

Sept. 12, 2003
Copyright © 2003

Head Shot:
The True Story of JFK's Assassination

An Original Screenplay
by
Josh Becker

[All scenes marked "Stock Shots" are in fact actual footage that does exist, and all lines of dialog within the stock shots are verbatim quotes].

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE – NIGHT

We see the White House in Washington, D.C. illuminated and standing out brightly against the black sky. A NARRATOR's voice speaks in a serious tone.

NARRATOR

On November 22nd, 1963, President John F. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas, Texas. The official, accepted story was and is that Lee Harvey Oswald, known as a poor marksman in the marine corps, was the lone nut gunman who fired three seemingly impossible shots from the sixth floor window of the Texas School Book Depository in the course of seven seconds, a feat which no marksman has ever been able to duplicate. Two days later, on November 24th, Lee Harvey Oswald was murdered in the Dallas police station by Jack Ruby, and the reason given was that Jack Ruby was so upset by the president's assassination that he couldn't help himself, even though Jack Ruby was directly connected to every major mob boss in the U.S. There has been so much conflicting speculation since 1963 about what actually occurred, that the assassination of JFK has come to be known as an "enigma within a mystery within a conundrum." Yet obviously there must be a real, actual story behind all of the mystery. This film flatly refutes the official, accepted versions of the story as entirely illogical, and will instead attempt to the very best of it's ability to show what may very well have *actually* happened . . .

FADE IN:

A title appears on the black screen that reads: “There are thousands of ways of getting at a man if it is desired that he should be killed” – Abraham Lincoln, 1865.

EXT. THE CITY OF CHICAGO, 1959 – DAY (STOCK SHOT)

Chicago is a hustling, bustling, very large American city on the go. Elevated train tracks crisscross downtown. A title reads, “May, 1959.”

EXT. THE AMBASSADOR EAST HOTEL – DAY

The Ambassador East Hotel is one of, if not the very best hotel in Chicago. A 1959 Cadillac limousine pulls up in front of the hotel. A doorman quickly rushes up and opens the limo’s back door. Stepping out of the limo is a 71-year-old man with an erect bearing, a bald head, round horn-rimmed glasses, and air of supreme arrogance. He is wearing a long dark coat and holding a cane with a large silver knob on the end. He puts a bowler hat on his large head and secures it down tightly. A subtitle reads: “JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, former Ambassador to the Court of St. James, father of John Kennedy and Robert Kennedy.” He struts through the front door of the hotel and two of his men also in bowler hats accompany him.

INT. THE PRESIDENTIAL SUITE – DAY

Joe Kennedy and his two men step up to the double-doors marked “Presidential Suite” and one of the men knocks. A tough-looking mobster opens the door and lets them in.

Sitting on the couch is a round-faced man with a slightly large nose, he’s fifty-one years old, bald on top with dark hair around the sides and back, and wears thick black-rimmed glasses. A subtitle reads: “SAM “MOONEY” GIANCANA, head of the Chicago mob and one of the most powerful underworld leaders in the world.” Sam wears a perpetual scowl, which is why he’s known as “the sour-faced Don.” Sam stands up, removes his glasses and shakes Joe’s hand.

SAM

Well, Joe, good to see you.

JOE

Sam, good to see you. It’s been a long time.

SAM

Yeah, I used to see you occasionally in Vegas, but you don’t come around no more.

JOE

Rose doesn’t like me going off to Vegas and leaving her alone anymore.

SAM

(shrugs)

Well, a man's got to do whatever he's got to do to keep his family happy, right?

JOE

(nods)

How right you are.

Sam and Joe sit down on over-stuffed easy chairs. One of Sam's men serves them iced tea. Sam pulls out a cigar case and offers one to Joe, who declines. Sam lights a cigar. They both sip their iced tea waiting for the right moment to continue. Finally, Joe speaks . . .

JOE

So, you're probably wondering why I dropped by today?

(Sam shrugs)

Well . . . I need to ask a, uh, favor.

Sam puffs his cigar.

SAM

Yeah?

JOE

The polls show that Jack is still running a little behind Nixon.

SAM

(nods)

Uh-huh.

JOE

It wouldn't take much at this point to push him up over the top, you know?

SAM

Uh-huh.

JOE

So . . . If Jack could count on the Teamster, the AFL-CIO, and Longshoreman vote, not to mention Chicago, and the rest of Illinois, which I know you control, I have no doubt that he'd win.

SAM

(nods)

He just might.

JOE

No, he would. That's all he needs to push him over the top.

SAM

Okay, so that's all he needs. What do I care?

JOE

(seriously)

You want a red-baiting, commie-hunter like Nixon in office? The man's ridiculous. He was J. Parnell Thomas's puppet, then he was Joe McCarthy's sidekick. He's a joke.

SAM

Maybe a commie-hunter is better than a fella whose little brother won't get off a lot of my friends' backs. If I say Kennedy around most of *my* friends, they think Bobby and his investigating committees, and they don't like it. And because he happens to be your son, I'm sorry, Joe, but it rubs off on you and Jack.

JOE

That's all gonna change. Once Jack's president Bobby's gonna have bigger and better things to do, I assure you.

Sam gives Joe a long hard look.

SAM

Really?

JOE

Yeah, really.

SAM

You're sure of that?

JOE

Sam, they're my sons. I'm sure. Jack wants to kick Castro's behind, then go flying off into space. He's also very concerned about civil rights. And that's what his administration will be doing.

SAM

And they'll stop annoying me and my friends?

JOE

Yes. That'll stop.

SAM

I've known you a long time, Joe. Since back when we were both bootleggers during prohibition. I bought a lot of Canadian whiskey from you and it was always top-quality, and you always delivered when you said you would. I respect that. So I believe what you tell me.

JOE

Believe it.

SAM

You ask me for a favor, I'll see what I can do. There it is.

Joe smiles happily and shakes Sam's hand.

JOE

If you could also talk to some of your Hollywood friends, too, maybe, like Frankie and Deano, that would also help a lot, too.

SAM

We'll see what we can do.

JOE

Excellent. And when Jack is elected, you watch, it's going to herald a new age in this country. It'll be better for everybody.

Joe stands to leave and Sam stands with him, as do all of their men.

SAM

Yeah? Just so long as it's better for me and my friends, that's enough for me.

Joe leaves. Sam watches him go and puffs on his cigar.

JOHN F. KENNEDY MONTAGE – STOCK FOOTAGE

Frank Sinatra sings “High Hopes” with lyrics written specifically for John Kennedy’s campaign.

SINATRA

Everyone is voting for Jack
 „Cause he’s got what the others lack
 Everyone wants to back Jack
 Jack is on the right track

„Cause he’s got high hopes
 He’s got high hopes
 1960's the year for his high hopes
 So come on, vote for Kennedy, vote for Kennedy
 And we’ll come out on top

Oops there goes the opposition, ker–
 Oops there goes the opposition, ker–
 Oops there goes the opposition, ker–plop

We see Kennedy campaigning, shaking hands, kissing babies. John and Jackie have terrific smiles and flash them often. John speaks at a campaign rally . . .

JFK

We stand today on the edge of a New Frontier; the frontier of the 1960s, a frontier of unknown opportunities and paths, a frontier of unfilled hopes and threats . . .

We see a clip of the John F. Kennedy/Richard Nixon debate moderated by Howard K. Smith, where John Kennedy comes off as witty and charming and Richard Nixon is in a sweat and

unsure of himself. Kennedy has plenty of facts at his fingertips, but Nixon says he'll address the issues later, or in a "white paper." After one of Kennedy's answers, Nixon becomes angry, saying . . .

NIXON

I demand a retraction. You hear me, Senator, I demand a retraction!

We seeing Kennedy just sitting there, grinning broadly. Nixon goes on to say . . .

NIXON

Senator, you are weakening our country with your criticisms.

KENNEDY

I really don't need Mr. Nixon to tell me about what my responsibilities are as a citizen. I've served this country for fourteen years in Congress and before that in the service. What I downgrade, Mr. Nixon, is the leadership the country's getting, not the country.

The audience loves it.

On November 8, the final election returns for the 1960 election come in: Kennedy wins by the slightest margin ever in American history—one-tenth of one-percent. One of the swing states, we are told, is Illinois.

EXT. SAM GIANCANA'S HOUSE/CHICAGO SUBURBS – NIGHT

Sam Giancana has a moderately large house in the Chicago suburb of Oak Park. About ten cars are parked in front, and four men stroll the grounds. A title reads, "Sam Giancana's house, Oak Park, Illinois."

INT. SAM GIANCANA'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Sam, a bunch of his men, and some good-looking gals are all dressed up and watching the election returns on a black and white TV. They drink martinis and smoke cigarettes. Kennedy wins. Sam says to the pretty dark-haired girl beside him, JUDY CAMPBELL . . .

SAM

You see that, Judy? I guess the Teamster, AFL-CIO, and Longshoreman vote, not to mention the fuckin' Rat Pack, actually mattered. Shit, I bought him West Virginia. And Illinois was the swing state. I elected that son of a bitch!

This gets a big laugh from the crowd. They all toast their glasses.

EVERYONE

To President Kennedy!

SAM

To finally havin' our own man in the white house! It's about fuckin' time.

EVERYONE

Here, here!

They toast again. Sam turns and kisses Judy.

JUDY

I sure would like to meet the new president.

SAM

You would? I can arrange it very easily.

JUDY

(grinning)

You could?

SAM

Sure. Next week when we're in Vegas I'll talk to Sinatra, he'll set it up.

Judy snuggles up against him.

JUDY

Aw, Mooney, you're too good to me.

SAM

(shrugs)

What can I do? I'm just a generous guy.

KENNEDY INAUGURAL – STOCK FOOTAGE

John F. Kennedy is sworn in as President of the United States. In his inaugural speech he says . . .

KENNEDY

Let the word go forth, from this time and place. Of those to whom much has been given, much will be required. We will pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and success of liberty. Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country.

DISSOLVE:

INT. SAM GIANCANA’S HOUSE/ BASEMENT OFFICE – DAY

Sam Giancana has a paneled office in his basement and is smoking a cigar and watching TV.

TV NEWS: John Chancellor announces . . .

JOHN CHANCELLOR

President-elect Kennedy announced the appointment today of his younger brother, Robert Kennedy, as Attorney-General of the United States . . .

Sam’s eyes go wide and he rears back, choking on his cigar and nearly falling off his chair.

SAM

What the fuck!?

He picks up the receiver and dials the rotary telephone.

EXT. SHO-BAR CLUB – DAY

The Sho-Bar Club in New Orleans is a swinging nightclub. We hear the phone ringing.

INT. SHO-BAR PRIVATE DINING ROOM – DAY

Sitting in the private dining room of the club is a tough-looking, sixty-year-old man with thinning white hair, a big, round face, a large forehead, and wincing eyes. A subtitle reads: “CARLOS „SAL” MARCELLO, head of the Louisiana and Texas mobs.” Marcello is

surrounded by four of his men. One of them hands Sal the phone. Sal has a very slight Italian accent beneath his mobster vernacular.

SAL

Mooney, how ya doin'?

SAM

Sal, you didn't hear yet? Jack Kennedy just appointed his brother Bobby as Attorney-General.

Sal Marcello is horrified.

SAL

What? *What?? What the fuck is that prick up to?*

SAM

I don't know, Sal. I just this second heard, so I called you.

SAL

Fuck! Ya know, I never trusted that motherfucker, Joe Kennedy. He was always a snotty Boston asshole.

SAM

Yeah, but *I* did trust him. So it's *me* he fucked.

SAL

No, it's all of us, you watch. Fuck!

ROBERT F. KENNEDY SENATE HEARINGS – STOCK FOOTAGE

Robert Kennedy begins his senate hearings into organized crime and labor. He calls before the committee: JAMES HOFFA, head of the Teamster's union, as well as Carlos Marcello, head of the New Orleans and Texas mob.

BAY OF PIGS – STOCK FOOTAGE

We see black and white footage of Cuban rebels invading Cuba, American planes flying overhead, and American warships in Cuban waters.

NARRATOR

The American-backed “Bay of Pigs” invasion of Cuba and it’s attempt to overthrow and assassinate Fidel Castro fails miserably. John Kennedy accepts some blame for the fiasco, then promptly fires Allen Dulles, director of the CIA since 1953, as well as CIA co-director, Richard Bissell, who are replaced by John A. McCone and Richard Helms.

INT. SAM GIANCANA’S HOUSE – DAY

Sam sits in the living room with JIMMY HOFFA, a square-faced, serious man with a crew cut, and Sal Marcello. They all smoke cigars and have drinks before them. Sal asks . . .

SAL

Did we or did we not all help Joe Kennedy get his son elected?

(Sam and Jimmy both nod)

So, what the hell is going on? What’s with Bobby Kennedy? Why is he gunning for Jimmy and me? Doesn’t he understand what he’s doing?

SAM

I think he understands, but I don’t think he gives a shit. I think those cocksuckers think they’re above us. That giving their word to some stupid wop gangsters don’t mean shit.

HOFFA

So how do we get them to give a shit?

SAM

(shrugs)

I guess I need to have a little talk with Joe. Remind him of how his sons got to where they are.

SAL

That would be a terrific idea, Sam. „Cause once that little asshole brings me and Jimmy down, he’s comin’ after you next, you know that.

Sam nods, he knows.

SAM

I know. I already got feds comin' out my ass wherever I go. He's already comin' for me.

SAL

You see?

SAM

Yeah, I see.

EXT. THE PLAZA HOTEL, NYC – DAY

A Cadillac limo pulls up in front of the Plaza Hotel in New York City. Sam Giancana and two of his men get out and enter the hotel.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE – DAY

There is a knock at the door of the vast presidential suite which is answered by a liveried butler. Sam and his men are shown inside and the butler takes their hats and coats. The Butler then shows Sam into the master bedroom.

Joe Kennedy is sitting in an easy chair surrounded by newspapers. He stands up and shakes Joe's hand.

JOE

Sam. Come on in.

SAM

Thanks. How ya doin'?

JOE

Couldn't be better. So, what can I do for you, Sam?

SAM

Well, you can call your son, Bobby, off, that's what you can do.

JOE

(surprised)

What do you mean?

SAM

What do I mean? You know what I mean. Dragging Sal Marcello and Jimmy Hoffa in front of senate sub-committees. Putting ,em on trial. Feds following me night and day. That's what I mean.

JOE

(throws his hands in the air)

What can I do?

SAM

You can call him off, that's what you can do.

JOE

Kids these days. They just don't listen anymore.

SAM

Well, you really ought to try to get Bobby to listen to you, particularly on this subject.

JOE

(shrugs)

Sorry, Sam, Bobby's the Attorney-General of the United States, my hands are tied.

SAM

Then untie them. Get Bobby to lay off Sal and Jimmy. Really. Just do it.

JOE

Are you *telling* me, Sam?

SAM

I'm doing my very best not to, Joe, but you're not cooperating.

JOE

Well, on this subject, I'm sorry, but I can't intervene.

SAM

You *have* to intervene.

JOE

No, I don't. And I won't.

SAM

(getting angry)

Joe. You came to me for a favor. I got your son elected, remember?

JOE

Well . . . It took a lot to get him elected, you were just a part of it.

SAM

It was the closest presidential race in history. The votes I brought in got him elected.

(Joe shrugs)

Joe, you owe me.

JOE

I don't know about that.

SAM

Don't you? Well, I'm tellin' ya you do. You owe me and I'm callin' it in. Get Bobby to lay off me and my friends. Do it. Do it now.

JOE

Sorry, no can do.

SAM

(eyes blazing)

All right, now I'm not *askin'*, I'm *tellin'*. Get Bobby to stop, and do it now!

JOE

Sam, my son is the President of the United States. You don't tell me anything.

SAM

(angry)

I don't, huh? Well, I don't give a fuck who your son is. I'm tellin' *you* to make it stop!

JOE

No.

SAM

No? No? Joe, you fuckin' owe me.

JOE

No, I don't. I don't owe you anything.

SAM

(gasps)

You must've lost your fuckin' mind, Joe. Remember who you're talkin' to here.

JOE

I remember, Sam, and don't swear at me.

SAM

(takes a breath)

All right, I'm gonna try this one more time. Please ask your son Bobby to stop picking on my friends.

JOE

No.

Sam jumps to his feet and points his finger in Joe's face.

SAM

(goes berserk)

You fuckin' cocksucker! If you don't do what I'm tellin' you, I'm gonna make you sorry you ever had kids! I'm gonna make you sorry you was ever born!

JOE

Don't threaten me. Nobody talks to me that way!

SAM

(points)

Listen, you Boston blue blood fuck! You ask for a favor, I give it to you, then you turn on me like this? Who the fuck do you think you are?

Joe Kennedy stands and pokes himself in the chest.

JOE

(righteously)

I am the father of the President of the United States!
And you'd better watch yourself, my old friend,
because after Jack serves his eight years, Bobby will
be president, and that's eight more years. And that's
just the beginning. This is the start of a new dynasty!
The Kennedys are going to be just like the Windsors,
only bigger, and go on longer. So now I'm telling you,
fuck off!

It's like someone hit Sam in the head with a hammer. He is completely stunned.

SAM

(amazed)

You're telling *me* to fuck off?

JOE

Fuck you and fuck off!

SAM

You say „fuck you“ to me? Sam Giancana?

JOE

That's right, *fuck you!* And don't come back!

Sam puts on his hat, turns on his heel, and he and his men leave.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL LOBBY – DAY

Sam and his two men step out of the elevator. Sam is fuming, goes directly to a phone booth, gets in and slams the door. His two men stand guard outside.

Sam calls Sal Marcello in New Orleans.

SAM

(into phone)

Sal, you know what that piece o' shit, Joe Kennedy,
just said to me? „Fuck you,“ that's what he said to
me.

SAL
(shocked)
He said that?

SAM
He sure did.

SAL
He thinks „cause his kid is president that he’s
untouchable.

SAM
It was the fuckin’ votes we got him that got him
elected, the prick! Closest fuckin’ election in history!
Well, no one has ever fucked me like this and gotten
away with it. *Never!* And that cheap bootlegger
Kennedy ain’t gonna be the first!

SAL
I’m with you, Sam. Let’s do him and his two little
ungrateful fuckin’ brats! Fuck them!

SAM
(thinks, grins)
No. Just Jack right now. I want Joe to eat shit, and
he’s gotta be alive to taste it and suffer. Once his son
ain’t president no more then he’ll just have to see what
a complete ignorant asshole he is.

SAL
Y’know, Sam. It’s kind of a coincidence, really, but
I was just discussing this very subject with a fellah I
know, and he had some very interesting ideas. I think
you and me need to sit down and have a talk with this
fellah.

SAM
And you trust this guy?

SAL
Yeah, I do. He’s very smart, and he’s got some very
interesting ideas. A whole plan, actually. Maybe you
ought to come on down and visit us sometime.

SAM
How about now?

SAL
Now's good.

SAM
I'll be right there.

Sam hangs up the phone and exits the phone booth. His men follow along.

EXT. THE FRENCH QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS – NIGHT

There's a lot of pedestrian traffic in and out of the many bars and clubs in New Orleans' French Quarter. On Bourbon St. there is a club called the Sho-Bar with a big neon sign.

INT. SHO-BAR PRIVATE DINING ROOM – NIGHT

Sal Marcello and Sam Giancana, both wearing dark suits and ties, sit at a table having a drink. Six of their men loiter around the perimeter of the room. The door opens and in walks a suave, good-looking, white-haired gentleman of 45 named CLAY SHAW in a pristine white suit. Clay steps right up to Sam and heartily shakes his hand.

CLAY
A great pleasure, Mr. Giancana. I've heard quite a bit about you over the years, and nothing impresses me more than powerful men.

SAM
(shrugs humbly)
Well, in certain parts of Chicago maybe. Please, sit down, Mr. Shaw.

Clay unbuttons his white jacket and sits

CLAY
Since we will be talking about sensitive subjects, might I suggest we keep this strictly between the three of us?

SAM
(nods)
Of course.

He gives his two men a glance and they leave. Sal gives his guys a look and they too leave. Sal stands up.

SAL

Would you like a drink, Clay?

CLAY

Vodka, neat. Thank you.

Sal goes and gets Clay a glass and a bottle and brings them back to the table. He and Sam are drinking scotch, and Sam refills both of their glasses. They tip their glasses toward one another in a silent toast, then they all drink.

CLAY

Now, since we're being frank and open, so to speak, let me put my cards on the table right away. I'm doing this for my very good friend, Carlos Marcello, who asked me a question a few weeks ago, in passing, and I just happened to give it some thought, and I called him back and told him so, and then you called with the very same idea the next day. That's sort of coincidental, don't you think?

SAM

(nods)

Yeah, it is. So?

CLAY

So, I was never here, and you and I will never meet again, okay?

SAM

(shrugs)

Yeah, okay. Whatever you say.

CLAY

Okay, fine.

(Clay takes a drink and
lights a thin little cigar)

The key to this plan is not killing the president, which has already been done three times.

Sam and Sal both look at each other in confusion.

SAM

Three? Who?

CLAY

Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley.

SAM

Huh? I never heard of this Garfield guy before. Have you, Sal?

SAL

(shrugs)

Maybe I have. I don't know. Anyway, go on.

CLAY

The point isn't whether or not you can kill the president, which you most certainly can, the point is getting away with it. So far, no one has.

SAM

(nods)

Really?

CLAY

Nope. But, I'm convinced it can be done.

SAM

Okay, I'm with you. How?

CLAY

Pin it on Castro and the CIA, then let *them* cover it up. They CIA is very good at that sort of thing.

SAM

What do you mean exactly?

CLAY

Fidel has the very best motive for killing Kennedy right now since Kennedy keeps trying to have Fidel killed, and shipping in insurgents to try and take over his country. And, as you well know, the CIA's hands are just filthy the way they've been going after Castro.

SAM

You're tellin' me. The CIA came to Johnny Roselli and me to knock Castro off before the Bay of Pigs invasion. But Castro's a pretty smart cookie and you can't get to the guy.

CLAY

Whether or not Castro was assassinated, Kennedy totally chickened-out on the Bay of Pigs, called off all the air support, and left those poor Cuban rebels out there with their pants down. And then he left the CIA holding the bag. The CIA directors, Allen Dulles and Richard Bissell, both got fired over this, and it was clearly all Kennedy's fault. Now the CIA hates Kennedy. And Castro hates Kennedy, too, so there's plenty of people with perfectly good motives to pin this on. If you choose a fall-guy with both CIA and Castro connections, then you in fact hire the very best hitmen in the world, say out of Marseilles—

SAM

—That's easy, I'm very well-connected in Marseilles.

CLAY

Yes, I know. That's where all the heroin comes from. Anyway, have the actual shooting done in a public place, create plenty of confusion, then have your patsy standing by and wham, it's all self-propelled from there on out. You get your pros out of there and let the rest all just happen. And if you give them one single lone nut shooter, they'll take it, they always do. It was immediately accepted as a lone nut in all three previous cases, Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, and in all three cases it probably wasn't true. But at a moment like that, having just lost the president, nobody wants to go looking for God knows how many people who are still at large. If it's not that one lone nut handed to them on a platter, with a very dirty past, then who the hell is it? No, they'll take who you give them, then cover the whole thing up themselves because the CIA can't afford to come off looking like it's connected to anyone who has just shot the president. And everybody else is too afraid of Russia, communism, and Castro.

Sam and Sal look at each other and nod.

SAL

Did I tell you he had an interesting plan?

SAM

You did, and it is. I'm very interested.

CLAY

(points)

I'll even go you one further, gentlemen. President Kennedy just announced plans to take a trip through the south at the end of the year. I say you do it in a highly corrupt town like Miami or Dallas. In places like that the cops, the CIA, and the FBI are so corrupt this whole thing will just naturally cover itself up.

Sam and Sal look at each other, both obviously thinking.

SAL

Dallas is my town. There's guys there that'll do anything I ask them to. And that includes cops, CIA, and FBI guys. Clay's right, it's a totally dirty town. And all these guys hang out at Jack Ruby's strip clubs. And guess what? Jack owes me a lotta money.

SAM

He owes me money, too, that fuck. And he also owes Johnny Roselli.

SAL

And Santo Trafficante, too. Oh boy, Jack's in big trouble.

CLAY

(smiles)

You see, it's all falling into place already. It's a perfect plan. And you can easily shoot Kennedy in his convertible Lincoln-Continental limousine. He's got a protective clear plastic bubble that goes over it, but he and Jackie are both so vain they never use it.

Sam looks at Clay seriously, leaning in toward him.

SAM

So, what do you get outta this?

CLAY

Well, I thought you knew. Sal is remunerating me with a large account in the Bahamas, which will keep me happy forever.

SAM

(leans forward)

But why else? You're too smart to do something like this just for money. You've got to have another reason and I wanna know it.

CLAY

(thinks)

Well . . . First of all, I knew two men in the Cuban Brigade that were left defenseless when Kennedy canceled the air support for them, and now they're both dead. I think it's just disgraceful the way he handled the Bay of Pigs invasion, and due to that I feel he's unworthy of being commander-in-chief or president. But I'll honestly confess to you that even more than that, well, I just want to have an impact on history, even if no one ever knows that it was me who thought this scheme up. I want to alter the course of history, and this will be the biggest Goddamn thing that ever hit this country, maybe even the whole world, and it'll all be because I decided to give it a tiny little bit of thought, that's why.

Sam nods, stands, reaches out and shakes Clay's hand.

SAM

Okay, that makes sense to me. It was a pleasure meeting you and talking to you, Mr. Shaw.

CLAY

No, the pleasure was all mine, Mr. Giancana. Good luck.

Sal shows Clay out. They hug at the door, then Clay leaves and Sal returns to the table. They

both light cigars and Sal pours each of them a drink. They toast.

SAM & SAL

Salúde.

They both sip their drinks plaintively. Finally . . .

SAM

Is he a fruit?

SAL

One of the biggest in the whole quarter.

SAM

(shrugs)

He's sharp, and very smart. Elegant.

SAL

Yeah, fruits often are. So?

SAM

So, „fuck you“ Joe Kennedy says to me. „My son's the president, so fuck you!“ Nobody says that to me. Sorry. I just can't let it pass.

SAL

And you shouldn't. He betrayed you. He came to you for a favor, then he spit in your face. He's the worst kind of asshole there is, an ungrateful asshole.

SAM

And he said „fuck you.“ To me. Sam Giancana.

SAL

You can't put up with that kind of disrespect, Sam. It's all gettin' way outta hand. Bobby's tryin' to break my balls, and then he'll come for you next. Unless we nip it in the bud right now.

(points at the phone)

Call Antoine in Marsielles.

SAM

I should.

SAL

You're fuckin'-A right you should. Call him. Fuck these Boston blue-blood assholes! They think their shit don't stink. Well, let them eat some shit for once instead of us.

Sam thinks for a second, then grins.

SAM

Y'know what? We'll just pay Antoine in smack. This won't even take any cash. We'll change the course of fuckin' history, and we'll do it with one week's profits and no cash out of our pockets. Shit, this is too easy. Watch this.

Sam picks up the phone and dials. Sal looks pleased and waves one of his men over.

SAL

Get David Ferrie. Bring him in here.

THUG

Sure thing, Sal.

The Thug exits.

INT. SHO-BAR PRIVATE DINING ROOM – NIGHT/ LATER

Sal Marcello's silver lighter ignites and lights a cigarette which belongs to DAVID FERRIE, a short, squat guy in his early forties with a bad reddish-brown toupee, which slips forward as he leans in for the light. David slides his toupee back into place.

FERRIE

Almost lost my rug.

SAL

So, how's the case against me comin' along?

FERRIE

Not so good. The DA ain't got a case, nothin' they can make stick. Conspiracy? They don't know nothin' about conspiracy. Look, Bobby Kennedy can order them to go after you, but we're still here in New Orleans. And you're the man in New Orleans, Sal. Nobody'll testify against you.

SAL

So, you know when the trial will be?

FERRIE

Not 'til the end of the year. Don't worry, everything'll be handled by then.

SAL

I know. You're a good man, David. I like you.

FERRIE

I know you do, Sal, and I appreciate it.

SAL

Good. So, I need a name from you.

FERRIE

Anything.

SAL

I'm lookin' for the creepiest little pro-Castro, CIA rat operative you can think of. A sucker. Either here or in Dallas or Miami. Any ideas?

FERRIE

(grins)

That's funny, I know just the guy. And he just moved from here to Dallas a few weeks ago.

SAL

Who is it.

FERRIE

A guy I served in the National Guard with. Lee Oswald.

SAL

Oh yeah, I've met him. He *is* a little creep. I know his uncle, too. Dutz the putz. Yeah, they're all creeps.

FERRIE

Yeah. Lee and me was both just in this Fair Play for Cuba group, which was a CIA front run by that asshole, Guy Bannister. But the CIA recruited Lee right outta the Marine Corps and then had him defect to Russia as a double-agent, then three years later he defected back, with a Russian wife. And now he's tryin' to defect back again. He just went to Mexico and talked to the Russian embassy, but they wouldn't let him.

SAL

Christ, what a nut. Okay so he's obviously tied up with the CIA. Good. And you say he's in Dallas now?

FERRIE

Yeah, he just moved there.

SAL

Right. Go to Dallas, find out what he's doing, and call me, okay?

FERRIE

Sure thing, boss.

David gets up and leaves, straightening his toupee as he goes.

EXT. THE CITY OF MARSEILLES – DAY

The city of Marseilles, France sits on the waters of the Mediterranean surrounded by docks and boats of all kinds. It is the largest port on the Mediterranean, and the second largest city in France, with a population of a million people. A title reads, "Marseilles, France, July, 1963."

A 38-year old man with curly brown hair and a friendly grin stands on a corner wearing a beret and smoking a cigarette. A subtitle reads: "LUCIEN SARTIE, professional hitman." A thick-necked, middle-aged man steps up beside Lucien. A subtitle reads: "ANTOINE GIVENEY, head of the Marseilles mob, largest heroin traffickers in the world, known in America as „The French Connection“."

ANTOINE

Lucien.

LUCIEN

Antoine.

The kiss on both cheeks, then they take a walk through the city streets.

LUCIEN

So? How much?

ANTOINE

Ten kilos. Pure. I'll take them right off your hands for 100,000 francs a kilo.

Lucien stops, his eyes wide.

LUCIEN

That's a million francs.

ANTOINE

To split between you and the others. Two or three others, you decide. But you must get the very best, which would still only be a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand francs each, leaving you with more than half a million.

LUCIEN

Well, who on earth could it possibly be? De Gaulle?

ANTOINE

(shakes his head)

Bigger than De Gaulle.

LUCIEN

The Pope?

ANTOINE

No. President Kennedy.

They both stop, turn and look out to the water.

LUCIEN

(considers)

That's a *very* big contract.

ANTOINE

The biggest.

LUCIEN

Why, if you don't mind me asking?

ANTOINE

Kennedy's father insulted a *mafioso capo*. Came to him for a favor, then when it came time to pay back he told the capo, „fuck you.“

LUCIEN

(eyes widen)

„Fuck you“? To a *mafioso capo*? Very ballsy. And only his son is getting it? They don't take revenge in America like we do here.

ANTOINE

(shakes his head)

No. Say „fuck you“ to a *mafioso capo* here and it's you, your whole family, and all the cousins you never met, too. And this isn't just some local capo, either. It's the American *capo de capi*.

LUCIEN

(also shakes his head)

So, what about me and my people? This sounds very dangerous.

ANTOINE

I've been assured by people I trust that everything will all be handled in the most professional way possible. Just like you, no expenses are being spared. Everything's precisely planned. Public place, lots of confusion, scapegoats already set up and in place, ready to be fed to the wolves. It's all very clever. You and your people will slip in and slip out. You'll be taken care of. You've got my word on it.

Lucien nods, shakes Antoine's hand and hugs him.

LUCIEN

That's good enough for me, Antoine. Thank you for thinking of me, and giving me the chance to make my fortune. This will change my life, and make me a rich man. I won't fail you.

ANTOINE

(nods)

I know you won't, Lucien. You're the best and you're my friend.

They kiss each other on the cheeks, as sentimental Frenchmen will.

INT. SHO-BAR PRIVATE DINING ROOM – NIGHT

This is the same private dining room in New Orleans where we last saw Sal Marcello. He is seated in exactly the same spot, and the same men lurk around the perimeter. The door opens and in walks heavy-set man of medium height, with thinning dark hair, and wearing a dark suit. He is JACK RUBY. Sal stands up and shakes Jack's hand.

SAL

Jackie. How ya doin'?

JACK

Fine, Sal. Couldn't be better.

SAL

Wanna drink?

JACK

Sure. Scotch on the rocks. A big one.

Sal glances at one of his men and the drink instantly appears. Jack puts a cigarette in his mouth and Sal lights it for him with his expensive silver lighter.

JACK

So, you wanted to see me and here I am.

SAL

And I appreciate it, Jack. Thanks for coming.

Jack seems distinctly uncomfortable.

JACK

Yeah, well . . .

SAL

So, how much money do you owe me?

JACK

Uh . . . I guess it must be about a hundred thou^o.

SAL

(frowns)

No, it *used* to be a hundred thou^o, Jack. But there^os this thing called „compounding interest,“ you heard of it?

JACK

Yeah, I have.

Sal turns to one of his THUGS.

SAL

How much is it really?

THUG

One hundred and twenty-seven thousand, five hundred and seventy-two dollars.

SAL

But it^os not just me, Jack. I^om representing some other people, too. Old friends of yours that you also owe a lot of money to.

JACK

Like who?

SAL

(shakes his head and frowns)

Like Sam Mooney in Chicago, Santo Trafficante in Miami, and Johnny Roselli in Vegas, too. Now you^ore up to nearly half a million bucks.

JACK
(shocked)

Oh, fuck!

SAL
Oh, fuck is right. Owing me money is a very bad idea, but Mooney, Trafficante, and Roselli, too? You must have a fuckin' death wish, Jack. What's wrong with you?

JACK
It's just a streak of bad luck, Sal. I'm sure these last two clubs I opened will really pay off big.

SAL
Jack, face it, nothing can hit big enough at this point to help you. There's no chance of you paying any of us back.

Jack reaches into his pocket and takes out a rubber-banded roll of money and puts it on the table.

JACK
Look, here's ten Gs. It's all I could put together since you called this morning.

Sal takes the roll of money, goes over and sits closer to Jack. Sal sets the money on the table.

SAL
You're in for a half a million and you bring ten Gs? You think I'm an asshole, Jack?

JACK
(starting to panic)
No, no, of course not, Sal. Jesus Christ! I'll pay the money back. I swear. I'll figure out a way.

Sal puts his arm around Jack's shoulder and gives him a firm hug.

SAL
No you won't.

JACK
Yeah, I will. I swear I will.

SAL

It's too late for that, Jack. You know what happens when you get in too deep to guys like me and Mooney and Trafficante and Roselli. You know what happens next, right?

Two of Sal's Thugs step forward until they are right behind Jack. Jack apprehensively glances up at them.

JACK

(frightened)

Yeah, I do.

SAL

I know you do. And that's good.

Sal let's all of this sink in for a second. Jack shakily picks up his drink and downs it.

SAL

So what'dya think I'm gonna do now?

Jack glances up at the thugs, then back at Sal Marcello.

JACK

(a tiny voice)

Kill me?

Sal smiles and hugs Jack closer.

SAL

today's your lucky day, Jack.

I'm not going to.

„Course I should, but

Jack can't believe what he's hearing.

JACK

No?

SAL

No. I gotta job for you.

JACK

Yeah?

SAL

Yeah. So now I don't need to explain *why* I want you do a few things for me, I just want you to *do* them, okay?

Jack is incredibly relieved and takes a deep breath.

JACK

Sure. Anything.

SAL

Right. And that's how you're gonna work off this debt.

JACK

The whole thing?

SAL

The whole thing.

JACK

Good God, Sal, how?

SAL

You're just gonna do a few things for me, no questions, just do „em. Some will be easy, others harder, but either way you just do „em. Got it?

JACK

(nods)

Yeah, sure, of course. No problem.

SAL

And you mention anything about this to anyone, I mean, anyone, and you'll make me very unhappy. You know what I mean, Jack?

JACK

(nods)

I know what you mean.

SAL

Good.

Jack stands and shakes Sal's hand.

JACK

Thanks for giving me a way to work this out. I really appreciate it, Sal.

SAL

I know you do. Here. You keep this.

Sal slides the roll of money back to Jack.

JACK

Thanks a lot. You can count on me.

SAL

I know I can. But don't let me down, Jack. There's no second chance on this.

JACK

No, I won't let you down.

Jack leaves and Sal watches him go. After a moment Sal picks up the phone and dials. It rings a few times, then is answered.

SAL

(into phone)

Hello, Mooney? Yeah, it's all moving along.

EXT. MARSEILLES HARBOR – DAY

Lucien sits on the deck of a sailboat docked in the Marseilles Harbor. Two other men sit there with him. They are MARCEL, an intense, dark-complected man in his early forties, and ANDRE, a blond, handsome fellow in his twenties.

LUCIEN

I don't know the exact locale as yet, but the target will probably be in a moving car. A convertible. I am hoping that between the three of us we can arrange a triangulation to be absolutely certain of the kill. Anything less than a kill is failure, and in this case, working for the Cosa Nostra, that is, of course, unacceptable. That's why I've got you two, you're my friends and the only other shooters in Marseilles as good as me.

MARCEL

Better. I killed three times as many Nazis as you. I was the best sniper in the entire *resistance*. I was already there three years when you just started, and you were just a snot-nosed young kid.

LUCIEN

(nods)

Okay, okay. You're the best, Marcel. Relax. Anyway, we'll all have to lay low for a while, maybe eight weeks, then we'll be back here and we'll be rich men.

ANDRE

And you say this is a high-ranking American political official.

LUCIEN

Yes. Does it matter?

ANDRE

Not to me.

Lucien looks at Marcel inquiringly.

MARCEL

(smiles)

You're joking, right? For a hundred and fifty thousand francs I'll shoot anybody, including my mother.

LUCIEN

Marcel, your mother's dead.

MARCEL

Which is, of course, why I would use her as an example. If she were alive, I wouldn't have said that.

Lucien and Andre are both amused. Lucien hands each man an inch-thick stack of money. Marcel picks up his pile and fans himself.

MARCEL

This is as much as I've ever made before, and it's just the advance. When I get back from this job I'm going to buy a café.

LUCIEN

Then I'll have a new place to go drink.

ANDRE

Me, too. And I'll drive you there in my new car.

MARCEL

What about you, Lucien, what will you do with all your money?

LUCIEN

(smiles)

Buy a new house, then stay home for a while.

Marcel and Andre both shake Lucien's hand warmly and thank him. Lucien smiles back, pleased to have helped his friends.

EXT. THE CAROUSEL TOPLESS CLUB, DALLAS – NIGHT

The Carousel Topless Club is a seedy looking joint, but it's got a lot of traffic going in and out.

INT. CAROUSEL CLUB– NIGHT

The place is jumping. A shapely stripper named Jada with a tall hairdo is performing her bump and grind routine on the stage. Jack Ruby sits at a table with two other men. David Ferrie and LEE OSWALD, a thin, slightly dopey-looking guy in his mid-twenties.

FERRIE

Go on, Lee, tell him.

LEE

I been with the agency on and off for nearly five years. They had me defect to the U.S.S.R. for three years, then brought me back.

JACK

(amazed)

Really?

LEE

Oh, yeah. That's where I met my wife, and she came back with me, too. The agency got me right out of the Marine Corps.

JACK

And the CIA set sent you to Russia?

LEE

(shrugs)

How else could I have done it? You know anyone else that's defected to Russia, then defected back again?

JACK

No.

LEE

(shrugs)

And David and me both just worked with them on this Fair Play for Cuba, Castro thing, too.

FERRIE

And you see, as hard as they try they can't assassinate Castro.

LEE

And nobody will, either. If Ike couldn't get him right at the beginning, Kennedy sure as hell ain't gonna get him now. Look what happened with the Bay of Pigs. Ridiculous! Kennedy is a yellow-bellied chicken. Fidel is ten times the man that Kennedy will ever be! It's not Castro that should be assassinated anyway, it's Kennedy, the son of a bitch! He's dragging this whole country down by its boot straps and right into the toilet! They're just all pissed-off about losing their Goddamn casinos in Havana. The lives of the Cuban people mean nothing to government. Castro is a man of the people. Kennedy is nothing but a flunky of the wealthy elite, the oppressors pigs!

Jack and David both look uncomfortable at Lee's vehemence and volume, and they both glance around to see if anyone's listening.

JACK

(to Lee)

So then, uh, you're available if I should need you for a job sometime? Nothing too hard, I assure you.

LEE

Yeah, if it pays pretty good and doesn't take too long. I got a real job these days, so if you need me for too long and I've got to quit, then it's gotta pay a lot better than my real job, if you know what I'm saying?

JACK

Sure. Of course. Where you workin'?

LEE

At a book warehouse in Dealy Plaza. It's the easiest job I ever had. I move boxes of books for a couple of hours, then I sit and read for the rest of the day. And it pays pretty good, too. I'm a proletariat now and proud of it.

(raises his fist)

Power to the workers! Viva la revolution!

JACK

Okay then. And you two met in the Army reserves?

FERRIE

National Guard. Yeah, I was the captain, Lee was one of my men. He's a good man, I can vouch for him.

JACK

(nods)

Okay. I'll be in touch.

(puts out his hand)

Good to meet you, Lee.

LEE

Yeah, you, too, Jack. Nice club.

JACK

Thanks.

Lee stands and leaves. Jack and David watch him go. David looks at Jack inquiringly.

DAVID

So?

JACK

Jesus! What a creep. You know if he's got a rifle?

DAVID

Sure. I've seen it at the shooting range. Some cheap Italian piece of crap.

JACK

(nods)

Good.

DAVID

Man, he couldn't hit the side of fuckin' barn.

INT. BACK ROOM OFFICE OF THE CAROUSEL CLUB – NIGHT

Jack enters the little, messy back room office, sits down at the desk and dials the telephone. Sal Marcello answers.

SAL

Hello?

JACK

Sal, it's Jack Ruby.

SAL

Yeah, Jack, you meet him?

JACK

(nods)

Yeah, I did. He sure is a creepy little weasel, and he's definitely been workin' for the CIA for years. And this asshole was born looking guilty. I'll tell ya something else. You want this whole thing to stick like glue to this guy, get the cars to go past where he works, which faces out to a plaza with a million windows, with a bunch of other big buildings across the way, and couple of tight, hairpin curves going through it that a parade of cars would have to slow way the hell down for, to like ten miles-per-hour.

SAL

And how would I get the cars to go past there?

JACK

You can't? I think I could. I know every cop in town, and all the local secret service guys, too. I can get 'em to do pretty much anything I want. I'll just tell 'em it would mean a whole lot to the business owners in Dealy Plaza.

SAL

Okay, then do it.

JACK

It's done.

SAL

Good work, Jack. Keep it up and you'll be fine.

EXT. LUCIEN'S HOUSE, MARSEILLES – DAY

Lucien opens the door of his house and steps outside holding a small flight bag. A moment later Lucien's wife, MARIE, who is pregnant, and their three kids, between the ages of nine and twelve, come out and surround him.

MARIE

Lucien, please don't go. I need you here. Please.

CHILD #1

Papa, please stay. Please.

CHILD #2 & #3

Please, please.

LUCIEN

(exasperated)

Why must I go through this every single time I go on a job? This is what I do. This is how I make the money to pay for our house and food and everything else we have. Why do you all make me feel bad when you know I have to go?

MARIE

We love you and we need you.

LUCIEN

I love you, too. All of you.

(he hugs all of them)

Now, just let me go and do my job.

MARIE

When will you be back?

LUCIEN

(shakes his head)

I don't know. Maybe eight weeks. Maybe ten. Now don't make it any harder for me, just let me go. And this time when I come back we will all move to a bigger house in the country and we'll be rich, and I'll stay home all the time, okay?

MARIE

Okay. Goodbye, my love. Just make sure you come back.

LUCIEN

Oh, I'll come back.

KIDS

Bye-bye, papa.

Lucien walks away down to the end of the street. He glances back and his whole family is still out there waving to him. He waves back, then turns the corner and steps out of sight.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. GUATEMALA CITY AIRPORT, GUATEMALA – DAY

An Aero Mexico DC-2 prop plane lands at the Guatemala City Airport in Guatemala, in Central America. David Ferrie, wearing a straw hat and shorts, steps up and meets Lucien, Andre, and Marcel at the one and only gate.

DAVID

Gentlemen, I welcome you from Don Marcello, who sends his greetings and his respects.

LUCIEN

Thank him for us.

DAVID

I will. I hope you had a nice flight.

LUCIEN

Yes, it was fine.

MARCEL

To Mexico City, that is. But from Mexico City to Guatemala City, oh boy.

DAVID

Yeah, those old Hercules DC-2s are tough planes to fly, let me tell you that. But they'll go anywhere. Come on, follow me.

He leads them out of the small terminal.

EXT. WOODED LANDING STRIP – DAY

In an old Land Rover, David Ferrie drives the three Frenchmen to a remote, hidden landing strip somewhere outside Guatemala City, where he has a small, 4-seat Cessna airplane waiting.

DAVID

I been flyin' Cuban rebels in and outta here for the past couple a years. Some job, eh?

They all climb aboard the plane, David starts up the engine and they take off into the blue sky.

EXT. DESERT LANDING STRIP – DAY

The plane lands at a remote desert landing strip outside Dallas. Jack Ruby is waiting in his beat-up 1958 Cadillac. The three men get into the waiting car and drive off. The plane takes back off and flies away.

INT. CADILLAC – DAY

Jack shakes Lucien's hand in the front seat.

JACK

My name's Jack, I'll be your contact here in Dallas.
You guys speak English, right?

LUCIEN

Yes, all three of us.

JACK

Good. I got you a place a few blocks from where
you'll be, uh, doing business, so to speak.

LUCIEN

Excellent.

JACK

I own a couple a strip clubs in town, maybe you'll
get a chance to see them.

LUCIEN

Thank you, Jack, but I don't think so. The less people
who see us the better.

JACK

(nods)

Right. Good thinking.

Marcel makes the electric window go up and down.

MARCEL

Nice car.

JACK

(shrugs)

You should seen it when I got it the year before last when it was nearly new. It was immaculate, and I only paid a thousand bucks for it.

EXT. DEALY PLAZA, DALLAS – DAY

Jack drives the three men, all of whom are now smoking, through Dealy Plaza along the route the president's motorcade will be taking. They pass beneath the book depository building.

JACK

This is the route the president's motorcade will be taking. And that's where our sucker works. Good view down to the street from those windows, huh?

Lucien turns to Marcel.

LUCIEN

That's where you'll be.

MARCEL

It's a good position.

Jack sniffs the thick smoke in the car and winces.

JACK

What kind of cigarettes are those, they smell weird.

Marcel pulls out a pack Gitane Cigarettes.

MARCEL

They're French. You want one?

JACK

No thanks, I don't smoke.

Jack drives slowly up Elm St. past the Grassy Knoll, which is backed by a cement wall and a picket fence, under several large trees. Lucien points to the Grassy Knoll.

LUCIEN

I'll be there. I'm just trying to figure out how to get
you—
(points at Andre)
—up on the overpass there.

Jack drives them past the Grassy Knoll and under the triple overpass.

ANDRE

I'd be out in the open.

LUCIEN

No, you'd be in a car or truck, but maybe not, I'm
just thinking, okay? If you were there it would give
us a triangulation and there's really no way we could
miss. But, we may not get that. We'll see. We'll
work with what we've got. Marcel and me from front
and back might be enough.

ANDRE

But what about me?

LUCIEN

Don't worry, you'll be with me.

Andre looks disappointed and puffs on his cigarette. Jack waves his hand in front of his face and grimaces.

JACK

(mumbles)

P-U.

EXT. SMALL SUBURBAN HOUSE – DAY

Jack pulls up in front of a small, white, utterly nondescript suburban house just a few block from downtown. There is a white van parked in the driveway. Jack hands Lucien a set of keys and a piece of paper.

JACK

Everything you need is inside. Here are the keys to the house and the van, and a number to reach me, which isn't my number, but just ask for me and I'll call you back. You probably won't see me again, though, so good luck.

LUCIEN

Thank you.

The three Frenchmen get out of the car and Jack drives away. The men step up to the front door, unlock it and go inside.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE – DAY

The house is pretty much empty except for three army cots, a beat-up wooden table and chairs, and a TV set. All of the windows have thick curtains.

On top of the table is a four-foot by one-foot wooden box. Marcel takes out his pocket knife and pries the box open. Inside are three brand-new Mauser rifles with scopes and several boxes of shells. Marcel shrugs.

MARCEL

They're brand-new.

LUCIEN

That's what I asked for, three new Mausers with scopes.

MARCEL

But they've never been fired. Can we trust them?

LUCIEN

We have to. They're Mausers. We'll just have to put our faith in Nazi ingenuity.

MARCEL

(sighs)

They were ingenious sons of bitches, I'll give them that.

They look around and see hanging on hooks are a policeman uniform, a railroad worker outfit, and a custodian's outfit.

They open the refrigerator and find it full. They each open a bottle of beer, toast each other.

MARCEL

To Nazi ingenuity.

LUCIEN

And good weather. If they have the convertible top up, or that plastic shield on, it's all off.

ANDRE

Then to good weather.

They all drink.

DISSOLVE:

A title reads: "November 22, 1963, 8:30 AM, Fort Worth Airport."

EXT. FORT WORTH, TEXAS AIRPORT – DAY (STOCK SHOT)

The presidential jet, Air Force One, lands at the Fort Worth Airport where it is gray and raining, but there's still a large crowd waiting to cheer John and Jackie as they step off the plane.

EXT. STREETS OF FORT WORTH – DAY (STOCK SHOT)

The presidential motorcade drives through the rainy streets of downtown Fort Worth, where people have lined up in spite of the weather. And even though it is raining, John and Jackie smile and wave at the crowd with the convertible top down and no plastic covering.

EXT. LEE HARVEY OSWALD'S ROOMING HOUSE – DAY

This is a small rooming house at 1026 North Beckley, in the lower-middle class Oak Cliff neighborhood of Dallas. A man in a car across the street wearing SUNGLASSES sits looking at the house. He sees a Dallas Taxi Cab pull up in front of the rooming house and honk its horn.

INT. LEE'S ROOM – DAY

Lee Oswald is finishing getting dressed for work. He lives alone. The room is a mess, with copies of *The Daily Worker* and *The Militant* newspapers strewn all over the place, as well as dirty dishes and dirty laundry. He wears khaki work pants, black work shoes, a white button-up shirt, and a khaki windbreaker. He suddenly picks up the receiver of the telephone and dials.

LEE

Hello, Marina? Yeah, it's Lee, who do you think it is? I wanna see the kids after work. Just for a minute, okay?

(the taxi's horn honks again)

Just for a minute and I won't stay long, okay? Look, I gotta go, the taxi's here. Bye.

Lee hangs up. He takes a .38 snub-nose pistol out of a drawer and puts it into an inside pocket of his jacket. He then takes his brown bag lunch and a hardcover book, "The Guns of August," and leaves.

EXT. LEE HARVEY OSWALD'S ROOMING HOUSE – DAY

Lee comes out the side door of the house, gets in the taxi and they drive away. A moment later the man in the car wearing sunglasses pulls forward until he's directly in front of the rooming house.

INT. LEE'S ROOM – DAY

The man with the sunglasses breaks into Lee's room. He is wearing gloves and goes straight to the closet where he pulls out Lee's 6.5 caliber Mannlicher-Carcano carbine with a loose scope and a "Fair Play for Cuba" button on the leather strap. The man has a thin blanket under his arm, which he snaps open, wraps around the rifle, then quickly leaves.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE – DAY

The man with the sunglasses pulls up in front of the suburban house where the three Frenchmen are staying. He hastily gets out of the car while holding a long cardboard box and goes to the front door. He sets the box against the door, rings the bell, turns and leaves. When the door knob turns the car is already driving away. Lucien, who is in his shorts, opens the door and the box falls inside. He quickly shuts the door.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE – DAY

Lucien opens the box and finds Oswald's rifle and a plastic bag of shell casings. Marcel and Andre step up in their shorts. Without touching anything, Lucien sticks his nose to the chamber of the rifle and sniffs.

LUCIEN

Just fired. Good. Everything is on.

He hands Marcel the bag of shells. Marcel puts them in his boxer shorts and they fall right out the leg onto the floor.

MARCEL

Okay, I'm all set.

Lucien and Andre laugh and shake their heads.

MARCEL

(dead-pan)

What?

INT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE MEETING, FORT WORTH – DAY (STOCK SHOT)

A title reads, "10:00 AM, Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce meeting."

John and Jackie Kennedy are attending a Chamber of Commerce meeting in Fort Worth, where it's still raining. Jackie is wearing a pink suit with a pink pillbox hat.

The MAYOR of Fort Worth, who stands at the podium, hands John Kennedy a white cowboy hat.

MAYOR

We couldn't let you leave Fort Worth without providing you with some protection against the rain.

The audience laughs.

John Kennedy stands, takes the cowboy hat, but doesn't put it on.

JFK

I'll put it on in the, uh, White House on Monday if you'll come up you'll have a chance to see it there.

The audience laughs again. JFK waves and smiles, sits down beside Jackie and sets the hat on the table.

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY – DAY

Lee Oswald hauls boxes of books on a dolly around the large book warehouse. It's just another day as far as he's concerned. As he passes the windows he glances outside and can see people lining up on the streets holding cameras. A title reads: "10:30 AM."

EXT. CARLOS MARCELLO'S HOUSE – DAY

Sal Marcello has a plantation-style house in New Orleans, with thugs wandering the grounds. A 1963 Cadillac drives up and parks in front of the house. Sal, looking resplendent in a new dark suit, comes out the door and gets in the car. A title reads: "10:40 AM."

INT. CADILLAC – DAY

Waiting for Sal in the backseat of the car is David Ferrie. The car pulls away.

SAL

Morning, David.

DAVID

Morning, Sal. Very sharp suit.

SAL

Thanks. It's new. Five hundred dollars.

DAVID

Looks good. How you feelin' today?

SAL

How should I be feelin'?

DAVID

I think you should be feelin' good. I think today everything's gonna go your way today, Sal.

SAL

As my mother, God rest her soul, used to say in Italian, "From your mouth to God's ears."

EXT. FORT WORTH AIRPORT – DAY (STOCK SHOT)

John and Jackie Kennedy get back on the presidential airplane, waving at the crowd. The plane taxis away from the terminal, goes down the runway and takes off into the gray rainy sky. A title reads: "10:50 AM."

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE – DAY

Lucien sits at the table in his shorts. He has a little vice clamped to the edge of the table. In the vice is a 9mm bullet. Lucien is using a small, hand-powered drill to drill a hole into the lead of the bullet. A squiggle of lead comes out of the hole as he drills deeper. Marcel and Andre both

stand there in their boxer shorts watching and smoking cigarettes. Lucien takes a glass vial out of his bag. It has an eye-dropper in the end. He holds it up to the other guys.

LUCIEN

Mercury.

Lucien fills the eye-dropper with mercury. He brings the eye-dropper to the hollowed-out bullet head and fills it with mercury. He then drips one tiny drop of solder into the hole, sealing it.

ANDRE

What's he doing?

MARCEL

Making an exploding bullet.

(to Lucien)

Only one, maestro?

LUCIEN

(nods)

Yes. Only one. If I need a second one from my position, then it's too late and I've already failed.

He takes the bullet out of the vice. He unclamps the little vice from the table and puts it back in his bag. He unplugs the soldering iron, then looks at his watch and sees that it's 11:00. He stands.

LUCIEN

Eleven A.M. Let's get moving.

They all start moving.

EXT. THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D.C. – DAY

We see the imposing structure of the U.S. Justice Department building in Washington, D.C. A title reads: 11:30 AM."

INT. HALLWAY, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT – DAY

Stenciled on a frosted glass door of an office is "Justice Department: Organized Crime Unit."

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

Sitting at the end of the conference table is a 35-year old man, handsome, very pushy, with a distinct Boston accent. A subtitle reads: "ROBERT F. KENNEDY, Attorney-General of the United States." Seated around the conference table are six young, white, male attorneys, as well as two women. Robert Kennedy holds a file that he's looking at.

RFK

All right, people. Since we have managed to get Carlos Marcello, head of the New Orleans and Texas mobs, into federal court and a verdict ought be coming down today, and I have no doubt that he'll get at least ten years, it's time for us to move up the list to the man at the very top, Sam Giancana, also known as "Mooney" and "Momo," head of the Chicago mob, and very possibly the most powerful mob boss in the world today. We are going to go after Mr. Giancana with everything we have, and we are going to bring him down. The mob or mafia is America's enemy within. It's a cancer in the body politic, and I'm going to have it out. Now, are there any questions?

All of the attorneys at the table look slightly horrified, glancing back and forth at one another. There are several loud coughs, and a lot of paper shuffling.

RFK

I sense a certain, uh, reticence. Would someone mind explaining this to me.

Finally, one young, white, male attorney, ROSENBLATT, hesitantly raises his hand. Kennedy points him.

RFK

Yes, Mr. Rosenblatt.

ROSENBLATT

Don't you think there might be some level of, uh, conflict of interest going after Giancana?

RFK

In what way?

All the attorneys all look at each other again.

ROSENBLATT

Well . . . Regarding the president.

RFK

What do you mean? Speak up.

ROSENBLATT

(sighs)

Well . . . Sam Giancana had quite a bit to do with the president getting elected. Particularly in Illinois and West Virginia.

RFK

(blithely)

That doesn't matter to me. Anything else?

One of the female lawyers, MISS SMITH, raises her hand. Robert points at her.

RFK

Yes?

MISS SMITH

There's also the fact that the president and Sam Giancana were both, uh, seeing the same woman, Judith Campbell, for nearly two years.

RFK

(nods)

Yes, well, that's all over now.

MISS SMITH

Yes, but it still might come out.

RFK

I'll handle that. Anything else?

Another white, male lawyer, HARRIS, raises his hand.

RFK

Yes, Mr. Harris?

HARRIS

There's also the Rat Pack connection between the president and Sam Giancana. Both the president and Giancana spend a lot of time in Las Vegas and Palm Springs with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, and the rest.

RFK

The, uh, president will not be spending anymore time at Frank Sinatra's house, I've taken care of that, too. Now, if there are no other objections, I'd like to break for lunch, then when we return we will begin constructing our case against Sam Giancana. I'd like everyone back here by two o'clock. Thank you very much.

Everyone stands. RFK leaves, then everyone else turns and looks at each other with quizzical, perplexed expressions.

INT. U.S. DISTRICT COURT OF NEW ORLEANS – DAY

The U.S. District Court of New Orleans is in session. Sitting at the defendant's table is Carlos Marcello, his lawyer, and David Ferrie. The JUDGE speaks.

JUDGE

In the case of the United States Government vs. Carlos Marcello, accused of conspiracy, racketeering, gambling, prostitution, bribery, and murder, how do you the jury find the defendant?

The HEAD JUROR, a white, middle-aged male in a dark suit and black-rimmed glasses, stands and speaks.

HEAD JUROR

We, the jury, in the case of the U.S. Government vs. Carlos Marcello, find the defendant not guilty on all charges and move for an acquittal.

JUDGE

The defendant is acquitted of all charges against him.

The Judge bangs his gavel. Marcello and his lawyer shake hands. David Ferrie gives Sal a hug.

DAVID

We did it.

SAL

Yeah, that was a hundred grand well spent. Now Bobby Kennedy can go fuck himself.

DAVID

Yeah, so can his brother.

Sal and David both exchange a knowing glance, then both of them look at their watches—it's 11:45 AM.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE – DAY

Andre, wearing a railroad worker's outfit and hard hat, comes out the front door. He opens the garage door, then gets into the white van and backs into the garage. Once inside, Andre gets out of the van and closes the garage door.

INT. GARAGE – DAY

Lucien, who is now dressed as a Dallas policeman, and Marcel, who is dressed as a custodian, load the three Mauser rifles into the van. They roll them in blankets, then put them in a box, then put some other boxes on top of it.

EXT. LOVE FIELD AIRPORT, DALLAS – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

It's a sunny and beautiful day in Dallas. Air Force One lands at Love Field Airport where a very big crowd awaits them. John and Jackie come down the steps out of the plane waving and smiling. Right behind them are Governor Connally and his wife, also waving and smiling. A title reads: "Love Field Airport, Dallas, 12:00 Noon."

Among the crowd of people at the airport is Jack Ruby, standing beside a pay phone. He goes to put a dime into the phone and is shaking so badly he drops it. He looks around, quickly picks up the dime, puts it in the slot and dials the phone.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE – DAY

The phone rings. Lucien dressed as a cop answers it. Jack Ruby's voice says . . .

JACK (O.S.)

He's here.

Lucien hangs up the phone. He looks at the other two and nods.

LUCIEN

He's here.

They both sigh and nod back.

EXT. THE CAROUSEL CLUB – DAY

Jack pulls up in front of his club in his old Cadillac, a cigarette dangling out of his mouth. He gets out of the car and just stands there for a minute with his hat in his hand. He sighs and shakes his head, mumbling to himself.

JACK

What the fuck am I doing?

Jack goes inside.

INT. CAROUSEL CLUB – DAY

Several black men are busily cleaning the club, which is still a mess from last night. Jack steps up to the bar and asks the middle-aged BARTENDER . . .

JACK

When did the secret service guys finally leave?

BARTENDER

Not 'til after five, and they were loaded. You give those guys free drinks all night and they take advantage of it.

JACK

(nods)

Yeah, so do the cops.

BARTENDER

You want me to keep giving all cops and secret service guys double shots in every drink?

JACK

(shakes his head)
Naw, you can stop that.

Jack starts to leave.

BARTENDER
You goin' home?

JACK
Yeah, I'm goin' home. I'm gonna go take a swim.

BARTENDER
Well, swim a lap for me. See ya tonight.

JACK
Yeah. Oh, give me some dimes, will ya?

The Bartender goes to the cash register and opens it.

BARTENDER
What'ya need dimes for?

JACK
(impatient)
Just give 'em to me.

The Bartender gives him a handful of dimes. Jack puts them in his coat pocket. As Jack leaves the club he takes a little plastic bag out of his pocket that contains one single lead bullet head. Jack sighs, puts the bag back in his pocket, then checks his watch—12:10.

INT. VAN – DAY

Andre sits at the wheel of the van which is still parked in the garage, but the garage door is open. All three men smoke cigarettes. Lucien looks at his watch—12:15.

LUCIEN
Go.

Andre pulls the van out of the garage, down the driveway and up the street.

EXT. DALLAS STREETS – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

John and Jackie's motorcade makes its way through the crowded, sunny street of Dallas. There's a big turn-out, and everyone is showing their enthusiastic support. People solidly line both sides of the street. John and Jackie look happy and pleased, waving and smiling. Also in the car with John and Jackie are Governor and Mrs. Connally.

In the car behind the president is Vice-president Lyndon Johnson, his wife, Lady Bird, and Senator and Mrs. Yarborough.

EXT. THE BOOK DEPOSITORY – DAY

There is a crowd of expectant people gathered in front of the book depository, many holding cameras, awaiting the president's arrival.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BOOK DEPOSITORY – DAY

The white van with Andre driving stops in the alley behind the book depository. The side door opens and Marcel gets out holding a four-foot-tall box marked "Books." He and Lucien and Andre all exchange a look, nod, and Lucien closes the van door. The van drives away and Marcel with his box heads into the back door of the book depository.

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY/ LOBBY – DAY

Marcel comes in the back door and crosses the lobby. There are many people crowded into the doorway of the book depository, all expectantly facing out to the street. Marcel crosses behind them and goes straight to the stairway with the box blocking his face. No one sees him and he starts up the stairs.

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY/ SECOND-FLOOR – DAY

Lee Oswald sits in the book depository dining room by himself eating lunch and reading his book. He's the only one there. He hears footsteps on the stairs and glances over. Lee sees a guy go by with a box marked "Books," but pays no attention and returns to his reading.

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY/ SIXTH-FLOOR – DAY

Marcel arrives on the sixth-floor, crosses to the farthest windows in the south-east corner, and sets down his box, which he immediately opens. He puts on a pair of thin leather gloves, then he removes Lee's Italian carbine rifle and scope with the "Fair Play for Cuba" button on the strap. Marcel looks around, then takes a few steps and sets it off to his left, near the wall, and behind some boxes.

Marcel then sets up beside the last window, though keeping himself hidden behind the wall. He

gets down on his knees, then reaches into his pocket and removes the plastic bag containing the three spent shell casings. He sets the bag of shells on the windowsill.

Marcel reaches out with his gloved hand and very slowly opens the window up to half way.

EXT. THE BOOK DEPOSITORY – DAY

From outside we can see the window slowly opening on top floor and far right side of the book depository. As our view widens we can see the book depository's position on Elm St., where many people stand waiting, cameras in hand, all peering to the right.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD PARKING LOT – DAY

Andre pulls the white van into the railroad yard parking lot, directly behind the Grassy Knoll. As he pulls in he sees a secret service man in a dark suit, sunglasses and a walkie talkie leaning against a cement post near the overpass, obviously hung-over. The secret service man doesn't even notice the van pull in.

Andre drives the van across the lot and parks under a big tree beside a wooden picket fence which is against a brick wall.

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY/ SIXTH-FLOOR – DAY

Marcel takes his Mauser rifle and scope out of the box and sets it flat on the floor. He pushes the safety latch so it's armed and ready to fire. Marcel looks out the half open window and there are quite a lot of people out on the street with their cameras, anxiously waiting.

EXT. DALLAS STREETS – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

John and Jackie's motorcade continues to snake it's way through the crowded streets of Dallas. People still line both sides of the street. John and Jackie keep waving and smiling. A title reads: "12:25 PM."

EXT. RAILROAD YARD PARKING LOT – DAY

Andre gets out of the van, circles all the way around to make sure it's clear, then opens the side door. Lucien steps out dressed as a Dallas cop, with sunglasses. Lucien walks deliberately to the picket fence and looks over it, past the Grassy Knoll, to Dealy Plaza.

EXT. GRASSY KNOLL – DAY

We can see Lucien's face peering over the picket fence. Lucien sees a middle-aged man with a movie camera standing on a cement embankment with a younger woman holding onto his coat. A subtitle reads: "ABRAHAM ZAPRUDER, eyewitness and cameraman." With him is his secretary, MARILYN SITSMAN.

Lucien also sees another man to his right in a military uniform with a movie camera, plus many other people strewn around the Grassy Knoll, as well as on the other side of Elm St. facing back toward him.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD PARKING LOT – DAY

Lucien turns around, then scrutinizes the railroad yard parking lot. There are a few people wandering around, and there appears to be a watchman in a tower across the lot. Lucien glances at Andre, who is standing at the open door of the van. They exchange a lift of the eyebrows. Lucien looks at his watch—12:27.

EXT. PARKLAND HOSPITAL – DAY

Jack Ruby pulls up across the street from Parkland Hospital. Not much is happening, it's pretty quiet. Jack lights one cigarette off another and takes several deep puffs. He looks down at the lead bullet in the little plastic bag in his hand. He puts the bag in his coat pocket. Jack opens the door, puts on his gray hat, and heads into the hospital while puffing away on his cigarette.

EXT. DEALY PLAZA – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

President Kennedy's motorcade enters the east side of Dealy Plaza, makes a hard right turn to go around the bottom of the plaza, slowing all of the cars down to less than 20 miles-per-hour.

The crowd all around Dealy Plaza becomes excited and begins turning around and taking pictures. A title reads: "12:30 PM."

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY/ SIXTH-FLOOR – DAY

Marcel sees the presidential motorcade enter the plaza, coming toward him up Elm St. He picks his rifle up off the floor and rests it on his lap. He takes a deep breath.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD PARKING LOT – DAY

Lucien turns from the fence and nods to Andre at the van. Andre reaches into the van and removes the Mauser rifle, which he places flat up against the front of his body as he walks quickly over to Lucien at the fence.

At the picket fence Andre hands Lucien the rifle, then stands right up beside him. Lucien places

the rifle upright between himself and the fence.

They both look over the fence into the plaza.

EXT. GRASSY KNOLL – DAY

Abraham Zapruder begins to roll film with his secretary Marilyn holding onto the back of his coat for support. Everyone else with a camera raises it up to their eye to be ready.

ZAPRUDER FILM – EXTREME SLOW-MOTION (STOCK)

President Kennedy's motorcade turns left in front of the book depository and begins heading north on Elm St.

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY/ SIXTH-FLOOR – DAY

Marcel raises his rifle and sights in on President John Kennedy. The smiling, waving president enters the cross-hairs of Marcel's scope. Marcel inhales deeply and holds it.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD PARKING LOT – DAY

Lucien raises the rifle and sights in on the empty stretch of Elm St. in front of him. Andre glances all around behind them making sure all is clear.

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY/ SIXTH-FLOOR – DAY

Marcel watches John and Jackie and Governor and Mrs. Connally complete the hairpin turn through the cross-hairs of his scope, and when their speed has dropped to about 10 miles-per-hour, Marcel's finger pulls the trigger.

In extreme slow-motion the bullet fires out the end of the barrel of the rifle . . .

We see the bullet travel through the air, across Dealy Plaza . . .

ZAPRUDER FILM – EXTREME SLOW-MOTION (STOCK)

The first bullet strikes President Kennedy in the back, causing him to lurch forward and both of his arms to raise up at the elbows. Gov. Connally looks back over his shoulder to see what's going on. Jackie looks confused and doesn't know what's happening.

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY/ SIXTH-FLOOR – DAY

Marcel instantly cocks the rifle, the empty shell ejects, he sights back in and fires again . . .

We also see this bullet leave the barrel in extreme slow-motion . . .

The bullet travels through the air and across the plaza . . .

ZAPRUDER FILM – EXTREME SLOW-MOTION (STOCK)

The second bullet strikes Governor Connally in the back. Jackie sees that her husband is shot and begins to scream. Connally slumps over.

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY/ SIXTH-FLOOR – DAY

Marcel instantly cocks the rifle again, ejects the shell, sights back in and fires again . . .

EXT. ELM STREET – DAY (EXTREME SLOW-MOTION)

The third bullet misses the president’s limo entirely, hits the curb ahead of the limo directly in front of a male pedestrian on the side of the street, then ricochets up past his face. The man is pelted in the face with cement particles and drives to the ground.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD PARKING LOT – DAY

The presidential limo comes into view from the top of the Grassy Knoll. Andre sees it first.

ANDRE

(whispers)

Now.

Lucien pans the sights of his scope to the left and gets the presidential limo in his sights. He focuses in on Kennedy, who is still leaning forward with arms in the air. Lucien gets JFK into his cross-hairs, doesn’t hesitate and pulls the trigger.

The bullet leaves the end of the barrel in a puff of smoke and travels through the air in extreme slow-motion . . .

EXT. GRASSY KNOLL – DAY

Many people standing on the Grassy Knoll dive to the ground as a bullet whizzes over their heads.

Abraham Zapruder keeps filming

ZAPRUDER FILM – EXTREME SLOW-MOTION (STOCK)

The mercury-filled bullet from Lucien’s rifle strikes President John F. Kennedy in the right side of his head, between his right eye and his right ear. His body is thrown backward against the seat and into Jackie. The mercury-filled bullet explodes and blows out the right rear of his head, splattering his wife with blood and brains. John’s body slumps over. Jackie screams and tries to crawl out of the car over the trunk. A secret service man jumps on the rear bumper of the limo.

JACKIE

(screaming)

My God, they’ve killed Jack! They’ve killed my husband! Jack! Jack! Oh my God, I’ve got his brains in my hand!

The motorcade speeds up Elm St. and under the overpass.

EXT. GRASSY KNOLL – DAY

The people all over the Grassy Knoll react to what they have just seen. They rise back to their feet, shaken and horrified, all turning and looking over their shoulders to the picket fence where the shot was fired. Blue smoke still hangs in the air in front of the fence.

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY/ SIXTH-FLOOR – DAY

Marcel in the book depository quickly picks up his own empty shell casings from the floor and puts them in his pocket—except that he can only find two out of three of them. Marcel gets slightly panicked, crawling around on his hands and knees frantically searching. Marcel leans down to look between the floorboards and the shell drops out of his shirt pocket onto the floor in front of him. Marcel takes a deep breath, shakes his head, picks up the shell and puts it into his pants’ pocket.

He then dumps the three shell casings in the plastic bag on the windowsill, then puts the plastic bag in his pocket. Marcel puts his rifle back in the box, closes the box, then quickly heads across the sixth floor of the book depository. He reaches the stairwell and starts down.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD PARKING LOT – DAY

Lucien lowers the rifle, puts it flat against the side of his body between he and Andre, and they both walk deliberately back to the open door of the van. Andre steps into the door, Lucien hands him the rifle, then immediately turns around and puts on his police hat. Lucien sees some pedestrians stepping forward and waves his hand at them authoritatively.

LUCIEN

Get back!

The people turn around and step back.

Lucien turns in the other direction, gets into the van and slams the door closed. Andre lights a cigarette, starts the engine, backs out of the parking space and drives across the parking lot. As he arrives at the driveway to the street he finds several people standing there blocking the van's path, and among the people is a SECRET SERVICE MAN with a walkie-talkie, who steps over to the van and speaks to Andre.

SECRET SERVICE MAN

Who're you?

ANDRE

I'm with the railroad.

SECRET SERVICE MAN

What do you mean, the railroad?

ANDRE

This is a railroad yard parking lot.

The Secret Service Man looks at the parking lot.

SECRET SERVICE MAN

Oh, yeah. What's that smell?

ANDRE

It's a cigarette.

SECRET SERVICE MAN

What kind?

ANDRE

Gi- Just a cigarette.

SECRET SERVICE MAN

It stinks. Keep moving.

The Secret Service Man clears the people out of the driveway so the van can pass. Andre looks both ways, then makes a right turn onto the street and drives out of sight.

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY/ LOBBY – DAY

Marcel comes out of the stairwell, turns the corner and nearly runs into Lee Oswald, who has just stepped up to the back of the crowd filling the doorway out to Elm St. Marcel gives Lee a little nod that says "Excuse me," turns and heads out the back door with his box. Lee watches him go.

LEE

Huh.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE BOOK DEPOSITORY – DAY

Marcel steps out of the back door of the book depository and stands there all alone looking rather nervous. He hears a car coming up the alley. When the car turns the corner he sees that it's a police car. Marcel quickly steps back into the book depository doorway. The police car cruises by. Marcel steps out into the alley again just as Andre pulls up in the van. Lucien opens the side door, Marcel jumps in, the door is slammed shut and the van drives away.

EXT. FRONT OF BOOK DEPOSITORY – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

People are crowded around the front door of the book depository and are pointing up at the windows. Plain-clothes policemen, with some uniformed cops, too, enter the building.

Lee is standing in front of the building calmly watching all of the commotion, his hands in his pockets.

EXT. GRASSY KNOLL – DAY

The people standing all over the Grassy Knoll are speaking to several uniformed policemen. All of the people keep pointing back toward the picket fence. The policemen write their statements down in little notebooks.

INT. VAN – DAY

Lucien and Marcel both light cigarettes as they bounce along. Andre turns a corner and heads away from Dealy Plaza.

EXT. PARKLAND HOSPITAL – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

The presidential limo and six motorcycle cops come screaming up in front of Parkland Hospital. Orderlies come running out pushing gurnies.

INT. PARKLAND HOSPITAL – DAY

Jack Ruby is sitting in the waiting room along with many other people. As soon as the people hear the commotion they all rise to their feet and move toward the door, as does Jack. He is wearing gloves and holds the lead bullet between his fingers. As Kennedy's body is rushed in on the wheeled gurney, Jack steps up beside it and walks along.

JACK

What happened?

ORDERLY

This is the president, back off.

Jack drops the bullet on the gurney and backs off. The orderlies quickly push the body up the hall. A moment later another gurney is wheeled past with Governor Connally's bloody body lying on it.

EXT. TRAFFIC-LINED STREET – DAY

Andre driving the white van is caught in a traffic jam. Police keep screaming past in the opposite direction. In back, Lucien is hastily getting out of the policeman uniform and changing into his regular clothes.

EXT. PARKLAND HOSPITAL – DAY

Jack removes his gloves, puts them in his pocket and steps out of the hospital. There is commotion in front of the hospital, with cops, reporters, cameramen, secret service and FBI agents. The secret service men have surrounded Lyndon Johnson. The HEAD SECRET SERVICE MAN says to LBJ.

HEAD SECRET SERVICE MAN

Mr. President, please get into your vehicle.

(turns to the man beside him)

Make way for the president.

Lyndon Johnson and his wife get in their limo and are rushed away.

Jack cuts behind several uniformed cops that are stopping people from entering the hospital and exits the hospital. Jack glances over at the presidential limousine.

Jackie Kennedy is sitting there all by herself in the back seat, completely covered with blood. Jackie opens her gloved hand and finds she's still holding a squiggly hunk of her husband's brain. Secret Service men finally come and escort her into the hospital. Jack steps up beside some reporters. One of the reporters sees him.

REPORTER

Hi, Jack. Can you believe this?

JACK

No, I can't. It's terrible. You think I ought close my clubs tonight?

REPORTER

Yeah, probably.

JACK

Huh.

Jack nods and walks away from the hospital and the crowd.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE – DAY

Andre pulls the van head first into the garage. He quickly gets out and shuts the garage door.

INT. GARAGE – DAY

Andre opens the side door of the van and Lucien and Marcel both get out. They suddenly all burst in to laughter, hugging and slapping each other on the backs.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH IN DOORWAY – DAY

Jack steps into a phone booth across the street from the hospital while he puffs away on a cigarette. He puts a dime in the phone and dials. A female DISPATCHER answer the phone.

DISPATCHER

Dallas Police Department, may I help you?

Jack adopts a throaty thick Bronx accent that's not very good.

JACK

There's a fellah that works at the book depository in

Dealy Plaza, where the president just got shot, and his name's Lee Harvey Oswald, and I jus' wanna say he's some kinda nut. Pro-Castro, pro-Russia, owns guns. I think he might be a communist, too. Lee Harvey Oswald. Five-foot-ten, one-sixty-five, kind of a thin guy with dark hair. He lives at one-oh-two-six North Beckley, in Oak Cliff.

Jack hangs up the phone. He takes a big drag of his cigarette, puts another dime in the phone and dials again. A female OPERATOR answers.

OPERATOR

Dallas Morning News, may I help you?

Jack does the same fake voice.

JACK

Yeah, I jus' wanna say there's this guy, Lee Harvey Oswald, that works in the book depository in Dealy Plaza, where the president just got shot, and he might've done it, y'know. He's a commie, and pro-Castro, and owns a whole bunch of guns, too. Lee Harvey Oswald. Five-foot-ten, one-sixty-five, kind of a thin guy with dark hair. He lives at one-oh-two-six North Beckley, in Oak Cliff.

OPERATOR

May I ask your name, plea—

Jack hangs up quickly. He takes one more big puff, then drops the cigarette and smashes it out. He leaves the phone booth, gets in his car that's parked at the curb and drives away.

EXT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA – DAY

This is a large building with a sign in front stating, "CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY."

INT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS/ COMMUNICATIONS ROOM – DAY

An ASSISTANT in the CIA communications room, surrounded by chattering teletype machines, sees a message coming in on one of the teletypes. It reads, "Dallas police have a suspect in the shooting of President Kennedy. His name is Lee Harvey Oswald, 24-years old, five-foot-nine, one hundred and sixty-five pounds, dark hair, lives at 1026 North Beckley, Dallas, and is still at large." The Assistant's eyes widen as he reads the information. He quickly tears the paper out of the teletype machine.

A crowd of CIA employees are grouped around a portable black and white TV set watching the unfolding story of the President Kennedy's shooting. The Assistant steps up a middle-aged man who is his SUPERVISOR and hands him the teletype.

ASSISTANT

The Dallas police already have a suspect in the president's shooting.

The Supervisor looks at his watch.

SUPERVISOR

Good God, it hasn't been an hour since the shooting, that's awfully fast. They've arrested him?

ASSISTANT

No, he's still at large.

SUPERVISOR

The how do they know it's him?

ASSISTANT

I don't know.

The Supervisor reads the teletype, then quickly exits the communications room.

INT. C.I.A. RECORDS ROOM – DAY

A file drawer marked "O" is slid open. A file inscribed, "Oswald, Lee H." is taken out of the drawer. The Supervisor takes the file, then quickly leaves the records room

INT. HALLWAY/ C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS – DAY

The Supervisor steps up in front of a frosted glass office door marked, "Richard Helms, Director of Covert Operations" and goes in.

INT. RICHARD HELMS OFFICE – DAY

RICHARD HELMS, a handsome, 45-year old man with black hair, reads the file. He turns a few pages and looks increasingly more agitated as he goes.

HELMS

Oh, shit!

He stands and hastily leaves his office with the file in hand.

INT. HALLWAY/ C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS – DAY

Richard Helms steps up in front of a frosted glass door that says, “John A. McCone, Director,” opens the door and goes in.

INT. JOHN McCONE’S OFFICE – DAY

John McCone, a graying, middle-aged man with a paunch, reads the file and grows more and more wide-eyed.

McCONE

Son of a bitch, we’ve got trouble. He defected to the U.S.S.R., then defected back? And he was with Fair Play for Cuba, too? It’s going to look like *we* had Kennedy killed.

HELMS

I know. And look how quick this came in. It still hasn’t been an hour since he was shot. I think we’re being set up.

John McCone picks up the telephone and dials.

HELMS

Who are you calling?

McCONE

(shrugs)

Allen Dulles, who else? He’ll know what to do.

Helms nods in agreement.

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

The plain-clothes policemen searching the book depository first find the empty shell casings on the window sill, then another cop finds the rifle behind some boxes and holds it up for everyone to see. They take it out of the building, holding it up like a prize.

EXT. BOOK DEPOSITORY – DAY

The policemen bring the rifle out of the book depository. Lee is standing there and gets a good look at it—and recognizes that it's his rifle, with the "Fair Play for Cuba" button on the strap!

LEE

(to himself)

Oh, fuck!

Lee's eyes go wide, what the hell is going on? His hand immediately goes to his jacket's inside pocket where he keeps his .38 pistol, which is still there. Lee rubs his face, then walks slowly away from the book depository.

Lee spots a taxi cab and gets in.

LEE

One-oh-two-six North Beckley, please.

The taxi drives away from the book depository.

INT. TRAUMA ROOM #1, PARKLAND HOSPITAL – DAY

President Kennedy's inert naked blue body is on an operating table and two doctors—DR. PETERS and DR. McCLELLAND—are doing everything they can to resuscitate him. Chest massage is performed, as well as mouth-to-mouth, and a Tracheotomy, but nothing's working, undoubtedly due to the fact that JFK is missing the back of his head and most of his brains are hanging out. The doctors lift the president's lifeless body, see the wound in his upper back, then Dr. Peters spots the bullet on the gurney. He picks it up with his gloved hand and he and Dr. McClelland inspect it. A SECRET SERVICE AGENT steps up and asks . . .

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

What's that?

DR. PETERS

A bullet.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

The bullet that hit the president?

Dr. McClelland holds the bullet up to the light and turns it around—it's in perfect condition.

DR. McCLELLAND

That bullet couldn't have hit anyone, it's in too good of

shape. It's probably never been fired from a weapon.

The Secret Service Agent puts on a rubber glove and takes the bullet. It's put into an envelope, another agent takes it and quickly leaves the room.

Meanwhile, another masked doctor tries to step up and is stopped by a SECRET SERVICE AGENT.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Who are you?

DR. CLARK

I'm Dr. Clark, head of neurosurgery here at Parkland Hospital.

SECRET SERVICE

Oh, okay. Go ahead.

The agent lets DR. CLARK through. The doctor steps up to Kennedy's body and the two other doctors working, Dr. McClelland and Dr. Peters, both step back and allow Dr. Clark to examine the patient. Dr. Clark inspects the wound, touches Kennedy's Carotid Artery, looks up at the other two doctors and shakes his head with finality.

DR. CLARK

I'm sorry, but President Kennedy is dead.

(looks at the clock)

As of 1:00 PM, Dallas Time.

A Secret Service Agent steps up to four other Secret Service and CIA agents.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Okay, the president's dead. We can't let civilian doctors keep working on him. We've got to get him out of here and back to Washington.

CIA AGENT

Right.

The CIA man turns to the snaggle-toothed AMBULANCE DRIVER.

CIA AGENT

Get a casket and a hearse for the president.

AMBULANCE DRIVER

Okay.

The ambulance driver turns and leaves.

Yet another masked doctor steps up and is stopped by the Secret Service Agent.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Okay, now who are you?

DR. EARL ROSE pulls down his mask and says . . .

DR. ROSE

I am Dr. Earl Rose, head of forensic pathology here.
I'll be performing the autopsy.

CIA AGENT

No, I'm sorry, doctor, that's incorrect. The president's
body is going back to Washington, and the autopsy will
be performed at Bethesda or Walter Reed.

DR. ROSE

(very seriously)

This is a homicide in Dallas County, it's the law that
the autopsy must be performed here, and I will do the
autopsy on President Kennedy.

Several Secret Service and CIA men step up to face the doctor, their hands on their pistols.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

No, I'm afraid you won't.

Doctors Rose, Clark, Peters, and McClelland and three nurses all realize that they are
outnumbered by armed men with their hands on their guns. The doctors and nurses back off.

EXT. OSWALD'S ROOMING HOUSE – DAY

Lee gets out of the taxi, gives the driver his last two dollars, then quickly goes into his rooming
house.

INT. LEE'S ROOM – DAY

Lee comes into his room, crosses directly to the closet and looks inside. Yep, his rifle's gone. He looks around in a panic, his hand instinctively going to the .38 in his pocket.

LEE

Shit! What the hell's going on? It's that son of a bitch, David Ferrie! He's setting me up.

(looks at the open closet)

I've gotta get outta here.

Lee turns and walks right out of the place.

INT. TRAUMA ROOM #1 – DAY

The ambulance drivers arrive with a bronze casket. The Secret Service, CIA, and FBI push their way past the doctors and nurses, wrap Kennedy's head in a sheet, grab the sheet he's on and hoist his body into the casket. Dr. Rose is still protesting and steps up to block the path of the casket.

DR. ROSE

Honestly, this is against the law, you can't do this. I won't let you do this!

The Secret Service Agent gets right into the doctor's face.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Get out of the fucking way, doctor, or I will run you down!

The agents lift the casket and come right at Dr. Rose, who finally steps out of the way. The casket is taken out of the room.

EXT. SIDE STREET – DAY

Parked on the side of the street is a Dallas Police car, and inside is Officer J. D. TIPPET, a pot-bellied, middle-aged, Texas good old boy. The Dispatcher's voice is coming out of the police radio . . .

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

All points bulletin: suspect in shooting of President Kennedy is named Lee Harvey Oswald, 24-years old, thin,

dark hair, 5' 10", 165-pounds, wearing tan work pants and jacket, his address is 1026 North Beckley. He is armed and dangerous, approach with caution.

EXT. BECKLEY STREET – DAY

Lee walks quickly up Beckley Street in the neighborhood of Oak Cliff. He's got his hands in his jacket pockets and keeps looking back over his shoulder.

The police car turns the corner onto North Beckley Street. Officer Tippet drives up a ways, looks up and who does he see walking down the street but Lee Oswald, hands in his jacket pockets. Tippet grabs the radio.

TIPPET

This is Officer Tippet. I've spotted the suspect, Oswald, heading south on Beckley on foot. Will apprehend.

Tippet speeds up, swerves to the other side of the street and screeches to a halt beside Lee.

Lee is startled. He gasps and mutters under his breath.

LEE

Oh, shit!

Officer Tippet leans over and speaks out of his out his passenger window with a thick Texas drawl.

OFFICER TIPPET

Hey, you there, boy. Hold up!

Lee stops, sighs, then slowly turns around.

LEE

Yes, sir.

OFFICER TIPPET

Are you Lee Harvey

Oswald?

Lee is very surprised to be addressed by name.

LEE

Yes, sir, I am.

Tippet is horrified and begins fumbling for his holstered pistol.

OFFICER TIPPET

Oh m'God! Well, Goddamn you you little sumbitch,
I'm gonna take you in! Don't you move! Y'all hear
me?

Lee sees Officer Tippet fumbling for his pistol under his roll of fat while also fumbling with the door handle. Lee suddenly looks like a caged rat, and without a second thought he pulls his own .38 snub-nose, sticks it into the passenger window of the police car and fires twice right into Officer Tippet's chest, killing him. Tippet slumps over dead in a car full of blue smoke.

Lee pulls the pistol out of the car, jams it back in his jacket pocket, turns and keeps walking rapidly up the street. His eyes are nearly bugging out. He just keeps walking faster with his hands in his pockets, throwing crazed glances over his shoulder.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM AT PARKLAND HOSPITAL – DAY (STOCK SHOT)

Dr. Clark steps into the conference room which is jammed full of reporters, TV and movie cameras. Dr. Clark steps before a table and announces . . .

DR. CLARK

President John F. Kennedy died at exactly 1:00 PM
Dallas time. He was killed by a gunshot wound to
the head . . .

(Dr. Rose points his index finger at his
forehead, right above his right eye)

. . . Removing most of the right Parietal and Occipital
portions of the skull . . .

(He reaches back and places his fingers
on the right rear of his head)

. . . The Occipital Cortex, and a large portion of the
brain, as well. All efforts to resuscitate the president
failed.

EXT. SAM GIANCANA'S HOUSE – DAY

Snow covers the ground and hangs on the trees outside Sam Giancana's large suburban Chicago house. Two men in long dark coats patrol the grounds.

INT. SAM GIANCANA'S HOUSE/ REC ROOM – DAY

Sam is down in his paneled office in his basement watching a small black and white TV playing

and smoking a cigar. WALTER CRONKITE is on the TV. He is repeating the news that Kennedy has been shot, when he is handed an update. Cronkite stops his report, removes his thick, black-rimmed glasses, wipes his eye, regains his composure, then announces . . .

WALTER CRONKITE

President John F. Kennedy is dead.

SAM

(nods and points his cigar at the TV)

„Fuck you,“ huh? No, fuck *you!*

He puts his cigar in his mouth and takes a satisfied puff.

EXT. THE KENNEDY ESTATE, HYANNIS PORT – DAY

The Kennedy’s estate in Hyannis Port, Massachusetts, is walled-off and gated, so you can’t see in. A title reads, “The Kennedy Estate, Hyannis Port.”

INT. JOE KENNEDY’S HOUSE – DAY

Joe Kennedy sits in a wheelchair holding his silver-tipped cane, surrounded by many member of the Kennedy family and everyone is watching the color TV. Joe looks much older since we last saw him and the right side of his face now sags due to a stroke. The Kennedy family has just heard that President Kennedy is dead. Many of the women begin to cry. Joe Kennedy’s sagging face begins to twitch, as does the rest of his head. He’s having another stroke, but no one else notices because they’ve all moved closer to the TV set. Joe is having trouble breathing and the silver-tipped cane drops out of his hand and falls to the carpeted floor with a muffled thump.

INT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT DINING ROOM – DAY

The Justice Department’s dining room is large, spacious and well-lit. There are white table cloths on the round tables, and waiters scurrying all around with trays. A MESSENGER enters the dining room. The Messenger speaks with the Maitred’, who points out a specific table. Robert Kennedy is just finishing lunch with another man. Robert Kennedy stands up, collects the pile of papers on the table, and picks them up. The Messenger steps up to him and whispers in his ear. Robert Kennedy gasps . . .

RFK

Oh, dear God!

He drops the whole pile of papers on the floor. We can see a photograph of Sam Giancana in the papers on the floor.

INT. SHO-BAR PRIVATE DINING ROOM – DAY

Sal Marcello and several of his men sit in the club's private dining room watching a black and white TV set and smoking cigarettes. They hear the announcement that the president is dead.

Marcello and his men all look at each other and shrug.

SAL

Aw, that's a tough a break.

His guys all chuckle. Sal looks smug and satisfied, nodding his head.

SAL

And if his little baby brother, Bobby, doesn't wise up, he'll be next, the little cocksucker!

INT. CLAY SHAW'S HOUSE – DAY

Clay Shaw lives in a beautifully-decorated house in the French Quarter of New Orleans. He sits on the couch with a handsome BLOND BOY of twenty-one, who is crying.

BLOND BOY

I can't believe they killed the president. He was so young and handsome. It's too awful.

Clay puts his arm around the boy and hugs him, a knowing expression on his face.

CLAY

It's okay, don't cry. Everything'll all be okay, you'll see . . .

EXT. THE TEXAS THEATER – DAY

On The Texas Theater's marquee it announces: "Cry of Battle" with Van Heflin, and "War is Hell" with Audie Murphy. Lee steps up to the front of the theater, looks around desperately, hearing police sirens coming from all directions, then sticks his hand in his pocket and realizes he hasn't got any money on him. He shakes his head in despair.

LEE

Oh, Christ! What next?

He looks around in desperation, then suddenly just opens the theater's door and dashes inside. An USHER behind the candy counter sees him do this.

USHER

Hey!

The Usher goes and tells the manager, who quickly picks up a telephone and dials.

EXT. LOVE FIELD AIRPORT – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

The white Cadillac hearse arrives at Love Field Airport. The bronze coffin is removed from the hearse and with great difficulty is manhandled up the steps into Air Force One. Lyndon Johnson and his wife escort the bereaved Jackie Kennedy onto the plane.

INT. MOVIE THEATER – DAY

The movie showing is "Cry of Battle," a cheap programmer with Van Heflin and Rita Moreno set during WWII in the Philippines, and Lee Oswald sits nervously watching it. He can hear police sirens in the distance.

EXT. THE TEXAS THEATER – DAY

Police cars and reporters come screaming up in front of the theater in many cars, with sirens wailing. Eight plain-clothes cops wearing cowboy hats get out of their cars and pull their pistols, heading into the theater.

INT. MOVIE THEATER – DAY

Cops come charging into the movie theater from both entrances. Lee stands up, turns around and pulls his .38, waving it back and forth. The audience jumps to their feet and flees out the exits. Cops with cowboy hats and drawn pistols approach Oswald from all directions.

Lee can see that he's surrounded and trapped and keeps spinning around with his gun. Finally, one cop grabs the pistol while another pistol-whips Lee smack in the left eye with the butt of his gun. Lee's knees wilt and he drops to the floor. Two cops step in and grab his arms, hoisting him up and immediately drag him up the aisle and out of the theater. Lee comes to his senses and says . . .

LEE

I didn't do anything. I didn't do anything . . .

EXT. THE TEXAS THEATER – DAY

The movie theater is now swarming with reporters, cameras and cops. The two cops come out

carrying Oswald, who now sports a black eye. Oswald's feet barely touch the ground as he is put into a police car and driven away. One of the reporters asks one of the good old boy cops wearing a cowboy hat.

REPORTER #1

Did he say anything?

COP

Yeah, he said, "I killed me a president and a cop and now I'll try for two more," then we slapped him up side the head and took his gun away.

The reporters rapidly write in their notebooks. The cops all get in their cars and drive away.

One reporter turns to another one.

REPORTER #1

If you'd just killed the president and a cop, would you go to the movies?

REPORTER #2

(considers for a moment)

Depends on what was playing, I guess.

The first Reporter points at the marquee. The second Reporter glances up at it, then shakes his.

REPORTER #2

No.

INT. DALLAS POLICE STATION/ TELETYPE ROOM – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

One policeman holds Oswald's rifle and reads off the serial number which another policeman types into a teletype machine.

A teletype comes back from the FBI that reads, "Rifle's owner one Oswald, Lee H. Purchased mail order for \$17.50."

INT. DALLAS POLICE STATION/ LOBBY – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

Lee Oswald is handcuffed and brought into the lobby of the Dallas Police Station, which is filled with reporters and cameras. Lee has a black eye. An off-camera NEWSMAN asks . . .

NEWSMAN

Did you kill the president?

LEE

I didn't shoot anybody, sir. I haven't been told what I'm here for.

NEWSMAN

Do you have a lawyer?

LEE

No sir, I don't.

The policemen take Lee away.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE – DAY

Lucien, Andre, and Marcel are all sitting on the floor in their underwear watching the TV and guzzling cans of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer. They are already completely surrounded in empty beer cans. The TV news ANNOUNCER says . . .

ANNOUNCER

Lee Harvey Oswald was taken into custody in Dallas. Oswald worked at the book depository in Dealy Plaza, from where the shots that killed the president came from. Also found were Oswald's rifle and three shell casings . . .

The three drunk Frenchmen burst out laughing, toast each other, then guzzle their beers. They all realize they may be making too much noise and quickly quiet down.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

On the plane back to Washington, Lyndon Baines Johnson, with a tear-stained Jackie Kennedy standing right beside him, is sworn-in as the 36th President of the United States by District Judge Sarah T. Hughes.

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE, WASHINGTON, D.C. – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

Air Force One lands at Andrews Air Force Base in Washington, D.C. LBJ, his wife, and Jackie all watch as the bronze casket is unloaded off the plane in a freight hi-lo and put into a waiting ambulance. LBJ, his wife, and Jackie all get off the plane. LBJ speaks to the press for the first time as president.

LBJ

This is a sad time for all people. We have suffered
a loss that cannot be weighed . . .

LBJ, Lady Bird and Jackie get into a limo and drive off.

Five black sedans converge on the ambulance. From the foremost black sedan steps a white-haired man in his seventies with a white mustache, and a title reads, "ALLEN DULLES, former director of the CIA, 1953-1962." Also stepping out of the car are John McCone and Richard Helms. Ten back-up CIA agents get out of the other cars. An FBI AGENT steps up to Dulles, McCone and Helms.

FBI AGENT

Mr. Dulles, Mr. Helms, Mr. McCone. I've just spoken with Mr. Hoover and he's arranged to have the autopsy performed at Bethesda Naval Medical Hospital, and he will be attending.

DULLES

That's fine, just tell Edgar that it will be in a few hours, say at five o'clock. Also, get everyone else there, MacNamara, Rusk, General Taylor, General Wheeler, Admiral Burke, and the rest of the joint chiefs of staff.

(to the ambulance driver)

Walter Reed Army Hospital.

AMBULANCE DRIVER

I thought we were going to Bethesda?

DULLES

Just do as you're told.

AMBULANCE DRIVER

Yes, sir.

The ambulance drives away and the fleet of black sedans follow along after it, including Allen Dulles, John McCone, and Richard Helms.

INT. CAROUSEL CLUB – DAY

Jack Ruby sits at the bar of his club getting smashed. Three empty glasses sit before him in a line. The phone in the backroom rings and the BARTENDER goes and answers it. Jack downs his drink and winces. The Bartender steps out of the backroom.

BARTENDER

Jack, there's a call for you.

Jack waves his empty glass.

JACK

I'm not takin' any calls, and give me another.

BARTENDER

It's New Orleans calling.

Jack quickly stands and heads unsteadily into the backroom.

INT. BACKROOM – DAY

Jack picks up the phone and it's Sal Marcello on the other end.

SAL

You've done good work, Jack, and you're halfway home.

Jack's eyes widen in horror.

JACK

Only *halfway*? What does that mean, Sal?

SAL

That means you still got one more thing to do.

JACK

Yeah? What's that?

SAL

Get rid of Oswald.

Jack is stunned. He shakily lights a cigarette.

JACK

How? The Dallas cops have him.

SAL

They'll be moving him soon from the city jail to the county jail. And you know every cop in that

police station.

JACK

Yeah? So? You think they'll just give ,em to me?

SAL

No. But you can just walk right in there and let him have it. And that'll be the end. We'll be square.

JACK

But what about *me*?

SAL

What about you? You won't owe me anymore and you'll still be alive, which you should consider a miracle, and so should everyone in your family.

JACK

(in disbelief)

You want me to walk right into the police station and shoot the guy?

SAL

Right. Then tell ,em you were so upset that this little fuck killed the president that you couldn't help yourself. It was a crime of passion, totally unpremeditated. With a good lawyer you'll be out in no time.

JACK

(frightened)

I don't know that I can do that, Sal.

SAL

You can do it, Jack. Believe me. It's your only choice. You're gettin' off light, so count your

blessings. And if you don't do it, you may as well have done nothing, and then you're back where you started. Understand?

JACK

Yeah.

SAL

Good.

Sal hangs up. Jack sits there with the dead receiver in his hand looking pale.

JACK

I'm fucked! I'm completely, totally fucked!!

INT. DALLAS POLICE STATION – DAY (STOCK SHOT)

The police bring Lee Oswald out for another press conference.

LEE

I don't know what the situation is about. Nobody has told me anything except I've been accused of, uh, murdering a policeman. I know nothing more than that. I do request someone to come forward to give me legal assistance.

An off- camera REPORTER asks . . .

REPORTER

Did you kill the president?

LEE

No, I've not been charged with that, in fact, nobody has said that to me, yet. The first thing I heard about it is when the newspaper reporters in the hall axed me that question.

REPORTER

You *have* been charged with it.

Lee's eyes go wide.

LEE

(shaken)
What?

REPORTER
You *have* been charged with it.

Lee looks horror-stricken and doesn't know what to say, so the cops begin to escort him away. The Reporter calls out one more question . . .

REPORTER
What happened to your eye?

LEE
A policeman hit me.

The reporters then converge on Dallas Police CHIEF FRITZ, a man in his sixties with glasses and thin hair greased back over his skull. An off-screen Reporter asks . . .

REPORTER
Is there any doubt in your mind that Oswald is the man who killed the president?

CHIEF FRITZ
I think this is the man who killed the president.

EXT. WALTER REED ARMY HOSPITAL – EVENING

Walter Reed Army Hospital is a big old concrete building from the 1930s, with a sign in front saying what it is. The ambulance and black sedans all pull up at the main door where they are met by yet more CIA agents. The bronze coffin holding the president is unloaded from the ambulance, placed on a gurney and rolled into the hospital.

INT. MORGUE – EVENING

The bronze coffin is pushed by orderlies, followed by the phalanx of CIA agents, Dulles, McCone, and Helms, and they all enter the morgue, with its rows of stainless steel autopsy tables. Two gowned, masked and gloved SURGEONS step up.

SURGEON
We're ready, sir.
Dulles asks Helms

DULLES

Are these CIA doctors?

HELMS

Of course.

DULLES

All right, get those orderlies out of here.

Richard Helms turns to the orderlies.

HELMS

You can go, thank you.

The orderlies leave.

DULLES

Let's take the president out of the coffin.

Agents step up, open the coffin, and carefully lift John Kennedy's nude, dead, blue-gray body, with a bloody sheet wrapped around the head, and set it on one of the steel tables. The surgeons step up and unwrap the sheet. A number of agents gasp when the horrible head wound is revealed, the brains hanging out the hole in the side and back of the skull.

The two surgeons examine the wound, turning the head, sticking their fingers inside the skull.

DULLES

Explain this wound to me, doctors.

The two doctors look at each other, then poke at the wound as they speak.

SURGEON #1

Well, it appears that the president received a gunshot wound to the parietal region of the skull—

DULLES

—Meaning what?

SURGEON #1

The side of the head, just above the right ear, blowing out the occipit—, I mean, the back of the skull.

Allen Dulles interjects.

DULLES

So, what you're saying is that a bullet hit the president here . . .

(he points above his own right ear)

Then the bullet came out here . . .

(he points at the back of his head
behind his right ear)

Is that correct?

SURGEON #1

Yes, I believe that's correct.

Allen Dulles turns to the other Surgeon.

DULLES

Would you agree with that, doctor?

SURGEON #2

(nods)

Yes, I would.

Dulles turns to McCone and Helms.

DULLES

You heard it. The fatal bullet hit the president from in front and blew the back of his head off.

McCONE

Yeah?

DULLES

That means that the fatal bullet did not come from behind him from the book depository, and was then not fired by this Lee Harvey Oswald person.

HELMS

What are you saying, Mr. Dulles?

DULLES

I'm saying, given this evidence, there was more than one person involved in this assassination, which automatically makes it a conspiracy.

McCONE

A conspiracy? By who?

DULLES

I can't tell you that. But if one bullet hit the president from behind . . .

(he points at the body)

Lift up the body, please.

The surgeons carefully lift Kennedy's body by the shoulder revealing his back. There is a bullet hole in his upper back near the neck.

DULLES

(continuing)

So, if one bullet hit him from behind, and another bullet hit him from in front, that's two gunmen, and that's a conspiracy.

McCONE

We're going to have a hard enough time keeping this Lee Harvey Oswald's CIA and FBI connections quiet. God only knows who this other gunman—

DULLES

—Or men.

McCONE

Or men are? And we don't have them in custody, and may very well never know who they are, and we may never catch them.

Dulles turns to the surgeons.

DULLES

How would you make an exact determination of the direction from which the bullet was fired?

SURGEON #1

Remove the brain, send it to pathology, have it sectioned, then we'll know the exact direction the bullet came from, as well as finding any bullet

fragments that could well remain, which we would then send to the forensic pathologists to see if they match the rifle that was found.

DULLES

(shakes his head)

Well, we can't have this done at Bethesda, we need to keep it all in-house, at least until we know what we're talking about. We've got to stop all the potential leaks right now.

HELMS

(looks at his watch)

The president's body is expected over at Bethesda in an hour for the official autopsy.

Allen Dulles considers for a moment, strokes his white mustache, then nods.

DULLES

Remove the brain. Give it to the forensic pathologists at CIA Headquarters.

The Surgeons nod, then do as they're told, bend down and begin removing the president's brain.

McCONE

But how are they going to perform an autopsy without the brain?

DULLES

(sarcastically)

Well, *Mr. CIA Director*, this happens to be an issue of national security. I guess they'll simply have to do

the best they can.

(he turns to the other agents in the room)

Get a chopper and when the doctors are done get the body over to Bethesda. And get rid of that horrible bronze casket. Call Arlington Cemetery and get the real casket delivered over to Bethesda.

(turns to Helms and McCone)

Let's go.

HELMS

We can just wait and go with the body in the helicopter.

DULLES

(smiles)

I'd prefer to drive, if you don't mind.

Dulles, McCone and Helms leave.

EXT. BETHESDA NAVAL MEDICAL CENTER, WASHINGTON, D.C. – DAY

A helicopter lands in front of the Bethesda Naval Medical Center. Uniformed soldiers jump out and carry a plain wooden coffin into the building.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM – DAY

The autopsy room is jammed to capacity with over thirty generals, admirals, and ranking members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, as well as top CIA and FBI officials, (subtitles identify each man). Included are: "J. EDGAR HOOVER, Director of the FBI," "GENERAL MAXWELL D. TAYLOR, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff," "GENERAL EARLE WHEELER, Chief of Staff, U.S. Army," and "ADMIRAL DAVID R. MACDONALD, Chief of Naval Operations," "DEAN RUSK, Secretary of State," and "ROBERT MACNAMARA, Secretary of Defense."

HOOVER

Where the hell is the president's body? What's going on?

A CIA AGENT steps forward.

CIA AGENT

It will be here momentarily, Mr. Hoover.

HOOVER

But where is it?

CIA AGENT

CIA directors McCone and Helms felt that CIA doctors needed to see the body first, just in case.

HOOVER

In case of what?

CIA AGENT

(shakes his head)

I'm sorry, sir, I don't know.

CIA directors John McCone and Richard Helms, as well as Allen Dulles, enter the room. Hoover steps up to Dulles.

HOOVER

Allen, what the hell is going on?

Before Dulles can reply a naval hospital ADMINISTRATOR steps into the room, salutes, and speaks to Admiral MacDonald.

ADMINISTRATOR

Two of the top forensic pathologists in the country are one their way here, sir.

ADMIRAL MACDONALD

Are they military or civilian?

ADMINISTRATOR

Civilian, sir.

ADMIRAL MACDONALD

Cancel them. Who are the officers in charge of this department?

ADMINISTRATOR

Uh, Dr. Humes and Dr. Homes.

ADMIRAL MACDONALD

Get them. Now. They'll do the autopsy.

ADMINISTRATOR

But they're hospital administrators, like me, sir. They're not qualified to perform an autopsy of this importance.

ADMIRAL MACDONALD

Did I ask your opinion, Lieutenant?

ADMINISTRATOR

No, sir.

ADMIRAL MACDONALD

Then do as you're told.

ADMINISTRATOR

Yes, sir.

The hospital administrator salutes, turns and quickly exits.

A moment later four soldiers carry the plain wooden coffin into the room, set it down on the floor, salute, turn on their heels and leave.

Two doctors in their early sixties, DR. HUMES and DR. HOLMES, as well as several orderlies, enter the room. They open the wooden casket and remove Kennedy's body, which is now in a gray, plastic military body bag with a full-length zipper running up the front. They place the body in the bag on the examining table. As Dr. Humes unzips the bag, everyone in the room watches quietly.

Dr. Humes and Dr. Holmes examine the dead president. They look at the hole in the side of the head.

DR. HOLMES

(shocked)

The brain is missing.

Allen Dulles steps up.

DULLES

Don't worry about it, doctor. In fact, you both can step outside for a moment. Stay right there in the hall and we'll call you when we need you.

Both doctors salute and exit. General Taylor asks . . .

GENERAL TAYLOR

Where is the brain?

Allen Dulles turns to the others.

DULLES

It's at the CIA laboratory.

ADMIRAL MACDONALD

What's it doing there?

DULLES

Gentlemen, we've got a big problem here. It seems that the fatal bullet that hit the president came from in front and blew the back of his head off, which means that the fatal bullet did not come from behind him at the book depository, and was then not fired by Lee Harvey Oswald. Given this evidence, that means that there was more than one person involved in this assassination, and that automatically makes it a conspiracy.

All the military men turn and look at one another.

GENERAL TAYLOR

A conspiracy? By who?

DULLES

I can't tell you that, general. But if one bullet hit the president from behind, and another bullet hit him from in front, that's two gunmen, and that's a conspiracy.

HOOVER

This whole deal smells phoney to me.

DULLES

What do you mean?

HOOVER

If you were going to shoot the president, would you do it from where you work? Then leave your rifle and the shell casings right there for everyone to find? Then go

to the movies?

Robert MacNamara steps forward.

MACNAMARA

Yeah, and how did they catch this guy so fast?

Helms interjects.

HELMS

He shot a cop.

HOOVER

Yeah, but there was already an APB out on him when he shot the cop, and that's less than an hour after the president was shot.

DULLES

And this Oswald had defected to Russia, then defected back?

McCONE

He was an agency operative.

HOOVER

I know. And he was also involved in the Fair Play for Cuba group, which was also an agency operation.

ADMIRAL MACDONALD

So, what does this all mean?

DULLES

It means, gentlemen, that we've been set up. Someone wants to implicate the CIA in this assassination.

GENERAL TAYLOR

Who would want to do that?

DULLES

(shrugs)

My first instinct says Fidel Castro.

ADMIRAL MACDONALD

Castro? Why?

DULLES

Well, we have tried to eliminate him five times already, and we did attempt to overthrow his government, too, if you'll recall, Admiral, which cost me my job.

ADMIRAL MACDONALD

You think he'd do something like this?

DULLES

I don't know, but he certainly has a motive. And the wherewithal to pull it off, too. And if he implicates the CIA in this, then the problems it will cause us will mean that we'll have to get off his back, at least for a while, that's what I think.

MACNAMARA

We can't let that happen, can we?

DULLES

No, I don't believe we can. We certainly don't need Senate sub-committees investigating the CIA right now. It won't do anybody any good, and it won't be any good for the security of this country, either.

HOOVER

Nor do we want to bring Cuba or Russia into this equation, either.

MACNAMARA

Nobody's even brought up the possibility that it could be Sam Giancana and the mob. They have a motive and they certainly have the wherewithal, too.

Allen Dulles waves his hand in utter disdain.

DULLES

But they haven't got the brains. This is much too complex for those Guinea gangsters to come up with or pull off. No! You take my word for it,

this is Castro's work.

GENERAL TAYLOR

So, Mr. Dulles, what do you suggest?

DULLES

We're not going to fall into his trap. This is not getting back to the CIA. We'll just go with the lone nut shooter, Oswald. We make him look as crazy as possible, and do our best to keep his agency connections quiet. I'm sure the American public wants this all settled as soon as possible, everyone thinks that Lee Harvey Oswald is the sole gunman, let's just let them believe it.

GENERAL TAYLOR

Won't all of his connections come out at the trial?

DULLES

Not if we don't want them to. Nor does the trial have to occur at all that speedy of a pace, and hopefully by then the situation will be a lot more stable than it presently is. And nothing says that this Oswald character won't have an accident in prison long before his trial. We can handle this Oswald situation much easier than a conspiracy, possibly conceived outside this country, that's just set up to cause trouble with both Castro and Russia. You saw what just happened with Castro and the Russian missiles. This whole thing could lead right to an atomic war.

There is a general assent from the crowd of military men.

GENERAL TAYLOR

Okay. A lone nut. That makes sense to me. It's a simple story, and much easier to run damage control on. Does everyone else agree?

There is another grunting assent from all present.

ADMIRAL MACDONALD

All right, then bring the doctors back in.

The two doctors are brought back into the autopsy room. The two doctors stand there looking

confused.

DR. HOLMES

Yes?

ADMIRAL MACDONALD

All right, perform the autopsy.

DR. HOLMES

But we're not qualified. We're both administrators.

The Admiral becomes angry.

ADMIRAL MACDONALD

You're both doctors, right?

DR. HOLMES

Yes, sir.

DR. HUMES

Yes, sir.

ADMIRAL MACDONALD

You've both performed autopsies before, right?

DR. HOLMES

Yes, sir.

DR. HUMES

Yes, sir.

ADMIRAL MACDONALD

Then perform this autopsy. Right now! That's an order!

DR. HOLMES

Yes, sir.

DR. HUMES

Yes, sir.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. DALLAS POLICE STATION – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

Outside the Dallas Police Station there is a lot of activity. Policemen are patrolling and are keeping bystanders back. A title reads: “Sunday, November 24, 12:30 PM, the Dallas Police Station.”

INT. DALLAS POLICE STATION – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

Reporters and TV cameramen are crowded together in the police station underground parking lot. Reporters interview Dallas Police Chief Fritz again. An off-camera Reporter asks . . .

REPORTER

You regard the county jail as a more secure place to house the prisoner? Is that why you’re transferring him from the city jail?

CHIEF FRITZ

It’s customary after a man is filed on that he be transferred. We only keep him in our jail until he is filed on. Necessary precautions will be taken, of course, but I don’t think that the people will try to take the prisoner from us . . .

EXT. DALLAS POLICE STATION – DAY

Jack Ruby steps up in front of the police station looking particularly tense, a cigarette in his mouth. He sees cops all over the place, and the ramp to the underground garage is being guarded. Jack frowns and puffs on his cigarette nervously.

Jack goes around to the alley where there is an unguarded door into the police station. Jack looks around to see if anyone’s watching, then flicks his cigarette and goes inside.

INT. DALLAS POLICE STATION/ LOBBY – DAY

The lobby is relatively quiet when Jack enters. He crosses the floor and opens a door leading to a stairwell.

Jack enters the stairwell, goes down two flights of stairs, then goes through another door.

INT. DALLAS POLICE STATION/ UNDERGROUND GARAGE – DAY

Jack enters the police station’s underground garage. He crosses the parking lot, goes through another door, and comes out in a hallway that is jammed full of reporters and TV cameramen, as

well as many uniformed and plain-clothes policemen lining both sides of the hall. Jack steps up and joins the cops and reporters. A fat uniformed cops turns and see him.

Hey, Jack

FAT COP

Tom.

(nods)

JACK

Still swimmin' everyday?

FAT COP

Sure, gotta stay in shape.

JACK

That's for sure.

FAT COP

INT. DALLAS POLICE STATION/ HALLWAYS – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

Two plain-clothes policemen escort Lee Oswald in handcuffs through the Dallas Police Station. They walk down one hallway, then the next, then turn and go through a door into the underground garage.

INT. DALLAS POLICE STATION/ UNDERGROUND GARAGE – DAY

Jack stands there among the reporters and cops with his hand in his pocket. His eyes are narrowed and his breathing is shallow and rapid. His eyes dart back and forth, but he keeps his head still. Everybody hears something and turns to look at the door. Cameramen get their cameras ready and some begin filming.

INT. DALLAS POLICE STATION/ UNDERGROUND GARAGE – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

A reasonably calm Lee Harvey Oswald is brought through the doors into the underground garage. As he is escorted down the two lines of reporters and policemen, Jack Ruby pulls his pistol, steps forward and shoots Lee Harvey Oswald point-blank in the stomach, and as Lee goes down to the floor Jack goes with him and fires another shot into his stomach for good measure.

Pandemonium breaks out, the plain-clothes cops grab Jack and pull him off the inert body of Lee Oswald, they take the gun away from Jack, then escort him right back into the police station.

Lee's unconscious body is strapped onto a gurney, loaded into an ambulance and taken away.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE – DAY

Lucien, Marcel and Andre still sit on the floor in their shorts, drinking beer and watching TV. They just watched Jack shoot Lee. Andre looks worried.

ANDRE

They're already getting rid of the, uh, participants.

MARCEL

You still think they'll live up to their side of the bargain, get us out of here and pay us?

LUCIEN

(nods)

Yes, I do. This deal came through Antoine Giveney, and I trust him. So let's still believe everything is fine and going along on schedule. But let's not let our guards down, either, okay?

(the other two nod)

But clearly these guys are not kidding around.

They other two nod again, then they all three light cigarettes.

EXT. PARKLAND HOSPITAL – DAY

Lee's inert body is taken out of the ambulance and rushed into Parkland Hospital.

INT. DALLAS POLICE STATION/ JAIL CELL – DAY

A title reads, "1:07 PM, Nov. 24." Jack Ruby sits in his undershirt in a jail cell. A GUARD sits right outside the bars. Jack says . . .

JACK

„Scuse me, could I have a cigarette?

GUARD

Sure thing, Jack.

The Guard gives him a cigarette and lights it for him. Jack smokes nervously and finally throws the cigarette to the floor and grinds it out. A UNIFORMED COP comes striding up to the cell.

UNIFORMED COP

I'm sorry to tell you this, Jack, but Oswald's dead.

Jack takes a deep sigh of relief, visibly calms down and leans back. The Guard offers him another cigarette.

GUARD

Cigarette?

Jack waves his hand.

JACK

No thanks, I don't smoke.

The Guard looks confused and puts the pack back in his pocket.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

Thousands of people line the streets of Washington, D.C. in the rain to watch President Kennedy's funeral procession. A title reads, "1:15 PM, Nov. 24." An honor guard of marines march by, then the horse-drawn hearse carrying the president's body, then comes a riderless horse with the stirrups on its saddle turned around backwards. Many people, both men and women, cry for their dead leader.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

As the president's casket is brought forward for burial at Arlington National Cemetery, the president's son, John, Jr., who is only three years old, standing beside his bereaved mother, salutes his dead father.

The Eternal Flame is lit, and flickers up through its hole in the ground.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. THE FRENCH QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS – DAY

The headlines of the New Orleans newspaper proclaim : "OSWALD MURDERED!" Clay Shaw, in his spotless white suit, buys a newspaper and glances at it as he strolls through the bustling streets of New Orleans' French Quarter. Clay takes a seat at an outdoor café and order a cup of coffee. As he lights a thin cigar he glances around at the other tables. Everyone is reading the newspaper, exclaiming, "I can't believe it" and "It's so awful." Women are crying. Clay nods, smiles slightly, goes to sip his coffee but it's too hot, and reads . . .

CLAY

(reading)

“...President Lyndon Baines Johnson says that there will be no inquest since the president’s killer, Lee Harvey Oswald, is dead. Johnson said, „Justice has been rendered“.”

Clay sips his coffee. Now it’s temperature is just right.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE – DAY

Lucien, Marcel, and Andre all sit at the table playing cards, smoking cigarettes and drinking beer. The phone rings startling all of them. They all turn and look at the phone suspiciously. Lucien answers it.

LUCIEN

Hello?

A VOICE asks . . .

VOICE

You ready to go?

LUCIEN

(nods)

Yes.

VOICE

Good. Someone will be there in fifteen minutes. Leave everything, it will all be disposed of.

LUCIEN

Okay.

(the line goes dead. He turns to the others)

We’re leaving. They’ll be here in fifteen minutes. Leave the weapons, they’ll get rid of them.

MARCEL

You sure? They’re evidence.

LUCIEN

What are we going to do? Take them with us? No, stick to the plan.

The all nod, then dash around madly getting dressed.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE – DAY

A black sedan pulls up in front of the house driven by the man with the dark sunglasses. The three Frenchmen exit the house dressed as they were when they arrived, each carrying a small flight bag. They get into the car and it backs out of the driveway and drives up the street.

EXT. DESERT LANDING STRIP – DAY

The black sedan arrives back at the desert landing strip where the small Cessna airplane waits for them. The three men get out of the car, dash over to the idling airplane, open the door and climb in.

INT. AIRPLANE – DAY

David Ferrie sits in the pilot's seat. He turns to them and smiles.

DAVID

You guys are *really* good.

MARCEL

The best.

DAVID

How do you get to be the best at something like that?

LUCIEN

You grow up with World War II in your backyard. So, where are we going?

DAVID

Back to Guatemala.

LUCIEN

Okay.

The three men sit back and the plane starts to move.

EXT. DESERT LANDING STRIP – DAY

The plane taxis down the runway and takes off into the blue sky.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. DEALY PLAZA – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

Across Dealy Plaza from the book depository is the jailhouse where Jack Ruby is incarcerated. Jack is dressed up in a suit, handcuffed and taken out of the jailhouse.

INT. DALLAS COUNTY COURTHOUSE – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

Jack Ruby stands in a courthouse in front of a JUDGE.

JUDGE

You have been found guilty of murder in the first degree, and you are hereby sentenced to death.

The Judge brings the gavel down.

Jack speaks to the reporters and TV cameras.

JACK

Everything pertaining to what's happening has never come to the surface. The world will never know the true facts of what occurred. I had such an ulterior motive that put me in the position I'm in will never let the true facts come out to the world.

And off-screen REPORTER asks . . .

REPORTER

Are these people in very high places, Jack?

JACK

(flatly)

Yes.

Jack is taken away up the hallways of the courthouse.

EXT. MARSEILLES – DAY

We see the familiar profile of Marseilles with its boats and docks and houses up on the hills. A car stops at the corner, up the street from Lucien's house. Lucien, now with a beard, gets out

of the car with his flight bag. He says goodbye to the driver and the car drives away.

EXT. LUCIEN'S HOUSE – DAY

Lucien steps around the corner, looks and sees his family out in front of his house. He smiles and walks toward them. One by one his children realize it's him and yell, "Papa!" then go running to him. He picks them up one by one as he nears the house.

The front door opens and his wife, Marie, comes out. She smiles and opens her arms wide.

MARIE

Lucien.

LUCIEN

Marie.

They run to each other, hug and kiss, with children hanging all over them.

ZAPRUDER FILM – EXTREME SLOW-MOTION

The presidential motorcade makes the hairpin turn onto Elm Street . . .

NARRATOR

Fifteen months after the assassination of JFK, Jack Ruby, who was incarcerated in a prison cell overlooking Dealy Plaza, suddenly contracted "cancer" and was rushed to Parkland Hospital, where he promptly died.

The president's motorcade is obscured for a second by a street sign.

INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL, LOS ANGELES – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

Robert Kennedy is campaigning for president, smiling and shaking people's hands.

NARRATOR

Attorney General Robert Kennedy and the Justice Department immediately upon the president's assassination dropped the investigation of Sam Giancana and the mob.

RFK is gunned down in a hallway at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles.

NARRATOR

In 1968 Robert Kennedy was assassinated in Los

Angeles, by a “lone nut gunman” named Sirhan Sirhan.

INT. JOE KENNEDY’S HOUSE – DAY

Joe Kennedy, who now looks very old and ill, has just watched his son Bobby get assassinated. He closes his eyes and slumps over.

EXT. BOSTON CEMETERY – DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

Joseph P. Kennedy’s funeral, with long lines of black limousines.

NARRATOR

Joseph P. Kennedy lived to be 81-years old. Although he was no longer able to walk or speak due to a massive stroke, he did live long enough to see two of his sons assassinated, then he too died in 1969.

ZAPRUDER FILM – DAY (STOCK SHOT)

The first bullet strikes Kennedy in the back, causing him to lean forward and his arms to raise up at the elbows.

NARRATOR

Clay Shaw was the one and only person ever brought to trial in the case of the assassination of JFK, and he was acquitted due to lack of evidence in 1969.

Jackie turns to her wounded husband.

NARRATOR

Forty-eight hours after the assassination, David Ferrie was picked up by the FBI and questioned because Ferrie’s library card was found in Lee Harvey Oswald’s wallet. Ferrie was also questioned regarding all of his unauthorized flights in and out of Dallas that weekend, then was let go. Ferrie died eleven days before he was supposed to testify in the case against Clay Shaw in 1967.

Governor Connally turns and looks over his right shoulder to see what’s happening . . .

NARRATOR

Lucien Sarte died in a car accident in Mexico City in 1972.

INT. SAM GIANCANA'S BASEMENT OFFICE – NIGHT

Sam sits at his desk in his basement office smoking a cigar and reading the newspaper.

NARRATOR

Due to so many unanswered question regarding Kennedy's assassination, new Senate hearings investigating the assassination were called in 1975.

Sam hears someone coming down the steps and looks up through his thick, black-rimmed glasses

SAM

Eh, Tony, is that you?

Sam stands up.

Two gloved hands holding pistols come up into view. Sam reacts in horror, then is shot twice in the face, shattering his glasses and throwing him back into his chair. A gloved hand shoves a smoking pistol barrel up under Giancana's throat and fires five more times, blowing his brains all over the walls.

NARRATOR

Sam "Mooney" Giancana was murdered in 1975 at the age of 67-years old, three weeks before he was to testify before the Senate Assassination Investigation Committee. Giancana had openly claimed responsibility for not only having had John F. Kennedy assassinated, but also for the killing of Robert Kennedy, as well. Sam Giancana was shot seven times in the head. James Hoffa, head of the Teamsters Union, who was also scheduled to testify, disappeared several weeks later and was never seen again. The Senate Investigations only conclusion was that "there probably was a conspiracy." Carlos Marcello was arrested as an illegal alien and died in prison in 1983 at the age of eighty.

ZAPRUDER FILM – DAY (STOCK SHOT)

The second bullet hits Gov. Connally from behind, knocking him forward.

NARRATOR

Two weeks after JFK's funeral, Congress ordered the creation of an investigating committee, headed by Chief Justice Earl Warren, to find out the truth behind the president's assassination. The Warren Commission, which included former CIA chief, Allen Dulles, as well as future president, Gerald Ford, issued a 26-volume report on the Kennedy assassination which insisted that Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone gunman who fired all three shots from the Texas Book Depository, yet it does not contain any of the sixty eyewitness accounts which all agreed that the final head shot that killed President Kennedy came from behind the picket fence on the Grassy Knoll, not to mention the physical evidence of the film shot from the Grassy Knoll by Abraham Zapruder, which clearly and obviously shows from which direction John Kennedy's fatal head shot came from.

We see the final head shot hit President Kennedy, throwing him backward and blowing his brains out, and we freeze frame.

FADE OUT: