

JFK

By

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Based on books by

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**FADE IN**

Credits run in counterpoint through a 7 to 10 minute sequence of documentary images setting the tone of John F. Kennedy's Presidency and the atmosphere of those tense times, 1960 through 1963. An omniscient narrator's voice marches us through in old time Pathe' newsreel fashion.

**VOICE**

January, 1961 - President Dwight D. Eisenhower's Farewell Address to the Nation -

**EISENHOWER ADDRESS**

**EISENHOWER**

The conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry is new in the American experience. The total influence - economic, political, even spiritual - is felt in every city, every statehouse, every office of the Federal Government... In the councils of government we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist... We must never let the weight of this combination endanger our liberties or democratic processes. We should take nothing for granted...

**ELECTION IMAGERY**

School kids reciting the Pledge of Allegiance. WPA films of farmers harvesting the Texas plains. Rain, thunderheads, a dusty car coming from far away on a road moving towards Dallas. Cowboys round up the cattle. Young marrieds in a church. Hillsides of tract homes going up. The American

breadbasket, the West. Over this we hear Eisenhower's address. As we move into the election campaign of 1960, we see the TV debates, Nixon vs. Kennedy, Mayor Daley, Kennedy victorious...

Against this is juxtaposed other forces: segregation, J. Edgar Hoover, military advisors, Castro, Marilyn Monroe, Lumumba... three frames of the Zapruder film counter-cut... ending with the Kennedy inauguration and the irony of Earl Warren administering the oath as he will Kennedy's eulogy.

#### **VOICE 2**

November, 1960 - Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts wins one of the narrowest election victories in American history over the Vice-President Richard Nixon by a little more than 100,000 votes. Rumors abound that he stole the election in Illinois through the Democratic political machine of Mayor Daley...

(inauguration shots)

At his inauguration, at a time when American males all wore hats, he let his hair blow free in the wind. Alongside his beautiful and elegant wife of French origin, Jacqueline Bouvier, J.F.K. is the symbol of the new freedom of the 1960's, signifying change and upheaval to the American public, scaring many and hated passionately by some. To win the election and to appease their fears, Kennedy at first takes a tough Cold War stance.

#### **BAY OF PIGS IMAGERY**

The beach, the bombardment, the rounding up of prisoners, Kennedy's public apology, Allen Dulles standing next to J.F.K., both uncomfortable with the small talk...

#### **VOICE 3**

He inherits a secret war against the Communist Castro dictatorship in Cuba, a war run by the CIA and angry Cuban exiles out of bases in the Southern United States, Panama, Nicaragua and Guatemala. Castro is a successful revolutionary frightening to American business interests in Latin America - companies like Cabot's United Fruit, Continental Can, and Rockefeller's Standard Oil. This war culminates in the disastrous Bay of Pigs invasion in April 1961, when

Kennedy refuses to provide air cover for the exile brigade. Of the 1600 men who invade, 114 are killed, 1200 are captured. The Cuban exiles and the CIA are furious at Kennedy's irresolution... Kennedy, taking public responsibility for the failure, privately claims the CIA lied to him and tried to manipulate him into ordering an all-out American invasion of Cuba. He vows to splinter the CIA into a thousand pieces and fires Director Allen Dulles, Deputies Charles Cabell and Richard Bissell, the top leadership of the Agency.

#### **SECRET WAR IMAGERY**

Cuban rallies, footage of training camps, espionage activities, boats, cases of weapons, Robert Kennedy... John Roselli, Sam Giancana, Santos Trafficante, Richard Helms (the new CIA chief), Bill Harvey, Head of ZR/RIFLE, Howard Hunt...

#### **VOICE 4**

The CIA, however, continues it's secret war on Castro with dozens of sabotage and assassination attempts under it's ZR/RIFLE and MONGOOSE programs - The Agency collaborates with organized crime elements such as John Roselli, Sam Giancana, and Santos Trafficante of Tampa, whose casino operations in Cuba, worth more than a hundred million dollars a year in income, Castro has shut down.

#### **CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS**

Khrushchev, Kennedy, Castro on television, meetings with Cabinet, Russian vessels in Caribbean, U.S. nuclear bases on alert, civilians going to underground safe areas... the Russian ship turning around, the country smiling...

#### **VOICE 5**

In October 1962, the world comes to the brink of nuclear war when Kennedy quarantines Cuba after announcing the presence of offensive Soviet nuclear missiles 90 miles off American shores. The Joint Chiefs of Staff and the CIA call for an invasion. Kennedy refuses. Soviet ships with more missiles sail towards the island, but at the last moment turn back.

The world breathes with relief but backstage in Washington, rumors abound that J.F.K. has cut a secret deal with Russian Premier Khrushchev not to invade Cuba in return for a Russian withdrawal of missiles. Suspicions abound that Kennedy is "soft on Communism."

#### **NUCLEAR TEST BAN IMAGERY**

Closing down Cuban Camps, McNamara speaking, Khrushchev and Kennedy, the "hot line" telephone system inaugurated, Kennedy with Jackie and children sailing off Cape Cod... Vietnam introduction, early shots, Green Berets, counterinsurgency programs, De Lansdale, leading up to the Test Ban signings... then J.F.K. at American University, June 10, 1963.

#### **VOICE 6**

In the ensuing months, Kennedy clamps down on Cuban exile activities, closing training camps, restricting covert operations, prohibiting shipment of weapons out of the country. The covert arm of the CIA nevertheless continues its plan to assassinate Castor... In March '63, Kennedy announces drastic cuts in the defense budget. In November 1963, he orders the withdrawal by Christmas of the first 1000 troops of the 16,000 stationed in Vietnam. He tells several of his intimates that he will withdraw all Vietnam troops after the '64 election, saying to the Assistant Secretary of State, Roger Hilsman, "The Bay of Pigs has taught me one, not to trust generals or the CIA, and two, that if the American people do not want to use American troops to remove a Communist regime 90 miles from our coast, how can I ask them to use troops to remove a Communist regime 9,000 miles away?"... Finally, in August 1963, over the objections of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the United States, Great Britain and the Soviet Union sign a treaty banning nuclear bomb tests in the atmosphere, underwater and in space... Early that fateful summer, Kennedy speaks of his new vision at American University in Washington.

**JFK**

What kind of peace do we seek? Not a pax Americana enforced on the world by American weapons of war... We must re-examine our own attitudes towards the Soviet Union... If we cannot now end our differences at least we can help make the world safe for diversity. For, in the final analysis, our most basic link is that we all inhabit this small planet. We all breathe the same air. We all cherish our children's future. And we are all mortal...

#### **CONCLUDING KENNEDY IMAGERY**

Diplomats at the United Nations... Adlai Stevenson, Castor... Martin Luther King and the March on Washington (a snatch of his "I Have a Dream" speech)... Bobby Kennedy and Jimmy Hoffa going at it... U.S. Steel Chairman's remarks in the steel face-off, men going to courtrooms with briefcases,... Teddy Kennedy, Rose, Joe, the Kennedy family, all teeth and good looks... and of course John campaigning, always campaigning, shaking hands, smiling, that supremely warm smile and sense of grace and ability to convey to crowds their oneness with him... forever... culminating in the more specific Texas shots... with Jackie in San Antonio, and Houston... then at Fort Worth... then at Love Field moving through the clouds toward the Dallas/Forth Worth plain which suddenly breaks into view as we descend...

#### **LOUISIANA HIGHWAY - DAY (1963)**

A moving car carrying two Cuban males disgorges a rumpled, screaming woman, Rose Cheramie, a whore in her thirties, lying there bleeding in the dirt. The car drives off.

#### **HOSPITAL - DAY (1963)**

We see Rose, badly cut but quite lucid, trying to reason with a policeman, Lt. Fruge, and a doctor - in a remote black-and-white documentary.

#### **ROSE**

They're going up to Dallas... to whack Kennedy. Friday the 22nd, that's when they're going to do it. In Dealey Plaza. They're gonna whack him! You gotta call somebody, these are serious fuckin' guys.

#### **DOCTOR**

(to the police officer)  
Higher'n a kite on something. Been like this since she came in.

## **BACK TO DOCUMENTARY IMAGES**

We see the last close-ups of Kennedy shaking hands on the tarmac at Love Field, smiling, into the motorcade... the downtown streets of Dallas, people packing the sidewalks clear back to the buildings, hanging out of windows ten stories up, schoolgirls surging out into the street in front of the car. The President is wildly popular - except for the occasional posters calling for his arrest for treason...

### **VOICE 7**

More rumors emerge of J.F.K.'s backdoor efforts outside usual State Department and CIA channels to establish dialogue with Fidel Castro through contacts at the United Nations in New York. Kennedy is seeking change on all fronts. Bitter battles are fought with Southern segregationists to get James Meredith into the University of Mississippi. Three months after Kennedy submits a sweeping civil rights bill to Congress, Martin Luther King leads 250,000 in a march on Washington. Robert Kennedy, as Attorney General, for the first time ever vigorously prosecutes the Mafia in American life, bringing and winning a record number of cases - 288 convictions of organized crime figures including 13 grand juries against Jimmy Hoffa and his Teamsters Union. The President also takes on Big Business, forcing back steel prices, winning 45 of 46 antitrust cases during 1963 and he wants to help everyday taxpayers by ending age-old business privileges like the oil depletion allowance and the fees paid to the Federal Reserve Bank for printing America's currency. Revolutionary changes are foreseen after J.F.K.'s assumed re-election in 1964. Foremost in the political consciousness of the country is the possibility of a Kennedy dynasty. Robert Kennedy in '68, Teddy Kennedy in '76. In November, 1963 John Kennedy travels to Texas, his popularity sagging to 59% largely due to his civil rights stand for which he is particularly hated in the South. Texas is a crucial state for him to carry in '64. With him is Vice-President, Lyndon Johnson and Texas Governor John Connally.

On November 21, they visit Houston and San Antonio. On the morning of November 22, he speaks in Fort Worth, then flies 15 minutes to Love Field in Dallas, where he takes a motorcade through downtown Dallas on his way to speak at 12:30 at the International Trade Mart. Later, the motorcade takes him through Dealey Plaza at **12:30...**

**DEALEY PLAZA - THAT DAY (NOV. 22, 1963)**

We see a massive overhead shot of the Plaza as it lay then. Credits conclude under shot - and we have the subtitle "November 22, 1963."

A young epileptic screams and suddenly collapses near the fountains in front of the Texas School Depository. He has a violent epileptic fit that attracts surrounding attention. Dallas policemen run over to him. We hear the siren of an ambulance roaring up.

TIMECUT TO ambulance loading the epileptic man and taking off.

**AMBULANCE VOICE**

We are en route to Parkland.

BACK TO a montage of the shooting. We see Kennedy, in the last seconds, waving, turning the corner at Houston from Main... We see TV footage and a piece of Zapruder film from before the shooting; fragmented images...

CUT TO stages shots of crowd people looking on. The images are grainy to match the tone of the Zapruder film. People are on rooftops, hollering. The crowd is wild with enthusiasm. We pan past Jack Ruby and slam into him in black-and-white. The camera shows a Cuban man with a radio; a man with an umbrella; subliminals. Through open windows on the fifth floor of the Criminal Courts Building, convicts watch and holler from their jail cells. We see the sixth floor of the Texas Book Depository with open windows and a vague blur of a figure and a rifle.

The clock on the Hertz sign reads 12:30.

**VOICE**

We'll be there in about five minutes.

A motorcycle officer paralleling the Kennedy car tries to use his radio.

It's jammed. The sound of the jammed Dictabelt drives the rest of the sequence.

We see Zapruder, a short middle - aged man, shooting his 8mm film from the Grassy Knoll, and then we see Jackie Kennedy - floating on film, her voice, high, soft:

**JACKIE KENNEDY**

(voice restaged)

And in the motorcade, you know I usually would be waving mostly to the left side and he was waving mostly to the right, which is one reason you're not looking at each other very much. And it was terribly hot. Just blinding all of us... We could see a tunnel in front of us. Everything was really slow then. And I remember thinking it would be so cool under that tunnel.

The camera rests on Jackie for a beat, and then we see the shot of the little schoolgirl skipping on the grass.

CUT TO the approaching overpass. J.F.K. waves... Mrs. Connally turns to J.F.K. The shot is crazy, fractured, surreal.

**MRS. CONNALLY (V.O.)**

Mr. President, you can't say that Dallas doesn't love you.

**JFK (V.O.)**

No, you certainly can't.

Then we hear the shots: the volley sounds like a motorcycle backfire. We catch a glimpse of a muzzle flash and smoke. We see a view from the street of the Texas School Book Depository - all in line with the "official" version of events. Pigeons by the hundreds suddenly shoot off the roof. Then the screen goes gray as did CBS TV's first bulletins to the country.

**CBS BULLETIN**

(full screen)

We interrupt this program to bring you this flash bulletin. A burst of gunfire! Three bursts of gunfire, apparently from automatic weapons, were fired at President Kennedy's motorcade in downtown Dallas.

We hear voices under this from everywhere, colliding in confusion and horror:

**VOICES**

**OH NO! MY GOD THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US ALL!** Be still. You're going to be all right. **LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.**



**WE'RE HIT! LAWSON, THIS IS KELLERMAN.  
WE ARE HIT. GET US TO THE HOSPITAL  
IMMEDIATELY. PULL OUT OF THE  
MOTORCADE. TAKE US TO THE NEAREST  
HOSPITAL.**

**JACKIE KENNEDY VOICE**

Oh, no, they've shot Jack... I love you, Jack... Jack... they've killed my husband...

**CBS BULLETIN (V.O.)**

The first reports say that President Kennedy has been seriously wounded by the shooting. More details just arrived. United Press say the wounds to President Kennedy perhaps could be fatal. Repeating: President Kennedy has been shot by a would-be assassin in Dallas. Three bursts of gunfire, apparently from automatic weapons...

**VOICES**

(blending under)

**IT CAME FROM THERE. SECURE THAT  
AREA BEHIND THE FENCE. IT'S THAT  
BUILDING UP THERE.**

We hear sirens and screeching tires. The screen is still gray, randomly intercut with the end of the Nix film showing the car escaping. There are wildly tracking shots of the crowd running towards the Grassy Knoll.

The camera pans up the little set of stairs. We see more faces.

Someone in a suit stops our camera. Secret Service?

We see the briefest glimpse from the Zapruder film. The camera moves in on the open umbrella next, then to the freeway sign, then to Mrs. Kennedy out of the car reaching for help, then to the agent rushing onto the rear fender. The car finally speeds away. The people on the other side of the underpass wave at the oncoming hearse from hell. (These are fragmented, mystifying shots. The main effect is one of blackout - of not knowing; of being in the dark, as we all were back then.)

**CUT TO JIM GARRISON'S OFFICE - NEW ORLEANS - SAME DAY (1963)**

Pause. The lovely old china clock on the wall reads 12:35. Somewhere a car backfires. We see a close-up of the clock moving to 12:36. We hear the sound of a pen on paper, scratching... We see a shot of Jim Garrison as a young air pilot in World War II; hear the sound of airplanes. The

camera moves to framed photos of Jim as a young, Lincolnesque lawyer... we hear sounds of political rallies, cheering... a shot of Jim's grandfather shaking hands with President William Taft. The sound of bulldozers carries us to a shot of Jim staring at piles of decaying corpses at Dachau... a photo of Clarence Darrow... a law degree and an appointment as District Attorney of the New Orleans Parish... Mother Garrison with young Jim on the desk... another family - his own. We look across the thick desk with the chess set, A Complete

Works of William Shakespeare and a Nazi helmet with a bullet hole in it... to Jim himself writing - pen to paper. We sense the quiet intellect of the 43 year old man. The clock ticks in the awful suspended silence.

It's as if the air itself has been sucked from the silent room. This is the last moment of peace before the World will rush through the door in all its sound and fury - to change his life forever. The camera haywires into a close-up of Jim as he looks up... and knows.

Lou Ivon, Jim's chief investigator, is already standing there in the room. He is burly, in his 30s - his expression universal for that day.

**JIM**

What's wrong, Lou?

**LOU**

Boss, the President's been shot. In Dallas. Five minutes ago.

Jim is stunned. His look of horror and shock speaks the same language as on faces all across America that Black Friday.

**JIM**

Oh no!... How bad?

**LOU**

No word yet. But they think it's in the head.

Jim gets up, heading rapidly for the door.

**JIM**

Come on. Napoleon's has a TV set.

#### **NAPOLEON'S RESTAURANT - THE QUARTER - DAY(1963)**

The midday customers all stare solemnly at the TV set high in the corner of the cafe. The manager, ashen, serves drinks to Jim and Lou.

**NEWSMAN 1**

Apparently three bullets were found.

Governor Connally also appeared to be hit. The President was rushed by the Secret Service to Parkland Memorial Hospital four miles from Dealey Plaza.

We are told a bullet entered the base of the throat and came out of the backside, but there is no confirmation, blood transfusions are being given, a priest has administered the last rites.

**JIM**

There's still a chance, dammit!  
Come on, Jack - pull through.

**MANAGER**

(Italian, distracted)  
I don't believe it. I don't believe it. Here, in this country.

They all look up, expectant, as Walter Cronkite interrupts on the TV:

**WALTER CRONKITE**

From Dallas, Texas - the flash apparently official, President Kennedy died at 1 p.m. Central Standard Time, 2 o'clock Eastern Standard Time, some 38 minutes ago.

(choked pause)

Vice-President Johnson has left the hospital in Dallas, but we do not know to where he has proceeded. Presumably, he will be taking the oath of office shortly, and become the 36th President of the United States.

There are sounds of shock, muttering, some sobbing in the restaurant. Lou gulps down his drink. Jim sits stunned.

**JIM**

I didn't always agree with him - too liberal for my tastes - but I respected him. He had style... God, I'm ashamed to be an American today.

He holds back the tears. The food comes. Lou waves it off. They just sit there.

**EXTERIOR KATZENJAMMER'S BAR - SAME DAY (1963)**

Katzenjammer's is an Irish working class bar across Canal St. In a seedy area near the Mississippi River, just off Lafayette Square.

**INTERIOR KATZENJAMMER'S BAR - SAME DAY (1963)**

A variety of loud Irish working men sit on stools watching the TV. There are a few formica tables with chairs against the walls, and an unused pool table.

**NEWSMAN 2**

Many arrests have been made here today. Anyone looking even remotely suspicious is being detained. Most of the crowd has gone home but there are still many stunned people wandering around in Dealey Plaza unable to comprehend what happened here earlier today.

On the TV, we see the scene at Dealey Plaza. The reporter has several men, women, and children gathered around him. He puts his microphone in their faces.

**BLACK WOMAN**

(crying)

It's all so terrible. I jes' can't stop crying. He did so much for this country, for colored people. Why?

**MAN**

(Bill Newman, with wife and kids)

I grabbed my kids and wife and hit the ground. The bullets were coming over our heads - from that fence back on the knoll - I was just so shaken. I saw his face when it hit... he just, his ear flew off, he turned just real white and then went stiff like a board and flopped over on his stomach, with his foot sticking out.

CUT TO the picket fence above the Grassy Knoll.

**WOMAN 2**

I thought... it came from up there, that building.

CUT TO the Book Depository.

**MAN 2**

I heard shots from over there.

CUT TO the County Records Building.

**NEWSMAN 2**

How many shots?

**WOMAN 3**

About 3 to 4... I don't know.

**MAN 3**

I never thought it could happen in America.

Back in the bar, the camera moves to two patrons seated at a table by themselves, far enough away not to be heard. Guy Banister is a sturdy, imposing ex - FBI agent in his 60's, steel gray hair, blue eyes, ruddy from heavy drinking. He wears a small rosebud in his lapel. Jack Martin is a thin, mousy man in his mid - 50's, wearing a Dick Tracy hat.

They're both drinking Wild Turkey heavily. The TV blares loudly across the room over their voices.

**BANISTER**

All this blubbering over that sonofabitch! They're grieving like they knew the man. It makes me want to puke.

**MARTIN**

God's sake, chief. The President was shot.

**BANISTER**

A bullshit President! I don't see any weeping for all the thousands of Cubans that bastard condemned to death and torture at the Bay of Pigs. Where are all the tears for the Russians and Hungarians and Chinese living like slaves in prison camps run by Kennedy's communist buddies - All these damned peace treaties! I'm telling ya Jack, that's what happens when you let the niggers vote. They get together with the Jews and the Catholics and elect an Irish bleeding heart.

**MARTIN**

Chief, maybe you had a little too much to drink.

**BANISTER**

Bullshit!  
(yells across the room)  
Bartender, another round...  
(finishes drink)  
Here's to the New Frontier. Camelot in smithereens. I'll drink to that.

**NAPOLEON'S RESTAURANT - DAY (1963)**

Several hours have elapsed. The clientele has grown, drinking, watching the tube with the insatiable curiosity the event engendered. People stare in from the street... There is a silence in the restaurant.

TELEVISION INSERT: image of a Dallas policeman hauling a Mannlicher - Carcano rifle with a sniperscope over the heads of the press gathered in the police station.

**NEWSMAN 3**

This is the rifle, it is a Mannlicher - Carcano Italian rifle, a powerful World War II military gun used by infantry and highly accurate at distances of 100 yards.

We see images of the textbook boxes - the sniper's nest in the sixth story of the Book Depository - and then the view out the window looking down at Elm Street.

**NEWSMAN 3**

The assassin apparently fired from this perch... but so far no word, much confusion and...

CUT TO Newsman 2 at a different location or in studio.

**NEWSMAN 4**

A flash bulletin... the Dallas Police have just announced they have a suspect in the killing of a Dallas police officer, J.D. Tippit, who was shot at 1:15 in Oak Cliff, a suburb of Dallas.

Police are saying there could be a tie - in here to the murder of the President.

TELEVISION INSERT: Lee Harvey Oswald, a bruise over his right temple, is apprehended at the Texas Theatre.

**NEWSMAN 4**

The suspect, identified as Lee Harvey Oswald, was arrested by more than a dozen police officers after a short scuffle at the Texas movie theatre in Oak Cliff, several blocks from where Officer Tippit was killed, apparently with a .38 revolver found on Oswald. There is apparently at least one eyewitness.

TELEVISION INSERT: Oswald is booked at the station. A surly young man, 24, he claims to the press:

**TV OSWALD**

No, I don't know what I'm charged with... I don't know what dispatches you people have been given, but I emphatically deny these charges.

**VOICE FROM THE BAR**

They oughta just shoot the bastard.

The room bursts out with an accumulated fury at the young Oswald - a tremendous release of tension. On the TV we see the excitement in the newsmen's eyes; they all sense that this is the break they're looking for in the case.

Garrison and Ivon watch the TV, and then Garrison stands and pays the bill.

**LOU**

One little guy with a cheap rifle - look what he can do.

**JIM**

Let's get outta here, Lou. I saw too much stuff like this in the war.

As they leave, the camera holds on the image of Oswald.

**MISSISSIPPI RIVER WATERFRONT - TWILIGHT (1963)**

The sun is setting through thunderheads over the Mississippi River waterfront as Banister and Martin wobble out, drunk, down the street.

**BANISTER**

Well, the kid musta gone nuts, right?  
(Martin says nothing,  
looks troubled)  
I said Oswald must've flipped. Just did this crazy thing before anyone could stop him, right?

**MARTIN**

I think I'll cut out here, chief. I gotta get home.

**BANISTER**

(strong-arms Martin)  
Get home my ass. We're going to the office, have another drink. I want some company tonight.

**BANISTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT (1963)**

Rain pours down outside 531 Lafayette Street as Banister opens several locks on the door and turns on the lights.

The frosted glass on the door says "W. Guy Banister Associates, Inc., Investigators." It's a typical detective's office with spare desks, simple chairs, large filing cabinets and cubicles in the rear.

**BANISTER**

(repetitive)

Who'd ever thought that goofy Oswald kid would pull off a stunt like an assassination?

(Martin waits)

Just goes to show, you can never know about some people. Am I right, Jack?

(Martin, frightened now, doesn't reply)

Well, bless my soul. Your eyes are as red as two cherries, Jack. Don't tell me we have another bleeding heart here. Hell, all these years I thought you were on my side.

**MARTIN**

Chief, sometimes I don't know whether you're kidding or not.

**BANISTER**

I couldn't be more serious, Jack. Those big red eyes have me wondering about your loyalty.

Banister, going to a file cabinet to get a bottle out, notices one of the file drawers is slightly ajar. He flies into a rage.

**BANISTER**

Who the hell opened my files! You've been looking through my private files, haven't you, you weasel?

**MARTIN**

You may not like this, chief, but you're beginning to act paranoid. I mean, you really are.

**BANISTER**

You found out about Dave Ferrie going to Texas today and you went through all my files to see what was going on. You're a goddamn spy.

**MARTIN**

(angry)

Goddammit chief, why would I ever need to look in your files? I saw enough here this summer to write a



book.

**BANISTER**

I always lock my files. And you  
were the only one here today...

(stops as he hears  
Martin)

What do you mean, you son of a bitch?

**MARTIN**

You know what I mean. I saw a lot  
of strange things going on in this  
office this summer. And a lotta  
strange people.

Enraged, Banister pulls a .357 Magnum from his holster,  
cursing as he suddenly slams it into Martin's temple. The  
smaller man crumples painfully to the ground.

**BANISTER**

You didn't see a goddamn thing, you  
little weasel. Do you get it? You  
didn't see a goddamn thing.

**JIM GARRISON'S HOME - THAT NIGHT (1963)**

Jim and his wife, Liz, watch the television. She is in her  
early 30's, an attractive, quiet southern woman from  
Louisiana. They live in a spacious two-story wood house,  
suburban in feel.

TELEVISION IMAGE: Reporters are jammed in the Assembly Room  
of the Dallas Police Headquarters as Oswald is brought through  
the corridor, officers on either side of him.

**NEWSMAN 5**

(over the din)

Did you shoot the President?

**TV OSWALD**

I didn't shoot anybody, no sir. I'm  
just a patsy.

The camera moves onto Jim with Liz and the children - Jasper,  
the oldest at 4, holds his dad's hand. On Liz's lap, Snapper,  
the youngest, is asleep. Virginia, the 2-year-old, is  
pestering the Boxer dog... and Mattie, the heavyset black  
housekeeper, 35, is in tears.

**LIZ**

My god, he sure looks like a creep.  
What's he talkin' 'bout... a patsy?

TELEVISION IMAGE: Oswald in front of the cameras, on a  
platform.

**TV OSWALD**

Well, I was questioned by a judge. However, I protested at the time that I was not allowed legal representation during that very short and sweet hearing. Uh, I really don't know what the situation is about. Nobody has told me anything except that I am accused of, uh, murdering a policeman. I know nothing more than that and I do request that someone come forward to give me, uh, legal assistance.

**NEWSMAN 5**

Did you kill the President?

**TV OSWALD**

No. I have not been charged with that. In fact nobody has said that to me yet. The first thing I heard about it was when the newspaper reporters in the hall, uh, asked me that question.

**NEWSMAN 6**

You have been charged.

**TV OSWALD**

Sir?

**NEWSMAN 6**

You have been charged.

Oswald seems shocked.

**NEWSMAN 5**

Were you ever in the Free Cuba Movement or whatever the...

**RUBY**

(a voice in the back)

It was the Fair Play for Cuba Committee.

Oswald looks over and spots Ruby in the back of the room, on a table. Recognition is in his eyes. The police start to move him out.

**NEWSMAN 6**

What did you do in Russia? What happened to your eye?

**TV OSWALD**

A policeman hit me.

**GARRISON**

He seems pretty cool to me for a man under pressure like that.

**LIZ**

Icy, you mean.  
(shudders)  
He gives me the willies... come on sugarplums, it's past your bedtimes...  
(to Jim)  
Come on, let's go upstairs.  
(rises)  
Mattie - get ahold of yourself.

**MATTIE**

Why, Mr. Jim? He was a great man, Mr. Jim, a great man...

Jim is moved by her.

TELEVISION IMAGE: Texas D.A. Henry Wade addresses the journalists.

**TV WADE**

There is no one else but him. He has been charged in the Supreme Court with murder with malice. We're gonna ask for the death penalty.

Jim moves to the phone as Liz starts the kids up the stairs. The TV cuts to stills of Oswald's life. Two newsmen sit in a studio, smoking, sharing information.

**FRANK**

(Newsman 7)

So several hours after the assassination, a disturbed portrait is emerging of Lee Harvey Oswald. Described as shy and introverted, he spent much of his childhood in New Orleans, Louisiana and went to high school there. After a stint in the Marines, he apparently became fascinated by Communism and in 1959 defected to the Soviet Union.

**BOB**

(Newsman 8)

He married a Russian woman there, Frank, had a child, and then returned to the United States after 30 months. But he is still believed to be a dedicated Marxist and a fanatical supporter of Fidel Castro and ultra left wing causes. He spent last summer in New Orleans and was arrested

in a brawl with anti-Castro Cuban exiles.

**FRANK**

(Newsman 7)

And apparently, Bob, Oswald had been passing out pro-Castro pamphlets for an organization called Fair Play for Cuba, a Communist front he reportedly belongs to.

**BOB**

(Newsman 8)

And we have Marina Oswald, his Russian-born wife, who has identified the rifle found in the Book Depository as belonging to her husband. And we have...

TELEVISION IMAGES: Kennedy's casket coming off the plane in Washington D.C. play under the newsman... Jackie stands there in her blood-spotted dress... we cut to the photograph of L.B.J. taking the oath of office earlier that day... and a still photo of Robert Kennedy's reaction...

**JIM**

(on the phone)

Lou, I'm sorry to disturb you this late... yeah, matter of routine but we better get on this New Orleans connection of Oswald's right away. Check out his record, find any friends or associates from last summer. Let's meet with the senior assistants and investigators day after tomorrow, Sunday, yeah, at 11... Thanks Lou.

**GARRISON CONFERENCE ROOM - 2 DAYS LATER - DAY(1963)**

Jim is with his key players: Lou Ivon, chief investigator; Susie Cox, in her 30's, and efficient, attractive Assistant D.A.; La Oser, Assistant D.A. in his 40's, serious, spectacled; Bill Broussard, Assistant D.A., handsome, volatile, in his 30's; Numa Bertell, D.A. in his 30's, chubby and friendly, and several others. They sit around a conference table with a black-and-white portable TV on a side table showing the current Sunday, November 24 news from Dallas.

**MARINA OSWALD**

(on TV)

Lee good man... he not shoot anyone.

Camera moves to Lou Ivon, looking at paperwork.

**LOU**

As far as Oswald's associates, boss,  
the one name that keeps popping up  
is David Ferrie.

Oswald was seen with him several times last summer.

**JIM**

I know David - a strange character.

**LOU**

He's been in trouble before. Used  
to be a hot shot pilot for Eastern  
Airlines, but he got canned after an  
alleged homosexual incident with a  
14-year old boy.

**BILL**

(on phone, excited)

Get Kohlman... he told somebody the  
Texas trip... yesterday mentioned to  
somebody about Ferrie... find it  
out.

On the TV we see the first image of the "backyard photos" of  
Lee Harvey Oswald holding the rifle.

**NEWSMAN 1**

These backyard photos were found  
yesterday among Oswald's possessions  
in the garage of Janet William's  
home in Riving, Texas, where Marina  
Oswald and her children are living.  
The picture apparently was taken  
earlier this year. Police say the  
rifle, a cheap World War II Italian-  
made Mannlicher-Carcano, was ordered  
from a Chicago mailing house and  
shipped to Oswald's alias A. Hidell  
at a post office box in March, 1963.  
This is the same rifle that was used  
to assassinate the President.

The camera moves back to the staff, who watch, obviously  
influenced.

**COX**

That ties it up...

**NUMA**

Another nut. Jesus, anybody can get  
a rifle in Texas.

**BILL**

(hangs up)

So it seems that Dave Ferrie drove  
off on a Friday afternoon for Texas -

a source told Kohlman he might have  
been a getaway pilot for Oswald.

Members of the team exchange looks of surprise and disbelief.

**JIM**

Hold your horses. What kinda source?

**BILL**

(grins)

The anonymous kind, Chief.

**OSER**

I think I remember this guy Ferrie  
speaking at a meeting of some  
veteran's group. Ranting against  
Castro. Extreme stuff.

**NEWSMAN 1**

We go back now to the basement of  
police headquarters where they're  
about to transfer Oswald to County  
Prison...

TELEVISION IMAGE: The basement of the Dallas police  
headquarters - waiting. Men mill around as Oswald is led  
out of the basement by two deputies. Jack Ruby rushes forward  
out of the crowd - and into history - putting his sealing  
bullet into Oswald. Total chaos erupts...

The camera is on the staff, looking. We hear gasps.

**ANNOUNCER**

He's been shot! Oswald's been shot!

**VARIOUS VOICES**

Goddamn! Look at that... Look at  
that... I don't believe this... Right  
on TV! What is going on? Who is  
this guy... oh Jesus.

Jim is silent.

**LOU**

Seventy cops in that basement. What  
the hell were they doing?

**NEWSMAN 1**

Jack Ruby... Who is Jack Ruby? Oswald  
is hurt.

We see images of Oswald being lifted onto the stretcher,  
into the ambulance, and the newscaster crouching, whispering.  
Everybody in the room is stunned still.

**LOU**

Well, no trial now. Looks like somebody saved the Dallas D.A. a pile of work.

They look to Jim. There's a pause. He is deeply disturbed.

**JIM**

(quietly)

Well, let's get Ferrie in here anyway.

**GARRISON OFFICE - NEXT DAY - DAY(1963)**

The portable television plays to Jim alone, sitting in his chair smoking a pipe. We see searing images of the funeral - crowds of mourners, the casket being driven through the streets, the honor guards, the horses, the dignitaries walking behind, Jackie veiled... the faces of De Gaulle, MacMillan, Robert Kennedy. We intercut briefly to Lyndon Johnson sitting down earlier that day with the Joint Chiefs of Staff... and then a future cut to Johnson in the Oval Office (staged). The shots are very tight, uncomfortable - noses, eyes, hands - very tight.

As the door opens following a knock, David Ferrie is brought into Jim's office by two police officers and Lou Ivon. Jim stands up, cordial.

**LOU**

Chief... David Ferrie.

Ferrie suffers from alopecia, a disease that has removed all his body hair, and he looks like a Halloween character - penciled eyebrows, one higher than the other, a scruffy reddish wig pasted on askew with glue, thrift store clothing. His eyes, however, are swift and cunning, his smile warm, inviting itself, his demeanor hungry to please.

**JIM**

(shakes hands)

Come in, Dave. Have a seat, make yourself comfortable. Coffee?

**FERRIE**

Do you remember me, Mr. Garrison? I met you on Carondolet Street right after your election. I congratulated you, remember?

**JIM**

How could I forget? You make quite a first impression.

(on intercom)

Sharon, could you please bring us some coffee?

(Ferrie laughs; pause)

I've heard over the years you're

quite a first-rate pilot, Dave.  
Legend has it you can get in and out  
of any field, no matter how small...

(Jim points to the  
pictures on his wall)

I'm a bit of a pilot myself, you  
know. Flew grasshoppers for the  
field artillery in the war.

Ferrie glimpses the low-volumed TV - and images of the  
funeral. He looks away, jittery, and takes out a cigarette.  
Sharon brings the coffee in.

**FERRIE**

Do you mind if I smoke, Mr. Garrison?

**JIM**

(holds up his pipe)

How could I? Dave, as you know,  
President Kennedy was assassinated  
on Friday. A man named Lee Harvey  
Oswald was arrested as a suspect and  
then was murdered yesterday by a man  
named Jack Ruby.

(on each name, watching  
Ferrie's reaction)

We've heard reports that Oswald spent  
the summer in New Orleans and we've  
been advised you knew Oswald pretty  
well.

**FERRIE**

That's not true. I never met anybody  
named Oswald. Anybody who told you  
that has to be crazy.

**JIM**

But you are aware, he served in your  
Civil Air Patrol unit when he was a  
teenager.

**FERRIE**

No... if he did, I don't remember  
him. There were lots of kids in and  
out... y'know.

**JIM**

(hands him a current  
newspaper)

I'm sure you've seen this. Perhaps  
you knew this man under another name?

**FERRIE**

No, I never saw him before in my  
life.



**JIM**

Well that must've been mistaken information we got. Thanks for straightening it out for us.

(puffs on pipe, Ferrie looks relieved; images of the funeral

continue on the TV)

There is one other matter that's come up, Dave. We were told you took a trip to Texas shortly after the assassination of Friday.

**FERRIE**

Yeah, now that's true. I drove to Houston.

**JIM**

What was so appealing about Houston?

**FERRIE**

I hadn't been there ice skating in many years, and I had a couple of young friends with me, and we decided we wanted to go ice skating.

**JIM**

Dave, may I ask why the urge to go ice skating in Texas happened to strike you during one of the most violent thunderstorms in recent memory?

**FERRIE**

Oh, it was just a spur of the moment thing... the storm wasn't that bad.

**JIM**

I see. And where did you drive?

**FERRIE**

We went straight to Houston, and then Saturday night we drove to Galveston and stayed over there.

**JIM**

Why Galveston?

**FERRIE**

No particular reason. Just to go somewhere.

**JIM**

And then Sunday?

**FERRIE**

In the morning we went goose hunting. Then headed home, but I dropped the boys off to see some relatives and I stayed in Hammond.

**JIM**

Did you bag any geese on this trip?

**FERRIE**

I believe the boys got a couple.

**JIM**

But the boys told us they didn't get any.

**FERRIE**

(fidgeting, lighting  
another cigarette)

Oh yes, well, come to think of it, they're right. We got to where the geese were and there were thousands of them. But you couldn't approach them. They were a wise bunch of birds.

**JIM**

Your young friends also told us you had no weapons in the car. Dave, isn't it a bit difficult to hunt for geese without a shotgun?

**FERRIE**

Yes, now I remember, Mr. Garrison. I'm sorry, I got confused. We got out there near the geese and it was only then we realized we'd forgotten our shotguns. Stupid, right? So of course we didn't get any geese.

**JIM**

I see.

(stands up)

Dave thank you for your time. I'm sorry it has to end inconveniently for you, but I'm going to have you detained for further questioning by the FBI.

**FERRIE**

(shaken)

Why? What's wrong?

**JIM**

Dave, I find your story simply not believable.

Lou and the two cops escort Ferrie out of the office as Jim turns to the television image of Kennedy's final moments of rest. The bugler plays taps. John Jr., 3 years old, in an image which will become famous, salutes his Dad farewell. The riderless horse stands lonely against the Washington sky.

**FBI OFFICE - NEW ORLEANS - NEXT DAY (1963)**

At a small press conference, the FBI spokesman reads a statement.

**FBI SPOKESMAN**

Gentlemen, this afternoon the FBI released David W. Ferrie of New Orleans. After extensive questioning and a thorough background check, the Bureau found no evidence that...

**GARRISON'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS WITH PREVIOUS SCENE**

In Garrison's office see the same broadcast, on the portable television. Lou, Broussard, Numa and Jim watch.

**FBI SPOKESMAN**

(on TV)

...Mr. Ferrie knew Lee Harvey Oswald or that he has had any connection with the assassination of President Kennedy. The Special Agent in Charge would like to make clear that Mr. Ferrie was brought in for questioning by the District Attorney of Orleans parish, not by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The Bureau regrets any trouble this may have caused Mr. Ferrie...

**NEWSMAN 9**

In national news, President Johnson has announced the creation of a blue ribbon presidential commission to probe the events in Dallas.

Lou looks at Jim, angry.

**LOU**

Correct me if I'm wrong. I thought we were on the same side. What the hell business is it of theirs to say that?

**BILL**

Pretty fast, wasn't it. The way they let him go.

**JIM**

They must know something we don't.  
(dismisses it)  
So, let's get on with our lives,  
gentlemen... we got plenty of home  
grown crimes to prosecute.

He reaches to turn off the TV and get back to work. The  
last image on the TV is:

**NEWSMAN 9**

The Commission will be headed by  
Chief Justice of the United States  
Supreme Court, Earl Warren, and is  
expected to head off several  
Congressional and Texas inquiries  
into the assassination. On the panel  
are Allen Dulles, ex-chief of the  
CIA, Representative Gerald Ford,  
John J. McCloy, former head of Chase  
Manhattan Bank...

Jim flicks the TV off as the overture ends.

**AERIAL SHOT - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY(1966)**

We look down at the White House from the plane's point of  
view. A subtitle reads: "THREE YEARS LATER."

**INTERIOR OF PLANE**

**SENATOR RUSSELL LONG**

(looking out the window)  
That's a mess down there, Jim. We've  
bitten off more "Vietnam" that we  
can possibly chew.

Jim, now 46, reads the front page of THE WASHINGTON POST  
which details the latest battle in Vietnam. He sits next to  
Senator Long from Louisiana, in his 50's, who's drinking a  
whiskey. They're on a crowded businessman's shuttle. We  
see a close-up of a newspaper article about the Vietnam war:  
"more troops asked by Westmoreland."

**LONG**

(continuing)  
Sad thing is the way it's screwing  
up this country, all these hippies  
running around on drugs, the way  
young people look you can't tell a  
boy from a girl anymore. I saw a  
girl the other day, she was pregnant -  
you could see her whole belly, and  
you know what she painted on it?  
"Love Child." It's fuckin' outa  
control. Values've gone to hell,

Jim... Course it figures when you got somebody like that polecat Johnson in the White House.

**JIM**

I sometimes feel things've gone downhill since John Kennedy was killed, Senator.

**LONG**

Don't get me started on that. Those Warren Commission fellows were pickin' gnat shit out of pepper. No one's gonna tell me that kid did the shooting job he did from that damned bookstore.

**STEWARDESS**

Here you go, Senator Long.

The stewardess brings more drinks.

**JIM**

(surprised)

I thought the FBI test-fired the rifle to make sure it could be done?

**LONG**

Sure, three experts and not one of them could do it! They're telling us Oswald got off three shots with world-class precision from a manual bolt action rifle in less than six seconds - and accordin' to his Marine buddies he got Maggie's drawers - he wasn't any good. Average man would be lucky to get two shots off, and I tell ya the first shot would always be the best. Here, the third shot's perfect. Don't make sense. And then they got that crazy bullet zigzagging all over the place so it hits Kennedy and Connally seven times. One "pristine" bullet? That dog don't hunt.

**JIM**

You know, something always bothered me about that from day one, and I can't put my finger on it.

**LONG**

If I were investigatin', I'd round up the 100 best riflemen in the world and find out which ones were in Dallas that day. You been duck hunting? I

think Oswald was a good old-fashioned  
decoy. What'd he say? "I'm just a  
patsy." Out of the mouth of babes  
y'ask me.

**JIM**

You think there were other men  
involved, Russell?

Russell looks at Jim quizzically and laughs.

**LONG**

Hell, you're the District Attorney.  
You read the Warren Report - and  
then you tell me you're satisfied  
Lee Oswald shot the President all by  
his lonesome.

**JIM**

Russell, honestly you sound like one  
of those kooky critics spreading  
paranoia like prairie fire. I just  
can't believe the Chief Justice of  
the United States would put his name  
on something that wasn't true.

**LONG**

(to the stewardess)

Honey, another one of these. This  
one's as weak as cricket pee-pee.  
Yessir, you mark my words, Jim,  
Vietnam's gonna cost Johnson '68 and  
it's gonna put that other varmint  
Nixon in - then watch your hide,  
'cause there ain't no offramps on a  
freeway to Hell!

#### **GARRISON'S STUDY - NIGHT (1966)**

The study is lined with bookshelves up to the ceiling; we  
see photos of family, a chess set. Jim, smoking his pipe,  
reads in a red leather chair from one of the 26 thick Warren  
Commission volumes piled all over the place. Liz enters.  
Jasper, now 7, draws on a piece of paper on the floor at  
Jim's feet.

**LIZ**

Jim, dinner's just about ready...  
I've got a surprise for you... tried  
something new... Jim? Jim, dinner.

**JIM**

(lost in thought)

Mmmmm... sure smells good... but  
Egghead, do you realize Oswald was  
interrogated for twelve hours after

the assassination, with no lawyer present, and nobody recorded a word of it? I can't believe it. A police captain with 30 years experience and a crowd of Federal agents just had to know that with no record anything that Oswald said would be inadmissible in court.

**LIZ**

Come on now, we'll talk about it at the table, dinner's getting cold.

(to Jasper)

What are you doing in here?

**JASPER**

Daddy said it was all right if I was real quiet.

**JIM**

(rising to dinner)

Sure it is. Freckle Face, if I ever handled a minor felon like that, it'd be all over the papers. I'd catch hell. And this is the alleged murderer of the President?

**GARRISON DINING ROOM - (1966)**

Two-year-old Elizabeth watches "Crusader Rabbit" on TV as the new one-year-old sits in diapers with Liz at one end of the dinner table. Jim sits at the other end. There are five kids now, ages 7, 5, 4, 2 and 1... and Mattie, the housekeeper. Dinner's finished, they pass plates, the children horse around... the boxer dog, Touchdown, begs for a piece of the action. Jim, not a big eater, feeds him ice cream.

**JIM**

Again and again they ignore credible testimony, leads are never followed up, its conclusions are selective, there's no index, it's one of the sloppiest, most disorganized investigations I've ever seen. Dozens and dozens of witnesses in Dealey Plaza that day are saying they heard shots coming from the Grassy Knoll area in front of Kennedy and not the Book Depository behind him, but it's all broken down and spread around and you read it and the point gets lost.

**MATTIE**

I never did believe it either!

**LIZ**

(politely listening)

Uh huh... Mattie, I'll do the dishes, you take Be up now. And Elizabeth, too, your bedtime, honey.

**ELIZABETH JR.**

Nahhhh! I don't wanna go to bed!

**LIZ**

Honey, that was three years ago - we all tried so hard to put that out of our minds, why are you digging it up again? You're the D.A. of New Orleans. Isn't the Kennedy assassination a bit outside your domain? I mean all those important people already studied it.

**JIM**

I can't believe a man as intelligent as Earl Warren ever read what's in those volumes.

**LIZ**

Well maybe you're right, Jim. I'll give you one hour to solve the case... until the kids are in bed.

(rising, she puts her arms around him from behind and kisses his ear)

Then you're mine and Mr. Kennedy can wait 'til morning. Come on, everybody say goodnight to Daddy.

**JASPER**

(showing his drawing)

Dad, look what I drew.

**JIM**

(rising)

That's something, Jasper. What is it?

**JASPER**

A rhinoceros. Can I stay up another hour?

Virginia and Snapper each get one of Jim's shoes as he dances with them, holding one with each hand.

**JIM**

(dancing)

Pickle and Snapper, my two favorite



dancing partners.

As the children dance, they fall off Jim's feet, laughing and giggling. He throws each in the air and kisses them.

**JIM**

Goodnight, my doodle bugs.

**KIDS**

Goodnight, Daddy.

Liz comes over, smiling. Jim takes her in his arms.

**LIZ**

One hour, y'hear? Some Saturday night date you are.

(sighs)

Mama warned me this would happen if I married such a serious man.

**JIM**

Oh, she did, huh? When I come up I'll show you how Saturday night got invented.

#### **GARRISON STUDY - LATER THAT NIGHT (1966)**

The clock on mantelpiece reads 3 A.M. Jim is alone, smoking his pipe.

In the stillness, his mind crawls all over the place. The camera closes on the thickly-worded pages of the Warren Report.

FLASHBACK TO the Warren Commission hearing room in Dallas, 1964. We hear thin, echoey sound as the attorneys question some of the witnesses.

The overall effect is vague and confusing, as is much of the Warren Report. A Mr. Ball is questioning Lee Bowers, the switchman in the railroad yard. Bowers, in his early 40's, has a trustworthy, working-man face and a crew cut.

**BOWERS**

I sealed off the area, and I held off the trains until they could be examined, and there was some transients taken on at least one train.

**ATTORNEY**

Mr. Bowers... is there anything else you told me I haven't asked you about that you can think of?

**BOWERS**

Nothing that I can recall.

**ATTORNEY**

Witness is excused.

Jim, upset, reads on... Another witness, Sgt. D.V. Harkness of the Dallas Police responds to a second attorney.

**SGT. HARKNESS**

Well we got a long freight that was in there, and we pulled some people off of there and took them to the station.

We see another FLASHBACK - to the Dallas rail yards on the day of the assassination. Three hoboes are being pulled off the freight by the Dallas policemen.

**ATTORNEY (V.O.)**

You mean some transients?

**SGT. HARKNESS (V.O.)**

Tramps and hoboes.

**ATTORNEY (V.O.)**

Were all those questioned?

FLASHBACK TO Dealey Plaza an hour or less after the assassination. The three hoboes are marched by shotgun-toting policemen to the Sheriff's office at Dealey Plaza. We note that they do not look much like hoboes.

**SGT. HARKNESS (V.O.)**

Yes, sir, they were taken to the station and questioned.

**JIM**

(astounded)

And?

(writes "incomplete")

**ATTORNEY (V.O.)**

(switching subjects)

I want to go back to this Amos Euins.  
(voices dribble off)

**BOWERS (V.O.)**

Yes sir, traffic had been cut off into the area since about 10, but there were three cars came in during this time from around noon till the time of the shooting... the cars circled the parking lot, and left like they were checking the area, one of the drivers seemed to have something he was holding to his

mouth... the last car came in about  
7 to 10 minutes before the shooting,  
a white Chevrolet, 4-door Impala,  
muddy up to the windows.

The camera's point of view is now from the railroad tower  
near Dealey Plaza. We are fourteen feet off the ground,  
overlooking the parking lot behind the Grassy Knoll. The  
shot includes this last car circling in the lot.

**BOWERS**

Towards the underpass, I saw two men  
standing behind a picket fence...  
they were looking up towards Main  
and Houston and following the caravan  
as it came down. One of them was  
middle-aged, heavysset. The other  
man was younger, wearing a plaid  
shirt and jacket.

Inside the railroad tower, Bowers glances out, busy with the  
main board, flashing lights, a train coming in.

**BOWERS**

There were two other men on the  
eastern end of the parking lot.  
Each of 'em had uniforms.

We see the parking lot from Bower's point of view - at a  
distance, but we have a sense of the cars and see the men at  
a distance, tow uniformed men. The parking lot is bumper-to-  
bumper with a sea of cars. Rain that morning has muddied  
the lot. These brief images are elaborated on later.

**BOWERS**

At the time of the shooting there  
seemed to be some commotion... I  
just am unable to describe - a flash  
of light or smoke or something which  
caused me to feel that something out  
of the ordinary had occurred there  
on the embankment...

We feel the growing intensity: music, drums - but all blurred.  
We see a puff of smoke but no sound because of the window  
Bowers is glancing through. A motorcycle cop shoots up the  
Grassy Knoll incline. People run, blurring into a larger  
mosaic of confusion. Bowers is confused, seeing this.

INTERCUT with Jim's heart pounding as he reads.

Back in Dealey Plaza, S.M. Holland, an elderly signal  
supervisor, stands on the parapet of the railway.

**HOLLAND (V.O.)**

Four shots... a puff of smoke came

from the trees... behind that picket  
fence... close to the little plaza -  
There's no doubt whatever in my mind.

We see the scene from Holland's point of view - the puff of  
smoke lingering under the trees along the picket fence after  
the shooting.

**GARRISON BEDROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT (1966)**

Jim is asleep, having a tortured dream.

DREAMSCAPE FLASHBACK: We see the Zapruder film, in slow-motion  
and J.F.K.'s face just before he goes behind Stemmons Freeway  
sign. Jim sits up suddenly.

**JIM**

**NO!**

Liz stirs, shaken.

**LIZ**

Honey, you all right?  
(looks at watch)

**JIM**

It's incredible, honey - the whole  
thing. A Lieutenant Colonel testifies  
that Lee Oswald was given a Russian  
language exam as part of his Marine  
training only a few months before he  
defects to the Soviet Union. A  
Russian exam!

**LIZ**

(sitting up, angered)  
I cannot believe this. It's four-  
thirty, Jim Garrison. I have five  
children are gonna be awake in another  
hour and ...

**JIM**

Honey, in all my years in the service  
I never knew a single man who was  
given a Russian test. Oswald was a  
radar operator. He'd have about as  
much use for Russian as a cat has  
for pajamas.

**LIZ**

These books are getting to your mind,  
Mr. Garrison. I wish you'd stop  
readin' them.

**JIM**

And then this Colonel tries to make

it sound like nothing. Oswald did badly on the test, he says. "He only had two more Russian words right than wrong." Ha! That's like me saying Touchdown here...

(points to the dog)

...is not very intelligent because I beat him three games out of five the last time we played chess.

**LIZ**

(gives up)

Jim, what is going on, for heaven's sake! You going to stay up all night every night? For what? So you'll be the only man in America who read the entire 26 volumes of the Warren Report?

**JIM**

Liz, do I have to spell it out for you? Lee Oswald was no ordinary soldier. That was no accident he was in Russia. He was probably in military intelligence. That's why he was trained in Russian.

**LIZ**

(with a quizzical look)

Honey, go back to sleep, please!

**JIM**

Goddammit! I been sleeping for three years!

She takes him now, gently, and pulls him down on top of her and kisses him.

**LIZ**

Will you stop rattling on about Kennedy for a few minutes, honey... come on.

**LAFAYETTE SQUARE - NEW ORLEANS - MORNING (1966)**

A Sunday, early. We see a statue of Ben Franklin in an empty square frequented by drunks who doze on benches in a little leafy park in the center of the Square. The camera moves to Jim by himself and then moves to a sedan, pulling up, which disgorges Lou Ivon and Bill Broussard.

**JIM**

Morning, boys. Ready for a walking tour?

**BILL**

At 7:30 Sunday morning? It's not exactly fresh blood we're sniffing here, boss.

**JIM**

(points)

Old stains, Bill, but just as telling.

TIME CUT TO Jim indicating 531 Lafayette Street, a seedy, faded, three-story building across the street from the square.

**JIM**

Remember whose office this was back in '63? 531 Lafayette Street.

**LOU**

Yeah, Guy Banister. Ex-FBI man. He died couple years ago.

FLASHBACK TO the exterior of the Banister Office on a day in 1963. The door is now clearly labelled "W. GUY BANISTER, INC. INVESTIGATORS." It opens and Banister comes out in slow motion, neatly dressed, rose in his lapel - the same office and same man we saw three years before when he pistol-whipped Jack Martin. Banister seems to be smiling right at us, greeting us.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Headed the Chicago office. When he retired he became a private eye here. I used to have lunch with him. John Birch Society, Minutemen, slightly to the right of Attila the Hun. Used to recruit college students to infiltrate radical organizations on campus. All out of this office. Now come around here, take a look at this...

Back to the Lafayette Square of 1966. Jim walks Ivon and Bill to the corner, to another entrance to the same building - this one with a sign that says "544 Camp Street."

**JIM**

544 Camp Street. Same building as 531 Lafayette, right... but different address and different entrances both going to the same place - the offices on the second and third floors.

Bill studies the present sign: "Crescent City Dental Laboratory", and gives Jim a puzzled look.

**JIM**

Guess who used this address?

Lou gets it and glances up. We FLASHBACK TO the exterior of 544 Camp Street in 1963. Lee Oswald comes out the door into a full close-up, now clearly seen by us, and heads out into the street as Guy Banister intercepts him on the sidewalk, holding a leaflet and point to "544 Camp Street stamped on it. Guy seems miffed at Oswald, tells him something quickly, and then moves on.

**BANISTER**

(under)

See this? What the hell is this doing on this piece of paper?

(he moves away)

Asshole.

**LOU (V.O.)**

My God! Lee Harvey Oswald.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Bull's-eye. How do we know he was here? Cause this office address was stamped on the pro-Castro leaflets he was handing out in the summer of '63 down on Canal street. They were the same leaflets that were found in his garage in Dallas.

FLASHBACK to Canal Street in New Orleans on a summer day in 1963. Oswald, in a thin tie and white short-sleeved shirt, and wearing a homemade placard reading "Hands Off Cuba"; "Viva Fidel!", is hawking leaflets to pedestrians with two young helpers.

A large white-haired businessman in a white suit, very distinguished, walks with a friend on Canal Street. Oswald glances at him and meets his eyes. The businessman enters an office building. This man is Clay Bertrand, later known as Clay Shaw.

Some Cubans, led by Carols Bringuier, now appear. One of them, "the Bull", is heavy-set with dark glasses. More of him will also be seen.

**JIM**

He was arrested that day for fighting with some anti-Castro Cubans... but actually he had contacted them a few days earlier as an ex-Marine trying to join the anti-Castro crusade. When they heard he was now pro-Castro, they paid him a visit.

**CARLOS**

(haranguing passerby)

He's a traitor, this man! Don't

believe a word he tells you!  
(to Oswald)  
You sonofabitch, you liar, you're a  
Communist, go back to Moscow.

Carlos throws Oswald's leaflets in the air and pulls off his glasses, prepared to fight. Oswald only smiles, and puts his arms down in an X of passivity.

**OSWALD**

Okay, Carlos, if you want to hit me,  
hit me.

There is no real fight, but the police, as if pre-alerted, arrive.

Arrests are made. We see Oswald in a room in the police station, talking with FBI Agent John Quigley. A calendar on the wall shows that it's August, 1963.

**JIM (V.O.)**

There was no real fight and the arresting Lieutenant later said he felt it was a staged incident. In jail, Oswald asked to talk to Special Agent John Quigley of the FBI who showed up immediately. They have a private session. Oswald is released and Quigley destroys his notes from the interview.

In a television studio in 1963, Oswald debates Carlos Bringuier with two moderators.

**JIM**

But the arrest gets him a lot of publicity and as a result Oswald appears on a local TV debate that established his credentials as a Communist.

**BRINGUIER**

But you're a Communist, are you not,  
and you defected to Russia.

**OSWALD**

No, I am not a Communist. But I am  
a Marxist-Leninist.

**BRINGUIER**

What did you do when you were in  
Russia?

**OSWALD**

(defensive)  
I worked while I was there. I was



always under the protection of...  
that is to say, I was not under the  
protection of the U.S. Government.

Back in 1966, Jim walks with his two assistants.

**BILL**

What the hell's a Communist like Lee  
Oswald doing working out of  
Banister's?

**JIM**

Y'ever heard of a double agent, Bill?  
I'm beginning to doubt Oswald was  
ever a Communist... after the arrest,  
544 Camp Street never appeared on  
the pamphlets again. Now here's  
another one for you: What would you  
say if I told you Lee Oswald had  
been trained in the Russian language  
when he was a Marine?

**LOU**

I'd say he was probably getting  
intelligence training.

**JIM**

Lou, you were in the Marines. Who  
would be running that training?

**LOU**

The Office of Naval Intelligence.

**JIM**

Take a look across the street.

We see the Post Office building across the street.

**LOU**

Post Office.

**JIM**

Upstairs. In 1963 that was the Office  
of Naval Intelligence - And just by  
coincidence, Banister, before he was  
FBI, was ONI. What do they say?

**LOU**

"Once ONI, always ONI"?

**BILL**

Well, he likes to work near his old  
pals.

Jim makes a gesture encompassing the whole Square.

**JIM**

Bill, Lou, we're standing in the heart of the United States Government's intelligence community in New Orleans. That's the FBI there, the CIA, Secret Service, ONI. Doesn't this seem to you a rather strange place for a Communist to spend his spare time?

**LOU**

What are you driving at, boss?

**JIM**

We're going back into the case, Lou - the murder of the President. I want you to take some money from the Fees and Fines Account and go to Dallas - talk to some people. Bill, I want you to get Oser on the medical, the autopsy, Susan on Oswald and Ruby histories, tax records...

**BILL**

Lord, wake me, please. I must be dreaming.

**JIM**

No, you're awake, Bill, and I'm dead serious. And we're going to start by tracking down your anonymous source from three years ago. How did you find out Dave Ferrie drove to Texas that day?

**RACETRACK - DAY (1966)**

A straggly group of people watch from the grandstands eating hotdogs and talking in small clusters. The horses are running early morning laps. Three men sit apart in the bleachers. A scared Jack Martin, three years older than when last seen, still wearing the Dick Tracy hat, sucks up coffee like a worm does moisture. He has the red puffy cheeks of an alcoholic and deeply circled, worried eyes. Bill and Jim wait.

**JIM**

You're not under cross-examination here, Jack.

What I need is a little clarification about the night Guy Banister beat you over the head with his Magnum. You called our office hopping mad from your hospital bed. Don't tell me you don't remember that?

Jack looks away and doesn't respond.

**JIM**

Here's my problem, Jack. You told me you and Guy were good friends for a long time?

**MARTIN**

More than ten years.

**JIM**

And he never hit you before?

**MARTIN**

Never touched me.

**JIM**

Yet on November 22, 1963 - the day of the President's murder - our police report says he pistol-whipped you with a .357 Magnum.

(Martin's eyes are fixed on Jim)

But the police report says you had an argument over the phone bill.

Here, take a look at it.

(Martin looks at the report)

Now, does a simple argument over phone bills sound like a believable explanation to you?

SUDDEN FLASHBACK to the night of the pistol-whipping. The camera shows Banister laying Martin's head open / the beating the humiliation.

**MARTIN**

(shaking his head slowly, dreamily)

No, it involved more than that.

Bill looks at Jim.

**JIM**

How much more?

**MARTIN**

(waits)

I don't know if I should talk about this.

**JIM**

Well, I'd ask Guy - we were friendly, you know - heart attack, wasn't it?

**MARTIN**

If you buy what you read in the paper.

**JIM**

You have other information?

**MARTIN**

I didn't say that. All I know is he died suddenly just before the Warren Report came out.

**JIM**

Why did Guy beat you, Jack?

**MARTIN**

Well, I guess now that Guy's dead, it don't really matter... it was about the people hanging around the office that summer. I wasn't really part of the operation, you know. I was handling the private-eye work for Guy when that came in - not much did - but that's why I was there... it was a nuthouse. There were all these Cubans coming and going. They all looked alike to me.

FLASHBACK to Banister's office in 1963. There are Cubans in battle fatigues and combat boots; duffle bags are lying around. David Ferrie, in fatigues, directs the Cubans as they carry crates of ammunition and weapons into a back room. Martin observes from another desk.

**MARTIN**

Dave Ferrie - you know about him?

**JIM (V.O.)**

Was he there often?

**MARTIN (V.O.)**

Often? He practically lived there. It was real cloak and dagger stuff. They called it Operation Mongoose. The idea was to train all these Cuban exiles for another invasion of Cuba. Banister's office was part of a supply line that ran from Dallas, through New Orleans to Miami, stockpiling arms and explosives.

Still in 1963, we see the exterior of Banister's office. A dozen Cubans follow Ferrie downstairs into the street, and pile into several cars, duffels thrown in with them. Ferrie drives the lead car.

**JIM (V.O.)**

All this right under the noses of the intelligence community in

Lafayette Square?

We see the cars cross the long Lake Pontchartrain Bridge and enter a remote guerrilla training camp. Bayou and jungle are all around.

**MARTIN (V.O.)**

Sure. Everybody knew everybody. It was a network. They were working for the CIA - pilots, black operations guys, civilians, military - everybody in those days was running guns somewhere... Fort Jefferson, Bayou Bluff, Morgan City... McAllen, Texas was a big gun-running operation.

At the guerrilla training camp at Lake Pontchartrain in 1963, we see scenes of basic training - shooting, obstacle courses, callisthenics - led by Ferrie and other trainers. Scattered among the Cubans are several white American mercenaries. We catch a glimpse of Oswald and glimpses of several other men we will see again, in sprinklings.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Where is Banister in all this?

**MARTIN (V.O.)**

Banister was running his camp north of Lake Pontchartrain. Ferrie handled a lot of the training. There was a shooting range and a lot of tropical terrain like in Cuba. A few Americans got trained, too. Nazi types. Mercenaries. But Ferrie was the craziest.

It's night at the training camp. FBI agents race up in cars in the middle of the night, swarming over the camp, rounding up the trainees.

**MARTIN**

Anyway, late summer the party ended. Kennedy didn't want another Bay of Pigs mess, so he ordered the FBI to shut down the camps and confiscate the napalm and the C-4. There were a buncha Cubans and a couple Americans arrested, only you didn't read about it in the papers. Just the weapons got mentioned... 'cause the first ones behind bars would've been Banister and Ferrie, but I think the G-men were just going through the motions for Washington. Their hearts were with their old FBI buddy Banister.

We see FBI agents loading dynamite, bomb casings, arms 155mm artillery shells, etc.

Back at the racetrack in 1966, Jim listens.

**MARTIN**

Like I said, a fuckin' nuthouse.

**JIM**

And Oswald?

Martin hesitates. We hear the rhythmic beating of the horse hooves and Martin sucking on the steaming cup of coffee.

**MARTIN**

(finally)

Yeah, he was there, too... sometimes he'd be meeting with Banister with the door shut. Other times he'd be shooting the bull with Ferrie. But he was there all right.

**JIM**

Anything more specific, Jack? It's important.

FLASHBACK TO Banister's office in 1963. Banister and Martin shooting the breeze as the straight-laced middle-aged secretary, Delphine Roberts, hurries in.

**MARTIN (V.O.)**

Yeah, one time the secretary got upset, I remember...

**SECRETARY**

I can't believe it, Mr. Banister. Lee Oswald is down on Canal Street giving out Communist leaflets supporting Castro!

Banister just looks at her and laughs.

**BANISTER**

It's okay, Delphine, he's with us.

Back at the racetrack...

**JIM**

Anyone else involved at Banister's level?

**MARTIN**

(shrugs)

There was one guy, I don't know, big guy, business guy, white hair - I

saw him come into the office once.  
He looked out of place, y'know -  
like a society guy. Can't remember  
his name.

(thinking)

Oswald was with him.

FLASHBACK to Banisters office on a day in 1963. Martin is  
snooping in Banister's files. Cut to Martin leaving the  
office as a big businessman with white hair briefly talks to  
Oswald and then goes into Banister's private office.

**MARTIN**

He had something to do with money.  
I remember him cause Guy, who didn't  
kiss anybody's ass, sure kissed his.

Banister lets the man into his private office.

**MARTIN**

Clay something, that was his name -  
Clay.

**JIM**

Bertrand. Clay Bertrand?

**MARTIN**

Yeah! That's it.

(pause, paranoid)

I don't know. Maybe it wasn't. I  
gotta go.

**JIM**

(to Bill)

Clay Bertrand. He's in the Warren  
Report. He tried to get Oswald a  
lawyer.

(to Martin)

Was Kennedy ever discussed, Jack?

**MARTIN**

Sure. 'Course they hated the  
sonofabitch, but...

**JIM**

The assassination, Jack?

**MARTIN**

(tightens)

Never. Not with me sir, never...  
Listen, I think I'd better go. I  
said enough. I said all I'm going  
to say.

(rises suddenly)

**JIM**

Hold on, Jack. What's the problem?

**MARTIN**

What's the problem? What's the problem? Do I need to spell it out for you, Mr. Garrison? I better go.

**JIM**

Nobody knows what we're talking about, Jack.

**MARTIN**

You're so naive, mister.

Martin picks his way nervously down the bleacher benches.

**CAR - FRENCH QUARTER - DAY (1966)**

Jim drives, with Numa in the front and Bill in the back.

**BILL**

Well, it's a terrific yard, Chief, but the man's an obvious alcoholic with a reputation lower than crocodile piss.

**JIM**

Does that bother you, Bill? I always wondered in court why it is because a woman is a prostitute, she has to have bad eyesight.

**BILL**

He'll never sign a statement, boss, let alone get on a witness stand.

**JIM**

When something's rotten in the land, Bill, it generally isn't just one fish, we'll get corroboration... find this Clay Bertrand. If I were a betting man, I'd give you 10 to 1 it's an alias. Start checking around the Quarter.

**BILL**

And the six of us, with almost no budget and in secret, are going to solve the case that the Warren Commission with dozens of support staff and millions of dollars couldn't solve. We can't keep up with the crimes in the Parish as it is, Chief.

**JIM**

The murder of a President, Bill, is



a crime in Orleans Parish too. I didn't pick you because of your legal skill, you know.

**BILL**

Gee, thanks boss.

Jim pulls the car over to park.

**JIM**

But because you're a fighter. I like a man who isn't scared of bad odds.

**FRENCH QUARTER SIDEWALK - DAY(1966)**

Jim and the others get out of the car and head towards Antoine's Restaurant. A black woman greets him.

**BLACK WOMAN**

How ya doing, Mr. Garrison? Remember me - from the piano bar at the Royal Orleans?

**JIM**

I sure do. We sang "You're the Cream in My Coffee."

She laughs. Others move in on him.

**JIM**

(to Numa)

Make sure we come back here, now.

**ANTOINE'S RESTAURANT - DAY(1966)**

They enter a busy lunchtime crowd in an elegant eatery. Lou Ivon and Al Oser are waiting for them as they're shown to their table by the Maitre d'.

**MAITRE D'**

Mr. Garrison, we have not seen enough of you lately.

**JIM**

Been too busy, Paul - an elected man can't have as much fun as he used to.

(seeing Lou and Al)

Welcome back, Lou. Find out anything on those hobos?

Lou's been waiting, excited. He gives Jim blowups of the five hobo photographs.

**LOU**

They took 'em to the Sheriff's office,  
not the police station, and they let  
'em go. No record of them ever being  
questioned.

**JIM**

I can't say that comes as a surprise  
anymore.

**LOU**

A photographer from The Dallas Times  
Herald got some great shots of them  
never published...

The camera moves in on the photographs.

FLASHBACK TO the "hoboes" being escorted to the Sheriff's  
office - as per Sgt. Harkness' earlier description.

**LOU**

...take a good look, chief, do any  
of 'em look like the hoboes you  
remember?

**JIM**

Hoboes I knew of old used to sleep  
in their clothes - these two look  
pretty young.

**LOU**

...not a single frayed collar or  
cuff, new haircuts, fresh shaves,  
clean hands - new shoe leather.  
Look at the ear of the cop... That's  
a wire. What's a cop wearing a  
headset for? I think they're actors,  
chief; they're not cops.

Susie Cox arrives.

**JIM**

Who the hell are they, then! Hi,  
Susie, sit down.

(to Lou)

This could be it. Let's start looking  
for 'em.

How 'bout that railroad man, Lee Bowers? Saw those men at  
the picket fence?

**LOU**

Graveyard dead. August this year.

(Jim curses quietly)

A single car accident on an empty  
road in Midlothian, Texas. The doctor  
said he was in some kind of strange

shock when he died.  
(pause)

**JIM**

(shares the look)  
We need to find more witnesses, Lou.

**LOU**

There was Rose Chermie. A whore.  
Two Cubans threw her out of a car on  
the way to Dallas.

She talked to a cop from a hospital bed two days before the  
assassination, said Kennedy would be hit that Friday. She  
said she was a dope runner for Jack Ruby and that Ruby knew  
Oswald for years...

**JIM**

Can we find her?

**LOU**

Graveyard dead near Big Sandy, Texas  
in '65. Two in the morning on some  
highway. A hit and run.

FLASHBACK to Rose lying dead on an empty highway.

**BILL**

Why not go right to the horse's mouth,  
chief?

Jack Ruby's been rotting in a Dallas jail cell for three  
years. Maybe he's ready to crack?

**JIM**

If we go to him our investigation'll  
hit the front pages by sunrise.  
Blow up right in our face. Ruby was  
just given a new trial. If he has  
something to say, it'll be there.  
Susie, what did you find out on  
Oswald?

**SUSIE**

Negative on his tax records.  
Classified. First time I know a  
D.A. can't get a tax record. I put  
together a list of all the CIA files  
on Oswald that were part of the Warren  
Report and asked for them. There  
are about 1200 documents...

(gives it to Jim who  
reads)

Oswald in the USSR, in Mexico City,  
Oswald and the U2, a CIA 201 personnel  
file, a memo from the Director on

Oswald, travel and activities - can't get one of them. All classified as secret on the grounds of national security. It's real strange.

**BILL**

Maybe there's more to this, Susie. The CIA's keeping something from our enemies.

**SUSIE**

Yes, but we're talking about a dead warehouse employee of no political significance. Three years later and he's still classified? They gave us his grammar school records, a study of his pubic hairs... Put it in context, Bill, of what we know about Oswald. Lonely kid, no father, unstable childhood, high school dropout - wants to grow up and be a spy, joins the Marines at 17. He learns Russian, he acts overtly Marxist with two other marines, but he's stationed at a top secret base in Japan where U2 spy flights over Russia originate. He's discharged from the Marines supposedly because his mother's sick. He stays home 3 days, then with a \$1500 ticket from a \$203 bank account, he goes to Moscow...

FLASHBACK TO Moscow in 1959. We see shots of the city - strange and eerie black-and-white stills. Inside the U.S. Embassy Oswald slaps his passport on the table with a formal letter. Two consuls attend him.

**OSWALD**

(voice stilted)

I want to renounce my citizenship and become a Soviet citizen. I'm going to make known to them all information I have concerning the Marine Corps and my specialty therein, radar operation...

**SUSIE (V.O.)**

One of the consuls, John McVickar, says Oswald's performance was not spontaneous - it seemed coached. Oswald gives an interview to a journalist.

Continuing the Moscow flashback, we see Oswald talking with a female journalist in his small room in the Hotel Metropole.

Again he sounds robotic.

**OSWALD**

I will never return to the United States for any reason. It is a capitalist country, an exploitive, racist country. I am a Marxist since I was 15. I've seen poor niggers and that was a real lesson. People hate because they're told to hate, like school kids. It's the fashion to hate people in the U.S.

**SUSIE (V.O.)**

The Russians are skeptical - want to send him back. Maybe they suspect he's a spy. He supposedly slashes his wrists in a suicide attempt so that they're forced to keep him, and he disappears for six weeks, presumably with the KGB.

We see photos of the city of Minks, in Russia, Oswald with various friends and tourists, shots of Lee and Marina with a new baby.

**SUSIE**

Finally they shuttle him to a radio factory in Minks where he lives as high on the hog as he ever has - he's given 5,000 rubles, a roomy apartment with a balcony, has affairs with local girls.

**JIM**

Makes sense - he's a spokesman.

**SUSIE**

But he never writes, speaks, or does any propaganda for the Russians. He meets Marina, whose uncle is a colonel in Soviet intelligence, at a trade union dance; she thinks he's Russian the way he speaks, six weeks later they marry, have a daughter.

**NUMA**

Didn't someone say he didn't speak good Russian?

**JIM**

It's a contradiction, Numa, get used to them. The only explanation for the royal treatment is he did give them radar secrets. Or fake secrets.

We see documentary shots of the U2 on Russian soil... Francis Gary Powers... The Summit Conference canceled... Eisenhower and Khrushchev.

**SUSIE (V.O.)**

I don't know if it's coincidence, but Oswald had a top security clearance and knew about the U2 program from his days at Atsugi Air Base in Japan. Six months after he arrives in Russia, Francis Gary Powers' U2 spy flight goes down in Russia. That plane was untouchable. Powers hinted that Oswald could've given the Russians enough data to hit it. As a direct result, the peace summit between Khrushchev and Eisenhower failed. I can't help thinking of that book Seven Days In May, maybe someone in our military didn't want the Peace Conference to happen, maybe Oswald was part of that. It gets weirder.

**BILL**

Susie, you're an assistant D.A., remember. Stick to what you can prove in court.

**SUSIE**

You want facts, Bill? Okay. From 1945 to '59 only two U.S. soldiers defect to Russia. From '59 to '60, seven defect, six return, one of them another Marine a month before Oswald. All of them young men made to seem poor, disenchanted.

**JIM**

Don't get sidetracked! How does he get back to the States? That's the point. Does he have any problems?

**SUSIE**

None! The State Department issues him a new passport in 48 hours and loans him the money to travel. He's never investigated or charged by the Navy for revealing classified information or, as far as we know, debriefed by the CIA.

**JIM**

This is a man whose secrets cause us to change our radar patterns in the Pacific! He should've been prosecuted

as a traitor!

**SUSIE**

The FBI finally gets around to talking to him in Dallas and runs a file on him as a miscreant Communist type.

**JIM**

But who meets him when he gets off the boat in New York in June '62?

The screen shows photos of New York: Empty docks... a ship coming in... Wall Street on a Sunday morning - Graphic Weegee-type black-and-white stills, then a photo of Spas T. Raikin.

**SUSIE (V.O.)**

Spas T. Raikin, a leading member of an anti-Communist group.

**JIM (V.O.)**

And Marina? Does she have a problem getting out?

**SUSIE (V.O.)**

None either. It's bizarre. It's next to impossible to get Russian sweethearts out. Nor does Lee have any problem getting a new passport when he wants to go to Cuba and Russia in '63. A man who has defected once already. It's crazy.

**JIM**

Dammit, it doesn't add up! Ordinary people get blacklisted for leftist affiliations! The State Department did everything short of dispatching a destroyer to Minks to insure Oswald's return. Only intelligence people can come and go like that.

FLASHBACK TO a Forth Worth map factory. We see Oswald at work on photo mattes with a Minox spy camera. The camera shows close-ups of maps and then flashes to a hand in the photographic section. We see a close-up of Oswald's head in a photograph - the same headshot that will be superimposed on the Oswald photo - and a razor blade cutting mattes.

**SUSIE (V.O.)**

The next thing we know he's living in Dallas/Ft. Worth in October '62 working 6 months at Jaggars-Chiles-Stovall, a photographic firm that contracts to make maps for the U.S. Army... He starts work only days before the government reveals Russian

missiles in Cuba and the crisis explodes. Oswald may have had access to missile site footage obtained by the U2 planes and works alongside a young man who'd been in the Army Security Agency.

**JIM**

Sort of like Benedict Arnold coming back to George Washington's cabinet.

**SUSIE**

Equally incongruous is Oswald becoming chummy with the White Russian community of Dallas - all rabid anti-Communists.

FLASHBACK TO Fort Worth in 1963. In Oswald's cheap apartment, seven White Russians, including George de Mohrenschildt, a distinguished grey-haired man in his late fifties, are visiting Marina and Oswald, bringing old dresses, groceries, and toys and milk for the crying baby, whose cradle is two suitcases.

**SUSIE**

His closest friend is an oilman named George de Mohrenschildt who's about 35 years older than Oswald, who's only 23 and supposedly broke. De Mohrenschildt is a member of the Dallas Petroleum Club, speaks five languages and was in French Vichy Intelligence during the War. Also rumoured to have been a Nazi sympathizer and member of the "Solidarists", an international anti-Communist organization with many Eastern Europeans and ex-Nazis, many of them brought here by the CIA after the war, many of them involved in oil and munitions interests in Dallas and the Southwest. You figure it.

**AL**

Where'd you get all this Nazi stuff?

**SUSIE**

(hands him a file)  
Read it. They called it "Project Paperclip."

**JIM (V.O.)**

This is the guy that keeps turning up in colonial countries and each time something strange happens. Coup d'etats, presidents overthrown.



He shows up on a "walking tour" of Guatemala's Cuban invasion camps just before the Bay of Pigs invasion. If we don't know he's CIA, let's circle him very probable - Oswald's handler.

We see Oswald and de Mohrenschildt talking with the others and a magazine cover with J.F.K. the subject of discussion.

**OSWALD**

I think he's made some mistakes on Cuba, but he's doing a pretty good job. If he succeeds, in my opinion, he'll be a great President. And a really attractive one too - open features, great head of hair...  
(laughs)

**SUSIE (V.O.)**

De Mohrenschildt draws a picture of Oswald as an intellectual, well read, speaks excellent Russian, a man who adored J.F.K.

**JIM**

That's scenery. Don't get sidetracked. This is the man, bottom line, who nailed Oswald to the Warren Commission as a potentially violent man, and linked him to the rifle.

TIME CUT TO Oswald's apartment on a different day in 1963. George de Mohrenschildt points out a Mannlicher-Carcano rifle in the closet, turns to Lee.

**GEORGE**

So, Lee, what are you taking a potshot at this week - rabbits or fascists?

Lee's look is sickly. He freezes up.

RESUME scene of White Russian gathering in Oswald's apartment.

**SUSIE**

The only Russian that suspects Oswald of still being a Communist is Anna Meller. But her Russian friend tells her "he's checked" with the local FBI and was told Oswald is all right.

Anna Meller, one of the guests, glances at a copy of Das Kapital in a pile of books, and talks to another Russian man about it... Talking now to Lee and Marina are Janet and Bill Williams, a mid-American couple in their late twenties, freshly minted.

**SUSIE**

The Oswalds are introduced by George de Mohrenschildt to Janet and Bill Williams. It's through Janet Williams in October '63 that Lee gets the warehouse job, right smack on Elm Street at the Book Depository, which is owned by another oilman with ties to defense and military intelligence.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Presumably so he can now exercise his intellect stacking school texts at \$1.25 an hour.

We see Oswald and another man in the Texas School Book Depository in 1963. They are hauling and stacking school textbooks - an obviously lower-level job for Oswald after the map factory. We cut ahead to empty graphics of the sealed off area, the window site, the cafeteria.

**SUSIE (V.O.)**

All I can find out about the Williams' is their tax returns are classified and that Bill Williams, a descendant of the Cabots of Massachusetts, has links through his family and United Fruit to the CIA and does classified work for Bell Helicopter which requires a security clearance - so what is Oswald, a defector, doing visiting his wife in his house? Williams has a relationship at Bell with General Walter Dornberger, another one of the Nazis we brought in after the War for our missile program. He used slave labor to build the V-2 Rockets for Hitler before Bell needed him.

**JIM**

I wonder about the Williams'. Just where did the first description of Oswald come from at 12:44? No one knows. They claimed it was Brennan's, but his description came after 1 P.M. Who called? Somehow the FBI's been tapping the Williams' and picks up a call between Bell Helicopter and Janet's phone, an unidentified voice saying "We both know who's responsible." Who called? Why's the Bureau been tapping them?

We see the interior of the Williams' home in Irving on a day

in 1963.

**SUSIE (V.O.)**

His wife, Janet Williams, studied Russian in college and her father worked for the Agency for International Development, which works hand in hand with the CIA. She suddenly becomes Marina's best friend. Marina fights often with Lee about many things - his secrecy, the lack of money. She says Lee is not sexually adequate. Lee hits her on several occasions. Bill Williams' convenient separation from Janet allows Janet to invite Marina to move into her house in Irving. There Marina and Lee have a second daughter - while Lee, now 24, stores his belongings in Janet's garage and rents a small room in Dallas under an alias of "O.H. Lee".

We see Marina and Oswald in bed at night in the Williams' house, in a tender scene. Oswald says goodbye to his child.

TIME CUT TO Oswald living in a boarding house. It is at night, and he sits in his room alone. The housekeeper, Earlene Roberts, heavysset, white, in her 60's, comes in and asks him if he wants to watch some TV with her. He declines.

**SUSIE**

When he's arrested, Marina buries him with the public. Her description of him is that of a psychotic and violent man.

FLASHBACK TO Marina on TV, a different person from before.

**MARINA**

I do not want to believe, but I have too much facts.. tell me that Lee shot Kennedy.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Yeah, after, they take her to Six Flags Inn in Arlington, prepare her for the interviews, teach her how she should answer - and after two months and 46 interviews, she has a nervous breakdown.

(flashback)

Oswald was no angel, that's clear, but who was he?

BACK TO Antoine's Restaurant.

**BILL**

I'm lost, boss. What are we saying here?

**JIM**

We're saying that when Oswald went to Russia, he was not a real defector, that he was an intelligence agent on some kind of mission for our government and he remained one till the day he died, that's what we're saying.

**BILL**

And therefore because Oswald pulled the trigger, the intelligence community murdered their own commander in chief. That's what you're saying!

**JIM**

I'll go you one better! Maybe Oswald didn't even pull the trigger, Bill. The nitrate test indicates he didn't even fire a rifle on November 22nd. And on top of that, they didn't even bother to check if the rifle had been fired that day.

**BILL**

He had his palm print on the weapon.

**JIM**

It went to the goddamn FBI and they didn't find a goddamn thing. It comes back a week later and one guy in the Dallas police department suddenly finds a palm print which for all I know he could've taken off Oswald at the morgue. There's no chain of evidence, Bill. And what about the tow guns actually seen in the Depository? One an Enfield photographed by a newsman and the other a Mauser, described by Deputy Weitzman... Maybe, just maybe, Lee Oswald was exactly what he said he was Bill - "a patsy". Take it at face value. Lou, Susie, I'm going with my gut here. He's got an alias of Hidell to buy the rifle, "O.H. Lee" to rent the room, right? What's in a name, right? In intelligence, they're assumed to be fake. A name is sort of like a postbox number, a code - several different people can

use the same name, right? Then why can't somebody be using Oswald's name?

We see blank faces around the table.

**BILL**

But why?

**JIM**

To frame him, obviously. You got to get in your minds how the hell spooks think, Bill! They're not ordinary crooks.

**LOU**

I never could figure out why this guy orders a traceable weapon to that post office box when you can go into any store in Texas, give a phony name and walk out with a cheap rifle which can never be traced.

**JIM**

Unless he or someone else wants him to get caught. Maybe he never ordered the weapon, Lou. Somebody else did. It was picked up at the post office early morning when Oswald's time sheet shows him clocked in at his job. Lou, come alive. These things are not adding up.

**BILL**

I still have to question what the legal basis is that supports this, boss. Susie's stuff is colorful, but...

**JIM**

Let's start making some assumptions about the man. Why would he leave a path as big as Lee Harvey Oswald's? This is not a thin trail, gentlemen, it is a very wide one. Who found the evidence? Who set him up? Lou, Bill, Susie, I want you to go back and check all the sightings of Oswald in Dallas, New Orleans and Mexico in the summer and fall of '63 - see if it's the same guy.

**AL**

Boss, Oswald impersonators? Sounds like James Bond now.

**JIM**

Al, you can't tell a mink from a  
coonskin unless you see the fur up  
close. Goddamn, Sam! If we don't  
start reading between the lines here!  
Y'all gotta start thinking on a  
different level - like the CIA does.  
We're through the looking glass.  
Here white is black and black is  
white.

**BILL**

What do you think, Lou?

**LOU**

I'm just an investigator, Bill. I  
leave the theories to you lawyers.

**BILL**

You, Numa?

**NUMA**

A week ago I would've said this is  
nuts, but now ...

(shakes his head)

There's a lot of smoke there, but  
there's some fire.

**BILL**

Now you guys, come on. You're talking  
about the United States Government  
here!

**JIM**

We're talking about a crime, Bill.  
No one is above the law. Reduce it.  
A crime was committed. Let's get to  
work.

**MEDICAL UNIT - JAIL - DAY(1966)**

Jack Ruby, thick fudge of an angry face, flu-ridden, confronts  
a doctor and two guards in his cell.

**RUBY**

Christ, what the hell kinda needle  
is that? I just got a cold for  
Chrissake. I don't want any shot!

**DOCTOR**

Please relax, Mr. Ruby. This'll  
calm you down and clear this up.

**RUBY**

Doc, I'm telling you, I don't need  
any shots.

**DOCTOR**

Mr. Ruby, I don't want to involve the guards. It'll just take a few seconds.

Ruby looks over at the two guards, who eye him. The Doctor gives him the injection.

FLASHBACK TO Ruby's jail cell in 1964. Ruby talks to men with their backs to us. Lawyers and police clutter the cell, making Ruby hyper-nervous. The chief official's white hair and avuncular voice are all we see and hear of him; his back is to us.

**RUBY**

Then do you understand that I cannot tell the truth here? In Dallas. That there are people here who do not want me to tell the truth... who do not want me to have a retrial?

**OFFICIAL**

Mr. Ruby, I really can't see why you can't tell us now.

Ruby catches the stern face of Sheriff Bill Decker from the corner of his eye, the Assistant D.A. next to him.

**RUBY**

When are you going back to Washington, sir?

**OFFICIAL**

(looks at watch)

I am going back very shortly after we finish this hearing - I am going to have some lunch.

**RUBY**

Can I make a statement? If you request me to go back to Washington with you right now, that is if you want to hear further testimony from me, can you do that? Can you take me with you?

**OFFICIAL**

No, that could not be done, Mr. Ruby. There are a good many things involved in that.

**RUBY**

What are they?

**OFFICIAL**

Well, the public attention it would attract. And we have no place for you there to be safe, we're not law enforcement officials, and many things are at stake in this affair, Mr. Ruby.

**RUBY**

But if I am eliminated there won't be any way of knowing. Consequently a whole new form of government is going to take over this country, and I know I won't live to see you another time. My life is in danger here. Do I sound screwy?

**OFFICIAL**

Well I don't know what can be done, Mr. Ruby, because I don't know what you anticipate we will encounter.

**RUBY**

Then you don't stand a chance, Mr. Chief Justice, you have a lost cause. All I want is a lie detector test, and you refuse to give it to me. Because as it stands now - and the truth serum - how do you pronounce it - Pentothal - whatever it is. They will not give it to me, because I want to tell the truth... And then I want to leave this world.

The camera pauses on Ruby's face. The men rise and leave in the shadows.

**PARKLAND MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - (1967)**

Jack Ruby is escorted out of the infirmary, dead of cancer.

**BROUSSARD'S RESTAURANT - NEW ORLEANS - (1967)**

The puffy, smiling face of Dean Andrews, framed by huge black glasses, talks in a Louisiana hippie argot of the 50's. The restaurant has a fancy French decor, mirrored walls, marble - it serves the cream of Louisiana society.

**ANDREWS**

Why you keep dancing on my head for, my man? We been thicker'n molasses pie since law school.

**JIM**

Because you keep conning me, Dean. I read your testimony to the Warren Commission and...



**ANDREWS**

There you go. Grain of salt. Two sides to every coin.

**JIM**

You tell them the day after the assassination you were called on the phone by this "Clay Bertrand" and asked to fly to Dallas and be Lee Oswald's layer.

**ANDREWS**

Right.

**JIM**

Now that's pretty important, Dean. You also told the FBI when you met him, he was six foot two. Then you tell the Commission he was five foot eight. How the hell did the man shrink like that, Dean?

**ANDREWS**

They put the heat on, my man, just like you're doing. I gave'em anything that popped into my cabeza. Truth is, I never met the dude.

Sudden FLASHBACK to Andrews' office on a day in 1963. Clay Bertrand sits, back to us, talking to Andrews. He has close-cropped white hair. He is the same patrician man we've seen earlier with Oswald on Canal Street and in Banister's office. Andrews is evidently lying.

**ANDREWS**

I don't know what the cat looks like and furthermore I don't know where he's at. All I know is sometimes he sends me cases. So one day he's on the phone talkin' to me about going to Dallas and repping Oswald...

(notices a woman, in present)

Hey, pipe the bimbo in red. What ever happened to that little gal you was dating in the Quarter - from Opelousas, y'know, elevator didn't go to the top floor but tits could smother gumbo with.

Jim, in present, looking briefly - a pretty girl walking in.

**JIM**

(remembering)

Yeah, she was pretty, all right, but

not half as cute as you, Deano. You shoulda tried a legitimate line of business.

**ANDREWS**

(chuckles)

You can't ever say crime don't pay in Louisiana, Jim - only not as good as it used to. Good chowder, ain't it?

**JIM**

When did you first do business with this Bertrand?

**ANDREWS**

(bored)

Oh, I first heard these street cats jiving about him back in '56, '57 when I lived down in the Quarter.

**JIM**

Street cats?

**ANDREWS**

Swishes. They swish, y'know. Young fags, you know. They'd come into my bureau needing help, no bread, and I'd say, hey man, I ain't Rockefeller, who gonna back you up? These cornmuffins go to the phone and dial...

FLASHBACK TO Andrews' office on another day in 1963. We catch a glimpse of a young swish sitting in Andrew's office talking on the phone. Andrews is also on the phone to Bertrand, unseen, on the other end.

**ANDREWS**

The dude on the other end says...

**CLAY BERTRAND**

I'm Clay Bertrand. Whatever they owe, I guarantee.

**ANDREWS**

Hey, suits me fine, Daddy Warbucks - how do I get in touch with you?

**CLAY BERTRAND**

I'm around.

**ANDREWS (V.O.)**

And that's how I first heard of Clay Bertrand.

**JIM (V.O.)**

What was his voice like?

**ANDREWS**

You knew you weren't talking to some low life fag, you know. He had command of the king's English.

**JIM**

Did he pay?

**ANDREWS**

Always - like tits on a pig. I wish I had a million of those bimbettes.

**JIM**

And Oswald?

**ANDREWS**

(just a slight hesitation)

Like I told to the Washington boys, Bertrand called that summer and asked me to help the kid upgrade his Marine discharge...

**JIM**

So you saw Oswald how many times?

**ANDREWS**

Three, four. He came in with a few Cubano swishes one time I remember...

FLASHBACK TO a third day at Andrew's office in 1963. Oswald is in the office with two young boys.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Recall any names?

**ANDREWS**

(in present)

Mario, Jose - they wear names like you and I wear clothes. Today the name is Candy, tomorrow it's Butsie. I wish I could help you, Jim.

**JIM**

Did you speak to Oswald in Dallas?

**ANDREWS**

(knee-jerk reaction)

Hell, no! I told this Bertrand cat right off, this isn't my scene, man. I deal with muni court, I'm a hack in nigger town, that kid needs a hot dog.

**JIM**

Then how the hell did you get in the Warren Commission, Dean? Except through the phone records in the Dallas jail?

**ANDREWS**

(nervous moment)

There were no phone records.

**JIM**

Of course there weren't. 'Cause they disappeared. And yet the Commission found you, Dean.

**ANDREWS**

I don't know how they got to me. Maybe cause I repped him here. The Feebees run background checks. On my mama's breasts, man, that's all I got.

(pauses, adjusts)

There wasn't no conspiracy, Jim. If there were, why the hell didn't Bobby Kennedy prosecute it as Attorney General, he was his brother for Chrissake. How the fuck three people could keep a secret like that, I don't know. It was Oswald. He was a nut job. Faggot, y'know, hated this country.

As Andrews resumes eating his crabmeat Louie with gusto, Jim reaches over and grabs the fork in mid-air.

**JIM**

Dean, I think we're having a communication problem. I know you know who Clay Bertrand is. Now stop eating that damn crabmeat for a minute and listen.

(gets Dean's attention)

I'm aware of our long friendship, but I want you to know I'm going to call you in front of a grand jury. I took nine judges on, Deano, right here in New Orleans, and I beat 'em all. If you lie to the grand jury as you've been lying to me, I'm going to charge you with perjury. Now, am I communicating with you?

Andrews puts down the fork, shaken, silent for a moment.

**ANDREWS**

Is this off the record, Daddy-o?

(Jim nods)

In that case, let me sum it up for you real quick. If I answer that question you keep asking me, if I give you the name of the "Big Enchilada", y'know, then it's bon voyage, Deano - I mean like permanent. I mean like a bullet in my head. You dig? Does that help you see my problem a little better? You're a mouse fighting a gorilla. Kennedy's dead as that crab meat. The government's still breathing. You want to line up with a dead man?

At a nearby table, a waiter has just poured brandy on Crepe Suzettes. A blue flame hovers in the air as Jim leans forward across the table, speaking deliberately.

**JIM**

Read my lips, Deano. Either you dance into the Grand Jury with the real identity of Clay Bertrand or your fat behind is going to the slammer. Do you dig me?

Andrews stands suddenly.

**ANDREWS**

You're just as crazy as your mama. Goes to show it's in the genes! Do you have any idea what you're getting into, my man? You think Jack Ruby just up and died of cancer in four weeks after he gets a retrial? That's some kinda new cancer - I'd say that's a "going out of business cancer". You got the right ta-ta, but the wrong ho-ho. The government's gonna jump all over your head, Jimbo, and go "cock-a-doodledoo!"

Andrews drops his pink napkin in the crabmeat and waddles out. Jim now feels closer to the truth than ever.

**ANGOLA PRISON - LOUISIANA COUNTRYSIDE - (1967)**

From the point of view of an approaching car, the prison looms over the swamp, dogs patrolling the wire.

**VOICE (V.O.)**

District Attorney Garrison to see  
Prisoner 5388, Ward Block 237B.

**GUARD'S VOICE (V.O.)**

Send him on in.

**PRISON DORMITORY - (1967)**

A chief guard walks Jim and Bill into a circus-like atmosphere. In Louisiana the prisoners can wear any outfit they choose, which makes this prison look like Mardi Gras. There are many transvestites.

**GUARD**

(with evident pride)  
...we don't need no gates out there,  
sir, we got the "swamp". Many of  
'em gone in there but none come out...  
Hey, Willie!

Willie O'Keefe, a handsome, muscled, young chickenhawk with an earring, bandana, colorful clothes, an aura of burned truth in his intense, staring brown eyes and thick country accent, sashays over.

**GUARD**

You got some company, wants to talk  
wid you. You behave now, boy, y'hear.

TIMCUT TO the prison work area, where Willie talks, leaning against a tree looking out on a mangrove swamp. It's lunch break and other prisoners move in the background, eating, socializing.

**JIM**

I want to thank you, Mr. O'Keefe,  
for this time.

**O'KEEFE**

Call me Willie. I ain't got nuthin'  
but time, Mr. Garrison. Minutes,  
hours, days, years of'em. Time just  
stands still here like a snake sunnin'  
itself in the road...

**BILL**

Clay Bertrand, Willie?

**O'KEEFE**

Yeah. Clay. I met him sometime in  
June of '62 at the Masquerade Bar.  
Dave Ferrie took me there, for the  
express reason to meet him.

**JIM**

For sexual purposes?

**O'KEEFE**

Well... yeah.

FLASHBACK TO the Masquerade Bar in the French Quarter. It's nightttime and Ferrie, Bertrand and O'Keefe sit at a back booth. Bertrand, as seen earlier, is an imposing, white-haired patrician man, over six feet tall, heavily defined bones and eyelids, in his late 40's or early 50's.

**BILL (V.O.)**

Did he pay you for this?

**O'KEEFE (V.O.)**

Twenty dollars each time. Hell, it's no secret. That's what I'm here for.

They rise to leave. Bertrand with a slight limp.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Anything else unusual about him you'd be able to describe in a court of law, Willie?

**O'KEEFE (V.O.)**

I remember he had some kinda thing wrong with his left leg. He limped. Don't get me wrong, he's not one of those, you know, limp wrists. He's a butch John. You'd meet him on the street, you'd never snap. You could go fishing with him, play poker with him, you'd never snap in a million years. So one night we were over at Ferrie's place. Having a party. Sometime in the late summer of '63.

FLASHBACK TO Dave Ferrie's apartment on a night in 1963. The place is filled messy bricabrac, including two dozen mouse cages for Ferrie's cancer experiments. Ferrie, Bertrand, O'Keefe, and four Cubans in battle fatigues are laughing and fooling around. Oswald is in a corner cleaning a .22 rifle with a scope on it. He looks different, unkempt, unshaven. A record player grinds out a speech in Spanish by Castro. Some other people are there as well - it's a beatnik scene: sandals, hanging out, only one woman. Ferrie is taking pictures throughout of the group horsing around, photographing Oswald.

**O'KEEFE**

...there were about nine or ten people, Cubans, friends of Dave doing some stuff in the bush with him. Place was a mess. Dave's mind was a mess,

(laughs)

Y'know he had all those mice cages around cause he's working on this cure for cancer... Dave's smart -

real smart - speaks five languages,  
knows philosophy, medicine, military  
history, politics. He wanted to be  
a priest but they defrocked him 'cause  
he was queer...

**BILL (V.O.)**

And that's where you met Oswald for  
the first time?

**O'KEEFE (V.O.)**

Yeah, strange guy. Dave introduced  
him as...

**FERRIE**

Willie, say hello to Leon Oswald.

**O'KEEFE**

(over the racket)

How ya doing?

**OSWALD**

(sullen, to Ferrie)

What the fuck's he doing here?

**O'KEEFE**

Fuck you, man.

Ferrie separates them. Oswald seems to resent an outsider  
being there.

**FERRIE**

(to O'Keefe)

Leon's in a bad mood, don't get  
excited, he's all right.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Would you say this "Leon" was actually  
Lee Harvey Oswald?

**O'KEEFE**

(in present)

Fuck, yes. Hell, I'm already in  
jail. I got no reason to lie to  
you. I ain't no nigger.

**BILL**

Go on, Willie.

**O'KEEFE**

(present merging to  
past)

...well the party got crazier and  
crazier, one of those, y'know  
"beatnik" type things.



**FERRIE**

(to O'Keefe)

We're having a little meeting here.

(indicates the second  
player)

That's Castro. Sounds like Hitler  
doesn't he? Sonofabitch is going to  
go. Real soon.

**CUBANS**

Muerte a Fidel! Muerte!

**BERTRAND**

(irritated at the  
noise)

Oh, stop it already! What are all  
these people doing here anyway? I  
can't bear all this infernal noise.

**FERRIE**

Clara, don't be so sensitive.

**BERTRAND**

I didn't come here for a pep rally.  
Get all this riffraff out of here.

**FERRIE**

Okay, okay.

TIMECUT TO later that night, when only O'Keefe, Ferrie,  
Bertrand, Oswald and three Cubans are left.

**O'KEEFE (V.O.)**

...finally they got out of there and  
I found myself alone with Dave and  
this Leon, two of the Cubans, and  
this guy Bertrand. Dave pulled out  
his clippings which he was always  
carrying around. He'd been obsessed  
with Castro and Kennedy for months  
and he started in again...

**FERRIE**

(waving a clipping,  
drunk)

Kennedy fucked us in '61, '62, and  
he's fuckin' us now! And that fuckin'  
zealot Bobby Kennedy is the fuckee!  
The nerve of that little asswipe  
closing the camps. Took all our C-  
4! Took ten thousand rounds, 3,000  
pounds of gunpowder, all our weapons.  
Next we'll be living in a world where  
only the cocksucking Reds will have  
all the weapons and we'll be  
surrounded. If we want a free Cuba,

we gotta whack out the fucking beard.

**CUBAN**

That faggot Kennedy won't let us.  
Our hands are empty - how can we  
kill him?

**BERTRAND**

(moving with a drink,  
walks with a slight  
limp)

It's a real problem getting at him.  
Castro's got informers on every block.

**FERRIE**

(pointing to a map of  
Cuba on the wall)

Bullshit! There's all kinds of new  
stuff. I heard about rockets in an  
umbrella - they're tested at Fort  
Detrick? I can show you a dozen  
poisons. Stick it in his food, he'll  
die in three days, no trace. We can  
put something in his beard, make it  
fall out, he'll look fuckin'  
ridiculous without his beard.

**CUBAN**

(drunk)

Why don't we just take care of the  
main problem? Which is that piece  
of shit Kennedy. He's doing all  
kinds of deals! Kissing Khrushchev's  
ass. I wouldn't even call him  
President Kennedy.

**O'KEEFE (V.O.)**

...then the Cubans left and the  
bullshitting was going on, Dave was  
drunk, really drunk and he starts in  
with Kennedy again.

**FERRIE**

See, what Kennedy done, with him you  
should take a knife and stab and  
kill the fucker where he is now. I  
mean it. This is true. But I tell  
you something. I hope I get a week's  
notice. I'll kill. Right in the  
fuckin' White House. Somebody's got  
to get rid of this fucker.

Oswald looks up, listens quietly.

**O'KEEFE**

Oh, c'mon, Dave, you're never gonna

get that sonofabitch.

**FERRIE**

No? It won't be long, mark my words. That fucker'll get what's coming to him. And it can be blamed on Castro. Then the whole country'll want to invade Cuba. All we got to do is get Kennedy in the open.

Bertrand with his arms around O'Keefe, laughs, tries to change the subject.

**BERTRAND**

David, David, always some harebrained scheme or another... Oh? What do I see here? Ooooooh, let's have some more champagne, shall we!

**O'KEEFE**

(interested in Ferrie's proposal)

What about the Secret Service, the cops?

**FERRIE**

(pacing, hyper)

No problem if it's planned right. Look how close they got with de Gaulle. Eisenhower was always riding around in an open top. I know somebody who actually went up and touched Eisenhower once. We need to have three mechanics at three different locations. An office building with a high-powered rifle. Triangulation of crossfire is the key. You get the diversionary shot gets the Secret Service looking one way - Boom! You get the kill shot. The crucial thing is one man has to be sacrificed, then in the commotion of the crowd the job gets done and the others fly out of the country to someplace with no extradition. I could do that myself. I could fly to Mexico, and then Brazil.

Oswald listens, playing with his rifle. Bertrand suddenly turns cold, flashing a look at Ferrie.

**BERTRAND**

Why don't we drop this subject... it's one thing to engage in badinage with these youngsters, but this sort of thing could be so easily

misunderstood.  
(he squeezes Ferrie)

**FERRIE**

Ouch!

**O'KEEFE (V.O.)**

I didn't think much about it at the time. Just bullshit, y'know, everybody likes to make themselves out to be something more than they are. Specially in the homosexual underworld. But then when they got him

(merging to the present)

I got real scared, y'know. Real scared. And that's when I got popped.

BACK TO the prison work area. Jim and O'Keefe continue talking.

**JIM**

Willie, are you willing to repeat your statements under sodium pentothal? Under the supervision of a doctor?

**O'KEEFE**

Fuck, yeah! I told you so. And you can tell'em all I told you so.

**JIM**

You realize the things you're saying, Willie, are going to be attacked by a lot of different people.

**O'KEEFE**

Bring on all the motherfuckers! Bring their college degrees in here! I got nuthin' to hide. They can't buy me. You can't buy me. I don't even need the parole. This is about the truth coming out. You're a goddamn liberal, Mr. Garrison, you don't know shit, cause you never been fucked in the ass. Fascism is here now, Facism is...

**JIM**

No one's trying to buy you, Willie. It's important to know why you're telling us this.

**O'KEEFE**

(pauses)

You wanna know why? 'Cause that

mother fucker Kennedy stole that fuckin' election, that's why! Nixon was gonna be one of the great Presidents 'til Kennedy wrecked this fuckin' country. Got niggers all over the fuckin' place asking for their rights, where do you think we got all this fuckin' crime now, 'cause Kennedy promised 'em too damned much. Revolution comin'. Fascism's coming back. I tell ya this - the day that Communist sumbitch died was a great day for this country. I jes' hate to think they're blaming it on some silly fuckin' Oswald who didn't know shit anyway. People should know why that sumbitch was killed. 'Cause he was a Communist. Put me on the stand, go ahead, I'll tell the same goddamn story, I'm proud of it, don't matter fuck all to me, things don't change.

As he talks, Jim shares a sickened look with Bill. Whatever truth he may be telling is necessarily compromised by an attitude that could be destroyed in court.

#### **GARRISON HOME - NIGHT (1967)**

Jim, Lou, Al, Susie, and Numa sit around the table having an after hours conference. The kids run in and out of the room, playing. Susie is doing the talking, showing new paperwork and photos.

#### **SUSIE**

Your hunch was right, boss, but it's even spookier than we thought. Starting in September '63 on, two months before the assassination, there are sightings of Oswald all over Dallas, buying ammunition, getting a telescopic sight fixed, going to rifle ranges... Early November, a Dallas downtown Lincoln-Mercury dealership where he tells the salesman Albert Bogard...

FLASHBACK TO the Lincoln-Mercury dealership. Oswald is deliberately kept in half or three quarter shots - a mystery figure. He kicks the tires on a used red Mercury Comet, cocky.

#### **"OSWALD"**

Let's take it out for a test drive.

The salesman, Bogard, is hesitant. "Oswald" doesn't look

like he's got a dime to his name.

**"OSWALD"**

**(SENSING BOGARD'S HESITANCY)**

Hey, I got a lotta money coming in  
the next two weeks.

In the next scene we see the car, driven by "Oswald", zooming  
up the ramp and disappearing onto the freeway.

**SUSIE (V.O.)**

...despite the fact he has no license  
and from what marina says, does not  
know how to drive, he hits the curves  
like Mario Andretti at the Indy 500.  
Bogard later told his boss he drove  
"like a madman."

Resume the scene at the dealership.

**BOGARD**

Three hundred bucks down, Mr. Oswald,  
you can drive outta here with it.

"Oswald", unhappy, starts to leave.

**"OSWALD"**

Who you kidding! For this heap?  
Forget it... No honest working man  
can afford a car anymore in the  
goddamn country! Maybe I'll have to  
go back to Russia to buy a car...

**SUSIE (V.O.)**

... really dumb dialogue like he's  
trying to draw attention to himself.  
A real moron. He walks out. The  
salesman remembers him as about 5'7",  
but we know from his draft card he  
was about 5'11"...

**LOU**

...several witnesses see him on  
several separate days at different  
firing ranges.

FLASHBACK TO a Dallas firing range in 1963.

**LOU**

...one time, November 9, he decides  
he needs to practice on the target  
of the guy next to him. Says  
something really dumb to the guy,  
who says Oswald was a great shot.

**MAN**

Hey, watcha doing, boy... that's my target.

**"OSWALD"**

Hey, sorry, buddy. I just thought it was that sonofabitch Kennedy, y'know. I couldn't help myself.  
(laughs)

**JIM**

(in present)  
...about as subtle as a cockroach crawling across a white rug.

**SUSIE**

I'll go you one better, Lou. He shows up at Silvia Odio's, a Cuban lady in Dallas working in the anti-Castro underground - remember that name, a solid witness. The two Cubans introduce him as "Leon Oswald".

FLASHBACK TO the corridor of Silvia Odio's apartment in Dallas on a night in 1963. Oswald drags behind two Cubans - one is "the Bull", heavyset with a scar over his left eye, who we saw at the Canal Street incident, and the other, "the Indian", is quiet and cold. The men ring the doorbell and talk to a concerned Silvia as Oswald hangs back, watching, in the shadows. The men give her intimate information about her father, who is imprisoned in Cuba. The men chatter ad lib in Spanish.

**SUSIE**

...the Cubans want Silvia, whose parents are political prisoners in Cuba, to help them raise money to assassinate Castro. Something about the men bothers her. She tells them she doesn't want anything to do with violence... about 48 hours later one of the Cubans calls her back...

We see a shot of Silvia on the phone in her apartment intercut with a shot of "the Bull" in a gas station phone booth, on a night in 1963.

**THE BULL**

(on the phone, in Spanish)

This guy Leon Oswald's great, he's kinda nut... he told us we don't any guts, us Cubans, cause Kennedy should've been whacked after the Bay of Pigs, and some Cubans should've done that, it's easy to do, he says -

you know he's a Marine, an expert shooter...

Silvia Odio is surprised to hear this information volunteered. "The Bull's" eyes are on "Oswaldo", outside the booth with "the Indian". They're hanging out, talking to a mystery man, an Anglo.

**SUSIE**

It's like he's giving her information she doesn't even ask for. She's scared, doesn't see them again till she sees Oswald's picture in the paper. But the Warren Commission says she has bad eyesight because they have Oswald in Mexico at this time, trying to get back into Cuba. The Cubans think he's a double agent so they won't take him. The CIA has a camera outside the Cuban Embassy and says this is Oswald in Mexico.

(hands over a picture)

You figure it.

Jim looks at the famous photo... the camera closes in on a heavysset man who looks nothing like Oswald. Liz has come back in and overhears.

**AL**

If this is Oswald, it must be our third Oswald.

**JIM**

The interesting thing is the extent to which the Warren Commission went to make him a Communist. They got almost 150 pages and 130 exhibits of the report on this Mexico trip and the picture doesn't even match. I'm beginning to think the point of the Mexican episode was to lay the blame at Castro's door. If Oswald, or someone purporting to be Oswald, had gotten into Cuba, come back, then killed the President, the American public once again would've screamed for a Cuban invasion...

Susie picks up the famous Life magazine cover shot of Oswald holding a rifle in his backyard.

**SUSIE**

I even have doubts about this photo, boss. It pretty much convicted Oswald in the public mind. Well, according to Captain Fritz, Oswald told him



during his interrogation the photo was fake.

FLASHBACK TO the Dallas Homicide Office in 1963. Oswald is being interrogated by Will Fritz, Dallas Homicide Chief, who shows him the original of the photo from the Williams garage.

**OSWALD**

That's not me.

**FRITZ**

It came from Janet William's garage.

**OSWALD**

Well, I never saw that picture. It is my face, but my face has been super-imposed - the rest of the picture is not me at all. I've done a lot of photographic work, and that picture was made by someone else.

**FRITZ**

So who the hell are you? Alex Hidell or Oswald?

**OSWALD**

Well, you're the policeman, you work it out.

**SUSIE**

(in the present)

Oswald, who worked for Jaggars-Chiles-Stovall, did know spy photography pretty well. I took this picture to two experts. Look at the way the shadows on the nose fall in a straight line like it's high noon. But the shadow here on the ground reads like late afternoon or early morning. It's not the same time. Also look at the crop marks across the chin. It seems like his head is pasted on somebody else's body implicating him with this rifle and gun.

We see a blowup of the photo - the shadows, the crop mark.

**SUSIE**

And of the two newspapers in his hands, one is Leninist, the other Trotskyite. Any genuine Socialist would know they hate each other's politics!

**FRENCH QUARTER - SAME NIGHT (1967)**

Broussard walks past a jazz wake leaving the cemetery - black flambeurs carry torches, people sing "When the Saints Go Marching in". Bill is with a local gambler type.

**MOBSTER**

Clay Bertrand? Sure I know him. He comes around the Quarter.

**BILL**

Who is he, Joe? I've been to every bar, no one wants to talk.

**MOBSTER**

I told your uncle I never met a lawman who wasn't a punk. You too, Bill, even if you're family. He's a big shot businessman. I seen him on the TV news a lot with all the other big shots. A fag, you know. Goes by another name down here.

**BILL**

(excited)

What's the other name?

**MOBSTER**

Shaw. Clay Shaw.

**BILL**

(stunned)

Clay Bertrand is Clay Shaw? The guy who used to run the International Trade Mart?

**MOBSTER**

Yeah, what's the big mystery? Everybody down here knows the guy.

**BILL**

So why does he call himself Bertrand?

**MOBSTER**

Who gives a shit what he calls himself?

**BACK AT GARRISON'S HOME - (1967)**

**SUSIE**

...now it gets positively spooky. In January, 1961 - in New Orleans, at the Bolton Ford Dealership - when the Oswald we know is in Russia - there is a man using the name "Oswald" to buy trucks for the Friends of Democratic Cuba. The salesman never saw him again, but guess who's on

the articles of incorporation of the  
Friends of Democratic Cuba? Guy  
Banister.

(reactions from the  
others)

Banister has someone using the name  
"Oswald" to buy the trucks. Hoover,  
at the FBI, writes a memo dated June,  
1960, that there could be someone  
using Oswald's passport and identity.

**JIM**

Goddamn! They put Oswald together  
from Day One! Like some dummy  
corporation in the Bahamas - you  
just move him around a board. Sent  
him to Russia, in and out, no passport  
problems. You got the word  
"microdots" in his notebook, you got  
the Minox camera and the electronic  
devices they find in his possessions,  
the sealed DIZ201 personnel file.  
For all we know, there could be a  
dozen Oswalds in different cities,  
countries - all of them leaving a  
trail of incriminating evidence that  
could easily be traced to a scapegoat  
after the assassination. Does the  
real Oswald know he's been put  
together? Who knows. It doesn't  
matter, does it? He's a low level  
spy, he doesn't know who he really  
works for...

**(PAUSE)**

Let's call it a night.  
(to Lou)  
Anything new on Ruby?

The staff members, anxious to go home, have all risen... and  
now sigh.

**LOU**

Mobbed up all the way. Tight with  
the Dallas cops. I'm digging, chief.  
I just need 10 more men and some  
more dollars.

**JIM**

I know you do, Lou. I'm doing three  
more lectures this month. You're  
all doing an incredible job, Sue,  
Al, Numa. But this is one where if  
you don't nail the other guy, you're  
dead.

(he pulls a book from

the bookcase for Lou)  
How did Jack Ruby dies so quick? Of what? Cancer, right? A history of Nazi Germany, Lou. They were studying viral cancers as a weapon in the 30's. We learned a lot more than you think from the Nazis. Read this. Our biological warfare lab is in Fort Detrick, Maryland. Close to where the National Cancer Institute is located. Think about it. Think the unthinkable - question everything.

**NUMA**

Even my own wife, chief,  
(looking at his watch)  
Who's wondering where I am?

**JIM**

(looking at Liz)  
Even your own wife, Numa. Any of you want to quit, do me a favor... put us out of our misery.

They all raise their hands as Bill walks in, excited.

**BILL**

I fould Clay Bertrand.

They all stop, look.

**SUSIE**

Who?

**BILL**

Grab your socks and pull... Clay Bertrand is Clay Shaw...

**SUSIE**

(stunned)  
No!... Shaw! Director of The Trade Mart? This is incredible.

**NUMA**

Pillar of the community by day, gay bars at night.

Liz Garrison is the most shaken, as she pours a fresh pot of coffee.

**JIM**

Can you get some sworn statements?

**BILL**

That's gonna be tough. Nobody's talking.

**JIM**

I think we should have him in for a little talk.

**LIZ**

Do you have any evidence against him, Jim? Clay Shaw's done so much for the city with all that restoration in the Quarter. He's well connected, all his friends, the money, people, be careful, Jim.

**JIM**

It'll be off the record, honey. I'll bring him in on a Sunday. A quiet little chat between gentlemen.

Liz walks out of the room silent. There is a tense pause.

**GARRISON'S LIVING ROOM - EASTER SUNDAY (1967)**

The TV is on to the latest Vietnam Reports - combat footage.

**NEWSMAN 10**

(announcer)

In heavy fighting in Vietnam today, seven more American soldiers died and 23 were wounded. The body count for this week now stands at 67 Americans and 626 enemy soldiers killed in action.

Liz plays with the kids looking for Easter eggs. The dog is barking - it's a scene of commotion. Jim is getting ready to go out.

**LIZ**

Jim, come on, honey, get down on your hands and knees and hunt for Jasper's Easter egg.

**JIM**

You know I don't like these tribal rituals, Freckle Face. I'm interviewing Clay Shaw this morning.

**NEWSMAN 10**

(as TV cuts to President Johnson)

President Johnson, meanwhile at an informal press conference, said he regretted that there is no end in sight to the war in Vietnam, where 500,000 American troops are now fighting. "We face more cost, more

loss, and more agony." In his proposal to raise taxes, Johnson...

**LIZ**

(surprised)

But Jim, we're going to Antoine's with the kids - like we do every year.

**JIM**

No. I told you I was going to talk to Shaw.

**LIZ**

But why in the Lord's name would you do it in the middle of Easter Sunday when you knew we were...

**JIM**

(annoyed with her look)

Because when I scheduled it I didn't realize it was a holiday. You were there, why didn't you say something?

**LIZ**

Look at the calendar, for Christ's sake. You said a Sunday, not Easter Sunday.

**JIM**

I'm sorry, but it's important. Clay Shaw is important. I'm sorry.

**LIZ**

You're missing most of your life, Jim, and you don't even know it. The kids are missing out too.

(harder)

It's not just you making the sacrifice here, honey.

**JIM**

Look, I'll rush and be there by two, I promise. Go ahead without me.

As he leaves, the camera holds on Liz.

#### **GARRISON OFFICE - (1967)**

Clay Shaw ("Bertrand"), in an elegant white summer suit, is shown in. Indeed, there is a slight limp to his gait which Jim notices right away.

He shares a look with Bill. Susie is also in the room. Shaw's rich bassoon voice drips with dialect. Imperiously

smoking a Gaulois, Shaw has about him an air of authority matched only by Jim's.

**CLAY SHAW**

Mr. Garrison - what can I do for you on Easter Sunday?

**JIM**

I'm sorry, Mr. Shaw, to interrupt this holiday, but I feel this is a conversation we might better have out of the everyday bustle in this office...

**SHAW**

(sitting)

I'm not sure I understand.

**JIM**

(bringing some papers forward)

Well... in an investigation we're conducting your name has come up a number of times.

**SHAW**

I wouldn't imagine where.

**JIM**

We recently talked to a number of men who claim to know you. Are you acquainted with a David Logan?

**SHAW**

No. Never heard of him.

**JIM**

A Perry Russo?

**SHAW**

No.

**JIM**

A Willie O'Keefe?

**SHAW**

No, I don't believe I know anyone by that name.

**JIM**

Mr. O'Keefe told us he met you at the Masquerade Bar down in the Quarter and several evenings later you had him over for dinner at your apartment on Dauphine Street. Do you recall that?

FLASHBACK TO Clay's Dauphine Street residence, in the Quarter, at night in 1962. The butler opens the door and O'Keefe is admitted to the townhouse. Shaw appears behind the butler.

**SHAW (V.O.)**

(in present)

Of course not. I don't know this man. Obviously then, I wouldn't have him to dinner. Incidentally, I do not live in an apartment. It's an 1860's house built by Gallier. I've restored it faithfully. You know I am quite an advocate of restoration.

At Shaw's house, dinner is served at a long table by the black butler. The table is decorated by a sumptuous setting of silver and candelabra.

Shaw uses a bell to summon the butler.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Perhaps a few more details about the evening will refresh your memory. Mr. O'Keefe told us dinner was served by a uniformed waiter - a colored man. He particularly remembers that you sat at one end and he at the other - which he found rather unusual because the table was so long. Does that bring back memories of Willie O'Keefe?

**SHAW**

(in present)

Not at all. But on the other hand, I do have a lovely Chippendale dining table and I often have a friend over sitting at one end while I sit at the other. That is precisely the point of a long dining table. The splendor of the meal adds to the enjoyment of it.

**JIM**

I would imagine a uniformed waiter helps.

**SHAW**

It adds a taste of elegance for which I must confess a weakness for now and then. I call him Smedley. His real name is Frankie Jenkins - but I could hardly imagine anything more uncouth during dinner than my turning



toward the kitchen and hollering  
"Frankie!" .. Where is this leading  
to, Mr. Garrison?

Willie O'Keefe and Clay Shaw leave the dining table.

**JIM (V.O.)**

After dinner you paid him to have  
sex with you.

**SHAW (V.O.)**

(laughing)  
Pffft! Absolute nonsense. The  
Quarter is filled with vivid  
imaginings, my dear Mr. Garrison -  
grimy young hoodlums who'll say and  
do anything. As you well know.

**JIM (V.O.)**

...in the course of that night, Mr.  
O'Keefe said a man named David Ferrie  
stopped by the house... along with  
another young man...

At Shaw's townhouse, we see Ferrie coming in, with another  
young chicken.

**SHAW (V.O.)**

Who?

**JIM (V.O.)**

David Ferrie.

**SHAW (V.O.)**

No. I have never known anyone by  
that name. Of course never having  
met Mr. O'Keefe I could hardly have  
met Mr. Ferrie...

**JIM (V.O.)**

...and that the four of you partied  
early into the morning hours...

We see the four men in drag, smiling for the flash camera,  
champagne bottles in hand. Ferrie sniffs some poppers, then  
shoves a popper in Shaw's face.

**FERRIE**

(to Shaw)

You're mine, Mary. Go get the fucking  
tools out, bitch. Now! I want some  
ass.

Ferrie forces more poppers on Shaw. The camera moves to  
Shaw's bedroom, where Ferrie scatters a drawer full of leather  
tools.

**FERRIE**

(to Shaw)  
Come here, bitch.  
(Ferrie grabs Shaw by  
the hair)  
You want this? The only way you get  
this is do what I say.  
(Ferrie whacks Shaw)  
I'm the man. Don't ever forget it.  
(Shaw begs and whines)  
You want it? You want it?  
(Ferrie spits on Shaw)  
Fuck you and your rich friends.  
You're nothing but a rich whore!  
You're my woman! Get the cat!  
(to young man)  
Strip! Now, woman. I want to see  
skin.

BACK TO Garrison's office.

**JIM**

(in present)  
Let me show you his picture.  
(he hands Shaw a  
general photo of  
Ferrie)

**SHAW**

(in present)  
No. I'm sure I've never met anyone  
of such a bizarre appearance.

**JIM**

Does the name Clay Bertrand mean  
anything to you?

**SHAW**

Clay Bertrand? Clay Bertrand? I  
believe there was a man with a name  
similar to that who worked at the  
Chamber of Commerce. Is that the  
man you had in mind?

**JIM**

No, it was not. Do you know an  
attorney by the name of Dean Andrews?

**SHAW**

One meets so many attorneys in my  
business. No, I don't believe I  
know Dean Andrews.

Jim is getting incredibly irritated. He feels Shaw is lying.

CUT TO Antoine's Restaurant, where Liz and all five kids look at menus.

**SNAPPER**

I'm hungry! When're we gonna eat!

**LIZ**

We're going to start without him and he'll be here for dessert. Snapper, you put that back!

**VIRGINIA**

I want a Shirley Temple!

**SNAPPER**

Me, too.

**JASPER**

(disappointed)

When's Daddy coming, Mama?

**LIZ**

Soon. He's real sorry he can't start with us but he's promised to be here.

BACK TO Garrison's office later that day. Everyone looks tired as the questioning goes on. Shaw sucks on endless Gauloises.

**JIM**

(handing a photo to Shaw)

Mr. Shaw, can you identify this man?

**SHAW**

Naturally.

(he looks up)

Are you claiming, Mr. Garrison, that Mr. Oswald also had dinner with me?

**JIM**

(humorless)

Mr. Shaw, did you ever meet Lee Harvey Oswald?

**SHAW**

You really have me consorting with a cast of sordid characters, don't you, Mr. Garrison.

**JIM**

Please answer the question.

**SHAW**

Of course not! Such a pity, that assassination. In fact, I admired

President Kennedy. A man with true panache, and a wife with impeccable taste.

Jim shows Shaw a newspaper clipping.

**JIM**

Mr. Shaw, this is an Italian newspaper article saying you were a member of the Board of Centro Mondo Commerciale in Italy, that this company was a creature of the CIA for the transfer of funds in Italy for illegal political-espionage activities. It says that this company was expelled from Italy for those activities.

**SHAW**

I'm well aware of this asinine article. And I am thinking very seriously of suing this rag of a newspaper.

**JIM**

It says that this company has heavily Fascist ties to the French secret army organization that tried to assassinate de Gaulle in 1960.

**SHAW**

Nonsense. What next?

**JIM**

...and that this company is linked to the Schlumber tool company here in Houma, Louisiana - which is where their arms may have come from to David Ferrie and his Cubans...

**SHAW**

Mr. Garrison, you're reaching. I am an international businessman. The Trade Mart which I founded is America's commercial pipeline to Latin America. I trade everywhere. I am accused, as are all businessmen, of all things. I somehow go about my business, make money, help society the best I can and try to promote free trade in this world.

**JIM**

Mr. Shaw, have you ever been a contract agent with the Central Intelligence Agency?

Shaw glares at him. Silence.

**SHAW**

(with powerful contempt)  
And if I was, Mr. Garrison... do you think I would be here today... talking to somebody like you?

**JIM**

No, people like you don't have to, I guess - people like you walk between the raindrops.

**SHAW**

(rising)  
May I go? Regardless of what you may think of me, Mr. Garrison, I am a patriot first and foremost.

**JIM**

I've spent half my life in the United States military serving and defending this great country, Mr. Shaw, and you're the first person I ever met who considered it an act of patriotism to kill his own president.

**SHAW**

Now just a minute, sir! You're way out of line!

Susie and Bill quiet Jim down.

**BILL**

Come on, chief.  
(as he shows Shaw to the door)  
I'm sorry, Mr. Shaw, it's getting late. That's all the questions we have. Thank you for your honesty and for coming in today.

**SHAW**

I enjoyed meeting with you gentlemen, and you, Miss Cox. It was most pleasant. I wish to extend to each of you - and to each of your families - my best wishes for a happy Easter.  
(he exits.)

**JIM**

(beat, excited)  
"One may smile and smile and be a villain." Goddammit! We got one of 'em!

**GARRISON'S HOME THAT NIGHT (1967)**

Jim walks in, contrite. Liz is shutting down the house.  
Some of the kids are still up.

**JASPER**

Daddy! Where have you been?

**JIM**

(kisses Liz)

Hi, Freckle Face.

**LIZ**

(seething)

Hi.

**JIM**

Tough day.

**LIZ**

My sympathies.

**JIM**

Liz, I'm really sorry. The meeting  
went much longer than expected.

**LIZ**

We waited for you... hours, Jim.  
You could have telephoned, for God's  
sake. It's Easter! You promised,  
Jim.

**JIM**

I don't know what to say except I'm  
sorry. I just don't have rabbits on  
my mind.

**LIZ**

I think you care more about John  
Kennedy than your family! All day  
long the kids are asking, "Where's  
Daddy?" What am I supposed to tell  
your kids, Jim!

**JIM**

I don't know what to tell them. How  
'bout the truth - I'm doing my job  
to make sure they can grow up in a  
country where justice won't be an  
arcane, vanished idea they read about  
in history books, like the dinosaurs  
or the lost continent of Atlantis.

**LIZ**

That sounds dandy, but it doesn't  
replace a father and a husband on

Easter Day.

**JIM**

(angry, turns away)  
It's going to get worse, honey.

**GARRISON'S OFFICE HALLWAY - MORNING (1967)**

Jim, is coming down the corridor with Broussard, is confronted by some 20 local journalists and TV crew members. We hear a hubbub of fierce questioning - ad libs but Jim, puzzled, brushes by, seeking refuge in his office. Lou, Al, Numa and Susie are all waiting for him. The regular staff - some 30 people - are looking, wondering. Lou presents him with the front page of the New Orleans States-Item.

**LOU**

Congratulations, Boss - you're page one!

We see a close-up of the headline: "D.A. LAUNCHES FULL J.F.K. DEATH PLOT PROBE - Mysterious Trips Cost Large Sums."

**INSIDE GARRISON'S OFFICE**

**JIM**

(striding into his  
office reading the  
paper)  
Goddamn Sam!

**LOU**

And it ain't pretty  
(reading the copy)  
..."the AD has spent more than \$8,000  
on unexplained travel and  
investigative expenses since November,  
**1966.**

**NUMA**

They went to the public records and  
got the vouchers we requested for  
withdrawals.

**SUSIE**

Shaw must've gotten them on our tail.

**AL**

Could be Ferrie, Martin, Andrews,  
any of 'em.

**BILL**

We didn't talk to Ruby 'cause of  
them and they're on our asses for a  
measly \$8,000!

Jim, at his desk, finishes reading the article. A huge picture of him is on the front page. He puts down the paper, reaching for a long, gold pen that is part of the desk set.

**JIM**

They hunted down the news, it's their business. Getting angry doesn't accomplish a damned thing, but this changes everything. We either pull out now or we go through some heavy flack together.

They look at each other.

**JIM**

Bear in mind, each of you, this may affect the rest of your careers, your lives...

(pause)

...if any of you pull out, I assure you I will bear no ill feelings towards that person and will reassign you to regular duties.

No takers.

**JIM**

There it is then. Thank you. It means very much to me. I'm giving this office \$6,000 from my National Guard savings so we can continue. I will make speeches where I can to pick up additional money. Some local businessmen are putting together a fund for us and...

**SHARON**

(coming in)

Mr. Garrison, what shall I tell them? They're piling up outside the door. They want a statement, the phones are going crazier than bugs on a cake.

Everyone waits. Jim stands, repacks his briefcase with papers and reference books and heads for the back door elevator.

**JIM**

Neither confirm, deny, nor discuss, Sharon. Goodbye, ladies, gentlemen, I'm going home where I can get a decent day's work done.

**LOU IVON'S APARTMENT - NEW ORLEANS - (1967)**

Lou drinks a beer in front of the TV news in his small



bachelor apartment. A fan is blowing.

**NEWSMAN 11**

(editorial)

Mr. Garrison's own silence on the subject has raised some interesting questions. With taxpayer money has he uncovered some valuable new evidence or is he merely saving the information which will gain for him exposure on a national level? Mr. Garrison it seems, should have some explanation.

The phone rings and Ivon picks it up.

**LOU**

Yeah?

**DAVE FERRIE (V.O.)**

(very agitated)

Did your office plant that garbage in the fucking paper?

**LOU**

Who is this?

**FERRIE (V.O.)**

You know damn well who it is.

**LOU**

Dave?

**FERRIE (V.O.)**

Yeah, you got it. Since you're the only straight shooter in that fuckin' office, I'd like an answer from you. Did you plant it?

**LOU**

Dave, do you think we're out of our minds? The whole building's been a zoo since that broke. We can't get a thing done. Reporters crawling everywhere. You think we want that?

We see Ferrie in a phone booth on the street outside his apartment house in the French Quarter. He's a nervous wreck, watching the reporters and TV cameras surrounding his place, waiting for him.

**FERRIE**

(yelling)

Somebody planted that fucking story!  
And somebody tipped off the press  
I'm one of Garrison's fucking

suspects. I can't go home.  
I'm out on the street. The maggots  
are everywhere! Do you know what  
you've done to me? It's all over  
the national news now. You know  
what you've done to me?

**LOU**

Calm down, Dave, what?

**FERRIE**

I'm a dead man! From here on, believe  
me, I'm a dead man.

**LOU**

What are you talking about, Dave?  
You weren't mentioned in the story.  
Don't jump to conclusions.

**FERRIE**

You think your investigation's been  
all that secret? You know, when you  
talk to people, they talk to other  
people.

**LOU**

What did they...

**FERRIE**

You still questioning any Cubans?

**LOU**

Dave, you know that's where this  
road leads.

**FERRIE**

It leads farther than that.

**LOU**

Dave, just calm down. Meet me in  
the lobby of the Fontainbleau in 20  
minutes. I'll have a suite reserved  
for you under an assumed name.

**FERRIE**

(unsure)

The Fontainbleau? 20 minutes?

**LOU**

(hopeful)

Yeah. Come on, Dave, come on our  
side. I guarantee you the boss'll  
protect you...

(there's a long silence  
as Ferrie, torn,  
agonizes)

Dave?

**FERRIE**

(dreamy)

...give me protection?

**LOU**

Yeah! He'd kill for you Dave. He likes you. Your mind.

**FERRIE**

I got no place to sleep. I'll meet you in 20 minutes.

Ferrie hangs up. Pause. At his end, Lou Ivon hangs up, excited.

**GARRISON'S HOME - NIGHT (1967)**

The phone rings. Liz picks it up. Jim is watching the TV news: Martin Luther King is delivering a speech against the Vietnam War.

**KING**

(on TV)

President Kennedy said on one occasion, "Mankind must put an end to war, or war will put an end to mankind." I pray God that America will hear this before it's too late, because today we're fighting a war I'm convinced is one of the most unjust wars that has ever been fought in the history of the world.

**LIZ**

(on the phone  
meanwhile, testy)

No, he's not here now. And he would not take calls here if he were! So please call the office number. Thank you.

(hangs up)

Two of them even had the gall to come to the door this afternoon, one all the way from England.

**JIM**

Did they live?

**LIZ**

It's not funny, Jim, I'm scared.

**JIM**

Don't be. Nothing to be scared about, honey, I been through four years of

war - this is nothing.

The phone rings again.

**KING**

(on TV)

...sending them 8,000 miles away to guarantee liberties in Southeast Asia which they have not found in Southwest Georgia or East Harlem. So we have been repeatedly faced with the cruel irony of watching Negro and white boys on TV screens as they kill and die for a nation that has been unable to seat them together in the same school.

**LIZ**

I haven't, Jim.

**JIM**

Nothing is going to happen to you. I won't let it.

**LIZ**

Leave us ALONE for God's sake!  
(recognizes the voice)  
...Oh, it's Lou.

#### **FONTAINBLEAU HOTEL SUITE - THAT NIGHT**

Jim and Lou watch as Ferrie paces wildly, speeding.

**FERRIE**

I'm caught in the middle. They're after me. It's almost over.

**LOU**

Listen, Dave, why don't we order some room service, have a bite, relax. I'll stay as long as you want.

**FERRIE**

I don't know who to trust anymore. Yeah, sure I could use a pot of hot coffee and a few packs of Camels. You got anything new in the investigation?

As Lou picks up the phone and orders room service, Jim answers.

**JIM**

You mean about the Cubans getting trained north of the lake?

**FERRIE**

(incoherent)

Oh, you got that? Banister's pet project. Getting paid by the government to work against the government. Beautiful. What a mind he had, what a guy, Guy. He had all those files.

**JIM**

Who was paying you, Dave?

**FERRIE**

You think I was a getaway pilot for the assassination, don't you?

**JIM**

I don't know. Were you?

(Dave laughs)

Who you scared of, Dave?

**FERRIE**

Everybody! The Agency. The Mob. The Cubans. Yeah, follow the Cubans. Check them out. Here, in Dallas, Miami. Check out a guy named Eladio del Valle. My paymaster when I flew missions into Cuba - he's somewhere in Miami. You're on the right track.

Lou writes it down. Seeing him writing makes Ferrie even more paranoid.

**FERRIE**

Hold it! Hold it! I'm not cooperating with anyone. There's a death warrant for me, don't you get it? Wait a minute. You're not bugged, are you?

He feels Lou for bugs, but out of a sense of hierarchy, ignores Jim. He checks around the room - the phone, behind paintings, flower vase, light fixtures - as the batty conversation continues:

**LOU**

Dave, I always play square. No bugs. I'd love you to go on the record, but I'm in no hurry. Whenever you're ready.

**FERRIE**

(checking the room)

I don't have much time. They don't even need bugs anymore. They got these fuckin' satellite waves. They

put a bug in a friend of mine when he was born, right up his nostrils, subcutaneous, between his eyes. He was one of those products of a crossbreeding experiment. A Nazi rocket scientist father and a Commie spy mother. You'd never believe half the shit the Agency does.

(holding his neck)

I'm so fuckin' tired. Haven't slept since that shit article came out. Why'd you guys have to go and get me involved with this?

**LOU**

Did we involve you, Dave, or did Clay Shaw?

**FERRIE**

That cocksuckin' faggot! He's got me by the balls.

**LOU**

What do you mean?

**FERRIE**

Photographs - compromising stuff. And he'll use 'em. The Agency plays for keeps...

(checks the room for bugs)

I knew Oswald. He was in my Civil Air Patrol unit. I taught him everything. A "wanna be," y'know, nobody really liked him cause he was a snitch. I treated him good. He'd talk about his kid, y'know, really wanted her to grow up with a chance, but... He got a raw deal. The Agency fucked him. Just like they're gonna fuck me.

**JIM**

Let me get this straight, now. Clay Shaw is blackmailing you?

**FERRIE**

Fuckin' A. How do you think the Agency gets people to do their bullshit? Fuck knows what they got on Oswald!

Room service knocks, and Ferrie jumps and rushes to the bathroom.

**FERRIE**

Who is it?

**BELLHOP (V.O.)**

Room service.

Jim whispers something and Lou goes to the door, takes the service table without letting the bellhop in. Jim, excited but trying to stay even, continues with Ferrie.

**JIM**

Was it the same Oswald, Dave, that was in Dallas, or was it an impersonator.

**FERRIE**

Same one. I didn't know no impersonator.

FLASHBACK TO Ferrie at the party with Oswald (obscured) per Willie O'Keefe's witness. Jim, in the present, doesn't feel right about it.

**JIM**

Did you take a good look at the TV when they had Oswald?

**FERRIE**

(shrugs, can't be bothered)  
Black, black - just give it to me.  
(takes the fresh coffee from Lou, lights a Camel)  
Shit. I'm so exhausted. My neck is killing me. I've got cancer. Had it for years. I been working with mice, y'know, trying to come up with a cure.

**JIM**

Dave, can I just ask you this directly? Did you ever work for the **CIA?**

**FERRIE**

(laughs)  
You make it sound like some remote fuckin' experience in ancient history. Man, you never leave the Agency. Once they got you, you're in for life.

**JIM**

And Shaw?

**FERRIE**

Shaw's an "untouchable", man - highest clearance. Shaw, Oswald, the Cubans - all Agency.

**JIM**

What about Ruby?

**FERRIE**

Jack? Jack was a pimp. A bagman in Dallas for the Mob. He used to run guns to Castro when he was still on our side. Check out Jack Youngblood. Shit - we almost had Castro. Then we tried to whack him. Everybody's flipping sides all the time. It's fun 'n' games, man fun 'n' games.

**LOU**

What about the mob, Dave? How do they figure in this?

**FERRIE**

They're Agency, too. Don't you get it? CIA and Mafia together. Trying to whack out the Beard. Mutual interests. They been doing it for years. There's more to this than you dream. FBI fucking hates the CIA. Navy Intelligence got something to do with it too. Check out "Alan Pope" in Miami. Jack Youngblood. Bill Harvey. Colonel Roselli. The shooter, I hear, was a Dallas cop - the bagman at Ruby's club. I heard he shot his own partner. Got that? Check out the rich fucks in Dallas. H.L. Hunt. He's dirty. That's all I know. But the Agency always runs the show. Check out something called "Mongoose" Operation Mongoose. Government, Pentagon stuff, they're in charge, but who the fuck pulls whose chain who the fuck knows, fun 'n' games man - check out Southeast Asia - that's the next big number - the heroin trail. "Oh, what a deadly web we weave when we practice to deceive."

**JIM**

Then who killed the President?

**FERRIE**

Oh man, why don't you stop. This is too fuckin' big for you! Who did Kennedy? It's a mystery wrapped in



a riddle inside an enigma. Even the shooters don't fuckin' know! Don't you get it yet? I can't be talking like this. They're gonna kill me. I'm gonna die!

(he sits down,  
cracking, sobbing)

I don't know what happened. All I wanted in the world was to be a Catholic priest - live in a monastery, study ancient Latin manuscripts, pray, serve God. But I had this one terrible, fatal weakness. They defrocked me. And then I started to lose everything.

He bows his head, holding it in his hands, and his wig starts to come off in his hands.

**FERRIE**

Shit! Forgot to glue this fuckin' rug today. You know, at one time I even had a full head of hair like everyone else. And then I lost that. That fuckin' Clay Shaw. I hate the bastard. All I got left is in his rotten, bloody hands. He tipped the newspapers - I know it. That's how the Agency works. They use people, chew them up, spit 'em out. Now it's my turn.

**JIM**

(empathetic)

Dave, it's going to be okay. Just talk to us on the record and we'll protect you. I guarantee it.

There's a long silence. Ferrie, spent, stares at Jim. He's about to crack, but...

**FERRIE**

They'll get to you, too - they'll destroy you... They're untouchable, man...

(then)

I'm so fucking exhausted I can't see straight.

**JIM**

Get some rest, Dave, and you'll feel better in the morning. We'll talk then.

**FERRIE**

Yeah, yeah. But leave me alone for

awhile. I got to make some calls.

His eyes are going again. Deals... intrigue - thru the tears.

**LOU**

Whatever you say, Dave. I'll be home. Okay?

Lou and Jim share a look.

**CORRIDOR OF GARRISON'S OFFICE - A FEW DAYS LATER(1967)**

A mob scene. Press from the U.S. and all over the world are filling the corridor. A French reporter tries to get past the receptionist as Numa passes him with a stack of mail. Also in the hall are many individual citizens who have come to give tips and theories. One of them is dressed as Satan in a red jump suit with mask, horns, tail and a pitchfork.

**FRENCH REPORTER**

(waving credentials)

Paris Match. We are the largest magazine in all of France.

**SOVIET REPORTER**

My name is Bulgarinov. I am with Literaturnaya Gazeta of Moscow.

**AMERICAN REPORTER**

Bill Turner. Ramparts.

A mailman, black, comes through lugging three sacks of mail.

**MAILMAN**

Coming through, out of the way.

**RECEPTIONIST**

You know who killed the President?  
Mr. Garrison is busy but his assistant...

A camera moves by into the interior offices.

**MONTAGE OF OFFICE SHOTS:**

**BILL BROUSSARD'S OFFICE**

A man with the demeanor of Julius Caesar walks into Bill's office.

**CAESAR**

(raising arm)

Hail! Et tu, Brutus?

**BILL**

And you, too, my friend.

Bill escorts him out before he gets the chance to sit down, and then heads for Jim's office.

**JIM GARRISON'S OFFICE**

Numa joins Jim with a stack of new mail.

**NUMA**

Love a duck! It takes twenty minutes to get into this office these days. Are we famous or what?

Jim is reading Newsweek, deeply hurt. There are newspapers all over his desk.

**JIM**

Notorious is more like it. "Jim Garrison is right. There has been a conspiracy in New Orleans - but it's a plot of Garrison's own making"... and this - "one of the D.A.'s investigators offered an unwilling witness \$3000 if only he would fill in the facts of the alleged meeting to plot the death of the President"... How can they write that? Where did they come up with this? ...

(sorting through others)

"A charlatan," "power-mad," a "hulking D.A."

(New York Post)

"Morbid Frolic in New Orleans."

Bill has come in during this, completely frazzled.

**BILL**

The crazies have taken over the asylum! It's a zoo out there.

**NUMA**

Sensational garbage sells newspapers, Jim. What else is new? Look at the thousands of letters you're getting. That's where the heart of the country is.

(reads from one)

"Dear Mr. Garrison, God bless you for having the courage to go after the murderers of President Kennedy. Please don't stop till they're behind bars. I am a beautician here in Hannibal, Missouri, and my husband is a janitor in the local high school. We have four kids and not an extra lot of money but we enclose a contribution to help with your work.

We are praying for you. God bless,  
Judith Hardy, Hannibal, Missouri."

Numa pulls a dollar bill from the envelope.

**NUMA**

That's what it's about, boss. For every lousy article in the press there's a hundred of these.

Jim is moved. Bill is not.

**BILL**

That's fine, Numa, but what about all the people who aren't writing letters. They're sitting home reading all these lies. I just heard NBC crew's in town to do a "White Paper" - not on the Kennedy killing, but on us. One of their top guys, Harry Stoner, is talking to everybody he can find about you, boss...

**JIM**

Oh Jesus, Stoner!... Why doesn't he call me?

**NUMA**

(to Bill)

What do you want to do, Bill - fold up and close the store? You sound like it.

**BILL**

Look, this is bigger than all of us. We can't try a case in this atmosphere.

Sharon has come in during this, signalling to Jim.

**SHARON**

Mr. Miller's been waiting.

**JIM**

(remembering)

Oh! Send him in.

(to Numa)

Denver oilman wants to support the investigation.

(specifically to Bill)

Bill, I know what you're thinking, but sometimes when it makes no sense that's exactly when you just gotta stick to it, head down.

Sharon shows in Mr. Miller, the Denver oilman. He's a self-

assured, impressive man in his 50's with a western accent, cowboy boots and hat, and a well-cut gabardine suit.

**JIM**

Welcome, Mr. Miller. Jim Garrison.  
Would you care for some coffee?

**MILLER**

Yes, thank you, Mr. Garrison. Your coffee's almost Turkish down here but I could get used to it.

Numa leaves. Bill indicates he'd like to sit in. Jim nods okay. Miller pays no attention to Bill.

**MILLER**

I'm glad you could find time to see me. I flew down from Denver this morning on my private jet.

**JIM**

Yes, your letter indicated you were in the oil business up there.

**MILLER**

I've done quite well in Denver, Mr. Garrison, but I have to admire someone like you - and I have the means to back up what I say.

**JIM**

We can use all the support we can get. I think these might interest you.

Jim has gathered together a group of photos of the shooting. Sharon bringing the coffee.

**JIM**

They've been enlarged and show a lot of detail...

**MILLER**

Splendid, love to see them.

He glances at the photo but continues on across the room, looking at the pictures on the walls.

**MILLER**

Where were you? Europe, Pacific?

**JIM**

Germany.

**MILLER**

You were lucky. I spent three years

in the Pacific.

(he looks out the  
blinds at Tulane  
Avenue)

I've never seen an avenue with such  
a profusion of bail-bonding companies.  
Why is that?

**JIM**

(nettled by Miller's  
moving around)

I imagine because this is the Criminal  
District Court Building  
(showing a photo)

This is an enlargement of a potential  
shooter standing behind the picket  
fence. We...

We see a blurry blowup of something behind the picket fence.  
Miller takes the photo, glances at it and sits down.

**MILLER**

I know about that shot. A terrible  
tragedy.

(Puts the photo back  
on the desk)

How much do you have for carrying on  
your investigation?

**JIM**

If you must know, virtually nothing.

**MILLER**

How many men are working with you on  
this?

**JIM**

Less than you would guess. Most  
days two to three assistant D.A.'s.  
A handful of police investigators.

**MILLER**

That's all you've had all this time?

**JIM**

That's it.

Jim expectant of some help. A pause. Then:

**MILLER**

I admire you, Mr. Garrison. How did  
you manage to make your way into Guy  
Banister's operation?

The clock is ticking. Jim shares a look with Bill. The  
cards are on the table.

**JIM**

That was never in he newspapers, Mr. Miller.

Miller smiles, stands, paces the room. He continues to ignore Bill completely.

**MILLER**

I'm going to be very frank with you. You've done a great job, an astounding job considering the limited resources available to you. But the best you can ever hope for is to stir up a lot of confusion. You're not going to do this country any good, and you're not going to do yourself any good.

(he sits back down  
and looks directly  
at Jim)

You don't belong here. On this Mickey Mouse street with that cheap strip of bail bond shops.

**JIM**

The job manages to keep me pretty busy.

**MILLER**

Nonsense. You should be in a job where you can make decisions that have impact, affect the world. Here you're trying to climb up the steep side of Mount Everest.

He leans forward across Jim's desk, tapping his manicured index finger on the desk. Clearly visible to Jim and to us (in a close-up) is Miller's Annapolis ring tapping.

**MILLER**

I propose you accept an appointment to the bench in Federal District Court and move into a job worthy of your talent.

(he leans back and  
pauses)

Do you have any idea, do you have any conception of how easily such an appointment can be arranged?

**JIM**

And what would I have to do?

**MILLER**

Stop your investigation... it was a

magnificent effort but it's over and done with. The press is already on your behind and that's only the beginning, my boy, only the beginning.

**JIM**

How long do you think it would take me to be appointed?

Jim's eyes go to Bill. He could be wrong, but it's almost as if Bill were going along with the idea now.

**MILLER**

(smiling, thinking  
Jim is hooked)

Well, ordinarily these things take a long time. But in your case, with your record it can be expedited - easily. I guarantee it.

Jim leans back, puts his feet up on the corner of the desk, waving them like fans. Bill waits.

**JIM**

Who are you, Mr. Miller?  
(no answer - just the  
sound of the overhead  
fan)

You see that helmet over there?  
(the Nazi helmet with  
a bullet hole on his  
desk)

I picked that up at the Dachau concentration camp when we liberated it in 1945. It was the most horrifying sight I've ever seen, Mr. Miller. Pyramids of decaying, stinking bones and skin one on top of the other. I don't enjoy looking at that swastika every day, Mr. Miller, but I keep it there to remind me of what can happen when a country turns from free democratic principles to Fascism, when a few madmen turn human beings into digits and millions sit in silence and do nothing about it.

Miller waits. Bill waits. Jim comes forward with his reply.

**JIM**

Mr. Miller, you and I have met under a great misunderstanding. I haven't the remotest interest in becoming a Federal Judge. And nothing is going to keep me from going ahead with my



investigation of John Kennedy's  
murder.

Miller's entire demeanor tightens into a corkscrew of anger  
and danger.

**JIM**

Bill, Mr. Miller and I have finished  
our conversation. Would you show  
him out?

Bill has a strange reaction - a sudden exhalation of breath  
as if an entire house of cards were collapsing. He rises,  
but Miller goes first, leaving silently. Once he's gone,  
Bill turns wearily to Jim.

**JIM**

Those bastards! That's proof enough  
right there of what we're up against.  
The whole goddamn Federal Government,  
Bill!

**BILL**

Well, they offered you the carrot,  
and you turned it down... you know  
what's coming next, don't you, boss?

**GARRISON'S CONFERENCE ROOM - ANOTHER DAY (1967)**

The staff is assembled. We see the headline in the Times-  
Picayune, which says: "FERRIE CALLS GARRISON PROBE A WITCH  
HUNT."

**LOU**

Boss, I tell you something or somebody  
is putting tremendous heat on David  
Ferrie. If we sit on our behinds  
any longer, I don't think the guy's  
going to hold on.

**SUSIE**

(raps the newspaper)  
Look at this bullshit! He keeps  
changing what he says. We can't  
possibly call him to a Grand Jury.

**JIM**

Susie, watch the language, would you  
please.

**AL**

My instinct is that Ferrie is going  
to keep on deteriorating, and we'll  
end up getting more out of him when  
he finally cracks. If we call him  
now, he might freeze up and we could

lose the best shot we've ever had.

**LOU**

You don't get it, guys - he can't go down any further. We got to protect him full time.

**JIM**

(rises, looks at his watch)

I have a plane to catch... going to Washington. An interesting lead, says he's closely connected to these events, but he won't come down here... I know what you're going through with Ferrie, Lou. We'll talk tomorrow.

**LOU**

I'm onto Ferrie's Cuban paymaster, Eladio del Valle, in Miami. I gotta get him in, boss. I need more men - I can't even pull the teams to watch Ferrie... This is our case!

Numa rushes in with a young investigator, Williams - displaying a miniature microphone.

**NUMA**

**HOLD IT, CHIEF...**

**JIM**

(to Lou)

You just need some sleep, Lou. It won't look so bad when...

Numa makes violent signals to shut up - not to talk - sticking the microphone in front of Jim. Williams searches the walls for the bug. Numa signals everyone outside.

**GARRISON'S MAIN OFFICE**

The staff comes out into the office with Him, disturbed.

**JIM**

What the hell is...

**NUMA**

Williams found this in your office... We think the conference room is also bugged. And maybe the phones. The whole place needs debugging.

The whole staff from the conference room reacts. Jim looks stunned.

**JIM**

I don't believe it!

**SUSIE**

Bugging the District Attorney's office  
of New Orleans! It's outrageous!

Sharon has been standing there trying to get Lou's attention.

**SHARON**

It's urgent for you, Mr. Ivon.

Lou goes to the phone.

**NUMA**

Well, believe what you want, boss,  
but we got to be more careful. All  
these new volunteers, any one of  
them could be...

**JIM**

Okay, you handle it, Numa. I don't  
have time for this nonsense.

(to the hidden mikes  
loudly)

We've obviously got the bastards  
worried now. I'm going to Washington.

Everyone laughs, but the camera goes to the look of shock on  
Lou's face as he holds the receiver. They all look over at  
him; feeling the bad news before they hear it.

**LOU**

Dave Ferrie's dead. The body was  
found at his apartment two hours  
ago.

Jim's look says "There goes the case."

**OUTSIDE FERRIE'S APARTMENT - FRENCH QUARTER (1967)**

Jim and his staff storm into the area, which is cordoned off  
by police.

Members of the press are all over, yelling questions at Jim.

**JIM**

(to chief police  
officer)

This case is in our jurisdiction. I  
don't want anyone from a Federal  
agency in here without an explicit  
Federal court order. You got that,  
Hank?

(Hank looks at him  
weirdly)

**NEWSMAN 10**

Was Ferrie murdered, Mr. Garrison?  
Do you have any leads?

**INSIDE FERRIE'S APARTMENT**

The apartment is filthy and sinister. Hundreds of mice squeal in their cages, upset by the invasion of men and light. Nothing seems to have been washed in years. There is an accumulation of furniture, college pennants, photos of young boys in training, books everywhere, ammunition, guns, a piano, maps, fake college degrees on the walls. Ferrie's naked body lies on the couch with a sheet over it. He is unwigged, his eyebrows unpainted, false teeth next to him. Jim studies the corpse as the coroner comes alongside.

**JIM**

What's it look like, Nick?

**CORONER**

I don't see any violence, Jim. Heart attack, maybe an aneurysm. Looks like natural causes.

Jim picks several empty, capless medicine bottles on a table next to the sofa and looks at them. Lou and Bill come over with a typed suicide note.

**BILL**

It's addressed to no one and no signature. "To leave this life is, for me, a sweet prospect. I find nothing in it that is desirable and on the other hand, everything that is loathsome."

**LOU**

Pretty flowery for Dave Ferrie.

The words from the note hang there weirdly, as Jim paces on into the apartment, one of them medicine bottles in his hand. The music grows, and a sinister feel of danger and death pervades the atmosphere. Then the sounds drop away.

**FERRIE'S BEDROOM**

Jim hands Lou the medicine bottle.

**LOU**

Proloid?

**JIM**

I took it once for a low thyroid condition...

(he walks away)

It raises the metabolism, Lou.

(pause)

Did David Ferrie strike you as the kind of person who had a low metabolism?

**LOU**

I'd say the opposite - hypertension.

**CLOSET IN FERRIE'S APARTMENT**

Jim runs an eye through Dave's closet, cluttered with shabby jackets.

His eye falls on a neat but faded lace and satin, some sort of garment of priestly origin, he takes it in his hand.

**JIM**

Ferrie was the only one to express some kind of remorse about this whole thing. I think it got him killed.

Susie Cox walks in, a new message written on her face.

**SUSIE**

Boss, we just got bad news from Miami. They found Ferrie's Cuban friend - Eladio del Valle - this morning, hacked to death with a machete in his car. He was tortured, shot in the heart at point-blank range and his skull was split open with an axe...

**LOU**

Jesus - if that ain't the Devil's piss! Those bastards!

Jim's mood darkens, and he heads back into the living room as Ferrie's corpse is being trundled out the door. The sickness is everywhere; an oppressive mood. Bill comes up.

**BILL**

Found another note, same thing, no name, no signature. "When you receive this, I will be quite dead, so no answer will be possible. I offered you love. All I got in return in the end was a kick in the teeth."

**JIM**

Jesus, they must've been hard pressed to come up with that one.

Jim, feeling ill, wanting to leave, stops the coroner before he exits...

**JIM**

(gives the coroner  
the empty bottle)

Nick, what would happen if a man  
suffering from hypertension were to  
take an entire bottle of Proloid?

**CORONER**

He'd die pretty quick, either a heart  
storm or a ruptured blood vessel in  
the brain.

**JIM**

Can you ascertain if there's Proloid  
in his system?

**CORONER**

Not in a routine autopsy, but if we  
looked at the spinal fluid, there  
might be a high level of iodine, but  
it's difficult to know. Whatcha  
thinkin', Jim?

**JIM**

Well, it doesn't make sense, Nick -  
he was afraid of dying, then he kills  
himself in a way that leaves no trace,  
but he leaves two unsigned suicide  
notes.

**CORONER**

(shrugs, skeptical)

If it's a suicide, I seen weirder,  
Jim.

(exits)

**BILL**

The fact is he's gone, chief, and  
so's our case.

**LOU**

Not unless we go for Shaw now.

**BILL**

With whose testimony? Willie O'Keefe?  
A male prostitute. Jack Martini? A  
drunk? Vernon Bundy? A dope fiend.  
Shaw's got respect, the newspaper  
editors, the American Bar Association -  
they're not...

**SUSIE**

I'm afraid I'm with Bill on this  
one. We haven't got the goods yet.

**LOU**

We wait, Shaw's gonna get whacked.  
Oswald, Ruby, Ferrie, del Valle,  
Banister, Bowers... how many corpses  
you lawyers gotta see to figure out  
what's going on?

**JIM**

All right, all right. Break it up.

**BILL**

Where you going, boss?

**JIM**

I don't know, Bill, I just don't  
know.

**OUTSIDE FERRIE'S APARTMENT THAT SAME NIGHT**

As Jim, questioned by reporters, gets in his car and leaves,  
Bill waves goodbye to Lou and walks toward his own car,  
dejected. The area is cordoned off and humming with activity.  
Frank, an FBI man who knows Bill from previous cases,  
approaches him out of the crowd. He wears a hat, suit, and  
tie.

**FRANK**

Bill.

**BILL**

Hey, where y'at, Frank? You're  
wasting your time here. Big Jim  
gave strict orders. No FBI allowed.

**FRANK**

It's you I want to talk to, Bill.

**BILL**

(laughs)  
Boss would fry me in hog fat if he  
knew...  
(motions to car)

**FRANK**

(getting in the car)  
Your boss got a serious problem,  
Bill. Real serious. We know what's  
been going on at your office

**BILL**

(smiles)  
Yeah, I guess you do.

**FRANK**

You've got nothin', Bill. I'm talking  
as a friend now. You're riding on  
the Titanic. Time to jump off before

you get destroyed along with Garrison.

**BILL**

Frank, I don't want to hear it.

**FRANK**

Senator Long set your boss up, my friend.

This gets Bill's attention.

**FRANK**

Who do you think fed him that information? Garrison's going down. We're talking your career here, Bill, your life. You're a young guy... we know you're working that Castro thing.

**BILL**

No, I'm not...

**FRANK**

Yes, you are. Look we know Oswald didn't pull that trigger. Castro did. But if that comes out, there's gonna be a war, boy - millions of people are gonna die. That's a hell of a lot more important than Jim Garrison.

(suddenly)

Goddammit, look at me when I talk to you! You're too goddamn self-opinionated, now shut up. If you got a brain in that thick skull of yours, listen to me. Listen real hard.

Bill, taken aback, listens.

**WASHINGTON D.C. - PARK (1967)**

Jim walks down from the Lincoln Memorial, where he is met unobtrusively by a military man in his 50's in casual clothing, hat on his head, an erect posture. They walk towards the Mall, with the Capitol building looming in the background.

**X**

Jim Garrison?

**JIM**

Yes.

**X**

(shakes hands)

I'm glad you came. I'm sorry about



the precautions.

**JIM**

Well, I just hope it was worth my while, Mr...

The man doesn't answer. Jim, after his meeting with Miller and loss of Ferrie, is testy and suspicious.

**X**

I could give you a false name, but I won't. Just call me X.

**JIM**

I've already been warned by the Agency, Mr. Whoever. If this is another type of threat, I don't...

**X**

I'm not with the Agency, Mr. Garrison, and I assume if you've come this far, what I have to say interests you. But I'm not going to name names, or tell you who or what I represent. Except to say - you're close, you're closer than you think...

Something about his manner speaks of authority, knowledge, and above all, old-fashioned honesty - the eyes looking at you straight on. He indicates a bench.

**X**

Everything I'm going to tell you is classified top secret...

(significant look)

I was a soldier, Mr. Garrison. Two wars. I was one of those secret guys in the Pentagon that supplies the military hardware - the planes, bullets, rifles - for what we call "black operations" - "black ops", assassinations, coup d'etats, rigging elections, propoganda, psych warfare and so forth. World War II - Rumania, Greece, Yugoslavia, I helped take the Nazi intelligence apparatus out to help us fight the Communists. Italy '48 stealing elections, France '49 breaking strikes - we overthrew Quirino in the Philippines, Arbenz in Guatemala, Mossadegh in Iran. Vietnam in '54, Indonesia '58, Tibet '59 we got the Dalai Lama out - we were good, very good. Then we got into the Cuban thing. Not so good. Set up all the bases for the invasion

supposed to take place in October '62. Khrushchev sent the missiles to resist the invasion, Kennedy refused to invade and we were standing out there with our dicks in the wind. Lot of pissed-off people, Mr. Garrison, you understand? I'll come to that later... I spent much of September '63 working on the Kennedy plan for getting all U.S. personnel out of Vietnam by the end of '65. This plan was one of the strongest and most important papers issued from the Kennedy White House. Our first 1,000 troops were ordered home for Christmas. Tensions were high. In November '63, one week after the murder of Vietnamese President Diem in Saigon, and two weeks before the assassination of our President...

FLASHBACK TO the Pentagon offices in 1963. X strides down a busy hall and into the offices of one of his superiors, Major General Y, a lean, cold warrior, battlefield handsome, civilian clothes, and several advisors. There's a U.S. flag on the wall. The status of Y is only clear by the sign on the desk, the name blocked by a passing figure.

**X**

...a strange thing happened. I was sent by my superior officer, call him Y, to the South Pole as the military escort for a group of international VIP's. This trip had nothing to do with my nine years of work in Special Operations. It was sort of a "paid vacation".

We hear vague ad-lib mutterings on the soundtrack indicating a friendly atmosphere, and we see stock footage of a C-130 transport flying to Antarctica and ice floes on the surface of the sea.

Then, at a New Zealand airport, we see X, in a uniform, at a newsstand reading of Kennedy's assassination. The banner headline of an "Extra" edition of The Christchurch Star screams out "KENNEDY SHOT DEAD."

**X**

It wasn't until I was on my way back in New Zealand that I read of the President's murder. That was 2 in the afternoon the next day New Zealand time, but already the papers had the entire history of an unknown 24-year-old man, Oswald - a studio picture,

detailed biographical data, Russian information - and were pretty sure of the fact he'd killed the President alone, although it took them four more hours to charge him with the murder in Texas. It felt as if, well, a cover story was being put out like we would in a black op.

Back at the Pentagon office, we see X returning and meeting Y. The atmosphere is cordial, but Y is slightly different from before - more harried, more nervous. He turns away to light a cigarette, he doesn't want the usual conversation.

**X**

Anyway, after I came back I asked myself why was I, the chief of special ops, selected to travel to the South Pole at that time to do a job that any number of others could have done? One of my routine duties if I had been in Washington would've been to arrange for additional security in Texas. The Secret Service is relatively small, and by custom the military will augment them. I checked it out when I got back and sure enough, I found out someone had told the 112th Military Intelligence Group at 4th Army Headquarters at Fort Sam Houston to "stand down" that day, over the protests of the unit Commander, a Colonel Reich...

We see an outdoor shot of the Texas Army Headquarters on a day in 1963. Inside, on the same day, Col. Reich is on the phone, puzzled.

**X**

Now this is significant, because it is standard operating procedure, especially in a known hostile city like Dallas, to supplement the Secret Service. Even if we had not allowed the bubbletop to be removed from the limousine, we'd've put at least 100 to 200 agents on the sidewalks, without question! There'd already been several attempts on de Gaulle's life in France. Only a month before in Dallas UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson had been spit on and hit. We'd have arrived days ahead of time, studied the route, checked all the buildings... We never would've allowed all those

wide-open empty windows overlooking Dealey... never... We would have had our own snipers covering the area. The moment a window went up they'd have been on the radio. We would've been watching the crowds - packages, rolled up newspapers, a coat over an arm, never would have let a man open an umbrella along the way - Never would've allowed that limousine to slow down to 10 miles per hour, much less take that unusual curve at Houston and Elm. You would have felt an Army presence in the streets that day, but none of this happened. It was a violation of the most basic protection codes we have. And it is the best indication of a massive plot in Dallas. Who could have best done that? People in my business, Mr. Garrison. People like my superior officer could've told Col. Reich, "Look - we have another unit coming from so and so providing security. You'll stand down." That day, in fact, there were some individual Army Intelligence people in Dallas and I'm still trying to figure out who and why. But they weren't protecting the client. One of them, by the way, was caught in the Book Depository after police sealed it off.

In Dealey Plaza, 1963, we see an Army intelligence man taking a shot with a Minolta camera.

**X**

Army Intell had a "Harvey Lee Oswald" on file, but all those files have been destroyed. Many strange things were happening that day, and Lee Harvey Oswald had nothing to do with them. We had the entire Cabinet on a trip to the Far East. We had a third of a combat division returning from Germany in the air above the United States at the time of the shooting, and at 12:34 P.M., the entire telephone system went dead in Washington for a solid hour, and on the plane back to Washington, word was radioed from the White House Situation Room to Lyndon Johnson that one individual performed the assassination. Does that sound like

a bunch of coincidences to you, Mr. Garrison? Not for one moment. The cabinet was out of the country to get their perception out of the way. The troops were in the air for possible riot control. The phones didn't work to keep the wrong stories from spreading if anything went wrong with the plan. Nothing was left to chance. I bet you there were even backup teams and cars on the other side of the underpass in the event that Kennedy got through wounded. They would have moved in with vehicles like they did with de Gaulle. He could not be allowed to escape alive.

The camera is on Jim, listening. This information is much greater than he ever envisioned, and he is stunned. X pauses.

**X**

I never though things were the same after that. Vietnam started for real. There was an air of, I don't know, make-believe in the Pentagon and the CIA. Those of us who'd been in secret ops since the beginning knew the Warren Commission was fiction, but there was something... deeper, uglier. And I knew Allen Dulles very well. I briefed him many a time in his house. He was also General Y's benefactor. But for the life of me I still can't figure out why Dulles was appointed to investigate Kennedy's death. The man who had fired him. I got out in '64. I retired from the U.S. Air Force.

**JACKIE KENNEDY**

I never realized Kennedy was so dangerous to the establishment. Is that why?

**X**

(chuckles)

That's the real question, isn't it - "Why?" - the "how" is just "scenery" for the suckers... Oswald, Ruby, Cuba, Mafia, it keeps people guessing like a parlor game, but it prevents them from asking the most important question - Why? Why was Kennedy killed? Who benefitted? Who has the power to cover it up?... You

know in '61 right after the Bay of Pigs - very few people know about this - I participated in drawing up National Security Action Memos 55, 56, and 57. These are crucial documents, classified top secret, but basically in them Kennedy instructs General Lemnitzer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, that from here on forward...

FLASHBACK TO the Pentagon offices on a day in 1961. A document is moved by hand into Lemnitzer's office where we see a set of hands holding it while it's read. There's a look of surprise on Lemnitzer's face.

**X**

... the Joint Chiefs of Staff would be wholly responsible for all covert paramilitary action in peacetime. This basically ended the reign of the CIA - "splintered it", as J.F.K. promised he would, into a "thousand pieces", - and now was ordering the military to help. This was unprecedented. I can't tell you the shock waves this sent along the corridors of power in Washington. This and, of course, firing Allen Dulles, Richard Bissell, and General Charles Cabell, all of them sacred cows of Intell since World War II. You got some very upset people here.

DOCUMENTARY IMAGES flash on the screen - Allen Dulles, sweet-faced, smiling, at the Warren Commission Hearing and visiting Dealey Plaza; General Charles Cabell and Richard Bissell...

**X**

Kennedy's directives were never really implemented, because of bureaucratic resistance, but one of the results was that the Cuban operation was turned over to my department as "Operation Mongoose", which meant that people like my superior officer, General Y, took over the Cuban personnel that were being trained to invade Cuba - and the bases like the training camp at Pontchartrain in your home state that were closed down by Kennedy... and that's how the "black ops" people, people like General Y, ended up taking the rules of covert warfare they'd used abroad and brought'em into this country.

Now they had the people, the equipment, bases and the motivation... check out an old CIA man, Bill Harvey - ran something called "Executive Action", which carried out foreign assassinations. Harvey was also involved with the fake defection program that got Oswald into Russia. Check out the Cabell brothers. Interesting links to this case.

At Arlington Cemetery on the same day, Jim visits the grave of President Kennedy. We see the eternal flame. Jim thinks about what he should do now. The size of it stuns him. He is lost, reeling back to the past in his mind.

DISSOLVE TO DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE of Dachau concentration camp: thousands of bodies are piled and bulldozed... And then back to Jim at Arlington Cemetery reliving it... only the enormity of past evil can prepare him to confront present evil. In a strange way, it reassures him.

**X**

...don't underestimate the budget cuts Kennedy called for in March of '63 either - close to 52 military installations in 25 states, 21 overseas bases, you're talking big money. You know how many helicopters have been lost in Vietnam? About three thousand so far. Who makes them? Bell Helicopter. Who owns Bell? Bell was near bankruptcy when the First National Bank of Boston approached the CIA about developing the helicopter for Indochina usage. How 'bout the f-111 fighters? General Dynamics in Fort Worth. Who owns that? Find out the defense budget since the war began. \$75 going on a hundred billion ... \$200 billion'll be spent before it ends. In 1950 it was \$13 billion. No war, no money. Sometimes I think the organizing principle of any society is for war. The authority of the state over it's people resides in it's war powers. Even Eisenhower - military hero of WWII - warned us about it: "beware the military - industrial complex", he said. Kennedy wanted to end the Cold War in his second term. He wanted to call off the moon race in favor of cooperation with the Soviets. He signed a treaty with the Soviets to ban nuclear testing, he refused

to invade Cuba in '62, and he set out to withdraw from Vietnam. But that all ended on November 22, 1963.

FLASHBACK TO the White House, 1963. Lyndon Johnson is with Henry Cabot Lodge. We see them as shadowy figures from a distance across the wide room, or near a veranda with a porch and plenty of light. Johnson, his back to us, talks in a loud, thick Texas drawl (mostly muted) and signs a document.

**X**

Only four days after J.F.K. was shot, Lyndon Johnson signed National Security Memo 273, which essentially reversed Kennedy's new withdrawal policy and gave the green light to the covert operations against North Vietnam that provoked the Gulf of Tonkin incident. In that document lay the Vietnam War.

In the park with X, Jim is staggered by all this information. X ceases walking and looks at Jim.

**JIM**

I don't... I can't believe it. They killed him because he wanted to change things. In our time - in our country?

**X**

(shrugging)

Kings are killed, Mr. Garrison. Politics is power, nothing more. But don't believe me. Don't trust me. Do your own work, your own thinking.

**JIM**

The size of this is... beyond me. Testify?

**X**

No chance in hell, Mr. Garrison. I'd be arrested and gagged, declared insane and hospitalized... maybe worse. You, too. I can only give you background, you got to find the foreground, the little things... Keep digging. Y'know you're the only person to ever bring a trial in the murder of John Kennedy. That's important - it's historic.

**JIM**

I haven't yet. I don't have much of a case.



**X**

(rising to leave)

But you don't have a choice anymore. You've become a significant threat to the national security structure. They would've killed you already, but you got a lot of light on you. Instead, they're gonna destroy your credibility; they already have in many circles in this town. You're some kinda ego-crazed southern caricature to many folks. Be honest - the best chance you got is come up with a case, something, anything, make arrests, stir the shitstorm. You gotta hope to reach a point of critical mass where other people will come forward and the government will crack. Remember, fundamentally people are suckers for the truth, and the truth is on your side, 'bubba. I hope you get a break...

Jim watches this mystery man walking away. The figure vanishes in the Washington breeze. Flags flap over some distant memorial to some distant history of the Republic. Jim rises, a decision made.

**EXTERIOR OF CLAY SHAW'S HOUSE - NEW ORLEANS (1967)**

Jim, Lou, Al, Numa and several policemen stand at the door as Clay Shaw comes to it.

**LOU**

Mr. Shaw, you're under arrest, charged with conspiracy and entering into an agreement with other persons for the specific purpose of committing the crime of murder of President John F. Kennedy in violation of...

The voice dropping away as the devastated look on Shaw's face spreads, sickly, undone, his arrogant public composure gone, face now filled with terror, disbelief.

**LOU**

...we have a warrant to search the premises.

The policemen take Shaw while the D.A. staff moves into the carriage house past the butler, Frankie Jenkins.

**INSIDE SHAW'S HOUSE**

In the bedroom, Numa points out to Jim the hooks screwed into the

ceiling. Al pulls out five whips, several lengths of chain, a black hood and matching black cape. Dried blood is on one whip.

**NUMA**

It's either a Mardi Gras outfit, or we got the Marquis de Sade here, chief.

**JIM**

I don't care if he was doing it with giraffes in the zoo, Numa, it's none of our business. Let's keep this side of it quiet, shall we?

**AL**

When you're in a war, boss, you use every weapon you got.

**JIM**

Not one word. That's an order.

#### **NEW ORLEANS POLICE STATION**

Shaw is being fingerprinted. He seems rattled. Police officers try to get the press under control.

**OFFICER**

Name? First, middle, last.

**SHAW**

Clay Lavergne Shaw.

**OFFICER HABIGHORST**

Address?

**SHAW**

1313 Dauphine, New Orleans.

**OFFICER HABIGHORST**

Ever use any aliases?

**SHAW**

Clay Bertrand.

Habighorst notes it as routinely as Shaw seems to have said it, without thinking, possibly preoccupied by thoughts of press people pushing in.

**OFFICER HABIGHORST**

Next of kin?

**NEWSMAN 12**

Mr. Shaw - What do you have to say?

**MONTAGE - NEWSREEL MUSIC**

We see a shot of the exterior of the Justice Department in 1967.

**JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CONFERENCE ROOM**

The acting Attorney General speaks to the press.

**ATTORNEY GENERAL**

Yes, Mr. Shaw was included in our investigation and there was no connection found at all between Shaw and the President's assassin.

**GARRISON'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM(1967)**

Jim confronts a packed room. Bill is with him.

**JIM**

If Mr. Shaw had no connection to the assassination, why did the FBI investigate him? And why, if they did, is his name not mentioned once in the entire 26 volumes of the Warren Report, even if it is to clear his name? I doubt this Attorney General would qualify for my staff.

We see a shot of the Supreme Court building in Washington, D.C. and then a corridor inside the building. A Chief Justice, looking gray and wise like Earl Warren, moves along the corridor in his black robe delivering his verdict to the press.

**CHIEF JUSTICE**

No, I don't think so. Mr. Garrison has presented absolutely nothing publicly to contradict our findings. As yet I have not heard one fact to refute the Commission determination that Lee Oswald was the lone killer.

In his own office, Jim responds to Justice Warren.

**JIM**

I congratulate Mr. Shaw. Most witnesses have to wait for trial before they're allowed to produce sacred cows like the Chief Justice of the land as a character witness, who is of course not under oath and free from the laws of perjury.

**NEWSMAN 13**

Mr. Garrison, if what you say is

even partly true in this case, you realize you are damaging the credibility of our government, possibly destroying it?

**JIM**

Let me ask you... is a government worth preserving when it lies to the people? It has become a dangerous country, sir, when you can't trust anyone anymore, when you can't tell the truth. I say let justice be done, though the heavens fall.

It doesn't play with the press. They shuffle off, quiet, whispering.

**GARRISON'S HOUSE (1967)**

Liz and Jim watch, silently devastated, as the NBC "WHITE PAPER" unfolds, attacking Jim. They can do nothing. Liz leaves the room, upset.

**HOTEL SUITE - NEW ORLEANS (1967)**

Julia Ann Mercer, 28, looks at Jim with sincere eyes. Her husband, a prosperous Republican businessman, watches from the corner. Jim - along with Al - has her testimony in front of him.

**JIM**

In the sheriff's report, Mrs. Mercer, it says you were at Dealey Plaza two hours before the assassination but that...

**MERCER**

Yes, it was about 11 in the morning. I was driving west on Elm Street toward the Triple Underpass, in a rented car - a blue Valiant. I'll never forget that day.

FLASHBACK TO Dealey Plaza in 1963. It's a normal scene - cars, traffic, people starting to arrive for Kennedy's appearance. We catch a glimpse of Julia Ann Mercer, 23, driving, then stopping traffic.

**MERCER**

...there was quite a bit of traffic and I was stopped alongside a green pickup truck. It was very noticeable because it was blocking traffic and it was parked with two wheels on the curb. When I saw the gun, I thought - the Secret Service is not very secret.

She glances over at the man in the driver's seat. It's Jack Ruby, wearing a green jacket. Then she sees a young white man in his mid - 20's, in a gray jacket, brown pants, plaid shirt and wool stocking hat, getting out of the passenger side, going to the rear of the van, opening a tool compartment and removing a package that looks like a rifle wrapped in paper. He walks up the embankment in the direction of the picket fence. Ruby looks over and stares at Julia Ann, who turns away and notices three police officers standing near a motorcycle on the overpass bridge. Her eyes lock with Ruby's a second time and as the traffic moves, she drives on.

**MERCER**

The next morning, Saturday, I went to the FBI office and the agents showed me photographs...

In the Dallas FBI office, Mercer sits at a table looking at photos. Two FBI agents stand near her showing her photos. She shakes her head "no" several times, until they put a shot of Jack Ruby in front of her. She holds it up.

**MERCER**

I picked out three pictures that looked generally like the driver of the truck and then...

**MERCER**

That's the man.

**FBI AGENT**

(to Second Agent)  
Jack Ruby.

**SECOND AGENT**

What about these others? You said they might be him.

**MERCER**

They look a little like him. But no,  
(holding up the Ruby photo)  
I'm sure this is the man.

Back in the present, Jim continues to question Mercer.

**JIM**

You mean you identified him on Saturday, the day before Ruby shot Oswald?

**MERCER**

That's right. When I saw him on TV, I was shocked. I said to my family,

"that was the man I saw in the truck."

**JIM**

(skeptical)

But you didn't seem nearly so sure  
in your statement to the Warren  
Commission.

**MERCER**

That's what bothers me, Mr. Garrison.  
You see, they've been altered. My  
statements...

Jim is silent. Mercer picks up the report and finds the  
pertinent paragraphs:

**MERCER**

This says "Mercer could not identify  
any of the photographs as being  
identical with the person she had  
observed slouched over the wheel of  
a green Ford pickup truck." That's  
not true. I recognized him and I  
told them so... They also said it  
was a dark green air conditioning  
truck, which it was not. And here...

(she goes to another  
report)

...on the Dallas Sheriff's report.  
This is really strange. See that  
notarized signature on the bottom of  
each page? That's not my signature.  
And there never was any notary present  
during any of my questioning.

(she hands the papers  
back to Jim)

I guess that's all...

**JIM**

Mrs. Mercer, as a former FBI man,  
it's difficult to accept this.

**MERCER**

I know, but Mr. Garrison, the FBI is  
just not doing their job.

**HUSBAND**

I'm a Republican, Mr. Garrison, and  
I don't go in for this kind of  
government bashing, but I must tell  
you something's not right when they  
don't even bother to call Julia in  
front of the Warren Commission.

**JIM**

They didn't call a lot of people,

Mr. Mercer. I think it's safe to say the Warren Report is a work of fiction.

**DALLAS CLUB - NIGHT (1967)**

BEVERLY, a woman of ample proportions and a big, cute Texas face, ex-club singer, meets with Jim and Lou Ivon in a nightclub not unlike Ruby's Carousel.

**LOU**

Beverly, tell Mr. Garrison about the Carousel club.

**BEVERLY (V.O.)**

Oh yes, I used to go over there a lot to see Jack and especially my friend Jada who danced there. It was the real swinging spot in town. Everybody came. Businessmen, politicians from Austin, Lyndon Johnson's friends... Dallas was a slow town back then. You chewed toothpicks, played dominos, spit and dated policemen. But Jack's was exciting. There were always cops there. Jack liked 'em around, but he used to throw the drunks out himself, 'cause he was kinda a violent-tempered man... it seemed everybody in those days knew Jack was with the Mob. The cops were "bad" back then - they'd shake you down for the money in your pocket. They put a lotta people in the cemetery, especially colored people.

**LOU**

Beverly, what about Lee?

Jada and Beverly sit down at the table with Ferrie, Oswald, and Jack, with Jack doing the buying. It's too loud to hear anything.

**BEVERLY (V.O.)**

Oh, yeah. One time I came in, Jack introduces me to these two guys. He said, "Beverly, this is my friend Lee..." and I didn't catch the other guy's name. He was a weird-looking guy with those funny little eyebrows. The other guy, Lee, didn't make much of an impression either. He wasn't good-looking or nuthin', he didn't look like he had any money, and he was in a bad mood, so I didn't pay

him much mind. Well, I might not remember a name, but I always remember a face. When I saw him two weeks later on the television, I screamed, "Oh, my God - that's him! That's Jack's friend!" I knew right then it had something to do with the Mafia... Well, about a week later, after she told the newspapers she'd met this guy Lee with Jack, Jada disappears off the face of the Earth...

**THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON JADA**

**BEVERLY (V.O.)**

Never knew what happened to her till Herman offered to sell me her wardrobe. I said, "but Jada's coming back," and I remember the way he smiled... and I knew she was never coming back.

BACK TO the 1967 scene.

**JIM**

Will you testify, Beverly?

**BEVERLY**

I don't think so, sir.

**LOU**

I thought when we came here, we had an agreement.

**BEVERLY**

I just don't want to become another statistic like her. If they can kill the President, do you think they're gonna think twice about a two-bit showgirl like me?

**LOU**

We could call you in, Beverly.

**JIM**

I know the pressure you're under, Beverly. Don't think I don't.

(as he exits)

I understand.

**DISSOLVE TO DEALEY PLAZA (1967)**

Our view is from the roof of the building on the extreme south side of the Plaza. J.C. Price, the building engineer, in hat and overalls, points for Jim and Lou.



**PRICE (V.O.)**

...yes, sir, right here on this spot.  
The shots came from near that wooden  
fence over there, near the overpass.

The camera tightens on the picket fence.

**PRICE**

I saw a man run from this spot and  
go behind the Book Depository - 30  
minutes later I gave this information  
to the Sheriff.

On the overpass near Dealey Plaza, S.M. Holland, a tan,  
elderly, leather-faced signal supervisor, points to the picket  
fence for Jim and Lou. His accent is thick and rural. We  
saw him before, briefly, when Jim was reading the Warren  
Report.

**HOLLAND**

I made it very clear to the Warren  
people one of the shots came from  
behind that picket fence. I heard  
the report and saw the smoke come  
out about 6 or 8 feet above the  
ground, right out from under those  
trees. There is no doubt whatsoever  
in my mind...

FLASHBACK TO the restaged shooting. The smoke hangs under  
the trees.

CUT TO Richard Dodd on the overpass. He's a cowboy type  
with a hat and an even thicker accent than Holland.

**DODD**

(pointing)

...we, all four of us, all railroad  
men, standing here, seen about the  
same thing. The smoke came from  
behind the hedge - and a motorcycle  
policeman dropped his cycle in the  
street and run up the embankment...

FLASHBACK to the motorcycle...

BACK TO 1967. Jim and Lou walk with Dodd and Holland near  
the picket fence. We feel the emptiness of the area now and  
see the normal amount of traffic driving by.

**HOLLAND**

...we came around here to look for  
tracks. It rained that morning and  
we found a bunch of cigarette butts.  
Someone'd been standing about here...

The camera shows the "spot" and Lou sighting.

**LOU**

This is a good spot, chief, for the head shot.

Jim looks, reliving the moment.

Later Jim and Lou stand on the south side of Elm Street in Dealey Plaza talking to Jean Hill, an attractive, 30-ish teacher. Her demeanor has a rock-solid Texas back-country conviction to it; she's a woman not easily frightened.

**JEAN HILL**

I was standing here next to my friend Mary Mooman, who took the photograph when he was killed...

We see a flash of the Moorman photograph - a blurry Polaroid with the President in the foreground and the picket fence in background. We will return to this photograph in more detail later.

**JEAN HILL**

I jumped out in the street and yelled, "Hey Mr. President, look over here, we wanna take your picture." He looked up and then shots rang out. Mary fell to the ground right away, shouting, "Get down, they're shooting, get down, they're shooting." I knew it but I was moving to get closer to him. The driver had stopped - I don't know what was wrong with that driver. And then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw this flash of light, in the bushes and that last shot... just ripped his head off, I mean, blood, brains, just blew everything...

FLASHBACK TO the day of the shooting. We hear the sound of shots and see the Grassy Knoll from Jean's point of view.

**JEAN HILL**

I looked up and saw smoke from the Knoll. And everything was frozen - seemed like people wasn't even breathing, like you're looking at a picture - except this one guy. I saw this one guy running from the Book Depository towards the railroad tracks. And that was the same man I saw on TV two days later shooting Oswald. That was Jack Ruby. No question about it.

Blurry image - we're not at all sure what or who or if... but a seed is planted. We see smoke - the same smoke Bowers saw... then Jack Ruby in a brown coat running from the Book Depository toward the railroad tracks. Then we see Jean's view as she runs toward the Knoll along with others. there are yells, shouts, and general confusion.

**JEAN HILL**

It was him I was chasing up the Grassy Knoll, thinking our guys had shot back and maybe we got one of them. I don't know what I would have done if I had caught him, but I knew something terrible had happened and somebody had to do something.

At the picket fence, we see blurry images of police officers, railroad workers, cigarette butts, buddy footprints, confusion...

**\*JEAN HILL**

I never did catch him. All I saw in that parking area were railroad workers and Dallas' finest.

Two Secret Service types approach her suddenly, and one of them puts an arm on her shoulder.

**FIRST AGENT**

Secret Service, ma'am. You're coming with us.

**JEAN HILL**

Oh no, I'm not. I don't know you. We gotta catch this shooter - don't you realize?

**SECOND AGENT**

(grabbing her other shoulder)

I said you're coming with us. I want the pictures in your pocket.

**JEAN HILL (V.O.)**

...he put a hurt on me but good.

**JEAN HILL**

I don't have any pictures! I have to go back and find my friend Mary. Lemme alone!

The two agents hustle her away.

**FIRST AGENT**

Hush! Just smile and keep walking.

Hill, 32 years old that day, is shown into a third floor office of the County Courts Building - which has a view of the assassination area. Other Secret Service agents are there. Some 18 people are detained there.

TIME CUT TO two men interrogating Hill.

**JEAN HILL (V.O.)**

These new people never identified themselves. They musta been watching the whole thing 'cause they knew everything Mary and me had been doing that day. I guess I wasn't too hard to find - wearing that red raincoat.

**MAN**

How many shots you say you heard?

**JEAN HILL**

Four to six.

**MAN**

That's impossible. You heard echoes ...echoes. We have three bullets and three shots which came from the Book Depository and that's all we're willing to say.

**JEAN HILL (V.O.)**

...which is strange 'cause this is less than 20 minutes after the assassination.

**JEAN HILL**

No, I saw a guy shooting from over there. He was behind that fence. What are you going to do about it?

**MAN**

We have that taken care of. You only heard three shots and you are not to talk to anyone about this. No one, you hear?

**JEAN HILL (V.O.)**

I was scared. It was all kinda queer, but it sure felt like two and two was coming up three... and then they took Mary's five snapshots from me, sent them to Washington, and when they returned them weeks later, two of them had the backgrounds mutilated... The only one we saved was in Mary's camera. I didn't want to go to Washington when the Warren

Commission subpoenaed me... so the lawyer come down here and interviewed me at Parkland Hospital.

In a Parkland Hospital office in 1964, a lawyer interviews Jean Hill. A female stenographer takes notes.

**JEAN HILL**

He asked me why I thought I was in danger and I said:

**JEAN HILL**

Well if they can kill the President, they can certainly get me.

**LAWYER**

That doesn't make sense, Mrs. Hill. We have the man that killed the President.

**JEAN HILL**

No, you don't!

**JEAN HILL**

He kept trying to get me to change my story about the shots. He was getting hot under the collar, and telling the woman not to write when he wanted.

**JEAN HILL**

Look, do you want the truth, or just what you want me to say?

**LAWYER**

I want the truth.

**JEAN HILL**

The truth is that I heard between four and six shots. I'm not going to lie for you.

**LAWYER**

...you heard echoes.

**JEAN HILL**

No. I had guns all my life. I used to go turtle shooting.

**LAWYER**

I realize you're under a great deal of stress .. it's clouded your judgement.

**JEAN HILL (V.O.)**

So off the record, he starts talking

about my family, and even mentioned my marriage was in trouble like I didn't know it or something. He got angrier and angrier and then:

**LAWYER**

Look, we can put you in a mental institution. We can make you look crazier'n Marguerite Oswald, and everybody knows how crazy she is.

**JEAN HILL (V.O.)**

I knew something was crooked as a dog's hind leg, 'cause no one who is just taking a deposition gets that involved and angry... sure enough, when I finally read my testimony as published by the Warren Commission, it was a fabrication from start to finish.

**JIM**

Are you willing to testify, Mrs. Hill?

Back at the Knoll.

**JEAN HILL**

(without hesitation)

Damned right I would. Somebody's got to tell the truth around here 'cause the Government sure ain't doing it.

DISSOLVE TO a scene inside the Texas School Book Depository in 1967. Jim and Lou walk the floor and look out the windows. Lou has a Mannlicher-Carcano in his hand with a sight and clip. We see Oswald's supposed view of the limousine as he pulls the trigger. Now, innocuous traffic goes by, but the iris of the camera tightens into a sniper's scope.

**LOU**

The Zapruder film establishes 3 shots in 5.6 seconds. Here. I'm Oswald. Time me.

Lou cocks the Mannlicher for the first shot. Jim looks at this watch.

Lou assumes the Oswald pose, crouched at the window aiming out.

**JIM**

Go!

Lou pulls, quickly recharges the bolt, fires, recycles, fires.

**LOU**

Time?

**JIM**

Between six and seven seconds.

**LOU**

The key is the second and third shots came right on top of each other, and it takes a minimum 2.3 seconds to recycle this thing.

(he recycles the bolt  
for firing)

The other problem is there was a tree right there...

(he points)

Blocking the first two shots at the time they occur in the Zapruder film.

**JIM**

Didn't Hoover say something about that? The leaves had fallen off in November?

**LOU**

It was a Texas Live Oak, boss.

(he shakes his head)

It sheds it's leaves the first week of March. You try to hit a moving target at 88 yards through heavy foliage with this cheap 13-dollar sucker, the world's worst shoulder weapon. No way. The FBI tried two sets of tests and not one of their sharpshooters could match Oswald's performance. Not one. And Oswald was at best a medium shot. The scope was defective on it, too. I mean this is the whole essence of the case to me. The guy couldn't do the shooting. Nobody could. And they sold this lemon to the American public.

**JIM**

The Zapruder film is the proof they didn't count on, Lou. We gotta get our hands on it.

**LOU**

That means we gotta subpoena Time-Life on it.

**JIM**

(looks out the window)

Why not just shoot Kennedy coming up Houston? There's plenty of time - he's out in the open - a frontal shot?

Jim points the Carcano south, right up Houston Street, following a car that happens to be passing by - a convertible with an unknown woman driving.

**LOU**

I asked myself the same thing. Common sense. Even if you miss the first shot, if he accelerates you still got him for a second shot. No... the only reason for waiting to get him on Elm is you got him in a triangulated crossfire. You got him on a flat low trajectory from the front at the fence there.

The camera swings to the Grassy Knoll and the picket fence as seen from the sixth floor of the Depository.

**LOU**

...you put a third team there - in that building, on a low floor.

The camera swings to the Daltex Building across the street.

**LOU**

When Kennedy gets to the kill zone, it's a turkey shoot.

**JIM**

(aiming)  
How many men?

**LOU**

One shooter. One spotter on a radio. Maybe three teams. I'd say these were professional riflemen, chief, serious people. Hunters... patient. It takes skill to kill with a rifle, that's why there's been no execution of an executive with one in 200 years... "3-2-1... green!"  
(he taps Jim on the shoulder)  
Or else "Abort! Abort!"

Jim pulls the dead trigger, reliving the moment through the scope on a passing car.

**LOU**

Main Street's over there - the original parade route on the way to



the Trade Mart. Too far right?  
Impossible shot.

Jim swings the scope up to confront Main Street. Another car is in his sight. Too far.

**LOU**

So they changed the route to bring it this way.

Moving at a normal 25 mph, they knew the motorcade would have to slow to about 10 miles per hour to make this turn. That's where you get him.

The camera swings to the Houston and Main intersection.

**JIM**

Who do you think changed the parade route?

**LOU**

Beats me. City officials. Secret Service. Dallas police. They did a dry run with Chief Curry a few days before. But they didn't bother running through Dealey. They stopped right there, said something like, "and afterwards there's only the freeway," and went home.

**JIM**

You know who the mayor was?

**LOU**

No.

**JIM**

Earle Cabell. And guess who his brother is?

**LOU**

Who?

**JIM**

General Charles Cabell. Deputy Director of the CIA. Fired by Kennedy in '61 because of the Bay of Pigs fiasco, he moved back to the Pentagon, called Kennedy a "traitor". When he came to New Orleans to address the Foreign Policy Association, you know who introduced him? Our friend Clay Shaw.

**LOU**

The Warren Commission call him?

**JIM**

(shaking his head)

His boss was the one on the Warren Commission who handled all the leads to the intelligence community.

**LOU**

Allen Dulles?

**JIM**

(he nods)

Head of the CIA since '53. Kennedy fired them both. Cabell was his deputy for nine years.

(sickened)

Talk about the fox investigating the chicken coop. Now we'll have to subpoena them, Lou.

**LOU**

They're gonna love you, chief.

Lou walks to another window in the empty Book Depository where Oswald supposedly did his dirty deed and looks out over the plaza, with all its ghosts. Jim and Lou are two men - with only two men's power. A terrible aloneness pervades their minds.

**JIM**

Maybe we should just call it a day, Lou. Go home. While we're still a little behind. We got two people killed, maybe more we never thought about.

**LOU**

You never got anyone killed, boss. Their actions killed them years before. If we stopped now, it'd be even more wrong.

FLASHBACK TO 1963 - the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository - the same place Jim and Lou are now. Jim looks around and sees one shooter and one spotter with a lunchbox radio, in repairman clothes. Jim is watching. Neither of these men is Oswald. We hear the sounds of the motorcade below. The shooter pulls the trigger on the Carcano. A loud frightening sound snaps Jim back to the present.

**JIM**

(in present)

Subpoena them, Lou - Dulles, the Cabells, Time-Life... the whole damned lot of 'em!

**GARRISON'S OFFICE - 9 MONTHS LATER - 1968**

We see another smoke-filled conference of assistants. Paperwork is stacked in the corners almost to the ceiling; there are coffee cups and doughnuts on desks. The disorganization and lack of resources are apparent. The staff working on this project now numbers some eleven people, and there are some new investigators and assistants. We sense that the trial is drawing closer.

**AL**

The U.S. Attorney in Washington "declines" to serve our subpoena on Allen Dulles, Charles Cabell, CIA Director Richard Helms, or any FBI agent we named.

**JIM**

Well, what do you expect from a pig but a grunt.

**AL**

Without them, it's going to be near impossible, chief, to prove Shaw's connection to the CIA. We got the same problem with the governors. All of them. Reagan in California won't give us Brading, Ohio refuses Orville Townsend, Texas on Arcacha, and Nebraska on Sandra Moffet.

**BILL**

What the hell is going on? Never before has an extradition request from this office been refused.

**AL**

We haven't tried to get Julia Anne Mercer in?

**JIM**

No, she could get hurt. If you believe what's happening to these other people.

**NUMA**

She's the best damn witness we have!

**JIM**

I just don't want to do it. What else?

Numa is opening another stack of letters. The dollar bills keep coming. He points to two giant stacks of mail.

**NUMA**

Hate mail here. Fan mail here. The bad news is the IRS has just requested an audit on your income from this office.

**JIM**

(he snorts)

I expected that two months ago, and they're wasting their time... The bad news is the National Guard has just asked me to resign after 18 years.

(we see his hurt)

Well, maybe that's good news - it was never as good as combat, but this is. Bill, any more on Oswald and Shaw?

**BILL**

Yeah. They were seen together in Clinton in early September. The Civil Rights Movement was running a voter registration drive.

**BILL**

...rumor is Shaw, a local boy, was working on some arms deal to discredit the civil rights movement. No one really knows what they were doing there, but everyone sure saw 'em. They stood out like cottonballs. I got whites and blacks saw 'em, but last time I checked there was nothing illegal with registering to vote. We still got the Negro junkie, Vernon Bundy, saw 'em talkin' at the seawall near Lake Pontchartrain. But it's tough, boss - no one wants to talk about Shaw. He's...

**LOU**

(back to present)

You know you keep saying that.

**BILL**

Keep saying what?

**LOU**

You're not digging.

**JIM**

I think Clinton is a breakthrough. Shaw denies he knows Ferrie or Oswald. Is that right? It proves he's a liar. Keep on it, Bill.

(a look from Lou)

**SUSIE**

This is interesting - are you ready for this? Oswald went to see the FBI two weeks before the assassination. It seems Special Agent Hosty made three routine visits to his house, supposedly to keep an eye on Marina Oswald.

FLASHBACK TO Dallas FBI Office in 1963. Oswald is at the counter addressing the female receptionist.

**OSWALD**

I want to see Special Agent Hosty.

**RECEPTIONIST**

I'm sorry, he's not in. Can someone else help you?

**OSWALD**

Can I use a pen?

**SUSIE (V.O.)**

He left a note. Hosty told a Dallas newspaperman it was a warning to him to stop questioning Marina at their home when Oswald was not present. She was not a citizen, so possibly he was threatening to deport her back to Russia.

TIMECUT TO FBI James Hosty confronting his agitated superior, FBI Agent Shanklin in one of his cubicles.

**SUSIE**

But what the note really said no one knows because his boss Shanklin told Hosty...

**SHANKLIN**

(reading the note)

Oswald's dead now. There's no trial. Get rid of it. I don't even want this in the office. Get rid of it, Hosty.

(he gives it back to Hosty)

**SUSIE (V.O.)**

Hosty tore it up and flushed it down the toilet. Waggoner Carr, the Attorney General of Texas, says he had evidence from the Dallas Sheriff's office that Oswald had been employed as an undercover informant for the

FBI at a salary of \$200 a month, beginning more than a year before the murder.

**JIM**

(in present)

This is just speculation, people, but what if the note was describing the assassination attempt on J.F.K.?

(the staff seem surprised by the thought)

Come on guys, think - that's the only reason to destroy it, because if it was any kind of threat, like Hosty said, they would've kept it 'cause it makes their case against the "angry lone nut" stronger! Remember the New Orleans meeting with Agent Quigley the day he got busted?

FLASHBACK TO Oswald, under arrest, meeting with Quigley.

**JIM**

...there again Quigley destroyed the notes of the meeting. I think we can raise the possibility that Oswald not only was an informant but that he may well have been the original source for the telex we have dated November 17 warning of the Kennedy assassination in Dallas on November 22.

Holds up the telex. We see a close-up: "URGENT TO ALL SACS FROM DIRECTOR."

**JIM**

William Walter, the night clerk on duty here in the FBI office, gave me a copy of this. It went all over the country. Nothing was done, and the motorcade went ahead on schedule - and this wasn't even mentioned in the Warren Report! Read it, Al.

**AL (V.O.)**

"Threat to assassinate President Kennedy in Dallas, Texas, November 22-23. Information received by the Bureau has determined that a militant revolutionary group may attempt to assassinate President Kennedy on his proposed trip to Dallas, Texas, etc, etc..."

FLASHBACK TO New Orleans FBI office in 1963. Walter, the night clerk, receives the teletype, reads it, and runs it.

**JIM (V.O.)**

...shortly after the assassination, Walter says, the telex was removed from all the files in all cities, as an obvious embarrassment to the Bureau. I believe Oswald was sending information through Hosty...

FLASHBACK TO a Dallas safe house in 1963. Oswald, Ruby, and several Cubans including the Bull and the Indian are talking.

**JIM**

I have a hunch that from the get go, Oswald had infiltrated this group, probably Cubans or right-wing extremists. He was at the Book Depository that day, told to be there by their handlers, either to prevent the assassination or to take part in it. They coulda told him anything, either 1) they were going to close down the plotters that day, or 2) they were going to fake an attack on Kennedy to whip up public opinion against Russia or Cuba and reverse his policies - it doesn't really matter what they told him, 'cause he was under orders, he was a foot soldier.

Underneath the voice-over we hear and see Oswald, with a floor plan of the Book Depository, at the center of the group. Jack Ruby, Bull, and the Indian, two or three young Cubans and a young white shooter - the man in the plaid shirt described by Julia Ann Mercer - are also there.

**OSWALD**

(to the two young Cubans)

I can get you in and up there. This is a shot out the southeast window of the sixth floor. That floor will be unoccupied between noon and one.

**BULL**

What about the elevator?

**OSWALD**

I can close it off. The only access is a stairwell.

**BULL**

We get them in as an air-conditioning unit.

**RUBY**

No. A floor refurbishing group.  
Got the van, the uniforms...

**OSWALD**

(his back to the screen)  
...if we can get the motorcade to turn from Main onto Houston, that'll do the trick, 'cause it'll slow down to make the turn here. You can't miss.

(to the two young Cubans)  
He's a dead duck.

Ruby shares a look with Bull unbeknownst to Oswald, and then we see the looks on the faces of Jim's team.

**BILL**

I don't buy it, chief - why would the FBI cover it up? You're talking the whole FBI here. A telex that disappears from every single FBI office in the country?

**JIM**

There's a word - orders.

Back in Garrison's office in 1968.

**SUSIE**

Or a cover up! Jesus, Bill, don't you have enough proof of the FBI's complicity now?

**BILL**

(to Susie)  
Maybe I have a little more respect for this country's institutions than you do, Susie. You tell me how the hell you can keep a conspiracy going between the Mob, the CIA, FBI, and Army Intelligence and who knows what else, when you know you can't even keep a secret in this room between 12 people! We got leaks everywhere! We're going to trial here! What the hell do we really got? Oswald, Ruby, Banister, Ferrie are dead. Shaw - maybe he's an agent, I don't know, but as a covert operator in my book he's wide open for blackmail 'cause of his homosexuality.



**JIM**

Shaw's our toehold, Bill. I don't know exactly what he is, where he fits, and I don't care. I do know he's lying through his teeth and I'm not gonna let go of him!

**BILL**

So for those reasons, you're going to trial against Clay Shaw, chief? Well, you're gonna lose! We should be investigating all our Mafia leads here in New Orleans - Carlos Marcello, Santos Trafficante - I can buy that a hell of a lot easier than the Government. Ruby's all Mob, knows Oswald, sets him up. Hoffa - Trafficante - Marcello, they hire some guns and they do Kennedy and maybe the Government doesn't want to open up a whole can o'worms there because it used the Mob to get to Castro. Y'know, Castro being assassinated sounds pretty wild to John Q. Citizen. So they close the book on J.F.K. It makes sense to me.

**JIM**

I don't doubt their involvement, Bill, but at a low level. Could the Mob change the parade route, Bill, or eliminate the protection for the President? Could the Mob send Oswald to Russia and get him back? Could the Mob get the FBI, the CIA, and the Dallas Police to make a mess of the investigation? Could the Mob appoint the Warren Commission to cover it up? Could the Mob wreck the autopsy? Could the Mob influence the national media to go to sleep? And since when has the Mob used anything but .38's for hits, up close? The Mob wouldn't have the guts or the power for something of this magnitude. Assassins need payrolls, orders, times, schedules. This was a military-style ambush from start to finish... a coup d'etat with Lyndon Johnson waiting in the wings.

**BILL**

Oh, now you're saying Lyndon Johnson was involved? The President of the

United States?

His voice is challenging. There's a pause. The men exchange looks and wait.

**JIM**

I know this, Bill - Lyndon Johnson got \$1 billion for his Texas friends, Brown and Root, to dredge Cam Ranh Bay for the military in Vietnam. That's just for openers.

**BILL**

Boss, are you calling the President a murderer?

**JIM**

If I'm so far from the truth, why is the FBI bugging our offices? Why are our witnesses being bought off and murdered? Why are Federal agencies blocking our extraditions and subpoenas when we were never blocked before?

**BILL**

Maybe 'cause there's some rogue element in the Government!

The others in the room groan at the reasoning. Bill feels embittered, cornered.

**JIM**

With a full-blown conspiracy to cover it up? Y'ever read your Shakespeare, Bill?

**BILL**

Yeah.

**JIM**

Julius Caesar: "Brutus and Cassius, they too are honorable men." Who killed Caesar? Twenty, twenty-five Senators. All it takes is one Judas, Bill - a few people, on the inside, Pentagon, CIA...

**BILL**

(he gets up)

This is Louisiana, chief. How the hell do you know who your daddy is? 'Cause your momma told you so... You're way out there taking a crap in the wind, boss, and I for one ain't going along on this one.

(he exits)  
Jim sighs, saddened. Bill was one  
of his best men.

**LOU**

Chief, I've had my doubts about Bill  
for a long time. He's fighting  
everything.

**JIM**

We need him back.

**AL**

Bill wasted a goddamn month trying  
to prove that mob boys like Barding  
and Jack Ruby played ball in right  
field with Hunt Oil.

**LOU**

I don't trust the guy.

**JIM**

(standing)

Gentlemen, I will not hear this. I  
value Bill as much as anyone here.

(Lou reacts angrily)

We all need to make room for someone  
else's ideas, Lou, especially me.  
Maybe Oswald is what everyone says  
he is and I'm just plain dumb wrong.

**AL**

I've seen him copying files, leaving  
here late at night.

**LOU**

I just plain don't trust him anymore.

**JIM**

(angry)

Maybe you didn't hear what I said.  
I will not tolerate this infighting  
among the staff, I warn you that...

**LOU**

(suddenly)

Boss, then I'm afraid I can't continue  
working with Bill.

Tension, silence.

**JIM**

(pause, then quietly)

Are you giving me an ultimatum, Lou?

**LOU**

Well, if that's what you want to call it. I didn't ever think it would come to this. I guess I am, boss.

**JIM**

I will not have any damned ultimatums put to me, Lou. I'll accept your resignation.

**LOU**

You sure got it. You're one stubborn and stupid sonofabitch D.A. and you're making one hell of a mistake!

He storms out.

**SUSIE**

Aren't you being a little hard?

**JIM**

No, I don't think I am, Susie. Anyone else?

**GARRISON'S LIVING ROOM - (1968)**

It's after dinner and toys scattered around the living room. Snapper is chasing his sister Elizabeth around. Virginia, 6, runs to the ringing phone in the living room, as her mother and Mattie, stunned, watch the news of Martin Luther King's death on TV.

**MATTIE**

My God! My God! What have they done!

(angrily)

It's lynchin' time!

**VIRGINIA**

I'll get it.

(into phone)

Hello.

**MALE VOICE**

Hello. Is this Jim Garrison's daughter?

**VIRGINIA**

Yes?

**MALE VOICE**

Virginia or Elizabeth?

**VIRGINIA**

Virginia.

**MALE VOICE**

Virginia, you're a lucky little girl.  
Your daddy has entered you in a beauty  
contest. Would you like to be in a  
beauty contest?

**VIRGINIA**

That sounds fun.

**MALE VOICE**

I need some information from you  
then. How old are you?

**VIRGINIA**

Six.

**MALE VOICE**

And how tall are you?

CUT TO Jim's study, where Jim also watches the news in horror.  
We see TV images of Martin Luther King on the motel balcony,  
dead.

**NEWSMAN 9**

To repeat - 39-year-old Martin Luther  
King, who preached non-violence and  
won the Nobel Peace Prize, was cut  
down earlier today by a sniper's  
bullets while standing on the porch  
of the Lorraine Motel in Memphis,  
Tennessee. He was surrounded by his  
closest aides. The police say they  
have no suspects at this time. Mr.  
King...

Jim, visibly shaken, slams his book down on the desk in  
frustration.

BACK TO the male voice on the phone.

**MALE VOICE**

And you get of from school at 3 every  
day?

**VIRGINIA**

Yes.

**MALE VOICE**

Do you walk home?

**VIRGINIA**

Uh huh.

Liz comes to the phone, a wary look on her face.

**LIZ**

(taking the phone)  
Who are you talking to?

**MALE VOICE**

Okay, Virginia, that's all I need to know. I'll call you again when it's time for the beauty contest.

**LIZ**

Who's this?... Hello?... Hello?

After a pause, the man hangs up.

**VIRGINIA**

(excited)  
Mama, I'm going to be in a beauty contest!

**LIZ**

What did he ask you?

**VIRGINIA**

Well, he asked me everything. He asked me...

Liz freaks out. She marches into Jim's study.

**LIZ**

Did you enter Virginia into a beauty contest?

**JIM**

(absorbed in the TV)  
What?

**LIZ**

(hysterical)  
A man just called. He asked her everything!

Her height, her weight, when she came home from school.

**JIM**

(distracted)  
Honey, some crackpot. Martin Luther King was killed in Memphis today!

**LIZ**

(screaming)  
Your daughter's life was just threatened!

**JIM**

Just a crank making phone calls. Happens a dozen times a day at the office.

**LIZ**

Our home, Jim! A kidnapper, a murderer, who knows!

**JIM**

Only cowards make crank calls, sweetheart, nothing is going to happen.

**LIZ**

How do you know? How do you even know what goes on in this house anymore! You're too busy making speeches, stirring up every crazed Klansman in Louisiana after us!

**JIM**

Get a hold of yourself.

**LIZ**

I'm leaving. I'm taking the kids and I'm leaving! I won't stand it anymore.

The kids, hearing the shouting, come to watch from the door of the study.

**JIM**

Honey, come on. The government wants you to be scared. They want everybody to be scared to speak out. They count on it. But there's nothing to be scared of.

**LIZ**

You and your government! What's the matter with you? Don't you have any feelings? Your daughter! What kind of man are you?

Jim controls himself, shoos the kids out, closes the door.

**JIM**

I'll take them up to my mother's if it'll make you feel better. Spend a week. I'll change the locks, the phone lines, I'll even get a bodyguard, all right? Elizabeth, get a hold of yourself.

**LIZ**

Jim, before this Kennedy thing, nothing mattered to you in this life more than your children. The other night Jasper tried to show you a

drawing. You didn't even notice he was there. He came to me bawling his little eyes out. Jim, he's sensitive - he needs more from you.

**JIM**

I promise I'll make more time for Jasper.

**LIZ**

Is it such a chore? I don't understand you.

**JIM**

Damn it, if I say I'll spend more time with him, I'll spend more time with him. I can't fight you and the world too, Liz.

**LIZ**

I'm not fighting you, Jim, I'm just trying to reach you. You've changed.

**JIM**

Of course, I've changed! My eyes have opened, and once they're open, believe me, what used to look normal seems insane! And now King. Don't you think this has something to do with that? Can't you see?

**LIZ**

(she explodes)

I don't want to see, goddammit! I'm tired. I've had enough! They say you don't have anything anyway! Everybody in town's talking. You're ruining this man Shaw's life! You're attacking him because he's homosexual! Going ahead with this stupid "trial"! Did you ever once stop and consider what he's going through?

**JIM**

(astounded)

That's not why I'm attacking him! You don't believe me - all this time you never believed me.

**LIZ**

Oh, I don't know anymore! I believe there was a conspiracy, but not the government. I just want to raise our children and live a normal life! I want my life back!



The children press in at the door. Mattie, ignoring them, is enraged as she watches King's eulogy on TV. Riots are already breaking out.

**JIM**

Well so do I, goddammit! So do I!  
I had a life too, y'know - I had a  
life, too. But you just can't bury  
your head in the sand like some  
ostrich, goddammit, Elizabeth! It's  
not just about you - and your well-  
being and your two cars and your  
kitchen and your TV and "I'm jes  
fine honey." While our kids grow up  
into a shithole of lies! Well, I'm  
not "fine" about that, I'm angry.  
My life is fucked, Liz! And yours  
is, too! And if you don't want to  
support me I can understand that but  
don't you go start making threats of  
taking the children away.

**LIZ**

You never talked to me this way  
before, Jim Garrison. I'm not making  
any threats. I'm leaving you. I'm  
taking the kids to my mother's. I  
am - I am.

She runs out, past the stunned kids, sobbing as she goes up the stairs. Jim pursues her like an angry spirit, yelling up the stairs at her.

**JIM**

Go on then, get out! Go hide  
someplace. Join the rest of them!  
They'll tell you I'm crazy. You got  
plenty of people'll tell you Jim  
Garrison's crazy. You won't have a  
problem filing your divorce papers  
on me ...somebody's got to try,  
goddammit, somebody!

The kids move away, fearful. Quaking with rage and hurt, Jim stands there at the bottom of the stairs, strangled with pain. He takes a law dictionary in his hand and throws it across the room. Jasper and Virginia come over to him.

**JASPER**

Are we going away, Daddy?

**JIM**

Well, it looks like it, Jasper.

**JASPER**

Because of Kennedy?

(a beat. Jim doesn't  
answer)  
Are the same people gonna kill us,  
Daddy?

**JIM**

No, Jasper, nobody's gonna kill us.

**VIRGINIA**

Do you love us?

**JIM**

Yes, of course I do, honey.

**VIRGINIA**

No. I mean like mommy loves us.  
She really loves us.

**JASPER**

I'm scared.

**JIM**

(bending down)

There's nothing wrong with feeling a  
little scared, Jasper, Virginia.  
Telling the truth can be a scary  
thing. It scared President Kennedy,  
but he was a brave man. If you let  
yourself be too scared, then you let  
the bad guys take over the country,  
don't you - and then everybody gets  
scared.

**JASPER/VIRGINIA**

Stay with Mom, Daddy... please.

#### **JERRY JOHNSON SHOW - (1968)**

The band strikes up "When the Saints Go Marching In"  
introducing Jim, who strides in from the wings to shake hands  
with Jerry Johnson, the friendly-looking host.

**SIDEKICK**

And now, Jerry, here's Big Jim  
Garrison, District Attorney of New  
Orleans, Louisiana.

The audience is enthusiastic. Jim smiles and waves, then  
sits down next to Johnson.

**JOHNSON**

Welcome, District Attorney Garrison.  
May I call you Jim?

**JIM**

I've been called everything under

the sun, Jerry. Call me whatever you like.

He reads from a script on the desk.

**JOHNSON**

First we had your charge that the Cuban exiles killed the President, then the Mob, then you said the oil billionaires did it, then you said the Minutemen and the Ku Klux Klan collaborated to do it, now your latest theory seems to be that the CIA and the FBI and the Pentagon and the White House all combined in some elaborate conspiracy to kill John Kennedy. Let me ask you, is there anyone besides Lee Harvey Oswald who you think did not conspire to kill the President?

He fixes his eyes on Jim, waiting for a reply. A weariness has set in on Jim. Once more into the slaughter.

**JIM**

How many hours do I have to answer that one? Well let's just say this, Jerry - I've stopped beating my wife.  
(the audience laughs)  
Or maybe you should ask Lyndon Johnson. We know he has some answers.

The audience, loving it, cheers. Johnson looks at Jim blankly, and reads the next question on his list.

**JOHNSON**

There have been a number of reports in reputable news media - Time, Newsweek, our own NBC - that you have gone way beyond the legal means available to a prosecutor, that you've intimidated and drugged witnesses, bribed them, urged them to commit perjury. What is your response?

**JIM**

Your faith in the veracity of the major media is touching, Jerry. It indicates that the Age of Innocence is not yet over. But seriously, Jerry, people aren't interested in Jim Garrison - they want the hard evidence! They want to know why he was killed and what forces were opposed to...

**JOHNSON**

(interrupting)

Some people would say you're paranoid.

**JIM**

Well, if I am, why is the Government concealing evidence?

**JOHNSON**

Are they? Why would they?

**JIM**

(pulling out his  
briefcase)

That's exactly my question, Jerry.  
Maybe I'd better show you some  
pictures so you can begin to  
understand what I am talking about.

He pulls out a large blowup of the Allen photo of the three hoboos and starts to hold it up in front of the camera.

**JIM**

These arrests were photographed  
minutes after the assassination, and  
were never shown to the American  
public. They show...

It takes Johnson a few moments to realize what's happening. When he does, he lunges like a cobra for the photographs, pulling Jim's arm down so the pictures are out of the camera's view.

**JOHNSON**

(sharply)

Pictures like this don't show up on  
television!

**JIM**

(holding the picture  
up again)

Sure they do. The camera can pick  
this up.

**JOHNSON**

(yanking his arm down)

No, it can't!

Jim swings the picture up a third time, but the stage director gives a "cut" signal - finger across the throat - and the red light on the camera blinks off. The monitor shows another camera panning the audience.

**JIM**

(quickly realizes  
he's about to be cut

off)

Those men you just saw were arrested in Dallas minutes after the assassination. They were never seen again. No record of arrest, no fingerprint, no mugshot, nothing. They all got away.

The director frantically gives Johnson the "cut" sign.

**JOHNSON**

We'll be back after these messages.

The audience cheers as the commercial comes on.

**GARRISON'S HOME - (1968)**

Jim comes home. His wife and two of the children are waiting in the doorway. They kiss. Al Oser interrupts.

**AL**

Jim, bad news. Bill's turned, boss. I think he's given everything we've got to the Feds.

**NUMA**

We studied the memos - there was nothing there, chief, nothing! When we went to confront him, the landlady said that sonofabitch just took off, left everything.

**SUSIE**

I'm sorry.

**JIM**

I know.

**LIZ**

(to Jim)

I'm sorry.

**NUMA**

Something sure scared him.

**JIM**

Bill doesn't scare that easy. Somebody got to his thinking. He was never that good a thinker.

On the TV, the news is on.

**NEWSMAN 9**

Much is at stake tonight in California. Public opinion polls show Senator Robert Kennedy of New

York leading Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota. Their anti-Vietnam War message is obviously striking a chord with the voters, and whoever wins tonight will certainly emerge as the favorite over Vice-President Humphrey to win the nomination in Chicago in August. That man now seems to be Senator Kennedy.

We see a shot of Robert Kennedy in Los Angeles with his supporters.

**NUMA**

Sure sounds like he's winning.

**JIM**

He'll never make it. If he wins, they'll kill him. He wants to avenge his brother. He'll stop that war. No, they'll kill him before they let him become President.

Liz shares a look with Al and Numa.

**AL**

Boss, with Broussard they have everything. All our witnesses, our strategy for the trial. We'd have to doublecheck all his work, there could be false leads... we gotta rethink this trial.

We don't have a choice.

**JIM**

I don't think so, Al. You remember the Hemingway story, "The Old Man and the Sea"?

(Al nods)

The old fisherman manages to catch this great fish - a fish so huge he has to tie it to the side of the boat to get it back in. But by the time he reached shore, the fish had long since been picked apart by sharks and nothing was left but the skeleton.

**NUMA**

Then what are we going through all this trouble for?

**JIM**

It's a means to an end. This war has two fronts - in the court of law, we hope, against the odds, to

nail Clay Shaw on a conspiracy charge. In the court of public opinion, it could take another 25 or 30 years for the truth to come out, but at least we're going to strike the first blow.

**LIZ**

And if you're wrong?

**JIM**

(rising)

I never doubted for a second that I was.

(softly)

Will you come to the trial, Elizabeth?

**LIZ**

I don't think so, Jim...

She walks out.

We see the outside of Jim's house and hear crickets chirping - the purr of the suburb. Inside, the TV election results are still on.

**NEWSMAN 1**

With 53% of the precincts reporting, Senator Kennedy continues to hold a lead of 48% to 41% over Senator McCarthy. CBS News has projected Senator Robert Kennedy the winner of the crucial California primary.

Jim is in the kitchen fixing himself a sandwich. There's a strange feeling in the house. We hear the wind - a shutter sighing. Jim suddenly doesn't feel alone in the kitchen.

**ROBERT KENNEDY**

(voice over on TV)

...and that is what has been going on within the United States over the last three years - the division, the violence, the disenchantment, whether it's between blacks and whites, between poor and the more affluent, or between age groups or the war in Vietnam - we can start to work together. We are a great country, an unselfish country and a compassionate country. I intend to make that my basis for running.

He waves and leaves the podium, going back through the kitchen of the hotel. Jim is frozen in his spot, shaken. The ghost of Jack Kennedy - as he was before the killing - stares at

him through the kitchen, as if encased in a hologram. The hooded eyes watch Jim without expression. They're communicating, in some strange subliminal way. Suddenly shots ring out from the television and there's pandemonium.

**NEWSMAN 1**

(shaken)

**SENATOR KENNEDY HAS BEEN SHOT! WE  
DO NOT KNOW HOW SERIOUS IT IS YET.  
SENATOR KENNEDY HAS BEEN SHOT.**

The television shows a scene of confusion. Jim walks out, looking at the TV, struck down with his foreknowledge and his inability to do anything about it.

In their bedroom upstairs that night, Jim gently wakes Liz and holds her.

**JIM**

They killed him, honey.

**LIZ**

(groggily)

Huh?

**JIM**

(strangled)

He won... and they killed Robert Kennedy. They shot him down.

**LIZ**

(realizing, with terror)

Oh no! No! I can't believe it. I can't believe it. Both of them, both brothers, oh my God!

She clings to him, horrified. He caresses her hair. They look in each other's eyes.

**LIZ**

You're right, it hasn't ended, has it?

He kisses her gently - They start to make love, numbed, needing each other, needing their love in an increasingly terrifying world.

**JIM**

(awkward)

I wish I could've loved you more...  
I feel sometimes like I didn't ever..  
love you or the children enough...  
I'm sorry.

**OUTSIDE THE COURTS BUILDING - NEW ORLEANS - (JAN. 1969)**



The scene is like a circus. Armed, uniformed guards with walkie-talkies are everywhere. Guards with rifles are on the rooftop. There are crowds of reporters from around the world and many onlookers. Everyone going into the courtroom is frisked by electronic metal detectors.

#### **INSIDE THE COURTROOM**

Jim, accompanied by Mattie, the maid, but not his wife, forges his way through a tightly packed crowd to the prosecution table, joining Al, Susie, Numa, and others from his team. Young law student have come to watch. The crowd is noisy to the point of unruliness. Suddenly there's a hush as everyone cranes their necks to see Clay Shaw and his attorneys, Irvin Dymond and two others, enter the court. Shaw, impeccably dressed, his high handsome cheekbones sucking on an ever-present cigarette in a porcelain filter (smoking in court was allowed then), smiles to those who greet him as if they were not really there and limps past Jim with a stony indifference.

The clerk starts pounding the gavel to call the court to order as Judge Edward Aloysius Haggerty sweeps in and takes the bench. He's a stocky little Jimmy Cagney look alike with fierce blue eyes under bushy brows. The jurors - nine white men and three black men - all dressed in suits and ties, look on.

CUT TO Willie O'Keefe pointing out Clay Shaw.

#### **O'KEEFE**

That's Clay Bertrand. That's the man I saw at David Ferrie's.

Irvin Dymond cross-examines O'Keefe.

#### **DYMOND**

(words wafting)

That's who you say you saw... a confessed homosexual, convicted of solicitation, pandering... a man who has lied about most everything, who...

TIME CUT TO Vernon Bundy, a poor black man, who points at Shaw.

#### **BUNDY**

It was that man there, yessir. He was at the Pontchartrain wall with the man who shot the President. I remember him cause o' his limp there.

#### **DYMOND**

A heroin addict, injecting himself at the wall, barely conscious...

TIME CUT TO Jim looking over at a strange man, Matthews, a kind of lawyer, making notes and conferring with Shaw and Dymond. Matthews seems to have some authority over both men.

Corrie Collins, a black woman who is one of the CORE workers from Clinton, is on the stand.

**COLLINS**

(pointing at Shaw)

...that was the man there. He dropped Oswald off on the voter line. I remember 'cause they were the only white strangers around that morning. That big, black Cadillac of his made me think they might be FBI.

TIME CUT TO the Town Marshall on the stand.

**TOWN MARSHALL**

(looking at Shaw)

...said he was a representative of one International Trade Mart in New Orleans.

**DYMOND**

...more than five years ago, for two minutes. It's fair to say you could be mistaken, isn't it?

TIME CUT TO Dymond cross-examining Dean Andrews, shaking his head.

**ANDREWS**

...figment of my imagination... The cat's stewing me, the oyster's shucking me I told him, you got the right at-at but the wrong oh-oh... Bertrand is not Shaw, scout's honor and you can tell him I said so...

**SUSIE**

(counter-arguing)

Objection, your Honor. This office has won a conviction of perjury against Dean Andrews on this matter.

**DYMOND**

Exception taken. That case is on appeal!

Arguments follow.

TIME CUT TO Charles Goldberg, a mild-looking New York accountant, on the stand with Dymond cross-examining.

**DYMOND**

(relishing this)

Mr. Goldberg, you claim you met David Ferrie and Clay Shaw while on a vacation here from your accounting business in New York, you had drinks and, under the influence discussed killing Kennedy, is that not so?

**GOLDBERG**

I did.

**DYMOND**

Why?

**GOLDBERG**

Well, I wanted to make sure she's the same girl I sent.

**DYMOND**

I see... and why are you experiencing this paranoia?

**GOLDBERG**

(launching into his explanation)

Well, you see, I've been subject to hypnosis and psychological warfare ever since 1948, when I was in Korea...

We see the faces of people in the courtroom... the judge's face... obviously Goldberg is disturbed (or maybe he is telling the truth, but it doesn't play well)... Jim looks at Al sickly.

**AL**

He was one of Broussard's witnesses, chief. I'm sorry. He was totally sane when we took his affidavit.

**SUSIE**

But how does Dymond know what to ask? FUCK! We're dead.

**GOLDBERG**

When someone tries to get your attention - catch your eye - that's a clue right off.

TIME CUT TO Jim calling Officer Habighorst to testify.

**GARRISON**

Your Honor, I call police officer Aloysius Habighorst to the stand.

Habighorst, the clean-cut police officer who booked Clay Shaw on the day of his arrest, starts forward.

**JUDGE HAGGERTY**

I'm going to have to ask the jury to leave the courtroom.

**GARRISON**

What?

This is an ugly surprise for Jim. We see him at the bench arguing loudly with the judge. Susie, Dymond and Al are also there.

**JUDGE HAGGERTY**

I'm sorry, Jim, but the defendant did not have his lawyer present when asked.

FLASHBACK TO 1967, in the New Orleans police station. Shaw is being booked. The press is there and Habighorst is questioning him.

**HABIGHORST**

Any alias?

**SHAW**

Clay Bertrand.

We see a close-up on Habighorst typing this in.

**GARRISON (V.O.)**

Jesus, Ed, from time immemorial it's been standard booking procedure to ask an alias. You know that. There's no constitutional requirement that says a lawyer has to be present for routine questions.

**JUDGE HAGGERTY**

I call'em as I see'em, Jim. I'm ruling it inadmissible.

**GARRISON**

That's our case!

**JUDGE HAGGERTY**

If that's your case, you didn't have a case. I wouldn't believe whatever Habighorst said, anyway.

**GARRISON**

I can't believe you're saying this in the courtroom.

**JUDGE HAGGERTY**

(feistier)  
Well, I am saying it. Bring in the jury.

**AL**

We're filing for a writ to the appellate court.

**JUDGE HAGGERTY**

You do that.

Dymond goes back to Shaw, very please. Shaw smokes, icy. Jim, devastated, sits, feeling it's over.

CUT TO Clay Shaw on the stand. Dymond cross-examines him.

**DYMOND**

...Oswald?

**SHAW**

No, I did not.

**DYMOND**

...ever called Dean Andrews?

**SHAW**

No, I did not.

**DYMOND**

...and have you ever met David Ferrie?

**SHAW**

(with a smirk of amusement)

No, I would not even know what he looked like except for the pictures I've been shown.

**DYMOND**

...did you ever use the alias Clay Bertrand?

**SHAW**

No, I did not.

**DYMOND**

Thank you... Mr. Shaw.

Jim rises slowly out of his chair.

**JIM**

Well, a very great actor has just given us a great performance, Your Honor, but we are nowhere closer to the truth. Let it be noted, my office is charging Clay Shaw with outright

perjury on the fifteen answers he has given, not one word of this...

**JUDGE HAGGERTY**

You're out of order, Jim Boy, now sit down. Strike those remarks!!

CUT TO later in the trial. A movie screen has been installed for the jury. Jim paces dramatically, as if waiting, casting looks at the door. Members of the press pack the hot room, and a fan turns overhead.

**JIM**

To prove their was a conspiracy involving Clay Shaw we must prove there was more than one man involved in the assassination. To do that, we must look at the Zapruder film, which my office has subpoenaed. The American public has not seen that film because it has been kept locked in a vault in the Time-Life Building in New York City for the last five years. There is a reason for that. Watch.

The Zapruder film (8mm) now rolls. We have seen pieces of it before in the opening of the film, but now we see it whole. It is crucial that this piece of film be repeated several times during the trial to drive home a point that is easily lost on casual viewing. The first viewing is silent except for the sound of the clanky projector. It lasts about 25 seconds, and then the lights come on. The jury is shaken. The judge is shaken. The people in the courtroom murmur. Even Clay Shaw is surprised at what he has seen. Jim says nothing, letting the truth of it sink in. Then:

**JIM**

A picture speaks a thousand words. Yet sometimes the truth is too simple for some... The Warren Commission thought they had an open and shut case: three bullets, one assassin - but two things happened that made it virtually impossible: 1)the Zapruder film which you just saw, and 2)the third wounded man, Jim Tague, who was nicked by a fragment down by the Triple Underpass. The time frame of 5.6 seconds established by the Zapruder film left no possibility of a fourth shot from Oswald's rifle, but the shot or fragment that left a superficial wound on Tague's cheek had to come from a bullet that missed the car entirely. Now they had two

bullets that hit, and we know one of them was the fatal head shot. So a single bullet remained to account for all seven wounds in Kennedy and Connally. But rather than admit to a conspiracy or investigate further, the Commission chose to endorse the theory put forth by an ambitious junior counsellor, Arlen Specter. One of the grossest lies ever forced on the American people, we've come to know it as the "magic bullet" theory.

CUT TO a drawing which has been put on a chair for the Jury. Jim has also moved Al, acting as J.F.K., into a chair directly behind the larger Numa, acting as Governor Connally. He demonstrates with a pointer.

**JIM**

The magic bullet enters the President's back, headed downward at an angle of 17 degrees. It then moves upward in order to leave Kennedy's body from the front of his neck - his neck wound number two - where it waits 1.6 seconds, turns right and continues into Connally's body at the rear of his right armpit - wound number three. Then, the bullet heads downward at an angle of 27 degrees, shattering Connally's fifth rib and leaving from the right side of his chest - wounds four and five. The bullet continues downward and then enters Connally's right wrist - wound number six - shattering the radius bone. It then enters his left thigh - wound number seven - from which it later falls out and is found in almost "pristine" condition on a stretcher in a corridor of Parkland Hospital.

(he shows a mock-up  
of the "pristine"  
bullet)

That's some bullet. Anyone who's been in combat can tell you never in the history of gunfire has there been a bullet like this.

(the court laughs)

The Army Wound Ballistics experts at Edgewood Arsenal fired some comparison bullets and not one of them looked anything like this one.

(he shows mock-ups of

comparison bullets)

Take a look at CE 856, an identical bullet fired through the wrist of a human cadaver - just one of the bones smashed by the magic bullet. Yet the government says it can prove this with some fancy physics in a nuclear laboratory. Of course they can. Theoretical physics can prove an elephant can hang from a cliff with it's tail tied to a daisy, but use your eyes - your common sense - (he holds the bullet)

Seven wounds, skin, bone. This single bullet explanation is the foundation of the Warren Commission's claim of a lone assassin. And once you conclude the magic bullet could not create all seven of those wounds, you have to conclude there was a fourth shot and a second rifleman. And if there was a second rifleman, there had to be a conspiracy, which we believe involved the accused Clay Shaw. Fifty-one witnesses, gentlemen of the jury, thought they heard shots coming from the Grassy Knoll, which is to the right and front of the President.

Jim walks to a drawing of an overhead view of Dealey Plaza. On it are dots representing locations of the witnesses. He points to each portion. He pauses and looks out into the courtroom - Liz has entered accompanied by Jasper. Quietly she takes a seat. Jim is unbelieving at first, then very moved. He takes a beat, then:

**JIM**

Key witnesses that day - Charles Brehm, a combat vet, right behind Jean Hill and Mary Moorman, S.M. Holland and Richard Dodd on the overpass, J.C. Price overlooking the whole Plaza, Randolph Carr, a steelworker, who served in the Rangers in North Africa, William Newman, father of two children who hit the deck on the north side of Elm, Abraham Zapruder, James Simmons - each of these witnesses has no doubt whatsoever one or more shots came from behind the picket fence! Twenty six trained medical personnel at Parkland Hospital saw with their own eyes the back of the President's head blasted out.



CUT TO: Dr. Peters on the stand.

**PETERS**

(describing the wound)  
...a large 7 cm opening in the right occipitoparietal area, a considerable portion of the brain was missing there.

(he gestures to his head)

CUT TO Dr. McClelland on the stand.

**MCCLELLAND**

...almost a fifth or perhaps a quarter of the back of the head - this area here...

(he indicates his head)

...had been blasted out along with the brain tissue there. The exit hole in the rear of his head was about 120 mm. across. There was also a large piece of skull attached to a flap of skin in the right temporal area.

FLASHBACK TO: Parkland Hospital Emergency Room on that day in 1963. The doctors work on the President. The wounds on the back of his head are evident but will change later in the autopsy. He is placed in a bronze casket.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Not one of the civilian doctors who examined the President at Parkland Hospital regarded his throat wound as anything but a wound of entry. The doctors found no wounds of entry in the back of the head. But the body was then illegally moved to Washington for the autopsy.

CUT TO: the Secret Service team preparing to wheel the casket out. The Dallas Medical Examiner, Dr. Rose, backed by a justice of the peace, bars the way. A furious wrestling match ensues.

**MEDICAL EXAMINER**

Texas Law, sir, requires the autopsy be done here. You're not taking him with you!

**KENNY O'DONNELL**

Sonofabitch, you're not telling me what to do! Get the hell outta the

way!

The Secret Service agents put the doctor and judge up against the wall at gunpoint and sweep out of the hospital.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Because when a coup d'etat has occurred there's a big difference between an autopsy performed by civilian doctors and one by military doctors working for the government.

FLASHBACK TO: Love Field the same day. We see Air Force One taking off and a photo of L.B.J. being sworn in.

**JIM (V.O.)**

The departure of Air Force One from Love Field that Friday afternoon was not so much a takeoff as it was a getaway with the newly sworn in President.

**DYMOND (V.O.)**

Objection, your honor.

**JUDGE**

Sustained.

**JIM (V.O.)**

On the plane, of course, Lee Harvey Oswald's guilt was announced by the White House Situation Room to the passengers before any kind of investigation had started. The "lone nut" solution is in place.

**DYMOND (V.O.)**

Objection! Your Honor!

**JUDGE**

Sustained. Mr. Garrison, would you please bottle the acid.

FLASHBACK TO: the Bethesda autopsy room in 1963. The room is crammed with military officers, Secret Service men and, at the center, three intimidated doctors. Pictures are being taken as they remove bullet fragments.

**JIM**

The three Bethesda Naval Hospital doctors picked by the Military left something to be desired inasmuch as none of them had experience with combat gunfire wounds. Through their autopsy we have been able to justify eight wounds - three to Kennedy,

five to Connally - from just two bullets, one of these bullets the "magic bullet".

CUT TO: Jim in court with a series of drawings indicating with arrows entry and exit wounds to Kennedy's neck and head. Dr. Finck is on the stand, erect, very precise, and irritated.

**JIM**

Colonel Finck, are you saying someone told you not to dissect the neck?

**FINCK**

I was told that the family wanted examination of the head.

**JIM**

As a pathologist it was your obligation to explore all possible causes of death, was it not?

**FINCK**

I had the cause of death.

**JIM**

Your Honor, I would ask you to direct the witness to answer my question. Why did Colonel Finck not dissect the track of the bullet wound in the neck?

**FINCK**

Well I heard Dr. Humes stating that - he said...

FLASHBACK TO: Bethesda autopsy room.

**HUMES**

Who's in charge here?

**ARMY GENERAL**

I am.

**FINCK (V.O.)**

I don't remember his name. You must understand it was quite crowded, and when you are called in circumstances like that to look at the wound of the President who is dead, you don't look around too much to ask people for their names and who they are.

**JIM (V.O.)**

But you were a qualified pathologist. Was this Army general a qualified pathologist?

**FINCK (V.O.)**

No.

**JIM (V.O.)**

But you took his orders. He was directing the autopsy.

**FINCK (V.O.)**

No, because there were others. There were admirals.

**JIM (V.O.)**

There were admirals.

**FINCK (V.O.)**

Oh yes, there were admirals - and when you are a lieutenant colonel in the Army you just follow orders, and at the end of the autopsy we were specifically told - as I recall it was Admiral Kenney, the Surgeon General of the Navy - we were specifically told not to discuss the case.

**KENNEY**

(in Bethesda scene)

Gentlemen, what you've seen in this room is intensely private to the Kennedy family and it is not our business to...

Jim turns away from the jury. His point is made. Finck is no longer on the stand.

**JIM**

In addition to which, 1) the chief pathologist, Commander Humes, by his own admission voluntarily burned his autopsy notes, 2) never released the autopsy photos to the public, 3) President Johnson ordered the blood soaked limousine filled with bullet holes and clues to be immediately washed and rebuilt, 4) sent John Connally's bloody suit right to the cleaners, and 5) when my office finally got a court order to examine President Kennedy's brain in the National Archives in the hopes of finding from what direction the bullets came, we were told by the government the President's brain had disappeared!

There's a pause, and then a murmur from the court. Jim is on a roll and knows it. The faces in the courtroom are with him, absorbed, horrified. The law students are still there, they have been since day one. But it is Liz's interest that touches him the most.

**JIM**

So what really happened that day?  
Let's just for a moment speculate,  
shall we? We have the epileptic  
seizure around 12:15 P.M....  
distracting the police, making it  
easier for the shooters to move into  
their places. The epileptic later  
vanished, never checking into the  
hospital. The A Team gets on the  
6th floor of the Book Depository...

FLASHBACK TO: the Book Depository, 1963. A shooter and two spotters dressed as working men move into the Oswald spot. One spotter produces the Mannlicher-Carcano.

**JIM (V.O.)**

They were refurbishing the floors in  
the Depository that week, which  
allowed unknown workmen in and out  
of the building. The men move quickly  
into position just minutes before  
the shooting.

The camera takes the shooter's point of view: we see down the street through a scope. His spotter wears a radio earpiece. The second spotter is working out of the southeast window.

**JIM (V.O.)**

The second spotter is probably calling  
all the shots on a radio to the two  
other teams. He has the best overall  
view - "the God spot".

Inside the Dal-Tex Building, a shooter and a spotter dressed as air-conditioning men move into a small second-story textile storage room.

**JIM (V.O.)**

B Team - one rifleman and one spotter  
with a headset, with access to the  
building - moves into a low floor of  
the Dal-Tex Building.

At the picket fence a shooter in a Dallas Police uniform moves into place, aiming up Elm Street. His spotter has a radio to his ear. Another man in a Secret Service suit moves further down the fence.

**JIM (V.O.)**

The third team, the C Team, moves in behind the picket fence above the Grassy Knoll, where the shooter and the spotter are first seen by the late Lee Bowers in the watchtower of the railyard. They have the best position of all. Kennedy is close and on a flat low trajectory.

Part of this team is a coordinator who's flashed security credentials at several people, chasing them out of the parking lot area.

An "agent" in tie and suit moves on the underpass, keeping an eye out.

In the crowd on Elm Street, we catch brief glimpses of the umbrella man and the Cuban, neither of them watching Kennedy, both looking around to their teams. There is a third man, heavyset, in a construction helmet.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Probably two to three more men are down in the crowd on Elm... ten to twelve men... three teams, three shooters. The triangulation of fire Clay Shaw and David Ferrie discussed two months before. They've walked the Plaza, they know every inch. They've calibrated their sights, practiced on moving targets. They're ready. It's going to be a turkey shoot. Kennedy's motorcade makes the turn from Main onto Houston.

J.F.K. waves and turns in slow motion.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Six witnesses see two gunmen on the sixth floor of the Depository moving around. Some of them think they're policemen with rifles.

From Houston Street we look up at the sixth floor of the Book Depository and see the shooter moving around. Arnold Rowland points him out to his wife.

**ARNOLD**

(under)  
...probably a security agent.

In the Dallas County Jail, Johnny Powell is one of many convicts housed on the sixth floor - the same height as the men in the Book Depository. We look across to the Depository through cell bars. Johnny and various cell mates are watching

two men in the sixth floor of the Depository.

**JIM (V.O.)**

John Powell, a prisoner on the sixth floor of the Dallas County Jail, sees them.

**POWELL**

(under)

...quite a few of us saw them. Everybody was hollering and yelling and that. We thought it was security guys...

**JIM (V.O.)**

...they don't shoot him coming up Houston, which is the easiest shot for a single shooter in the Book Depository, but they wait till he gets to the killing zone between three rifles. Kennedy makes the final turn from Houston onto Elm, slowing down to some 11 miles per hour.

All the shooters tighten, taking aim. It's a tense moment.

**JIM (V.O.)**

The shooters across Dealey Plaza tighten, taking their aim across their sights... waiting for the radio to say "Green Green!" or "Abort Abort!"

The camera is on Kennedy waving. A MONTAGE follows - all the faces in the square that we've introduced in the movie now appear one after the other, watching - the killers, the man with the umbrella, the Newman family, Mary Moorman photographing, Jean Hill, Abraham Zapruder filming it, S.M. Holland, Patrolman Harkness... INTERCUT with the Zapruder and Nix films on J.F.K. in the final seconds coming abreast of the Stemmons Freeway sign.

**JIM (V.O.)**

The first shot rings out.

CUT TO the Dal-Tex shooter firing. We see the back of Kennedy's through his gun sight. Kennedy (stand in) reacts in the Zapruder film.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Sounding like a backfire, it misses completely... Frame 161, Kennedy stops waving as he hears something. Connally turns his head slightly to the right.

Everything goes off very fast now. Repeating intercuts are slowed down with shots of Kennedy reacting in the Zapruder film.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Frame 193 - the second shot hits Kennedy in the throat from the front.  
Frame 225 - the President emerging from the road sign. He obviously has been hit, raising his arms to his throat.

CUT TO: the picket fence shooter hitting him from the fence. We see Kennedy (stand in) from the point of view of his telescopic sight. In the Zapruder film, we see Kennedy clutch his throat.

**JIM**

Frame 232, the third shot - the President has been hit in the back, drawing him downward and forward. Connally, you will notice, shows no signs at all of being hit. He is visibly holding his Stetson which is impossible if his wrist has been shattered.

CUT TO: the Dal-Tex shooter. We see Kennedy from his point of view, and the Zapruder film in slow motion.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Connally's turning now here. Frame 238... the fourth shot misses Kennedy and takes Connally in the back. This is the key shot that proves two rifles from the rear. This is 1.6 seconds after the third shot, and we know no manual bolt action rifle can be recycled in that time. Connally is hit, his mouth drops, he yells out, "My God, they're going to kill us all"... Here...

CUT TO: the sixth floor shooter firing rapidly and missing Kennedy but hitting Connally (stand in).

**JIM (V.O.)**

...the umbrella man is signalling "He's not dead. Keep shooting."  
James Tague down at the underpass is hit sometime now by another shot that misses.

CUT TO: the umbrella man pumping his umbrella. The Cuban is looking off. The man on the curb in the construction helmet



is looking not at J.F.K. but up at the Book Depository.

**JIM (V.O.)**

The car brakes. The fifth and fatal shot - frame 313 - takes Kennedy in the head from the front...

CUT TO the picket fence shooter. We see J.F.K. from his point of view. He fires, and then we see Kennedy in the Zapruder film flying backwards and to his left in a ferocious, conclusive spray of blood and brain tissue. We repeat the shot.

**JIM (V.O.)**

This is the key shot. Watch it again. The President going back to his left. Shot from the front and right. Totally inconsistent with the shot from the Depository. Again - (repeats)... back and two the left. (he repeats it like a mantra)... back and to the left... back and to the left.

Kennedy's car speeds off. Jackie is like a crawling animal in a pillbox hat on the back of the car. The people on the other side of the underpass wave innocently as the car speeds through with it's horrifying contents. Pigeons fly off the rooftop of the Book Depository.

**JIM (V.O.)**

What happens then? Pandemonium. The shooters quickly disassemble their various weapons, all except the Oswald rifle.

CUT TO: sixth floor spotter dumping the Mannlicher - Carcano in a corner as he leaves... and then to the Dal-Tex spotter and shooter, who break down the gun and move out... and then to the spotter with the fence shooter, who quickly breaks down the weapon, throwing it in the trunk of a car parked at the fence. He walks away. The fence shooter, dressed as a policeman, blends with the crowd.

CUT TO: the umbrella man and the Cuban sitting quietly together on the north side of the curb of Elm Street.

CUT TO: stunned, confused, people in the crowd - some lying on the ground, some running for the Grassy Knoll.

Back in the courtroom, patrolman Joe Smith is on the stand.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Patrolman Joe Smith rushed into the parking lot behind the fence. He smelled gunpowder.

FLASHBACK TO: the picket fence area where, with his gun drawn, Smith rushes across to a man standing by a car who reacts quickly, producing credentials. He is one of the hoboes. There's a strange moment when the camera moves from Smith's eyes to the man's fingernails.

**SMITH (V.O.)**

...the character produces credentials from his pocket which showed him to be Secret Service. So I accepted that and let him go and continued our search. But I regretted it, 'cause this guy looked like an auto mechanic. He had on a sports shirt and pants, but he had dirty fingernails. Afterwards it didn't ring true, but at the time we were so pressed for time.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Yet all Secret Servicemen in Dallas that day are accounted for. None were on foot in Dealey Plaza before or after the shooting, till Dallas Secret Service Chief Forrest Sorrels returned at 12:55.

Back in the courtroom, Liz is totally absorbed. Jim exchanges looks with her. The camera movies in for a close - up of Jim.

**JIM**

(pausing for effect)

What else was going on in Dealey Plaza that day? At least 12 other individuals were taken into custody by Dallas police. No records of their arrests. Men acting like hoboes were being pulled off trains, marched through Dealey Plaza, photographed, and yet there is no records of their arrests.

FLASHBACK TO: the three hoboes being arrested ... marching across Dealey Plaza. The hoboes look familiar now.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Men identifying themselves as Secret Service Agents were all over the place. But who was impersonating them?

FLASHBACK TO: men in suits, ties, and hats moving people out of the parking lot area ... turning a policeman back.

FLASHBACK TO: the Cuban, putting away a radio, and the umbrella man, who now rise and leave the area in opposite directions.

**JIM (V.O.)**

And where was Lee Oswald? Probably in the second floor snack room. Eddie Piper and William Shelly saw Oswald eating lunch in the first floor lunch room around twelve. Around 12:15, on her way out of the building to see the motorcade, secretary Carolyn Arnold saw Oswald in the second floor snack room, where he said he went for a Coke...

In the second floor lunchroom of the Book Depository we see Carolyn Arnold, a pregnant secretary, crossing past Oswald, who is in a booth.

**CAROLYN ARNOLD (V.O.)**

He was sitting in one of the booths on the right hand side of the room. He was alone as usual and appeared to be having lunch. I did not speak to him but I recognized clearly. I remember it was 12:15 or later. It coulda been 12:25, five minutes before the assassination, I don't exactly remember. I was pregnant and I had a craving for a glass of water.

On the sixth floor of the depository, Bonnie Ray Williams is eating a chicken lunch, alone.

**JIM**

**(VO)**

At the same time, Bonnie Ray Williams is supposedly eating his chicken lunch on the sixth floor, at least until 12:15, maybe 12:20 ... he sees nobody.

On the street, Arnold Rowland and his wife look up at the sixth floor windows and we see, from their point of view, two shadowy figures...

**JIM (V.O.)**

Down on the street, Arnold Rowland was seeing two men in the sixth floor windows... presumably after Bonnie Ray Williams finished his lunch and left.

We see footage of J.F.K. coming up Houston - waving.

Oswald walks into the second floor lunchroom as policeman Marrion Baker runs in, gun at his side. He is about 30 feet from Oswald. Roy Truly, the superintendent, runs in a moment later.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Kennedy was running five minutes late for his appointment with death. He was due at 12:25. If Oswald was the assassin, he was certainly pretty non-chalant about getting himself into position. Later he told Dallas police he was standing in the second floor snackroom. Probably told to wait there for a phone call by his handler. The phones were in the adjacent and empty second floor offices, but the call never came. A maximum 90 seconds after Kennedy is shot, patrolman Marrion Baker runs into Oswald in that second story lunchroom.

**BAKER**

Hey you!

(to Truly)

Do you know this man? Is he an employee?

**TRULY**

Yes he is.

(as Baker moves on)

The President's been shot!

Oswald reacts as if hearing it for the first time. Truly and Baker continue running up the stairs. Oswald proceeds to get a Coke and continues out of the room.

CUT TO: the sixth floor, where we see Oswald as the shooter. After firing, he runs full speed for the stairs, stashing the rifle on the other side of the loft. Our camera follows him roughly down stairs - we hear the loud sound of his shoes banging on the hollow wood - to the lunchroom, where Patrolman Baker and Superintendent Truly run in. Then they start to repeat the same action as seen in the previous scene.

**JIM (V.O.)**

...but what the Warren Report would have us believe is that after firing 3 bolt action shots in 5.6 seconds, Oswald then leaves three cartridges neatly side by side in the firing nest, wipes the rifle clear of fingerprints, stashes the rifle on the other side of the loft, sprints down five flights of stairs, past

witnesses Victoria Adams and Sandra Styles who never see him, and then shows up cool and calm on the second floor in front of Patrolman Baker - all this within a maximum 90 seconds of the shooting. Is he out of breath? According to Baker, absolutely not.

CUT TO: the second floor. Oswald ambles past Mrs. Reid, a secretary in the second floor office, on his way out, Coke bottle in hand and wearing his usual dreamy look... there's a lingering close - up on his face.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Assuming he is the sole assassin, Oswald is now free to escape from the building. The longer he delays, the more chance the building will be sealed by the police. Is he guilty? Does he walk out the nearest staircase? No, he buys a Coke and at a slow pace, spotted by Mrs. Reid in the second floor office, he strolls out the more distant front exit, where the cops start to gather...

Outside, we see Oswald stroll out the door of the Book Depository into the crowd. He heads for the bus stop to the east.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Oddly, considering three shots are supposed to have come from there, nobody seals the Depository for ten more minutes. Oswald slips out, as do several other employees. Of course, when he realized something had gone wrong and the President really had been shot, he knew there was a problem. He may even have known he was the patsy. An intuition maybe - the President killed in spite of his warning. The phone call that never came. Perhaps fear now came to Lee Oswald. He wasn't going to stand around for roll call.

Back in the courtroom, Jim continues speaking:

**JIM**

The story gets pretty confusing now - more twists in it than a watersnake. Richard Carr says he saw four men take off from the Book Depository in a Rambler that possibly belongs to Janet Williams. Deputy Roger Craig

says two men picked up Oswald in the same Rambler a few minutes later. Other people say Oswald took a bus out of there, and then because he was stuck in traffic, he hopped a cab to his rooming house in Oak Cliff...

FLASHBACK TO: Oswald's boarding house. Oswald enters his room, passing Earlene Roberts, the heavysset white housekeeper.

**JIM (V.O.)**

...we must assume he wanted to get back in touch with his intell team, probably at a safehouse or at the Texas Theatre, but how could he be sure? He didn't know who to trust anymore...

**ROBERTS**

(watching TV)

My God, did you see that, Mr. Lee?  
A man shot the President.

The camera closes in on Oswald's perplexed face. Earlene peeks out the shades as she hears two short honks on a horn.

Outside is a black police car driven by Tippit. Also in the car is the fence shooter, dressed as a Dallas policeman. The car drives by, honks twice, waits, then moves away. During this visual, we see the fence shooter changing his uniform into civilian clothes.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Oswald returns to this rooming house around 1 P.M., half hour after the assassination, puts on his jacket, grabs his .38 revolver, leaves at 1:04... Earlene Roberts, the housekeeper, says she heard two beeps on a car horn and two uniformed cops pulled up to the house while Oswald was in his room, like it was a signal or something... Officer Tippit is shot between 1:10 and 1:15 about a mile away. Though no one actually saw him walking or jogging, the Government says Oswald covered that distance. Incidentally, that walk, if he did it, is in a straight line toward Jack Ruby's house. Giving the government the benefit of the doubt, Oswald would have had to jog a mile in six to eleven minutes and commit the murder, then reverse direction and walk 3/5 of a mile to

the Texas Theatre and arrive sometime before 1:30. That's some walking.

On a street, Oswald walks alone, fast. A police car pulls up alongside him on 10th Street. Oswald leans on the passenger side of the window. Officer Tippit, suspicious, gets out to question him. Oswald pulls his .38 revolver and shoots him down in the street with 5 shots.

**JIM (V.O.)**

It's also a useful conclusion. After all, why else would Oswald kill Officer Tippit, unless he just shot the President and feared arrest? Not one credible witness could identify Oswald as Tippit's killer.

Domingo Benavides, hidden in his truck only a few yards away, watches as another unidentified man (not seen before) shoots and walks away.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Domingo Benavides, the closest witness to the shooting, refused to identify Oswald as the killer and was never taken to a lineup.

We see Acquilla Clemons, a black woman, looking on. She watches as two men kill Tippit. One of them resembles the fence shooter. The other one is a mystery figure, seen before in the fringes. The men walk off quickly in opposite directions. We notice a policeman's uniform hanging in the back seat of Tippit's car.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Acquilla Clemons saw the killer with another man and says they went off in separate directions. Mrs. Clemons was never taken to lineup or to the Warren Commission. Mr. Frank Wright, who saw the killer run away, stated flatly that the killer was not Lee Oswald. Oswald is found with a .38 revolver. Tippit is killed with a .38 automatic. At the scene of the crime Officer J.M. Poe marks the shells with his initials to record the chain of evidence.

CUT TO: Policeman Poe marking the bullets.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Those initials are not on the three cartridge cases which the Warren Commission presents to him.

On a Dallas avenue near the Texas Theatre, Oswald moves along, spooked. Police cars roar by with sirens blaring. Johnny Brewer, in a shoestore, spots him and follows him.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Oswald is next seen by shoe salesman Johnny Brewer lurking along Jefferson Avenue. Oswald is scared. He begins to realize the full implications of this thing. He goes into the Texas Theatre, possibly his prearranged meeting point, but though he has \$14 in his pocket, he does not buy the 75-cent ticket. Brewer has the cashier call the police.

Outside the Texas Theatre Oswald walks past the cashier, who is out on the sidewalk watching the police cars go by. A double feature is playing - Cry of Battle with Van Heflin and War is Hell. He goes in.

CUT TO: 30 officers arriving at the theatre in a fleet of patrol cars.

**JIM (V.O.)**

In response to the cashier's call, at least thirty officers in a fleet of patrol cars descend on the movie theatre. This has to be the most remarkable example of police intuition since the Reichstag fire. I don't buy it. They knew - someone knew - Oswald was going to be there. In fact, as early as 12:44, only 14 minutes after the assassination, the police radio put out a description matching Oswald's size and build. Brewer says the man was wearing a jacket, but the police say the man who shot Tippit left his jacket behind. Butch Burroughs, theatre manager, says Oswald bought some popcorn from him at the time of the Tippit slaying. Burroughs and witness Bernard Haire also said there was an Oswald look - alike taken from the theatre. Perhaps it was he who sneaked into the theatre just after  
**1:30.**

Inside the theatre, Cry of Battle is on the screen. Twelve to fourteen spectators sit scattered between the balcony and ground floor. Brewer leads the officers onto the stage and the lights come on. He points to Oswald.

**JIM (V.O.)**



In any case, Brewer helpfully leads the cops into the theatre and from the stage points Oswald out...

The cops advance on Oswald, who jumps up, as if expecting to be shot.

**OSWALD**

This is it!

**POLICEMAN**

Kill the President, will you?

Scared, Oswald takes a swing at a policeman. He pulls out his gun. The officers close in on him from the rear and front. A wrestling and shoving match ensues. One officer gets a chokehold on Oswald and another one hits him.

**JIM (V.O.)**

The cops have their man! It was already been decided - in Washington.

Outside the theatre, Oswald, his eye blackened, is led out by the phalanx of officers. They are surrounded by an angry crowd.

**CROWD**

Kill him! Kill him!

**JIM (V.O.)**

Dr. Best, Himmler's right hand man in the Gestapo, once said "as long as the police carries out the will of the leadership, it is acting legally." That mindset allowed for 400 political murders in the Weimar Republic of 1923 - 32, where the courts were controlled and the guilty acquitted. Oswald must've felt like Josef K in Kafka's "The Trial". He was never told the reason of his arrest, he does not know the unseen forces ranging against him, he cries out his outrage in the police lineup just like Josef K excoriates the judge for not being told the charges against him. But the state is deaf. The quarry is caught. By the time he is brought from the theatre, a large crowd is waiting to scream at him. By the time he reaches police headquarters, he is booked for murdering Tippit...

At the Dallas police station, Dallas Police Captain Will Fritz takes a call from a high official in Washington. In

the background we notice Lee Oswald continuing to be questioned by federal agents. We hear Johnson's distinctive Texas drawl but we never see him.

**JIM (V.O.)**

No legal counsel is provided. No record made of the long questioning.

**HIGH OFFICIAL VOICE**

Howdy there, Cap'n. Thanks for taking care of us down in Dallas. Lady Bird and I will always be grateful.

**FRITZ**

Thank you, Mr. President. We're doing our best.

**HIGH OFFICIAL VOICE**

Cap'n, I know you're working like a hound dog down there to get this mess wrapped up, but I gotta tell you there's too much confusion coming out of Dallas now. The TVs and the papers are full of rumour 'bout conspiracies. Two gunmen, two rifles, the Russkies done it, the Cubans done it, that kinda loose talk, it's carin' the shit outta people, bubba'. This thing could lead us into a war that could cost 40 million lives. We got to show'em we got this thing under control. No question, no doubts, for the good of our country... you hear me?

**FRITZ**

Yes, sir.

**HIGH OFFICIAL VOICE**

Cap'n, you got your man, the investigation's over, that's what people want to hear.

The camera closes in on Oswald in the background. He turns to an unseen Deputy, sad.

**OSWALD**

Now everyone will know who I am.

**JIM (V.O.)**

By the time the sun rose the next morning, he is booked for murdering the President. The whole country - fueled by the media - assumes he's guilty.

In an underground police garage, we see Jack Ruby being allowed in via an interior staircase by his police contact. He moves towards the outer edge of reporters, nervous.

Oswald comes out with his two guards. We see a repeat of the assassination in stop time... Ruby's eyes, Oswald's... do they recognize each other?

**JIM (V.O.)**

Under the guise of a patriotic nightclub owner out to spare Jackie Kennedy from having to testify at a trial, Jack Ruby is shown into the underground garage by one of his inside men on the Dallas Police Force, and when he's ready Oswald is brought out like a sacrificial lamb and nicely disposed of as an enemy of the people. By early Sunday afternoon, the autopsy has been completed on him. Who grieves for Lee Harvey Oswald? Buried in a cheap grave under the name "Oswald"? No one.

We see Oswald dying on the floor of the police station. A paramedic pushes in and starts administering artificial respiration, which only aggravates the internal hemorrhaging.

At a Texas cemetery, Oswald's mother weeps. Oswald is buried with a few people present, but there are no details, no dates. We see Marina whisked out by agents.

CUT TO Kennedy's funeral, which, in contrast, attracts thousands of mourners.

**JIM (V.O.)**

Within minutes false statements and press leaks about Lee Oswald circulate the globe.

FLASHBACK TO X: reading about it in the New Zealand Airport, and then back to the courtroom in 1969.

**JIM**

The Official Legend is created and the media takes it from there. The glitter of official lies and the epic splendor of the thought-numbing funeral of J.F.K. confuse the eye and confound the understanding. Hitler always said "the bigger the lie, the more people will believe it." Lee Oswald - a crazed, lonely man who wanted attention and got it by killing a President, was only the first in a long line of patsies. In

later years Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King, men whose commitment to change and to peace would make them dangerous to men who are committed to war, would follow, also killed by such "lonely, crazed men," who remove our guilt by making murder a meaningless act of a loner. We have all become Hamlets in our country - children of a slain father - leader whose killers still possess the throne. The ghost of John F. Kennedy confronts us with the secret murder at the heart of the American dream. He forces on us the appalling questions: Of what is our Constitution made? What is our citizenship, and more, our lives worth? What is the future of a democracy where a President can be assassinated under conspicuously suspicious circumstances while the machinery of legal action scarcely trembles? How many political murders, disguised as heart attacks, cancer, suicides, airplane and car crashes, drug overdoses will occur before they are exposed for what they are?

Liz watches, moved. Susie, Al and Numa are also there for the summation. Even Lou Ivon has come back to support his friend.

#### **JIM**

"Treason doth never prosper," wrote an English poet, "What's the reason? For if it prosper, none dare call it treason." The generals who sent Dreyfus to Devils Island were among the most honorable men in France, the men who killed Caesar were among the most honorable men in Rome. And the men who killed Kennedy, no doubt, were honorable men. I believe we have reached a time in our country, similar to what life must've been like under Hitler in the 30's, except we don't realize it because Fascism in our country takes the benign disguise of liberal democracy. There won't be such familiar signs as swastikas. We won't build Dachaus and Auschwitzes. We're not going to wake up one morning and suddenly find ourselves in gray uniforms goose - stepping off to work ... "Fascism

will come," Huey Long once said. "in the name of anti-fascism" - it will come in the name of your security - they call it "National Security," it will come with the mass media manipulating a clever concentration camp of the mind. The super state will provide you tranquility above the truth, the super state will make you believe you are living in the best of all possible worlds, and in order to do so will rewrite history as it sees fit. George Orwell's Ministry of Truth warned us, "Who controls the past, controls the future."

The camera follows Jim around the courtroom.

#### **JIM**

The American people have yet to see the Zapruder film. Why? The American people have yet to see the real photographs and X - rays of the autopsy. Why? There are hundreds of documents that could help prove this conspiracy. Why have they been withheld or burned by the Government? Each time my office or you the people have asked those questions, demanded crucial evidence, the answer from on high has been "national security." What kind of "national security" do we have when we have been robbed of our leaders? Who determines our "national security"? What "national security" permits the removal of fundamental power from the hands of the American people and validates the ascendancy of invisible government in the United States? That kind of "national security," gentlemen of the jury, is when it smells like it, feels like it, and looks like it, you call it what it is - it's Fascism! I submit to you that what took place on November 22, 1963 was a coup d'etat. Its most direct and tragic result was a reversal of President Kennedy's commitment to withdraw from Vietnam. War is the biggest business in America worth \$80 billion a year. The President was murdered by a conspiracy planned in advance at the highest levels of the United States government and carried out by

fanatical and disciplined Cold Warriors in the Pentagon and CIA's covert operations apparatus - among them Clay Shaw here before you. It was a public execution and it was covered up by like - minded individuals in the Dallas Police Department, the Secret Service, the FBI, and the White House - all the way up to and including J. Edgar Hoover and Lyndon Johnson, whom I consider accomplices after the fact.

The camera holds on onlookers shuffling and murmuring. Clay Shaw smirks, smoking his cigarette. The very grandiosity of the charge works in his favor. Jim is falling apart from built - up strain and fatigue. He looks over at Liz, gathering his spirit.

**JIM (V.O.)**

There is a very simple way to determine if I am being paranoid here.

(laughter)

Let's ask the two men who have profited the most from the assassination - your former President Lyndon Baines Johnson and your new President, Richard Nixon - to release 51 CIA documents pertaining to Lee Oswald and Jack Ruby, or the secret CIA memo on Oswald's activities in Russia that was "destroyed" while being photocopied. All these documents are yours - the people's property - you pay for it, but because the government considers you children who might be too disturbed to face this reality, because you might lynch those involved, you cannot see these documents for another 75 years. I'm in my 40's, so I'll have shuffled off this mortal coil by then, but I'm already telling my 8 year - old son to keep himself physically fit so that one glorious September morning in 2038 he can walk into the National Archives and find out what the CIA and the FBI knew. They may even push it back then. It may become a generational affair, with questions passed down from father to son, mother to daughter, in the manner of the ancient runic bards. Someday somewhere, someone might find out the damned Truth. Or we might just

build ourselves a new Government  
like the Declaration of Independence  
says we should do when the old one  
ain't working - maybe a little farther  
out West.

He approaches the jury.

**JIM**

An American naturalist wrote, "a patriot must always be ready to defend his country against its government." Well, I'd hate to be in your shoes today. You have a lot to think about. Going back to when we were children, I think most of us in this courtroom thought that justice came into being automatically, that virtue was its own reward, that good would triumph over evil. But as we get older we know that this just isn't true. "The frontier is where a man faces a fact." Individual human beings have to create justice and this is not easy because truth often presents a threat to power and we have to fight power often at great risk to ourselves. People like Julia Ann Mercer, S.M. Holland, Lee Bowers, Jean Hill, and Willie O'Keefe have come forward and taken that risk.

(he produces a stack  
of letters)

I have here some \$8000 in these letters sent to my office from all over the country - quarters, dimes, dollar bills from housewives, plumbers, car salesmen, teachers, invalids ... These are the people who cannot afford to send money but do, these are the ones who drive the cabs, who nurse in the hospitals, who see their kids go to Vietnam. Why? Because they care, because they want to know the truth - because they want their country back, because it belongs to us the people as long as the people got the guts to fight for what they believe in! The truth is the most important value we have because if the truth does not endure, if the Government murders truth, if you cannot respect the hearts of these people...

(shaking the letters)

...then this is no longer the country

in which we were born in and this is not the country I want to die in... And this was never more true than for John F. Kennedy whose murder was probably the most terrible moment in the history of our country. You the people, you the jury system, in sitting in judgement on Clay Shaw, represent the hope of humanity against Government power. In discharging your duty, in bringing the first conviction in this house of cards against Clay Shaw, "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country." Do not forget your young President who forfeited his life. Show the world this is still a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. Nothing as long as you live will ever be more important.  
(he stares into the camera)  
It's up to you.

He returns to the table and sits. The courtroom is still.

CUT TO: later in the same courtroom. The jury files in, having reached a verdict. Jim, prepared, sits with his staff and Liz. The jury foreman enters the courtroom.

**JURY FOREMAN**

We find Clay Shaw... not guilty on all counts.

There's jubilation and commotion in the Court. Shaw stands, happily shaking hands all over... Members of the press run for the phones. In the corridor outside the courtroom, the press interviews the jury foreman.

**FOREMAN**

We believe there was a conspiracy, but whether Clay Shaw was a part of it is another kettle of fish.

The camera moves to Jim, who walks out past the banks of reporters. TV lights are in his face. Liz is by his side.

**ENGLISH REPORTER**

Mr. Garrison, the American media is reporting this as a full vindication of the Warren Commission, do you...

**JIM**

I think all it proves is you cannot run a trial even questioning the



intelligence operations of the government in the light of day.

**NEWSMAN 13**

We understand that The Times - Picayune will call for your resignation - unfit to hold office. You've ruined Clay Shaw's reputation - are you going to resign?

**JIM**

Hell, no. I'm gonna run again. And I'm gonna win. Thank you very much. If it takes me 30 years to nail every one of the assassins, then I will continue this investigation for 30 years. I owe that not only to Jack Kennedy, but to my country.

He and Liz squeeze hands as they walk on.

**DISSOLVE TO WASHINGTON, D.C. - (1970)**

Jim waits on the same park bench as earlier in the film, overlooking the Mall or the Lincoln Monument... as X walks up, a little grayer, a little more stooped, wearing ill fitting civilian clothes.

**JIM**

Well, thanks for coming.

**X**

You didn't get that break you needed, but you went as far as any man could, bubba.

(he sits next to Jim)

What can I do for you?

**JIM**

Just speculating, I guess. How do you think it started?

**X**

I think it started in the wind. Money - arms, big oil, Pentagon people, contractors, bankers, politicians like L.B.J. were committed to a war in Southeast Asia. As early as '61 they knew Kennedy was going to change things... He was not going to war in Southeast Asia. Who knows? Probably some boardroom or lunchroom somewhere - Houston, New York - hell, maybe Bonn, Germany... who knows, it's international now.

CUT TO: a New York lunch club or executive dining room. From the window we have a towering view of the City. Four men in their 50's to 70's - old men, rich men, talk at a quiet table. Their figures are shadowy and we overhear their conversation obliquely, across faces flared out by sun bouncing off the skyscraper window.

**X (V.O.)**

One worried sonofabitch with a few million dollars turns to the others... with a few million dollars... and says something pretty direct like...

**RICH MAN 1**

The sonofabitch is gonna get re-elected by a bigger vote than ever in '64. It's gonna be worse than Roosevelt. The country won't survive as we know it.

**RICH MAN 2**

I agree, Bob, it can't go on.  
(he looks to Man 3)

**RICH MAN 3**

...and Bobby in '68? Something's got to be done.

Looks pass among them. There's a pause, and then...

**RICH MAN 1**

He's gotta go, Lou. The election's gotta be stopped.

There is a breathless moment with the thought in the air.

**RICH MAN 1**

I talk to a lot of people. I know I'm not the only one thinking this.

**RICH MAN 2**

What's the feeling in Washington, Jack?

FLASHBACK TO: the Pentagon in 1962.

**X (V.O.)**

...so calls are made. Down to Washington. All over the world. They start talking about it. A few people here, there. Just conversations, nothing more...

We see a general meeting with another general. They talk.

**X (V.O.)**

Generals, Admirals, CIA people, and probably some people on the inside of Kennedy's staff - young, brilliant Judases, ready to go to war in Southeast Asia...

FLASHBACK TO: the White House, 1962. A general talks to one of Kennedy's staff - a bespectacled, bright young Harvard type.

**X (V.O.)**

...and maybe a Vice-President getting separate memos from Vietnam, eager to get his backers the billions of dollars in contracts for Southeast Asia...

In a White House office, Lyndon Johnson meets with a cabinet member, a contractor, and two military men.

**X (V.O.)**

Kennedy, like Caesar, is surrounded with enemies. Something is underway but it has no face. Yet everyone in the loop knows...

The camera shows Washington, D.C. buildings from strange angles. The feeling is still, weird, angled, alien. The buildings are twisted.

**X (V.O.)**

Money is at stake. Big money. A hundred billion. The Kennedy brothers target voting districts for defense dollars. They give TFX fighter contracts only to the counties that are going to make a difference in '64. These people fight back. Their way. One day another call is made...

In a Pentagon office, a man in civilian clothing is on the phone, his back to the screen. This is Mr. Y, X's superior officer. Shadows pervade the room. An unshuttered window overlooks the Potomac River and the White House.

**X (V.O.)**

...maybe to somebody like my superior who's been running the "Mongoose" program out of Florida and who has no love for Kennedy.

**VOICE ON PHONE**

Bill, we're going. We need your help.

**X (V.O.)**

Everything's cellulized. No one has said "he must die," there's been no vote, there's nothing on paper, there's no one to blame. It's as old as the Crucifixion: the Mafia firing squad, one blank, no one's guilty because everyone in the Power Structure who knows anything has a plausible deniability. There are no compromising connections except at the most secret point. But what's paramount is that it must succeed. No matter how many die, how much it costs, the perpetrators must be on the winning side and never subject to prosecution for anything by anyone. That is a coup d'etat.

**Y**

(into phone)

When?

**VOICE ON PHONE**

In the fall. Probably in the south. We want you to come up with a plan...

**X**

He's done it before. Other countries. Lumumba in the Congo, Trujillo, the Dominican Republic, he's working on Castro. No big deal. In September, Kennedy announces the Texas trip. At that moment, second Oswalds start popping up all over Dallas where they have the mayor and the cops in their pocket. Y flies in the assassins, maybe from the special camp we keep outside Athens, Greece - pros, maybe some locals, Cubans, Maria hire, separate teams. Does it really matter who shot from what rooftop? Part of the scenery. The assassins by now are dead or well paid and long gone...

**JIM**

Any chance of one of them confessing someday?

**X**

...don't think so. When they start to drool, they get rid of 'em. These guys are proud of what they did. They did Dealey Plaza! They took out the President of the United States! That's entertainment! And

they served their country doing it.

**JIM**

(in present)

...and your General?

**X**

...got promoted to two stars, but he was never military, you know, always CIA. Went to Vietnam, lost his credibility when we got beat over there, retired, lives in Virginia. I say hello to him when I see him at the supermarket...

**JIM**

Ever ask him?

**X**

You never ask a spook a question. No point. He'll never give you a straight answer. General Y still thinks of himself of the handsome young warrior who loved this country but loved the concept of war more.

**JIM**

His name?

**X**

Does it matter? Another technician. But an interesting thing - he was there that day in Dealey Plaza. You know how I know?

(Jim shakes his head)

That picture of yours. The hoboes... you never looked deep enough...

FLASHBACK TO: one of the hobo pictures. Next to the freight entrance of the Book Depository, Y, in a dark suit, is nonchalantly walking past the hoboes, his back to us. The camera closes in on Y.

**X (V.O.)**

I knew the man 20 years. That's him. The way he walked... arms at his side, military, the stoop, the haircut, the twisted left hand, the large class ring. What was he doing there? If anyone had asked him, he'd probably say "protection" but I'll tell you I think he was giving some kind of "okay" signal to those hoboes - they're about to get booked and he's telling 'em it's gonna be okay, they're covered. And in fact

they were - you never heard of them again.

**JIM**

...some story... the whole thing.  
It's like it never happened.

**X**

It never did.  
(he smiles tartly)

**JIM**

Just think... just think. What happened to our country .. to the world... because of that murder... Vietnam, racial conflict, breakdown of law, drugs, thought control, guilt, assassinations, secret government fear of the frontier...

**X**

I keep thinking of that day, Tuesday the 26th, the day after they buried Kennedy, L.B.J. was signing the memorandum on Vietnam with Ambassador Lodge.

FLASHBACK TO: the White House, 1963. Johnson sits across the shadowed room with Lodge and others. His Texas drawl rises and falls. He signs something unseen.

**JOHNSON**

Gentlemen, I want you to know I'm not going to let Vietnam go the way China did. I'm personally committed. I'm not going to take one soldier out of there 'til they know we mean business in Asia...

(he pauses)

You just get me elected, and I'll give you your damned war.

**X (V.O.)**

...and that was the day Vietnam started.

CUT TO: Documentary footage of - U.S. Marines arriving in full force on the beaches of Danang, March 8, 1965... as another era begins and our movie ends.

**ON A BLACK SCREEN WE READ:**

\*\* In 1975, VICTOR MARCHETTI, former executive assistant to the CIA's deputy director, stated that during high - level CIA meetings during Shaw's trial in 1969, CIA director RICHARD HELMS disclosed that CLAY SHAW and DAVID FERRIE had worked

for the Agency, and asked his assistants to make sure Mr. Shaw received Agency help at his trial.

\*\* In 1979, RICHARD HELMS, director of covert operations in 1963, admitted under oath that CLAY SHAW had Agency connections.

\*\* It is now known that in 1963, U.S. military intelligence controlled more agents than the CIA and had almost as much money to spend. It surfaced in the 1970's that the Army had long been conducting surveillance and keeping files on thousands of private citizens in the name of national security. The prime targets were dissident-left-wingers of the kind Oswald appeared to be.

\*\* CLAY SHAW died in 1974 of supposed lung cancer. No autopsy was allowed.

\*\* WILLIAM SULLIVAN, Assistant Director of the FBI, died in the early morning hours of November 9, 1977 when he was mistaken for a deer in an open field in New Hampshire. Shortly before his death, Sullivan had a preliminary hearing with the HSCA.

\*\* GEORGE DE MOHRENSCHILDT committed suicide just hours after HSCA investigator Gaeton Fonzi located him.

\*\* In November, 1969 JIM GARRISON was re-elected to a third term as District Attorney of Orleans Parish. In June of 1971, he was arrested by Federal Agents on charges of allowing payoffs on pinball gambling by organized crime. In September of 1973, after defending himself in Federal Court, he was quickly found not guilty of charges that appear to have been framed against him. Less than six weeks later, he was narrowly defeated for a fourth term as District Attorney.

\*\* In 1978, Garrison was elected Judge of the Louisiana State Court of Appeal in New Orleans. He was re-elected in 1988. To this date, he has brought the only public prosecution in the Kennedy killing.

\*\* ELIZABETH and Jim were divorced in 1978. He now lives in the same house he lived in with Elizabeth. She lives a block away. Their five children are grown.

\*\* SOUTHEAST ASIA: 58,000 American lives, 2 million Asian lives, \$220 billion spent, 10 million Americans air-lifted there by commercial aircraft, more than 5,000 helicopters lost, 6.5 million tons of bombs dropped.

\*\* A Congressional Investigation from 1976 - 1979 found a "probable conspiracy" in the assassination of John F. Kennedy and recommended the Justice Department investigate further. As of 1991, the Justice Department has done nothing. The files of the House Select Committee on Assassinations are locked away until the year 2029.

The camera moves onto the mottoes chiselled in the walls of the National Archives in Washington, D.C.:

"STUDY THE PAST"

"PAST IS PROLOGUE"

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY"

DEDICATED TO THE YOUNG, IN WHOSE SPIRIT THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH MARCHES ON.

FADE OUT: