

THE DÉJÀ VU EFFECT

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FADE IN:

**INT. BASEMENT INTERVIEW ROOM - OLD CIA HEADQUARTERS -
WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY (1962)**

On a quiet Monday morning, HAYDEN JOHANSSON, Director of Special Operations, opens a creaky door, makes his way down a narrow set of stairs to a meeting room used to interview prospective candidates. When he arrives, BRENDA from Human Resources is standing at the door.

JOHANSSON

Where's our guy?

BRENDA

He's not here yet.

JOHANSSON

Did he call ahead?

BRENDA

No, you might as well have a seat.

Johansson, tall, skinny, salt and pepper goatee and hair, walks into the small, dimly lit, room with concrete walls. He pushes back a chair from the table, making a screeching noise, and takes a seat; putting the folder he brought on the table. Sitting back, he takes out a cigarette and lights it while he casually looks over the information in the folder. Brenda loudly interrupts Johansson's concentration.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Sir, Mr. Gagliano is here.

JOHANSSON

Send him in.

DOMINIC GAGLIANO, better known as Dom, young, fit, athletic demeanor, strolls in the room and sits across from the interviewer. Johansson puts out his cigarette, and stares at the candidate for a moment.

GAGLIANO

Sorry I'm late; I'm not used to getting up so early.

JOHANSSON

You can get a lot done if you show up before anyone else does.

GAGLIANO

(grins)

You must have really wanted to talk to me.

Gagliano glances around the room with a slight smirk.

GAGLIANO (CONT'D)

You spared no expense.

JOHANSSON

(faint smile)

I trust the hotel is to your liking.

GAGLIANO

It's adequate.

JOHANSSON

I didn't think you would come.

Gagliano grins, adjusts his tie and creases his suit coat.

GAGLIANO

I wasn't so sure either. I asked around. No one seems to know what you CIA guys do down here.

JOHANSSON

That's the way we want it.

GAGLIANO

I'm still not sure why you would hire me.

JOHANSSON

It's a simple premise really. We need your expertise.

GAGLIANO

To do what?

Johansson lights another cigarette, blows the smoke in the air, and stares again at his candidate for a moment.

JOHANSSON

We're looking for qualified marksman to be on a very special team.

GAGLIANO

I shoot for fun. Besides, my father expects me to go to college.

JOHANSSON

I know you just graduated from High School. I also know who your father is.

GAGLIANO

(laughs)

This has to be a first. Why would you hire a kid from a Mafia family? I thought you guys hated the Mafia.

Johansson takes a few puffs of his cigarette and looks up at the ceiling.

JOHANSSON

I don't care about your family history; I just care about hiring you.

GAGLIANO

What do you really do here?

JOHANSSON

We assassinate people who are threats to the United States.

Gagliano seems perplexed; pushes back his chair. Johansson slowly puts out his cigarette.

GAGLIANO

You kill people?

JOHANSSON

When we need to; it's really not as bad as it sounds.

GAGLIANO

That's what you expect me to do?

JOHANSSON

Of course, we are planning a new operation as we speak.

GAGLIANO

Who?

JOHANSSON

Let's just say that's left unsaid.
(smiles)
Think it over. I'll be in touch.

GAGLIANO
I don't know about this.

JOHANSSON
Just think it over.

Johansson stands and shakes the young man's hand before he departs. Johansson sits in his chair, lights another cigarette and thinks back to an incident a year earlier.

FLASHBACK:

INT. TORTURE ROOM - BROUWEZ HOUSE - ELISABETHVILLE - CONGO - AFRICA - DAY (1961)

In a small, dingy, dilapidated room, PATRICE LUMUMBA, Congolese Prime Minister, sits strapped in a wooden chair in the middle.

Johansson, the CIA agent who helped capture Lumumba, stands next to several Belgian counterparts as they watch an interrogation. A BELGIAN INTERROGATOR stands directly in front of Lumumba.

BELGIAN INTERROGATOR
(in Swahili)
What do you say for yourself?

LUMUMBA
(in Swahili)
You must let me go.

Another Belgian, armed with a bamboo stick, moves forward and continuously strikes Lumumba on his legs. He cries out in pain.

BELGIAN INTERROGATOR
(in Swahili)
You're not Prime Minister anymore.

LUMUMBA
(in Swahili)
You have no right to do this.

BELGIAN INTERROGATOR
(in Swahili)
Your fate is in our hands.

He gets struck again with the bamboo stick and cries out.

Johansson looks over at a BELGIAN SECURITY GUARD next to him.

JOHANSSON

When are they going to execute him?

BELGIAN SECURITY GUARD

(perfect English)

Shortly... by firing squad.

EXT. ISOLATED WOODED AREA BEYOND BROUWEZ HOUSE - NIGHT

In the late evening, two trucks traverse a small road and stop. Men disembark, light torches, grab Lumumba and take him over to a tree. They proceed to secure him there, so he can't escape. Johansson stands to the rear and observes.

BELGIAN SECURITY GUARD

(in Swahili)

Do you have any final words?

LUMUMBA

(in Swahili)

You kill an innocent man.

The security guard motions for the firing squad to assemble. He then motions for them to fire. Immediately, Lumumba slumps to the side.

RETURN TO PRESENT

Johansson puts out his cigarette, picks up the folder, stuffing it under his arm and walks out of the room.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY (2017)

On a sunny afternoon, cars pass the FBI building while pedestrians enter and exit the building.

INT. OFFICE OF LANCE REMICK, SENIOR FBI AGENT IN CHARGE OF ESPIONAGE AND TERRORISM - DAY

LANCE REMICK, sporting image of a young Harrison Ford, is patiently waiting for a seasoned colleague to arrive in the early afternoon. JOHN BENEDICT, much older, bald, and heavy set, walks in the office and plunges in the chair.

BENEDICT

I would have been here sooner, but our secretary wanted to go to lunch.

REMICK
Hell, she doesn't go to lunch with me.

BENEDICT
Eating fast food doesn't count.

REMICK
(smiles)
What's the latest on Hadj Madoor?

BENEDICT
You mean Billy Henry?

REMICK
Yeah, what's he up to?

BENEDICT
He took a train up to Boston the other day.

REMICK
To visit that professor again?

BENEDICT
Johnnie Lostrad.

REMICK
Yeah, Boston College's finest.

BENEDICT
We have a team shadowing them.

Remick appears to be looking for something on his desk, but gives up.

REMICK
I think Lostrad is an ISIS sympathizer; not sure about Henry.

BENEDICT
We know for a fact Lostrad has a close friend fighting as an ISIS soldier in Afghanistan. Lostrad teaches political science and is known to be critical of the current administration.

REMICK
What other connections does Lostrad have?

BENEDICT
We're looking into it.

REMICK

I know your plate is full, but we need to step up our investigations.

BENEDICT

Lostrad has me worried. I think he's planning a catastrophic event in Boston worse than the Marathon bombing.

Remick takes his glasses off, quickly cleans them, and puts them back on.

REMICK

By the way, I got a call from Dom Gagliano yesterday. He wants me to go over and discuss an issue of great importance with him.

BENEDICT

What the hell does he want?

REMICK

I don't know. Do me a favor, can you go over there and meet with him?

Benedict laughs as he responds.

BENEDICT

The CIA needs to retire his ass. I mean the guy is older than dirt.

REMICK

He might be, but he still commands respect in the halls of the CIA. I'll tell you what; I'll ask if Everett Cupano can be there as well.

BENEDICT

Thank God. At least he's a defender of reason.

REMICK

(sarcastic smile)
Just let me know what he wants.

EXT. SIDE STREET - HERNDON VIRGINIA - DAY

In the early evening, Benedict chases a young man who he believes is HADJ MADDOOR, down the street and around the corner.

BENEDICT

Stop, I just want to talk to you.

Madoor finally stops and turns around.

MADOOR

What the hell do you want?

Benedict pulls out his FBI badge.

BENEDICT

Are you Billy Henry?

MADOOR

My name is Hadj Madoor and I haven't done anything.

BENEDICT

You recently went up to Boston.

MADOOR

I have friends there.

Madoor walks closer to Benedict.

MADOOR (CONT'D)

Is this about my faith?

BENEDICT

Do you know Professor Lostrad?

Madoor doesn't answer.

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

We think he has terrorist ties.

MADOOR

He's not a terrorist and neither am I.

He starts to walk away.

BENEDICT

We'll be watching you.

**INT. OFFICE OF DOM GAGLIANO, CIA ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF
COUNTER TERRORISM - DAY**

The next morning, Benedict is escorted into Gagliano's office. He's not there, so Benedict sits across from Gagliano's empty desk. Seconds later, Gagliano, who is now has silver hair combed back, accenting his old but tan complexion, arrives.

GAGLIANO
What happened to Remick?

BENEDICT
He's extremely busy.

GAGLIANO
You know we're all busy.

Gagliano firmly shuts the door.

BENEDICT
He just couldn't make it. I thought
Cupano was supposed to be here.

Gagliano abruptly sits in his chair.

BENEDICT (CONT'D)
You wanted to talk to us about
something?

GAGLIANO
We've been tracking an
international terrorist. He's
missing, but we have reason to
believe he got into the United
States somehow.

BENEDICT
What's his name?

GAGLIANO
Aswan Kofer. He may have been in
line to take control of ISIS, so he
is a serious suspect.

BENEDICT
The name doesn't sound familiar,
but he could be operating under an
alias.

EVERETT CUPANO walks in and takes a seat.

GAGLIANO
He is a dangerous man.

CUPANO
Are you talking about Kofer?

GAGLIANO
Yes, anything new.

CUPANO

No, but all indications are he just wants to kill a many people as he can, so I agree he is a very dangerous terrorist.

Benedict smiles.

BENEDICT

I thought all terrorists want to kill as many people as they can.

GAGLIANO

He doesn't discriminate. He's even killing Muslims for Christ's sake.

Gagliano sits back in his chair.

GAGLIANO (CONT'D)

The more of these bastards we kill, the better. We should assassinate every ISIS sympathizer we find terrorizing our streets.

Benedict stands and starts for the door. Cupano is right behind him.

BENEDICT

Sounds good, but I don't think the law allows for that.

CUPANO

What's important is we need to find these terrorists and put them away.

GAGLIANO

Tell Remick we need your help in finding Kofer. Let me know when you find him.

As they walk out the door, Gagliano pulls out a notebook from his desk and thinks back.

FLASHBACK:

INT. TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY LOBBY - DALLAS - DAY (1963)

Gagliano walks into the lobby and looks around. After a few moments, he's approached by an old JANITOR.

JANITOR

Excuse me sir, can I help you?

GAGLIANO
I just came in the wrong building.

JANITOR
That's all right.

The janitor starts to walk away.

GAGLIANO
What is this building?

JANITOR
It's a book depository for the
Texas school system.

GAGLIANO
What is it, five floors?

JANITOR
No, it has seven floors: a few
admin offices, storage rooms and
even a cafeteria.

GAGLIANO
Thanks.

The janitor goes over and grabs his mop. Gagliano turns to
walk out.

JANITOR
Hey, if you're going to be here on
Friday, the President of the United
States is supposed to come right by
our building.

GAGLIANO
I guess everybody in here will be
watching.

JANITOR
Well, it's lunch time, so I guess
you're right.

GAGLIANO
Nice meeting you.

He smiles at the janitor and walks out of the building.

RETURN TO PRESENT

INT. OFFICE OF LANCE REMICK - DAY

Lance moves back and forth in his office; looking at his calendar, glancing at his computer screen, and taking sips of his coffee. KAREN THOMPSON, FBI lawyer, walks in with a small briefcase and sits.

THOMPSON

I'm late for a meeting. What do you need?

REMICK

I want to go see Dom Gagliano.

THOMPSON

(laughs)

I'm not stopping you.

REMICK

I want to know what's he's really like?

THOMPSON

Overbearing and arrogant. Why do you need to see him?

REMICK

Terrorist stuff.

THOMPSON

You know he's been in the CIA forever. In fact, he was in the agency when President Kennedy was assassinated.

Remick smiles before he takes a sip of coffee.

REMICK

Where did he work?

Thompson sits back, crosses her legs and adjusts her skirt.

THOMPSON

Apparently he was a member of Staff D, but actually assigned to the assassination squad. He was just out of high school.

REMICK

Interesting.

THOMPSON

He worked for the infamous Hayden Johansson. That ought to tell you something.

REMICK

I guess I have my hands full.

Thompson stands, condescending smile on her face, and moves toward the door.

THOMPSON

Good luck. Tell me how it goes.

INT. OFFICE OF DOM GAGLIANO - DAY

Gagliano sits with two of his colleagues, Dr. BENNIE FRANCO, PhD, and DONNIE DAVIS, discussing current plans to increase international surveillance.

GAGLIANO

I don't have much time. I have to go see the director.

He throws a folder over to each one.

GAGLIANO (CONT'D)

We need to get above the curve on this stuff. I don't think we're getting much help from the FBI.

He reviews his paperwork.

GAGLIANO (CONT'D)

We have a few potential leads on terrorists in Germany and Italy. They may be planning attacks on American bases over there.

FRANCO

Do they have connections here?

GAGLIANO

It's all in your folders, but I don't think it's totally accurate.

DAVIS

Okay, we'll look over the data and get back to you.

Davis and Franco walk toward the door, practically bumping into Cupano as he enters. Cupano closes the door and casually takes a seat.

GAGLIANO
I want your opinion on something.

CUPANO
I'm listening.

GAGLIANO
I'm thinking of standing up a
private committee only comprised by
selected members.

CUPANO
What for?

GAGLIANO
To honestly evaluate what dangers
we face today.

Cupano gets a funny look on his face.

CUPANO
Sanctioned by our Director.
Correct?

GAGLIANO
No, it will be for our eyes and
ears only.

CUPANO
Is that wise?

GAGLIANO
It's best he doesn't know.

CUPANO
Could prove to be difficult.

GAGLIANO
Think this over. We'll talk about
it next week. I want to get
started.

CUPANO
(contrived smile)
Let me know when you want to meet.

INT. DUFFY'S BAR - ALEXANDRIA VIRGINIA - NIGHT

Remick and Benedict sit at a small table at the rear of the premises. They enjoy local beer and bar food.

BENEDICT

I know we're here for the beer, but you obviously have something on your mind.

REMICK

I'm going over to see Gagliano.

BENEDICT

(smiles)
My condolences.

REMICK

What the hell is it with this guy?

Benedict takes a swig of his beer.

BENEDICT

He's a fucking asshole. Besides, he's a dinosaur and lives in the past.

REMICK

Unfortunately, he's our counterpart and we have to deal with him.

BENEDICT

(laughs)
You have to deal with him.

REMICK

Thompson told me he was in the agency when Kennedy was assassinated.

BENEDICT

Yeah, I told you he was ancient.

He drinks down his beer.

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

Gagliano seems to want to let us do all the work, but wants to know all the details.

REMICK

Maybe I should just lay down the ground rules.

BENEDICT

Wear a hidden camera so I can see his reaction.

That gets a laugh from Remick.

INT. OFFICE OF DOM GAGLIANO - DAY

The next morning, Remick is ushered into the office by Gagliano's secretary. Remick sits on a chair directly positioned in front of Gagliano.

GAGLIANO
(sarcastic)
I guess you were too busy last time.

REMICK
Intelligence is a tough business.

Gagliano stares at Remick while he adjusts his tie and clears his throat.

GAGLIANO
We're blind-sided everyday by terrorist reports. Stopping them before they act is not easy.

REMICK
I think we're doing a pretty good job.

GAGLIANO
Where the hell is Aswan Kofer?

Remick gets a slight smirk on his face.

REMICK
I thought you would have a better handle on that.

GAGLIANO
There are indications he's distancing himself from ISIS and starting his own terrorist group.

REMICK
But you don't know where he is?

GAGLIANO
(angry tone)
I wouldn't have asked if I knew.

Gagliano stairs at the ceiling for a moment in thought.

GAGLIANO (CONT'D)
Our president apparently doesn't care enough to want to eradicate the threat.

REMICK

That's not true and you know it.
Look, we need to learn to work
together better. Intelligence
gathering is a two-way street.

GAGLIANO

If you're insinuating I'm choosing
to go down a one-way street, you're
out of line. But, if I want
information, you need to provide it
to me.

Gagliano stands and adjusts his suit jacket.

GAGLIANO (CONT'D)

I think we've done for today.

Remick slowly walks toward the door.

REMICK

Thanks for your time. It was very
counterproductive.

He smiles and walks out the door.

**INT. BASEMENT SENSITIVE COMPARTMENTED INFORMATION FACILITY
(SCIF) - CIA HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT**

That night, Gagliano sits in a large chair at the end of a
long oak table reviewing a huge file. He waits for his staff
to arrive.

Moments later, Cupano, Franco, and Davis file in and get
seated.

GAGLIANO

I know it's late, but I wanted to
discuss an important issue with
you.

Gagliano canvases the room before he continues.

GAGLIANO (CONT'D)

This information is way above top
secret and is nothing less than
controversial. So, if you want to
leave, I understand.

Franco and Davis look at each other and shrug their
shoulders.

GAGLIANO (CONT'D)

When I first joined the CIA, I was assigned to Staff D and worked for the legendary Hayden Johansson. I wasn't sure I wanted to be an assassin, but that quickly changed. I reveled in the fact I could eliminate threats to our country.

DAVIS

I can't imagine what that was like.

GAGLIANO

It made me proud to be an American.

Gagliano seems to go into a trance as he glances down at the file folder on the desk.

FLASHBACK:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - OLD CIA BASEMENT - NIGHT (1962)

Johansson walks into the room with Gagliano. They both take a seat. Two members, TOMMIE BEISLER and DONNIE GREENHAWK are already there. He lights a cigarette, and blows smoke in the air.

JOHANSSON

Gentlemen, I want to introduce Dom Gagliano.

They nod at each other in unison.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

He's younger than you, but he has extraordinary skills as a marksman.

BEISLER

Where you from?

GAGLIANO

New York.

GREENHAWK

Where did you learn to shoot?

GAGLIANO

I've been shooting since I was a little kid.

Gagliano's demeanor suggests he's not happy with the line of questioning.

JOHANSSON

There will be time to get to know Dom. Tonight I want to concentrate on planning an assassination. I consider our team to be the police force that ensures the United States retains a moral compass. Therefore, we must be cognizant of violators in our midst.

GAGLIANO

What the hell does that mean?

JOHANSSON

There are government officials in America who are destroying our way of life.

GAGLIANO

I thought you guys only assassinated foreign threats.

JOHANSSON

We do, but sometimes there is a need to do more.

GREENHAWK

You know, you can leave if you don't understand what he's saying.

GAGLIANO

I get it. I get it. So who in the hell are we going to assassinate?

Johansson looks directly at Gagliano with a sense of conviction.

JOHANSSON

The President of the United States.

GAGLIANO

What the hell! Are you crazy?

Johansson collects his thoughts before continuing.

JOHANSSON

It will require extensive planning, and the execution will have to be perfect and not in any way attributed to us.

Johansson looks around the table.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

No one else in the CIA can know about this.

GAGLIANO

Do you really think you can get away with it?

BEISLER

We have a few assassinations under our belt.

Greenhawk glances over at Beisler before he addresses Gagliano.

GREENHAWK

We know what we're doing.

JOHANSSON

This will probably take a year to pull off. I have plan I will share with you next meeting.

Johansson motions the meeting is over. Beisler and Greenhawk depart and Gagliano remains.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

I want you to be part of this team, but if you have any reservations, the Mafia wouldn't mind having you back.

GAGLIANO

No, I think I'll stick around. I want to watch you guys try to do the impossible.

Johansson walks Gagliano out of the room.

RETURN TO PRESENT

INT. OFFICE OF LANCE REMICK - DAY

Remick is reading a memo when his appointment, BRANDON YATES, arrives.

Remick motions for Yates to join him.

REMICK

My staff tells me you're coming over from the CIA.

YATES
I needed to make a change.

REMICK
What was the problem?

YATES
I worked for Dom Gagliano.

Remick smiles, but doesn't respond.

YATES (CONT'D)
He's hell to work for and says
he'll never retire.

REMICK
How old is he?

Yates appears reluctant to answer; trying to relax in his chair.

YATES
I think he's 74, but I'm not sure.

REMICK
That's not unusual these days. Did
you work with Everett Cupano?

YATES
Yes, he's a decent guy. Why?

REMICK
Just curious, I'm glad you're here.
We can use your help.

YATES
I understand you are working some
pretty interesting cases.

Remick hands Yates a folder.

REMICK
Look these through. They're the
cases we're pursuing. I need to go
see John Benedict. Have you met him
yet?

YATES
No.

REMICK
I'll introduce him to you.

Remick and Yates walk out of the office and down the hall.

**INT. BASEMENT SENSITIVE COMPARTMENTED INFORMATION FACILITY
(SCIF) - CIA HEADQUATERS - NIGHT**

A couple of days later, Gagliano sits by himself, reviewing a file. He pushes it aside when he hears voices.

The members file and take a seat. There is total silence for a few moments.

Gagliano looks up and smiles before he speaks.

GAGLIANO

In 1963, Hayden Johansson gave me
an assignment that I accepted
without giving it a second thought.

Gagliano glances down at the table for a moment.

GAGLIANO (CONT'D)

I'm the assassin who took out the
President.

They all look at one another. The initial silence was broken by Franco.

FRANCO

I never believed it was Oswald, but
the CIA?

GAGLIANO

Hayden Johansson was the
mastermind. I was just the tool.

DAVIS

How in the hell did you get away
with it?

GAGLIANO

(grins)

Today, we have a president who is
out of touch with the mounting
dangers in the world. We must
address this before it gets out of
hand.

FRANCO

(reluctant)

You're not suggesting we try to
assassinate the president, are you?

GAGLIANO

It's worth a discussion.

DAVIS

It's ludicrous to think that could happen today.

Gagliano doesn't respond, but looks over at Cupano who appears to be in thought.

CUPANO

Thinking about it is easy. Doing it is a horse of a different color.

GAGLIANO

We'll meet again in a week or so. If this isn't your cup of tea, I wouldn't show up next time.

They all look at each other and grin, but don't say anything.

INT. O'DOUL'S RESTURANT - GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

Remick wanders over to GINA HARVEY's table holding a beer and takes a seat. His girlfriend's already eating.

GINA

I thought you weren't coming.

REMICK

So did I.

GINA

Busy catching unruly criminals?

REMICK

No, that's what your brother does. I'm looking for misguided people we call terrorists.

GINA

(smiles)

I take it you're not hungry.

Remick sips his beer and glances around.

GINA (CONT'D)

You seem out of sorts tonight.

REMICK

Just tired; I got a lot going on, so I really can't stay.

GINA

We should take a vacation.

REMICK
I thought division chiefs can't go
on vacation.

Gina takes a sip of her wine and sports a coquettish grin.

GINA
We can slip away every once and a
while.

REMICK
I wish I was so lucky.

Remick finishes his beer, and puts it down on the table.

REMICK (CONT'D)
Look, I'm sorry about tonight. I'll
make it up to you.

GINA
You better.

They sit and glare at each other.

INT. OFFICE OF LANCE REMICK - DAY

Several days later, in the early afternoon, Yates knocks on Remick's door. He's given the high sign to come in.

REMICK
Did we have a meeting?

YATES
No, but I need to talk to you.

REMICK
What about?

YATES
I was approached by a recruiter at
the CIA. They want me to come back.

Remick's cynical smile suggests he's not happy with Yates' comments.

REMICK
You just started working here. Is
there a problem?

YATES
I appreciate being hired here, but
I think, perhaps, I'd be better
suited working as an CIA agent.

REMICK
Why is that the case?

YATES
More experience.

REMICK
If you go, who are you going to
work for?

YATES
The recruiter didn't say.

REMICK
The FBI spent a lot of time trying
to hire you. I can't stop you from
doing what you want.

Remick stares at Yates a moment before he continues.

REMICK (CONT'D)
Once you go, I wouldn't plan on
returning.

YATES
(frowns)
I'll let you know soon.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK - VIRGINIA - DAY

On a bright Saturday morning, Yates walks along a small trail adjacent to the road with Franco discussing a subject of utmost importance.

FRANCO
We haven't talked in a while. Are
you leaving the FBI and coming back
over to our side?

YATES
That's my intention. I talked to
Remick the other day. He's not
happy.

FRANCO
You expected something different?

YATES
I don't know. He's hard to read.

Franco stops and gazes over the horizon, as the light morning fog dissipates.

FRANCO

Do you still have adverse feelings
for our president?

YATES

Of course. Why?

FRANCO

You're not in the minority. You
know that.

YATES

He's not doing us any favors.

FRANCO

Listen, we've formed a committee to
look into the president's
intentions and possible outcomes.
Would you be interested?

Yates appears distracted for a moment. He stands toe-to-toe
with Franco.

YATES

Let me be clear. I don't want to
work for Gagliano again.

Franco's grin is somewhat sarcastic.

FRANCO

Maybe you should stay where you
are. It could work to our
advantage.

YATES

Really?

FRANCO

Yeah.

Franco pats Yates on the back and laughs.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

But Gagliano isn't that bad.

They turn and walk back along the trail.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - CIA - DAY

Gagliano and Franco sit in a cramped space in a tiny room
meant for private conversations.

FRANCO

I talked to Yates the other day.
You know, he doesn't like you.

GAGLIANO

What's new?

FRANCO

I told him to stay where he is. I
think we may be able to use him.

GAGLIANO

How so?

FRANCO

To control Remick. It's not a
secret he would like nothing better
than to snoop around in our
business.

GAGLIANO

He better keep his distance.

FRANCO

I think we should invite Yates to
our basement meetings.

Gagliano laughs a bit before he responds.

GAGLIANO

I'm not sure he would come.
Besides, why would we do that?

FRANCO

He hates the president more than
you do.

This brings a smile to Gagliano's face.

GAGLIANO

Maybe we can tolerate each other
until we figure out how to deal
with the president.

**INT. BASEMENT SENSITIVE COMPARTMENTED INFORMATION FACILITY
(SCIF) - CIA HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT**

In the early evening, Cupano, Franco, and Davis wait for
Gagliano to arrive. Gagliano, large folder under his arm, and
Yates walk in and join them.

GAGLIANO

You guys remember Brandon Yates,
now working for the FBI. He agreed
to join us tonight.

Gagliano canvases the group for their reaction.

GAGLIANO (CONT'D)

Last meeting, we set the agenda.
Now, we must decide how to proceed.

CUPANO

This will never work unless we get
Secret Service on our side.

YATES

(reluctant)

What do you need the Secret Service
for?

GAGLIANO

For national security reasons, we
have decided to eliminate the
President of the United States.

YATES

You know that's impossible.

GAGLIANO

It's been done before.

Yates sits back and smiles.

YATES

So you're saying the CIA killed
Kennedy?

GAGLIANO

Yes.

YATES

How do you know that for sure?

All eyes are on Gagliano.

GAGLIANO

Because I killed him.

FRANCO

Forget all preconceived notions.
Oswald was just a pawn in a
challenging operation.

YATES

It's hard to believe you pulled that off, but today's different.

CUPANO

We're aware of that.

Cupano glares at Yates.

CUPANO (CONT'D)

What we need is a contact in the Secret Service. I have just the one: a friend of mine I've known for years.

Yates sits up and leans forward toward Cupano.

YATES

So, unless your friend is disgruntled about something, I find it hard to believe he'll want to be involved.

CUPANO

Let me worry about it.

GAGLIANO

I want to do this in the states somewhere, so we'll need to know his schedule for the next six months to a year.

FRANCO

If we're going to do this, we need to figure out who the shooter will be, and a plan to protect him.

GAGLIANO

We'll work on that next time.

The group files out; leaving Gagliano there staring at the large folder.

FLASHBACK:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - OLD CIA BASEMENT - NIGHT (1962)

The team members meet on a Friday night. Johansson lights a cigarette and blows the smoke in the air.

JOHANSSON

I've been busy lately, but I have a bit to share.

GREENHAWK

Are you still thinking about
assassinating the president?

JOHANSSON

Do you have second thoughts?

GREENHAWK

I wouldn't be here if I did.

JOHANSSON

One of the first things to do is
get as much inside information on
Kennedy's routine and travel
schedule.

Gagliano sports a cynical grin.

GAGLIANO

How are we going to do that?

JOHANSSON

A trusted colleague has a very
close friend who is a Secret
Service agent and is high up in the
chain.

BEISLER

You mean pick his brains because
the more people we get involved,
the odds are someone will spill the
beans.

JOHANSSON

I understand, but I haven't talked
to him yet, so I don't know how
this will play out.

GREENHAWK

Who do you expect to pull the
trigger? Are we going to draw
straws?

Johansson throws Greenhawk a dirty look.

GAGLIANO

(smiles)

Maybe we should hold a competition.

Greenhawk and Beisler look at each other and they're not
smiling.

JOHANSSON

We're getting ahead of ourselves.
We need to find a patsy and that
will take time.

GAGLIANO

Why would we do that?

JOHANSSON

Cast blame on someone the
authorities will believe committed
the murder.

BEISLER

Sounds reasonable. Do you have
someone in mind?

JOHANSSON

Not today, but I want you guys to
do target practice in your spare
time.

The team starts to file out of the dungeon while Johansson
sits back and lights another cigarette.

RETURN TO PRESENT

EXT. GAGLIANO'S FARMHOUSE - THE PLAINS VIRGINIA - DAY

On a sunny Saturday afternoon, Gagliano and Cupano stand in a
vast field engaged in target practice. They are firing at
full sized targets 200 meters away.

GAGLIANO

You seem to have improved.

CUPANO

(grins)

I just don't get enough practice.

GAGLIANO

It's a discipline like anything
else.

(canvases the area)

Let's take a walk.

They wander down a small path close to flower gardens.

CUPANO

This is a beautiful estate. How
long have you lived here?

GAGLIANO

Let's just say it suits me well.

CUPANO

At least it gets you away from the Beltway.

GAGLIANO

You can think more clearly out here. That's for sure.

Cupano gazes around and smiles.

GAGLIANO (CONT'D)

I have to be honest with you... I'm concerned with the current administration. I think we're stuck in reverse.

CUPANO

That's an interesting way to put it.

GAGLIANO

I'm serious. I think we're reverting back to the sixties. You remember the Cold War, don't you?

They sit on a small bench.

CUPANO

Yeah, but I was very young at the time.

GAGLIANO

My mentor, Hayden Johansson, believed events had to be controlled if they got out of hand. Threats to national security had to be eliminated.

Cupano doesn't respond at first; stares straight ahead.

CUPANO

We live in a different world today.

GAGLIANO

Who's our legal representative?

CUPANO

Joan Reston. Why?

GAGLIANO

I want to talk to her. Can you set up a meeting?

CUPANO

Sure, but she's got a reputation of being hard-nosed.

GAGLIANO

(smiles)

Too bad she'll have to measure up to my standards.

They stop and both laugh as they gaze at the mountains in the distance.

INT. COVERED DECK - REMICK'S HOME - FAIRFAX VIRGINIA - NIGHT

On a Friday night, Remick drinks a shot of Bourbon and smokes a cigar while he waits for Gina to come home. Several candles burn brightly. She walks in with a glass of wine and joins him.

GINA

You look depressed.

REMICK

Wiped out, I guess.

GINA

I know you're concerned about your brother.

REMICK

I need to go see him.

GINA

You keep putting it off.

Remick drinks down his Bourbon and pours another.

REMICK

We had a rough childhood. I guess it affected Jimmy more than me.

He takes a swig of his drink.

REMICK (CONT'D)

Look, this is hard to talk about. My father killed my mother and Jimmy witnessed it.

GINA

When?

REMICK

When we were teens. I wasn't there that night. I've regretted it ever since.

He drinks more Bourbon.

REMICK (CONT'D)

Maybe I could have done something.

Gina moves over to Remick and puts her arm around him.

GINA

You never told me.

REMICK

I don't like to think about it.

GINA

What happened to your father?

REMICK

He's in prison in upstate New York.

Gina hugs him while he pours another Bourbon.

INT. OFFICE OF LANCE REMICK - DAY

In the late morning, Yates shows up for an unscheduled meeting.

YATES

You wanted to see me?

REMICK

Shut the door.

Yates reluctantly closes the door and sits.

REMICK (CONT'D)

Have you decided what you want to do?

Yates' demeanor appears sheepish.

YATES

Remain here. Not sure the CIA did me any favors.

REMICK
I understand you've been spending
time over there.

YATES
Visiting old friends.

Remick glares at Yates a moment before he continues.

REMICK
Did you make contact with Dom
Gagliano?

YATES
No, why?

REMICK
Just curious. He's the reason you
left. Correct?

YATES
Look, after some thought, I think
the FBI is a better fit for me. I'm
not concerned about Gagliano.

Remick grins, as Yates walks toward the door.

REMICK
Good, I've got a job for you.

EXT. SIDE STREET ADJACENT TO BOSTON COLLEGE - DAY

Benedict and Yates stand on the corner of a side street
facing the entrance to the Boston College Arts Center.

YATES
What are we going to do when we
locate him?

BENEDICT
He doesn't own a car so if he
doesn't get a cab, we'll follow
him.

YATES
We'll get a cab if we need one.

BENEDICT
(smirks)
That never works out.

JOHNNIE LOSTRAD walks out of the arts center and begins to
walk down the street in the opposite direction.

They follow him. He comes to a local bar and enters. Benedict and Yates follow him in.

INT. WILEY'S IRISH PUB - NEXT TO BOSTON COLLEGE - DAY

Lostrad sits at the bar. Benedict and Yates go over and sit next to him. Benedict puts his FBI badge on the bar so Lostrad can plainly see it.

BENEDICT

We just want to ask you a few questions.

LOSTRAD

Sure, what do you want to know?

BENEDICT

More than we can discuss here, but we understand you've been associating with individuals who have terrorist ties.

LOSTRAD

Is that a crime? I guess you know about freedom of speech. This is a liberal institution.

BENEDICT

It might well be, but you spend a great deal of time in Washington and Northern Virginia.

Lostrad gulps some beer and then laughs.

LOSTRAD

Yes, guilty, I have friends there. I suppose you know that since you're probably tapping my cell phone.

BENEDICT

I don't give a rat's ass about your cell phone. We believe you're playing with fire. If you're involved in terrorism, we'll find out.

LOSTRAD

Just for the record, I'm a civil protestor, not a terrorist. I wouldn't confuse the two.

YATES

You have been seen with suspected terrorists.

LOSTRAD

I'm not aware of that. You guys need to back off.

BENEDICT

Are you willing to come in to FBI Headquarters and be interviewed?

Lostrad finishes his beer.

LOSTRAD

I have nothing to hide.

YATES

Do you know Hadj Madoor?

LOSTRAD

Who?

BENEDICT

Madoor. I think you visited him in Herndon Virginia.

LOSTRAD

I don't know who you're talking about. Excuse me; I have things to do.

Lostrad departs quickly.

YATES

He's a piece of work.

BENEDICT

Don't worry, we'll nail him.

INT. OFFICE OF LANCE REMICK - DAY

Remick walks into his office and sees Benedict sitting there, and takes a seat.

REMICK

How's our Boston terrorist?

BENEDICT

Says he's a civil protestor.

REMICK

Did you tell him our assessment?

BENEDICT
He's in denial. We should step up
our investigation.

REMICK
Let's reengage when he comes to
D.C. again. Shut the door, I want
to talk to you about something.

Benedict quickly closes the door.

BENEDICT
What is it?

REMICK
What do you think about Karen
Thompson?

BENEDICT
The lawyer? She's pretty matter of
fact.

REMICK
I know she's all about the law, but
she seems very liberal to me.

BENEDICT
I guess. Why?

Remick stands and adjusts his tie. He starts for the door.

REMICK
I just don't want interference with
our trying to find terrorists.

BENEDICT
I wouldn't worry about it. We are
in our right to pursue these guys.

REMICK
I suppose. I gotta run.

Benedict follows him out the door.

INT. OFFICE OF DOM GAGLIANO - DAY

Gagliano's secretary, KELSY, opens his door and announces his
guest, JOAN RESTON.

KELSY
Sir, Ms. Reston is here to see you.

GAGLIANO

Show her in.

Reston enters with confidence and rather dramatically sits in a chair across from Gagliano.

RESTON

I understand you wanted to discuss a legal matter.

GAGLIANO

I want to discuss terrorist assassination policy.

RESTON

We don't call it assassination any more. We call it targeted killing, and I presume you mean killing high rollers by air strike.

GAGLIANO

What if the terrorist is an American citizen?

RESTON

We don't kill American citizens even if they are terrorists.

GAGLIANO

But it has happened before.

RESTON

Unfortunately it has, but we can't control local police departments. I'm talking about CIA policy.

GAGLIANO

What if someone in the government goes rogue?

Reston appears perplexed and adjusts her posture.

RESTON

Why are you concerned? Is there someone you're looking at?

GAGLIANO

Not currently; I just wanted to clarify policy.

RESTON

If you identify someone, I need to know about it. Is there anything else?

GAGLIANO

Would you like to discuss this further over dinner?

RESTON

I don't know how much we can discuss, but if it's just a dinner date and nothing more, I'll think about it.

GAGLIANO

Good, I'll give you a call.

She quickly walks out of the office while he sits back with a giant smile on his face.

EXT. CITY PARK IN ALEXANDRIA VIRGINIA - DAY

On an overcast afternoon, Remick and his girlfriend stroll along a path accented by two small flower gardens.

GINA

We need to come here more often.

REMICK

It's hard to get time off.

GINA

Well, I can't disagree with you there.

REMICK

Listen, do you know Dom Gagliano?

GINA

No, I work in a completely separate department, but I know of his reputation. Why?

REMICK

We're working some cases together. He seems somewhat obstinate to me.

GINA

He's apparently ill-tempered, argumentative, and aloof, so I guess you're right.

Remick looks away for a moment, surveilling the area.

REMICK

I'm trying to conduct business with one of his deputies, Everett Cupano, so I don't have to put up with him.

GINA

I've met Cupano. He appears to be the exact opposite of Gagliano.

REMICK

Good, there's something about Gagliano I can't put my finger on.

GINA

What?

REMICK

(laughs)
I just said I don't know.

Remick stops and takes Gina by the arms.

REMICK (CONT'D)

Let's go home. I'll make dinner.

GINA

Okay.

They keep walking toward the exit.

INT. OFFICE OF LANCE REMICK - DAY

On Monday morning, Remick is conversing with Benedict about current events. Remick has his hands around a large cup of coffee.

BENEDICT

What do you know about the whereabouts of Aswan Kofer?

REMICK

(smirks)
He's an ISIS leader who's difficult to catch.

BENEDICT

According to Gagliano; he can't be found.

Remick sits back and slowly sips his coffee.

BENEDICT (CONT'D)
Gagliano thinks he's definitely in
the States.

REMICK
How does he know?

BENEDICT
I think it's a premonition.

REMICK
That doesn't do us any good.

BENEDICT
I'm more concerned about Lostrad up
in Boston.

REMICK
If he wants us to try to track
Kofer down, we need more
information.

BENEDICT
By the way, I talked to a former
colleague the other day who was a
CIA operative.

Remick takes a long sip of his coffee.

REMICK
About what?

BENEDICT
Terrorists' operations and culture.
That type of thing.

REMICK
(cynical laugh)
Maybe he knows where Kofer is.

BENEDICT
I doubt it.

REMICK
Let me know what you find out.

BENEDICT
I talked to Karen Thompson
yesterday. You need to go see her.

REMICK
You must be clairvoyant. That's
where I'm headed.

Benedict gets the hint, shakes his head, and walks out of the office.

INT. OFFICE OF KAREN THOMPSON - FBI LEGAL DEPARTMENT - DAY

Thompson is rearranging her desk when Remick enters.

THOMPSON
I need to get organized.

Thompson looks askance at Remick.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
Do you have this problem?

REMICK
Not really, but I'm not a lawyer.

THOMPSON
(smiles)
Nothing like a sense of humor.

REMICK
Are there legal issues we need to discuss?

THOMPSON
Yes, why else would I call you?

REMICK
What's the matter?

Remick casually takes a seat.

THOMPSON
We recently received a call from a lawyer who represents Johnnie Lostrad. Do you know who I'm talking about?

REMICK
Yes, what's the problem?

THOMPSON
Lostrad claims he's being harassed by FBI agents saying he's a supposed terrorist.

Remick stares at her before he responds.

REMICK
We don't operate that way.

THOMPSON

You're sure?

REMICK

Yes, I'm sure. Look, we have suspicion he's either aiding and abetting ISIS or he, at least, is fueling the fire.

THOMPSON

He's an American citizen who has rights.

REMICK

I don't disagree, but ISIS sympathizers are becoming more prevalent here.

THOMPSON

They're all innocent until proven guilty.

REMICK

You've made your point. I need to go meet with a colleague.

Remick abruptly walks out of the office.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK - VIRGINIA - DAY

Yates and Cupano walk along the road on a bright Sunday morning.

CUPANO

Franco says you're staying with the FBI.

YATES

I talked to Remick the other day. He seemed relieved, but he's really concerned about Gagliano.

CUPANO

They don't get along. You'll have to keep an eye on Remick. He could be our Achilles heal.

Yates looks around for signs of others lurking in the area.

YATES

Do you really think we can get away with eliminating the president?

CUPANO
It'll take a lot of planning.

YATES
Who's the trigger man?

CUPANO
Not decided yet.

YATES
Maybe we should contract it out and deal with the killer after he's done.

CUPANO
Something to think about, but it could create more problems than it's worth.

Cupano motions for them to turn around.

CUPANO (CONT'D)
We probably should get going.

**INT. BASEMENT SENSITIVE COMPARTMENTED INFORMATION FACILITY
(SCIF) - CIA HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT**

The assassination team meets again. Gagliano wastes no time getting to the meat of the matter.

GAGLIANO
We have the president's travel schedule for the next six months. His last stop is Dallas.

YATES
Isn't that too obvious of a place to attempt an assassination?

GAGLIANO
It should work to our advantage for that very reason.

FRANCO
What's he going to do in Dallas?

Gagliano looks down at paperwork on his desk.

GAGLIANO
Looks like he's there to campaign for a candidate for senate.

CUPANO

According to my source, the president may want to do a tribute motorcade through the city.

DAVIS

Does that make any sense?

CUPANO

No, but it's worth looking into.

FRANCO

Who will pull the trigger?

Cupano grins and glances over at Yates.

CUPANO

Yates seems to feel we should contract out, then eliminate the killer.

GAGLIANO

That was the plan last time and it worked out fine.

CUPANO

Once we get closer to the date, I'll be able to find out exact details of his visit.

GAGLIANO

We're on the right track.

Once again, the members file out of the room. Gagliano thumbs through the folder and thinks back.

FLASHBACK:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - OLD CIA BASEMENT - NIGHT (1962)

Johansson's team meets on a Friday night.

JOHANSSON

In front of you are two folders. They're possible candidates to use as a patsy.

The members begin looking through the folders.

BEISLER

How do we know whether we can trust these guys?

JOHANSSON

We don't. We need to visit them.

GAGLIANO

Either one of these guys could get caught after the assassination and blab to the police. What are we going to do then?

JOHANSSON

We make sure he doesn't get caught.

BEISLER

How do we do that?

JOHANSSON

We get him out of the country.

GREENHAWK

But he still could talk.

Beisler shakes his head and laughs.

BEISLER

Not good planning.

JOHANSSON

You didn't let me finish. We make sure that never happens.

GAGLIANO

I get it. We kill him off.

JOHANSSON

I knew I hired you for a reason.

Johansson reviews one of the folders.

JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

I want you and Greenhawk to visit this guy Binns in Arkansas. You need to go as soon as possible. I'll take care of the details.

BEISLER

What about the other guy?

Beisler looks at the second folder.

BEISLER (CONT'D)

Looks like his name is Oswald.

JOHANSSON

We'll worry about him later.

Johansson gets up and departs without saying another word.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - PINE BLUFF ARKANSAS - DAY

Beisler and Gagliano drive up a long dirt road to an old farmhouse. They park, exit the car and walk up to the front door. They are greeted by an OLD MAN.

OLD MAN
Can I help you?

BEISLER
Yes, we're looking for Larry Binns.

OLD MAN
Who's asking?

BEISLER
We work for the government.

The old man stands back with a smirk on his face.

OLD MAN
What's he done?

BEISLER
Nothing, we just want to talk to him.

OLD MAN
He's out back by the barn.

The old man closes the door.

BARN YARD - DAY

They walk around to see LARRY BINNS feeding pigs.

BINNS
Who are you?

BEISLER
We represent a government agency.
We just want to talk to you.

BINNS
What the hell for?

GAGLIANO
We understand you're a decorated marksman.

Binns stands tall and grins.

BINNS

If you say so.

(points)

There's my baby over there by the fence.

GAGLIANO

How often do you shoot?

BINNS

Just about every day. My targets are in the back of the barn. Want to see me nail a few?

BEISLER

Sure.

They move around the corner. Binns positions himself and fires at least 100 yards away. He hits a bull's-eye every shot.

BINNS

See, nothing to it. Look, I'm not sure who you guys really are, but I have work to do.

BEISLER

If we contact you in the future and ask you if you want to work for the government, what would you say?

BINNS

I would say you're fucking crazy.

Beisler looks over at Gagliano.

BEISLER

Thanks for your time.

They begin to walk away and Gagliano turns around.

GAGLIANO

Is your nickname really Looney?

BINNS

Looney Binns. That's me.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - OLD CIA BASEMENT - NIGHT

On Friday night, another team meeting is in session and Johansson is adamant they can pull off the assassination. He throws one folder to each member.

JOHANSSON

How was your meeting with Binns?

BEISLER

(laughs)

I don't think he's our guy: too much of a country boy.

JOHANSSON

I may have a better choice. He's a defector who just returned from Russia.

Beisler opens the folder.

BEISLER

Lee Harvey Oswald.

JOHANSSON

It's not confirmed yet, but I think he lives in the Dallas area.

GREENHAWK

Why is he a better choice?

JOHANSSON

He's a Marxist with no allegiance to Kennedy. In short, he would be more believable as an assassin.

GAGLIANO

How are his shooting skills?

JOHANSSON

I don't know. We should probably pay him a visit.

GAGLIANO

When?

JOHANSSON

Very soon. By the way, I'll soon meet with a Secret Service agent about current protection policies.

BEISLER

It's good to know we're using common sense.

GAGLIANO
So, which one of us is going to
pull the trigger?

JOHANSSON
It's too early to tell.
(smiles)
I'll figure it out.

He gets up and departs.

RETURN TO PRESENT

INT. OFFICE OF LANCE REMICK - DAY

Remick sits in his office, reading a book, waiting for an old friend, JOHN ROCK, and FBI profiler to arrive. Rock, a middle-aged agent, short, dark brown hair and black rimmed glasses, walks in and takes a seat.

REMICK
You need to come around more often.

ROCK
Yeah, if I could find the time.

REMICK
You said on the phone you had
something important to discuss.

ROCK
Brandon Yates works for you.
Correct?

Remick adjusts his position in his chair; leaning forward.

REMICK
Yes, why?

ROCK
He spends quite a bit of time over
at the CIA.

REMICK
He used to work there and still has
friends there.

ROCK
My understanding is he was there
recently at a night-time meeting
with Dom Gagliano.

REMICK
What about?

ROCK
(laughs)
I don't know, but don't you think
that's odd?

Remick stands and paces behind his desk; not saying anything.

ROCK (CONT'D)
If I'm not mistaken, I believe
you're being spied on.

Remick stops with a look of apprehension on his face.

REMICK
I'll look into it.

ROCK
Let's have a drink every once in a
while.

Rock pats Remick on the shoulder and departs.

**INT. RECEPTION LOBBY - NORTHEAST HALFWAY HOUSE - WASHINGTON
D.C. - DAY**

Remick walks into the small lobby and approaches the
RECEPTIONIST and pulls out some identification.

REMICK
I'm here to see Jimmy Remick.

RECEPTIONIST
Are you a relative?

Remick shows his FBI badge to the receptionist.

REMICK
He's my brother.

RECEPTIONIST
He's in room 25.

Remick smiles and walks away.

ROOM 25 - DAY

Remick opens the door to a shabby, sparse, cell-like room and
sees JIMMY on his bed sitting against the wall. His demeanor
is one of depression.

REMICK
Are you not feeling well?

JIMMY
What are you doing here?

REMICK
Making sure you're okay.

JIMMY
I've been here six months and you
come here now and ask if I'm okay.

REMICK
Look, I'm sorry. I have a lot on my
plate.

Jimmy moves and sits at the corner of his bed.

JIMMY
Don't lie to me. You just don't
like the idea your bother is a drug
addict.

REMICK
It's a road I wish you hadn't gone
down.

JIMMY
I'm better now.

REMICK
I hope so.

Jimmy gets a look of anger on his face.

JIMMY
I remember dad always saying you
were on a fast track and I was
lying on the track.

REMICK
I don't think he meant it.

JIMMY
He meant it. He fucking killed our
mother or don't you remember?

REMICK
He's paying for it.

Jimmy scoots back and leans against the wall again.

JIMMY

I need to get some rest.

Remick heads to the door.

REMICK

When do you get released?

JIMMY

Who knows?

INT. DEVLIN'S RESTURANT - ALEXANDRIA VIRGINIA - NIGHT

Remick and his girlfriend sit in the rear at a table in the corner. They finish off their meals as they wind down from a long day.

GINA

So, you saw your brother the other day.

REMICK

Yeah, it didn't go so well.

GINA

You never thought it would. Right?

REMICK

I went anyway. He's my brother. He just got into the wrong crowd and that's it.

Gina smiles and sips her wine.

GINA

You said on the phone you had something you wanted to talk about.

REMICK

Someone told me they think Gagliano is spying on me for some reason.

GINA

Why would he do that?

Remick slowly sips his beer.

REMICK

Maybe you could find out.

GINA

I told you, I work in a completely different department.

REMICK
Talk to Cupano.

GINA
You're asking a lot.

REMICK
(grins)
I wouldn't ask if it wasn't
important.

Gina doesn't say anything. She just growls at Remick.

**EXT. SIDE STREET ADJACENT TO CONSTITUTION HALL - WASHINGTON
D.C. - NIGHT**

In the early evening, Yates follows two individuals; one assumed to be Lostrad. Yates gets close enough to call out his name.

YATES
Lostrad.

Lostrad turns around.

YATES (CONT'D)
Remember me?

LOSTRAD
Not really. What do you want?

YATES
I just want to talk to you.

Lostrad motions for his friend to keep walking.

LOSTRAD
Okay, what is it?

YATES
What are you doing in D.C.?

LOSTRAD
Going to a concert. Why do you
care?

Yates walks a little closer to Lostrad.

YATES
The FBI always cares about
suspected terrorists.

LOSTRAD

I'd be careful throwing around that terrorist label. It's liberals you really don't like.

YATES

We know who you are. We understand you're planning on holding rallies in Dallas in the very near future.

LOSTRAD

(laughs)

You shouldn't be concerned.

Yates steps closer to Lostrad.

YATES

We'll be watching you.

Lostrad laughs louder and walks away.

**INT. BASEMENT SENSITIVE COMPARTMENTED INFORMATION FACILITY
(SCIF) - CIA HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT**

Gagliano ceremoniously walks into the room, canvases the attendees, and takes a seat.

GAGLIANO

It's confirmed the president is planning a tribute motorcade through Dallas in November.

DAVIS

Is he following the same route as Kennedy?

CUPANO

It appears that way.

FRANCO

One of us needs to go to Dallas to get a lay of the land. I mean, the book depository is no longer an option.

Gagliano raises his voice an octave.

GAGLIANO

Make no mistake, this will only work if there is a distraction big enough to garner police and Secret Service attention.

YATES

Have you decided who the trigger man will be?

GAGLIANO

Cupano will take care of it.

YATES

We need a patsy. I know just the one.

FRANCO

Who?

YATES

Johnnie Lostrad will be in Dallas around the same time for a rally.

GAGLIANO

That's something to consider.

Gagliano sits straight in his chair and collects his thoughts.

GAGLIANO (CONT'D)

Franco, I want you to take a trip to Dallas and scout it out. Cupano, I want you to see what else you can find out from your Secret Service buddy. We'll meet in a week.

They depart; leaving Gagliano sitting at the table staring at the wall.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. CAMP STREET - NEW ORLEANS - DAY (1962)

Beisler and Gagliano drive along Camp Street looking for a detective agency. They locate it and park in front of the building.

INT. GUY BANNISTER'S PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY - DAY

Beisler and Gagliano enter the establishment. They notice an older lady, a SECRETARY, at the desk.

SECRETARY

Can I help you?

BEISLER

I'm sure we have the wrong address.
We're looking for Lee Oswald.

She glares at them for a moment.

SECRETARY

Lee, oh yes, he comes in here quite
a bit. Let me look up his home
address. I think it's right here.

She looks through a rolodex. She writes an address on a small
piece of paper, and hands it to Beisler.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

He lives at this address.

BEISLER

(smiles)
Thanks.

EXT. 4905 MAGAZINE STREET - DAY

They park in front of the house, get out of the car, and
observe for a few moments. They slowly walk up to the front
door and knock. A young woman with a Russian accent answers.
Her name is MARIA.

MARIA

We're not interested.

BEISLER

We're not here to sell you
anything. We're looking for Lee
Oswald.

MARIA

May I ask why? I'm his wife.

GAGLIANO

We just want to talk to him.

Maria squints her eyes, appearing apprehensive.

MARIA

Is there a problem?

BEISLER

No.

MARIA

He's out back. Go around to the side and through the fence. I'll meet you back there.

She shuts the door. They walk around back.

BACK PORCH

Maria is standing with LEE HARVEY OSWALD when the two CIA operatives turn the corner.

MARIA

These two men want to talk to you.

Oswald is sitting on a bench, cleaning a rifle. He glances at the two men.

OSWALD

Who are you? I didn't have a damn appointment with anybody.

BEISLER

We didn't make one. We're here from Washington D.C.

Oswald motions for Maria to go back in the house. She complies.

OSWALD

What are you, FBI?

Beisler flashes a fake FBI badge.

BEISLER

I understand you spent time in Russia.

OSWALD

Yeah, can't you tell? My wife's Russian.

GAGLIANO

What did you do while you were there?

Oswald continues to clean his rifle.

OSWALD

I worked like everyone else. I have to tell you, Communism isn't so bad.

BEISLER
Then why did you leave?

OSWALD
I was approached by the CIA.

Gagliano gets a confused look on his face.

GAGLIANO
Who approached you?

OSWALD
None of your business, but I now
work for them so you need to back
off.

Oswald appears to be getting ready to go into the house.
Beisler motions for him to remain seated.

BEISLER
What do you do for the CIA?

OSWALD
Undercover work.

BEISLER
What kind of undercover work?

OSWALD
(whispers)
I'm supposed to infiltrate the
Marxist League on the East Coast.

GAGLIANO
But you're a Marxist.

OSWALD
Those are my orders.

The agents sit across from Oswald on a rod iron bench.

BEISLER
What do you think about President
Kennedy?

OSWALD
All he wants to do is kill Castro.
He hates Communists and will do
anything to get rid of them.

GAGLIANO
I understand you were a marksman in
the Marines.

OSWALD

Yeah, why?

GAGLIANO

Not everyone is a marksman. Why do you visit Guy Bannister's agency?

Oswald stays quiet for a moment.

OSWALD

We're good friends.

BEISLER

Then you know he was an FBI agent.

OSWALD

No, I don't.

GAGLIANO

Were you hired by the CIA to be a marksman?

Oswald keeps cleaning his rifle with a smile on his face.

OSWALD

No, do they need one?

GAGLIANO

I don't know. Why are you cleaning that rifle?

OSWALD

It hasn't been fired in a while. I'm just passing time.

Beisler glances over at Gagliano and shakes his head.

BEISLER

Have a good day.

They depart while Oswald sneers at them.

RETURN TO PRESENT

EXT. CAPITAL MALL - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

On Saturday morning, Yates sits on a bench enjoying the morning sun. He's joined by another individual who continues to look straight ahead at the sights while he talks.

YATES

Do I know you?

ROCK
You seem to have quite a
reputation.

YATES
(abrupt)
What do you want?

ROCK
You spend more time with your
former employer than the FBI.

YATES
Who sent you? Remick?

ROCK
Perhaps you should decide where
your loyalties lie.

Yates' demeanor shows he's in total disbelief from Rock's
comment.

YATES
How dare you question my loyalty. I
decided to join the FBI because I
thought it's where I could do the
most good.

Rock stands and turns around before he departs.

ROCK
Then prove it. You don't work for
Gagliano any more.

Rock walks away. Yates doesn't respond, but has a look of
anger on his face.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DALLAS TEXAS - DAY

Franco and Davis stroll along the street heading for the Bank
of America Plaza Parking.

INT. SIX FLOOR - BANK OF AMERICA PLAZA PARKING - DAY

Franco and Davis walk up to one of the openings overlooking
Main Street. They look around to make sure they're alone.

DAVIS
This is a good vantage point.

FRANCO
It appears that way.

Franco walks around surveying the area.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

I'm concerned how the shooter is going to get away after he fires.

DAVIS

Maybe we should have a FBI van parked on another floor that he can use.

FRANCO

The Secret Service will screen this place and the garage will be closed to the public.

DAVIS

Maybe we can convince the Secret Service and the Dallas police there is a theorist threat at another location.

Franco pokes his head out of one of the openings.

FRANCO

Let's check out some other buildings.

They slowly walk to the elevator.

INT. OFFICE OF DOM GAGLIANO - DAY

Gagliano sits at his desk reading a recent terrorist report when Yates walks in and plops down in a chair.

GAGLIANO

(looking confused)

Does Remick know you're here?

YATES

I need to tell you something.

GAGLIANO

It could have waited until tomorrow night.

YATES

(unnerved)

I was approached by someone on the mall. He wanted to know why I spend so much time here instead of the FBI.

Gagliano moves his chair back and laughs.

YATES (CONT'D)
My guess is Remick put him up to
it.

GAGLIANO
Who was it?

YATES
I don't know.

Gagliano leans forward with a look of discomfort on his face.

GAGLIANO
So what you're really saying is
Remick's going to be a thorn in our
side.

YATES
It's possible.

GAGLIANO
Let's discuss it tomorrow night.

Yates nods his head and departs quickly.

**INT. PATIO AREA - NORTHEAST HALFWAY HOUSE - WASHINGTON D.C. -
DAY**

In the late afternoon, Remick walks over to where his brother
is sitting.

JIMMY
They say I'm leaving next week.

REMICK
Are you ready?

JIMMY
(sarcastic laugh)
I haven't a fucking clue.

Remick sits across from his brother.

REMICK
It's not easy out there. You know
that.

JIMMY
I don't think I have a choice.

REMICK
Maybe I can intervene.

JIMMY
Why would you do that? All of a sudden now, you're concerned?

REMICK
Look Jimmy, I know you've had a rough life.

Jimmy pounds his fist against the patio table.

JIMMY
Really? You think?

REMICK
If they're going to release you, maybe you could stay with me for a while.

JIMMY
Please stop it. You don't mean it. It won't work and you know it.

REMICK
I don't want you back on the streets.

Jimmy stands and starts to walk away. He then turns around and yells at his brother.

JIMMY
You should have thought about that years ago. You just don't want to be embarrassed of a brother like me.

Jimmy looks down at the ground and shakes his head.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Get the hell out of here.

INT. BASEMENT SENSITIVE COMPARTMENTED INFORMATION FACILITY (SCIF) - CIA HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The members file in, take a seat, and wait for Gagliano to arrive. Seconds later, he walks in, looks around at the group, and sits.

GAGLIANO
I understand we know the trigger location.

FRANCO

The parking garage will be fine as long as we can draw attention away from it.

CUPANO

I looked at it on line. We just need to figure out how I'm going to disappear.

DAVIS

They're other locations on Main Street that are promising. We'll have to sort it out.

Gagliano gets an agitated look on his face.

GAGLIANO

We're running out of time. We need to lock it down.

YATES

We have another problem. I think Lance Remick is monitoring my activities.

GAGLIANO

It's not a problem. Trust me.

YATES

But what if he-

Gagliano cuts him off.

GAGLIANO

I said it's not a problem.

FRANCO

We must keep in mind if we overplan, it could go south.

YATES

I have to believe the Dallas police and the Secret Service will be all over this.

FRANCO

That's why we have to create a distraction.

YATES

Remember, it looks like Lostrad will be there the same week.

Gagliano smiles and hesitates for a moment.

GAGLIANO

We need to keep him in our sights.

They all depart while Gagliano rests back in his chair and closes his eyes.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. VACANT PARKING LOT - WEST OF DALLAS - NIGHT (1963)

A car slowly drives into a vacant lot and stops. A man approaches from a short distance and gets into the car.

INT. INSIDE CAR - NIGHT

Johansson and Gagliano sit in front while Oswald sits in the back.

JOHANSSON

We may be here a while, so get comfortable.

OSWALD

(sarcastic smirk)

I don't have anywhere else to go.

JOHANSSON

We just need to ask a few questions. You recently went to Mexico. Why?

OSWALD

I was visiting a friend.

JOHANSSON

My understanding is you wanted to go to Cuba but couldn't get a visa.

Oswald appears nervous and clears his throat.

OSWALD

Why would I do that?

JOHANSSON

It's obvious you favor Communism.

OSWALD

(agitated)

What do you want?

JOHANSSON
Have you been called by your CIA
contact?

OSWALD
No.

JOHANSSON
We have a mission for you.

OSWALD
I only work for the CIA.

JOHANSSON
I understand. I also work for the
CIA.

Oswald looks askance at Johansson.

OSWALD
Can you prove it?

Johansson pulls out a badge and shows it to Oswald.

OSWALD (CONT'D)
(slight smile)
Okay, what do you want me to do?

JOHANSSON
We want you to assassinate
President Kennedy.

Oswald appears to want to exit the car.

OSWALD
What the hell for?

JOHANSSON
It's the right thing to do.
Gagliano here is going to help you.

OSWALD
I have a job here in Dallas and
can't miss work. I need to support
my wife and family.

GAGLIANO
He's coming to Dallas the end of
next month.

Oswald gets a look of disbelief on his face.

OSWALD

You really want me to assassinate Kennedy? Are you going to protect me after I do?

JOHANSSON

We will ensure your safety.

GAGLIANO

Where do you work?

Oswald appears uncomfortable as he responds.

OSWALD

The Book Depository in downtown Dallas.

JOHANSSON

As I understand it, the building has seven floors.

OSWALD

Yeah and I work on the six floor.

GAGLIANO

That's a good vantage point for a passing motorcade.

Oswald's voice is raised a few octaves.

OSWALD

How in the hell am I going to get out of there without getting caught?

JOHANSSON

We'll figure it out, but today we don't know where the motorcade will be going so this conversation is premature.

Oswald opens the door to get out.

OSWALD

You're going to pay me for this. Right?

JOHANSSON

Of course, we'll be in touch. We should meet here.

Oswald exits the vehicle and walks away.

RETURN TO PRESENT

INT. OFFICE OF JOHN ROCK - QUANTICO VIRGINIA - DAY

Rock with Remick in trail enter his office. Rock turns on the light and they take a seat across from one another.

REMICK

It's good to get out of D.C. every once in a while.

ROCK

According to my assessment, Yates may be assisting Gagliano in some sort of operation. I just don't know what it is.

REMICK

Not sanctioned by me.

Rock opens up a folder on his desk and reviews the paperwork inside.

ROCK

You know the president is going to Dallas in November. Right?

REMICK

I'm aware.

ROCK

There is a liberal college conference the same week in Dallas. Lostrad will be there.

REMICK

What does that have to do with Yates?

ROCK

I believe Gagliano could be obsessed with Lostrad and wants to keep tabs on him. Yates could be his conduit.

Remick shakes his head.

REMICK

Why would he be helping Gagliano?

Remick abruptly stands and paces.

REMICK (CONT'D)

To do what?... and why wouldn't I know about it?

Remick points his finger at Rock.

REMICK (CONT'D)

I want to find out what Gagliano's
up to.

EXT. GAGLIANO'S FARMHOUSE - THE PLAINS - VIRGINIA - DAY

On a beautiful Sunday morning, Gagliano stands with his assassin, as Cupano loads his rifle for another round of shots.

GAGLIANO

Are you sure you're up to this?

CUPANO

(grins)

Look at the last pattern. Does that
answer your question?

Gagliano paces as he talks.

GAGLIANO

I trust your instincts and skill,
but this operation can't go wrong,
so we need to get it right the
first time.

CUPANO

I'm more concerned about finding a
safe place to hide after the kill.

GAGLIANO

If we can't find one, we'll scrap
the operation.

CUPANO

That doesn't sound like you.

Cupano aims at his target and fires rapid shots in succession. He smiles at Gagliano and fires a single shot at the target; hitting the head straight on.

CUPANO (CONT'D)

There you go. The president's dead.

GAGLIANO

(smiles)

Not bad. I think a few beers are in
order.

They walk toward the farmhouse.

INT. BOSTON COMMON - BOSTON - DAY

Yates can see two men talking on a park bench as he approaches from afar. When he gets closer, he knows he has the right subjects. Lostrad and Hadj Madoor don't seem a bit happy to see him.

LOSTRAD
(hostile)
You know, this is harassment.

YATES
Don't get so worked up. I just want to know you're playing by the rules.

LOSTRAD
It's still harassment. You can go fuck yourself.

Yates looks over at Madoor.

YATES
What do you think?

MADOOR
(laughs)
What he said.

LOSTRAD
I heard on the news, the president will be in Dallas the same time we are.

YATES
I'm sure you already knew, but I'm positive you'll mind your manners.

LOSTRAD
You'll be breathing down our necks, so we have no choice but to mind our own business.

MADOOR
You must think we want to kill people. We just want a more liberal government.

Yates starts to walk away and turns around.

YATES
I'll stop by and say hello when we're all in Dallas.

INT. OFFICE OF LANCE REMICK - DAY

John Rock quickly enters the office, throws his briefcase on the floor and sits.

ROCK
You got a few minutes?

REMICK
What's up?

ROCK
According to one of my sources, the Dallas college rally is the same day the president is in Dallas.

REMICK
That's my understanding.

ROCK
Why is the CIA going to be there?

Remick seems somewhat perplexed.

REMICK
They're probably tracking universal terrorists.

Rock bends down and pulls a folder out of his briefcase. He shows Remick a picture of Yates recently talking to Lostrad.

ROCK
Did you sanction this?

REMICK
What the hell is he doing?

ROCK
You need to talk to Yates.
Something's going on.

Remick throws the picture down on his desk.

REMICK
Yates and I'll have a little chat.

INT. BASEMENT SENSITIVE COMPARTMENTED INFORMATION FACILITY (SCIF) - CIA HEADQUATERS - NIGHT

Gagliano is thumbing through his folder; waiting for the members to arrive.

FLASHBACK:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - OLD CIA BASEMENT - NIGHT (1963)

Late Friday night, Johansson meets with his team to discuss the assassination.

JOHANSSON

It's now confirmed Kennedy will be in the Dallas Fort Worth area on 22 November. His itinerary still isn't finalized.

He causally closes the folder he's been reviewing.

BEISLER

That's over a month away.

JOHANSSON

According to our Secret Service contact, he will be making a limousine run through Dallas at some point that day.

GREENHAWK

We need to firm that up.

JOHANSSON

Lee Oswald is now living in Irving Texas which is close to Dallas.

GAGLIANO

Is he still a candidate?

JOHANSSON

Yes, we will visit him again soon.

GAGLIANO

Have you finally decided who will actually fire the weapon?

Johansson glances over at Gagliano and smiles.

JOHANSSON

Not yet.

GREENHAWK

Are you sure about this Oswald dude?

JOHANSSON

He's an obvious choice. He thinks he works for the CIA, so he'll probably do what we ask.

BEISLER

Everything we do with this assassination attempt has to be done without any screw ups.

GAGLIANO

As long as Oswald doesn't pull the trigger.

JOHANSSON

It's always about attention to detail.

RETURN TO PRESENT

Gagliano is startled when members file in and quickly take their seats. It takes a moment for him to get his bearings.

GAGLIANO

What's the current status?

The initial silence prompts him to clarify his question. Annoyed, he canvases the room.

GAGLIANO (CONT'D)

It's a simple question.

CUPANO

According to my Secret Service contact, the route will be announced right before the trip, but it will travel along Main Street.

DAVIS

Are we still looking at the garage?

FRANCO

It will be closed the day of the motorcade.

GAGLIANO

What's the status of the Dallas police?

CUPANO

They'll make a separate sweep, but I'm not sure when.

YATES

The FBI will be there because of the college rally. I'll convince my boss to let me man the station.

Gagliano grabs a piece of paper and reviews it.

GAGLIANO

We all can't be there. Cupano and Franco will go under cover. I know of a deserted building in West Virginia we can use to practice the operation.

DAVIS

What if this doesn't work? What if we get caught?

GAGLIANO

Nothing ever works when you have a negative attitude.

Gagliano crumbles up the paper and throws it down on the table.

INT. OFFICE OF LANCE REMICK - DAY

Remick sits with Rock and waits for Yates to arrive.

ROCK

How do you want to handle this?

REMICK

I just want to know the truth.

Yates hurriedly enters and sits quickly. He appears a bit nervous.

YATES

I came as soon as possible.

REMICK

(angry)

Why are you spending so much time with CIA folks?

YATES

I told you before, they're just friends.

REMICK

What are they planning?

YATES

I don't follow.

ROCK

It's our understanding, Gagliano's men will be in Dallas for the president's visit.

Yates appears somewhat unnerved.

REMICK

Unless you know something we don't, they have no need to be there.

YATES

Terrorists are always a threat, so Lostrad needs to be monitored.

REMICK

That's up to the FBI. You've made contact with Lostrad, so I suppose you're volunteering.

YATES

We have a rapport.

REMICK

You need to stop this fascination with you former employer.

Remick motions the meeting is over. Yates departs without saying a word.

EXT. OLD CEMENT PLANT - HARPERS FERRY WEST VIRGINIA - DAY

A black SUV slowly traverses a dirt road leading to an old abandoned plant. Three men get out and walk to the entrance. One carries a rifle.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - OLD CEMENT PLANT - DAY

Franco goes over to the window and looks out on the view below where their SUV is parked. The others gather around.

FRANCO

This approximates your view from the garage.

Franco moves back and forth while looking out the window.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

You should wait until he goes by and shoot him in the head.

CUPANO

No problem.

Cupano walks over to the window, cocks his rifle, aims at a sign below and shoots. The sign is obliterated.

CUPANO (CONT'D)

Is that adequate?

GAGLIANO

You realize, you'll be aiming at a moving target.

CUPANO

(laughs)
No kidding.

GAGLIANO

We'll need to do a real dry run in a couple of days.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Remick and Benedict enter the room and Remick closes the door firmly. They sit across from one another. Remick throws a small notebook down on the table.

REMICK

I want you to shadow Yates.

BENEDICT

You don't trust him. Do you?

REMICK

It's Gagliano I don't trust. But, Yates is up to something.

BENEDICT

Remember when you said Gagliano was in the CIA the same year Kennedy was assassinated. I just found out, Gagliano was in Dallas the day Kennedy was killed.

Remick rests back and stares at Benedict with a sense of curiosity.

REMICK

In what capacity?

BENEDICT

I don't know.

REMICK
Where did you get this information?

BENEDICT
A friend of mine over at CIA. He
used to work for Gagliano.

REMICK
Do you think there's more to the
story?

Benedict shrugs his shoulders.

Remick opens the notebook and glances at it for a moment.

REMICK (CONT'D)
I want you and Yates to go to
Dallas two days before the
motorcade. You need to keep tabs on
him.

BENEDICT
(grins)
I'll do my best.

INT. WAITING ROOM - ALEXANDRIA HOSPITAL - VIRGINIA - DAY

Remick and his girlfriend solemnly wait for a doctor to
report on his brother's supposed overdose.

GINA
I hope he's okay.

REMICK
It didn't sound good.

GINA
I thought drugs were prohibited
where he was.

REMICK
That's never fool proof.

GINA
It defeats the purpose.

A DOCTOR enters and approaches them.

REMICK
How is he?

The doctor puts his hand on Remick's shoulder.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry, we did the best we could. His heart just gave out.

GINA

Did he suffer?

DOCTOR

No. We would like to do an autopsy.

Remick begins to choke up, but regains his composure. Gina puts her arm round him.

REMICK

Of course.

DOCTOR

I wish it would have been a different outcome.

He walks out the door.

Gina and Remick quietly embrace.

**INT. BASEMENT SENSITIVE COMPARTMENTED INFORMATION FACILITY
(SCIF) - CIA HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT**

The team meets on a night when things are heating up given they're three weeks away from mission day.

GAGLIANO

Are there any changes we need to discuss?

CUPANO

It looks like the motorcade route is a go.

YATES

(frustrated)

What are going to do about Remick?

GAGLIANO

Let me worry about that.

YATES

I've been asked to go to Dallas because of Lostrad, but I know Remick doesn't trust me.

FRANCO

He doesn't suspect anything. Does he?

YATES
I don't think so.

Davis weighs in with a rather loud voice.

DAVIS
He could fuck up this entire operation.

GAGLIANO
We can't let that happen. I'll talk to him and see what his problem is.

CUPANO
We just need to continue our preparation.

GAGLIANO
We'll meet one more time before the mission.

Gagliano remains; pumped up by what coming next, sitting back in his chair, thinking back.

FLASHBACK:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - OLD CIA BASEMENT - NIGHT (1963)

The team meets two weeks before the assassination date.

JOHANSSON
We now know Kennedy's motorcade will pass through downtown Dallas in the late morning.

BEISLER
Do we know the exact route?

JOHANSSON
It appears he will pass by the book depository.

GAGLIANO
That makes it easier for us.

JOHANSSON
The Secret Service plans on doing a sweep a couple of hours before the event.

GREENHAWK
What about the Dallas police force?

JOHANSSON

They'll be interspersed along the parade route.

BEISLER

What about the weapon?

JOHANSSON

Oswald has several rifles. We'll figure it out.

BEISLER

Is he really on board?

JOHANSSON

Yes, but we need to meet with him again to finalize the plan.

Gagliano's raised voice resonates through the room.

GAGLIANO

Nothing at all can go wrong.

JOHANSSON

Do I detect you're getting cold feet?

GAGLIANO

(smirks)
Of course not.

BEISLER

Oswald's just a patsy. Right? So who's actually gonna pull the trigger?

Johansson glances over at Gagliano and smiles.

JOHANSSON

I think we all know that answer.

Gagliano and Johansson stare at one another, as the others depart.

EXT. VACANT PARKING LOT - WEST OF DALLAS - NIGHT

An anxious Oswald ambles up to the black vehicle and gets in.

INT. INSIDE CAR - NIGHT

Johansson and Gagliano discuss final preparations with Oswald.

OSWALD
I guess you guys weren't kidding.

JOHANSSON
Are you working on 22 November?

OSWALD
Yeah.

JOHANSSON
The President's motorcade will pass
your building in the lunchtime
hour. You work alone. Correct?

OSWALD
Mostly, but no one will be there
over lunch.

JOHANSSON
You need to make sure of that.

GAGLIANO
What rifle do you intend to use?

OSWALD
It's a 6.5 millimeter Carcano.

JOHANSSON
Good, but remember you'll be
shooting at a moving target.

Oswald appears insulted by the comment.

OSWALD
That's not a problem ... Look, I
need to know you guys are looking
after me. I need to disappear right
after I shoot the president.

JOHANSSON
Don't worry.
(he looks away for a
moment)
We'll have a car waiting outside
the depository.

OSWALD
What about my family?

JOHANSSON
We wouldn't forget about them.

GAGLIANO
This mission is a priority.

JOHANSSON
We're counting on you.

Oswald shakes his head and exits the vehicle.

RETURN TO PRESENT

INT. OFFICE OF DOM GAGLIANO - DAY

Gagliano stares out his window, waiting for his visitor to arrive. His secretary brings the visitor in.

KELSY
Sir, Mr. Remick is here.

She leaves them alone.

GAGLIANO
Have a seat.

REMICK
I get the impression this is urgent.

GAGLIANO
Have you found Aswan Kofer?

REMICK
We would have told you.

GAGLIANO
We think he's in the states somewhere. We also think he's conspiring with Lostrad.

Remick smiles and hesitates for a moment.

REMICK
There's no evidence of that.

GAGLIANO
We think they're planning something in Dallas.

REMICK
(frustrated)
There's no evidence of that either.

Remick's demeanor shows his angst.

REMICK (CONT'D)
Why is Yates spending so much time here?

GAGLIANO
You should ask him.

REMICK
I have, but what he says doesn't
add up.

Gagliano fidgets in his chair.

GAGLIANO
So, what are you accusing me of?

REMICK
There's something going on and I
want know what it is.

Gagliano has a hard time containing himself.

GAGLIANO
We're trying to stamp out
terrorism. That's what's going on.
I don't know what the hell Yates is
up to.

Remick stands and points his finger at Gagliano.

REMICK
I know about you. Hired by the CIA
as an assassin. So, what was your
role?

GAGLIANO
That was decades ago.

Remick storms out the door.

EXT. GAGLIANO'S FARMHOUSE - THE PLAINS - VIRGINIA - DAY

On a damp Saturday morning, Gagliano and Cupano sit on the
back deck and drink rich coffee.

GAGLIANO
We're down to the wire.

CUPANO
Is Davis in Dallas?

GAGLIANO
He arrived yesterday. He's got the
rifle you've been using. He'll hook
up with you when you get there.

CUPANO
So, you're not going?

GAGLIANO
Someone needs to mind the store.

Cupano sips his coffee.

CUPANO
What are you going to do about
Remick?

GAGLIANO
Yates said he and another guy are
going to Dallas. Remick is staying
back as well.

CUPANO
We shouldn't trust him.

GAGLIANO
I'll take care of Remick. You just
need to concentrate on the mission.

Cupano downs the rest of his coffee and laughs.

CUPANO
(smiles)
As good as done.

INT. OFFICE OF LANCE REMICK - DAY

Remick walks in his office with Rock in trail. He turns on the light, throws his briefcase down on the floor and takes a seat. Rock joins him.

ROCK
I take it Yates is gone.

REMICK
He left with Benedict the other
day.

ROCK
Best I can tell, Gagliano sent some
agents out there as well.

REMICK
He thinks international terrorists
are heading to Dallas.

Rock leans forward in his chair.

ROCK

I'll tell you what I think. There must be a threat to the president we don't know about.

REMICK

There's absolutely no indication of that.

ROCK

You're positive?

REMICK

I tell you, there's no intelligence that says so.

ROCK

Are we missing something?

Remick sits back and contemplates.

REMICK

Benedict did tell me Gagliano was in Dallas the day Kennedy was killed.

ROCK

What was he doing there?

REMICK

I'm not sure.

ROCK

Where is he now?

Remick gets an urgent, frustrated, look on his face.

REMICK

We need to find out.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DALLAS - DAY

Pedestrians crowd the street, waiting for the motorcade to arrive; cheering and holding posters of good will.

INT. SIX FLOOR - BANK OF AMERICA PLAZA PARKING - DAY

Cupano, wearing a suit and tie and racing gloves, appears from around a corner; holding the rifle he will use to kill the president.

As Cupano glances out the opening in the garage, Yates approaches him.

YATES

When you're done, leave the rifle on the ground and take the elevator upstairs to the 10th floor.

CUPANO

You talked to the Secret Service?

YATES

They made their sweep and they know about the potential terrorist threat.

CUPANO

What about the Dallas police?

YATES

Someone is guarding the entrance, but that's it.

CUPANO

Go upstairs. The president will be here shortly.

Yates walks toward the elevator, looks back, then walks in the elevator and the doors close.

Cupano holds onto his rifle with a tight grip and waits.

He hears a sound behind him. He turns around and sees Gagliano standing here, dressed to a tee, wearing gloves, and sunglasses.

CUPANO (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing here?

GAGLIANO

Give me the rifle.

CUPANO

There's no time for that. The president is on Main Street. The mission's not complete.

GAGLIANO

(agitated)

Give me the rifle.

CUPANO

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Cupano reluctantly hands it to Gagliano.

GAGLIANO
Join Yates. Now!

Cupano walks up to the elevator, as he keeps looking back at Gagliano. He gets in just as Yates did.

Gagliano looks out the opening and sees the motorcade approaching. He thinks back.

FLASHBACK:

INT. SIX FLOOR - TEXAS SCHOOL DEPOSITORY - DALLAS - DAY (22 NOVEMBER, 1963)

Gagliano walks into the storage room filled with boxes. He doesn't see anyone at first. Then, he notices Oswald standing next to the window.

OSWALD
What's the matter? You don't trust me?

GAGLIANO
(smiles)
Change of plans.

OSWALD
What do you mean?

GAGLIANO
Give me the rifle?

OSWALD
Why? I'm ready.

GAGLIANO
Where is it?

Oswald points to a box next to the wall.

OSWALD
It's over there. Loaded and ready to go.

Gagliano walks over and picks up the rifle.

GAGLIANO
Go downstairs. You're off the hook.

OSWALD
You said you would protect me.

GAGLIANO

Don't worry, you'll be taken care
of.

Oswald walks out of the room. Gagliano looks out the window.

RETURN TO PRESENT

Gagliano raises his rifle and locks on the motorcade. His
adrenalin is peaked. He hears the click of a gun. Slowly
turning around, he sees Remick standing there with two other
agents... guns drawn.

REMICK

Put the rifle down. Slowly.

GAGLIANO

(contrived grin)

I give you credit, Remick. I
underestimated you.

REMICK

It's over, Gagliano, you just
couldn't help yourself.

Remick steps a bit closer, as Gagliano still holds the rifle.

REMICK (CONT'D)

So, I take it, this is the second
time around?

Gagliano appears almost relieved, but still defiant.

GAGLIANO

How did you figure this all out?

REMICK

I broke the code.
(smiles)
With some help.

Another agent walks around the corner and walks up to
Gagliano.

YATES

You weren't going to get away with
this.

Gagliano, taken aback, yells at Yates.

GAGLIANO

I guess traitor is too good a word
for you.

Yates laughs and points at Remick.

YATES

You think we would let you
assassinate the President of the
United States?

REMICK

Put the weapon on the ground and
step back.

Cheers from the crowd get louder, signifying the president is passing by.

Gagliano slowly puts the rifle down and is taken into custody, as he resists every step of the way, pointing his finger.

GAGLIANO

(ranting)

You don't get it. You really don't
get it. I was just doing my duty.
Our president is no different than
Kennedy. They had to be stopped.
And I'm the only one that could do
it. Do you hear me? The only one.

**EXT. PINCREST CEMETARY - LANGHORNE, PENNSYLVANIA - DAY (A
WEEK LATER)**

After the burial ceremony for Jimmy, as a few people make their way to their cars, Remick and Gina take a walk along a small dirt path adjacent to a large flower garden.

GINA

I know you feel terrible about your
brother, but you're not responsible
for his death.

REMICK

I should have paid more attention
to him.

Remick looks back at the burial ground.

REMICK (CONT'D)

I mean I do have a demanding job.

GINA

He had problems you couldn't
correct.

REMICK
I guess you're right.

Gina stops and steps in front of Remick.

GINA
You need to feel better about
yourself. Look what you just did.
You stopped the assassination of
the President of the United States.

REMICK
Yeah, I know. Who would have
thought someone from the CIA would
try to kill our president?

GINA
Did he say why he did it?

Remick seems to be in thought.

REMICK
A sense of déjà vu, I guess.

GINA
What?

He puts his arm around Gina and smiles with a slight laugh.

REMICK
Let's go home.

Holding hands, they casually walk back to Remick's car.

FADE OUT.

THE END