Cool Gray Dawn

“The Canard”

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INSERT QUOTE AGAINST BLACK SCREEN:

“’It is unnatural in a large field to have only one shaft of wheat, and in the infinite Universe only one living world.’ – Metrodorus of Chios, Greek Philosopher, circa 350 B.C.”

INSERT EXCERPTS FROM “THE MIKE WALLACE INTERVIEW,” 3/8/58, AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY:

Reporter MIKE WALLACE patronizingly interviews former U.S. MARINE CORPS MAJOR DONALD KEYHOE who claims the Air Force and CIA have covered up the existence of UFOs. Keyhoe gives the names of military and civilian pilots, engineers and technicians who have seen UFOs or tracked them on radar.

EXT. HIGHWAY NEAR HOLLOMAN AIR FORCE BASE, NEW MEXICO – NIGHT

Headlights on a passing truck illuminate a road sign that reads “Holloman A.F.B., LEFT LANE/U.S. ROUTES 70, 82 EAST/Alamogordo (arrow pointing straight ahead).”

EXT. ALAMOGORDO, NEW MEXICO – NIGHT

Stock footage of a frontier town, barely updated since its inception in 1912.

INT. “MEMPHIS WEST” NIGHTCLUB – NIGHT

A honky-tonk where jaunty couples line dance to live music. At the bar, a distraught CARL EATON, 45, gulps a shot of bourbon. The BARTENDER offers him another but Eaton declines.

EATON

There a phone in here?

The Bartender points to the corridor at the back of the room.

EATON

Gets up, sidesteps the dancers and heads into the dimly lit CORRIDOR. Next to the Men’s Room, he sees the...

PHONE BOOTH

Eaton enters; the door sticks and won’t shut. He sits, puts a dime in the coin slot and dials “OPERATOR.”
MEN’S ROOM

A man, ASASHIN, walks up to the door and pauses.

INT. LATHAM’S APARTMENT - KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

WARREN LATHAM, still in his suit, is frying eggs. O.S., “Take Five” by The Dave Brubeck Quartet plays on the hi-fi. The phone RINGS O.S. He sets the skillet aside and enters the...

LIVING ROOM

Latham curiously glances at his watch: 10:57. He lowers the volume on the hi-fi and picks up the phone.

LATHAM

Hello?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

I have a collect call from a Carl Eaton for a Warren Latham. Is this Mr. Latham?

LATHAM

Yes.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Will you accept the charges?

LATHAM

Eaton... Yeah, I’ll accept.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Go ahead, Mr. Eaton.

Silence.

OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT’D)

Mr. Eaton, go ahead, please.

PHONE BOOTH

Eaton is slumped, eyes shut, blood trickling from his nose - dead. Asashin finishes writing a “202” phone number on a matchbook cover, pockets it and hangs up the handset.

LATHAM’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Over the phone comes a CLICK.

LATHAM

Hello?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

I’m sorry but the calling party appears to have hung up.
LATHAM
Wait. Operator, can you tell me where he was calling from?

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Alamogordo, New Mexico.

LATHAM
Thanks.

He hangs up and turns up the volume on “Take Five.”

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - DIRECTORATE OF PLANS - DAY
CIA personnel enter the nondescript building.

INT. LATHAM’S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The television is on, tuned to the “Jack LaLanne Show.” Latham enters just as COLLETT DOWD emerges from his office.

COLLETT DOWD
Your schedule is on your desk, along with the newspaper.

Latham nods. Collette anxiously follows him into...

LATHAM’S OFFICE

Latham lays his briefcase on his desk and takes off his coat.

COLLETT DOWD
There’s a story in there about those two unknown satellites.

LATHAM
Idiots were supposed to hold off until the findings came in today.

COLLETT DOWD
What if they aren’t asteroids?

LATHAM
You’re worrying for no reason.

COLLETT DOWD
But what if they aren’t?

She’s trembling. Latham takes her hand and points to the TV.

LATHAM
Hey... Russians, Martians, whatever - I’m not worried ‘cause nobody’s getting past him.

On TV LaLanne exercises. Collette grins and hangs up his coat.
LATHAM (CONT’D)
What have you got for me?

COLLETTE
Mr. Kensington is back.

LATHAM
With harrowing tales of his time spent as a hostage, I’ll bet.

COLLETTE
Pity the poor man who had to debrief him. Talk about torture...

LATHAM
(amused)
You got anything IMMEDIATE?

COLLETTE
Berard at nine; SMOTH at the usual place before close of play; oh, and Colonel Wesley Spencer called.

LATHAM
He say what about?

COLLETTE
No, he just asked if you’d meet him for lunch at ‘The Canard.’

Latham sits and cocks his head; something is on his mind.

COLLETTE (CONT’D)
I’ve been there; it’s nice.

LATHAM
No, it’s not that... I got a collect call last night from Carl Eaton.

Collette shrugs; she looks puzzled.

INSERT SCENES:
- West Berliners stand amid the ruins of their city and watch U.S. C-47 military transport planes fly overhead.
- A grounds crew at Tempelhof Airfield, West Berlin distributes boxes labeled “C.A.R.E.-U.S.A.” to civilians.
- Inscribed on the fuselage of a C-47: “LAST VITTLES FLIGHT/17,835,727 TONS AIRLIFTED TO BERLIN.”
- At a hofbrau, Berlin Airlift crewmen celebrate. Eaton and WESLEY SPENCER, both in uniform, flank Latham (in civvies), all happily hoisting beer steins.
- Eaton, dead inside the phone booth.

(Use stock newsreel footage of the Berlin Airlift.)

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

LATHAM (CONT’D)
He and Spencer flew in Operation VITTLES when I was in West Berlin.

COLLETTE
The Berlin Airlift.

LATHAM
My first posting in the Company.

COLLETTE
Must have been exciting.

LATHAM
(remembering fondly)
C-47 ‘Gooney Birds’ flying round-the-clock into Tempelhof Airfield...
Eaton – he was some pilot. I doubt he slept more than 2 hours a night.

COLLETTE
And he’s over at Andrews now?

LATHAM
No, he’s with the Company, Office of Scientific Investigations.

COLLETTE
Wow, must be pretty smart.

LATHAM
Oh, yeah. He called me last night from New Mexico. Collect. I accept the charges then - click! - he hangs up, the goldbrick.

BACK TO SCENE

He shrugs, puzzled. Collette smiles and goes back to her desk.

FILM SEQUENCE:


(“U.F.O.” is a documentary distributed by United Artists.)

END OF FILM SEQUENCE.
INT. BERARD’S OFFICE - DAY

WILSON BERARD, STEWART KENSINGTON and Latham each review a journal, photos and a report in folders titled “MAIER TAPE.”

BERARD
On top is last month’s Journal of Space Flight. There’s a report in there on two sisters in Chicago, Mildred and Marie Maier.

KENSINGTON
The Doublemint Twins.

BERARD
What?

KENSINGTON
The Doublemint Twins. You know...
(sings the jingle)
‘Double your pleasure, double your fun...’ They sang it originally.

Self-satisfied, Kensington beams. Latham rolls his eyes.

INSERT SCENES FROM THE MAIER SISTERS’ LIVING ROOM:

A) Victorian, replete with lace, wingtip chairs, a sofa and a storage trunk; two spinsters, MILDRED and MARIE MAIER listen excitedly to a ham radio connected to a tape recorder.

B) Eaton introduces himself to the obsequious sisters; they serve him tea, which he sniffs then sips warily.

C) After viewing the sisters' scrapbook of clippings from their days on the stage, and a rendition of their Doublemint Gum jingle, the put-upon Eaton finally gets the recording.

SUIT WORDS TO SCENES

BERARD
They claimed to have a recording of a radio signal from a UFO.

Kensington smirks; Latham shakes his head in disbelief.

BERARD (CONT’D)
The signal had also been recorded by some ham radio operators; that piqued our interest. So the Office of Scientific Intelligence sent one of their people to get a copy of the recording from the sisters who were, well, a bit eccentric.

BACK TO SCENE
Latham is amused as he reads an excerpt from Eaton’s Report: “It was like a scene from ‘Arsenic And Old Lace’; the only thing lacking was the cyanide-laced elderberry wine.”

BERARD (CONT’D)
OSI analyzed the tape.

INSERT SCENES:

A) A page of 8-digit binary sets and Julian Day numbers:

```
01000101 01011000 01010000 01001100 01001111 01010010
01000001 01010100 01001001 01001111 01001110 00100000
01001111 01000110 00100000 01001000 01010101 01001110
01000001 01001110 01001001 01010100 01011001
1110100011100100110011001111
01000011 01001110 01011000 01010010 01010001 01001110
01010101 01011111 01010101 01010000 01000000 01001000
01001110 01010010 01000000 01001001 01001110 01000011
01001111 01000101 01001100 01001110 01000100 01001110
1001111010111110101 01001110
100000010111100001111 01010111
10011100101110000101101011000 01001110
111111101111111111110110101 01010111
```

B) A CIA OFFICER inputs the following Alpha-Binary matches onto computer punch cards:

```
A 01000001  B 01000010  C 01000011  D 01000100
E 01000101  F 01000110  G 01000111  H 01001000
I 01001001  J 01001010  K 01001011  L 01001100
M 01001101  N 01001110  O 01001111  P 01010000
Q 01010001  R 01010010  S 01010011  T 01010100
U 01010101  V 01010110  W 01010111  X 01011000
X 01011000  Y 01011001  Z 01011010
```

C) Computer output begins printing on a Teletype machine:

```
1001111010111110101 base2/10000 base10 = 32.5109 base10;
100000010111110000110111 base2/10000 base10 = 106.0623 base10;
1001111001011100001011011000 base2/10000000 base10 =
32.8665944 base10;
111111011111111111110110101 base2/10000000 base10 =
106.1076917
```

SUITE WORDS TO DECRYPTION ACTION

BERARD (CONT’D)
OSI concluded it was harmless Morse code from a local radio station, for the most part. The rest were binary numbers and Julian dates, which they decoded.
LATHAM’S OFFICE

Latham, PAUL “BAZZO” BARRY and a skeptical CARLA DILAURIA read through the “MAIER TAPE” folder.

INSERT DECODED TEXT:

EXPLORATION OF HUMANITY 2437333.27223 (Julian date, translation: Thursday, Feb-02-61)
CONTINUOUS FOR PLANETARY ADVANCEMENT
32.5109N 106.0623W 32.8665944N 106.1076917W (Geocentric Coordinates: Holloman AFB, KHMN/HMN, Runway 16)

BACK TO SCENE

DILAURIA
UFOs landing at Holloman...

LATHAM
C.I. says it’s a KGB ploy.

DILAURIA
Hm, was there any doubt? Why’d they choose February 2nd?

LATHAM
It’s Groundhog Day. How do I know?

BAZZO
Why is this on our plate, boss?

LATHAM
Last month Alaskan NORAD reported multiple sightings over Point Barrow. They asked us for a scientific opinion, so OSI ran a joint study with Cal Tech. They concluded the UFOs weren’t Russian because Boris didn’t have the technological capability.

DILAURIA
So what were they?

LATHAM
Sunlight reflecting off seagulls.

DiLauria arches an eyebrow but Bazzo grows serious.

BAZZO
I remember two years ago, OSI and the Air Force looked into some UFOs over Air Defense Command in Montana.

DILAURIA
More birds?
BAZZO
Inconclusive. Whatever they were, radar tracked them doing Mach 15.

DiLauria is nonplussed. Latham gets up and meanders about.

LATHAM
Look, I mentioned NORAD because Berard feels it’s a template on how to handle this; the opposite being how we’ve handled the Maiers’ case. The sisters gave a radio interview to Bob Ward, an ex-Air Force pilot. They told him they gave their tape to an Air Force Major named Eaton.

BAZZO
You’d think he’d use a working name.

LATHAM
I know. Ward wrote to him at the Air Technical Intelligence Center, asking if they’d analyzed the tape. ATIC wrote back, saying it had been sent to the proper authorities.

DI LAURIA
I thought that was the Air Force?

LATHAM
Which is why Ward figured Eaton was CIA and wrote to the Director.

Bazzo and DiLauria groan a few expletives.

LATHAM (CONT’D)
OSI responded that the tape had been analyzed by another agency, and that the Air Force would contact him.

BAZZO
Yeah, right.

LATHAM
No, they did. They said Eaton was and still is a major, and that the tape had been analyzed by another agency who only found harmless Morse Code from a radio station.

DI LAURIA
Open mouth, insert foot.

LATHAM
So Ward wrote back to Dulles; he wanted the name of the tape analyst.
BAZZO
Okay, so how do we get out of this?

LATHAM
You read the Brookings Report?

Bazzo nods but DiLauria shakes her head no.

LATHAM (CONT’D)
NASA asked the Brookings Institute to study peaceful uses of space exploration. Their report postulated on the public’s reaction if NASA found evidence of extraterrestrial life, like artifacts left on the moon, or even a face-to-face meeting with the aliens.

DILAURIA
We already know. That story in today’s paper has everyone spooked.

LATHAM
That’s why the Report suggested the government withhold that information from the public. So Paul’s going to see Mr. Ward and convince him the tape had only innocuous Morse Code.

BEGIN FILM SEQUENCE:
- Moscow’s May Day military hardware parade in Red Square.
- Fidel Castro and Nikita Khrushchev.
- Civil Defense signs; an atomic bomb detonates.
- The Pentagon; a meeting of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.
- A U-2 spy plane takes off from Incirlik Air Base, Turkey.
- U.N. troops arrive in The Congo.
- U.S. advisors in South Vietnam with ARVN leaders.
- MI6’s original headquarters, Broadway, London.
- The headquarters of West Germany’s Federal Intelligence Service (BND) in Pullach, West Germany.
- The headquarters of SDECE, France’s intelligence service, Hôtel de Brienne, 14 rue St. Dominique, Paris.
- A document labeled “TOP SECRET” is placed in a briefcase.
SUIT WORDS TO FILM SEQUENCE

NARRATOR (V.O.)
In a world of global upheaval, of escalating tensions between the superpowers, and the ever-present threat of nuclear annihilation, Prolaxis Global supports the United States and its allies by providing the tools to facilitate optimal decision-making. With effective intelligence collection and analysis through its cross-discipline capabilities, Prolaxis Global maximizes its extraordinary range of knowledge in security, aviation, logistics and operational expertise. Working with its international partners, Prolaxis Global provides independent solutions using professionals who understand the unique, sensitive and exigent security demands of a changing world.

INT. SMALL FILM ROOM

The lights go up, revealing the AUDIENCE - seven well-dressed middle-aged, Caucasian men; on their laps, folders labeled "PROLAXIS GLOBAL." The SPEAKER reenters and walks to the dais.

SPEAKER
You’ve met one of our experts and now you’ve seen our presentation. Your time is valuable, so I’ll keep this brief. If you’re interested in our services, call the number inside your folders and make an appointment to speak with one of our representatives. Again, thank you for accepting our invitation.

The Audience rises and heads out, led by MAXWELL GAMBLE, 52.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - DRIVeway - DAY

The Audience leaves the house. They shake hands with the Speaker and Asashin, then get into their chauffeured limos.

UP THE ROAD

In a Gray Ford, MAX takes pictures of everyone at the house.
INT. BLACK LIMOUSINE - DAY

Gamble opens his PROLAXIS GLOBAL folder then picks up the car’s radiotelephone.

GAMBLE
This is General Maxwell Gamble...

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

A view of the four nondescript buildings.

INT. MEN’S ROOM - DAY

Alone in there, TOM PERCY takes a swig from a metal flask.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of chatter, teletype machines and RINGING phones. Latham and Bazzo meet with JARED STOKES. Percy enters. Latham sniffs the air suspiciously as Percy passes by him.

STOKES
Paul, you’ll have a sanitized analysis of the tape from ITEK.

Kensington bounces in and interrupts Stokes.

KENSINGTON
Off to Chicago, Paul?

BAZZO
Yes, sir - Operation Green Men.

STOKES
(to Bazzo)
You’ll have Air Force credentials-

KENSINGTON
Won’t be as exciting as New York.

BAZZO
No, sir, it probably won’t.

STOKES
(growing frustrated)
So remember to wear civvies.

Kensington is about to interrupt when Latham cuts him off.

LATHAM
Did you want to see me, sir?

KENSINGTON
Yes, I wanted to thank you again for what you did in New York.
STOKES
(to Bazzo)
We also sent a wire under Air Force heading to the radio station, alerting them to your visit tonight.

LATHAM
(to Kensington)
I’m just glad it turned out well.

KENSINGTON
I was wondering... When was the last time you changed your blinds?

LATHAM
My what?

KENSINGTON
The Venetian blinds in your office.

LATHAM
I don’t know... Never.

KENSINGTON
We should get you some new ones. And those windows of yours... You really ought to get them washed.

Bazzo and Stokes grin mischievously and turn away.

LATHAM
The dirt keeps anyone from seeing inside.

KENSINGTON
No need to live in squalor, man.

LATHAM
No, sir... Was there anything else?

KENSINGTON
Yes. Why not join me for lunch at the Club today?

LATHAM
Sorry, I have a prior appointment.

KENSINGTON
Oh... Well, some other time then.

Kensington jauntily leaves. Latham sighs wearily.

EXT. POINT BARROW LONG-RANGE RADAR SITE, ALASKA - NIGHT

Stock footage of the base. A flood-lit sign reads “UNITED STATES AIR FORCE/POINT BARROW/LONG RANGE RADAR SITE.”
INT. RADAR STATION CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

Indistinct chatter and muted lighting is punctuated by the green glow from radar screens manned by U.S.A.F. personnel. MATTHEWS and WHITTEN, late 20’s, sit at adjacent monitoring stations. A white blip appears on Whitten’s radar screen.

WHITTEN
I’ve got a target at 2:00.

MATTHEWS
At Angel’s 10, I see it. I’ll check with CAA for any commercial traffic.

He picks up his phone. Whitten also places a call.

WHITTEN
It’s Whitten, sir. We have a target at 2:00... Right.

He hangs up and monitors his scope. A moment later, sleepy-eyed COMMANDER COLLINS, 42, shuffles over.

COLLINS
Nine A.M. and it’s still dark out.

WHITTEN
Civil twilight. You get used to it.

COLLINS
I hope not. What have you got?

WHITTEN
Seagulls again at 10,000 feet. Target’s now at 3:00 - wait, 12:00. It’s bouncing all over the place.

Collins looks worried. Matthews hangs up his phone.

COLLINS
Can you confirm this, Matthews?

MATTHEWS
Yes, sir. I’ve got stellar contact, solid on every sweep.

COLLINS
You check with the CAA?

MATTHEWS
No commercial traffic in the area.

The dot on Whitten’s radar screen suddenly triples in size.

WHITTEN
Whoa!
COLLINS
What is it?

WHITTEN
Target just dropped from 10,000 to below 1000 feet - at Mach 15.

They’re stunned. Matthews’ phone RINGS; he answers it.

MATTHEWS
Control Center, Matthews.

He winces, jerking the handset away from his ear.

COLLINS
Who is that?

MATTHEWS
I don’t know - the guy’s screaming.

COLLINS
Put him on speaker.

Matthews flips a switch on his control panel.

MAN ON PHONE (O.S.)
You listening?! There’s a huge, glowing red object over Dish Row!
Wait - it’s moving... It’s moving!

Other radar operators peek over their shoulders at Collins.

COLLINS
This is Lt. Cmdr. Collins; identify yourself.

MAN ON PHONE (O.S.)
Lynch, Base Security. The object’s moving this way. It’s right above me! What do I do?!

COLLINS
Stand your ground, Lynch. Can you see any markings on it?

Silence - all eyes are on Matthews, Whitten and Collins. Suddenly RIFLE SHOTS CRACKLE over the speaker.

COLLINS (CONT’D)
What the hell just happened, Lynch?!

MAN ON PHONE/LYNCH (O.S.)
I shot at it... It zoomed back up.

MATTHEWS
Target has ascended to Angel’s 10.
LYNCH (O.S.)
I can’t see it. I think it’s gone.

WHITTEN
Target’s off scope.

COLLINS
Lynch, do you want to file a report?

LYNCH (O.S.)
(a moment, then)
No, sir. You can tell General Gamble it must’ve been seagulls again.

ACT TWO

INT. “THE CANARD” BAR AND RESTAURANT - DAY

A popular watering hole. A table menu reads “The Canard.” WESLEY SPENCER gulps a vodka shot and finishes it with a beer chaser. He signals for another round. Latham joins him, carrying a bottle of Diet Rite Cola and a glass.

SPENCER
Hey, glad you could make it.

LATHAM
Beats the alternative.

SPENCER
Yeah? What’s that?

LATHAM
Lunch with Kensington – one of Dante’s Nine Circles Of Hell.

Spencer chuckles nervously. Growing somber, he leans forward. Latham recoils some at Spencer’s strong liquor breath.

SPENCER
I’m sorry about Bulgaria, man. I-

LATHAM
Forget it; it’s over with.

The Waitress brings Spencer another round. He gulps the shot, swigs his beer then lights a cigarette.

SPENCER
23 years in the military... I should’ve bailed when Eaton did and signed up with you people.

LATHAM
You know, he called me last night.
SPENCER
(apprehensively)
You spoke to him?

LATHAM
Never got the chance; he hung up.

Spencer leans back, oddly relieved at this.

SPENCER
So you don’t know then...

LATHAM
What is this, ‘I’ve Got A Secret’?

SPENCER
I got a call this morning from the police in Alamogordo. They found Carl in some night club - a brain aneurysm or something. They said they’d know more after an autopsy.

Latham is stunned - but then something bothers him.

LATHAM
Why did the police call you?

SPENCER
Huh? What do you mean?

LATHAM
I mean, why did they call you? Carl would’ve been backstopped with pocket litter for just that reason.

SPENCER
I don’t know; he had one of my MATS business cards on him.

LATHAM
So do I. I also have one from Ace Typewriter Repair. But even if I jump out the window holding my Smith-Corona, I doubt D.C. Metro will call either one of you.

Spencer HUFFS and stubs out his half-smoked cigarette.

SPENCER
So, you gonna interrogate me now?

LATHAM
No, but someone will.

Spencer reaches for a cigarette but his pack is empty. He slumps, puts the pack back in his pocket and swigs his beer.
LATHAM (CONT’D)
Why did you want to see me, Wes?

SPENCER
At the end of The War they had me
fly to Buchenwald, repatriate our
POWs held there. The Jews there...
Like walking skeletons. And the
ones the Nazis experimented on...
You wonder how God could let that
happen. Then one day you’re back
home and you see something,
something you can’t believe. And
you wonder if there even is a God.

He looks past Latham, out the front window.

SPENCER’S P.O.V. - AN UNMARKED SERVICE VAN

Is double-parked across the street; behind the wheel, Asashin.

BACK TO SCENE

Spencer is visibly shaken.

LATHAM
What is it?

He turns and looks out the window, just as the Van leaves.

SPENCER
I have to go.

LATHAM
Why? What’s going on?

SPENCER
Nothing. I just forgot I have to be
some place.

He gulps his beer while staring at Latham’s cup of soda.

LATHAM
Who was that out there?

SPENCER
No one was out there.

He gets up. Latham grabs Spencer’s arm.

LATHAM
What are you afraid of, Wes?

SPENCER
(jerks his arm free)
For Chrissakes, will you back off?!
He takes a tiny envelope from his cigarette pack, drops it on the table and leaves. Latham opens it. With a toothpick he pokes at the white powder inside.

EXT. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS - DAY

Stock footage of the cityscape and The Loop (circa 1960).

INT. RADIO STATION - CORRIDOR

BOB WARD, 55, peers through an interior window into a studio. The clock reads 3:05. Beneath a lit “ON AIR” sign, DJ JACK changes a record while silently jabbering into the microphone.

Toting a satchel Bazzo enters, led by an INTERN who introduces him to Ward. Bazzo flashes his Air Force ID. DJ Jack flips a switch and “Small World” sung by Johnny Mathis plays O.S.

BREAK ROOM

“Small World” continues O.S. Ward and Bazzo sip coffee.

BAZZO
Why a call-in show?

WARD
I was bored spinning records. One day I went off-script, going on about what aliens must’ve thought when they saw Sputnik. In comes the GM, saying there’s more action on the switchboard than in a co-ed’s dorm room. So we ran with it.

BAZZO
So you believe in UFOs.

Ward sighs and scoops a little sugar from the bowl. He drops a few grains on the table, brushing away all but one.

BAZZO (CONT’D)
That’s some kinda diet you’re on.

WARD
For this one grain...
(points to the sugar bowl)
That’s how many stars there are in the Milky Way. Take all the sand at Lake Michigan and that’s billions of suns, just in our galaxy. You really think ours is the only one orbited by a habitable planet?

BAZZO
No, but it doesn’t mean we’re being visited by any of them.
WARD
Why? ‘Cause they haven’t landed on the White House lawn?

BAZZO
Be a good start.

WARD
Maybe they consider Earth the ghetto of the galaxy.

Bazzo chuckles.

WARD (CONT’D)
Look, I was a Senior Pilot. I know what I’ve seen up there.

Bazzo raises his hands, conceding the point. He pulls a folder from his satchel and hands it to Ward who opens it.

BAZZO
ITEK’s analysis of the Maier tape.

WARD
ITEK... Dick Mahorn’s company?

BAZZO
Yeah, you know him?

WARD
T25, Miss Lace, 498th Bomber Group. He was the A.C.; I was the co-pilot.

BAZZO
Hm... Well, all ITEK found was Morse Code from a local radio station.

Ward thumbs through the report.

WARD
The Morse Code operator who analyzed the tape... His name in here?

BAZZO
No. Air Force policy prohibits the disclosure of any personnel involved in an investigation.

WARD
(huffs)
What about getting a transcript of the tape?

BAZZO
Sorry, the file was destroyed.
WARD
What kinda bullshit is that?!

BAZZO
When a case is without merit, ATIC destroys the file rather than have it take up wasted space.

WARD
Since when did the Air Force become like Jimmy Hoffa’s Teamsters?

He gets up and leaves, taking the report with him. Bazzo does a slow burn as “Small World” ends.

EXT. CHICAGO - ILLINOIS STATE BUILDING - DAY

Stock footage of its downtown location on North LaSalle.

INT. CHICAGO CIA STATION - OFFICE - DAY

On a desk is a RED ROTARY-DIAL PHONE; its subscriber name label, DE7-4926 (CIA’s actual Chicago station number in 1960). Bazzo sits at the desk, handset to his ear. He’s livid.

BAZZO
Why the hell didn’t Mission Planning know Ward had flown with Mahorn?

INT. LATHAM’S OFFICE - DAY

Latham is on his Red phone.

LATHAM
What?

CROSSCUT BAZZO WITH LATHAM

BAZZO
Ward flew B-29s over Japan with ITEK’s CEO! All he has to do now is call Mahorn and the Op’s blown.

LATHAM
Alright, I’ll call ITEK. Mahorn lives in Boston. Call the station; have them send a man to his house in a radio car. If I can’t reach Mahorn, I’ll tell the station to disrupt his phone service.

BAZZO
What about Mission Planning?

LATHAM
Later. Now get a move on.
He hangs up the Red phone and picks up the Gray one.

KENSINGTON’S OFFICE

Kensington brushes his tuxedo. There’s a KNOCK on his door.

KENSTON (CONT’D)

Come.

Latham enters.

KENSINGTON (CONT’D)

Ah, Warren. You missed an excellent lunch: Blackberry brandy grilled pheasant, wild rice, grilled fruit kabobs. Mmm... What did you eat?

LATHAM

A BLT.

KENSTON

(smirks)

Oh... So, what can I do for you?

LATHAM

Mandarin Two called in. Seems Mission Planning missed the fact that Bob Ward-

KENSTON

The Chicago radio host?

LATHAM

Yes. He and Itek’s CEO, Dick Mahorn, flew together over Japan.

Kensington stops; he’s panicked.

KENSTON

My God, if Ward calls him-

LATHAM

I already have a call in to Mahorn’s office. And I’ve got the Boston station on standby to cut his home phone line if need be.

KENSTON

You mean disrupt his service.

LATHAM

Yes. But we have a larger problem here: drinking on duty.

Kensington grins, relieved. He scoffs as he resumes grooming his tuxedo.
KENSINGTON
We all tend to overindulge, from
the Director on down. But that
hardly qualifies as a problem.

LATHAM
When it affects a mission it does.

KENSINGTON
(annoyed)
Then remind them to exercise due
diligence; otherwise it’s a non-
issue. Anything else?

LATHAM
You know about Carl Eaton from OSI?
He wrote the report on the Maiers.

KENSINGTON
Yes... An aneurysm wasn’t it?

LATHAM
So I heard. Anyway, I met with
Colonel Wesley Spencer earlier, and
I got the distinct impression he
knows more about Eaton’s death than
what’s been reported.

KENSINGTON
Wait - why would he know anything?

LATHAM
Eaton, Spencer and I have been
friends since The War. Eaton called
me last night, apparently just
before he died. For some reason he
hung up before we could talk.

KENSINGTON
(skeptical)
And that’s why you think his death
was suspicious?

LATHAM
Spencer was on edge, especially
when I asked why the police
contacted him. I also saw that he
was being watched.

KENSINGTON
By whom?

LATHAM
I don’t know. But when Spencer saw
the man he panicked.
(MORE)
He took off and left an envelope with some white powder in it. OSI is analyzing it now.

Kensington pauses and sniggers.

KENSINGTON
Sounds like a little cocaine-induced paranoia.

LATHAM
No, he’s a boozehound. I’d like to put a mandarin on him.

Kensington is incredulous. He stops brushing and faces Latham.

KENSINGTON
You can’t be serious.

LATHAM
Sir, I believe Eaton was terminated and Spencer was somehow involved.

KENSINGTON
Then call in the FBI.

LATHAM
A mandarin could dig a lot further.

KENSINGTON
But there are no reasons to. And I’m not authorizing resources based on your friend’s habit. We’re not social workers. The answer is no.

Latham is deflated. He nods and leaves.

FILM SEQUENCE:
In a 1954 BBC interview, BOAC pilot CAPTAIN JAMES HOWARD describes several objects that shadowed his plane for 18 minutes while en route from the U.S. to Britain.

END OF FILM SEQUENCE.

MID-SHOW BREAK

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

Latham and LAWRENCE JONES stroll; in the background, the White House. Latham is clearly abstracted. Jones SNAPs his fingers.

JONES
Earth to Latham, come in.

Latham looks at Jones and grins sheepishly.
LATHAM
Sorry. What did you say?

JONES
I said you’re lucky Mahorn agreed to be indisposed. And you didn’t even have to shut off his phone.

LATHAM
Oh, we did that anyway.

He glances up at the sky.

JONES
It hasn’t fallen yet, Henny Penny.

Latham does a double-take.

JONES (CONT’D)
That’s Chicken Little to you natives in the colonies. Anyway, before I go into why I asked you here, why don’t you tell me what’s on your mind.

LATHAM
I need you to put eyes on one of my Desk Officers, Tom Percy.

JONES
Why? You think he’s doubling?

LATHAM
No, I think he’s a drunk. I need to know if anyone else knows.

JONES
Hmm, the KGB loves to flood the city with honey traps during the holidays. I’ll keep an eye on him.

Latham nods his thanks. Jones pulls an envelope from his pocket and hands it to Latham who pauses before opening it.

LATHAM
No white powder in here, is there?

Jones is befuddled. Latham waves him off and pulls out photos of the Audience taken outside the Manor House.

JONES
The house is in Arlington. Tax rolls list the owner as Prolaxis Global.

LATHAM
Never heard of them.
JONES
They’re a private Intel and security firm based in Johannesburg.

LATHAM
Hm, business must be booming.

JONES
As far as we can tell, their clients are international businessmen – except for him.
(points to Gamble)
Major General Maxwell Gamble, U.S. Air Force, Strategic Air Command.

LATHAM’S P.O.V. – PHOTO OF GENERAL GAMBLE
Shaking hands with the Speaker while Asashin looks on.

BACK TO SCENE
Latham recognizes Asashin.

LATHAM
Why were you watching Gamble?

JONES
We were watching a British national. Gamble surprised us. Warren, you’ve already lost enough friends in the African and Asian ecumene because of Eisenhower’s ‘Europe First’ policy. If the KGB gets wind of this...

LATHAM
(pained)
I know... Who are these two with Gamble?

JONES
They work for Prolaxis Global.

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE – DAY (DUSK)
Stock footage of the base.

INT. FLIGHT OFFICE – DAY (DUSK)
CAPTAIN WILLARD mans the Duty Desk; behind him, the MATS flight board. Spencer enters, heavy-footed, his jacket open.

WILLARD
Thought you were off today, Colonel?

Spencer grunts something unintelligible as he lumbers past the Desk. Willard rolls his eyes and returns to his work.
DUTY OFFICER’S ROOM

From his locker Spencer removes a M1911 pistol. With his left hand he shoves it inside the waistband of his pants.

SPENCER

Crosses the parking lot and gets into his Ford. He grabs the steering wheel and quickly pulls his hand off. He rubs his fingers against his palm. He wipes the steering wheel with his sleeve, then starts the car and drives away.

I/E. SUITLAND PARKWAY - SPENCER’S FORD - DAY (DUSK)

Spencer shakes his head, trying to focus. Traffic around him HONKS. He pulls onto the shoulder and pushes open his door.

INT. SPENCER’S FORD

Spencer leans out and vomits. He shuts the door and slumps back in his seat, quickly slipping into semi-consciousness.

In the rearview mirror a car pulls up. A Man wearing gloves gets out, walks up to the passenger-side door and opens it.

ASASHIN

Gets in, his revolver peeking from his shoulder holster. As he puts an envelope labeled “Jenny” into Spencer’s pocket, he sees Spencer’s M1911 and grins.

He yanks out the M1911, RACKS THE SLIDE, then wraps Spencer’s right hand around the stock, forefinger on the trigger.

He lifts the muzzle to Spencer’s right temple and...

EXT. ACROSS SUITLAND PARKWAY - SPENCER’S FORD

MUZZLE FLASH. Blood and brain matter SPLATTER onto the driver-side window. Traffic WHOOSHES past. Asashin alights, gets into his car and drives away.

EXT. STREET - APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT (EVENING)

An MGA is double-parked out front; a MAN, 30, leans against it. A WOMAN, 25, leaves the building, toting a small suitcase.

INT. APARTMENT - AT THE WINDOW

Percy bleakly watches the Man put the suitcase behind the seats. The Couple get into the car and drive off.

UP THE STREET - BLUE COUPE

Black MI6 Officer FIONA takes pictures of The Couple. She lowers her camera. As the MGA passes, she writes: “19:30.
Percy’s wife leaves with unknown white male in late model MG.”

INT. RADIO STATION - STUDIO

The “ON AIR” sign is lit. A 24-hour wall clock reads 21:05. Ward is at the microphone; beside him, KATE MILLS, 40.

WARD
Getting back to that story in U.S. Aerospace Technology Weekly... It was unsettling enough to the few of us who read it, but then to open today’s paper and see it. I mean, come on, now everyone's on edge. Look, I get it - two unknown satellites orbiting the Earth is news, of course. But no one knows if they’re man-made or natural phenomena. Why not just wait for the government to announce its findings. What’s one more day? Anyway, I don’t think they’re man-made.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Typical two-star room. The clock radio is on, tuned to Ward. A beer sits on the nightstand. Bazzo leaves the bathroom in his robe. He plops on the bed and grabs his beer.

WARD (O.S.)
Mars is at its closest approach to Earth, and typically that’s when UFO sightings go up. So here to discuss this, the Maier tape and other UFO news is my guest, director of the Center For Unknown Aerial Phenomena, Kate Mills. How are you, Kate?

MILLS (O.S.)
I’m fine, Bob.

WARD (O.S.)
I’m curious... What’s your take on these two unknown satellites?

MILLS (O.S.)
I agree with you; they’re not man-made.

WARD (O.S.)
Glad someone’s on my side.

MILLS (O.S.)
But... Saying they’re not man-made doesn’t mean they aren’t artificial.
WARD (O.S.)
Whoa! Hang on... Are you suggesting
they’re extraterrestrial in origin?

MILLS (O.S.)
Yes. And the government - and by
that I mean the CIA - is covering
this up, same as the Maier tape.

Bazzo groans and bangs his head back on the headboard.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT
A light snowfall makes the Capitol appear luminescent.

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE
A gaggle of men and women mingle. Percy is lost in his drink.
A BLONDE eschews the balding lotharios and approaches him.

Fiona sees this, excuses herself from a suitor and heads to...

THE LADIES’ ROOM
On the wall is a LOCAL FIRE ALARM. Fiona enters, sidestepping
a TIPSY WOMAN who’s leaving. Fiona looks about - it’s empty.
She pulls the Fire Alarm lever. A bell CLANGS insistently.

AT THE BAR
GROANS and COMPLAINTS replace cooing as everyone scurries out.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON HOTEL - STREET - NIGHT
The Guests spill into the street; some glance at the sky. An
ungallant Percy hails a taxi and gets in, leaving the Blonde
in the lurch. Fiona approaches her.

FIONA
Can’t win them all.

Fiona winks at her and leaves while the Blonde glares.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - 704 3RD STREET, NW - NIGHT
The Unmarked Service Van is parked at the corner. Latham walks
to the front door, Chinese take-out and briefcase in hand. He
eyes the Van curiously as he enters the building.

INT. LATHAM’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER
Latham sits on the couch. “I Didn’t Know What Time It Was” by
Stan Getz and Gerry Mulligan plays on the hi-fi. Chinese food
shares the coffee table with photos of Percy, his wife, her
paramour and Fiona’s SITREP. The phone RINGS; he answers it.
LATHAM

Hello?

CLICK - the caller hangs up. Latham is wary. He quickly hangs up, turns off the lamp and hurries to the window.

LATHAM’S P.O.V. - UNMARKED SERVICE VAN

A MAN in overalls gets out and goes around the corner.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham turns off the hi-fi. He reaches into the record cabinet and pulls out his M1911 pistol, then turns off the lights.

LATHAM’S APARTMENT BUILDING - THIRD-FLOOR HALLWAY

Quiet and carpeted. The elevator begins to HUM.

LIVING ROOM

Latham waits beside the door. The elevator bell DINGS O.S.; its doors BURR open and close. Silence.

Using his M1911, Latham reaches across the door and slides the metal cover off the peephole. Ambient light streams in.

The peephole suddenly goes DARK. Pfft. A silenced GUNSHOT BLOWS through it, the bullet SMASHING a table lamp. Quick, muffled footsteps fade O.S. Latham opens the door.

THIRD-FLOOR CORRIDOR - THE BACK STAIRWAY DOOR

Slowly closes. Latham races to the back stairs. WET SNEAKER FOOTPRINTS blemish the landing and steps leading downstairs.

Suddenly there’s a SKID, several THUDS and a GROAN - someone has fallen. Latham races down the steps to the...

SECOND-FLOOR LANDING

Asashin lies there, rumpled and bleeding; his pistol lies in the corner. Latham checks him for a pulse. He secures the weapon and rifles through Asashin’s pockets but finds nothing.

Latham lifts Asashin onto his shoulders in a fireman’s carry and heads back upstairs.

LATHAM’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Latham lays Asashin on the couch then picks up his phone.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - 704 3RD STREET, NW - NIGHT

With LIGHTS FLASHING and SIREN BLARING, an AMBULANCE, with Max driving, leaves the apartment building (the Harrison).
INT. MI6 SAFEHOUSE - BASEMENT HOLDING CELL

Dimly lit. Max and Jones carry a hooded Asashin to a heavy wooden chair and strap him down. Max shines a klieg light on Asashin’s face while the DOCTOR fills a hypodermic needle.

Jones whips off the hood. Asashin GASPS for air and SQUINTS. The Driver rips open Asashin’s right sleeve and wipes clean his forearm. The Doctor slides the needle into a vein.

Jones crosses to a metal door and opens it - in walks Latham.

EXT. CHICAGO (THE LOOP) - STREET - NIGHT

Ward leaves the radio station. The “El” (elevated train) rumbles overhead.

EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Ward enters. He glad-hands some old sots and sits at the bar.

INT. MI6 SAFEHOUSE - BASEMENT HOLDING CELL

The lights are on. Latham, Jones, the Doctor and Max stand around Asashin who, straps removed, recites nonstop.

ASASHIN
‘The chair van Gogh had seen was obviously the chair I had seen, but incomparably more real than the chairs of perception.’

JONES
He’s done resistance training.

ASASHIN
‘What about human relations? How could one reconcile this timeless bliss, of seeing as one ought to see, with the temporal duties of doing what one ought to do...’

LATHAM
I know that; it’s from ‘The Doors Of Perception’ by Aldous Huxley.

JONES
Hm, I didn’t know there was a Classic Comics version.

Latham sneers at Jones. The Doctor turns to Latham.

DOCTOR
Reciting some lines might trigger an autonomic specificity response.
LATHAM
A what?

ASASHIN
‘To be shaken out of the ruts of ordinary perception; to be shown for a few timeless hours the outer and inner world...’

DOCTOR
Think of watching a comedy at the pictures. You have a heightened response - laughter, say, instead of a chuckle - because you’re sharing the experience with the audience.

LATHAM
And reciting lines from the book will do what?

DOCTOR
Make you part of his experience.

Not entirely convinced, Latham grabs a stool and sits in front of Asashin. As he leans forward...

ASASHIN
‘But if the retired rubber goods merchant had sat still enough...’

Jones grins slyly. Latham gives him a sidelong glance.

LATHAM
‘It has been a retreat from the outward datum into the personal subconscious, into a mental world more squalid and more tightly closed than even the world of conscious personality.’

Asashin pauses; he grins at Latham and leans forward.

ASASHIN
‘The man who comes back through the Door in the Wall will never be quite the same as the man who went out.’

LATHAM
‘There isn’t any need for a civilized man to bear anything that’s seriously unpleasant.’

ASASHIN
‘When a man has a thing before his eyes, how can he be said to hope for it?’
LATHAM
What thing? What did that man see?

ASASHIN
Asashin didn’t see what Eaton and Spencer saw.

Jones mouths “Asashin.” Latham is growing angry.

LATHAM
That why they were targeted? You have orders to kill them, Asashin?

Jones grabs Latham’s shoulder. Asashin is dour, then jocular.

ASASHIN
‘I can’t explain myself, I’m afraid, sir, because I’m not myself.’

Latham nods, angry at himself. He takes a deep breath.

ASASHIN (CONT’D)
‘If I had a world of my own, everything would be nonsense. Nothing would be what it is, because everything would be what it isn't.’

JONES
(sotto voce to Latham)
Lewis Carroll.

LATHAM
‘The time has come to talk of many things: Of shoes and ships, and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings.’

Asashin smiles.

LATHAM (CONT’D)
Who gave that man his orders?

ASASHIN
That flaming asshole.

Jones grins. Latham thinks a moment, then turns to Jones.

LATHAM
I think that’s also an Air Force term to describe a jet turning on its afterburners.
(to Asashin)
Was that General Gamble?

ASASHIN
Higher. Gamble only protects The Meeting – just three more months.
JONES
What’s in three months?

LATHAM
(somberly)
Groundhog Day.

EXT. CHICAGO - TAVERN - NIGHT

Closing time. Ward leaves, less sure-footed than when he arrived.

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - NIGHT

A nearby WINO bobs and leans. Ward shuffles to the far end and PLOPS DOWN on a bench. He leans back and shuts his eyes.

A MAN IN A PEA COAT enters the platform and sits near Ward.

A train RUMBLES into the station; it’s brakes SQUEAL, muffling a brief struggle. The doors open. The Wino straggles on; the doors close and the train leaves.

ON THE BENCH

Ward lies there motionless, eyes and mouth open in a death mask. The Man In The Pea Coat starts to strip him.

ACT THREE

FILM SEQUENCE:


END OF FILM SEQUENCE.

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

People bundled against the cold queue for a city bus.

INT. LATHAM’S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Latham enters, bleary-eyed. Collette jumps up from her desk.

COLLETTE
(upset)
Where have you been? I’ve been trying to reach you all morning.

LATHAM
If I wanted to be nagged, I’d get married.
Colonel Spencer is dead.

Latham is stunned.

The Park Police found him in his car, along with a suicide note. They also found your name and our public number on the back of his MATS card.

(ruefully)
In case he jumped out the window holding his typewriter.

Huh?

Latham shakes his head. She hands him a report.

That came in from OSI.

As Latham reads, he grows horrified.

Berard, Kensington and Latham are in a discussion.

Berard
Thallium sulfate?

Exterminators use it as rat poison. It’s odorless, tasteless...

Why would Spencer want to kill you?

Because he’d been ordered to.

By whom?

Whoever wanted Eaton dead.

Kensington scoffs and looks away. Latham is growing angry.

Spencer told me the police called him because his name and number were on a MATS card Eaton had.
LATHAM (CONT’D)
So he wrote my name and number on his MATS card in case anything happened to him. That way I’d make the connection with Eaton.

KENSINGTON
What connection? Eaton didn’t kill himself.

LATHAM
When the three of us were in Berlin, we used to play cards a lot. Eaton and I were always teasing Spencer when it was his turn to deal because he’d deal backwards – you know, counter-clockwise. That’s because he was left-handed. Yet he commits suicide by shooting himself in the right temple?

Kensington looks away. Berard leans back, in serious thought. Latham shows them a photo of Gamble, the Speaker and Asashin.

LATHAM (CONT’D)
I got that from SMOOTH.

BERARD
Max Gamble... There’s a loose cannon.

KENSINGTON
No, I’ve known him for years.

BERARD
He was quoted calling the White House soft on communism. If the Secretary hadn’t intervened and reassigned him to the Northern Tier, he’d have been forced to resign.

Kensington is embarrassed. Latham is very concerned.

BERARD (CONT’D)
Why was SMOOTH watching him?

LATHAM
He wasn’t. He was watching a British national meet with Prolaxis Global.

BERARD
Not those bastards.

LATHAM
You know them?
BERARD
You’re aware conflict diamonds are funding the rebels in The Congo?

LATHAM
Yes.

BERARD
Well, one measure the government took to end the trade was to hire Prolaxis Global. The result was that massacre of Congolese mine workers.

Kensington sighs and looks away, sickened by this.

LATHAM
SMOTH saw Gamble meet with Prolaxis Global and thought I should know.

Berard shakes his head, concerned. Kensington sees this.

KENSINGTON
Sir, whatever Gamble is up to, the Air Force Office of Special Investigations should be handling it - not us.

LATHAM
And if he was involved in Eaton’s death?

KENSINGTON
You have no proof of that!

BERARD
Gentlemen... Warren, I understand your feelings here - two of your friends have died. But I have to agree with Stewart. Turn this over to AFOSI by close of play today.

Resignedly, Latham nods. He gets up and leaves.

LATHAM’S OFFICE

The door is open. DiLauria sits as Latham meanders about.

DILAURIA
I don’t understand why you didn’t tell them about Asashin.

LATHAM
Right. Tell them I’m swapping lines from Aldous Huxley and Lewis Carroll with a guy I’ve got drugged and stashed in an MI6 safehouse.

(MORE)
LATHAM (CONT'D)
And this, mind you, after twice
being warned to hand this over to
the Air Force or the FBI.

DILauria
But he did try to kill you.

LATHAM
That comes with the furniture.
Besides, I just learned Gamble and
Kensington are old pals. If I had
said anything, Kensington would be
on the phone to Gamble the second I
got out the door.

DILauria
Then what other choice do you have?

Latham sits. He takes the photo of Gamble, the Speaker and
Asashin from his desk drawer and stares at the Speaker.

LATHAM
(perplexed)
Asashin said the orders came from
above Gamble. But I still think
he’s the key to this.

DILauria
Why? Because of some supposed
meeting in three months?

LATHAM
All I know is Eaton and Spencer saw
something that got them killed.

DILauria
(snarkily)
Yeah, the UFO that’s supposed to
land at Holloman.

LATHAM
Eaton was found near Holloman.

Just then Collette rushes in, memo in hand.

Collette
This just came in.

She hands Latham the memo. He’s aghast and gives it to
Dilauria.

DILauria
(reads)
‘Bob Ward was found under a bench
at the Quincy El stop. He was nude
and suffering from hypothermia.’
LATHAM
I saw that in The War. Hypothermia sets in and the person gets confused. They think they’re overheating, so they take their clothes off.

COLLETE
Kensington was also copied on this.

KENSINGTON’S OFFICE
Kensington is livid and has Latham in the woodshed.

KENSINGTON
How the hell did this happen? Barry was supposed to persuade Ward there was nothing on the Maier tape. Just how did you misinterpret that to mean kill him?

LATHAM
Ward died from hypothermia.

KENSINGTON
Yes... Found under a bench, naked and fetid. A bit sordid, even for you.

LATHAM
That doesn’t sound like Paul.

KENSINGTON
It sounds familiar to me. And you’re supposed to be so clever.

LATHAM
If Ward wasn’t going to come around, Paul would have called me.

KENSINGTON
Obviously he didn’t feel a need to.

LATHAM
Instead of prejudging him, shouldn’t we wait to hear his side of it?

KENSINGTON
Why? You’re such an inveterate liar I’m sure you’ll have evidence proving Ward deliberately froze himself to death.

LATHAM
(through gritted teeth)
Was there anything else, sir?
KENSINGTON
Isn’t that enough?

Latham leaves.

FILM SEQUENCE:

Excerpts from an interview with original Mercury Seven astronaut Gordon Cooper about his 1951 encounter with UFOs while flying an F-86, a UFO landing on a dry lake bed, and Project Bluebook. (From “Sirius: The Film,” Sirius Disclosure Project; https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wsEd_b1C8DY)

END OF FILM SEQUENCE.

INT. MI6 SAFEHOUSE – BASEMENT HOLDING CELL

The Doctor gives Asashin another injection. He, Jones and Max watch as Latham has another literary exchange with Asashin.

LATHAM
‘Soma: All the advantages of Christianity and alcohol; none of their defects.’

ASASHIN
‘Oh, I wish I had my soma!’

LATHAM
‘But aren’t you shortening her life by giving her so much?’

Asashin suddenly becomes reflective. Latham hands him the photo of Gamble, the Speaker and Asashin.

LATHAM (CONT’D)
‘She remained in her little room... In bed, with the radio and television always on... There she remained; and yet wasn’t there at all, was all the time away, infinitely far away.’

Now melancholy, Asashin drops his head.

LATHAM (CONT’D)
‘What’s in those caskets?’

ASASHIN
Eaton... Spencer.

Latham points to the Speaker.

LATHAM
Understand, he put them there, not that man.

(MORE)
Fighting back tears, Asashin looks Latham in the eye.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

A view from across the road.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Very traditional. The Speaker is on the phone.

SPEAKER

Yeah, I’m on my way.

With car keys in hand, the Speaker leaves the house.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

The Speaker gets into his Peugeot 203 and drives off.

EXT. ARLINGTON, VA - CHERRY VALLEY PARK - DAY

The Speaker parks on Nelson Street and enters the Park at Custis Trail. It’s empty. He waits by a post bearing the Park’s name. On the trail approaching him comes Latham.

LATHAM

Waiting for Asashin?

The Speaker eyes Latham curiously and shrugs.

SPEAKER

Sorry, I don’t know what you’re talking about.

He starts to walk out the Park.

LATHAM

Leave the Park and you’ll be shot.

DiLauria appears at the entrance to Custis Trail. She pulls a silenced Colt M1911 from her handbag. The Speaker stops and turns around.

LATHAM (CONT’D)

Let’s take a walk... Now.

The two men stroll along Custis Trail. DiLauria trails them.

LATHAM (CONT’D)

General Maxwell Gamble came to see you the other day.
SPEAKER
Did he?

Latham stops; the Speaker and DiLauria along with him. Latham rabbit-punches him across the bridge of his nose. The Speaker YELPS and grabs his nose - blood drips from his fingers.

LATHAM
(pointedly)
You play games with me, or try to run, or even raise your voice a bit too loud, and I’ll start by blowing off your manhood. Capisce?

The Speaker’s smart-ass attitude disappears. He nods. Latham hands him a handkerchief and the two resume their stroll.

LATHAM (CONT’D)
What did Maxwell want?

SPEAKER
To hire us. He called our number after the presentation and asked to meet with a representative.

LATHAM
Has he?

SPEAKER
No. There’ve been some preliminary discussions, but he hasn’t met with us to finalize anything yet.

LATHAM
What exactly did he want you to do?

The Speaker hesitates. Latham reveals his own M1911.

SPEAKER
There’s some event at Holloman Air Force Base next February. He asked if we’d provide security.

LATHAM
Why? The Air Force has its own security force.

SPEAKER
There are some people he feels will compromise the integrity of the event. Our job would be to insure they don’t interfere.

LATHAM
Meaning what?
SPEAKER
Meaning terminate them.

LATHAM
Just what the hell’s going on at this event?

SPEAKER
He didn’t say.

LATHAM
Your man Asashin was ordered to terminate three men – one of them being me. Who gave the order and why?

SPEAKER
I don’t know who exactly.

LATHAM
Don’t piss me off.

SPEAKER
I’m serious! I don’t know. Whoever it was used a cut-out. All we were told was that the other two had seen something they weren’t supposed to.

LATHAM
And me?

SPEAKER
It was assumed the one in New Mexico had told you what he’d seen.

They come upon a glade; a bench is nearby. Latham motions for the Speaker to sit; he joins him. DiLauria sits alongside the Speaker, her hand inside her handbag.

LATHAM
You have the names of the people you’re supposed to terminate?

SPEAKER
Maxwell is bringing it.

LATHAM
When?

SPEAKER
Tonight.

Latham looks at DiLauria. She lays her handbag on the Speaker’s thigh; he starts to tremble.
SPEAKER (CONT’D)
He’s coming to the house at eight.

LATHAM
Who’s going to be there?

SPEAKER
Me, one of the reps.

LATHAM
That’s it? That’s a big house. Where’s everyone else?

SPEAKER
In D.C. at a banquet.

LATHAM
What about the staff?

SPEAKER
They’re off at six.

Latham stands.

LATHAM
Get up.

The Speaker stands; DiLauria is behind him.

LATHAM (CONT’D)
We’re going to hang out for a while. Oh, one more thing. That radio host in Chicago, Bob Ward — was that your people?

The Speaker nods. The three start walking.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

The Speaker’s Peugeot is parked in the driveway. A dark Sedan pulls up behind it. Maxwell gets out. He carries a satchel as he walks to the front door and RINGS the doorbell.

The Speaker answers the door. Maxwell steps inside.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

A typical home office. The door opens. The Speaker and Maxwell enter. Sitting behind the desk is Latham.

SPEAKER
This is Mr. Simmons, General. He’ll be your lead operative.

MAXWELL
Simmons...
Latham stands. He and Maxwell shake hands. They all sit.
Latham opens a folder on the desk.

**LATHAM/SIMMONS**
Do you have the list?

Maxwell pulls a manilla envelope from his satchel and hands it to Latham who pulls out the contents: A list of names with home and work addresses, then several photos.

**MAXWELL**
The names are on the back.

Latham turns over a photo; a name is written on the back. He puts everything back in the envelope and puts it into the folder.

**MAXWELL (CONT’D)**
I want confirmation each time a target is eliminated. Use the number I gave your people earlier. All calls are to be made between 2200 and 2400 hours, Eastern Standard Time. Other than that, I want no further contact. Is that clear?

**LATHAM/SIMMONS**
Absolutely.

**MAXWELL**
You have any questions?

**LATHAM/SIMMONS**
No.

**SPEAKER**
We just need your signature.

Latham takes a multi-page contract from the folder and puts it on the desk. He attempts to hand Maxwell a pen.

**MAXWELL**
I have my own; it’s a Montblanc.

He pulls a small case from his satchel, opens it and takes out his Montblanc pen. The Speaker points.

**SPEAKER**
Sign here...
   (flips a page)
   Here...
   (flips another page)
   And here.

Maxwell signs. When he’s done he pulls a certified check from his satchel.
MAXWELL
Who do I give this to?

SPEAKER
Me.

Maxwell hands him the check.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Maxwell exits, gets into his car and drives away.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Latham holds out his hand. Reluctantly, the Speaker hands over the check. The two enter the...

LIBRARY

Where a Prolaxis Global REP sits in a leather chair, bound and gagged, nude, with fresh bruises on his face. DiLauria sits across from him, her M1911 pointed at his genitals.

The Rep SQUIRMS and farts. DiLauria wrinkles her nose.

DILAURIA
What, again?

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY (MORNING)

CIA Officers flash their badges as they enter the buildings.

INT. MEN’S ROOM - DAY

Percy swigs from his flask, then puts it in his suitcoat pocket. Latham enters. Percy nods. He’s about to leave when...

LATHAM
Hang on, Tom.

Percy stops.

LATHAM (CONT’D)
You’re going to the Infirmary. Right now.

PERCY
I don’t understand.

LATHAM
Dr. Patterson is there waiting for you.

PERCY
The psychiatrist?
LATHAM
Uh huh. Your record is going to show that you’re taking 30-day’s leave due to stress. What you’ll be doing is spending that time at Bethesda while Patterson treats you for alcohol dependency.

PERCY
What are you talking about?

LATHAM
You’re a drunk, Tom. I had one of SMOTH’s people tailing you. If it hadn’t been for her, you’d have been caught in a honey trap.

PERCY
What?

LATHAM
(pointedly)
The blonde at the bar; she was KGB. SMOTH’s officer pulled the fire alarm to get you out of there.

Percy looks away, embarrassed.

LATHAM (CONT’D)
I’m giving you a chance to save your career. If you refuse, I’m putting in your DD 201 that you’re unfit for duty. You’ll be out of the Company by the end of the week.

Percy nods; he cannot look Latham in the face. He starts to leave...

LATHAM (CONT’D)
Leave the flask.

Percy puts the flask on the sink and leaves.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - LAFAYETTE SQUARE PARK - DAY

Latham and Jones stroll while federal workers pass them on their way to lunch.

LATHAM
I’m putting the FBI on my Christmas list.

JONES
Really. Had a visit from the ghost of Christmas past, did you?
LATHAM
(amused)
I’m gift-wrapping Prolaxis Global, General Maxwell and their murder-for-hire scheme for the FBI’s A.D.

JONES
I imagine Kensington won’t be too happy, having pegged you and your mandarins as a bunch of perverted psychopaths - not that he was wrong, mind you.

LATHAM
And to think I wasn’t going to use you as a reference.

JONES
(grins)
What about the Air Force? Are you letting them in on this?

LATHAM
No. Someone there - someone above Maxwell - orchestrated all this. I don’t want it covered up.

JONES
From what I hear on the radio, all CIA does is cover things up.

Latham smiles wanly; something is bothering him.

LATHAM
I know. That worries me but not for the reasons you think.

JONES
What do you mean?

LATHAM
People on The Hill claim we’re not held accountable for our actions, essentially doing whatever the hell we want to do.

JONES
Well, to some extent that’s true of both our services. Our masters are far less interested in the means than they are the results.

LATHAM
Yes, but private security firms like Prolaxis Global aren’t accountable to anyone.

(MORE)
They’re this shadow layer of Black Ops, employed by a handful of anonymous people in- and outside the government to execute their own political agendas. Look, they murdered three people to cover up God knows what, and yet who’s being blamed for implementing a cover-up? We are.

Latham is frustrated and sighs.

JONES
Well, there’s always the possibility General Maxwell will talk. More arrests, more answers.

LATHAM
If Maxwell were your man, would you let him talk?

JONES
(grins slyly)
See you at lunch.

They go their separate ways.

INT. RADIO STATION - STUDIO

DJ Jack reads news copy over the air.

DJ JACK
‘According to astronomers at the University of New Mexico, the two unknown satellites discovered orbiting the Earth are actually asteroids trapped by the Earth’s gravitational field.’ So you can relax, folks; the Russians ain’t coming.

(puts a record on the turntable)
Okay, that’s it for the news. But I’ve got something for those of you who stare into space when you’re supposed to be working – a blast from the past: ‘Destination Moon’ by The Ames Brothers.

DJ Jack flips a switch and “Destination Moon” sung by The Ames Brothers plays O.S. He leans back in his chair and reads an “OUTER SPACE” comic book.

END