

Cool Gray Dawn

"Loyalty"

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

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MOSCOW, RUSSIA - U.S. EMBASSY - DAY (DUSK)

INSERT: "MOSCOW, RUSSIA"

A sign displays "Embassy of the United States of America" in English and Cyrillic.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - FOYER - DAY (DUSK)

Opulent. U.S. Marines in dress uniform stand guard alongside the American flag. American WILLIAM LIND, 35, and his young Russian bride, ILENA, 20, arm-in-arm approach the RECEPTIONIST. William is tense; Ilena, in her babushka, looks like a frightened peasant. (Everyone speaks English.)

WILLIAM

We're here to apply for a visa.

RECEPTIONIST

Your names?

WILLIAM

William and Ilena Lind.

She fills in two cards and hands them to William.

RECEPTIONIST

(points down the hall)

Down the hall to your right, Room C.

William nods, then he and Ilena head down the corridor. Meanwhile, the receptionist picks up the telephone and dials.

ROOM C

As the Linds enter, an Embassy STAFFER is hanging up a phone.

STAFFER

Cards, please.

William hands her the cards; she gives him two forms.

STAFFER (CONT'D)

If you'll both fill these out...

WILLIAM

My wife doesn't know any English.

STAFFER

Oh, then give her this.

She exchanges one form in English for one in Cyrillic.

U.S. EMBASSY - CIA OFFICE

Two CIA OFFICERS watch the Linds on closed-circuit TV. CIA OFFICER #1 scans down a list with his finger and stops.

CIA OFFICER #1

You're right - here he is.

CIA OFFICER #2

Told you 'Lind' rang a bell.

He gets up.

CIA OFFICER #1

Where are you going?

CIA OFFICER #2

Get a cable off to the Emerald City.

CORRIDOR

CIA OFFICER #2 hurries to a room at the far end.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - E STREET - DAY

The Capitol Dome looms in the background; in the foreground, the gray, nondescript buildings of COCKROACH ALLEY.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - CIA COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

A teletype machine PRINTS the following cable:

IMMEDIATE 467

PAGE 01 MOSCOW 04109 041528Z

44

ACTION SS 70

INFO OCT 01, CIAE 00, /07

----- 081913

R 041445Z OCT 59

FM: AMEMBASSY MOSCOW

TO: SR CIA WASH DC 3945

I M M E D I A T E MOSCOW 4109

LIMDIS

SUBJ: OPERATION RED HERRING

1. FALSE DEFECTOR WILLIAM LIND APPLYING FOR U.S. VISA WITH HIS RUSSIAN SPOUSE ILENA MARISKOVA LIND. DESTINATION IS NEW YORK CITY.

2. THIS IS THE FIRST CONTACT THIS EMBASSY HAS HAD WITH LIND SINCE HIS DEFECTION. MOSCOW STATION CONFIRMS NO PRIOR CONTACT WITH THE SUBJECT UP TO THIS TIME.
 3. CLOSE ATTENTION SHOULD BE PAID TO LIND AS HE HAS MADE NO ANTI-SOVIET DECLARATIONS NOR HAVE THE SOVIETS TRIED TO PREVENT THE LINDS FROM EMIGRATING.
 4. THE POSSIBILITY EXISTS THAT LIND MAY BE A DOUBLE AGENT.
 5. PASSPORT, VISA AND TRAVEL DATA TO FOLLOW.
- GP-3

WOODMERE

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

WILSON BERARD and STEWART KENSINGTON are seated and waiting. Finally, WARREN LATHAM hurries in and takes a seat.

LATHAM
Sorry, I was held up in the Ops Room.

BERARD
Trouble?

LATHAM
Small flap on Operation BlueLine. The police got a complaint about all the late-night comings and goings at Petworth safehouse.

KENSINGTON
I warned you to take it out of town.

LATHAM
It's a joint operation, remember? I was overruled by Tech Services.

BERARD
Alright... Does the False Defector campaign ring a bell, Warren?

LATHAM
Yes, Operation Fool's Errand.

KENSINGTON
(corrects him)
Red Herring.

LATHAM
That's right. Fool's Errand was MOTHER's nickname for it.

BERARD
Yes, C.I. never was on board with the idea of false defectors.

LATHAM

They knew the KGB were on to it.

KENSINGTON

Not when I ran the Soviet Desk.

BERARD

Well, the Director has decided to spoof the KGB on this.

LATHAM

I thought the operation was dead?

BERARD

No, it's being transferred - to you.

Berard hands a folder to a shocked Latham. Kensington is equally shocked.

LATHAM

But it's Eastern bloc. Shouldn't it go to the Soviet Desk, or Counterespionage?

BERARD

You were chosen because you played this game before, in Saigon.

KENSINGTON

Sir, I'm inclined to agree with Warren. Domestic Ops is the wrong place for this.

LATHAM

It's wrong because I have better things to do than revive some ill-conceived operation.

KENSINGTON

As though you could do better.

LATHAM

The office cat could do better.

BERARD

Gentlemen! If you'll both catch your breath, I'll explain how this is going to work.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

The door is closed. Latham, PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY and CARLA DILAURIA, are in an animated discussion.

DILAURIA

So we'll debrief and evaluate them?

LATHAM

Just debrief. C.E. will do the evaluations.

BAZZO

They should've pulled the plug on this long time ago. Can't you off-load it?

LATHAM

I tried, but Berard had a good point. By design, false defectors are ex-military working for defense contractors. We want them to give up some of what they know so we can assess the blowback and determine which of our domestic Ops the Soviets might target. And since we are Domestic Operations...

BAZZO

Except that type of blowback is unpredictable. I've seen a lot of good people get burned that way.

This worries DiLauria. The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Ops Desk is on Red.

LATHAM

(to Bazzo and DiLauria)
That's why our assets behind the Curtain won't go near them.
(answers the Red phone)
Yes...

BAZZO

Who can blame them.

DILAURIA

What? Wait a second-

LATHAM

(shushes her)
Say again... Ok, bring it up.
(hangs up)
Signal from the Soviet Desk.

BAZZO

We're back on speaking terms with them?

DILAURIA

Can we get back to Red Herring?!

Latham and Bazzo are taken aback by her tone.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)
Sorry. I just find it incredible
that the Soviet Desk has had no
contact with these people since
they put them behind the Curtain.

LATHAM
Not for the last 2 years anyway.

There's a KNOCK at the door. JARED STOKES enters, carrying a folder. He nods hello to everyone and hands the folder to Latham, who opens it and reads.

STOKES
The Moscow cable is on top, sir.

BAZZO
(to Stokes)
When are we going back to using our
own comms in Moscow and stop
relying on embassy cables?

STOKES
Whenever Communications gets around
to fixing their encryption machine.

LATHAM
Ok, Jared. Thanks.

Stokes leaves.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
You're on your bike, Carla.

DILAURIA
Where to?

Latham hands her the cable. Bazzo reads it over her shoulder.

LATHAM
New York. William Lind, one of our
false defectors, is coming home.

BAZZO
With a Russian bride, no less.

DILAURIA
And Moscow let them emigrate?

LATHAM
Well, if he's doubling, it makes
him even more interesting.
(calls loudly)
Collette.

COLLETTE DOWD enters. Latham motions to DiLauria to hand her the cable.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

The Moscow signal is now a Special Op. Have Jared action it and get Carla on a flight to New York. I'll come down to the Ops Room and explain the rest. And get me an appointment later with OD-ENVY.

COLLETTE

Yes, master.

As she leaves, she exchanges a sly smile with DiLauria.

LATHAM

I hate it when she does that.

BAZZO

OD-ENVY... Problems with the FBI?

LATHAM

No, just a little rearguard action.

EXT. MOSCOW, RUSSIA - PLOSHAD REVOLUTIA METRO STATION - NIGHT

INSERT: "PLOSHAD REVOLUTIA METRO STATION, MOSCOW"

Stock footage of the Moscow subway station.

INT. PLOSHAD REVOLUTIA METRO STATION

More museum than subway station - it's virtually empty - with a vaulted ceiling and ornate details. Dimly lit passageways and apses line the long central corridor.

IN ONE PASSAGEWAY

William eyes a subway map, his long dark overcoat buttoned to the neck. He RUBS his gloved hands together and SHUFFLES his feet to combat the cold. VIKTOR MARISKOVA, 55, wearing a KGB Major Every-Day Overcoat and fur hat, approaches William.

VIKTOR

Happy to be going home?

WILLIAM

This is my home.

VIKTOR

We've gone over this, Vasily.

WILLIAM

(wistfully)
Vasily... I'm going to miss that.

Viktor pulls an envelope from his coat pocket.

VIKTOR
Two Aeroflot tickets to New York.

WILLIAM
We're already booked on a steamer.

VIKTOR
You'll get seasick. And believe me,
you'll know that feeling soon enough
after my daughter cooks for you.

The two share a grin.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)
Please... They're from me.

WILLIAM
(takes the envelope)
Thank you.

VIKTOR
I hope the next time we meet it
will be in The Bronx, yes? Take
care of my baby, Vasily.

He bearhugs William and leaves.

WILLIAM
Das vidanya, papa.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

INSERT: "PETWORTH SAFEHOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C."

A car pulls up. A MAN and a PRETEEN BOY get out. They walk to the front door; a wrought-iron fence abuts the building's facade. The Man unlocks the door and they go inside.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

The Man, ALLEN HIGHTOWER, 42, leads the Boy upstairs to a bedroom. Sitting on the bed in his robe is ANTON DECEASCU, 45. Hightower nudges the Boy inside, then shuts the door.

BEDROOM - LATER

A radio plays pop music; French doors lead to a terrace. Light spills in from the BATHROOM where Deceascu COUGHS.

THE BOY

Sits on the bed, half-dressed; he's numb. He stands, crosses the room, opens the French doors and walks out onto the terrace. He climbs the railing... and JUMPS.

DECEASCU

Leaves the bathroom. Seeing the open French doors, he walks out onto the terrace... and SCREAMS.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

From a first-floor window Hightower stares outside, aghast. The Boy is IMPALED on the wrought-iron fence.

EXT. STREET - TRUMBALL MANOR APARTMENTS - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up. A visibly shaken Hightower steps out.

I/E. SEDAN PARKED NEARBY

At the wheel a MUSTACHIOED MAN photographs Hightower.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY (MORNING)

Kensington storms in and shoves a report at Latham.

KENSINGTON
Explain this!

As Latham reads the report...

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)
A boy impaled on a fence at Petworth safehouse in full view of everyone!

LATHAM
We only provide logistical support on Operation BlueLine.

KENSINGTON
That's a statement, not an answer.

LATHAM
TSD is responsible for what goes on with Dr. Bohl's experiments.

KENSINGTON
And you're responsible for Petworth! My God, the police and the FBI were there. You know the FBI's desperate to control all domestic Intel, and this plays right into their hands!

LATHAM
The White House opposes the idea.

KENSINGTON
How long will that last? What with your disregard for stage management.

The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)
You're needed in the Ops Room. And
your 9:30 meeting is coming up, sir.

LATHAM
Right, thanks.
(to Kensington)
Sorry, was there anything else?

KENSINGTON
Isn't that enough?

He leaves in a huff. Latham sighs and grabs his briefcase.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

On his way out, Latham smiles at Collette.

LATHAM
Thanks for the rescue.

COLLETTE
Paul called from the Ops Room. More
problems with Dr. Bohl.

LATHAM
Damn Nazi's more trouble than he's
worth.

COLLETTE
Oh, in case he asks, should I tell
Kensington you're at the Bureau?

LATHAM
Do that and I'll belt you.

COLLETTE
Promises, promises.

Latham does a double take as he leaves.

OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of teletype machines, ringing phones and
chatter. CIA OFFICERS scurry about. Bazzo, Stokes and TOM
PERCY confer. Latham enters. Stokes hands him a cable.

STOKES
RYBAT signal to TSD from Fort
Detrick. That's your copy, sir.

LATHAM
If I had the paper concession here,
I could retire.

BAZZO

The FBI paid Dr. Bohl a visit this morning.

Latham signs a form for a CIA OFFICER then reads the cable.

PERCY

Didn't take the Bureau long to connect the dots, did it?

LATHAM

No, it didn't. Why would Army Intel send this RYBAT? Having the Bureau show up doesn't justify classifying this as 'Extremely Sensitive.'

PERCY

They probably just overreacted.

BAZZO

If they were that worried, why'd they leave us off the original distribution list?

STOKES

They knew you'd get a copy of the signal 'cause they know you run Blueline jointly with TSD.

LATHAM

No, Bohl would know that, not Army Intel... Bazzo, pay the good doctor a visit. Find out what's going on.

EXT. FORT DETRICK - DAY (ARCHIVE)

A sign at the main gate identifies the Post.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

A tape recorder is running. A male TEST SUBJECT, 25, wearing a skull cap wired to an electroencephalograph, sits at a table across from the dour ex-Nazi, DR. DETLEF BOHL, 55.

TEST SUBJECT

I see now what happens when the prisoner of the one and the many; of good and evil; of time and eternity; is released. In my former state I only saw shadows; I was unable to see reality. Now I know what I saw before was an illusion. As I get nearer to being, I'm turned towards a more real existence...

Bohl rises and approaches his ASSISTANT, who monitors the EEG.

BOHL

From now on, make sure the test subjects don't prepare for the drug experience. I don't want to hear any more nonsense from Plato or the 'Tibetan Book Of The Dead.'

Bohl sees Bazzo waiting by the door.

INT. BOHL'S OFFICE - DAY

Well-appointed. Bohl looks at Bazzo with utter contempt.

BOHL

I told the FBI Petworth was part of my private psychiatric clinic.

BAZZO

The question is: Why were they there in the first place?

BOHL

You'll have to ask them.

BAZZO

Fine. Why was the kid there?

BOHL

Mr. Barry, this program is under the auspices of CIA's Technical Services Division. Your section's involvement here is limited to providing me with a secure facility and handling any outside interference.

BAZZO

Which will be a moot point if you're rotting in jail, mein Herr.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY (ARCHIVE)

A sign out front identifies the building.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The door bears the SEAL OF THE FBI. Inside are long rows of desks with Agents manning the phones.

INT. OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR - DAY

Stenciled in reverse on the glass door is "OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR." Latham sits before pudgy CARL DURANG, 50.

LATHAM

Not taking you away from anything important, am I, Carl?

DURANG

(wryly)

Would you leave if I said you were?

They exchange uneasy smiles.

LATHAM

Hard to believe we can cooperate on anything, much less opening other people's mail.

DURANG

You pulling out of HT-LINGUAL?

LATHAM

No, I'm here to talk to you about a letter your people came across.

DURANG

(insouciantly)

Hey, it's a joint effort, right? Anything we found we'd have certainly shared it with you.

LATHAM

So I've heard. The letter's from a William Lind in Moscow to a Mordecai Lind in The Bronx, New York.

Durang is seemingly clueless. Latham takes a folder from his briefcase and hands it to him.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

We recruited William Lind into our False Defector program.

Durang reads through the folder.

DURANG

(scoffs)

Sending civilians behind the Curtain... Man, I'll tell you - you've got balls, if nothing else.

LATHAM

It gives us an idea where the Soviets are, technologically.

Durang leans back, looking imperious.

DURANG

And how do you determine that?

LATHAM

The areas the Soviets assign them to work are where they're the weakest.

DURANG

Any of 'em ever make it back?

LATHAM

Lind comes back tomorrow. And since it's FBI policy to arrest defectors upon their return, I'm asking your people to steer clear of him.

DURANG

My people are going to ask why.

LATHAM

The KGB will undoubtedly have eyes on Lind; we'd like to put eyes on them.

DURANG

Yeah, we can do that. Anything else?

LATHAM

No. What are you angling for, Carl?

DURANG

A little more cooperation. End this ugly little rivalry we got going.

Durang stands, ending the meeting. Latham gets up, eyeing him suspiciously. Durang extends his hand.

LATHAM

You don't have a joy buzzer in your palm, do you?

Durang grins. The two shake hands.

DURANG

Just keep us informed.
(presses the intercom)
Mabel, come in here, please.

Latham and Durang shake hands. Latham passes MABEL on his way out. She and Durang watch Latham until he is gone from sight.

ACT TWO

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY (ARCHIVE)

A foursquare view of the CHRYSLER BUILDING.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - DAY

Laid out in much the same fashion as The Hole at Cockroach Alley: utilitarian. CIA OFFICERS pore over reports and confer over the phone. CARL TIPPETT, 30, carries folders into the...

CONFERENCE ROOM

He dumps them on a table where DiLauria pores over a file with photos of the Linds. Tippettt sits opposite her.

DILAURIA

Seems Lind has an eidetic memory.

TIPPETT

Wish I did. Look at all this.

DILAURIA

It shouldn't take that long to sort through it, not with us both here.

TIPPETT

It'll still take half the night. My wife and I had plans to go out.

DILAURIA

Really... Well, if Lind can give up 2 years of his life, I think we can give up one evening, don't you?

Pissed, Tippettt buries himself in a folder.

TIPPETT

What else does it say about him?

DILAURIA

Army Intel... Recruited while he was at Honeywell... No contact with him for two years 'till he walked into our Moscow Embassy with his child bride, though he did show up once in a tourist's photo.

TIPPETT

Sounds like he went over.

DILAURIA

If he did, could you blame him? He wasn't a sleeper.

She pulls out the tourist's photo of Lind.

TIPPETT

Is that the snap?

She nods and hands him the photo.

DILAURIA

It was taken at Vladivostok by an engineer with Standard Oil. She was part of a-

TIPPETT

A girl, huh?

DILAURIA

Yeah. Must have been a lean year for engineers.

Chagrined, Tippett returns to his folder.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

She was part of a trade delegation. Domestic Contact Service met with her when she returned and got the photo from her.

TIPPETT

I'm surprised the Russians didn't confiscate it.

DILAURIA

According to this, they thought they had. She had a Polaroid-Land camera. When they asked for the film, she peeled off the emulsion layer and gave it to them. They walked away with a gooey negative while she palmed the positive.

TIPPETT

Smart. She should work for us.

DILAURIA

Yeah, right. The Linds arrive at 0800 tomorrow. Is your team ready?

TIPPETT

You serious? You need 12 people for a job like this. I don't have that kind of manpower here.

DILAURIA

Lind's a civilian. You and your #2 should be able to handle it.

TIPPETT

Geezus, you're talking twelve-hour shifts. I am married, you know.

DILAURIA

My condolences to the missus.

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

MI6's LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) sits on a bench, tossing popcorn to the birds. Next to him are the book *The Naked And The Dead* by Norman Mailer and a manilla envelope.

Jones is admiring that other species of bird: Office women on break. Latham shows up.

LATHAM
Come on, Norman Mailer? What's
next, Larry - a puppy?

JONES
Do I interfere with your love life?

An attractive woman walks by. She glances at the novel and smiles; Jones smiles back. Latham just shakes his head in amazement.

PATH THROUGH THE PARK - LATER

As they stroll, Jones hands Latham a photo from the envelope.

JONES
Anton Deceascu.

LATHAM
Romanian Consul General.

JONES
So you know him.

LATHAM
Enough to mispronounce his name.

JONES
Too bad you didn't know him any
better. You'd have known about his
predilection for young boys.

Latham looks away, disgusted.

JONES (CONT'D)
That business you had with that
dead boy at Petworth safehouse...

LATHAM
What about it?

JONES
Deceascu was there that night. And
he had a friend with him.

Jones hands him a photo of Hightower. Latham is shocked.

LATHAM
Allen Hightower...

JONES
Head of your Technical Services
Division, isn't he?

LATHAM

Yes. Which one were you watching?

JONES

Deceascu. Hightower surprised us.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Berard and Kensington view MI6's photos of Hightower. Both men are shocked and saddened as they hand the photos back to Latham.

BERARD

Hightower... Hard to believe. He's married, with kids of his own.

KENSINGTON

And a senior officer. We've got to report him to the Inspector General.

LATHAM

We do and it's guilt by association.

KENSINGTON

(snarkily)
Why? You worried because you two are pals?

LATHAM

No, because Domestic Ops is working with Tech Services. You give Hightower to the I.G. now and both divisions come under suspicion.

BERARD

He's got a lot of questions to answer, Warren. And the I.G. should be the one asking the questions.

LATHAM

Sir, if we can find out what's going on first, we can hand Hightower over to the I.G. as a case closed and avoid putting everyone here under a microscope.

Berard leans back in his chair and folds his hands while he consider this. After a brief moment...

BERARD

Alright, but do it quickly.

Latham stands.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Oh, Warren - what about the boy?

LATHAM

His name's David Unsworth. Bazzo got that from Bohl but little else.

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

A shingle outside the townhouse reads "MILTON GOLDMAN, Psy.D."

INT. GOLDMAN'S OFFICE - DAY (DUSK)

Typical Freudian setup: MILTON GOLDMAN sits in a leather chair while Hightower lies on the couch.

HIGHTOWER

I've had sexual fantasies about young boys since I was 12. There was this older boy in school who made me do things I didn't want to. You might call it molestation, but I just found it humiliating. Anyway, I don't blame my past for my choices as an adult. If anything, my past makes me hate myself more. Most times I just want to crawl into a hole and die.

EXT. STREET - NEAR GOLDMAN'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY (DUSK)

Bazzo sits at the wheel of a SEDAN, holding a camera.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - IDLEWILD AIRPORT - DAY

Stock footage of a Soviet Aeroflot propjet landing.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

The Linds anxiously clutch each other's hands.

STEWARDESS (O.S.)

Welcome to Idlewild International Airport in New York City.

INT. ARRIVALS LOUNGE - DAY

The Linds enter and are approached by a uniformed LIVERY DRIVER holding a sign that reads "HONEYWELL."

LIVERY DRIVER

Mr. Honeywell?

William shakes his head no. The Livery Driver apologetically PATS William's arm, then rejoins other waiting LIVERY DRIVERS.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

The Linds sit, placing their overcoats on their laps.

Ilena nervously looks about. As William pulls her closer, his hand brushes against his coat pocket. He is surprised to FEEL something in there. As Ilena looks on, William pulls out a small ENVELOPE.

Using his overcoat as a shield against prying eyes, William opens the envelope and removes a slip of paper. On it is written "EMPIRE 5869." Seconds later the message DISAPPEARS. Ilena looks at William in disbelief.

A few feet away, Tippettt furtively watches them.

EXT. MANHATTAN, NEW YORK CITY - EAST BROADWAY - DAY

Tippettt languishes in a doorway, smoking a cigarette. He sees the Linds, suitcases in tow, trudging up the street.

EXT. MANHATTAN - THE LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

An unmarked FORD VAN wends its way through traffic onto...

EAST BROADWAY

Where the Ford Van rounds the corner and double parks. Tippettt makes eye contact with the driver and nods.

INT. FORD VAN - DAY

Tippettt gets in the back. The driver is DAVIS, aka the airport Livery Driver. Now wearing overalls, Davis pulls a 35mm SLR camera from the glove box.

DAVIS'S P.O.V. - WILLIAM AND ILENA LIND - CAMERA MATTE

The Linds reach tenement house #380 and sit on the stoop. MORDECAI LIND, mid-60's, exits the building and greets them.

BACK TO SCENE

Davis SNAPS a few photos then picks up the handset to a radio telephone.

DAVIS
3-C-K-1, NYCOM.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

A CIA TELEPHONE OPERATOR responds.

CIA OPERATOR
NYCOM Central. 3-C-K-1 go.

CROSSCUT DAVIS WITH CIA TELEPHONE OPERATOR

DAVIS
5-8-6-9, mandarin Two.

CIA OPERATOR
Routing you, 3-C-K-1.

The CIA operator flips a switch, then dials 5-8-6-9.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The phone RINGS; DiLauria, poring over a file, stops and answers it.

DILAURIA
5-8-6-9.

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)
3-C-K-1 for mandarin Two.

DILAURIA
Mandarin Two here.

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)
Go ahead, 3-C-K-1.

CROSSCUT DAVIS WITH DILAURIA

DAVIS
It's Davis. The Linds are at 380 East Broadway. They met up with a white male, mid-60's; about five-eight, five-ten; really bad comb-over.

DILAURIA
Sounds like his uncle Mordecai Lind; he's got an apartment there.
(searches the file)
Guy's straight out of Damon Runyon: gambler, policy man, enforcer...
Hm, looks like Uncle Mordy's been getting checks from Uncle Sam.

DAVIS
Social Security?

DILAURIA
FBI informant.

EXT. EAST BROADWAY - BUILDING #380 - DAY

The Linds drag their belongings into the building.

THE LINDS

Hurry through the basement, out the back, across the alley and into another tenement house. William and Ilena exit the building, pile into the back of a Rambler station wagon and lie across the seat. Mordecai gets behind the wheel.

I/E. FORD VAN - DAY

Davis and Tippett are busy eating breakfast, oblivious to the Linds' Rambler passing through an intersection a block away.

FURTHER UP EAST BROADWAY - GRAY SEDAN

At the wheel, a MAN WEARING A HOMBURG HAT, snaps pictures of Davis's Ford Van.

EXT. THE BRONX, NEW YORK CITY - PIEDMONT ARMS HOTEL - DAY

The Rambler pulls up to a frowzy way station for transients.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Musty and shabby. Ilena unpacks. William and Mordecai shake hands, then Mordecai leaves. William approaches Ilena.

WILLIAM

I have to go out, Sladkaya.

Frightened, she grabs his arm.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

It's alright. I'll be right back.

He kisses her then leaves, stepping into the...

CORRIDOR

Where he passes a JANITOR lazily mopping the floor.

EXT. STREET - DAY

William leaves the building, walks to the corner and enters a drugstore.

INT. DRUGSTORE - DAY

He buys a box of paperclips, then enters a phone booth at the rear of the store.

WILLIAM

Straightens a paper clip and uses it to puncture a hole in the handset cord. He puts a dime in the coin slot of the rotary-dial payphone and dials "Operator."

OPERATOR #1 (O.S.)

Operator.

He puts the paper clip through the hole and grounds the cord to the metal moulding of the phone booth. The dime RETURNS; William quickly pockets it.

OPERATOR #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Operator... This is the Operator.

Finally, Operator #1 disconnects. William then dials 367-5869.

OPERATOR #2 (O.S.)
Return on circuit 5-0-9-6.

He depresses the receiver once. The phone on the other end RINGS and is answered by...

DILAURIA (O.S.)
5-8-6-9.

WILLIAM
This is William Lind.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Surprised, DiLauria jots down "William Lind" and the time. She depresses a red button at the side of the phone. a red light BLINKS slowly for a second, then becomes steady.

CROSSCUT DILAURIA WITH WILLIAM

DILAURIA
Thank you for returning the call,
Mr. Lind.

WILLIAM
You didn't I.D. yourself, so you're
not working for Hoover.

DILAURIA
The man or the vacuum cleaner?

WILLIAM
What's the difference? They both
deal in dirt.

DILAURIA
Indeed. No, this is your old firm.

WILLIAM
My old firm... Like I'm supposed to
be happy to finally hear from you.

DILAURIA
I guess I wouldn't be too happy
either. However, we would like to
talk to you.

WILLIAM
Yeah, I'll bet. I should have told
you bastards to go packing the
first time you came around.

DILAURIA

Can you come to 405 Lexington Ave.,
room 1208 - say, ten A.M. tomorrow?

WILLIAM

Like I have a choice?

PHONE BOOTH

William hangs up, pockets the paperclip and leaves.

CONFERENCE ROOM

The Red Light goes out. DiLauria depresses the receiver once to get the CIA Operator.

DILAURIA

Mandarin Two here. Can I have the
location of that last call, please?

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)

No joy on that, Mandarin Two.

DILAURIA

Why? He wasn't on long enough?

CIA OPERATOR (O.S.)

According to the trace, he wasn't
on at all.

DiLauria smiles admiringly and hangs up the phone.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - CHRYSLER BUILDING - DAY

William enters the art-deco masterpiece.

INT. ELEVATOR

William presses the 12th floor button. He fumbles for a
cigarette and lights it. The doors open; he steps out.

CORRIDOR

William approaches office door #1208 and presses the BUZZER.
There's a CLICK. He opens the door and enters...

ROOM 1208

DiLauria sits at a desk, reading through a folder. Two burly
CIA OFFICERS are off to the side. The door closes.

DILAURIA

May I help you?

WILLIAM
I'm William Lind.

DILAURIA
There's no smoking in here.

As he puts out his cigarette in an ashtray on her desk, CIA OFFICER #1 quickly pins William's arms behind his back. CIA OFFICER #2 grabs William by the throat and puts a .45 semi-automatic pistol to William's temple.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)
Relax and close your eyes, Mr. Lind.

William GASPS as he struggles to free himself. CIA Officer #2 COCKS his weapon.

WILLIAM
You're not gonna shoot me, asshole;
not before she has a go at me.

DILAURIA
If it encourages you to talk, he
will. Now close your eyes.

William shuts his eyes. DiLauria points at CIA Officer #2 who lets go of William's throat and puts away his weapon.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)
Describe the room from left to
right.

INSERT: On the gray wall to the left hangs President Eisenhower's picture; to its right, a metal desk with a green-shaded banker's lamp. On the desk sits a Smith Corona office electric typewriter - a thick electric cord runs from it and disappears behind the desk. At the back of the room is a metal door with oversized hinges. Fluorescent lamps run along the ceiling. The lamps above the front door are brighter, causing the banker's lamp to cast a rearward shadow.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

WILLIAM
The walls are a flat gray, like in most federal offices. Yours are bare except for Ike's picture. The desk has a banker's lamp and a Smith Corona electric typewriter, but that cord's too thick. You must have another device close by sharing power, like a tape recorder - no, closed-circuit TV camera.

CIA Officer #2 is impressed; he glances at DiLauria.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Reinforced hinges - that back door must be pretty heavy; all the real work goes on in back. You've got fluorescent lighting, yet the banker's lamp is casting a shadow toward the back door. It means the lamps over the front door are brighter. You must need them that way 'cause you have a camera that gets tripped whenever the front door is opened.

BACK TO SCENE

DiLauria nods. CIA Officer #1 releases William; CIA Officer #2 holsters his weapon. She presses a button under the desk. CLICK - the back door opens slightly.

DILAURIA

This way, Mr. Lind.

She steps inside the back door; William follows her.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Collette hangs up the Red phone as Bazzo and Latham enter.

COLLETTE

That was Archives. Your request for Dr. Bohl's records has been denied.

LATHAM

Why?

COLLETTE

They've been reclassified one level above you.

Latham mulls this over as he and Bazzo head into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Collette follows them inside with a report from her desk. Bazzo sits; Latham leans against his desk, arms folded.

LATHAM

You know, I can't shake this feeling that somehow we're being set up.

BAZZO

Set up? How?

Struggling with his thoughts, Latham mills about.

LATHAM

Right after the Unsworth boy's death at Petworth, Kensington tells us the FBI is there investigating what is essentially a police matter. Why? What tipped them off?

COLLETTE

The address? A police intelligence unit could have recognized it as one of our safehouses.

LATHAM

Then why didn't they call Security first to confirm it?

COLLETTE

The Bureau's been very touchy lately over jurisdiction.

BAZZO

The cops could have been worried about that, played it safe and called them in.

Latham is not convinced.

LATHAM

But then Army Intel fires off a cable to TSD, alerting them to the FBI's involvement, which alerts us as well. MI6 tells us straight out they're watching Hightower because he was at Petworth that night with Deceauscu. And now Bohl's files are reclassified so we can't see them.

Bazzo holds up his hands to stop Latham.

BAZZO

Ok. Say someone is setting us up. The result would still be the same: We'd report Hightower to the I.G.

LATHAM

Which gets him immediately suspended and removed from his post.

COLLETTE

And rightly so.

Latham shakes his head, still disquieted.

BAZZO

Why do you think someone would want Hightower out?

LATHAM

I don't know... But there are too many signs pointing that way.

COLLETTE

Well, here's one more.

(hands him the report)

The medical examiner found semen in the Unsworth boy's stomach.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - EAST BROADWAY - DAY

The Ford Van is parked near the corner. Mordecai carries groceries into tenement house #380.

INT. FORD VAN - DAY

Davis watches Mordecai; he checks his watch: 4:30. Anxious, he picks up the radiotelephone.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The phone RINGS; DiLauria answers it.

DILAURIA

5-8-6-9...

DAVIS (O.S.)

It's Davis. Did Lind ever show up?

DILAURIA

Been here and gone. Don't tell me you lost him?

CROSSCUT DAVIS WITH DILAURIA

DAVIS

The uncle's been in and out all day, but I haven't seen Lind leave the building. I thought maybe he backed out.

DILAURIA

Yeah, right out the back door.

DAVIS

Damn it! He could be anywhere now.

DILAURIA

He couldn't be anywhere! He has to be some place his uncle knows. Hold on...

(looks through a folder)

There was a bail hearing where Mordy's lawyer said something about him being a flight risk...

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Here: 'He isn't a flight risk unless running out onto the fire escape at The Piedmont to watch the Yankees could be considered unlawful flight.'

DAVIS

Has to be near the Stadium.

DILAURIA

Tippett said you have a Shadow.

He looks in his outside rearview mirror.

DAVIS'S P.O.V. - GRAY SEDAN

The Man In The Homburg Hat sits there, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel and bobbing his head, perhaps to music.

BACK TO SCENE

Davis smiles sardonically.

DAVIS

Yeah, Boris; he's in a sedan.

DILAURIA

Lose him. I'll call you with the address and meet you there.

DAVIS

Starts the engine and pulls away. The Man In The Homburg Hat tries to follow, but Davis easily loses him in traffic.

EXT. MARYLAND - U.S. ROUTE ONE - DAY

A road sign identifies the highway. A LINCOLN CONTINENTAL speeds past the sign, followed by Bazzo's CHEVROLET.

INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - DAY

Hightower checks his mirrors; he does not see the Chevrolet.

BAZZO

Is 2 cars back. He watches the Lincoln begin to pass traffic.

U.S. ROUTE ONE

A FORD SEDAN driven by Latham moves with the flow of traffic.

LATHAM

Checks his mirrors - no sign of the Lincoln or the Chevrolet. His walkie-talkie CRACKLES.

BAZZO (O.S.)
Alpha One, this is Two.

LATHAM
Go ahead.

BAZZO (O.S.)
He's about to shake hands.

Latham sees Hightower's Lincoln in his outside mirror. He rests his arm on the doorsill to obscure his face. The Lincoln passes; Latham picks up his walkie-talkie.

LATHAM
Got him; get going.

I/E. BAZZO'S CHEVROLET - DAY

Bazzo leaves U.S. Route One at the next exit.

U.S. ROUTE ONE

The Lincoln speeds past the other traffic. Latham tails him.

EXT. TRUMBALL MANOR APARTMENTS - DAY (DUSK)

Bazzo walks to the building, toting his physician's bag. He surveils the street, then enters through the Service Entrance.

INT. APARTMENT HOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY (DUSK)

Bazzo stops at apartment 6E; the nameplate reads "HIGHTOWER." Drawing a set of lock picks from his bag, he lets himself in.

APARTMENT 6E

Bazzo starts searching. In the bedroom he sees a newsletter, *Vriendschap*, on the nightstand. Taking a Minox Miniature camera from his physician's bag, he photographs its pages.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT (EVENING)

Hightower pulls up and parks among other luxury cars.

I/E. FORD SEDAN

Latham coasts past the Manor House and pulls off the road.

LATHAM

Gets out of his car and surreptitiously approaches the front of the house. No lights are on.

He goes around back - a set of curtains in the den are parted. Light FLICKERS against the windows. Latham hides in the brier and takes out a pair of pocket binoculars.

LATHAM'S P.O.V. - LIVING ROOM - BINOCULARS MATTE

Hightower joins other middle-aged men, all wired to EEG machines and watching a film of schoolboys exercising. Bohl's Assistant gives them pills with water.

A HEAVY-SET MAN removes his skullcap and leaves the room.

Moments later a light goes on in an upstairs room. A portly silhouette appears on the window shade, soon joined by a smaller one - a MALE CHILD. The two silhouettes slide off the shade and the room light goes out.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham lowers his binoculars; he can barely contain his disgust.

ACT THREE

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

The door is open; Collette leans in. Latham looks up from reading.

COLLETTE

The Intelligence Director's here.

BILL NEALY enters holding a cable. Collette shuts the door.

LATHAM

What's up, Bill?

NEALY

You know Communications found a flaw in our KL-7 encryption machines?

LATHAM

Yeah. I'm not sure what, but I know they haven't gotten around to fixing the one at Moscow station yet.

NEALY

Well, so you know, what it does is send an echo of the uncoded message along with the encrypted one.

Latham groans.

NEALY (CONT'D)

I know... Funny, though, you should mention Moscow.

LATHAM

Why?

NEALY

We learned the cypher machines used by Soviet Army Intel have the same flaw that ours have.

(hands Latham the cable)

Moscow station intercepted that. It was sent to your KGB pal, Yuri Gvozdev, from a GRU major. I thought maybe you could shed some light on it.

LATHAM

(reading)

Viktor Mariskova...

NEALY

You know him?

LATHAM

Yeah. That false defector Carla's debriefing - William Lind? - Mariskova's his father-in-law.

NEALY

That explains the GRU interest.

LATHAM

(continues reading)

Hm, he really tears into Yuri for letting Lind give his boys the slip.

NEALY

I guess we can thank Carla for that.

LATHAM

No, he shook her people, too.

NEALY

Really... So what the hell's your false defector up to?

EXT. THE BRONX, NEW YORK CITY - PIEDMONT ARMS HOTEL - DAY

The Yankee Stadium frieze is visible in the background.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

As Ilena cleans, she sees an envelope slipped beneath the door. She grabs a PISTOL from their luggage. Slowly, she picks up the envelope - "WILLIAM LIND" is printed on the front. The front door SWINGS OPEN. Startled, Ilena AIMS the pistol at...

WILLIAM

Don't shoot! It's me! It's me!

Ilena lowers the pistol; William shuts the door.

Relieved, they embrace. She hands William the envelope. He opens it to find several \$20 bills wrapped in a sheet of paper. They're both shocked. William counts the money.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
500 dollars.

ILENA
From your uncle?

She points to a phone number on the wrapper that does not disappear: ENTERPRISE 6319.

WILLIAM
No.

He hands her the money and leaves.

EXT. PIEDMONT ARMS HOTEL - DAY

The Janitor lazes on the stoop. When William exits, the Janitor rises and enters the building.

UP THE BLOCK

DiLauria and Davis sit in a PLYMOUTH SEDAN.

I/E. PLYMOUTH SEDAN - DAY

They watch William enter a phone booth on the corner. After a brief phone call, he leaves the booth and returns to The Piedmont. A moment later the scruffy Janitor exits from a side door, gets into a NEW Ford Custom 300 and drives away.

DILAURIA

Nods at Davis; he jumps out. She drives off after the Janitor.

I/E. FORD CUSTOM 300

The Janitor drives into Manhattan, winding up in...

GREENWICH VILLAGE

The Janitor pulls into a parking garage. DiLauria parks by a nearby fire hydrant. A METER MAID walks by and glares at her. DiLauria holds up her index finger, pleading one minute more. The Meter Maid holds up her index finger and leaves.

Anxious moments pass. Finally, the Janitor leaves the Garage on foot.

DILAURIA

Abandons her car and follows him. The Janitor breaks into a RUN, barely making it aboard a City Bus.

DiLauria frantically looks about.

I/E. NEW YORK CITY BUS - DAY

The Janitor settles by a window seat; he smiles faintly.

AT THE PLYMOUTH SEDAN

The Meter Maid grins evilly as she writes a ticket.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - 14TH STREET AND 6TH AVENUE - DAY

The Janitor gets off the bus and enters a subway station with a sign that partially reads "TRAINS TO NEW JERSEY."

EXT. NEWARK, NJ - PENN STATION - NIGHT

A sign identifies the station. Newark taxis queue for fares. The Janitor exits the station and takes a taxi downtown to...

ELEVEN CENTER PLACE

Where he enters the modernist steel-and-glass building.

ACROSS THE STREET

Watching from a darkened doorway is DiLauria.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT

DiLauria is on the phone.

DILAURIA

I spotted a joker in the deck.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Modestly furnished. Latham is also on the phone.

LATHAM

You told me - your KGB Shadow with the homburg hat.

CROSSCUT DILAURIA WITH LATHAM

DILAURIA

No, no, someone else - at Lind's new digs near Yankee Stadium.

LATHAM

Another KGB tail?

DILAURIA

That's what I thought, so I trailed him into Manhattan.

(MORE)

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

He left his car in a garage, so I left the pool car by a fire hydrant.

Latham squinches as sips a Coke.

LATHAM

I don't think I wanna hear this.

DILAURIA

Yes, you do. He ran for a bus. I grabbed a cab and almost made the mistake of trying to beat him to the Russian consulate. He must've thought he shook me 'cause he played it straight after that and took the subway to Newark. To guess where? Eleven Center Place.

LATHAM

The FBI field office?

DILAURIA

Uh huh. My guess is Uncle Mordy tipped them off.

LATHAM

How do you know he didn't just ask to use the toilet and walk out?

DILAURIA

He didn't have anything to read.

LATHAM

Carla...

DILAURIA

I hung around to make sure.

LATHAM

But why use an Agent from Jersey?

DILAURIA

Probably because we know all their New York people.

LATHAM

That damn Durang...

EXT. THE BRONX, NEW YORK CITY - ALLEY - NIGHT

William walks up to the Ford Custom 300 and gets in.

INT. FORD CUSTOM 300 - NIGHT

The Janitor, unctuous FBI AGENT JAMES HARRIS, turns to William.

HARRIS

So, how's it feel to be home, Bill?

WILLIAM

Wanna tell me who you are, first?

HARRIS

Oh, I'm sorry...

(pulls out his ID)

Special Agent James Harris, FBI.

William looks at the ID then glances at the number on the dial of the car's radiotelephone: Ent. 6319.

WILLIAM

Give up your day job as a janitor?

HARRIS

(embarrassed laugh)

Boy, they were right about you.

Tell me, what's it like in Moscow?

WILLIAM

Cold.

HARRIS

I'll bet. I hear your Russian's pretty good. Must have made it easy for you to get around, huh?

WILLIAM

I guess.

HARRIS

You probably saw a lot over there.

WILLIAM

Is that what's worth 500 bucks?

HARRIS

Every month - provided the details cover Soviet Intelligence.

WILLIAM

I didn't work for the KGB, Harris.

HARRIS

No, but you're an electronics expert with a photographic memory. I'm sure they would have placed you at some Electronic Intelligence facility.

WILLIAM

I'll tell you what - you're so interested in that stuff, why don't you go ask my old firm.

William starts to open the car door. Harris reaches over and SLAMS it shut. He gets a manila envelope from the glove box and drops it in William's lap.

HARRIS
(menacingly)
Open it.

William opens the envelope; he's aghast. He pulls out a photo of himself as a boy with his uncle Mordecai, *en flagrante*.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
You were, what - twelve?
(smirks)
Now who's got you by the balls?

WILLIAM
You really do live in the sewers.

HARRIS
I don't think you fully comprehend
what's going on here, Billy.

Ashamed and trembling, William looks away.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Look at me when I'm talking to you!

William looks up. Harris pulls out a receipt book and a pen from the glove box and SLAPS them into William's hand.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
From now on, every month when you
get paid, you sign that receipt
book. Sign it!

William nervously signs.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Good boy. Next time we meet I want a
summary in writing of the last place
you worked, who you worked with and
what you worked on. We'll meet right
here a week from today, same time.
Now get the hell out.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

William gets out of the car. The whores have taken over the corner. As William passes them, he is too shaken to notice that the man they are soliciting is Tippet.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

William and Ilena are in bed. She presses against him and tries to slip her hand inside his pajama bottoms.

William stops her and turns away. Ilena rolls away, SOBBING.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The huge pre-war building covers an entire city block.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Latham, still half-dressed in his suit, sits on the floor listening to "Take Five" by The Dave Brubeck Quartet on his hi-fi. The phone RINGS; he answers it.

LATHAM

Latham.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - THE HOLE - NIGHT

Bazzo is at his desk, rubbing his eyes and on the phone.

BAZZO

It's Bazzo. I have that translation.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH BAZZO

Latham turns down the volume on the hi-fi.

LATHAM

Just give me the essentials.

BAZZO

'Vriendschap' is a newsletter for pedophiles. It's loosely affiliated with the Dutch Pedophile Emancipation Movement. They advocate, and I quote, 'an erotic love of children,' end quote.

LATHAM

And Hightower speaks Dutch?

BAZZO

His mother's from Amsterdam.

LATHAM

Hmm... He must have met Deceauscu before MI6 began sitting in on them.

BAZZO

Yeah, makes sense.

LATHAM

So why did SMOTH wait so long to bring this to our attention?

BAZZO

Still think we're being set up?

LATHAM

Yeah, but it doesn't matter now.
Tomorrow's D-Day for Hightower.

BAZZO

It's his own doing. By the way, did
Carla learn how the Linds slipped
by her kiddie corps?

LATHAM

Yeah, they made a big show of
dragging themselves into the
building. Then while her team
relaxed, they slipped out the back.

BAZZO

Wow, that's an old one - having
them believe one thing so much that
they take the other for granted.

LATHAM

It's no excuse. I don't care how-

Latham stops himself; he suddenly realizes...

BAZZO

You still there?

LATHAM

Yes... We've been concentrating so
hard on Hightower we haven't even
considered the other possibility.

BAZZO

You mean SMOTH?

LATHAM

Yes.

BAZZO

I thought about it but I dismissed
it. It didn't make any sense.

LATHAM

It would make some sense if we
forget SMOTH's a friend.

BAZZO

Then Deceascu wasn't the target?

LATHAM

(growing upset)
Not the main one, no.

BAZZO

Must be something pretty important.

The doorbell BUZZES.

LATHAM
Important to him, yes. Hang on.

Latham answers the door. There he finds a tuxedoed Jones, carrying a briefcase. Jones enters; Latham shuts the door.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Bazzo's on the line.

Latham returns to the phone as Jones slumps into a chair.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
SMOTH's here.

BAZZO (O.S.)
You want me to come over?

LATHAM
No, go home. You've got an important meeting early tomorrow.

Latham hangs up. He sees Jones yawning.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
How about some instant Nescafé?

Jones nods. Latham goes into the kitchen. Water PLOPS and a spoon CLINKS O.S.

LATHAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Why the penguin suit?

JONES
Embassy function.

LATHAM (O.S.)
Since when do you know how to use a knife and fork?

JONES
Japanese Embassy. Chopsticks.

Latham reenters. He hands Jones a cup of coffee and sits.

JONES (CONT'D)
What did you find out about Bohl?

LATHAM
He's got several foreign diplomats engaged in an experiment to measure their sexual response to young boys.

JONES

Really. Well then you're going to love this.

He pulls a roll of 8mm film from his briefcase.

JONES (CONT'D)

That was on the nightstand by Hightower's bed. My man found it tonight while Hightower was out.

LATHAM

I'm surprised he's so careless.

JONES

(warily)
Maybe he doesn't care anymore. What do you plan to do about him?

LATHAM

Only thing I can do...

Jones tries to hide his anxiety.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Turn him over to the I.G.

Relieved, Jones pulls a bottle of saki from his briefcase.

JONES

One million yen.

LATHAM

Hm, I guess a buck and a half doesn't go as far as it used to. I'll get a corkscrew.

Latham leaves the room; his mood quickly turning dour.

EXT. DEPT. OF JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY (MORNING)

Bazzo, briefcase in hand, intercepts Durang coming to work.

BAZZO

Mr. Durang?

DURANG

Who are you?

BAZZO

Paul Barry. I work for Warren Latham.

DURANG

What can I do for you?

BAZZO

Could I speak with you for a minute? It's very important.

DURANG

Yeah, alright. Come on.

Durang leads Bazzo into the building.

INT. OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR - DAY

Durang hangs up his coat; they both sit. Bazzo pulls a POLICE ARREST REPORT from his briefcase and hands it to Durang.

BAZZO

That's a copy of a New Orleans Arrest Report on one J. Edgar Hoover of Washington, D.C. on charges of public lewdness and sodomy.

DURANG

Where'd you get this bullshit?

BAZZO

Your people originally had it quashed, but paperwork has a way of just... lingering about.

DURANG

(jumps up)
Get the hell outta here!

Bazzo defiantly pulls out another photo and tosses it on Durang's desk.

BAZZO

That's courtesy of one Meyer Lansky of Las Vegas and New Orleans. Personally, I don't think Hoover has the legs for fishnets.

DURANG

Your people did this.

BAZZO

No, that was Kodak.

DURANG

You little prick. I'll break your-

BAZZO

In one hour copies of this will be on the desk of every politico in town. By six tonight every evening paper and every news broadcast is gonna lead with this story.

(MORE)

BAZZO (CONT'D)

So sit your fat ass back down and
shut up and listen!

Durang is fit to be tied, but he swallows hard and sits.

DURANG

What do you want?

BAZZO

What you agreed to do - stay away
from William Lind. Now get on the
phone and call off your Doberman.

Fuming, Durang picks up the phone and dials.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

By the way, you can keep them;
they're suitable for framing.

EXT. LAFAYETTE PARK - PATH - DAY (MORNING)

Hightower is on his way to work when the MAN whom he is about
to overtake suddenly turns and confronts him - it's Latham.

HIGHTOWER

Warren... What are you doing here?

LATHAM

I came to hear a story, Allen. About
a senior CIA officer who subscribes
to a Dutch newsletter for men who
prefer young boys, sees an outside
shrink about it, and spends his free
time with a pedophile who's also the
Romanian consul general.

Latham pulls out the MI6 photos of Hightower and Deceascu,
and Bazzo's photos of 'Vriendschap.' Hightower looks around
nervously; he panics.

HIGHTOWER

Oh, my god... Oh, god.

LATHAM

Don't do anything stupid, Allen.

HIGHTOWER

Oh god, Warren. The boy - I'm so
sorry.

LATHAM

Allen...

HIGHTOWER

I'm sorry. Warren, I'm so sorry.
Oh, god. Please...

He starts to hyperventilate.

LATHAM
Allen... Allen, look at me. Come
on, look at me. Allen!

Hightower starts shaking and sobbing.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
You've wanted someone to end this
for you. That's why you left that
newsletter lying around... Allen.

Hightower URINATES on himself. Latham looks about.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Come on, let's not stand here.

They start walking.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Bohl learned about you from his
drug experiments. Is that how he
recruited Deceauscu?

HIGHTOWER
(shakes his head no)
He didn't recruit him - I did.

LATHAM
How? Through the newsletter?

HIGHTOWER
Yes, we met at a party. I told Bohl
about it during a session.

LATHAM
Was it Bohl's idea to use boys to
lure Eastern Bloc officials?

Hightower nods ashamedly; he wipes his eyes.

HIGHTOWER
They're all married. He knew they
wouldn't want any of this to get
out. Then David... When he killed
himself that was it for me. I told
Deceauscu to get out 'cause I was
going to tell the I.G. everything.

LATHAM
Why'd you alert Deceauscu?

HIGHTOWER
He's a friend. MI6 had caught on
and they were squeezing him.

LATHAM
Squeezing you too, weren't they?

Hightower again nods.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
TSD has a lot of people working with
Bohl. Anyone else involved in this?

HIGHTOWER
My Number Two, Pat Beech.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Berard and Kensington are stunned as Latham speaks.

LATHAM
MI6 weren't just sitting in on
Deceascu, they were running him, and
Hightower. When the Unsworth boy
killed himself, MI6 got an idea: Why
not beat Hightower to the punch?
They know the FBI's desperate to
control all domestic Intel, so they
tipped off the Bureau to Petworth.

KENSINGTON
How did that benefit MI6?

BERARD
They got a foot in the FBI's door.

LATHAM
MI6 knows the FBI's anxious to be
best buddies with them, too. So they
passed along just enough to keep the
Bureau happy, including select CIA
goodies they got from Hightower.

KENSINGTON
And I take it that signal from Army
Intel originated with MI6?

LATHAM
Via Hightower. He had Bohl send a
cable to TSD, ostensibly to warn
them to cover their tracks because
the FBI was investigating. But he
knew Domestic Ops would be copied
on it, giving us a false compass
heading. And that's when SMOTH
decided to give us Hightower.

BERARD
No honor among thieves, is there.

KENSINGTON

Since SMOTH had already given up Hightower, why'd he bother to show up at your place with that film to further incriminate him?

LATHAM

He must've thought I was dragging my feet. SMOTH knew Pat Beech was involved in this, but he had to get Hightower out before he went to the I.G. Then by default, Beech would become head of Tech Services, and SMOTH could go after him as he did Hightower.

Berard is exasperated. He gets up and looks out the window.

BERARD

And all 'U.S. Eyes Only' material continues unabated to MI6, courtesy of Pat Beech.

LATHAM

That was the plan.

BERARD

So, by handing us Hightower, SMOTH hoped we'd be looking so hard at him and the Bureau that we wouldn't even consider looking at MI6.

LATHAM

Yes. By the time we did investigate, Deceascu would have gone; Bohl would have destroyed his records; maybe even SMOTH would have been replaced.

KENSINGTON

And all we'd have is Hightower.

LATHAM

And let's not forget - the FBI would have quietly slipped a foot in our door. With the I.G. and maybe even MOTHER investigating us, we'd be too busy fighting our own fires to realize what had happened.

Berard sits and kneads his forehead. Kensington throws his palms up, worried.

KENSINGTON

So what do we do now about MI6?

BERARD

We can't accuse them of espionage and jeopardize the Special Relationship just to show them how clever we are. But we have to find a way to stem this flow of secrets to MI6 without letting them know we're on to them.

LATHAM

If it's alright with you, I'd like to use Beech to do that. He wasn't a field officer, so he isn't likely to discover I'm moving against him.

BERARD

Just make sure MI6 doesn't get away with this.

LATHAM

Oh, they won't get away with it, sir. They just won't know they didn't get away with it.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ilena awakens; she is alone. On the nightstand she sees an envelope addressed to her.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - OFFICE - DAY

DiLauria and Tippett are anxious. She checks her watch.

DILAURIA

Find him.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tippett and Davis question a frightened Ilena.

EXT. 380 EAST BROADWAY - DAY

Tippett and Davis enter the building.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Out of breath, they emerge from the 5th-floor stairwell and walk to Apartment 5F. Tippett KNOCKS on the door; no answer. He tries the doorknob and finds it is UNLOCKED.

APARTMENT 5F - KITCHEN

A cold-water flat with a tub there. Tippett and Davis enter. In the tub is William's nude body, his wrists slashed. Davis feels William's neck for a pulse, but he's dead.

On the counter is an ENVELOPE addressed to "CARLA DILAURIA." Tippetts tucks it in his pocket. He and Davis gather William's personal effects, then leave without disturbing the body.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - OFFICE - DAY

DiLauria opens the envelope and reads William's suicide note.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

I now know there's no chance any of you will ever let me be. No matter where I go, you'll hunt me down like an animal and use my past to hold me hostage. Only once did I ever feel free from this nightmare. I met a girl and married into a wonderful family who understood what had been done to me was not my fault. I learned to forgive myself. But coming back here I lost that, and I simply can't put myself or my wife through any more of this. Ilena knows nothing about my work with the Company. Please let her return to her family in Moscow.
William Lind.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Bazzo reads *The Washington Post*. Latham goes over a report; there's an undercurrent of anger about him. Collette enters with her message pad.

COLLETTE

Carla called. They're going to put Ilena on the redeye back to Moscow.

BAZZO

At least she's going home.

COLLETTE

William tried to.

LATHAM

All he did was make things worse. We could have handled the Bureau, if he hadn't been so damn secretive.

COLLETTE

Way of life behind the Curtain.

BAZZO

Meanwhile, Allen Hightower lives on, spilling his guts to the I.G.

LATHAM

He could have gotten life in prison.

COLLETTE

Hardly seems fair though.

LATHAM

(explodes)

What is it with you two, huh? Since when the hell has 'fair' got anything to do with it.

He storms out. Collette is shocked, but not Bazzo.

BAZZO

The ghost of Larry Jones finally rears its ugly head.

COLLETTE

I guess I would have expected more in the way of loyalty from SMOTH.

BAZZO

(Cockney accent)

Loyalty's for them's can afford it.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - FOGGY BOTTOM SECTION - DAY

Latham walks by tourists and federal employees, meeting and greeting. Overcome by emotion, he stops and closes his eyes. After a moment, he turns around and begins the long walk back.

END