

Cool Gray Dawn  
"Training Purposes"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

On a blustery, late fall day, the patina of power and promise is no more evident than in a panorama from the U.N. Building to the Brooklyn Bridge to...

BROOKLYN - FLATBUSH AVENUE

Where mom-and-pop shops sit beneath a large tenement.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Sparsely furnished: a sofa bed, a dinette table with two chairs, and a radio atop a chest of drawers.

At the table STEFAN BRODSKY, 55, bespectacled and in a T-shirt, inserts the tip of a mini punch into the loop of the '9' in a 1959 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HALF DOLLAR. It splits in two. Using a pair of tweezers, he places a MICRODOT in the obverse half and screws the 2 halves together.

EXT. FLATBUSH AVENUE - TENEMENT HOUSE - DAY

Wearing a shabby woolen coat and hat, Brodsky leaves the building and wends his way past some boys playing football.

AT THE CORNER NEWSSTAND KIOSK

Brodsky buys a copy of the tabloid *The News*. He hands the elderly NEWSY the Franklin Half Dollar. The Newsy pockets the coin and gives Brodsky change. Brodsky leaves.

Moments later, JOHN DOE, 40, buys a copy of *Esquire* magazine. He hands the Newsy a dollar bill and receives the Franklin Half Dollar in change.

STREET

Doe jaywalks. A SEDAN suddenly SPEEDS and SLAMS into him. The Sedan stops briefly, then takes off. ONLOOKERS GATHER. Doe lies motionless, blood streaming from his nose and ears. One of his shoes has been knocked off and the change from his pockets lies scattered about.

A POLICEMAN arrives. A WOMAN helping to gather Doe's effects picks up the Franklin Half Dollar - IT SPLITS OPEN. Shocked, she hands it to the Policeman.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

The Capitol Dome dominates the cityscape.

EXT. STREET - RIZIK'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Window-shoppers admire the WOMEN'S WEAR HOLIDAY DISPLAY. Among them, WARREN LATHAM uses the window as a mirror to scan faces in the crowd. Recognizing one, he enters the store.

AROUND THE CORNER

Latham hurries out a side door.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - DIRECTORATE OF PLANS - DAY

Latham shows his pass as he enters the nondescript building.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The 24-hour wall clock reads 13:05. PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY and COLLETTE DOWD stew over a *Washington Post* article. Latham enters, looking annoyed. Bazzo and Collette look up.

BAZZO

You see the Post? I thought the FBI was going to keep a lid on that hollowed-out coin business.

LATHAM

Hang on. Collette, get the Head of Security on the line.

Bazzo and Collette exchange curious looks; she then dials the Red phone. Latham brusquely heads into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Bazzo follows. Latham hangs up his overcoat. The two men sit.

BAZZO

Something up?

The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Security on Red.

Latham SNATCHES the Red phone's handset from its cradle.

LATHAM

Brent, am I under a random surveillance check?

BRENT (O.S.)

Damnit... How'd you find out?

LATHAM

Your front tail spent so much time  
looking back at me he walked right  
into a street lamp!

(hangs up, disgusted)

It's incompetence, is what it is.

As he rummages through reports on his desk, Bazzo smiles.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What are you smiling about?

BAZZO

I flushed mine as well.

LATHAM

What?

BAZZO

They were trailing me, too.

LATHAM

No, Security wouldn't dare break  
that rule.

BAZZO

What rule?

LATHAM

They can't follow me without telling  
Kensington, and they can't trail a  
mandarin without telling me.

BAZZO

Hm, maybe it's the KGB. Next time  
I'll ask them to send a blonde.

LATHAM

You know... it could be the FBI,  
using us to train their recruits.

BAZZO

Could be. They've done it before.

LATHAM

Let's be sure. And if it is, let's  
teach them a lesson.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - OLD CITY - DAY

Bazzo strolls past the Blaine Mansion. Across the street  
several yards back is BAZZO'S SHADOW, a MAN IN A PEA COAT.

DUPONT CIRCLE - PARK

Bazzo crosses the promenade and pauses at the Fountain.

His Shadow warily lags far behind.

CONNECTICUT AVENUE

A line of taxis pass. Bazzo RACES from the Park and hails the last one. His Shadow arrives in time to watch Bazzo's taxi disappear into the tunnel under Dupont Circle.

While Bazzo's Shadow hails a taxi, CARLA DILAURIA steps to the curb. She hails the next taxi and follows him.

I/E. DILAURIA'S TAXI

Follows Bazzo's Shadow onto Pennsylvania Avenue where it pulls to the curb. Hers turns the corner and double-parks. DiLauria watches Bazzo's Shadow enter the CANADIAN EMBASSY.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

DiLauria, Bazzo and Latham are in a state of disbelief.

LATHAM  
The Canadians?

BAZZO  
Don't they have a liaison  
arrangement with MI6?

LATHAM  
For foreign Intel. For North  
America they use the RCMP.

DILAURIA  
The Mounties?

BAZZO  
Hey, they train with the FBI.

DiLauria scoffs. As Latham crosses to the open door...

DILAURIA  
You know why the Mounties go to the  
movies in groups of 17 or more?

BAZZO  
No. Why?

DILAURIA  
Because the sign in the box office  
says, 'Under 17 not admitted.'

Bazzo chuckles.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette grins, having overheard DiLauria. Latham leans in.

LATHAM

What's the name of the RCMP's  
Station Chief here?

COLLETTE

He's new - Marcel Devereaux.

EXT. CANADIAN EMBASSY - DAY

A sign outside the Victorian mansion reads "Embassy of  
Canada/Ambassade du Canada."

INT. RCMP OFFICE - DAY

All leather and mahogany - a Canadian flag drapes around a  
pole. At his desk is MARCEL DEVEREAUX, a 50-ish, obsequious  
French-Canadian. On the desk his picture stares at Latham.

DEVEREAUX

I'm happy to finally meet you, Mr.  
Latham. But also a bit disappointed.

LATHAM

Why is that?

DEVEREAUX

Obviously, your officer spotted us  
following him. J'en suis désolé. I  
apologize.

LATHAM

That's not good enough, Monsieur  
Devereaux.

Devereaux is taken aback.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

My officers have better things to  
do than monitor the shenanigans of  
a NATO ally.

DEVEREAUX

(abashed)

Yes... Can I offer you a brandy?

LATHAM

Little early in the day for me.

Devereaux goes to a liquor cabinet and pours himself a drink.

DEVEREAUX

We've only one-tenth the population  
of the U.S. And very few of them  
qualify to be intelligence  
officers, much less mandarins like  
your Paul Barry and Carla DiLauria.

LATHAM

You're pretty well-informed for  
such a small service.

DEVEREAUX

I'm jealous. I can't even get my  
people up to speed, much less form  
a Special Operations section.

He sits and sips his brandy.

LATHAM

You've recognized your weaknesses,  
that's halfway to correcting them.  
But not by playing games with CIA.

DEVEREAUX

No... We have an operation going on  
right now, a fairly important one.  
Maybe we could do a deal.

LATHAM

What sort of deal?

DEVEREAUX

I pass along the results to your  
Intelligence Chief, you help me  
with operational training.

He takes another sip of brandy.

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

A haughty STEWART KENSINGTON sips tea while Latham fidgets.

KENSINGTON

The RCMP?

LATHAM

They know they need to improve  
their intelligence capabilities or  
they'll be left holding the bag.

KENSINGTON

Devereaux... I don't recall meeting  
him at any of their Embassy  
functions.

LATHAM

Probably too busy working.

KENSINGTON

(petulantly)

He found time to speak to you; he  
should come to me. After all, I am  
a senior officer here.

LATHAM

Yes. About his offer...

KENSINGTON

(impudently)

He didn't say what this 'important operation' of his was, did he?

LATHAM

No, it didn't seem right to ask.

KENSINGTON

Probably won't amount to much.

LATHAM

Maybe not, but I'm glad they came to us instead of MI6.

KENSINGTON

Why? I thought you and SMOTH were pals again.

LATHAM

Doesn't mean we share all our toys.

The Red phone RINGS; Kensington picks it up.

KENSINGTON

Don't waste a lot of time on it.

(into the phone)

3-8-5-3... Yes, he's here... Fine.

(hangs up; to Latham)

They need you in the Ops Room.

OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of teletype machines, ringing phones and chatter. JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY confer as Latham enters.

LATHAM

What's up?

STOKES

New York has a walk-in, a Russian cipher clerk named Dimitri Kinski. They've asked if you want local vetting on him.

LATHAM

Yes. Get Mandarin Two up there. Tell her if Kinski checks out to pack him off to FANEX. I want the Puzzle Palace to vet him, too.

STOKES

Right.



Stokes dials his Red phone. Percy turns toward Latham.

PERCY

The FBI requested an NT-50 on that John Doe with the trick coin.

LATHAM

Why? He wasn't one of ours, was he?

PERCY

No, but look at this.

(hands Latham a folder)

HT-LINGUAL intercepted a letter from the Mariinsky Hospital in Leningrad to a Stefan Brodsky up in Brooklyn, New York.

Stokes hangs up. Latham reads an excerpt from the letter.

LATHAM

'Your mother is gravely ill. We request your immediate return home.'

PERCY

His 'lettre de cachet' to Lubyanka.

LATHAM

What did the FBI have to say?

PERCY

That the KGB isn't really recalling him, just trying to pull the Bureau away from looking at John Doe.

STOKES

The FBI's so full of it. Brodsky lives only two blocks from where John Doe was run down.

LATHAM

They're already watching Brodsky.

STOKES

Yep, but we played dumb and asked them to put an Agent on him anyway.

Latham picks up a Red phone and dials.

LATHAM

Bill, it's Warren. Can you check on a KGB illegal living in Brooklyn named Stefan Brodsky?... Thanks.

EXT. BROOKLYN, NEW YORK - FLATBUSH AVENUE - NIGHT

Derelicts stuff newspaper inside their clothes to keep warm.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

The shades are drawn. The Letter From Leningrad, in Cyrillic, lies open on the table. Brodsky hovers over it; he's sweating. He GULPS a shot of vodka and crosses to the...

CLOSET

He opens the door, revealing MICRODOT EQUIPMENT. Brodsky opens a suitcase and removes a HUNTING KNIFE and a KERCHIEF. He disassembles the equipment and stows it in the suitcase.

EXT. FLATBUSH AVENUE - NIGHT

With his collar turned up against the wind, Brodsky TRUDGES up the street, suitcase in tow. A CAR slowly follows him to a...

SUBWAY STATION ENTRANCE

Brodsky enters the station. The Car pulls to the curb. A male FBI AGENT, 40, gets out and follows Brodsky inside.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Dimly lit, dirty and quiet - save for the TAP, TAP, TAP of the FBI Agent's brogans as he descends the stairs.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRWELL

Brodsky suddenly appears. The FBI Agent GASPS. Brodsky SHOVES his Kerchief into the Agent's mouth and PLUNGES his Hunting Knife into the Man's stomach. Again and again, the knife RIPS through the Agent's suit.

Finally, the FBI Agent succumbs; blood extrudes from his wounds. Brodsky grabs his suitcase and flees.

EXT. E STREET - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY (MORNING)

CIA personnel enter the familiar nondescript buildings.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The clock reads 08:35. Latham enters; Collette smiles at him. She grabs a file and her notepad, and follows him into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Latham hangs up his coat and sits.

COLLETTE  
Couple of things...  
(hands him the file)  
'Stefan Brodsky,' courtesy of D-Int.

Latham pulls out a nearly empty sheet of paper.

LATHAM

Tell me the Intelligence Directorate  
ran out of typewriter ribbon.

COLLETTE

It's the first they'd heard of him.

Latham worrisomely drums his fingers on the desk.

LATHAM

I don't like negative checks. Ask  
SMOTH to meet me in the park.

COLLETTE

Right. Also, Carl Durang called.  
He'd like you to come by FBI HQ.

LATHAM

He say why?

COLLETTE

No...

(archly)

Maybe Hoover heard you were in the  
Women's Department at Rizik's.

LATHAM

Hm, working here is like going  
cross-country with a kid who just  
learned to whistle.

Collette grins, then suddenly remembers.

COLLETTE

Oh, and Devereaux's on his way over.

LATHAM

That's 3 things; you said a couple.

COLLETTE

I'm a heavy tipper.

Latham grins. As Collette turns to leave...

LATHAM

Don't offer him any coffee. I've got  
better things to do than explain why  
the Mounties shouldn't wear their  
red uniforms on a surveillance job.

She leaves, WHISTLING. Latham rolls his eyes at her, then  
glances at the file again, shaking his head. There's a KNOCK  
on the door. Collette re-enters with a grim Devereaux.

COLLETTE

Marcel Devereaux.

She leaves. The two men shake hands and sit.

DEVEREAUX

Thank you for seeing me on such short notice. We have a problem. That operation I told you about-

LATHAM

You didn't tell me what it was.

DEVEREAUX

Oh... We managed to turn a Soviet sleeper agent in New York, Stefan Brodsky. Have you heard of him?

Nothing on Latham's face betrays any knowledge of Brodsky as he shakes his head no.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

He'd been worried the KGB were on to him, so we arranged to lift him.

LATHAM

When?

DEVEREAUX

Yesterday afternoon. We waited at the rendezvous but he never showed. So we went over to his flat but he wasn't there either. Instead, the FBI were there asking-

LATHAM

(taken aback)  
The FBI?

DEVEREAUX

Yes, they were asking the tenants Brodsky's whereabouts.

LATHAM

Sounds to me like your operation's been rumbled.

DEVEREAUX

No, I don't think so. We were watching the Russian Embassy. No one drove in or out all night.

Latham dismissively waves off Devereaux. He gets up and meanders about.

LATHAM

That doesn't mean anything. The KGB could be holding him at a safehouse.

DEVEREAUX

Or he could be in the wind.

LATHAM

Maybe... You set up a commo plan?

DEVEREAUX

Yes, a wrong number dialog.

LATHAM

So wait. If he doesn't call in the next 24 hours, he isn't going to.

Devereaux stands abruptly, surprising Latham.

DEVEREAUX

I'd like you to bring him in.

LATHAM

(scoffs)

You can't be serious.

Latham walks away and leans against a cabinet.

DEVEREAUX

Mr. Latham, if the KGB get to him, they'll kill him. And if the FBI arrest him, we'll lose any chance of getting all his information.

LATHAM

You realize what you're asking? You want me to subvert an agency in my own government.

DEVEREAUX

You know the state of our service!

LATHAM

And I have to answer to mine. Even if I decided to help you, where the hell's the benefit in this for me?

DEVEREAUX

I told you - I'd share information with your Intelligence Chief.

LATHAM

Which could be worthless.

DEVEREAUX

Well what else can I offer then?

LATHAM

This... We get to vet Brodsky first, then he's yours.

DEVEREAUX

What? You can't be serious.

LATHAM

Those are my terms.

Devereaux purses his lips and nods. Latham crosses to the door and opens it. Collette pricks up her ears.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You can give the details to Mission Planning. Collette...

She looks at Latham. As Devereaux brusquely leaves Latham's Office, Latham POINTS to him, then downstairs. He shuts his door and sports a victor's grin.

EXT. MONTREAL, QUEBEC - DAY (MORNING)

INSERT: "MONTREAL, QUEBEC"

Stock footage of the cityscape.

EXT. OLD MONTREAL - DOMINION SQUARE - DAY (MORNING)

Against the backdrop of a modern downtown, Old Montreal is quaint European charm in decline.

EVE, 25, walks with others on their way to work. She stops at the statue of Sir John MacDonald, ostensibly to shake a pebble from her shoe. As she puts it back on, she surreptitiously chalk marks an 'X' near the base, then leaves.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - THE HOLE - DAY

Bazzo reads a report. Latham enters holding Brodsky's file.

LATHAM

You're on your horse, kemo sabe.

BAZZO

Where to?

LATHAM

New York. Devereaux's downstairs.

BAZZO

(wryly)

He didn't follow you to work, did he?

LATHAM

(grins)

They were supposed to lift a KGB illegal they'd turned, but he was a no-show... Stefan Brodsky.

BAZZO  
Same guy the FBI's watching?

Latham nods. Bazzo SCOFFS as Latham hands him the file.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
When was the lift?

LATHAM  
Yesterday afternoon.

Bazzo is beside himself. He SLAMS down the folder on his desk.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
He could be holed up somewhere,  
waiting for instructions.

BAZZO  
If he's holed up anywhere, it's in  
a trunk on its way back to Moscow.

LATHAM  
Well, if he isn't, I need you to  
get him to one of our safehouses.

Bazzo does a double-take as he picks up the folder.

BAZZO  
You mean one of theirs.

LATHAM  
No. I made a deal with Devereaux:  
We vet Brodsky first, then we hand  
him over to the RCMP.

BAZZO  
This is a waste of time - you know  
that.

LATHAM  
Paul, the FBI misled us on Brodsky  
and John Doe. I want to know why.

## ACT TWO

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

A taxi wends its way towards the Department of Justice.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Latham is escorted past dark-suited FBI AGENTS until he  
reaches a door on which is stenciled...

OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

A saturnine CARL DURANG exchanges a perfunctory handshake with Latham, who takes off his coat and sits.

DURANG  
Your people asked us to put eyes on  
a Stefan Brodsky yesterday.

LATHAM  
Based on Intel from HT-LINGUAL.

DURANG  
Intel we felt was window dressing.

LATHAM  
Really...

Durang slides Latham grisly photos of the dead FBI Agent.

DURANG  
That's our New York ASAC. A Transit  
cop found him... Anything you want  
to share with me?

LATHAM  
I don't know anything about this.

DURANG  
No?

LATHAM  
No. What the hell's wrong with you?

DURANG  
My man was gutted like some goddamn  
animal, that's what!

LATHAM  
So get up off your fat ass and  
investigate!

DURANG  
Oh, I am. And I'm learning just how  
economical you are with the truth.

LATHAM  
Must be like looking in a mirror.

Latham grabs his coat and storms out.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - LAFAYETTE PARK - DAY

Latham and LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) stroll along a path.



JONES

Does Durang know about Devereaux?

LATHAM

If he does, he didn't let on.

JONES

So, you had them put eyes on Brodsky, whom it turns out they were already watching. Then, in the spirit of cooperation, they accuse you of burning their man, possibly to protect Brodsky and this John Doe whom they think was CIA.

LATHAM

And I thought you weren't listening.

JONES

You didn't, did you?

Latham takes umbrage and glares at Jones.

JONES (CONT'D)

Hey, my lawyer asked me that when my ex-wife's side accused me of sleeping with her sister.

LATHAM

Must've been a rhetorical question.

JONES

(feigning umbrage)  
As it happens, I said no... Then they showed me the Polaroids.

FURTHER ALONG THE PATH

The two spies continue their stroll.

JONES

You think the KGB killed him?

LATHAM

He didn't die of old age, Larry.

JONES

Yes, but targeting the FBI?

LATHAM

That's why I need you to see if you have anything on this Brodsky.

Jones nods; the two part ways.

EXT. BROOKLYN, NY - CORNER NEWSSTAND KIOSK - DAY

A TALL MAN, 50, buys a newspaper from the Newsy. He peers in the open door at the end of the Kiosk. Satisfied, he leaves.

EXT. VIEUX-MONTREAL - OLD PORT - DAY

In a burl in a warehouse sits a small, homey BRASSERIE.

INT. BRASSERIE - DAY

French-speaking and crowded. Eve eats alone at a small table; by her feet, a shopping bag with wrapped Christmas gifts.

PATRON (O.S.)  
Eve, Salut! Joyeux Noel!

Eve raises her glass. Waiting by a payphone, HUBERT, 30, heads to her table. He casually grabs Eve's shopping bag and leaves.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ROCKEFELLER CENTER - DAY

Stock footage of the complex during the Thanksgiving holiday.

INT. CANADIAN EMBASSY - RCMP NEW YORK STATION - DAY

A Canadian flag hangs in the corner; a titled picture of John Diefenbaker, Prime Minister of Canada, hangs prominently on the wall. At a work table, RCMP SPECIAL BRANCH OFFICERS FRANK RAMSEY and LUC BREST sip cognac as Bazzo pores over a file.

RAMSEY  
Brodsky had been dithering for weeks over staying in place or defecting.

BAZZO  
But in the end he decided to jump.

RAMSEY  
Yes. He agreed to wait at his place until just before the rendezvous. And he was still there when Luc went to check on him.

Bazzo is stunned. He turns to the self-conceited Brest.

BAZZO  
You did what?

BREST  
A discreet check. I drove halfway around Brooklyn first.

BAZZO

Who cares where you went? You stay  
clear of defectors 24 hours before  
lift!

Brest is chagrined. Frustrated, Bazzo crosses to the door.

RAMSEY

This was our first major operation.  
We had to be sure Brodsky was  
following the plan.

BAZZO

Fat lotta good it did you. If the  
KGB weren't sure he was jumping  
before, they sure as hell are now.

EXT. BROOKLYN, NEW YORK - CORNER NEWSSTAND KIOSK - DAY

The Driver of a panel truck tosses out magazine bundles then  
drives off. The grumpy Newsy lugs them inside the...

KIOSK

Ambient light spills in. As the Newsy piles the bundles in a  
corner, a shadow CREEPS across his back, blocking the light.

NEWSY

You're in my light, moron!

The Tall Man is in the doorway; he shuts the door. The Newsy  
looks back. Before he can say another word, the Tall Man  
FIRES two shots from a SILENCED PISTOL into the Newsy's head.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Collette brings Latham a cup of coffee. Kensington BURSTS IN,  
waving a letter. Collette exits, leaving the door ajar.

KENSINGTON

A complaint from the FBI's ADIC.  
(reads)  
'Our investigation has been hampered  
by a deliberate lack of interservice  
cooperation.' How many times have I  
heard that?!

LATHAM

We asked them to surveil Brodsky.  
Turns out they already were. Beyond  
that, I don't know.

The Outer Office phone RINGS O.S.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

2-3-6-2...

KENSINGTON

Nothing to do with you trying to  
impress your new Canadian playmate?

LATHAM

I'm a little too busy for that.

Collette leans in, clearing her throat to interrupt them.

COLLETTE

Carla's bringing Kinski to FANEX.

LATHAM

Excuse me, I need to call the NSA.

He picks up the Gray phone. Kensington leaves in a huff.

EXT. BALTIMORE - AIRPORT SQUARE OFFICE PARK - DAY

Several modernist office buildings about Friendship Airport.

INT. FANEX OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Eerily quiet, with long rows of glass-partitioned cubicles.  
At one cubicle sit DiLauria and CIPHER CLERK JIM PETERS, 30;  
both wear headsets. Before them are a TELEPHONE, SHORTWAVE  
RADIO, BEAT FREQUENCY OSCILLATOR, TAPE RECORDER and a LOCK  
BOX. There is also a NOTEPAD containing the following:

**GG/YL/3/2FG**

81638 10556 84099 69465 20257 48082 50069 89448 49890 50557  
10589 50591 25471 23369 39585 68799 86441 96470 98884 69874  
59347 73633 04732 38483 63933 74342 03843 37549 13572 15058  
45839 59843 94784 83744 28483 93843 47539 72384 71276 34491  
19383 94833 03484 58393 62193 40231 68444 89402 61846

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

6-2-3-7-5.

LONG PAUSE. Peters writes the numbers on the notepad.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

4-7-6... 9-3.

Peters is about to start a new row when DiLauria stops him.

DILAURIA

Wait. Kinski said this Pianist uses  
a 3-2 sign-off. If an agent's  
blown, she adds an additional set.

They wait - a welcome silence ensues.

While Peters records the time and dials another frequency,  
DiLauria takes 2 ONE-TIME PADS (OTP) from the Lock Box.

OTP1 has 5-number sets of random numbers, like the Notepad. OTP2 contains the KEY - each page has all 26 letters of the alphabet, randomly matched to numbers from 1 to 26:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
11	10	20	6	9	21	2	15	8	22	7	18	3
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
5	23	1	19	25	24	14	4	26	17	3	12	16

DiLauria subtracts the first Set of numbers on OTP1 from the first Set on the Notepad, writing down the DIFFERENCE. She repeats this for all the Sets until, when finished, it reads:

24 9 5 6 23 5 18 12 5 9 17 24 11 10 23 4 14 8 5 14 9 5 6 9 6  
11 20 14 8 23 5 11 2 11 8 5 24 14 6 8 9 21 9 5 10 7 9 25

On OTP2 she finds the Difference and notes its corresponding LETTER. DiLauria repeats this for each number until it reads:

S	E	N	D	O	N	L	Y	N	E	W	S	A	B	O	U	T	I	N	T	E	N	D	E	D
24	9	5	6	23	5	18	12	5	9	17	24	11	10	23	4	14	8	5	14	9	5	6	9	6
A	C	T	I	O	N	A	G	A	I	N	S	T	D	I	E	F	E	N	B	A	K	E	R	
11	20	14	8	23	5	11	2	11	8	5	24	14	6	8	9	21	9	5	10	11	17	9	25	

DiLauria writes the decrypted message:

**SEND ONLY NEWS ABOUT INTENDED ACTION AGAINST DIEFENBAKER**

PETERS  
The Canadian Prime Minister?

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY (DUSK)

WILSON BERARD reviews paperwork, putting selected papers into his satchel. He hands Latham an NSA alert.

BERARD  
Did you see this?

LATHAM  
'Possible assassination attempt on John Diefenbaker.' Yes, it came from mandarin Two's walk-in. Hard to believe anyone would target Caspar Milquetoast.

BERARD  
Even 'Timid Souls' have enemies.

Latham broods. The intercom BUZZES.

AIDE-DE-CAMP (O.S.)  
Your car is ready, sir.

BERARD  
Alright, I'm set here.  
(to Latham)  
I'd like you to follow up on it.

LATHAM  
Did the RCMP ask for our help?

BERARD  
Not that I'm aware of, no.

Berard's AIDE-DE-CAMP enters, takes the satchel and leaves.

LATHAM  
Then shouldn't we let the FBI  
handle it? They work with them.

BERARD  
Did you know J. Edgar Hoover has a  
standing rule that all memoranda  
must be less than two and a half  
pages, with wide margins all around?

LATHAM  
No...

BERARD  
One day he got a memo that violated  
that rule. Someone had managed to  
squeeze in more words by reducing  
the size of the margins. So Hoover  
responded by writing on the memo,  
'Watch the borders!' When his  
Assistant Director saw the note, he  
ordered hundreds of Special Agents  
to go guard our borders with Canada  
and Mexico.

Latham shakes his head in disbelief.

BERARD (CONT'D)  
My wife and I will be dining at the  
Blair House if you need me.

He grabs his coat and leaves, with Latham in tow.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette primps as Latham enters, holding the NSA alert.

COLLETTE  
SMOTH called. Nothing on Brodsky.

Latham sighs, distressed.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)  
Are you in trouble?

LATHAM  
That's just it - I don't know if I  
am or not. Where're you going?

COLLETTE  
I have a dinner date. I told you.

LATHAM  
What - you mean with that lawyer?

COLLETTE  
Jerry McClain.

Latham pours himself a cup of coffee from a nearly empty pot.

LATHAM  
Right, the one who shops at the  
Five And Dime.

COLLETTE  
There's nothing wrong with that.

LATHAM  
There is when you're buying a suit.

She throws him a disdainful sidelong glance.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
I just thought maybe we might grab  
a... Never mind. See if Bill  
Nealy's still around first.

She dials the Red phone as Latham enters...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

He takes a sip - it's so bad he spits it back into his mug.  
Setting his mug on his desk, he sits and reads the NSA alert.

INSERT EXCERPT FROM NSA ALERT:

**"...We conclude, therefore, that a plot to assassinate  
Canadian Prime Minister John Diefenbaker exists involving a  
mole in his Cabinet, code-named ASCLEPIUS from the decrypt,  
'ASCLEPIUS EVE BOX.' Its exact meaning is TBD."**

BACK TO SCENE

BILL NEALY enters wearing his topcoat. He's anxious.

NEALY  
I'm meeting my wife for dinner.

LATHAM  
(as an aside)  
Probably isn't an empty table left  
in the city.

NEALY  
Huh?

LATHAM  
Nothing. Berard's asked me to look  
into the NSA alert on Diefenbaker.

NEALY  
Not surprised; they're old friends.

Latham is surprised.

LATHAM  
So what do you make of it?

NEALY  
At first glance it doesn't make any  
sense.

LATHAM  
That's pretty much what I said.

NEALY  
I said at first glance.

Latham is taken aback. Nealy takes a seat.

INSERT: Pathe-type newsreel footage of a hooded IGOR GOUZENKO  
at a press interview; Diefenbaker meeting with RICHARD NIXON;  
Moscow May Day parade of weapons; a NATO Command meeting.

SUIT WORDS TO NEWSREEL FOOTAGE

NEALY (CONT'D)  
Remember Igor Gouzenko? When he  
defected he exposed KGB operations  
in Canada.

LATHAM  
That was a while ago, Bill. Ottawa's  
been pretty quiet since then.

NEALY  
And with good reason - we're joined  
at the hip. Diefenbaker's afraid if  
there's a war, Canada will become a  
target for Khrushchev's ICBMs.

LATHAM  
Them and everyone else in the West.



NEALY

When Gouzenko defected, he gave the RCMP a Five Eyes paper in which Diefenbaker blasted Canada's reliance on CIA. He referred to it recently when he proposed reducing their dependency on us by half.

LATHAM

Good. Cuts the number of secrets this Asclepius can pass by 50%.

NEALY

Warren, if Diefenbaker is assassinated, his opponents will claim that closer ties to CIA would have prevented it. Canada will become firmly ensconced in our camp and receive twice the material they now get. And that means this Asclepius will pass on to the KGB twice the material he now gets.

EXT. VIEUX-MONTREAL - STREET - DAY (DUSK)

Seedy rowhouses line the narrow street. A Mercedes pulls up. There's a TAP on the car horn.

EXT. ROWHOUSE - DAY (DUSK)

Hubert emerges from the rowhouse with the Shopping Bag. The passenger-side window rolls down. Hubert leaves the Shopping Bag on the front seat. As the window rolls up, Hubert watches the car pull away, its license plate readable: MD-1867.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - THE BOWERY - NIGHT

On view, the city's detritus: addicts, drunks and whores.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE HOTEL - NIGHT

A neon sign with a broken 'U' and 'S' flashes "WHITE HO\_\_E."

INT. WHITE HOUSE HOTEL - NIGHT

Half-height room doors, dimly-lit corridors - it resembles a sanitarium minus the institutional obsession for cleanliness. Brodsky leaves one of the rooms and heads downstairs.

LOBBY

Residents - some disoriented, most of them disheveled - laze about. The DESK CLERK watches the news on a portable TV set. Brodsky pauses on his way out to watch the news.

TV NEWSREADER

In Brooklyn, police found the body of an elderly newsstand worker inside his kiosk at Flatbush and Nostrand Avenues, victim of an apparent robbery. The man suffered two bullet wounds to the head. So far, there have been no arrests.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE HOTEL - NIGHT

Brodsky hurries into a PHONE BOOTH on the corner.

INT. RCMP NEW YORK STATION - NIGHT

Bazzo checks his watch. Brest reads the newspaper *La Voix de l'Est*. The phone RINGS; everyone tenses. Ramsey answers it.

RAMSEY

Deputy Consul Frank Ramsey.

BRODSKY (O.S.)

Is this the Harriman Institute?

Ramsey TOGGLES a switch on the phone and puts it on speaker.

RAMSEY

No, what number were you dialing?

BRODSKY (O.S.)

Enterprise 7-7-5-2.

Ramsey writes down the number.

RAMSEY

Close, but no. Sorry.

He hangs up. As he dials ENT-7752...

BAZZO

You sure he wasn't under duress?

RAMSEY

He'd have said Gravesend Historical Society.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

The phone RINGS; Brodsky quickly answers it.

BRODSKY

You stupid bastards!

INT. RCMP NEW YORK STATION

Ramsey winces; Brest looks away ashamedly.

RAMSEY

That was a mistake, Cardinal.

CROSSCUT BRODSKY WITH RAMSEY AND BAZZO

BRODSKY

Enough with the code names! If you knew what you were doing, I would not have had a Wet Squad on me.

BAZZO

Brodsky, it's Paul Barry, CIA. That wasn't the KGB, it was the FBI.

Silence - Brodsky is mortified. Looking into the street he sees a PATROL CAR pull up and double-park. A POLICEMAN alights. He walks toward the Phone Booth, reaching down by his revolver. Brodsky BLANCHES and turns away while...

BAZZO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Brodsky?... Brodsky, listen to me. You're in the crosshairs. You can let me bring you in, or take your chances with the FBI and the KGB.

Nothing happens. Brodsky looks up to see the Policeman open his ticket book and write up cars at expired parking meters.

BRODSKY

I'm not a fool, Mr. Barry, despite what those two idiots there think.

BAZZO

Hey, we all want this to end well.

BRODSKY

Then why is the old man dead?

BAZZO

What? Who are you talking about?

BRODSKY

The old man at the newsstand. Their incompetence probably set him up.

RAMSEY

I don't have to listen to his shit!

He storms out the room.

BRODSKY

The KGB is cleaning up, Mr. Barry - like Black Tom.

CLICK - Brodsky has hung up. Brest and Bazzo stare at each other, both utterly puzzled.

EXT. STREET - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Brodsky exits and joins a small queue boarding a City Bus.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE HOTEL - NIGHT

The Tall Man exits and runs to his car, a FORD FALCON. He is stopped by the Policeman, who writes him a parking ticket. The Tall Man argues in vain as the City Bus pulls away.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - WARWICK HOTEL - NIGHT

Stock footage of this classic art deco palace.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

There's a KNOCK on the door; the Tall Man opens it. A BELLHOP hands him a manila envelope. He tips the Bellhop and shuts the door.

The Tall Man opens the envelope. He pulls out photos of Bazzo entering a Chevrolet Bel Air and leaving an apartment house. On the back of the second photo is written "110 E 13."

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

The wall clock reads 20:45. Latham enters. He eyes Stokes and Percy sitting behind the NIGHT CREW and sits with them.

LATHAM

Why are you two still on duty?

STOKES

Waiting for Bazzo's SITREP. I figure the RCMP blew the lift.

PERCY

Five bucks says Brodsky froze.

A CLERK puts a GREEN STICKPIN into Ottawa on the wall map.

LATHAM

Is that for the Special Ops team?

JAMES OWENS grabs a clipboard and reads from it.

INSERT: A propjet lands at Uplands Canadian Forces Base. Seven rugged men, led by FRANK JENNINGS, 35, alight carrying duffle bags and are met by the RCMP. In a hangar at McGuire Air Force Base, New Jersey, 15 more men play cards.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

OWENS

Yes, sir. Alpha Section left for Uplands CFB at 19:07.

(MORE)

OWENS (CONT'D)

The rest are at McGuire. If needed we can have the lot up there in two hours.

LATHAM

Good. Who's on point in Ottawa?

OWENS

Frank Jennings. He led the team that got Nixon out of Caracas.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham nods approvingly. The Red phone RINGS; Percy answers.

PERCY

0-9-3-9... Yes, he's right here.  
(hands phone to Latham)  
It's mandarin One.

LATHAM

What's going on, Paul?

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

On a table are an encyclopaedia, a map of New Jersey and *The News*, open to the Newsy's death. Bazzo is on the Red phone.

CROSSCUT BAZZO WITH LATHAM

BAZZO

The station blew it. Their #2 ran a check on Brodsky just before lift.

Latham points to Percy then motions toward Stokes. Percy grudgingly hands Stokes a five-dollar bill.

LATHAM

Did Brodsky call in?

BAZZO

Yep. And if I'm right, I'll meet him at 0200. From what he says, the KGB are cleaning up the Ring.

LATHAM

He tell you who?

BAZZO

An old man who ran the newsstand where John Doe was run down.

Latham points to a notepad on Percy's desk; Percy hands it to him. On the notepad Latham writes "Newsy=local agent."

LATHAM

This Newsy - he'd be a local agent.

BAZZO

Most likely, yeah.

LATHAM

And all his contacts would be cut-outs. That way if he's caught, he doesn't know anything of any value.

BAZZO

(suddenly realizes)  
Damn it, you're right. There was no reason to kill the guy.

LATHAM

Start that and the KGB'll never get anyone local to work for them, no matter how much they pay. Unless... whoever hit the Newsy didn't know he was a local agent.

BAZZO

An outsider... The KGB must really be worried someone's gonna talk.

LATHAM

Maybe someone already did.

He scribbles "John Doe" on the notepad.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - NIGHT

Stock footage of an Eastern Airlines propjet landing.

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - EASTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT

Black limousines are parked at the curb. DiLauria exits and takes her turn in the taxi queue. She stamps her feet and rubs her gloved hands together to ward off the cold.

INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL LIMOUSINE

EDDIE, a 30-ish uniformed driver, watches DiLauria. He looks at a Polaroid of her taped to the dashboard.

EASTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - TAXI STAND

Dilauria gets into a taxi and leaves. Eddie follows her.

EXT. BROOKLYN-QUEENS EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

Eddie's Lincoln follows DiLauria's taxi to Manhattan.

I/E. TAXI - NIGHT

DiLauria looks out the rear window and sees Eddie's Lincoln.

EXT. CORNER OF 1ST AVENUE AND 32ND STREET - NIGHT

The road is icy; the taxi skids to a stop. DiLauria gets out and slips. As she regains her footing - and her dignity - she sees Eddie's black Lincoln crawl past the corner.

INT. NEW YORK CITY MORGUE - NIGHT

A plaque overhead reads "Taceant colloquia. Effugiat risus. Hic locus est ubi mors gaudet succurrere vitae."

INSERT: "Let conversations cease. Let laughter depart. This is the place where death delights in helping the living."

DiLauria opens a door and sees a nude male body on an examining table. NEW YORK CITY POLICE DETECTIVE ARTHUR FALLOWS, 40, walks up to her. She nods towards the body.

DILAURIA

John Doe?

FALLOWS

Hobo Joe. Your man's in Potter's Field.

DILAURIA

You buried him already? What the hell did you do that for?!

FALLOWS

Hey, it's the law! A body goes unclaimed, it gets fingerprinted, photographed and interred with all its belongings so it can be identified later.

DILAURIA

You could've saved me a trip, Art.

FALLOWS

What, you don't love me anymore?

DILAURIA

(dryly)  
You're in all my dreams.

She removes her gloves and playfully slaps him with them.

FALLOWS

When I was inventorying your guy's stuff, I saw all the labels had been cut out of his clothes.

DILAURIA

Uh huh. He also had a hollowed-out half dollar, detective.

FALLOWS

Yeah, well did you know he had Morton's neuroma?

DILAURIA

Is that supposed to mean something to me?

FALLOWS

It should. It's an injury to the nerve between the toes. You get it from wearing high-heeled shoes.

They both look down at her feet - she's wearing flats. Fallows is red-faced.

FALLOWS (CONT'D)

You could, um, also get it if you have bunions or hammer toes or-

DILAURIA

Hey, Dr. Scholls - get to the point.

FALLOWS

Your man wore custom-made shoes. The manufacturer's name was stamped inside, 'Brubacher's' in Ottawa.  
(hands her an envelope)  
It's all in there.

DiLauria sets down her gloves and goes through the envelope.

DILAURIA

Great. Now I know what the FBI knows.

FALLOWS

No. All their man noticed about his shoes was a bad smell.

DiLauria grins. She starts to leave then pauses.

DILAURIA

You don't have anyone tailing me in a black Lincoln, do you?

FALLOWS

Nope. Occupational hazard for you.

She smiles wanly and leaves.



EXT. CITY MORGUE - NIGHT

Clutching the envelope, DiLauria walks up the street. Eddie approaches her from the corner.

The front door to the Morgue opens. Fallows scurries out, waving DiLauria's gloves.

FALLOWS  
Carla, your gloves!

She turns quickly and slips again - just as Eddie pulls out a revolver and FIRES, hitting her. He grabs the envelope and SLIDE-SLIPS into the street. He FIRES at Fallows and misses. Fallows returns FIRE, hitting Eddie.

A POLICEMAN races out of the Morgue. Fallows points to Eddie, lying motionless in the street. As the Policeman cautiously approaches Eddie, Fallows races to DiLauria who lies on the sidewalk, semi-conscious and bleeding.

ACT THREE

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

The illuminated Capitol Dome highlights the cityscape.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

"Bim Bom" by Joao Gilberto plays on the hi-fi. Latham sits on the floor, hunched over and completing a Link Diagram on a legal pad:

Problem	Is	Isn't	Difference	Question	Solution
[RCMP, FBI, Brodsky	KGB	FBI	Asclepius	Connection	MICE
John Doe	RCMP	RCMP	Interrogate	to John Doe	Identify
Asclepius	KGB	CIA	Dead	Accident	
Diefenbaker	CAN	FBI	Mole?	Role	Expose
FBI			KGB Benefits	Why kill him	Prevent
Where?	NYC		John Doe	What are	?
When?		Mos	Brodsky	they up to	
			Canada		
			Soon?		

The phone RINGS; he answers it.

LATHAM  
Latham.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

The wall clock reads: 00:45. A grim JAMES OWENS is on the Red phone.

OWENS

It's Owens, sir. Mandarin Two was shot outside the New York City Morgue. She's at Beekman Downtown Hospital in surgery now.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH OWENS

Latham sits up, very alert now.

LATHAM

How bad?

OWENS

The bullet entered her left shoulder.

LATHAM

Get someone from New York Central over there in case she says anything under anesthesia.

OWENS

Mandarin One took care of that. The NYPD called New York Central and they got in touch with him.

LATHAM

What about the shooter?

OWENS

Dead. Apparently he was with the Mob.

LATHAM

What? Who confirmed that?

OWENS

The NYPD. New York's preparing a SITREP. Do you want the Station Number One to call you?

LATHAM

No, I'm coming in.

EXT. JERSEY CITY, NJ - WATERFRONT - NIGHT

Brightly moonlit. Bazzo's Chevrolet Bel Air comes to the end of a dead-end street; it makes a U-turn and parks.

INT. CHEVROLET BEL AIR - NIGHT

Bazzo surveils the area: Pockmarked with marine supply shops and a lone, ratty Buick. Bazzo gets out and walks onto the...

THE PIER

The waves lap against the moorings. The Statue Of Liberty looms offshore. Bazzo checks his watch - the luminous dial reads 2:08. Looking up, he sees someone approaching.

BRODSKY

So, you know about this place.

BAZZO

Black Tom's Pier. In World War One the Germans committed one of the first acts of sabotage on U.S. soil here, blowing up munitions bound for the Allies. The first explosion went off right around this time.

BRODSKY

I guessed you knew your history, Mr. Barry.

BAZZO

Lucky for me the library was open. So, how did the FBI get on to you, Brodsky?

BRODSKY

The RCMP, those bastards. When we target them, I give them information cooked at Moscow Center. Later, the FBI approach me; they want me to double. They quote the same disinformation I give to RCMP as if it were fact. Idiots!

BAZZO

Why did the KGB recall you?

Brodsky stops, Bazzo along with him.

BRODSKY

I tell you everything now, what reason do you have to keep me alive?

BAZZO

If you don't, I guarantee you I'll have no reason at all.

Clearly shaken, Brodsky soughs and relents.

BRODSKY

You know 'le Reseau de Resistance?'

BAZZO

The Quebec separatist group?

BRODSKY

Yes. Last month they set off three bombs: two in Montreal, one at a train signal west of Toronto.

BAZZO

A train signal? Why there?

BRODSKY

To kill John Diefenbaker when he is going home for holiday. The bomb was set to go off when his train passes signal. Instead, he meets with your Vice President.

Brodsky starts strolling again; Bazzo joins him.

BAZZO

Did you supply the bomb materiel?

BRODSKY

No! I argue against assassinating him. But there is another purge going on in Moscow. Now my opinions are subversive. So they recall me.

BAZZO

And that's when you asked the RCMP to lift you?

BRODSKY

No, first I go to Washington Post.

BAZZO

Why?

BRODSKY

They have contacts to get me asylum. I tell them about coin... myself - but they want more. So I walk out.

BAZZO

And that's when you went to the RCMP?

BRODSKY

Yes. I say, Bring me in - now.

BAZZO

Hm, they said you couldn't make up your mind whether to defect or remain an agent-in-place.

BRODSKY

Lies. First they beg me to stay in place.

(MORE)

BRODSKY (CONT'D)

But when I tell them plot to kill  
Diefenbaker, they change their  
minds.

BAZZO

Hm... Come on, my car's over here.  
(leads Brodsky to the dead-  
end street)  
What happened after the RCMP blew  
the lift?

BRODSKY

I go to FBI. Before, I am their man;  
now I'm agent provocateur. They say,  
Fend for yourself, and throw me out.

BAZZO'S CHEVROLET BEL AIR

As Brodsky crosses to the passenger side, Bazzo notices a  
Ford Falcon parked up the street.

There's a POP. The passenger-side door mirror FLIES OFF.  
Bazzo drops to his knees and draws his ACP M1911.

BAZZO

Get down!

Two more POPS quickly follow. Brodsky grabs his chest and  
crumples to the pavement.

FURTHER UP THE STREET

The Tall Man hurries from the shadow of a marine repair shop  
vestibule and into the Ford Falcon.

Bazzo returns FIRE. The Ford's rear window SMASHES into  
pieces. Bazzo empties his pistol. The car's horn BLARES.

BAZZO

Runs up to the Ford and opens the door. The Tall Man FALLS  
OUT, shot dead.

Bazzo shuts off the engine. He rummages through the Tall  
Man's pockets, finding a wallet and a WEST GERMAN PASSPORT.  
He takes them and walks back to Brodsky's lifeless body.

EXT. E STREET - COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT

Light streams from the lower floors of the buildings.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Latham is on a Red phone.

LATHAM

Why would Moscow kill Brodsky rather than bring him back for interrogation? You'd think they'd want to assess the damage.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Bazzo is on the Red phone. Before him on the desk is the report Fallows gave to DiLauria.

BAZZO

I know. And something else, too... The RCMP said Brodsky couldn't make up his mind whether to defect or stay in place. But he claims the RCMP were desperate to bring him in after he'd told them about the plot to kill Diefenbaker.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH BAZZO

LATHAM

Hmm... Any word on Carla?

BAZZO

She's in the Recovery Room. I have the report the NYPD gave her.

LATHAM

Cliff's Notes version, please.

BAZZO

Right. Our John Doe wore shoes with prescription orthotics he bought at Brubacher's, a specialty shoe store in Ottawa. Their records show the shoes sold to a Reginald LeSage.

LATHAM

So, John Doe finally has a name.

BAZZO

New York Central ran it and a Reginald LeSage popped up on both the RCMP and FBI Watch Lists.

LATHAM

For what?

BAZZO

Suspected 'acts of sedition' up in Canada. LeSage has one relative, a brother up in Ottawa named Henri.

Latham worrisomely drums his fingers on the desk.

LATHAM

Why would the Mob care if we knew  
this LeSage was our John Doe?

BAZZO

I don't know, but it was important  
enough for them to put a hit on  
Carla to keep us from knowing it.

LATHAM

Important, yes... but not to them.

BAZZO

What are you getting at?

INSERT THREE FLASHBACKS:

1) I/E. SEDAN - DAY

The DRIVER watches REGINALD LESAGE step off the curb at the  
Newsstand Kiosk. The Sedan speeds up, SMASHING into LeSage  
and HURTLING him into the air. The Sedan stops briefly - the  
Driver looks back and smirks - then races away.

2) EXT. NEW YORK CITY - 110 EAST 13 STREET - DAY

An FBI AGENT snaps a photo of Bazzo entering the safehouse.

3) INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The Tall Man turns over the photo of Bazzo, revealing the  
address of the safehouse.

END OF FLASHBACKS.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION IN FLASHBACKS

LATHAM

What if the Newsy wasn't the first  
target of the clean up; LeSage was.

BAZZO

You think it wasn't an accident.

LATHAM

Yes. How was the assassin able to  
find the Ring members so easily?

BAZZO

If that's true then he had help. I  
see... You're thinking the RCMP.

LATHAM

Rogue elements there, yes. But I  
think someone else also helped,  
someone unbeknownst to the RCMP.

BAZZO  
Like who?

LATHAM  
The FBI.

BAZZO  
C'mon! Based on what?

LATHAM  
We know they keep eyes on East  
13th, meaning they had eyes on you.

BACK TO SCENE

BAZZO  
I didn't spot anyone following me.

LATHAM  
If they had enough men... working  
shifts... Devereaux said they were  
at Brodsky's place right after the  
RCMP blew the lift. And they misled  
us on Brodsky and LeSage.

BAZZO  
Yeah, but helping the KGB? What the  
hell would they stand to gain?

LATHAM  
Not sure. But I know what the FBI  
stands to lose if Devereaux learns  
it was them and not the KGB who  
rumbled their operation: Access to  
the Special Relationship via their  
new playmate, the RCMP.

BAZZO  
Geezus... Then it was the FBI who  
put out the contract on Carla.

LATHAM  
Uh huh.

BAZZO  
They had to know eventually the NYPD  
would tell us LeSage was John Doe.  
So going after Carla only gained  
them - what - 24 hours? To do what?

INT. OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR - NIGHT

On a leather sofa sits Durang, arms folded; running a slide  
projector is SPECIAL AGENT STONE. On the window shade is a  
photo of Brodsky taken at the Newsstand Kiosk.



CLICK - a photo of the Newsy and John Doe/Reginald LeSage at the Kiosk.

CLICK - a street photo of Eve.

CLICK - a street photo of Hubert.

CLICK - the words "ASCLEPIUS EVE BOX."

STONE

It's scheduled for noon tomorrow.

Durang nods.

EXT. OTTAWA, ONTARIO - NIGHT

INSERT: "OTTAWA, ONTARIO"

Stock footage of the cityscape.

EXT. MANOR PARK, OTTAWA - STREET - NIGHT

A Mercedes with license plate number MD-1867 is parked in front of an elegant townhouse in this tony neighborhood.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A typical home office, with a medicine cabinet, a small refrigerator and a mahogany desk with a lit, Tiffany lamp.

Also on the desk are crumpled CHRISTMAS GIFT WRAPPING, a METAL BOX and a VIAL CASE. Wearing latex gloves, HENRI LESAGE, 55, takes a metal cylinder from the Box. From it he gingerly removes a vial of OXYLIQUIT, puts it into the Vial Case, then places the Case in the refrigerator.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Latham reviews his Link diagram. He pauses to think then opens a black binder. He finds a name and phone number, picks up the Gray phone and dials "Operator."

LATHAM

Yes, Operator, this is Warren Latham, Director, Domestic Operations. I'd like to place a person-to-person call to a John Underwood in Ottawa, Ontario.

INT. HOUSE - FORMAL DEN - NIGHT

The phone RINGS. JOHN UNDERWOOD, 40's, stumbles in, clad in his robe. He flips on a table lamp and answers the phone.

UNDERWOOD

Hello?... Yes, I'll accept the call.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH UNDERWOOD

LATHAM

Mr. Underwood, this is Warren Latham, Frank Jennings' boss. Sorry to bother you so late, but I need to know if there were any changes in the Prime Minister's schedule for tomorrow.

UNDERWOOD

He's flying home this time.

LATHAM

Commercial or military?

UNDERWOOD

Oh, military of course.

LATHAM

Of course. Any other changes?

UNDERWOOD

No, not with the Prime Minister.

LATHAM

(sits up; more attentive)  
What do you mean?

UNDERWOOD

Well, his son was to be inoculated against polio today. That's been rescheduled for tomorrow.

LATHAM

Where?

UNDERWOOD

Saskatoon. Why? Is there a problem?

LATHAM

No. When's Mr. Diefenbaker leaving?

UNDERWOOD

11:00, noon your time. Do you know a Paul Barry? He called earlier asking the same sort of questions.

LATHAM

Yes, he works for me. Well, good night, Mr. Underwood.

UNDERWOOD

Good night.  
(hangs up, annoyed)  
What's left of it.

INT. AIR CANADA TERMINAL - DEPARTURE GATE - NIGHT

Bazzo yawns as he queues beside a flight departure board that reads "Gate 20, Air Canada, flight 1307, Ottawa, Departure Time: 04:50."

EXT. OTTAWA - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY (ARCHIVE)

A sign adorned with maple leafs reads "POLICE HEADQUARTERS."

INT. INSPECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Well-appointed, with the Canadian flag draped around a pole. "CHIEF INSPECTOR DAVID TISDALE" is on the desk plate. A desk clock reads 07:55. DAVID TISDALE, 45, shows Bazzo a file.

BAZZO

You have an open file on LeSage?

TISDALE

His brother's an MP, a Member of Parliament. We keep track of their next of kin, same as your police intelligence units do for politicians in the States.

BAZZO

Being targets for kidnap, extortion.

TISDALE

Yes. Henri LeSage is a very vocal anti-secessionist. Some of the more radical Quebecois wouldn't think twice about shooting him.

BAZZO

They hate him that much?

TISDALE

It's more what he represents. Then again, he's so pro-States even the PM can't stand him sometimes.

This catches Bazzo's attention.

BAZZO

So the two are good friends?

TISDALE

Oh, very close. But as I said, the PM has his ideas and Doctor LeSage has his own.

BAZZO

Doctor LeSage?

TISDALE

Yes, he's the PM's personal  
physician.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Henri removes the Vial Case from the refrigerator and places  
it in his Physician's Bag.

EXT. MANOR PARK, OTTAWA - STREET - DAY

Henri leaves his townhouse carrying his Physician's Bag. He  
gets into his Mercedes and drives off.

EXT. OTTAWA, ONTARIO - PARLIAMENT HILL - DAY

INSERT: "PARLIAMENT HILL, OTTAWA, ONTARIO"

Snow covers the great lawn before the Parliament Building.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The wall clock reads 08:31. At a table sit Jennings, Bazzo  
and an exasperated Underwood. Jennings and Bazzo share notes.

BAZZO

...And the only other thing on the  
plane are these medical supplies?

UNDERWOOD

Polio vaccine. I told you already.

JENNINGS

And Dr. LeSage is flying with you  
to supervise inoculations at the  
Children's Hospital in Saskatoon.

Underwood nods and anxiously checks his watch.

UNDERWOOD

Is that it? Because I have several  
things to do before we leave.

BAZZO

Mr. Underwood, if in fact it is 'le  
Reseau de Resistance,' they're not  
likely to stop at one bomb attempt.

UNDERWOOD

(scoffs)  
This isn't Northern Ireland, man.

JENNINGS

Groups committed to violence don't  
stop until they've achieved their  
goals - or they're all dead.

UNDERWOOD

That's your theory, is it? Concocted  
after God knows how many cocktails.

Underwood gathers his papers together.

JENNINGS

(takes umbrage)  
Look, Underwood-

UNDERWOOD

No, you look! We're not some 3rd-  
world country you've gerrymandered  
on behalf of United Fruit! You're  
here as a political courtesy. We  
can take of our own.

He leaves in a huff.

JENNINGS

Little prick.

BAZZO

Check out that plane again, Frank.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

The wall clock reads 10:47. Stokes and Percy go over reports.  
Latham, looking haggard, enters and walks up to Stokes.

LATHAM

You open a direct line to Ottawa?

STOKES

Yes, sir. Mandarin One's at Uplands  
on a field phone with the station.

LATHAM

When's the plane scheduled to leave?

PERCY

(checks the wall clock)  
Little over an hour.

EXT. UPLANDS CANADIAN FORCES BASE - DAY

INSERT: "UPLANDS CANADIAN FORCES BASE"

An armed presence surrounds the airfield. A C-147 plane sits  
on the tarmac. Jennings exits the plane. The ground is icy  
and he SLIPS on the tarmac. He joins Bazzo near the Gate.

JENNINGS

It's clean. They could use some  
more salt out on the tarmac though.

Bazzo anxiously checks his watch.

BAZZO  
Diefenbaker's due here in twenty  
minutes. There has to be something  
we missed.

ENTRANCE TO THE TARMAC - THE GATE

Henri, carrying his Physician's Bag, approaches the Gate. He shows his ID and some official papers.

ON THE TARMAC

Jennings taps Bazzo and points towards Henri. They cross to...

THE GATE

BAZZO  
Dr. LeSage?

Henri is haughty and begrudgingly nods.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
I'm Paul Barry, this is Frank  
Jennings.  
(shows an ID)  
We've been asked by the RCMP to  
supplement security for the Prime  
Minister. Can I ask you, sir, why  
you didn't come with him?

HENRI  
I came directly from home. I'm  
dropping off some more vaccine.

JENNINGS  
You're not going on this flight?

HENRI  
No, I have an emergency. I'll catch  
a commercial flight later.

BAZZO  
Where's the vaccine? In there?

He reaches for the Physician's Bag, but Henri pulls it back.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
May I look in your bag, please?

HENRI  
The guard has already cleared it.

CFB GUARD  
He is allowed to check it, sir.

Henri grudgingly hands Bazzo his Physician's Bag. Bazzo pulls out the Vial Case. Red-striped tape covers the latches.

HENRI  
The tape is proof it hasn't been tampered with.

Bazzo puts the Vial Case back into the Physician's Bag but he neglects to zip it shut. He hands the Bag back to Henri.

BAZZO  
Thank you, doctor.

Bazzo and Jennings watch as Henri continues toward...

THE PLANE

The GROUNDS CREW spreads salt on the tarmac. But as Henri nears the gantry, he SLIPS on the same spot as Jennings. Henri's momentum FLINGS his Physician's Bag into the air.

The Vial Case falls out, landing on salted tarmac. The latches POP open. A Vial falls out and BREAKS OPEN - Oxyliquit Oozes out. A member of the Grounds Crew rushes to the Vial Case.

HENRI  
No, no! Don't run!

The Oxyliquit IGNITES; a second later it EXPLODES, throwing everyone to the ground - save for Henri who writhes on the gantry steps engulfed in flames, SCREAMING.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Percy is on the Red phone. He quickly turns to Latham.

PERCY  
There was an explosion at Uplands.

LATHAM  
Diefenbaker?

PERCY  
He's safe. He hadn't arrived yet.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Berard, Kensington and Latham sip coffee as Latham explains.

LATHAM  
Mandarin One thinks it was Oxyliquit; it ignites on contact with tarmac. Then any vibration - a plane taxiing, even someone walking - could cause it to explode.

KENSINGTON

So it was that separatist group.

LATHAM

Among others.

Kensington stops sipping his coffee; he's shocked.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Dr. LeSage belongs to a group of  
MPs who oppose his move to distance  
Canada from us; the RCMP colluded  
with them. And then you have this  
Asclepius who wants to continue  
getting our secrets.

BERARD

(quotes from Shakespeare's  
'Julius Caesar')  
Hm, surrounded by men 'too lean and  
hungry' to be trusted.

Kensington struggles with this, shaking his head in denial.

BERARD (CONT'D)

I imagine your wanting to vet  
Brotsky took them all by surprise.

LATHAM

That, plus him talking to the  
Washington Post. Add in Dimitri  
Kinski's defection and it really  
forced the plotters' hand.

KENSINGTON

(scoffs)  
With the FBI being party to a plot  
to kill a head of state.

LATHAM

Brotsky proved they were when the  
FBI approached him with the same  
disinformation he'd previously  
passed on to the RCMP.

KENSINGTON

So they share information. So what?  
We do the same with MI6.

LATHAM

But what the FBI's always wanted is  
access to our material. And that's  
what the Mounties gave them - CIA  
goodies marked 'Canada Eyes Only.'



KENSINGTON

But why would it matter if we knew  
John Doe was this Reginald LeSage?

LATHAM

Because early on he'd passed  
information on the plot to the FBI.  
If we knew LeSage was John Doe, the  
FBI would have known we were on to  
them. They'd have to intervene.

BERARD

Or admit they had foreknowledge of  
the plot and did nothing to stop it.

Kensington finally sighs, defeated; he sits back and broods.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Any idea whom this Dr. LeSage was  
working with?

LATHAM

No. He's in a medically-induced  
coma with burns over 85% of his  
body. And now with his brother, the  
Newsy and Brodsky all dead, we  
might not ever learn who the other  
players were, or if this Dr. LeSage  
was in fact Asclepius.

BERARD

There's a thought to ruin one's day.

Berard sighs and leans back in his chair.

KENSINGTON

Why didn't Durang shut it down once  
he suspected you were on to it?

LATHAM

If he had, Devereaux would have  
never trusted him again. But if  
Durang looked like he was going all  
out to help the RCMP, then that  
relationship remains in tact - even  
if the plot fails.

BERARD

And the flow of privileged  
information to the FBI continues  
unabated. Good work, Warren.

He gets up, signaling the end to the meeting. Kensington nods  
grudgingly to Latham. As he and Latham cross to the door...

BERARD (CONT'D)

Oh, Warren - how's DiLauria doing?

Latham pauses; Kensington leaves. Berard shuts the door.

LATHAM

She should be back by next week.

BERARD

Good. I don't have to remind you  
Canada is still an important ally.  
I expect restraint in your dealings  
with Monsieur Devereaux... and with  
the FBI.

LATHAM

That's my watchword, sir.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Latham enters brusquely. Collette is at her desk, writing.

LATHAM

Get TSD on the line. I need some  
artwork done.

Puzzled, Collette dials the Red phone as Latham heads into  
his office.

INT. OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR - DAY

MABEL, Durang's frumpy, 50-ish secretary, enters with a  
cardboard mailing tube addressed to Durang. He looks up.

MABEL

This came from Warren Latham.

She hands him the mailing tube and leaves. Durang opens it  
and pulls out a poster.

INSERT: The poster has 3 titled images connected by plus  
signs, followed by an equal sign and the Seal of the FBI -  
"The Rod of Asclepius," a serpent-entwined rod used as a  
symbol for medicine + a reprint of John William Waterhouse's  
"Pandora Opening Box" + a reprint of "Eve, the Serpent and  
Death" by Hans Baldung Grien = the Seal of the FBI.

BACK TO SCENE

Durang stares at the poster, mouth agape.

END