

Cool Gray Dawn

"The Devil Is In The Details"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - DAY (DUSK)

Traffic sloshes through rain puddles along St. James Avenue, past the stately...

COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL

Where circa 1960 black limousines, a "BOSTON POLICE" patrol car and a "WHDH-TV NEWS" station wagon are double-parked.

INT. COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY (DUSK)

A buoyant, well-heeled Caucasian crowd wearing "CROSLEY FOR PRESIDENT" lapel pins heads toward a sign reading "BALLROOM." Among them is MI6's PETER KANE, 40. They pass by SECURITY GUARD #1 and hotel staff in BLUE BLAZERS WITH NAMEPLATES.

Newsman MIKE ORR, 45, wearing a toupée that looks good from a distance, and his cameraman ED, 30, film the event.

Two late 30's, dark-suited men wearing press credentials, AGENT-A and AGENT-B, enter from opposite sides. They take pictures of the crowd.

MAIN STAIRS

A taciturn, 50-ish MAN IN A GRAY FLANNEL SUIT stands with his hands clasped behind his back. His eyes focus on the...

BACK STAIRS ENTRANCE

Where a couple emerges: a BALDING MAN, 45, in a dark suit and carrying a VALISE, and a COOL BLONDE, 30, in a black cocktail dress with a necklace featuring a COLOR-WHEEL PENDANT.

They walk by the Man In The Gray Flannel Suit. The Balding Man hands him the Valise. The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit leaves.

REAR OF THE LOBBY

Agent-A and Agent-B walk toward a sign reading "DINING ROOM." As they pass the...

STOREROOM

The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit steps out, now wearing a Blue Hotel Blazer with a Nameplate that reads "CONCIERGE."

DINING ROOM

Caucasian WAIT STAFF adjust the place settings on the tables.

KITCHEN

Typical, with a busy, diverse STAFF. The portly SOUS CHEF, 45, shares a laugh with a CROSLEY STAFFER, 35, who sports a "Crosley" lapel pin and has a trench coat draped over his hands. APPLAUSE OVER A LOUDSPEAKER subsumes their chuckle.

BALLROOM

A capacity crowd APPLAUDS dashing SENATOR PHILIP CROSLEY, 42. Above, a banner reads "DARE TO DREAM. CROSLEY FOR PRESIDENT."

AT THE DAIS

Are Crosley; his wife, DORIS; their teenage DAUGHTER; 2 male AIDES; his press secretary, ROLLINS; and a BOSTON POLICEMAN.

CROSLEY

We are a wealthy country, a moral country, a compassionate country. Yet we sit here, idly enjoying the trappings of wealth - our two cars, color television sets and nights at Symphony Hall - while millions of Negroes suffer some of the worst indignities man can inflict upon his fellow man. All they ask is a chance for a better future, a chance to realize the American Dream.

The CONCIERGE/Man In The Gray Flannel Suit and Security Guard #1 watch from a far corner behind Crosley.

KITCHEN

As the Staff finish dinner preparations, a Caucasian BUSBOY, 30, emerges from the basement with an armful of napkins. He puts them in the PANTRY and waits there.

CROSLEY (O.S.)

Euripides wrote, 'When a good man is hurt, all who would be called good must suffer with him.' We cannot let one American be denied his basic rights, for when we do, we all hurt.

APPLAUSE O.S. The Sous Chef beams. The Crosley Staffer nods to the Sous Chef who CLAPS his hands to get the Staff's attention.

BALLROOM

"Triumphal March" from Verdi's Aida BLARES over loudspeakers. Everyone heads to the main doors, save for Crosley who lags behind, greeting supporters. The Concierge approaches him and speaks into his ear. Crosley nods and waves to his wife.

CROSLEY

Doris! Doris, this way!

The Concierge leads Crosley in the opposite direction, past the dais, where Security Guard #1 holds open a door.

BALLROOM - MAIN DOORS

Kane is surprised to see Crosley leaving by the far door.

ROLLINS

Also takes notice of this and hurries after Crosley, but he is stopped by Orr who shoves a microphone in Rollins's face.

ORR

Mr. Rollins, what do you think the senator's chances are of getting the Democratic nod for president?

KITCHEN

Crosley and the Concierge enter; the Staff eagerly surround them. The Concierge backs away, allowing the Crosley Staffer to move behind Crosley. As Crosley passes before the open door of the...

PANTRY

The Busboy pulls a .22 REVOLVER from under his smock and FIRES. Crosley grimaces, reaching around to his back where...

THE CROSLEY STAFFER

Holds his raincoat. He hooks Crosley's arm and falls backwards, yanking Crosley on top of him.

KITCHEN

Pandemonium. The Staff DIVE for cover; plates CRASH to the floor. The Busboy FIRES wildly - at the ceiling, at Crosley.

CROSLEY STAFFER

Get down! Everyone get down!

SOUS CHEF

Get the gun, for chrissakes!

Crosley's Retinue rushes in.

Crosley is fatally SHOT in the head; his Daughter is SHOT in the neck; the Policeman is SHOT in the chest. Two COOKS wrestle the Busboy prone, across a serving table.

Rollins races in. Another SHOT - Rollins is mortally wounded. Behind him Security Guard #1 holsters his .22 revolver.

SOUS CHEF (CONT'D)  
Break his arm, damn it! Break it!  
(grabs a meat cleaver)  
Bastard!

He charges at the Busboy and HACKS at his wrist. The Busboy SCREAMS; his gun DISCHARGES, the bullet striking a rice bag.

THE CROSLEY STAFFER

Now lies atop Crosley. He gets up as Doris and Aide #2 rush to the senator's side. WAILING, Aide #2 cradles Crosley's head.

DINING ROOM

A bewildered handful of Crosley supporters huddles near the entrance. Nearly hysterical, Aide #1 SCRAMBLES in.

AIDE #1  
The senator's been shot!

Anguished cries of "Oh no!" and "Oh my God!" are heard.

CORRIDOR

Aide #1 fights through the crowd, passing Agent-A and Agent-B and shoving Orr aside. Kane RACES into the Dining Room, closely followed by Ed, lugging his camera.

LOBBY

Aide #1 RUNS up to the male DESK CLERK. The Concierge enters, now wearing his gray flannel suit and carrying the Valise. From the Ballroom the Crosley Staffer, the Balding Man and the Cool Blonde enter. The Concierge leads them out the hotel.

EXT. WALTER REED ARMY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY (ARCHIVE)

A sign outside the main building identifies the hospital.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

WARREN LATHAM, in a patient gown, sits on the exam table. The DOCTOR puts a stethoscope to Latham's back. Latham flinches.

LATHAM  
You couldn't warm that up first?

The Doctor ignores him.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You take this long with Berard and Kensington?

DOCTOR

Longer. Deep breaths now.

Latham GROANS and DRUMS his fingers on the table. Annoyed, the Doctor brandishes a bulbous-ended thermometer.

LATHAM

Come on, you already took my temperature.

DOCTOR

Not with this.

LATHAM

What's that - a rectal thermometer?

The Doctor nods. Latham stops drumming and crosses his legs.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - RIZIK'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

STEWART KENSINGTON, wearing a tired blue suit, stops to admire a tweed suit in the store window. He checks his watch.

EXT. LAFAYETTE PARK - DAY

LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) waits on a park bench, popping candy tablets from a Pez dispenser. Latham joins him, handing Jones lunch from a white paper bag.

JONES

Joe and Nemo's again? What, have you got shares in that place?

LATHAM

If only...

JONES

Really, who steams a hamburger?

LATHAM

I could just as easily take it back.

JONES

Yeah? I have your word on that?

They share a grin and eat. Jones hands Latham an envelope.

JONES (CONT'D)

Cuban exiles on the DGI's payroll.

LATHAM

Thanks. Anything I can do for you?

JONES

No, but I'm curious... Any more on the bloke who shot Senator Crosley?

Latham shakes his head no as he pockets the envelope.

JONES (CONT'D)

I heard he doesn't even remember doing the shooting, the bastard.

LATHAM

Taking this personally, aren't you?

JONES

Not as much as the FBI.

LATHAM

(scoffs)

You need to lay off the Pez, Larry.

JONES

Then why'd they take over the case?

Latham is taken aback.

JONES (CONT'D)

They announced it this morning.

LATHAM

The state must have asked them to.

JONES

Not according to their A.G.

LATHAM

Hm... The FBI's done almost nothing to discourage violence against Blacks or anyone who supports civil rights. And now this volte-face...

JONES

Probably worried someone might ask one of those embarrassing questions like, Who killed Crosley?

LATHAM

What are you, senile? You just asked me about the shooter.

Jones grins as he tosses away what remains of his lunch.

JONES

The coroner ruled Crosley was shot from less than 6 inches away. Yet, no one there put him any closer than 5 feet to that Busboy.

LATHAM

Had to be chaos in there. How would anyone know how far away he was?

INSERT: Crosley, his daughter, Rollins and the Policeman each react to being shot; photos of DETECTIVES pointing to BULLET HOLES in the pantry doorjamb, a ceiling tile and a bag of rice.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

JONES

Fair enough. But Crosley was shot 3 times; his daughter, Rollins and the P.O., once each; that's 6 shots. The *Traveler* ran photos showing 3 spent shells: One in a doorjamb, one in a ceiling tile and another in a bag of rice. That's 3 more shots, 9 total. That Busboy used a .22 Smith and Wesson - 6 shots, Warren. Six.

BACK TO SCENE

LATHAM

It- it's one thing to turn a blind eye to 10% of the population, but quite another to murder a senator.

JONES

You should know.

Latham smarts from the dig. He throws away his trash.

JONES (CONT'D)

When it comes to American politics, no one scares me more than Hoover. He's God to the Right Wing, and Crosley was their nemesis. He headed your Civil Rights Committee. Just maybe Crosley was a shot across the bow of all liberals.

INT. SELECT PATRIOTS' OFFICE - DAY

Nondescript. A TV monitor shows news clips from the Copley Plaza Hotel: Crosley; Orr interviewing Rollins, then Aide #2; Kane in the crowd; the Busboy, treated by paramedics.

Watching the monitor intently is the Concierge.

EXT. LAFAYETTE PARK - PATH - LATER

Nearly empty. Latham and Jones continue their stroll.

LATHAM

Why are you so interested in this?

JONES

Crosley's father. His mum's from the States but daddy's English. Turns out he and #10 were classmates.

LATHAM

Figures - the Old Boy network.

JONES

After the War they homesteaded in Jamaica. They divorced and daddy recently remarried. Now they all intend to come to the funeral.

LATHAM

That's it? Geezus, so put a chair between them!

JONES

You idiot, he married a local woman.

Latham finally gets it. Jones is suddenly ashamed.

JONES (CONT'D)

The F.C.O. would prefer the funeral were held in Kingston.

Disgusted, Latham looks away.

JONES (CONT'D)

I know... Crosley was born here, Warren; this is where he should rest.

LATHAM

Maybe I can do something for you.

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham curiously eyes an annoyed Kensington, now wearing a new tweed suit and stuffing folders into his briefcase.

KENSINGTON

Send a mandarin to the funeral?

LATHAM

The police have little experience protecting a client. And with the possibility of a racial incident-

KENSINGTON

(annoyed)

Then MI6 should tell the FBI.

He furtively slides a paper into his desk drawer - only part of the title, "EYES ONLY - MEDICAL REPORT," can be seen.

LATHAM

They had eyes on Crosley for over a year, yet they couldn't spot a guy who'd stalked him for 6 months.

KENSINGTON

Look, if the British are so worried about the safety of one of their nationals, they should raise their concerns with the State Department.

LATHAM

I don't think the family can wait while this is being debated by the Foreign Relations Committee.

Silence. Kensington SNAPS SHUT his briefcase.

KENSINGTON

If it ends up on the Evening News...

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY and COLLETTE DOWD read the newspaper. Latham enters and motions for Bazzo to follow him into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

The two men sit.

BAZZO

See Kensington's new duds? What do you think is up with him?

LATHAM

A job interview, I hope. You know the FBI took over the Crosley case?

BAZZO

We were just talking about it.

Collette brings in coffee. She winks at Bazzo as she leaves.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

You see that?

LATHAM

Probably forgot her contacts again.

Bazzo is deflated and stirs his coffee.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I met with SMOTH earlier. He thinks the FBI were complicit and claimed jurisdiction to prevent the local cops from investigating further.

BAZZO

Sounds too clever for Hoover.

LATHAM

Then what do you think he's up to?

BAZZO

He's grandstanding. He's worried if a Democrat gets in his next job's at the lunch counter at the 5 And 10.

Amused but unconvinced, Latham stands and meanders about.

LATHAM

Remember that postman from Maryland? He was going to deliver a letter to the governor of Mississippi-

BAZZO

Urging an end to intolerance.

LATHAM

Right. He and two Blacks got into it with some rednecks. Rumor was the locals were cut-outs used by the FBI to provoke the confrontation.

BAZZO

Now that I can believe.

LATHAM

Crosley's father's British. He'll be at the funeral with his new bride.

Bazzo is confused. Latham leans against his desk.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

She's from Jamaica.

BAZZO

Oh... And you're thinking someone will move against her.

LATHAM

That's why you're going to Boston. MI6 is heading up security. You'll liaise with their station #1, Peter-

BAZZO

Kane. I've worked with him before.

The intercom BUZZES.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Berard wants you.

BERARD'S OFFICE - FOYER

It's dark; the lights are off. There's a KNOCK on the door. Latham enters and hesitates.

BERARD (O.S.)  
Back here.

BERARD'S OFFICE

The shades are drawn. Latham joins WILSON BERARD and WES LYNFIELD, 45. Berard's AIDE-DE-CAMP stands beside an 8mm film projector, facing a portable projection screen.

BERARD  
Warren Latham, my Head of Domestic  
Operations... Wes Lynfield,  
Executive Assistant to the Director.

The two shake hands. Berard motions for Latham to sit.

LYNFIELD  
This film came in the mail to our  
embassy in Mexico City.

He motions to Berard's Aide-de-camp who starts the projector.

INSERT: The camera amateurishly zooms in and out on the nude, damaged body of DICK KELLY. He is tied to a chair; a "burn-bag" rests on his lap, covering his genitalia. The film has no sound. Kelly squints and drools. Suddenly his eyes roll helplessly. He throws his head back, mouth agape in a SILENT SCREAM. He SHAKES VIOLENTLY, ultimately losing control of his bodily functions.

SUIT WORDS TO GHASTLY ACTION

LATHAM  
Isn't that Dick Kelly?

LYNFIELD  
Mexico City station chief, snatched  
five months ago on his way to work.  
The chafe marks on his wrists and  
ankles indicate he was chained. And  
that bruise on his Adam's apple  
shows he was also tethered at the  
neck. The counter-clockwise  
position of the lock on his burn-  
bag means it was opened with its  
contents in tact. A frame-by-frame  
enlargement revealed puncture marks  
on his skin.

BERARD  
My God, drugs...

LYNFIELD

Depatterning, most likely. Electro-shock therapy, a barbiturate-induced sleep narcosis... If he survives, he'll emerge with a definite anti-American personality.

LATHAM

And tell everything he knows.

LYNFIELD

(pauses, worried)

His reaction to the low-intensity lamp suggests he spent long periods of time hooded. When he wasn't, he was probably kept in a cell no bigger than a coffin.

Berard shudders. Latham sees this.

LYNFIELD (CONT'D)

Those walls are reinforced concrete, meaning this was filmed in a cellar.

LATHAM

He wouldn't have been there long.

LYNFIELD

Why do you say that?

LATHAM

The stench. They wouldn't be able to stand it. They'd have moved him around half a dozen times by now.

BACK TO SCENE

The film ends. Berard's Aide-de-camp stops the projector, flips on the lights and leaves. Berard is shaken; he pours a glass of water, slips a pill into his mouth and drinks.

LYNFIELD

The film came wrapped in paper the local shopkeepers use to wrap fish. But the handwriting suggests the writer had above-average literacy.

LATHAM

Hm, someone radicalized in college maybe? You speak to the Mexicans?

BERARD

They're not about to offend their newest trading partner, the Soviets.

Latham leans back and sighs. Lynfield leans forward.

LYNFIELD

In the past two months four of Kelly's agents have been killed. I understand you worked with him here and in Saigon.

LATHAM

We were there at the same time.

BERARD

Problems, Warren?

LATHAM

A disagreement on tradecraft. Dick refused to vary his route to work. He said his network would warn him of any threat well ahead of time.

LYNFIELD

According to his 201 file, Kelly routinely compensated for feelings of inferiority he felt towards you.

Latham is stunned.

LYNFIELD (CONT'D)

It's very likely he'd have buried your secrets deeper than the others.

BERARD

Are you running any operations through the Mexican Desk?

LATHAM

Just Boxkite.

Lynfield is at sea.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Psy-Ops. The planes leave Mexico and drop leaflets over Guatemala.

LYNFIELD

Why bother? None of them can read.

LATHAM

We use drawings - the same way the communists depict ugly Americans.

LYNFIELD

(changes the subject)

We've arranged a debriefing for you in New York with Dr. David Bauman.

Latham is suddenly chary and stiffens. Berard sees this.

BERARD

The devil is in the details, Warren.  
What you know may save lives.

INT. SELECT PATRIOTS' OFFICE - DAY

The Washington Monument looms beyond the venetian blinds. Seated at a desk, the Concierge pulls a photographic contact sheet from a manila envelope. Row #1 has prints of Crosley and Rollins; row #2 has the Busboy, Orr, Ed and Aide #2.

Using a wax pencil, the Concierge circles Aide #2.

EXT. BOSTON - ELEVATED CHARLES STREET SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Amid a PURL of heavy rain and car horns, Aide #2 slogs along the crowded train platform. The Crosley Staffer, toting a folded umbrella, sidles next to him. Surreptitiously, the Crosley Staffer JABS the umbrella tip into Aide #2's foot.

Aide #2 YELPS - a handful of commuters glance his way. As the Crosley Staffer melds back into the crowd, Aide #2 starts SHAKING and COLLAPSES. A couple of commuters GASP, but most simply move aside as Aide #2 suffers a FATAL SEIZURE.

ACT TWO

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - DIRECTORATE OF PLANS - DAY

CARLA DILAURIA shows her ID as she enters the building.

INT. CORRIDOR - ELEVATOR - DAY

DiLauria waits. The doors open: Kensington, speaking to a passive Lynfield, sees DiLauria and abruptly shuts up. As he exits he nods to her. DiLauria and Lynfield, however, exchange warm smiles, leaving Kensington looking apprehensive.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

Collette files as DiLauria enters; they exchange smiles. DiLauria nosily examines two papers on Collette's desk.

DILAURIA

'Reevaluating The Summer Exercises';  
'Latin America: A Marxist Paradigm.'

COLLETTE

We're being deluged with the wit and  
wisdom of Chairman Kensington.

DILAURIA

I just saw him get off the elevator  
with my old boss, Wes Lynfield.

COLLETTE

He and Berard are sending Warren to New York to see the dreaded Dr. Bauman.

DiLauria shrugs quizzically as she gets coffee for themselves.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

He was before you came. He worked on MK-DELTA with Warren and Dick Kelly.

DILAURIA

The Mexico City station chief?

COLLETTE

He was a mandarin back then.

DILAURIA

So, why is this Bauman so dreaded?

COLLETTE

One of his colleagues, Bob Dean, had come back from London where we ran joint experiments with MI6. He was fed up and wanted out.

DILAURIA

Sounds like a potential fat mouth.

COLLETTE

That's what MI6 thought. So Warren and Kelly went to New York and checked into the Statler where Dean was staying.

DILAURIA

I can see where this is going.

COLLETTE

No, Warren says they just talked. After that, all he remembers is looking out his window and seeing Dean's body on the sidewalk.

DiLauria smirks as she sips her coffee. Collette upbraids her.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Hey, they were FLUTTERED and passed. All I know is, since then, Warren's wanted nothing to do with Bauman.

BEGIN (BLACK AND WHITE) FILM SEQUENCE:

INT. BAUMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

A typical Freudian psychiatrist's office.

DAVID A. BAUMAN, 45, goateed and in a tweed suit, is at his desk, speaking directly into the camera.

INSERT: "DAVID A. BAUMAN, M.D., Psy.D."

BAUMAN

We test for susceptibility with the Hypnotic Induction Profile. Using this we've found that 10% of the population cannot be hypnotized. On a scale of 0 to 5, they're at zero. Another 10% are highly susceptible; they rate a five. The remaining 80% are moderately susceptible.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

At a table sit a male TEST SUBJECT, 32; Bauman; and AARON GILL, 40, a reporter. A hidden camera records them talking. A BLANK SHEET OF PAPER lies next to Gill's notepad.

INSERT: "TEST SUBJECT, DR. BAUMAN AND AARON GILL, REPORTER"

BAUMAN (V.O.)

The Test Subject is 32; he lives and works in New York City. Politically, he's left of center. He is not yet under hypnosis.  
(to the Test Subject)  
I'm going to count to three. Ready?  
One... two... three.

The Test Subject closes his eyes; he is in a trance. Bauman pulls a sheet of paper from his pocket and reads from it.

BAUMAN

You're convinced there's a Communist plot to control all American radio and TV networks. When you're asked about this, you'll urge people to become more aware of this plot. At some point you'll be shown a sheet of paper with 3 names on it. If you're pressed hard enough, you'll reveal what you know about those 3 names. At some later time I'll touch your left shoulder. You'll then burst into laughter and acknowledge that this was all a joke, an experiment in human behavior.

MOMENTS LATER

The Test Subject is awake. Bauman has put away his script.

INSERT: "FORMAL TRANCE ENDS, POST-HYPNOTIC PHASE BEGINS"

BAUMAN

Do you remember anything after I counted to three?

The Test Subject shakes his head no.

MINUTES LATER

The Test Subject nervously looks around the room.

INSERT: "COMPULSIVE COMPLIANCE"

TEST SUBJECT

I wonder if the network here knows what's going on.

BAUMAN

What do you mean?

INSERT: "RATIONALIZATION"

TEST SUBJECT

The communist infiltration. The radio and TV - I mean, that's how we reach everyone. And yet here we are, completely unaware of it.

GILL

Unaware of what?

TEST SUBJECT

That the ones in charge of programming are dupes of the Communist Party!

LATER IN THE SESSION

Gill slides the Blank Sheet of Paper to the Test Subject.

GILL

Tell me if the names on this paper were present that night.

BAUMAN (V.O.)

Responding to the hypnotic stimulus, he is now hallucinating three names.

The Test Subject "reads" the Blank Sheet of Paper.

TEST SUBJECT

Yes, they were there. All of them.  
(points to a 'name')  
I don't know that one though.

GILL

But you do know the others.

TEST SUBJECT

Yes.

BAUMAN

How many names are there?

TEST SUBJECT

Three.

END OF THE SESSION

The Test Subject's eyes are shut; he's upset, trembling.

INSERT: "THE PROGRAM CONTINUES TO WORK UNDER HYPNOSIS"

TEST SUBJECT

Slowly but surely all media will be  
controlled by the Communist Party.  
And we'd better do something about  
it before people begin believing in  
the communist way of life!

Bauman touches the Test Subject's Left Shoulder. The Test Subject opens his eyes, relaxes, then laughs self-consciously.

TEST SUBJECT (CONT'D)

You've been playing tricks on me.

Bauman slides the Blank Sheet of Paper to him.

BAUMAN

What's on this paper?

TEST SUBJECT

Nothing, why? What's supposed to be  
on it?

CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The Test Subject is very distressed.

TEST SUBJECT

I honestly don't think that way! I  
don't understand how I could be  
made to have thoughts that are so  
foreign to my beliefs.

END OF (BLACK AND WHITE) FILM SEQUENCE.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - DAY - TRAVELING

Against the muted ROAR of the plane's propjet engines, Latham gazes sullenly out the window, oblivious to the BUSTLE of stewardesses serving a plane full of passengers.

EXT. BOSTON ATHLETIC UNION - DAY

A small sign on the building identifies the narrow entrance.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Men GRUNT as they lift free weights; others play basketball. In a judo match, Kane dominates his opponent. Bazzo winces.

EXT. BOSTON ATHLETIC UNION - DAY (DUSK)

As Kane and Bazzo exit the building....

ANONYMOUS P.O.V. - KANE AND BAZZO - CAMERA MATTE

The SNAP of a camera shutter "freezes" the two spies.

BACK TO SCENE

Kane and Bazzo cross Tremont Street and enter the...

BOSTON COMMON

They stroll past people lazing about the grass.

KANE

You'll be on crowd detail. Let's hope you fare better than I did.

BAZZO

I read the brief, Peter. It was Crosley who didn't follow the plan.

KANE

Tell that shit to his family.

Passers-by react. Bazzo pulls Kane away, toward another path.

BAZZO

SMOTH thinks the FBI was involved. I'm guessing he got that from you.

KANE

I've been looking into this since day one. Did you know the waiters were told to bus their own tables?

BAZZO

Busboys too lowbrow for that crowd?

KANE

Actually, yes. And that forced the plotters to move the kill zone from the dining room to the kitchen.

They stop strolling near a payphone.

KANE (CONT'D)

A local station had a newsman there.  
He interviewed a Crosley aide who  
said Rollins was facing the Busboy,  
yet he was hit in the back.

BAZZO

Too bad that wasn't on TV.

This gives Kane pause. He checks his watch.

KANE

Give me a minute.

He hurries to the payphone and dials.

INT. KENSINGTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT (EVENING)

Kensington reads BERARD'S MEDICAL REPORT.

INSERT REPORT:

**Confidential Medical Report from Treating Doctor**

**Patient Name: Berard, Wilson A**

**Date of Birth: July 3, 1897**

**Attending Physician: Holt, William**

**When did you last see this person? May 16, 1960**

**Is there any information in this report which, if released to  
the person, might be detrimental to his/her physical or  
mental health? Yes/No**

**If yes, explain:**

**Patient complains of arrhythmia (tachycardia), trouble  
sleeping, syncope. Patient denies issues are job-related,  
presumes they are dietary. Patient is worried a negative  
health report will prompt a call for his early retirement.**

**Stress level: 1 2 3 4 5**

BACK TO SCENE

Curling a victor's grin, Kensington puts the Medical Report  
back in his desk drawer, locks it and leaves.

LATHAM'S OFFICE

DiLauria is at Latham's desk, typing. Kensington enters,  
smiling. DiLauria looks up, staring at his new suit.

DILAURIA

Can I help you, Mr. Kensington?

KENSINGTON

Huh? No. I was on my way up, so I  
thought I'd pop in and say hello.

DiLauria smiles uncomfortably as he reads over her shoulder.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)  
Your SITREP on that defector, Colón?

DILAURIA  
Yes. The DGI dangled him, hoping  
he'd discredit the names on the  
list SMOTH gave Mr. Latham.

KENSINGTON  
Ah, Warren... As you know, he and I  
haven't always agreed on operational  
matters. I'm hoping to rectify that.

DILAURIA  
I wasn't aware of any problems, sir.

KENSINGTON  
(caught off guard)  
No? Oh, um, hm... Well, must be off.

He smiles and hurries off. Collette enters, shaking her head.

COLLETTE  
That was strange - even for him.

DILAURIA  
Reminds me of a quote by Thoreau:  
'Distrust any enterprise that  
requires new clothes.'

INT. NEW YORK CITY - SAFE HOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT (EVENING)

Latham enters. As if by rote, he sets his overnight bag on the  
couch, turns on the television, picks up the phone and dials.

LATHAM  
It's Latham. I'm at West Tenth.

He's about to hang up when JAMES OWENS yells over the phone.

OWENS (O.S.)  
Sir!

LATHAM  
What is it?

OWENS (O.S.)  
Mr. Berard's in the hospital.

LATHAM  
What happened?

OWENS (O.S.)  
From what I understand, he fell.

On TV, paparazzi hound a celebrity leaving the STATLER HOTEL.

As Latham watches this he absently hangs up.

EXT. STATLER HOTEL - NIGHT

Passers-by sidestep TWO MUCKY WINOS sharing a liquor bottle. A taxi pulls up; Latham alights. He gazes up at a 17th-floor hotel room window.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Liquor bottles abound. Latham and Kelly drink, argue and plead with BOB DEAN, 45 and frail. But Dean finally shoos them out.

END OF FLASHBACK.

Latham's gaze drops from the hotel window to the sidewalk. The SMASH of a bottle breaking STARTLES him - the Winos are sprawled on the sidewalk, going at it. Latham walks away.

EXT. BOSTON - WHDH STUDIOS - NIGHT (ARCHIVE)

A two-story glass-and-steel edifice sporting its call letters.

EXT. WHDH STUDIOS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Heavy foliage surrounds the lot. The Jaguar sedan pulls in. Kane and Bazzo get out and head toward the TV studio.

KANE

What's your working name?

BAZZO

Tom Sterling.

KANE

Ok, you're a cameraman sent from the BBC's U.S. bureau to work with me.

ANONYMOUS P.O.V. - KANE AND BAZZO - CAMERA MATTE

Kane and Bazzo enter the building. Orr warmly greets them in the lobby. The SNAP of a camera shutter freezes the three men.

BACK TO SCENE

Orr leads Kane and Bazzo further inside the building.

INT. WHDH STUDIOS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Kane, Bazzo and Orr walk past offices and television studios.

ORR

Ed shot a ton of footage. We used 15 seconds. The network - maybe 10? The rest ended up in the trash. But hey, if the BBC can use it...

EDITING ROOM

Orr brings them to a Moviola and a canvas bin filled with film reels and loose film strips. He checks his watch.

ORR

Be sure to mark what you want so Ed can pack it up for you. A lot of interest in this stuff now.

Kane glances worriedly at Bazzo. As Orr leaves the room...

KANE

Really? Who's my competition?

ORR (O.S.)

Ask Ed. He took the call.

EXT. BOSTON - BEACON HILL - NIGHT

Elegant townhouses slope from the State House to Charles Street where Beatniks mill about Bohemian coffeehouses. Ed leaves one and meanders into an apartment building.

INT. ED'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ambient light streams through the windows. FILM CANISTERS and a 16mm MOVIE CAMERA lie below a windowsill. Ed BUMBLES in and scurries into the bathroom. There's a muffled GASP O.S.

INT. EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

With Bazzo sitting alongside, Kane operates the Moviola.

INSERT ON THE MOVIOLA: Snippets of the lobby crowd; the Concierge in his gray flannel suit; Crosley and Retinue at the dais; the Concierge in Hotel Blazer with Security Guard #1; Kane in the crowd; and the Concierge approaching Crosley.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

BAZZO

What are you looking for?

KANE

Anything.

BAZZO

You know everyone there?

KANE

Yes, they're his retinue.

BAZZO

Who's the guy who walked up to Crosley?

KANE

Hotel staff. See the House blazer?

Bazzo leans forward and nods.

BAZZO

Run it again - up to the dais.

BACK TO SCENE

Kane rewinds. As he winds through the dais scene...

KANE

You see something?

BAZZO

Go back to where that shot begins.

Kane rewinds to the start of the dais shot then winds forward.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

The guy next to the security guard - same guy who went up to Crosley.

KANE

Yes, because he's house staff. He's wearing the blazer.

BAZZO

I know. Run the whole thing again.

Annoyed, Kane does so. When he reaches the Concierge/Man In The Gray Flannel Suit...

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Stop. See the guy in the suit? Same guy. Got his hands behind his back, observing everything - classic military stance. Guarantee you he's not with the hotel, and he's not with Crosley's 'retinue' either.

Kane studies the image; he grins ironically.

KANE

Funny, how you get to recognize your own kind after a while.

EXT. BOSTON - STORROW DRIVE - NIGHT

A PLYMOUTH SEDAN cruises away from the cityscape.

I/E. PLYMOUTH SEDAN - NIGHT

Agent-A drives. Agent-B tunes the radio to Johnny Mathis singing "It's Not For Me To Say."

INT. ED'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

The song continues O.S. The Film Cannisters and Movie Camera are gone, replaced with a BDSM magazine and a pair of RUBBER GLOVES. A sliver of light peeks out the door of the...

BATHROOM

Where submersed in water in the tub is an occupied plastic body bag. An air bubble slowly escapes from its zipper.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. BOSTON - CITY HOSPITAL - DAY (MORNING)

Media crews wait. The doors open. Two FBI AGENTS escort the Busboy toward a waiting sedan. He's handcuffed, still in his kitchen smock, with his shooting arm bandaged to a nub.

TV REPORTER

The FBI has taken custody of the prisoner now.

INT. BOSTON - MI6 STATION - DAY (MORNING)

Workmanlike. On a table are a movie camera Operator's Manual, a map, and photos of local roads, a cemetery and a church. Bazzo and Kane match photos to the map and make notes. Kane stops to watch the Busboy's transfer on television.

INSERT ON TELEVISION: The Busboy and his Escort slow down to answer questions.

TV REPORTER

Why did you shoot Senator Crosley?

BUSBOY

I didn't shoot nobody, sir.

TV REPORTER

Why were you in the hotel kitchen?

BUSBOY

I work there.

BEAT REPORTER (O.S.)

Were you acting alone?

On the qui vive, the FBI Agents hustle the Busboy into the sedan before he can respond. Posing as a reporter, the Crosley Staffer takes notes.

BACK TO SCENE

Kane smiles sardonically; Bazzo continues working.

KANE

Funny, huh - how he denies it? Like he's been programmed to.

Bazzo shrugs, then looks at his notes.

BAZZO

We could really use more men.

KANE

Wouldn't surprise me if your Army C.I.D. were also in on this.

BAZZO

I doubt it.

KANE

Why? You're the one who pointed out the military presence in the hotel.

BAZZO

They don't have to be in on it for you to use them. You just have to know how they'll respond.

Kane scoffs. Upset, Bazzo SLAMS down his pencil.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Look, if you'd done your homework, you'd know any one of a half-dozen groups could be behind it.

KANE

Like who?

BAZZO

Like anyone pissed off by 'Brown versus the Board of Ed'!

Kane looks at him quizzically.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

The Supreme Court ruled states can't have separate schools for Blacks and Whites. That was 3 years ago, on May 17th. Crosley was shot 10 days ago - May 17th.

There's a KNOCK on the door. MI6's BOSTON STATION #2 enters, hands Kane an envelope and leaves. Kane opens it.

INSERT KEY EXCERPTS FROM RCMP REPORT:

**REPORT - ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE  
FACSIMILE MESSAGE TRANSMITTAL, 27 May 1960  
TO: CARL DURANG, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR, FBI**

**FROM: CAPT. WILFRED SHELTON, RCMP LIAISON OFFICER**  
**SUBJECT: PUBLIC INTEREST INVESTIGATION INTO THE ASSASSINATION**  
**OF U.S. SENATOR PHILIP CROSLY**

Evidence of a possible plot behind the murder of U.S. Senator Philip Crosley by a right-wing extremist group was received by this office. CONSTABLE WAYNE GOODING, RCMP Winnipeg Branch, interviewed one ALBERT BRECHT, a grain salesman from Winnipeg.

Subject stated he was in that airport's International Lounge waiting for a flight to Wichita, Kansas when he overheard two men discussing the Crosley assassination.

One man worried "What if that busboy remembers?" The other man mentioned a name, sounding like ISAACS, who was seen in news footage shot at the COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL. Further conversation was heard in bits and pieces, such as "too risky if he talks" and "We may have to close up shop in D.C."

BRECHT left to go to the cocktail lounge. He could see one of the men holding what he describes as the "Traitors" leaflet: A list of names followed by text naming them as traitors. U.S. Senator Philip Crosley's name was at the top of that list. At that point BRECHT saw a third man get the attention of the other two. The man holding the leaflet then placed it in his briefcase.

BRECHT reported the incident to airport security. They filed a report with RCMP Winnipeg who then interviewed BRECHT. Apparently, BRECHT was dissatisfied with what he perceived as skepticism from CONSTABLE GOODING and gave an account of the incident to a local radio station who broadcast the interview.

HQ:OSB

BACK TO SCENE

As Kane reads portions of the RCMP Report aloud...

INSERT - WINNIPEG AIRPORT'S INTERNATIONAL LOUNGE - DAY

ALBERT BRECHT reads a magazine. Nearby, three grim CAUCASIAN MEN smoke and drink. MAN #1 and MAN #2 discuss the Crosley assassination. Brecht overhears and grows concerned; he gets up and sees MAN #2 holding the "Traitors" leaflet. MAN #3 COUGHS to get the attention of the other Two Men, then nods towards Brecht. Man #2 stows the leaflet in his briefcase.

SUIT RCMP REPORT AND KANE'S WORDS TO ACTION IN LOUNGE

KANE

'Evidence of a possible plot behind  
the murder of U.S. Senator Philip  
Crosley by a right-wing extremist  
group was received by this office.  
(MORE)

KANE (CONT'D)

RCMP Winnipeg Branch interviewed one Albert Brecht... Subject stated he was in that airport's International Lounge waiting for a flight to Wichita... when he overheard two men discussing the Crosley assassination.'

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY (ARCHIVE)

A sign out front identifies the building.

KANE (O.S.)

'What if that busboy remembers? The other man mentioned a name...'

INT. OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR - DAY

CARL DURANG reads the same RCMP Report where Kane left off.

DURANG (V.O.)

'Sounding like ISAACS, who was seen in news footage shot at the COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL. Further conversation was heard in bits and pieces, such as, Too risky if he talks, and, We may have to close up shop in D.C.'

Durang is dumbfounded. He presses the intercom.

DURANG

Mabel, see if Fred Turner at the Inspector General's Office is free.

INT. MI6 STATION - DAY

Bazzo finishes reading the RCMP report and looks at Kane.

BAZZO

Ever hear of this Traitors leaflet?

KANE

No, I- Oh, wait a second.

He rummages through a combination-lock file cabinet, finally pulling out a folder. He hands it to Bazzo.

KANE (CONT'D)

That came in over the winter.

INSERT FBI MEMO:

**OFFICE MEMORANDUM - UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT**  
**12 FEBRUARY 1960**  
**TO: INTELLIGENCE DESK**  
**FROM: GARY CHASIN, SAC, GRAND FORKS (137-New)**

**SUBJECT: THE SELECT PATRIOTS**

An unattributed leaflet left in mailboxes of homes in Grand Forks lists 20 U.S. senators and congressmen designated as traitors with the warning: "Traitors beware! Even now the crosshairs are on the back of your necks!"

This office has received INTEL from informant GF-147 that a right-wing, paramilitary group calling themselves THE SELECT PATRIOTS authored the leaflet. Grand Forks indices contain no references to this group.

**ATTACHED: "TRAITORS" LIST, FEBRUARY 1960  
RUX:VIM**

BACK TO SCENE

Kane gestures apologetically. Bazzo reads the memo aloud.

BAZZO

'An unattributed leaflet left in mailboxes of homes in Grand Forks lists 20 U.S. senators and congressmen designated as traitors with the warning: Traitors beware! Even now the cross-hairs are on the back of your necks!'

(shocked, looks at Kane)

Geezus... This is an internal FBI memo. How did you get it?

KANE

The RCMP - well, their liaison to the FBI. They rely on us for foreign Intel, and in return we get their North American material.

BAZZO

'Received INTEL from informant GF-147 that a right-wing, paramilitary group calling themselves THE SELECT PATRIOTS authored the leaflet.'

KANE

Crosley's name was on the list.

INT. OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR - DAY

FRED TURNER sits across from Durang, reading the RCMP Report.

TURNER

So how does this involve me?

DURANG

What - you wake up a few clowns short of a circus this morning?

TURNER

Hey, smartass! There's no evidence of any misconduct here.

DURANG

Fred, the RCMP bypassed the Liaison Desk and sent that directly to me. That oughtta tell you something.

TURNER

Yeah, that you've got a friend over there, which is one more than you have here.

DURANG

Obviously. But someone on the Liaison Desk is dirty.

Turner grows stern and gives the Report back to Durang.

TURNER

Get rid of it.

DURANG

What?

TURNER

You got the Director's memo on this. We have the killer; there isn't going to be an investigation.

DURANG

There will when he sees this.

TURNER

No, 'cause he's not going to.

DURANG

What the hell's going on here, Fred?

Turner gets up.

DURANG (CONT'D)

Were we in on this?

TURNER

Just do what you're told, Carl. And leave the thinking to the grown-ups.

They glare at each other for a moment, then Turner leaves.

INT. SELECT PATRIOTS' OFFICE - DAY

The Concierge gazes through the blinds at the Washington Monument. There is a KNOCK on the door. Security Guard #1 enters. He hands the Concierge a manila envelope and leaves.

Sitting at his desk, the Concierge pulls out a wax pencil, opens the envelope and pulls out a photographic contact sheet.

ACT THREE

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

The wall clock reads 08:35. Collette puts file folders in the Latham's 'In' tray. DiLauria enters and hangs up her coat.

DILAURIA  
Any news on Berard?

COLLETTE  
Just a bruised hip. D-Int went to see him.

DILAURIA  
That's good. Did Kensington go?

COLLETTE  
I saw his aide on the way in. He said Kensington's going after work. If I were Berard, I'd make sure to count the silverware after he left.

DiLauria chuckles - just as Kensington enters brusquely.

KENSINGTON  
When's mandarin One due back?

COLLETTE  
Day after tomorrow, I believe.

KENSINGTON  
I've changed my mind. Recall him. MI6 can do their own babysitting.

DILAURIA  
But sir, the Special Relationship - Mr. Latham will get a ton of favors from SMOTH for this.

KENSINGTON  
That relationship's become a bit too special for my liking. Recall Barry.

DiLauria picks up the Red phone.

DILAURIA  
I'll leave word for Mr. Latham.

KENSINGTON  
That can wait until he gets back.

DILAURIA

Yes, sir.

Kensington leaves. DiLauria does a slow burn and dials.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - SAFE HOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

Latham is sitting on the couch, writing on a legal pad:

**Ops w/Dick Kelly**

**BOXKITE**

**GOLDEN DAWN**

**ULTRA**

**DELTA - Bob Dean, Bauman**

A red light BLINKS on the phone; a moment later, it RINGS.

LATHAM

Latham.

DILAURIA (O.S.)

It's mandarin Two, sir...

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY (ARCHIVE)

The now-familiar building, profiled from across the street.

INT. BASEMENT ARCHIVES

Crammed with long rows of alphanumeric file drawers. Durang pulls up the Select Patriots FBI Memo and compares it to the RCMP Report. Seeing no one, he goes to a wall phone.

INT. ORGANIZATION OF RETIRED AGENTS' OFFICE - DAY

Utilitarian, crammed with file cabinets and a desk. The phone RINGS. JOHN MOORE - dapper, late 50s - answers.

MOORE

Organization of Retired Agents,  
John Moore speaking.

CROSSCUT DURANG WITH MOORE

DURANG

John, it's Carl Durang.

MOORE

Hey, Hoss! What's shaking?

DURANG

I need a favor, but this has to be  
on the QT.

MOORE

Why? You in trouble?

DURANG

Maybe... Can you see if you have an address for an Isaacs? I-S-A-A-C-S. He's probably recently retired.

Moore stiffens; he recognizes the name.

MOORE

Can't you get that from Personnel?

DURANG

No, I can't risk it. Look, I really need your help on this.

MOORE

Yeah, ok. Let me have a look. I'll give you a call tomorrow.

DURANG

No, no, I'll call you. Thanks.

He hangs up.

EXT. BOSTON - WHDH STUDIOS - DAY (ARCHIVE)

Viewed from Morrissey Boulevard.

INT. ORR'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Orr is shaving when Kane and Bazzo enter.

ORR

You guys here to see Mr. Ed?

No one but Orr is amused by his lame attempt at a joke.

ORR (CONT'D)

He didn't show up today.

KANE

What about the footage?

Orr sarcastically waves bye-bye then splashes on aftershave.

KANE (CONT'D)

What does that mean?

ORR

Someone took it; garbage men picked it up. All I know is, it's gone.

BAZZO

You going on the air now?

ORR

No, I'm heading over to the Lenox.

KANE

Why? What's going on over there?

Orr glances at him superciliously as he grabs his suitcoat.

KANE (CONT'D)

Come on, I'm not after your source!

ORR

(relents)

Ok. Some desk clerk saw something or other and went to the FBI. For some reason they told him to forget it; that pissed him off. He remembered seeing our news wagon and called me.

KANE

So who's filming the interview?

ORR

What film? I told you - Ed's not in.

He grabs a pencil and pocket notepad.

KANE

So let Tom do it. I mean, that is his job.

Orr and Kane smile easily; Bazzo less so.

I/E. WHDH STATION WAGON ON STORROW DRIVE - DAY

Orr is at the wheel; Kane leans against the passenger-side door. Bazzo sits behind them, a 16mm camera on his lap.

EXT. COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

The WHDH Station Wagon pulls up. Waiting out front is the Desk Clerk. He approaches the car and hesitates. Orr leans over.

ORR

It's ok, they're with the station.

INT. WHDH STATION WAGON - DAY

The Desk Clerk gets in the back seat. Orr pulls into an alley behind the nearby Public Library and parks.

ORR

We won't quote you or use your image without your permission. Ok?

The Desk Clerk nods. Bazzo focuses the camera on him.

ORR (CONT'D)

So tell us what you told the FBI.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY - FLASHBACK

JULES, a mid-20's bellboy, runs past the Desk Clerk.

DESK CLERK (V.O.)

It was around 4:00. I'd just come  
on when Jules goes flying past me.

JULES

Hey! You can't go that way!

BACK STAIRS ENTRANCE

The Balding Man and Cool Blonde are about to enter the open door when Jules runs up, frantically waving them away.

JULES

You have to use the main stairs.

COOL BLONDE

Why?

She plays with her Color-Wheel Pendant. Jules is enrapt.

JULES

This only goes to the basement.

COOL BLONDE

Oh, my goodness! We're so sorry.

JULES

That's alright, ma'am.

The Balding Man and Cool Blonde leave, as does Jules. Meanwhile, an ELDERLY MAN collapses near the front desk.

DESK CLERK (V.O.)

I was calling for an ambulance when  
I see that same couple again, going  
down the back stairs.

The Cool Blonde follows the Balding Man down the stairs.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. WHDH STATION WAGON - DAY

The Desk Clerk shakes his head, annoyed.

KANE

Describe them for me - the couple.

INSERT: The Balding Man's pate glistens; the Cool Blonde coos to Jules, who stares at the Color-Wheel Pendant she fingers.

SUIT DESK CLERK'S WORDS TO ACTION

DESK CLERK

The guy was around his age.  
(gestures towards Orr)  
You know, 50. And a real chrome  
dome. Had that horseshoe thing  
going on.

He circles his hand around his head. Orr is crestfallen.

ORR

And the girl?

DESK CLERK

No, she had all her hair.

Bazzo and Kane try not to laugh. Kane clears his throat.

KANE

What did she look like?

DESK CLERK

Oh, man... Gorgeous!

KANE

Really...

DESK CLERK

Looked just like Brigitte Bardot.  
You know, the French actress? The  
one with the really nice boobs?

KANE

I know who you mean. Go on.

DESK CLERK

She had on this real nice cocktail  
dress. But man, that necklace...

ORR

What about it?

DESK CLERK

It had this pendant with these - I  
don't know - weird swirls? Kinda  
like they use in the movies to  
hypnotize people with.

BACK TO SCENE

Kane glances curiously at Bazzo.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

Must've worked 'cause it shut Jules  
up. Anyway, I told this to the FBI  
and they told me keep my mouth shut!

ORR

What - because of that?

DESK CLERK

I know! Ridiculous, right?

KANE

What did they want in the basement?

DESK CLERK

I dunno - supplies? That's why that busboy went down there.

KANE

What busboy?

DESK CLERK

The one who shot Crosley.

Kane and Bazzo are stunned. Orr doesn't get the significance.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

He went down there right before those two tried it the first time.

Suddenly, FLASHES OF LIGHT REFLECT off the car's inside rearview mirror onto Bazzo's camera. Kane sees this and looks out the rear window.

KANE'S P.O.V. - PLYMOUTH SEDAN PARKED ACROSS THE STREET

The sun GLINTS off the telephoto lens of a camera held by the driver, Agent-A. Agent-B is also in the car. Agent-A lowers his camera and quickly drives away.

BACK TO SCENE

Kane looks at Bazzo who mirrors Kane's concern.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

Latham pauses at the steps of Bowman's elegant townhouse.

INT. BAUMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Latham walks in. Bauman unctuously extends a hand.

BAUMAN

Warren... It's been a long time.

LATHAM

Not long enough.

He ignores Bauman's hand and walks past him, eyeing the certificates of pedigree on the walls.

BAUMAN

Why don't you have a seat.

LATHAM

Then what - relax? Breathe deeply?

BAUMAN

Yeah... Eventually.

Latham looks askance at Bauman, who sits at his desk.

BAUMAN (CONT'D)

I've been asked to help jog your memory on any operations you worked on with Dick Kelly.

LATHAM

My memory's fine, Bauman - except for that night at the Statler.

They stare at each other, as though in a duel.

BAUMAN

Alright, let's start there.

LATHAM

(sits on the couch)

What happened to Bob Dean?

BAUMAN

Right to the point... Well, as far as I know, he jumped out the window.

LATHAM

(scoffs)

You know, I teach a course in assassination to the JOTs - the trainees. And one of the things I stress is, if it's to look like a suicide, make sure your environment supports that conclusion.

BAUMAN

Makes sense.

INSERT: In a hotel room TWO BURLY MEN in suits easily subdue Dean. They struggle to open the window. Finally, they lift Dean over the sill and throw him out. Dean SCREAMS as he plummets to the sidewalk.

SUIT WORDS TO ACTION

LATHAM

People who jump out a window don't actually jump.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

They roll or fall out and land pretty much right beneath the window, unless they hit something on the way down. But if they're pushed or thrown out, they tend to land a little further away or more to the side - like Dean.

BACK TO SCENE

BAUMAN

Are you saying the coroner got it wrong? That it wasn't a suicide?

LATHAM

Was I just speaking in tongues? You explain how a lightweight like Dean opens a window Kelly and I together could barely budge, climbs onto a windowsill 4 feet up and then jumps.

BAUMAN

I don't have to. And as I recall, the only ones who came under suspicion were you and Dick Kelly.

LATHAM

Yeah, thanks to you.

BAUMAN

I had nothing to do with that.

LATHAM

Uh huh. Like you had nothing to do with planting a post-hypnotic suggestion in us to kill Dean.

Caught off guard, Bauman is shocked.

BAUMAN

What?

LATHAM

(mockingly)

What? You practicing on yourself now? Got a little selective memory going on there?

BAUMAN

Maybe you're the one with selective memory.

LATHAM

Cut the bullshit! You knew if Dean talked it would've shut you down.

BAUMAN

Now, that's an exaggeration.

LATHAM

Uh huh. Like his beef with you.

BAUMAN

(seething)

Before we go any further, let's set the record straight. When MI6 demanded your people terminate your relationship with Dean, I argued against it.

LATHAM

(scoffs)

You're such an accomplished liar.

BAUMAN

(smiles, trying to regain his composure)

Look, let's both take a moment to-

LATHAM

I'll bet you smiled like that when you saw how high Kelly and I scored on your Hypnotic Induction Profile.

Bauman has had it. He storms over to a combination-lock file cabinet and pulls out a folder marked "EYES ONLY - PROFILE: WARREN LATHAM." He thumbs through it then hands it to Latham.

BAUMAN

I rated you a one! You remember what that means? It means you're almost impossible to hypnotize.

Latham is stunned by what he reads.

BAUMAN (CONT'D)

There's a copy in there of the Inspector General's report on that night. You also knew the consequences if Dean were declared a fat mouth. You even had nightmares about the project, just like Dean. Probably why you drank so much then. No wonder you can't remember what happened that night.

Ashamed, Latham looks away. Bauman sits at his desk.

BAUMAN (CONT'D)

Whatever happened to Dean, I had nothing to do with it.

LATHAM

So that's it. We just forget it;  
like it never happened.

BAUMAN

If you're looking for some sort of  
guarantee this won't happen again,  
then I don't know what to tell you.

Latham squinches agonizingly.

BAUMAN (CONT'D)

I'll help you come to terms with  
this but I won't help you forget it.

LATHAM

(searching)

I can't- I mean, I don't know what  
to...

Bauman takes a folded sheet of paper from his desk.

BAUMAN

Whaddya say we start with this?

He hands it to Latham - it's a deli take-out menu.

BAUMAN (CONT'D)

I'm going with the corned beef and  
an egg cream. You?

Latham smiles weakly.

EXT. BOSTON (DORCHESTER) - STREET - DAY

A working-class neighborhood of clapboard houses.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The Desk Clerk enters and climbs the stairs. As he reaches  
the 2nd floor landing Agent-A steps out of a bedroom.

DESK CLERK

Hey! Who the-

SLAM. From behind, Agent-B strikes the Desk Clerk in the head  
with a baseball bat; Agent-A pushes him down the stairs. As  
the two Agents descend the stairs, Agent-A opens a pint of  
cheap liquor and SWASHES it on the steps.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS

The Desk Clerk lies unconscious, bleeding profusely. Agent-B  
shoves the liquor bottle into the back pocket of the Desk  
Clerk's pants; Agent-A SMASHES it with his baseball bat.

Agent-B takes out a pack of cigarettes, lights one then stuffs the pack into the Desk Clerk's shirt pocket. He drops the lit cigarette on the floor and with his lighter sets fire to the Desk Clerk's pants. The two Agents then leave.

EXT. BOSTON - LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY - ARCHIVE

A highway sign reads "Welcome to Logan International Airport."

INT. INTERNATIONAL ARRIVALS TERMINAL - DAY

Modernist, with arrival gates and overpriced, duty-free shops. The Arrivals Board clock reads 13:05.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Trans-Caribbean Airways announces  
the arrival of its flight 64 from  
Kingston, Jamaica at Gate 12.

Kane and Bazzo look out the window at the tarmac. Kane aims the telephoto lens of his camera at a Trans-Caribbean Airways propjet.

KANE'S P.O.V. - TRANS-CARIBBEAN AIRWAYS PLANE - CAMERA MATTE

A gantry pulls up to the port side. The plane's forward door swings open. Passengers slowly begin to exit.

A tall White man, mid-60's, and an elegant Black woman, late 40's, appear in the doorway: JAMES and AMANDA CROSLY.

BACK TO SCENE

Kane taps Bazzo on the shoulder and hands him the camera.

KANE  
That's them, the Crosleys.

Bazzo peers at them, then hands the camera back to Kane. While Kane SNAPS photos of the Crosleys, Bazzo gazes about.

BAZZO'S P.O.V. - MAN AND WOMAN AT WINDOW OVERLOOKING TARMAC

He spies the shiny pate of the Balding Man; next to him is the stunning Cool Blonde. She gestures towards the plane.

BACK TO SCENE

Astonished, Bazzo taps Kane and motions towards them.

BAZZO  
Bardot and Baldie?

Kane stares at them through his camera; he's astounded and SNAPS their picture. The Couple turns to leave.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
(anxiously)  
The camera - give it to me.

Kane hands his camera to Bazzo.

BAZZO (CONT'D)  
I'll see you back at the ranch.

Bazzo follows the Balding Man and Cool Blonde to...

THE TERMINAL EXIT DOORS

The Balding Man and Cool Blonde part ways - he heads for the parking lot while she queues for a taxi. Still inside, Bazzo sees the Cool Blonde look back; he hides behind a bank of payphones. Using the camera, he peers outside the terminal.

BAZZO'S P.O.V. - PARKING LOT BOOTH - CAMERA MATTE

A Gray Sedan pulls up - it's the Balding Man. As he pays the ATTENDANT, Bazzo SNAPS his picture.

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo lowers the camera and peeks back at the taxi queue - the Cool Blonde is gone. He swears under his breath.

SERIES OF SHOTS - BAUMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

A) Latham holds a pen and a legal pad; Bauman, a flash card.

BAUMAN  
Each time you hear the letter 'K',  
tap your pen in different spots on  
the paper. When we're through,  
we'll add up the dots. Ready?

Latham nods.

BAUMAN (CONT'D)  
T-L-K-B-K-M-N-Z-K-K-T-K-G-B-H-W-K-R.

Latham looks at the 6 times he has TAPPED the pad.

LATHAM  
Looks like my face when I was 14.

B) Latham watches slides projected one second apart onto a screen: A clock, horse, scissors, anchor, stagecoach...

C) Latham reclines on the couch. He's weary and rubs his eyes.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Nguyen Tranh was Dick's agent  
embedded in Diem's camp.  
(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Dick ran him, but every so often  
I'd meet with him...

EXT. RURAL MEXICO CITY - DIRT ROAD - DAY (DUSK)

A farmer wearing a serape and walking alongside his oxcart comes upon a burlap sack bound with rope. He tries to lift it but it is too heavy. He unties the rope and opens the sack, revealing the lifeless body of Dick Kelly.

EXT. E STREET - COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT

Lights still burn in many of the offices.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

TOM PERCY is on his Red phone.

PERCY

It's confirmed; it was Dick Kelly.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DiLauria is at Latham's desk, on the Red phone.

DILAURIA

Ok, Tom. Call New York Central and  
have them inform Mr. Latham.

She hangs up, checks the wall clock - 21:30 - then leaves.

ELEVATOR

The doors open; DiLauria steps out.

CORRIDOR

Quiet and empty. DiLauria walks to Kensington's office door and takes a set of lock picks from her pocket.

DILAURIA

Is about to pick the lock when the door SWINGS OPEN, giving her a START. A Black CHARWOMAN coolly stands there with her clean-up cart. DiLauria smiles nervously. She waves goodbye and heads back to the...

ELEVATOR

Moments later she's joined by the Charwoman. The doors open. DiLauria lets the Charwoman step in, then SNAPS her fingers.

DILAURIA

Knew I forgot something.

She leaves. The Charwoman rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

CHARWOMAN

White people...

The elevator doors close.

KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

DiLauria enters, shuts the door and flips on the lights. Using a lock pick she opens the desk drawer and rummages around, finally pulling out Berard's Medical Report.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY (MORNING)

A line of limousines pulls to the curb. Kane steps out of the lead car, followed by James and Amanda Crosley. They enter the church, passing by an inattentive BOSTON POLICEMAN.

Bazzo alights from the 2nd limousine. He watches and waits.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

A large crowd attends the solemn Mass. Kane sits with the Crosleys. In the back, Bazzo quietly moves about.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The FUNERAL PROCESSION crawls toward...

LONGWOOD CEMETERY

Nestled among trees, an apartment house, Victorian homes and thick brier at the entrance where the Boston Policeman waves in the procession.

AT THE GRAVESITE

Kane sits with the Crosleys amid other mourners. Bazzo stands behind everyone, eyeing the environs. He looks back.

BAZZO'S P.O.V. - THE CROSLEYS

They're stoic, holding hands. Kane nods to Bazzo.

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo nods, acknowledging Kane. From the apartment house comes a loud POP, getting everyone's attention. A firecracker?

KANE

Huddles James and Amanda together and draws his Beretta.

BAZZO

Drops to one knee, his ACP 1911 held in a ready position.

AT THE GRAVESITE

Bazzo's and Kane's actions frighten some and leave others bemused. Bazzo speaks into a microphone pinned inside his suitcoat collar.

BAZZO

Checking the apartments... No sign of activity. You see anything, Blue Man?

BOSTON POLICEMAN (O.S.)

Probably just some punk setting off a firecracker. It happens, you know.

KANE

(into suit microphone)

Just the same, I'm taking the clients back to the hotel.

Kane stands. As he motions for the Crosleys to follow him, a RIFLE SHOT CRACKLES. Kane is struck in the head, knocked off his feet. Mourners PANIC. Bazzo rushes to the Crosleys.

BAZZO

Get down! Everyone get down!

O.S., car tires SCREECH to a halt. Bazzo looks back.

BAZZO'S P.O.V. - ENTRANCE GATE - PLYMOUTH SEDAN

The driver, Agent-A, SHOOTS the Boston Policeman as Agent-B sprints from the brier, lugging a sniper's rifle. He throws it in the back seat and jumps in. The Sedan PEELS AWAY.

BACK TO SCENE

Bazzo wraps his suit jacket around Kane's head. In frustration he SLAMS his fist on the ground.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - THE HOLE - DAY (DUSK)

DiLauria watches a television newscast. Bazzo trudges in.

TV NEWSCASTER

In Boston today, an assassination attempt on family members of the late Senator Philip Crosley has left two men dead. Boston Police Officer James McDonald and BBC News reporter Peter Kane were fatally wounded in the attack, which occurred during funeral services for the late senator.

(MORE)

TV NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

The apparent targets of the assassin's bullets - James and Amanda Crosley, the father and stepmother of the late senator - were unharmed.

DiLauria lowers the sound as Bazzo slumps into his chair.

BAZZO

They weren't after the Crosleys; they were after Kane.

DILAURIA

(shocked)  
Who was?

BAZZO

The Select Patriots.

Puzzled, DiLauria turns her palms up and shrugs.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Bunch of right-wing, ex-Army Intel, ex-FBI, ex-who the hell knows. Might even be some of our people.

DILAURIA

Geezus... Why were they after Kane?

BAZZO

He was on to them. He knew they had Senator Crosley killed. That busboy was just a patsy.

KENSINGTON'S OFFICE

A coy Kensington busily prepares to leave for the day. Latham stands before him, waiting to be taken to the wood shed.

KENSINGTON

I take it you remembered something?

LATHAM

An agent Kelly and I ran in Saigon.

KENSINGTON

So, a productive trip after all. Unlike mandarin One's.

LATHAM

He protected the client.

KENSINGTON

Indeed. But I'd ordered him back to base. Something you're no doubt well aware of.

LATHAM

Yes, because the deployment of mandarins is my responsibility.

Kensington stops and glares at Latham.

KENSINGTON

That is currently under review.

This gets Latham's back up.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

I warned you you'd be looking for a new job if you disobeyed a direct order again.

LATHAM

Then I'd better give you this.

He takes an envelope from his pocket and hands it to Kensington.

KENSINGTON

(haughtily)

Your resignation?

LATHAM

No, it's from your CV, actually.

Puzzled, Kensington opens it and BLANCHES - it's Kensington's copy of Berard's Medical Report. Kensington is mortified.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Failed coup attempts generally aren't good career builders... I'll be in my office.

Latham leaves. Kensington purses his lips as.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - STREET CORNER - DAY (DUSK)

Traffic whizzes by. Durang is inside a phone booth, dialing.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY (DUSK)

Durang reads a secondary headline in the *Washington Evening Star*: "2 DEAD IN FAILED ATTEMPT ON THE LATE SENATOR CROSLY'S FAMILY." The phone RINGS O.S., then...

MOORE (O.S.)

Organization of Retired Agents,  
John Moore speaking.

DURANG

It's Durang. You have anything?

INT. ORGANIZATION OF RETIRED AGENTS' OFFICE - DAY (DUSK)

Moore is on the phone.

MOORE

We had a 'Gerald Isaacs' join us over the winter, but it seems the address he gave us was bogus - all our mailings keep getting returned. I asked around, but no one here remembers ever seeing the guy.

CROSSCUT DURANG WITH MOORE

DURANG

Yeah, well... It was worth a shot.

MOORE

If I hear anything I'll give you a shout.

DURANG

Thanks.

(hangs up; sardonically)  
Sure you will.

INT. SELECT PATRIOTS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Security Guard #1 enters and places a manilla envelope on the desk. As he turns to leave the Concierge enters.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Oh, I just put the update on your desk, Mr. Isaacs.

ISAACS/The Concierge pulls out the contact sheet. Two pictures have been added to the top row: Kane and the Desk Clerk.

SECURITY GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

Mr. Moore called while you were out. He asked if you'd meet him at 'The Round Table' tonight at 10:00.

ISAACS/THE CONCIERGE

He say why?

SECURITY GUARD #1

Another security job, I believe.

ISAACS/THE CONCIERGE

(grins, checks his watch)  
Ok. Why don't you take off. I'll lock up.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Thank you, Mr. Isaacs. Good night.

ISAACS/THE CONCIERGE

Good night.

Security Guard #1 leaves. Isaacs puts the contact sheet into a folder and locks it in the combination-lock file cabinet. He then grabs his coat and leaves.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

A multi-story building on a dimly-lit city block.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

Quiet. A handful of cars breaks the monotony of empty parking spaces. Isaacs walks to his car, parked against a far wall. His footsteps ECHO. As he puts the key in the doorlock, a MAN'S SHADOW creeps across the door.

Isaacs spins around - PFFT. He's SHOT in the stomach by Security Guard #1 using a silenced revolver. Isaacs stares at him in disbelief. Security Guard #1 fires again - PFFT. Isaacs slumps to the ground, dead.

Security Guard #1 checks Isaacs's neck for a pulse. Satisfied, he puts away his revolver then takes Isaacs's wallet and wristwatch. Curling a victor's grin, Security Guard #1 leaves.

END