

Cool Gray Dawn
"Marginal Value"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

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

The Capitol Dome glistens in the setting sunlight.

EXT. TUNLAW ROAD, NW - RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY

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

INT. LOBBY - DAY

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

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - AT THE CURB - DAY

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

I/E. MERCEDES LIMOUSINE - DAY

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

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

MULTI-LANE STREET

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

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

TRUCK DRIVER

Where the hell you think you're going?!

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

16TH STREET

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

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

POLICEMAN

Put the gun down! Put it down now!

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

SOLKOV

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

AGENT #1

Sooka!

POLICEMAN

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

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

EXT. E STREET - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

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

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

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

DILAURIA

Has Bazzo seen him yet?

LATHAM

No.

Percy's Red phone RINGS; he answers it.

PERCY

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

Latham taps DiLauria and points toward Percy. She walks over and takes the call. Jones leans over to Latham.

JONES

You tell Kensington about this yet?

LATHAM

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

Stokes puts a finger to his ear to hear better.

STOKES

(into phone, louder)
Say again, Falconer.

EXT. GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA - BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY

INSERT: "BRITISH EMBASSY, GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA"

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

INT. MI6 GUATEMALA STATION - DAY

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

FALCONER

(into land-line phone)
Redtail has a visual. Stand by.
(into field phone)
Go ahead, Redtail.

EXT. JUTIAPA, GUATEMALA - MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

INSERT: "JUTIAPA, GUATEMALA"

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

BAZZO

Shadow has moved out, with baggage.

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

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

BACK TO SCENE

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

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

DiLauria hangs up and returns to Latham.

DILAURIA
Metro police have a walk-in, a KGB
officer named Vladimir Solkov.

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

STOKES
Holden's in sight. And Bazzo
confirms he's been hit.

LATHAM
Tell him to fire one green.

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

MI6 GUATEMALA STATION

Falconer relays the message into his field phone.

FALCONER
Redtail, fire one green.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE

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

HOLDEN

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

BAZZO

Anxiously peers through his binoculars.

BAZZO
Come on, Rich. Come on.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Stokes again turns toward Latham.

STOKES
Holden's on the move again.

DILAURIA
There's still a chance.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - GLADE

The PEOPLE'S MILITIA, uniformed and armed with rifles,
quickly surround Holden. Their dogs BARK and SNARL.

INT. MI6 GUATEMALA STATION

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

FALCONER
Hawks are circling.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Stokes has grown dour; he turns towards Latham.

STOKES
They have Holden surrounded.

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

LATHAM
Tell Bazzo to fire one red.

Stokes hesitates, staring at Latham in disbelief.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Tell him!

STOKES
Fire one red. Repeat, fire one red.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - GLADE

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

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

BAZZO

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

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Stokes lowers the phone's receiver.

STOKES
One red... Confirmed.

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

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD puts papers into a folder labeled "Vladimir Solkov." Latham enters.

COLLETTE
Metro Police have a walk-in.

LATHAM
I heard - Vladimir Solkov.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

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

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

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

COLLETTE
What about Holden?

LATHAM
Bazzo had to take him out.

She sighs sadly and lays the folder on his desk.

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

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

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

KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

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

LATHAM
You wanted to see me, sir?

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

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

Kensington explodes.

KENSINGTON

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

LATHAM

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

Kensington JUMPS to his feet and glares at Latham.

KENSINGTON

So, now you're cleaning up after MI6.

LATHAM

And in return I'll get favors ten times over.

KENSINGTON

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

LATHAM

There wasn't time.

KENSINGTON

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

LATHAM

There won't be any blowback.

KENSINGTON

And how do you know that?

LATHAM

Because Holden's dead.

Kensington is stunned, his mouth agape. He sits.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I had Bazzo take him out near the Honduran border a few minutes ago.

KENSINGTON

(after a moment)
Could you have saved him?

LATHAM

No. He was wounded and the People's Militia had him surrounded.

KENSINGTON
(sighs, exasperated)
Your Performance Appraisal is due.

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

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

EXT. SOUTH FLORIDA - RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

A Plymouth Valiant speeds through a torrential rain.

I/E. PLYMOUTH VALIANT - NIGHT

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

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

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

HART

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

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

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - THE HOLE - DAY

Bazzo enters carrying a flight bag. He pulls a bottle of tequila from it and hands the liquor to DiLauria.

DILAURIA
Thank you.

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

DILAURIA (CONT'D)
You're welcome, Carla... MI6 put in
a good word for you.

BAZZO

That supposed to be a joke?

DILAURIA

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

BAZZO

He turned towards me.

DILAURIA

What?

BAZZO

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

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

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

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

LATHAM

File that under Operation Snowflake.

COLLETTE

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

LATHAM

(reads the cable)
We snatched Solkov?

COLLETTE

Yuri Gvozdev trying to save face.

LATHAM

Trying to avoid a stint in Lubyanka.

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

COLLETTE

Also, bad news from the Ops Room:
Mary Tangney is dead. Car accident.

LATHAM

What, here in D.C.?

COLLETTE

No, Miami. She was on vacation.

LATHAM

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

COLLETTE

Mike Fields, Counterespionage Desk.

LATHAM

Let him know so he can get a
replacement.

COLLETTE

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

Latham groans. He puts down his coffee cup.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

And one more thing: Carla says
Bazzo's had it.

LATHAM

Why? Because of Holden? We've lost
mandarins before.

COLLETTE

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

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A view from Manhattan's Central Park to the Upper West Side.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

Bazzo eyes pictures of Richard Holden on the mantle.

BAZZO

He favors you, Mr. Holden.

MRS. HOLDEN

Richie followed him, too.

BAZZO

Pardon?

MR. HOLDEN

I served with Naval Intelligence in
The Great War. Rich was simply
following a family tradition.

Bazzo nods sympathetically.

MRS. HOLDEN

The telegram didn't say when we'd
get his body back.

BAZZO

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

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

BAZZO (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry.

MRS. HOLDEN

He would have been 28 on Saturday.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

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

KENSINGTON

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

LATHAM

I take that to mean your authority.

KENSINGTON

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

LATHAM

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

KENSINGTON

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

LATHAM

(reads)
'Has repeatedly demonstrated his
willingness to disregard established
procedures and prerogatives of his
superiors.' I'm not signing this.

Latham puts the review on the desk. Kensington is affronted.

KENSINGTON

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

LATHAM

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

KENSINGTON

What are you talking about?

LATHAM

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

KENSINGTON

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

LATHAM

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

Kensington EXPLODES out of his seat; the intercom BUZZES.

KENSINGTON

(into intercom)
Yes?

KENSINGTON'S AIDE (O.S.)

Assistant Secretary of State
Richard Rudlin's on Gray.

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

KENSINGTON

We'll finish this later.

Latham leaves as Kensington answers his Gray phone.

EXT. LAFAYETTE PARK - PATH - DAY

Latham and Jones stroll.

JONES

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

LATHAM

I thought a duel was supposed to be
an affair of honor?

Amused, Jones hands Latham an envelope.

JONES

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

LATHAM

Question is: Is he legit?

JONES

My senior man on the Desk thinks so.

LATHAM

Why?

JONES

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

LATHAM

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

JONES

The Funny Car races in Bethesda.

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

Yet another gray, nondescript building with no signage.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM

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

JEREMY

Before we start, you use the toilet?

SOLKOV

(irritated)

Yes. Now can we get on with it?

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

SUIT INTERROGATION TO ACTION

JEREMY

During this test there'll be only one break. Don't take any deep breaths.

(starts the tape recorder)
22-6-59, 1130 hours. The test is now beginning.

(to Solkov)
Did you drink any coffee this morning?

SOLKOV

No.

JEREMY

Did you drive a car to get here?

SOLKOV

No.

JEREMY

Do you intend to answer these questions truthfully?

SOLKOV

Yes.

JEREMY

Is your name Vladimir Ilya Solkov?

SOLKOV

Yes.

JEREMY

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

SOLKOV

From May 1950 to April 1954.

JEREMY

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

SOLKOV

No.

JEREMY

Are there cigarettes on this table?

SOLKOV

(growing exasperated)
Yes, yes, yes.

JEREMY
Is today Tuesday?

SOLKOV
No.

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

SOLKOV
No.

JEREMY
You're lying, Solkov.

SOLKOV
No, you are lying.

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

SOLKOV
What do you mean?

JEREMY
Answer the question, yes or no.

SOLKOV
No.

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

SOLKOV
What? No. I mean, yes. Yes.

JEREMY
Are you pretending to betray your
government now?

Solkov glares at Jeremy.

ACT TWO

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

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

LATHAM
You wanted to see me?

KENSINGTON
We're going to boomerang Solkov.

LATHAM
Why?

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

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

LATHAM
What about his dealings with the Mossad?

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

LATHAM
Name a Russian who isn't.

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

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

Kensington ignores this and crosses to the door.

KENSINGTON
(pointedly)
Kick him back.

LATHAM
No.

Kensington stops; he's shocked.

KENSINGTON
I beg your pardon?

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

KENSINGTON
I gave you a direct order.

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

BERARD'S OFFICE

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

LATHAM

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

BERARD

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

LATHAM

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

KENSINGTON

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

LATHAM

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

BERARD

Warren...

Latham bites his lip.

BERARD (CONT'D)

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

LATHAM

(incredulous)
But he agrees with C.I.

BERARD

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

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

Stock footage featuring the West Wing.

INT. WEST WING - HART'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

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

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

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

HART'S OFFICE - LATER

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

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

HART
Thanks.

After she leaves, Hart sets aside *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* and nervously thumbs through *The Miami News*. Finally, he comes across a blurb in "The Police Blotter."

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

BACK TO SCENE

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

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

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

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

LATHAM
Why not?

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

LATHAM
Hm... They give a reason?

COLLETTE

Several.

(refers to her notepad)

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

LATHAM

Was Tangney supposed to be driving?

COLLETTE

She rented the car.

DILAURIA

I should be looking into this, boss.

LATHAM

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

DILAURIA

How do you know she had a boyfriend?

LATHAM

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

DiLauria is amused and leaves.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Is Bazzo back yet?

COLLETTE

He's in The Hole.

LATHAM

Ask him to come up here.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

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

BAZZO

You wanted to see me?

LATHAM

Good job on Operation Snowflake.

BAZZO

Not from where I was standing.

LATHAM

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

BAZZO

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

LATHAM

He knew the risks.

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

BAZZO

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

LATHAM

Sorry?

BAZZO

Get a job in Mission Planning.

LATHAM

Look, take a couple of days off.

BAZZO

Don't - don't patronize me.

LATHAM

I just want you to think about it.

BAZZO

I have. 5 years - enough's enough.

Latham changes tack and hands Bazzo Solkov's folder.

LATHAM

That's Vladimir Solkov. I need you to vet him.

BAZZO

Didn't C.I. already do that?

LATHAM

Yeah, they want to boomerang him.

BAZZO

They can't. He's too valuable.

LATHAM

They claim he's of marginal value.

BAZZO

No, no - something must be up.

LATHAM

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

BAZZO

Ok, seeing as it's my last job here.

He leaves. Looking doleful, Latham sighs.

EXT. CONNECTICUT AVENUE - APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

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

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

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

Bazzo is among the people entering the Building.

BACK TO SCENE

KGB Agent #2 sneers knowingly as he films Bazzo.

INT. MARY TANGNEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

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

DILAURIA

Doing your part to keep the Chinese economy afloat?

LATHAM

(embarrassed and annoyed)
Did you want something?

DILAURIA

Mary Tangney did have a fella - one she kept to herself, apparently.

She tries to put a photo on his desk, but there's no room.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)
I'll just mail this to you.

He SNATCHES the photo from her and looks at it.

LATHAM
(surprised)
James Hart.

DILAURIA
Ike's National Security Advisor, and
the most liberal man in the Cabinet.

LATHAM
I guess so, if he was seeing Tangney.

He hands the photo back to DiLauria and resumes eating.

DILAURIA
I'll bet his parents didn't know.

LATHAM
Why do you say that?

DILAURIA
Because they belong to the Christian
Identity Movement.

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

DILAURIA
Not the ones I listen to.

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

LATHAM
Any of Tangney's friends know about
Hart?

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

LATHAM
Hmm, that's true. And what about
Hart? Once word got out he was
seeing a Negro, that would have
been it for his career.

DILAURIA

I'm not so sure word didn't get out.

LATHAM

What do you mean?

DILAURIA

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

LATHAM

Except we think Hart was driving.

DILAURIA

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

Latham leans back, hanging on DiLauria's words.

MID-SHOW BREAK

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

BERARD

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

LATHAM

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

BERARD

And at worst?

LATHAM

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

BERARD

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

LATHAM

Sir, whenever the NAACP complains there are no Black agents, Hoover trots out his cook for a Photo Op.

BERARD

Our record on race isn't much better, Warren.

LATHAM

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

BERARD

Alright. Declare it a Special Op.

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

CORRIDOR

Berard and Latham stop at the elevator.

BERARD

I had a chance to read your review.

LATHAM

With accompanying comments no doubt.

BERARD

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

LATHAM

Yes, of course.

BERARD

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

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

ELEVATOR

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

LATHAM

That stunt he pulled in Cuba cost two men their lives, not to mention DiLauria's sister.

BERARD

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

LATHAM

He's such a pompous ass though.

BERARD

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

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

EXT. INTERSTATE 295 EAST - DAY

A GRAY CHEVROLET SEDAN keeps pace with the traffic.

I/E. CHEVROLET SEDAN - DAY

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

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

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

INT. SIGNALS INTELLIGENCE ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

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

RUDD

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

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

RUDD (CONT'D)

The, um, Y-axis is along the bottom.

Chagrined, Latham runs his finger along the graph bottom.

RUDD (CONT'D)

The first one came around 17:55 and there were several more for the next half hour. What time was Solkov brought into the police station?

LATHAM

Around 17:45, I think.

RUDD

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

LATHAM

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

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY (ARCHIVE)

Another view of the embassy.

INT. ANTEROOM - DAY

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

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

EXT. BALTIMORE - FRIENDSHIP INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A sign reads "FRIENDSHIP INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT."

INT. MAIN TERMINAL - OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

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

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

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

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

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

LATHAM

Someone paid for Solkov's defection.

STOKES

Certainly enhances his bona fides -
and pisses off Kensington.

Latham grins. DiLauria enters and walks up to him.

DILAURIA

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

LATHAM

The Miami police should've come up
with that.

DILAURIA

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

PERCY

Somebody got to them.

DILAURIA

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

INT. CIA OFFICE BUILDING - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

A tape recorder runs as Bazzo speaks on the phone.

BAZZO

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

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Latham is on the phone, taking notes.

LATHAM

Solkov didn't say anything about a
mole before.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH BAZZO

BAZZO

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

LATHAM

Did he say when the KGB approached
this Ray St. Clair?

BAZZO

They didn't. St. Clair was a walk-in.

LATHAM

Great. So when did he approach them?

BAZZO

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

LATHAM

Wait - you sure he said August?

BAZZO

Yep. Hey, the guy's got an eidetic memory.

Latham is perplexed, shaking his head.

LATHAM

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

BAZZO

Solkov says it was St. Clair, boss.

LATHAM

Not in August of '54, it wasn't.

BAZZO

Why?

LATHAM

Because it was Solkov himself who tipped off the Israelis to Stangl - back in March of '54.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY (MORNING)

Berard sips tea with Latham.

BERARD

March? Are you sure it was Solkov?

LATHAM

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

BERARD

Did Solkov or the KGB know you were running Stangl?

LATHAM

No, I used a cutout.

BERARD

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

LATHAM

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

BERARD

So he's tripling now.

LATHAM

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

BERARD

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

LATHAM

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

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

BERARD

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

LATHAM

Understood, sir.

EXT. JOE AND NEMO'S HAMBURGER STAND - DAY

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

NEALY
How the hell can you eat that stuff?

LATHAM
Hey, try it before you knock it.

NEALY
I did. Lucky I have Blue Cross.

Latham grins.

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

LATHAM
To Kensington's satisfaction.

NEALY
I just talked to Philip Jeremy.

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

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

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

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

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

NEALY
It may not even be someone in the
Company.

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - KGB OFFICE - DAY

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

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

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

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

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

KENSINGTON

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

LATHAM

All he has to do is ask Berard.

KENSINGTON

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

LATHAM

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

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

KENSINGTON

You're walking a thin line, Warren.

LATHAM

Occupational hazard.

Kensington gets in; the pool car leaves.

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

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

EXT. MUNICIPAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A typical multi-level facility.

INT. PARKING LOT - LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

Poorly lit. A few cars are scattered about.

LATHAM

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

INT. RAMBLER AMERICAN - NIGHT

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

LATHAM

A Rambler? What happened - Moscow cut your allowance?

GVOZDEV

My throat may be next.

LATHAM

What's the matter, Yuri?

GVOZDEV

Moscow is very anxious to get Solkov back.

LATHAM

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

GVOZDEV

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

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

ACT THREE

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

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

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The transceiver speaker CRACKLES.

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

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

FARRELL
Who knew we'd need a translator.

CROSSCUT BETWEEN OPERATIONS ROOM AND SURVEILLANCE TEAM

STREET

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

ALPHA
Gamma's daydreaming at the sword.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Wright moves the Red and Blue poker chips.

OWENS
Target stopped at an intersection.

ALPHA (O.S.)
Gamma's through.

OWENS
Target's through the intersection.

Wright pushes the Red chip west, past the intersection.

STREET

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

OPERATIONS ROOM

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

Wright moves the Blue poker chip ahead of the Red one.

OWENS

Target made a U-turn. He may have detected the surveillance.

There is a MURMUR of concern.

LATHAM

Let the box float and adjust.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Charlie zero-zero, alive.

OWENS

Command of the Target regained.

Wright moves the Red poker chip a block east.

ALPHA (O.S.)

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

OWENS

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

ROUTE 29

Alpha checks his outside mirror. He sees St. Clair merge behind BRAVO, male FBI AGENT #2 in a blue Ford sedan.

DELTA, male FBI AGENT #3 in a pick-up truck, watches St. Clair pass Bravo and a Yellow Cab.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Wright moves all the poker chips further east.

BRAVO (O.S.)

Gamma one up on the yellow termite.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Delta on point.

Wright moves the White poker chip ahead of the Black one.

OWENS

The Target passed a Yellow Cab.
Delta now has command of the target.

Wright moves the White poker chip behind the Red one.

ALPHA (O.S.)

Key lizard's in sight.

OWENS

(turns to Latham)

Key Bridge is a good chokepoint, sir. It'll slow down St. Clair and allow everyone to regroup on the other side.

KEY BRIDGE

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

CHARLIE

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

CHARLIE

Gamma's dead in the corral.

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

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

He just infected the cave.

LIQUOR STORE PARKING LOT

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

DUMPSTER

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

ST. CLAIR

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

CHARLIE

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

INT. CHARLIE'S GRAY SEDAN - NIGHT

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

CHARLIE

Relax, boys. I've got it.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Relief travels around the Duty Desk like a wave.

LATHAM

Tell the FBI to pick him up.

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

Stock footage of the Embassy entrance.

INT. MI6 OFFICE - DAY

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

JONES

C.I. didn't know about St. Clair?

LATHAM

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

JONES

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

LATHAM

I know. I'm just buying some insurance against the future.

JONES

You may need it.

Latham is worried. Jones hands him a folder.

JONES (CONT'D)

That's why I asked you over. It's a Confidential report from the KGB's Second Directorate, initiated by their #2 man, Alexi Kireyev.

LATHAM

How'd you get a copy?

JONES

I'm on the distribution list.

Latham rolls his eyes; he glances through the report.

JONES (CONT'D)

His driver's on our payroll. Seems the KGB are concerned about a CIA officer they call 'the griffin.'

LATHAM

The what?

JONES

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

LATHAM

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

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

JONES

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

LATHAM

Don't see that around much anymore.

JONES

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

LATHAM

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

JONES

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

Latham feigns offense.

JONES (CONT'D)

Kireyev does mention MOTHER in there. Calls him ruthless and smart.

LATHAM

He certainly is that.

JONES

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

LATHAM

Nice to know I've made a difference.

JONES

Kireyev's one of your biggest fans.

LATHAM

I could've used him at my review.

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

JONES

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

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Looking very troubled, Latham joins Berard and Kensington.

LATHAM

I've decided to boomerang Solkov.

Kensington is smugly satisfied but Berard is surprised.

BERARD

Why?

LATHAM

I spoke to SMOTH earlier.

KENSINGTON

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

LATHAM

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

BERARD

Did it give any details?

LATHAM

Yes. They'd calculated that C.I. would boomerang Solkov.

KENSINGTON

So, Solkov's an agent provocateur.

Latham turns to Kensington.

LATHAM

No, he's genuine.

KENSINGTON

But you just said-

LATHAM

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

BERARD

And St. Clair?

LATHAM

The KGB used him to monitor the blowback.

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

BERARD

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

LATHAM

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

KENSINGTON

So basically C.I. was right, too.

LATHAM

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

BERARD

What do we do about this other mole?

LATHAM

Nothing.

KENSINGTON

What?

LATHAM

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

BERARD

So what do you suggest?

LATHAM

We wait - wait for the evidence to mount until it's irrefutable.

KENSINGTON

That could be a long time.

LATHAM

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

BERARD

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

Everyone stands. Kensington and Latham start to leave.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Warren, a quick word about Barry.

Kensington continues out. Berard closes the door.

BERARD (CONT'D)

That wasn't all you had to say, was it?

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT (EVENING)

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

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT (EVENING)

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

KENSINGTON

Those two are awfully chummy.

RUDLIN

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

KENSINGTON

Hm, it's all new money.

RUDLIN

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

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - PETWORTH SECTION - NIGHT

A sedan slows in front of a Victorian townhouse.

I/E. SEDAN - NIGHT

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

INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

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

LATHAM

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

BERARD

You thought all along Hart was hiding something.

LATHAM

I believe he's also the mole the Russians are protecting.

BERARD

(stunned)
Are you sure?

Latham nods. Berard sighs.

BERARD (CONT'D)

To think he could be our next Vice President - maybe even President someday.

LATHAM

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

BERARD

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

LATHAM

I know what Hoover would do with this.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

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

BERARD

Yes, that's Hoover to a tee.

LATHAM

There is another alternative, sir: assassination.

BERARD

No. This isn't Latin America.

LATHAM

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

BERARD

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

LATHAM

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

BERARD

Not this country.

LATHAM

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

BERARD

(corrects him)

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

He moves by the window where the construction crew outside can be seen as well as heard.

LATHAM

Sir, an entire government couldn't recognize Hart was a communist agent. You're putting a lot of faith in the public to do better.

BERARD

I always do.

(stares firmly at Latham)

And I want your word right now that you won't harm James Hart.

LATHAM

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

BERARD

(looks out the window)

Sorry, they're making such a racket outside I couldn't hear you.

LATHAM

(smiles faintly)

I may be in a little late tomorrow.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - FOYER - DAY (MORNING)

Hart is putting on his raincoat. The doorbell RINGS; he opens the door. Latham is there, dripping wet from the rain.

LATHAM

James Hart?

HART

Yes.

LATHAM

I'd like to talk to you about Mary Tangney.

HART

Who?

LATHAM

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

HART

I think you have the wrong man.

LATHAM

No, I have the right man.

Hart tries to shut the door but Latham SHOVES past him. Latham SLAMS shut the door and glares at a defiant Hart.

HART
I'm calling the police.

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

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

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

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

LATHAM
Smith.

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

Latham brusquely heads into the kitchen, followed by Hart.

KITCHEN

Latham checks the cabinet - the drawer has been removed.

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

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

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

Latham swallows his bravado and leaves.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

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

LATHAM
Dictation.

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

LATHAM'S OFFICE

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

COLLETTE
Ready when you are.

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

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

THE HOLE - DAY

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

DILAURIA
You see the brief on James Hart?

BAZZO
I'm reading it now.

DILAURIA

If this were Mother Russia, he'd be rotting in some Gulag by now.

BAZZO

Or dead.

DILAURIA

I'm going to the deli. Want anything?

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

BERARD

No, no - sit down.

Bazzo sits.

BAZZO

Were you looking for Mr. Latham?

BERARD

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

BAZZO

Yes, sir.

BERARD

Looking for a new challenge?

BAZZO

Something like that.

Berard hands Bazzo the folder.

BERARD

Take a look at that.

Bazzo opens it and reads.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Yuri Gvozdev, our KGB rezident, gave that to Warren the other day.

BAZZO

'Armand Estevez, Ramon Lezcano, Diego Pascual, Carlos Ernan...'

BERARD

Recognize any of those names?

BAZZO

No.

BERARD

They're Guatemalan State Security.
They arrived in Miami two days ago.
Yesterday they left for Washington,
with tickets paid for by our C.I.
mole, Raymond St. Clair.

BAZZO

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

BERARD

Yes, they're a hit squad.

BAZZO

Any idea who the target is?

BERARD

Yes... You.

Bazzo is stunned.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Retaliation for Operation Snowflake.
It seems St. Clair fingered you to
the KGB, who told their friends in
Guatemala.

BAZZO

So where are they now?

BERARD

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

Bazzo leans back, relieved.

BERARD (CONT'D)

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

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

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

More stock footage of the embassy.

INT. MI6 OFFICE - DAY

Jones and Latham are drinking coffee.

JONES

So, Moscow wanted Solkov back to keep you from looking for Hart.

LATHAM

Uh huh.

JONES

You realize Hart's bulletproof now.

LATHAM

(disappointed)

I know.

JONES

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

LATHAM

No, no...

(walks to the window)

I'd spend the next 20 years stamping license plates if I went for a hit now.

JONES

Then let me do it.

LATHAM

(taken aback)

Why would you take the risk?

JONES

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

LATHAM

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

JONES

What?

LATHAM

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

JONES

This isn't the third world, Warren.

LATHAM
(smiles sardonically)
So I hear. I'll see you later.

Latham sets down his coffee cup and leaves.

EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY

Latham exits. He crosses the street into...

NORMANSTONE PARKWAY

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

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

LATHAM
Planning to make the trip as a civilian?

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

Relieved, Latham sits alongside Bazzo.

LATHAM
For how long?

BAZZO
I don't know - ten years or so.

LATHAM
Good.

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

LATHAM
Well, maybe his luck will finally run out.

Bazzo turns to him.

BAZZO

Larson's got some good people, you know. They'd make it look right.

LATHAM

No.

Bazzo is surprised.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

There's only one way Hart can go:
in a car accident. Come on.

The two men get up and walk away.

END