

COOL GRAY DAWN

"Everybody Wins"

tony garcia
1629 S. Mole St.
Philadelphia, Penn. 19145
(215) 908-9152

Cool Gray Dawn
"Everybody Wins"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - DAY (MORNING)

INSERT: "BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS"

A panorama from the State House anchoring Boston Common to the elegant townhouses of the Flats of Beacon Hill.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY (MORNING)

The front door opens revealing MATHIEU JARDINE, 35, a Black Franco-American, and his Caucasian French wife, SOPHIE, 30.

SOPHIE

Matt, take the subway. It's faster.

MATHIEU

But they're letting me park in the faculty lot, hon.

SOPHIE

Cul paresseux.

(translation: "Lazy ass")

Don't forget, we're having lunch at Le Vin Maison.

They kiss. Mathieu jaunts down the steps. Sophie smiles as he gets into his Renault Dauphine and drives off.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

The Capitol Dome looms in the background cityscape.

EXT. E STREET - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

CIA OFFICERS enter the familiar nondescript, gray buildings.

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

WARREN LATHAM is frustrated as he tries to get the attention of STEWART KENSINGTON, who is very busy watering his plants.

KENSINGTON

He never showed up at the symposium?

LATHAM

No. No one's seen Jardine since he left his in-laws' place in Boston.

KENSINGTON

No word of an accident or anything?

LATHAM

(repeating himself)

None. His wife went to meet him for lunch but he never turned up.

Kensington pauses as everything slowly starts to sink in.

KENSINGTON

Matthew Jardine... He's a project leader, isn't he?

LATHAM

Yes, working on ICBMs under contract to the Air Force.

KENSINGTON

So why isn't the FBI handling it?

LATHAM

They passed it on to the local cops.

KENSINGTON

Well... not really our concern then, is it?

Latham is anxious to leave and inches towards the door.

LATHAM

No, but a top missile engineer has gone missing.

KENSINGTON

What - you're thinking a KGB snatch?

LATHAM

It's possible.

KENSINGTON

It's also possible he's holed up somewhere with some little chippie.

LATHAM

Sir, I'm just reporting a fact. I'm not advocating we intervene here.

KENSINGTON

Well, if it is a snatch, it'll be the Bureau's problem, not ours.

LATHAM

Suits me.

As Latham leaves, the Red phone RINGS; Kensington answers.

KENSINGTON
3-8-5-3... He just left... Right.
(hangs up)
Warren!

LATHAM (O.S.)
Yes?

Kensington crosses to the door and leans out.

KENSINGTON
You're wanted in the Ops Room!

OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of teletype machines, chatter and ringing phones. JARED STOKES hangs up a Red phone. TOM PERCY is engrossed writing notes. Latham enters.

LATHAM
Problems, Jared?

STOKES
Could be. There's a rumor about that a Polish technical advisor named Lev Kuklinski has gone missing from that science symposium at MIT.

LATHAM
We know what Kuklinski advises on?

STOKES
Missile telemetry.

LATHAM
Hm, and Jardine's specialty is missile propulsion systems.

STOKES
So, if you can make it fly and you can aim it...

PERCY
All you need is some high explosive at the sharp end.

They all look at each other, acknowledging the worst.

LATHAM
I want a list of everyone invited to that symposium. And get me some more background on Jardine.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD hands a folder to CARLA DILAURIA.

DILAURIA

You sure he doesn't need it?

COLLETTE

Believe me, he'll scream like a banshee if he does.

Latham enters. The women grin puckishly at each other.

LATHAM

What?

COLLETTE

Nothing.

DiLauria shrugs and shakes her head, agreeing with Collette.

LATHAM

Hm, like being back in high school.

The two women giggle. As DiLauria leaves, Latham enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Collette follows him in, carrying her notepad.

COLLETTE

You got a call from an Anne De.

Latham can scarcely believe it. She tears off a page and hands it to him.

LATHAM

What did she say?

COLLETTE

She just asked for you and said she'd be at that number for a bit.

Collette sees that he is abstracted and leaves. Latham takes a GREEN piece of paper from his desk. As he unfolds it...

SAIGON, 1954 - DAY (FLASHBACK)

INSERT: "SAIGON, 1954"

- Resembling Pathe-type newsreel footage, a pageant-style float carries an effigy of KAO-LY DE, 50, through the streets: Bags of money are slung across his shoulders, scantily-clad women nestle in his arms, a deck of cards is in one hand. On the side of the float are Chinese characters.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Kao-Ly De, Emperor For Sale."

Latham stands among the crowd; beside him is ANNE DE, then 21. Upset and humiliated, she can stand no more and leaves.

- Posters showing Kao-Ly De and a pig lay strewn in doorways.
- At a Polling Station are a ballot box and piles of RED and GREEN BALLOTS. The Red ones show NGO DINH DIEM in modern clothes, surrounded by smiling young people; the Green ones show a grim Kao-Ly, alone and dressed in traditional robes.

YOUNG THUGS approach voters who select the Green Ballots; they threaten some, chase down and beat others.

END FLASHBACK.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham lays down the Green Ballot and dials the Gray phone.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette edits a paper. Latham opens his office door; he's wearing a light trench coat. He looks anxious as he heads out.

COLLETTE

Just in case, where can I reach you?

LATHAM

The Oyster Bar at the Harrington.

Collette is concerned as she watches him leave.

EXT. HOTEL HARRINGTON - DAY

Stock footage of this Washington, D.C. landmark.

INT. OYSTER BAR RESTAURANT - DAY

Anne, now 27, sits at a table, nursing an aperitif. Stunning and elegant, with the countenance of Vietnamese society, she checks her watch. Disappointed, she grabs her purse and coat and stands - just as Latham walks up. She smiles.

ANNE

Hello, Warren.

LATHAM

Anne.

They embrace and sit. A Waiter quickly approaches.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

A Coke, please.

The Waiter nods and leaves.

ANNE

I thought you weren't coming. I'm supposed to meet my father now.

LATHAM
Kao-Ly is here?

ANNE
Yes, on business.

LATHAM
Is that why you're here?

ANNE
No, I just came along for the trip.

LATHAM
Oh. How'd you get my work number?

ANNE
A mutual friend, Claude Moreau. He helped us resettle in Paris... So, how are you?

LATHAM
You know... Okay. You look good.

She's embarrassed. The Waiter returns with Latham's Coke and leaves. As Latham takes a sip, his eyes fall on Anne's WEDDING RING. She sees this and puts her hands in her lap.

ANNE
He passed away in February.

LATHAM
Sorry. How long were you married?

ANNE
Less than a year... I have a little boy now.

She takes a snapshot from her purse: It's a photo of herself and her four-year-old Eurasian son who resembles Latham. She hands it to him. Latham is taken aback, then smiles.

LATHAM
Wow, he's something else. But that's no surprise, considering his mom.

ANNE
His name is Minh. I'm very lucky.

LATHAM
(painfully)
I'm glad one of us was.

ANNE
Warren, please... I couldn't go with you. My father needed me.

LATHAM

I seem to remember you saying something like that.

ANNE

It wasn't the right time.

LATHAM

Never is, is it?

ANNE

Please, I don't want to fight now.

LATHAM

Right... You didn't ask if I had any children.

ANNE

I know you don't. Claude told me.

LATHAM

The French never could keep a secret.

An awkward silence ensues. The two look everywhere but at each other. Finally, Anne checks her watch.

ANNE

I have to go meet my father.

Latham nods resignedly. They stand. He offers her back the photo. Instead, she cups his hands around it.

ANNE (CONT'D)

It was nice to see you again.

Latham watches her leave, then gazes ruefully at the photo.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

A CIA OFFICER pushes a yellow stickpin into "Massachusetts" on the wall map. Latham enters, his topcoat unbuttoned.

LATHAM

Anything on Jardine?

Stokes and Percy look up. Stokes opens a folder on his desk.

STOKES

Mathieu Jardine, 35, born New York City. Father's a Caucasian French national; his mother's Black, born in Boston. Speaks French. Has dual U.S.-French citizenship. Works for the Western Development Division of the Air Force;

(MORE)

STOKES (CONT'D)

he's a civilian engineer on something called ion propulsion.

PERCY

I saw something about that on TV - on Science Fiction Theater.

LATHAM

The FBI come up with anything?

STOKES

Nada. Knowing them, they probably think Jardine's the janitor there.

LATHAM

What about Kuklinski?

PERCY

(leans back in his chair)
He's gone alright. Must be a second snatch 'cause the Russians are going crazy looking for him.

LATHAM

Any word the KGB know about Jardine?

PERCY

None so far. I think we're a lap ahead of them on that.

STOKES

Fat lotta good it does us. Jardine and Kuklinski could be anywhere in the world by now.

LATHAM

You get that list of attendees?

Percy hands him the list - three pages' worth.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Ask both mandarins to meet me in my office.

Percy picks up the Red phone as Latham leaves.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY, CARLA DILAURIA and Latham brainstorm.

BAZZO

If they felt Jardine had anything to offer, we could expect a KGB snatch.

DILAURIA

Or his voluntary defection.

BAZZO

Except Kuklinski's been snatched,
too. Has to be a 3rd party involved.

LATHAM

And my guess is it's someone there.

He points to the list Bazzo holds as DiLauria looks on.

DILAURIA

Makes sense. The invitees would be
expected to roam around and mingle.

LATHAM

And they'd have advance knowledge of
who's there and where to find them.

BAZZO

So, who do we start with?

DILAURIA

An emergent nation with the means to
build missiles but not the know-how.

Unconvinced, Latham shakes his head and meanders about.

LATHAM

But why snatch these two men when
you can buy all the missiles you
want from NATO or the Warsaw Pact?

DILAURIA

Maybe it's someone who doesn't want
Brussels or Moscow to know what
they're up to.

This stops Latham in his tracks. He thinks a moment.

LATHAM

Someone tired of being at the mercy
of their defense group just might
take steps to defend themselves.

DILAURIA

In a way that wouldn't antagonize
their defense partners.

LATHAM

Now all we have to do is convince
them upstairs. We've no evidence.

BAZZO

Wouldn't someone in that position
have already complained?

LATHAM

Yes... Get on to the Intelligence Desk. Ask if there've been any grumblings within NATO. And do the same for the Warsaw Pact.

EXT. BOSTON - DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

PETER SANDERS, 40, leaves a deli with a take-out order. He's about to cross a quiet, narrow street when 2 men in a RAMBLER SEDAN pull up. Sanders stops at the curb to let the car pass.

I/E. RAMBLER SEDAN - DAY

The PASSENGER aims a SILENCED PISTOL at Sanders and FIRES several shots point blank into Sanders' head and chest. Sanders COLLAPSES. The Rambler SCREECHES around the corner.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

WILSON BERARD and Kensington listen somberly to Latham.

BERARD

The Boston Number Two?

LATHAM

Yes, Peter Sanders - shot 4 times.

BERARD

What was he doing?

LATHAM

Getting his lunch.

Kensington is particularly distressed by this.

KENSINGTON

Did he have any leads on Jardine?

LATHAM

None, as far as I know.

Berard throws up his hands in frustration.

BERARD

Then why kill him? If anything, it points to Jardine and Kuklinski still being held there.

LATHAM

I know. It seems like a crazy thing to do, but they've gone and done it.

BERARD

You're sending Barry up to Boston?

LATHAM

Yes.

KENSINGTON

You realize you'll have to get a replacement for Sanders.

LATHAM

Not easy, he was a polyglot. That's how he recruited foreign academics. I've got no one here like that.

KENSINGTON

Have to be someone from The Farm.

BERARD

Baptism by fire... Let's hope mandarin One can watch over him.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Bazzo and Latham are having a heated discussion.

BAZZO

You can't be serious?

LATHAM

The Farm is sending a woman as Sanders' replacement. So what?

BAZZO

I don't have time to nursemaid some newbie. Let Carla go with me.

LATHAM

No. Whoever goes with you has to stay put as the new Station Number Two. And she has to be fluent in French and Slavic languages.

Frustrated, Bazzo storms about the room.

BAZZO

But I need someone I can trust! They've already killed Sanders.

LATHAM

That's just a theory! What if I get another Special Op? Who do I send?
(struggling)
Look - why the hell would they kill Sanders unless they wanted us to send someone to Boston.

BAZZO

Instead of where?

LATHAM

I don't know. But if it is a diversion, I'll need Carla here.

Bazzo relents, swearing under his breath.

BAZZO

I'll go get briefed.

LATHAM

Draw arms when you get on station.

BAZZO

You know how I feel about guns.

LATHAM

They're playing it rough.

BAZZO

Whoever 'they' are.

Bazzo leaves. As Latham broods, Collette brings him coffee.

COLLETTE

Berard called. He wants to see you.

LATHAM

Huh? I just spoke with him.

Collette shrugs. Latham sighs and looks away, preoccupied.

COLLETTE

Penny for them.

LATHAM

Why should whoever gun down Sanders and invite us up to Boston?

COLLETTE

Maybe Sanders saw or heard something, didn't recognize what it was but they thought he did.

Latham considers this. He sets down his cup and takes some cash from his pocket.

LATHAM

Call Palace Florists.
(hands her \$10)
Have them send a single flower over to The Harrington, room 312.

COLLETTE

(smiles curiously)
Are we talking a rose? A tulip?

LATHAM
Purple hyacinth.

Collette is befuddled. Latham tries to hide his embarrassment.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
It means forgiveness.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Latham enters. Berard looks up from his reading; he's grim.

LATHAM
You wanted to see me, sir?

BERARD
Sit down, Warren.

Latham sits; he looks worried.

BERARD (CONT'D)
I understand you helped depose Kao-Ly De back when you were in Saigon.

LATHAM
Yes. In fact, I met with his daughter Anne a bit earlier.

BERARD
Are they the subject of an operation?

LATHAM
No, no. Just doing some catching up.

BERARD
She knows you're with the Company?

LATHAM
It was part of my legend. I was their supposed link to Congress.

BERARD
Well your legend's about to unravel. The Asia Desk reports Kao-Ly's here to gauge whether there's any interest in returning him to power.

LATHAM
What?!

Berard hands Latham a report. Latham reads along.

BERARD
Hanoi is sending an envoy to Paris next week to meet with him.
(MORE)

BERARD (CONT'D)

Apparently, they want Kao-Ly to join a coalition government seeking reunification of the two Vietnams.

LATHAM

That would mean ousting Diem.

This worries them both. Berard stands and walks about.

BERARD

A policy disaster for us, Warren.

LATHAM

When Kao-Ly learns he's been duped all this time about his U.S. support-

BERARD

He'll jump at Hanoi's offer. We can't let that happen.

Latham is suddenly aghast at what he reads.

LATHAM

No, not his daughter...

BERARD

Assassinating Kao-Ly would only make him a martyr and coalesce public opinion against the United States.

LATHAM

But Anne's not a public figure.

BERARD

No, but as the Asia Desk says there, killing her sends Kao-Ly an indelible message: Stay out of politics.

LATHAM

And that's our only way to send him a message? Kill someone who's only crime is having him for a father?

BERARD

A poignant reminder for a man with three other children.

He sits.

LATHAM

I thought we prided ourselves on being too clever to stoop to murder.

BERARD

I don't recall pride stopping you
from making equally abhorrent
recommendations in the past.

Latham is humbled.

BERARD (CONT'D)

And I think you'd probably agree
with this one - if you weren't
still in love with her.

Latham's face betrays the truth of Berard's words.

LATHAM

Sir, this can't be our only option.

BERARD

Kao-Ly doesn't leave for Paris
until day after tomorrow. That
gives you 36 hours. No more.

ACT TWO

EXT. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY (ARCHIVE)

A sign identifies the airport.

INT. EASTERN AIRLINES ARRIVALS LOUNGE - DAY

Bazzo is on a payphone. He's frustrated, anxiously checking
his watch as deplaning passengers pass by him. An attractive
blonde, KAREN GLASS, 28, approaches him as he hangs up.

KAREN

Paul Barry?

BAZZO

Yeah...

KAREN

Karen Glass.

She smiles and THRUSTS her hand out. Bazzo is a bit taken
aback at first, then he shakes her hand.

BAZZO

I was getting worried.

KAREN

...I was on the range, qualifying.

BAZZO

Hm. So, how'd you recognize me?

KAREN
...Your photo's on file.

BAZZO
You mean mug shot. Come on.

He grabs her bags and they leave.

EXT. BOSTON - SUMNER TUNNEL - DAY

Traffic enters, passing a sign that reads "Boston."

I/E. SUMNER TUNNEL - TAXI

Karen and Bazzo are in back. Bazzo looks out the rear window.

KAREN
Something?

Bazzo looks unsure. He gives the HACK a five-dollar bill.

BAZZO
When you leave the tunnel, take the
first right and slow down.

HACK
That's the North End. I thought you
were going to the Parker House?

BAZZO
We are. I just wanna see something.

EXT. SUMNER TUNNEL - BOSTON SIDE - DAY

The TAXI leaves the tunnel, turns right and slows.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Bazzo and Karen peer out the rear window.

BAZZO AND KAREN'S P.O.V. - THE TUNNEL'S EXIT

A GRAY FORD SEDAN emerges. It SWERVES to avoid hitting a car
on a local street, then turns right, heading towards them.

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo nods to Karen. She jots down the license plate number.

EXT. LOCAL STREET - DAY

The Taxi resumes speed; the Gray Ford Sedan follows.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

With the help of his AIDE-DE-CAMP, Berard removes his trench coat and hands the Man his hat while speaking with Latham.

BERARD

The White House wants to know where we are with Operation Spellbound.

LATHAM

I've put a new Number Two on station and I have Bazzo up there now.

Berard's Aide hangs up the coat and hat then leaves.

BERARD

I need this handled quietly, Warren. Last thing we need is more acrimony with the French, especially with us pressing them to leave North Africa.

LATHAM

Well, Bazzo is probably the best field officer we have going.

BERARD

Which will reflect nicely on his annual review, but less so on my reply to the White House.

LATHAM

We're doing everything we can, sir.

BERARD

And where are you with Kao-Ly De?

LATHAM

I hope to have his daughter persuade him to remain in exile. If she can't... I'll do the job myself.

THE HOLE

DiLauria has several documents on her desk. As she puts them into a pile and gathers her notes, she spies a folder, "Proposed Disposition of Kao-Ly De," in her 'In' tray.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Collette enters, FUMING. She hands Latham Kao-Ly De's folder, opens it and points where he needs to sign. As Latham signs...

COLLETTE

Really helps to be a cold-hearted bastard for this job.

LATHAM

I told you, I didn't know Anne was the target until I met with Berard.

COLLETTE

All that purple hyacinth nonsense. Just setting her up, making her feel at ease before you-

LATHAM

Enough already! I've got less than 2 days to work with. So just do your job and get this actioned. And see when Bill Nealy's free.

Collette takes the folder and leaves, just as DiLauria enters.

DILAURIA

I have a line on who snatched those two scientists: SDECE.

Latham can scarcely believe it. He sits.

LATHAM

Go on.

DILAURIA

(refers to her notes)

In March, France withdrew its fleet from the Mediterranean after a dispute over her role in NATO's 3rd Strategic Concept. Later, France hinted it might withdraw from the Defense Planning Committee, saying they doubted any U.S. President would ever sacrifice an American city for a European one, and maybe it was time to seek an independent, meaning French, nuclear deterrent.

LATHAM

Jardine and Kuklinski could really jump start that effort... Get a signal off to Boston.

DILAURIA

Right.

(starts to leave, then)

I, uh, read the brief on Kao-Ly De.

Latham stands and fiddles with the papers on his desk.

LATHAM

Yeah, I was just about to call you. I want you to coordinate with Operations. Have Kao-Ly followed;
(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

pick him up at his hotel. I want to know where he goes and who he meets.

DILAURIA

What about his daughter, Anne?

LATHAM

The job's not going to you.

DILAURIA

You're not giving it to the Mob, are you?

LATHAM

No. Killing women is about the only thing they won't do these days.

DILAURIA

(incredulously)

You're taking it?

LATHAM

Yes. Why?

DILAURIA

I was just wondering if you'd be able to do it.

LATHAM

Wasn't that long ago since I was a mandarin.

DILAURIA

No, what I meant was I'd heard you and Kao-Ly's daughter were... close.

Latham glares at her.

LATHAM

What you heard was supposition, which you're now repeating as fact.

DILAURIA

Sorry. I'll get started on the surveillance.

She leaves. Latham's outrage quickly turns to regret.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - BASEMENT GUN VAULT

Padlocked weapons lockers filled with assorted rifles about a glass-topped counter displaying a variety of handguns.

50-ish WEAPONS OFFICER JAMES TOLSON - his ID badge clipped to his suit coat pocket - places an ACP 1911, a SIG P210, a 9mm Welrod Mark I and their silencers on the countertop.

Latham - his ID badge clipped to his lapel - rolls his eyes and picks up the Welrod.

LATHAM

Geezus, Tolson. Where the hell did you get this - war surplus?

TOLSON

Hey, you asked my opinion. These are the best ones for the job.

Latham puts the Welrod aside and picks up the ACP 1911.

TOLSON (CONT'D)

You're going for a head shot up close, right?

LATHAM

Yeah, most likely.

TOLSON

Then don't use that cannon.
(holds up the SIG P210)
Use this. The bullet does all its damage in the brain and stays there.
(nods at the ACP 1911)
That thing will go right through the skull and probably end up hitting some poor bastard innocent bystander. I wouldn't use it - unless I wanted to send a message.

Latham hands his ID to Tolson, who pulls out a signout sheet.

INDOOR FIRING RANGE

On a human-silhouetted target sheet, 8 MUFFLED SHOTS quickly pierce the FOREHEAD in a tight, two-inch grouping.

Wearing impact earmuffs, Latham lowers his silenced ACP 1911.

INT. DIRECTORATE OF PLANS - CORRIDOR - DAY

Latham waits for the elevator; he's carrying a handgun case.

ELEVATOR

The doors open; Nealy is there. He nods as Latham gets on. As the doors close, Nealy eyes Latham's gun case.

NEALY

Getting in a little target practice?

LATHAM

Did the Asia Desk ask for your input on the Kao-Ly De brief?

NEALY

What?

LATHAM

(pointedly)

Did your people recommend we hit
Kao-Ly De's daughter, Anne?

NEALY

We provided the intelligence aspect.

LATHAM

(angrily)

Don't pussy-foot around, Bill.

The elevator doors open. They both step out into the...

FIRST-FLOOR CORRIDOR

Their voices lowered, Latham and Nealy walk past busy fellow
CIA Officers.

NEALY

We did the Intel assessment. That
business about killing his daughter
came strictly from the Asia Desk.

LATHAM

How'd you learn he was coming to
Washington?

NEALY

From an interview in 'L'Humanité.'

Latham shrugs - he doesn't recognize the name.

NEALY (CONT'D)

It's a French Communist Party rag.

LATHAM

And they wanted to interview Kao-Ly?

Nealy pulls Latham off to the side.

NEALY

No... he approached them.

LATHAM

(sighs)

Then he's serious about going back.

NEALY

Hanoi's probably betting Kao-Ly
won't have forgotten how Truman
turned his back on his old ally
Chiang Kai-Shek after the war.

LATHAM

But why would Kao-Ly trust the Communists? He knows they'll move against the South.

NEALY

Yeah, but not right away.

LATHAM

Then what the hell does he want?

NEALY

I don't know - a severance package? He'll need it the way he's blowing through the family fortune. Look, none of this will mean a damn thing once he learns we undermined him. He'll side with Ho Chi Minh just to get back at us.

Disconsolate, Latham starts to walk away.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Warren, I'm really sorry.

Latham does not acknowledge this and continues on his way.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - HOTEL HARRINGTON - DAY

Kao-Ly leaves the hotel and gets into a taxi. Across the street in a Chevrolet Sedan, DiLauria follows him.

FURTHER UP THE STREET

In a Plymouth Sedan, taking pictures of Kao-Ly and DiLauria, is CHINESE INTELLIGENCE AGENT KWONG LEW, 30.

EXT. BOSTON - PARKER HOUSE HOTEL - DAY (DUSK)

Well-heeled couples enter taxis queued outside the venerable Boston landmark.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY (DUSK)

Very Plush. Karen sits on the bed, watching TV. Bazzo exits the bathroom.

KAREN

Will you keep Kuklinski or let him go?

BAZZO

Keep him. He might have trade value; might even defect to us.

There's a KNOCK on the door. Karen sidles against the wall.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Yes?

MAN (O.S.)

It's Collins.

Bazzo cracks open the door. Recognizing the face, he lets in CLAY COLLINS, 45, short and pudgy. He's carrying a briefcase.

BAZZO

Clay Collins, meet your new Number Two, Karen Glass.

KAREN

Mr. Collins.

She thrusts out her hand to Collins, who shakes it.

COLLINS

It's Clay. How was your ride in?

BAZZO

We were followed from the airport.

COLLINS

Good. Means the word's got out, like you wanted.

(lays his briefcase on the bed)

We could've done this at the station.

BAZZO

No. It's enough they know we're here. Until this is over, I don't want any more station personnel exposed.

Collins flips open his briefcase, revealing 4 pistols - a Hi Power, a Beretta 1951, a Walther PPK, and an ACP 1911 - plus 2 shoulder holsters, silencers, magazines and ammunition.

COLLINS

Latham said you hate revolvers.

BAZZO

Guns period. I'll take the Hi Power.

COLLINS

(to Karen)

I guess you'll want the Beretta.

KAREN

The 1911's fine. I'm old-fashioned.

Collins takes the pistols and their accessories and lays them on the bed. Bazzo puts on a holster and secures the Hi Power.

Karen puts her 1911 and all their materials into her shoulder bag.

COLLINS
We've got no arrangement with the police, so careful how you use them.

BAZZO
We know that. What about a car?

COLLINS
You can use Pete's. Come on, I'll drop you at his place.

Bazzo glares at him. Collins quickly changes his mind.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
I'll give you the directions.
(hands Bazzo a key)
For the front door of his house.

Bazzo and Karen grab their coats.

BAZZO
Where's his wife?

COLLINS
With my wife at our place.

KAREN
Anything I can do to help?

BAZZO
You just keep your mind on the job.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - LAFAYETTE PARK - DAY (DUSK)

LAWRENCE JONES (SMOOTH) and Latham stroll.

JONES
The name Gregor Zhukov ring a bell?

LATHAM
Heads a KGB wet squad here.

JONES
See what I mean? You're about as current as last week's *TV Guide*.

LATHAM
Am I?

JONES
Zhukov's dead.

Latham is surprised to hear this.

JONES (CONT'D)

Killed yesterday in Boston. Probably went there looking for Kuklinski.

LATHAM

What do you know about Kuklinski?

JONES

Oh, same as I know about Mathieu Jardine.

LATHAM

You're only 24 hours out of date.

JONES

Those bugs I planted in your office must need new batteries.

LATHAM

So, who do you think snatched them?

JONES

If it were just Jardine, my guess would be the same as yours. But with Kuklinski missing, I'd be looking at a Friendly, like SDECE.

LATHAM

You think like mandarin Two. But why not look behind the Curtain?

Jones stops, Latham along with him.

JONES

All Eastern bloc intelligence services have a KGB agent on staff. Once Dzerzhinsky Street knew a snatch for Jardine was in the works, they would have banned all their own scientists from going abroad.

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Latham is annoyed with Kensington, who continually fusses with his coat and hat, and repeatedly checks his watch.

KENSINGTON

The French? That's hard to believe.

LATHAM

We sent a signal on it to Boston.

KENSINGTON

I have to start leaving here at a decent hour one of these days.

LATHAM

Before Bazzo left, I called the Head of Station in Boston.

KENSINGTON

Clay... Collins?

LATHAM

I told him to spread the word around the symposium that Bazzo was coming.

KENSINGTON

Why'd you do that?

LATHAM

Bazzo suggested it. Sanders had gone there hoping to recruit Kuklinski.

KENSINGTON

NATO ally or not, if it is SDECE, Barry could get himself killed.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. NORTH OF BOSTON - COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Dark and empty. A late-1950's CHEVROLET SEDAN cruises along.

INT. CHEVROLET SEDAN - NIGHT

Karen is driving. Bazzo leans against the passenger door.

BAZZO

You don't mind driving at night?

KAREN

No. It's quiet, the road's empty...
(checks her inside mirror)
And it makes it easier to see when you're being followed - like now.

Bazzo quickly looks back and sees a pair of headlights.

BAZZO

The police?

KAREN

I'm not sure... When I slowed down earlier, he kept his distance.

BAZZO

Hmm... Let's make sure. Speed up.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The Chevrolet Sedan ROARS ahead.

I/E. CHEVROLET SEDAN

The speedometer needle climbs past 70 mph. Karen checks her inside mirror. The Gray Ford Sedan catches up.

KAREN
Still there.

BAZZO
(glances back)
But no lights and no siren... Take
the next right. We'll bail out.

The Chevrolet SKIDS into a right turn onto a...

DIRT ROAD

And stops. Bazzo JUMPS OUT and hides in the brier. Karen pulls off the road. The HEADLIGHTS go out. Karen slides out the passenger door and crouches behind it. She draws her gun.

The Gray Ford Sedan turns the corner. Slowly, it rolls up to them. Just then its tires SCREECH and it SPEEDS away.

AT THE ROADSIDE

Bazzo joins Karen. They watch the Ford's taillights fade.

BAZZO
What the hell was that all about?

Behind them, HEADLIGHTS appear at the corner. Karen and Bazzo turn around. A SECOND CAR quickly approaches; its spotlight FLICKS on, blinding them.

Bazzo moves Karen behind him. Suddenly, she YANKS him down, behind the Chevrolet's open passenger door.

FROM THE SECOND CAR

A GUNMAN with an automatic rifle OPENS FIRE.

AT THE ROADSIDE

Shots PING off the open door and SHATTER its window. Bazzo shields his eyes. Karen CRAWLS to the front of the car. The BARRAGE ends quickly. As the Second Car PEELS away...

KAREN

Aims and FIRES, SHATTERING the Second Car's rear window as she empties her weapon.

FURTHER DOWN THE DIRT ROAD

The Second Car CAREENS headlong into a tree. Its horn BLARES.

KAREN AND BAZZO

Drive up to the wreck and get out. The Second Cars' windshield is shattered. Thrown from the car, the GUNMAN lies motionless. The DRIVER is slumped over the wheel with a GAPING HEAD WOUND.

BAZZO
(sniffing the air)
Gas. Come on.

I/E. CHEVROLET SEDAN - NIGHT

They jump in and quickly drive away. Bazzo briefly glances in bewilderment at Karen. Seconds later, the Second Car EXPLODES.

INT. PARKER HOUSE HOTEL - HOTEL SUITE - DAY (MORNING)

Karen and Collins sit at the table. Bazzo paces, agitated.

COLLINS
At least we know they're still here.

BAZZO
Well, they won't be here long if we don't get a lead soon.

KAREN
They must've thought we were close.

COLLINS
Close to what? The French don't own anything up there, I checked.

KAREN
In a foreign country you don't buy a safehouse, you rent it.

Collins is red-faced; Bazzo is losing patience.

BAZZO
Get a list of all rentals there for the past 2 years. I'll go with you and run countersurveillance.

The Men get up. Karen starts to, but Bazzo stares her down.

KAREN
I know - keep my mind on the job?

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

Period telecom equipment. Latham is on a Red phone.

LATHAM
What have you got, Bazzo?

INT. BOSTON CIA STATION - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

A tape recorder runs as Bazzo speaks into a Red phone.

BAZZO

Collins is getting off a cable to you, but I wanted to speak to you privately about our new Number Two.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH BAZZO

LATHAM

Look, I'm sorry I had to saddle you with someone so inexperienced.

BAZZO

On the contrary, she's excellent. Even better than the little girl I left behind.

LATHAM

What? Are you sure?

BAZZO

We were knee-deep in it last night, and Annie Oakley knew exactly what to do, every time. She's no virgin.

LATHAM

(mulls it over)

It's all starting to make sense now... But I want to double-check here, first. What's she look like?

BAZZO

Like Miss Wisconsin: 28 or 29, about five-eight, blonde, blue eyes.

LATHAM

So what do you want to do about her?

BAZZO

Nothing - I mean, at least not until the honeymoon's over.

LATHAM

Alright, but be careful.

Latham hangs up, his mood pensive. He gets up and leaves.

KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

Kensington is blithely sipping tea when Latham enters.

LATHAM

You know the new Boston Number Two?

KENSINGTON

Karen what's-her-name... Glass?

LATHAM

No. According to Bazzo she's a highly-trained agent.

KENSINGTON

What?!

LATHAM

And given that this is a job to find an American and a Pole...

Kensington is still clueless.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

(pointedly)

We're running a joint operation with the KGB.

THE HOLE

Latham explains to a shocked DiLauria.

DILAURIA

Has Bazzo lost his mind?

LATHAM

He should know. You did placement interviews at The Farm last month. Was a Karen Glass on your list?

DILAURIA

(remembers)

Yes... She wanted New York Center.

LATHAM

Describe her.

DILAURIA

Early 20s, five-one, brunette.

Latham pours himself coffee.

LATHAM

Right, different person. We thought the KGB hadn't made the connection between Jardine and Kuklinski but they had. And sent their man Zhukov to Boston ahead of us.

He meanders about the office, sipping his coffee.

DILAURIA

He got close and got killed.

LATHAM

So the KGB had to assign another agent. But then some bright boy in Moscow got an idea: Why not get CIA to do some of the heavy lifting?

DiLauria's mouth is agape. After a moment...

DILAURIA

The KGB gunned down Sanders.

LATHAM

To make sure we'd get involved.

DILAURIA

But they had to wait to see who our new Boston Number Two was. And they sure as hell weren't expecting a girl. They must have had a helluva time finding someone.

LATHAM

Must have... No wonder she was late.

DILAURIA

And the real Karen Glass?

LATHAM

Taken out en route. But that's Security's problem, not mine.

DILAURIA

Wow, they really must be desperate to get Kuklinski back.

LATHAM

No more than we are to get Jardine.

DILAURIA

But they've gone to an awful lot of trouble, boss.

LATHAM

To make things easier for them. A lot of benefits working with us: Bazzo on the job, they've got no one better; backup on station; and firsthand knowledge on everything we're doing.

DILAURIA

(soughs)

So what do we do?

Latham puts down his cup and grabs his coat.

LATHAM

Let 'em work together. Seems like
the best possible option for Bazzo.

DILAURIA

'Till the moment of truth comes.

LATHAM

Then we take Jardine and Kuklinski.

DILAURIA

If Bazzo's still alive, you mean.

ACT THREE

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - HOTEL HARRINGTON - DAY (ARCHIVE)

Another view of the hotel.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Posh. KAO-LY DE, 56, sits on the couch in his smoking jacket
watching television. Anne is on the phone; she's thrilled.

ANNE

I'll be right down.
(she hangs up)
Do you have a meeting today, Ba?

KAO-LY

Yes, in an hour.

ANNE

Good luck. I'll see you tonight.

She grabs her coat, kisses his cheek, and leaves.

EXT. HOTEL HARRINGTON - ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

Lew photographs Anne and Latham leaving the hotel.

FARTHER UP THE STREET

DiLauria takes pictures of Latham, Anne and Lew.

EXT. "COTE D'AZUR" RESTAURANT - DAY

A small bistro nestled inside a townhouse.

INT. "COTE D'AZUR" RESTAURANT - DAY

On the wall is a mural of the French Riviera. Latham and Anne
are sitting at a corner table. A Waiter serves them lunch.

LATHAM
(apologetically)
I know, you live in Paris and I take
you to a French restaurant... Smart.

ANNE
No, it's fine. The food is from
southern France. It's a treat for
me; not so much for my father maybe.

The Waiter leaves. They start eating.

LATHAM
Why is that?

ANNE
He spends half his time there,
gambling and playing bridge.

LATHAM
Ever the playboy.

ANNE
For now, anyway.

LATHAM
He's not canceling his membership
in the Affluent Society, is he?

ANNE
(excitedly)
John Kenneth Galbraith, right? Am I
right?

Latham nods and smiles. Anne is pleased.

ANNE (CONT'D)
See! I read a lot, too... My father
is talking to people about opening
bridge clubs in the United States.

LATHAM
Really... Has he ever mentioned
going back to Saigon?

ANNE
Maybe to visit.

LATHAM
I'd have thought he'd be anxious to
go back, considering what he lost.

ANNE
Warren, an emperor in Vietnam?
Today? No.

INT. PARKER HOUSE HOTEL - HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Bazzo, Karen and Collins are sitting around the table. A map has been laid out. Bazzo points to specific places...

BAZZO

Here's MIT and here's where the symposium is being held.

COLLINS

No. They had a sewage leak there, so they moved it to the main building.

BAZZO

That's what - east, across Mass. Ave., over here?

COLLINS

Uh huh, right across the street.

Collins points to it.

BAZZO

What sort of street is it?

COLLINS

A multi-lane street - cars, buses, trackless trolleys, 10,000 students.

KAREN

And the quickest way to the airport?

COLLINS

Um, let's see... You go south on Mass. Ave., then east on Memorial Drive, across the Longfellow Bridge-

As Collins speaks, Bazzo and Karen look at each other with concern. Bazzo quickly interrupts him.

BAZZO

Wait - you said south on Mass. Ave.?

COLLINS

Yes, south.

BAZZO

The symposium's here, right? Karen, look - no way they could do it.

Karen leans on Bazzo's shoulder and nods. Collins is at sea.

KAREN

Hmm... That last-minute change of venue really messed them up.

COLLINS

What are you guys talking about?

KAREN

In a kidnap, your best egress is to immediately break right. They're on the east side of the street; turning right means they'd be heading north. To go south, they'd need to be on the other side of the street.

COLLINS

Why couldn't they just turn left?

KAREN

Because they'd have to cut across Mass. Ave. and risk getting held up in traffic - or worse, getting into an accident.

BAZZO

So, we have two teams here at the school - one for each scientist - and a third one waiting at a transfer point somewhere south of here to take them to the airport, probably in a trunk. But the sewage break ruins everything.

KAREN

Don't forget - they're on the clock.

BAZZO

Which means they're running late.

KAREN

So, Team 3 follows procedure and disperses. Teams 1 and 2 scrap Plan A and go to Plan B: a safehouse.

Bazzo goes over the map, tracing a route with his finger.

BAZZO

Ok, so we break right here and head north, where we get held up... here.

Bazzo points it out on the map. Collins leans over.

COLLINS

Harvard Square, real congested. Plus you've got campus cops there, and a police precinct a half mile north.

KAREN

Then reverse track there and break right at the next major road - here.

She points to a main thoroughfare. Bazzo gets a broader map.

BAZZO
So, now they're heading northwest,
toward Lincoln, where it goes from
suburbs to rural in a heartbeat.
Only a few houses, no prying eyes...

KAREN
And right where we were last night,
here on Trapelo Road.

She smiles. Collins is amazed. Bazzo turns to him, annoyed.

BAZZO
Well get out the rental list, man!

Collins pulls it from his pocket.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
Anything in that area?

COLLINS
Um... #320-25 Silver Hill Road.

Bazzo searches for it on the map.

BAZZO
Silver Hill Road... Here, right off
Trapelo. And Sanders' house is over
here. When we left his place we were
traveling southeast on Trapelo,
right toward Silver Hill Road.

KAREN
Hm, they must have thought we were
heading right for them.

Bazzo nods at Karen. They all stand. Bazzo folds the maps.

BAZZO
Clay, switch cars with us. We'll
stay in touch with you by radio.

Clay and Karen swap keys.

EXT. NORTH OF BOSTON - SILVER HILL ROAD - DAY

A DODGE SEDAN cruises past the occasional house.

I/E. DODGE SEDAN - DAY

Bazzo peers through binoculars as, again, Karen drives.

BAZZO
I see it. Slow down, don't speed.

BAZZO'S P.O.V. - HOUSE - BINOCULARS MATTE

"320-25" is stamped on the mailbox. A station wagon is parked in front of the Colonial-style home.

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo lowers his binoculars.

BAZZO
Turn at this dirt road and park.

Karen turns right then pulls off the road, among the trees.

INT. DODGE SEDAN - DAY

Bazzo pulls out a pocket compass.

KAREN
Checking which way the sun sets?

BAZZO
I don't want it to reflect off the windshield and give us away.

He stows the compass and briefly peers through the binoculars.

KAREN
Can you see the house?

BAZZO
Yeah. I hope we're right, otherwise Latham's gonna think we've been on a honeymoon all this time.

KAREN
Now there's a thought.

Bazzo arches an eyebrow. Karen takes sandwiches and bottles of Coca Cola from a paper bag and shares them with Bazzo.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Why aren't you married, Paul?

BAZZO
What makes you think I'm not?

KAREN
You don't strike me as the type who wouldn't wear his wedding ring.

Bazzo reacts warmly to the compliment.

BAZZO
No one's ever asked me.

KAREN
Would you like to be?

BAZZO
I think about it. But after last
night, it's just as well I'm not.

KAREN
Bothered me, too.

BAZZO
(ruefully)
Wasn't too long ago resorting to
violence like that would've been
like admitting defeat.

She caresses his hand. They're falling for each other.

EXT. "MARKET INN" RESTAURANT - DAY

A taxi pulls up. Kao-Ly gets out and enters the restaurant.

INT. "MARKET INN" RESTAURANT - DAY

Noisy and crowded. Kao-Ly has joined JAMESON, a dapper man in
his late 60's, at a booth for lunch.

At a small table within earshot of the Two Men, DiLauria
nurses a salad and listens to snippets of their conversation.

JAMESON
...Yeah, what the hell. I'm in.

KAO-LY
Good. See you at my hotel at seven.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Collette brings Latham coffee. He writes on a legal pad: "Kao-
Ly > Viet Minh. Is Joker North Vietnamese? Chinese?" Collette
leaves as DiLauria barges in.

LATHAM
I thought you were watching Kao-Ly?

DILAURIA
Operations is. You have a shadow.

LATHAM
Oriental guy? Gray Plymouth rental?

DILAURIA
You saw him.

Latham sets down his legal pad.

LATHAM

I'm trying to figure out who he is. Anne De says her father has no interest in politics. Yet he asks a communist rag to interview him where he states just the opposite.

DILAURIA

Maybe he just wanted a forum to air his politics.

Latham is frustrated; he gets up and paces.

LATHAM

Politics... The guy spends all his time on the Riviera playing bridge.

DILAURIA

If he has no political ambitions, why'd he reach out to the North?

LATHAM

I don't know. Maybe it's like D-Int says, he needs the cash.

DILAURIA

But why pay him at all when the communists can just throw him in jail the next day?

Latham stops and thinks about it.

LATHAM

Hmm, that's true. He hasn't met with anyone on the Hill. So does he already know he was duped by us?

DILAURIA

If he does and he's playing dumb, the North Vietnamese may not trust him either. Maybe your shadow's one of theirs, sent here to keep an eye on him.

LATHAM

Yeah, but the Chinese have a vested interest in him, too. They really-
(stops, suddenly realizes)
Wait... Remember the argument in the brief against killing Kao-Ly?

DILAURIA

It would unite the two Vietnams in a shared hatred of the U.S.

LATHAM

The North relies on Red China for its Intel; that's how they heard about Kao-Ly's interview. Now what if the Chinese came to the same conclusion as the Asia Desk? They'd have the North make an overture to Kao-Ly, while all along planning to assassinate him on U.S. soil.

DiLauria realizes where Latham is going with this.

DILAURIA

And make it look like CIA did it.

LATHAM

Exactly.

DILAURIA

But if Kao-Ly doesn't know he was duped, and he isn't here to gauge support for a return to power, then why did he bother to come here?

LATHAM

Because he's already been paid.
(realizes its importance)
The North's already paid him.

DILAURIA

Then he really is here to promote his stupid bridge club business. That son of a bitch.

Latham nods.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

So how would they do the hit?

LATHAM

Probably the same way I would - make it public so Anne can find the body.

DILAURIA

He's got someone coming over at 7:00.

LATHAM

And I'm meeting Anne at 6:00.

They both realize time is of the essence. Latham grabs some small paperclips from his desk, then the two hurry out.

EXT. NORTH OF BOSTON - SILVER HILL ROAD - DAY

A Gray Ford Sedan pulls into the driveway of #320-25.

I/E. DODGE SEDAN - DAY

Karen watches the Gray Ford Sedan through binoculars.

KAREN
Remember that car that followed us
from the airport?

She hands Bazzo the binoculars.

KAREN (CONT'D)
There - same cheap Ford rental.

BAZZO'S P.O.V. - GRAY FORD SEDAN - BINOCULARS MATTE

A MAN gets out of the car and enters the house.

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo speaks into his walkie-talkie.

BAZZO
Fox One to Fox Two.

COLLINS (O.S.)
Fox Two here.

BAZZO
Call my parents.

COLLINS (O.S.)
Roger, Fox One.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - HOTEL HARRINGTON - DAY (ARCHIVE)

The hotel's sign is prominently displayed.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

The doorbell BUZZES; Kao-Ly answers the door.

KAO-LY
Warren! It's been a long time.

Latham enters. The shake hands warmly.

LATHAM
Too long. How are you, sir?

KAO-LY
A little tired. I was just going to
lie down.

Anne enters from the bedroom with her coat on. She smiles.

LATHAM

Go on, we'll talk later. It's good to see you again, Kao-Ly.

KAO-LY

You, too. Have a good time.

ANNE

See you later, Ba.

She kisses Kao-Ly's check. He nods and goes into the bedroom.

LATHAM

Opens the door for Anne. As she steps out and walks along the corridor, Latham surreptitiously pushes a straightened PAPERCLIP flush into the KEYHOLE of the door-knob lock.

Anne pauses and curiously looks back.

ANNE

Warren...

LATHAM

Just making sure the door's locked.

He then closes the door, numbered 312, and joins her.

I/E. PLYMOUTH SEDAN - NIGHT (EVENING)

Lew watches Anne and Latham leave the hotel and take a taxi. He puts a SILENCED PISTOL into an airline bag and zips it.

A SECOND CHINESE AGENT walks up to the car. He reaches into the open passenger window and takes the airline bag, then he crosses to the Hotel Harrington.

CHINESE AGENT #2

Walks along the 3rd-floor Corridor and stops Suite #312. He tries to insert a "BUMP" KEY into the Door Knob Lock, but it won't go in. He tries again, to no avail. Frustrated, he squats to get a closer look at the lock.

ACROSS THE CORRIDOR

A middle-aged COUPLE leaves Suite #313. They warily eye Chinese Agent #2 who runs his finger across the door-knob lock. The WOMAN WHISPERS to her MALE COMPANION. Then...

KAO-LY (O.S.)

Anne, is that you, dear?

The Man nods to the Woman. She DARTS back into their room.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Front Desk? There's this little
Oriental man trying to break into
room 312.

Chinese Agent #2 nervously rises and heads for the stairs.

LOBBY - FRONT DESK

DiLauria is seated nearby. The DESK CLERK is on the phone.

DESK CLERK
312?... I'll send a man right up.

The Desk Clerk hangs up and gestures to a HOTEL SECURITY MAN,
while Chinese Agent #2 scurries down the lobby stairs.

DiLauria gets up and crosses in front of Chinese Agent #2.
She grins slyly at him as he shuffles past her.

EXT. NORTH OF BOSTON - OFF SILVER HILL ROAD - DAY (DUSK)

Bazzo and Karen wait in their car.

I/E. DODGE SEDAN - DAY (DUSK)

Bazzo's walkie-talkie CRACKLES.

COLLINS (O.S.)
Fox One, your dad is two clicks
away. Mom's right behind him.

BAZZO
Roger.

Karen starts the car and pulls onto the road. Bazzo takes a
butane lighter from his pocket. As Karen pulls into...

#320-25 SILVER HILL ROAD

The curtains PART in an upstairs window.

BAZZO

Lights a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL COKE BOTTLE and hurls it through the
living room window. He lights a second one and THROWS it
against the front door. He then SHOOTS out the tires on the
Gray Ford Sedan and the Station Wagon.

AT #320-25

The drapes catch FIRE; FLAMES quickly engulf the front door.
The Dodge Sedan's tires KICK UP DIRT as it tears away.

Unintelligible YELLING comes from the house. A moment later a
POLICE CAR arrives, followed shortly by a FIRE ENGINE.

JUST UP THE ROAD

The Dodge Sedan makes a U-turn and stops across the road from the fire. Karen jumps out but Bazzo stays behind.

AT #320-25 SILVER HILL ROAD

FIREFIGHTERS combat the flames. Karen runs toward the house but is stopped by the POLICEMAN.

POLICEMAN

Whoa! Where're you going?

KAREN

My friend's in there!

POLICEMAN

No, no. You wait back here.

As he struggles to restrain her, Bazzo runs past them.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Hey, where the hell you going?!

Bazzo runs into FOUR MEN stumbling from around back and into the driveway: TWO SDECE AGENTS, LEV KUKLINSKI and Mathieu.

KAREN

Sees Bazzo turn and NOD at her. She WAVES excitedly.

KAREN

Mathieu! Mathieu!

IN THE DRIVEWAY

Mathieu is bewildered. Bazzo gets his attention.

BAZZO

Mathieu, take off! Get going!

Mathieu BREAKS FREE from SDECE AGENT #1. Before the Agent can start after Mathieu, Bazzo jumps in front of him.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I wouldn't.

He points towards the Policeman. SDECE Agent #1 seethes. Bazzo sees SDECE AGENT #2 grab Kuklinski's arm.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Lev!... Lev!

Kuklinski shakes off his captor and RUNS. Bazzo joins him and leads Kuklinski up the driveway. They stop by the Policeman. Bazzo points toward the two SDECE Agents.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
I think those two need help.

As the Policeman waves to the now worried SDECE Agents, Bazzo and Karen lead the two Scientists to the...

DODGE SEDAN

The two former hostages jump in back. Karen slides into the front passenger seat. Bazzo gets behind the wheel and drives off.

I/E. DODGE SEDAN - DAY (DUSK)

The Scientists are lost in their reverie. Suddenly, Karen pulls her ACP 1911 from her pocketbook and aims it at Bazzo.

KAREN
(grimly)
Pull over.

Mathieu and Kuklinski are bewildered. The Dodge Sedan pulls onto the shoulder and stops. Bazzo turns towards her.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Keep your hands on the wheel.

Bazzo sits back, his hands gripping the steering wheel.

BAZZO
Whatever you say, comrade.

KAREN
How long have you known?

BAZZO
Almost from the beginning.

KAREN
You're not taking Kuklinski.

BAZZO
You're the one holding the gun.

KAREN
He wasn't abducted like Jardine. He sold his services to the West.

MATHIEU
I dunno, he was still a prisoner.

BAZZO
Like us.

Karen looks at Bazzo; her grim demeanor cracks.

KAREN

They wouldn't understand, Paul.

BAZZO

No... they wouldn't.

KAREN

(reins in her emotions)

And I have my orders.

She aims her pistol at Kuklinski; he curls up and SOBS. Karen pulls the trigger - the gun CLICKS but doesn't fire. Bazzo pulls a fully-loaded magazine from his jacket pocket.

BAZZO

I swapped yours for an empty one
after you got out of the car.

Karen is mortified. Bazzo holds out his hand. She hands him her gun, then slumps back in her seat.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Moscow won't be too happy with you.
But we can talk about that later.

He starts the engine and pulls back onto the road.

KAREN

Stares out the side window. Surreptitiously, she pulls a white button off her sleeve and slips it in her mouth - cyanide.

BAZZO

Sees this and SKIDS to a stop off the road. He tries to pry her jaw open. Karen grabs his arms, trying to stop him.

BAZZO

Spit it out! Spit it out! Karen,
spit the goddamn thing out!

Suddenly Karen's face CONTORTS. Spittle OOZES from her mouth. Karen's grip loosens; her body slumps. Bazzo SHAKES her.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Karen... Karen!

She's dead. Bazzo holds her. He takes a napkin from the glove box and gently wipes her mouth, then he sits her upright.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY (DUSK)

The Dodge Sedan pulls back onto the road and drives away.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - DIRECTORATE OF PLANS - DAY (MORNING)

Latham shows his ID badge to the SECURITY GUARD and enters.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY (MORNING)

Latham enters and is surprised to find Collette in tears.

LATHAM
What's the matter?

COLLETTE
Anne De is dead.

Latham is shocked.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard, Kensington and Latham are there, all somber.

BERARD
Kao-Ly went to the front desk to sign for a telegram. When he got back, he found his daughter shot twice through the head.

Kensington hands Latham the surveillance photos taken by Lew.

KENSINGTON
Those were found near her body.

BERARD
He told the police he then got a call from a North Vietnamese Agent.

LATHAM
North Vietnamese?

KENSINGTON
He's not stupid enough to implicate the Red Chinese. He knows they can get to him anywhere in the world.

BERARD
Apparently the Chinese believed he'd made a separate deal with CIA, using his daughter because of her prior relationship with you. Those photos were supposedly the proof.

Latham looks away, wracked with guilt.

KENSINGTON
And being the profligate gambler that he is, you can see how they jumped to that conclusion.

BERARD

Warren, you theorized correctly that Red China had come to the same conclusion we had on assassinating Kao-Ly. Unfortunately, we didn't realize that they'd also reached the same conclusion regarding his daughter.

KENSINGTON

Since they'd already paid him off, I guess they decided to send him a message.

LATHAM

(barely audible)
They must have had a two-way bet.

KENSINGTON

Sorry?

LATHAM

(his voice cracking)
The Chinese must have had a two-way bet. Kill Kao-Ly and unify Vietnam in their hatred against the U.S., or kill his daughter and make it look like we did it.

BERARD

Achieving the same thing.

LATHAM

I should've known this would happen.

BERARD

(empathetically)
How could anyone know, Warren?

KENSINGTON

Sir, it's possible the Red Chinese could leak the snaps and identify Warren as a CIA officer.

BERARD

If they do, we can quash them on this end. But there's very little we can do about the foreign press.

Bereft, Latham's head sags. Oddly, Kensington brightens.

KENSINGTON

If you think about it, there is some good that's come out of this.

Berard is stunned. Latham does not react.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

Diem is safe and Kao-Ly's going
back into exile where he belongs.
It's a situation, really, where
everybody wins.

Berard is so offended that he grits his teeth. He gets up and
puts a reassuring hand on Latham's shoulder.

BERARD

If you want to take some time off-

LATHAM

No... No, excuse me.

He gets up and leaves.

LATHAM

Is numb as he walks along the Corridor to the Elevator. The
doors open. He gets in and takes the photo of Anne De and her
Eurasian son Minh from his pocket. His eyes well with tears.
As the elevator doors close, Latham breaks down.

END