

Cool Gray Dawn

"Little Dove"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. HAVANA, CUBA - NIGHT (EVENING)

INSERT: "HAVANA, CUBA"

A panorama from busy el Malecon Avenue along the seashore to Habana Vieja - "Old Havana."

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT (EVENING)

Modest, with rattan furnishings. ROBERTO BARBERA, 30, lazes on the sofa, listening to Zapateo music on the radio and playing with his 3-year-old son. His wife, VINA, 28, cooks dinner.

The front door FLINGS open. Four CUBAN INTELLIGENCE (DGI) AGENTS burst in, guns drawn. Vina SCREAMS and grabs her son. The Agents quickly subdue Roberto. DGI AGENT #1 holds a gun on the family, while the other Agents search the apartment.

DGI AGENT #2 notices that the light beside the sofa where a newspaper lies open is the only one not on. He tries the light switch but it doesn't work. He removes the shade and unscrews the bulb - a piece of paper wrapped around its base falls to the floor. DGI Agent #2 picks up the paper:

22 32 0  
79 28 0

He WHISTLES to the squad. They leave the apartment, dragging Roberto with them.

EXT. MINISTRY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMED FORCES - NIGHT

INSERT: "MINISTRY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMED FORCES"

Stock footage of Havana's City Hall.

INT. BASEMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM

A naked and beaten Roberto is strapped to a chair; a high-intensity lamp is trained on his face. At a table, enveloped in cigar smoke, sit two sweaty INTERROGATORS.

INTERROGATOR #1  
(smirks)  
Una vez mas, Roberto?

He turns a dial, increasing the voltage to Roberto's scrotum.

Roberto's nerve-wracking SCREAM ends with...

ROBERTO  
Cojinete de bolas... Krueger.

INSERT TRANSLATION: "Ball bearings... Krueger."

INT. DGI OFFICE - NIGHT

DGI Agent #1 reads the numbers on the slip of paper to DGI Agent #2.

DGI AGENT #1  
Longitud veintidos grados, treinta  
y dos minutos, cero segundos...  
Latitud setenta y nueve grados,  
veintiocho minutos, cero segundos.

Agent #2 finds the coordinates on a survey map of Cuba.

DGI AGENT #2  
Aquí está, Puerto de Caibarién.

He circles Puerto de Caibaríen on the map.

EXT. PORT OF CAIBARIEN, CUBA - DAY

INSERT: "PORT OF CAIBARIEN, CUBA"

At this small commercial sea port, dock workers unlade the cargo ship "Der Meister Der Hohen See." Port officials and DGI Agents check the pallets until they find ones stamped, "Cojinete de bolas, Die Krueger Gruppe, GmbH."

EXT. BONN, WEST GERMANY - DAY (MORNING)

INSERT: "BONN, WEST GERMANY"

Stock footage of the cityscape.

EXT. OFFICE PARK - DAY (MORNING)

Carved out of the woods is a landscaped campus of office buildings. A sign reads "Die Kruger Gruppe, GmbH."

A Mercedes pulls up. DETLEV KRUGER, 52, dapper in his overcoat and white scarf, steps from the car. From the woods a RIFLE SHOT ECHOES; Kruger is felled by the assassin's bullet.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Accent lights illuminate the Capitol Dome.

EXT. E STREET - COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT

Lights are on in most of the buildings' windows.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

The usual PURL of teletype machines, chatter and ringing phones. The 24-hour wall clock reads 03:30. A pall hangs over WARREN LATHAM, PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY, PETE FARRELL and JAMES OWENS, who is on a Red phone.

OWENS

Say again, Quidnunc.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING THE PORT OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA - NIGHT

INSERT: "PORT OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA"

QUIDNUNC, a man in his 30's, peers through binoculars.

QUIDNUNC'S P.O.V. - THE CARGO SHIP "LA COUBRE"

The French cargo ship rests in slack water.

BACK TO SCENE

Quidnunc reaches for his walkie-talkie.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Owens kneads his forehead and turns toward an anxious Latham.

OWENS

No explosion, nothing. The ship's just sitting there - in tact.

LATHAM

Any word on the diver?

OWENS

None. He must've gotten away.

BAZZO

Or the Cubans have him.

Another Red phone RINGS; Farrell answers it.

FARRELL

0-9-3-9... Yes, he's here.

(to Latham)

Dean Schmidt, Bonn station chief.

Latham nods to Bazzo, who takes the call.

BAZZO

Mandarin One for Mr. Latham...

OWENS

Only way the DGI would get him is if his equipment malfunctioned.

LATHAM  
Or someone talked.

Bazzo hangs up.

BAZZO  
Detlev Kruger was shot and killed  
outside his office.

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

CIA OFFICERS enter the building.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

The 24-hour wall clock reads 08:45. WILSON BERARD is in an unusually foul mood. His AIDE-DE-CAMP flits in and out, putting folders into Berard's satchel. Latham enters.

BERARD  
I've been summoned to the White  
House. The West German consul has  
demanded to see the Vice President.

LATHAM  
Operation Maelstrom...

BERARD  
Kruger's death means the blowback  
will definitely land here.

LATHAM  
It was their idea to hit the 'La  
Coubre.'

BERARD  
You know better than that.

Latham broods. Berard's Aide opens the door and leans in.

AIDE  
Your car's outside, sir.

He takes the satchel and shuts the door.

BERARD  
What happened to the two divers?

LATHAM  
Team One's diver was intercepted  
off the Port of Santiago de Cuba.

BERARD  
Before he could mine the 'La  
Coubre'?

LATHAM

Yes. An explosion there was supposed to draw attention away from the 'Der Meister Der Hohen See.'

BERARD

Was the West German ship mined?

LATHAM

Yes, with a timer designed to malfunction. The idea was to give the impression the exiles were mining cargo ships to destroy Cuba's economy.

Berard puts on his coat and grabs his hat.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

But shortly after the 2nd diver had mined her, the DGI raided his home and took him into custody.

Berard leaves with Latham in tow.

CORRIDOR

As they walk to the elevator...

BERARD

Clearly then, someone leaked word that Krueger purposely manufactured those ball bearings to be defective.

The elevator doors open; Berard steps in.

BERARD (CONT'D)

I want answers on this, Warren.

The elevator doors close.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD pours milk into her coffee. She takes a sip and SQUINCHES. She smells the milk and recoils - it's sour. Latham enters, his mood as sour as the milk.

COLLETTE

Operation Maelstrom didn't go well, did it?

LATHAM

It was a disaster. Get me a cup of coffee, would you?

COLLETTE

Wanna hear some good news first?

LATHAM  
(testily)  
No, I'd like a cup of coffee first.

He storms into his office. Collette pours her coffee into Latham's mug. She grabs a cable from her desk and enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Collette puts Latham's mug on his desk.

COLLETTE  
This came in from New York Central while you were upstairs.  
(hands him the cable)  
They have a walk-in, an East German named Hans Tiekel. He claims he's handling U.S. mercenaries in Cuba.

LATHAM  
(his interest piqued)  
Where are the mandarins?

COLLETTE  
Bazzo's at the dentist and Carla's in The Hole with our new mandarin Three, Alan Dell.

She leaves, smiling slyly. Latham takes a sip from his mug and SQUINCHES. He desperately looks around his desk. Finally, he finds the trash can and SPITS out the coffee.

THE HOLE

A 3rd desk and locker have been added. ALAN DELL, 30-ish and handsome, reviews reports as CARLA DILAURIA removes a laundry bag from her locker. The Red phone RINGS; Dell answers.

DELL  
1-1-3-7, mandarin Three here.

DILAURIA  
Just give the phone number, Alan.

DELL  
(nods; into phone)  
Yes... I'll tell her.  
(hangs up)  
The boss wants you.

DILAURIA  
Every time I try to do laundry!  
(shoves her laundry bag  
back into her locker)  
I've got nylons in here banned by the Geneva Convention.

DELL

I'll shoot any that try to escape.

DiLauria grins as she leaves.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

As Latham wipes his mouth, DiLauria enters and takes a seat.

LATHAM

The name 'Hans Tiekel' familiar?

DILAURIA

That ex-Nazi who heads the Stasi's Third Directorate. Last I heard he was in Cuba.

LATHAM

Try New York. He's a walk-in.

He hands her the cable. Collette enters with a folder.

COLLETTE

Hans Tiekel, courtesy of D-Int.

She hands it to Latham and leaves. He reads from it.

LATHAM

'Tiekel ran counterintelligence operations in East Berlin, infiltrating anti-communist student groups. He later ran Stasi's Irregular Rendition efforts in Western Europe on behalf of the KGB. In his present assignment in Cuba, he is believed to be training the DGI and La Guarda, including some U.S. mercenaries.'

DILAURIA

Didn't we use a mercenary on Operation Maelstrom: AM-FRONT?

LATHAM

Yes. We're going to walk the cat on Maelstrom. So when you vet Tiekel, see if their paths have crossed.

DiLauria gets up and starts to leave, then pauses.

DILAURIA

Oh, when are you going to let Alan Dell solo?

LATHAM

Not until he's had more experience.

DILAURIA

Boss, it's been over a year since  
I've had any time off.

LATHAM

Give him a couple more trips, ok?

She nods grudgingly and leaves.

EXT. SOFIA, BULGARIA - U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

INSERT: "U.S. EMBASSY, SOFIA, BULGARIA"

A Mercedes exits through the gated entrance.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

In the back sits well-heeled U.S. CONSUL PETER REDDING, 45.

EXT. KOZYAK STREET - DAY

A clunky Trabant sedan pulls ahead of the Mercedes and stops  
short, resulting in a minor fender-bender.

The Trabant's driver, BULGARIAN STATE SECURITY COLONEL IVAN  
FEDORAK, 50, gets out, as does Redding's CHAUFFEUR. Fedorak  
flashes his ID and walks to the Mercedes. He talks to Redding,  
hands him a note, then returns to his car and drives away.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham stands by the file cabinet, leafing through a binder.  
Bazzo enters. Latham checks the 24-hour clock: 10:30.

LATHAM

Where have you been?

BAZZO

Dentist. Sweet new hygienist there.

LATHAM

(annoyed)  
Well, if she has an alarm clock,  
move in with her.

Bazzo broods mockingly. Collette hurries in and hands Latham  
a cable.

COLLETTE

FLASH precedence from the Embassy  
in Sofia.

Latham grows incredulous as he reads it.

BAZZO

What?

He hands the cable to Bazzo, who reads it aloud.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
'Colonel Ivan Fedorak, Chief of  
Bulgaria's State Security Service,  
will provide the names of agents  
and double agents, and a list of  
ongoing operations in the U.S.'

LATHAM  
Provided said documents are given  
to CIA Officer Alan Dell.

BAZZO  
Wow. If this is legit, it's the  
biggest gift I've ever seen.

COLLETTE  
That's what the Trojans said when  
the Greeks gave them that horse.

Latham arches an eyebrow, then turns to Bazzo.

LATHAM  
When's the meeting?

BAZZO  
(reads the cable)  
Day after tomorrow, half-past  
midnight, GMT.  
(checks the wall clock)  
That's... 31 hours from now.

LATHAM  
(to Collette)  
Get mandarin Three up here pronto  
and have him wait outside.

COLLETTE  
Right.

She leaves, shutting the door. Latham leans against his desk.

LATHAM  
Why would this Fedorak ask for Dell?

BAZZO  
He was posted at the Embassy there.

LATHAM  
So? Why not just hand over the  
material to someone there now?

BAZZO  
Could be Fedorak knows him, or  
knows who he is.

Latham presses the intercom.

LATHAM  
Is Kensington back yet?

COLLETTE (O.S.)  
He's in his office.

LATHAM  
Call Bill Nealy. Ask him to meet me  
there in ten minutes. Is mandarin  
Three out there?

COLLETTE (O.S.)  
He just walked in.

LATHAM  
Send him in.

He hangs up. The door opens; Dell comes in, looking curious.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Take a seat, Alan.

Dell sits.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
You were posted to the Embassy in  
Sofia in...  
(snaps his fingers, trying  
to recall the date)  
What - '57?

DELL  
'57 and '58.

LATHAM  
Did you run across a Colonel Ivan  
Fedorak, Bulgarian State Security?

DELL  
Not that I know of, no.

BAZZO  
Never stopped or detained by them?

DELL  
No, why?

Bazzo hands him the cable. Dell is surprised by what he reads.

DELL (CONT'D)  
Why me?

BAZZO  
He knows you or can recognize you.

LATHAM

Fedorak's demanded a take-it-or-leave-it, midnight rendezvous in Sofia, and you're to come alone.

DELL

You think it's a trap?

BAZZO

Don't you?

DELL

Yes, but with a large carrot.

LATHAM

That's what upstairs will say. There isn't time to wait around while this is being debated. So I want you to get yourself to a holding position in Sofia. Wait there until you're cleared to run. Alright, go get briefed.

DELL

Yes, sir.

Dell leaves. Bazzo is aghast, shaking his head. Latham sits.

LATHAM

I know what you're going to say.

BAZZO

I don't like this.

LATHAM

Neither do I. And if I'm not 100% convinced, I'm not letting him run.

BAZZO

Boss, he's not ready to solo, certainly not on a mission like this. Let me go with him.

LATHAM

I can't afford to have all three mandarins out at the same time.

BAZZO

Can you afford another failure on top of the one we just had in Cuba?

Bazzo has struck a nerve.

KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

BILL NEALY enters, joining Latham and STEWART KENSINGTON.

NEALY

Is this about Fedorak?

LATHAM

Yes.

NEALY

Pretty cute, him staging that accident. He's taken out more than a few double agents that way.

LATHAM

Well, now they're part of the package he's offering us.

KENSINGTON

What do you think's going on, Bill?

Kensington motions for them all to sit. Nealy leans back.

NEALY

I think he's nervous. Khrushchev's been gallivanting around the world-

LATHAM

Trumping up his brand of socialism.

NEALY

Yes, but also trying to drum up trade and tourism. The Soviet Union needs hard currency: dollars, pounds, francs. Pretty hard to do when you've got a bunch of hoods running around throwing dissidents under subways.

KENSINGTON

You mean Lev Rebet, the Ukrainian emigré.

NEALY

Yes. I think Moscow finally sees Fedorak for what he is: An unsophisticated thug whose methods are an embarrassment to the Kremlin.

LATHAM

So what's he doing then?

NEALY

I think he's testing us. If we'll go through hell and high water for this, he'll see himself as a VIP in our eyes.

KENSINGTON

Meaning we'd do the same again if he decided to jump.

LATHAM

But why demand a handover to Dell?

NEALY

My guess is he wants to make sure he's put the material into the hands of someone who's used to clandestine meetings. Better than having some poor Embassy staffer playing at 'spies.'

Latham is unconvinced. He gets up and meanders about.

LATHAM

I don't know... You can shape the facts to fit anything you want.

NEALY

You worried it might be a trap?

LATHAM

Wouldn't you be?

NEALY

If it were a trap, wouldn't he go for the greater prize, mandarin One, instead of mandarin Three?

The logic of Nealy's argument Latham stops in his tracks.

LATHAM

Still, I'd like to run this by MI6.

KENSINGTON

I thought you and SMOTH were no longer pals.

LATHAM

We still have to work together.

He crosses to the door.

KENSINGTON

Well don't tell him anymore than you have to. If Fedorak does decide to defect, I don't want him wooed away from us by the British.

NEALY

I think you'll find their assessment agrees with ours, Warren.

Latham pauses at the door.

LATHAM

That's what I'm afraid of.

EXT. BROOKLYN, NEW YORK CITY - CHURCH - DAY

INSERT: "BROOKLYN, NEW YORK CITY"

A sign reads "Bulgarian Eastern Orthodox Church." Cars are double-parked; service has ended. As the parishioners exit, a large group gathers at the bottom of the steps where they warmly greet Bulgarian émigré BOIKO GOTHA.

A HELMETED MAN on a noisy motorcycle pulls up and REVS the motor. A few parishioners loudly complain.

An ASSASSIN, overcoat draped over his arm, approaches Gotha from behind. He FIRES several shots into Gotha from a SILENCED PISTOL concealed under his overcoat. Gotha slumps.

In the confusion, the Assassin slips past the crowd and climbs onto the back of the motorcycle. Its driver then speeds away.

ACT TWO

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE - DAY

Traffic wends its way past...

JOE AND NEMO'S HAMBURGER STAND

Latham is at the take-out window, paying for his food. He turns to leave and runs into LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH), carrying his own take-out lunch. Latham is surprised but not pleased.

LATHAM

We were supposed to meet in the park.

JONES

I asked Collette where you were.

LATHAM

Next time I'll swear her to secrecy.

The two walk along Massachusetts Avenue.

JONES

I just wanted to atone for our little misunderstanding on Allen Hightower...

(holds up the paper bag)  
General Tso's Chicken.

LATHAM  
I've got my lunch.

JONES  
Yes, but this is edible.

Latham arches an eyebrow.

JONES (CONT'D)  
I also wanted to ask you what AM-FRONT was doing talking to Manuel Piñeiro, head of Cuba's DGI?

LATHAM  
(caught off guard)  
When was this?

JONES  
Yesterday. My man thought you might be targeting Piñeiro.

LATHAM  
How about you telling him just that.

Jones steps in front of Latham; they both stop.

JONES  
Hey... FRONT's been on joint U.S.-U.K. Ops in Latin America for the past 8 months. If he's turned, my masters need to be told.

Latham leads Jones across the street into...

SAMUEL GOMPERS MEMORIAL PARK

Filling with people on lunch break. Latham and Jones stroll.

LATHAM  
You say anything and the backlash could end the Special Relationship.

JONES  
This isn't just Five Eyes, Warren; there are NATO interests involved.

LATHAM  
(testily)  
Don't you think I know that?

JONES  
Then what do you expect me to do?

LATHAM  
For now? Nothing.

JONES

Warren-

LATHAM

Give me time to walk the cat on  
Maelstrom first; see if he's  
involved. You owe me that.

Jones sighs and nods grudgingly, propitiating a truce.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Meantime, I need a favor - Colonel  
Ivan Fedorak.

JONES

Bulgarian State Security, the man  
who shoots first and never asks  
questions later.

LATHAM

He's offered us a list of his U.S.  
operations, plus the names of DS  
agents and double agents here.

Jones is flabbergasted.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

But he'll only turn the material  
over to mandarin Three.

JONES

Sounds like a trap.

LATHAM

No shit, Sherlock. I need to know  
if Fedorak's fallen into disfavor  
with his masters in the Kremlin. If  
he has, I'm not letting my man run.

JONES

I'll ask. But considering the prize,  
your masters may force you to.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY brief Dell and Bazzo. Latham  
enters and joins them. Using a ruler, Percy indicates Dell's  
route to Sofia on a map.

PERCY

(to Dell)

You'll be going in on a MAT flight  
from Andrews to Incirlik Air Base  
in Turkey. From there Air Force  
Intel will get you to Istanbul.

DELL

More spies per square inch there  
than public toilets.

PERCY

Then make sure you go on the plane.

A humorous MURMUR rises from those within earshot.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Now, from Istanbul you'll fly on  
T.H.Y. to Sofia.

BAZZO

I flew on T.H.Y. once to Heathrow.  
When the plane landed, the  
stewardess got on the speaker and  
said: 'We hope you enjoyed giving  
us the business as much as we  
enjoyed taking you for a ride.'

Smiles and chuckles all around. Latham cuts it short.

LATHAM

Where's mandarin Three staying?

PERCY

The Hotel Banat on the Piata  
Rosetti - far enough away from  
downtown so he can spot any State  
Security tails.

Stokes takes over, pointing out Bazzo's route on the map.

STOKES

Bazzo, you'll be coming in from the  
north - SAS to Vienna, then a  
connecting flight on TABSO to  
Sofia.

LATHAM

(to Bazzo)

If I have to reach you, I'll page  
you at the airport in Vienna using  
your cover name, Tom Sterling.

BAZZO

Right.

(to Stokes)

Where am I staying?

STOKES

The Slavyanska Beseda, it's a BYOB:  
Bring Your Own Blanket.

Bazzo sneers. Percy turns to Latham.

PERCY

We've arranged for a female Embassy staffer to call mandarin Three at his hotel. That way if anyone's listening, it won't sound contrived.

LATHAM

Good.

PERCY

(to Dell)

She'll call you at 23:30 GMT, one hour before The Meet. If it's still on, she'll ask you to come over for a late dinner. If it's not on, she'll ask to meet you in the hotel bar for a drink.

LATHAM

Will he be armed?

Dell interrupts Stokes.

DELL

No. We talked about it, but if I'm stopped or searched, it would only make things worse for me.

LATHAM

Agreed.

PERCY

If anything does go wrong, we've arranged for a bolt-hole - here.

(points to it on the map)

The key and the address will be passed to Dell at his hotel. A second key will be passed to mandarin One in Vienna.

LATHAM

How long will they have it?

PERCY

24 hours; 48 at the most.

LATHAM

What about their documentation?

STOKES

Papers authorizing travel in and out of Bulgaria several times. Also, Bazzo will have the use of a car, courtesy of our asset at the Embassy.

A Red phone RINGS; Percy answers as the briefing continues.

PERCY

0-9-3-9...

STOKES

(to Bazzo)

The key and location will be passed to you at your hotel, along with instructions on where to leave it.

(to Dell)

Alan, your hotel is only about ten minutes away from The Meet on foot.

LATHAM

Make sure he can recognize Fedorak.

(to Dell)

See me before you go.

Latham crosses to the door as Percy hangs up the phone.

PERCY

Mr. Latham!

Latham turns around.

PERCY (CONT'D)

A Bulgarian dissident named Boiko Gotha was assassinated outside a church in New York City. He was shot several times. The assassin escaped, along with an accomplice.

Disquieted, Latham leaves.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters; he's preoccupied. As he passes by Collette...

LATHAM

Get me the file on Operation Maelstrom.

She gets up and pulls the file from a cabinet.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham enters and sits. Collette follows with the file and Latham's mug, filled with coffee, placing them on his desk.

Latham raises the mug to his lips then stops - he sniffs the coffee. Satisfied, he takes a sip then opens the file.

Collette grins slyly as she crosses to the door. She's about to enter the Outer Office when she stops and looks back.

COLLETTE (O.S.)  
Mandarin Three is here.

Latham nods. Collette ushers Dell inside then closes the door.  
Latham stands; he points to a chair. Dell sits.

LATHAM  
Ready to go?

DELL  
Yes, if not entirely willing.

LATHAM  
I was going to say if you had any  
misgivings, you could opt out right  
now. But you'll probably say you're  
fine and go on ahead anyway.

DELL  
I'm alright, sir.

LATHAM  
If you don't get clearance to run,  
just stay in your room. Get a good  
night's sleep and take the first  
flight home in the morning.

Dell stands, oozing confidence.

DELL  
I'll meet you back here with those  
documents, sir.

LATHAM  
Alright. See you then.

The two shake hands. Dell leaves; Collette leans in.

COLLETTE  
Berard's back. He wants to see you.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard looks out the window; his mood is dark. Latham enters.

BERARD  
Sit down, Warren.

Wary, Latham sits.

BERARD (CONT'D)  
I just left the White House where I  
got the worst dressing down since I  
was at boarding school.

Latham is surprised.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Our efforts to sabotage the Cuban economy were described as being about as effective as nailing jelly to a tree. We're in a mess, Warren, and frankly, you put us there.

LATHAM

(stung by the criticism)  
Sir, I've already begun walking through Operation Maelstrom and-

BERARD

A posteriori. The fact is, the FBI's A.D. is at the White House right now, discussing a revised Cuban Operation.

LATHAM

It's just more of the same, pushing for control of all domestic Intel.

BERARD

With quite a bit more currency this time, wouldn't you say?

Latham broods. Berard sits at his desk.

BERARD (CONT'D)

I need something to push back. The Deputy Director has told me about your operation in Sofia. And I heard a Bulgarian dissident was murdered in New York. My understanding is you're waiting on an MI6 assessment.

LATHAM

Yes, sir.

BERARD

A success here will help silence your critics and keep the Bureau from putting a foot in our door.  
(leans forward)  
So don't let SMOTH talk you out of it.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY (ARCHIVE)

The Chrysler Building dominates the mid-Manhattan cityscape.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - OFFICE - DAY

There's a KNOCK on the door; DiLauria enters. The station Number One, BRUCE WILSON, finishes replacing a bulb on his desk lamp and greets her. He looks fed up as they sit.

DILAURIA  
How's our little Nazi?

WILSON  
Acting like it's occupied Paris.  
Little bastard's been swearing at  
me in German half the time.

DILAURIA  
(amused)  
He give you his version of 'Life  
With Stasi'?

Wilson hands her a hefty file labeled "TIEKEL, HANS - EYES ONLY." She opens it and pulls out a typewritten "novel."

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
Where's the original, his hand-  
written copy?

WILSON  
That is the original.

DILAURIA  
You had him type it?

WILSON  
Tiekel believes a man of his rank  
shouldn't have to write. Or type.

DILAURIA  
Don't tell me you typed it?

Wilson sheepishly looks away and sits. DiLauria grins and flips through the folder. She pulls out a memo.

INSERT:

**UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT  
MEMORANDUM CONFIDENTIAL**

**TO : Edward Hicks SAC, FBI NYC      DATE: October 1, 1959**  
**FROM : PT/F - John Whitmore**  
**SUBJECT: Possible effect of the expatriation laws on those**  
**engaging in revolutionary activities in the Caribbean States.**

**Finding of Loss of Nationality for Americans who expatriated [themselves] under Section 349(a)(3) of the Immigration and Nationality Act. By continuing to serve voluntarily on and after January 2, 1959 as Aide[s] to the Chief of the Cuban Revolutionary Army, certificates of Loss of Nationality, approved September 3, 1959, have been prepared for the following individuals:**

**Morgan, Paul Alexander - Born Indianapolis, Indiana, October 8, 1928.**

Hendrickson, William James - Born Mobile, Alabama, March 13, 1932.

Molina, Alfredo Jesus - Born New York City, New York, May 16, 1929.

Nichols, Richard - Born Norfolk, Virginia, May 12, 1927

The cases of other persons who engaged in revolutionary activities in Cuba are being investigated as the opportunity arises. The FBI will be informed regarding such cases whenever a finding of loss of United States nationality is made by the Passport Office.

COPY TO: The Commissioner  
Immigration and Naturalization Service,  
119 D Street, N.E.,  
Washington, D.C.

BACK TO SCENE

DiLauria shows Wilson the memo.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
Tiekel gave you this?

WILSON  
Yeah, as part of his bona fides.

DILAURIA  
Cable Cockroach Alley. Have them  
get me the list of Expats from INS.

Wilson nods and takes notes.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
What's he said so far?

WILSON  
Mostly he's been boasting about how  
easy it is to spot American agents  
behind the Curtain.

DILAURIA  
Wow, I hope he is just boasting.

WILSON  
He's also made several lewd remarks  
about the women in the Company.  
It's all there.

DILAURIA  
Hmm... There a Five And Dime  
nearby?

WILSON  
Around the corner. Why?

INT. BASEMENT INTERROGATION ROOM

A ceiling lamp illuminates a table with a tape recorder, a microphone and two chairs on opposite sides. Tiekel is seated, in his skivvies; an eye patch covers his left eye. Arrogant and anxious, he drums his thumbs on the table.

Locks CLICK; the door opens. DiLauria enters, backlit by the hall lights. The metal door CLANGS shut.

TIEKEL  
(scoffs)  
Is this the soft part of the  
interrogation now?

DiLauria walks to the table and stands before him.

TIEKEL (CONT'D)  
Your man said I was going to be  
vetted by someone from headquarters.  
I didn't expect a swallow.

Tiekel licks his lips - he's becoming excited.

DILAURIA  
Need some saltpeter, mein Herr?

TIEKEL  
You CIA fiends are always looking  
to drug someone. Earlier I asked  
for aspirin, but I know your little  
man try to give me barbiturates.

DILAURIA  
You catch on fast, Adolf. Our last  
walk-in didn't figure it out until  
he was face-down in the East River.

TIEKEL  
Lutsch meine schwanz!  
(translation: Suck my  
dick!)  
Where is the movie I asked to see,  
'Et Dieu Crea La Femme'?

DILAURIA  
'And God Created Woman'... With  
Bridget Bardot, right?

TIEKEL  
Hm, the little bitch knows some  
French. So where is it?

DILAURIA  
Another defector is using it to get  
off. You'll have to wait your turn.

Tiekel jumps up; he's so skinny he looks almost comical.

TIEKEL  
Arschloch!  
(translation: Asshole!)  
You think you can torture me?!

DILAURIA  
Why, Hans... Such language.

Tiekel gives her the bird and sits. DiLauria starts to unbutton her blouse. Tiekel stares at her and smirks.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
Wait - I have something special  
here, just for you.

She pulls something from her skirt pocket, leans over the table and places it before Tiekel: a small rubber thimble.

TIEKEL  
Was zur hölle ist das?!

DILAURIA  
Oh, I'm sorry. Too big for you?

TIEKEL  
Dumme Schlampe!

He SPITS at her and SWATS away the thimble. DiLauria gets up and presses a BUZZER by the door. Two burly CIA OFFICERS enter, wheeling a high-voltage charger with metal clamps.

DILAURIA  
Ok, Adolph - let's play.

MID-SHOW BREAK

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

People walk home from work; Latham and Jones stroll. Jones hands him a manila envelope. Latham pulls out a photo.

JONES  
That was taken on Khrushchev's last  
visit to Sofia. You can see he was  
flanked by all the local Party Big  
Whigs - except for Fedorak.

Disappointed, Latham slides the photo back into the envelope.

LATHAM  
So, he really is on the skids.

JONES

The Kremlin doesn't mind a thug,  
just not one who makes headlines.  
What are you going to do?

LATHAM

What can I do? I've been given a  
mandate to go in and get the  
material.

JONES

And if Fedorak decides to use this  
to recoup his reputation?

LATHAM

I've thought about that. That's why  
I'll need you to arm Bazzo when he  
gets to Sofia, and give him backup.

Jones stops; he's dumbfounded. Latham stops alongside him.

JONES

You want my people to arm him on  
station, and supply backup?

LATHAM

Yes, Larry. I do.

JONES

Guess I'd better go get clearance.

Jones and Latham head their separate ways.

EXT. SOFIA, BULGARIA - HOTEL BANAT - DAY

INSERT: "SOFIA, BULGARIA"

A sign identifies the two-star Hotel Banat.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Dell enters. He sets his suitcase on a chair, removes his  
coat and checks his watch: 5:05. He props up the pillows on  
the bed, leans back against them and turns on the radio.

EXT. SOFIA, BULGARIA - BORISOVA GRADINA PARK - DAY

A Trabant sedan parks by the empty National Stadium.

BAZZO

Alights and enters the Park, toting an SAS flight bag, blue  
with white lettering. A lone stroller, a GAY OLDER MAN, winks  
at him. Bazzo politely shakes his head no.

Bazzo approaches a MAN sitting on a park bench, MI6's WILLIAM PRESTON, 45. Beside him is an SAS flight bag, but it's blue-and-white with blue lettering. Preston smirks.

PRESTON  
You two want to be alone?

Bazzo sneers and sits. He looks at Preston's flight bag.

BAZZO  
Didn't anyone tell you SAS changed its livery 2 years ago?

PRESTON  
What are you talking about?

BAZZO  
Preston, you were supposed to bring a regulation, 9 by 12, SAS flight bag. That thing's an antique.

PRESTON  
Well, now it's yours.  
(swaps flight bags)  
I got you an ACP M1911 - not exactly my choice of firearm.

BAZZO  
It's good enough for me.

PRESTON  
I also gave you sabots instead of standard ammunition. That way if you do manage to hit someone, there'll be very little left of him capable of firing back.

Preston smiles wryly.

BAZZO  
See you at the beer hall tonight.

He gets up and leaves.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Latham enters. Collette picks up two FBI memos and an INS report. She hands him the INS report first.

COLLETTE  
Carla requested that. It's an INS list of Expats whose citizenship was revoked because they're still serving as mercenaries for Castro.

Latham recognizes a name on the list.

LATHAM

Frank Martin, AKA Rogelio Martinez-

COLLETTE

AKA AM-FRONT. Two FBI memos came with it. Apparently INS used them as justification for putting him on the list.

She hands him the two FBI memos. Latham is STUNNED as he reads the first one. Collette nods.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

I know. AM-FRONT offers to work for the Bureau as an agent-in-place and they turn him down.

LATHAM

Since when do they refuse anyone with information on Cuba?

He hands the documents back to Collette who shrugs.

COLLETTE

Maybe they thought he was being redoubled, offering his services to both the Cubans and them, while his real allegiance lay with us.

Latham considers this as he pours coffee for the two of them.

LATHAM

It'll be interesting to hear what Carla thinks.

COLLETTE

(checks the clock)  
Warren... it's ten past five.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Packed - the evening crew has already started its shift. Owens and Farrell man the Duty Desk; behind them sit Stokes and Percy. A CIA OFFICER places wall clocks labeled "Sofia," 22:12, and "Washington," 17:12, on a table. Latham enters.

LATHAM

(to Stokes and Percy)  
What are you two still doing here?

STOKES

We thought we'd stay and see it through, sir.

Latham nods appreciatively and sits with them.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - BASEMENT INTERROGATION ROOM

DiLauria leans against the wall and lights a cigarette. Tiekel has been through an ordeal. Now completely nude, he is strapped to the chair and sweating profusely.

DILAURIA  
What was your relationship to the  
American mercenary, Rogelio  
Martinez?

Tiekel hesitates. DiLauria walks up and holds her cigarette up to Tiekel's good eye. He stiffens.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
Rogelio Martinez, Herr Tiekel.

TIEKEL  
(straining)  
Täubchen.

DILAURIA  
What?

TIEKEL  
Täubchen!

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - OFFICE - DAY

The wall clock reads 18:05. Wilson plays back a passage on a tape recorder for DiLauria.

DILAURIA (O.S.)  
Rogelio Martinez, Herr Tiekel!

TIEKEL (O.S.)  
Täubchen.

DILAURIA (O.S.)  
What?

TIEKEL (O.S.)  
Täubchen!

Wilson stops the tape.

WILSON  
Täubchen - that's German for 'little  
dove.' Who's he mean, you?

DILAURIA  
Nazis don't have a sense of humor.

WILSON  
Maybe it's a colloquialism then,  
something polite used ironically.

DILAURIA

No, he's as vulgar as they come.

She sighs, frustrated, and heads for the door.

WILSON

Where're you headed?

DILAURIA

From what I saw downstairs, it's the one place Tiekel hasn't seen since he got here: the bathroom.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT (EVENING)

The Washington clock reads 18:20; the Sofia clock, 23:20.

LATHAM

Call the Embassy. Tell them it's a late dinner.

Owens picks up the Red phone.

EXT. SOFIA, BULGARIA - KARAVELOV STREET - NIGHT

A seedy area of abandoned buildings; a WOODEN FENCE abuts the Park. The few streetlights there illuminate a WHORE and her JOHN getting into a CAR; a HOBO curled up on a park bench; and a DRUNK huddled in a doorway, swilling Vodka.

THE PARK

Is virtually empty. Dell looks about warily as he walks. He's nearing Karelov street. A MAN steps from behind a tree; it's Fedorak.

Dell tenses. Fedorak approaches, reaching inside his coat. He pulls out an envelope and hands it to Dell.

FROM AN ALLEY OFF KARAVELOV STREET

A searchlight atop Jeep #1 FLICKS ON. TWO STATE SECURITY MEN jump from the Jeep and race into the Park.

The Hobo draws his pistol - he's also STATE SECURITY.

In Jeep #1 a FOURTH STATE SECURITY MAN raises a bullhorn.

SECURITY MAN #4

Stay where you are! Do not move!

ON KARAVELOV STREET

A SHOT rings out, felling the Hobo - it's from Bazzo, the Drunk in the doorway.

IN THE PARK

Dell turns and runs. Fedorak and the Two State Security Men frantically take cover. More SHOTS are fired, coming from...

THE JOHN IN THE CAR

Who is MI6's Preston. The Whore SCREAMS and takes off.

FURTHER UP KARAVELOV STREET

Headlights from Jeep #2 come on; it races toward the Park. Preston takes aim and FIRES. Jeep #2 veers wildly, jumps the curb and CRASHES into a shanty.

IN THE PARK

The Two State Security Men return FIRE.

KARAVELOV STREET

- Bazzo FIRES, killing Security Man #4, then knocking out the searchlight on Jeep #1. He escapes, running behind a building.

- Preston FIRES at the Two State Security Men in the Park, then drives off.

- Dell reaches the Fence and starts to climb it.

STATE SECURITY MAN #2

Aims at Dell and FIRES.

AT THE TOP OF THE FENCE

Dell YELPS and STIFFENS - he's been hit. More SHOTS ring out. Dell falls over the other side of the fence.

### ACT THREE

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

The Washington clock reads 20:20; the Sofia clock, 01:20. Half-smoked, crooked cigarettes line the ashtrays. Everyone at the Duty Desk is tense. On a wall map of Europe a CIA OFFICER replaces 2 GREEN STICKPINS in Sofia, Bulgaria with TWO YELLOW ones. Owens is on the Red phone, waiting.

LATHAM

Pete, try the Embassy.

FARRELL

Sir, the Embassy called the hotel only 20 minutes ago. They can't risk calling again so soon.

Owens raises his hand for quiet, then covers his open ear.

OWENS  
(into phone)  
Say again... Right.  
(he covers the handset)  
Shots were fired. So far, neither  
mandarin's been taken into custody.

FARRELL  
There's some hope.

OWENS  
(into phone)  
Was anyone injured?...  
(to everyone)  
There's a lot of chatter, but it  
appears mandarin Three was wounded.

There's a lot of mournful murmuring.

LATHAM  
Wait. We have no eyes on the ground  
there, so who's confirming this?

OWENS  
State Security broadcasts over 169  
MHz, the same frequency used by a  
hearing aid manufacturer in Denmark.

FARRELL  
(as an aside)  
No wonder the Danes are so damn  
irritable.

The gallows humor eases the tension somewhat.

LATHAM  
Go on, James.

OWENS  
TSD fashioned a receiver for the  
station on that frequency. They  
confirm the police are conducting a  
house-to-house search. Fortunately,  
they've started at the other end of  
the city from the bolt-hole.

LATHAM  
What about Fedorak?

OWENS  
(into phone)  
What about the Colonel?...  
(to Latham)  
No joy yet on that, sir.

LATHAM  
Pete, call Berard and Kensington.  
Bring them up to date.

FARRELL  
Yes, sir.

Latham gets up. Farrell picks up his Gray phone and dials.

LATHAM  
(to Owens)  
When's the next MAT flight to  
Incirlik?

While Owens checks the schedule...

FARRELL  
I'm calling for Mr. Latham. May I  
speak to Mr. Berard, please.

OWENS  
(apologetically)  
That's it for the week, sir.

LATHAM  
What about commercial flights?

OWENS  
You thinking of going to Sofia?

LATHAM  
(carked)  
What do you think?

Owens dutifully checks the commercial flight schedule.

OWENS  
Next one's at 09:26 tomorrow.

LATHAM  
(swears under his breath)  
I'll be in my office.

Latham leaves. Owens and Farrell exchange worrisome looks.

EXT. SOFIA, BULGARIA - STREET - NIGHT

Dark and empty. From long, Brutalist tenements comes a PURL  
of barking dogs, arguments and tinny music from radios.

INT. BOLT-HOLE - NIGHT

A typical cold-water flat common to worker families: 3 rooms,  
kitchen and bath - no radiators or refrigerator. The door  
swings open. Bazzo helps Dell inside and kicks the door shut.  
He lays Dell on the bed on his side.

Dell is a mess. He is in considerable pain; his eyes are red and tearing; his coat is open. He suddenly STIFFENS, GRIMACING as he suppresses a scream.

Bazzo unbuttons Dell's shirt and carefully lifts it - there's very little blood. A bullet has pierced the lower spine. Unable to control his body, Dell has defecated and urinated on himself. Bazzo recoils, looking away.

DELL  
(embarrassed)  
I know.  
(labored)  
My coat... the pocket.

Bazzo reaches inside Dell's coat and pulls out the envelope. Reading its contents, he's impressed.

BAZZO  
Fedorak was legit.

DELL  
They were... letting him run.

BAZZO  
Letting him hang himself.

Dell clenches his teeth. Bazzo quickly covers Dell's mouth, muffling his SCREAM.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
I have to get you some help.

He starts to get up. Dell weeps; he grabs Bazzo's sleeve.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
I can't move you on my own. I need help.

DELL  
I can't move my legs.

BAZZO  
Just hang on, Alan.

DELL  
Your gun.

BAZZO  
No!

DELL  
Paul...

BAZZO  
I know. I'll work something out.

Bazzo leaves.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Latham pores over route maps of Eastern Europe, making notes. He checks the wall clock: 21:02. He picks up the Gray phone and dials "Operator," while pulling his passport and a wad of \$20 bills from a desk drawer, tossing them on his desk.

LATHAM  
Operator, this is Warren Latham,  
Director, Domestic Operations  
Division. DoD number 100,035,110-4.  
I'd like you to place a secure call  
to Andrews Air Force Base, Colonel  
Wesley Spencer, Military Air  
Transport Service, Atlantic  
Division.

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

Stock footage of the base.

INT. FLIGHT OFFICE - NIGHT

INSERT: "MILITARY AIR TRANSPORT SERVICE"

"MATS" is stenciled on the wall above its EMBLEM: A blue globe with white meridians at a 23-degree axial tilt, and emblazoned with eagle's wings and 3 centered arrows pointing WNW, North and ENE. Below the emblem is the flight schedule written on a blackboard:

Atlantic Division

<u>Carrier</u>	<u>Destination</u>
Oct 10	
USN R6D-1	Charleston
USAF C-54-E-DO	McGuire, Bermuda
Oct 11	
USAF C-97	Azores, Burtonwood
USN C-124C	Seville, Madrid, Chateauroux, Paris
USAF C-133B-DL	Nouasseur, Tripoli, Khartoum
USAF R7V-1BN	Cairo, Dhahran, Incirlik

A U.S. Air Force C-147 transport plane taxis past the window. COLONEL WESLEY SPENCER, mid-40's and lean, dressed in the uniform of the day, is on the phone.

SPENCER  
Hey, Warren. What's shakin'?

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH SPENCER

LATHAM

How soon can you get me to Incirlik?

Spencer checks the blackboard.

SPENCER

Not before Sunday. Why?

LATHAM

I've got a man down in Sofia and another trapped there with him.

SPENCER

So why are you calling me? You've got backup in Turkey; bring 'em in.

LATHAM

Can't. I've got a short BIGOT list on this - my Division only. And even if I wanted to, the Bulgarians will be thinking the same thing. By now they'll have shut down their border with Turkey.

SPENCER

Then you're S.O.L., man. There's no bust-out if you're caught behind the Curtain; you know that.

LATHAM

I don't need a lecture, Wes; I need a plane.

SPENCER

And I told you - I don't have one.

Latham refers to his maps.

LATHAM

Look, if you can get me to Incirlik, from there a C-130 Hercules can do a low swoop and drop me outside Burgas on the Black Sea.

SPENCER

(sardonically)

Uh huh... Then what?

LATHAM

I'll set up a temporary bolt-hole there. The Bulgarians will be looking south, towards Turkey. My people have access to a car. If they drive east on the A2, they'll avoid the checkpoints.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

We can take a scheduled flight from there to West Berlin.

SPENCER

You've got an injured man, Warren. What if he can't walk?

LATHAM

Then I'll ask the Turks to come get us - a trawler or fishing boat.

SPENCER

And what makes you think the Turks will agree to that?

LATHAM

They get 50 million dollars a year from us. I'm sure someone there can scrounge up a damn boat.

Spencer shakes his head in disbelief.

SPENCER

I don't know why the hell we're even discussing this. You need clearance from the White House for something like this. And I guarantee you there's no way you'll get it, not on such short notice.

LATHAM

So use your initiative; mount the Op in anticipation of approval.

SPENCER

Hey, don't even try that with me!

LATHAM

Look, I'm sorry. But time is short. We need to be in the air ASAP.

SPENCER

And that's another thing. You'll never get to Burgas because you don't have permission from the Turks to overfly their territory.

LATHAM

Oh, for God sakes, we're all NATO! They're not gonna shoot down one of our planes.

SPENCER

Look - even if you got permission, I still have to assemble a crew.

(MORE)

SPENCER (CONT'D)

They'd have to file a flight plan, make sure they aren't running into someone up there. Then there's the pre-flight briefing, and the-

LATHAM

I know all that. What I need from you is a departure time.

SPENCER

Have you heard a word I've said?

Latham finally explodes.

LATHAM

Damn it, Wes!

SPENCER

Look, I know you're desperate.

LATHAM

Then get me on a goddamn plane!

SPENCER

No! You don't have clearance from the White House which means you won't get clearance from the Turks. Hell, your people could already be in custody or dead by the time you get there!

Latham throws his head back in anguish and soughs.

LATHAM

So that's it then... We just give them up for dead.

SPENCER

I'm sorry, Warren.

Latham hangs up and slumps in his chair, defeated.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Through earphones Wilson listens to a reel-to-reel tape labeled "Tiekel Interrogation," while he goes over its transcription. DiLauria pores over an FBI memo.

INSERT FBI MEMO:

**SAC, MM 134-1510-3 02-OCT-59**

**Interview of ROGELIO MARTINEZ, mercenary working with La Guarda forces of Fidel Castro in Cuba, conducted Miami, Florida by S.A. William Peters. Subject inquired about his U.S. Citizenship status pursuant to his Loss Of Nationality.**

MARTINEZ requested the Bureau to intervene on his behalf, and offered his services as an agent-in-place (sic), and the codename of an operative, LA PALOMITA, with ties to HVA, the East German Security Service. Complete facts surrounding the identification of LA PALOMITA withheld by MARTINEZ, pending Bureau approval of subject's request. This information was forwarded to S.A.C. Gerald Scanlon Jr., MM, for review, who forwarded the request to the ADIC, HQ.

In the opinion of S.A.C. Scanlon, MARTINEZ is an individual who exaggerates his role and has a diseased mind. S.A.C. Scanlon has ordered that, due to the fact that MARTINEZ continues to engage in mercenary activities despite subject's Loss Of Nationality, no further action be taken on this matter at Miami UACB.

BACK TO SCENE

DiLauria looks incredulous as she reads. She taps Wilson.

DILAURIA  
Listen to this...

Wilson stops the tape and lifts his earphones.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
Rogelio Martinez - the mercenary  
with Castro's La Guarda?

WILSON  
AM-FRONT. You used him on Maelstrom.

DILAURIA  
Right. He offers the FBI the  
codename of a Cuban operative with  
ties to the East German Security  
Service, if they'll help him with  
his citizenship status. And guess  
what the codename is?

Wilson shrugs.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
La Palomita... 'Little Dove.'

Wilson is shocked; he flips through the transcription.

WILSON  
And Tiekel used the German word for  
'Little Dove' - Täubchen.

DILAURIA  
So does this mean Martinez is  
tripling? Is this disinformation  
from Tiekel? Or is it something we  
haven't even considered yet?

Wilson turns his palms up in frustration.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
Wait, there's more.

WILSON  
I feel a migraine coming on.

DILAURIA  
The FBI Agent who met with Martinez called him a mental case and refused the offer, suggesting no further action be taken.

Wilson scoffs, shaking his head. Suddenly he remembers something. He gets up and rummages through a file cabinet.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)  
Looking for the aspirin?

WILSON  
Huh? No. This Air Force Colonel...  
He had a similar problem.

He finds the file and lays it open before DiLauria.

INSERT PATHE-LIKE NEWSREEL FOOTAGE:

- RICHARD NICHOLS, 40, in the mountains with Fidel Castro's rebel forces, fighting government troops;
- The U.S. Embassy in Havana;
- Nichols pleads with LEGAL ATTACHE JAMES HEGARTY;
- The Cuban Air Force on maneuvers;
- GENERAL PEDRO LUIS DIAZ LANZ with FIDEL CASTRO, later testifying at an inquiry.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Richard Nichols. He'd been working with the Cuban rebels since '56. He went to our Embassy in Havana to see the Legal Attache James Hegarty. Nichols wanted to remain in-place, saying his continued involvement with the rebels would yield valuable Intel. To prove it, he told Hegarty about Pedro Luis Diaz Lanz.

DILAURIA  
Chief of the Cuban Air Force?

WILSON

Uh huh. Lanz was worried about the influence wielded by the Communist members of Castro's government.

DILAURIA

My god, that is valuable.

WILSON

Not according to Hegarty. He told Nichols he couldn't help him and put Nichols on the Expat list.

BACK TO SCENE

Wilson sits down. DiLauria shakes her head in disbelief.

DILAURIA

The FBI runs the Legat program, yet none of this interested them.

WILSON

Nichols went to INS who contacted the FBI. They said Nichols' case didn't fall within the scope of the Legat program: Threats against the U.S., its persons or interests. So, as a last resort, he came to us.

He puts his earphones back on. DiLauria sighs and reads a 2nd FBI memo. One section in particular catches her eye.

INSERT: "While at the Embassy SUBJECT saw a Cuban DGI officer with a woman whom the Embassy's Liaison Officer referred to as LA PALOMITA."

BACK TO SCENE

DiLauria is stunned.

EXT. SOFIA, BULGARIA - SEPTEMVRI STREET - NIGHT

A dark, gritty area of warehouses. Bazzo enters the side door of BREZA, a beer hall that appears closed.

INT. BREZA - BASEMENT - NIGHT

It's an after-hours club, thick with cigarette smoke and twenty-somethings. A trio of MUSICIANS chat idly.

Bazzo enters and spies the GUITARIST. When the Musician looks his way, Bazzo turns up the collar on his coat.

The Guitarist STRUMS the opening bars to "Wedding," a traditional Bulgarian folk song.

A few drunken complaints are hurled his way. The Guitarist responds by flipping them the bird and resumes chatting with his fellow Musicians.

BAZZO

Slips to the back of the hall, past the toilet to a door. He TAPS on it using the Tap Code:

	1	2	3	4	5
1	A	B	C	D	E
2	F	G	H	I	J
3	L	M	N	O	P
4	Q	R	S	T	U
5	V	W	X	Y	Z

(To select a letter, first select a number from the horizontal line, then a second number from the vertical line, e.g., 1,2 is the letter 'F'. Each number represents the number of TAPS on the door (one tap, short pause, two quick taps). The pause between numbers is short; between letters it's longer.)

Bazzo taps out 3,1; 4,2; 1,1. The door opens.

WINE AND BEER CELLAR

Dank and musty, with more cases of beer than racks of wine. Bazzo enters and is greeted by a Beretta held by Preston.

BAZZO  
Thanks for the backup.

PRESTON  
Always glad to help with the dry cleaning. Where's your buddy?

Preston lays his pistol on a nearby case of beer.

BAZZO  
In the bolt-hole; he was hit.

PRESTON  
How bad?

BAZZO  
The bullet's creased his spine; he can't walk. I'm afraid if I move him, it'll kill him.

PRESTON  
Better you than the Unwashed.

Bazzo is shocked. Preston offers him a bottle of beer. Bazzo declines. Preston opens it and takes a long swig.

BAZZO  
I could use some help.

PRESTON  
To do what?

BAZZO  
Save his life, for God sakes! What the hell is it with you?

PRESTON  
You're behind the Curtain, mate. You understand? There's nothing you can do for him, short of calling in the Bulgarians.

BAZZO  
Geezus, it's something.

PRESTON  
Right. Let them save him so they can torture him, convict him in a show trial, and execute him.

Bazzo slumps onto a crate. Preston takes a swig.

BAZZO  
He shouldn't have to die like this.

PRESTON  
No, but then you don't always have a choice in the matter, do you?

BAZZO  
Well, I'm not leaving him here.

PRESTON  
Then be prepared to die here with him - you and all the other names you'll give up before they're finished with you.

This has a sobering effect on Bazzo.

PRESTON (CONT'D)  
My advice to you is this: Your man's circling the drain? End it for him before they do.

BAZZO  
I hate this shit.

PRESTON  
I know how you feel.

Bazzo glares at Preston.

BAZZO

The hell you do! Mandarin Three's back there in this cheap flat, 6000 miles from home; lying in his own urine, feces; paralyzed from the waist down. I watched him weep, begging me for my gun so he could end it. So don't tell me you know how I feel!

Preston grabs his pistol and sticks it in his waistband.

PRESTON

I'll do it.

BAZZO

Like that makes it easier for me.  
(stands up)  
Get your people ready. I'll be back in two hours.

Bazzo leaves.

INT. BOLT-HOLE - NIGHT

Dell grimaces as he grabs hold of the headboard and pulls himself upright. Grabbing his pant legs, he swings each leg over the edge of the bed away from the front door.

Marshalling his remaining strength, Dell forces himself onto his feet. There's a loud SNAP - his spine. Dell SCREAMS and crumbles to the floor.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Red phone RINGS; a weary Latham answers it.

LATHAM

2-3-6-2...

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT

DiLauria is on the Red phone, notes spread before her.

DILAURIA

It's Carla. I'm going to boomerang Tiekel.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH DILAURIA

Latham paws at his eyes.

LATHAM

Why?

DILAURIA

The guy's an unreconstructed Nazi with no regard for human life. As an agent-in-place, he'd be worthless.

LATHAM

He give you anything on AM-FRONT?

DILAURIA

He mentioned Täubchen; it's German for 'Little Dove.'

Latham perks up.

LATHAM

In one of the FBI memos Collette sent you, AM-FRONT mentions an East German agent, la Palomita-

DILAURIA

Little Dove, I know. At first I thought it might be the Stasi's codename for AM-FRONT, and Tiekel's use of Täubchen was disinformation. But then the Station #1 remembered this Air Force Colonel Richard Nichols who was in the same predicament as AM-FRONT.

LATHAM

Worried he'd lose his citizenship.

DILAURIA

Right. He went to the Embassy in Havana and the FBI's Legat there turned him away with the follow-up 'no further action.'

LATHAM

So what the hell's going on then?

DILAURIA

I know. But then I came across an FBI memo in Nichols' file. It stated Nichols overheard an Embassy staffer refer to a woman seen with a DGI officer as 'Little Dove.' So maybe Little Dove's a Stasi agent and AM-FRONT's handler. It would explain why AM-FRONT went to such lengths to try and keep his U.S. citizenship.

Latham pauses a moment to think; he taps on his desk.

LATHAM

But it doesn't explain why the FBI didn't pick up on his knowledge of Cuban affairs, or why this Nichols was bounced.

DILAURIA

True. But as far as Nichols goes, Wilson says it's because the Legat program has no mandate for matters posing no direct criminal threat to the U.S.

LATHAM

Ok, but then why-  
(stops, thinks aloud)  
'The FBI's A.D. is discussing a revised Cuban Op right now...'

DILAURIA

Sorry, was that meant for me?

LATHAM

No, hang on... AM-FRONT tells the FBI's Miami S.A.C. about Little Dove. The S.A.C. sends a memo on it to FBI HQ, then suddenly decides it warrants no further action, even going so far as to discredit AM-FRONT. And earlier the Bureau's Embassy Legat gave this Nichols the boot.

DILAURIA

Where are you going with this?

LATHAM

I think Little Dove's a double agent - for the Stasi and the FBI.

BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard and Kensington are there. Berard is in formal wear, his evening clearly interrupted. Kensington is dressed more casually. They sip coffee while Latham explains.

LATHAM

When the Miami S.A.C. queried FBI HQ about la Palomita, they had to tell him Little Dove was one of theirs and to end contact with AM-FRONT, or risk exposing her.

BERARD

And when Nichols saw the Legal Attache at our Havana Embassy?

LATHAM

Same deal. The Legat program has no mandate for matters posing no direct criminal threat to the U.S. This gave the Legal Attache a legitimate reason to refuse Nichols.

Kensington struggles with Latham's train of thought.

KENSINGTON

We know AM-FRONT's involved with Little Dove; it's in the FBI memo. So wouldn't it stand to reason that he also passed on information to her about Operation Maelstrom?

LATHAM

No. When AM-FRONT went to the FBI, he was legit. He told them about Little Dove and Operation Maelstrom to establish his bona fides.

BERARD

That should allay SMOTH's fears that FRONT compromised any U.S.-U.K. operations in Cuba.

KENSINGTON

But if he isn't the leak, who is?

LATHAM

The FBI.

Both Berard and Kensington are shocked.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

They'd have told Little Dove about Operation Maelstrom, knowing full well she'd pass on the information to the DGI.

BERARD

My god... It isn't enough we have to worry about the communists, now we have the FBI sabotaging our operations.

LATHAM

With Maelstrom an operational disaster, it wouldn't take much for the FBI to convince the White House to give them control over all domestic and Cuban operations.

BERARD

It never ends, does it?

He stands, signaling the end of the meeting. Kensington and Latham also rise and cross to the door.

BERARD (CONT'D)  
Oh, Warren...

Latham turns around; Kensington leaves, shutting the door.

BERARD (CONT'D)  
I was wrong earlier when I accused  
you of this mess.

LATHAM  
You were only acting on the  
information at hand, sir.

BERARD  
Hindsight is a poor excuse.

Latham nods, accepting the apology, and starts to leave.

BERARD (CONT'D)  
Let's hope for the best with  
Operation Broadside.

EXT. SOFIA, BULGARIA - STREET - NIGHT

Bazzo parks his Trabant and enters the tenement house.

INT. BOLT-HOLE - NIGHT

Bazzo enters and looks around - where is Dell? The covers have been dragged off the bed. Bazzo goes to the far side of the bed and sees why: On the floor is Dell's lifeless body.

BAZZO

Kneels and puts his fingers to Dell's neck - no pulse. He removes Dell's wristwatch, takes his passport and wallet. He stands and looks sadly at Dell. Finally, he crosses to the door, opens it and leaves.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Owens is on a Red phone; Latham sits behind him. Owens becomes grim; he turns to a CIA OFFICER and points to the wall map.

The CIA Officer crosses to a map of Europe. He replaces one of TWO YELLOW STICKPINS in Sofia, Bulgaria with a RED ONE. Farrell, on another Red phone call, sees this and looks away.

Latham gets up and leaves, and the business of the Operations Room resumes as usual.

END