Gvozdev holds up his hand, signaling to Latham to stop  
talking. He then twirls his ballpoint pen counter-clockwise.

GVOZDEV

Forgive me. I have to debase myself  
and record this inane dialogue to  
satisfy my masters in Lubyanka.

LATHAM

Another purge back home?

Gvozdev nods and sighs sadly.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Tell the KGB that coercion only makes it more likely you'll defect.

GVOZDEV

They keep my family in Leningrad under watch to make sure I don't.

LATHAM

I'll ask Ambassador Kohler in Moscow to complain to the Kremlin about how tough a negotiator you are.

Gvozdev half-smiles his appreciation.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

So, is this really about Vaganov?

GVOZDEV

Yes. Moscow wants to swap for him.

LATHAM

Well, you know how that works. Your Ministry of Foreign Affairs contacts the State Department.

GVOZDEV

Unfortunately, an ambitious junior KGB officer ordered the arrest of a U.S. college professor who was in Moscow and accused him of spying.

LATHAM

Frederick Barghoorn from Yale?

Gvozdev nods.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

He's not our joe, Yuri. He was there doing research for a book.

GVOZDEV

The professor says that too, but my masters insist he is a spy.

LATHAM

So, they figure that by swapping an innocent man for a KGB agent, they can save face - and their lives - by falsely proving they were right about Barghoorn being a spy.



GVOZDEV

Yes, but at least Barghoorn goes home. It is a win-win situation, no?

LATHAM

No. This taints Barghoorn forever by assuming he's a spy being swapped for one. It also portrays the State Department as liars for denying that Professor Barghoorn was a spy.

Gvozdev is so frustrated he unconsciously lapses into Russian.

GVOZDEV

Der'mo! Ya ne znayu, chto delat' dal'she.

(switches back to English)

Warren, the longer Professor Barghoorn is in Lubyanka, the more intense will be his interrogation.

LATHAM

I'm well aware of the KGB's methods.

GVOZDEV

The bureaucrats will demand there be a show trial. Professor Barghoorn will be found guilty of spying for the CIA and sentenced to 20 years in a labor camp in Siberia. There must be a swap - and soon.

LATHAM

I know what's about to happen to Professor Barghoorn is a travesty; and I know the position you're in. But to persuade the White House to support a swap, I'm going to need more from your side.

GVOZDEV

What? Money?

LATHAM

I was referring to President Kennedy, not the vice president.

Yuri grows oddly pensive at this; piquing Latham's curiosity.

GVOZDEV

Please, ask President Kennedy if he will help arrange a swap. He has a good relationship now with Premier Khrushchev. He will be sympathetic.

Latham sighs resignedly.

LATHAM

I'll ask him; but no promises.

THE LOWER LEVEL

Latham alights from the Rambler American and leaves.

EXT. GENEVA, SWITZERLAND - LAKE GENEVA - DAY

The Jet d'Eau Fountain splashes from its maximum head of 180 meters into Lake Geneva, rippling the shimmering blue lake.

GENEVA GENERAL HOSPITAL

The campus is oddly devoid of any strollers, patients or staff, reminiscent of the austere confines of a mental asylum.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM

DiLauria is alone. She is finishing dressing, about to don her tailored suit jacket when there is a KNOCK on the door.

DILAURIA

Yes?

BAZZO (O.S.)

It's Tom Sterling, your cousin the plumber from Detroit.

DILAURIA

Bring your plunger on in here.

Bazzo enters. He looks around and sees no one but DiLauria.

BAZZO

That's quite a hospital gown.

DILAURIA

I'm discharged. So, how's Detroit?

BAZZO

Actually, I was in her sister city, Turin, having a healthy exchange of ideas and resources.

DILAURIA

Turin having plumbing problems?

BAZZO

Big ones. Toilets all over the city are clogged up.

DiLauria is amused. She points her finger around the room.

DILAURIA

It's okay, no foreign ears in here.

BAZZO

Nichols had booked me on a Swissair flight to Geneva, but I changed it at the airport for a Rome ticket.

DILAURIA

Why?

BAZZO

In case someone at our station here might be leaking information.

DiLauria's expression grows curious - and dour.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

No idea who shot you or why?

DILAURIA

No.

BAZZO

Maybe it's someone settling an old score. You've made quite a few enemies behind The Curtain.

DILAURIA

Maybe. But you know the unwashed; they have signature methods, like poison or a shot to the face. Lets everyone know who's responsible. So I really don't think it was them.

BAZZO

Okay, but even if you were in the wrong place at the wrong time, it's still possible one of our people is whispering in someone's ear.

DILAURIA

And that's why you flew to Rome?

BAZZO

If that person saw me get off a flight from D.C., he'd know the Company sent me here to support you.

DiLauria nods, accepting Bazzo's disconcerting explanation.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

While I was in Rome I went to our station there and called Schaefer, the Geneva Number One, to see what's going on.

DILAURIA

He tell you about Detective Denier?

BAZZO

Yeah. He said he called Minox and lodged a complaint about Denier with the Municipal Police.

DILAURIA

Hmm, too bad this wasn't Rome. We'd get Momo or Trafficante to call one of their pals here, and Denier would end up face down in a canal.

BAZZO

Oh, speaking of Rome, remember Will Schott?

DILAURIA

Last I heard the Rome station sent him to Walter Reed to recuperate from that beating he took.

BAZZO

Well, now he's dead.

DILAURIA

What - from the beating?

BAZZO

No. Someone sent him some flowers. Turns out Schott was allergic to them. He went into anaphylactic shock, then cardiac arrest and died.

DILAURIA

I can't say I'll miss him.

BAZZO

Anyway, I told the Chief of Station here we'd drop by later to see what he has on Denier. He's sure you'll get your camera and the film back.

DILAURIA

If not, I'm finished, Paul.

BAZZO

No... Why do you think that?

DILAURIA

Because the Swiss will make capital out of me being CIA and expel Ambassador Davis.

BAZZO

I doubt it'll come to that.

He hands DiLauria her shoulder bag.

DILAURIA

No? You watch. When that happens,  
the Company will send someone like  
you with flowers for me.

ACT THREE

EXT. LOS ANGELES - MACARTHUR PARK - DAY (MORNING)

The Caterer and DAVID PHILLIPS (whom the Caterer knows as Mr. Twombly) share a park bench near the corner of Alvarado Street and Wilshire Boulevard. Across Alvarado Street is the huge WESTLAKE THEATER sign, looming precariously atop its scaffolding. The theater's façade is now home to swap meets and storefronts selling cheap clothing and wares. Phillips grins and points to the Caterer's bruised and swollen cheek.

PHILLIPS

Cut yourself shaving?

CATERER

Funny. Asshole pistol whipped me.

PHILLIPS

Who? Calvin Holmes?

CATERER

Who else?!

PHILLIPS

Keep your voice down.

CATERER

(broods)

He wanted you to see what would  
happen to you if you criticized him  
again.

PHILLIPS

I wonder how he knew about that...

Embarrassed, the Caterer looks away.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

So, how'd you leave things with him?

CATERER

Geezus, Twombly, what do you think?!

He points to his bruised and swollen cheek.

PHILLIPS

I told you to keep your voice down.  
Now, can you go back and give him  
the address of the Dallas safehouse?

CATERER

Yeah. What's all this about, anyway?  
What's gonna happen in Dallas?

PHILLIPS

Who said anything's going to happen  
in Dallas?

CATERER

Come on, you got Holmes making  
federal IDs and whatnot then going  
down there... What are you gonna do,  
rob the Federal Reserve Bank there?

PHILLIPS

Don't think. Don't ask questions.  
Just do your job then go on vacation  
for the holidays like we agreed.

CATERER

Okay. Still a free country though. I  
can go to Dallas if I want.

PHILLIPS

You know, people like you rarely  
make it to old age.

This gets the Caterer's back up.

CATERER

That supposed to be a threat?

PHILLIPS

I'm telling you, don't interfere.

The Caterer shrugs non-committally.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

On Thursday the 14th, I'll come by  
your hotel room at ten a.m. with the  
address. After you give it to Holmes  
we're done. We've never met. I don't  
know you and you don't know me.

CATERER

Don't talk to me like I was your  
bitch for the night, Twombly.

PHILLIPS

I mean what I say.

The Caterer shrugs.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

You interfere in any way, and you  
won't even get the chance to beg  
for your life.

The Caterer is nonplussed; but something other than fear has silenced him, something resembling the pernicious design of revenge that consumes the aggrieved. Phillips gets up and leaves. The Caterer stays seated and watches Phillips disappear onto Wilshire Boulevard.

EXT. DALLAS, TEXAS - DAY (MORNING)

An aerial panorama of the downtown business area heads west along Main Street where it intersects Houston Street. On the northeast corner there is the Dallas County Criminal Courts Building; on the southeast corner is the Court House. Turn right (north) onto Houston Street and next to the Criminal Courts Building is the Dallas County Records Building. There, Elm Street intersects Houston Street at a 110-degree angle.

A black, winding 'S' ribbon, Elm Street has an undulating surface that twice rises and falls seven feet - near the Texas School Book Depository (TSBD) building and further along at the picket fence. At these two points, the apex of the road is 421 feet above sea level.

Turn left (south) on Main Street onto Houston Street, and past the Court House is the Neeley Bryan House. There, Commerce Street also intersects Houston Street at a 110-degree angle. This forms the East end of...

DEALEY PLAZA

On the northwest corner of Elm and Houston Streets sits the TSBD. On its roof are two advertising signs: HERTZ RENTAL CAR and CHEVROLET, which features a digital display that switches between the time and temperature. A few feet to the west of the TSBD is the North Pergola which abuts a picket fence.

On the South side of the plaza, at the southeast corner of Houston and Commerce Streets, is the United States Post Office Building. Just west of the Post Office is the South Pergola.

Main Street flows through the center of the plaza. On either side of Main Street are two expansive lawns - one to the north, the other to the south - running respectively to Elm Street and to Commerce Street. The west face of both lawns slopes up to a railroad bridge known as The Triple Overpass.

Main, Elm and Commerce Streets converge at the West end of the plaza, a confluence that runs beneath The Triple Overpass. The train tracks atop The Triple Overpass extend northeast to a railroad yard behind the picket fence, the North Pergola, and the TSBD; to the south, the tracks split into several spurs.

On the North side of the plaza, just behind the picket fence, is dense foliage, including a large, overhanging Texas Live Oak tree with leathery leaves; this obscures a street-level view of the railyard. On the South side, where the lawn begins its slope up The Triple Overpass, are Texas Live Oak, Red Oak, and Cedar Elm trees - all with dense foliage. At the base of this south slope, the height above sea level is also 421 feet.

I/E. DALLAS POLICE PATROL CAR NO. 10

ROSCOE WHITE, wearing his midnight blue Dallas Police uniform, is seated behind the wheel. His policeman's cap lies on the front bench seat beside him. Wallace, wearing an Eisenhower jacket, button-down collar sport shirt and chinos, sits on the passenger side of the front seat. They drive west on Main Street then turn right onto Houston Street.

WALLACE

They're turning onto Houston?

WHITE

Yep.

WALLACE

Why?

WHITE

Cabell told Kennedy's advance man the county Democrats want as many people to see the president as possible. Plus, it's the easiest way to get on the Stemmons Freeway.

WALLACE

Not necessarily. You can go straight down Main to Industrial Boulevard and get to the Trade Mart.

WHITE

And go through fucking skid row? Nobody's lining up down there to see the president, Mac. Also, that limo of theirs has got the turning circle of a battleship. It'll have to slow down to three miles an hour just so's it can make the turn onto Elm.

To illustrate his point, White purposely turns wide onto Elm Street, clipping the curb with his right-side wheels.

WALLACE

More reason to go straight down Main then. Unless, that's where you plan to hit him, on Houston.



WHITE

Yeah, Houston's a good spot. You put a shooter on a high floor in the book depository and he's got a nice frontal shot. The target's seated and facing him, and the limo's gotta slow down so's it can make that hairpin turn onto Elm.

White pulls into a space between the Texas School Book Depository and the North Pergola, and parks his patrol car.

WALLACE

Yeah, he can't miss.

WHITE

Except, that's not the plan.

WALLACE

Why not? It makes sense. If he misses with the first shot, he's got enough time to get off a second one.

WHITE

Except the president's not the only target.

WALLACE

Geezus, you gonna shoot Jackie too?!

WHITE

No! Governor Connally.

WALLACE

Why Connally?

WHITE

I don't know for sure. What I hear is LBJ hates him. Hell, you're Johnson's pal; you tell me.

WALLACE

I know Lyndon sees his best chance to succeed and get re-elected is to continue Kennedy's New Frontier. But Connally's a staunch conservative. He hates all the New Frontier's liberal proposals - the Peace Corps, raising the minimum wage and Social Security benefits, federal aid for education - all that stuff.

WHITE

But Johnson's no liberal.

WALLACE

No, but he is an opportunist. He also believes Connally plans to challenge him in the primaries.

WHITE

Well, I was told Connally and his wife will be ridin' in the limo with the president and his wife. Now, with the womenfolk in the car, them boys won't be sitting on the trunk with their feet up on the seat. The Kennedys will be sittin' in back and the Connallys will be in the two jump seats. That makes Connally hard to hit if you're shootin' at him from the front, but you'll have a clear sightline if you shoot at Connally from the rear.

WALLACE

Who? You mean me?

WHITE

Yep. You'll be up there in the book depository with a spotter, one of the boys from the ranch. I'll be on the roof, firing past the limo.

WALLACE

You're missing him on purpose?

WHITE

Uh huh. Gets the Secret Service looking the other way. Come on, let's look for a good spot for you.

WHITE AND WALLACE

Alight from White's patrol car and enter the TSBD.

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

The only indication that it is the week-end is the paucity of foot and automobile traffic passing by the guard shack.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual weekday shift of Duty Officers is serving their twice-monthly week-end duty. Latham reads a file while sitting across from Stokes, Percy and Mission Planning's Nichols.

STOKES

Some lunch, Mr. Latham? We're ordering pizza from Il Canale.

Latham stands and reaches into his pocket. He pulls out his wallet and takes out a twenty-dollar bill, then crosses to the Duty Desk and hands Stokes the money.

LATHAM

Get enough for everyone.

Stokes smiles gratefully then turns to Percy.

STOKES

Tom, order five pies with the usual.

Percy nods, picks up his Gray phone and dials. On all the Gray phones, a second line RINGS; Stokes answers his Gray phone.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Yes?... Duty Officer Stokes here...

One moment, please.

(turns to Latham)

Collette's on Gray, sir.

He passes the handset to Latham.

LATHAM

Latham...

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Françoise Bisset is returning your call. Want me to transfer him?

LATHAM

Yes, then go home; that's an order.

BISSET (O.S.)

Warren?

LATHAM

Françoise, glad you could call back.

BISSET (O.S.)

Can you meet me at the White House?

LATHAM

Right now?

BISSET (O.S.)

Yes.

LATHAM

What's going on?

BISSET (O.S.)

Not over the phone. How soon can you get here?

LATHAM

Ten minutes or so.

BISSET (O.S.)

See you outside the gate on the  
North Lawn, across from Lafayette  
Park.

CLICK. Bisset hangs up, as does Latham who turns to Stokes.

LATHAM

I'll be at the White House with the  
president's press secretary.

Stokes offers the money back to Latham who shakes his head no.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Enjoy.

Stokes smiles ruefully as Latham leaves.

EXT. 1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Bisset waits on the sidewalk outside the wrought-iron fence surrounding the north face. On the north lawn, in the middle of a circular pool, a fountain lazily shoots water to a maximum head of three meters. A taxi pulls up; Latham alights. As the taxi leaves, Latham approaches Bisset.

BISSET

Let's go for a walk in the park.

They cross Pennsylvania Avenue and enter Lafayette Park. They stroll by the equestrian statue of President Andrew Jackson.

LATHAM

You speak to the president?

BISSET

About meeting with you? No.

LATHAM

Why not?

BISSET

He was very upset about the Diem brothers being assassinated. He blamed himself. So he and Bobby drove to Bobby's place in McLean to talk over their next step. I thought it was best to wait 'til later on.

LATHAM

I wanted to talk to him about a professor being held in Lubyanka.

BISSET  
Barghoorn, the one from Yale?

LATHAM  
(surprised)  
Yes...

BISSET  
He plans to make a statement about  
him on Monday.

LATHAM  
I need to talk to him before then.  
The Russians have proposed a swap.

BISSET  
The professor for Igor Vaganov.

LATHAM  
How'd you know about that?

BISSET  
Yuri Gvozdev. He called me and asked  
if I could arrange for him to meet  
with the vice president.

LATHAM  
Why?

BISSET  
Slow down, I'm getting to it. He  
said a Russian national named Igor  
Vaganov had been falsely accused of  
espionage and was being held in New  
York. I told him the Executive  
Branch doesn't comment on pre-trial  
detainees. He said he wasn't asking  
for a comment but had a proposal  
for the vice president; that's all  
he was willing to say to me. So I  
referred him to Liz Carpenter.

LATHAM  
Lady Bird's press secretary?

BISSET  
She's LBJ's executive assistant too.  
She's at the ranch with them, so I  
gave Gvozdev the trunk-line number.

LATHAM  
Which I assume he called.

BISSET  
Soon as I hung up. Liz called me  
later and told me what happened.

LATHAM

Why would she tell you anything?

BISSET

'Cause we happen to be good friends. She also doesn't like what they're doing.

LATHAM

Go on.

BISSET

Johnson would only talk if Liz could take notes and Cliff Carter, his lawyer, could sit in. Gvozdev agreed then told them that a show trial and a sentence of hard labor were a certainty for Professor Barghoorn unless a swap could be arranged for Igor Vaganov. Carter reminded everyone that Vaganov's bail was set at \$100,000 and asked if the Russians were willing to pay it. Gvozdev said if his government paid Vaganov's bail, it would be a tacit admission that Vaganov is a KGB agent, which Moscow denies. Johnson and Carter conferred for a bit, then Carter said that if the Soviet-American Friendship Society paid Vaganov's bail, it would look like a gesture of goodwill, a spirit of cooperation resulting from the improved relations between the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

LATHAM

Lawyers must have to learn how to bullshit in order to pass the bar. What is this Soviet-American Friendship Society?

BISSET

Just something LBJ and Carter cooked up on the spot. So, using Carter as an intermediary, Moscow would give the society \$200,000 - \$100,000 for Vaganov's bail, and \$100,000 to cover LBJ's assistance.

Latham rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

BISSET (CONT'D)

Gvozdev agreed to present the offer to his masters.

(MORE)

BISSET (CONT'D)

But LBJ decided to put Moscow on notice, telling Gvozdev that the Kremlin had until noon Monday, Central Standard Time, to accept the offer; and they had to communicate through Carter only.

LATHAM

The Senate's ready to indict Johnson over the Bobby Baker scandal. Billie Sol Estes has already been convicted and he's hinting he'll bring Johnson down with him if his appeals fail. Yet, with this Sword of Damocles hanging over his head, Johnson just can't help himself.

BISSET

I'm sure all that was on his mind 'cause he said if any word of this gets out, he'll deny it.

LATHAM

Of course he will.

BISSET

Vaganov will be tried, and Johnson would see to it that Gvozdev is deported. But it doesn't end there.

LATHAM

No?

BISSET

No. Your relationship with President Kennedy is an open secret - even Johnson knows about it. If you tell Kennedy any of this, Johnson will publicly name you as a CIA officer before the House. He'll say you set up the deal, then only let him know after everything had been arranged, effectively ending your career.

LATHAM

Hm, all these groups plotting to kill the president... They're targeting the wrong man.

He and Bisset continue their stroll through the park.

EXT. GENEVA - DAY (DUSK)

There is still sufficient daylight such that lit streetlamps and headlights on small European cars have little effect other than to appear decorative.

At an intersection, two street signs in white lettering against a blue background read "Rue François-Versonnex" and "Place Camoletti." At this corner sits a modernist seven-story office building.

On the ground floor are retail shops and eateries. Between a homeware shop and "La Bouche Chérie" (The Darling Mouth), a brasserie with alfresco dining, are plate-glass double doors leading into the building. "7 Versonnex" is stenciled on the transom glass. On the second floor, over the entrance, a sign reads "nationale suisse" (Swiss National).

INT. VESTIBULE

A directory has the entry "Consulat des États-Unis d'Amérique, 7e étage, salle 711."

CORRIDOR

On an office door is the number "711"; above it, a sign reads "Notarial Services/Services notariaux."

IN THE OFFICE

The certificates on the wall identify the officeholder as an attorney and a notary public. The nameplate reads "William Schaefer, Esq.", who happens to be the portly, 40-ish, balding man sitting at the desk. He is also CIA's Geneva Station Chief. Across from him sit Bazzo and DiLauria. WILLIAM SCHAEFER refers to an open file folder on his desk.

SCHAEFER

We don't have a lot on Philippe Denier - his police bio, couple of mentions in an Army Air Force report and an old trial transcript, and an article from a tennis club newsletter when he was fifteen.

BAZZO

Tennis?

SCHAEFER

Yes. Apparently, the guy's got one hell of a backhand.

He spins the folder around so Bazzo and DiLauria can read the newsletter. The accompanying photo shows Denier in mid-volley with a wooden tennis racket in his right hand. DiLauria eyes this then reads aloud some of the article written in French.

DILAURIA

Phillipe Denier, 15 ans, réalise une volée du revers en route vers le Championnat national suisse junior 1937.

(MORE)



DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
(translates into English)  
Phillipe Denier, 15, delivers a back-  
hand volley on his way to the 1937  
Swiss Juniors National Championship.  
Hmm... He's right-handed.

Schaefer leans over his desk to peek at the photo.

SCHAEFER  
(snarkily)  
That he is.

He sits back in his chair, a Cheshire grin on his face.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)  
According to his police bio he was  
raised by an aunt and uncle from  
the age of seven; it's unclear what  
happened to his parents. He  
graduated from the Collège de  
Genève, that's a public secondary  
school, then joined the army - the,  
uh, Swiss Army.

BAZZO  
What did he do in the army?

SCHAEFER  
Not entirely sure. We did find an  
old Army Air Force report from '43  
that stated Denier served as a  
guard at Wauwilermoos.

DILAURIA  
Wauwilermoos?

SCHAEFER  
It was a penal camp for internees  
located in Lucerne. Prisoners of War  
were held there as well as  
civilians. This included U.S.  
soldiers as well as those from the  
Allies and Axis powers.

BAZZO  
They were all housed together?

SCHAEFER  
Yep. It was pretty brutal there,  
worse than the POW camps in  
Germany. No hygiene, starvation,  
rape...

DILAURIA  
How'd you learn about this?

SCHAEFER

From the transcripts of a trial of the camp's commandant, Andre Béguin. He was openly anti-Semitic and a Nazi sympathizer. Eventually, he was convicted of fraud for stealing aid and supplies from the Red Cross. But what's curious is that among the transcripts was this one-page report from an RAF pilot who was interned at Wauwilermoos. His plane had been shot down by the Swiss Air Force when he overflew Switzerland.

BAZZO

So much for Swiss neutrality.

SCHAEFER

This RAF pilot claims Béguin was in fact a Nazi. He said he saw Béguin and Phillipe Denier together, meeting with 'SS' officers, complete with the 'Sieg Heil' salute. There was no other corroborating evidence though, so neither Béguin nor Denier were ever charged with war crimes.

BAZZO

What about after the war - what happened to Denier?

SCHAEFER

He entered the University of Geneva, graduating in 1950. In '52 he joined the Municipal Police, eventually rising to the rank of detective.

DILAURIA

What did he do from 1950 to 1952?

SCHAEFER

Who knows? Maybe he went backpacking across the Alps.

DILAURIA

For three years?

Schaefer shrugs; he's at sea.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Can I get a copy of this file?

SCHAEFER

You would ask me after everyone's gone home.

DiLauria shrugs and closes the folder. Schaefer groans, gets up, grabs the folder, and leaves. Bazzo turns to DiLauria.

BAZZO

Bit of an asshole, isn't he?

DiLauria grins.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I'm curious. Why do you find Denier being right-handed so interesting?

DILAURIA

You're left-handed, right?

BAZZO

Guilty as charged.

DILAURIA

And you wear your watch on your right wrist.

BAZZO

Like everyone else who's a lefty.

DILAURIA

Why?

BAZZO

Why?

DILAURIA

Yes, why?

BAZZO

So it won't get in the way of what I'm doing with my left hand.

DILAURIA

Such as...

BAZZO

What is this, Twenty Questions?

DILAURIA

Come on...

BAZZO

If my watch was on my left wrist, the stem could get caught on my sleeve and yanked out - which has already happened - or the strap could break when my hand's moving about, which has also happened.

He dramatically flails his left hand about in the air.

DILAURIA

Spaz. So, what if I told you Denier wears his watch on his right hand?

BAZZO

I'd say he's left-handed too.

DILAURIA

You saw that picture of him in the file, the one where his backhand won him the junior championship. What hand was the tennis racket in?

Bazzo suddenly realizes the import of DiLauria's observation.

BAZZO

Geezus, his right hand.

DiLauria nods.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

So, did Denier go out backpacking or whatever as a righty and came back a lefty, figuratively and literally?

DILAURIA

I'll go you one better. Not only did he come back with snow on his boots, he's someone else. He's not the real Phillippe Denier.

This leaves Bazzo nonplussed.

END