

Men Of Secrets

By

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INT. OFFICE - DAY

A door opens we see only the feet of a well dressed business man. His shoes are black and polished to perfection. Continuing on the feet he strides across the rug then over the Presidential seal, this is the oval office. The figure walks up to the desk we still don't see his whole body.

On the desk is a large manila envelope marked PRESIDENT ELECTS EYES ONLY. An old tradition passed down unbroken through 50 Presidents the Out going President leaves the most secret of information to the incoming President on his first day.

Instructions are by tradition to read information and by the President's own hand destroy the document. All of America's most top secrets that will never see the light of day are guarded by a terrible oath of secrecy.

So secret that if they ever got out, would crumble the fabric of government. The new President cautiously opens the folder and begins to read. He knows by reading this his life will hang in the balance if he should ever reveal their contents.

He reads then his eyes pop up we only see a close up of them, we hang there for a moment. He then takes out a lighter and in a special tray lights document. We see it burn then.

SMASH CUT

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Black blurry images a man waving his hand. Quick shots of crowds, happy faces. the scene is amorphous very blurry and non discrepant. We hear faint moans then suddenly the crack of gunfire blood fills the screen as the man's head explodes.

We pull back to see a beautiful blond woman in her early forties. We focus on eyes as they twitch under her eyelids we realize she's in "REM" sleep, dreaming. Her eyes pop open and she sits straight up in bed this is MARY MEYERS.

She is nude and glances at the man beside her it is JACK KENNEDY the President of the United States. Mary is his long time lover. She caresses his shoulder admiring him in his slumber. She has a worried look on her face.

Slowly Jack wakes up and smiles at her, Mary smiles back and leans down and he embraces her, they kiss and cuddle.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Now that's a wonderful sight to
wake up to.

MARY

How you feeling?

Jack sits up carefully and cautious, he seems to have little
pain from his back.

JACK

Pretty good, slept great.

MARY

See I told you so.

Mary has a cat like grin on her face, as she pulls herself
out of bed and sashays across to the bathroom. Jack follows
her perfect form. Mary picks up what we assume is a
cigarette and lights it.

As she turns we see she isn't holding a cigarette but a
marijuana joint. She takes a big inhale then hands it to
Jack, he waves it off as he slowly gets out of bed.

JACK

Put that thing away.

MARY

But you said it helped.

JACK

Yes but I'm not going into my
morning briefing High!

MARY

They could use a bit of loosening
up if you asked me.

Jack rises out of bed and slowly makes his way to the
bathroom. He leaves the door cracked we hear him brushing
his teeth, he spits.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Jack looks into mirror checks eyes to see if bloodshot to
his satisfaction they are not. He then starts to lather his
face with shaving cream. He starts to shave and starts back
with conversation.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Oh, and please don't bring that stuff back into the White House.

Mary comes to the door and peers in holding and leaning on the door she is dressed now.

MARY

But Dr. Leary says these drugs can expand your mind. See new perspectives you've never dreamed of.

Jack turns around half shaven and pointing razor at her.

JACK

Now look! You and that half crazed Drug Guru friend of yours, Leary, may think we can live in a psychedelic world where everything is pretty and pink, but that's just not the way things are.

MARY

(smiling)

Ohhh... so grumpy. You weren't so negative last night.

JACK

Last night it was different. I was in pain and needed to sleep. Those other prescription drugs left me foggy all day.

(pause)

Now the pot worked I'll give you that, and I feel refreshed. But I have enough on my mind than to worry about some drug scandal.

MARY

Yes I can see it now. And the headline reads PRESIDENT HIGH ENDS ARMS RACE.

Mary get's tickled and walks back into bedroom. Jack finishes shaving and follows her out wiping his face.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Mary plops herself down on the bed extinguishing the joint in a tray on the nightstand we see several butts. She fans the smoke way in a vain effort to disperse smell. Jack just shakes his head seeing it's useless.

JACK

Don't even bother. The maids don't care. Thank God they're Democrats.

(beat)

And I don't need to give the CIA and my Joint Chiefs anymore ammunition against me. There's enough tension there.

At that moment there is an urgent rapping on the President's chamber door. Surprised by such an early call and at the timing of his comment, Jack puts on his robe, Mary discreetly hurry's to the bathroom.

Jack tightens his robe and calls out.

JACK

Yes.

From the door we hear the President's personal Secret Service agent, one is assigned to him 24 hrs. a day on three rotating shifts. It happens to be his and Mary's favorite this morning CLINT STYLES who responds back in a slow Southern drawl.

CLINT

Morning Mr. President. Just wanted you to know Miss Jackie's on the line.

JACK

Thanks just ring it in here.

The phone rings Jack indicates to Mary to be quiet. Jack answers it slowly.

JACK

Hey babe.

INT. BEAUVOIR MANSION / WHITE HOUSE

The Mansion is formal and dignified JACKIE KENNEDY a soft spoken demure woman hangs on the phone. The kids tumble around her, she has the sound of worry and a bit of anger in her voice.

(CONTINUED)

JACKIE

Hello, how you feeling this morning?

JACK

Fine. Never slept better. What's up? You and the kids alright?

JACKIE

A little nervous I guess. I really don't know why I called. I guess it's the Berlin thing.

JACK

Don't worry about that, I think we're making progress. Once they see our resolve on this I don't believe we'll have any more trouble. We may can proceed to armament talks.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

The room is dark we' see a loan figure slumped over a desk. There are many recording devices on the walls and on the desk. We see a close up of a recording tape spinning, there is an identification sticker on the machine. It reads President's phone.

The figure turns up amplification, then lights a cigarette. Smoke fills the tiny room as we pull away into the dark.

INT. BEAUVOIR MANSION / WHITE HOUSE

Jack and Jackie continue on in their conversation. Jackie seems assured but somewhat surprised by her husband's comment.

JACKIE

Arms talks? Have you been talking to Mary Meyers again? Is she there?

There is anger in her voice she knows her husband's weakness. Jack is stunned at her intuition she is an extremely smart woman and remembers everything.

JACKIE

Tell me the truth Jack! I can stomach some things but lying isn't one of them.

Jack's head goes back and he finally relents.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Yes. She's here.

Jackie has a tear in her eye. But she is an understanding woman. She and Mary are close friends they've known each other for 20 years. This isn't back stabbing to her, she knows the dangers surrounding her husband.

Jack has a woman's ear and guidance while she takes care of the kids.

JACKIE
Can I speak to her?

JACK
Jackie I don't know that this is a good...

JACKIE
Put her on Jack.

Jack put hand over the receiver and motions for Mary to take it. Timidly Mary picks up the receiver.

MARY
Hello.

JACKIE
(smiling-crying)
High Dear. You take care of our boy. He needs a woman's ear.

MARY
Jackie I - I.

JACKIE
Don't mess this up and don't get maudlin, listen. You provide him with a certain clarity of thought in times of crises. I don't know what is is but you've got it. I can't be there he's too protective of me and the children, so you have to do it. Shore him up and give him the best possible support. Now, that being said, when I'm home your not to come near the White House. Understand me, don't say a word just let this be our agreement. Let me talk to Jack again.

Mary is solemn and reserved after being dressed down a little she slowly hands receiver back to Jack. She walks slowly back into the bathroom. We here Jack continuing conversation as Mary closes the bathroom door.

INT.OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Jack and Mary are there standing behind his desk. Jack has a manila folder open he and Mary appear to to be going over its contents. The folder is marked with Presidential Seal this is the President's PDB "Presidential Daily Briefing.

The document is meant to be seen by President and his cabinet including Joint Chiefs only. JIM ANGELTON number two man at CIA under ALLEN DULLES is first to arrive. He see's Mary and President with open folder he raises and eye brow at the site, alarmed he doesn't say anything.

A small wiry man with graying salt and pepper hair and over sized horn rimmed glasses. It is said that he holds even more secrets than the great J. Edgar Hoover. A little startled Mary quickly excuses herself, Jack calmly closes folder and walks to rocking chair and sits down.

INT HALLWAY WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Mary quickly hurries herself past several cabinet members on their way in morning briefing. General's LEMNITZER and POWERS pause at President's SECRETARY'S desk to pick up mail and other materials.

She is an older woman who makes it her business to everybody else she's the white House gossip. They curiously watch Mary pass by. The Secretary acquires their attention by clearing her throat.

SECRETARY

You know he discusses more than personal matters with him.

She nods her head in an aha type moment. The two General's just glare at one another in complete anger.

POWERS

We're in the hands of the President's bimbo!

LEMNITZER

This isn't Camelot. It's Caligula's Court!

He slaps the mail in his briefcase and the two of them proceed into the oval office.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The morning briefing is less formal than the afternoon and more intimate. It is designed to be relaxed and more open. The idea being that people speak their minds in a refreshed morning air over coffee and donuts. Subsequently President's have come to rely on these meetings as the most important of the day.

The Generals sit down on couch opposite the President and Angleton who sits beside him. The General's talk of their hats and open briefcases pulling out papers and maps. Jim angleton opens his notebook and clicks his pen open. He starts to speak without even looking up his voice is cold and sinister.

JIM

I don't think the PDB is anything to be discussed with outside eyes.

The President turns to him in an almost how dare you look and tone. The Joint Chiefs react with a start.

POWERS

What?!

Jack motions him down assuredly and turns back to Jim.

JACK

I am the President and I will say who or who will not see the PDB when it is necessary.

Jim backs down but comes back with an almost threatening response.

JIM

Yes Sir you have the authority to do what ever you deem fit for the country. But when those actions endanger the security of this nation that's my responsibility and I take it very seriously.

The Joint Chiefs nod in satisfaction to Jim's comeback. Jack sees he's in a corner. He needs to be diplomat as well as Commander In Chief he nods in agreement.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Now shall we get started?

General Lemnistzer stands and pulls up a map it has several marker circles around it. It is the map of Cuba.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL STUDY - NIGHT

Jack sits pensively in Rocking Chair a drink is in his hand. Mary comes in she walks over to wet bar and pours herself a drink.

MARY

How was it today.

Jack gets up slowly and starts gesturing with the drink in his hand.

JACK

About as usual. Not only do I have to keep the world from cracking up but I have to play wet nurse to a bunch of fucking Generals who would like nothing better than to see my head on a platter.

(pause - jokingly)

You know, I actually believe they would send the world into nuclear Armageddon just to get me out of office.

MARY

(chuckles)

Don't you think your over reacting.

JACK

I don't know you should have seen how your ex husbands boss reacted to seeing you come out of the oval office. You would have thought you were some Russian Spy.

MARY

Who Jim? Cord always said he was a bit high strung. Besides his wife and I are good friends he's even taken care of the boys from time to time. He's just over cautious that's all don't worry about him.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

I don't know. How is Cord anyway.

Mary is a little awkward around the subject of her ex husband.

MARY

Oh.Uh, he's fine. He's coming tomorrow night for the fund raiser.

JACK

Oh yeah forgot about that. To bad Jackie's going to miss it. But it's still a little too dangerous. She loved Cord.

MARY

We both did.

JACK

Me too.

Mary wisps her hair back as she lounges on the couch. She get's up and straightens herself out wiping away a tear.

MARY

We all have to move on.

Jack and she face one another they take a drink together, he wipes a tear from her eye.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Cars and Limos pull up to the front portico of the White House. Officers in Dress Blues and Secret Service agents in tuxes open doors for guests then act as valets for cars. It is very formal and carried out with military precision.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Guests enter the brightly lit and adorned White House. This is the first time outside guests have seen the newly remodeled and redecorated White House. It has an almost royal feel about it.

Red carpet lines the halls the marble inlets and tile cornices rival any European Palace. But unlike them, this has a feel of new and youthful exuberance. This is the new age, the Administration the Press has called "CAMELOT".

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Guests move through the hallways admiring paintings and sculptures. We pass a few WOMEN who are admiring and gossiping.

WOMAN 1

Don't you just love the red? It makes it look so stately.

WOMAN 2

Oh yes Dear, I agree. Mamie Eisenhower, a lovely woman I'm sure, but she had the taste of a monk. It was quite dull and dreary. This has life in it.

One of the women has a champagne glass in hand one of several she's had, she's drunk. She remarks a little louder than the rest and some guests snicker and turn away.

WOMAN 3

Looks like our taxes paid for a New Orleans Cat House. But that wouldn't be to of the mark.

The other ladies react in disgust and quiet her down, the woman waves them off as she guzzles her drink down. We move down the hall passing many guests then up to Jack and Mary.

Jack is in his best tux and standing straight as a arrow Mary is splendid in her formal black gown they look perfectly regal.

They are greeting everyone as they enter the east ballroom where an orchestra is playing and people are dancing. Jack leans to Mary while not taking his eyes off guests and continues smiling and shaking hands.

JACK

Not bad for a \$1000 plate dinner.

MARY

Yes especially since no one is eating, just drinking.

JACK

Well that was my plan or didn't you know that. Get em a little drunk and they'll open up that wallet a little more.

Mary pushes him and laughs, she is having a good time too. She hasn't been shy when it comes to drinks and other things, she's high as a kite. BOBBY KENNEDY the Attorney General walks up behind Jack and taps him on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

Jack turns around a little surprised and startled. Bobby takes a whiff then looks intently into Jack's eyes.

BOBBY

(under his breath)

You said you weren't going to smoke any of that stuff again.

JACK

(faining ignorance)

What stuff?

BOBBY

Don't lie to me God Damn it I'm your brother for Christ's Sake. An I also happen to be the Attorney General. I know the smell of pot and your eyes are dilated. Christ I tried to put Trafficante away for trafficking this stuff and here my own brother...

Someone bumps into Bobby interrupting his diatribe. Bobby leans in forcefully.

BOBBY

My own brother the PRESIDENT of the United States is going into the bathroom and getting High!

Jack straightens up.

JACK

My back was killing me. I've been on my feet for hours now. What would you have me do. "Oh I'm sorry ladies and gentlemen the President will not attend this gracious fundraiser but he does appreciate your generous offer of \$1000."

BOBBY

Alright I'll give you that. But why do have to flaunt Mary in place of Jackie. That just looks bad.

JACK

Jackie's away because of the situation, you know that. People like to be greeted by a host and hostess.

From Bobby's point of view he spies ALLEN DULLESS Former CIA Director and CORD MEYER Number 3 man at the CIA, making their way around the room. Bobby jerks Jack's sleeve.

BOBBY

Don't look now but the situation is fixing to get a lot worse.

Bobby points in the direction of the two men, Jack just cringes.

JACK

Dulles? What's he doing here?
Didn't I fire him after the Bay of Pigs mess?

Bobby shrugs and shoves his hands in his pockets.

BOBBY

Don't know. Guess he's still on the guest list.

JACK

Guest list my ass. Cord brought him, he's snooping. Once a spy always a spy.

Jack leans over to Mary who is still being the gracious hostess and shaking hands. Jack gently turns her and indicates with his head the other direction towards Cord who is approaching them.

Mary looks disturbed then whispers in Jack's ear and excuses herself to the arriving guests and quickly walks away.

BOBBY

Where's she going.

JACK

Bathroom.

BOBBY

(disbelievingly)
Uh Huh.

Allen approaches the President followed by Cord, he shakes Jack's and Bobby's hand there is a bit of tension in air.

ALLEN

Mr. President. Lovely affair, my complements.

JACK
Allen, how are you.

ALLEN
Fine Mr. President, Fine been
catching up on my golf.

Bobby shakes his head he can't stand people faking what they really feel.

BOBBY
Come on Allen what are you doing
here?

Cord steps up to Allen's defense.

CORD
He's my guest.

Cord turns to Jack the air is less thick with them they are old friends. He has an almost apologetic mode as he shakes Jack's hand.

CORD
How you doing Jack? Is Mary here?

Jack is awkward in his response as he vaguely hints down the hall.

JACK
Doing well Cord, uh she's here
somewhere.

CORD
Well good seeing you Jack, Bobby.

Cord dismisses himself and Allen walks back up to Jack with drink in hand. He looks at Jack's face almost examining it.

ALLEN
You sure you feel alright Mr.
President? You look a little
flushed and your eyes...

Bobby steps in front defending his brother he points a finger squarely in Allen's chest.

BOBBY
Now look, you can behave and enjoy
the evening or I can have one of
the Secret Service escort you home.
How would that look in the
Washington Post tomorrow morning.

(CONTINUED)

Allen backs down then raises his glass of whiskey and in a sarcastic toast, referring to their father's involvement with bootlegging.

ALLEN

Lovely party Mr. President, the Kennedy's always have the best whiskey. Thanks to their Dad who made his fortune how shall I say, importing it.

Jack has to restrain Bobby at that remark.

BOBBY

I ought to put that little piss ant in jail. I'm sure I could find something.

JACK

Let it alone.

Bobby brushes his hair back and Jack turns back to greeting guests.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALL - NIGHT

Cord stops one of the WAITERS and asks him a question.

CORD

Excuse me where's the restroom.

WAITER

Down the hall and to the left second door.

Cord thanks him and places empty champagne glass on his tray. Cord is a stately well educated man a product of many fine prep schools and Harvard. But this doesn't make him a snob, on the contrary he volunteered for WWII and rose the the rank of Colonel.

Brave and resilient the CIA recruited him right after the War and put him in charge of many operations. He walks down the hall noticing all the fine decor.

He rounds the corner and stumbles headlong into Mary. Shocked Mary is nervous at seeing her ex under such circumstances.

MARY

Cord?! Uh I'm sorry.

Cord looks at her there is still love in his eyes for Mary.

(CONTINUED)

CORD

No it's my fault. How are you? I haven't seen you since...

MARY

Say it Cord, since Billy was killed. You left the day of the funeral, right when I needed you most.

CORD

Stop it. You know I had to leave. There was a war going on and we had operations to take care of.

Mary runs up and starts slapping him furiously, she is crying. Cord struggles to calm her down. He embraces her and she falls weak crying in his shoulder.

MARY

What war? You were in Israel. Our little boy! Aah! They never caught the man who hit him. Just delivering his newspaper's then poof he's gone.

Cord rubs her hair then in a flash back we see the funeral.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Cord's son's casket is being lowered into the ground. A steal look comes over Cord's face as he quickly walks away to an awaiting car.

INT. CIA BUILDING - DAY

Cord rushes through the guard check points quickly showing his ID Badge. He passes through many departments till he finally arrives at a big information center.

He walks up to one of his AGENTS who passes him a piece of paper.

CORD

You sure this is him.

AGENT

Yes sir found paint from the bicycle on his car. And he's emptied his bank account he going somewhere fast.

(CONTINUED)

CORD

Stall him. This I'll do myself.

EXT. UNKNOWN HOME - DAY

A MAN quickly runs down the steps of his Georgetown home. He looks to be middle eastern. He stuffs a bag in his trunk and hurriedly gets in car and cranks it he screeches back down the drive.

At that moment a white van pulls up and blocks his escape. Two men in what appear to be PAINTERS clothes get out they are actually CIA agents. The man gets out of the car and try's to get them to move.

PAINTER

Is this 103 South Wall Street.

MAN

I do not know what you are talking about please move, I'm in a hurry.

In the confusion unknown to the man, Cord has pulled up dressed in a black overcoat he strides menacingly towards the man. Cord addresses him in the organization he works for the Mossad Israel's secret police.

CORD

I bet you are Mossad.

MAN

Please, Please. It was not supposed to happen like that the boy simply got in the way.

Cord slaps him with the butt of his hand gun and indicates to the two painters who are actually CIA to grab the Man. They throw him into the back of the van and slam the door. The van screeches down the street.

The other CIA agent get's into man's car and follows the van as Cord get's in his vehicle and follows them. The whole operation takes less than a minute.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The day is gray and damp in the late fall leaves have fallen everywhere the three vehicles crunch slowly down the narrow road. The road ends in a small cliff overlooking a large mining pit that is full of water.

(CONTINUED)

The man is pulled from the van screaming and kicking the agents force him to his knees. Cord gets out of his car he is placing a silencer on his pistol.

The man is begging and in an almost prayer like position on the ground.

MAN

Please sir, I was under orders. No one was to get hurt. I was just there to gather information. When I heard the police siren it just scared me. I threw the car in gear - the boy just came out of nowhere. It was an accident.

Cord feels the rage welling up in him.

CORD

An accident! My boy's dead because of you, what was the Mossad doing there anyway.

The man sniffing sits up a little as Cord kneels down to listen.

MAN

The IDF had learned about operation Mockingbird and it's plans of disinformation on the Israeli Nuclear Program. We wanted know how much the CIA had influenced the President. Swaying him to shut down our program. I was there to place a bug in the home.

Cord stands up shaking his head.

CORD

A bug in the Deputy Director of the CIA's home. Te' impossible.

Cord level's his gun at the man's head.

MAN

But sir they'll be repercussions if I don't report in.

CORD

Fuck repercussions!

Cord fires to pops into the man's head then one into the center of his chest through his heart. The other two agents quickly gather up the body and stuff it into the trunk. They put the car in gear and push over the edge.

The car pummels down the side of the cliff and splashes into the water and sinks quickly. We look up at the three men as they watch car disappear into the murky waters.

CORD

Don't worry it's an old strip mine goes down almost 4000 feet.

CIA AGENT

And what about the Mossad?

CORD

They'll get the message.

CIA AGENT 2

What message is that?

CORD

Don't fuck with the CIA

The men return to their van and drive off. Cord remains looking down at bubble of sinking car. He takes gun and slings into water then turns and disappears we hear but don't see car driving off. We hang on the emptiness and coldness of the whole event.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

We return to present from Cord's flashback, he is still stroking Mary's hair he will never tell her the truth. He tries to make up some excuse.

CORD

I just couldn't handle it. I just used work as an excuse. Forgive me.

Mary nods her head affirmative and understandingly.

MARY

Me too I guess I chose to escape reality.

CORD

I know Dr. Leary and his psychedelic drugs again.

Mary pulls away from him.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

You spying on me now Cord?

CORD

We used his ideas and drugs in couple of programs. Your name came up.

MARY

That's lame even for you Cord? What are you really up to.

Cord grabs her arm and pulls her close. His voice is harsher now a quick turn of emotion between them.

CORD

It's always about you and your needs. Not only have you broken up our marriage but your fixing to wreck the President's as well.

MARY

Your no more concerned about the President's marriage as you were about ours. Don't you have some country to overthrow or something, that's all your precious CIA seems to do.

Cord pulls her even closer and harder.

CORD

Where did you hear that?

Mary pulls herself away in a jerk and with a catlike grin responds.

MARY

Who do you think? He's ready to bust up that whole organization of yours.

Mary turns around in disgust and marches back down the hall. From behind Cord we see Allen Dulles and General Lansdale retired, now with the CIA approach him. They both have an icy calm about them as they sip on their drinks.

ALLEN

What was that all about?

Startled Cord turns around he is nervous he doesn't want to implicate Mary into anything.

(CONTINUED)

CORD

Not much. She still doesn't have much to do with me since our son's death.

ALLEN

Of course these things take time my boy.

CORD

If you'll excuse me Sir I think I'll call it an evening.

ALLEN

Sure I'll get a ride back with the General here.

GEN. LANSDALE

Right. Go home Cord see you in the morning.

Cord says his good nights and leaves the two men. Allen and Lansdale follow Cord with their eyes as he disappears behind corner. Then in an almost huddle formation talk among themselves.

GEN. LANSDALE

Break up the CIA, shit this is worse than we thought.

ALLEN

Add to that he's advertising the fact with his little girl friend. Which makes me wonder is he really planning something or was she just trying to throw Cord off.

GEN. LANSDALE

Either way I need to let Jim in on this information.

ALLEN

What about Cord and his involvement?

GEN. LANSDALE

Don't worry about Cord he'll fall in line. His skills can be quite useful when needed.

(long pause)

Besides we always eliminate any threats, isn't that right Mr. Dulles? Excuse me while I introduce myself to the President.

He looks at Dulles with cold calculating eyes of a killer and takes a sip of his drink and heads down the hall. Dulles shudders and takes a big swig and polishes his drink off.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Mary stands at the couch crying, she takes a tissue and wipes her eyes. The door opens and in walks Jack. He comes up to her slowly and stops a few feet away, she is alluring even in this state.

JACK
Was it hard.

MARY
(sniffing)
What do you think?!

JACK
Sorry.

MARY
Sorry, Sorry. Everybody's sorry
about something.

Jack just stands there being sympathetic. Mary continues on in a small self pity party.

MARY
I'm sorry for coming between you
and Jackie, Cords sorry for not
being there for me. And you - you
have the weight of the world on
your shoulders. What a pitiful
little three we are caught up in a
world we can't control.

Again Jack just remains motionless and silent.

MARY
Sometimes Jack I wish I could
forget about the whole thing. Find
some small corner of the world and
just disappear.
(pause - sniffing)
I'm going home Jack.

JACK
When will I see you again.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

I don't know, perhaps a couple of days, a week, who knows.

JACK

I'll get Clint to drive you home.

Mary smiles and nods in the affirmative.

MARY

I always like Clint, he's easy to talk too and his voice is soft on the ears.

Jack turns to the phone on his desk and presses one of the buttons the White House OPERATOR picks up.

OPERATOR

Yes Mr. President.

JACK

Have a car brought around for Mrs. Meyer.

OPERATOR

Yes Mr. President.

JACK

Oh and tell Agent Hill I want him to personally drive her home.

OPERATOR

Right away Mr. President.

Jack takes his finger off the phone button. He starts to wring his hands in this awkward moment.

JACK

It'll be a few minutes till they bring the car around. Do you want to stay here I'll stay with you.

Mary gathers up her purse and shall she puts tissues in and snaps the small clutch bag shut.

MARY

No you need to get back to your guests. I'll let myself out.

(refers to her face)

I need to go to the powder room and repair the damages.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Fine. I'll call you later.

Jack exits the room Mary wipes another tear, then composes herself and walks out the west exit opposite Jack.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cord hurriedly makes his way to the elevators. He passes many people who try to stop and talk, he just bows politely pointing at his watch that it's late and he's got to go. As he is about to make his escape, General Powers of SAC steps up.

He pulls Cord aside gently by the arm. Cord is taken aback but goes along. He'll hear the General out.

INT. LADIES PARLOR ROOM - NIGHT

Mary stands at the mirror wiping her eyes. She then takes out her compact, powders her nose. She then applies lipstick gives herself a once over look in the mirror. Satisfied she puts things back in hand bag and is out the door.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mary exits the Ladies Parlor room, she closes the door and turns the small corner to head to the elevator. As she turns she sees Cord again talking to General Powers. She stops dead in her tracks they are standing right in front of elevator.

She bites her lip and leans against the wall she can't have another confrontation her emotions are shot. We hear their voices we see Mary does too, she decides to listen in. The men's conversation seems to be intense and very secretive.

CORD

But we can't just do something like that.

POWERS

Look we know where this administration is heading. If we don't do something right now he'll strip our defenses down to nothing. Then where would we be.

Cord starts to move away he dismisses Powers observation.

(CONTINUED)

CORD

You don't know that.

POWERS

Maybe not directly. But he has said he's going after the CIA. You heard that yourself.

CORD

He's done nothing yet. Besides he knows as well as you, you can't function effectively in foreign relations without the CIA. You have to have intelligence, he's not stupid you know!

POWERS

Why are you defending him so? You of all people should like to see him go after all he is fucking your wife.

Cord reacts violently as he pushes the General into the wall spilling his drink.

CORD

Ex Wife and you leave my personal life out of this. I'll deal with Jack Kennedy in my own way.

Powers pushes Cords arm down from his chest and straightens his uniform. He leans into Cord menacingly.

POWERS

Yeah like the way you handled the Man who killed your son.

Cord reacts astonished Mary's eyes widen as she brings her hand to cover her mouth to keep from crying out.

POWERS

Come on. You didn't think you could keep that a secret. We're still trying to keep the Israelis pacified over that one. Turns out you killed the brother of a high intelligence officer in the Mossad. Now he has a personal grudge against this administration. We've convinced them it's all a part of Kennedy's plan to disrupt their Nuclear Program.

(CONTINUED)

Cord turns and walks the other way, the General calls out after him

POWERS

Cord you know how this is going to turn out. You can either be on board or not. It's The Big Event and you want to be on the right side.

Mary is shocked and stunned the General and Cord have walked away. At that moment a hand reaches up and grabs her shoulder. Mary almost jumps out of her skin and she turns around startled to find it's just Clint Styles the Secret Service agent.

CLINT

Whoa there Miss Mary. Just me Clint.

MARY

(breathing heavy)
Oh Clint you startled me.

CLINT

You's as white as a ghost Missy what's wrong.

MARY

Nothing, Nothing at all just take me home Clint.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Clint and Mary drive through the nearly deserted Washington streets of the early morning hours. Mary sits in back the reflections of other car lights glint off their faces. Mary is reflecting on what she heard she tries to glean some information from Clint.

MARY

How well do you know the Joint Chiefs, particularly General Powers?

Clint looks questionably at her through the review mirror.

CLINT

Joint Chiefs? General Powers? What?

(CONTINUED)

MARY

I mean what are they like?

Clint still looks perplexed but relents and shrugs his shoulders.

CLINT

I don't know. Their a pretty tight group. And Power's I know he and the President don't exactly see eye to eye.

MARY

How do you mean?

CLINT

Well when this crises first started. I mean when we thought the shit was going to hit the fan - oh excuse me!

MARY

(smiling)

Go on.

CLINT

Well Powers told him and I quote.

SMASH CUT

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - DAY

General Powers and the Joint Chiefs sit around the situation conference table a large map of Cuba is on the wall. Magic Marker circles indicate missile sites. Jack is furious over the Joint Chiefs invasion plans and usurping his authority.

JACK

God Damn it Power's you had no authority to take us to Defcon 2. The fucking planes are in the air! Plus you broad cast over unsecured channel's.

Jack gets up and throws his briefing papers on the conference table, the scatter everywhere. Some fall right at Power's, Jack leans in and points his finger defiantly at Powers!

JACK

I am the President! You take orders from me! And I say when we go to war!

(CONTINUED)

(pause)
Some restraint is order!

POWERS
Restraint? Why are you so concerned with saving their lives? The whole idea is to kill the bastards. At the end of the war if there are two Americans and one Russian left alive, we win!

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Mary looks concerned as Clint continues to drive.

CLINT
Yeah I mean he was pretty hopping mad. But Jack was right diplomacy worked, I mean we're still not out of the woods with those guys. But I think we're moving in the right direction.

MARY
So your for disarmament, global unification?

CLINT
Disarmament? Global what? No I don't think we're ready for that yet.

Mary peers out the window pensively

MARY
I think it's Jack's dream now. We've talked about it before.

CLINT
Well I wouldn't put much hope in that. The Joint Chiefs and the CIA wouldn't allow that.

MARY
But he's the President.

Clint slowly pulls the car in front of Mary's townhouse in Georgetown. She moved here from Hickory Hill after her son died. Mary's sister Toni Bradlee, Ben Bradlee's of the Washington Post wife live adjacent to her.

(CONTINUED)

She needed their support during her depression. She also maintains a Painters studio too which also acts as therapy. Clint leans over the seat.

CLINT

Now look just because he's President doesn't mean these ole boys have to follow his orders. I know them, power is everything some have been around so long they think they've been canonized or something.

(pause - beat)

They are a thick and a tight group they aren't going to let anything or anyone stand in the way of their agenda.

Mary fumbles for her keys she starts to get out.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Clint hurry's around car to open door for her. He helps her out onto the sidewalk in front of her home.

CLINT

If you don't mind me asking what brought this up anyway?

MARY

It was just before you walked up and startled me at the party. I overheard some bits of conversation between Powers and my ex-husband Cord.

CLINT

What kind of conversation?

MARY

I don't know really. Something about had to stop changes Jack was making, foreign relations and CIA and...

CLINT

Go on.

MARY

I think my ex may have done something terribly wrong. So wrong that it may put Jack in danger.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARY (cont'd)

You'll watch out for him, want you
Clint.

Clint eyes her intently and with a reassuring embrace.

CLINT

You know I will. I'd die for Jack
Kennedy. Meanwhile I'll keep my
ears open. I still have some
friends at the FBI they may be
surly too, but some of them I can
trust.

Clint guides Mary up her front steps. There is a park
opposite Mary's home from the shadows we see a figure
watching them. We see the glow of a cigarette as the shadowy
figure inhales we here the crackling of burning tobacco.

From the figures point of view we see Clint open door for
Mary.

CLINT

Now don't worry about a thing. I'll
let know if I find out anything.

Clint starts to close door then Mary stops him, she has
remembered something.

MARY

Oh! and Powers said something very
curious, something about being in
on The Big Event.

Back to the figure in the park we see his hand go up to his
ear, he has a listening device we hear Mary's voice over it
"The Big Event". The figure seems agitated he makes a slight
noise in the stillness.

Clint turns around startled by the small crunching
instinctively he moves for his gun. Then a squirrel appears
on sidewalk, relieved he holsters his gun.

CLINT

Now you got me jumpy. The Big
event? Never heard of it, I'll see
what I can find out.

From the figures POV we see Clint bound down the steps and
into the car. He drives away, we see another drag on the
cigarette the figure slowly emerges from shadows onto
sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

His face is still obscured by a large Fedora hat he is dressed in a long white trench coat. The figure throws the cigarette to the ground we see him crush the butt out with his foot.

The figure stands there across the street looking at Mary's home. Inside Mary sensing something cautiously sets down her purse, without turning on the light she moves to the window and pulls the curtain back ever so slightly.

She peers out and there below her a man is watching her house. She jumps back closing curtain then again curious peers out, the man is gone like a ghost.

Mary picks up the phone then scrolls through her address book we see her finger glide down to Cord's number. She starts to dial then has second thoughts, she stops the presses down receiver and dials again.

INT. MARY'S HOME / BARDLEE HOME - NIGHT

The phone rings in the Bradlee home. Groggy TONI Bradlee Mary's sister, picks up. At the same moment Ben her husband flips on the light.

TONI

Mary?! What's wrong dear it's four in the morning.

MARY

Nothing, just wanted to here your voice. I - I'm sorry I woke you.

TONI

What's wrong? Tell me?

Mary starts to cry.

TONI

Billy again. Dear I know it's hard but you have to let go.

MARY

No it's more than that. It involves Jack and Cord.

Toni seems exasperated with her sister. A disgruntled Ben gets out of bed and heads to bathroom.

TONI

Mary stop, you got yourself into this now - your just going to have

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TONI (cont'd)
to break it off. I'm hanging up
now.

MARY
But...

We here the click of phone Mary puts down the receiver she
seems alone.

Toni pulls the sheets back up over her we hear Ben in the
bathroom peeing. The toilet flushes then running water, Ben
walks out of bathroom drying hands. He is a crusty old
newspaper man in his early 50's , he opens closet door in
disgust.

BEN
Got to be up at five might as well
get an early start. Toni
something's got to be done about
this.

TONI
She's trying Ben.

BEN
Trying my ass. Gets loaded up with
drugs by that Professor Leary. Mood
altering is what they called it.
The CIA is cracking down on that
stuff ya know. She'll get caught
wait and see.

TONI
She said it was something about The
President and Cord.

BEN
And that's another thing. Sleeping
with a sitting President! Hell I've
even seen the Presidential Limo
parked in our garage! Secret
Service everywhere!
(long pause - beat)
And it was in the morning. He spent
the night over there! Now hows that
look for the Editor of the
Washington Post to have a story
like that put right in his lap and
do nothing about it!

Ben is hurriedly and furiously putting on his clothes. He
sits down on the edge of his bed thrusting his feet into
socks an shoes. He is red faced and severely agitated.

(CONTINUED)

Toni sits up and try's to calm him down. She rubs his shoulders he begins to breath easier. He reaches up and pats her hand assuredly.

BEN

Don't worry Mother. I'll be all right.

He stands and puts on his coat and hat.

BEN

Besides it's not like the FBI and CIA don't know already. It's probably what's kept her out of jail. Going to Willie's for breakfast call you later.

Toni balls up in sheets as she sits up. Ben blows her a kiss as he walks out the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Ben pauses at the foot of his steps he pulls out a cigarette and lights it. He takes a long drag the walks around corner, he pauses in front of Mary's house and looks up at light in her bedroom window. He shakes his head and continues on down the street.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A dingy bar along the backstreets of Washington. Not the usual place for the power brokers of the world to meet. But one where world destiny's are often conceived. This is the covert world of black ops.

In walks one FRANK STURGIS slightly overweight sweat stains show on his white coat. Generally disheveled looking he wipes his head of sweat. Loosening his tie walks to the end of the bar.

In the last booth hidden from the general view of the bar sits MEYER LANSKEY, underworld mob boss and CIA contract man. He has strong ties to Mossad once one of their intelligence officers in the United States.

Meyer's influence spans decades, once running mob interests in Cuba his business quickly dried up when Castro took over. Part of the failed Bay of Pigs to take back his empire, he too has a grudge with the Kennedy's.

Frank sits down the tone is serious between them.

(CONTINUED)

MEYER

How are you Frank?

FRANK

I'm tired of this fucking heat.

Reminds me of Cuba.

(to bartender)

Hey how bout a fucking drink over here.

MEYER

Yeah, but the women, eh!

Meyer laughs and rises and jabs at Frank's arm. Frank responds in a typical Italian fashion. The Bartender walks up and sets the glass and bottle down. Frank starts to pour.

FRANK

Eh! Watch the Drink.

Frank slugs drink down and slams shot glass on table.

MEYER

Better?

FRANK

Yeah.

MEYER

What a fucking situation. That Kennedy thinks he's king or something.

(pause)

Irish wop never done an honest day's work in his life.

FRANK

You tellin' me Ole Daddy just put him there.

MEYER

Well that's going to change. I think Jim is pretty much on the ready.

FRANK

Yeah that last thing about breaking 'em up.

MEYER

Put a target on his back.

The two men laugh as Frank pours his friend and himself another drink.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Lining up a Corsican, real good,
names Lucien Sarti, own equipment
and everything. Put him within a
thousands yards - BAM

Meyer points his finger in gun fashion.

MEYER (CONT'D)

He's a dead man. David Attlee's
setting it up.

Again the two men roar over their nefarious scheme and toast one another. We pull back through the bar and up over the building. We then see in the distance the White House all aglow innocent, to the fact of the dark forces all around it.

INT. FBI - DAY

Clint briskly walks through the front door and up to receiving desk. He shows them his credentials the agent behind desk turns and indicates down the hall. Clint thanks her and proceeds at a fast pace.

The building is vast he passes many agents who are pouring over paper work. Through many turns and past several doors he finally walks up to one marked RECORDS. He opens door and walks through.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - DAY

The room is big but cramped paper is everywhere. Behind one particular pile is Clint's old friend CHASE WATTERS. A kind of mirror image of Clint he is tall well educated but a little more jaded and seasoned now wool gets pulled over his eyes. He too is from the south they are kindred spirits.

CLINT

I know there's an agent somewhere
under all that paper.

With a start Chase crushes down the pile in front of him.
With a big old smile greets his old friend.

CHASE

Well what have we here. Did Moses
finally come down off his mountain?

(CONTINUED)

CLINT

It hasn't been that long. Has it?

CHASE

When's the last time you saw Little Sue?

CLINT

Well uh?

CHASE

She's two.

CLINT

(mouthing)

Two? My God.

Clint moves to shake his hand, Chase comes from behind desk and gives him a big bear hug.

CHASE

What in the hell are you doing here?

Chase sits back down he motions Clint to sit as well. Chase fires up a cigarette, Clint looks around uncomfortably at the mounds of paper.

CHASE

Don't worry we got's a new state of the art sprinkler system installed. Douse a fire in two seconds flat.

Clint sits back still a little nervous.

CLINT

I need some information. Surveillance stuff.

Chase shakes his head no.

CHASE

Now you know I can't give out that kind of stuff.

CLINT

Don't give it to me just tell me.

Chase leans forward and scribbles something on a piece of paper. We read it "Rooms and Building bugged meet me in restroom write on toilet paper what you want, will call later Pay phone corner of Pennsylvania and First 2PM tomorrow.

Clint takes paper and folds in pocket he mouths thank you. He gets up and walks out Chase now has nervous look on his face. He waits a few moments then follows Clint out.

INT. BATHROOM FBI - DAY

Clint sits on toilet and writes on paper. We hear someone whistling Dixie. Clint smiles only his friend would have thought of a signal like that. The opposite stall door opens and closes, Clint passes note under stall. A moment passes the Chase has a muffled exclamation.

CHASE

You want what?

We see the men's feet in the stall as if they are doing their business. An agent passes by and hears Chase but shrugs it off as maybe something sexual, he walks on out the door. We hear toilet flush and Clint and Chase emerge.

Chase eyes him with intensity and shakes head a little. Clint smiles at him.

CHASE

Only for you buddy boy.

Clint doesn't say a word as Chase walks out in a huff.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Clint stands by phone booth he looks at his watch, we see the time it's almost 2PM. A uniformed Police officer walks past and eyes him. Clint responds with a nod of acknowledgment the officer looks suspiciously at him but walks on.

Clint starts to peer around busy intersection cars pass to and fro in front of him. His Secret Service instincts start to sink in he begins to notice individuals who seem interested in him.

A man in a windbreaker with newspaper folded under arm gazes at him. Another man on sidewalk bench has diverted his attention away from pigeons he was feeding and eyes Clint.

Clint follows there movements when the phone rings suddenly. With a start Clint jerks around and answers.

CLINT

(frantically)

Hello!

EXT. PHONE BOOTH CHASES/CLINTS LOCATIONS - DAY

Chase is at an old country service station a ways out of the city. He holds a small note pad he pulls receiver away from ear Clint's shout almost hurts his ear.

CHASE

Easy man! You don't have to yell.

CLINT

Sorry, what you got?

An old FARMER looks to be around ninety walks in front of Chase he hobbles by then stops and points at Chase's car, which is being filled up

FARMER

That your car?

Chase puts hand over receiver on the other end Clint reacts.

CLINT

Who's that?

CHASE

(to farmer)

Yes.

(back to Clint)

It's nothing.

FARMER

Sure is pretty! Love that red? How do you keep it so clean?

Irritated Chase indicates to the Farmer he's on the phone and turns away from him. We hear the disgruntled old Farmer as he walks away.

FARMER

City folk. Got no manners.

The Farmer walks on. We see him go to chair which is probably his daily perch right beside the front door of the Service Station. He plops himself down and just eyes Chase.

Chase turns his attention back to the phone.

CHASE

Nothing some old Farmer who wanted to talk.

(CONTINUED)

CLINT
(smiling)
What have you got.

CHASE
Plenty. Seems your girl has a lot
of eye's and ears on her.

CLINT
What? why?

CHASE
Don't be naive boy. J. Edgar hates
those Kennedy's, he would like
nothing better to do than publicly
embarrass the President. And dirt
from the bedroom is just the place
to start.

CLINT
So the FBI is staring in on Mary
because of her affair.

CHASE
Partly, but she came under the
Bureau's radar before that. Seems
she and her then husband Cord were
part of the World Federalist
Organization.

CLINT
World Federalist? Never heard of
it.

CHASE
And you won't. It was some kind of
One world government idea. A bunch
of Georgetown intellectuals got
together to sway popular thinking
away from the current status quot
way of government.

CLINT
What?

CHASE
Crazy huh! Just break up the ole
USA. One big happy planet. Their
motto was "One World One People"

CLINT
So what happened?

Chase looks around a little nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CHASE

Seems Cord was already in the CIA at the time. Broke the whole thing up. But the FEDS where already investigating the Organization anyway. Hoover saw it as a right wing communist element.

CLINT

So far this doesn't sound like anything.

Chase pulls receiver closer he doesn't want anyone to hear this.

CHASE

There are tapes.

CLINT

Tapes from bugs in the White House.

Clint is disturbed and alarmed by this, he whirls around looking for individuals he saw earlier. They are gone.

CLINT

Your bugging the fucking President?!

CHASE

Listen to me. Jack was part of the World Federalist's, till Daddy'o pulled the plug and told him he was going to be President. But you see Jack is a smart ole boy, what better way to change a government than from the most powerful office on earth. Old Joe thought he could control his boy, but Mary still had his ear.

(long pause-beat)

She's still talking to him about it. The Bureau thinks it's still on his agenda. And that buddy boy makes him a marked man. I'm not so sure even Mary's safe.

CLINT

Shit!

CHASE

But wait. There's more. Seems Meyer Lansky and other underworld mob bosses having been discussing a possible hit on the President.

(CONTINUED)

CLINT

For God's sake and you guys haven't reported it. Bobby Kennedy's your boss.

CHASE

Not up to me. Hoover can't stand the Kennedy's. It's a good bet he's not going to either.

Clint is still eying crowds of people walking by, in slow motion he catch's what he thinks are people staring at him.

CHASE

And you know what. Cord is CIA, and it's a good bet James Angelton knows all about it too. I did some more digging, not one member of the World Federalist Organization is still alive, except of course Jack and Mary. And you know Jack has vowed to break up the CIA.

Clint rubs his forehead he feels a headache coming on. He breaths a heavy sigh into the receiver.

CHASE

And one more thing.

CLINT

There's more?!

CHASE

Seems Cord killed a man. But it was not part of black ops. Pretty sloppy, an agent friend of mine told me this. He's now in Antartica.

CLINT

Go on.

CHASE

The man was Mossad. That's where I ran across that statement you asked about "The Big Event" seems to hover around this somehow I'm not sure.

CLINT

What?!

(CONTINUED)

CHASE

That's all I'm going to say. You've got your hands full. Got to go.

Chase quickly hangs up the receiver and walks to gas station attendant. He hands the man some money and drives off. We see his car pull away it is only then revealed to us another car has pulled off the side of the road just out of view.

It pulls out onto road and follows Chase's car. The old Farmer eye's the whole event and looks on in wonder, chewing his chewing tobacco he spits and shakes his head.

Clint hangs up receiver slowly. He is dumbstruck by such revelations. He again looks around nervously, then put's hands in pockets and walks down the street disappearing in crowd.

INT. CIA - DAY

Cord strolls through the corridors examining documents. He is confident and proud in his position.

INT. CORDS OFFICE - DAY

He reaches his office a picture of Mary and his deceased son sit prominently on his desk.

We see many pictures of Cord on the wall some with what appears to be foreign dignitaries. Some of them are of him in military attire and in some sort of war situation. We glide around office and see numerous plaques and citations.

Cord is a long time operative and has distinguished himself on many occasions. We see him intently poring over documents then the phone rings.

CORD

Cord Meyer. Yes sir right away.

Cord get's back up and pulls on coat and is out the door.

INT. CIA HALLWAY - DAY

Cord passes many people he walks across the Great CIA Seal on the floor of the lobby he gets on escalator to second floor. The interior of the modern CIA is pristine white and almost cold the floor is covered in black carpet a symbol of the dark world in which agents operate.

Cord approaches the Assistant Director of CIA James Angelton's office. We see General Power's, and General Langsdale leaving. Cord acknowledges them coldly as he enters office.

INT. JAMES ANGLETON'S OFFICE - DAY

James is on phone he motions Cord in and to sit down. Another man in already there Cord recognizes him it's FRANK STURGIS. Frank is another long time CIA operative a burly rugged faced man if Italian and Jewish decent.

He had changed his name when he was fighting for the Israeli independence and later helped establish the dreaded Mossad. He and Cord have had some dealings they know each other on a professional level. Frank is a dangerous killer and hit man.

Cord has seen his name on many reports when things in CIA vernacular "had to be taken care of". Cord is not afraid of him and has an air of confidence as he sits down, Frank eyes him with a little contempt.

JIM

(on the phone)

Yes Meyer, Frank is here now. We're going over particulars. Yes I believe so.

(Jim listens-responds)

I'll be sending Cord. Yes he'll leave tomorrow. Thank you Meyer.

Cord's attention is peaked at the mention of his name. James finishes his call and hangs up. He leans in and clasps his hands. In an almost fatherly tone he addresses Cord.

JIM

Good morning Cord. Slept well I trust.

CORD

Yes sir. Fine. Where am I going.

JIM

Good, Good. Israel.

CORD

Israel?

Jim unclasps hands and just pats the desk top which is spartan and has no papers on it not even a pen just a phone and it is hidden in a small notch. He sits in a large black leather chair that almost swallows him.

(CONTINUED)

There are no plaques or decorations of any kind. He is the supreme chess master and wants no distractions for his cunning plans.

JIM

Let us begin by discussing situations. Or shall I say scenarios.

Frank twitches in his seat he hates Jim's long deliberations he is a man of action. Suddenly he stands up and slams his hand on desk. Neither Jim nor Cord react at all they are cool professionals.

FRANK

I want to know what you are going to do about this fucking asshole...
(pointing at Cord)
who killed my brother in law.

Cord is taken a little aback but remains calm. Jim motions Frank to sit back down.

JIM

All in good time. Now we're all professionals here. Let's take this one step at a time.

FRANK

Well Ben-Gurion wants answers. We can't have Kennedy pulling the plug on their Nuclear program.

Jim again in a soft voice tries to aswage Frank as he motions him to settle down.

JIM

We agree. That would not be in the best interest of the area. America needs a solid state of Israel to protect our interests in the region. Mossad should not have taken it upon themselves to get involved. That is how accidents and emotions get out of hand.

Cord and Frank look at one another they know of what Jim is referring too. They settle back in chairs and continue listening.

JIM

Good now that we have that settled, let's move on.

(CONTINUED)

Jim gets up and moves around desk his arms clasp behind his back. He paces back and forth his head down a little in thought.

JIM

What we have here seems to be an intolerable situation. On the one hand we have Israels delima on whether it has the right to pursue a nuclear defense program. And on the other we have a President that thinks he has the right to dictate to another country what to do. Clearly this is totalitarianism or at worst fascism.

Cord shakes his head a little.

CORD

Sir I don't agree.

FRANK

Don't agree you fucking little shit. You don't know how my people suffered six million maybe more because one man thought he knew what was right.

CORD

Come on Frank! You comparing Jack to Hitler! Give me a break.

Cord turns away from him crossing his leg and folding his arms giving a clear signal to not cross his space on this.

FRANK

One in the same.

JIM

Frank your passion is to be commended, but you weren't even there. Your a good fighter and have served your country and Israel admirably. Now could we please stick to the fucking point.

FRANK

What ever.

JIM

As I was saying this is clearly a violation of international law. We need to find a way to dis way the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIM (cont'd)

President's actions in such a way as to not get in the way of Israel's plans.

FRANK

And just how are we going to do that. Ben-Gurion is making plans to resign over this or worse he's threatening the SAMSON plan. Once the Domini plant comes on line build a bomb launch it at Russia. He'd rather sacrifice the whole world than give up his security.

Cord looks at him in puzzled amazement.

CORD

Your kidding right.

Frank spits in his hand and crosses his heart.

FRANK

On my Mother's grave.

JIM

Well, clearly we can't have that. So we need to have other options. When did you say the plant would come online?

FRANK

Sometime in the fall. But Kennedy's going to have inspectors snooping around. He'll shut us down for sure. And you watch Egypt and Syria we'll be all over us, if we don't have that nuclear deterrent, Te you can write Israel off the map.

JIM

Frank, Frank that's not going to happen. We just need to change the President's mind that's all.

FRANK

Better yet replace him. We do it all the time.

JIM

Yes but the key to success with that is, the replacement must be sympathetic to our cause and not aware that he is the replacement.

(CONTINUED)

Cord stands up with a start and moves to the other side of the desk. He faces Jim, Jim is shorter than him. He pats Cord on the arm.

CORD

What are you two talking about?

JIM

I'm sending you to meet with Ben-Gurion. We need to get his take on what we have in mind. Your on board right?

CORD

On board for what?

Jim just smiles at Cord, Frank is shaking his head in the affirmative. Cord looks sternly at both of them.

JIM

Maybe we need to talk about scenario's.

We pull back from men talking and move through closed door into waiting and reception area. We see seated several other Generals and a young Army Lieutenant named WILLIAM MICHELL. He is in his dress blue uniform he sits straight as an arrow a briefcase sits neatly in his lap.

We keep pulling back through the halls we hear the constant clatter of information tapes and muffled conversations. We get the feeling this is one big oppressive machine churning and manipulating events in a cold calculating manner.

Then we break through to outside and pull up and we see green trees and hear chirping birds a stark contrast to the machine monster we left. We feel this idealistic world will soon be consumed by the beast of the CIA and other dark forces.

EXT. MARY'S HOME - DAY

Clint quickly run's up the steps and raps on Mary's door. Suspicious Mary looks out side window. She sees it's Clint, a look of relief comes over her face. She quickly walks to the door and opens it.

Clint is quick to put a finger to his mouth telling her to be quiet. He guides her outside and down the steps. He walks her to the back corner of the building out of sight.

Mary looks at him questionably.

(CONTINUED)

CLINT

I need you to answer something for me.

MARY

Uh sure, why are we out here?

CLINT

Never mind that. Did you ever belong to the World Federalist Organization?

MARY

Uh, sure Cord and I started it. We need to start thinking as one world.

Clint motions her to be quiet. He looks around but doesn't see anything unusual.

CLINT

Your home is bugged.

Mary looks amazed and pulls back from Clint's grip.

MARY

Bugged?! By who, you?

CLINT

No not us but probably by everyone else.

MARY

What does the World Federalist have to do with anything. We just want to change the world for the better.

CLINT

Well some like it the way it is fine.

Clint continues to look around nervously.

CLINT

They've got you on tape Mary, talking to the President about it.

MARY

Clint why are you so nervous?

Clint pulls her close there is a sense of urgency in his voice.

(CONTINUED)

CLINT

All the Federalists are dead Mary only you and Jack remain. Cord was an inside man he was turned by the CIA. He totally loyal to them now.

MARY

So I'm in danger now for what I beleive in?

Clint nods his head in the affirmative.

CLINT

And Jack too? I think Cord may be involved somehow. I asked one of my FBI buddies look into it. Seems "The Big Event" has something to do...

Clint's voice trails off, it is softer now.

CLINT (CONT'D)

With a Mossad agent your ex husband murdered.

Mary turns away crying a little she puts her hand to her mouth crying and shaking her head in affirmative.

MARY

I didn't tell you all I heard last night. He did it out of revenge for our son.

CLINT

Well for whatever reason, your involvement with the Federalist and Cords errant rage have set something in motion. But I don't know what exactly or when.

He looks around again and turns back to her.

CLINT

Now I need you to be strong for me. Keep up appearances. But don't under any circumstances let Jack come back here. They'll be watching. I'll keep my ears open. I'll get back to you.

With that Clint gives her a little peck on the cheek and runs back down the street.

SUPERCEDE TEL-AVIV

EXT. AIRPORT- DAY

Heat waves emanate from the hot tarmac in the blazing Middle Eastern sun. Through them we see a small Lear Jet being taxied to the front terminal. There are guards everywhere, Israel is a state on constant alert these days.

A ground crewman runs up to the plane as we hear the engines wind down he unlatches door. Out steps Cord with briefcase in hand, another official looking man runs up and shakes his hand.

Cord is quickly escorted to an awaiting limousine, which pulls away quickly we get the sense of urgency. We see the car moving through the crowded streets and markets. A mixture of modern and old, donkeys and carts intermingled with Mercedes and military trucks.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Cord sits gazing out at the spectacle through his mirrored RayBan sunglasses. His fingers lightly tap the top of the briefcase. Opposite Cord sits what appears to be his counterpart in the spy industry. A bearded, but trim, well dressed Mossad agent.

The agent eyes Cord with a bit of contempt and awe. Although he has been courteous to Cord there is an air of distrust between them. Cord glances at him then diverts his attention back out the window.

Moments pass and the limo pulls up to the front of the Ministry of the Interior. Oddly the sign is in English and Hebrew. Guards run up and open the doors, the two men step out, Cord casually takes off his sunglasses and puts in pocket, he is the ultimate in cool.

INT. MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR - DAY

Cord and his counterpart make their way through the crowded corridors. Again we see a large military presence, it resembles more a command center than government facility. They finally arrive at the office of the Prime Minister.

Cord looks questionably at his guide who just motions him through with out saying a word.

INT. PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Cord walks through the doorway as his guide stays behind and closes door. Seated in front of him behind a large desk is DAVID BEN-GURION Prime minister of Israel, he is flanked on either side with the Flags of Israel and the United Nations.

BEN-GURION is on the phone he waves Cord in and to sit down. BEN-GURION says his pleasantries and hangs up the phone. A Man in his early 60's BEN-GURION has seen his share of war.

His hair almost white and a face that is worn with worry and conflict he seems resided and confident in his countries future. He is a man resolved to protect all that they have struggled for. He stands and shakes Cord's hand.

BEN-GURION

So, what do we owe the pleasure.

BEN-GURION sits back in his chair calmly clasping his hands. He is just being coi with Cord, but in the spy game covering your bases with ignorance is an old game. He knows exactly why Cord is here or so he thinks.

CORD

Thank you for seeing me Mr. Prime Minister, I know you are a busy man.

BEN-GURION

Busy yes, but never so to avert disaster.

Cord looks at him strangely what is BEN-GURION planning.

BEN-GURION

Let's be blunt, shall we. We know you are here, to dis way us from our Nuclear deterrence.

(long pause-beat)

Yes deterrence, in the political sphere we call it our Nuclear research and energy program, but what it is really is our Nuclear defense program.

(beat)

But you know that already.

CORD

Thank you for getting to the point sir. It is our belief that any such program would destabilize the region.

(CONTINUED)

BEN-GURION looks a little angry, his face is getting flushed. He keeps his cool as Cord continues.

CORD

I would like to assure you that
America will always come to
Israel's aid in any conflict.

BEN-GURION

American boys? Dying on Israeli
soil? Where were you when the
Concentration Camps were running
full blast? Hum! Or when Egypt
tried to wipe us out. We are tired
of relying on others, we can
protect ourselves.

CORD

But perhaps sir...

BEN-GURION cuts him off as he swivels in his chair and gets up. The sun shines brightly through the windows, BEN-GURION parts the curtains and gazes down on the busy street. He speaks without turning around.

BEN-GURION

Let's talk about the real reasons
you are here.

Cord is a little uncomfortable as he opens his briefcase and pulls out a manila folder, his hands shake slightly.

BEN-GURION

Terrible thing to loose a son. Not
quite in the natural order of
things. That matter is closed
between us.

(pause big exhale)

But this thing - I fear would leave
many sons and daughters dead before
the dust settles.

CORD

Does Angelton know how you feel? I
was sent to pool our efforts
together.

BEN-GURION turns and faces Cord a look of sympathy and resolve.

BEN-GURION

No more than he does yours my son.

(CONTINUED)

CORD

So you'll help me stop it. Back away from the program.

BEN-GURION

That's not going to stop it and you know it. They've already made up there minds. You'll need help.

BEN-GURION presses a button on his phone he speaks into it.

BEN-GURION

Send him in.

In walks a Israeli Military officer in casual fatigues but armed. With his bushy blonde hair and bright blue eyes he could be mistaken for a German officer this is RITZAK RABIN. He is the ipedomi of the new Israeli Defense Force. Sharp, well educated and fiercely loyal to protecting the Israeli State.

BEN-GURION

This is Ritzak Rabin.

Cord and Ritzak shake hands.

BEN-GURION

Backing away from our Nuclear Program is just what James wants. Put us as prime targets if anything goes wrong. It's always a game of chess with him.

RITZAK

Agreed. I know the Russians, if this thing succeeds, they won't hesitate they've seen it too many times in their own country. A military coupe never brings about a satisfactory result.

Cord nods his head in agreement.

CORD

Thank you sir.

BEN-GURION

But remember if you fail. We never had this conversation. So proceed with caution if you see it can't be stopped.

(beat)

Back off or you'll put yourself and loved ones in danger.

(CONTINUED)

CORD

I still don't have all the details or time table. But I do know it's going to be in the fall. Sometime to coincide with your Nuclear Plant going online.

BEN-GURION

We have one other advantage. No one knows Ritzak.

RITZAK

Yes I have a visa to the US and there is no documentation of me as an Israeli officer.

CORD

Are you sure the CIA has eyes everywhere. Plus it's a sure bet the FBI may be involved.

Ritzak just shrugs his shoulders and walks to other side of desk. He pushes the manila folder towards Cord the front of the folder reads TOP SECRET CODE: THE BIG EVENT.

RITZAK

That's a chance we'll have to take.
But to prevent this...
(pointing at folder)
...it's worth it.

The three men nod in agreement and continue on with their conversation.

SMASH CUT

EXT. STREET - DAY

A lone man walks along a cobblestone street we get the feel this place is in Europe. Kids run past the man their voices are French. They pass the man who's dark eyes from under his hat send the children scurrying in slight fear.

This is David Attlee, special CIA covert operative, with briefcase in hand he proceeds up the street. The recent rain gives an air of gloom it is overcast and dark, we here drops of left over rainwater splatting on the ground. In his long black over coat he appears more like the grim reaper carrying a message of death.

(CONTINUED)

He moves slightly up hill turning into an even smaller ally. Clothes hang between buildings drying. It is like a rats maze hidden away in some back corner of the world. He comes to a door, his destination, the lair of a killer.

He lightly knocks and the the door opens slightly. We see a medium build man in his early forties, this is LUCIEN SARTI. Another cold faced man with an angular jaw and mighty roman nose, he has allegiance to no one, except those who can pay the most. His business is death and he does it very well.

Without a word he motions David in.

INT. LUCIAN'S HOME - DAY

The interior is small and cramped, Spartan decorated we get the feel this is just a rest stop for him. Most of the time he is taking care of jobs around the world, he is a professional assassin working for the mob or really anybody.

He eyes David with cold black eyes, as David takes off his coat and hat. Lucian stops him.

LUCIAN

You want be here that long.

A little put aback by the lack of hospitality David gets down to business. He opens the briefcase and pulls out a folder and several smaller packages and places on table. There is a large caliber rifle there which Lucian has apparently been cleaning.

DAVID

Here is three hundred thousand in expense money. The remaining two million will be wired to our account once the job is complete.

Lucian is furious, he slams hand down on table almost dislodging gun.

LUCIAN

That is not what we agreed on! Half now the rest on delivery.

DAVID

Well that's not going to happen.

LUCIAN

Perhaps you get somebody else.

David is used to this cat and mouse game he calls Lucian's bluff. He starts to hurriedly pack things up.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Fine! Perhaps we've got the wrong man.

Lucian quickly backtracks.

LUCIAN

Wait, wait, wait senor e'. Perhaps I too a little hasty.

David confident that he has quickly resolved the situation smiles and begins to unpack and take off his coat.

DAVID

Fine, now that we have that settled. Can we proceed?

Lucian nods his head, he takes his gun and moves it out of the way. David spreads out a large map, we see it is a detailed parade route plan we see the words Dealy Plaza.

DAVID

There will be three teams.

David points to three locations on the map, the two men are illuminated by a single bare bulb over the table. Lucian stands there studying map with arms crossed. After a moment he points his finger several times onto one spot.

LUCIAN

Here, here is your best kill point. Right behind this small fence in the corner. It's tucked away and very hidden the car will be no more than fifty yards away. One shot is all I'll need.

DAVID

Yes that's what we were thinking. One shot amongst the others no one will be able to triangulate on you. Plus there are two possible routes of escape. By car, which we already have a drivers license for you.

David hands him the Drivers License, we see it is a Texas License with Lucian's picture on it. Lucian looks at it carefully.

LUCIAN

Good workmanship.

David laughs and slaps him on the arm Lucian looks irritated at the brazen American.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
Better be, we're the CIA.

LUCIAN
Careful, that's my trigger arm.

DAVID
As I was saying then there is the
freight car leaving this station
right behind here see.

David again points to map.

DAVID
This is probably the best route. It
heads straight to Mexico crossing
the border around midnight. Because
all hell is going to be breaking
loose in Dallas they'll close the
roads almost immediately. They
won't think to stop trains till
later. Your people will be waiting
for you there and off you go.

Lucian nods his head in agreement.

LUCIAN
And who's on my team?

DAVID
E. Howard Hunt. Perfect man for
this, he can get you in position
without being noticed.

David then produces a picture of Jack, Lucian stares at it
coldly.

DAVID
Remember a head shot, he can't
survive.

Lucian walks away for moment and comes back with a large
caliber shell. He places it in David's hand.

LUCIAN
This is a special round. I make
them myself almost fifty caliber.
See this tiny cap on the end.

We see a closeup of the bullet the end has a slight bulb and
discoloration.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIAN

This is an Armour piercing round.
It explodes on impact then flattens
out taking huge chunks out of his
flesh. I fact it may take his head
clean off. The beheading of a king.

Lucian is lost in his sinister scenario smiling a crooked grin he admires the bullet. David is slightly sickened by description.

INT. CLINT'S HOME - NIGHT

Some time has passed, Clint walks through the door throwing keys onto stand beside it. He starts to take off his coat and proceeds to his favorite easy chair and plops himself down.

It is the wee morning hours he had the graveyard shift. He rubs his eyes then tries to shake off the tension. His wife SHIRLEY walks quietly down the steps and into living room. She walks over to her husband and starts rubbing his shoulders.

CLINT

I'll give you an hour to stop that.

Shirley grins and gives him a small pack on the cheek.

SHIRLEY

Long night?

CLINT

No more than usual. Why?

SHIRLEY

Well I thought you'd be a little
upset that's all.

Clint turns to her with curious look on his face.

CLINT

Upset, about what?

SHIRLEY

Your friend, down at the FBI - it
was in the paper.

Clint fumbles around on the floor he hasn't looked at yesterday's paper. He finds it crumpled up under the chair he had left early and hadn't had time to read. He hurries through it, turning page after page frantically.

(CONTINUED)

He get's to police reports we see a picture of Chase's car being pulled from the Potomac. A body bag lies to one side officials are around it taking notes and pictures. Headline reads "FBI AGENT DIES IN FREAK ACCIDENT".

Clint pulls paper down and we see his eyes staring widely his mouth hangs open.

SHIRLEY

I'm sorry honey. I thought you knew.

Clint chokes back a tear, had he gotten his friend killed.

CLINT

(shaky voice)

Bad thing about working for the big guy, your kind of, of insulated from the rest of the world.

Clint drops paper and slumps back in chair rubbing his face. Shirley comes around and drops to her knees. She rubs his legs as he starts to cry a little.

SHIRLEY

Said he had some sort of freak blow out right at the foot of the bridge. Bad tires or something, drowned before he could get out.

Clint is agitated as he wipes face and slams his hand back down on arm of chair.

CLINT

Bad tires! Does that sound like Chase to you?

Shirley doesn't know what to make of the question, she studers.

SHIRLEY

I, I don't know?

CLINT

Chase was meticulous with his cars, he was nuts o over them. Hell he'd change his oil once a month. I guarantee you those tires were fine.

SHIRLEY

So, accidents happen honey.

(CONTINUED)

Clint nods a maybe but he is wary. He then stands up with a start and moves to door grabbing keys and putting on coat. Shirley looks shocked.

SHIRLEY

Honey where are you going.

CLINT

Uh? Sorry babe forgot something. Be back later.

Clint quickly exits the house.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The sun is just rising over the capital. Streets are beginning to come to life. Clint walks quickly a newspaper truck drops paper's on bundle onto sidewalk. Clint walks to pick one up as carrier pulls one from stack. Clint pays man and walks on.

The front of the paper reads KENNEDY TO VISIT DALLAS Clint eyes headline with suspicion. A bus pulls up to curve, Clint hops on and it pulls way.

INT. BUS - DAY

Clint looks pensively out the window the large orange sun coming into view. He keeps eying the word DALLAS, words echo in his head, we hear them, "Somewhere in the south". Clint shakes his head he can't remember where he heard that.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The bus pulls up to the curb and Clint hops off. At a quick pace he walks up street. He is careful to keep a look out, he may be seen approaching Mary's house so he keeps to back ally's. Clint knows Washington like the back of his hand.

He squeezes down a side alley behind Mary's home. Like school boy courting his first girlfriend, he takes a pebble and throws it a Mary's window. There is no response, he tries again, a light comes on and Mary opens window.

Surprised she sees Clint, she doesn't say anything as he motions her to come down back way. Mary nods and proceeds downstairs. Moments later she emerges dressed in a sweat suit and running shoes.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Clint what's going on? I was just on my way out for morning run.

CLINT

Be quiet we're probably being watched.

Clint looks around nervously.

CLINT

Something's about to happen. That friend of mine...

(pause beat)

Down at the FBI, he's dead. They say it was an accident.

(swallowing hard)

But I don't think so.

Mary looks shocked and turns away, she puts her hand along wall and leans in it. She's no idiot she knows this is bad

MARY

What do you think it means.

Clint and her eyes lock.

CLINT

I think they're are going to try and do something to Jack.

MARY

But why wouldn't they have killed you too?

CLINT

Because I'm the President's personal Secret Service Agent. Too much suspicion would have been aroused. Jack would have stepped in, these guys want to stay in shadows till the deed is done.

(pause)

No I have too much light on me, they'll want to quarantine me from Jack so I don't raise the alarm.

But you.

He takes Mary by the arms.

CLINT

But your the Presidents Mistress. They can't keep you from him.

(CONTINUED)

Mary is a little scared

MARY

So you think they're going to kill him.

Clint and her keep locked stares as Clint shakes his head affirmative. Mary puts her hand to her mouth and begins to cry.

MARY

What about me?

CLINT

You'll be safe as long as Jack's alive.

Mary starts to cry a little more. But is defiant.

MARY

(sniffing)

I may have one little insurance policy if he doesn't.

CLINT

Insurance policy?

Mary brings her head up in solemn reserve and stares at Clint.

MARY

Yeah. My Diary.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DARK

A figure sits in front of a tape recorder with earphones on. His attention perks up when he hears the word Diary.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

It's as if she knows someone is listening. Her voice gets a little louder as she starts talking to the buildings.

MARY

Yes a DAIRY! In it I've got names, numbers events. Little things that were said when you thought I couldn't hear. And best thing of all you'll never find it.

(CONTINUED)

CLINT

Mary keep your voice down. You've painted a target on your back now. Get to Jack warn him, keep him from going to Dallas.

MARY

Why Dallas?

CLINT

Something I think I heard in passing. Now I've got to go.

Clint half skips as he begins to run back down the alley. Mary looks around half scared but determined, she goes back into her house. The streets are starting to get busy now the muffled hum of traffic mixed with chirping birds.

INT. CAROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT

The club is filled with smoke Girls are on stage with nothing but pasties covering their breasts. They bump and grind to the music, leering men scramble to put dollars in their garters.

Walking like a harem master through this world is JACK RUBY. Bourbon glass in one hand cigar in other he greets and mingles with guests.

He stops at one table pats MAN on shoulder. He points to girl dancing in front him.

JACK

You like the girlz?

MAN

(half drunk)

HELL Yeah!

JACK

Well tip her you smuck, or get out.

Jack is protective of his girls he treats them well and makes sure they're well tipped. That's how he gets the prettiest dancers and that's why he's got the most successful club.

But Burlesque isn't Jacks only income, he provides information as well as other needs to his clients, one of them being the MOB and even sometimes the CIA. Jack eyes the crowd with delight he is the king of this game.

(CONTINUED)

He throws up his arms in faked surprise of his friend Meyer Lansky and HOWARD HUNT. He sits down beside them as waitress comes with tray of drinks she is topless too. The crowd and music are loud, they half yell at one another.

MEYER

Got a nice place here Jack.

He toasts Jack the three men down their drinks.

MEYER

This here's Howard Hunt. He's our front man for the operation.

Jack and Howard half stand and shake hands.

JACK

Howard.

HOWARD

Mr. Ruby.

JACK

Please call me Jack.

HOWARD

Fine.

The three men huddle up closer together so as not to talk any louder than they have to.

MEYER

Okay here's the deal, next Tuesday General Lansdale will come in and set up base of operations at the Riverdale Hotel. The teams will arrive the next day. Jack you and Howard here will walk every inch with them. Our key guy Lucian Sarti, he's a bit of loner, so he has some issues, just hear him out and he'll do fine.

HOWARD

We've already got the go ahead from several of the Joint Chiefs. Fort Sam Houston which is normally on an alert on a President's visit will be ordered to stand down. So we should own the streets.

Jack nods in agreement the plan seems sound.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

But what about the Secret Service guys. They're on him like stink on shit.

MEYER

Well that's where you come in. Most of the Secret Service arrive a day early to check everything out. Some of those guys like to party. Send one of your girls by and invite them over.

JACK

Get em drunk! So simple I fucking like it.

HOWARD

Exactly, they are so hung over they can't do their job.

MEYER

But there's one fly in the ointment. One of them suspects something and I think he's told the Presidents Mistress. Now we can control the agent, be she's another story. If she prevents or even delays his arrival the whole thing could blow up in our faces.

HOWARD

What about Cord? It's his ex wife for Christ's sake.

MEYER

Maybe? I'll see. In the mean time Jack have you got a believable fall guy for all this.

Jack pulls out his wallet and produces a picture, we see the image of Lee Harvey Oswald.

JACK

Names Oswald, some stupid punk with communist ties, a general idiot. He's even claimed about wanting to kill the President. We're going to load his gun with blanks, then throw him to the wolves.

The three men laugh we pull back and through the bar past girls dancing. Through smoke we see a familiar figure at end of bar quietly noticing everything is Ritzak Rabin. He takes a swig of his drink pays bartender and makes his way past the three men who don't even notice him.

EXT. CLINT'S HOME - DAY

Clint steps out his front door on his way to work. On porch he notices morning paper. Curious that it's no in the yard somewhere he picks it up. As he unfolds a note drops out - a message.

He opens quickly we read MONTROSE PARK BACK CORNER OF CEMETERY 6:00 PM. With a cryptic look on his face Clint folds paper back and puts into packet.

EXT. MONTROSE PARK - NIGHT

Clint pulls his car into the back parking lot adjacent to cemetery. A cheerful place during the day Montrose takes on the air of a Gothic horror story as the sun sets. Mist rolls in off the Potomac.

Clint shuts off car and lights, he steps out of car adjusting over coat. He looks around the place is deserted, then suddenly a voice - Clint whirls around. It's Cord Meyer like a ghost he suddenly appears.

CORD
Thanks for coming.

CLINT
Shit, you guys-

Cord glances around and starts to walk, Clint follows like a puppy.

CORD
So you've figured it out.

A little nervous - he feels pressure to answer.

CLINT
(hesitant)
Yes.

The two continue to walk towards the deep shadows of the trees. Clint feels for his gun.

(CONTINUED)

CORD
Don't worry about me. I'm not the
executioner.

Cord's tone is soft almost fatherly.

CLINT
But you know who is.
(long pause)
Your in on it.

They reach the dark shadow of a large tree. Cord turns sharply.

CORD
I'm trying to prevent it God
Damn it!

Cord turns back around in the other direction.

CORD
But I'm not sure if I can or
should.

Clint grabs his arm and pulls him around.

CLINT
I should kill you right now!

Cord shoves his hand down and away.

CORD
You simple little Boy Scout. We're
talking about the big boys. These
guys play for keeps. How long do
you think Mary -
(beat)
Or you and yes even your wife and
kids would live if he doesn't die.

CLINT
He's the President!

CORD
A Four Year King, that's all.

Clint moves in closer trying to appeal to Cord's humanity.

CLINT
You once called him friend. Yeah I
did my research to. As I recall you
your neighbors not a thousand feet
from each other's door. Cook outs,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLINT (cont'd)
Mary and Jackie taking long strolls
together.

We see Cords face staring blankly off into the darkness.
Nostalgia starts to creep in but he shakes it off, the cold
warrior pulls his armour tightly around him.

CORD
That's history. Things change.
People change.

CLINT
I don't believe this. Your just
going to let them kill the
President over an affair.

Clint shakes his head no.

CORD
He's dangerous!

CLINT
To who? You? Your precious CIA?!

CORD
You really don't know how the world
works, do you? You just see the
surface, there's a whole machine
that works in the background to
keep things in one piece. Checks
and balances to make sure we all
don't go up in a puff of smoke.

(pause-beat)

You detest guys like me, we're not
your knights in shining armor.
Every night the world goes to sleep
and we do our job. One idea or
thought can blossom into a world
changing catastrophe. Son the world
is not an ideal place but it's the
only one we've got and sometimes
sacrifices have to made.

CLINT
By killing the President.

CORD
Possibly.

Clint moves in a little Cord doesn't fully believe in what
he's saying.

(CONTINUED)

CLINT

You don't believe that, and you know why else would have you brought me out here...

(sarcastically)

A little chat. What's to keep me from going to the President.

CORD

Look the only way we can blow the lid off this thing is to make them fail! In public, that way we're all safe. Prevent the shooters from hitting their mark and the whole house of cards falls in.

CLINT

Your playing with the President's life, what if we can't?

Cord has a look of melancholy on his face, he turns away and pulls out a cigarette and lights it. He takes a large drag and exhales in firm resolve.

CORD

Well, we just won't let that happen.

Clint shifts on his feet, sways back and forth thinking.

CLINT

Okay we'll play it your way. But, I can't believe what I'm saying. This is insane. You don't even know where it's going to be.

CORD

I am the cover man. I have my sources it's either going to be Dallas or New Orleans.

CLINT

Dallas is Friday.

CORD

Look sharp.

Cord and Clint lock eyes. Clint turns a little and fumbles for keys, finding them he turns back to Cord. But Cord is gone like a ghost.

EXT. COUNTRY SIDE CORSICA - DAY

Opening on a a pristine Cerulean blue sky we pan down to a lonely mountain road. To the side and in the field we see a single convertible car parked under a large tree with a makeshift wooden fence as a prop. From a distance we see two men busy moving stuff in and out of vehicle.

We move closer to see Lucian setting up a dummy in the back of the car. His helper Santos helps him fashion a pumpkin as a head to the dummy. We get the feeling they've been doing this sort of thing for a long time he is Lucian's accomplice.

SANTOS
(In French)
No, No too big.

LUCIAN
Doesn't matter.

SANTOS
Accuracy, Accuracy!

Lucian eyes him as he tightens the rope around the pumpkin head. We see several exploded pumpkins around, victims of earlier attempts. Lucian has been practicing his deadly art the dummies are Kennedy stand ins and Lucian is perfecting his hit.

He finishes and starts to load his gun. Santos is fed up with him and throws up his hands. He gets in driver's seat and starts the car. He slowly pulls out on his slow circle emulating parade route.

LUCIAN
One more time I think I have it.

Santos just throws up hand and French Up Yours gesture. Lucian moves under the tree and props gun on the fake fence made specifically to dimensions of one in Dealy Plaze. Through gun scope we see car pulling around the only difference, Santos drives on left side.

We see cross hairs on pumpkin then back to Lucian his eyes intent as he stares into scope. He breaths shallow, then we see close-up of trigger finger, he exhales then squeezes trigger. We hear loud crack of gun explosion.

Through scope we Santos head explode as it goes back and to the left. Back to Lucian who looks at car slowly coming to a stop, Santos lifeless body slumped to side.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIAN

Your right my old friend, accuracy
is best.

Lucian ejects cartridge, another close-up of a wide-eyed bleeding corpse of Santos. Lucian gathers up shells and pumpkins and fence throws into trunk along with Santos body. We see car driving away slowly as if nothing has happened.

SMASH CUT

INT. DALLAS FORT WORTH AIRPORT - DAY

Lucian makes his way through the concourse briefcase and what appears to be duffel bag over his shoulder. In mirrored RayBan's he looks like just another tourist Hawaiian shirt and all.

He makes his way to the ticket counter where a polite ATTENDANT checks his ticket. Lucian is just cool and calm as he leans on counter glancing around at all the busy people. He chews his gum, he is like a predator among sheep.

The Attendant stamps his passport and speaks.

ATTENDANT

Will you be staying with us long
Mr. - uh Sartti, gosh I hope I
pronounced that right.

Lucian hasn't even bothered to cover his identity, he has the ultimate confidence in the mission.

LUCIAN

Bueno.

ATTENDANT

Huh?

LUCIAN

Very good! You pronounce.

ATTENDANT

Thank you, will you be staying
long? The President will be here
Friday. Oh I can't wait he's so
handsome.

Lucian takes off his sunglasses and turns on the charm and with a catlike grin replies.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIAN

Just a couple of days. Perhaps you can show me some of the sights. Nothing like a beautiful woman to break up the monotony of work.

The attendant giggles at the complement and is hesitant to answer.

ATTENDANT

(stammering)

Oh, gosh. You so sweet, but my boy friend would kill me. So your here on business.

A line has formed behind Lucian and a MAN gets impatient with the small talk. He nudges Lucian.

MAN

Hey buddy, pick the girl up on your own time, but not mine.

The man points to his watch, Lucian turns around and glares at him. Lucian's black shark eyes make the man back down, he turns back around at attendant who is handing him his passport.

LUCIAN

Thank you yes, but I do have some time to kill.

The words just hang there, foreboding, he grins then wink's at attendant and is off.

INT. MARY'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Mary fumbles around in her studio she has the look of panic on her face. Her desperation gets more intense as she begins to toss paint and canvases around. She is frantically looking for something.

She steps up on her small step ladder and feels the top shelf of her paint cabinet. Finally she breaths a sigh of relief as she retrieves something. Slowly she pulls down a small book, it's her diary.

She places it in her smock and runs back upstairs.

INT. MARY'S HOME - NIGHT

At the foot of her steps is the phone. Nervously she dials.

SUPER CEDE WHITE HOUSE 20 NOVEMBER '63

INT. WHITE HOUSE OPERATOR ROOM / MARY'S HOME - NIGHT

The White House switchboard is always busy, two operators quickly and efficiently answer and transfer calls. Mary's call come's through, the OPERATOR answers.

OPERATOR

White House, how may help you.

Mary pulls phone back a little, stunned that her call has not gone directly to Jack.

MARY

Huh? - May I speak to the President?

OPERATOR

I'm sorry you must schedule an appointment.

MARY

But this is Mary, his...I mean Mary Meyer's, he, huh, uh knows me.

OPERATOR

(sarcastically)

I'm sorry dear, he knows a lot of people.

MARY

Please, Please it's a matter of...it's uh, important.

Mary hesitates, looking around room remembering bug she hangs up phone quickly. Back to operator a loud click can be heard and she winces.

OPERATOR

Hello, Hello. Damn people, I'm busy enough.

She pulls out connection and grumpily continues on answering calls.

INT. MARY'S HOME - NIGHT

Mary bites her lip as she probes the walls and nooks and cranny's looking for bug. She's irritated she hasn't thought of it sooner. A thought occurs she unscrews receiver, nothing! Looking around the up at vaulted globe of hanging light.

She notices something, she steps up on chair for closer look. From her POV we see a small device that looks out of place. She gets down and grabs her coat and is out the door.

INT. BRADLEY HOME - NIGHT

A frantic knocking on the door a worried Toni walks from kitchen straightening her dress. Opening the door there is Mary who hurries inside.

MARY

Sorry Sis my phone seems to be out,
Could I use yours.

Toni gestures to phone by door.

TONI

Sure.

MARY

It's kind a private, could I use
the one in the bedroom.

Toni suspicious agrees, crossing arms.

TONI

Uh Huh?! But if your calling
Jack...Ben will be furious.

Mary has panic in her eyes she looks as if she is being cornered and can't get away. Toni recognizes this and reacts in sisterly love.

TONI

Hey, hey kiddo what's the matter?

Mary starts to cry but is controlled as she wipes away a tear.

MARY

I can't tell you. It could be
dangerous for you and Ben.

(CONTINUED)

She grabs Toni's hand and pulls Diary from her smock. She folds it into her sister's hand closing her fingers around it.

MARY

Something's going to happen,
and...and I - uh don't know if I
can stop it. If anything happens to
me I want you to have this.

(long pause)

You'll know what to do. Now I have
to use the phone.

TONI

(worried)

Sure hone'.

Mary bounds up steps.

INT. BRADLEY BEDROOM / WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary is again on the phone dialing again the White House operator answers.

OPERATOR

White House how can I help you.

MARY

I need to speak to the President,
It's a matter of life and death.

OPERATOR

You again?! I'm disconnecting.

Mary get's up her nerves and blasts at operator.

MARY

Look you fucking Bitch this is Mary
Meyer's and I know you know who I
am. Your the biggest gossip there.
Now let me speak to Jack.

The operator is stunned be such a thrashing but relents just to get Mary out of her hair.

OPERATOR

I'll connect you.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The phone rings on the small work desk opposite the bed. Jackie walks from the bathroom and answers.

JACKIE

Hello.

Mary is surprised but pushes on, her tone is firm

MARY

Jackie this is Mary - please don't hang up.

Jackie is noticeably irritated but decides to hear her friend out.

JACKIE

Mary I thought I told you, never to call or come around when I was here.

MARY

I know, I know but this is...

We hear a loud click the line goes dead. Startled Jackie reacts then shrugs it off.

JACKIE

Hello, Hello.

Mary reacts with more fear we feel her tension as her hand shakes with the receiver. She try's to hang up but fumbles. She get's off bed a look of horror coming over her. She realizes her every move is monitored.

SMASH CUT

EXT. DEALY PLAZA - NIGHT

Six dark figures gather at the corner Houston and Elm. They all were black the streets are quiet in the early morning hours. They have access everywhere unhindered by a watching public.

They huddle like football players and in muffled voices we hear vague instructions. We see a close-up of Lucian's face he casually lights a cigarette. He turns to Hunt and they make their way to fence at the grassy nole.

Passing between bushes a late model Chevy is parked in the corner next to the fence. Hunt opens trunk and a sniper's gun, along with a duffel bag, Lucian inspects items.

(CONTINUED)

HUNT

Here's the back up gun you wanted, your change of clothes, some traveling money since you'll have to ditch fake ID and wallet. Money will be transferred once we have a confirmation of a kill.

(beat)

And there's one more thing.

Hunt pulls out a small pill box in it is a capsule.

HUNT

If things go south, and you feel you've been compromised. Well you know.

LUCIAN

(half grinning)

Suicide, who do you think your dealing with. If things go south my people will be coming for you.

Hunt has a sudden shudder as Lucian's voice has an air of finality to it. Lucian laughs a sinister snarl and slaps him on the shoulder.

LUCIAN

Don't worry my friend he'll be dead enough.

Lucian takes out snipers gun and positions on fence. Even in the dark he can see the motorcade approaching. Through the scope we see Jack waving at crowds.

LUCIAN

BAM! Where will the others be.

Hunt steps up to fence indicating to the men they just left who are now dispersing to each of their assigned positions.

HUNT

Team 1 will be in the Dal-Tex Building. It's under renovation so workers are constantly coming and going. Team 2 will be in the School Book Depository on the 5th floor below where we have placed the fall guys gun. General Lansdale will be opposite you, see there

(pointing across street)

With umbrella, if he opens it everything is a go. It all depends

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HUNT (cont'd)
if we can get the motorcade to
commit to this route.

Lucian looks at him funny.

LUCIAN
I thought you people had this
figured out.

HUNT
Well Conelley wants to go down
Main, a straight shot to Love
Field. But Jack wants to see City,
Dallas has been hostile territory
he wants to win support from the
crowd. A show of confidence.

HUNT
(laughing)
He even ordered the bubble removed
from the Limosine.

LUCIAN
Sounds like this man want's to die.

Lucian rests his head on butt of gun as he leans staring out
over the plaza. The wind whips up and we hear the rustling
of the leaves in the late Autume air.

HUNT
But if that's not enough we have a
Motorcycle cop that will gradually
guide them into position.

LUCIAN
Another inside man, I'm not
surprised. Is the President the
only target?

HUNT
Depends on the time. There's one
other thing. We think one of the
advance Secret Service Agents Clint
Styles may be on to us.

Hunt pulls out a photo of Clint and hands to Lucian.

LUCIAN
(questionally)
And he hasn't told the President?
Why?

(CONTINUED)

HUNT

Don't know but be on the lookout.
Take care of him, but for Gods sake
make it look like an accident. The
plan will fail for sure if he turns
up murdered.

From Lucians POV view we see the smiling confident face of Clint looking back. Lucian calmly places back in Hunt's hand committing face to memory.

SUPERCEDE DALLAS 21 NOVEMBER 0300 HOURS

INT. CLINT'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Clint opens the door of his Dallas hotel room throws his bag down and tosses keys on nightstand. The overnight flights always kill him plus the worry of not knowing is completely fatigued him.

Taking off his coat he lays down just to get a few momemts shut eye. He sets alarm for 6:30 he doesn't even bother undressing. Some time passes we see the clock a loud ring.

Clint sits straight up and to attention slightly sweating he was having a bad dream. He walks to bathroom and splashes water on face and back of neck. Drying himself he walks back to bed and sits down.

He breaths a big sigh then picks up phone.

CLINT

Room service, this is 201 one. Make
it two eggs bacon and black coffee.
Yes thanks.

He hangs up then moves to the window the sky is a deep red hue. It looks blood red he remembers an old sailors rhym.

CLINT

"Red sky's in morning, sailors take
warning."

He thinks about line as he continues to stare out over city. The phone rings it startles him, he goes to answer and picks up receiver it's the other advance Secret Service Agent MILES STOCKWELL.

Another good ole boy type Miles hails from the midwest. Always at the ready he is somewhat hyper, over zealous and loves to party but he and Clint work well together.

INT. MILE'S / CLINT'S ROOM - DAY

MILES

What's up Buddy, catch any sleep?

CLINT

Little, you.

MILES

Nah. Got too much to do. Been going over this route. Don't like the turn off Houston to Elm too slow. We need to take direct route down Main.

Clint rubs his eyes still exhausted. It's too early to be havng this conversation.

CLINT

You know Jack want's this, Dallas is too important in the upcoming elections.

MILES

I'd rather him loose the election than his life.

Miles knows how to push Clint's button and the obligation of protection first is one of them.

CLINT

Agreed I'll see what I can do.

MILES

Meet me downstairs in thirty.

CLINT

Fine.

Clint hangs up, there is a knock at the door. Clint opens it we a small Mexican with tray. Clint takes out wallet hands him money then tips him. The little WAITER bows.

CLINT

Gracious.

WAITER

See Senor' Buenos Tardes

Clint Closes door.

INT HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

A few moments pass and Clint emerges from room. He turns to lock door, suddenly he hears a familiar voice he looks up startled. There down the hall is General Lansdale coming out of room a small radio receiver in hand.

INT. CLINT'S ROOM - DAY

Clint quickly ducks back into room the General has not seen him. He keeps door cracked to watch him pass. The General is in civilian clothes he has a light beige windbreaker on and seems to be communicating to others through small device.

We hear him as he passes.

GEN. LANSDALE
Nest's secured.

The words hang on Clint he watches the General get on elevator and we see doors close on elevator as it descends. Clint moves back into hall.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Clint quickly moves to the back stairwell.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

Clint bursts through the stairway door and bounds down the steps making his way quickly to the bottom.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Clint is cautious to open door so as not to be seen. As luck would have it he is at the Laundry entrance and a large truck blocks any view of him exiting the building. He moves to corner of truck to view parking lot.

He looks around hurriedly then sees his mark. General Lansdale is quickly hurrying to small car. The General looks around to make sure he is not being followed. He jumps in car and speeds off.

Suddenly a hand taps him on shoulder Clint whirls around with gun drawn. To his relief it's just Miles who is completely taken aback holding hands up.

(CONTINUED)

MILES

Easy man, those late flights really do get to you don't they. Jes' and I thought I was jumpy.

Clint breathing heavy turns back in the direction of the General's car. We see it speeding away, Clint has a look of disdain and frustration.

CLINT

Sorry.

MILES

What's up? Something about that car.

CLINT

Did you see anything?

MILES

See anything? What, what's going on.

Frustrated Clint bites his lip.

CLINT

Nothing, just nerves I guess.

MILES

(disbelievingly)
Right, Okay.

Clint holsters his gun the Sun is getting higher in the sky. The two men move to their assigned car and get it. We see Clint through side window in drivers side he has to get word to Cord.

CLINT

(under his breath)
Cord where are you.

Miles doesn't hear him as he cranks car and they pull away.

EXT. DALLAS STREET - DAY

Cord and Miles make their way down the half mile parade route. It may be short but everything must be secured. But Clint knows it won't be, the killers are already in place. He wants to illicite the help of his partner but can't.

(CONTINUED)

He thinks how is he going to prevent this and expose everything. He looks around in vain for some kind of sign. He is quickly brought back to the duty at hand by his partner.

MILES

Hey Buddy pay attention. Call the city and have those manhole covers welded shut.

CLINT

What? Huh right. And I've called the Post Office their sending a man over to remove those two boxes.

Clint points to two mailboxes on the edge of the street one on the corner of Houston and the other in front of the Dal-Tex building.

MILES

Good those would make good cover. Better to have them out of the way.

Miles turns back to his check list pad marking through items like a to do list. In the distance we see a Post Office repair truck pull up to one of the boxes. A man in Postal Uniform gets out. Clint goes to see it taken care of.

He briskly crosses the street watching out for cars. The Postal worker is on ground with wrench unbolting box from ground. Clint calls out.

CLINT

Hey thanks for coming so quickly.

Clint moves forward but the man doesn't respond.

CLINT

Hey.

We hear a familiar voice it's Cord. We see a close up of his face buried deep under rim of cap and heavy sunglasses. Clint stands behind him surprised and relieved.

CORD

Listen, I won't turn around. The game is in play.

CLINT

I know I saw Lansdale this morning. Same hotel as me.

(CONTINUED)

CORD

Interesting, that could work in our favor. He didn't spot you did he?

(pause-beat)

Doesn't matter they know you're here anyway. They'll try and keep you contained till it's too late.

CLINT

What's the plan?

CORD

Never mind that now. Your job is to stay alive the next 24 hours. Now help me with this.

Cord finishes unhinging Postal Box and the two men lift it and put in back of truck. Cord puts on his good ole boy persona and shakes Clint's hand.

CORD

Thank ya there kindly neighbor. You tell the President we all route's for him down here!

Cord turns and gets in his truck and drives away. We leave Clint with a look of total dumbfound. What is he going to do.

INT. MILE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Clint and Miles huddle around small table with paper a map is pinned to the wall we see a magic marker outlining two different parade routes. Clint eye's it closely and see's the danger points.

His eyes glance at school book depository, then Dal-Tex Building then grassy Nole in front of Dealy Plaza. He takes marker and circle's each one. He's taking initiative.

CLINT

(angrily)

Here, here, and here! None of this is secure. Why only the two of us. Look at this hundreds of windows to cover in these two buildings alone.

Miles crosses his arms and studies map then agrees. He picks up phone. We assume it's the White House Secret Service office.

(CONTINUED)

MILES

Yes Sir we recommend the package
proceed with route one again that's
route one. Fine thank you Sir.

Clint has look of relief as Miles hangs up phone.

MILES

Happy?

Clint shakes his head in affirmative.

INT. GEN. LANSDALE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The General sits listening to Clint and Miles he's known all
along he was there. He has bugged their room, an unknown
associate is with him. He nods his head to the General and
is out the door.

INT. MILE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Relieved Clint get's up and stretches Miles lights a
cigarette. Then there is a knock at the door. The two men
look at one another Clint checks his gun, Miles calls out.

MILES

Who is it?

A feminine voice kind of dizzy calls back this is CANDY BARR
one of Jack Ruby's burlesque dancers. Miles has seen her
perform before and they've had drinks and probably more
together.

CANDY

It's me baby.

Clint rushes to open the door, Candy jumps in his arms
kissing him all over. She has a bottle of champagne in one
hand. Clint acts a little embarrassed at the whole
situation.

CLINT

You huh two, want to be alone.

CANDY

O OOH! he's handsome baby cakes.

CLINT

(smiling)

Baby cakes?

(CONTINUED)

MILES

Don't you ever repeat that.

Clint has a big grin on his face as he sees his friends embarrassed face turn red.

CLINT

Cross my heart man.

Candy turns her attention back to Miles.

CANDY

I heard you were going to be in town Baby cakes and thought you'd like to party.

Clint looks at her with intent.

CLINT

How'd you know it would be us.

CANDY

You Secret Service guys always so suspicious. The President's coming I figured some of you guys would already be here just made a couple of calls - lucky me it was you.

Clint is still wary but relents a little.

CANDY

Take it easy Dallas, is a small town word gets around.

She kisses Miles again who happily complies back.

CANDY

You guys want to come down to the club? I got a girl just for you.

(back to Miles)

He's so cute!

CLINT

I don't know we've got, a long day tomorrow.

MILES

Come on Buddy it's only a quarter to six we'll be back by 9, 9:30 at the latest.

(CONTINUED)

CLINT

Well okay now that we've got the package secured I feel better. Okay but 9 o'clock.

MILES

You got it.

Candy smiles and claps her hands the two men grab their coats. Candy takes each one under the arm and they are out the door.

INT. CAROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT

Clint, Miles and Candy make their way through the crowded club. Finding a seat near the stage, Clint removes Candy's shawl. She waves at Dancer performing the DANCER replies.

DANCER

(shouting)

You work'n tonight girl?

CANDY

Uh Uh - It's my night off
(to Miles and Clint)
and I've got plans.

The Dancer on stage winks at her and acknowledges like she understands what she means. Candy turns to Miles.

CANDY

Wait here Baby Cakes and I'll get us some drinks.

She hurry's off in direction of bar.

CLINT

Why didn't she just order like everybody else.

MILES

Cheaper, she gets drinks half price.

INT. CAROUSEL CLUB JACK RUBY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack and Meyer are waiting patiently in his office drinks in hand. Jack sits in big leather chair smoke fills the air. A loud knocking at door can be heard Meyer answers it. Candy walks in a little outdone with herself.

(CONTINUED)

CANDY

Okay they're here.

Meyer kisses her on the cheek then reassures her.

MEYER

Good job Babe.

CANDY

Now look, I did as I promised, are you still...

MEYER

Yes, yes Babe I got all the drug charges dropped - no jail.

CANDY

He's got some other guy with him. I don't want any more of this.

Candy is getting a little shaky and nervous.

JACK

Don't worry about it, just show a good time. That all you need to know. Now get back I'll send drinks over.

Candy gets up and leaves she closes door behind her leaving Jack and Meyer to talk amongst themselves.

JACK

She'll be fine.

MEYER

I'm not worried about her. She's so ditsy nobody would believe anything she said anyway. Besides she's a great piece of...

JACK

(interrupting)

Uh Uh behave.

MEYER

What I am worried about is Tippet. He's the last part if everything goes right tomorrow. He's got to eliminate Oswald after the shooting. Call it resisting arrest.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

He's on patrol tomorrow. Oswald is going to be so nervous when he realizes he's the fall guy, even that klutz officer can't mess that up.

MEYER

Good, then everything is in play.

The two men smile at one another and make a toast.

INT. CAROUSEL CLUB BAR - NIGHT

We see drinks being poured then a separate hand appears and pours some sort of powder into one of them. We then move through crowd where a pin light reveals a closeup of eyes watching.

Candy brings drinks back to table. Miles and Clint smile as they pick up their drink they make a small toast.

MILES

To getting the job done.

Clint slightly raises his glass Candy does likewise. Miles guzzles his down, Clint eyes the shot glass takes a small sip then downs the rest.

A few moments pass through Clint's POV the room starts spinning. He realizes the drink has been spiked he stumbles to get up the chair falls back. He then bumps table and starts to fall, Miles moves to catch him.

MILES

Hey Buddy you all right?

CLINT

Got to get...so hot.

Clint pulls at his neck tie and loosens it he then stumbles away through crowd and out the back entrance.

EXT. NIGHT BACK EXIT CAROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT

Bumping into trash cans he leans over behind one and shoves fingers down throat. He immediately throws up gagging and spitting he heaves again. Leaning against wall he tries to regain composure at that moment a figure emerges from shadow it's Ritzak.

(CONTINUED)

RITZAK

You okay my young friend?

Clint wiping his mouth and straightening up nods yes.

CLINT

(panting-irritated)

Fine, who the fuck are you?

RITZAK

Besides Cord I'm the only friend
you've got tomorrow.

Miles stumbles out after Clint, Ritzak steps back into shadows.

MILES

You okay?

CLINT

Yeah, Yeah fine just need some air.
Sometimes the hard stuff - you
know.

MILES

Sure.

Miles motions he'll be inside then is back through door.
Ritzak appears again. Clint turns to him a little stunned at
the revelation.

RITZAK

Smart, good reaction. It's an old
trick. Little opium in a drink get
you drunk for hours and leave you
with one hell of a hangover.

CLINT

Keep me off balance - slower.

RITZAK

They couldn't kill you, would draw
too much attention.

Clint slaps his hand on brick wall and points back at club.

CLINT

Ought to burn down the whole
fuckin' place...

(beat)

Damn it. Is my partner in on this
too?

(CONTINUED)

RITZAK

No. Enough here's how we're going
to handle this.

We leave the two men in the darkness we pull up into the
pitch blackness, sounds of the city in the background.

EXT. MARY'S HOME - NIGHT

Mary steps out into the night air pulling her coat on we see
her breath in cold night air. She heads down the steps and
onto sidewalk. She walks at a brisk pace and turns and hails
taxi, she gets in.

As the taxi pulls away another car flips on lights and pulls
out following her.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Mary has the look of a woman on a mission. The black Taxi
DRIVER looks in mirror at her.

DRIVER

Where to Ma'am.

MARY

1600 Pennsylvania.

DRIVER

Ma'am the White House is closed by
now.

Mary lights a cigarette and motions him on.

MARY

I know just drive.

The Driver reluctantly agrees and continues on.

DRIVER

Your money.

Mary puffs away on cigarette she is nervous and tries to
calm down. She then notices bright headlights beaming in
close proximity. The Taxi Driver looks alarmed.

DRIVER

Now what is that old fool trying to
do.

Then suddenly the phantom car bumps them. Mary and the
Driver lurch forward slightly.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

Now that's enough!

The Taxi Driver coasts to stop and turns car off and starts to get out. Mary exclaims.

MARY

No! No! Keep driving. It's an emergency.

DRIVER

But lady that fool done hit the car. It'll be my paycheck if I don't get a report.

Mary pulls at him she begs.

MARY

Please I have to get to the White House.

DRIVER

But lady...

His words trail off as we see the strobe of blue police lights coming in window. Mary is petrified through window we see a suited man get out of car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

We see the man's shoes walking towards car we pan up and he takes flashlight and shines it into window. We see the taxi drivers face as he nervously pulls out ID. We hear the mystery Man's voice as he takes ID.

MAN

Why'd you stop so suddenly. You drink'n boy?

The Driver realizes he may be in trouble he cowers down a little, and throws Mary under the rug.

DRIVER

No's sir boss. This lady she crazy. Said she had to get to the White House or somth'n. She pulled at me and I just slammed brakes. Sorry there boss.

Mary is horrified, the mystery man shines light in on Mary.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

That right? that what happened?

MARY

(shaking head)

No, No - Yes I have to get to the
White House.

DRIVER

See she's drunk.

MAN

Shut up Nigger. Ma'am could you
step out of the car.

MARY

What's this all about?

MAN

Just get out of the vehicle.

Shaking Mary tries to find a way out. She sees it's hopeless as long as she is in the car. She complies, as she gets out she notices small wire receiver coming from man's ear. The Man reaches to get her out, Mary bolts.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Mary doesn't make it very far, another Man has positioned himself near the rear of their vehicle. He quickly apprehends Mary and with the help of the first Man they subdue her and thrust her into the back of their car.

The car speeds off we hear Mary screaming as it pulls away. The stunned Cab Driver looks on, we see him pick up hand set. We see him speak but don't hear, a close up of his face he is sweating and distraught as he puts cab in gear and pulls away.

INT. MYSTERY CAR - NIGHT

Mary stares at the back of the heads of her abductors they are like robots cold and rigid. She gets the courage to speak.

MARY

Where am I going?

The men don't reply they just continue with their mission.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Tell me what this is all about?

One of the men speaks he does not turn around.

MAN

We need to secure your location
Ma'am.

MARY

Secure my location?

MAN

That's all I'm at liberty to say.

Mary looks out at the City passing by she feels she may never see it again. She asks the biggest question on her mind.

MARY

Are you going to kill me.

Again the men don't respond this sends chills through her. She panics and tries to open door but to no avail she reaches up and tries to grab man driving by shoulders the other man stops her and puts her in cuffs.

INT. PARKING DECK - NIGHT

The car continues on till finally pulling into the parking deck of some building. The car winds its way to the top finally coming to stop in front of another vehicle.

Several figures hidden by the shadows surround it a bright overhead street light from the outside casts long shadows. As Mary is pulled out the light blinds her and obscures the other figures.

One of the figures approaches Mary and reaches into coat pocket. Mary tries to pull away we hear her heartbeat getting louder and louder she breaths heavy the man continues to approach finally he pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

Mary sighs with relief the Man takes a big drag off the cigarette and purposefully blows into Mary's face. She coughs feels light headed then black.

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mary lies on her bed still fully clothed and in her jacket from the night before. She twitches then awakes with a start, brushing her hair back her eyes begin to focus. She realizes she's in her own room she checks herself for trauma.

She then realizes it's morning the sun beams in on her face. She gets up and runs to window the sun is almost mid morning. She turns and notices note on dresser with her name on it. Mary picks it up and we read.

"Stay put. Cord" Mary puts her hand to her mouth and begins to cry as she drops the note. We see it fall in slow motion and land on floor.

SUPERSEDE DALLAS 22 NOVEMBER 1963

EXT. LOVE FIELD - DAY

Air Force One taxi's to a stop the long stairway is pulled up as the hatch opens. Many secret service men scurry around taking positions. The waiting crowd is cheering.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - DAY

Jack pulls himself from seat as Jackie fixes her makeup. He looks out at waiting crowd and smiles.

JACK

Looks like I'm still popular in Texas in spite of Lyndon.

JACKIE

I'm sure he means well Jack.

JACK

I don't know I sometimes think he wants my chair.

JACKIE

Well his is small and he's such a brute I - I mean big man.

The two of them laugh together. The trip has been good for them as a couple their marriage seems better. But Jackie brings an ominous occurrence.

(CONTINUED)

JACKIE

Had a strange call from Mary last night.

Jack feels tension he really doesn't need this conversation now. He tries to diminish it.

JACK

Oh really.

JACKIE

Just something in her voice she sounded - I don't know scared or something.

Jack goes and puts his arms around his wife.

JACK

I cut it off. She's just on one of her binges that's all. I realize what a kid I've been but not anymore.

JACKIE

I love you.

JACK

I love you too sweetheart. Now let's go give Texas a big ole hug. Hum.

Jackie smiles and looks on admirably at her husband. For just a moment he seems to glow as light radiates from him in some sort of angelic glow. She shakes it off and the two of them move to door.

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE RAMP - DAY

Jack and Jackie wave at the jubilant crowd that has gathered we hear cries.

"Go Mr. President"

"We're with you Jack"

The Presidents limo pulls up we see Jack giving instructions. Clint runs up to President as other agents remove protecting bubble from Limo making it a convertible.

CLINT

What are you doing Mr. President?

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Texas needs to see me Clint.

Clint is panic stricken he may have secured route but without the bubble Jack will be twice as vulnerable.

CLINT

Please Mr. President, put the top back on at least till we're through town.

Jackie eyes Clint she's never seen him so disturbed.

JACKIE

Maybe we ought to Jack.

JACK

No if they don't see me now. Then you won't see me at the White House next year.

The words slam into Clint it's only him now he'll have to be the shield. Jack and Jackie get into limo, Governor Connolly greets them and opens their door. Clint secures door and takes up position on running board.

JACK

What are you doing Clint?

CLINT

(puzzled)

My job sir.

JACK

Just take up behind limo. I'll be fine.

Stunned that his President has ordered him down he feels plan is breaking apart. The Limo pulls away slowly Clint and other secret service trot along behind we see Clint bring up receiver and speak into it.

EXT. BYPASS OVER DEALY PLAZA - DAY

Cord has positioned himself across from Grassy nole he has complete coverage of Dealy Plaza. He has gone from conspirator to making sure plan fails he has managed to keep his cover and if all goes well no one will be the wiser.

Through his binoculars we see Gen. Lansdale taking position on sidewalk in middle of Dealy Plaza umbrella in hand. He then pans over to Dal-Tex building and sees snipers gun come

(CONTINUED)

out. Then to School Book Depository where on fifth and sixth floors he sees two guns, one from Lee Oswald and other from real snipers.

Finally he pans back to grassy nole where he sees Lucian positioning himself. He sees Lucian assembling rifle worry comes over his face Lucian is the wild card unpredictable.

INT. SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY BREAKROOM - DAY

LEE HARVEY OSWALD sits by himself in breakroom, nervous he looks at stairs leading to six floor. He looks at watch and realizes its time to go as he walks to exit phone rings and startles him. He answers with a shaking hand and we hear VOICE.

LEE

Yes.

VOICE

Stay put. We'll call back

Relieved he hangs up he glances back to exit.

EXT. STREET PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Ritzak hangs up phone behind School Book Depository the streets in front are cramed with people leaving backstreets virtually deserted. He easily makes his way into the Depository.

INT. SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY - DAY

Inside Ritzak checks pistol in pocket and at a brisk pace quietly jumps up the steps. He pauses outside 5th floor where the real team has set up. He opens door slightly and spies first team setting up.

Not sure how he's going to handle escape from these killers he looks around for inspiration. He sees fire extinguisher on wall he closes door quietly he takes extinguisher down. He takes knife and cuts into side of jacket it is polyester lined and has a lot of pliable fibers.

He fashions a trip wire leading from extinguisher to door once opened the extinguisher will go off. Finished he heads to Sixth Floor. The floor creaks as he walks, we see first team look at ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

TEAM
Must be Oswald.

They laugh and shake heads.

TEAM
Poor guy doesn't even know what's
coming.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR DEPOSITORY - DAY

Ritzak settles into snipers nest to the side lays Oswalds gun. Ritzak pulls it up and turns over. He takes out magazine carrying blanks and loads real ones into rifle. He wraps shoulder harness around arm and takes aim out of window.

Through scope we see his target partially obscured by trees is Lucian. He would like a clear kill be he only needs to make him miss. He pans over to Dal-Tex he'll have to keep them busy as well. Through scope he sees Cord in his position who gives thumbs up.

EXT. OVERPASS DEALY PLAZA - DAY

No sooner than he puts thumb down there is a tap on his shoulder. He turns around quickly its Frank and Meyer.

FRANK
What the fuck you try'n to do?

Cord fains ignorance.

CORD
Sorry.

Meyer pats him on shoulder and takes binoculars and looks over operation. He is like a lord of war looking over his battlefield.

MEYER
Forget about it. In Thirty minutes
will be back in business.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Clint runs along slowly behind limo he glances at partner Miles who is just pouring sweat and struggling to keep up. He is hungover Clint looks at him in disgust. We see the back of Jack's head he is waving at the happy crowd.

(CONTINUED)

We here "we love you's" and the click of camera's each one sends Clint's hair on end. He eyes everyone intently, he gets more nervous they are approaching Houston he feels safe as long as they are on Main.

Then in slow motion he sees traffic cop leading procession start to veer and turn on to Houston.

CLINT
(to himself)
Oh no. Fuck!

Time slows as Clint makes dash forward, inexplicably the motorcade speeds then slows to turn onto elm.

SMASH CUT

EXT. GRASSY NOLE - DAY

Hunt takes binoculars and leads Lucian on target.

SMASH CUT

INT DAL-TEX BUILDING

Sniper holds breath and prepares to fire

SMASH CUT

INT. SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY - DAY

Snipers on fifth floor take aim we move through floor up to Ritzak. He is at the ready he watches Gen. Lansdale for signal. Lansdales umbrella goes up and opens. Ritzak lets out a shot it ricochets off fencepost in front of Lucian.

The snipers fire from Dal-Tex building, Ritzak returns fire the bullet glances window snipers pull back startled.

SMASH CUT

EXT. BYPASS DEALY PLAZA - DAY

Meyer looks though glasses in horror and exclaims.

MEYER
What is Oswald doing.

Frank bangs his fist against car swearing.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

I'm going to kill that little shit.

Cord has the look of confidence it seems to be working but it quickly fades as we see a frantic Clint trying to make it to Limo. Ritzak can't aim at floors below him, another shot rings out.

We see Jack grab at his throat. Gen Lansdale realizes there's another player involved and pulls out revolver. With open umbrella as disguise he fires through it hitting Connolly in back.

Ritzak fires again at Lucian who has pulled back and out of sight. The bullet hits at his feet, we see close up of Lucian's face we see eye through scope another shot rings out. It glances Clint's shoulder who scrambles to get on limo.

Back to Lucian, Hunt is guiding him cross hairs are on Jack's head. Cord starts to take off running towards Lucian, Frank and Meyer try to grab him. Clint is inches from Jack. Back to close-up of Lucian's finger on trigger it squeezes. Jack's head explodes spraying Jackie and Clint with blood and brain matter.

Clint screams in horror as he holds Jack's head in his hands. Jack stares up at him.

JACK

(Gurgling)

You - Jackie alright.

Jack dies Clint covers Jack and Jackie we see the Limo from back and over as it speeds down highway to Parkland Hospital in distance.

We pull back to Cord who stands staring on overpass at Grassy Nole he and Lucian's eyes meet for the first time. Lucian winks at him. Frank and Meyer come up and swing Cord around.

FRANK

Just what were you thinking

Cord man's up and shoves Frank's arm down.

CORD

I don't explain myself to you.

Meyer gets on handset.

(CONTINUED)

MEYER
Disperse, get Oswald

INT. SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY - DAY

Disgusted Ritzak wipes gun and throws is down and sprints to exit. He runs down steps the first team exits fifth floor guns ready for Oswald they trip extinguishers frozen nitrogen hits them in face they fall and Ritzak jumps over them and disappears down steps.

Oswald steps out of break room just in time to see Ritzak come down steps. Ritzak looks sympathetically at him and motions him to run.

The snipers regain composure and pack guns in work boxes and calmly go down steps.

EXT. SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY - DAY

The scene is one of utter chaos people are running everywhere. It is in the pandemonium Ritzak emerges and blends into crowd. Faces pass in front of him as he looks around he sees Cord who looks like a lost puppy.

Cord sees him Ritzak mouths the words "I'm Sorry" and fades like a ghost into crowd. From a small distance we see Frank he is suspicious of Cord and looks at back of Ritzak walking away

EXT. GRASSY NOLE DAY

Lucian quickly takes police uniform off and dons hobo clothes. He and Hunt make their way to freight train and hide in open car, the train pulls away slowly. We pull up and see it moving out of city. Sirens can be heard in distance.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Officer J. D. Tippet sits monitoring the radio traffic of the the days events. He then looks at note from Jack Ruby of Oswald's address and photo of Oswald. Tippet puts car in gear and proceeds to Oswald's home.

He rounds corner and sees Oswald quickly run out of his home and down sidewalk. Tippet slowly follows him he pulls out gun as he gets nearer. Sensing something Oswald turns he sees Tippet's gun coming up. But high on adrenalin he is faster and catches Tippet in chest with two rounds.

Tippet slumps across steering wheel dead his eyes wide open blood drips from his mouth.

INT./EXT. JAMES ANGLETON'S OFFICE/ CORD'S PHONE BOOTH - DAY

A confident James is again on the phone, several the General's sit around him happily smoking cigars. They are pleased with day's result. A shaken Cord is on the other end he must now maintain his complicity if he and Mary are to survive.

Things must now continue accordingly and his function of disinformation must be put in place.

JAMES

It seems all went well.

Cord keeps his answers short to hide emotions.

CORD

Yes.

JAMES

Meyer says you acted a little strange.

CORD

No Sir. Maybe a little over zealous.

JAMES

Anyway they picked up Oswald. He managed to kill Tippet. But that's okay he's now under arrest a real murder. Jack will take care of him.

CORD

Yeah, fine.

JAMES

You alright my boy?

CORD

Fine, just...

JAMES

Come home, get some rest. Oh and by the way how's your ex-wife.

We pull into a tight close-up of Cord's eyes, instinct tells him James is planning something.

(CONTINUED)

CORD
I wouldn't know.

JAMES
I'm sure she must be upset. After
all she was his lover.

James is pouring salt into the wounds he's trying to make Cord lash out. Cord knows this trick and plays it back on James.

CORD
I don't care.

JAMES
Very well then, see you soon.

James hangs up phone and sits back contemplating. Cord hangs up phone and exits phone booth he breaths heavy sigh and takes out cigarette and lights it. The Sun is setting on Dallas, he takes it in feeling the world is a more dangerous place.

Back to James in office he leans in on desk to address Generals.

JAMES
I don't think we'll have to worry
about Cord.

POWERS
But what about his bitch ex-wife
and that Secret Service Agent.

JAMES
The agent can't say anything, not
without Cord. No he'll be dismissed
like all other conspiracy nuts. But
the ex-wife, that diary, we've got
to have that. She may have actual
proof.

(long pause - sigh)
She has connections it may be
necessary...

Powers interrupts James long winded summation.

POWERS
Extremely necessary, and I have the
man to do it. Jogs the same path
she walks everyday, make it look
like a rape attempt. There's an old
black bum that hangs around down

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

POWERS (cont'd)
there. Perfect patsy just like
Oswald. We'll let some time go by,
let her guard down.

James nods in agreement, Powers motions over an officer who has been sitting in the corner of the room. Lt. Whitaker leans down as Powers whispers something to him, Whitaker nods his head and leaves the room.

INT. MARY'S HOME - DAY

Mary stares at the television we see from her POV the Cason carrying the Jack's body. We hear the funeral dirge and see the many saddened faces of the crowd. Close-up on Mary's face tears stream down her cheeks.

The cannons roar in twenty one gun salute. She jerks each time they go off. Arlington is not far from her home the concussions shake the house. Then silence we see Jackie place rose on casket as it is lowered.

Mary wipes her face we hear a small knock at front door. Surprised and nervous she walks cautiously to window. Peering out she sees Cord an anguished look on his face. Mary cracks door but leaves bolt on.

CORD
(softly)
Hi.

Mary doesn't respond she just sizes him up.

CORD
Could I - uh come in?

Again Mary remains quiet but relents and opens door slowly. Cord steps in and removes hat, Mary closes door behind him.

CORD
I just uh, wanted to see how you
were doing.

Mary is a bundle of rage she lets out her fury on Cord slapping him hard it almost knocks him off his feet.

MARY
Bastard! Don't act like your upset!

Cord wipes a little blood from the corner of his mouth with handkerchief.

(CONTINUED)

CORD

Right!

MARY

Your people did this! How far are
you involved Cord

(pleading)

Jack was your friend, how? how...

Her words trail off as she starts to sob uncontrollably. Cord just stands there head down fumbling with hat. He knows ears may still be on her. He acts coldly knowing that it's for her protection as well as his. He puts hat on and goes to walk out.

CORD

Anyway I said what I came to say.
I'm sorry Mary.

Cord opens door and exits leaving Mary a nervous emotional wreck. She continues to sob.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Cord slowly descends the front steps of Mary's home pulls coat collar up to ward off the chill. He walks down sidewalk and turns corner sidelot behind Mary's home. No sooner than he does he's cold cocked by Clint who been waiting.

CORD

God Damnit twice in one day!

CLINT

(pointing finger)

You deserve more than that! Sure
it'll be fine no problem. We'll
make it work.

(beat)

Isn't that what you said Cord uhm?!

Cord leans back up shaking it off.

CORD

You knew it was a sure thing.

CLINT

So that's it oh well the Presidents
dead, tough shit!

Clint throws up his arms as he turns around placing them on his hips. He shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CLINT

And the worst part of it all - I went along with it. I could have warned him.

Cord is now on the offensive he lunges at Clint slamming him into the wall. He gets in Clints face and with the hissing growl of a wolf bears his teeth and speaks.

CORD

Now you listen and listen good. If you had you and your family would be dead now. You forget about this they'll be watching you a long time. In fact you may go to your grave 60 years from now constantly looking over your shoulder. If I were you I'd divorce that pretty little wife of yours and leave your kids embrace what ever lie they make up!

(long pause-beat)

We're in damage control now! The bodies are already staking up. Distance yourself leave the Secret Service and move to Nowhereville. Disappear it's the only way you can protect your family!

Clint and Cords eyes lock Cord still has him pinned against wall.

CLINT

(quietly)

The truth will come out.

CORD

Not in our lifetime, and probably not your kids. The best we can do is ride the storm. And hope someday the clouds will part and shed light on this awful week. The average Joe who still believes in a just America will keep the pressure on until it does. Have faith in future generations Clint they'll bring down this house of cards one day.

Cord releases his grip on Clint the two men separate. Clint straightens his coat as does Cord. They do not say another word but each stand at attention giving each other a silent salute. They go their separate ways.

EXT. SONORA DESERT MEXICO - DAY

The sun is starting to set a lonely freight train moves slowly through the desert. Silhouetted by the red sky we see two figures jump jump from the train. We move in on the figures it is Hunt and Lucian the train moves on past them.

As the train passes we see a car in the distance. Speeding towards them it whips up a cloud of dust as it approaches. The red glow of the evening sun gives them an evil appearance.

The car stops and out steps Frank and David Atlee who carry's a briefcase. He throws the briefcase at Lucian who just catches it.

DAVID

(angry)

Here's the rest of the money.

LUCIAN

Couldn't wire it.

FRANK

Traceable.

With his attention away Hunt has pulled a gun and is pointing directly at Lucian's head. Frank and David have also pulled their guns. Lucian begins to laugh.

LUCIAN

Should have killed me on the train
Howard.

Howard is nervous his hand is shaky, Lucian continues his eerie laugh.

FRANK

You almost fucked it up. Who else
was there?

LUCIAN

I don't know my friend? Maybe it
was just your patsy Huh? Oswald
maybe he just wanted the glory eh?

Lucian is still laughing the others start to laugh as well. Frank and David are getting irritated.

FRANK

Why are you fucking laughing.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIAN
(laughing)
Because ha!
(pause - laugh exhale)
woo wee this is good!

Lucian stands up from his belly laugh his face gets deadly serious. We see two men with rifles approaching stealthfully behind Frank and David. Hunt's face turns ashen as he sees them. He lets loose his gun and it drops to the ground.

Realizing something is wrong Frank and David nervously turn around. The men are just a few feet from them guns a ready. Frank and David lower their guns and turn back to Lucian.

LUCIAN
I thought you would try something like this their Chippewa. A friend of mine on one of the teams set it up. Been tracking us since we left.

Frank and David looked surprised at one another. Lucian plays cat and mouse with them.

LUCIAN
Oh yes I was well acquainted with the others. You see professionals like us, well we're kind of like a club.

Lucian gets right up in Franks face.

LUCIAN
A very elite club yes. We don't trust guys like you, CIA.
(pause - beat)
So let's just call it a day yes.

Lucian picks up the briefcase and opens it, it is full of money. We hear the whir of a helicopter as it swoops in over their heads and starts to land. The wind whips up and Lucian quickly closes briefcase.

LUCIAN
I won't count it here. But be assured I will be back if it's not all of it. As for your mystery shooter, well we'll see.

Lucian sneers at them we get the impression he will be on the lookout then he and the two gunmen back away and get into helicopter. It quickly pulls up and away, we see Frank, David and Hunt cup their eyes in glaring red sun as

helicopter disappears into it. We leave the men with dust and wind whipping around.

EXT. TEL-AVIV AIRPORT - NIGHT

A jet pulls up and taxi's to a stop in front of a limosine. Out of the jet steps Ritzak, the door opens on limo. He quickly hopes in and it speeds off.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

We see city lights pass over Ritzaks face the other occupant is in shadows it is Ben-Gurion.

BEN-GURION

It was not meant to be my friend.

Ritzak lights a cigarette he is professional and calm.

RITZAK

The Russians?

BEN-GURION

Nothing.

Ritzak turns and looks out window contemplating. He takes another drag.

RITZAK

Curious.

EXT. MOSCOW - NIGHT

We move over city the Spires of the Kremlin in the background. Snow swirls all around we hear Church Bells a lot of them. We see people in streets some with handkerchiefs crying. A man holds up a newspaper and reads it on the front we see Jackie and John John leaning at casket.

Superimposed on this we hear radio announcer reciting a prayer for the American people. We feel that all this is a Russian memorial for Jack. We move up and through the Kremlin walls.

We see NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV standing at window a drink of vodka in his hand he too looks at paper with Jack's photo. We see a close-up of his face a tear wells in his eye. Two of his GENERALS are beside him we continue to hear bells.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL 1
(nervous)
It's a coup plain and simple

GENERAL 2
How can we be sure of that. None of
their military is on alert.

GENERAL 1
We should bring ours up.

Nikita sighs a heavy sigh and downs his drink. From the shadows walks a slight man more thoughtful and less emotional than the rest. We assume this is the KGB Chief.

KGB CHIEF
If so cleverly done. Their line of
succession, maybe their Vice
President doesn't know.

GENERAL 1
We can't be sure.

NIKITA
He was strong I give him that. I
think now though the world is a
much more dangerous place.

From Nikita's POV we see Jack's smiling face he sighs and with a bit of regret in his voice.

NIKITA
With him I fear goes all hope of
change between our peoples for a
long time if ever. He wanted it and
they blew him away. No my friends
there will be no alert for now let
us mourn.

We pull back and through the walls of the Kremlin and we see the men standing in the window. Snow whips around we get the impression that cold is the symbol of the Cold War getting colder and deeper.

INT. MARY'S STUDIO - DAY

A good bit of time has passed Mary sits in her studio painting. Her thought drift off we see images of Jack and happy times. Mary smiles she remembers giving her diary to Toni, she entertains thought of getting back then dismisses it shaking her head.

(CONTINUED)

She sits back on stool in front of her canvas, cocks head to one side critiquing work. She looks satisfied with work and with a half smile dips and cleans her brush and wipes it off. She cleans hands and takes off her painting smock.

She looks out window it is a bright sunny day. She looks like she feels safer and more content. She steps out her door into the bright sunlight.

EXT. MARY'S HOME - DAY

She steps out into the bright sunshine and proceeds on her mid-day walk. She passe along the street and turns onto the canal walkway. The Canals once central to Washington commerce are now a common tourist attraction and a favorite for joggers and a casual walk.

Mary loves this area with the trees gently hanging over the water, small boats pass up and down. It is like a little Vienna in the middle of Washington. We see Mary from behind slowly walking and taking it in.

Then a man comes into view a jogger in white shorts and wind breaker. He proceeds towards Mary we keep on his back as he gets closer. Then suddenly BAM BAM a gun goes off twice. Close-up of Marys head as it hits ground her eyes wide open she is dead.

We hear feet running away. Then back to Mary's studio.

INT. MARY'S STUDIO - DAY

We move slowly through the studio it is peaceful we then hear rattling around. Things are being rummaged through we sense someone in a panic. We then move into another room there we see James Angelton. Dressed in black trench coat and gloves he frantically looks around.

JAMES

(to himself)

Where would that bitch put a diary.

At that moment Ben and Toni Bradley let themselves in stunned at the sight of James.

BEN

James? What the hells going on.

We see a little sweat on James upper lip. He thinks fast he uses his position as cover.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

I, uh? Well we felt like - uh Mary might have something that could damage Jack's - uh good name.

It clicks in Toni's head what he's after Mary's diary she tries to pin him down.

TONI

Exactly what?

BEN

Yes James my readers would like to know.

Realizing he's caught like a common crook. He says no more and dashes between them and out through the door. Jim and Toni stare at one another with the mouths open.

INT. BRADLEY HOME - NIGHT

Toni reaches into her dresser drawer and retrieves Mary's diary. She remembers Mary's words "if anything happens to me" the words fade.

EXT. WASHINGTON ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Moments later we see Toni walking across street and up steps into archives.

INT. WASHINGTON ARCHIVES - NIGHT

From above we watch Toni proceed into vast building. We follow on her up steps and disappearing between rows of books. Close on her she looks at books from her POV she pans across books stopping at one which reads WARREN REPORT.

She reaches into purse and looks around then pulls out Mary's diary placing it beside Warren Report. Looking around again closes purse and leaves. Moments later another female hand reaches up and pulls diary down.

The hand opens up diary on the first page we read "for Jack". We pull up and see Jackie's face a small tear comes down her face. She closes book, behind her stands Clint from above we watch them walk out.

THE END

Over black we read:

(CONTINUED)

Mary's killer was identified as Ray Crump a black man witnesses reported seeing a white man flee the scene. Crump was acquitted of the crime.

Ritzak Rabin was indeed in Dealy plaza as his wife attested too in a later interview. Ritzak was later assassinated under mysterious circumstances.

Mary's diary has never been found.

No one will ever know exactly what happened 22 November 1963. There are many theories, this is one of them.