

FONTAINBLEAU HOTEL SUITE - THAT NIGHT

Jim and Lou watch as Ferrie paces wildly, speeding.

FERRIE

I'm caught in the middle. They're after me.
It's almost over.

JIM

Listen, Dave, why don't we order some room
service, have a bite, relax. I'll stay as long
as you want.

FERRIE

I don't know who to trust anymore. Yeah, sure I
could use a pot of hot coffee and a few packs of
Camels. You got anything new in the
investigation?

JIM

You mean about the Cubans getting trained north
of the lake?

FERRIE

Oh, you got that? Banister's pet project.
Getting paid by the government to work against
the government. Beautiful. What a mind he had,
what a guy, Guy. He had all those files.

JIM

Who was paying you, Dave?

FERRIE

You think I was a getaway pilot for the
assassination, don't you?

JIM

I don't know. Were you? Who you scared of,
Dave?

FERRIE

Everybody! The Agency. The Mob. The Cubans.
Yeah, follow the Cubans. Check them out. Here,
in Dallas, Miami. Check out a guy named Eladio
del Valle. My paymaster when I flew missions
into Cuba - he's somewhere in Miami. You're on
the right track.

(beat)

Hold it! Hold it! I'm not cooperating with
anyone. There's a death warrant for me, don't
you get it? Wait a minute. You're not bugged,
are you?

JIM

Dave, I always play square. No bugs. I'd love
you to go on the record, but I'm in no hurry.
Whenever you're ready.

FERRIE

I don't have much time. They don't even need bugs anymore. They got these fuckin' satellite waves. They put a bug in a friend of mine when he was born, right up his nostrils, subcutaneous, between his eyes. He was one of those products of a crossbreeding experiment. A Nazi rocket scientist father and a Commie spy mother. You'd never believe half the shit the Agency does.

(holding his neck)

I'm so fuckin' tired. Haven't slept since that shit article came out. Why'd you guys have to go and get me involved with this?

JIM

Did we involve you, Dave, or did Clay Shaw?

FERRIE

That cocksuckin' faggot! He's got me by the balls.

JIM

What do you mean?

FERRIE

Photographs - compromising stuff. And he'll use 'em. The Agency plays for keeps ... I knew Oswald. He was in my Civil Air Patrol unit. I taught him everything. A "wanna be," y'know, nobody really liked him cause he was a snitch. I treated him good. He'd talk about his kid, y'know, really wanted her to grow up with a chance, but ... He got a raw deal. The Agency fucked him. Just like they're gonna fuck me.

JIM

Let me get this straight, now. Clay Shaw is blackmailing you?

FERRIE

Fuckin' A. How do you think the Agency gets people to do their bullshit? Fuck knows what they got on Oswald!

JIM

Was it the same Oswald, Dave, that was in Dallas, or was it an impersonator.

FERRIE

Same one. I didn't know no impersonator.

JIM

Did you take a good look at the TV when they had Oswald?

FERRIE

Shit. I'm so exhausted. My neck is killing me. I've got cancer. Had it for years. I been working with mice, y'know, trying to come up with a cure.

JIM

Dave, can I just ask you this directly? did you ever work for the CIA?

FERRIE

You make it sound like some remote fuckin' experience in ancient history. Man, you never leave the Agency. Once they got you, you're in for life.

JIM

And Shaw?

FERRIE

Shaw's an "untouchable", man - highest clearance. Shaw, Oswald, the Cubans - all Agency.

JIM

What about Ruby?

FERRIE

Jack? Jack was a pimp. A bagman in Dallas for the Mob. He used to run guns to Castro when he was still on our side. Check out Jack Youngblood. Shit - we almost had Castro. Then we tried to whack him. Everybody's flipping sides all the time. It's fun 'n' games, man fun 'n' games.

JIM

What about the mob, Dave? How do they figure in this?

FERRIE

They're Agency, too. Don't you get it? CIA and Mafia together. Trying to whack out the Beard. Mutual interests. They been doing it for years. There's more to this than you dream. FBI fucking hates the CIA. Navy Intelligence got something to do with it too. Check out "Alan Pope" in Miami. Jack Youngblood. Bill Harvey. Colonel Roselli. The shooter, I hear, was a Dallas cop - the bagman at Ruby's club. I heard he shot his own partner. Got that? Check out the rich fucks in Dallas. H.L. Hunt. He's dirty. That's all I know. But the Agency always runs the show. Check out something called "Mongoose" Operation Mongoose. Government, Pentagon stuff, they're in charge,

but who the fuck pulls whose chain who the fuck knows, fun 'n' games man - check out Southeast Asia - that's the next big number - the heroin trail. "Oh, what a deadly web we weave when we practice to deceive."

JIM

Then who killed the President?

FERRIE

Oh man, why don't you stop. This is too fuckin' big for you! Who did Kennedy? It's a mystery wrapped in a riddle inside an enigma. Even the shooters don't fuckin' know! Don't you get it yet? I can't be talking like this. They're gonna kill me. I'm gonna die!

(he sits down, cracking, sobbing)

I don't know what happened. All I wanted in the world was to be a Catholic priest - live in a monastery, study ancient Latin manuscripts, pray, serve God. But I had this one terrible, fatal weakness. They defrocked me. And then I started to lose everything.

(beat)

Shit! Forgot to glue this fuckin' rug today. You know, at one time I even had a full head of hair like everyone else. And then I lost that. That fuckin' Clay Shaw. I hate the bastard. All I got left is in his rotten, bloody hands. He tipped the newspapers - I know it. That's how the Agency works. They use people, chew them up, spit 'em out. Now it's my turn.

JIM

Dave, it's going to be okay. Just talk to us on the record and we'll protect you. I guarantee it.

FERRIE

They'll get to you, too - they'll destroy you ... They're untouchable, man ... I'm so fucking exhausted I can't see straight.

JIM

Get some rest, Dave, and you'll feel better in the morning. We'll talk then.

FERRIE

Yeah, yeah. But leave me alone for awhile. I got to make some calls.

JIM

Whatever you say, Dave. I'll be home. Okay?