

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Five, Episode #5: The Persistence Of Attitude"

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Episode #5: "The Persistence Of Attitude"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. GENEVA, SWITZERLAND - DAY (MORNING)

INSERT: "Geneva, Switzerland"

The periwinkle sky over Mont Blanc is reflected in Lake Geneva and the Riviera Water Fountain.

GENEVA - OLD TOWN

Cobblestone streets feature cafés, art galleries, antique shops - all a few hours from opening - and dark narrow passages between terraced apartment buildings.

5 AVENUE GASPARD-VALLETTE

Just inside this elegant, 6-story apartment building is the...

VESTIBULE

With recessed vertical brass mailboxes on one wall. Each mailbox door has a narrow slot near the top and decorative perforations to allow any mail inside to be viewed.

Municipal Police Force Detective PHILLIPE DENIER steps out of the elevator into the lobby. He wears a T-shirt, dark pants, and house slippers. He opens the glass-paned door leading into the vestibule and presses the door's unlock button. Denier steps inside; the spring-loaded door closes *sans* its doorlock click. He crosses to a mailbox with his name scrawled above the slot and sees a white envelope through the perforations. He takes a keyring from his pocket and unlocks his mailbox with its tiny key. He pulls out an envelope folded neatly in half lengthwise to fit through the narrow slot.

Denier unfolds the envelope; its only markings are the words "Monsieur Jardinier." He grins - clearly an inside joke. He puts the envelope in his pants pocket, locks the mailbox, and crosses to the lobby door. He opens it, presses the button to release the doorlock, then steps into the lobby.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN

On the counter are two bowls: one is empty, the other is filled with fresh lemons. Denier selects three lemons, slices them in half, and squeezes their juice into the empty bowl. He then takes the bowl into...

THE LIVING ROOM

Modestly furnished. Denier sets the bowl on the console table behind the couch. On the table is a box of tissues and a wind-up clock that reads 7:11. He pulls open the table drawer and takes out a letter opener. He gently slides its point under the envelope's flap, separating the adhesive, then takes a folded sheet of paper from the envelope. Denier unfolds the paper - it's blank. He takes a tissue, wads it, and dips it into the lemon juice. He wipes the paper with the tissue repeatedly until a typewritten message in Cyrillic appears:

**В ответ на ваш запрос, женщина может быть Карлой Дилаурией, офицером ЦРУ, как постулирует наш завод в Агентстве. Однако достоверная идентификация невозможна, поскольку наш агент не имеет доступа к ее личным данным.**

INSERT TRANSLATION: "In response to your query, the woman may be Carla DiLauria, an officer of the CIA, as postulated by our plant in the Agency. However, positive identification is not possible as our agent has no access to her personnel file."

He takes the message into the bathroom. The toilet FLUSHES.

EXT. MCLEAN, VIRGINIA - HICKORY HILL - NIGHT

A Chrysler Imperial and an Oldsmobile station wagon are parked in the long driveway of Attorney General Robert Kennedy's 13 bedroom, 13 bath brick mansion.

INT. STUDY

ROBERT KENNEDY, wearing a dark terry-cloth robe over his pajamas, sits at his mahogany desk. His face is drawn as he reads a paragraph from an article in Newsweek magazine.

**"Anyone who wanted to kill Kennedy with a high-powered rifle wouldn't have to go to Atoka, Virginia. He could do it in New York, day after tomorrow, in Washington next week, or at any of the hundreds of airports, amphitheaters, coliseums that Kennedy will visit this year and next. The Secret Service does not pretend to screen the President from would-be assassins, but only to deter them with a promise of sudden death."**

The seeming inevitability of an unnatural end to his brother's life pains him. The door to his study opens. ETHEL, his wife, shuffles in. She wears a midi floral-print nightdress with flounce sleeves and a Peter Pan collar. Her pink slippers flop against the soles of her feet as she approaches the desk where her husband broods.

ETHEL

It's 2:30 in the morning, Bobby.  
What's wrong?

ROBERT KENNEDY

Thinking about the Diem brothers,  
for one. General Duong assured us  
that if the coup was successful,  
they'd be allowed to leave the  
country. Instead, they were killed.

ETHEL

Some people might say Ngo and his  
brother got what they deserved.  
They were despots, after all.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Yes, but they were our despots.

ETHEL

Doesn't change the fact that they  
were immoral bastards.

With a slight nod, Robert Kennedy concedes the point. She caresses his right shoulder with her left hand. He places his left hand on hers. With his right hand he taps the offending paragraph in the Newsweek article.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Read this.

Ethel picks up the magazine and reads it aloud.

ETHEL

'Anyone who wanted to kill Kennedy  
with a high-powered rifle wouldn't  
have to go to Atoka, Virginia. He  
could do it in New York, day after  
tomorrow, in Washington next week,  
or at any of the hundreds of  
airports, amphitheaters, coliseums  
that Kennedy will visit this year  
and next. The Secret Service does  
not pretend to screen the President  
from would-be assassins, but only to  
deter them with a promise of sudden  
death.'

She is horrified.

ROBERT KENNEDY

That's out there for every nut in  
the country to read. It's like a  
primer on how to assassinate Jack.

ETHEL

I can't believe the Secret Service  
really feels this way.

Robert Kennedy's grim mien confirms her worst fears.

ETHEL (CONT'D)  
Oh, God. Bobby, the Texas trip...

ROBERT KENNEDY  
I know.

ETHEL  
You can't let Jack go there. You  
have to get him to change his mind.

A sense of helplessness engulfs Robert Kennedy.

ROBERT KENNEDY  
He won't - not on this.

ETHEL  
Why? They hate him down there.

ROBERT KENNEDY  
He's committed to helping the Party  
sweep the state.

ETHEL  
Oh, to hell with the Party!

ROBERT KENNEDY  
Ethel...

It is a familiar patronizing tone that Ethel despises. As a Kennedy wife, she is hamstrung and dismissed by a pervasive climate in which a woman's opinion matters little.

ROBERT KENNEDY (CONT'D)  
Jack needs Texas; it's a key state.  
He's got no choice but to stomp in  
places he knows he's not welcome.

ETHEL  
Even at the risk of being  
assassinated?

Robert Kennedy shrugs helplessly. Ethel SLAMS the magazine on the desk.

ETHEL (CONT'D)  
He's your brother, for Chrissakes!

ROBERT KENNEDY  
Goddamnit, will you stop?! You think  
I want something to happen to him?

ETHEL  
I think winning's all that matters  
to you.

She has wounded him.

He reaches for her, seeking support, but she backs away.

ETHEL (CONT'D)  
Shame on you.

She leaves.

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

Seasonable temperatures in November mean an overcoat - and a scarf and gloves for those less hearty.

Q STREET PARK

In this small park near Dupont Circle, WARREN LATHAM and CARL DURANG stroll among people heading determinedly to work. Durang carries a briefcase; Latham, a satchel. Durang's eyes nervously flit from one passer-by to another.

LATHAM  
Geezus, will you relax.

DURANG  
I don't want to be seen with you either.

LATHAM  
Hey, I'm the one losing my social standing by being seen with you.

DURANG  
Jackass, you know what I mean. I don't want my people seeing us together outside of the office.

LATHAM  
We're two miles from the Justice Department. Your agents are all too lazy to walk from here to work.

Durang throws a sidelong glance at Latham.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
So, why'd you want to see me?

DURANG  
PFC. Eugene Dinkin turned himself in at his post in Metz, France.

LATHAM  
Did he... So, when are your people going to interview him?

DURANG  
We're not. We've been shut out.

LATHAM

Why?

DURANG

You tell me.

LATHAM

That memo you passed to me stated Hoover believed Dinkin had defected and would turn over classified docs to the KGB. That puts him squarely in your camp for prosecution.

DURANG

It should. But right now he's being held incommunicado at the base.

LATHAM

On whose orders?

DURANG

Army CIC.

LATHAM

Since when does their authority supersede yours?

DURANG

Look, all I know is our Legat in Metz sent an Airtel stating Army CIC has Dinkin in custody. They're not releasing any further details pending the outcome of their investigation.

LATHAM

Maybe someone's worried about what Dinkin has to say.

Durang looks at Latham; he is thinking the same thing.

DURANG

Christ, If the Army's in on it, Kennedy doesn't stand a chance.

LATHAM

There's one way you can find out.

DURANG

Go on.

LATHAM

You know Gerald Behn? He's the Secret Service agent in charge of Kennedy's White House Detail.

DURANG

I know who he is.

LATHAM

Ask him if he's requested CIC to supplement security for the president's Texas trip.

Durang nods. They leave the park in opposite directions.

CORNER OF E STREET AND 18TH STREET, NW

People queue up at the bus stop. A few feet away from them is a mailbox. Latham walks to the corner, gradually slowing his pace as he nears the mailbox. He kneels, ostensibly to tie his shoelaces. There are two small, vertical CHALK MARKS near the bottom of the mailbox. Latham re-ties one shoe then discreetly takes a stick of chalk from his coat pocket and draws a diagonal line across the right-hand chalk mark. Cupping the chalk, Latham re-ties the other shoe then stands. He pockets the chalk and strolls away.

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

Stock footage of the familiar, modernist spy headquarters.

INT. LOBBY

Past the turnstiles at the entrance, past five rows of exposed internal support beams, past the flag of the United States and CIA's own ceremonial flag, beneath recessed lighting and emblazoned on the marble floor is CIA's logo.

MIDDLETON'S OFFICE SPACE

Is located on the southwest corner of the second floor; it takes up most of two corridors of the building's center and side wings. Combination, push-button locks are on every door.

MIDDLETON'S OUTER OFFICE

Features a large reception room with leather couch and chairs, and a coffee table on which lie magazines on lepidopterology and orchidaceae. Several large, imposing black safes dot the beige-colored walls. THREE SECRETARIES busily type away.

MIDDLETON'S OFFICE

Is large. The venetian blinds on all the windows are closed. Chief of Counterintelligence JOHN MIDDLETON (MOTHER) stands by a liquor cabinet flanked by shelves of books and journals on the Soviet NKVD. On the couch sits Colonel HARRISON BEACHEM, in uniform. Middleton pours himself a jigger of whiskey.

MIDDLETON

Sure you won't have any, Beachem?



BEACHEM

Too early for me, John.

Middleton gulps the whiskey, pours himself another jigger then heads to his executive-style desk and sits, setting the shot glass on a coaster. Meanwhile, Beachem lights a cigar.

MIDDLETON

I like the heat I get from alcohol. Makes me feel more creative, more innovative. Makes me sweat, too. Something I need, I guess; like how orchids need heat and humidity.

BEACHEM

Whatever floats your boat. So, what did you want to see me about?

MIDDLETON

We have arrangements with the National Security Agency and with Western Union. When communications involve persons of interest here and behind the Iron Curtain, my people get copies of their telexes and telegrams. This includes wire transfers, one of which came to my attention over the week-end.

BEACHEM

Persons of interest... Like who?

MIDDLETON

Everyone else involved in The Big Event, among others.

BEACHEM

Hm, you're worse than that pervert, Hoover. What - you two get a hard-on poking into people's private lives?

MIDDLETON

If you're through bristling with indignation, I'll continue.

Beachem jams the foot of his cigar into the ashtray.

MIDDLETON (CONT'D)

\$200,000 was wired from the Soviet Finance Ministry in Moscow to the Soviet-American Friendship Society in New York. Half of the money was used to bail out Igor Vaganov.

BEACHEM

The Russian being held for spying?

MIDDLETON

Yes.

BEACHEM

What the hell's the Soviet-American Friendship Society?

MIDDLETON

I'm coming to that. The remaining \$100,000 was wired to the First National Bank of Mercedes, who deposited it into the personal account of the vice president.

BEACHEM

Johnson?

Middleton nods slowly.

BEACHEM (CONT'D)

Johnson's on the KGB's payroll?!

MIDDLETON

I'd interpret it like Stalin would: Johnson's a useful idiot. He has a tendency to run his mouth.

BEACHEM

He should be hit, not Kennedy.

MIDDLETON

No. Kennedy, we can't control; but Johnson, we can. Kennedy's astute, a word no one would ever use in the same sentence with Johnson. LBJ is consumed by two preoccupations: greed and the size of his penis. And we have the means to satisfy both.

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

CIA officers enter the compound through Gate #1.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD sets a file folder atop the smaller of two piles of file folders on her desk as Latham enters.

COLLETTE

Morning.

Latham nods. Collette reaches for the files, about to scoop them up when...

LATHAM

Here, I'll do it.

He hands Collette his satchel then scoops up the two piles of files. The door to Latham's office is already open. He follows Collette into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Collette sets Latham's satchel on his desk, unlocks it with her key and pulls out two file folders. Latham sets the two piles on his desk near his satchel.

LATHAM

I'll be going out around noon.  
Gvozdev left a signal to meet up.

COLLETTE

Mr. Kensington's aide-de-camp  
called earlier.

Latham makes a face as he hangs up his overcoat.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Mr. Kensington would like an update  
on the Geneva operation.

LATHAM

Did he say what time?

COLLETTE

After two; that's when he's expected  
back from the dentist.

LATHAM

Full of Novocain, I hope.

COLLETTE

You realize you'll have to tell him  
the full nature of the Op.

LATHAM

I know. I'm just worried it'll leak  
back to the plotters.

COLLETTE

Maybe you should include Mr. Berard  
in the meeting. He can steer things  
away from any revelations.

LATHAM

Good. See when he's free. And see if  
D-Int's available. Might as well  
have him there. Be nice if I had an  
update from the mandarins first.

COLLETTE

Carla's FIR is at the top of the  
IMMEDIATES pile - the smaller one.

She smiles and leaves with the files from Latham's satchel, closing the door. Latham sits at his desk, takes the top file folder from the IMMEDIATES pile, and reads Carla's FIR.

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.

THE HOTEL BEAU-RIVAGE

Sits on the Quai du Mont Blanc, along the northern bank of Lake Geneva. Taxis are queued outside the hotel entrance.

INT. ATRIUM LOBBY

A mosaic-tiled floor, soaring columns and glass ceiling give the Moroccan-style space abundant natural light.

DILAURIA'S HOTEL SUITE

Bi-level, with vaulted ceilings, large windows, foyer, living room with a couch and two chairs, dining room, and bathroom - all on the lower level. A grand staircase with a wrought-iron railing leads to the mezzanine.

CARLA DILAURIA, wearing a smock over a blouse and slacks, sits on the couch watching a French soap opera on TV. The THRUM of her fingers tapping on the arm of the couch reveals her anxiety. PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY, looking very much like a plumber in his flannel shirt over a T-shirt and dungarees, sits in a chair reading an English-language newspaper, The Geneva Diplomat. He glances at DiLauria who checks her watch.

BAZZO

Don't worry, he'll show up. You'll get your camera and your passport back.

DILAURIA

It's the film I'm worried about.

There is a KNOCK on the door. DiLauria gets up, lowers the volume on the television then crosses to the door. She opens it to find Detective PHILLIPE DENIER there; his unbuttoned overcoat reveals a gray, plebian suit.

DENIER

May I come in, Miss Hodges?

DiLauria opens the door wider; Denier enters. As she shuts the door, Denier is surprised to see Bazzo sitting there.

DENIER (CONT'D)

Oh, I didn't know you had company.

DILAURIA

My cousin. Tom Sterling, meet  
Detective Phillipe Denier.

Bazzo stands. Denier crosses to him and they shake hands.

DENIER

You're the plumber from Detroit?

BAZZO

That's me.

DENIER

You arrived here very quickly.

BAZZO

I own the business. If I need to  
leave right away, I leave.

DILAURIA

Why don't we all sit down?

DENIER

I prefer to discuss this with you  
in private, Miss Hodges.

DILAURIA

Tom's family, Detective.

BAZZO

It's alright, Cuz. I'll be in that  
restaurant downstairs.

He leaves. DiLauria crosses to the couch and sits. She looks  
at Denier then at Bazzo's vacated chair. Taking the hint,  
Denier sits in the chair.

DENIER

It seems you have some very  
influential friends, Miss Hodges.

DiLauria shrugs noncommittally; this flummoxes Denier. Over-  
confident, he had expected a reckless response. Instead, all  
he can do is awkwardly clear his throat.

DENIER (CONT'D)

Um, may I have something to drink?

DILAURIA

Water okay?

DENIER

That would be fine.

DiLauria gets up, goes to the mini-refrigerator, takes out a  
glass pitcher of ice water and half-fills a tumbler.

She replaces the pitcher, crosses to Denier and hands him the tumbler. As she sits, Denier takes a long sip, giving him time to mentally rummage through alternate questions to ask her.

DENIER (CONT'D)

Given your profession, it must be routine to meet powerful people.

DILAURIA

Depends on which camp one is in.

DENIER

Um, did you say 'camp'?

DILAURIA

Yes. Mine's a literary camp. But it could be a business camp, or a political camp - even a penal camp.

This gives Denier a start, which he tries to hide.

DENIER

Oh, people with similar interests.

DiLauria nods. Denier curls a slight smile of relief.

DENIER (CONT'D)

Your American idioms... Is that like 'learning the tricks of the trade?'

DILAURIA

No, more like 'water seeks its own level' - then rises collectively.

DENIER

Like your influential friends.

DILAURIA

Or yours.

There is a pregnant pause in their sparring.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

So, what happened when you crossed swords with my influential friends?

DENIER

Neutrality prevailed.

From his suitcoat pocket he takes out Monica Hodges' U.S. passport and a black Minox B camera, and hands them to her.

DENIER (CONT'D)

Minox admitted a mistake could have been made when shipping commercial cameras to retail outlets.

DILAURIA

Did they also admit their cameras  
require film to take pictures?

DENIER

I didn't ask them but I am sure  
they would agree with you.

DILAURIA

Then you owe me a few rolls of film.

Denier smiles impishly at his supposed lapse in memory. He reaches into his other suitcoat pocket, takes out a handful of 9.2mm film cartridges and hands them to her.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Thank you. It can be such a trial  
finding the right film size.

DENIER

And who has time for trials, eh?

DiLauria puts the items in the pockets of her smock. She stands, signaling that their meeting is over. Denier stands and follows her to the door.

DILAURIA

I'm sure you have to get on with  
your work.

DENIER

You, as well.

DiLauria opens the door.

DENIER (CONT'D)

Au revoir, mademoiselle.

He leaves. DiLauria shuts the door and grins sardonically.

INT. LE CHAT-BOTTÉ (RESTAURANT)

The name translates loosely as "Puss in Boots" and is written in script on a wall behind the maître d'hôtel station. Stenciled on the glass double-doors leading into the restaurant from the hotel's atrium lobby is the stylized face of a cat. Against a soft PURL of jazz from discreet speakers, the MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL, in his dark suit and tie, directs the WAIT STAFF - dressed in a white shirt with black bow tie, vest and pants - as they prepare the tables for the dinner service.

From a service trolley of linen, china and flatware, a white table-cloth is selected and placed on the center of the table with its center fold facing up. The table-cloth is unfolded and spread out to the edges of the table, over which it is evenly draped. Before each seat a placemat is laid.

Centered on this is a charger (dinner plate). A soup bowl is placed on the charger and a napkin folded inside a gold-plated napkin ring is placed across the face of the bowl.

A salad fork then a dinner fork are placed to the left of the charger; to its right, from left to right, a dinner knife, salad knife, soup spoon, and teaspoon are set down. The flatware is aligned to the bottom level of the charger. A dessert spoon is placed horizontally above the charger with its handle facing to the right. A goblet is positioned just above the dinner knife. A white wine glass sits under and to the right of the goblet; a red wine glass is above and to the right of the white wine glass. A cup and saucer are placed to the right of the soup spoon.

#### THE BAR

Is situated along a far wall outside the dining area; it is well-stocked. The BARTENDER, dressed like the Wait Staff, prepares for the dinner service, replenishing the stock and aligning pint glasses, shot glasses, jiggers and shooters.

#### BAZZO

Is the Bartender's lone guest. He sits at the far end of the bar, nursing a beer. His attire, a stark contrast to the Wait Staff and formal dinner setting, suggests he is the janitor; a sidelong glance from the Bartender confirms this. Bazzo has an unobstructed view through the glass double-doors into...

#### THE ATRIUM LOBBY

Where a MAN wearing an Eisenhower jacket, a MR. HOPKINS, is seated, ostensibly reading a newspaper; however, he has not turned its pages and his eyes flit about. At the Concierge's desk, the CONCIERGE motions towards a well-coiffed MAN in a dark, double-breasted suit: the HOUSE DETECTIVE. He glides towards the Concierge. They speak quietly then the House Detective weaves through some well-heeled hotel guests and confronts Mr. Hopkins. The House Detective reaches into his suitcoat pocket, takes out a leather wallet which he flashes open, then returns it to his pocket.

#### AT THE BAR

Bazzo watches as the interaction between the House Detective and Mr. Hopkins grows heated. Hopkins hands over his passport. Meanwhile, the Maître d'hôtel checks the time on his pocket watch. He SNAPS his fingers, catching the Bartender's attention. Before the Bartender can advise Bazzo of the proper dinner attire, Bazzo sees Denier exit an elevator and leave.

#### BAZZO

Slides off his stool. He reaches into pocket, pulls out some change, and lays a five-Swiss franc coin on the bar.



The Bartender nods his appreciation. The Maître d'hôtel perfunctorily opens one of the glass doors for Bazzo.

THE ATRIUM LOBBY

As Bazzo slowly walks by Mr. Hopkins and the House Detective, he hears a snippet of their heated exchange.

HOUSE DETECTIVE  
(French accent)  
The Metropolitan Police are on  
their way.

HOPKINS  
Why? I'm just sittin' here readin'.

HOUSE DETECTIVE  
Mr. Hopkins, we take the safety of  
our guests very seriously.

HOPKINS  
This is bullshit.

HOUSE DETECTIVE  
Watch your language, sir.

HOPKINS  
I wanna call my lawyer, Cliff  
Carter. He's in Austin, Texas.

These words strike a chord with Bazzo who enters an elevator.

DILAURIA'S HOTEL SUITE

DiLauria looks puzzled. She sits at the table staring at the film cartridges lined up alongside her Minox B camera and her passport. The film cartridges lie on their back; i.e., the side facing away from the camera lens. There is a Tap-Code KNOCK on the door. She gets up, crosses to the door and opens it. Bazzo steps inside, closing the door behind him.

BAZZO  
There was a joker in the lobby.

DiLauria is abstracted as she leads Bazzo to the table.

DILAURIA  
I'm sorry. What?

BAZZO  
A guy was pretending to read the  
paper, so the House Detective goes  
over to question him. He has the guy  
hand over his passport. I see Denier  
get off the elevator and leave, so I  
go through the lobby.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I overhear the House Detective call the guy Mr. Hopkins and tell him the police are on their way. By now, Hopkins is pissed. He says he wants to call his lawyer, Cliff Carter in Austin, Texas.

This cuts through DiLauria's preoccupation. She stops at the table and turns to Bazzo.

DILAURIA

Cliff Carter? Isn't he LBJ's lawyer?

BAZZO

Yeah, unless there's another one there.

This gives DiLauria pause.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Before he mentioned Cliff Carter's name I thought maybe Schaefer had sent someone to keep eyes on Denier.

DILAURIA

And now?

BAZZO

I don't know. Could be nothing to do with us, but I want to run this by Latham.

DiLauria nods and sighs; something more important has returned to the fore. Bazzo eyes the items on the table.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I see you got everything back.

DILAURIA

I'm not sure...

BAZZO

Why, what's missing?

DILAURIA

Nothing, far as I can tell.

BAZZO

Okay, then what's the problem?

DILAURIA

I have an extra roll of film here.

BAZZO

You sure you didn't just miscount?

DILAURIA

I brought six rolls of film with me. I used three on Dinkin's notes, his report, and his supporting documents; that left three. Denier gave me back seven rolls of film - and four of them are used.

BAZZO

(sympathetically)

I don't know. Considering everything you've been through, Carla...

DILAURIA

Don't patronize me!

BAZZO

I wasn't.

DILAURIA

The hell you weren't! I know how many rolls I brought with me. I marked the three I shot so I could keep all the pages of Dinkin's notes and his report in order.

She picks up three cartridges and hands them to Bazzo.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

See? I marked them on the center tab in the same order I shot the roll. This one has one mark; that one, two; and that last one, three.

The marks, made with a felt-tip pen, are written the way a convict records his days in prison, i.e., by scratching on the walls of his cell: 1, 11, 111, etc. DiLauria picks up the next used film cartridge from the table.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Now, look at this one.

Bazzo sets the three film cartridges he holds onto the table and takes the fourth one from DiLauria. It is marked '1111'.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

If I had shot a fourth roll, I would've used Roman numerals for the number four - IV - not four marks.

Bazzo's mea culpa is a sheepish nod - and a *volte face*.

BAZZO

So, what do you think Denier's up to?

DILAURIA

I don't know, but I want to see what the hell's on that roll of film.

BAZZO

Yeah. I'll call Schaefer, have the station develop it. While we're there I can call home.

While he picks up the phone, DiLauria heads to the staircase.

ACT TWO

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Despite the seasonal chill, tourists crowd The National Mall.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

A handful of CIA officers criss-cross the compound.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD, BILL NEALY and STEWART KENSINGTON listen attentively to Latham.

LATHAM

The Station Number One and both mandarins believe this Detective Phillipe Denier is not only KGB, he's also a Nazi war criminal.

Due to the lasting effect of the Novocain, Kensington speaks with a lisp, substituting a 'th' sound for the letter 's'.

KENSINGTON

Because he ran this penal camp for internees in Lucerne, this whatever it's called?

He wipes spittle from his mouth with a handkerchief.

LATHAM

Wauwilermoos.

Kensington mouths the word then massages his lower jaw.

BERARD

Are you alright, Stewart?

KENSINGTON

Yes. Warren, you said Denier is a Swiss national.

LATHAM

That's right.

KENSINGTON

What evidence is there that he's a war criminal?

LATHAM

A British RAF internee saw him consorting with SS officers.

BERARD

Yet, he avoids the Nuremberg court for lack of corroborating evidence.

NEALY

Unfortunately.

KENSINGTON

Wait. The Nazis were anti-Communist. So why would Denier join the KGB?

NEALY

The Stasi in East Germany are essentially KGB hand puppets. Yet, they have as many former Nazis in their ranks as West Germany's BnD, whom we helped to create.

BERARD

The Nazis went with the prevailing wind, Stewart. It was a matter of survival; ideology had nothing to do with it. Now, turning back to this PFC. Dinkin and these documents of his. You sent mandarin Two to retrieve them from him, Warren?

NEALY

Actually, I engaged the mandarins.

BERARD

Why?

NEALY

Warren was temporarily unavailable and there was an urgency to assess the value of the documents, given that they allegedly pertain to the safety of the president.

KENSINGTON

Why not just pass this along to the FBI? We're at odds with them, yes, but they do all the investigative work for the Secret Service.

LATHAM

The FBI's mandate is to prosecute, whereas we're positioned to assess the information from an intelligence aspect as well as a threat. It's important to determine the reach of the plot, assuming there is one. If further action's warranted, then we'll pass the information along to the Bureau and the Secret Service.

BERARD

Any issues with Bill acting on your behalf, Warren?

LATHAM

No, sir. Of course not.

BERARD

Your risk assessment didn't identify any threats to mandarin Two, Bill.

LATHAM

(interrupts Nealy)

As I understand it, the shooting was unrelated to the operation. Apparently, the assailant had a grudge against the brothel and randomly shot mandarin Two.

BERARD

I see. And mandarin One was sent to help bring Miss DiLauria home.

LATHAM

Yes, sir. He took his toolkit with him, given the situation.

BERARD

Then all we can do is wait until we can assess the information.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham and Nealy enter. Latham closes the door.

NEALY

Thanks for covering for me, Warren.

LATHAM

Your low-risk operation put mandarin Two in the hospital, Bill.

NEALY

I know. I'm sorry.

Upbraided and contrite, he sits while Latham meanders about.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Did DiLauria get the evidence?

LATHAM

Yes, but there's a problem. Dernier confiscated her camera and film.

NEALY

Oh, man... Does he know she's CIA?

LATHAM

If not, he suspects she is. He could have the KGB mount an operation against us. And being a policeman he could arrest DiLauria and charge her with espionage. I can just see the headlines: U.S. mounts spy operation against neutral Switzerland.

Initially somber, Nealy's anxiety grows.

NEALY

You still think Kensington will brag to Mother about how clever we are, uncovering a possible plot to assassinate Kennedy?

LATHAM

I'm sure of it.

NEALY

Hmm, maybe it's time to let the Miami group know we're onto them.

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

LATHAM

Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

The attorney general is on gray.

Latham and Nealy exchange curious looks.

LATHAM

Right, I'll take it.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Don't forget your noon appointment.

LATHAM

I won't.

He hangs up the intercom and picks up the Gray phone.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Warren Latham... Sure. I can meet you around four. Where?... Yes, that's fine. I'll be there.

He hangs up.

NEALY

What did he want?

LATHAM

He didn't say. He just wants me to meet with him.

Realizing no further details are forthcoming, Nealy stands.

NEALY

Well, I have lots to tend to. I'll be in my old office if you need me.

Latham nods; Nealy leaves. Latham glances at the 24-hour wall clock then gets up and dons his overcoat.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is busy editing a paper as Latham enters.

LATHAM

I'm off to meet Gvozdev. If the mandarins call in, transfer them to D-Int. He's in his old office.

COLLETTE

Right.

Latham leaves.

EXT. STREET - RIZIK'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Window-shoppers admire the winter clothes in the Women's Wear display. Latham uses the picture window as a mirror to scan faces in the crowd. After a moment, he enters the store.

INT. MAIN FLOOR

Latham rides the 'Up' escalator. He looks below at the women and few men gathered at the fragrance and jewelry counters.

THIRD FLOOR - MEN'S WEAR

Racks of suits, blazers and overcoats are arrayed against the walls. In the center are tufted-leather couches - for the moment, unoccupied. Latham wanders about the racks. A man wearing a dark suit and a fedora, Yuri Gvozdev's BODYGUARD, walks up to a far rack, selects a suit, and approaches a STORE CLERK who leads him to a changing room.



YURI GVOZDEV wanders over to one of the couches and sits. He exhales loudly, as though he is very tired. The Store Clerk smiles at him then meanders about. Gvozdev nods at Latham and gets up. The Two then meet by a rack of suits.

LATHAM

Your shadow's trying on a new suit.

GVOZDEV

I had promised to buy him one. I told him to take his time and make sure it fits properly.

Latham eyes Gvozdev sternly.

LATHAM

You made a deal with Vice President Johnson, Yuri. Now, Igor Vaganov is free to roam the streets. I thought we had a level of trust between us.

GVOZDEV

That's why I wanted to see you, to let you know I was under orders.

Latham scoffs.

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)

And you would not do the same if Berard ordered you to?

The hypocrisy is not lost on Latham, who is embarrassed.

LATHAM

Fine, you've said your piece.

GVOZDEV

No, I am not finished.

LATHAM

There's nothing more to say, Yuri.

GVOZDEV

Yes, there is. I know you spoke to Richard Nagell two months ago. He told you he was Lee Oswald's controller, and that he was working for the KGB as well as the Counter-intelligence Corps of the U.S. Army.

LATHAM

What about him?

GVOZDEV

We knew Oswald was working with the CIA when he was in Japan.

(MORE)

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)

He dated a Japanese girl who was a member of the Japanese Communist Party. She reported to Richard Nagell.

Latham shrugs, careful not to betray his interest.

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)

Oswald confided many things to her. He said the CIA had given him LSD so that he would know the effects of the drug should it be given to him without his knowledge.

LATHAM

And who would do that?

GVOZDEV

Your people worried the KGB would - after Oswald had entered Moscow.

LATHAM

Yeah, well, a lot of stories have surfaced around Oswald's defection.

GVOZDEV

Not that one. Oswald also told her about the tunnels beneath your base at Atsugi, the ones dug by the Japanese at the end of World War Two to hide their war planes. We also know the U.S. Air Force has filled those tunnels with tactical nuclear missiles to use against China and the USSR.

LATHAM

Geezus...

GVOZDEV

Warren, many people in the Kremlin believe a first-strike from the U.S. is imminent. They believe this détente arranged by Premier Khrushchev and President Kennedy is little more than a ruse by the U.S. They are angry with Mr. Khrushchev and are preparing to go forward with their own first-strike plan.

A palpable sense of dread grips Latham.

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)

Are we friends again now?

Behind a rack of suits the changing room door opens.

Latham sees this and hurriedly walks away. Gvozdev's Bodyguard emerges, proudly showing off his new suit to Gvozdev.

EXT. GENEVA, SWITZERLAND - DAY

The sun is setting on the Jet d'Eau Fountain and Lake Geneva.

BUSINESS DISTRICT

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

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

A teletype machines, reel-to-reel tape recorder, KL-7 cipher machine, and Red and Gray phones crowd the small space. Bazzo is on the secure Red phone.

NEALY (O.S.)

3-7-3-5.

BAZZO

It's Paul Barry.

NEALY'S OLD OFFICE

Utilitarian. On the desk are one Red phone and one Gray phone, and an open file folder. A Mont Blanc pen lies on the file.

NEALY

Bill Nealy here.

CROSSCUT BAZZO WITH NEALY

BAZZO

Mr. Latham's out. He told Collette to transfer any calls from us to you.

NEALY

Okay. What can I do for you?

BAZZO

There was a guy hanging around the hotel lobby where Carla and I are staying. The house detective roused him and got his passport; he called the guy Mr. Hopkins. Hopkins got mad and demanded to speak to his lawyer back in Austin, Texas. Cliff Carter.

NEALY

LBJ's lawyer... I assume this Mr. Hopkins isn't a registered guest.

BAZZO

No. I don't believe in coincidences,  
Mr. Nealy.

NEALY

Neither do I. I don't want to  
believe this, but given that Carla  
survived the attack, Hopkins could  
be there to finish the job.

BAZZO

That's what I was thinking.

NEALY

Hmm, seems we're not the only ones  
after PFC. Dinkin's evidence. Be  
careful, Paul.

BACK TO SCENE

BAZZO

I'll be in touch.

He hangs up.

INT. OFFICE

William Schaefer's nameplate is on the desk. At a table sits  
DiLauria looking pensive. Bazzo enters and joins her.

BAZZO

The boss was out so I spoke to D-  
Int. He also believes what happened  
at the brothel was no accident, and  
that this Hopkins is here to finish  
the job. He thinks Hopkins was sent  
by LBJ through Cliff Carter.

With growing anxiety, DiLauria kneads her lips.

DILAURIA

Son of a bitch...

Just then WILLIAM SCHAEFER enters holding two manila folders.

SCHAEFER

You guys always manage to show up  
right after my staff has left.

He sits at the table and gently empties the contents of the  
envelopes: a photographic contact sheet, enlarged prints, and  
six cellophane sleeves with film negatives cut into strips.

DILAURIA

Did you get to read any of it?

SCHAEFER

This one I did.

He slides one of the prints before DiLauria. Bazzo looks over DiLauria's shoulder. It is a letter, written in German:

**Wie bei unseren bilateralen Verhandlungen festgestellt wurde, glauben die sozialistischen Sowjetstaaten, dass es für einen neutralen Staat nicht möglich ist, gegenüber allen Ereignissen auf der internationalen Bühne passiv gleichgültig zu sein oder auch nur in der Frage von Krieg oder Frieden neutral zu sein. Der aktive Kampf um den Frieden ist die höchste Pflicht einer neutralen Politik.**

**Der neutrale Staat muss daher durch seine Neutralität und Politik aktiv zur Entspannung beitragen, die Kräfte des Krieges und Imperialismus, den Westen, bekämpfen und die Kräfte des Friedens, den Ostblock, unterstützen.**

**Wir glauben, dass dauerhafte Neutralität nicht nur den Verzicht auf Krieg, sondern auch auf den Kalten Krieg bedeutet. Zu den internationalen Verpflichtungen eines neutralen Staates gehören freundschaftliche Beziehungen zu allen Ländern, insbesondere zu den vom Westen noch nicht anerkannten sozialistischen Staaten wie der Deutschen Demokratischen Republik und dem kommunistischen China. Darüber hinaus darf es sich nicht an westlichen Boykotten gegen den Ostblock beteiligen.**

**Eine Verletzung dieses Zustands der aktiven Neutralität kann nur dazu führen, dass der Sowjetblock Maßnahmen zum Schutz seiner Souveränität ergreift. In diesem Sinne begrüßen wir die Bemühungen der Schweiz, die Friedenskräfte zu unterstützen.**

INSERT TRANSLATION:

"As was stated during our bilateral negotiations, the Soviet Socialist States believe that it is not possible for a neutral state as such to be passively indifferent to all occurrences in the international arena, or even neutral in the question of war or peace. The active struggle for peace is the highest duty of a neutral policy.

"The neutral state, therefore, must contribute actively, by means of its neutrality and policies, to a relaxation of tensions, to fight the forces of war and imperialism, the West, and to support the forces of peace, the Eastern bloc.

"We believe that permanent neutrality means abstention not only from war but from the Cold War. A neutral state's international obligations must include friendly relations with all countries, in particular with those socialist states not yet recognized by the West, such as the German Democratic Republic and Communist China. Further, it must not partake in Western boycotts against the Eastern bloc.

"A violation of this state of active neutrality can only result in the Soviet bloc executing measures to protect its sovereignty. Thus, it is with this in mind that we welcome Switzerland's efforts to support the forces of peace."

BACK TO SCENE

As Bazzo and DiLauria read the document, Schaefer comments...

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

Nikita Khrushchev wrote it to Willy Spühler, President of the Swiss Federal Council. It's a warning to the Swiss to alter their concept of neutrality to match the Kremlin's view, while welcoming them to the fight for peace.

DILAURIA

Hm, the fight for peace.

SCHAEFER

There's two versions, the one you're reading in German and another one in Cyrillic, probably the original. You think it's genuine?

BAZZO

Doesn't matter. If Customs were to find the film on her, they'd detain her until they developed the negatives. Then they'd read that.

DILAURIA

Denier's dream of a catching a CIA officer come true. Embarrassment all-around and a foreign policy disaster.

Schaefer is stunned.

BAZZO

There could be another reason Denier did this. He could be acknowledging that you're both aware the other's a spook.

DILAURIA

Hmm, figuring I'd spot the extra roll of film and want to develop it.

BAZZO

He's aware you know he's KGB. So, he shows you how he can frame you. In effect, you both end up calling it a draw.

SCHAEFER

Can you trust him to do that?

DILAURIA

I can't afford to trust anyone.

BAZZO

Then again, he could be luring you into a trap where the only out is for you to double.

DiLauria nods, sadly. Schaefer is eager to offer his opinion.

SCHAEFER

There's another alternative. You could show the Metropolitan Police what we have on Denier.

DILAURIA

Yeah, right. Denier would tell his comrades in Dzerzhinsky Square and I'd be dead before you know it.

SCHAEFER

I thought your respective Special Sections have this unwritten agreement not to kill each other.

BAZZO

You've been in Geneva too long, Schaefer. That's only applies to spooks in Washington and Moscow.

Schaefer is red-faced. While Bazzo considers their next move, DiLauria sighs, frustrated.

SCHAEFER

So, what are you going to do, Carla?

DILAURIA

I don't know what I'm going to do.

BAZZO

Look, let's do this. Everything but the negatives will go in the diplomatic pouch for Washington tomorrow, attention Warren Latham at Navy Hill. Carla, you're scheduled to fly back tonight night.

DILAURIA

On the red-eye; it leaves at 23:30.

BAZZO

(turns to Schaeffer)  
Then I'll need you at the airport.

SCHAEFER

For what?

BAZZO

After she's safely on board and the plane takes off, you'll call me at my hotel room.

SCHAEFER

What are you up to?

BAZZO

The less you know, the better.

SCHAEFER

Now, you listen to me, damnit. I have to live here.

BAZZO

Your well-being isn't in jeopardy here, Schaefer. Meanwhile, none of this goes beyond this office.

He gets up and gathers the materials on the desk and puts them back in the manila envelopes with DiLauria's help - save for the six cellophane sleeves with the film negatives which he pockets. Bazzo looks at Schaefer.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I need a burn bag for this.

Schaefer seethes as he goes to a combination-lock file cabinet and spins the dial. Bazzo checks his watch.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

It's 17:10. What time does the courier come by?

SCHAEFER

17:30.

BAZZO

Then you'd better get a move on.

Schaefer returns with a burn bag and the diplomatic pouch - a blue leather satchel with the Seal of the United States and the words "Diplomatic Pouch" in white lettering. Bazzo marks the envelopes "Attn: Warren Latham, DDDO, Navy Hill," puts them inside the burn bag then zips it shut. He fills out a U.S. Department of State Courier addressee card with the same information and attaches it to the burn bag with 30-gauge wire.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Lock it.



Schaefer places a bronze combination lock through the zipper tab and a ring on the side of the burn bag, CLICKS it shut, and spins the tumblers. He then places the burn bag in the diplomatic pouch, closes its flap and locks it with a key.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

We'll wait 'til the courier arrives.

SCHAEFER

Still think we have a plant here.

BAZZO

Until you prove me wrong, yes.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

The Capitol Building looms behind the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial.

2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY

An occasional CIA officer crosses the compound.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette is on the Gray phone taking notes as she speaks.

COLLETTE

He should be back soon... Yes, I'll tell him.

As she hangs up, Latham enters, shaking his hands dry.

LATHAM

The lav's out of paper towels again. Either of the mandarins call?

COLLETTE

Paul. I transferred him to D-Int.

LATHAM

Good, I'll give him a call.

COLLETTE

Before you do, Fiona called. She and SMOTH have a meeting with Ambassador Ormsby-Gore tonight, so she'll be home late. And I just got off the phone with Carl Durang. He wants you to meet him at Scholl's.

LATHAM

He say what it's about?

COLLETTE

No, only that it's urgent.

LATHAM

Okay. Let the Ops Room know where I am.

Collette picks up the Red phone as Latham leaves.

EXT. G STREET, NW - SCHOLL'S COLONIAL CAFETERIA - DAY

Set on the ground floor of an apartment building, the entrance consists of four Doric pilasters supporting an entablature: "Sholl's Colonial Cafeteria."

INT. SCHOLL'S CAFETERIA

A long line of patrons slide their plastic trays past lunch selections that COUNTERWOMEN replace every minute or so. Atop the food warmer's aluminum hood are signs on religion and patriotism, such as "RELIGION AND PATRIOTISM MAKE THIS A NICE PLACE TO WORK." Beside the cash registers are small tables stacked with postcards that read:

Sholl's Colonial Cafeteria  
NEAR MAYFLOWER HOTEL  
"Live Well for Less Money"

At a far table sits Durang, sipping coffee. Latham enters. He joins the queue, pays for a cup of coffee, and joins Durang...

AT THE TABLE

Durang leans forward to speak sotto voce with Latham.

DURANG

I called the Secret Service field office in Dallas and spoke with Forrest Sorrels. You know him?

LATHAM

I know of him.

DURANG

First, I asked him if he'd like the Bureau to supplement security for the president's trip there. He said he didn't need us. He's got the Dallas Police and the Dallas Sheriff's Office on board. Says they know what to look for and who.

LATHAM

Hm, like those right-wing idiots who attacked Adlai Stevenson?

DURANG

Hope so. You know the 112th Military Intelligence Group?

LATHAM

Yes, they're based at Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio. They cover the Southwest, looking for the same security leaks your people look for.

DURANG

Your people too. They also supplement presidential security if the Secret Service requests them. I asked Sorrels if he requested the 112th. He said he didn't need to.

LATHAM

Did the White House detail ask for them?

DURANG

Sorrels said that Behn never asked for him to contact the 112th. That didn't sound kosher to me, so I called Colonel Reich. He said Sorrels did call him and told him to stand down.

LATHAM

Why the hell would Sorrels lie?

DURANG

Why do you think?

Latham sighs, acknowledging the obvious: Sorrels is in on the plot.

DURANG (CONT'D)

Sorrels told Reich he'd contacted another Army CIC unit, and they were already in Dallas.

LATHAM

Hm, how convenient.

DURANG

Look, Reich knows the situation in Dallas, so he protested. But Sorrels held firm. Now, there may be something more to that.

LATHAM

Like what?

DURANG

The Bureau works with INTC - that's the 112th - and the Dallas Police Counter-intelligence unit. It's a special group called the Red Squad.

(MORE)

DURANG (CONT'D)

They work out of the Rio Grand Building in Dallas.

LATHAM

First I've heard of them.

DURANG

I wondered what they knew about security for the Dallas trip, so I called our SAC there. He wasn't aware of any additional security arrangements, but he said something that should interest you.

LATHAM

Enough with the suspense, Carl.

DURANG

The Red Squad's been collecting Intel on Lee Harvey Oswald.

LATHAM

You know, a year ago my boss, Mr. Berard, wrote to Hoover, asking him about Oswald. Hoover replied that the Bureau had no interest in him.

Durang throws up his hands in a mea culpa.

DURANG

What do you want me to say? I believed Director Hoover back then. Anyway, the Red Squad monitored Oswald when he was in New Orleans, and they've kept eyes on him since.

LATHAM

IS that it?

DURANG

No. The Red Squad, ATF, and agents from INTC are gonna meet at the Rio Grande Building on the morning of November 22nd, the day Kennedy will be there. Now, the timing could be coincidental but, given what we know, I wonder if they're meeting there to witness an assassination.

### ACT THREE

EXT. MCLEAN, VIRGINIA - HICKORY HILL - DAY

This 5.6-acre estate features a white masonry, two-and-a-half story mansion set behind a hedgerow.

Giant oaks and maple trees, including one with a treehouse that looks as if it were designed by an architect, dot the grounds. On the sloping lawn an urn planter sits beside a flagpole near the entrance to the mansion. A wealth of colors from bouquets of flowers, potted pink geraniums and white petunias on the many balconies suffuse the estate with a sense of openness. Near the hedges a birdhouse set atop a stand has "HICKORY HILL" stenciled on it. The various BARKS from several small dogs outnumber the SQUEALS of young children rollicking about with their nanny in tow.

INT. STUDY

A Louis XIV desk with a leather desk pad sits in the corner, flanked by overwhelmed, floor-to-ceiling bookshelves. In the opposite corner are a loveseat and chair covered in a metallic blue-and-silver brocade. Robert Kennedy escorts Latham inside.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Have a seat, Warren.

Latham sits in a chair; Robert Kennedy opts for the loveseat.

ROBERT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I apologize for all the noise. The kids are always a bit rambunctious before dinner.

LATHAM

It doesn't bother me.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Good.

LATHAM

Why'd you want to see me?

Robert Kennedy nervously taps his hands on his thighs.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Jack's always saying you're the only person in the Intelligence Community he can trust.

LATHAM

Even when he doesn't want to hear what I have to say?

ROBERT KENNEDY

He hears you. Look, I don't want you to think my brother has a death wish because he doesn't. He's a fatalist. He believes future events fixed by fate can't be changed.

Latham looks unconvinced.

LATHAM

That's like saying a person's life is utterly useless. No matter what you do, you'll end up on that same predetermined path. That's nonsense.

ROBERT KENNEDY

I agree with you.

Latham is taken aback by this.

ROBERT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Not too long ago you saved my life. My way of showing gratitude was to be confrontational with you. I apologize for that.

Latham shrugs slightly. Whatever Robert Kennedy really wants to say, Latham will not make it easy for him to say it.

ROBERT KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Last night I read an article in Newsweek. It described how easy it would be to assassinate the president. Ethel read it too. She excoriated me for not doing enough to dissuade Jack from going to Dallas. I know you've warned him many times that someone may attempt to assassinate him, to no avail.

LATHAM

He wants to see hard evidence of a plot; otherwise, it's all hearsay.

ROBERT KENNEDY

I've those same words myself. But there are just too many rumors to dismiss this as idle speculation.

LATHAM

I've already told the both of you; you're dealing with forces neither of you can control. The right-wing believes your brother's not just soft on Communism, he's in bed with Khrushchev. These aren't yahoos in hoods and sheets. They're in the military, government, the IC, the private sector, and organized crime.

Robert Kennedy is shocked and appalled.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

They hate your brother even more than Carlos Marcello hates you.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

And that's saying something. He'd like nothing better than to hear you were found at the bottom of the Potomac; but that would leave your brother alive to go after them. What you and your brother need to understand is that there's nothing on paper - at least, nothing we'll ever see. But make no mistake, there is a plot - and it's well underway.

ROBERT KENNEDY

Can you give me names?

LATHAM

When your Justice Department investigates the murder of a prominent figure, they know the likely suspects are the ones with the most to gain. Once in a while it'll be some lone nutcase, but that's not the case this time. Your brother's enemies - and yours - are all well known. Some of them, like Marcello, aren't shy; but the other ones, they'll smile at you right up to the moment they stick the knife in you. The president's Julius Caesar, and his 40 acolytes will continue to glad-hand him, right up to the moment of his to death.

EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY

Stock footage of the familiar, five-sided military landmark.

INT. COLONEL BEACHEM'S OFFICE

A cross between a well-equipped office and a well-furnished den. GENERAL CARROLL smokes a cheroot. Colonel Beachem is distressed and on the phone.

BEACHEM

When did the courier leave?

HOOVER (O.S.)

Around 17:30 CET.

BEACHEM

And your man, the Legat - is he still there?

HOOVER (O.S.)

No, he left about an hour after everyone else - except for Schaefer, that is.

BEACHEM

So, are you gonna tell Carter?

HOOVER (O.S.)

Yes. I'll call him now. We'll talk later.

CLICK. Hoover has hung up; Beachem does the same.

CARROLL

What's going on?

BEACHEM

The Legat at the Geneva Consulate told Bulldog he saw Miss Hodges and her cousin enter the notary public's office as the consulate staff was leaving for the day.

CARROLL

Who the hell's this Miss Hodges?

BEACHEM

A cover name. She's one of Latham's mandarins.

CARROLL

Oh, Christ...

BEACHEM

It was the second time she'd been seen there. Now, Will Schaefer's the notary public; he's also the CIA's station chief in Geneva. A few minutes later, Schaefer stops by the Legat's office, asking if he has any red lightbulbs.

CARROLL

Red lightbulbs? What are they, developing pictures over there?

BEACHEM

Actually, yes. Seems the one in the darkroom was out and the supply room was locked. So, Schaefer asks the Legat for the key.

CARROLL

What's all this got to do with this Miss Hodges?

BEACHEM

Bulldog thinks she brought negatives they wanted Schaefer to develop.



CARROLL  
Negatives of what?

BEACHEM  
Dinkin's evidence, probably.

CARROLL  
That fucking Mac Wallace! LBJ's  
freak was supposed to get Dinkin's  
evidence himself. Instead, he and  
Carter come back here with nothing  
but their dicks in their hands.

BEACHEM  
By tomorrow morning Latham'll have  
the prints.

CARROLL  
And by tomorrow afternoon they'll  
be on Kennedy's fucking desk.

He gets up and storms about Beachem's office.

BEACHEM  
I wonder why Latham's people didn't  
just hand over the negatives to  
Schaefer and be done with it?

CARROLL  
Probably because they're worried  
they'd be destroyed.

BEACHEM  
Latham... I still don't know how he  
knew those mushrooms were poisonous.

CARROLL  
Yeah, well, you can't kill him now!

BEACHEM  
So, what do we do?

CARROLL  
I need to take advice on this.

He crosses to the desk, picks up the phone and dials.

EXT. GENEVA, SWITZERLAND - NIGHT (EVENING)

Over the cityscape the sky is a magnificent purple-blue.

THE HOTEL BEAU-RIVAGE

HACKS drive their taxis to the hotel entrance. The Doorman  
opens the passenger-side door for guests heading out for a  
night on the town or returning from a day trip.

INT. BAZZO'S HOTEL ROOM

A white dress shirt and charcoal gray necktie hang over one bedpost, a dark sports jacket over another. A pair of black Oxford shoes lie beside the nightstand, atop which is a rotary-dial phone and a half-filled tumbler of water. On the bed is an open suitcase with its false bottom beside it. Taped to the false bottom are a hard pack of Marlboro cigarettes; a small roll of duct tape; an Anacin aspirin tin; a set of lockpicks; and three 8-gram CO2 cartridges - 2 13/32 inches long, 7/8 of an inch in diameter, with a threaded nozzle. Near the foot of the bed lies a stainless-steel case, 17x9x4 inches.

BAZZO

Sits on the edge of the bed wearing black socks, dark slacks and a sleeveless T-shirt. He holds a gas gun that straps to his arm near the back of the wrist so that it fires over the back of his hand.

THE GAS GUN

Consists of a telescoping metal tube - the barrel. At one end of the barrel is the muzzle. When collapsed, the muzzle reaches the lunate bone of the wrist. The other end of the barrel is the breech. The breech face contains a tiny, box-like casing and a firing pin; a cover slides over them, securing the box casing and its contents. Behind the breech face is a chamber for the CO2 cartridge; it locks into place with a clockwise half-turn. At one end of the chamber is a spring; at the other end is a trigger that will pierce the nozzle of the CO2 cartridge. The harsh rush of escaping gas collapses the spring. This activates the firing pin that pierces the contents of the box casing, which are propelled through the barrel by the escaping CO2. Attached to the trigger is a tawny strand of .028-gauge nylon (a guitar string). The other end of the strand is tied to a dark wood, men's friendship ring worn on the thumb. Finally, beside the trigger is the safety. When pushed clockwise, the gun is armed; counter-clockwise, the trigger cannot be engaged.

BAZZO

Pushes the safety clockwise then straps the gas gun to his right arm. The collapsed muzzle reaches the lunate bone of his wrist. He slides the ring onto his right thumb. With his left hand Bazzo extends the telescopic barrel across the back of his right hand, just past the first knuckles. He splays his fingers and thumb then jerks his thumb to his palm. CLICK. The gun fires. With his left hand he pushes the safety counter-clockwise, splays the fingers and thumb of his right hand and jerks his thumb to his palm. Nothing. The gun cannot fire.

With his left hand he opens the chamber with a half-turn counter-clockwise, loads a CO2 cartridge into the chamber and twists it clockwise a half-turn to lock it in place.

He pushes the safety clockwise and pulls on the nylon strand by jerking his thumb to the palm of his hand. This pulls the trigger, piercing the CO2 cartridge. The gas rushes out the muzzle with a HISS. He pushes the safety counter-clockwise, unloads the spent CO2 cartridge and replaces it with a new one, again, locking the chamber in place.

There is a Tap-Code KNOCK on the door. Bazzo collapses the barrel, unstraps the gun and lays it on the bed. He gets up, walks to the door and opens it slightly. After peeking through the narrow opening he lets DiLauria inside and shuts the door.

DILAURIA

How's it working?

BAZZO

Fine. I was just about to load it.

He goes back to the bed and resumes his seat beside the suitcase. DiLauria sits in a chair and watches. Bazzo takes the Anacin aspirin tin off the false bottom and lays it on the bed. He removes the box casing from the breech; it has two round holes on opposite sides. He sets it on the bed and reaches for the hard pack of Marlboro cigarettes. Bazzo breaks a tax-stamp seal and flips open the lid, revealing a full pack of cigarette filters. He grabs the filters and surrounding tin foil and lifts them out of the hard pack. They were only the filtered ends of cigarettes - a false top. He pulls a wad of gauze from the hard pack and lays it on the bed. He peels away the gauze, revealing four, 3-milliliter long, gray-colored ampoules. Two ampoules have a white stripe - hydrogen sulfide. The other two bear a red stripe; they are hydrogen cyanide.

Bazzo places one white-striped ampoule in the box casing, sets that in the breech and slides the cover over it. The gas gun is now set for firing.

DILAURIA

I've never used one of those.  
What's the range?

BAZZO

A few inches. But it's best to get  
the muzzle right in someone's face.

DILAURIA

And how long before it takes effect?

BAZZO

Couple of seconds, max.

He straps the gun to his right arm again and opens the Anacin tin; it contains eight gray tablets. He takes out one tablet.

DILAURIA

What is that?

BAZZO

Hydroxocobalamin - it's an antidote.  
I take one now and another one after  
firing the gun.

He gets up, takes the tumbler of water off the nightstand, pops the tablet in his mouth, washes it down with a drink of water, then returns the tumbler to the nightstand. He takes his shirt off the bedpost and puts it on. He pulls a pair of cufflinks from one of his pants pocket and loosely secures the ends of the sleeves. He then puts the ring on his right thumb. Bazzo drops his hands to his sides and flexes his fingers.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Can you see anything?

DILAURIA

No, you're good.

Bazzo slips on his shoes and grabs his necktie. He puts it around his neck with the wide end of the tie on his right. He looks at the arrangement, a bit flummoxed. He evens the lengths of both ends of the necktie, then makes the narrow end of the necktie longer than the wide end. DiLauria grins.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

You're hopeless.

BAZZO

I get it, eventually.

DILAURIA

Here, let me do it.

She gets up. Bazzo drops his hands to his sides. They continue their conversation while DiLauria creates a Windsor Knot.

- She pulls Bazzo's necktie from around his neck and puts it back on with the wider end on Bazzo's left side instead of his right. She adjusts it so that the tip of the small end rests slightly above Bazzo's belly-button.

- She puts the wide end over the small end to the right, then up into the neck loop from underneath and down to his right, around the back of the small end to Bazzo's left.

- She lifts the wide end up to the center, away from his body, and towards neck loop, then through the neck loop and down to the left, then across the front to the right.

- She lifts the wide end up into the neck loop from underneath, then down through the loop she just created in the front.

- She tightens the knot by pulling down on the wide end, then slides the knot up and adjusts it.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

I called Denier. He agreed to meet me in my room at eight.

BAZZO

He's gotta be expecting a trap.

DILAURIA

Of course he is. Wouldn't you?

Bazzo shrugs.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

But I think I piqued his libido by giving him the sense the evening held a very alluring prospect, to misquote Edna Ferber.

BAZZO

Who?

DILAURIA

Never mind. You know he'll be bringing along a friend.

BAZZO

I'm counting on it.

DiLauria finishes creating the Windsor Knot and steps back.

DILAURIA

There.

Bazzo dons his sports jacket and puts the lockpicks, duct tape, Anacin aspirin tin, and CO2 cartridge into his side pockets. He wraps a red-striped ampoule in some gauze and puts it in his inside jacket pocket. He reassembles the Marlboro hard pack then, along with the cardboard, spent gauze and CO2 cartridge, stows them in the suitcase which he slides under the bed.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Did you find a place?

BAZZO (O.S.)

The 'Fournitures' room at the end of the hall. Here.

He hands DiLauria the stainless-steel case from the bed.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

It's waterproof.

He leads her to the door then follows her out the room.

INT. LE CHAT-BOTTÉ (RESTAURANT)

The Wait Staff glide about, quietly keeping pace with the demands from the well-heeled customers.

AT THE BAR

Bazzo is one of only two guests, the other being a middle-aged man staring forlornly into his Tom Collins. Bazzo shakes his head "no" when the Bartender offers to pour him another beer.

Beyond the stylized cat on the restaurant's glass doors, Bazzo sees Denier and a plainclothes policeman, MAURICE, enter the Atrium Lobby from the street and head to the elevator bank. Bazzo slides off his barstool and leaves a tip on the bar. The Bartender nods "Thank you" to Bazzo who leaves the restaurant.

HOTEL CORRIDOR

Bazzo gets off the elevator. At the opposite end, where the stairwell meets the door marked "Fournitures (Supplies)," stands Maurice. Bazzo seemingly ignores him as he walks partway down the corridor to his room. Maurice looks away as Bazzo enters...

BAZZO'S HOTEL ROOM

The spring-loaded door closes on its own with a final CLACK. Bazzo sits on the edge of the bed, picks up the phone on the nightstand and dials the number two. The phone RINGS.

CONCIERGE (O.S.)

Concierge...

BAZZO

This is Mr. Hodges on the third floor. There's a man in a leather jacket just wandering about the corridor. He seemed kinda nervous when I walked by him.

CONCIERGE (O.S.)

Is this man still on third floor?

BAZZO

Yes.

CONCIERGE (O.S.)

I'll have someone look into it.

BAZZO

Thanks.

He hangs up and grins.

DILAURIA'S HOTEL SUITE

DiLauria and Denier sit on the sofa, sipping champagne from flutes. On a serving cart, a bottle of Louis Roederer Vintage Brut, 1960, is nestled among the ice cubes in a champagne chiller. DiLauria wears a diaphanous white, split-cuff, Plissé blouse over a black brassiere; black skirt; and black high-heels. Denier wears a gray, perennial Havana suit over a peach shirt, no tie. "Jive Samba" by the Cannonball Adderley Sextet plays on the radio. From the corridor comes a COMMOTION: two men jabbering in French. Denier and DiLauria stop in mid-sip.

DILAURIA

I wonder what that's about.

DENIER

(shrugs)

It's none of our business.

DILAURIA

Still, it makes me nervous. I'm gonna see what's going on.

Overhasty, Denier quickly sets his flute on the coffee table.

DENIER

No, no. I'll see what it is.

He goes to the door, eases it open slightly, and peeks into...

THE CORRIDOR

The House Detective has confronted Maurice.

HOUSE DETECTIVE

Qu'est-ce que tu fous ici?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "What the hell are you doing here?"

MAURICE

Mon, uh, ami rend visite à une femme  
et je l'attends ici. Je ne voulais  
pas le déranger.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "My, uh, friend's visiting a woman and I'm waiting for him out here. I didn't want to crowd him."

BAZZO'S HOTEL ROOM

Bazzo holds the open end of an empty tumbler against the door. His left ear is pressed to the bottom of the tumbler.

IN THE CORRIDOR

The exasperated House Detective has heard enough from Maurice.

HOUSE DETECTIVE  
Connerie. Viens avec moi.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Bullshit. Come with me."

He hooks Maurice's arm and starts towards the elevators.

MAURICE  
Attends, attends, attends.

They stop. Maurice slowly lifts his right hand and motions towards his inside jacket pocket.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
Puis-je?

HOUSE DETECTIVE  
D'accord.

Maurice pulls a wallet from his pocket and opens it, revealing Metropolitan Police Force credentials.

HOUSE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)  
Alors, pourquoi tu traînes dans mon couloir?

INSERT TRANSLATION: "So why are you hanging around my hallway?"

MAURICE  
Je surveille au cas où son petit ami reviendrait.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "I'm watching in case her boyfriend comes back."

HOUSE DETECTIVE  
Jésus! Descendez au moins un peu la cage d'escalier pour ne pas avoir l'air si visible.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Geezus! At least go down the stairwell a bit so you don't look so conspicuous."

MAURICE  
D'accord. Désolé.

The House Detective leaves via the elevator.

DILAURIA'S HOTEL SUITE

Denier quietly shuts the door. As he walks back to the sofa...

DENIER  
The House Detective was interviewing some fellow who had gotten into a row with his wife.



He returns, grabs his champagne flute off the coffee table and fills it with Roederer Vintage Brut. He turns to DiLauria.

DENIER (CONT'D)

More?

DiLauria nods. Denier sets down his flute on the cart. She gives him hers, and Denier fills it. He hands it back to DiLauria and puts the Brut back in the champagne chiller. He grabs his flute and sits on the sofa beside DiLauria. They CLINK flutes - a silent toast - then each one takes a sip. Denier makes his move - he leans over and kisses DiLauria.

THE STAIRWELL

Maurice sits on the stairs, a few steps down from the third-floor landing. He pulls a gold-colored hard pack of "Parisiennes" cigarettes and a book of matches from his pocket. The brand name is underlined in red and wraps around the hard pack. He takes out a cigarette, strikes a match, and lights up. The faint CREAK of hinges in need of oil means a door is opening. It is followed by a CLACK, the door closing.

MAURICE

Gets up and hurries up the stairs. He opens the stairwell door in time to glimpse Bazzo enter an elevator. Maurice retreats to his spot on the stairs inside the stairwell and takes a long drag from his cigarette.

From the second-floor landing comes a SQUEAL from heavy door hinges, followed by the CLACK of the door closing. Maurice waits. No footsteps. Nothing. He bounds down the stairs to the second-floor landing and opens the stairwell door. No one is in the corridor. He walks back up the stairs to the third-floor landing and opens the stairwell door.

FROM BEHIND THE STAIRWELL DOOR

A closed fist with an extended barrel thrusts to Maurice's face. CLICK. Gas shoots from the muzzle extended beyond the first knuckles of that fist. In two seconds Maurice wobbles. He loses consciousness and begins to fall backwards.

BAZZO

Grabs Maurice's leather jacket, drags him into the third-floor landing, and leans him back against the wall. With the assistance of gravity, he slides Maurice down the wall to the seat of his pants, then collapses the barrel of his gas gun.

He opens the stairwell door. Seeing no one in the corridor, he crosses to the door marked "Fournitures," takes the set of lockpicks from his pocket and opens the door. He pushes the door button to keep it unlocked and gently closes the door. Bazzo then returns to the...

THIRD-FLOOR STAIRWELL LANDING

Bazzo grabs Maurice by the arm and leg and hoists him onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry. Bazzo bends slightly to grab the doorknob of the stairwell door, opens it and peeks out. Again, the corridor is empty. He crosses to the Fournitures' door, turns the doorknob, pulls open the door and steps inside...

THE SUPPLIES ROOM

Bazzo lays Maurice on the floor on his stomach. He takes the duct tape from his pocket and tightly binds the Maurice's hands together behind his back, then binds Maurice's ankles together and rolls him onto his back. Bazzo tears off a strip of duct tape and places it over Maurice's mouth, then pockets the roll of duct tape.

CORRIDOR

The Fournitures door opens. Bazzo presses the button to lock the door, then closes it. He goes back to his room door and enters...

BAZZO'S HOTEL ROOM

The door shuts. Bazzo grabs the tumbler on the nightstand and heads to the...

BATHROOM

He flips on the light, turns on the cold-water spigot, and fills the tumbler halfway. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the Anacin tin. He opens it, takes out another tablet of hydroxocobalamin, pops it in his mouth and washes it down with a drink of water.

BAZZO

Leaves the bathroom and sits on the edge of the bed. He takes the CO2 cartridge from a side pocket of his sports jacket and lays it on the bed. He repeats this with the wad of gauze in his inside pocket. He removes his sport jacket and the cufflink from his right sleeve, and pushes the sleeve back to his elbow, exposing the gas gun.

DILAURIA'S HOTEL SUITE

Denier nuzzles DiLauria's neck. Her blouse is unbuttoned from the top to her midriff. Denier's right hand is inside her blouse, fondling her left breast. A KNOCK on the door stiffens DiLauria. Looking frightened, she yanks Denier's hand out from her blouse and straightens her skirt.

DILAURIA  
One of your people?

DENIER

I was just about to ask you the same thing.

DILAURIA

Bullshit. I have to use the bathroom. You answer the door.

She gets up and heads into the bathroom. Confused as well as disappointed, Denier gets up and goes to the door.

DENIER

(in French)

Qui est-ce?

(then in English)

Who is it?

BAZZO (O.S.)

It's Mr. Hodges. Who's this, Denier?

Denier groans and opens the door. Bazzo enters. Denier takes a quick, discreet peek into the corridor then closes the door.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Working a little late, Denier?

DENIER

So are you.

DiLauria re-enters from the bathroom holding a silenced Beretta 70 pistol in her right hand, aimed squarely at Denier. In her left hand is the stainless-steel case.

DILAURIA

Playtime's over, detective.

DENIER

I didn't see that when I was in there.

DILAURIA

It was in the sanitary bag by the bidet.

DiLauria walks up to Denier and puts the muzzle of the Beretta to his right temple. Bazzo frisks him then pushes Denier towards the sofa.

BAZZO

Take a seat, Lothario.

DILAURIA

So you have read a book.

Bazzo mugs while Denier sits, facing Bazzo. DiLauria hands Bazzo the Beretta and hurries into the bedroom.

Seconds later she emerges with her suitcase.

BAZZO

You'd better hurry or you'll miss  
your plane.

He hands the Beretta back to DiLauria. She unscrews the  
silencer and places it and the pistol back in the case.

DENIER

What are you going to do without  
your gun, Mr. Hodges?

Bazzo crosses to opposite end of the sofa and pulls up his  
right sleeve, revealing the barrel of his gas gun.

BAZZO

The cyanide acts in two seconds.

He looks at DiLauria and nods. She opens the door and leaves.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Get up, Denier.

Denier stands. Bazzo extends the barrel and puts the muzzle  
under Denier's nose, then grabs Denier under the right armpit  
and squeezes the circumflex nerve. Denier winces in pain.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

We're going to my hotel room. If I  
don't get word she's on that plane,  
you won't leave here alive.

He leads Denier to the door and opens it. They exit into the  
corridor as the door slowly closes behind them with a CLICK.

EXT. GENEVA - COINTRIN AIRPORT - NIGHT

The signage on the façade of the three-story terminal building  
and Control Tower reads "Aéroport de Genève - Cointrin."

INT. TERMINAL - SWISSAIR DEPARTURE GATES

The Gates are separated by a sheet of plexiglass that ends in  
a columns abutting the concourse. Each Gate has rows of seats  
for ticketed passengers. On the other side of the concourse is  
an area for well-wishers seeing them off. This section has  
rows of well-spaced, vinyl seats. Each seat can hold three,  
modestly proportioned (read: skinny) people.

Departure Gate #1 is at one end of the terminal. Against the  
wall is a bank of payphones and an elevator.

SCHAEFER

Sits among the well-wishers, reading The Geneva Tribune.

Gate #1's seating area is less than half-full of passengers whom Schaefer surreptitiously eyes. DiLauria is not among them. He checks his wristwatch. The growing STOMP of boots gets his attention. Several uniformed policemen from the Metropolitan Police enter the terminal. Some of them post at the terminal entrances while others approach the female GATE AGENT. She and the LEAD POLICEMAN speak sotto voce, then she grabs the microphone off the wall near the door to the tarmac.

GATE AGENT

(in French)

Mesdames et Messieurs, le vol  
Swissair 342 à destination de New  
York via Londres est désormais prêt  
à embarquer. Veuillez avoir vos  
billets et passeports à portée de  
main lorsque vous approchez de la  
Porte. Merci.

(now in English)

Ladies and Gentlemen, Swissair  
flight 342 to New York via London  
is now ready for boarding. Please  
have your tickets and passports  
available as you approach the Gate.  
Thank you.

The passengers queue at the Gate door, tickets and passports in hand. The Gate Agent checks them while the Lead Policeman looks on. Schaefer scans the concourse for DiLauria, to no avail. He gets up and goes into a phone booth.

INT. BAZZO'S HOTEL ROOM

Denier is awake and seated in a chair. His ankles are taped together, as are his hands behind his back. A strip of tape is across his mouth. Bazzo sits on the bed, his back against the headboard. The phone RINGS; he answers it.

BAZZO

Yes?

CROSSCUT SCHAEFER WITH BAZZO

While the passenger queue moves without delay...

SCHAEFER

It's Schaefer. She's not here and  
they're boarding the plane. But  
something else is going on here.

BAZZO

What?

SCHAEFER

The police just arrived. They're at  
the Gate and the entrances. Shit!

(MORE)

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)

The last passenger just left the Gate. The Agent's locking the door.

BACK TO SCENE

BAZZO

Leave there. Now.

He hangs up and crosses to the chair where Denier is seated. Bazzo peels the tape off Denier's mouth. Denier slowly curls a sardonic grin.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

You sent your fellow police officers to the airport to arrest her.

DENIER

Because Miss DiLauria is a spy, just as you are.

BAZZO

I told you what would happen to you if she didn't get on that plane.

DENIER

Go ahead! You think you run the world now, you filthy Americans.

BAZZO

High praise, coming from a Nazi.

Denier eyes Bazzo curiously.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

It never goes away, the Nazi in you. You live for vulgar displays. You'd arrest her and parade her around in public like some sort of trophy.

DENIER

And you will be next in the parade.

BAZZO

No, I don't think so.

Denier's smugly confident mien begins to fade.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Your boyfriend, the one in the leather jacket?

He shakes his head "no." Denier scoffs.

DENIER

You imbecile. I have men here, outside.

(MORE)

DENIER (CONT'D)

They will have followed her to the airport, and now they will be waiting for you.

BAZZO

Yeah? You wanted to get your rocks off here, but you knew that wouldn't sit well with your superiors on the police force. That's why only the two of you showed up here. Like I said, once a Nazi, always a Nazi.

DENIER

That does not matter. Miss DiLauria is the real prize. You are no more than an inconsequential thug.

BAZZO

Hey, we can't all be stars. Oh, but I should tell you - she didn't go to Cointrin Airport.

Denier is taken aback. Bazzo checks his wristwatch.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

It's been about three hours since she left in my rented car. As I see it, your police chief is going to have a lot of questions for you, though not as many as your comrades back in Dzerzhinsky Square.

DENIER

You are deluded. I have no idea what you are talking about.

BAZZO

Your KGB operation to damage U.S.-Swiss relations has been rumbled. Once the KGB know you're blown, you'll be of no use to them.

Denier's pretense of arrogance is gone, replaced with fear.

DENIER

You could make me an offer.

BAZZO

I don't think so, Adolf.

He slaps the strip of tape onto Denier's mouth.

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

The last of the city's daytime federal employees wearily queue at various bus stops.

704 3RD STREET, NW - APARTMENT BUILDING

The bluish-white hue from TV sets flickers in several windows.

INT. THIRD-FLOOR CORRIDOR

Latham approaches his apartment door. Across the corridor, the door to apartment 3H opens partway. Middle-aged MRS. DENBY steps out wearing a frumpy muumu. Latham smiles at her.

LATHAM

Hello, Mrs. Denby.

MRS. DENBY

I see you got another leak.

LATHAM

Huh?

MRS. DENBY

Another plumber was here again.

LATHAM

Was he...

MRS. DENBY

Yes. I saw him come out your place. I was worried the whole floor might get flooded.

LATHAM

I see. Um, how'd you know he was a plumber?

MRS. DENBY

I asked him.

LATHAM

Oh. Thanks for letting me know.

He unlocks his door. As Latham enters his apartment...

MRS. DENBY

You're welcome. How's Miss Jeffries?

LATHAM

(his voice fading)

Fine.

Latham's apartment door shuts.

MRS. DENBY

Tell her I said "Hi."

She shrugs and mumbles unintelligibly to herself, then goes back inside her apartment and shuts the door.



INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - FOYER

Latham stops at the door. On the hall table is a Manila envelope. He crosses to the table, picks up the envelope and opens it. He pulls out an 8x10 glossy photograph. Someone took a picture of a photograph in a photo album, one of Fiona and his Eurasian son, Minh, taken at the Eiffel Tower.

A circle has been drawn around each of their heads. On each circle a red 'X' has been drawn across the face of Fiona and Minh. The message is clear, and it's horror contorts Latham's face short of tears.

END