Cool Gray Dawn

"Marginal Value"

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

FADE IN:

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

The Capitol Dome glistens in the setting sunlight.

EXT. TUNLAW ROAD, NW - RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY

The sign on the gate reads “Embassy of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics” in both English and Cyrillic.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

VLADIMIR SOLKOV, 50, descends the stairs, overcoat draped across his shoulders. TWO KGB AGENTS meet him in the lobby and flank him as they exit the building.

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - AT THE CURB - DAY

KGB AGENT #2 opens a rear door of a Mercedes limousine. Solkov gets in, followed by the KGB Agent. KGB Agent #1 gets behind the wheel and they drive off.

I/E. MERCEDES LIMOUSINE - DAY

Rush hour - the car slows in the heavy traffic. Solkov reads Pravda. He surprises KGB Agent #2 by offering him a cigarette. Solkov pulls out a butane lighter and flicks up a HIGH FLAME.

As the car lurches forward, Solkov THRUSTS the flame into the eye of KGB Agent #2. The Man SCREAMS. Solkov opens the car door and rolls out into the oncoming traffic.

MULTI-LANE STREET

The Mercedes SCREECHES to a halt; from behind a truck SLAMS into it. Solkov struggles to his feet and RUNS.

The TRUCK DRIVER, a bear of a man, jumps out. KGB Agent #1 jumps from his car and starts after Solkov. The Truck Driver steps in front of KGB Agent #1 and shoves him backwards.

TRUCK DRIVER

Where the hell you think you’re going?!

KGB Agent #1 quickly draws his semiautomatic pistol from his shoulder holster. The Truck Driver throws up his hands and backs away. KGB Agent #1 takes off after Solkov.
16TH STREET

Solkov TEARS around the corner and runs into a WOMAN PEDESTRIAN, sending them both sprawling. She SCREAMS.

A POLICEMAN directing traffic turns and sees KGB Agent #1, gun drawn, grab Solkov and throw him to the ground. People SCREAM; some duck behind parked cars. The Policeman RACES over, draws his weapon and aims it at KGB Agent #1.

    POLICEMAN
    Put the gun down! Put it down now!

KGB Agent #1 places his gun on the street; the Policeman quickly handcuffs him. Solkov struggles to his feet.

    SOLKOV
    Help me! I am Vladimir Solkov from Soviet Union seeking asylum.

    AGENT #1
    Sooka!

    POLICEMAN
    (to KGB Agent #1)
    Shut up, moron!

He takes KGB Agent #1 and Solkov to his patrol car.

EXT. E STREET - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

CIA personnel pass each other on their way to and from the nondescript buildings.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

WARREN LATHAM and MI6's LAWRENCE JONES sit behind the Duty Desk. The mood is somber. TOM PERCY checks the wall clock. JARED STOKES is on his Red phone. CARLA DILAURIA enters.

    DILAURIA
    Has Bazzo seen him yet?

    LATHAM
    No.

Percy’s Red phone RINGS; he answers it.

    PERCY
    0-4-3-3... Just a minute.
    (raises the handset)
    Mr. Latham, it’s Security.

Latham taps Dilauria and points toward Percy. She walks over and takes the call. Jones leans over to Latham.
JONES
You tell Kensington about this yet?

LATHAM
(shakes his head no)
I didn’t want to risk having him
turn it down.

Stokes puts a finger to his ear to hear better.

STOKES
(into phone, louder)
Say again, Falconer.

EXT. GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA - BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY

INSERT: “BRITISH EMBASSY, GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA”

Palms overhang the fence surrounding a Victorian mansion. A
sign reads “Embajada Británica en la Ciudad de Guatemala.”

INT. MI6 GUATEMALA STATION - DAY

FALCONER - a tense, 50-ish Brit - has a land-line phone in one
hand and a field phone in the other.

FALCONER
(into land-line phone)
Redtail has a visual. Stand by.

(into field phone)
Go ahead, Redtail.

EXT. JUTIAPA, GUATEMALA - MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

INSERT: “JUTIAPA, GUATEMALA”

PAUL “BAZZO” BARRY crouches in the brush. He peers through
binoculars and speaks into a walkie-talkie.

BAZZO
Shadow has moved out, with baggage.

BAZZO’S P.O.V. - BLOODIED MAN IN THE GLEN - BINOCULAR MATTE

RICHARD HOLDEN, 28, struggles to run through the thicket. His
shirt is blood-stained; he holds his right arm to his side.

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo puts down the binoculars and picks up the field phone.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

DiLauria hangs up and returns to Latham.
DILauria
Metro police have a walk-in, a KGB officer named Vladimir Solkov.

Latham nods, recognizing the name. Stokes turns to Latham.

Stokes
Holden’s in sight. And Bazzo confirms he’s been hit.

Latham
Tell him to fire one green.

Stokes
(into phone)
Fire one green. Repeat, fire one green.

MI6 GUATEMALA STATION
Falconer relays the message into his field phone.

Falconer
Redtail, fire one green.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE
Bazzo loads a green-tipped round into a flare gun and fires it high into the air.

Holden
Sees the flare. He runs from the brush into the glade. O.S., dogs bark.

Bazzo
Anxiously peers through his binoculars.

Bazzo
Come on, Rich. Come on.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM
Stokes again turns toward Latham.

Stokes
Holden’s on the move again.

Dilauria
There’s still a chance.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - GLADE
The PEOPLE’S MILITIA, uniformed and armed with rifles, quickly surround Holden. Their dogs bark and snarl.
INT. MI6 GUATEMALA STATION

Despairing, Falconer switches from the field phone to the land-line.

FALCONER
Hawks are circling.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Stokes has grown dour; he turns towards Latham.

STOKES
They have Holden surrounded.

There is silence and apprehension as all eyes turn to Latham.

LATHAM
Tell Bazzo to fire one red.

Stokes hesitates, staring at Latham in disbelief.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Tell him!

STOKES
Fire one red. Repeat, fire one red.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - GLADE

The People’s Militia motion for Holden to walk. Instead, he drops his arms to his sides and turns around.

The CRACK of a rifle shot reverberates. The bullet slams into Holden, who YELPS as he’s knocked him off his feet.

BAZZO
Slides his finger off the trigger of his rifle. He lifts his head from the sniper scope and reaches for his walkie-talkie.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Stokes lowers the phone’s receiver.

STOKES
One red... Confirmed.

SMOTH looks away. Betraying no emotion, Latham gets up and leaves. On a wall map, a CIA OFFICER replaces one of TWO YELLOW STICKPINS in Guatemala with a RED ONE.

LATHAM’S OUTER OFFICE

COLETTE DOWD puts papers into a folder labeled “Vladimir Solkov.” Latham enters.
COLLETTE
Metro Police have a walk-in.

LATHAM
I heard - Vladimir Solkov.

LATHAM’S OFFICE

Latham goes to his desk. Collette follows him, folder in hand.

COLLETTE
Kensington was just here. He knows all about Operation Snowflake.

LATHAM
(irritated)
Hm, the one thing you can’t keep in this damn place is a secret.

COLLETTE
What about Holden?

LATHAM
Bazzo had to take him out.

She sighs sadly and lays the folder on his desk.

COLLETTE
Keep doing SMOOTH’S dirty laundry and you’ll be out - on your ear.

Latham looks up, annoyed, but before he can speak the Red phone RINGS; Collette answers it.

COLLETTE (CONT’D)
2-3-6-2... Yes, I’ll tell him, sir.
(hangs up)
Kensington.

KENSINGTON’S OFFICE

The door is open. An austere STEWART KENSINGTON sits at his desk, hat and coat on, twirling his key ring. Latham enters.

LATHAM
You wanted to see me, sir?

KENSINGTON
Why wasn’t I informed you’d sent one of your people into Guatemala?

LATHAM
Because the deployment of Domestic Ops personnel is my business.

Kensington explodes.
KENSINGTON
Until you make it mine. Who the hell gave you authority to assassinate a Russian colonel inside Guatemala?

LATHAM
Holden was backing up MI6. Their man was killed, so he finished the job.

Kensington JUMPS to his feet and glares at Latham.

KENSINGTON
So, now you’re cleaning up after MI6.

LATHAM
And in return I’ll get favors ten times over.

KENSINGTON
That’s not the point. You cannot carry out an assassination without prior approval.

LATHAM
There wasn’t time.

KENSINGTON
Then make time. As long as you work for me you’ll follow the rules. When the blowback points here, how the hell are we supposed to deny it?

LATHAM
There won’t be any blowback.

KENSINGTON
And how do you know that?

LATHAM
Because Holden’s dead.

Kensington is stunned, his mouth agape. He sits.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
I had Bazzo take him out near the Honduran border a few minutes ago.

KENSINGTON
(after a moment)
Could you have saved him?

LATHAM
No. He was wounded and the People’s Militia had him surrounded.
KENSINGTON
(sighs, exasperated)
Your Performance Appraisal is due.

LATHAM
I’m a little too preoccupied to worry about that right now.

KENSINGTON
Then don’t be surprised if it’s somewhat less than laudatory.

EXT. SOUTH FLORIDA - RURAL ROAD - NIGHT
A Plymouth Valiant speeds through a torrential rain.

I/E. PLYMOUTH VALIANT - NIGHT
JAMES HART, 45, Caucasian, drives; MARY TANGNEY, 28, Black, is asleep on his shoulder. Suddenly, Hart fights for control; the car hydroplanes off the road and SLAMS into a tree.

Hart is DAZED and BLEEDING from the mouth. Tangney’s head has smashed against the metal dashboard, DENTING it. She’s motionless, BLEEDING from her ears and mouth. Hart regains his senses and looks at her.

HART
Mary?... Mary!
(listens at her chest)
No... Oh God, no!

HART
Takes the key from the ignition and gets out. He slogs through the mud to the trunk, unlocks it, removes his luggage, then shuts the trunk. He takes a shirt from his luggage, wipes both door handles, then wipes the steering wheel and dashboard.

He slides Tangney’s body behind the wheel and puts the key back in the ignition. Then he grabs his luggage and limps off.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - THE HOLE - DAY
Bazzo enters carrying a flight bag. He pulls a bottle of tequila from it and hands the liquor to DiLauria.

DI LAURIA
Thank you.

Moody and unresponsive, Bazzo stows his flight bag in his locker.

DI LAURIA (CONT'D)
You’re welcome, Carla... MI6 put in a good word for you.
BAZZO
That supposed to be a joke?

DILauria
No. A penguin walks into a bar and asks the bartender, ‘Has my father been in here?’ The bartender replies, ‘Gee, I don’t know. What’s he look like?’ That’s a joke.

BAZZO
He turned towards me.

DILauria
What?

BAZZO
Rich – he knew he was going to be hit, so he turned towards me to improve my angle... I have to go see his parents.

DiLauria puts a comforting hand on Bazzo’s shoulder, but he walks out the door.

Latham’s Outer Office

Latham enters, carrying a folder just as Collette is hanging up the phone. He hands her the folder.

Latham
File that under Operation Snowflake.

Collette
Right. Got a few things for you.
(hands him a cable)
From the Russian Embassy.

Latham
(reads the cable)
We snatched Solkov?

Collette
Yuri Gvozdev trying to save face.

Latham
Trying to avoid a stint in Lubyanka.

He hands her back the cable, then pours coffee for the two of them, surprising her.

Collette
Also, bad news from the Ops Room:
Mary Tangney is dead. Car accident.
LATHAM
What, here in D.C.?

COLLETTE
No, Miami. She was on vacation.

LATHAM
Alright, see about getting the body back up here. Who’d she report to?

COLLETTE
Mike Fields, Counterespionage Desk.

LATHAM
Let him know so he can get a replacement.

COLLETTE
Right. And Kensington’s aide called; your Performance Appraisal is ready.

Latham groans. He puts down his coffee cup.

COLLETTE (CONT’D)
And one more thing: Carla says Bazzo’s had it.

LATHAM
Why? Because of Holden? We’ve lost mandarins before.

COLLETTE
Yes, but now he knows the cavalry might not be there to save him.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY – DAY
A view from Manhattan’s Central Park to the Upper West Side.

INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY
Art deco. MR. AND MRS. HOLDEN, an older couple, sit together on the sofa, holding hands and trying to keep their composure.

Bazzo eyes pictures of Richard Holden on the mantle.

BAZZO
He favors you, Mr. Holden.

MRS. HOLDEN
Richie followed him, too.

BAZZO
Pardon?
MR. HOLDEN
I served with Naval Intelligence in The Great War. Rich was simply following a family tradition.

Bazzo nods sympathetically.

MRS. HOLDEN
The telegram didn’t say when we’d get his body back.

BAZZO
That area of The Congo where his plane went down is so remote...

Mr. Holden nods. Mrs. Holden clings onto her husband’s arm.

BAZZO (CONT’D)
I’m really sorry.

MRS. HOLDEN
He would have been 28 on Saturday.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY – KENSINGTON’S OFFICE – DAY

Latham does not hide his displeasure as he reads his review. Kensington sits there – smug, arms folded.

KENSINGTON
Despite your successes, I felt it necessary to note your ongoing penchant for flouting authority.

LATHAM
I take that to mean your authority.

KENSINGTON
For the purposes of your evaluation, mine is the only one that matters.

LATHAM
This should be based on my work, not on our personal differences. Berard should review me.

KENSINGTON
You report directly to me. And my criticism is about your attitude.

LATHAM
(reads)
‘Has repeatedly demonstrated his willingness to disregard established procedures and prerogatives of his superiors.’ I’m not signing this.
Latham puts the review on the desk. Kensington is affronted.

KENSINGTON
You have that right. But I believe the facts bear me out.

LATHAM
Facts? You’re a little light in that area, aren’t you?

KENSINGTON
What are you talking about?

LATHAM
There’s nothing in here about any of those operations of mine you compromised.

KENSINGTON
(seething)
This could just as easily turn into an exit interview.

LATHAM
And if it weren’t for me, you’d have already had one.

Kensington EXPLODES out of his seat; the intercom BUZZES.

KENSINGTON
(into intercom)
Yes?

KENSINGTON’S AIDE (O.S.)
Assistant Secretary of State Richard Rudlin’s on Gray.

Kensington hangs up and composes himself. He looks at Latham.

KENSINGTON
We’ll finish this later.

Latham leaves as Kensington answers his Gray phone.

EXT. LAFAYETTE PARK - PATH - DAY

Latham and Jones stroll.

JONES
First I thought you and Kensington needed a marriage counselor. Now I’m thinking, pistols at dawn.

LATHAM
I thought a duel was supposed to be an affair of honor?
Amused, Jones hands Latham an envelope.

JONES
From our Russian Desk - Vladimir Solkov. He helped create Cuba’s intelligence service and he’s been arming Marxists throughout Latin America. He was en route back to Moscow when he jumped.

LATHAM
Question is: Is he legit?

JONES
My senior man on the Desk thinks so.

LATHAM
Why?

JONES
He knows it was Solkov who told the Israelis about Franz Stangl, that ex-Nazi your people were using to identify East German agents.

LATHAM
Losing Stangl was a blow... So what do you want? Tickets to the ballet?

JONES
The Funny Car races in Bethesda.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - CIA OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Yet another gray, nondescript building with no signage.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM

Dank and dimly lit. Solkov wears a blood pressure cuff and is wired to a polygraph machine. The polygraph operator, PHILLIP JEREMY, 35, adjusts the cuff, then sits opposite Solkov.

JEREMY
Before we start, you use the toilet?

SOLKOV
(irritated)
Yes. Now can we get on with it?

INSERT: Solkov glances at a pack of cigarettes on the table; blows his nose on the floor; throws his handkerchief on the floor. Jeremy checkmarks Solkov’s attempts to deceive.

SUIT INTERROGATION TO ACTION
JEREMY
During this test there’ll be only one break. Don’t take any deep breaths.
(starts the tape recorder)
22-6-59, 1130 hours. The test is now beginning.
(to Solkov)
Did you drink any coffee this morning?

SOLKOV
No.

JEREMY
Did you drive a car to get here?

SOLKOV
No.

JEREMY
Do you intend to answer these questions truthfully?

SOLKOV
Yes.

JEREMY
Is your name Vladimir Ilya Solkov?

SOLKOV
Yes.

JEREMY
Were you in charge of the KGB’s Third Directorate in Italy from June 1950 to April 1954?

SOLKOV
From May 1950 to April 1954.

JEREMY
Prior to your decision to defect, did you ever lie to your KGB superiors?

SOLKOV
No.

JEREMY
Are there cigarettes on this table?

SOLKOV
(growing exasperated)
Yes, yes, yes.
JEREMY
Is today Tuesday?

SOLKOV
No.

JEREMY
Are you attempting to use counter-measures to defeat this test?

SOLKOV
No.

JEREMY
You’re lying, Solkov.

SOLKOV
No, you are lying.

JEREMY
Prior to your defection, did you ever provide classified material to an unauthorized person?

SOLKOV
What do you mean?

JEREMY
Answer the question, yes or no.

SOLKOV
No.

JEREMY
Prior to your defection, were you willing to betray your government in the name of government?

SOLKOV

JEREMY
Are you pretending to betray your government now?

Solkov glares at Jeremy.

ACT TWO

INT. KENSINGTON’S OFFICE - DAY

Latham enters. Kensington has his coat on, ready to leave.

LATHAM
You wanted to see me?
KENSINGTON
We’re going to boomerang Solkov.

LATHAM
Why?

KENSINGTON
C.I. says he’s of marginal value.

He hands a folder to a shocked Latham, who scans through it.

LATHAM
What about his dealings with the Mossad?

KENSINGTON
He hasn’t given us anything we don’t already know. Plus, the polygraph showed him to be evasive.

LATHAM
Name a Russian who isn’t.

KENSINGTON
He has nothing of value to offer, Warren. Kick him back.

LATHAM
He’s the number two man in the KGB’s Third Directorate. MI6 confirms his value.

Kensington ignores this and crosses to the door.

KENSINGTON
(pointedly)
Kick him back.

LATHAM
No.

Kensington stops; he’s shocked.

KENSINGTON
I beg your pardon?

LATHAM
C.I.’s wrong on this one. I want a chance to debrief Solkov.

KENSINGTON
I gave you a direct order.

LATHAM
And as a Division Head, I have the right to speak to Berard first.
BERARD’S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD reads the MI6 report on Solkov as he listens to Kensington and an agitated Latham.

LATHAM
Solkov knew that Catholic Bishop, the one who helped all those ex-Nazis escape from Italy.

BERARD
You mean Alois Hudal - he ran the Rat Line to South America.

LATHAM
Yes, MI6 confirms that in their report. Solkov knew Hudal’s contacts in CIA and the Mossad, but C.I.’s examiner never pursued it.

KENSINGTON
All I know is, whatever he was questioned on didn’t pass muster.

LATHAM
So you’re going to boomerang him because you can’t come up with a reason why C.I. didn’t do its job?!

BERARD
Warren...

Latham bites his lip.

BERARD (CONT’D)
MI6 does touch on some points here about Solkov that, for whatever reason, C.I. missed. You can have your turn at him, Warren. But if he isn’t vetted to Stewart’s approval, we’ll release him.

LATHAM
(incredulous)
But he agrees with C.I.

BERARD
I’m confident everyone here will put the Company’s best interests ahead of their own.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Stock footage featuring the West Wing.
INT. WEST WING - HART’S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Hart limps in. LIZ, his secretary, is shocked.

LIZ
My God, Mr. Hart... What happened?

HART
It’s nothing, Liz. Just a sprain.

HART’S OFFICE - LATER

Large and well-appointed. Liz enters carrying several newspapers; she puts them on the desk. Hart looks up.

LIZ
Here you are. I hope you find a vacation house you like.

HART
Thanks.


INSERT: “A late model Plymouth Valiant skidded off State Road 959 last night, killing the lone occupant, a female Negro, 28. Name withheld pending notification of next of kin.”

BACK TO SCENE

Hart is distraught; he gets up and limps to the window. He gazes at a couple kissing outside the gate. The image is too much too bear and he turns away.

INT. LATHAM’S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Latham enters. DiLauria is there; Collette grabs her notepad.

COLLETTE
The Miami Police won’t release Mary Tangney’s body.

LATHAM
Why not?

DILAURIA
They’re saying it’s a homicide investigation now.

LATHAM
Hm... They give a reason?
COLLETTE
Several.
(refers to her notepad)
The car’s ignition key was in the OFF position when it should have been ON and the engine stalled. There were footprints in the mud around the car larger than her size 6 shoe. So they did some measuring and found that Mary’s feet couldn’t have reached the pedals; the seat was pushed too far back. They also couldn’t find any prints on the steering wheel or the door handles.

LATHAM
Was Tangney supposed to be driving?

COLLETTE
She rented the car.

DILauria
I should be looking into this, boss.

LATHAM
Ok, talk to her friends in C.E. See if she went on vacation with a guy.

DILauria
How do you know she had a boyfriend?

LATHAM
I don’t. But her friend was either a man, or a woman with long legs and big feet.

DiLauria is amused and leaves.

LATHAM (CONT’D)
Is Bazzo back yet?

COLLETTE
He’s in The Hole.

LATHAM
Ask him to come up here.

LATHAM’S OFFICE
Latham enters. Solkov’s file is on his desk. He sits and reads through it. After a moment, Bazzo enters and takes a seat.

BAZZO
You wanted to see me?
LATHAM
Good job on Operation Snowflake.

BAZZO
Not from where I was standing.

LATHAM
They’d have butchered him, Paul. In the end, he’d have talked anyway.

BAZZO
He knew that. But no one ever said he’d have to worry about a Friendly.

LATHAM
He knew the risks.

Frustrated, Bazzo soughs; he gets up and turns away.

BAZZO
It doesn’t matter; I’m thinking of moving on anyway.

LATHAM
Sorry?

BAZZO
Get a job in Mission Planning.

LATHAM
Look, take a couple of days off.

BAZZO
Don’t – don’t patronize me.

LATHAM
I just want you to think about it.

BAZZO
I have. 5 years – enough’s enough.

Latham changes tack and hands Bazzo Solkov’s folder.

LATHAM
That’s Vladimir Solkov. I need you to vet him.

BAZZO
Didn’t C.I. already do that?

LATHAM
Yeah, they want to boomerang him.

BAZZO
They can’t. He’s too valuable.
LATHAM
They claim he’s of marginal value.

BAZZO
No, no - something must be up.

LATHAM
Maybe. I won a reprieve from Berard, but we have to satisfy Kensington in order to keep him. So do your best.

BAZZO
Ok, seeing as it’s my last job here.

He leaves. Looking doleful, Latham sighs.

EXT. CONNECTICUT AVENUE - APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

Overlooks the CIA Office Building. An apparent rifle barrel is poised in an open top-floor window.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

KGB Agent #2, his left eye bandaged, stands at the window peering through a tripod-mounted, home-movie camera fitted with a TELEPHOTO LENS. The movie camera’s motor CLICKS.

KGB AGENT #2’S P.O.V. - CIA OFFICE BUILDING - CAMERA MATTE

Bazzo is among the people entering the Building.

BACK TO SCENE

KGB Agent #2 sneers knowingly as he films Bazzo.

INT. MARY TANGNEY’S APARTMENT – DAY

DiLauria searches through Tangney’s belongings. In a dresser drawer she finds a photo album with a picture of Hart.

INT. LATHAM’S OFFICE – DAY

DiLauria enters. Latham is at his desk, wolfing down all manner of Chinese takeout. DiLauria is amused.

DILAURIA
Doing your part to keep the Chinese economy afloat?

LATHAM
(embarrassed and annoyed)
Did you want something?

DILAURIA
Mary Tangney did have a fella – one she kept to herself, apparently.
She tries to put a photo on his desk, but there’s no room.

    DILAU RIA (CONT’D)
    I’ll just mail this to you.

He SNATCHES the photo from her and looks at it.

    LATHAM
    (surprised)
    James Hart.

    DILAU RIA
    Ike’s National Security Advisor, and
    the most liberal man in the Cabinet.

    LATHAM
    I guess so, if he was seeing Tangney.

He hands the photo back to DiLauria and resumes eating.

    DILAU RIA
    I’ll bet his parents didn’t know.

    LATHAM
    Why do you say that?

    DILAU RIA
    Because they belong to the Christian
    Identity Movement.

    LATHAM
    Aren’t they the idiots who believe
    Jews are descendants of Satan, and
    all Blacks have no soul?

    DILAU RIA
    Not the ones I listen to.

Latham stops chewing, not sure if he heard her correctly.

    LATHAM
    Any of Tangney’s friends know about
    Hart?

    DILAU RIA
    No, and I’m not surprised. If she
    had declared him, Security would
    have had to check him out. Tangney
    would’ve been reprimanded for
    seeing someone in government.

    LATHAM
    Hmm, that’s true. And what about
    Hart? Once word got out he was
    seeing a Negro, that would have
    been it for his career.
DILAURIA
I’m not so sure word didn’t get out.

LATHAM
What do you mean?

DILAURIA
According to the Movement, Hart violated God’s Law - the one against race-mixing. They could have gone after Tangney to set an example.

LATHAM
Except we think Hart was driving.

DILAURIA
Then why leave her there to die? He could have gone for an ambulance - unless he’s hiding something.

Latham leans back, hanging on DiLauria’s words.

MID-SHOW BREAK

INT. BERARD’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Latham meets with Berard, who is filling his briefcase with reports.

BERARD
Hart’s close to Eisenhower; they play golf together. He could even be Nixon’s choice for Vice President.

LATHAM
Sir, at the very least he’s left his girlfriend to die on the roadside.

BERARD
And at worst?

LATHAM
I’m not sure, but he’s definitely hiding something.

BERARD
Could just be his girlfriend. Either way, the FBI ought to be handling this.

LATHAM
Sir, whenever the NAACP complains there are no Black agents, Hoover trots out his cook for a Photo Op.
BERARD
Our record on race isn’t much better, Warren.

LATHAM
No, but at least we don’t have to lie about Tangney being an analyst.

BERARD

Berard grabs his hat. The two leave his office together.

CORRIDOR
Berard and Latham stop at the elevator.

BERARD
I had a chance to read your review.

LATHAM
With accompanying comments no doubt.

BERARD
Warren, since I’ve been here, you and I have been pretty honest with each other, wouldn’t you say?

LATHAM
Yes, of course.

BERARD
Then trust my judgment here. You’re an excellent Operations officer, but your career here is stalled until you learn to work with Kensington.

The elevator doors open. Latham reins in his disdain for Kensington as people step out. He and Berard step into the...

ELEVATOR
Latham presses the 1st-floor button; the doors close.

BERARD
We’ve had that discussion. He’s my Deputy Director, and I can’t have you running a one-man show from the 2nd floor, acting in spite of him.
LATHAM
He’s such a pompous ass though.

BERARD
He believes a career in intelligence
is his birthright. But the world’s
far too complex now to be left to
landed gentry like him. And you’re
far too intelligent to let that
happen. Find a way to work with him.

Latham broods. The elevator doors open; the two step out.

EXT. INTERSTATE 295 EAST - DAY

A GRAY CHEVROLET SEDAN keeps pace with the traffic.

I/E. CHEVROLET SEDAN - DAY

Latham is behind the wheel. He leaves the highway at the sign
"Exit 32 - Fort Meade."

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

A military escort brings Latham to a door labeled “National
Sigint Operations Center.” Above it are four titled emblems:
National Security Agency, Army Security Agency, Office of
Naval Intelligence, and United States Air Force Security
Service.

INT. SIGNALS INTELLIGENCE ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

Crammed with row upon row of desks with analysts poring over
printouts. Telex and teletype machines TAP nonstop. An
overhead sign reads “SURVEILLANCE OFFICER.” Latham sits with
JERRY RUDD, 30, before an array of beat-frequency oscillators
and scanners. Rudd refers to a printout.

RUDD
These spikes show increased electro-
magnetic static on the secure trunk
lines at the Russian embassy. The
timeline’s along the Y-axis.

Latham isn’t sure. Rudd sees this and clears his throat.

RUDD (CONT’D)
The, um, Y-axis is along the bottom.

Chagrined, Latham runs his finger along the graph bottom.

RUDD (CONT’D)
The first one came around 17:55 and
there were several more for the next
half hour. What time was Solkov
brought into the police station?
LATHAM
Around 17:45, I think.

RUDD
Ah! See this? While one KGB agent was being hauled off to the pokey, the other one was calling his boss. Then ten minutes later you get this spate of cable traffic between their embassy here and Moscow Center. I’d say comrade Solkov has made someone very nervous.

LATHAM
I hope so, else his next trip home will be in a trunk. Thanks, Jerry.

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY (ARCHIVE)

Another view of the embassy.

INT. ANTEROOM - DAY

At the door to the main office, a SECRETARY with a folder is about to knock. She pauses as she hears her boss loudly DRESS DOWN someone in Russian. A SMACK is heard. She KNOCKS.

YURI GVOZDEV flings open the door. Behind him are KGB Agents #1 and #2. KGB Agent #1 has a fresh BRUISE over his left eye. Gvozdev GRABS the folder from his Secretary and SLAMS the door shut.

EXT. BALTIMORE - FRIENDSHIP INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A sign reads “FRIENDSHIP INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.”

INT. MAIN TERMINAL - OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

A CIA OFFICER with an airline shoulder bag and a camera takes photos of people on the tarmac boarding an Aeroflot propjet.

CIA OFFICER’S P.O.V. - KGB AGENTS #1 AND #2 - CAMERA MATTE

As the camera shutter CLICKS, KGB Agents #1 and #2 are escorted onto the plane by beefy Russian security men.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

The usual PURL of teletype machines, ringing telephones and chatter. Stokes and Percy man the Duty Desk. Latham looks at the photos taken at Friendship Airport.

LATHAM
Someone paid for Solkov’s defection.
STOKES
Certainly enhances his bona fides -
and pisses off Kensington.

Latham grins. DiLauria enters and walks up to him.

DILauria
Two things: Hart wasn’t on the
rental agreement. I guess he didn’t
want anyone to know he was there.

Latham
The Miami police should’ve come up
with that.

DILauria
That’s the other thing. They’ve shut
down their investigation. They’re
shipping the body up here tomorrow.

Percy
Somebody got to them.

DILauria
(quietly to Latham)
Collette wanted you to see this.
(hands Latham a form)
Bazzo’s ‘Request For Transfer.’

INT. CIA OFFICE BUILDING - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

A tape recorder runs as Bazzo speaks on the phone.

Bazzo
Solkov gave up the name of a
talker: Ray St. Clair. He’s on our
Counterintelligence Desk.

INT. LATHAM’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Latham is on the phone, taking notes.

Latham
Solkov didn’t say anything about a
mole before.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH BAZZO

Bazzo
He claims he tried but the polygraph
operator steered him away.

Latham
Did he say when the KGB approached
this Ray St. Clair?
BAZZO
They didn’t. St. Clair was a walk-in.

LATHAM
Great. So when did he approach them?

BAZZO
According to Solkov, first week of August in ’54. He said a couple of weeks later, St. Clair told the Israelis about Franz Stangl.

LATHAM
Wait – you sure he said August?

BAZZO
Yep. Hey, the guy’s got an eidetic memory.

Latham is perplexed, shaking his head.

LATHAM
No, no. It couldn’t have been St. Clair who tipped off the Israelis.

BAZZO
Solkov says it was St. Clair, boss.

LATHAM
Not in August of ’54, it wasn’t.

BAZZO
Why?

LATHAM
Because it was Solkov himself who tipped off the Israelis to Stangl – back in March of ’54.

INT. BERARD’S OFFICE – DAY (MORNING)

Berard sips tea with Latham.

BERARD
March? Are you sure it was Solkov?

LATHAM
I was in Milan in March of ’54 when the Mossad snatched Franz Stangl.

BERARD
Did Solkov or the KGB know you were running Stangl?
LATHAM
No, I used a cutout.

BERARD
Then why would Solkov feed us this fairy tale on St. Clair?
Disinformation?

LATHAM
I don’t think it is fiction. Say St. Clair is a mole, and soon after
he agrees to spy for the KGB he learns about Franz Stangl from
Solkov. St. Clair’s low-level KGB handler then directs St. Clair to
approach the Israelis as a CIA officer willing to spy for them.

BERARD
So he’s tripling now.

LATHAM
Yes. St. Clair uses the information he has on Stangl and Alois Hudal to
establish his CIA bona fides. Now the Israelis believe they have a
CIA source who can verify whatever Solkov passes on to them.

BERARD
So, the KGB would have Solkov feed the Israelis the occasional ex-Nazi
or Stasi agent to keep them happy.

LATHAM
Yes, along with ‘U.S. Eyes Only’ goodies passed on to them by St.
Clair – goodies the KGB would then cook for Solkov to pass on to the
Israelis as disinformation.

Berard is exasperated and sighs. He sets down his teacup, gets up and meanders about.

BERARD
St. Clair’s got to be stopped. You’ve got to prove he’s a mole
without accusing the Israelis of spying on us. And don’t forget
Solkov.

LATHAM
Understood, sir.
EXT. JOE AND NEMO’S HAMBURGER STAND - DAY

BILL NEALY sees Latham leave with a takeout. Nealy waves and catches up to Latham.

NEALY
How the hell can you eat that stuff?

LATHAM
Hey, try it before you knock it.

NEALY
I did. Lucky I have Blue Cross.

Latham grins.

NEALY (CONT’D)
I understand you’re reevaluating our walk-in.

LATHAM
To Kensington’s satisfaction.

NEALY
I just talked to Philip Jeremy.

Latham looks at him curiously; he doesn’t recognize the name.

NEALY (CONT’D)
He FLUTTERED Solkov. He said your boy was too quick to offer up that there was a mole in C.I. So he tried a new tack, hoping to trip up Solkov, but he forgot to get back to the issue of the mole.

LATHAM
Sounds like this Jeremy’s just covering his own ass, Bill.

NEALY
That’s part of it, I’m sure – but that’s not what I’m getting at. What if Solkov were offering up a low-level traitor in order to protect someone more important?

LATHAM
Giving up Ray St. Clair to protect someone higher up at C.I.?

NEALY
It may not even be someone in the Company.
INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - KGB OFFICE - DAY

A movie projector is running. Gvozdev watches footage of Bazzo entering the CIA Office Building, projected onto a screen. Worried, he gets up and leaves the room.

EXT. CORNER OF E STREET AND 18TH STREET - DAY

Gvozdev walks to a mailbox and drops a postcard in the slot. He bends over to tie his shoes and casually makes two small CHALK MARKS on the side of the mailbox. He then stands and walks away.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

Latham exits and sees Kensington waiting at the curb. Latham walks up to him.

KENSINGTON
MOTHER’s asked me to lunch. He’s wondering why Solkov’s still here.

LATHAM
All he has to do is ask Berard.

KENSINGTON
I’d be a bit more circumspect if I were about to run afoul of MOTHER.

LATHAM
I’ll tell Bazzo to keep that in mind - while he’s vetting Solkov.

This roils Kensington as a pool car pulls up. Kensington opens the door.

KENSINGTON
You’re walking a thin line, Warren.

LATHAM
Occupational hazard.

Kensington gets in; the pool car leaves.

EXT. CORNER OF E STREET AND 18TH STREET - DAY

Latham pauses at the mailbox; he SEES Gvozdev’s chalk marks.

EXT. MUNICIPAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A typical multi-level facility.

INT. PARKING LOT - LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

Poorly lit. A few cars are scattered about.
LATHAM

Walks up to a pay phone at a stairwell. He feels underneath the coin box and peels off a slip of paper taped there. It reads “HJ1-633.” He pockets the paper and walks around, eyeing the parked cars. In a far corner he sees a Rambler American with license plate number HJ1-633.

INT. RAMBLER AMERICAN - NIGHT

Latham gets in. An anguished Gvozdev is behind the wheel.

LATHAM
A Rambler? What happened - Moscow cut your allowance?

GVOZDEV
My throat may be next.

LATHAM
What’s the matter, Yuri?

GVOZDEV
Moscow is very anxious to get Solkov back.

LATHAM
Well, as far as I know, you’re not holding anyone worth swapping.

GVOZDEV
Warren, I am a loyal officer. But I may spend the next five years in a labor camp because of a defector I do not even like. We have developed some trust, you and me. Now I am trading on that trust.

He hands Latham a manilla envelope. Latham reads its contents, growing more and more distressed.

ACT THREE

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL sit by a transceiver; Latham sits behind them. OPERATIONS OFFICER PETER WRIGHT stands at a table on which a Washington, D.C. STREET MAP has been spread.

On the map are POKER CHIPS: RED (TARGET) with a GREEN one (TRIGGER) directly ahead of it; a BLUE (ALPHA) further ahead; a WHITE (DELTA) one block west; a YELLOW (BRAVO) one block east; and a BLACK one (CHARLIE) behind the Red Poker Chip.
EXT. STREET - NIGHT

In a gray sedan, CHARLIE, a FEMALE FBI AGENT, watches RAY ST. CLAIR, 40, leave a nightclub and get into his car. She speaks into a microphone clipped inside her shirt collar.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The transceiver speaker CRACKLES.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Beta cured the lair, inside gamma.

OWENS
(translates)
St. Clair has left the nightclub and gotten into his car.

FARRELL
Who knew we’d need a translator.

CROSSCUT BETWEEN OPERATIONS ROOM AND SURVEILLANCE TEAM

STREET

St. Clair pulls out, stopping at the intersection. ALPHA, male FBI AGENT #1 in a pickup truck, pulls two cars behind him.

ALPHA
Gamma’s daydreaming at the sword.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Wright moves the Red and Blue poker chips.

OWENS
Target stopped at an intersection.

ALPHA (O.S.)
Gamma’s through.

OWENS
Target’s through the intersection.

Wright pushes the Red chip west, past the intersection.

STREET

St. Clair suddenly makes a U-turn. Alpha continues past him.

OPERATIONS ROOM

ALPHA (O.S.)
Gamma flipped, possible smoke.

Wright moves the Blue poker chip ahead of the Red one.
Target made a U-turn. He may have detected the surveillance.

There is a MURMUR of concern.

Let the box float and adjust.

Charlie zero-zero, alive.

Command of the Target regained.

Wright moves the Red poker chip a block east.

Gamma outside at pedal four-five. Moving onto Viper east two-nine.

Target’s on the on-ramp to Route 29, heading east, doing 45.

Wright moves the White poker chip behind the Red one.

Key lizard’s in sight.
OWENS
(turns to Latham)
Key Bridge is a good chokepoint, sir. It’ll slow down St. Clair and allow everyone to regroup on the other side.

KEY BRIDGE

St. Clair drives across the bridge, passing the TRIGGER, male FBI AGENT #4 in a gray sedan.

CHARLIE

Sees St. Clair pull into a liquor store parking lot. She turns off her headlights.

CHARLIE
Gamma’s dead in the corral.

After St. Clair enters the liquor store, Charlie pulls into the lot and parks within sight of his car.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
He just infected the cave.

LIQUOR STORE PARKING LOT

St. Clair returns with his purchase in a paper sack. He lights a cigarette, crumples the pack and heads behind a...

DUMPSTER

He takes the liquor bottle out of the paper sack and replaces it with the crumpled cigarette pack. St. Clair folds the paper sack and partly tucks it under the dumpster.

ST. CLAIR

Liquor bottle in hand, gets into his car and drives away.

CHARLIE

Gets out of her car, goes behind the dumpster and looks around. She sees the paper sack, opens it, sees the crumpled cigarette pack and takes the paper sack back to her car.

INT. CHARLIE’S GRAY SEDAN – NIGHT

Charlie flips on the dome light and gets a magnifying glass and pocket knife from the glove box. Using the pocket knife she PEELS back the tax stamp on the cigarette pack. With the magnifying glass she sees a MICRODOT on its underside.

CHARLIE
Relax, boys. I’ve got it.
OPERATIONS ROOM

Relief travels around the Duty Desk like a wave.

LATHAM
Tell the FBI to pick him up.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY

Stock footage of the Embassy entrance.

INT. MI6 OFFICE - DAY

The Union Jack hangs from a pole in the corner of the room. Jones sits at his desk; Latham mills about.

JONES
C.I. didn’t know about St. Clair?

LATHAM
Nope. I’m going to giftwrap him and hand him over to them.

JONES
Careful. From what I hear, MOTHER isn’t known for his gratitude.

LATHAM
I know. I’m just buying some insurance against the future.

JONES
You may need it.

Latham is worried. Jones hands him a folder.

JONES (CONT’D)
That’s why I asked you over. It’s a Confidential report from the KGB’s Second Directorate, initiated by their #2 man, Alexi Kireyev.

LATHAM
How’d you get a copy?

JONES
I’m on the distribution list.

Latham rolls his eyes; he glances through the report.

JONES (CONT’D)
His driver’s on our payroll. Seems the KGB are concerned about a CIA officer they call ‘the griffin.’
LATHAM
The what?

JONES
Ah, my chance to show off my public school education.

LATHAM
If this is gonna be a long story, order out for some lunch.

Jones grins and stands, like a schoolboy about to recite.

JONES
The griffin is the king of all creatures, with the body of a lion and the head of an eagle.

LATHAM
Don’t see that around much anymore.

JONES
They’re symbols of strength and vigilance, you heathen. It also happens to be the KGB’s code name for you.

LATHAM
Me? They should have given it to our Counterintelligence chief.

JONES
(wryly)
I told them they had the wrong man.

Latham feigns offense.

JONES (CONT'D)
Kireyev does mention MOTHER in there. Calls him ruthless and smart.

LATHAM
He certainly is that.

JONES
And predictable. He sees moles under every rock. But you - you drive them daft. One operation you disrupted resulted in a section head serving time in Lubyanka; another had its chief officer executed.

LATHAM
Nice to know I’ve made a difference.
JONES
Kireyev’s one of your biggest fans.

LATHAM
I could’ve used him at my review.

Jones sits back down at his desk. His demeanor grows somber.

JONES
Warren, Kireyev wouldn’t take the
time and trouble to include you in
his report unless he had something
really nasty in mind for you.

INT. BERARD’S OFFICE – DAY

Looking very troubled, Latham joins Berard and Kensington.

LATHAM
I’ve decided to boomerang Solkov.

Kensington is smugly satisfied but Berard is surprised.

BERARD
Why?

LATHAM
I spoke to SMOTH earlier.

KENSINGTON
I hope you didn’t tell him any more
than you had to.

LATHAM
He has a copy of a KGB report that
says their Second Directorate is on
the move against Domestic Ops.

BERARD
Did it give any details?

LATHAM
Yes. They’d calculated that C.I.
would boomerang Solkov.

KENSINGTON
So, Solkov’s an agent provocateur.

Latham turns to Kensington.

LATHAM
No, he’s genuine.

KENSINGTON
But you just said-
LATHAM
He’s an unwitting part of a disinformation campaign. The KGB knew Solkov was planning to jump. So they ran a major operation through him, knowing he’d use the details to establish his bona fides with us.

BERARD
And St. Clair?

LATHAM
The KGB used him to monitor the blowback.

Berard thinks a moment, tapping his fingers on his chin.

BERARD
So you and D-Int were both right. They were sacrificing St. Clair to protect someone more important. Any ideas on who it is?

LATHAM
Not yet, but I’m sure Solkov doesn’t know who it is either.

KENSINGTON
So basically C.I. was right, too.

LATHAM
Insofar as Solkov had nothing more to offer us, yes. But they missed completely on St. Clair.

BERARD
What do we do about this other mole?

LATHAM
Nothing.

KENSINGTON
What?

LATHAM
Their objective was to disrupt CIA operations by having MOTHER initiate a mole hunt. We do anything now, we just play right into their hands.

BERARD
So what do you suggest?

LATHAM
We wait - wait for the evidence to mount until it’s irrefutable.
That could be a long time.

Or never. But it’s a price we’ll have to pay.

In the meantime, gentlemen, I have an EXCOM meeting to prepare for.

Everyone stands. Kensington and Latham start to leave.

BERARD (CONT’D)
Warren, a quick word about Barry.

Kensington continues out. Berard closes the door.

BERARD (CONT’D)
That wasn’t all you had to say, was it?

Accent lights are just starting to take effect. Limousines are parked out front.

Dignitaries in formal wear mill about. Hart shares a laugh with RICHARD NIXON. RICHARD RUDLIN and Kensington eye them.

Those two are awfully chummy.

Nixon just learned Hart’s a trust-fund baby.

Hm, it’s all new money.

He’ll need it, especially if the Democrats run Kennedy against him.

A sedan slows in front of a Victorian townhouse.

DiLauria eyes the house and the neighborhood. She pulls on a pair of black leather gloves and parks around the corner.
INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

DiLauria searches the living room, then moves to the kitchen. While examining a cabinet drawer, she discovers a false bottom. Inside it is a document stamped “U.S. EYES ONLY.”

Behind the hutch she uncovers a hidden compartment. Inside are a MICRODOT CAMERA, a MINOX MINIATURE CAMERA and rolls of FILM.

INT. BERARD’S OFFICE - DAY

Construction work goes on noisily outside. Berard places folders in his briefcase as Latham speaks to him.

LATHAM
He had a classified document tucked away in a false-bottomed drawer and microfilm equipment in a specially-built compartment behind the hutch.

BERARD
You thought all along Hart was hiding something.

LATHAM
I believe he’s also the mole the Russians are protecting.

BERARD
(stunned)
Are you sure?

Latham nods. Berard sighs.

BERARD (CONT’D)
To think he could be our next Vice President – maybe even President someday.

LATHAM
We don’t have many options here, sir. We certainly can’t leak word to the press.

BERARD
No, of course not. Can you imagine the scandal, the crisis? The President’s National Security Advisor and close friend a communist agent?

LATHAM
I know what Hoover would do with this.

(MORE)
LATHAM (CONT'D)
He’d tell the President he’d foiled a plot to infiltrate the highest levels of government, but he was keeping it quiet to protect the Presidency. From then on he’d have Eisenhower in his hip pocket.

BERARD
Yes, that’s Hoover to a tee.

LATHAM
There is another alternative, sir: assassination.

BERARD
No. This isn’t Latin America.

LATHAM
I’m talking about a traitor, a man who murdered his girlfriend and got away with it.

BERARD
That’s a matter for his conscience. And I shouldn’t have to remind you that Domestic Operations has no brief to kill within the U.S.

LATHAM
No, but the Mob does. It would be in the best interests of the country.

BERARD
Not this country.

LATHAM
Sir, the American public would expect its government agencies to prevent a man like Hart from ever becoming President.

BERARD
(corrects him)
The American public would expect its government agencies to be held to the same moral and legal standards as its people. We’ll just have to take our chances here.

He moves by the window where the construction crew outside can be seen as well as heard.
LATHAM
Sir, an entire government couldn’t recognize Hart was a communist agent. You’re putting a lot of faith in the public to do better.

BERARD
I always do.  
(stares firmly at Latham)
And I want your word right now that you won’t harm James Hart.

LATHAM
You have my word... What if I were to try and ward him off?

BERARD
(looks out the window)
Sorry, they’re making such a racket outside I couldn’t hear you.

LATHAM
(smiles faintly)
I may be in a little late tomorrow.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - FOYER - DAY (MORNING)
Hart is putting on his raincoat. The doorbell RINGS; he opens the door. Latham is there, dripping wet from the rain.

LATHAM
James Hart?

HART
Yes.

LATHAM
I’d like to talk to you about Mary Tangney.

HART
Who?

LATHAM
The girl you left for dead by the side of that road in Florida.

HART
I think you have the wrong man.

LATHAM
No, I have the right man.

Hart tries to shut the door but Latham SHOVES past him. Latham SLAMS shut the door and glares at a defiant Hart.
HART
I’m calling the police.

LATHAM
Do that and I’ll tell them about a man who keeps spy equipment and classified documents hidden in his kitchen.

HART
I’ve no idea what you’re talking-

LATHAM
I’m here to give you a choice, Mr. Hart. Resign your post and I won’t tell your family about your romance with one of my Black officers. Or you can go ahead and make that call, and spend the next twenty years in a federal prison.

HART
Really... If you had any evidence, Mr. Whoever-you-are-

LATHAM
Smith.

HART
Of course. If you had any evidence, ‘Mr. Smith,’ you wouldn’t be here.

Latham brusquely heads into the kitchen, followed by Hart.

KITCHEN
Latham checks the cabinet - the drawer has been removed.

HART
There are also laws in this country preventing searches without a warrant.

Latham ignores him and looks behind the hutch; the compartment is empty. Hart confronts him.

HART (CONT'D)
Speak to my family, the newspapers or anyone, and I’ll sue you for slander and have you identified in open court as a CIA officer... Now, get the hell out of my house.

Latham swallows his bravado and leaves.
INT. LATHAM’S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Latham enters, wet from the rain. Collette is at her desk.

LATHAM
Dictation.

She grabs her pencil and steno pad and follows him into...

LATHAM’S OFFICE

Latham hangs up his coat and sits, as does Collette.

COLLETTE
Ready when you are.

LATHAM
(starts dictation)
To Wilson Berard, Director, Western Hemisphere Division. Paragraph one.
I met with James Hart at his Petworth residence at 0800. He denied knowing Mary Tangney or having espionage equipment or classified documents in his home. I threatened to expose his relationship with Miss Tangney to his parents and to report him to the authorities. Paragraph two. In the kitchen where mandarin Two had earlier found a classified document and spy equipment, I saw that the false-bottomed drawer was missing and the photo equipment had been removed. Clearly, Hart had been tipped off by the KGB. Paragraph three. Hart threatened to sue and expose me as a CIA officer in open court. I left with no further action taken. Enclosing photos of said evidence taken by mandarin Two during her search. Respectfully...

He motions for Collette to add the closing salutation. She nods and leaves.

THE HOLE - DAY

Bazzo is at his desk, reading. DiLauria puts on her coat.

DILAURIA
You see the brief on James Hart?

BAZZO
I’m reading it now.
DILauria
If this were Mother Russia, he’d be rotting in some Gulag by now.

Bazzo
Or dead.

Dilauria
I’m going to the deli. Want anything?

Bazzo shakes his head no. As Dilauria leaves she bumps into Berard who carries a folder. They exchange smiles as Dilauria leaves. Bazzo stands as Berard enters.

Berard
No, no – sit down.

Bazzo sits.

Bazzo
Were you looking for Mr. Latham?

Berard
No. Paul, you put in for a transfer and asked to have it expedited.

Bazzo
Yes, sir.

Berard
Looking for a new challenge?

Bazzo
Something like that.

Berard hands Bazzo the folder.

Berard
Take a look at that.

Bazzo opens it and reads.

Berard (Cont’d)
Yuri Gvozdev, our KGB rezident, gave that to Warren the other day.

Bazzo
‘Armand Estevez, Ramon Lezcano, Diego Pascual, Carlos Ernan...’

Berard
Recognize any of those names?

Bazzo
No.
BERARD
They’re Guatemalan State Security.
They arrived in Miami two days ago.
Yesterday they left for Washington,
with tickets paid for by our C.I.
mole, Raymond St. Clair.

BAZZO
Wow, Solkov’s information paid off.
Do we know why they’re here?

BERARD
Yes, they’re a hit squad.

BAZZO
Any idea who the target is?

BERARD
Yes... You.

Bazzo is stunned.

BERARD (CONT'D)
Retaliation for Operation Snowflake.
It seems St. Clair fingered you to
the KGB, who told their friends in
Guatemala.

BAZZO
So where are they now?

BERARD
In custody. The FBI arrested them
when they got off the train at Union
Station about 2 hours ago.

Bazzo leans back, relieved.

BERARD (CONT’D)
Paul, Warren had to make a deal
with Gvozdev. He had to boomerang
Solkov in exchange for that list of
names... It’s just something I
thought you should know.

Berard leaves. Bazzo re-reads the list of names.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY

More stock footage of the embassy.

INT. MI6 OFFICE - DAY

Jones and Latham are drinking coffee.
JONES
So, Moscow wanted Solkov back to keep you from looking for Hart.

LATHAM
Uh huh.

JONES
You realize Hart’s bulletproof now.

LATHAM
(disappointed)
I know.

JONES
Even Berard must know there’s no way to get rid of him, except by assassination.

LATHAM
No, no...
(walks to the window)
I’d spend the next 20 years stamping license plates if I went for a hit now.

JONES
Then let me do it.

LATHAM
(taken aback)
Why would you take the risk?

JONES
Well, for one thing, I can get my man out of the country before anyone knows what’s happened.

LATHAM
No. Berard would still swear I was behind it. And besides, he may have a point.

JONES
What?

LATHAM
It must have started like this in Guatemala, or Iraq or The Philippines - a few people deciding what’s best for themselves is what’s best for the country. Next thing you know, a man’s dead.

JONES
This isn’t the third world, Warren.
LATHAM
(smiles sardonically)
So I hear. I’ll see you later.

Latham sets down his coffee cup and leaves.

EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY – DAY

Latham exits. He crosses the street into...

NORMANSTONE PARKWAY

Where he sees Bazzo sitting on a park bench near Winston Churchill’s statue. Latham walks up to Bazzo.

BAZZO
Hart leaves for Mexico City in the fall – a meeting with United Fruit executives. I thought I’d pay the station a visit; see Jack Larson, the station chief. And as he owes me a favor, like his life...

LATHAM
Planning to make the trip as a civilian?

BAZZO
No, I thought I’d wait on the transfer.

Relieved, Latham sits alongside Bazzo.

LATHAM
For how long?

BAZZO
I don’t know – ten years or so.

LATHAM
Good.

BAZZO
I hear Hart’s passion is scuba diving. Lots of dangerous reefs down there. Pretty easy for a man to drown.

LATHAM
Well, maybe his luck will finally run out.

Bazzo turns to him.
BAZZO
Larson’s got some good people, you know. They’d make it look right.

LATHAM
No.

Bazzo is surprised.

LATHAM (CONT’D)
There’s only one way Hart can go: in a car accident. Come on.

The two men get up and walk away.

END