

TERMINAL ISLAND

Written by

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As at June 3, 2015

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FADE IN

EXT. EZY REST MOTEL - NIGHT

A starry, starry night. Sweet, sweet DOO-WOP soars above a fat, ripe moon. Love is in the air.

A deserted two lane blacktop stretches through fruit fields to the horizon.

A cinderblock motel. Three or four dusty autos and pick up trucks park in front of the dozen or so tired rooms.

SUPERTITLE: SATICOY, CALIFORNIA, 1959.

INT. REST EZY MOTEL, ROOM - DAY

A couple of battered old suitcases on the floor. Dusty male workboots, a tee and jeans, and a bra and panties strewn about. A shower RUNS in the bathroom.

On a flickering black and white TV, an Ed Murrow-type REPORTER interviews Diane HARLEY, 25, an AUBURN-haired beauty.

ED

Diane, they're calling you "the Red Queen of Los Angeles".

DIANE

What do you think they're referring to? The color of my hair? Alice in Wonderland?

In the background, a shower runs and a COUPLE make love, slowly tenderly, all the time in the world. No histrionics, quiet WHIMPERING as they try to hold on, prolong, prolong.

ED

Time magazine calls you "the acceptable face of communism". J. Edgar Hoover on the other hand ...

HOOVER appears on screen.

HOOVER

Diane Harley is the most dangerous woman in America.

BACK TO: Ed Murrow-type:

ED
Well, are you?

The WOMAN'S hands cling to her lover. He cradles her AUBURN hair as they climax with muted, throaty GROWLS and GRUNTS.

DIANA
I'm an American. I'm a patriot. I want what is best for my country. I want the best for all Americans.

CUT TO:

A FEW MINUTES LATER:

A TELEPHONE, a KODAK CAMERA and a BEDSIDE LIGHT - stark and kind of threatening - sit on the bedside stand.

DIANE HARLEY lies in her lover's arms. The lucky man on top, catching his breath is JOHN TURNER, 25, youthful, vital, athletic, a life ahead of him.

TURNER
You really are dangerous.

DIANE
Whose side are you on?

TURNER
The side of the good and the righteous.

DIANE
That'd be my side.

Turner rolls off, but still holds on. He kisses her tenderly. He frowns.

TURNER
We got a visitor.

A COCKROACH crawls up the wall. Turner reaches for his workboot and hurls it at the 'roach. SLAM. It misses. The 'roach scurries to safety.

DIANE
Nice shot, dead-eye. Where'd you learn to shoot?

TURNER
Did you know the cockroach is the only species on the planet that'll survive a nuclear holocaust?

DIANE
Is that a fact?

Turner takes her hand and crosses his own heart with it, then lifts her fingers to his lips.

DIANE
Any more indisputable truths you
want to share with me?

Turner looks into her eyes. He's going to say it - I LOVE YOU
- but a shadow falls across the curtains in the window.

Male. A beer belly. A Sheriff's hat. Turner tenses. Diane shakes her head but Turner silently rises. He looks around for a weapon. Nothing.

The shadow moves across the blind. Behind the door now.
Turner braces himself - fight, no flight.

FOOTSTEPS recede.

Turner returns to bed and Diane's arms.

DIANE
I'm filing a complaint. Bastards.
This is harassment.

TURNER
Come away with me.

DIANE
What?

TURNER
Come away with me.

DIANE
Where?

TURNER
Somewhere. Anywhere.

DIANE
You're serious.

TURNER
I am.

DIANE
What? Now?

TURNER
Now.

DIANE
John, there's so much I have to do.

TURNER
There's plenty of others to do it.

DIANE
We'll talk about it.

TURNER
When?

DIANE
When we're finished here.

TURNER
Promise?

Diane reaches behind Turner's back and grabs the Kodak.

DIANE
Promise.

Diane aims the camera.

TURNER
Noooo.

They wrestle. FLASH. SNAP of a boy and a girl deeply in love.

EXT. SATICOY VEGETABLE FARM - DAY

Lush green lettuce fields carved out of the Californian desert. Diane addresses twenty or so impoverished-looking FARM LABORERS by the side of the dirt road.

DIANE
This is not about bringing down the government. This has nothing to do with capitalism or communism.

Turner hands flyers to the doubtful-looking laborers.

MEXICAN LABORER
(to SECOND LABORER)
She don't look so dangerous.

SECOND LABORER
A Red Angel.

MEXICAN LABORER
Red Queen, stupid.

Second Laborer shrugs - whatever.

DIANE

All we ask is a fair wage -

Turner sees a cloud of dust a way down the dirt road. He sees a convoy of patrol cars. He tries to draw Diane's attention.

DIANE

- a wage that will put a roof over
your heads.

Another billow of dust. Turner spots a couple of farm trucks approaching from the other direction.

DIANE

Feed your families.

Diane sees the approaching vehicles.

DIANE

And educate your children.

The cars and trucks pull up. The SHERIFF, three DEPUTIES and six FARMERS alight, carrying assorted rifles, night sticks, and billy clubs.

FARMER

What do we got here? A little Union meeting?

DIANE

These men have the right to meet in peace.

FARMER

These men got no rights at all.

DIANE

They are entitled to a living wage.

FARMER

A dollar twenty five an hour buys a whole lot of tacos, sweetheart.

TURNER

We're just about done, sir. We'll finish our meeting and then we'll be on our way.

DIANE

No, we're not done -

TURNER

Diane -

DIANE

We're a long way from done. These men are signing on.

FARMER

No one signs nothin' you commie shit.

One WORKER stands, pen poised over paper. All eyes on him.

TURNER

They're good men, sheriff. They work hard. Just trying to turn an honest buck.

The Worker signs.

SHERIFF

You know how they say the pen's mightier than the sword? Well, it's bullshit.

The Sheriff signals. DEPUTY 1 and DEPUTY 2 advance on the Worker with their night sticks. Turner steps in, shielding the worker. He snatches Deputy #1's arcing night stick, and punches Deputy #1. He swings the night stick and poleaxes Deputy #2.

DEPUTY #3 and DEPUTY #4 lay into the workers. Diane grabs Deputy #3 and hauls him off. He turns to her and she KNEES him in the balls. He drops like a stone.

The Sheriff raises his night stick to hit Diane but Turner parries with his own stick then THUMPS the Sheriff with the other. The Sheriff folds like a deck chair.

DEPUTY #2 and DEPUTY #4 leap at Turner. He gets in a pair of good punches but Deputy #1 SMASHES him across the head with his shotgun. Turner's knees buckle.

Diane rushes toward him but a Deputy grabs her. Turner staggers to Diane's aid. Deputy #1 smashes Turner again but Turner keeps staggering toward Diane.

Deputy #3 takes a shot with his shotgun and Turner drops, blood streaming down his face.

The Sheriff rises to his feet and kicks Turner and smashes him with his night stick. KICK. KICK. SMASH.

Diane throws herself between the Sheriff and Turner. Turner blacks out, his limbs TWITCHING.

DIANE

You've killed him. You've killed
him.

INT. SATICOY HOSPITAL - DAY

Turner - bruised and battered, lacerated eyebrow, jaw wired -
lies in a hospital bed. His eyes open and gradually focus on -

- MARGARET, 24, a blonde WASP beauty.

MARGARET

John. Oh, John. Thank god. You're
going to be all right.

Margaret grasps his bandaged hand. Turner's eyes swim and
focus on her engagement ring. He blinks in confusion.

MARGARET

You're coming home. Where you
belong.

Turner tries to speak but can't. He shakes his head - no.

Turner sees the Sheriff at the end of the ward, hat held
humbly in his hands, with ELIOT BIRCHER, 26, a bland
colorless bureaucrat in a FBI-issue suit.

SHERIFF

How the hell was we to know?

BIRCHER

You breathe a word of this to
anyone and you'll be picking
lettuce at a buck twenty five an
hour the rest of your miserable
fucking life.

SHERIFF

Yes, sir.

BIRCHER

This never happened, OK?

SHERIFF

Never happened. But what about the
commie bitch? She's here every
goddam day.

BIRCHER

Tell her he's dead.

SHERIFF

Yes, sir.

Turner shakes his head violently. Tries to speak. Blacks out.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER, TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY

The VIEW through BINOCULARS of:

A shabby second floor office in a run-down building off Skid Row. Soviet Union and Chinese FLAGS hang from the wall.

The binoculars TILT down to the office below. A FEMALE SHADOW passes behind the blinds.

TURNER, 55, is a little worn around the edges like his FBI-issue suit, but you wouldn't want to meet him in an alley - dark or otherwise. His eyebrow is scarred.

Turner lowers his binoculars. His tired Spartan office is on the sixth floor, with a view of the decrepit American Communist Party HQ across the street.

SUPERTITLE: LOS ANGELES, NOVEMBER, 1989

A grey SAFE squats in the corner. Medals, citations and a framed photo of Turner, twenty years younger, shaking hands with a beaming Hoover hangs, slightly crooked, from a wall.

A photo of a grinning five year old girl, JENNIFER, sits on a desk. Beside it, a speaker. Its green light blinks and we hear the sound of a door CREAK, and HIGH-HEELED FOOTSTEPS.

An interview with PRESIDENT REAGAN plays on the TV.

REAGAN

How do you tell a communist? Well, he's someone who reads Marx and Lenin. And how do you tell an anti-Communist? He's someone who understands Marx and Lenin.

Turner trains the binoculars on the shadow behind the blinds, which synch with the high-heeled footsteps. The blinds open a crack and Turner catches a glimpse of a face.

The woman opens the blinds fully. For a moment she seems to lock eyes with Turner, several stories above her. It's DIANE, 55 now, but she's ageless and still an auburn-haired beauty. Turner's breath catches and he holds in the thirty years that have passed.

CLIENTS line up at Diane's front door: the ELDERLY, and the POOR, and a worried MEXICAN WOMAN, 45 in a FLORAL DRESS.

Diane's front door opens and NAIMAH, Diane's assistant, black, 35, ushers them in with a welcoming smile.

Turner's eye catches movement on the bank of CCTV screens which monitor the FBI surveillance center. Agents DIMECH and CODY and HASLAM and BOYLE appear on the CCTV, opening the outer office door.

Turner lifts his binoculars - one last glimpse of Diane. She snaps the blinds closed.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

Floor-to-ceiling banks of gun-metal grey FILING CABINETS line the walls.

Agent DIMECH, 35, a lantern-jawed G-man supervises fresh-faced red-haired Probationary Agent BOYLE, 24, who mans the powerful CAMERA and BINOCULARS - kind of predatory on their tripods - by the window.

DIMECH

Top floor is the headquarters of the American Communist Party. You shoot everybody who goes in and out of that building. And log it in the book.

BOYLE

Shoot and log. O-kay.

CUT TO:

CODY, 30, chubby and balding demonstrates the bank of recording equipment to HASLAM, 25, black, eager to learn.

CODY

This is The Rig. Serious piece of hardware. Turner put it together himself. Grundig eight track recorder. Ampex equalizers and phasers.

BACK TO:

Boyle peers through the camera across the street.

DIMECH

The ground floor's a Legal Advice Bureau. Lawyer's called Diane Harley. Pro bono stuff mainly. Used to be "the most dangerous woman in America" would you believe.

BOYLE
A commie front?

DIMECH
No. Legit. But she's on the Party
Executive, so we keep an eye on
her.

CUT TO:

Cody pushes a few buttons.

CODY
Eight taps in all. Sound-activated.
Every room is bugged.

HASLAM
Even the bathroom?

CODY
Oh yeah. Turner can ID a Red the
way their piss hits the bowl. The
surveillance manual at Quantico?
Turner practically wrote it.

BACK TO

Boyle peers through the binoculars.

DIMECH
On a clear day you can see the
topless girls on Venice.

Boyle swings the binoculars toward the beach.

DIMECH
But this being LA, you're lucky you
can see across the street. Shoot!

Boyle scrabbles for the camera as the nondescript Communist
Party Chairman, RALPH BRODER 60, marches toward the building
across the street. Boyle hits the camera's ON button.

BOYLE
No!

Dimech switches the camera on. SNAP. FREEZE FRAME. SNAP.
Boyle photographs Broder's back as he enters the building.

DIMECH
Shoot and log, man. It's not like
you're taking down the fucking KGB.

BOYLE

Sorry.

DIMECH

It's OK. Him we know. Ralph Broder.
Party Chairman.

CUT TO:

Cody indicates the mixing channels.

CODY

He got the mixer from a recording
studio down on Sunset. You know The
Doors? Frank Zappa? Crosby, Stills
and Nash?

HASLAM

Er, yeah.

CODY

They all recorded on this.

HASLAM

Crosby, Stills and er, - are they
communists, sir?

CODY

Don't know. But we got a file on
them somewhere.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

Dimech, Cody, and Haslam sit around at The Rig and the
camera, eating Chinese takeaway.

Dimech watches Boyle steam an envelope and prise it open.

DIMECH

Easy there, cowboy. That's US mail.
Whaddya got?

Boyle holds up a check.

BOYLE

Five thousand dollars. Payable to
the American Communist Party. Who's
the U.S. Peace Institute?

DIMECH

Some liberal think tank. Ask
Turner. He'll know.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Turner watches Gorbachev on TV and types a report.

GORBACHEV

We fly into space, launch Sputniks,
and we can't resolve the problem of
women's pantyhose. There's no
toothpaste, no soap powder, not the
basic necessities of life.

Turner glances at the bank of CCTV's and sees his four agents
goofing off, eating the Chinese takeaway. Turner wrestles
with his conscience. He opens a drawer, revealing a control
panel. He hits a button.

DIMECH (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)

Used to be thirty agents working
out of this office.

CODY (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)

The Red Squad was crack, man.
Elite.

BOYLE (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)

Turner ran it?

DIMECH

Hoover used to give Turner blow
jobs. Then again, Hoover used to
give everyone blow jobs.

CODY

He should have been in Washington
years ago.

HASLAM (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)

So what keeps him here?

CODY

Beats me.

Turner snaps off the button.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

Boyle opens a second envelope.

BOYLE

(reads letter)
This is disgusting.

DIMECH
 (takes a look, chuckles)
 I wonder if Diane's up for it.
 She's no spring chicken. But I
 wouldn't say no. Not with Diane.

Dimech sees Turner standing before him. Turner holds out his hand. Dimech hands him the letter.

A phone RINGS. Cody flicks a switch on The Rig and puts on headphones.

Turner heads for his office, crumpling the obscene letter into a ball and pocketing it.

Cody rises to his feet.

CODY
 Sir? Big Bear and Little Bear.
 Coffee and bagels.

TURNER
 Echo Park.

CODY
 I can handle it, sir.

TURNER
 You want to take it?

CODY
 Yes, sir.

Turner peers out the window and sees Broder exit the building across the street.

TURNER
 Better get moving.

INT. FBI SEDAN - DAY

Cody peers through a long lens camera and fires off shots of Broder meeting Big Bear, VIKTOR REBIKOV, a diplomat in an French-tailored suit.

Dimech strolls casually by Broder and Rebikov. Dimech moves off as Haslam strolls past and lingers by Broder and Rebikov.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Turner studies the sequence of surveillance shots of Broder and Rebikov in Echo Park.

Two wires sit on The Rig. Dimech watches Cody hits Play on a tape machine.

REBIKOV (AUDIO)
We want closer ties between our countries.

BRODER (AUDIO)
But where does that leave us?

REBIKOV (AUDIO)
You have nothing to worry about, comrade. The status quo remains.

Turner nods and Cody hits Stop. Turner gestures - explain.

CODY
Broder's concerned about glasnost and perestroika.

DIMECH
But the Kremlin's keeping them in the loop. Whatever happens in Moscow, they'll support the Party over here.

TURNER
Type it up. Put it on my desk. Good work, Cody. Why don't you take the boys down to O'Leary's. A few beers. Put it on my tab. See you there in ten.

CODY
Sounds good.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Turner glances across the street and sees Diane's light still on. He flicks a switch on his surveillance equipment.

DIANE (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)
This accident happened at work?

MEXICAN FEMALE CLIENT (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)
Broken leg. He was only earning two dollars an hour and now they won't pay him anything.

DIANE

I've had dealings with this company before. They buy up farms but they're not farmers. They're Agribusiness. They use illegal pesticides. They won't pay minimum wage. I'm gonna nail their fucking asses - excuse me.

Turner smiles and shakes his head in admiration - and regret.

TURNER

Still in there pitching, girl.

Turner switches off the equipment. He glances at the CCTV and sees Dimech, Cody and Haslam exit the center.

Turner remembers something and fishes the balled-up letter in his pocket. He feeds it into the shredder as Boyle knocks and enters. Boyle sees the document shred. A moment's silence.

TURNER

Yes, Boyle.

BOYLE

I just wanted to say, sir, I consider it an honor, sir, joining the Anti-Communist Unit.

TURNER

Good for you, Boyle.

BOYLE

They're still a threat, aren't they?

TURNER

They're still here, Boyle. Which is why we're still here. Is that it?

BOYLE

I've been looking through an old file, sir. Diane Harley.

Boyle shows Turner the file including a PRESS CUTTING of a young Diane and the headline: "Los Angeles Communist Sentenced to Six Months for Contempt".

Turner nods - go on.

BOYLE

There seems to be a file missing.

Turner maintains eye contact. He gestures - go on.

BOYLE

We put her under Close Contact
Surveillance, sir. In 1959. And,
um, the report's gone.

TURNER

Thirty years, Boyle. That's a lot
of files. Not surprising one's gone
missing. That beer's getting warm,
Boyle.

BOYLE

Yes, sir.

Boyle exits. Turner's eyes flicker to the safe in the corner.

A phone RINGS. Turner stares at the phone then sees the light
blinking on his audio relay and looks across the street to
Diane's office. Diane's shadow moves behind the blinds.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - NIGHT

A reel-to-reel tape spins on The Rig. The monitor light
blinks ominously.

DIANE (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)

Diane Harley.

LARRY (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)

(croaky voice)
Hi, Diane. It's me.

DIANE

Who is this?

LARRY

Hey, comrade, feel like a Moscow
mule at Midnight's? It's me, Diane.

Turner stands over The Rig and listens to their conversation
in utter disbelief.

DIANE

What do you want?

LARRY

I just want to talk.

DIANE

Where are you? No, don't tell me.

LARRY
 They still listening?
 (cackles a laugh)
 Oh Christ, have you any idea, how
 much I miss you?

DIANE
 Don't say anything. I'll meet you
 in Cleveland. Fifteen minutes.

LARRY
 Cleveland?

DIANE
 Remember Cleveland?

LARRY
 I remember.

A still stunned Turner watches the tape click. Stop. The
 recording light blinks. Boyle stands beside him.

BOYLE
 You look like you've seen a ghost,
 sir.

TURNER
 Can you drive, Boyle?

BOYLE
 Yes, sir. Where do you want to go?

TURNER
 Cleveland.

INT. TURNER'S UNMARKED SEDAN - NIGHT

Boyle and Turner tail Diane in her old Buick.

TURNER
 It's an old code the Party used
 when they thought we were tapping
 'em. Four phone boxes. Codenamed
 Cleveland. St Louis. Dallas.
 Philadelphia.

BOYLE
 Who was on the phone, sir?

They see Diane stop by a downtown phone box.

TURNER
 Pull in.

Boyle parks fifty yards behind her.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Turner ghosts through the downtown shadows and watches Diane enter the phone box, answer the phone, argue heatedly.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - NIGHT

Turner snatches audio tapes from a filing cabinet.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - NIGHT

Turner loads a reel-to-reel tape onto The Rig.

Boyle opens a file and sees a surveillance photo of a handsome, Bobby Kennedy-type in front of a Craftsman cottage.

BOYLE
Larry Parks?

TURNER
Leader of the American Communist
Party 1965 to 1967.

Boyle pins the photo to a bulletin board. He holds up a file.

BOYLE
It says here Larry Parks is dead,
sir.

Turner ignores him and hits Play on The Rig.

Rock music plays, a little fuzzy, off a car radio. "Break on Through" by The Doors - or some such 1967 music.

BACK TO: 1967

INT. UNMARKED FBI SEDAN - DAY -- 1967

"Break on Through" continues.

TURNER, 33 here, and his partner, CHALMERS, 30 blue-eyed blond buzzcut, tail a Dodge sedan over the Vincent Thomas Bridge. Ahead - giant cranes, containers and freighters.

CHALMERS
Looks like they're heading for
Terminal Island. What the hell are
they doing out there?

Turner watches the Dodge thoughtfully.

INT. UNMARKED FBI SEDAN - DAY -- 1967

Turner watches the Dodge pull in a hundred yards ahead.
Chalmers pulls in.

CUT TO:

The view through camera: LARRY PARKS, 35 approaches the front door of a run-down Craftsman cottage. SNAP. SNAP as he's photographed.

DIANE, 33, follows. SNAP. SNAP.

Turner watches Diane enter the cottage through binoculars.

Chalmers picks up his binoculars and trains them on the second floor window of the cottage. A HIPPIE CHICK straddles a HIPPIE GUY on a chair and they're humping like hell.

CHALMERS

Whoah. We got a couple of live ones.

Turner looks in his wing mirror and sees a telephone truck.

CHALMERS

And Larry Parks and Diane Harley.
We got ourselves an orgy here. Hee, hee, hee.

Turner controls the wince - just.

TURNER

You like watching, Chalmers.

CHALMERS

Doesn't everybody?

Turner wrenches the door and climbs out. Chalmers chuckles and peers through the binoculars at the naked Hippies.

EXT. TERMINAL HOUSE STREET - DAY -- 1967

Turner approaches a Bell Telephone van. He nods discreetly to the LINESMAN up the ladder.

INT. BELL TELEPHONE (SURVEILLANCE) VAN - DAY -- 1967

Turner enters and sees two AUDIO TECHIES monitor the tape bank, listening to the two hippies BANGING ferociously.

AUDIO TECHIE 2
How you doin', Turner? Nailing
commie ass?

AUDIO TECHIE 1
Or chasing commie tail?

TURNER
What have we got in there?

AUDIO TECHIE 2
A bunch of crazies. Call 'emselves
The Weathermen. Who you got?

TURNER
Larry Parks and Diane Harley.

Audio Techie 2 whistles.

TURNER
Commies and Weathermen? Shit.

Audio Techie 2 flicks a switch.

AMBROSE (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)
Like the brothers say, Are you the
problem? Or are you the solution?

AUDIO TECHIE 1
Phil Ambrose. "Commander of the
Revolution".

LARRY (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)
Right on!

TURNER
Larry Parks.

AUDIO TECHIE 2
Parks is a Weatherman?

Turner shrugs - I don't know.

AMBROSE
We ain't talking no Cold War. A
Cold War don't change shit. This
country needs a real war.
Casualties. War cleanses. Blood
purifies.

TURNER
Where's Diane Harley?

Audio Techie 2 shakes his head - don't know.

HOOPER (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)
Vietnam? We don't want dead bodies
pilin' up in Nui Dat. We want dead
bodies pilin' up on Hollywood and
Sunset.

AUDIO TECHIE 1
Carl Hooper - "Strategic Command".

SUCKING INHALATION OF A JOINT.

AMBROSE
We will send a message to this
government. We will destroy you.
And all those who stand in our way.

HOOPER
By any means necessary.

DIANE (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)
(fierce whisper)
Larry.

FOOTSTEPS. DOOR CREAKS.

TURNER
Harley and Parks? Leaving?

AUDIO TECHIE 1
Pick 'em up on Three.

Audio Techie switches to Line Three.

DIANE
(whispers)
Larry, are you insane?

TURNER
Turn it up.

Audio Techie 2 amps the volume.

DIANE
They are batshit crazy.

Turner sees the rolling tapes record the conversation.

LARRY
It's OK. I can control them.

DIANE
 You can't control lunatics. We're
 getting out of here.

FOOTSTEPS RECEDE on AUDIO.

TURNER
 Where is she? Where'd she go?

Audio Techie 2 switches back to Line 1.

AUDIO TECHIE 1
 I ain't Superman, Turner. I ain't
 got x-ray vision.

TURNER
 Patch me through.

An anxious Turner heads out.

INT. UNMARKED FBI SEDAN - NIGHT -- 1967

Turner climbs in. Chalmers watches the house through
 binoculars. Turner switches on his radio. Adjusts the dial.

TURNER
 What's happening?

CHALMERS
 Free love. And a lot of
 marahoochie. What say we go in and
 have a little fun?

Chalmers slides a BLACKJACK from the back of his trouser leg
 and slaps the palm of his hand.

TURNER
 You're confusing your nightstick
 with your dick, Chalmers.

The radio CRACKLES.

HOOPER (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)
 Pass me those pliers?

AMBROSE (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)
 Nitrogen... You got the time?

TURNER
 Pliers? Nitrogen? Did he say time?
 Or timer?
 (it hits him)
 Christ. They're building a bomb.

CHALMERS
 You crazy, Turner? They're hippies.
 Love beads. Incense and those
 Indian guitars.

Turner sees an OLD GUY walking his dog.

TURNER
 We've got to evacuate.

CHALMERS
 Potheads. Peaceniks.

Turner sees a small girl, MARIA, 8, skipping rope on the sidewalk. Her MOTHER appears on the front porch next door.

MOTHER
 Maria! Come back here!

BIRCHER, 35 here, the pale, greying desk-jockey, climbs into the back seat.

BIRCHER
 What's happening, John?

TURNER
 They're building a bomb.

BIRCHER
 Jesus H. Do we know what it's for?

TURNER
 We evacuate civilians. Then we go
 in.

BIRCHER
 You're right.

BIRCHER pats Chalmers on the shoulder. Chalmers picks up the walkie-talkie.

AMBROSE (AUDIO)
 We gotta decide what we're gonna do
 with this baby.

HOOPER (AUDIO)
 We ain't short of targets.

AMBROSE (AUDIO)
 I dig Larry's idea. Take a look at
 this.

Turner, tense with anticipation.

HOOPER (AUDIO)
Is that the - ?

The Craftsman cottage EXPLODES in a fireball.

RETURN TO: 1989

INT. O'LEARY'S BAR - NIGHT

Three glasses of flaming Sambucca. Dimech, Cody, and Haslam sit in a booth and raise the Sambuccas.

ON TV Screen above bar: Prime Minster MARGARET THATCHER.

THATCHER
I like Mr. Gorbachev. I think I can do business with him.

Dimech, Cody and Haslam chug the Sambuccas.

DIMECH
We don't run investigations. We don't do anything. We watch.

CODY
Eunuchs in a harem.

HASLAM
But, they're commies. We gotta watch 'em.

CODY
There's twenty thousand paid-up members, Dimech. Haslam's right. We gotta watch 'em. Another round?

DIMECH
What the hell. It's Turner's tab.

A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS
Phone call.

She raises the aerial on the cordless phone.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - NIGHT

Cody mans The Rig. Turner, Dimech and Haslam stand over him. Boyle pins the 1967 surveillance shot of Diane at the Terminal Island Craftsman cottage next to the photo of Larry.

AMBROSE (AUDIO)

We will send a message to this
government. We will destroy you.
And all those who stand in our way.

HOOPER (AUDIO)

By any means necessary.

Turner stops the tape. He nods at Boyle who pins surveillance photos of Hooper and Ambrose to a whiteboard.

TURNER

Philip Ambrose and Carl Hooper.
Weathermen. Self-styled militia-
men. Revolutionaries. Wanted to
bring down the government. By armed
force preferably.

Turner nods and Cody hits Play. FOOTSTEPS, A DOOR CREAKS.

DIANE (AUDIO)

Larry.

Turner indicates the photos of Diane and Larry on the board.

TURNER

Two people - Harley and Parks -
leave the basement.

SLAP of FOOTSTEPS. Faint ROCK MUSIC.

TURNER

Head upstairs to the first floor.

DIANE (AUDIO)

They're batshit crazy.

LARRY (AUDIO)

I can control them.

DIANE (AUDIO)

You can't control lunatics.

FOOTSTEPS RECEDE on AUDIO. Turner flicks a switch. FOOTSTEPS.

TURNER

Harley heads for the front living
room. Parks goes down the hall.

Turner adjusts the dials. Up. Down. Tweak. He nods and Cody rewinds. Plays. Faint KNOCK.

FEMALE VOICE (AUDIO)
 (very faint)
 Won't be long.

TURNER
 Parks knocks on the bathroom door.
 One of the residents is in there.

Turner finesses the dials. Up down. Play. Cody hits Rewind.
 Play. The agents strain to listen to a faint NOISE.

TURNER
 What do you hear?

Dimech is energized now he's investigating.

DIMECH
 A door opening.

TURNER
 That.

Cody rewinds. Ups the volume. A faint SQUAWK.

HASLAM
 A bird.

BOYLE
 A seagull.

TURNER
 We missed it last time. Larry's
 gone out back.

CODY
 For a slash?

Turner Fast Forwards. FOOTSTEPS. A door CREAKS.

CODY
 Larry returns to the basement.

HOOPER (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)
 Pass me those pliers?

AMBROSE (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)
 Nitrogen...
 (audio distorts)
 You got the time?

INDISTINCT NOISES. Turner Stops. Adjusts dials. Up, down.
 Forward. A COUGH.

TURNER
 What do you hear?

CODY

A cough.

Turner nods and Cody hits Play.

TURNER

That's what we missed. The cough.
Larry's outside taking his slash.
There's someone else in the
basement.

Cody shoots Dimech a doubtful glance.

CODY

Larry could have returned to the
basement. Could be Larry coughing.

TURNER

No.

Cody hits Play.

AMBROSE (AUDIO)

I dig Larry's idea. Take a look at
this.

Turner, tense with anticipation.

HOOPER (AUDIO)

Is that the - ?

Turner tenses. KERBOOM! Turner and the four agents flinch.

INT. FBI AUDIO LAB - DAY

Turner and a sleepy AUDIO TECHNICIAN sit at a workbench. A
spliced tape of Old and Young Larry plays on a reel-to-reel.

YOUNG LARRY/OLD LARRY (AUDIO)

Midnight-midnight. Mule - mule.
Comrade - comrade.

Turner looks at the Audio Technician quizzically.

TURNER

It's him, right?

AUDIO TECHNICIAN

I don't know, Turner. I don't know
my own wife at four o'clock in the
morning.

Three green lights blink on the audio computer.

YOUNG LARRY/OLD LARRY
 Right on-Really want. Can control -
 Christ Cleveland.

A fourth light blinks on the computer.

INT. TURNER'S UNMARKED SEDAN - DAY

A blood red sun rises as Turner barrels down a leafy Brentwood avenue.

EXT. BIRCHER'S BRENTWOOD HOUSE - DAY

Turner presses the door bell. Again. Harder. BIRCHER, 55 now, still the bureaucrat, jowled, a little greyer, opens the door, half-dressed.

BIRCHER
 Jesus wept, John. It's 7 am.

INT. BIRCHER'S STUDY - DAY

Bircher sits at his mahogany desk and listens to the cassette player which sits before him.

LARRY (ON CASSETTE THROUGHOUT)
 It's me, Diane. Hey, comrade, feel like a Moscow mule at Midnight's?

DIANE (ON CASSETTE THROUGHOUT)
 Where are you? No, don't tell me.

LARRY
 They still listening?

Turner prowls the room, oblivious to the art deco furniture and the Picasso lithographs.

DIANE
 Don't say anything. I'll meet you in Cleveland. Fifteen minutes.

LARRY
 Cleveland?

TURNER
 (snaps off recorder)
 A Moscow mule is a cocktail.

BIRCHER
 Larry Parks is dead.

TURNER

Midnight's is a dive bar The Party
used to meet in.

BIRCHER

He's been dead twenty years.

TURNER

Cleveland is the old code.
Remember?

BIRCHER

It wasn't your fault.

The door opens and MARGARET, 54 now, still elegant and
beautiful - thanks to a little work - sweeps in in a silk
house gown.

MARGARET

(to Bircher)

Carmina's put the coffee on.

(spots Turner)

John? Can't be good news to bring
you here.

TURNER

Always good to see you, Margaret.

(takes a good look)

New chin.

MARGARET

(recoils)

Good Lord, you smell like a gin
mill. You're not still pulling all-
nighters. The Party's finished,
isn't it? Well, I've got news for
you. Jennifer called. She's coming
home.

TURNER

Jennifer?

MARGARET

Our daughter, John.

TURNER

I thought she was in Chicago.

BIRCHER

She put in a transfer.

MARGARET

She says she wants to see you.

TURNER

Great.

MARGARET

Make the time, John. No
disappearing acts. No last minute
all-nighters.

Margaret caresses Turner's stubble affectionately.

TURNER

Take care, Margaret.

Turner smiles and kisses her cheek.

MARGARET

Easy, it's still sore.

Margaret exits. Turner snaps back to business and shows
Bircher the acoustic computer printout.

TURNER

Six points of similarity -

BIRCHER

Inconclusive. You need eight.

TURNER

- including a hard D and a
diphthong.

BIRCHER

You want to open an investigation
based on a hard D and a diphthong?

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

An FBI TECHNICIAN, in telephone company overalls is up a
ladder, rewiring a connection. He nods discreetly to -

INT. FBI SEDAN, PARKED - DAY

- Cody and Boyle. The sat. phone RINGS. Cody answers.

DIMECH (ON PHONE)

Philadelphia is in place.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

Turner and the four agents sit before a screen on the wall.

ON the Screen:

Jerky black and white surveillance footage of Diane's old car, driving along a swanky, palm-studded boulevard.

TURNER
(commentates)
August 3, 1967. We're following
Harley and Parks to Bel Air. Forty-
eight hours before Terminal Island.

Diane's car slows down as it approaches a bunch of parked cars. It pulls up behind a limousine at a palatial residence.

A VALET opens the limo door to a regal LEONARD BERNSTEIN, 49.

DIMECH
Is that Lennie Bernstein?

BOYLE
Who?

CODY
(sings)
I just kissed a girl named Maria.
Maria. Maria. Mariaaa.

The valet opens the back door and Black Panthers, BOBBY SEALE, 31 and HUEY NEWTON, 25, militant in their combat fatigues, get out, scowling.

Boyle pins photos of Bernstein, Seale and Newton to the bulletin board alongside Diane, Larry, Ambrose and Hooper.

TURNER
Black Panthers. Bobby Seale and
Huey Newton.

A SECOND VALET opens Diane's door. Diane and Larry alight. Larry salutes the Panthers.

JERKY CUT ON SCREEN TO: Footage of the backyard of the palatial mansion. A HANDSOME ACTOR, 30 and a BLONDE ACTRESS, 30, mingle with HOLLYWOOD TYPES, the Panthers, The Weathermen, and Diane and Larry.

CODY
Hey, isn't that...? She won an
Oscar.

TURNER
Our Oscar-winning actors were
hosting a party. Rich whites
raising funds for the Panthers.
Became known as Radical Chic
parties.

ON the Screen: CHARLES WARREN, 60 shares canapes and champagne with AMBROSE and HOOPER, both 28, with long hair and camouflage fatigues.

TURNER

Charles Warren. LA County Commissioner. The Times ran a story calling him a communist. He took a jump off the Vincent Thomas Bridge.

Boyle pins a morgue shot of the dead Warren to his board.

Turner points to a cover of Time magazine with Diane and Larry, pinned to the bulletin board.

TURNER

Larry Parks is the new leader of the Communist Party. Diane is 2-I-C. Time magazine is calling them the JFK and Jackie of the Party.

Turner slows the footage of the video as the camera crudely pans around the actors, Warren, the Black Panthers -

TURNER

So, we got Hollywood movie stars, an LA County Commissioner, the Black Panthers -

Camera pans around The Weathermen to Diane and Larry.

TURNER

- The lunatic fringe - The Weathermen. And the American Communist Party. Serious shit. Hoover's creaming himself. He thinks Armageddon's coming down.

The video cuts to black.

TURNER

I upped surveillance. On Larry's apartment. Diane's place. Twenty four hours sight and sound.

BACK TO: 1967

INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT -- 1967

Turner expertly places a tiny bug in the bedside light and screws in the light bulb. A FOOTSTEP. Turner swings around.

TURNER

What the hell, Chalmers? You're supposed to be on watch.

Chalmers lifts a pair of Diane's panties from her drawer.

CHALMERS

We're partners, Turner. Partners are supposed to share.

TURNER

Get back to your post. Scram.

Chalmers takes a last look at the panties and drops them in the drawer. Leaves. Turner screws up the light.

INT. DIANE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT -- 1967

Turner enters from the bedroom.

TURNER

Jesus Christ, Chalmers.

Chalmers gazes at dozens of photos of Diane with Bob Dylan, John Lennon and Mick Jagger.

CHALMERS

She's got herself a Top 40, Turner.
Diane Harley's Hit Parade.

Turner freezes. Bang in the middle - the photo of Turner and Diane, at the Ezy Rest, laughing joyously.

Chalmers studies the photos of Warren Beattie and Bobby Kennedy.

CHALMERS

Bobby fuckin Kennedy. You disappoint me, Diane. You disappoint me greatly.

TURNER

Go.

CHALMERS

You askin' or tellin'?

TURNER

You want me to kick your ass out of here?

They hear a car engine GROWL outside and a door SLAM.

INT. ATTIC, SURVEILLANCE POST - NIGHT -- 1967

Turner sits by the tape machine. It CLICKS, the tape rolls and Turner listens to Diane and Larry making love.

Chalmers watches through the attic window with binoculars.

CHALMERS

That's one red we wouldn't mind in our bed, huh, Turner? Lucky Larry.

Turner ignores him.

CHALMERS

Commie bitches. Fuck like rattlesnakes.

TURNER

How the fuck do you know, Chalmers? You ever fucked a commie?

CHALMERS

All that revolutionary fervor. Hot blood. Dynamite in the sack. Stands to reason.

Turner leaps to his feet and smashes the back of Chalmers' head into the wall. He grabs Chalmers' tie and twists it like a tourniquet. Chalmers gasps, then grins. Turner ratchets the tie up a notch. Chalmers turns purple, but still grins.

Turner lets him go. Chalmers gasps for breath.

CHALMERS

Hee, hee, hee. You've been watching too long, Turner. You've got a little taste for Commie tail.

TURNER

I'm doing my job, Chalmers. You do the same.

INT. ATTIC, SURVEILLANCE POST - MORNING -- 1967

Turner watches Diane and Larry get into their Dodge across the street.

INT. FBI SEDAN, MOVING - DAY -- 1967

Turner and Chalmers follow Diane and Larry across the Vincent Thomas Bridge toward Terminal Island.

INT. FBI SEDAN, MOVING - DAY -- 1967

Turner and Chalmers pull into the kerb. Turner sees -
- Diane's car. Diane and Larry alight and head toward the
Terminal Island Craftsman. They knock and the door opens.

INT. UNMARKED FBI SEDAN - DAY -- 1967

Turner watches the house EXPLODE in a fireball.

EXT. TERMINAL ISLAND STREET - DAY -- 1967

Turner leaps out of the sedan. He races to Maria, bleeding on
the sidewalk. Her mother SCREAMS. He kneels beside her, rips
off his shirt and tie and stanches her wound.

Chalmers and the Techies race up. A FEMALE NEIGHBOR follows.

FEMALE NEIGHBOR

I'm a nurse. I've got her.

She gently pushes Turner aside and takes over. TURNER hears
SCREAMS from the burning house. He heads into the inferno.

INT. TERMINAL ISLAND HOUSE - DAY -- 1967

The roof collapses. Burning timber RAINS on Turner. Windows
EXPLODE. Inferno heat halts him in his tracks, but he wills
himself forward. He sees four mutilated bodies - cooking.

A body trapped under a fallen joist. A limb twitches. It's
Diane. Turner sees flames CARESS the gas main.

RETURN TO 1989:

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

A phone RINGS. Turner points at Dimech, who puts on
headphones.

DIMECH

Meet me in St Louis.

Turner grins - the chase is on.

INT. FBI SEDAN, PARKED - NIGHT

The VIEW THROUGH BINOCULARS:

A BUSINESSMAN in a phone box - St Louis. Diane waits outside, looks at her watch impatiently.

Turner and Boyle sit in the sedan. They watch The Businessman disconnect and exit. Diane enters, waits. She snatches at the phone.

Turner glances at the Telephone van down the street.

INT. TELEPHONE/SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

Dimech and Cody listen to the phone conversation.

LARRY (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)
I need to talk to you.

DIANE (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)
Where are you?

Turner enters the van.

LARRY
A block from Uncle Leon's old place.

DIANE (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)
What do you want? Money?

LARRY
I don't need money. It's about Terminal Island. About what really happened.

Turner blinks. Concentrates. Ups the volume. Dimech mans the "Call Trace" monitor.

DIANE
Can't you forget Terminal Island?

LARRY
It wasn't an accident.

Turner flinches.

DIANE
What do you mean?

LARRY
The bomb. It was detonated.

DIANE
Larry, you're being paranoid.

LARRY

No, I'm not. No. Unless - Are they listening?

DIANE

No. I - I don't think so. What do you mean it was detonated? Deliberately?

LARRY

They're listening. I know they are. Always listening. Always watching. They'll kill me if they find me.

CLICK. Turner looks hopefully to Dimech. Dimech looks at the "Call Trace" monitor and shakes his head.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

Turner and the four agents crowd around The Rig.

DIMECH

(scathing)
That guy was the JFK of The Party?

TURNER

He was something back in the day.

Cody stops, fast forwards, twiddles and fiddles. Turner tweaks a knob. Fades and woofs. Cody hits Play.

BOYLE

Glasses.

DIMECH

Cash register.

CODY

Probably a bar.

TURNER

What's he say?

Cody rewinds. Hits Play.

LARRY (AUDIO)

... it wasn't an accident ...

TURNER

Not that. That.

Rewind. Turner tweaks. Fine tunes. Cody hits Play.

MUFFLED VOICE

Jabali.

BOYLE

Uno jabali.

CODY

Spanish.

TURNER

Jabali. Anyone?

BOYLE

It means wild pig. Or boar.

DIMECH

Mexico.

TURNER

Uncle Leon. Trotsky. Assassinated
in Mexico City in 1940.

CODY

Yeah. But is it Parks? Or maybe
it's a sad old Commie hack wants to
talk conspiracy theories with Diane
Harley.

HASLAM

I don't know who this guy is, but
he sounds fried.

CODY

We got nothing.

DIMECH

We've got our first investigation
in six months, that's what we got.

All eyes on Turner. He looks at his watch.

TURNER

Back here tomorrow. We read every
file. Listen to every tape. Watch
every video.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Turner glances at the CCTV monitor and sees Cody, Haslam and
Boyle trail Dimech out of the office.

Turner sits at his desk and opens a file about two feet high.
He takes out a passport and opens it - Larry Parks.

SFX: WIND CHIMES.

BACK TO: 1967

EXT. LARRY'S APARTMENT, ECHO PARK - DAY -- 1967

WIND CHIMES swing gently by the front door. Turner sees the blown-up Time magazine cover on the wall with Diane and Larry.

Turner rifles through Larry's record collection. He feels one LP, The DOORS first album, perhaps. He tips it up. Larry's passport slides out.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, CORRIDOR - DAY -- 1967

J.EDGAR HOOVER, 68, marches along the corridor, flanked by Turner and Bircher.

HOOVER

Make an old man very happy. Tell me
Diane Harley's ashes and dust.

TURNER

No, sir.

But nothing can wipe the grin off Hoover's chops.

INT. FBI MEDIA CENTER - DAY -- 1967

Hoover and Bircher front a media throng.

HOOVER

I am outraged by this atrocity. At
the loss of innocent lives.

INT. ROCK MUSICIANS' CRASH PAD - DAY -- 1967

Turner, Chalmers and a couple of AGENTS smash in the door.

HOOVER (V.O.)

These hippies and yippies, these
Weathermen and Black Panthers, they
threaten our way of life, our
values, all that we treasure and
hold dear.

Turner and Chalmers haul half-naked MUSICIANS and GROUPIES out of bed.

INT. JAIL CELLS, CORRIDOR - DAY -- 1967

FEDERAL AGENTS march cuffed BLACK PANTHERS along the corridor.

HOOVER (V.O.)
 But they are puppets, their strings
 pulled by their masters in Moscow.
 The Communists remain our nation's
 gravest threat.

INT. LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS OFFICE - DAY -- 1967

Turner, Chalmers and Agents burst into the office. A hippieish REPORTER, GRAPHIC ARTIST and FEMALE FACTOTUM confer over a story.

Editor PIGPEN, 28, fat and bearded, types at his desk.

PIGPEN
 What right have you got comin' in
 here?

CHALMERS
 By the power invested in me by God
 almighty and John Edgar Hoover.

Chalmers slides his blackjack from the back of his trouser leg. He hauls Pigpen to his feet by his hair then whacks him across his Achilles tendon with the blackjack.

Pigpen collapses, screaming.

EXT. SPAHN'S MOVIE RANCH, CHATSWORTH - DAY -- 1967

CHARLES MANSON, TEX WATSON, and four topless HIPPIE CHICKS stand before Turner and Chalmers, their hands on their heads.

HOOVER (V.O.)
 And I will not rest until the
 communist menace is destroyed.

Chalmers ogles the girls' breasts.

EXT. COMMUNIST PARTY HQ - DAY -- 1967

FBI sedans screech to a halt in front of CPA HQ. Chalmers and a posse of FEDERAL AGENTS leap from their sedans and storm through the front door.

INT. BRODER'S OFFICE - DAY -- 1967

Two AGENTS haul Broder out of the chair in his office. He tries to break free. Chalmers whacks him across his chops with his Blackjack.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY -- 1967

Hoover makes himself comfortable in a leather chair and sips whiskey from a cut crystal tumbler. Turner stands before him.

HOOVER
We're fighting a Cold War, son.

INT. DIANE'S OFFICE - DAY -- 1967

Chalmers and an AGENT burst into Diane's office.

HOOVER (V/O)
You and me, we're Cold War
warriors. You hate the commies as
much I do.

Chalmers grabs Diane by the arm. She breaks free and slaps him across the chops. Chalmers grabs her. Diane KNEES Chalmers in the balls. He doubles up.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY -- 1967

Hoover hands Turner a whiskey.

HOOVER
I'm putting you in charge of the
Red Squad.

TURNER
No, sir.

HOOVER
We're in a war, son. There are
casualties in war. It wasn't your
fault.

TURNER
The Red Squad's Eliot's, sir.

HOOVER
Eliot's a desk-runner. I'm gonna
give him a bigger desk. LA.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY -- 1967

The bland Broder sits opposite bland Bircher and Chalmers.

BIRCHER

Why's a stand-up member of the Communist party join a bunch of crazies like The Weathermen?

BRODER

"The greatest evil is conceived and ordered in clear and well-lighted offices, by quiet men with white collars and smooth-shaven cheeks who do not need to raise their voice."

CHALMERS

Ho Che Minh, right? No? Chairman Marx?

BRODER

The Communist Party of America has no affiliation with The Weathermen.

BIRCHER

Parks and Harley were helping build the bomb, comrade.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY -- 1967

A tense Turner watches through the two way mirror.

BRODER

The Communist Party abhors violence.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, INTERROGATION ROOM DAY

Chalmers grabs Broder by his necktie and smashes his face into the desk.

CHALMERS

Sorry. My behavior was abhorrent.

Broder clutches his bloodied nose.

BRODER

You're crazy.

Chalmers smashes his face into the desk again.

CHALMERS
 Eleven people dead.
 (smash)
 Larry Parks blows himself up.
 (smash)
 And you're calling me crazy?

Broder cradles his smashed face. Whimpers.

BIRCHER
 Who was that bomb intended for?

BRODER
 I don't know.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY -- 1967

Turner, wound up tight, stares through the two-way mirror -

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY -- 1967

- at Diane, face still cut and bruised, seated opposite
 Bircher and Chalmers at a table.

DIANE
 How are the cojones?

CHALMERS
 A little bruised, but nothing your
 gentle hands couldn't succor,
 Diane.

DIANE
 Who was the last person to succor
 you, Agent Chalmers? Your mother?

Bircher steps in.

BIRCHER
 We've identified a body at the site
 of the Terminal Island bombing as
 Larry Parks.

CHALMERS
 Crispy fried cojones. A delicacy in
 East Los Angeles I'm told. Hee hee.

DIANE
 Larry? Impossible.

Diane glances icily at Chalmers then back to Bircher.

BIRCHER

You and Larry Parks were members of
The Weathermen.

DIANE

Nonsense.

BIRCHER

You were there, Diane. You and
Larry Parks were helping The
Weathermen build a bomb.

DIANE

Larry couldn't build a bomb. He
couldn't change a light bulb.

BIRCHER

Who was the bomb meant for, Diane?

DIANE

(penny drops)
You tell me. You were there. Who
was in charge?

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY -- 1967

Turner flinches.

DIANE

Eleven people dead. Why didn't you
evacuate? Why didn't you stop them?

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - 1967

Bircher smiles a thin-lipped smile.

BIRCHER

You got that right, Diane. Eleven
bodies. And we've got you on
conspiracy to murder. Life, no
parole, Diane.

Diane stares at the two way mirror.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY -- 1967

Turner sees Diane's eyes seemingly locked on him.

INT. FIVE STAR HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT -- 1967

CLYDE TOLSON, 66, pours a pair of whiskies and serves them to Hoover, sitting in a silk robe in an armchair, and Turner sitting opposite.

HOOVER
Life, no parole. Drink to that,
Clyde?

Clyde smiles and raises his glass.

TURNER
I think we should reconsider this.

HOOVER
Reconsider what?

TURNER
Reagan's running for governor.
Nixon's running for president.
They're both running on the anti-
communist ticket. Parks is dead,
Broder will take over as leader.
But without Harley, he'll run the
Party into the ground. Great
generals need strong enemies. We
need The Communists. We need a
strong enemy. No communists, no
communist bogey.

Hoover considers.

RETURN TO: 1989

INT. TURNER'S SEDAN - NIGHT

Turner cruises along his quiet suburban street. He sees an unmarked sedan parked out front of his house. No one in it. The house is dark. Turner pulls in and kills the engine.

INT. TURNER'S FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

The door quietly opens and Turner slides in. Darkness. The burglar alarm is switched off.

Turner glides along the hallway. All quiet. A light under the door to his study. He glimpses someone inside.

INT. TURNER'S STUDY - NIGHT

JENNIFER, 28, an FBI op, her father's daughter, browses surveillance photos of Diane and Larry.

TURNER
Welcome home.

Jennifer jumps and hurriedly replaces the photo. They hug.

JENNIFER
It's great to be ... back.

TURNER
You didn't like Chicago?

JENNIFER
It was a learning curve.

TURNER
And, er ...?

They part.

JENNIFER
Owen. His name's Owen. He was a learning curve too.

TURNER
I warned you about dating other agents.

JENNIFER
Are you speaking from experience?

TURNER
I've never dated another agent.

Jennifer accepts it.

JENNIFER
You're looking good, daddy. You never seem to change.

TURNER
You change. You look more beautiful every time I see you.
(awkward silence)
What would you like? A Coke? How about something to eat?

INT. TURNER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer picks up old knick-knacks from the mantel while Turner fixes drinks.

JENNIFER

This place doesn't seem to have changed much either.

TURNER

Oh well, you know the definition of inertia. An object will stay at rest unless it meets an irresistible force.

Turner hands her a whiskey and toasts.

TURNER

Crime and punishment.

Jennifer takes her drink and they CHINK glasses.

JENNIFER

I've got some really good memories of this house.

TURNER

Your mother and I, we really tried you know.

JENNIFER

I know.

Jennifer looks out the French doors.

JENNIFER

Oh, the old white oak's gone.

TURNER

It died ... What do you feel like? French? Italian? Chinese?

Turner picks up a stack of take-out menus from the bench.

TURNER

There's a new Ethiopian joint. You eat with your hands.

The phone RINGS. Jennifer grimaces. Turner shrugs an apology and picks up.

TURNER

Turner ... Hey, Dimech. All four of you there? Give it a couple more hours.

Turner hangs up.

JENNIFER

You've reopened Terminal Island.

TURNER

It didn't take you long to get up to speed.

JENNIFER

But why? Larry Parks is dead.

TURNER

You didn't come out here to talk about a case.

JENNIFER

The Party's still a threat?

TURNER

You did come out here to talk about a case.

JENNIFER

No.

TURNER

You and your mother and Eliot start talking over the pot roast? What'd they say?

JENNIFER

They said that after Terminal Island you began to ...

TURNER

Began to what?

JENNIFER

Brood.

TURNER

Brood? Chickens brood. Our problems had nothing to do with Terminal Island. What else did she say?

JENNIFER

She said it went further back. To Saticoy.

TURNER
What did she say about Saticoy?

JENNIFER
You went undercover. You were
assigned to Diane Harley.

TURNER
How would she know that?

Jennifer says nothing.

TURNER
Have you read my file?

JENNIFER
Jesus, daddy.

TURNER
Did Eliot tell you?

JENNIFER
No.

TURNER
Did he send you here?

JENNIFER
How could you?

TURNER
Why were you looking through my
files?

JENNIFER
Trying to find my father.

She SLAMS down her glass and storms out. Turner silently
curses himself.

TURNER
Honey.

INT. TURNER'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Turner follows her.

TURNER
I'm sorry.

The door SLAMS.

EXT. TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Turner barrels out of the house as Jennifer's car ROARS.

TURNER
Jennifer.

Jennifer throws the car into reverse, out onto the street. Turner sprints across the front lawn. The car sheers off, tires SQUEALING. Leaving a forlorn Turner watching.

EXT. TERMINAL ISLAND - DAY

Turner stares at a vacant lot, surrounded by a chain link fence. He glances at the cranes and containers and the International Trade Building. Then back at the vacant lot.

BACK TO: 1967

INT. CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY -- 1967.

Diane - unconscious. Trapped beneath a joist. Flames caress the gas mains.

Turner sprints to her and heaves and pushes the joist.

The flames engulf the gas main. Turner heaves the joist off her. A HISS OF GAS. GLASS EXPLODES IN THE HEAT. THE CRASH OF A BURNING JOIST.

Turner lifts Diane in his arms and carries her out of the living room as the GAS MAIN BLOWS.

Diane's eyelids flutter. She tries to focus on John, a glimpse of recognition, then she passes out.

RETURN TO: 1989

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

A bored Cody studies a surveillance photo of the burned-out Craftsman cottage on a vacant block of land. A stack of files sit on the desk in front of him.

ON TV: Reagan and Gorbachev sign a Treaty.

REAGAN (V.O.)
Communism is another sad, bizarre chapter in human history whose last pages even now are being written.

Haslam removes an audio tape from the play back recorder, takes another tape from a stack and spools it.

Dimech and Boyle sit at a desk, buried in stacks of files.

Turner picks up a report, scans it and shakes his head - nothing. Cody SLAMS down a tape.

CODY

We've watched hundreds of videos.
Listened to a thousand hours of
audio. Jesus, I've read every
fucking file in the joint.

TURNER

You missed something. Find it.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Turner, phone at his ear, glances out his window and sees Diane hug the worried Mexican woman in the floral dress. Her HUSBAND, his leg in a plaster cast shakes Diane's hand. Diane smiles encouragingly and ushers them inside.

TURNER

(admiringly)
Aaah, Diane.
(into phone)
Hey, Spike. How you doin'? Terminal
Island. Can you lay it out for me?

INT. FBI ARCHIVES, DESK - DAY

Archive Officer SPIKE HERLIHY, 60, grins as John approaches.

SPIKE

Special Agent Turner. Thought you'd
busted all them Reds.

TURNER

Oh, you know the Commies. Still
plottin' and plannin' our
overthrow.

Turner looks at hundreds of twisted, melted or burnt forensic items on trestle tables.

SPIKE

Dusty one, John.

TURNER

We're all getting dusty, Spike.

Turner turns over various items of evidence. He holds up a piece of twisted metal.

SPIKE
Detonator.

TURNER
We never found out what triggered it. Can we do it now? Have we got the technology?

SPIKE
You want me to send it over to Explosives?

TURNER
Please.

Spike takes the detonator and logs it in his file.

Turner picks through the evidence, holds up a charred album.

TURNER
Jefferson Airplane.

SPIKE
Good album.

TURNER
Great album.

Turner upends the record cover and a PHOTOGRAPH of cranes and containers. Then an orange STUB.

TURNER
What's this? A ticket stub?

SPIKE
(reads)
Santa Monica Water -

Spike shrugs - doesn't know.

TURNER
Water? Water what? What's the address?

SPIKE
The pier. The Santa Monica pier.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

A STALL OPERATOR, 55, Caucasian, grey hair in a pony tail, looks at the orange ticket STUB.

STALL OPERATOR

Santa Monica Water - You got the right address. I been here twenty years and there was a candy stall before me. Can't help you, bub.

Turner nods his thanks. He takes a peanut from a paper bag and shells it. He spots an OLD FISHERMAN, Mexican, 85, fishing from the pier. Turner follows his hunch and approaches him.

TURNER

Hola. They biting?

The Old Fisherman looks at him suspiciously. Turner shows him the orange stub. The Old Fisherman's eyes flicker. But he says nothing. Turner takes his wallet from his pocket and offers him a twenty.

OLD FISHERMAN

Santa Monica Water Cabs.

TURNER

You know anyone who worked the cabs?

Turner hands over another twenty.

INT. SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

Turner sits at a window table, which overlooks a San Pedro fishing dock.

TURNER

The casino boats.

XAVIER GUTERRIEZ, 85, patriarchal and as fit as a flounder sits opposite. He fingers his SILVER and TURQUOISE bolo tie and gazes through the window to his grandsons, a couple of handsome young Mexican FISHERMEN cleaning a fishing trawler. The fishermen look up and wave at Xavier. Xavier's eyes light with pride.

XAVIER

You got children?

TURNER

One.

XAVIER

Grandchildren?

TURNER

No.

XAVIER

Children are a blessing. But grandchildren? They give you a sense of ...

TURNER

Permanence?

Xavier smiles and nods. Xavier studies the orange STUB.

XAVIER

Ancient history.

TURNER

So give me a history lesson.

XAVIER

I skippered the water taxi. We'd pick up Hollywood stars at the pier. Bogart, Bacall, Clark Gable, all the hotshots. Take 'em out to the casino boats.

TURNER

The boats were, what, four miles out?

XAVIER

International waters. It took Hoover twenty years to close us down. Nineteen forty eight.

TURNER

Who ran the boats?

Xavier hesitates.

TURNER

Ancient history, Mr. Guterriez.

XAVIER

Frank Curcio.

Turner blinks - that Frank Curcio?

TURNER

When did you start working for Frank Curcio?

Xavier hesitates again.

XAVIER
Nineteen twenty seven.

TURNER
Prohibition.

XAVIER
I had a fishing boat. Mr. Curcio
had a fishing boat. Then he moved
into imports.

TURNER
Rum runners.

XAVIER
We bought booze in Mexico and ran
it into Los Angeles. Mr. Curcio
became rich.

Turner gazes through the window, across San Pedro to the
cranes, containers and freighters on Terminal Island.

TURNER
Then he became very rich.

INT. CURCIO'S FOYER - DAY

Both the foyer and the RECEPTIONIST are fresh, modern and
manicured.

Turner strolls toward the old before-and-after photos of
Terminal Island on the wall.

TURNER
Ancient History.

The Receptionist looks at Turner blankly.

Turner glances through the window at the panoramic view.
Frowns. He takes the bagged, charred photo from his pocket
and compares the photo of Terminal Island warehouses and
cranes to the landscape outside.

It's the same place.

The elevator bell PINGS. The doors slide open and CHALMERS,
20 years older, 20 pounds heavier, steps out with a pair of
THUGS in Hugo Boss suits.

CHALMERS
(sneer)
The price we pay for eternal
vigilance. Meet ace commie-buster,
John Turner, boys.

TURNER

Chalmers. I heard you were a security guard somewhere.

CHALMERS

Head of Security Operations, if you please. You lookin' for a job, Turner?

(to his thugs)

Turner's so good at cleaning up the communist menace, he's just about done himself out of a job.

TURNER

I've got an appointment with Mr. Curcio.

CHALMERS

What's it concern?

TURNER

It concerns Mr. Curcio.

CHALMERS

Then it concerns me.

Chalmers indicates Curcio's door.

INT. CURCIO'S OFFICE - DAY

Chalmers ushers Turner in. The thugs follow.

FRANK CURCIO, 90, is shrivelled in his Wall Street shirt, tie and blue braces, but his snake eyes are bright and alert.

TURNER

Thank you for your time, Mr. Curcio.

CURCIO

The Red Squad and its officers are always welcome here. Our harbor is communist-free and I've got you to thank, Mr. Turner.

TURNER

There's still a few about, Mr. Curcio. But we're keeping an eye on them.

CURCIO

Take a seat, Mr. Turner. How can I help you?

TURNER

You've got a beautiful view, Mr. Curcio.

CURCIO

I built that view, Mr. Turner.

TURNER

About when? Nineteen sixty seven?

CURCIO

About then.

CHALMERS

Mr. Turner is about to come to his point.

TURNER

Do you remember the Terminal Island bombing, sir?

CHALMERS

(curious)

That was twenty years ago, Turner.

CURCIO

I remember it.

Turner takes the bagged ticket stub from his pocket and hands it to the Male Secretary who passes it to Curcio.

CURCIO

The Santa Monica Water Cabs. Picked up the stars at the Pier and took 'em out to my boats. Your old boss, J.Edgar came out a few times. I let him win and it took the old dog twenty years to close me down ...

(chuckles at the memory)

LA was something back then. But it didn't have a deep sea port. I started off with a single fishing boat, Mr. Turner, and now I own the harbor.

TURNER

This ticket stub was found at the site of the bombing.

CURCIO

Was it now?

TURNER

D'you ever receive any threats from
The Weathermen?

CURCIO

Why would they threaten a humble
businessman?

TURNER

You were a bootlegger. Then you ran
the illegal gambling boats. Drugs.
Prostitution. You were a gangster,
Mr. Curcio. Then you turned
legitimate businessman. Maybe they
saw you as a symbol of the corrupt
capitalist system.

INT. CURCIO'S FOYER - DAY

The Thugs wrestle Turner toward the elevator. A shocked
Receptionist drops her Cosmopolitan and watches Chalmers
slide his old blackjack from the back of his trouser leg.

CHALMERS

Remember my old friend?

Chalmers whacks Turner once, twice, three times across the
liver. Turner sinks to his knees.

TURNER

Next time I see you, you're gonna
need more than these two.

Chalmers and the thugs chuckle it off. Chalmers hits the
elevator button and the doors SNAP open. The thugs toss
Turner into elevator. The doors close.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

Turner rubs his ribs and swallows a couple of painkillers. He
and the four agents watch a surveillance video on the screen.

TURNER

This was a Town Hall Meeting.
Three days before Terminal Island.

ON the Screen: Larry and Diane sit in the front row. A man
behind Diane pats her on the shoulder.

TURNER

Hold it.

The video freezes. The man wears a silver and turquoise bolo tie - it's Xavier.

TURNER

Hello, Xavier. I want a still of him.

Boyle makes a note. He hits "Play". The video continues.

SCRATCHY SURVEILLANCE AUDIO THROUGHOUT.

DIANE

Public Housing is not a handout. Families will pay rent to the City of Los Angeles. No longer will they line slum lords' pockets.

Boos and cries of "Commie bitch" and "Go back to Russia".

ON Stage: Charles Warren takes the microphone.

WARREN

Thank you, Miss Harley. I wish to place on record that I fully support a Public Housing Program.

Boos and catcalls.

TURNER

Commissioner Charles Warren.

HASLAM

The guy at the fund-raiser.

DIMECH

The guy they fished out of the harbor.

Boyle pins up a photo of the Harbor with the Vincent Thomas bridge and the bright lights, cranes and containers of Terminal Island behind it on the bulletin board.

Boyle pins up a second photo of a MORGUE SHOT of Charles Warren's body.

ON the Screen: Halbert STRICKLAND, 45, a dapper City Official takes the microphone.

TURNER

Halbert Strickland. City Planner.

STRICKLAND

Public Housing is creeping communism. What next? Free education. Free health?!

Is that how you want your tax
dollars spent?

A chorus of CHEERS and BOOS. Screen cuts to black.

DIMECH
Strickland? He's County
Commissioner now.

TURNER
He replaced Charlie Warren.

Phone RINGS. Cody answers.

CODY
Mr. Bircher wants to see you.
Urgently.

Turner shakes his head - I'm not in.

TURNER
Boyle?

Turner takes Boyle aside.

TURNER
I've ordered Larry Parks' stuff out
of Archives. I want you to go
through it. Pay attention to the
record collection.

INT. STRICKLAND'S OFFICE - DAY

STRICKLAND, 70 now, sits behind his antique desk.

Turner studies the historic before-and-after photos of Dodger
Stadium and Chavez Ravine on the oak-panelled walls.

TURNER
You were City Planner when they
built Dodger Stadium.

STRICKLAND
I was.

TURNER
You gave the order to bulldoze the
housing there?

Strickland is surprised at the direction of the question.

STRICKLAND
Someone had to.

TURNER

And then you became Harbor
Commissioner.

Turner spots the photo of Curcio and Strickland on the wall.

STRICKLAND

Yes. I'm proud to say we
transformed a shallow harbor into
one of the busiest deep-water ports
in the world.

BOYLE

Charles Warren was County
Commissioner before you, right?

Turner spots a photo of Vincent Thomas bridge on the wall.

STRICKLAND

Charlie Warren. I'd almost
forgotten him. He was a communist,
you know. Well, as good as. The
Times ran an expose. He took the
coward's way out.

Turner takes a document from his pocket.

TURNER

I found this in County Records.
This is public land on Terminal
Island. Nothing there but some
derelict warehouses. Commissioner
Warren wanted to set aside the land
for public housing.

Strickland glances at it. He shrugs.

STRICKLAND

Never got past the proposal stage.

TURNER

No, Commissioner Warren died before
it had a chance. That land was
given, gifted, to Frank Curcio.

STRICKLAND

To build the Port of Los Angeles.

TURNER

It's a parking lot.
(silence)

But this is LA. I guess we need
parking lots.

STRICKLAND

For the Head of the Red Squad you have a very, er, liberal line of questioning.

TURNER

Did you know Larry Parks, Mr. Strickland?

STRICKLAND

The commie? That blew himself up with er ... ?

TURNER

The Weathermen. That bomb was meant for those warehouses. For your parking lot, Mr. Strickland.

Strickland remains stony-faced.

INT. FBI ARCHIVES - DAY

WIND CHIMES lie on trestle table with Larry's records. Boyle peers at a record cover - The Electric Prunes - and scoffs. He checks inside the cover. Nothing.

Boyle picks up another record - Bob Dylan "Highway 61 Revisited". Boyle feels something odd on the spine.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

Boyle shows Turner the record cover.

BOYLE

This is where the record's catalogue number goes.

TURNER

Someone's taped a number over it.

Turner peers at the record cover's spine. Phone RINGS in b/g. Cody picks up.

BOYLE

Eight digits.

TURNER

It's a bank code.

CODY

(to Turner re phone)
It's Mr. Bircher, sir.

Turner ignores Cody.

TURNER
(to Boyle)
Can you trace it?

EXT. BIRCHER'S FRONT DOOR, BRENTWOOD - DAY

An angry Bircher opens the front door for Turner.

INT. BIRCHER'S STUDY - DAY

Turner sits opposite Bircher at his desk.

TURNER
The bomb was meant for Terminal
Island.

BIRCHER
OK, I buy it. So what? You found
out where the bomb didn't go off.

TURNER
Halbert Strickland -

BIRCHER
Los Angeles County Commissioner.

TURNER
- gave public land to a gangster -

BIRCHER
Former gangster. And one of the
richest men in California.

TURNER
- to a former gangster for nothing.
Gratis.

BIRCHER
This is LA. This is how they do
things here. You can't interrogate
people like Frank Curcio and
Halbert Strickland. Larry Parks is
dead. Los Angeles has got a
harbour. That's not a conspiracy
theory, John. That's a win-win
situation. This investigation is
over. Hear me? Over.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - NIGHT

Turner enters. Dark. Empty.

CODY

Is the investigation closed, sir?

The four agents huddle over Boyle's computer in the corner.

TURNER

What have you got?

The agents' eyes turn to Boyle.

DIMECH

Boyle?

BOYLE

I traced the bank account, sir.

Turner joins the agents at the computer.

BOYLE

The account was set up in 1965.

DIMECH

When Larry became leader.

BOYLE

Every month a thousand dollars was deposited.

Turner smirks.

DIMECH

It gets better.

BOYLE

The deposits continue for three months after Parks' death. They're then transferred to an account -

TURNER

In Mexico City.

Boyle scrolls down on the computer.

BOYLE

- and they continue until today. Two thousand dollars every month for the last twenty years.

TURNER

Parks is alive.

BOYLE
That's not the name on the account.

TURNER
What do you think, Cody? You like playing devil's advocate?

CODY
Parks is killed in the blast and someone takes over his account.

TURNER
Possible. Do we know who paid the money in?

BOYLE
We do, sir.

Boyle keys in command and information fields scroll on the computer screen.

DIMECH
Spartak International.

TURNER
(blinks)
Spartak?

BOYLE
Greek, I guess.

TURNER
Spartak Moscow. It's a soccer team.

BOYLE
A soccer team's paying Larry Parks?

TURNER
Russian's idea of a joke. Spartak Moscow is the KGB's soccer team. And Spartak International is a KGB slush fund. It financed Moscow's US operations for twenty years. I thought they closed it down.

TIME CUT TO:

Boyle pins an old surveillance photo of ILYA IBRAMOVICH, Russian diplomat, 40, to the white board.

TURNER
Colonel Ilya Ibramovich. Codenamed Peter. Twenty years ago he was an Economic Liaison Officer -

BOYLE

KGB?

TURNER

- KGB, here in LA.

Turner and the agents watch surveillance footage on a playback monitor.

TURNER

The day before Terminal Island.
Larry Parks met Peter in Macarthur
Park.

ON the Screen: Larry and IBRAMOVICH "casually" cross paths in Macarthur Park. They talk but the conversation is obscured by ICE CREAM VAN MUSIC.

TURNER

Do it, Cody.

Cody rewinds, plays, adjusts and tweaks knobs and switches.

LARRY (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)

You had me worried.

IBRAMOVICH (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)

Checks and balances.

LARRY

But everything's all right?

ON the Screen: A TRASH TROLLEY stops at a bin, obscuring Larry and Ibramovich. GRINDING of trash. Cody rewinds. Tweaks and finesses. Hits Play.

LARRY

Two hundred and fifty thousand,
right?

IBRAMOVICH

That's what we agreed on.

The Trash Trolley trundles off as Larry and Ibramovich part.

BACK ON: Turner.

TURNER

Two hundred and fifty thousand?
Dollars?

HASLAM

Hold up, sir. Go back.

Cody rewinds the video. He ZOOMS in on Larry's shoulder bag. Fast forwards to Trash trolley's departure.

HASLAM

There.

Cody ZOOMS in on Larry's bag - a BULKY ENVELOPE pokes out of the bag.

Turner pats Haslam on the shoulder.

TURNER

Good job, Haslam.

Turner holds out his hand - response?

DIMECH

The Russians gave the commies two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Turner nods - what else?

CODY

The Russians bankrolled Terminal Island.

A phone RINGS. The Rig lights up.

HASLAM

(picks up headphones)
It's him, sir.

TURNER

Speaker.

Haslam hits the wrong button. Hits the Speaker button.

DIANE (ON SPEAKER THROUGHOUT)

You said it wasn't an accident -

LARRY (ON SPEAKER THROUGHOUT)

(drunk)
World's going crazy. Detente.
Glasnost -

DIANE

Tell me what you know, Larry.

LARRY

- Perestroika.

DIANE

Eleven dead people, Larry. You owe it to them.

LARRY
We were blown, Diane.

DIANE
Blown?

LARRY
An informer.

Turner frowns.

DIANE
An informer? Who was the informer,
Larry?

LARRY
You want to get us both killed?

CLICK. The lights on Haslam's machine glow.

HASLAM
We got a trace, sir.

EXT. DOWNTOWN AVENUE, MEXICO CITY - DAY

The FBI Office block - grim in a colorful bustling avenue.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM, FBI MEXICO CITY - DAY

Turner, Dimech and Cody, and Haslam and Boyle watch a slide of an enlarged map of downtown Mexico City which beams on a screen. FBI OFFICE CHIEF stands before the screen.

FBI CHIEF
Four ten Rio Churubosco. Which is
where Trotsky - Uncle Leon - bought
the icepick in 1940. This is where
your guy lives. Two blocks away.
And this is the ATM where he made
the withdrawals. And this is the
man himself.

A slide of a bloated, bearded man - Larry Parks (?), 55 now - projects on the screen. The FBI Chief hits the remote and the handsome young Larry Parks appears on the screen.

FBI CHIEF
We can start the formal extradition
process. It'll take forty eight
hours - at least.

All eyes turn toward Turner. The FBI Chief brings up the image of the bloated figure. Even Turner looks doubtful.

TURNER

Start it.

INT. PARKED SEDAN - DAY

Turner and Dimech watch a run-down apartment block. The booze-blown figure - Larry (?) - waddles out the front door.

INT. PARKED SEDAN - DAY

Cody and Haslam, kind of goofy in Mexican shorts and soccer shirts watch the bloated figure insert a card in the ATM.

EXT. MEXICAN CAFE, MEXICO CITY - DAY

Turner sits at an outdoor table, sips a beer and watches Larry (?) toss down a tequila chaser across the cafe.

Turner discreetly moves to the bar. He nods at the BARKEEP, who opens a beer. Turner spots a bottle of tequila on a shelf - Jabali - with a WILD BOAR on its label.

INT. PARKED SEDAN - DAY

Dimech and Boyle watch the cafe. A WAITER serves Larry another beer.

Turner approaches their sedan, discreetly taps the window and keeps walking. Dimech nods at Boyle - keep watching him. Dimech gets out of the car.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK, HALLWAY - DAY

Dimech watches Turner quickly, expertly pick Larry's lock.

INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT, MEXICO CITY - DAY

The room is a mess of booze bottles and cigarette butts. Dimech rifles through documents in a drawer.

Turner thumbs through Larry's collection of LPs and finds The DOORS First Album. He opens it and a passport slides out.

DIMECH

False?

Turner nods. He replaces the passport. Turner unscrews the phone receiver.

Dimech finds a bag of pot in a pot. And a vial of cocaine. He glances through the window.

DIMECH

Sir?

Turner moves to the window and sees -

- Diane.

TURNER

Fuck.

Diane approaches the apartment block. She talks with a MEXICAN WOMAN. The Mexican woman points to the apartment.

Turner scurries back to the phone. He takes a bug from his pocket and places it in the receiver.

DIMECH

She's in the building.

Turner screws in the bug. Dimech anxiously watches Turner replace the receiver.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK, HALLWAY - DAY

Turner and Dimech exit the apartment as the old cage elevator clanks up. They stop behind the elevator.

The elevator shudders to a halt. Turner is inches from the back of Diane's head. He inhales her scent. Diane exits and RAPS on Larry's door.

EXT. MEXICAN CAFE - NIGHT

Haslam watches from a cafe across the street.

Diane approaches. Larry jumps to his feet and hugs, clings to her.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

Turner, Dimech and Cody listen.

DIANE (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)

Who was the informer, Larry?

LARRY (AUDIO THROUGHOUT)
No, no. Walls have ears and shoes
have tongues.

THUMP. THUD.

DIANE
What are you doing?

LARRY
Checking for bugs.

Turner frowns - nervous.

DIANE
This coke is really messing with
you, Larry.

LARRY
They've got satellites now, Diane.
Hear every word. Microwaves.
Scramble your thoughts.

CODY
The guy's nuts.

Turner frowns - suddenly doubtful.

DIANE
This informer -

LARRY
They'll kill me.

DIANE
Who'll kill you? Moscow?

LARRY
Not just the Russians. No.

DIANE
Remember who you used to be. You
wouldn't have stepped away from
this. You were the JFK of the
Party.

LARRY
Yeah.

DIANE
I want to bring you in. I want you
to come home with me.

TURNER

Shit.

LARRY

Yeah. We could be JFK and Jackie again.

DIANE

Maybe.

LARRY

I could sell the story, Diane. Washington Post. Time magazine. Hey, Sixty Minutes.

DIANE

Sure.

LARRY

We gotta work this out. You'll sleep here tonight, right?

Turner tenses.

DIANE

You're drunk. You're stoned.

LARRY

Please.

DIANE

We leave in the morning.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Turner watches from his rental as Larry and Diane climb into an ancient Corolla and drive off. Turner follows them.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Turner discreetly tails the Corolla along a highway.

EXT. BORDER CONTROL, OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

Bircher, flanked by Boyle and Haslam squints through binoculars and sees -

- Turner's rental car follow the Corolla into the line.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Turner inches forward. He sees a car pull out and park in the emergency lane. He sees Cody discreetly wink and Dimech open the hood of the car.

EXT. BORDER CONTROL, OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

Bircher sees Larry's Corolla, then Turner's rental nudge forward - twelve cars from border gates.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

The Corolla inches forward. Six cars from border gates.

Turner glances in his rear view - a long line back. A MOTOR CYCLE appears at the back of the line.

INT. IMMIGRATION CONTROL, OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

Bircher squints through binoculars.

INT/EXT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Turner watches the Corolla. Four cars from the border.

Turner glances in the rear view mirror. The motor cycle approaches in the next lane. Turner sees the DRIVER and PILLION, both wearing tinted helmets. The bike accelerates. Alarm bells ring in Turner's head. The bike keeps coming.

Turner reaches for his gun. He leaps out of the rental.

INT. IMMIGRATION CONTROL OFFICE - DAY

Bircher frowns as the bike SCREECHES to a halt by the Corolla.

BIRCHER
Jesus Christ.
(to Haslam and Boyle)
Get down there.

INT. LARRY'S COROLLA - DAY

Larry looks up in shock as the Pillion shoves the barrel of the sawn-off through the car window.

BLAM. BLAM. Larry's face explodes, showering Diane in blood.

The Pillion swings the sawn-off onto Diane. She stares down its barrel. He squeezes the trigger.

BLAM. The Pillion is hit in the shoulder. His shot gun FIRES and SMASHES the windshield.

EXT. IMMIGRATION FORECOURT - DAY

The motorcycle U-turns on a dime. Turner grabs the Pillion's leg and holds on. The Rider guns it, dragging Turner. The Pillion kicks Turner free and FIRES a couple of shots. Bullets PEPPER nearby cars.

Turner fires. BLAM. BLAM. Six shots. Turner clammers to his feet. He staggers to the Corolla and sees Larry, a bloodied mess on the front seat.

Diane's eyes lock on Turner.

DIANE

John?

A posse of MEXICAN IMMIGRATION POLICE surround Turner, shouting in Spanish. They slam his face into the Corolla's hood, cuff him and drag him away.

INT. HOLDING CELL, MEXICO CITY - NIGHT

Turner sits on the floor, back erect against the wall. His face is streaked with blood and bristles with a four day growth. His suit is torn and filthy.

Twelve MEXICAN PRISONERS, from young gangbangers to ageing bag snatchers gaze at him malevolently. Two GANGBANGERS edge toward Turner from opposite directions. Turner tenses. He waits for the attack.

The hatch on the heavy metal door SNAPS open.

INT. TURNER'S SEDAN - NIGHT

Turner drives along his quiet residential street. A black Cadillac with tinted windows is parked in front of his house. He swings into his driveway, stops and kills the engine.

EXT. TURNER'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Turner gets out of his sedan. Bircher gets out of his Caddie.

INT. TURNER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A bluesy Coltrane plays on the hi-fi. Bircher stands by the ashes of an empty fire place as Turner pours the whiskeys.

BIRCHER

Eleven people dead on Terminal
Island - who saved your ass, John?

TURNER

Hoover.

BIRCHER

I saved your ass, John. Who
approved you heading up the Red
Squad?

Turner hands Bircher his Scotch.

TURNER

You did, Eliot.

A News Report with photos of the young and old Larry silently plays on the TV.

BIRCHER

And now this balls up in Mexico. I
got the White House on my can. I've
got the Washington Post and Bob
Woodward sniffing round thinking
he's got another fucking Watergate.

Turner waits for it to blow over.

BIRCHER

What is it with you and Larry Parks
and Diane Harley? Every time you
cross paths I get a body count.
I've kept us - you - out of the
shit. Again. John.

TURNER

I want to talk to Broder and
Harley.

BIRCHER

I already questioned them. And I
let 'em go. The case is closed. The
Mexicans are taking over.

TURNER

The Mexicans? No ... You're not
peddling the drug line.

BIRCHER

That's the price we pay.

TURNER

You said it yourself, Eliot. Eleven people dead.

BIRCHER

That's your trouble, John. You look back and the rest of us look forward. There is serious shit going down in Moscow and Europe. A new world order. And all you can think of is Terminal fucking Island. The investigation is over.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

Dimech, Cody, Haslam and Boyle eat take-out and watch TV.

ON the TV: Reagan stands before Berlin's Brandenburg Gate.

REAGAN

If you seek peace, if you seek prosperity for the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, Come here to this gate. Mr. Gorbachev, open this gate.

Turner barrels in and sees Reagan on the TV.

REAGAN

Mr. Gorbachev -- Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall!

TURNER

Look slippy. I want Harley and Broder. Here. Now.

The agents look warily at the still-dishevelled Turner.

CODY

The case is closed, sir.

TURNER

I say when the case is closed.

Dimech, Cody and Haslam climb into their jackets.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Broder, cool and calm sits at the table. Turner and Dimech sit opposite. Finally -

TURNER

You knew Larry Parks escaped. You knew he was in Mexico City.

BRODER

I did not know.

TURNER

You knew Colonel Ilya Ibramovich - Peter - gave Larry two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to finance the Terminal Island bombing.

BRODER

(surprised)
I did not know.

TURNER

And that Moscow's supported Parks the last twenty years?

BRODER

No. I didn't know.

TURNER

For the Chairman of the American Communist Party, you don't seem to know much, comrade.

Silence.

TURNER

Kind of embarrassing for Moscow if this all came out, right?

BRODER

Whatever Moscow did, it was the correct decision.

TURNER

Did Moscow order the hit on Larry?

BRODER

That would have been sensible. But I was not privy to discussions.

TURNER

Parks said there was an informer. Who was it?

BRODER

Larry was delusional. He had a Che Guevara complex back then and who knows what psychoses at the end.

TURNER
Who killed Parks, Broder?

BRODER
I've no idea.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Turner watches an icy Diane sitting in the interview room on his CCTV monitor. Turner takes a deep breath, steels himself.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER, INTERVIEW ROOM 2 - DAY

Turner enters and takes a seat opposite Diane at the table.

TURNER
Hello, Diane. I'm Special Agent-in-Charge John Turner.

DIANE
You're Red Squad.

TURNER
Yes.

DIANE
Were you Red Squad back then?

TURNER
Yes.

DIANE
We always knew there was someone up here. And it turned out to be you. I thought you were dead. For thirty years I thought you were dead.

Diane's pain and anger threaten to burst through but she keeps an ice-cold lid on it.

DIANE
But no, you've been watching and listening and opening my mail.

TURNER
I'm investigating the murder of Larry Parks.

DIANE
You woke in hospital and what happened? Come to your senses, did you?

TURNER
I married. I had a child. I bought
a house.

DIANE
Did it last?

TURNER
No.

Diane softens - briefly.

DIANE
Do you know how many lives you've
destroyed? How many friends I've
lost?

TURNER
It was my job.

DIANE
Beaten and bullied and thrown in
jail by you and your thugs.

TURNER
I believed in it.

DIANE
And you were so good at it.

TURNER
I don't regret anything.

DIANE
Nothing?

Turner hesitates. Diane SLAMS the desk with her fist.

DIANE
Did fucking me get you your
promotion?

Dimech enters. He senses the tension and looks at them
suspiciously as he sits.

TURNER
This is Special Agent Dimech.

Turner pushes documents across the table and activates the
recorder.

TURNER
Larry Parks called you on these
dates and in these locations -

DIANE
(ice cool)
You're very thorough, Agent Turner.

TURNER
- You urged Parks to come in
because he said "Terminal Island
was no accident". Was it?

DIANE
I believe him.

TURNER
He said there was an informer.

DIANE
Someone betrayed us.

TURNER
Who betrayed you?

DIANE
Someone I trusted obviously.

DIMECH
You and Parks were in Mexico. Must
have been pillow talk. Sweet
nothings in your shell-like.

DIANE
He fell asleep.

DIMECH
It's a long drive from Mexico. What
did you talk about?

DIANE
Book deals. Movie rights.

TURNER
Diane, you were in the basement of
the house when they were building
the bomb -

DIANE
You were there. You were watching.
Listening -

TURNER
Whoever betrayed you -

SFX: A HISS OF GAS. GLASS EXPLODES IN THE HEAT. THE CRASH OF
A BURNING JOIST. THE MAIN BLOWS.

DIANE
No, you were in the house ...

TURNER
- whoever set off the bomb -

DIANE
Were you in charge? Why didn't you
stop them? Eleven people -

TURNER
- ordered the hit on Larry. Who
killed Larry, Diane?

DIANE
I think it was you.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Turner stares at the CCTV Monitor. Diane waits for the
elevator. Enters. The doors close.

Turner wearily rises and heads for the door.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

Turner enters. The four agents stare at him - tense,
expectant. Silence. Then -

CHITTER CHITTER. CHITTER. A teleprinter SPITS out copy. A fax
machine COUGHS up a fax. Phones RING. CLICK. Dial tone. The
Rig LIGHTS UP. Tapes roll.

BRODER (AUDIO)
American Communist Party. Please
leave a message.

An urgent GERMAN voice leaves a message. CHITTER CHITTER. The
teleprinters PUMP OUT copy. The fax machines SPEW faxes.

TURNER
Jesus. Did we just invade someone?

RING. PUMP. SPEW. CHITTER CHITTER

Turner hits the remote and amps up the volume on the TV.
Turner and the Agents all watch the bank of TVs.

ON the TV: Two CNN ANALYSTS.

NEWS ANALYST

Political pundits and Kremlin watchers have forecast major changes in Soviet Russia. But no one predicted this.

A MOB of East Germans march toward the Berlin Wall. The German army stand by as the Mob throw rocks.

TV REPORTER

Ladies and gentlemen, you are watching history in the making.

Turner moves to The Rig. He hits buttons and switches.

TV REPORTER (FUZZY AUDIO)

As you can see, this is the infamous Checkpoint Charlie.

Turner kills the sound on the TV. He expertly manipulates the mixing desk until the TV audio comes in from across the street and through The Rig's Bose speakers.

BRODER (AUDIO)

We're finished.

Turner glances out the window and sees Diane enter Party HQ.

TV REPORTER (AUDIO)

East German civilians are throwing rocks and missiles at the wall!

BRODER (AUDIO)

Fucking Gorbachev.

Turner stands apart, half-way between the TVs and the window. He glances at the drawn blinds across the street.

TV REPORTER (AUDIO)

My god, this crowd is swarming over the wall. And the guards are standing back. The East German military are standing back!

Turner sees Diane enter the Party meeting room.

TV REPORTER (AUDIO)

The soldiers are letting them through! The mob is attacking the wall. They're tearing down the wall, Mr. Reagan. They're tearing down the wall.

INT. PARTY HQ, MEETING ROOM - DAY

Diane and Broder and a dozen Party MEMBERS and SYMPATHIZERS watch the crummy TV as East Germans climb on the wall, rip it apart and hurl the bricks back into East Germany.

Diane, Broder and PARTY MEMBERS, in shock, comfort each other. A couple openly weep.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

The Agents watch the TV as East Germans raise their fists triumphantly above the wall.

Turner, silently watches. Dimech approaches Turner and holds out his hand. Turner looks puzzled.

DIMECH
Congratulations, sir. We won!

Turner shakes Dimech's hand.

TURNER
We did.

DIMECH
Did we win?!?!?

DIMECH/CODY
We shit it in!!!!!!

Turner gazes across the street to the meeting room and sees Diane turn and seemingly stare right at him.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Dimech, Haslam and Boyle - and Jennifer - and twenty agents in FBI-issue suits celebrate - hard. The booze flows, the collars are loose and so are the women - FBI GROUPIES dance or hang off the agents.

The chubby balding Cody mimes and dances to a disco hit - "I Feel Love" - something like that.

DIMECH
(mimes)
Oooh it's so good/It's so good/
It's sooo good.

One GROUPIE, 40, almost pretty, gyrates into Cody's crotch.

Turner and Bircher are sitting in a corner booth. A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

You boys sure know how to drink.

BIRCHER

As long as you sleep safe in your bed at night, ma'am.

WAITRESS

Depends who I'm sleeping with. You want me to keep the tab open?

Turner sees his agents and their groupies guzzling the booze.

TURNER

Keep it open.

The Waitress nods and heads back to the bar. Agents harass her for more drinks.

BIRCHER

I'll need your final report.

TURNER

Final? ... We're closing down.

BIRCHER

The war's over, John.

Jennifer approaches, a little tipsy.

JENNIFER

Daddy, you should be celebrating.

TURNER

I am celebrating, honey.

JENNIFER

You won.

TURNER

We did.

JENNIFER

I'm proud of you, daddy.

TURNER

Thank you, honey.

JENNIFER

(to Eliot)
Did you tell him?

Dimech sidles up to Jennifer, and hauls her to the dance floor.

DIMECH

She's in safe hands, sir.

Turner watches his beautiful daughter dancing with Dimech.

TURNER

(calls after her)

What did I say about dating agents?
... Tell me what, Eliot?

BIRCHER

We're moving to Washington.

TURNER

(figures it out)

You're the new Director?
(Bircher nods)
Jennifer's going with you?

BIRCHER

It'll be good for her career.

TURNER

With you watching over her.
(toasts)
Crime and punishment. Hoover said
you'd take his job one day.

They drink.

BIRCHER

I ordered you to close the
investigation, John.

TURNER

Harley and Broder know something.

BIRCHER

Maybe this'll convince you.

Bircher takes documents from his pocket and slides them
across the table. Turner looks at mug shots of two Mexicans.

BIRCHER

They're your hitmen. They got in a
shoot out with the Mexican cops.
And lost.

TURNER

Bullshit.

BIRCHER

One of them's still wearing your
bullet in his shoulder.

Bircher slides a document across the table.

BIRCHER

And there's a twenty-five thousand dollar transfer in their bank accounts.

Bircher fixes Turner with an even hard stare.

BIRCHER

Check it out.

Turner pauses, startled by the hard stare.

TURNER

Check it out?

BIRCHER

Check it out.

Bircher rises. Bircher pats Turner on the shoulder.

BIRCHER

There'll always be a job for you, John.

Turner watches Bircher move toward the dance floor and hug Jennifer. He shakes hands with Dimech, then departs. The music stops.

DIMECH

Did we win??!!

TWENTY AGENTS

We shit it in!!!!

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY

The morgue shots of the two MEXICAN HITMEN on Boyle's computer screen. Turner and Boyle hunch over the screen.

BOYLE

Cartel hitmen.

TURNER

Yeah.

Turner sees a hungover Cody watching him suspiciously from his desk.

An information field replaces the mug shots on the screen.

BOYLE
The bank's here in Los Angeles. A
couple of blocks away.

TURNER
Who wired the fifty thousand?

ON the Screen: GBP INVESTMENTS.

Turner blinks.

BOYLE
GBP.

TURNER
Green Bay Packers.

BOYLE
A football team? Oh, a joke. Like
Spartak.

TURNER
Yep. Just like Spartak.

BOYLE
You want me to find anything on
GBP?

TURNER
No.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Turner opens his safe and removes files. He sits down and
rifles through them.

CLOSE IN ON FILES:

Dozens of them - and they're all headed GBP.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

Turner feeds the documents into a shredder. Cody appears with
a document on a clipboard.

CODY
We've got to remove our bugs, sir.

Turner nods and keeps shredding.

CODY
Today, sir.

Turner signs the document.

CODY
Destroying the evidence?

Cody smiles at his gag, and Turner grins back.

TURNER
Every last shred.

INT. TURNER'S HOME, GARAGE - NIGHT

Turner opens the trunk of his car. It's packed with boxes of files. He picks up a box.

INT. TURNER'S STUDY - NIGHT

A haunted-looking Turner lays out the surveillance photos of Diane, Larry, Broder, "Peter", Charles Warren, The Weathermen and the others on his desk.

The phone RINGS. He frowns and snatches at it.

TURNER
Turner.

MARGARET (ON PHONE)
John. I'm hearing the strangest things. What's going - ?

TURNER
Did Eliot put you up to this?

MARGARET (ON PHONE)
(hesitates)
No.

Turner hits Disconnect. CLICK. CLICK. An ECHOEY CLICK. Turner dials a number. DIAL TONE. Then ECHOEY SILENCE.

TURNER
Do I know you?

VOICE ON PHONE
No.

An ECHOING CLICK CLICK. Turner unscrews the phone. And finds the BUG. He smashes it.

INT. TURNER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Turner sweeps the room with an electronic SWEEP. He passes it over the standing lamp. BUZZ.

Turner SMASHES the lamp on the bedside table. He rummages through the wreckage and finds the bug.

INT. TURNER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

A tiny hole in the plaster. Turner grabs a sledge hammer and smashes a hole in the wall. He rips out the wiring.

INT. TURNER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Turner SMASHES the wall with the sledge hammer and tears out yards and yards of wire. He hears a CAR ENGINE, and car lights swing through the curtains.

INT. TURNER'S STUDY - NIGHT

Jennifer stares at the smashed walls and the yards of wiring. Turner watches her.

JENNIFER

They're saying you're a double agent and you've been feeding information to the Soviets.

TURNER

You're gonna hear a lot of disturbing things.

JENNIFER

They think you ordered the hit on Larry Parks. And you had an affair with Diane Harley.

TURNER

Eliot sent you, didn't he?

Turner moves toward her. She backs off.

JENNIFER

Even when I was a kid I could feel a presence. Her. Here.

TURNER

Honey.

Turner moves toward her but she's gone.

INT. TURNER'S SEDAN - NIGHT

Turner drives along Diane's street - fast.

INT. ATTIC, SURVEILLANCE POST - NIGHT

Cody unplugs the recording equipment from the wall. Haslam opens a packing carton.

Haslam hears the SQUEAL of tires. He sees Turner leap out of his car and head for Diane's front door.

INT. DIANE'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Naimah sits on the sofa, a document in her hand.

NAIMAH
They've agreed to pay minimum wage -

DIANE
To all their workers?

NAIMAH
- To all their workers. They've covered his medical and full compensation.

Diane takes a bottle of wine from the fridge.

DIANE
That deserves a drink.

A HAMMERING on the door.

DIANE
See who it is and get rid of them.

EXT. DIANE'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Naimah opens the door and sees Turner.

TURNER
I need to see Diane.

NAIMAH
You're the guy from Saticoy.

TURNER
Yes.

NAIMAH
She doesn't want to see you.

 TURNER
Please.

 DIANE (O.S.)
Who is it?

Naimah opens the door. Turner and Diane stare at each other.

INT. DIANE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Naimah picks up her attache case. She looks at Diane - do you want me to go? Diane nods - I can handle it.

Naimah heads for the front door. The door OPENS and CLOSES.

Diane throws a copy of the LA Times on the coffee table.
Turner scans the headline: Cartel Hitmen Slay Former
Communist Leader.

 DIANE
Drugs.

 TURNER
They were cartel.

 DIANE
How very convenient.

 TURNER
And I'm supposed to have ordered
the hit.

 DIANE
Did you?

 TURNER
No.

 DIANE
What do you want from me?

 TURNER
I know the bomb was meant for the
International Trade Building.

Diane says nothing.

INT. ATTIC, SURVEILLANCE POST - EVENING

The tape rolls. Cody and Haslam listen.

TURNER (ON AUDIO)
I know Peter gave Larry two hundred
and fifty thousand dollars.

Silence.

INT. DIANE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Turner takes a step toward Diane.

TURNER
I know Moscow paid Larry two
thousand dollars a month for the
last twenty years.

Turner takes another step.

TURNER
I know how Larry escaped. And I
know you helped him.

DIANE
I did. You would have crucified
him.

TURNER
It's a federal offence. That's ten
years, Diane. And there won't be
anything I can do.

Diane holds out her hands in "cuffs", in surrender.

TURNER
I can't protect you.

Turner looks at her "cuffed" hands, then glances at the empty
space where their photo once hung. He sees it, cracked in a
waste basket.

DIANE
It was hanging there thirty years.
How long was I supposed to keep it?

Turner can't bottle his emotions any longer.

TURNER
I'm sorry. Diane, I'm so sorry.

Diane holds back the tears.

TURNER
There hasn't been a day in thirty
years, I haven't loved you.

All those years, the one thing I never found out, the one thing you never let out, the one thing that kept me there was what you thought about me. And that photo on the wall.

They hold each other tight. Not wanting to let go. Lips caress cheeks and search for lips And kiss.

LATER:

In bed. Diane snuggles into his shoulder, just like thirty years ago.

TURNER

I -

DIANE

Don't say anything. It's so fragile, I'm scared it might break.

TURNER

I should have told you. Thirty years ago. When they unwired my jaw. I was angry with you, with myself. For loving you. The oldest trick in the book. The honeypot. That's how I rationalized it. And I threw myself at my job and I was hating myself because I was destroying everything that was important to you.

Diane caresses the burn scars on Turner's side.

DIANE

Terminal Island.

TURNER

Who was the informer, Diane?

DIANE

He didn't name names.

TURNER

He must have said something.

DIANE

He said -

SFX: The front door SMASHES off its hinges. RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

Turner leaps out of bed. Dimech and Cody burst in, guns drawn. Jennifer behind them.

Turner stands, stark naked between Jennifer and Diane.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Bircher and a hostile Dimech sit across the table from Turner. Bircher activates the recorder sitting on the table.

BIRCHER

In 1959, you were working
undercover, using the alias John
Traynor.

TURNER

Yes.

BIRCHER

You infiltrated the Communist Party
who were trying to unionize farm
laborers.

TURNER

Yes.

BIRCHER

Communist Party Executive Diane
Harley was the target.

TURNER

Yes.

BIRCHER

And you and Diane Harley become
lovers.

TURNER

Yes.

BIRCHER

How long did the affair last?

TURNER

Two weeks.

DIMECH

Must have been a packed two weeks.

BIRCHER

When did you next see Diane Harley?

TURNER
I've "seen" her almost every day
for the last thirty years.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, ANTE-ROOM - NIGHT

Boyle, Cody, Haslam and a Jennifer watch Turner through the two way mirror.

BIRCHER (AUDIO)
And when did you became lovers
again?

TURNER (AUDIO)
Today.

Jennifer winces.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Bircher makes a note on his paper. Dimech hands Bircher another document.

BIRCHER
Your relationship with Diane Harley
must have impacted your role as an
FBI operative?

Dimech glares at Turner.

TURNER
It didn't.

BIRCHER
You're saying your feelings didn't
affect your judgement? Your
decision making?

TURNER
I wouldn't have done anything
different.

Bircher shuffles documents.

BIRCHER
Are you familiar with a company
called GBP Holdings?

TURNER
Yes.

BIRCHER
Tell me about GBP?

TURNER

It was a holding company set up by
the Bureau.

Bircher and Dimech shoot each other disbelieving looks.

DIMECH

The Bureau?

TURNER

A slush fund. The Russians had
Spartak and we had Green Bay.

BIRCHER

Football teams. Very funny. Who set
up this slush fund?

TURNER

I did.

BIRCHER

When was it set up?

TURNER

Nineteen sixty seven.

BIRCHER

What was the purpose of the fund?

TURNER

Anti-communist operations. We paid
informers. Infiltrators. We set up
phony think tanks to make donations
to the Party.

BIRCHER

Are you saying the Bureau financed
the American Communist Party?

Dimech leaps to his feet and grabs Turner by the collar.

DIMECH

You're a fucking traitor, Turner.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, ANTE-ROOM - NIGHT

A stoic Jennifer watches Turner grapple with Dimech. Bircher
breaks it up.

INT. FBI INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Turner, Bircher and Dimech sit down.

BIRCHER
This slush fund you set up -

TURNER
With Hoover's approval.

BIRCHER
- authorized all monies GBP sent to
the Communist Party.

TURNER
We needed an enemy.

BIRCHER
We don't have any records for GBP.

TURNER
It's buried very deep.

BIRCHER
Over the last twenty two years, how
much would you say GBP has invested
in the American Communist Party?
Your lover's Party?

TURNER (ON AUDIO)
Enough to float it.

BIRCHER
Three? Four? Five million dollars?

TURNER
Yes.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, ANTE-ROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer grits her teeth - angry now.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Bircher hands Turner a document.

BIRCHER
This is a Western Union receipt.
Fifty thousand dollars. Wired to
Hector Herrera in Mexico City.
Which paid for the execution of
Larry Parks. Can you read the
signature, Agent Turner?

TURNER
John Traynor.

BIRCHER
Your undercover alias.

TURNER
Yes.

Bircher considers. Dimech passes him another file.

BIRCHER
So the secret Bureau fund which you controlled, financed the American Communist Party. And paid for the execution of Larry Parks.

Turner remains silent.

BIRCHER
Are you an agent for the American Communist Party?

TURNER
No.

BIRCHER
Are you a Russian agent?

TURNER
No.

BIRCHER
So why did you order the hit on Larry Parks?

Silence.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, CORRIDOR - DAY

Turner pours water from the cooler. Dimech joins him.

DIMECH
You're gonna die inside, Turner.
You and Harley both.

Dimech exits. Turner sees Bircher and Jennifer at the end of the corridor.

CUT TO:

Bircher and Jennifer watch Turner at the cooler.

JENNIFER
My father's going to die in prison.

BIRCHER

He's my oldest friend. I love him
like a brother. And you love him
too.

Jennifer's lip curls.

CUT TO:

Turner sees Bircher and Jennifer leave. He's alone.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, ANTE-ROOM - NIGHT

Turner glides toward Interview Room 2. He peers through the two-way glass and sees Diane sitting at the table.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, INTERVIEW ROOM 2 - NIGHT

Diane looks up as Turner enters. He gestures - sshh. Then gestures - we're leaving.

Turner holds out his hand. Diane hesitates.

Dimech appears. He registers a split second before Turner rips a short right, flush on his jaw. Dimech drops.

Turner takes Diane's hand. She resists then goes with him.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Turner and Diane pad along the corridor.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, SERVICE STAIRS - DAY

Turner and Diane clatter down the stairs.

INT. FBI WILSHIRE, FOYER - DAY

Turner glances up at the security camera in the corner of the ceiling as he and Diane coolly head for the entrance.

Turner nods at the SECURITY GUARD at his desk by the front door. He hears a phone RING on the front desk and sees the Security Guard pick up the phone.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey? Turner?

Turner and Diane pick up the pace and push open the door.

INT. FBI GARAGE - DAY

A row of Bureau sedans. Turner and Diane jump into one.

INT. FBI SEDAN - DAY

Turner speeds along Wilshire. Diane slumps beside him.

TURNER
Are you all right?

DIANE
This is what you meant by "come
away with me?"

TURNER
They want to put us both away. For
a very long time. What did Larry
say, Diane?

DIANE
Larry was paranoid. Delusional. I
don't think he knew what he was
saying.

Turner's spirits drop.

TURNER
He kept on talking about "they".
Who were they?

DIANE
You, John.

TURNER
OK. Someone told the Bureau. Not
The Weathermen. They're dead. Not
Moscow. Why would they sabotage an
operation they financed. The Party?
Someone in The Party. Broder? Did
Broder know?

DIANE
(hesitates)
Yes. He knew.

EXT. COMMUNIST PARTY HQ - NIGHT

Turner and Diane enter the front door

INT. COMMUNIST PARTY HQ, FOYER - NIGHT

Turner and Diane move across the foyer.

DIANE

Ralph?

INT. COMMUNIST PARTY HQ, BRODER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Turner and Diane enter. Broder swings from a belt-tied noose, hung from the ceiling.

DIANE

Oh, Ralph. Please, can we get him down?

Turner climbs onto the desk, grasps Broder by the chest, and manages to untie the belt. Turner lowers him to the floor.

Broder's trouser leg rides up and Turner sees a welt across his Achilles tendon.

BACK TO: 1967

EXT. LOS ANGELES HARBOR, BEACH - NIGHT -- 1967

Turner watches WATER POLICE haul a body out of the harbor.

TURNER

Charles Warren.

Turner sees a welt across Warren's Achilles tendon.

RETURN TO: 1989

INT. COMMUNIST PARTY HQ, FOYER - DAY

Turner and Diane - as before.

DIANE

He was an informant? He must have thought Larry knew.

TURNER

Larry did know. And it wasn't suicide. What else did Larry tell you?

DIANE

He said he went around to his apartment and the Bureau were there.

TURNER

The day of the bombing? That was me. I went. There was nothing there.

Turner sees the look of fear in her eyes. He takes a few moments to figure it out.

TURNER

The money. The two hundred and fifty thousand. It didn't go to Mexico?

Diane shakes her head. Turner sees accusation in her eyes.

TURNER

No. No, Diane. No.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER, ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Turner and Diane ride the elevator up.

TURNER

Broder knew about the money. And he knew about the bomb.

DIANE

Yes.

The doors open. FBI REMOVALISTS wait, trolleys loaded with filing cabinets.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - NIGHT

Turner charges in, dragging Diane, and sees the Surveillance Center almost stripped. Turner sees REMOVALIST 1 loading a filing cabinet onto a trolley.

TURNER

Hold it.

Turner checks the dates on the filing cabinet. He checks the dates on a second cabinet. The HEAD REMOVALIST approaches.

HEAD REMOVALIST

Who the hell are you?

TURNER

The guy who ran this place.

Turner checks the last filing cabinet. Third time lucky.

Turner picks up a small plastic box cutter and slashes the tape across the drawer. He pockets the box cutter. Rifles through the cabinet. Takes out a tape.

CUT TO:

Diane watches Turner cue up the tape on The Rig.

TURNER
Larry's apartment was bugged.

A red light glows. The tape remains stationary.

TURNER
Sound activated.

They wait. Finally, the light blinks, the tape rolls. Turner checks the time code.

TURNER
That can't be right. That's two hours before the bomb went off.

They hear FOOTSTEPS ... CUPBOARD DOORS OPENING ... FOOTSTEPS... the CREAK OF A DOOR ... DRAWERS OPENING, CLOSING ... A SQUEAKY DOOR. A FAINT SOUND.

Turner rewinds the tape. Tweaks and tunes. Trebles and basses. A noise becomes clearer. Clearer. Finally -

CHALMERS (AUDIO)
Hee hee hee.

Turner rewinds. Ups the volume.

CHALMERS (AUDIO)
Hee hee hee.

Turner's fears are confirmed.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Turner looks at the tape on his desk, then his phone. Removalist 1 reaches for the plug on the fax machine. He sees a fax in the in-tray and picks it up.

REMOVALIST 1
It was in the machine.

Turner takes the fax and scans it. Removalist 1 returns to the fax machine and is about to unplug it.

TURNER
Leave it.

Removalist 1 shrugs and exits. Turner picks up his phone.

Behind Turner, out of his view - the CCTV screens.

ON one Screen: Diane stands by the window of the Surveillance Center looking out.

ON a second Screen: Chalmers and his two Thugs enter the building downstairs.

TURNER
(on phone)
Spike. I got your fax.

SPIKE (ON PHONE)
I'm hearing some weird shit, John.
Is any of it true?

ON the CCTV screen: Chalmers and the Thugs in the elevator.

BACK ON: Turner on the phone.

TURNER
It's a fluid situation, Spike.

SPIKE (ON PHONE)
Best not call me again, John.

TURNER
I need that report, Spike. Please.

CLICK on phone. Turner stares at the fax machine. Waits.

ON the CCTV screen: Chalmers and his Thugs pass the leaving Removalists and approach the surveillance center entrance.

BACK ON: Turner - still waiting. Still hoping.

CHITTER. CHITTER. The fax machine spits out a fax. Turner rips it off. He turns to leave and glances at the CCTV.

ON the CCTV screen: Chalmers leers into the camera.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - NIGHT

Turner enters and sees Chalmers in the empty room. He sees the Thugs pointing guns at Diane.

CHALMERS
An empty room. A life's work.
That's the sum of us, Turner, dust
forever gathering in a filing
cabinet.

TURNER

The war's over, Chalmers. But you were always a little slow.

INT. BIRCHER'S BRENTWOOD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A farewell party. DIGNITARIES and the MOVERS and SHAKERS of Los Angeles.

Bircher, Margaret and Jennifer enjoy a glass of champagne with ILYA IBRAMOVIC, 60, elegant as only diplomats can be.

BIRCHER

Ilya is the Ambassador elect.

MARGARET

We'll be seeing quite a bit of you in Washington.

IBRAMOVICH

I certainly hope so, Mrs. Bircher.

JENNIFER

Have you two known each other long?

BIRCHER

Ilya and I go way back. We used to know him as Peter.

INT. CHALMERS' MERCEDES - NIGHT

Thug 1 drives, Chalmers in front passenger. The Merc approaches Vincent Thomas bridge.

CHALMERS

Back where it all began. Kinda poetic, huh? A watery grave. If the sharks don't get you, the pollutants will. Hee, hee, hee.

In the back seat, Turner squeezes Diane's hand. She's flanked by Turner and Thug 2.

TURNER

How much did you make, Chalmers? The two-fifty. But there was more.

CHALMERS

Mr. Curcio was very generous.

Turner sees the blackjack in Chalmers' hand.

BACK TO: 1967.

INT. LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS OFFICE - DAY -- 1967

Chalmers slides his blackjack from the back of his calf. He hauls Pigpen to his feet by his hair then whacks him across his Achilles tendon with the blackjack.

Pigpen collapses, screaming.

RETURN TO: 1989

INT. CHALMERS' MERCEDES - NIGHT

The Merc approaches the crest of the bridge. Ahead, the bright lights, containers and cranes, like giant raptors on Terminal Island.

Turner feels something in his pocket. Slips it out - the box cutter.

CHALMERS

Do you miss the old days? I managed
to keep a few choice mementoes.

Chalmers eyes Diane and leers.

DIANE

Must be very sad being you,
Chalmers. All alone in a dark room,
jacking off to surveillance videos.

CHALMERS

(chuckles)
What do you think of me, Ms.
Harley?

Turner squeezes Diane's hand. She glances at him and sees the signal in his eyes.

Turner slashes the driver's neck with the box cutter. Blood spurts from his neck.

EXT. VINCENT THOMAS BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Merc caroms into the guard rail in a shower of sparks.

INT. CHALMERS' MERCEDES - NIGHT

Thug 2 raises his gun but Diane smashes his arm away. Chalmers FIRES, but only blasts Thug 2's ear off. He FIRES again and the window smashes.

EXT. VINCENT THOMAS BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Mercedes hits the guard rail again and rolls, rolls to a standstill. Horns HONK and traffic SCREAMS around the Merc.

INT. CHALMERS' MERCEDES - NIGHT

Thug 1 is dead, battered head smashed on the steering wheel.

Turner drags Diane out. Thug 2 clambers out, his face awash in blood. He aims his gun but Turner thumps him once, twice. Thug 2 staggers backwards -

- into the path of a speeding ROAD TRAIN. SPLAT.

CHALMERS

Turner?

Turner sees Chalmers, holding Diane with a gun to her head. He drags her toward the rail and the edge of the bridge. Chalmers lifts her, about to heave her over.

And Diane KNEES him in the balls. Chalmers backhands her across the chops, sending her flying.

Turner leaps at Chalmers and they scuffle, punching, kicking. Chalmers aims the gun. FIRES. BLAM. BLAM. CLICK. He smashes Turner in the face with the gun. And again. Turner collapses.

Chalmers drags Turner toward the railing. Turner grabs Chalmers' leg and feels something. He snatches Chalmers' black jack and whacks him across the Achilles. Chalmers screams.

They fight and wrestle, and Chalmers hauls Turner onto the railing. Turner grabs onto Chalmers.

They both balance on the rail of the bridge. Turner heaves him again and Chalmers freefalls, arms flailing to the water five hundred feet below.

Turner staggers to safety. He helps Diane to her feet.

TURNER

You all right?

Diane nods.

Turner steps in front of an approaching car. It SCREECHES to a halt.

TURNER

FBI.

DRIVER
Where's your badge?

TURNER
I'm all for citizen's right,
fella. But we need a ride.

Turner wrenches open the rear door.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Turner and Bircher sit across the desk from each other. A tape recorder, cassettes and documents sit before them. Turner holds up a cassette and inserts it in the player.

TURNER
Larry's apartment. Two hours before
Terminal Island went up.

Turner hits Play on the recorder. DOOR CREAKS. FOOTSTEPS.

CHALMERS (AUDIO)
Hee, hee, hee.

Turner stops the tape.

BIRCHER
You got eight points of similarity,
John? You got your hard D and your
diphthong?

TURNER
How much was your cut, Eliot?

BIRCHER
Money, John? Really?

ON the CCTV: Diane stands by the surveillance center window. Jennifer guards her, gun holstered but hand at the ready.

BACK TO: Turner.

TURNER
You knew Parks was in Mexico.

BIRCHER
I thought Larry went up in smoke.
And I thought the money went with
him. What else you got?

Turner indicates the fax. Bircher scans it.

BIRCHER
This is from Explosives?

Turner nods.

BACK TO: 1967

INT. UNMARKED FBI SEDAN - DAY -- 1967

SILENCE.

Turner and Chalmers watch the Terminal Island Craftsman. Bircher climbs into the back seat. Their lips move but we hear nothing.

Chalmers and Bircher exchange meaningful glances in the rear view mirror. Bircher TAPS Chalmers on the shoulder.

Chalmers adjusts the frequency on the walkie-talkie. He presses the button.

KERBOOM.

RETURN TO: 1989

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Turner and Bircher - as before.

BIRCHER

You just have to know everything,
John. And what happens when you
know everything? You stop
believing. You lose your faith.

Turner's hand reaches for the hidden Intercom button.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - NIGHT

Jennifer looks curiously toward Turner and Bircher.

DIANE

He loves you very much you know.

The intercom CRACKLES. Jennifer and Diane look toward it.

TURNER (INTERCOM)

You turned Broder.

BIRCHER (INTERCOM)

If you're recording this it'll
never get out of the building.

TURNER (INTERCOM)
I'm not wired, Eliot. Broder told
you about the bomb.

BIRCHER (INTERCOM)
Party Leader. That's all Broder
ever wanted. And with Parks out of
the way ...

TURNER (INTERCOM)
Eleven people dead, Eliot.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bircher stabs the air with his finger.

BIRCHER
It was chaos back then. The country
was on the brink of civil war. The
Weathermen, the Panthers, the Reds -
all armed and crazy, John.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - NIGHT

Diane and Jennifer listen.

TURNER (INTERCOM)
So you took them out.

BIRCHER (INTERCOM)
The public was made aware of a very
real threat.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Turner smiles wryly.

TURNER
Broder gets to be leader. Chalmers
gets the money. Curcio gets very
rich. The "right guys" win the
election. And you get LA. No,
Washington. That's a lot of wins.

BIRCHER
You had it all, John. The most
beautiful wife. The most beautiful
daughter. And Hoover. Even Hoover
loved you.

Bircher slips his cassette into the recorder. He hits Play.

TURNER (ON CASSETTE)
I know how Larry escaped. And I
know you helped him.

DIANE ON CASSETTE)
I did. You would have crucified
him.

Bircher hits Stop.

BIRCHER
You want your girlfriend put away
for ten years?

TURNER
Murder? Theft? Now blackmail? But
that's how you do things out here.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CENTER - NIGHT

Diane and Jennifer stand by the window looking out over LA.

JENNIFER
Do you love my father?

DIANE
I've loved him for thirty years.

JENNIFER
Does he love you?

DIANE
Yes. He does.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Two tapes sit in the middle of Turner's desk. Turner and
Bircher stare at them.

TURNER
Mutually Assured Destruction.

BIRCHER
You want a deal?

TURNER
You won't deal, Eliot. Diane and
me, we're too big a threat. Like
Parks. Like Broder.

Bircher's smile vanishes, his eyes say it all. Turner rises.

BIRCHER
You won't get out of this office.

INT. SURVEILLANCE CENTER - NIGHT

Turner enters, followed by Bircher.

BIRCHER
Jennifer.

Jennifer draws her gun. She aims at Turner. Then swings it around on Bircher.

Bircher sees the lights blinking on The Rig and he knows.

Turner walks toward Jennifer.

TURNER
(whispers in her ear)
I'll be in touch.

JENNIFER
No. I have to come looking for you,
you know that.

Turner and takes Diane's arm. They head for the exit.

BIRCHER
Jennifer?

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - NIGHT

The Vincent Thomas bridge. The International Trade Building, giant containers, cranes and freighters on Terminal Island.

Xavier's Grandson mans the wheel. His brother stands watch beside him.

Turner and Diane stand in the stern, arms around each other.

DIANE
Naimah'll do a good job.

TURNER
She will. How's your Spanish?

DIANE
Dos Jabali, gracias.

TURNER
That's all you got?

DIANE
Te quiero. How's yours?

TURNER
I love you too.

They kiss. The bright lights recede.

DIANE
There's still so much to do.

TURNER
It's someone else's war now.

Diane adjusts Turner dishevelled collar and tie.

TURNER
Men with white collars and cut
fingernails -

Diane strokes his stubbled cheek.

DIANE
- and smooth-shaven cheeks.

Turner and Diane hold each other and the bright lights of Terminal Island and Los Angeles fade behind them.

THE END