

Cool Gray Dawn
"The KUBARK Way"

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

Cool Gray Dawn
"The KUBARK Way"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBS OF MACLEAN, VIRGINIA - NIGHT (EVENING)

A large, Tudor-style house with two cars parked out front.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (EVENING)

STEWART KENSINGTON carefully lays a tuxedo atop the clothes in a suitcase. His plump, 50-ish wife, LILLIE, leans in.

LILLIE
The taxi's here.

KENSINGTON
Tell him I'll be right down.

She enters the room and worrisomely eyes his suitcase.

LILLIE
Is that enough?

KENSINGTON
Hon, it's only a 2-day conference.

LILLIE
Yes, but you know how you're always being summoned to meetings and such.

KENSINGTON
I'm prepared for any emergency.

He lifts the tuxedo and grins, then gives Lillie a reassuring peck on the cheek. She turns to leave but stops abruptly.

LILLIE
Call me when you get to the hotel.

KENSINGTON
I will.

LILLIE
And tomorrow, when you arrive at the U.N.

KENSINGTON
Absolutely, dear.

Somewhat satisfied, she leaves while he finishes packing.

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

A panorama from the Capitol dome to Georgetown University to a tony neighborhood of townhouses and bistros.

EXT. "COTE D'AZUR" RESTAURANT - DAY

A spring morning, cool enough for a jacket - the staff bustle about, preparing for brunch.

There is a lone, al fresco customer: WARREN LATHAM. His face is drawn. Before him lie untouched baguette slices and a half cup of tea.

Latham sighs, slides a dollar under his teacup, then leaves.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The midtown-Manhattan cityscape is gray in the morning sun.

EXT. SEVENTH AVENUE AT WEST 54TH STREET - DAY

Rush-hour traffic crawls through the intersection.

EXT. WARWICK HOTEL - DAY

Kensington waits out front, holding his briefcase; he checks his watch. A black Cadillac sedan pulls up; its chauffeur - BERGER, 35 - steps out. Kensington eyes him charily.

BERGER

Good morning, Mr. Kensington.

KENSINGTON

I was expecting Simms, my driver from last night.

BERGER

He's home - stomach flu. I'm Berger, his replacement.

Kensington still hesitates.

BERGER (CONT'D)

As you can see, the car's the same, and here's my U.N. pass.

The DOORMAN watches as Berger presents his credentials to Kensington. Finally, Kensington relents and gets in.

I/E. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Quickly, two mid-30's, casually-dressed men, PETER and GOREN, jump into the back seat on either side of the car. Kensington tries to leave but is restrained. The car pulls away.

KENSINGTON

What's going on here, Berger?

Goren takes a small case from his pocket and removes a hypodermic needle.

PETER

(faint German accent)

Sit still. My friend here is very handy with his hypodermic needle.

BERGER

As long as you do as you are told, you are in no danger.

The Cadillac heads across town on West 54th Street.

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

CIA personnel show their ID badges as they enter the Directorate of Plans building.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Three mid-20's, Caucasian CIA OFFICERS - ED, HARRISON and ROLLIE - urinate. One of the stalls is occupied.

ED

You see that snap Rollie got from the African Desk?

HARRISON

Which one are you talking about?

ROLLIE

(grins)

He means the one of the new president of the Belgian Congo.

IN THE OCCUPIED STALL

PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY ponders the *Washington Post* crossword.

AT THE URINALS

Harrison finishes and crosses to the sinks to wash his hands.

HARRISON

You mean Joseph Kasa-Vubu?

ED

Ooh, someone's been practicing.

Harrison flips Ed the bird. Ed and Rollie finish urinating. They cross to the sinks to wash their hands.

ED (CONT'D)
Anyway, you watch the Three
Stooges, right?

Disdainfully, Harrison arches an eyebrow at Ed.

ED (CONT'D)
Don't give me that bullshit!

HARRISON
So what's your point?

ED
Tell me he doesn't look just like
that go-rilla who plays the cook.

ROLLIE
(chuckles)
He probably is the cook.

As Rollie washes, Ed SNORTS like a gorilla, then SHUFFLES and WHINES like the actor Stepin Fetchit, amusing the other two.

IN THE OCCUPIED STALL

Bazzo stops working the crossword; he is not amused.

AT THE MEN'S ROOM DOOR

JARED STOKES (a light-skinned Black) enters. He is clearly discomfited as he crosses to the urinals. Rollie and Harrison look away. Ed turns to Stokes.

ED
Hey, what's shaking, Jared?

Stokes shrugs but avoids looking at Ed. Rollie and Harrison SMIRK. A toilet FLUSHES. Bazzo steps out the stall.

ED (CONT'D)
See ya' 'round.

Ed, Harrison and Rollie leave. Ed can be heard SNORTING and WHINING while the other two LAUGH. Bazzo is embarrassed for Stokes, who dries his hands, nods at Bazzo and leaves.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

COLLETTE DOWD is at her desk, headphones on, busily transcribing from a tape recorder. The door to Latham's Office is open but he is not there. Bazzo enters; Collette nods at him. He peeks into Latham's Office.

COLLETTE
He's not in yet.

Surprised, Bazzo checks the 24-hour wall clock: 09:20.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
He's not at home either. I called.

Just then, BILL NEALY enters. Collette removes her headphones.

NEALY
Is Warren in yet?

COLLETTE
No, not yet.

BAZZO
You expecting him in late?

NEALY
I'd be surprised if he wasn't.

BAZZO
Oh?

NEALY
He's probably still in Georgetown.

BAZZO
So he went to see you.

NEALY
No, no. He was sitting outside this
little French bistro, 'Cote d'Azur.'

Collette recognizes the name of the restaurant.

NEALY (CONT'D)
Jenny and I go there all the time.
He didn't say anything to you?

Bazzo shakes his head no.

NEALY (CONT'D)
Hm, maybe he's meeting a contact.

BAZZO
I wouldn't be surprised.

NEALY
Anyway, let him know I need to see
him soon as he comes in, would you?

COLLETTE
Yes, sir.

Nealy leaves. Bazzo sees Collette nod knowingly to herself.

BAZZO

What?

COLLETTE

The 'Cote d'Azur' - that's the last place he took Anne De.

BAZZO

(ruefully)

Oh, God... I'd forgotten about that.

He sits down. Collette smiles sympathetically.

COLLETTE

You were busy up in Boston then, chasing those two scientists.

Bazzo nods sadly. After a moment...

BAZZO

Has he spoken about her since?

COLLETTE

Just once - yesterday. He wanted to wish her son a happy birthday but the boy's grandfather wouldn't let Warren speak to him.

Bazzo sighs. Just then Latham enters. He smiles wanly at them and continues into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

Bazzo glances concernedly at Collette then follows him inside and shuts the door. Latham lays his briefcase by his desk.

BAZZO

You ok?

LATHAM

Yes. Why?

BAZZO

D-Int was looking for you; said he saw you on his way in. He thought maybe you were meeting a contact.

LATHAM

Good. Let him think that.

He starts rummaging through folders in his In-Tray.

BAZZO

You feel like talking about it?

LATHAM
About what?

BAZZO
The 'Cote d'Azur'... Anne De.

LATHAM
(pointedly)
Leave it, ok? Just leave it be.

Bazzo nods. Latham resumes thumbing through his In-Tray.

BAZZO
I did want to speak to you about something else though.

Latham stops and looks up.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
You know those three Elis Kensington recruited down in Mission Planning?

LATHAM
His 3 Little Snots. What about them?

BAZZO
They were in the john comparing the president of The Congo and that black cook on the Three Stooges to gorillas when Stokes walked in. And I mean the ape, not the insurgent.

LATHAM
(squinces in disgust)
You think he heard them?

BAZZO
I was in my second office but, yeah, he heard them.

Latham leans back and mulls it over.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
Boss, I'd hate to lose a good man over these three assholes.

LATHAM
Hmm... I'll take care of it.

Grateful, Bazzo taps his knuckles on the desk. He crosses to the door, opens it - and runs into Nealy.

NEALY
Oh! Good, you're both here.

Bazzo arches an eyebrow and stays. Nealy enters.

NEALY (CONT'D)

My wife is friends with Stewart's wife, Lillie - they met on the MacLean Arts Council. Anyway, Lillie called her this morning and said she hadn't heard from Stewart.

LATHAM

Was she supposed to?

NEALY

Yes, he was supposed to call her when he got to the U.N.

BAZZO

Could be he just got pulled into a meeting.

NEALY

Jenny told her that, but Lillie's certain something's happened to him.

Latham waggles his finger to make a point.

LATHAM

I only met her a couple of times, but she struck me as being very clingy, if not a little paranoid.

NEALY

I agree but this is Stewart's wife, and he's very devoted to her. Look, I know it's probably nothing, and given your history with him, you're probably hoping he's defected.

Latham and Bazzo smile wryly.

LATHAM

She say when she last heard from him?

NEALY

Last night. He called her from the hotel.

LATHAM

Alright.

NEALY

Thanks, Warren.
(starts to leave, pauses)
Oh, I saw you in Georgetown.

LATHAM

A brush pass with a contact.

NEALY

I figured as much.

Satisfied, he leaves.

BAZZO

I'll have the Ops Room check on
Kensington.

LATHAM

Ok, I'll meet you and Carla there.

Bazzo crosses to the open door and pauses...

BAZZO

You know, wouldn't it be something
if Kensington did defect?

LATHAM

(scoffs)

Five minutes alone with him and the
KGB'll beg us to take him back.

Bazzo chuckles and leaves.

EXT. NORTH FORK, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK - DAY

Rural, dotted with the occasional farm. A Plymouth Valiant
pulls up to a farmhouse. Peter and Goren alight from the car
and hurry around back.

INT. FARMHOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

Quaint. Kensington sits in a corner in a wing chair; he's
stressed, breathing heavily. He sips a glass of water. Berger
looks out the window. He has a pencil notched in his ear and a
copy of the *Journal Of The United Nations* open to...

INSERT:

No. 1960/106 Journal of the United Nations Tuesday, 3 May 1960

General Assembly

Advisory Committee on Administrative and Budgetary Questions

| | | |
|----------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| 10:00 to 13:00 | Closed Meeting | Conference Room 10 |
| 15:00 to 17:00 | Executive Meeting | Conference Room 10 |

**Economic and Social Council
1960 Session**

| | | |
|----------------|-------------|-------------------|
| 09:00 to 12:00 | 6th Meeting | Conference Room 2 |
|----------------|-------------|-------------------|

**Dialogue on the longer-term positioning
of the United Nations economic and
humanitarian aid systems
(session II)**

**Opening of the dialogue
Statement by His Excellency Hans Globke
(Federal Republic of Germany), Director
of the Federal Chancellery**

...

("Hans Globke" has been repeatedly circled in pencil.)

BACK TO SCENE

O.S., a door opens and closes. Kensington looks up. As footsteps THUD up the stairs, Berger moves to the...

BACK STAIRWELL

Goren follows Peter up the stairs. (The kidnappers speak German.)

BERGER
Haben sie loszuwerden, das Auto?

PETER
Ja, kein problem.

Kensington listens, seemingly unable to understand a word.

BERGER
Hat irgend jemand folgen sie?

GOREN
Nein, keine Polizei.

BERGER
Gute.

ATTIC - BY THE WINDOW

Berger leans against the wall. Goren and Peter sit at a table. Peter lays his pistol - a Luger - on the table, near a telephone and a clock radio.

BERGER
You understand German, Mr.
Kensington?

KENSINGTON
Not a word, I'm afraid.

BERGER
They looked for the police while
they were getting rid of the U.N.
(MORE)

BERGER (CONT'D)

car, but they didn't see any. It seems no one has missed you yet.

KENSINGTON

Are you... Stasi?

BERGER

Now, now - we have a deal: No questions from you and no nastiness from me, huh? Here, you can look at your official papers if you like.

He fetches Kensington's briefcase and hands it to him.

BERGER (CONT'D)

We have no interest in its contents.

KENSINGTON

I don't blame you there.

Kensington finishes his water and absently stands. Peter grabs the Luger and aims it at a startled Kensington.

KENSINGTON (CONT'D)

I was just going to put my glass back on the table.

BERGER

(admonishing him)

Yes, but you must learn to move more slowly, huh? In this situation, the quick and the dead could easily end up being the same thing.

KENSINGTON

By the way... Your English is quite good, Mr. Berger.

BERGER

So is your German, Mr. Kensington.

Kensington is surprised - and embarrassed.

BERGER (CONT'D)

I made a point of checking up on it.

Berger takes the glass from him. Goren turns on the radio.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Amid the usual PURL of ringing phones, teletype machines, chatter and personnel bustling about, Latham enters.

Bazzo and CARLA DILAURIA are with Stokes at the Operations Desk, all looking grim. TOM PERCY is on the phone.

LATHAM

What have you got, Jared?

Stokes reads from his notes. Percy hangs up and listens.

STOKES

Mr. Kensington had a 09:15 appointment with our Perm Rep to the U.N., Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., but didn't show. An official car was sent to pick him up at the Warwick Hotel at 08:45.

LATHAM

Who was the driver?

STOKES

A civilian, U.N. staff. Now, according to the hotel doorman, an official car did arrive and his description of it tallies with the official one. However, he says that Kensington was driven off by 3 men: a driver and two others.

LATHAM

Damn it. Call New York Central, have them alert the NYPD.

STOKES

I've already done that, sir.

LATHAM

Good. See if we're holding anyone worth swapping. Anyone know what's going on at the U.N. today?

PERCY

I'll get you a copy of their daily journal, and I'll call New York.

He picks up the Red phone and dials. Latham paces. Clustered in a nearby corner, Ed, Harrison and Rollie snicker.

ROLLIE

Maybe he was just taking a break from the Missus.

LATHAM

(sharply)

That's enough.

(to DiLauria)

Carla, ask D-Int to join us.

As DiLauria dials the Red phone, Latham walks up to the 3 Little Snots.

DILAURIA (O.S.)
This is Mandarin Two calling for
Mr. Latham... Mr. Nealy?...

LATHAM
Have a car ready to take both
mandarins to Washington National.

Harrison nods and dials his Red phone.

ED
We, um, are presupposing a bit here.

LATHAM
Meaning what?

ED
Meaning a defection, made to look
like a snatch?

LATHAM
Don't be stupid. If anyone's going
to defect, it's more likely to be
some supercilious little ass.

Rollie looks warily at Ed, who is smoldering.

DILAURIA (O.S.)
D-Int's on his way.

OPERATIONS DESK

The wall clock reads: 09:45. Percy is on the phone. Stokes
flips through a black binder. Latham rejoins the mandarins.

STOKES
The operation's called 'Early Dawn.'

DILAURIA
Here's hoping Mr. Kensington's
around to see a few more of those.

A brief, uneasy silence ensues.

LATHAM
Draw arms when you get on station.

Irritated, Bazzo HUFFS; DiLauria nods. Nealy joins them.

NEALY
Seems Lillie's intuition was right.

LATHAM
Hmm... I'm sending both mandarins
to New York. Any ideas on who might
have grabbed him?

DILAURIA
The KGB, most likely.

NEALY
No, not in New York.

LATHAM
Then who?

NEALY
One of their satellites, maybe; the
DGI; the Muslim Brotherhood-

BAZZO
But who would benefit by kidnapping
the Assistant Head of our Western
Hemisphere Division?

NEALY
That's the point I'm trying to
make, Paul. In addition to the
Eastern Bloc, you've got non-
aligned nations trying to advance
their own agendas. They'll snatch a
Kensington with the idea that we'll
put pressure on a NATO ally to
force a shift in their policy.

DILAURIA
(offers a suspect)
Yugoslavia.

NEALY
Or India, Algeria, Indonesia-

LATHAM
They've got to start somewhere,
Bill.

NEALY
I know, but without some sort of
ransom demand, it's hard to say
where. If I were you, I'd try SMOTH.
See if there've been any aborted
kidnapping attempts in the U.K. You
might also want to tap Yuri Gvozdev.

STOKES
I'll get SMOTH on the phone.

Stokes dials the Gray phone.

NEALY
Meanwhile, I'll get on to the South
Africans, Mossad and the Germans.

LATHAM
And I'll brief Berard.

STOKES
(into phone)
This is KUBARK Operations Desk for
Lawrence Jones, please...

Nealy leaves. Bazzo looks at DiLauria, then at Latham.

BAZZO
Where the hell are we gonna start?

STOKES
Mr. Latham... SMOTH's on Gray.

He hands the Gray phone to Latham.

LATHAM
Larry...

INT. MI6 OFFICE - DAY

The office is being electronically "swept" by MI6 SECURITY MEN. LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) is on the phone. Annoyed, he swats the hand of a Security Man trying to check his phone.

JONES
Hey, are we still on for lunch?

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH JONES

LATHAM
I'll try. Listen, Kensington was
snatched en route to the U.N.

JONES
Damn. Well it couldn't be the KGB.

LATHAM
Yeah, but if it wasn't, maybe
whoever targeted him might have
failed earlier trying to grab a
British or NATO official.

JONES
Hmm, you're thinking non-aligned?

LATHAM
Yes. Can you look into it?

JONES
Straight away. I'll call you back.

LATHAM
Thanks.

He hangs up, checks his watch, then turns to Stokes.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Alright, crash brief and go.

Stokes nods. Bazzo and DiLauria quickly take seats next to him. Latham leaves, pausing by the 3 Little Snots.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
See me in my office at the close of
play today - the three of you.

ACT TWO

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

Latham drops a postcard in a mailbox. He's about to tie his shoe when a stray dog wanders over and sniffs the mailbox.

LATHAM
Don't you dare. Get!

The dog runs away. Latham kneels, ties his shoe, then puts two chalk marks on the side of the mailbox.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

WILSON BERARD is at his desk, writing. Latham enters.

BERARD
Any further news on Stewart?

LATHAM
No, sir. Nealy and SMOTH are
looking for possibles, and both
mandarins are off to New York. I've
also arranged to meet with Yuri
Gvozdev, the KGB rezident.

BERARD
A KGB snatch? In New York?

LATHAM
I was thinking more one of their
satellite services.

BERARD
So, its a matter for the police now.

LATHAM
Yes. All we can do is wait for the
kidnappers' demands.

Berard eyes him curiously. He lays down his pen and pours himself some water.

BERARD

You and Stewart have certainly gone
at it recently.

LATHAM

No more than usual.

BERARD

And there was his attempt at a
palace coup...

Latham is surprised, but quickly feigns ignorance.

BERARD (CONT'D)

Yes, I know all about it. I just
wondered if any of this might affect
your pursuit of his kidnapers.

LATHAM

(this gets his back up)
Excuse me?

BERARD

It would be understandable.

LATHAM

I'm doing the same for him that I'd
do for anyone else here... Sir.

The Gray phone RINGS; Berard answers it.

BERARD

Yes?... Alright, put her through.
(to Latham)
It's Stewart's wife - for you.

LATHAM

I barely know her. Why would she
ask for me?

BERARD

You can ask her that yourself.

Slightly annoyed, Latham takes the handset.

LATHAM

Warren Latham...

INT. KENSINGTON'S TUDOR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lillie is huddled at one end of the couch; she's worried sick.

LILLIE

I just had a call from Mr. Lodge's
aide. Is it true? Has Stewart been
kidnapped?

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH LILLIE

LATHAM

It looks that way. All we know for sure is that he had an appointment this morning and didn't show.

LILLIE

(growing frantic)

It couldn't have been an accident because he would have called, or the police or hospital would have.

LATHAM

That's probably so.

LILLIE

Oh, God... You are looking for him?

LATHAM

Yes, of course.

LILLIE

I'm sorry. Stewart's always talking about you - how brilliant you are.

LATHAM

(caught off guard)

Um, I have to get back to work, Mrs. Kensington. I'll let you know as soon as I hear anything.

LILLIE

Thank you.

Latham hangs up, still stunned by her words.

LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE

The wall clock reads: 11:05. Latham enters. Collette looks up.

COLLETTE

The Ops Room called. We're not holding anyone worth swapping.

Latham sighs, disappointed.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

And the switchboard passed through a call from a Mr. Cerise. He said he can meet you at 11:45 at your 'Boston dive.'

Latham checks the wall clock then rushes out.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE - DAY

Traffic moves past the street sign on its way to Chinatown.

INT. JOE AND NEMO'S HAMBURGER JOINT - DAY

Busy. Latham is at the counter, munching on a steamed hamburger. The greasy-haired COUNTERMAN is on the phone.

COUNTERMAN

Really?... Yeah, hon - put her on.

YURI GVOZDEV enters and sits next to Latham.

COUNTERMAN (CONT'D)

Hi, sweetie! Mommy says you went all by yourself. Daddy's proud of you... What?... No, no, you have to wipe... With the tissue, yes... Yes, Daddy's sure... Alright, gotta go. Bye-bye.

He hangs up. Everyone at the counter is smiling.

LATHAM

Hungry, Mr. Cerise?

Gvozdev eyes Latham's hamburger and shakes his head no.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You don't know what you're missing.

GVOZDEV

A heart attack, maybe?

Latham wipes his mouth and gets up.

LATHAM

C'mon.

EXT. STREET - JOE AND NEMO'S HAMBURGER JOINT - DAY

As Latham and Gvozdev exit, a FAMILY - CAUCASIAN MAN, CHINESE WOMAN, EURASIAN BOY - passes by, heading toward Chinatown. The boy is eating an ice cream cone, mostly with his face. The Family pauses; the Mother pulls out a tissue.

LATHAM'S P.O.V. - THE EURASIAN BOY AND HIS MOTHER

The Woman gently cleans her son's face.

GVOZDEV (O.S.)

This way?

BACK TO SCENE

Latham is still distracted. Gvozdev watches him curiously.

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)

Warren...

Latham quickly collects himself. Gvozdev points in the opposite direction. Latham nods; the pair head that way.

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)

I assume this is about Kensington?

LATHAM

So, you know about it.

GVOZDEV

The police are running around Turtle Bay, questioning every U.N. driver.

They cross the street and head into...

SAMUEL GOMPERS MEMORIAL PARK

Latham and Gvozdev stroll.

LATHAM

Any of your people involved, Yuri?

GVOZDEV

Why bother? We can get more information on you from *TV Guide*.

LATHAM

That doesn't rule out using him as trade bait.

Gvozdev stops, as does Latham.

GVOZDEV

Warren, we both adhere to one, inviolate protocol: Where we share common ground, we leave each other alone. I wouldn't break that rule.

Latham nods. Gvozdev offers his hand; Latham shakes it.

GVOZDEV (CONT'D)

I hope it ends well, menya droog.

(Russian for "my friend.")

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

People mill about, enjoying the spring day.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

The door is open. Latham is rummaging through a combination-lock file drawer when Nealy enters. Latham turns around.

NEALY

Got a possible, Warren. Israeli Mossad say the Reichsfront Group is in New York.

LATHAM

Reichsfront?

NEALY

Yes. We know some of them had to get out of West Berlin in a hurry.

The intercom BUZZES. Latham answers.

LATHAM

Yes?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

SMOTH is on Gray.

LATHAM

Put him through.
(answers the Gray phone)
Larry...

INT. MI6 OFFICE - DAY

Jones is on the phone, referring to his notes.

JONES

There was a kidnap attempt in London recently of a visiting NATO OF-6.

LATHAM

A what?

JONES

A Belgian Rear Admiral, Michael Hofman. Interpol suspect the Reichsfront Group were behind it.

LATHAM

They give a reason why?

JONES

Well, among other things, Hofman's Jewish.

LATHAM

Great. They know where this Reichsfront Group is?

JONES

Only that some of them fled to New York. But without proof, Interpol aren't obliged to pursue them.

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

And since they haven't committed any crimes on U.S. soil, neither are the New York City police. So, I'm guessing lunch is out then.

LATHAM

Maybe dinner. I'll get back to you.

He hangs up and turns to Nealy.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

MI6 confirms the Reichsfront Group from a botched kidnap attempt, and it seems some of them fled to New York. But no one knows where and the NYPD can't be bothered to find out.

NEALY

That's what the Israelis say, too.

LATHAM

So, what can you tell me about this Reichsfront Group?

He pours himself coffee, takes a sip and squinches.

NEALY

They're an offshoot of West Germany's old Socialist Reich Party.

LATHAM

What - that bunch of ex-Nazis? I thought they were banned?

NEALY

They were. Now they call themselves the National Democratic Party.

Latham puts the coffee cup down.

NEALY (CONT'D)

The Reichsfront Group is just a newer version of the Stormtroopers. They started with leaflets then went on to beating and intimidating Jews and firebombing their businesses.

LATHAM

No wonder the Israelis keep tabs on them.

NEALY

They're also short of cash. They were robbing banks for a while. Maybe they're into kidnapping now.

Latham paces, taking it all in but not entirely convinced.

LATHAM

Even so... Kensington? Where would they get their information on him?

NEALY

Is it that hard to imagine a racist sympathizer in Adenauer's circle?

LATHAM

Hmm... Ok, I'll inform New York Central if you'll tell Berard.

NEALY

Right.

Latham nonchalantly resumes rummaging through his files.

NEALY (CONT'D)

Can I, um, ask you something?

LATHAM

What?

NEALY

You two have gone at it a lot recently, you and Kensington.

Latham continues searching through his files.

LATHAM

Yeah... And?

NEALY

Well, considering that review he gave you, I just thought if there's one person blocking your advancement-

Latham is hot. He quickly turns and looks askance at Nealy.

LATHAM

Hey, get your facts straight. I've been head of Domestic Ops for 3 years. That means I'm still junior to every other division head, which puts me last on the promotions list.

NEALY

All I'm saying is, if he sandbagged me the way he's done you-

LATHAM

And I'm gonna tell you the same thing I told Berard: I'm doing everything I can to bring him back.

Nealy nods and leaves. Latham swears under his breath.

INT. FARMHOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

Kensington reviews his papers, making notes. Finally, he puts away his pen, straightens the stack of papers, returns them to his briefcase, puts away his reading glasses and stretches.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE ATTIC

Hearing all the rustling, Berger looks up from his newspaper.

KENSINGTON

Stretches his fingers and looks up.

KENSINGTON

Well... I think I'm about ready for
some lunch, Mr. Berger.

AT THE TABLE

Peter scoffs as he reads his newspaper; Goren, listening to the radio, rolls his eyes as they glance at Kensington.

KENSINGTON

I'm not asking for a menu, but I
would be grateful for some food.

PETER

Ich kann es nicht glauben.

BERGER

Perhaps you'd care to cook it
yourself?

KENSINGTON

If you like... It'd pass the time.

Berger gets up and walks over to Kensington. Peter groans, lays down his paper and gets up.

PETER

(grudgingly)
I'll do it.

BERGER

Yes, that way we can charge Mr.
Kensington for room and board.

As Peter heads down the stairs...

PETER (O.S.)

Kleinen schwanz.

(German for "Little prick.")

KENSINGTON
(jocularly)
I hope you take Diners Club.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The Chrysler Building dominates the cityscape.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bazzo and DiLauria enter. MIKE WILSON hangs up the phone.

BAZZO
Any news on this Reichsfront Group?

WILSON
None.

BAZZO
Well, are the cops looking for them?

WILSON
So they say. But if Kensington's
crossed swords with any of them...

BAZZO
Alright, just get out the maps.

Wilson pulls a road atlas from a file cabinet.

DILAURIA
What about the U.N. driver?

WILSON
They found him tied up at a strip
mall near his home in Ft. Lee. He'd
been roughed up but nothing serious.

Bazzo and DiLauria are astonished. Bazzo opens the atlas.

BAZZO
Show me where you've been looking.

WILSON
What do you mean?

BAZZO
You got word 3 hours ago. What the
hell have you been doing since?

WILSON
(testily)
Following protocol. I called the
police.

DILAURIA

Alright. Show us where they found the driver.

Brooding, Wilson points to it on the map.

DILAURIA (CONT'D)

Then if it wasn't the U.N. driver who arrived with the car, he must have been relieved of it somewhere between there and Manhattan.

BAZZO

The area would be teeming with cops. So if there's one place the kidnapppers won't head, it's back that way. Where's the hotel?

Wilson flips a page and points it out.

DILAURIA

Is it a one way street?

WILSON

Heading east.

DILAURIA

It was rush hour, so you can forget about breaking track. Let's see... east would be to the Midtown Tunnel.

BAZZO

You can count out the boroughs, too many people. Has to be as far from prying eyes as they could get.

DILAURIA

So continue east... to Long Island.

Bazzo flips the atlas to another page. He points to The Forks.

BAZZO

What's at the end here?

WILSON

The Forks. Small towns, farms - especially the North Fork.

Bazzo winks at DiLauria.

BAZZO

Get us two cars from the pool. Then call the NYPD. Ask them to speak to the local cops; see if they'll help search the area.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Collette hangs up the Gray phone. Latham enters.

COLLETTE

Lillie Kensington called.

LATHAM

You told her there's nothing new?

COLLETTE

Yes, but now she wants to meet you and suggested the Lobby Lounge at the Ritz-Carlton downtown at 16:30.

LATHAM

Alright. Have those 3 newbies in Mission Planning wait for me.

She nods. He pours himself coffee. Nealy hurriedly enters.

NEALY

I just got a call from Isser Harel.

LATHAM

Who?

NEALY

Head of Mossad's Operation Finale.

LATHAM

Oh, right - the Nazi hunters.

NEALY

Yes. He apologized for taking so long to get back to us. He said that Etan Zuroff will be joining the hunt for the Reichsfront Group.

LATHAM

Zuroff... Doesn't ring a bell.

NEALY

He's a civilian, a member of Nokmim.

LATHAM

Nokmim?

NEALY

The Avengers - dedicated to hunting down former SS officers who've fled Europe.

LATHAM

We're not looking for ex-Nazis, Bill.

NEALY

No, but the Israelis believe the Group has ties to some of them.

LATHAM

I hope they're not the ones on our payroll.

Nealy follows Latham into...

LATHAM'S OFFICE

LATHAM

Where's this Zuroff now?

NEALY

He's in New York, working with the NYPD and a man from Interpol.

LATHAM

Any chance the mandarins can hook up with him?

NEALY

That's the rest of the message. I told Harel where they're staying. He'll have Zuroff contact them there later today.

LATHAM

Hmm, no more than a ray of hope though, is it?

INT. FARMHOUSE ATTIC - BATHROOM - DAY

Peter drags Kensington out by the lapels. Goren enters.

FAR END OF THE ATTIC

Berger rushes up the stairs. Peter shoves Kensington into his chair.

PETER

You try that again and I'll tie you to the chair!

Kensington cowers. (Again, the kidnappers speak German.)

BERGER

Was zum Teufel ist hier los?!

PETER

(points to the bathroom)
Er versuchte, durch das Fenster entkommen!

BERGER

Wie?

Goren closes the window then comes out of the bathroom.

GOREN

Aus dem Fenster im Bad.

BERGER

Is that true, Mr. Kensington?

KENSINGTON

It smelled like a toilet. I was just letting some air in.

PETER

(mocking him)

'Es roch wie eine Toilette.' Was für ein Idiot.

BERGER

When you've been in the same clothes for 3 days, there'll be a similar smell about you. We shall not complain about you and you will not complain about the lavatory.

KENSINGTON

Fine.

Berger confronts Kensington.

BERGER

Forget this nonsense about an officer's duty being to escape. Your duty is to stay alive - or should I say, to stay in one piece.

(pulls a knife from his pocket)

There is a tradition to send a part of the person's anatomy to his loved ones - a finger, or perhaps an ear.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Berard is at his desk. Nealy also sits while Latham paces.

BERARD

Nokmim?

NEALY

It's Hebrew for 'Avengers.'

BERARD

Are these Avengers any good?

NEALY

Very. Since the end of the War they've tracked down and executed hundreds of former SS officers, especially those involved in running the concentration camps.

BERARD

Puts them at odds with the Mossad's Operation Finale, doesn't it?

NEALY

Not really. The Mossad is interested in former Nazi leaders, like Mengele and Eichmann, whom they want brought back to Israel to stand trial.

LATHAM

And if this Zuroff and the police go in, guns blazing - what happens to Kensington?

No one has an answer.

EXT. EIGHTH AVENUE - NEW YORKER HOTEL - DAY

The massive "NEW YORKER" sign adorns the side of the hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

At a table sit Bazzo, DiLauria and ETAN ZUROFF, 45, an imperious little man wearing a dark suit a size too large. Bazzo and DiLauria drink beer; Zuroff is a teetotaler.

ZUROFF

Oh, it's the Reichsfront Group. I'm sure of it.

BAZZO

And you're sure they're still here?

ZUROFF

Yes. Interpol tracked them on a BOAC flight from London to New York.

DILAURIA

Any idea why they came to New York?

ZUROFF

Money. They have sympathizers here.

DiLauria refills her glass and Bazzo's.

DILAURIA

We've been looking around the North Fork of Long Island. Here.

She shows Zuroff the North Fork on a map. Zuroff looks at it but is somewhat dismissive.

ZUROFF

Yes, I understand you asked for local help to search the area. If the Group are there, let's hope you haven't frightened them; they might shift base.

BAZZO

They're clever, huh?

ZUROFF

Very. And clever Nazis are the most dangerous.

DILAURIA

At least they're not too blood-thirsty. They spared the life of that U.N. driver.

ZUROFF

He's a U.S. citizen. If they had killed him, the police would be obliged to go all out to find Mr. Kensington.

DILAURIA

It's so unfair Mr. Kensington has to be involved at all.

ZUROFF

Of course it's unfair. To them he's a pawn - someone to be sacrificed.

Disheartened at this, DiLauria grabs her beer and walks to the window.

ZUROFF (CONT'D)

Now, I can be your link to Interpol and the police, if you like. I'll help you find Mr. Kensington. But in return, the members of the Reichsfront Group will be turned over to Interpol for interrogation.

BAZZO

We could care less about them. All we want is our man back - alive.

ZUROFF

As to that, I wish us success.

Bazzo and DiLauria raise a glass while Zuroff nods.

ACT THREE

INT. THE RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - LOBBY LOUNGE - DAY

Sumptuous. Amid the MURMUR of small talk and clinking glasses, Latham and Lillie sit in a corner, their drinks untouched.

LILLIE

Are your mandarins looking for him?

LATHAM

Yes - us, the New York police. We even have Israel's Nazi Hunters.

Lillie is befuddled at this.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

The Group has ties to some ex-Nazis.

LILLIE

Oh... What do you think Stewart's chances are?

LATHAM

Based on recent history? Not too good. But we're doing everything we can to get him back alive.

Lillie fumbles through her pocketbook, looking for nothing in particular.

LILLIE

He didn't pack very much. I know it was only for a couple of days, but I wanted him to be prepared.

LATHAM

Mrs. Kensington, if anyone can make it through this, he can.

LILLIE

I've had several calls today, all saying not to worry. Stewart always said you'd tell him the truth, even if he didn't want to hear it. That's why I wanted to see you. I knew you'd tell me the truth.

She grabs her sweater and stands, signalling the end of their chat. Latham also stands.

LILLIE (CONT'D)

You'll call me if anything happens?

LATHAM

I will.

They shake hands; she leaves. At the bar Nealy - surprise - spins around on his barstool, gets up and joins Latham.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Obviously, there's some news.

NEALY

The Reichsfront Group have made their demands. In return for Kensington's life, they want two million dollars and they want the U.N. Secretary General to issue a decree banning all humanitarian and economic aid to Israel for one year.

LATHAM

And if their demands aren't met?

NEALY

They'll kill Kensington and take out a U.N. Perm Rep or high-ranking official, one a month, until the U.N. does agree.

LATHAM

There's no way in hell Hammarskjöld will agree to that.

NEALY

Which means Stewart really is in trouble... And so are you.

LATHAM

What do you mean?

NEALY

Jared Stokes put in for a transfer.

Latham seethes; he balls his hand into a fist.

LATHAM

I'll talk to you later.

The two men get up. Nealy leaves; Latham walks up to the BARTENDER.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

May I use your phone, please?

The Bartender hands Latham the phone.

INT. LATHAM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Collette writes. The door to Latham's office is open; the 3 Little Snots are waiting inside. The Gray phone RINGS.

COLLETTE

Hello?

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH COLLETTE

LATHAM

It's Warren. The 3 Snots in there?

COLLETTE

Uh huh.

LATHAM

Tell them I'll see them first thing
in the morning. Let 'em sweat.

COLLETTE

Will do.

Latham hangs up, checks his watch then dials again.

LATHAM

Larry, it's Warren. I'm on my way
home. Can I drop by?... Thanks.

He hangs up and leaves.

INT. LATHAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Latham writes notes on a legal pad. On the coffee table are
the *U.N. Journal* and the *Herald-Tribune*. The phone RINGS.

LATHAM

Latham...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bazzo is on the phone; he's exasperated. DiLauria is slumped
in a chair, finishing off a beer.

BAZZO

Something's up here, boss. A second
statement was issued from a local
radio station, purportedly by the
Reichsfront Group, saying that they
aren't holding Kensington and that
they never issued a ransom demand.

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH BAZZO

LATHAM

Is Zuroff still there?

BAZZO

He just left. But he says it's the
Group trying to stop the NYPD from
going all out looking for them.

LATHAM

What do you think?

BAZZO

I don't know; Zuroff's the expert.
If we are chasing the wrong group,
where does that leave Kensington?

LATHAM

Hmm... Look, you stick with Zuroff,
but put Carla back out in the field
looking for Kensington.

BAZZO

Boss, if Zuroff doesn't see her, he
might think we don't believe him.

LATHAM

Then tell him Carla's been recalled.
But keep him happy; we need Zuroff
more than he needs us.

BAZZO

Alright. Good night.

LATHAM

Night.

Latham hangs up and looks at his watch: 11:40. Puzzled, he finishes writing notes on the legal pad, continuing with #4.

INSERT LATHAM'S NOTES ON THE LEGAL PAD:

1. Why the Reichsfront Group?
2. Why was the ransom demand so late?
3. Why put pressure on the U.N.?
4. Why was the ransom demand denied?
5. Globke & Reichsfront Group in NYC - Coincidence? Link?

BACK TO SCENE

Latham taps the legal pad with his pencil. He sighs, then lays down the legal pad and picks up the phone.

INT. NEALY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Comfortable and traditional. The phone RINGS; a light goes on. Nealy shuffles in, half asleep and clearing his throat.

NEALY

Hello?

LATHAM

It's Latham.

CROSSCUT NEALY WITH LATHAM

NEALY
Are you nocturnal, Warren?

LATHAM
I need your help here.

NEALY
On what?

LATHAM
You mentioned something before
about racist sympathizers in
Adenauer's government. Remember?

NEALY
Huh? Oh... What about it?

LATHAM
Well, the keynote speaker at the
U.N. yesterday was Hans Globke.

This wakes up Nealy; he sits down.

NEALY
My information on Globke requires
an SCI clearance above Top Secret -
one you don't have.

LATHAM
Great - another ex-Nazi on the
payroll.

NEALY
He wasn't in the Nazi Party.

LATHAM
No, he just handed out balloons
with Hitler's likeness.

NEALY
Warren, why the interest in Globke?

Latham opens the U.N. Journal.

LATHAM
He spoke at a meeting titled a
'Dialogue on the longer-term
positioning of the United Nations
economic and humanitarian aid
systems.' And one of the
Reichsfront Group's demands was to
suspend U.N. economic and
humanitarian aid to Israel.

NEALY
You don't think it's coincidental?

LATHAM

You see yesterday's Herald-Tribune?

NEALY

No. Why?

Latham pushes the *U.N. Journal* aside and opens the newspaper.

LATHAM

They ran a quote from former Nazi Interior Minister Wilhelm Frick, commending Globke's role in creating the racist Nuremberg Laws.

NEALY

(kneads his forehead)
Oh, Christ...

LATHAM

The genie's out of the bottle, Bill. Now, maybe Globke's connected to the kidnapping - I don't know. But I do know without some help from you, Kensington may be dead tomorrow!

NEALY

(sighs, relents)
The Israelis have been searching for Adolf Eichmann since the end of the War. Hans Globke knows the one thing that could finally help them find him: Eichmann's alias.

LATHAM

The one he used when the Rat Line smuggled him to Argentina?

NEALY

Yes. Israel's been preparing for years to prosecute Eichmann. To that end, they've asked us for help and we've shared some records with them. But now it looks like some of those documents might have the names of some of Eichmann's accomplices who are also Company assets.

LATHAM

For God sakes! Doesn't anybody vet the damn things?

NEALY

Imagine the damage if those documents became public during a trial...

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

Hell, the DCI even had Life magazine remove a single mention of Globke's name from a story they did on Eichmann.

LATHAM

Amazing, what we'll overlook.

NEALY

To combat the Soviets? Yes.

LATHAM

Go back to bed, Bill. I may be in a little late tomorrow.

Latham hangs up.

EXT. THE NEW YORKER HOTEL - DAY (MORNING)

More stock footage of the hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

DiLauria is not there. There's a KNOCK on the door. Bazzo enters from the bathroom. He opens the door a crack, then lets Zuroff inside.

ZUROFF

We're on, Paul. The police found the U.N. car.

BAZZO

(anxiously)
Where?

ZUROFF

The Lower East Side of Manhattan. A witness saw a man abandon it and enter a tenement. We have the address and the apartment number.

BAZZO

Good.

ZUROFF

Get Carla and we'll go.

Bazzo grabs his gun and his jacket.

BAZZO

She's not here.

ZUROFF

(warily)
Why?

BAZZO

We had another operation. She was recalled late last night.

ZUROFF

She's going to miss all the fun.

I/E. FORD POOL CAR - RURAL ROAD - DAY (MORNING)

DiLauria drives through a glade shrouded in fog. She strains to see the environs.

EXT. - EASTERN AIRLINES PROPJET - DAY - TRAVELING

Stock footage of the plane soaring above the clouds.

INT. EASTERN AIRLINES PROPJET - CABIN - DAY

Latham reviews his questions on the legal pad. He checks off each one. As a STEWARDESS nears, he smiles self-assuredly.

LATHAM

Excuse me, miss. Are we on time?

STEWARDESS

A few minutes early, sir.

LATHAM

(an aside)

Even better.

(to the Stewardess)

Can I have something to drink, please? A Coke?

STEWARDESS

Sure. Celebrating something?

LATHAM

Yes, you could say that.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - THE BOWERY - DAY

Bazzo and Zuroff wait on the corner of a street lined with neglected tenement houses. Traffic - human and auto - is light. Zuroff checks his watch.

ZUROFF

Any minute now.

BAZZO

I hope none of these cops is too trigger happy.

ZUROFF

I don't mind if they have to kill them.

BAZZO
(horrified)
And Kensington?

Zuroff avoids answering as his attention is diverted.

ZUROFF
Here they come.

Police squad cars quietly seal off the block. OFFICERS armed with rifles or pistols quickly enter the building, followed by an unarmed PLAINCLOTHES INTERPOL OFFICER.

INT. TENEMENT HOUSE - LOBBY - DAY

The Police split into 2 groups: one heads to the rear of the building, the other furtively climbs the stairs.

SECOND-FLOOR LANDING

Amid a PURL of television programs, crying babies and shouting adults, the Police move from the stairs to either side of an apartment door. A POLICE OFFICER KNOCKS.

POLICE OFFICER #1
It's the super. I need to check the
toilet. There's a leak downstairs.

(The male Reichsfront Group members speak German.)

MAN #1 (O.S.)
Sollten wir ihm erlauben, nach
innen?

MAN #2 (O.S.)
Lassen Sie ihn innen kommen. Wir
müssen.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)
Alright. Just a moment.

Footsteps grow louder. The door chain RATTLES. The door opens a crack. The Police KICK IT OPEN and barge inside, screaming repeatedly "Nobody move!" and "Show me your hands!"

IN THE APARTMENT

A YOUNG WOMAN SCREAMS; the Police throw the MAN AT THE DOOR to the floor.

A SECOND MAN jumps up and TRIPS, overturning a table loaded with guns, drugs and cash.

A THIRD MAN reaches beneath a mattress. A police rifle butt SLAMS into his skull.

EXT. STREET - TENEMENT HOUSE - DAY

The Police escort the four fair-haired, 20-ish Reichsfront Group members out and into a paddy wagon. Off to the side, Zuroff speaks briefly with the Interpol Officer.

ACROSS THE STREET

Bazzo waits. Zuroff finally joins him.

ZUROFF

They got the whole lot, including
guns, drugs, money-

BAZZO

Where's Kensington?

Zuroff shakes his head no. Bazzo is upset.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

What the hell does that mean?

ZUROFF

He wasn't there, Paul. I'm sorry.

BAZZO

This is the Reichsfront Group?

ZUROFF

Yes. But on Kensington, we start
again.

Bazzo looks away, helpless and frustrated.

I/E. FORD POOL CAR - DAY

DiLauria drives, an open map and salesman's sample case on the seat next to her. She passes an unplowed field and comes upon a farmhouse. A Plymouth Valiant is parked out front.

She pulls up to the farmhouse and stops. DiLauria looks over the car, then the building. Finally, she gives up and drives away.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - ATTIC WINDOW - DAY

The curtains part.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BY THE ATTIC WINDOW - DAY

Berger and Peter look outside. Peter smiles. (Again, they speak German.)

PETER

Sie verliess.

BERGER

Gut. Sie war wahrscheinlich eine
Wander Verkäuferin - eine Avon
Dame.

They walk over to Kensington. He is in his chair, looking
haggard.

BERGER (CONT'D)

It was just an Avon Lady.

Kensington looks away, disappointed. The phone RINGS.

AT THE TABLE

Goren looks up from reading a paperback. Berger rushes over
and answers the phone (in German). Peter joins them.

BERGER

Hallo?... Ja?... Ja, gut. Sehr gut!

He hangs up enthusiastically and looks at his comrades.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Fix und fertig.

The three kidnappers are ecstatic.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Mr. Kensington, you are free to go.

KENSINGTON

(shocked)

Free?

BERGER

Yes, we need detain you no longer.

He and Goren start packing their things. Peter puts on his
coat and approaches Kensington.

PETER

And we will be happy to give you a
lift back to the city.

Kensington is flabbergasted. He gets up and walks over to
Berger and Goren as Peter gathers his things.

KENSINGTON

Who are you?

Berger looks at his comrades. He hesitates, then...

BERGER

Oh, just a trio of eccentric
millionaires.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Bazzo frantically pores over a map. Zuroff finishes drinking a glass of water; he is anxious to leave.

BAZZO
(livid)
Look, I've got to find Kensington!

Zuroff heads toward the door.

ZUROFF
I'll do what I can. Call you
later... I promise.

He opens the door to find a grim-faced Latham standing there.

LATHAM
Mr. Zuroff?

ZUROFF
(shocked)
Yes?

LATHAM
Warren Latham.

ZUROFF
Oh! How do you do?

He extends his hand but Latham sidesteps him, shutting the door.

BAZZO
They got the Reichsfront Group but
no Kensington.

LATHAM
(to Zuroff)
So where is he?

ZUROFF
I told Paul I'd try to find out.

LATHAM
And I'll offer you a theory that may
save you the trouble. Nokmim exists
for one reason: To track down those
Nazis responsible for the Holocaust
and execute them. But they've got no
police power and have to rely on
Interpol and local police forces.
The Mossad, on the other hand, want
to bring these ex-Nazi leaders to
trial for their crimes.

ZUROFF

Those are facts, not theory.

LATHAM

The Mossad have been monitoring the Reichsfront Group, who'd only targeted Jews in West Germany until a recent aborted kidnap attempt in London. Interpol suspected the Group fled to New York and informed Nokmim. They teamed with Mossad to snatch Kensington, hoping CIA would lean on the NYPD to nab the Reichsfront Group. So far so good?

He walks to the table and glances at the map. Bazzo is rapt.

ZUROFF

Go on.

LATHAM

Yesterday's keynote speaker at the U.N. was Hans Globke, Adenauer's key advisor and a man with ties to wealthy members of the old German-American Bund. The Reichsfront Group is short of cash, and they came here hoping Globke could raise some from these folks. But truth be told, your pursuit of the Reichsfront Group was only part of the plan.

Bazzo is perplexed. Latham slowly walks up to Zuroff.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Now, Globke is a man with a past, but he never joined the Nazi Party. So he wasn't a primary target of the Mossad or Nokmim. But he knows something both of you desperately want to know: Adolf Eichmann's alias - the alias he used when he was smuggled into Argentina.

BAZZO

Son of a bitch.

LATHAM

You can't get to Globke in Germany; he's too well protected. But here, outside the U.N. compound, with the police going all out looking for Kensington and the Reichsfront Group?

BAZZO

Globke would be an easy target.

ZUROFF

You have a vivid imagination.

LATHAM

Do I? You would've snatched Globke already but CIA arrived looking for Kensington - something you hadn't planned on. When we suggested the police search the North Fork of Long Island, where Kensington was being held, you knew you had to divert everyone away from there.

Bazzo nods; he's peeved.

BAZZO

And that's when Zuroff showed up, ostensibly offering his help, but really pulling us away from the North Fork, back into New York.

LATHAM

Exactly. But Globke was scheduled to leave the next day, and the NYPD were still dragging their feet. So Nokmim issues a false ransom demand, calculated to get the attention of every U.N. member. They put pressure on the U.S., and that got you partway there.

BAZZO

They didn't snatch Globke?

LATHAM

No. He's on a plane back to Berlin, accompanied by 2 men from the State Department's Office of Security.

Zuroff sits at the table; he sighs, defeated.

ZUROFF

Kensington is safe. He should be back at his hotel by now.

LATHAM

And what about his wife, worried out of her mind with grief?

ZUROFF

And what of the 6 million wives and husbands and children who died at the hands of men like these?

(MORE)

ZUROFF (CONT'D)

Who will continue to die if these men aren't stopped?

LATHAM

You play it rough, don't you?

ZUROFF

Would you play it any other way?

The dig causes Latham to look away. Zuroff looks at Bazzo.

ZUROFF (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Paul. I'll never know how you got on to the North Fork so quickly.

(takes an envelope from his pocket)

I was going to leave this for you at the front desk.

He gets up and hands Bazzo the envelope.

BAZZO

What is it?

ZUROFF

A list of ex-Nazis working as double agents for BND in New York and London. The London list should win you favor with MI6.

(crosses to the door)

I hope we can work together in the future, Mr. Latham.

LATHAM

We'll see.

Zuroff leaves.

INT. LATHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

The 3 Little Snots groan and fidget. Latham enters, along with Jones. Latham carries three folders.

LATHAM

Sorry for yesterday. This is Lawrence Jones, MI6 station chief here in Washington.

They all nod at each other.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

As you know, we cooperate with the British on many projects. At the moment, MI6 is short-staffed.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

So they asked us if we'd be willing to loan them some officers, and we agreed. You three were the ones selected.

The 3 Little Snots sport smug, self-satisfied grins.

ROLLIE

What'll we be doing, sir?

JONES

Tasks as assigned by the station chief.

Harrison does a double-take.

HARRISON

Wait - that's you, right? I'm confused.

JONES

Oh, I'm sorry. No, you're reporting to the Léopoldville station.

ED

The Belgian Congo?!

JONES

We don't use the colonial name anymore. It's the Republic of Congo-Léopoldville.

ROLLIE

Whatever - it's a war zone there!

LATHAM

That should be exciting.

JONES

Yes. You'll be reporting to our new station chief: Joseph Kwasi Mbutu.

The 3 Little Snots are aghast, particularly Ed.

ED

I'd prefer to stay where I am.

ROLLIE

I would, too.

Harrison nods his agreement with his cohorts.

LATHAM

You're all less than 3 months out of The Farm, meaning you're still in your probationary period.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

As I'm your Division Head, your assignments at this time are at my discretion.

ED

This is bullshit.

LATHAM

No, this is what's going to happen: You'll Either accept this assignment - or you're out.

ROLLIE

Out of Mission Planning?

LATHAM

(pointedly)
Out of the Company.

The shock has the faces of the 3 Little Snots looking etched in stone. Latham lays open the three folders on his desk.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Your DD 201's - on top are your termination papers.

(checks his watch)

In 30 seconds you'll either leave here to pack your things and leave today for Africa, or you'll sign your termination papers, leave your ID badges on my desk, and have Security escort you off the premises.

The 3 Little Snots look worrisomely at each other.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Time's up.

The 3 Little Snots turn and leave in a huff. Jones turns to Latham.

JONES

You owe me a meal, Warren.

LATHAM

So I do.

Latham turns to leave; Jones follows him out the door.

END